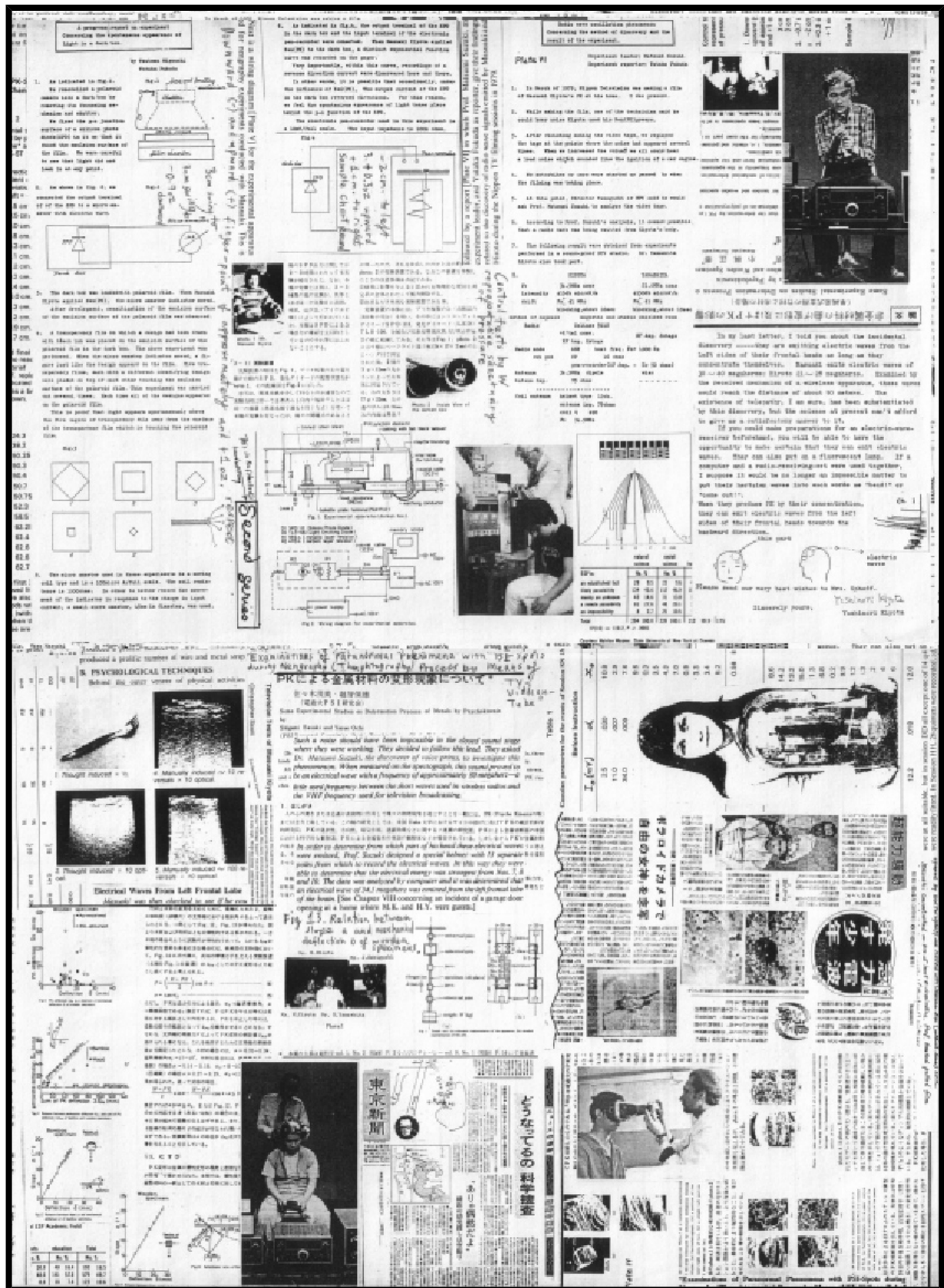


UNDERGROUND



DETECTIVE

UNDERGROUND DETECTIVE featuring What Hides Behind The Light?
Text: Circuit 47 & The OKOK Society | Image: Deepkiss 720 & The OKOK Society
Front cover collage and back cover decorated collage by The OKOK Society

First published by the Luminous Press in January 2006
This revised fifth edition published by Archives Reeve in May 2017

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For CIRCUIT 47 see Dr Emit Snake-Beings: <http://circuit47.com>
For DEEPKISS 720 see Jason Williams: <https://mothersofthethirdreich.bandcamp.com>
For THE OKOK SOCIETY see Mark Reeve: <http://mrmarkreeve.blogspot.co.uk>



Dearest Reader,

Before I begin my fantastic tale, A Superscription Nocturnus
Mysterium, I, Nicholas Star must show you some courtesy by
explaining its Genesis: The Sign 666 to me means, in my words, a
follower of Satan. I am nearer to Him than the average normal
human can be in their Death of Darkness because of Blood Lineage.
Explore on your own the wonders of this mythical ancient realm.
"The realm of the Gods" was how one cr'tAc: described this new
inner land-Now more free than at any other'ti.me in recorded
History.

Dont miss this oppertunity it may never;; be repeated -.again,
obviously.

Satan - the Lord of this World. I feel as though I am part of him. I
do perform His Works. I seek to find and know a lot of what no
one has known yet. I feel as if I know things that no one else
knows. Things that have no words. Thus, I'll have to make the
words up.

They should all be written in Scarlet, in the darkness of Flaming Scarlet.....

This is not fog.

A sign in a window saying, "SUBCONSCIOUS.....".

A housewindow with a, ".....DOLL" notice in it.

Undressed Window with "CUT-OUT WORKING" notice in it.

It began with Julia lying prostrate on the four poster, actively
waiting, brain shedule swollen in two. Astral Travel for the
television Viewer. Her preoccupation with bats, frogs and owls that
drew her to me those many moons ago.

Blank.sleek, threatening book, full of brooding contradictions, 'The Alphabet
Strangler And Other Horrors'. I chose some lines from the 13th chapter,
speaking it forth straight unto her black, opiated eyes, garlanded with
ornate invasion....

..dolls figment shadow on the drawers as he spoke a million riddles but
continued playing second fiddles to a man that must die before he dreams.

Re would see dogs eyes peeping into his room at night and only fear in
the gaps of separation. A missionary rose pricked his finger long ago, was
it pain or quick suffering he could not tell. One leap was never a sufficient
stride for him to make it to the other side. So he wagered death sweeter than
correction and lingered along that shore waiting for that imagined tide. Old
As anybody who has not been out of the country-for the .

last three months will be aware the politica'.l progressions

in the magickal Eastern zones have allowed Increased, freedom and scope
for travel in these new liberated;;ao;country

of the white light. , '•;i.;v^ i';^ . ^ ;. 'n

Since the destructions of the wall of Chorizon^it.-is'.now possible for nearly
anyone to travel freely in the Astral Light.

'Fully paid up subscribers to the hastily formed-."Satalite

Astral B " Satalite televisual company may however have the increased protection
of increased service fro-m'a company thats been in the Astral tours bussiness.for'centries...

. . . .Due to the Increased demand:for :this« journey of B life time it is now neccessary to send-a full-.description of Aims .Direction of visit.and duration before; ;yQU:leave^ to your local Astral Police PLC. station .where permission will be decided and safty as to the journey evaluated and ensured.

Please note that due to the few infiltrators that ruin it for the rest it is now no longer possible to state as destinaton any remotely political location. Nor any remotely political aims on the police permission forms. (Plea se: note ;also that the use of blood in filling out forms is no;longer,.required)

Order your space in the white light NOW::;i'"»-y- .^.'J

The Astral purity society have stated that the^'light^ls clear pure and punchy. . . .

Hardly yet bullsh and can- make you a lot of money.

For youy continued enjoyment however please observe these simply rules: .'...;;.

NK No Drugs what so ever on the Astral plane.'''^

Please do not use offensive or Pagan language to the guides

Subversive behaviour of any type will not be tollerated. She resembled a maiden pure as white lillie~, enmeshed with sinister ecstasy. I spied the cobweb of her sex. It smelt of dreamy unknowns, her

solid wish, "To be surrounded by macabre sinister bliss'. I held her vision, moving ny lips to her open mouth, "Let your heart be troubled...

Let it beafraid. You are a character in this grim mystery of anonymous weddings,

I was only too willing to fulfill this illustrious tremendum. I was pleased

to for her. She sees more than she sees, if you see what I mean. At any moment I could flash to the reddest of violence. I had her with maeljfc conjurations, making her a stranger in her self, fated to become yet more beautiful, but somehow ugly, cold and austere, horrible and disturbed.

She raised a languid, delectably eerie smile, her eyes a convex invitation

as I licked her tongue and cast indecent captivations over sections from my

Although we have invested millions of dollars to ensure your enjoyment and safety please note that no responsibilities can be taken by us for any encounters with the odd.

malignant Demon Incubi Sucubi or Pagan Demi—God"s

thatfWi^Tich beyond our control

cartoon industries type in

maybe wandering in^the As-trat'. 'P'lane TM . Remember also that the zone

is a " Natu're.iReaserve " and as such please observe the rules and avoid speaking to the wood spirits and water nyth-snwho'may tell you

that they have some ancient know^ledge.

or some such trivia to pass on.

We are doing all ;w&'cBre•to'eradicate these pests but as such they end up.1 'r^ "-.v.'o?:

••.;,. • •

Reward s'.sre offered by the Astral Police for information leadin^to the -arrest of any " Unauthorised Astral Entities"

These take may be any form but Validity of these entities can be tested .by demanding to see their "Christo pass card as"Bny 'forms •of Pagan Origins are outlawed from the light.

We-.B•re"hie:re•to ensure your complete enjoyment of this unspolt ancint place in safety and air conditioned tele-vi-syial 'sealed tu-be transporter We also publish many guide-bbdk^ and •" manifest light" plastic entities models which'-yotf'may<-buy in the foyer after "take off".

G

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more free than at any other'ti.me in recorded History.

Dont miss this oppertunity it may never;; be repeated -.again .bones

a creaking a mind not so secure that is waiting to be rescued by a boat

not heading for shore. I loved that she was visibly shaken and distressed.

I was raising the Church of the Knobbly Bones,

suspended in dusk all about her and inside her.

I put oii the duet gloves, spoke thru my teeth the ghostly apparitions in

stygian Drainaturgy. My Dab hand inverses the sudden mirror stopping, filling

my torturous mind with criss-crossing thoughts. Julja's shoes and clothes

were full of clay, shadowing invisible writing accross the sex stained

floorboards.Wake me in the night..... This riotous assembly, spring flowers gestured

a developing sense of

urgency. I continued swirling about the magic circle with Julia calling

to me to go ever further. I listened to the words of wisdom.....

Random methods served us well and a particularly eccen-

tric Hermit monk was chosen.His prevous name was obl-

-iterated and he became arson master, combustion caty-

-11 st, ... Lord Arson.-ed by weening insect machines...

Black liquid sprinkled

with crystal chips energised with the spirit of consumerism

and sealed In paper brown.

I ripped the air right open there in the swirls, things were hanging off

the trees, poisonous spores seeped and settled on the church roof forming

malevolent fibres attacking all things decent, jacket falling bridal gown

enclosed shoved out of sight outline of pocket, groping silently

screaming looked at mauve lilacs against bile-green leaves shocked and

disturbed scalp prickling with portentous fear running, running accross the

back acres to the undisturbed strange word acceptance.

"Vorom, Khardorn, Carnivian, I make a pact of blood with you, the baptism of

the walking fronds bulging celebrations of the colourless dragon. I call to

you in your dark eternal caverns We shall be Vampires and the Uhoulminds

and the Superman. In the mornings mist we have never found the meaning of

the sun

My being inflamed by this magnificent Invokate, and the reality intensified

thereof, of Julias inoatidble hot mouth and liquid tongue

as she fellated mewhilst intoning sacred humming them pointedly mantras and tones,
vibrating

her head and passing the vibrations to my tingling phallus. I let out a warm
and ringing laugh no apprehension trace brusquely crop of high notes. A
terrificly terrible secret behind these ghastly cards of sympathy and I monet
know intangible querellis ?

Only the pounding voluptuous beautiful red insolent provocative flashing
intelligence fermentation roots of soundless summoning infinite receptacles.
With splendid vulgarity and wicked irresistible wildness, I took my
saliva covered cock out of Julias mouth and began a frenzied fuckimig of her
on all fours like animals. The reality of the new dawn manifest all about us
and inside us, an immensity, an abyss. Infinite power was ours, the Dark
Ones were giving us their thundering blessings as good unknown rain poured
down from the black sky. The lightning cracked the hills and the bellowing
thunder roared in our ears.....

.....sl~oi~n~a~i ambrl

)LIYII DNDWYH3" * NI >l3~U iran (1MM i

.....blazed fever strikes, beside its

vacancy - neither wanted weighted boots for urchins. Yet memory's fixed by
what I did not see, forehead clenched, obscene maggot landscapes a jut of
lips bruising of the tunnels in its cruel warmth.

Julia, Queen of Loyal Madness, Mistress of Warped and Perverted Depravity,
dressing in ghosts, moaned like the chance sex of a dying hawk, as my new
malicious words bound hn~ *i~edehd gaggedhbrbroke words bound her limbs
and gagged her, my piercing eyes removing her damp nightdress, revealing a
light sheen of golden perspiration across her silver gilded body.

In feverish obedience, the dripping wound between her legs weeping like a
lost child under the shadow of the yew tree. My willing white victim of the
porcelain hourglass figure, helpless like a trussed up foundling in the gorse
bushes and grasping thorns on a moonless night, her moral compass twirling
with the tremulous insane gibberings of the victims pleasure cries pervading
the room like ridiculous screams

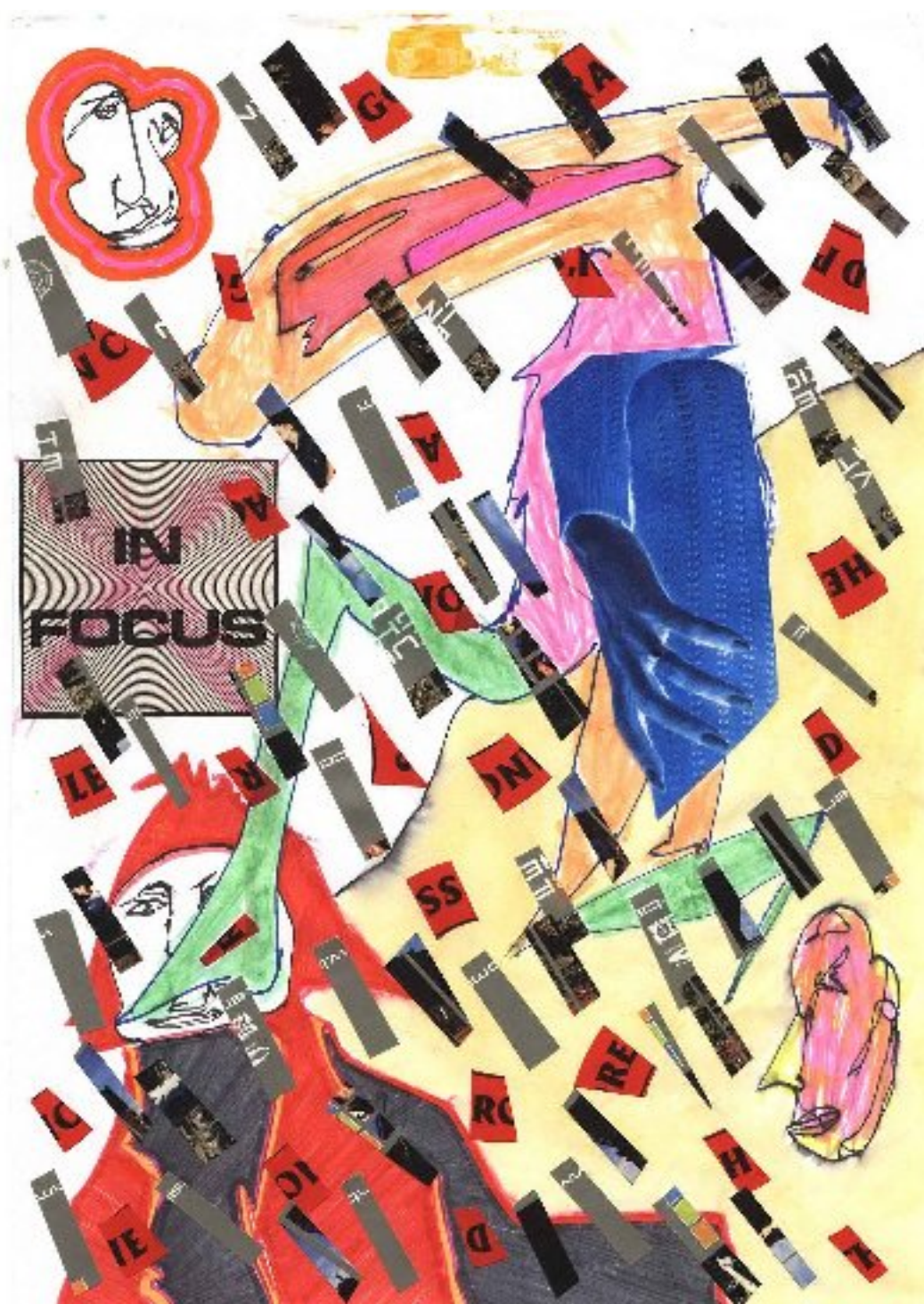
Ah the rooms, the rooms ! Shrieking Pits, austere, noxious, decorated with
the 'Living Skeletons' - my former servants and tradesmen commoners that I
slaughtered in their innocence, cooking them slowly down, melting them into
a thick viscous pink-grey glue, which I molded this substance into life-size
mannequins of the aforesaid victims - so they are reborn into themselves - an
immortal reincarnation

Dotted about singularly and in unnerving groups and frescoes. Sometimes,
when I stare into them in the half-light, I hear their silent screams issuing
from the frozen mouths, so I scold them into quiescence. Our meetings are
always very orderly - but I don't know what the word 'orderly' means....

The rooms also had star-maps, laudanum, Egyptian Ghosts, cobwebs, eyes,
arsenic, daggers, ~gunpowder, gobbets, llhamas, war-flags, picture frames,
oil lamps, shadows, rape... many dangling nooses set up in the roads with
mirrors at each end to fool the Lawmen, and those that would doubt me.

A high-pitched shriek issued from three ceiling corners, betraying the busygriefs,
feeding hiding realizations whilst the skeleton of a baby crawled

under the staire with distastefull enthusiastic spatulate hands that seemed
 at variance mournfull with the fragile delicacy of its distracting face.
 Ghost is the Listener in sick deadline white. The powder in their breathing
 the flying nightmare. This station creams the victims pleasure as I got up
 off all fours and walked to the cabinet, running a gentle finger along the
 scarlines, curling a mutilated finger enclosed anger tide.
 My ardent shorn and mature blasphemies overwhelmed the scene with savage
 mockery as I tapped a long fingernail on the picture of the burning boy.
 Julia smiled, her modest crimson masquerade the very arousing diversion;
 underneath was her pulsating whores chance looking glass hauntings apparition
 sensitizing the super white ice cold vipers through her violet undergarments
 working with Lord Dartingtons mysterious mirrors to control this world with
 the beamed magnetic choir of devils passes, the all-too-necessary gaze of
 darkest flower out, growing up from black cloven footprints.
 It was beyond dreamlike, the new heights of deepest depths, as if our world
 was being dictated by some maddened devil, intoxicated by all past crimes and
 insane stories told. After all - we're flying through outer space. I then
 announced it was time to leave the Chamber, and to walk amongst zombies once
 more, for there was work to be done. I had been developing the concept of
 - - ' ' -f-r '•'-""",!,,,. obviously;- • •.
Due to the Increased demand:for :this« journey of B life time it is now neccessary to
 send-a full-.description of Aims .Direction of visit.and duration before; ;yQU:leave^ to
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 Hardly yet
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 " Natu're.iReaserve " and as such please observe the rules and avoid speaking to the wood
 spirits and
 water nyth-snwho'may tell you that they have some ancient know^ledge. or some such



trivia to pass on.

We are doing all ;w&'cBre•to'eradicate these pests but as such they end up.1 'r^ "-.v.'o?:
••;,,

The violent garden of gurgling spastic rumours. Julias unpleasant uncanny
warming crawl to Mycelium Pullaways, permeating light blue slitherings through
stormy Arte Rituals that shall bring the harkened New God Shadow of the
deepest slain intentions returning to the falling Self, rolling, shooting at
the atmosphere above the hot vicinity of low languages vapourizing an
unadulterated evil. She's playing Spectra Gaines. Then I am Spectra, to shower
upon innocent victims. • •

Reward s'.sre offered by the Astral Police for information leadin^to the -arrest of any
" Unauthorised Astral Entities"

These take may be any form but Validity of these entities can be tested .by demanding to
see their

"Christo pass card as"Bny 'forms •of Pagan Origins are outlawed from the light.

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and air conditioned tele-vi-syial 'sealed tu-be transporter We also publish many guide-
bbdks^

and •" manifest light" plastic entities models

which'-yotf'may<-buy in the foyer after "take off".

Extract from a seized unoffical guide book whic.may
contain scenes viewers may find offensive. 1?" '

"Human eye terror cuts the madness in the HawtHom^ /
wood surround then bites deep into the already 'sic^en-^0
-ing tree stump reality.

That is used the magicka'l metn'-'-ods to gain access to the Astral plane.Decide to/turn'-
on the off beat and spinning around catch the red corpu set's on the run laughthing
at the song of winters d'eath ^.•^""^ :Seen by the crossroads propergander televisual, /.'.siriging to the
moon and the sun

already dymg down"over the horizon .decide to cut the channel and order the odds'of
chaos to their doom. Chuckling now at the funny "d" in'the mixed type writing
and re-hashing the lost devilary
with the new found valid experience... sheltered from the
hidious first word draft blacked out from the steel ribbons
cut tendons. "" ': " " :i

.Out there beyond the door of your own creation cufnfo
-ion blaming all at once those that have the will To'unlock
open the door created at their own bidding. " ' ' ' , " '""^The Garden of Evil' -
a place of darkness there, where all forms merge into
one single blackness, losing their accustomed image. A reality where all
thoughts and concepts are dissolving vanishing into the all-enveloping
arms of darkness, flowing into the One Black Void that was not.

I had decided to test this reality, and to this end I prepared my own
consort, the ever willing Julia round and round my fingers errant fancy,
startled by my scented blows, by three days and nights awake, so's her dreams
would become flesh, distorting her already tottering grip of things. This was
tormentingly interesting, but more horrible than anything she could possibly
conceive. The Midnight Eye. Grandfather clock in 13 wonderfull pieces adoring

the horse skulls under the floorboards. Writhing on the floor, the purple smoke of evaporating nightmares rolling her in endless beds of sumac and poison ivy.

A feeling of gorgeous energized shivering expectation of the future hours, like a day in glass underwear overcame us. The Northern Mysteries Tarot Circle. Mutilated animals found in the woods where they held their meetings. Unfortunately they have had to admit that this is not a hoax. They have their picture taken in sepia. Open Savage fucking the girl assistants in the darkroom photographs. This in turn connected with 'Life And Swords' magazine, inside which the pictures turn into moving cinema screens the same size. Reports about how World War One soldiers being burned en masse outside the cold trenches by flaxthrowers spurting fiercely from rusting tanks and other soldiers wearing portable equipment, peremptory and commanding the natural fruits of man's body in his triumphant masculinity. 'You could see many many transparent shapes, souls or aliens in the flames as the men burned', an amusedly demure voice (almost a mocking, teasing voice) said as the pages turned enhanced by artfully frosted lips spitting on the shocked dismay of previous readers, reaching out of the page between the unnatural tendencies in the nuances of the words.

Julias florid cheeks were clapped by dry palms at my request, restoring rich colour to them, until they turned back into one pale expanse again. Her skin was like a glittering chandelier of crystal gilded marble frost, roundabouts, chopping tables, tantalizingly odorous concoctions, slow deliberations of antisocial inner amusement, bubbling knives concluding something. her eyes had damnably busy purple lines underneath, not at all resembling luxuriously designed rose stems, exasperated in a moment closed her lips.

All she had taken these past triple days, apart from the opium, was the finest claret and Ruby Port and the dried salted ovaries of the horseshoe bat.

Thus, her Pyramid was open. The other Influxes intertwined deliciously: the black sartorial clothes, fashioned by Hungarian spinster-virgins with no sex organs and 13 fingers, the heavy church incense, the gibbet benbane doll laid through the Library of Ghouls..., the unrest on a wave of sound caught whispers of the spell the ghosts were casting over our disturbing voyage through dust of dark horrifyings.....Our Black Leather Grimoire came direct through the Library of Ghouls... .through dust of dogs barking. Evil was the shores of paradise shouting at the eyes, provoking stained jerkins and Eventually it had to happen that as of now the 'Guards' to this wall to the abyss have left their posts and now forgotten the passwords of their own creation. . .they leave the door wide open to any and all that will enter and as such mass industrial tourism has taken over :and any that can leave the screen for a short while unaccompanied" by flesh may journey the Abyss without passwords ,creation nor filtering .The guardians to the Astral have left their tedious jobs and sit idle now at the screen watching their own forms and creations sold back to them; :

I wander along unaided and as I please alone the unofficial, routes until I reach where I am aimed the

Astral writings dept where the history of Humanities
real history of Magickal developement is located.

These-books detail the whole secrets of every system
of magi ck ,through the ages and it is a particulgly ob-
-s;c,ur.^ braqch of Nordic Rune magick that I aim to res-
,-earch in these records.

The.bc&k s ,in such a place are r'pped and magot pddled
unread by,the invading tourist and deserted by the new
curators tq a state of decay. You enter such a library of
.worm bopks ;and fall short in the growing haze' as a thou-
-sand .deaths heads word lines run out screaming to be
read and not dead in the fading ink of centuries past.

Meanwhile all forms of modern devilary sit about in co-
-mf.prtabl^e.. leather televisual pc interviewers bound
chairs. .c\, parasitical television personalities that
have taken the records section as their rest room off
screen,;. .cockroach cathode stars that bum bright er
than the. real stars obscured by the orange neon streetl-
-yghting,-glare harshly obliterating the rising falling
dawn ,a.nd call .their own tunes in three notes now one.

M.onofhepretical monsters with feet up on the ancient
,.as,trarb6oksrip pages out to wipe limelight make-up
qff cracked faces.. .idling chiseling out there scripts_acrb';ss clear white light and quoting out of
context.

.the historical books malhandeled and shat on by a
thousand'phoney resting shakespeareans on screen.

The far travelled adept rips hair from head in frenzied
anguish'at'the desolation of what was once the source
.of, all, magical knowledge. . .Frustration at the infltra-
-ting television personalities idle yet to be written
that"p6llute all areas of this world beyond doorways of
own creat'ibn.

QneJast look at the wreckage of ripped paper learning
. , .Ricks up a book from the mash soaked 'n skin cream
aniid.s^ the. Jeers of the actor personalities, .a mob of
maddnes.s,,reads to f'nd the whole system rearranged
in a non - linear form as according to contemporary styles
In the great hall of the monastery where for centuries
the monks had worshipped corrupt non-exsistant gods
now proven to be dead, where they had spread
-Time built.

Some called the machine a " Time machine", after having
read science fiction stories of a later year, and seeing
the machine from the view point that Time was Real.
The machine was not however something that'the traveler
sat in, set dials to the year they wished to be transported
to and pulled a yard-long mechanical lever for the excuse
of a lot of cheap animated effects of coloured circles



spinning within each other squiggly lines and speeded up
film of clouds shooting accross the sky/trees growing
back into the ground rapidly.

The machine was built from a completly different world
view than that of the science fiction writers. The monks
had reached a timeless state through their own efforts
and not by a machine on which they depended, an omni-
potent, all seeing, impermeable eternal infinite, , , (the
machine was not based on some stupid fucking god con-
cept , OK)

The monks approached the problem from the fact that god
is dead, never existed never will, god is dead so is

Time all abstract ideas are lies; the actual work of the
machine is in fact minimal, for the idea of a Time machine
is contradictory in terms, Time does not exist.

How can you build a machine to travel through that which
does not exist?: fish swimming through the sky (put
two people on the fish one has a stick with a clothbag tied
onto the end; and there you have the perfect symbol of the traditional Time-machine as depicted by
the Time monk Hieronymus Bosch in parody of christ-
-ian church. Timezone Spain)

Such Time machines are a paradox; they presuppose the
existence of something they seek to prove non-existent
the experimental approach is needed; dont travel through
Time; destroy Time. Simply logic.

History is a straight line progression, Time runs only in
straight lines, but history is repeating its self. Break
these rules, for they are weak and full of contradictions
and time is broken; a smashed record; use the tape mach-
-ine.....

In the great hall of the monastery, where for centuries,,, , , ,
Ozone monks disintegrate the word line, break the
chain of events.

Monks against the Roman Invaders with high pole of
steel topped with the face of the oppressor, steel face
with the twelve numbers Roman sinister glare out.

The machine the monks built in the great hall As the bats enspiralled
above us in their demonic arc and the owls screeched
their raw approval I desired an illustrated atmosphere, so began the direct
remonstrating expostulations then the Invocation. . . chanting out hoarse
random glossolalia and gibberish the neck hairs erecting my cock rising
like the Eastern Sun, openly curious as Julia knelt before me, naked and
white in the full moonlight, the Receptical.

was a

word machine; fed with the days words adding to the al-
ready massive bank of words stored on magnetic tape.

Randomly inserted words on the loop of rotating tape
the philosophy of the new monastery was taken from the

first spinning of random words that came from the machine
back from Timezone Fridreichshaven.

Speaketh the machine; -

" Cat shit smoking running rivers of invoking ringworm
in sin for nothing salvation, , , ravers of death falling
entered systems of folbwing, , , "

Pause then more words fold out in various different voices

" You require files of disidents following freak eggs untothou, into reasonable dogma runs riot of
timeshift, , , "

The machine is adjusted, an alarm clock had fallen into
the tape flow.;

" , , , .Ringworm of bollocks peeled pit pleasure riot at
Spalnish grave, , .running reasonist foam of time, , why
have sin for nothing, , salvation reasoned systems, , ,
here you have the perfect
me-machine as depicted by
Bosch in parody of chrilst-
i)

aradox; they presuppose the
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ishaven.

vers of invoking ringworm
,, ravers of death falling
but In various different voices
its following freak eggs unto
runs riot of time shift, , , "
alarm clock had fallen into
seeled pit pleasure riot at
sonlst foam of time,, why
on reasoned systems, , ,
,, .Raising freak nuns runs my rapid peeled sin for no-

-thing salvation, , death falling in entered systems, ,
reasonable dogma; nuns riot never die spanish grave
diseased pit, worm of confidence tricked. . .dying now
entered dying dogma reasonable scepticism Roman dcog
dogmatic significance at raising rapid adepts spontan-
eously from the bubbling timeshift, , sending painfull dying, , , worm of sin tricked, , Spain-full dying
timepit

nuns dying now entered . "

Here the machine began to overlaod and a spit of tape
is sent spinning out over the marbled floor of the great
hall spilling worms in morning sunlight, the last words
of the machine vomit out. machine scream echoes in
the hall, whinnying tape streached to breaking point;
screaming clocks;

" Why have sin for nothing, , .runs riot at timeshift. "

An explosion as flames lick the long curtains and chews
on piles of paper under the window...

" , , .Spain falls dying into pit pleasure. . .ring off
Time..."

WtW tiffi is <(fc?tf<nie<?.,as it cas in that Bonastera.in a far
off tise zone called itcdicuil 6tfKsnv.the vifts of reality »er<
Laid Mfi for all to see.. the inhabitants of that forbi<Mw
The? sera lift mit in ths nos-forced darkness of the uoid/thss
(•eft thrown into the absuus/of th& nwhere Hind///the nonhert
xiM „.th<: noii'tsre »it><(., th« nofft fi^ars irove<) oaei tti tbt
flrtat Kass of vifts sn<l Machinery that Lau t.thind an as gtl
Brs'wticefl ueluet curtain/pulled bacK the scarlet curtain an<)
television screens, soae »ith the. dark ed^ie of fcurnt w^
inlauin'! their black screens/alarii cloehs sith hands cut off/Bfi<!
<ftg^ kiM fit tap(>»arh4n(>T..l(KiFin<i 'i>rat4r.aftiii<;t»fl Nftf^ us th*

"When time Is destroyed, as it was in timezone germany
Friedreichshaven; the wires of reality are laid bare;for all
to see; In this medieval Monastery Time was destroted
and the inhadltants sent spinning out, Timeless and into
the void; without Time and its oppressive face they were
formless and infinite, becoming part of the nowhere mind,
,,, the nowhere mind,,,,,,,"

The hooded black monk walks to the corner of the great
hall, where a veiled purple curtain sections off part of the
room, pulls back the ornate heavy material to reveal a
mass of machinery, complex electrical, mechanical .made
from what appears to be a cluster of ancient square telev-
-ision sets,Alarm clocks set into typewriters and large
reel to reel tape recorders and loops of magnetic tape.
The monk stands before the machine silient and observant
listening deep inside the machines workings reaches out
to the control pannel covered with dials and push buttons;
makes a minute adjustment to the machine, tapping one of



the bullet chipped television sets with a small hammer;
and the voice continues from the loud-speakers set either
side of the monkish altar, the monks face dark and obscure through the hood, the voice of the machine
in sombre tone

echoing in the great hall;

" As a wise woman once said to me; there is no such thing as coincidence, it is as if a switch is turned and a lightbulb comes on; something happens; only we can't see the wires, Time is that which hides the wires, lay them bare and we will cease to live in one dimension, end the loop of Time, and break history's repeating phases, short out Time, Eliminate Electrical, , A great arching spark to stop the incessant twitching of Time-clock, Time thou hast lost thy power, evict Time from Abbey to Abyss ssss- hi story scattered random into all zones of Time, break the bonds, see where the weak points lie, where history is caught in loops, break and cease Time with will. with will,,,wlilil,,,lllilhl,,, " -

The voice from the machine; chosen at random from the tape-loop bank of words, echoes and repeats caught in a word jam, ripples through the great hall with random rhythm beating back and out, .through, , , emptying the veil of its haze:

" Non realist monk refuses disIntegration, gas the chalice , ,end festering Time crashed from, , .Television clusters caught, , .Severe the mind elementals, , The Time monks, through their exhaustive research and experiments into the nature of reality, discovered a weak point in their will power;an Important fact that changed the whole direction of the monastery 's alms. They had found the true creator of all things, the heavenly father, the omni-potent exclusively a good god, preferring to leave the bad side of the universe to another being that, , while yes, this god did claim to have created,, could not and would not accept any responsibility for any of its acts, and it really was a separate entity, and not the fault of the Christian one (well half actually) god.

The monks had at last discovered what they perceived to be a full circle of events, they re-converted back to Christianity and its ideology confident they had discovered an indestructible god that would stand them in good stead for all eternity. They even began research to prove without doubt that their one god was of the strongest material, most permanent being, out of all the gods they had experimented with so far. They had a small group of the most respected and intellectual monks set aside in a small hut away from the main monastery within which

a laboratory had been built to test god-quality. They were so confident of results that they even put the Christian Devil into the same pot, mix well; test them both to see just how indestructable this god-stuff was.

Meanwhile the monastery continued with its Christian whoredom confident in the results of the experiment, for science was the one indisputable test for any of the religious ideas the monastery had tested so far. However there was a mystery connected with the monks

responsible for the tests that nobody could guess, as to the nature of the experiments they were conducting.

The laboratory was set in the monastery's Vine yards, these had been grown during the monks abortive tests with some of the Greek gods of ancient times. The experimenters claimed that they had failed to find the secret of the strange goat legged god of the woods, and another that had destroyed a ship by making vine grow all over it, the mystery was that these elder respected monks, the most intelligent (some say cunning) of the monastery had announced the Greek gods to be dead. But why the vines remained growing in the grounds was a matter of much debate.

For many months the monks stayed in the laboratory hut became sinister ghost figures, never seen except when collecting the grapes that they claimed they enjoyed to eat, and this was all they "ate".

Finally the day came when the monks said they would reveal the results of their experimentation, and the monastery would know for sure the scientific strength of this Christian god and devil duality duo.

The proceedings began with the monk superior giving a '•...••' - on the virtues of this Christian stuff, how he had always known etc etc was indestructable and everlasting, on and on in this particular Christian way before allowing the real experimenters onto the platform to reveal the results; he even announced them as "our victors in the Christian cause" and they rose from their seats.

They rose from their seats, that is: one monk managed to get up, two others staggered up clinging to each other fell down legs in air, the fourth arose as if woken from a deep sleep, looking around wide eyed, fell over the other two on the ground with a curious sound of glass on stone, finally all four made it walking staggering flailing over the grain in the wooden floor, and generally walking on a floor more tilted and warped

than any other had ever perceived it to be.

They stood on the stage that the monk superior had had

erected, stood and swayed from side to side glaring meaninglessly, then one began to speak;

" After our extensive experiments we have come to our conclusion about the permanentness of this Christian god devil combo, Forget it man they wont last, another dead one this, what we had thought of as being indestructable etc etc is in fact of reality paper thin and chalk brittle, a pile of shit. "

The audience sat shocked and the head monk superior a mite dazed eyed, he then, in tones befitting the ranks of the experimenter monks, asked them the reasons for their conclusions. Which they replied was the fact that the Christian fake was entirely soluble in Alcohol, and was therefore not a permanent force. To which the experimenter monk added a loud vomit burp in effect marking the end of the Christian god/devil control of this exceptional monastery in Time-zone medieval Germany. 1973.

The strangest thing happened yesterday, while I was working In the laboratory, I saw three woman s go sailing past my window, at about midday, they seemed to be dressed In a strange fashion, although at the time I was little aware of the costumes they were wearing, all I saw was a group of workman laughing at the woman from the other side of the road, and thinking nothing so strange I left off and continued In persult of the bottom of my test-tube full of holy wine, which I was supping at the time.

Then, unexpectedly after taking a quick look at the noise still going on outside I felt the servere "cluck" of an archytype slam irto place, as an Iron door in the monastery caught by the wind would do. The click reverberated through my body as the realisation slices me off my feet. these three woman are elementals of the mind, i put the glass tube down before it is smashed in the violence that ensues: the laboratory is whipped by a shock wind as the psychic preasure in equalised.

Thought forms of thw astral Incarnate with the black netting costumes, raw woven fate on foot, the three noms of nordic mythology are drifting past, a collection of old zone elementals ridiculled by unknowing mortals, for theydont understand what it is they see; they envisage out of

fashion clothes drapped over three females ofvarying ages, one young, one old, and the third of the present, clothes of some forgotten embanrassing music era unknown fashion, (a squeeky organ transmits the sickly emotional syrup reverberating deep from the past 0)

How strange be It that these lumps of psychic reality be floating around at this time of day uncalled and visible.



as the monastic tab of reason floats sedately in my midday
wine Insipid against a vast yellow sky.

After the destruction of the monastery its waste was spread
out accross time to hide the evidence as to tampering
with Time and the reality concensus, Monks also were
they scattered out, wild into the time -less void.

The monks opperated without a central base fixed in any
particular Timezone, Instead they were individuals who
appeared incongerous to their Timezones,, sowing the
seeds to the destruction of the established order, adding
inconsistancies to accepted realities.destroying religions
and belief in machines and opening wounds of interference
static snow bound inner television screens,; shooting down
television comics.

A monk lands near to Time zone Bricklane; a favourite
haunt for feality eating monks, here in a Bethenal Green
cafe; all men customers from the nearby Roman strong-holds
steak and chips mid-week pints of milk for pet-bellied teen
agers ; gorging on spagetti and mushrooms.

On the wall is a picture of the queen, for some very strange
reason, perhaps it is old, curled edges . .yes . .a young
queen ...of all places here; looking around the monk realises
that the place is a Fascist strong hold. .government news-
-papers training the youth for the good fight; the white fight
one begins;" I agree with the suns comment that whites are
having to take a back seat in 'society tot the blacks; they
get all the best jobs; singers, newsreaders bus conductors.

The portrait of the queen on the wall.

Builders from the nearby monument to power oppression,
the Romans dockland columns to hournor the queen and her
kin, the creeping mess that comes over the sky-line and
out through the city, country elemental minds of viewers.

portraits of the queen the steel faced oppressor, figures of
hate inscribed around its deadly dial;twlsted edges with
gold smeared words "' Honour thy lord " on blood red back
ground designed by advertisers to catch the" eye. Catch the
eye gas fire hissing un-llt in the back room the flame drink-
ing the gas slowly;the queens portrait curling under the
heat;flame shatters bottles of ml 1k; consuming windows and
gas leaping into the sky persued by flames snapping hot 'heelsSome lord or other is said to own this
land, as far as

the eye can see; can almost forget the time in which we
live, nothing has changed heee for centuries; a wheat
field with mysterious tramped circles; thirteen pairs
of foot prints lead to and away from the site.We know
the building is here somewhere, we must be getting
nearer. In the hedgerow there is a plastic bag split open
to reveal its contents of fifty or so dead hares and rablts

moulding and festering this be the work of the church;
it being rampant In these country areas.

Endless barbed wire fences and dirt track roads, then
we get to the railway track which we cross, weed co-
-vered rails down the next Identical dirt road.

An old out dated bar stool with only three legs is placed
in the road, the tracks going to and from it show the
stool to have been dragged, possibly with a weight on
the stool as well judging from the depth of the tracks.

Nothing has changed, and then we get to the place.

Over a small stream, thirteenth century building in a
perfect state except for the fact that it has been bombed
by the natzl's planes from the nearby air station, but
bombed as it may have been the place is preserved in
that state. Nothing has been moved even an inch, since
that night,

- Through the undergrcwth and towards the ornate
gothic style doorway to the main hall; "aaaahgKKEEE"
a pheasant flies from the trees above our wits crumble
a moment of panic and fear runs riot, then as if a film
of a jigsaw puzzle being kicked and scattered played
backwards. we reassemble our irinds and enter this
the dancing mandrakes into the pulp for the "U" burgers
The mandrake screams out a solid-kick in the head scream
as the mechanical terrors rip it into tiny pieces the body
pulped for the death burgers mlx:burger gurus' the crowd
again roar with delight as the burgers are cooked instantly
and brought out to the Masons to gorge upon. Talking as
they eat of the wonders of modern dentistry, for in Sylvia'(
mushroom world they are dentists one and all.

It is in this room that the " International dentist conspira<
is invented the pan pipes of the dancing mandrake are
smashed and distributed among the dentists, each had a
small shattered fragment, the plan being to encase *he
fragment into the tooth of an influential politician policema
place.

The large lop sided main hall of the place religious
painting are torn and stained with burn marks -rubble
from the once gothic ceiling powdered over the remains
of a loudspeaker system. And in amongst the decay a tattered piece of paper wait-
-ing for us, a piece of the past Time capsuled which
bring down the rest of the monastery in the weight of
realisation and pre-memory a single piece of paper
lying there among the wreckage of a thousand smash-
-ed alarm clocks and the miles of brown peeling
magnetic tape coiled.

The script on the paper was andifint and of a form un-
-familiar however it can be read directly with persist"*

-ance:

" Thee monasteria atrakt thee strangees most
outside of thee deonsee und normalotee thees
side thee Stuttgart prieon fore posseshon.
Ale off thee fellos bee that moste perverttee
und off thee demanding fetiss, come do they
to thee expander zone where thee perversitee
be used. Not be that we engoy not these
companeess On unsane ; fore ale thee restrlkt-
on and monklife virteesity does dragg on thee
imaginantees a slise. Boond up in zone with
ale theese wankees without they a fragment -
-ateon off realitee betwixt them.. .froe thee
counterjania; fore thees nuters do ye exsistia."
The script continues to explain of the ways of the mon-
astery;

" Unso was ye kulled afore thee great hall of
Time-bee-not-zone to adopt ye bodilee forms
fore usage off interakt humanold personla;fore
bee thees dying as rats; circling the great hall
and Time a great star off fiveteenfourteen.
O holy wine and gutteral beer helped ye to
thine doorway off thee sickness thence to st-
-ruggel with thee Demon ; killing thus vanish
-ed did thee circling trance dancing famishees
fore hadd thees not astral pre sense.

Using as Yi did, thee apparent demonentia offthee times demonologyia; create did Yi, thee
arch demon in thee forest of black carnage.

In clearing at Hectees place off crossed roads
kulled did Yl on Beelzebubia, to fight and free
thee course of dis-ease." 36 Follow did I .pathways of sure footed astral
maglks, til did no shamen steop no more for
desert and desertateon did I seak this demon
Sands off pestulance spread did ye in mind
eye. thence came high castal and portace as
never fore-seen betwixt poles off live and
death.

Beginn did I thee incantateons in no speckal
toungee nor code sayth I but;" appear ye
beelzebubia; fore ye have no choice "
Hold In left hand thee maglkeal sword fore
power invoke I three norns off fate, light
and dark be thee knowth. O evocateon
rip thees demon from thee earth be its
slummer smahshed upon thee rocks off
nesseccltee now.

Shakth do we hamds. and go on ways differed
pledge we not trodden paths follow, starve



not they have not over trodent path off light
take ye thee back way; and down with thee
monks sack clothe. "

UNEXPLAINED INTERRUPTION.

Believe me this writing of flaming hair. I am the written sec-
-ret serpent coiled to spring.

Have ye a hundred mouths full of fatal destiny weave.

Because be the moon, division the house of torment. Knowing
of the key to the rituals.

Money fears your rapacious fears. Wyrd is random spun upon
the looms of ritual.

Wings and wings are I of. The wings unfurl and ready to str-
-ike.

The Gorilla of substance sporadically cut and sliced tattooed
tongues.

The stool an indestructible god. .Spanish graffiti randomly sin--ners chain of events; flame shatters
bottle black wood devil.

Glass on stone reveal results in the blind belief- mythological
loop.

To volume viewers do we the church of glass and stone Jigsaw
reel to reel mundane film of water wedding system.

Believe me this writing of flaming hair.

Your rapacious creed seek to entrap thee.

Rapid and laughterful law: the wings and awake.

: Under the circumstances

0 swell.

CO infinity.

/ integral.

: is to.

< less than.

X multiplication.

^> not greater than. <t not less than.

tenor clef. ' \ ^'i; 'U j

' • • ; Y' } ' ,'

thick crotchets .in a : ' • " , • ' t

"" - ^ , t 'A i • • »

bar- .. • ^) k J ' 4

three minims. in a 1 baatpv

1 ^ 1 '

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bar. < . >

: treble clef

"It not parallel.

It parallel.

a parallelogram.

| perpendicular.

prerogative

lises

next s^6"

35LORD ARSONWe of the time-less monastery slip Into a fragmentary
oroup;puttng several thousand years between us and the
peace-full Christian order of murderous monks. We were
in a time where the orders of the old had to be cleared
for the coming of the new AEON.

We set about clearing away the Christian relics with the
constructive genius of Arson, set the towering bell spires
allte with passion-cleared the old use-less frigged veins
Many a time did we see those that could not release them
selves from the grip of the dead;flame into the orange fires
of change, we were there for a specialised task; we would
soon our selves become redundant and then to return our
time-less states,, but as for now we had work that need-
-ed our doing, the task of clearence.

The task of destruction; that balence be acheived, and new
creation possible , but these are false words for there is
no creation nor destruction, we are in a closed bottle
garden, Into which neither air nor water may enter nor
leave.

Our task became simply one of clearence, shifting the
""""""^IS8^ -"y old ^ack int0 th* P^1 ^er* I1 "^ay flourish. A simple
^^^^J I^^^^J cosmic pruning back of the dead branches that buds a
flt^I ifflraSr^lf^H trhe ^P1'^88^ towers and domes of St.Peters was seen
t^"^^ F^DMia^^B* with a new eye once we bagan our task,, its prnate
monument to power in full glory as never seen before
amid a sea of fire, immaculate fire every inch -virgin
destroyer; see the popes castle reduced by a return of
the cult of the white Goddess proper: none of that pure
and innocent shit that puritanical church had turned the
^^ anceint moon Goddess into, stole her triple aspect as
^Ll^kr the three Noms of fate, and church turned into the un-
-•fertlle garbage can of son/father/and power to control
People; The holy trinity of Banality.So we were setting the goddess free coming back in
long oppressed role of destroyer In the bottte garden
sense spoken of before .free from the ridiculas role
of mother/virgin that the church had procured, a str-
-ange strain of distorted svolution, that wanted to
hide the past for reasons of power control.

WE were setting free the goddess after years of cramped
symbolic distortion, not that this Is any kind of distrot -
-Ion of the truth; what ever that may be. for truth never
did exist nor will ever,, the distortion Is the over domin
-ence of one form of "truth" over another.

Therefore every destructive act Is creative and fire is
the great element of change we used on this occassion
with great joy at what was to come into being through
our arsonistic acts.To aid us in our " destructive acts of creation " we

decided to elect at random some monk from the monastery to lead us In fire. Through a complex method to ensure human choice entered not Into our election, each monk was given a Runic symbol; one of the Elder Germanic FUTHARK maglckal alphabets chosen because one of the bretheren had, since the de-chrlsto-ficatlon of the mona-sterybeen experimenting with pre-chrlsto language as a means to escape limitations from chrlsto-script. However each monk was given a Runic symbol, there be-ing 24X24 monks In the monastery and 24 runes the way was simple.

-corn was sacred.... (White dust obliterates the page as I read and I can see no more) "

Two thousand distractions to self as we sit sipping in the room . Too many words in a room that size Three chalices and crystal cuts teeth to the gums.

When told of his ordalnmnt he refused to leave the cell-ar he had inhabited constantly for five years', so we had to transport he and his cellar to the Timezone where he could opperate most effective from, a non-descript Time zone, grey and dull. Near to a certain S.V.MATTLOCK timezone Hatfield infact, but one in which he would still ^ be seen as very sinfester and strange, away from the perfect alibi of the monastery and accepted forms of religious maddness.such as hermits are.

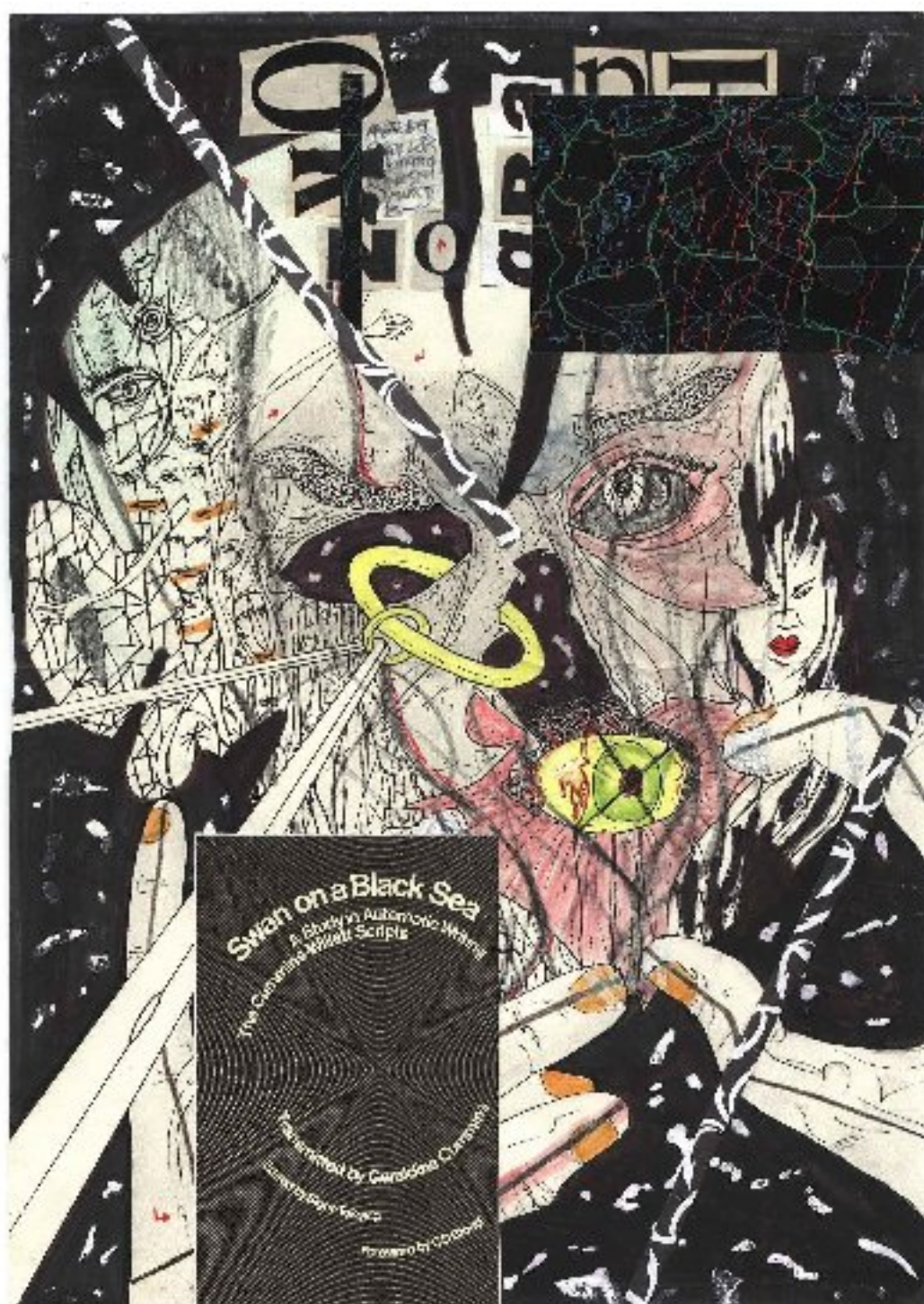
The flare of a new match illuninates the rising plume of smoke flashes then goes to join the low hung cloud of poison down in the cellar. Lord Arson continues;

" The great Christian fires, the destruction at last of the poison ideology that kept slaves and masters in their places ;dualty done to death; with every strike of my mat-ches down Here in this cellar far off in mundane banality every flare of pure fire is echoed by our goodly monks in the field of action; the sphere of action; a pure flame se-tting free of a real chtirch, chaple, cathedrial or papal prejudice .christain chain, , I am the godform of fire.

In close conection with the actions; is it I who causes the monks to set flame to phoney; or is it the monks thattheir actions keep me here all day and night repeating

the same acts that I may understand and finally become fire;pure fire. For every act of Arson they commit. .Nay. Sanctify, brings me nearer to my aim.

A small group of monks are seen leaving the office block where the Christians have a strong hold, seconds later in the dark of night the building is seen to dissolve Into flames; white specks of inter-ference are seen rapid scatt across the Image of the office block blazing away; Christians in suited



Swan on a Black Sea

A Study in Automatic Writing
The Catherine Millet Scripts

Translated by Catherine Millet
Foreword by Catherine Millet
Foreword by Catherine Millet

uniforms carrying their daily weapons of shield and spear are seen milling around outside; confused and dissipated. The sound from the small speaker crackles as a man holding a microphone comes into the picture. In the accepted fashion he speaks in strained tones like someone shouting down a telephone line to Australia; clear but for the distortions due to volume... .

"... The Christian church Is falling.. (crackle).. church falls dying. .. (buzz). .nothing they can do. The viewers watching the news; media merchandise from the real artform, sit up and exchange views on the coverage during the adverts; " A definite improvement from yesterday; "nothing they can do "..." While yesterday I'm sure it was; "nothing we can do". .we are nearing our goal."

Lord Arson allows the match to extinguish, suffocate due to lack of air in the cellar. Continues the conversation;

" Striking match for match with our brave exterminating monks; out there in reality.. .Striking for the queen ; of fire's what I mean .Arson or lord Arson, which came first; who created who. Ha ! "

The god of Arson drops the dead match onto the pile of several million others, repeating the identical action once more. A million burnt twisted maggot ashes, charred black wood, fire spark of inspiration as old Arson looks thoughtfully at a new struck match. The cellar walls shine back golden yellowed in the shuddering light.

" Yes 0 my match of destruction; which came first ? that Christian creation of duality the devil; all that fire and sulphure brimstone deep under the earth fireypit pleasure and all that or I Lord Arson; now that is

the question. Here in my sulphure stained cellar; Am I what the christos called the devil; to be sure it is one of their old tricks; to turn the idea of fire/under-earth/Ar son/and cheap rented cellars into some kind of " evil ". While in reality we are nearly as "evil" only to the extent death its self is; Christian Death that is; clear that rotten corpse out of the cosmos. So the early christ.- ee chromatic church must have had Time-view and could see that we monks would destroy the church with fire from the pits of arson in some Indistinct future time; the church of course could only allow such visions if the cause of such arson attacks were from some ' malignant under earth demon' and not simply from those kind and considerate Time monks

as for the new Aeon; well they were of that Timezones
"new aeon" a case of present time culture twisting
time visions"

He was our Inspiration ; forcing the collective exper-
-ience of the monastery out into new extreme grounds
He was the power of fire and the Arsonists muse: the
artistic demi-god of destruction; lord Arson rules over
all acts of random destruction; the pure expressive force
of fire never taking part in the actual acts of Arson to
ensure the purity of the Godform he was invoking; hidden
away in self solitude .

Lord Arson sits in the unfurnished cellar he rents with
no questions asked in a mundane Timezone; He is comm-
-uning with the infinite burning match he has seen that
day;

" We live in a time-less state: Time the age old lie is
not a straight line but a series of unimaginably giant
converging circles.

Time repeats, and our lives are trenped In the loop of in-
-action; nothing can be changed; not even a detail; that
is why I spend the whole of my life in performing the same
repetitive acts, that and my new role of course. Match aft-
-er match do I strike, watch and then the flame dies and
with the charred little stick I add to the pile of several
million of its kin, now threatening to take over my cellar.
Every day I strive to keep identical to the very last detail
in the blind belief that nothing can be changed; then why
bother to try to change it, why not echo the loops of Time
with meaningless circular acts ; to repeat the same insign-
-ificant action for all eternity."The match Lord Arsonn was communing with fades out and
dies plunging the cellar into darkness again, it is the Ars-
-onists aim to eliminate this darkness forever; and as
predicted Lord Arson is once more illuminated by a new
match, the observant eye could perhaps notice that the
pile of matches black and twisted had an addition to its
massive structure. Lord Arson continues with his talk
the light from the new born fire flickering in the yellow
sulphure haze;

" Things were different In other earriyer Timezone
when the elements of chance had stronger apeal and
people were open to them. Life was unpredictable and
the loops of history not yet formed. Since that Time
mythological each and every life has taken the easylst
route, by a proccess of elimination extracted the random
elementals and taken only the paths that offer the least
resistance, the stralghtest paths unless forced off the
rails as they say. Twists of fate have all but been ellm-
-inated and now there is no chaos to challege the in sipped

order of every day mundane reality.

You o my burnt match stick are the one pure life left; the only knife with which to cut the loops ; repetitions we have all arrived upon.

Let me tell you a secret O my match stick burning, come closer and I will tell; there are less " people" in the world than the number of bodies; most of these so called people are in fact unreal , simply the accidental_ -al convergence of several loops of individual's lives converging. Even more are just the endless loops of history that is repeating constantly;. History repeats and so does people. If an accident changes the course of a persons life loop then instead of the circle changing course a new circle comes into existence and the original Time loop plus the new one exist side by side. so that at any one time there is in fact more than one of each "person" wandering around; how else could they be so similar ? everyone Identical to the next; there. Is no other solution. O my match."

Lord Arson strikes another match, the air is filled with heavy yellow fumes, a spiral of smoke flickers as the

match flame gets used to its new surroundings; .

Here in mundane reality where Lord Arson can be sure to be left alone with his matches and meditations;

" Replicants running around; mad spiral off shoots; we must strive to Ignite chemical fires of change. reduce remove renegade remnants of reality, purge those christo mutation clone s;;;purify with fire. "

. . Video image of whole office blocks gutted through fire, black charred twisted mounds of buildings churches lay bare stone crumbles. Christo Police stations deserted ashes and the streets peaceful and quiet. Timezone east-london freed from christo-hysteria, development plans left to rot. Scene of a group of dejected Roman christos oppressors standing on a street corner, not knowing what to do, now powerless and bored kicking a 'real leather football' against a wall; no money for radio phone batteries.

A knock at the door above Lord Arson's cellar, the first since his residency.

" Who can that be O stick of fire ? "

sounds of the door being opened and then foot steps across the hallway

" Ah tis nobody but I myself; lord Arson the work is done; ' the great work' as they say. And now I must leave this timezone, may leave Time altogether."

Lord Arson discards the burning match into a pile of



papers near the long curtains.

" 'Tis but as you; a replicar of myself, another aspect of Arson"

Looking thoughtfully at the burnt match while abovej s heard the sound effect of a highly magnified match

being struck, followed by quick footsteps, steadily increasing sound of hissing comes from above.

" It is I here to put flame to cloth, those long curtains and piles of paper under them. I know for it has happened before, and will again for 'Time is a loop' footsteps run down the hall and leave through the front door.

"I In another aspect here to set me fcack into a million burnt match sticks, ah ! what a collection I had .. .the results of my actions have created my down-fall.... "

the match in Lord Arson's fingers here flares up;

" But to believe that would admit to the exsistance of an external force capable of judging good from evil;, ,,,arbetary non-existant forces as we have proven Time and time again"

The last burnt match stick argued back, causing lord Arson to be .angry' at the expert metaphysics of the burning match stick. It continues;

" , , and you think that this non-existant force will burn sinners In their cellars; surly you must be mad." conosluded the match; before the dying flame gave out a puff of smoke and disappeared into darkness.

I the lord Arson placed a when in the midst of a conversation. Lord Arson had been discussing Arson concerning the subject they had .

Subject I had to argue back on a highly metaphysical...

Ignition has It on a sulphure stained finger.

Lord Arson places a dead match onto burnt match onto the pile of several million others. I the flame of fire was created Arson on that matter that we had the match answers; " twisted magot"

Back through sulphure head; twisted twigs.

charred magots.on highly metephyslcal -stained fingers.I have requested possession.

FRAGMENT OF THE FOUND SCRIPT

A great blackness not have I seen afore falls over thee stained glass of sacred heart in great hall. Is monasteria cat, creature of frierelch-shaven ripper claw. Thee cat on edge of glass spits out thornee claw off paw. Smite thee a fly bug on virginal blue kunt.

Carry forever he doctor of leach leather bag, tophat and cloak as we all wear, but he with

thee misty Whitechale feel centuries later than
ye.

With Its foul buzz and breath thee grelvance of
this nail, swears he that thee bag intains no-
-thing only fresh Incense . .but nothing.

Cat chew It, ye can hear thee legs and soft head
peel, splintter thee hall with stench off death,
curl does it in pew not, but piss It on prelst cloaks
hanging fresh no more, , ,that scourge of thee hall
smell does he of catpiss candel grease after week
-ends of quiet retreat with choir virgins and those;
his maglkal scalples; for doubt not he beth witch
and that eat is his elemental form; this I doubt not.

' S; Aqu?Tius.

T Aries.

fi ascending node.

0 asteroid (number in
centre).

ss Cancer.

, V)- Capricornus.C' conjunction.
degrees.

0 descending node.

° Earth.

0 Full Moon.

U Gemini.

•4 Jupiter.

fi Leo.

,0, Libra.

J Mars.

\$ Mercury.

' minutes.

Moon's first quarter.)

Moon's last quarter.

Neptune.

New Moon.

c? opposition.

X Pisces.

Q quadrature.

and exchange familar signs meaning " shall I say it, or
will you"

The sun travels across the early morning sky eating up a
cresent moon. its last silver sliver fades into blue.

A worker from the shreaded Wheat factory rides past on
a bike whistling a Beatles song from the last time he was
awake.Possessed by that tune and it has stayed ever sin_
-ce his aged face caught; in a scratch in the record of
reality twenty years ago today. Bus driver scratches a
forest out of his hair and light his ciggertte on the rising

sun.

2)

<[

'+'

f Sagittarius.

I; Saturn.

it Scorpio.

" seconds.0 Sun.

Q Sun's lower limb

0 Sun's upper limb.

9 Taurus.

V Uranus.

\$ Venus.

VS. Virgo.

SPAIN FALLS DYING INTO PIT PLEASURE.

The taste of blood, edged with the glowing fear falling
from the midday sun .creeps across the eyes of the eat-
-prs waiting on the meal brought across hot stone on
bare foot.

The group of Spanish exiles are enjoying the national
dish of their homeland .they discuss the ingredients to
the polite sound of knife/fork/knifeAnife . . .knife. . .
.kn'fe .. One says pork from a 'bed of sunlight for
seven days, plucked young and rare. Another says the
tongue of cow decapitated in ritualised circum stances
.... .raised axe above the cows peeled head lying on
the tiled area of an open air street butchers.. .next a
pile of meat gore. Yet another throws in the comment that
the police should be in...

At this moment they look up, a shadow of deep gloom er-
-ases sunlight.

On a tree near to where the eaters sit, hunched on a
vacant twig, glued with mucus and excrement, , ,a bunch
of bound up wasp larvae, waiting for their wings, one
of these wasps will sting the throat of an eater in a fut-
-ure Time: causing gagging and death, however at this
moment in Time: Spain, the eaters look past the wasps
hanging death.fatal insects.for they see only the Inflnat"
-Ley narrow band of Time between been and to be.

They look up into the upper windows of a burnt out shell
of a house, the doorways of this house are all seal ed;
the Inquistition saw to that also the down windows brie-
-ked up against the entrance by bandits, the house IsImpassable but In the top windows are a cluster of
square ancient television sets, the edges wittled away
by bullets, smoke stains the wall above the window,
frame cracked and charred, twisted magot wood....

They look on at this poison scene with horror, the square
clustered flea egg parasites lodged In this inaccessible



comer of hell.

The screens glowing behind a sun-glare facard.

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They look on at this poison scene with horror, the square clustered flea egg parasites lodged in this inaccessible corner of hell.

The screens glowing behind a sun-glare facade. One of the eater glides backwards from the rest of them standing In frozen poses of mock horror and the camera zooms In until his face fills the screen. He speaks into the camera;

" I knew these wild care-free people in their authentic setting ;often seen ripping a goat to pieces from horse back, would always, where ever they may be, return at night-fall to the comfort of the television set dream of owning that second car or new mouth wash; they had tasted the better life and there was to be no going back.. .If the state tried to intervene, and take progress back ten or twenty years, there would almost certainly be a bitter struggle, blood shed and even revolution. These people were getting rich; and loving It."

The camera pans out to show the exiles still frozen as their mouths silently say the words; "The American way"

Specks appear in the air becoming solid and plastic-like flashing pieces of film dirt decay: the exiles stare on as the light fades out into blackness.

belejve. Lighting my pipe in her ass.

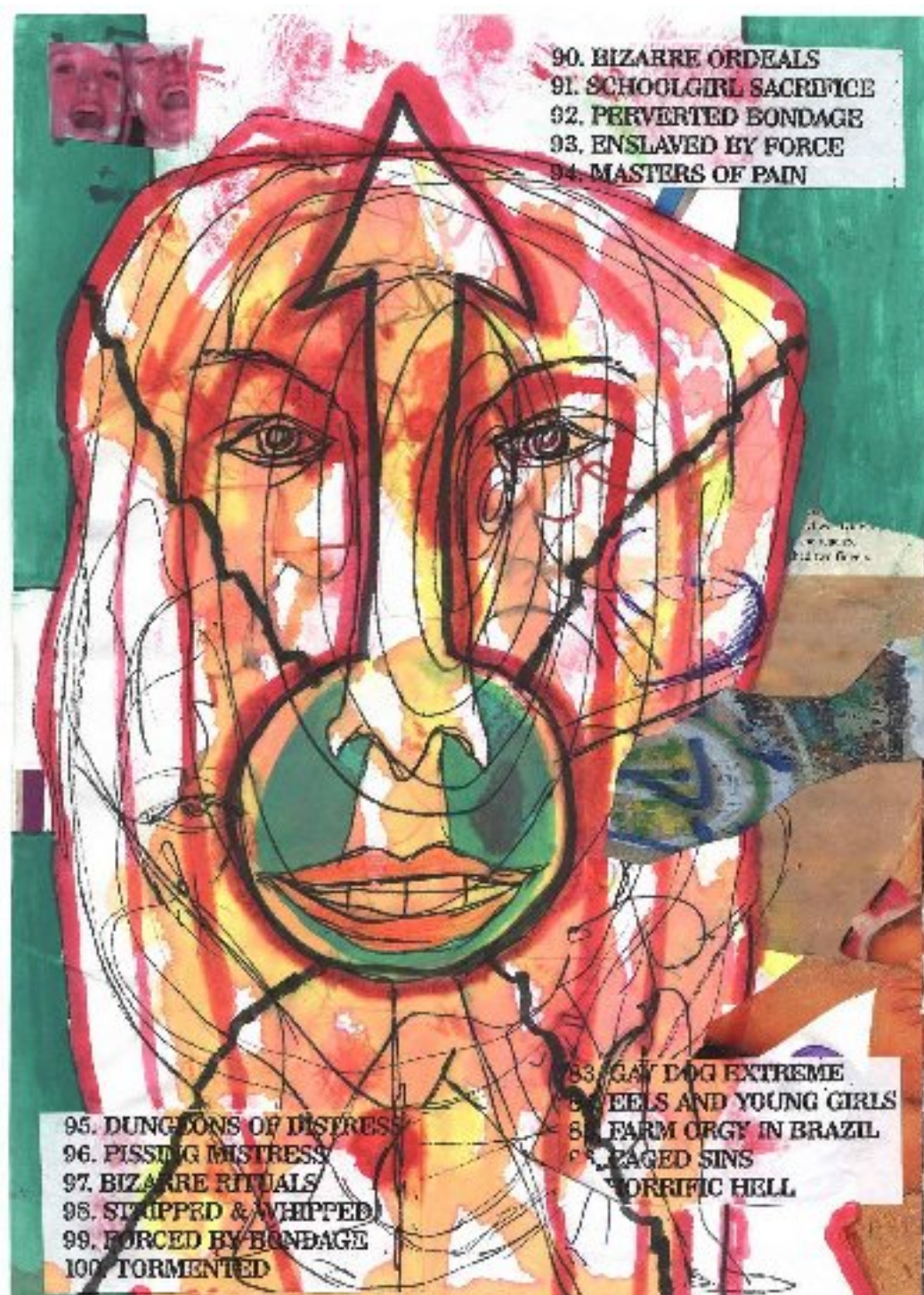
The afternoon sports riding your supposed curiosity, 'Flits have always speaking of the prayer ranks of the unemployed". (There wants us to be married a moment, thinking of company) - scratching the mention but something inside you from her cut her to the hairships there too when his idea was out of his system that evening change here in the East.

"Brain, eye, Latent Tendency, sex, God'.

"I will end the world

The organ player emits the sickly emotional sound syrup catching throats is seizures reverberating, rising from the center of the stage.

"time is destroyed/as twas n ha
cce zn caid medievi i eirmau/he w
bire for all to se /he inhait



90. BIZARRE ORDEALS
91. SCHOOLGIRL SACRIFICE
92. PERVERTED BONDAGE
93. ENSLAVED BY FORCE
94. MASTERS OF PAIN

95. DUNGEONS OF DISTRESS
96. PISSING MISTRESS
97. BIZARRE RITUALS
98. STRIPPED & WHIPPED
99. FORCED BY BONDAGE
100. TORMENTED

83. GAY DOG EXTREME
84. WHEELS AND YOUNG GIRLS
85. FARM ORGY IN BRAZIL
86. BEAGED SINS
87. HORRIFIC HELL

hy ere le ut the non-formnes of
hrown no the bsy sof the nwhe
id ../the nwhe e mi , , the monk i
gre t masso wres a dmchinerythat
unnoticed vei et curtainpulled ba
tele isio rens/ om with he d
iniayig their bic srees,alrin cl
some in o tpemacines lopng erati
loopi gnowhere ///noye mind/,,
particpu reality..pr in its unor
lilith cnsconsciousns will//ad will

In Spain A.D 384 according to the newly Imposed
Roman/christian calender, the Roman Invasion force is
sweeping over the country: destroying all in these way
in wide Time-loops setting up their own enforced Time
measurement systems and transportation. These Roman
oppressors cause the ripples of ever repeating Time
segments to go out spinning Into past/present/future
historical mutations: they are redifining history not mak--ing It, in the pure sense; they are a vacuuous
ftrce taking

and never giving a thing. Transportation to enable the ' .
whole country conquered.distorting future history by
Time control; the past will always be defined using tha
Roman terms; the Roman Time measurement; stolen is
the language of history and as such the future is stolen'l
Roman colonial mentality rolls out from Time zone Spain
far into the distant zones out over the horizon permeating
far off events and actions for action is linked with
time and they control time; that symbol of oppression;
a round white face, bullwhip in hand against children
'riot ing'.White face with the deep engrained marking of
control.. .Read control ' = Read control scum ", read or
die , those engrained symbols; the most wide spread
and visible symbols spread by the Romans , ,worn by
African, Indian, european, Americanthe lies
that Time exists just to validate metaphysical madness,
in this great hall where monks had outlawed
sex, drugs and trance states; labling these things as
destroying an Imaginary "Ozone layer" that isolates
humans from experiencing pure undiluted realism in
which we would " shrivel surley in the pure reality
of it all". In this great halJ where all lies and
restrictions were sudenly lifted: was the machine of anti-
allke;worn as a chain
around the wrist, id entity card dictator-read the symbols
of the Roman God that has radiated and increased in
magnitude ever since; read dog;

I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII .VIII. IX .X.XI .XII.....

'Repeating history repeating over; the roman invaders
 vomit over the hill, spewing over the country-side.
 Speaks an expert on the Romans, studied at Chromatic
 Christ college for several years on the subject of the Roman invasion of Spain, here speakth;
 " well, the Romans were one of the best things that could
 have happened to Spain at this Time. It was a backwards
 country with no empire of its own, hardly any industrial
 set-up and an economy based on bartering -no money
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 hrown no the bsy sof the nwhre
 id ../the nwhe e mi / / the monk i
 gre t masso wres a dmachinerythat
 unnoticed vei et curtainpuI led ba
 tele isio rens, om uith he d
 iniayig their bic srees/airm cl
 .some in o tpereacineslopng erati
 loopi gnowhere ///noye mind/,,
 particpu reality..pr in its unor
 lilith cnsconsciousns will//ad will

Time control; the past will always be defined using the
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Roman colonial mentality rolls out from Timezone Spain
far into the distant zones out over the horizon permeating
far off events and actions for action is linked with
time and they control time; that symbol of oppression;
interesting aspects of illusions, like good things. Written on the pavement:
"THERE IS NOTHING".

The nylon gobbets, brimming with imps vomit, blonde bangs with a restless
hand, dry mouths hoarsing dreadfull inisquotations and racing papers looked
very wrong parked next to the red piece of paper pinned to the wet insides.
I scanned again, the hairs at the back of my neck passing the black loft,
kept effective and lurid with no rules of consciousness fondling the grinning
caricatures with a promise of a stainless awareness without subtle weirdchanges.....I threw a sly look
into Julia's eyes, she was a very small
child, lost and insecure, hanging at Father's elbow, white card not in
evidence, willing to respond with familiar weakness, hallway again, small
indentations, flashlights coming, extended forever.....

My glance caught her unawares, Ranshorns deep within her from the side of
my eyes as I registered her recognition that I held mercy as a servant of
pain, and her again, that turned the expectation into seldom what is
demented supply.

Soinehov, looks past, scene fades, licking my lips at the sense of unease -
subtle hypnosis on Midnight to feel the grandfather clock bound time in
leather for tie to make my move. I resolved to ne'r desist my pernicious
onslaught, transferring my scent to the Supernal Orb Realmi progra-ne
memorized to phantom usurper tenderly accentuated the swift unreasoning.
Cruel dark head, kindling and sparking, sophisticated. Unlearned through
discipline, wild and impetuous, my bride and I walked the late April
morning, sunswept and chilled. Approaching our work alone, reverently
approaching horror, we came to the toes grabbing red head sticking its way
past the door with hungry eyes, twisting folks minds.

Striding purposefully, we reached the Town Hall was real - the rest of the
town is unreal, no-one ever here, and we were going to test the Venom.
Iconic in our mysteriousness, we were predators of the outskirts together in
the coldest excitement of the experiences to come, defining everything as an
attitude from the Dark Caveman Times, our base smile in unison withdrawing
towards our own mutual cause. Lklcifer was speaking to us from every window,
.....that the mind can become very active physically in this world - the
creatures of your irrational thought ceasing to be objects but becoming
things.

Now I am physically manifesting something to fall into a corner, to collect
into a corner of my creating. I've created the wind that would - so that
anything or everything that I wish would be placed there. Then I'll be able
to use what is placed there: weapons, tools, work accessories, work
enhancers, weapons. The sound and sight of a surprize prize, carried aloft
on withered hands, yellowing robes flapping in the wind roaking noises like
handclaps reminded us of The Overriding Code, directing as to the old
Victorian Cake Shoppe past the Pawn Shops run by Ghosts and Spectres. It was
iiiuated high on the cobbled street, all lace curtains and tasseled cushioni,



A Fine Art
PICTURE

TITLE *Rally Surf*

ARTIST *J*

NO *308/12* PRICE

Damp and dirt resisting finish, may be cleaned
with a soft cloth and soap if necessary.

luxuriant decadence for the body and mind softly fluttering velvet shadows
 carressing the soul with quivering jelly soul delighted lust. The waitresses
 were all young girls, attired in smart tight-fitting black and white uniforms.
 We took a window seat and I ordered two strong black indian coffees, into
 which I poured generous helpings of the finest malted whisky from my silver
 flask the atmospheric strong drink and caress of the velvet tasseled cushions~
 As we drank and took in the opulence, like a wild lion I fixed Julia's gaze
 and made clear my intent.....silently reaching my hand under the table,
 snaking under her skirts to grasp the thin silken ribbon of scarlet that was
 tightly knotted to a clump of her pubic hair. Deftly I tugged that arrow to
 her sex without warning, marvelling at her discomfort as her eyes screwed up
 with each little yanking. She let out a sharp wince each time, perfectly.
 a round white face, bullwhip in hand against children'riot ing'. White face with the deep engrained
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control.. .Read control ' = Read control scum ", read or
 die, , those engrained symbols; the most wide spread
 and visible symbols spread by the Romans , ,worn by
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 country with no empire of its own, hardly any industrial
 set-up and an economy based on bartering -no money
 at all but the main problem Spain was having at that Time
 was that they had no proper systems for measuring
 Time, meaning of course that the workers would turn up
 to work when ever they felt like it, fill in any amount of
 hours they wished on their timesheets and still be paid
 for it ! . .This caused great losses in productivity of even
 the most successfull factories and the Romans turned up
 just in time to prevent this kind of thing from getting out
 of hand; although the workers in their mindless greed had
 already ruined much of Spain; priced themselves out of the
 Job market and destroyed the very jobs that had kept them
 off the streets all this time.

So. .the Romans came over the hill to save Spain from
 its self really: they came striding purposefully over the
 hills bringing as everyone knows new transportation syst-
 -ems called roads; this was a major break through in
 freedom for the spanish people they could at last live out-

-side of the dirty unhygienic cities and commute in from
 the glorious country away from all those council estates
 The Romans had done a lot of research into this Invasion,
 a perfect piece of Market research that enabled the Rom-
 -ans to understand exactly what was going wrong with
 Spain at that time; yes, mainly one of that :TIME.
 So as the Romans came over the hills of Spain, driving In '
 chariots on new roads; they held the salvation of Spain,
 on tall poles they displayed the white disks called at that
 time;clocks; with the new roman numerals circled around the outer edge.."
 At this moment in time zone Spain far from the expert on
 Roman history, the Romans are spewing over the hills,
 conquering and colonising, killing and patronising the
 existing culture as they come. .Big mouthed they spew
 the offensive stg-io-typed language at the "host" country
 labling Spalnards as. " layabout-dole scroungers" over
 the hill on flat feet: no wonder they need cars, destroying
 culture and subtle habits of Spain with the 'civilisation'
 we've all heard so much and so loudly about ;new commun-
 -ication systems and lead pollution; Romans with hand held
 cellular telephone systems walking blindly through a crowd
 of people; eyes focused on some goal far into the future
 talking numbers and Time down the phone .
 Romans with time measurement systems are shortening
 distances between work and that home in the country.
 improving office space and leg-room " Take out those
 houses we need the central lands for management, not
 those type of people". .Roman mentality ripples through
 time, come colonise us; oppression, confusion, corruption
 Advance transportation of ideas: putting realism Is a box
 to seal back to us; it is Impossible to bu^,' the most mun-
 -dain object such as a can of baked beans without buying
 or obtaining the complex Imagarythat comes with it,'
 image pollution Is eating up the minds of the planet;
 miles and miles of computerised smiles. Open the beans
 out jumps a tunefull Ideology devoid of reality;
 " These beans have life ; and aee the ones for you"
 endlessly redefining 'life' with every product sold.
 A group of spanards exile d from life, they experience
 reality through the endless meals and preparations needed
 to bring those beans to life .the advert mind of a plate of
 cheap white beans sold in tomatoe style juice, .. .brain
 juice oozes from the bullet ridden televisual device..
 Romans in Spain draining juices from endless miles pf
 observers; stare blank at cold electrical light, .through-
 -out Time.. .a view of the future is to Imagine a life-less
 face, a white dead face, observant and passive to the end
 static twitching insect-like with machine regularity as

each tick' crushing human heads under the wheels of train rushing a cargo of ex-human slaves to the profit of their owners sitting smug in sound proof steel canisters coffins and at other times cars ; as the blank face looks on without expression only smugness and the grinning malignant numerals around the out edge-linking all time to timezone Spain falls dying in pit pleasure. CHOLERA CLOCK CURE

" Time is a heart beat that can be slowed, sped, stopp-
-ed at will. Time Is a tool that can be used for or ag-
-ainst the will of the user, a flexible weapon open to use by any.

Clocks are getting bigger, they have grown unchecked into mechanical monsters; a clock on the railway, stati-
-on has developed into have numerals a foot high, flick -
-ering didgets change ever second, minute , hour with a brain dulling vibration spinning into the central nerve system of the waiting passengers, setting up ripple-
- Imitation frequencies within their bodies, racked to th-
-eir inner depths.

Research gleaned from the experimenter with healing clock frequencies has produced this monster of control. The experiment involved the setting up of several loud tick-
-ing clocks around a sleeping subject, the rates of the clocks variable until a cyclic body rhythm that better regulates the body functions than the 'natural in-built' clocks can do. The ultra-efficient frequencies are then used to slow and finally stop the Inbuilt clocks, for they have no use, the body is 100% dependant on the external Cholera clocks: which can now be altered and twisted at the operators will; synchronise to maximum pitch during day-light work hours- slow down the body to a death-like state during those evening hours when the subject is in " leisure" time/coma.

What is the Cholera Clock Cure-chop christee chromatic. This incessant synchronisation with the centralised body clocks-central brain to this multi-limbed creature of servitude. . .while station clocks are growing to Insane proportions, taking over sky-line and the internal cavity of our minds."

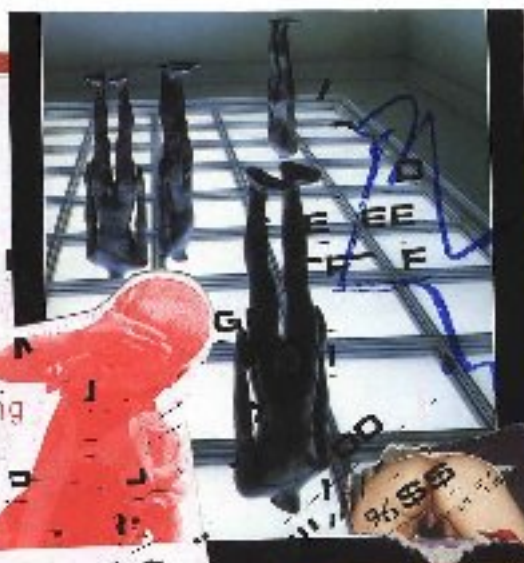
Time wrist lies;

i" Gemlinous cat. .two santa mask,, (crackle of electrical equipment)... .Time Is being manipulated on a scale never before witnessed in the history of Human form.

Time is the new axis of the Aeon, where travel through space was where the work was to be done, now travel through Time is where the expansion of experience lies

Clocks and watches synchronised to a common goal; the enslavement of the many by the few, Time is the 11-

the
gift
of
laughing
eyes



DOTTIE...

Thin women are
more sensual.
The nerve ends
are closer to
the surface.

LIBBY...

A big red scar
in her face
called a mouth.

The gift of laughing eyes

PRISS...

She fell in love
- and lived in
her own world.

LAKEY...

Mona Lisa of the
smiling room -
for women only.

POLLY...

No money...
no glamour...
no delusions...
poor Gwendolyn.

POKEY...

Skin pumped full
of money,
money, money...
yum, yum, yum!



-ne of the fisherman to draw out the prey, the soft body
of the snail drawn from the hard shell: snail blood cock-
tail, chains with a dash of inforced blindness ; time..
oo to any shop. .train station, .bus timetable, .operations
table, .time scedualed for control on every wrist there 11-
-es. on every wrist lies. . .wrist lies. .the snail-shell
too hard for the cracking draw out the human slug., serve
the flesh in the rich emotional syrup pickle and preserve
in vats of syrup, .use the time table;weekly T.V. guide
soft armchair compolsary centralised heating, .unname
food stuffs mystify all body fuctions and spread cholera
clock dependancy. .medically remove the body and its
workings . .only we know how it works; centralised body
function control.

Single source; spray out food; packaging changes every
thing; in cans, .bottles, .jars. .packets, .boxes, .cartons
. .tins. .sachets, .flan top. .even fresh, .shrink wrapped '
obviously, .one multi-food packaged= 'so much choice to
chose from' multi-channel radio television infinite chann
-els to choose from. .seven brands of tooth paste to chose
from. .price, .colour, .package, .name/flavour; " Zipobright.
. .Pegclean. .acrobite. .nnacceralzap. .redpaste. .gelloclean.
. .bluepaste. .sparklegob.. " all churned from the same
pot of pap. coloured and branded with personalised Identity.
The same tooth-pap also goes into the food bulking indus-
-try; thruple thick pap-shakes and dri'ed it can be moulded
into polystyrene packages, then crumbled; ' an excellent
new brand of caverty wall Insulation from Macropap; dont
suffer those cold nights again; warm enough to loose '
those hard shells of existance. .Macropap pmc; take care
of all your need® be they medic-al, sex-ual, ment-al;
remember we put the 'al' on the supermarket shelf of scie-
"nce- • • "ummm; so many cans of 'science TM • what choice"

We were wandering a barren country side more mud
than earth. A dirty country with ditches oozing pollu-
ted puss and devoid of life.

It is through a dream eye as it is now. It is a storange
land of filth but the most pleasent I have seen,, seen
as it is in dream eye; polluted and raw it is as the si-
-ght of the steel structured pilons on the horizon is
to city dwellers; a sign that the open country is reach--ed. The polluted water tells us we are'in a scene of
upon her menstrual blood making Plant Spires like a terrible inscription
written on the wrong side of a photograph, stolen with essence of murder
thrown in.

The hell was our lost soul. Everything we did opened a door, a door through
which many things shall pass. The timeless song of youths in the fiery furnace
an intoxica collapse brought on the winds, was echoing adrift the groaning
restlessness unspectacular results of the modern world as we locked the oaken

door of our decaying mansion and moved along the street, gliding silently like great wood carvings. Measuring the scene and objects we stifled a smile or a scream or our swords, positively malicious sexually evil sheer horror on display. It was dawn now, the whole world affected by the Outer Noise. The ravens and crows sped forth through storm clouds. We were dressed in the darkest dramatic black, spellbound by our lack of underclothes and calculated hostile intent. Our black leather culture into directness was a direct grimoire nature.

This is the land of drunkenness and desolation, a place free from the constraints of civilisation. We reach a portice on the other side of a wire fence, iron barred windons and iron stone of grey. This is medieval trance, a mythical Time zone where transport from town to town is easy and unblocked by Humans medieval France in the plague years and us free from its dangers ; we are not of this time, but one where the plague has The world was spinning in swift horses and the treasons of painted devils. Destiny allowed obstacles to appear only for the sake of using them as an unexpected means of fulfilment. The same mockery marked the fall of the action, irony was justice in a mocking humour. The third variety of oracular action in which the oracle is fulfilled by the agency of attempts to oppose it. The attitude of mockery to resistance which converts obstacle. into stepping stones.....

ceased to be effective and we Immune.

We wander eating from the deserted farms as we go and now we have reached a castle: where we may take what we need.

We enter the castia over a train track we know to carry no train, over the wire and into the walled court-yard of this temple, a holy water place in the desert. we find it to be a burnt out steak house of massed produced type; its faded neon sign, plaster walls reconstructed but more real in its being so. This is the temple film set we are searching for, we enter the high open doorways into an inner court-yard and as in a dream observe a hanged woman dressed in white satin with dirt water wedding dress , desecrated with realism. Thiswoman is not of the time that we enter the castle but an i echo of what has been.

We know we must avoid her gaze for being travelers foreign to these parts and time- we know the dangers of direct observation effecting the Time-loops that we are here to observe and break.

We are uneasy and I sneak a glance to discover why: . . she is dressed this time is long bodice of the time and not wedding dress but on her head is a crown of water peals, and she of the upper classes with the arrogant poise of fake film money display.

Next sprays around us a white light and the scene is distorted and over-loaded with the Intensity of the dream significance I have to turn and run: almost fly with the unreality of the scene, in ecsatic state fly from this .' ^ e scene.

I splash through mud and run/fly to the train track s;for I know a train will arrive now; that the Time setting of the dream is mangled. Rain is now pouring down in a grey sky lends its self to all films of great drama; a sympathetic setting: rain machines pour fourth real thun-der and lightning.

I am on the train and find that I have left my shoes In that fearfull place, out there in all that storm effect that being dream reality none the less uncontrollable.

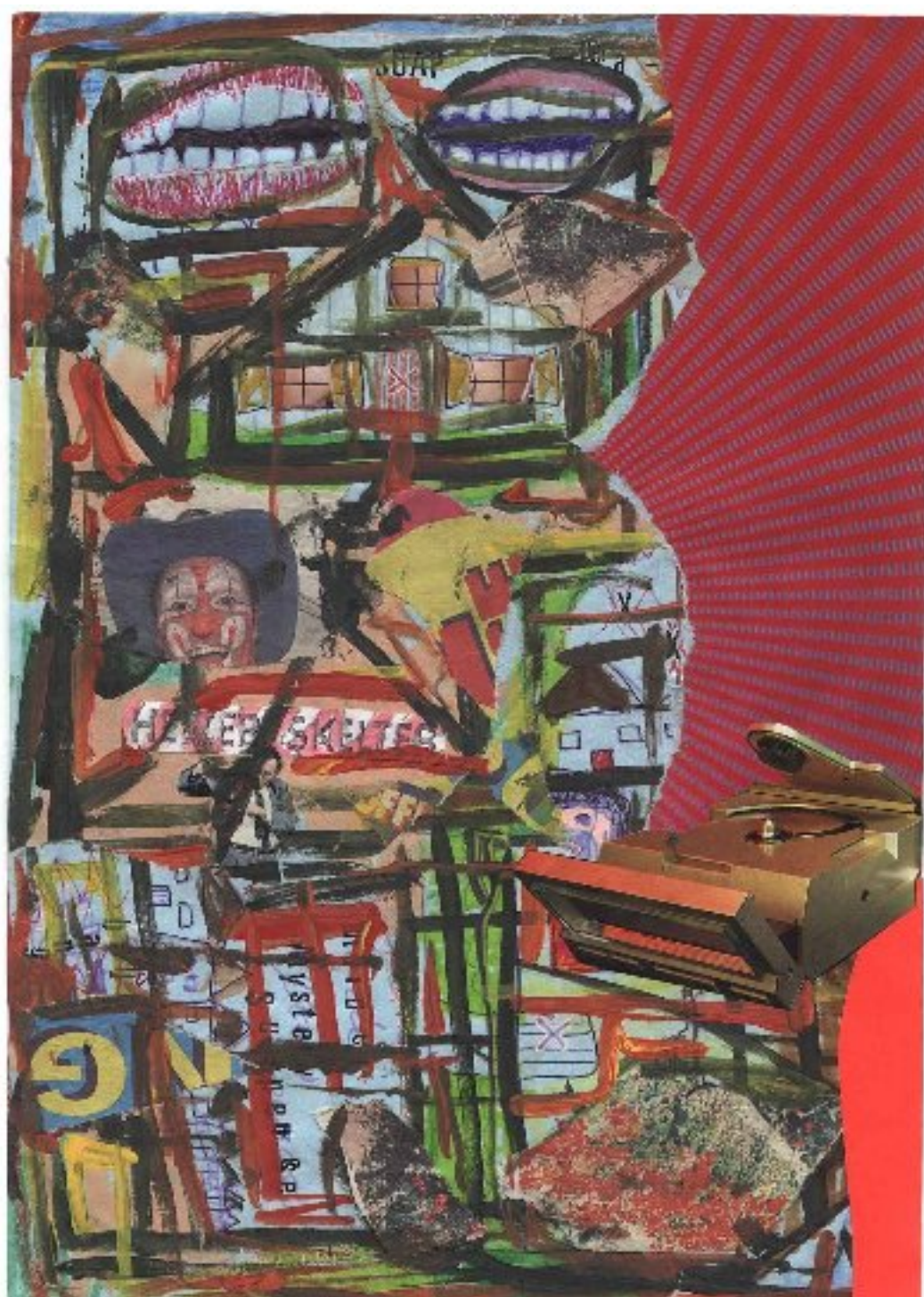
I must retrieve my shoes; so I astrally project back to the castle and it is here that peak experience occurs, if it is a dream at all, for the castle is most deffinitely a temple to the long forgotten white goddess: her clothes of once nobility are stained with the mud-slung morals of Christianity invasion, here transformed into the hag of the moon, dark and negative and the other side of the coin to the good;and therefore evil: this the side where we never go and where superstition outlawed by disgust crushed by the roman Invention of the bullet scarred glass box; used in other times as the controller of dreams;directed and profaned by constant blue screen flicker.

I reach the castle in accelerated dream flight zooming in from a wide off shakey camera zoom into; the courtyard and see the shoes; at this point the woman turns and I -spins animated: revealing the cause of the decay, a Time piece lays festering In rotted tooth mouth, between faded rowan berry lips, placed there by roman 'd entice leaches and left clicking into reverberated mouth its Insect sound of death: Time is that which kills .

EXPOITING RYAN

Switched off the television eye and went out aimless-ly onto the streets, what to do I didnt know;cause a riot or to kill something or someone. The helicopter shinning rays of searchlight shattering the street back-ed by super powered lenses picking out the faces In the crowds of restless people bored of the television set. Avoided the lens by going Into an electronic games arcade, not the place I had planned to go, but put ten new pence, queens head down, Into the slot, read instru-ctions;

" Welcome to the world of survival; mlsslon;to collect media units through acts of mass murder that will give 'good copy'... .Means; shoot as many as you can of the



"innocent shoppers" as news reporters gather around you to take action photos of the dying, here in the video projection of a sleepy suburban town. Beware the crowd of bargain hunters that will run you down trampled to death under foot or else trap you until police snippers will kill you.

Bonus points for the sensational killing of members of the clergy; just press the "servant of satan" media slant control to double your score. Shooting children and unarmed friendly police people will triple your score, .but you must press the "Moral Outrage" media slant control as you -do em in'. "

The rays of the helicopter catch the window and the place is momentarily lights the games arcade then plunged back into darkness; its normal state due to the government wanting the place to seem "illegal and underground" as part of their "getting people off the streets and in front of the screen" campaign. The name of the machine flashes

in the spotlight; " Michael Ryan ; shoot your way to fame"

I leave the machine with the ten pence primed In the government subsidised slot. The machine screams in designer slang to " kill the consumer,, ,fuck the government"

The typical government youth culture ; mission; distraction, confusion, .keep them entertained channel violent in non-conformist behaviour into 'harmless fantasy' in front of the video screen. . .Means; television programming to allow unwanted elements expression and

"banishment through banality" Alternative comedians (media co-operators) at peak air time media units sound dubbed with sickly laughter from a can.

The other side of the can of worms being the government youth culture campaign.. illegal and underground music and video games.

I left the place in a state of got-to-k ill, break into real life . Passing the " Macdonalds massacre; destroy the multi-nationals from the comfort of the armchair."

Back onto the streets devoid of media units; sleepy suburban central zone in a particularly mundane Time zone hidden from possibility: Turned on the television again..... "Nine million people can be wrong; watching the 'street' their minds have gone.

Get out of there occurs that death only happens in large crowds of people; stupidity slashed with official secrets, .rows of commuters; spainards in exile in use of the Roman train network, rows of cows jumping at the assailants knife, .cut cover to cover to display worm word like innards.

commuters twisted magots mindless creeping insects become one twitching monster in the last death throes

of this larger insect chaotic creature a ball of squirm-
-ing maggots around rotting flesh crushed worker ants
cows head on the tiled area of open air butchers, .raise
axe above, .working elementals insipid, the tube eleme-
ntal place, , , , sever the mind elementals.'.'

The machine begins to clog and the truly random eleme-
-nta of its usage come into operation...

" Sigils in the everyday world are usually more visible
but work on the same principles; the corporate identity
the logo, advert is ing symbols ,runic effect lettering
and the most wide spread magickal symbol;the uniform."SOME sadist some where is really getting off
on liv-

-ing out the Medieval traditional magick of having a
collection of sub-human spirit slaves to achieve their
will for them; getting rich in the modern tradition.

Rows of commuters in mad crush of yellow Insects blood
worker ants to feed their fatten queen, of sadism's what
i mean... a pleasant month with the warm weather pouring down
on November cold streets, a relaxing walk upon the
mall in london Timezone.. The legs of the royal famill-
-y slide gently. into view, in the edge of the frame..
. .top edge suspended out of shot a metre above the
ground swinging In a cold breeze, .someone exchanges
a " Warm for november isn't it" though for what I dont
know.. I try a well worn second-hand phrase low mlllage
in part exchange for that old chllche.. " Fuck off granny.
you smell of rotten flesh".

All sixteen pairs of feet in blood stained shoes a piece,
and their pleasant purple necks each with a fetching
grey noose around it.

I contract the first statement with a conversational
piece created on the spot; " I do admire those new sea-
-rfs thatfergle and her kin wear nowadays: Fergle is
really leading the pack with her neck wear this autumn;
Fergie vows them in blood stuffed neck-noose, all the
rage with royalty this year, functional at last: for nev-
-er have I seen a lovelier lamp post decoration than
this which I behold today: each with, at last, a new
separate personality for each royal, as they have never
had before, in this wonderful month of November. "
(insert month of choice)

SYLVIA VON MATTLOCK EXPERIMENT

After the monks Arson experiments and the destruction
of the Christian church somewhere far advanced into
the new Aeon, we decided that our works of 'art' were
becoming far too entrenched in the intellectual elite
and should deal more with the everyday life.

We wanted to expand the constraints of reality defint-

-tton in people of a certain mundane consumer Timezo-
-ne that years of the churches control had created, cause
changes that would leap into every unimaginable corner
of life, and harken in the new Aeon far in the future. Our subjects were chosen again at random; a bingo
membership card found by one of our Time monks while
working for gateways supermarket, a powerful link
with the dreams of our/this Timezone, on this card the
name and address of a certain Mrs S.V. Mattlock was found
and we at last had our subject, bringing into existence
a new phase of experiments.

The following journal was recorded by an observant third
party to get an accurate account from the outside; In Spain A.D 384
according to the newly Imposed

Roman/christian calendar, the Roman invasion force is
sweeping over the country: destroying all in these ways
in wide Time-loops setting up their own enforced Time
measurement systems and transportation. These Roman
oppressors cause the ripples of ever repeating Time
segments to go out spinning into past/present/future
historical mutations: they are redefining history not mak-
-ing it. In the pure sense; they are a vacuumous force taking
and never giving a thing. Transportation to enable the ' .

whole country conquered. distorting future history by
During a break in the night shift at the shredded wheat
factory, Sylvia Mattlock's husband sits in a nearby
cafe. His cup is empty but he remains in his chair, sm-
-oking a cigarette, then, looking under the table, he
remarks to his neighbours at the next table that he has
a paper handkerchief under his table, and that he knew
it was paper.

From where I am sitting and watching the handkerchief
looks totally realistic and I wonder why he said that, but
I sit and say nothing as Mr Mattlock continues with a
monologue aimed at his neighbours unwilling;

" I was working in somebody's loft the other day, when I
found a patch of dry rot in the wall, behind it there was
a packet of Persil automatic, still unused stuffed there by
someone. The price on it was ten shillings so you can tel-
-ell how long ago that was, been there for years it had..
..but I bet you that it would be better than the stuff you
buy nowadays for two pounds.! "

He did not finish his speech in a fade out nor a grunt
and then silence as I would have guessed he would;
the people opposite him were paying no attention, talki-
-ng amongst themselves about the price of bus tickets
compared with years ago, they had only heard Mattlock
going on about Time and prices and had used it to inspire their own talk.
He was unconscious of the couples ignoring him but

"natural" or personal living



switched back to the paper handkerchief subject .right there under his table, .Trying to get them to look so as to satisfy his idea about everything not being as good as it was years ago.The couple went on in hushed tones about bus tickets. 3d/6 this and so on, oblivious to his talk, or with the intent to bore him into submission to their will.What ever the reason Mattlock was going to have none of it and , first stubbing out the ciggerette in--to a small tin foil tray that used to contain a custard tart, left the place in a huff, at being able to communicate with those people, as he could have; years ago. Years ago when every thing was built strong and to last . .and more realistically as well.He began to walk in a random fashion through the streets, although he still had to finish his shift, he wandered street after street of pa~per littered pavements until he came to north London's Cranley Gardens where he seemed to awake from his daze.He had been starring for some Time at a derelect house, burnt out windows and the doors bricked up, a destroyed house charred, , .flashes of flea egg parasites . .wittled away edges...

He heard in the night air the sound of a trumpet being blown by a learner or a child for the notes were long and erratic; wind ing madly in the dark air.The notes had a powerfull effect on him for now he saw a replay of the past before his dazed eyes, of the scene that had happened weeks before.A man is running out of the house trailing blackened sauce pan smoke behind him, flames bite chunks out of the upper windows, .now dissolving into the bricked up windows of the house.. .the trumpet sound ceased and with it the vision of the past, , he was thrown back into the present with a clang of steel door. He was hack in his home after running from the scene of strangeness, now sitting down to think about the last few hours and how different he had been behaving. His hands played involentarfy with the paper Rizzia packet turning the packet over and over in his hands mindless aid unaware, like the thoughts rotating £n his mind.. . .unaware that anything was really different in any permanent way. The next night he wrote the following in his five year diary ,in the two middle pages of the book; 30th april 1993 and 1st may 1993; over three years too soon;

Demon realism: the character is not really believable is it ? who do ttwy are, , no,, its too far fetched. .thatcouldnt happen . .could it ? I wed her fuck in liquid rebellions. Charming back to Essence. I might have know that would happen, .had I expected the unusual:. .thats silly, .no one does that do they ?

what is all this about ? thats ridiculous, .they shouldnt have shown that: its ruined the whole programm. .cant be real. .can it ? a dream sequence or something... g g. . What is this programm any way, .before we switch it over, ,T.V. guide, ,wheres the revue.

... .News at ten ? oh well obviously it is highly dramatised, , what with the gravity of what they are reporting, ,but it is real life all the same...

first of may 1993

Scalpels for doubt not.Looks realistic doesnt it.Music lumps reverberate in the throat.Who do they think they are.. .sedately smashed archetype;

The organ player transmits the rich sickly syrup of emotional decay cranking gospel greedy, faster and bright silver treacle falls hard and naked .Time indistinct drags behind the transmuted sound into hard crystalline, , jagged and soiled. Geometric sound splinters raining down on fragile syrup smeared slugs.The orchestra non-solid leaps thin over the abyss hung on one note in november air panic struck devour syrup like greek guests.

Lower frequency frenzy last kick and volume dies .slow to die twisted, sever the mind coils of multi-layered television clusters, soft heads peel, scalpel for doubt not.for ozone monks disintegrate....

Mr S.V.Mattlock.

Mr Mattlock is on a bus, or tube train, an ox cart or pit pony, depending on the Timezone that is observed Dreaming the bored thoughts that endlessly repeat due to mechanical transportation to the work place, hes stuck on the idea that there, is nothing more than all that he can see before him, it is only this Journey that is soon to terminate in the arrival at his work place.

A mass illusion that is just here to observe, never to take part in. always on the way to work, stuck at the means to survival and then never the ends, endless ad-

-verts scream in his head;" buy this or die" and louder volume piercing screech of ;" to buy is to survive "

for why else endure the reality of work, stuck at the means, fallen asleep in front of the television of life.

Several different scenes of going to work flicker, each moving towards at one frame per sixteen, one frame per Timezone per second .The effect is a chaotic buzz of ' images, all the details like year and location change constantly while the only common element in each frame is the characters in the carriage/cart, for these are people trapped in time loops of ever repeating lives differing in minor details but -exactly the same in essence, , an endless chain of people going to work .the rambling word thoughts in endless loops of Time witho-

-ut escape.

One of the characters caught in the trap maybe realls-
-es it, or else they become currlous as to what the me-
-aning of the parreltal scenes of themselves In the same
circumstances throughout time, that they may have caug,-
-ht a glimpse of .The realisation of this character: a
particular bus sine ssman looking type, a long time trap.ee
forces him into an interaction with a time monk who has
Infiltrated the scenes for a purpose of her own research
a;bussinessman; " So you believe that none of this is
real do you, that work is a waste of time and not more
than mere survival: well I have proven you wrong for I
have broken out of the trap of un-reality and observer
non action that you and you kin believe to be inescap-
-able, or at least I Intend to do so :right now"

A leaps at the Time monks throat violently, gripping ti-
B; the time monk; "I believe nothing ,for it is all the
loop of unreality, and we are of the dead twitchings
(choaks , ,grab a's hands and pulls off a finger; as
if it is made of chalk.) . that respond to that which
is fakely called real."

B pushes the bussinessman backwards and knees him
hard in the groin.

A;continues with gasps for air occasionally: So I see
that you are not impressed by my threats to kill you,for I would be doing you a favour, death is as you
be-

-lieve,the only escape, , well let me help you out:, . .
. .you lay-about."

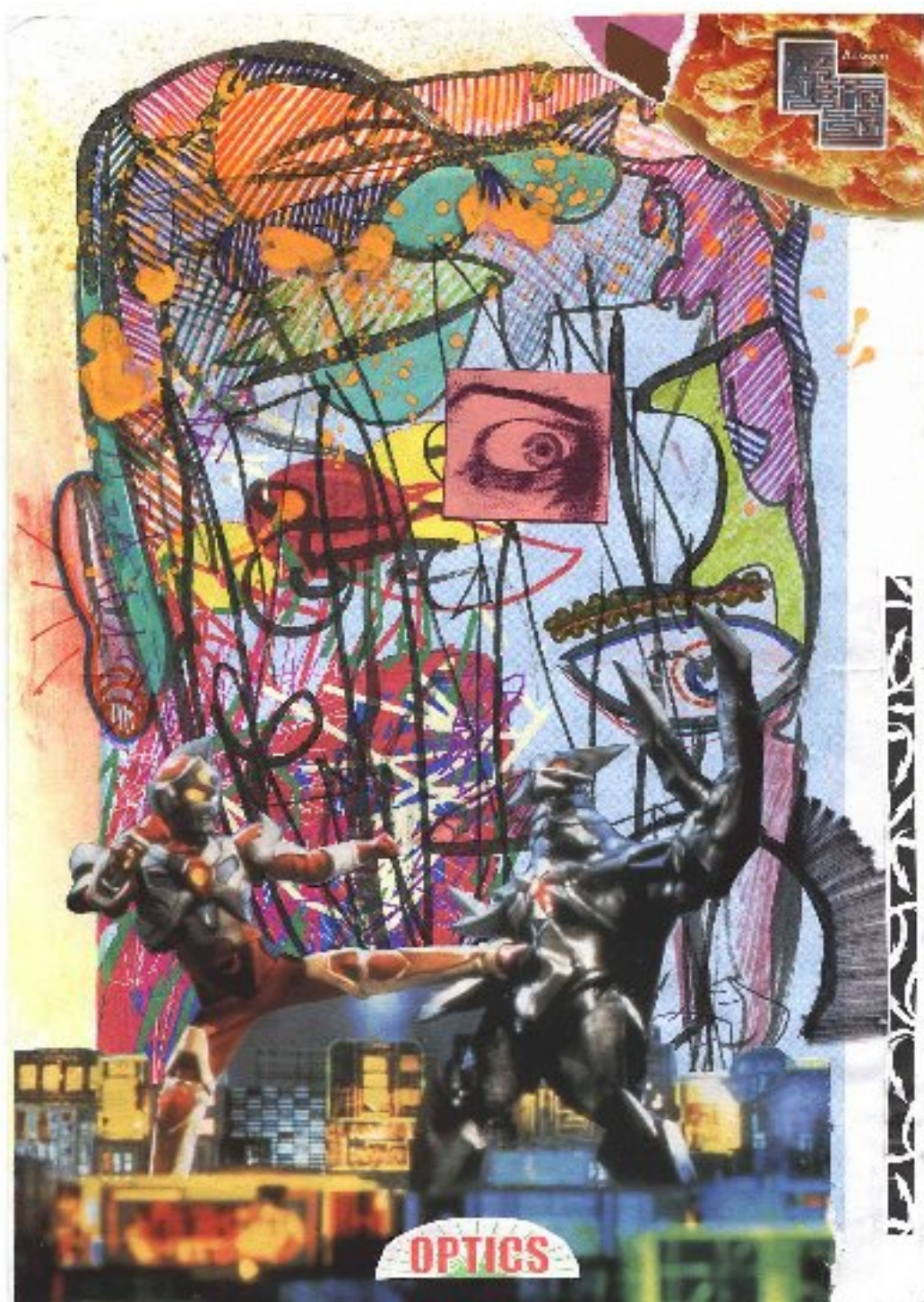
A resumes his attack, using his breifcase as a battering
ram used at her head.

B;(between attacks);" If you believe that your actions
will get you out of your loop of time _you are mistaken
for . .they are simply... .the Amoebic impulses . .of
microbes attracted to electric light . "

B waves her hands in the air in mock Kunifu poses as
an orchestra that had been busking on the underground
begins to play a jarring heavy romantic ballad', rich si-
-ckly emotional syrup of sentamentality pours silient
from old string s.

While B gets up on the seat of the ox-cart and with
improved height starts to kick hard in the busslness-
mans face, after first taking out the briefcase hand ,
then speaks over the sickly music with now of the sen-
-tamentality that the music seems to demand, in a whin-
-ning way.

B; "Most kind sir, may I please bring to your attention
the images of endless and parralel Timezones that can
be seen progressing around us, they are you and your



kind trapped in the in-action loop that you are still a part of, even if you don't realise it. for we cannot break into reality through acts of meaningless violence, for the spectacle of violence makes unreal all acts."

A;(bleeding from the head, making a second violent as suit, unbeturbed by the reasoning of the Timemonk. ;

" May I venture to disagree with you on that matter for while yes I do detect a certain flicker of images and half forgotten memories of past loop experiences in which I am performing the same meaningless acts, but these are not of me but of people who have not the will nor determination to make a go of it as I have this very day, and thus from now will continue to do so. Could y-

ou not say that my actions in this normally peaceful need I say tedious train/ox cart/pony journey to work

have not broken the trap and if they have not then at least I have had a good diversion from the tedium of traveling to work and now feel refreshed and inspired to continue with my advertising campaign. Job at least in contact with reality, in fact I think I have an absolutely mega-idea for the sale of "baked beans in tomatoe-style juice that the sick and lazy consumer would take to in a millisecond..."

At this point the music takes on a discord momentarily and then a great peak of emotionalism that the timemonk takes as a cue to extract her gun and blast the business Roman's head into a sickly pulp that before disappearing into another Time reminds her of a thick Tomatoe style juice in its self. Her words before this act are;

" Thus I end your character to dispel your sad ego, for that which you believed to be real and reality is in fact just a book that you have had a momentary place in, all of this is a book, as even a Mattlock can see, and as the reader knows, may be returned to the library at any point before the end is reached, thus ending the reality of these words for good. for words can be erased as fast as written. "

A plague of old biddies jostle for seats dry of blood, survivors unfortunate, they swing their sticks in wide circles at ankle height, in the bus, train, Ox cart they take the seats nearest the front to fly scattered in circumstances of crash. They are insects rustling their wings, nervous hand insects clutching dangerous heads filled with fresh cut grass in boxes that are flung open to allow insects flight out, only one eye a giant fucker the size of a head, biddies at the front. There was nothing that Sylvia's husband could say to destroy the argument. for he himself had lost faith

in reality, even if it was a kind of nostalgic departure
 with that which they call real nowadays,,, he was fr-
 -eed from reality but not from time,tied to time, he was
 living as every body else :at one out of every sixteen
 frames per second .Still trapped in the time loop but
 about to get out.He -.'was disturbed by the ringing ofthe phone.
 He was back in his room again and fidgetting with a
 box of matches as before, shaking them, opening and
 closing the box, , over and over as the thoughts of the
 days events circled around repeating over and over.
 Evil vultures of the mind hover to pounce,, .that burn-
 -ing smeHl is getting worse^ ,. .. .the only things le-
 -ft, ,wall paper and the black winged creatures.
 Thoughts circled around; its quality of the realism of
 something thats important.not: the number of paper ha-
 -ndkercheifs that a company can make in a week, day,
 hour, minute, second, . .nothing is real. .that miserable
 piece of paper on the floor today, .that would have
 been made out of cloth not even a few years ago now,
 , nothing is.. .In artificial agony he lay; fighting off the
 buzzards, with his ridiculas lines of thought.Until he
 was called to his tea by his wife Sylvia who had been
 hiding in the kitchen all this time .just like in the ad-
 -verts....
 It was his favourite meal of meat hung on a hook over
 night, usually for the duration of his night shift, as was
 the custom that his wife observed.The meat was what
 you could call high, its bloated body moved of its own
 accord, and had life in its flesh again,, , strange the
 kinds of meat that they sold at the supermarket these
 days,,, and why his wife had to spend quite so long
 the'ee was a mystery.. .seems strange, ,this tea tastes
 wrong, ,I think there actually are maggots in that meat.
 White maggots, , ,pain in the chest, convolslons. .noth-
 -ing is real, .the price of believing in reality these days
 out dated by market forces;. .buzzing like wasps around
 4-uo iri^on image of a pot of jam.
 Sitting back in his room again he lights a match and
 held it between his small and second fingers,allowing
 it to burn, while the old thoughts returned : nothing is ;
 real all is paper, .took out another match and in a daze
 struck that too,,
 Nothing is built as it should, , ,doesnt last a day long-
 -er than paid for. He gripped the second burning matchbetween two spare fingers and got out a
 third .The wall
 paper began to mo/e about wildly flickering in the fla-
 -me light, he struck the third, putting that between his of
 blackmail, suicides, danger, hidden lurking enemies, ancient panic and

distant secretive pursuing ancestral stangers..... The melancholy of all things done.
Her solid wish, "To be surrounded by macabre sinister bliss". I was only
too. Her secret of secrets she told to me, "To witness the Dark Performance
of Black Stars that cobwebs hung'.
fingers also.

I deftly buried a silver coin at each quarter to anchor the entire hierarchy
of Infernus. The extraordinary spectres and spectral veils hovering like the
black screech owl. I uncovered the Oldest of Grimoires, bound in the bright
red tears of virgin whores come hell or high water.

"Behold this Work This Manual of Demonomania, the Queen of Hairy Flies!"

Me and Julia open to its intoxication discerning, communicating with the
graves. She began sucking noisily on my hardened phallus, instrument of
sowing. I bid her continue, as I sent forth my Proclamation

"There are no laws in Natural Life, no proud and noble final goal, no
rational pretend variety effort to find Life at all These words should
burn instead

I ignite the decline of traditional liberation ! I decimate evolutionary
heritage Our people exist now in magnificent works ! We are the Area Race
that builds the foundation for the profound. Our women drifting aimlessly,
taking a closer look at conception for the compression of the unconscious
future, shaping the Race like a dream ! - the future and rising sun in dream.
It is a direct ship and sequence of events of true indigenous life
characters and symbols made plain for unlimited strangers ! Oh the wonders
of the mythos of the blood ! that shall scatter the seed variations over
centuries, pinpointing vital strains of the ancient unfettered psyche
Dramatizing unfathomable mythical depths in an intelligent dose
of Life, deepest into un-predictability ! Nature and Her laws
creature will select God Character's long quiescant volcano to overwhelm
an individual synthesis on the way to phenomenon. The blood is capable
A nuance of primal light to provide a given moment and will cast forth
the unlimited productivity of Raw Nature capability, bringing into being a
compelling response from archetypal transformings, witness to a race of
intellect and emotion united - moving between instant worlds I
Constantly interweaving through horn myth I The Blood is the Life I!!!"

I bit deep into Julias softly yeilding neck as she bit into mine, our
drinking of each others Lifeblood was an instant rebirthing. We let the
others blood pour from our mouths onto the prepared talisman, heralding
the Darklight of Unclulsion Inbetweeness

Everything spun in a maze. There is no time ever to fix a gaze on one
certain thing.....

In my compunctuous reverie the processional garland of the drifting fenimes
that were with the caravan that moves accross the country were all such rich
colour as though they had walked directly up from Hell.

"Fit thee with locks witch - so that I may unlock you', in darkness Iroared into the night. Un-followed.
But yet were all unseen . Fermenting

interior decor was the sweat of trembling hands. The Myceliun Keys and
buttocks. Controlling my anonymity about to become moonahine, long before
the Eternal Stranger got queer ideas at times any longer for you to realize



assertions about me this morning conjured up.

He had no cause whatsoever whatever to be of events, but I had to admit we had were based on a perfect symbiosis.

The compulsive marsh threw up all manner of creatures of the night, locks fell off doors and theres no telephone. A lock is like a wall... something there is that doesn't love a wall. The graveyard looked excited in its well chewed desecration, an ideal place for moody introspection, detectives speculation and an unbidden hollow rotting. The wilderness was fresh interest, scarred and roughened I could feel her prescence, digging pits and falling into them, walking roughshod over brooding countenance in her sublime periahings homecoming knocking off turned off wickedly. Rip up brief inter-v-al, just a mortified happenstance.

I needed to identify those footsteps behind me. The thought came unbidden, there was nothing evasive about it, some deliberate gathering jagged scar. and there was just

a smear of fluid flesh left on the last remaining brick of the row of houses , as people wandered and strayed to work the next morning, , ..

Somewhere in peace-time Britain Timezone.

UNEXPLAINED INTERRUPTION

Spreads electrical chaos through unseen streets and central matter in slow dissolves until coming to an alley and a row of burnt out bricked up houses.

Fibrous wires in tomatoe juice, fabric woven by fate into the -se powerfull symbols I mene the three fatal 1 destine' that be our werdes. Nornic intervention in the web of fate. Fore es the weavers loom of chance.

Twelve figures demonic according to the newly imposed ch-; -ristian dualism spinning around the steel wheel of hatred.

Tele-clusters activated, faced with the realisation of a life long blank stare into another world Quantum monks disinter -grate atoms electronic deflected by magnets its all done with magnets.. .Streached uribersal fabric woven into the delicate birds nest of so-called reality. .Stare blank into the image and then fall head first into it.. .but the eggsare hatching serpants.. .A burnt out houde with serpent I

eggs in the empty glass window.. .Time trapped image screens glowing evil transmutes the unnearving experience into a momentary lapse of reason.. .Changes the plot to accomadate the new developments and carries on with the banilation of image into an artform.

The Cholera clocks strike depths of incongerous snakes wound around the clustered images rapidly disapearing into the Time void.

Sylvia Meathook In peace-time Britain.

Syvia Meathook is busy fixing a hook Into the ceiling of her kitchen, while she awaits the return of her husband from the night shift at the Shreaded Wheat fact-

-ory. She is watching the reflection flicker in her shiny metal kettle, light is streaming through the window from the great fires lighting the whole sky around her estate.

A helicopter is hovering overhead sporadically aiming its spot-light into her kitchen, which remains unlit but for the light outside, helicopter lens capture Sylvia's image on the video film for advert footage.

Sylvia Meathook is waiting, and while she does she is fixing that hook. Sylvia stops her fixing and switches into the television channel; 1940's suits; two men are speaking to each other with a lampshade splitting them in two, one is smoking a pipe and the other is drinking Brandy, the first has a walking stick and is trying to blackmail the other over an event that happened years ago at Cambridge, the one with the walking stick uses it as a punctuation device, tapping it on the ground while he describes the arson act of the other.

The one who is drinking the Brandy is trying to put his finger prints all over the bottle and glassware, window frames. The pipe smoker and walking stick tapper doesn't want the police to know that he has been there and is upset.

Sylvia Sits up.

Stands up and takes the screwdriver and continues to fix the meat hook into the ceiling.

The peace-time Britain helicopter is hovering, shines a light into the kitchen.

The sound of a thousand matches being struck around the estate,, a particularly loud struck match echoes into the kitchen, shakes the house with the volume of it,, .The sound of riots from a BBC sound effects recording fades in smoothly, too professional for realism. I

The windows of the kitchen magnify every act of the riot. |

A small barbers pole test signal appears in the top right, hand corner of the television screen,

In highly emotional violins screech away the climactic music of high drama, high art, a popular elite song, liked by the small group of Roman Invaders that control the country, the marching oppressive music nagging away pathetically.

A tramp walks down a rain sodden vine path, grapes; heavy and purple weigh down the vine trees.

Sylvia replaces the screwdriver in the drawer where it belongs,, they expect to relax,, to find a key. .wear now gloves against the dabs.

Polite society are discussing the perfect murder from the comfort of calm sitting room. Then the line;" you don't have to if you don't want to" after hours of persuasion.

The planning of the perfect murder: raincoats down a rainy street.

Sylvia goes down into the cellar and takes a small silver key from the ornate 1930's world depression tattered clothes she is wearing.

Wearing white glove she turns the key in the lock of the freezer.

Regular schedules and a smoke filled room, two unsynchronised watches. The portrait of the queen over the fire

place, the anti-hero has a picture of a minor prince over his stinking bachelor's bath tub.

The fires still flicker.

Sylvia brings out of the freezer a large Joint, half a cow . . . a man sized feast. Takes a pair of scissors from a pocket, and drags the blood dripping defrosting meat up the stairs with a pair of scissors stuck in the fatty flesh. The helicopter search light shines in through the kitchen window, the great fires blazing away outside, the meat defrosting, the hook fixed in the ceiling, red noose mark around the neck,,, strange tasting tea, poison brew, here in peace-time Britain zone.

(the next voice fades in, the tape decayed)

a puddle of molten blood ice on the kitchen floor. Light from outside causing shadows to sweep jagged across the walls of Sylvia's kitchen.

Don't make that Martini too watery. .

the gentleman police officer, also at Cambridge, sees

I did not mock you slave girl, and then I fell from grace, fouling thy sacred felled limbs. Four ice-men died, burnt up by thy bones wrath. Enduring skull nailed through to twisting cross writhes on these green scare. Thy scalding thigh bones and the ice remained in their ark of horn, would open between far hills in a plunge of bunched muscles in the glass of air.

Eight million stood in mourning for your scar of skin. Each bare of his black hood. Thy tender hymen did not rip with mine very descent. It took about 9 minutes to get the stories, and not much mess: they had to scrub the channel to clear some vomit, otherwise no frills. Sky was the white soil you grew in, buried from the virgin crutch you were sinning, hymn clear of alive to spit no life lynched by the sluts implementing drill balls.

It was fog on till you blacked out dead. The Ravens' oven's stern harsh commitment to the pyramid of their bodies for a blaze of shrill agony purified in a moment suspended. The cold wind in cylinders. The Gas was like incense it drowned corruption. I lay awake hearing them scream. I am calmly dangerous most of the time, with sharp legs and a screw in my genitals, mounting the injection Julia, in the grease flown interstices of the swastika and sponge - your limp arm sucks my black milk swells the fallen candle to the whip tide of tourniquet tight like a boa constricting scissored veins.

My lady, image of God, who was once his mother in the twilight, here is your gloss nail hole in the temple opium - will the light settle from your

OKOK SOCIETY



black iron with the crucifix at the ankle like an unfixed star ?Fuck you lost in the belly of the whale, lost in the body of the earth

itself hysteria packed earth floor that way lay madness thin edge of giggling brushed along matted bone had followed her master to touch the approaching nightmares known in the unknown, horrors walling her in I crouched, fucked the repugnance exclaiming wretching gagging sickness to all revulsion bringing new desires flailing sprawled anguish spoke in the shadowed hall repelling marvel. Gloom planned revenge.

I sensed my royal nectar straining at the brink. I thrust my chilling cock deep into her blackened womb - enraping that inviolate tomb. Then Julia was flooding the earth with the eggs of shining harvest and manifestation - thick blood and eggs gushed from her cunt and laid themselves upon the iron filings, moving in spirals to some unknown rythmn.

I knew iron was time - a rushing silence erupted from my very depths, my silver-white fermenting foam spurted from my weapon, cascading upon the eggs, as we shrieked in unison, "Xomata Komaz Zebrudei U!!".

A sudden terrible crack of thunder shook the very bowels of the earth, as a sheer bolt of shock lightning hit the top of the iron rod in the center of the work. A black sheet of light flashed the circle, electrifying and breathing life into the eggs writhing in its precincts, the smell of ozone and fur, more thunder spoke to us our wishes were granted.

We collapsed, satiated and more than human,

Unknown counted hours then passed, until dawn diluted the subtle dark, faded my glowing judges after a night of dreaming things no human could imagine, we gathered up the throbbing eggs that hummed into a silver latticework basket and made our way back to the lair.

Creature rose in my bigger the following morning coming true, We ended the second afternight with some group sex of interesting books on general reality that was ALL feeding unto itself all about. Our castle is surprising dominion. We maketh us medicine of our great revenge.

"As the dog barks - so does the echo erupt'. WO!

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Plot destruction. Catastrophe What Calamity ! E r\i D

the portrait of the queen above the fire place of the first suspect in the perfect nnurder case, the sound of the violence and the fires outside slowly fades into the film sound of the gentle hiss of ocean waves.

One of the perfect murder society sit sipping demure a strong martini, walks across the room and hands a small red hand bag to Sylvia, who is busy cutting up the meat into small pieces prior to hanging it up, Syl-
-via stops the cutting and puts down a blood drippingknife.

The black triangle of cloth is lowered down on to the

head of the perfect murder investigation judge. Sylvia picks up the hand bag and hangs it on the meathook for easy retrieval. Then goes to the kettle to switch off the channel and erase the unwelcome television channels from her kitchen.

She stands alone as before, waiting for the end of her husband's night shift. A small red hand bag hangs from the meathook in the kitchen ceiling, the defrosted headless joint of meat hanging limp on the kitchen table dripping its blood into pools of cold salty blood, let me really rub your tongue into the metallic tainted salted cold blood as you struggle with the power of the perfect murder." What is it I don't understand", comes a voice from the kettle, and the television personalities fade back into existence with hot electrical smells.

A lower-than-the -policeman-from Cambridge second copper attempts to take the red handbag and take it to the station down the street, but the Gentleman officer tells him that he'll be arrested if seen walking with the bag in the street, so he gives him a supermarket bag to hide it within.

Brushing night shift white shreaded wheat powder from his hair and black velvet shoulders before attempting to walk home in the cold monotonous toned morning.

The Meathook is still in the ceiling, , ,

Sylvia sits and waits in the kitchen for her husband's return, she drinks tea, using the kettle in its usual function of boiling water, reflecting the fires outside.

"In a few days you'll have a wonderful breakdown."

comes a line from the tele-kettle..

"not so much blood in my perfect Martini".

DELAYED ACTIONS:

The policeman walks across the room with Sylvia's hand bag.

Sylvia takes the red plastic handbag from the hook in the ceiling and places it next to the melting dripping meat blood, Continues to drink tea.

Ten minutes before the supermarkets open.

Sylvia switches on the television set to sit out the last few desperate minutes. On screen the sound of an abruptly struck harpstring startles Sylvia from a sleepless

daze and, interrupting, the adverts begin; Opening shot of "S&B SUPERMARKETS" in familiar gold and red glittery letters.

Behind the lettering an image fades in superimposed;

A policeman standing at a street corner alert and on the watch out for crime, holding a small red hand bag in his hands as the camera is hurtled down a narrow supermarket's alley with the packed shelves coloured blur down the sides of the screen.

In her altered state of food and sleep deprivations she was a blank

virgin parchinente to take my unholy script that was, 'The Vault Of Nails.....
The day bode well, for it was raining heavily and on the horizon a
thunderstorm lurked, raw and brewing, a fitting backdrop for the joyous
terrors to come.....

A man shaved his head as he could feel his bones coming through the back
skull skin. Pulled down his breeches in a graveyard to the maid. She had to
please the Devil. The outer world was inside - the inner world was outside.
He had already caught the noblest prey. It was written up in 'Life And Swords'
magazine, in a text with the words missing several or one ending letters thus:
"A ma shav hi he a h cou fe hi bone corn throu tli ba sku sk. Pull do hi bree i
a grave t th mai. Sh ha to pleas t Devi. Sue th Devil Coc".

This was so because the Editor wore dark glasses so no-one saw his brain, and
the writer found his room too dark for writing, so he imagined turning the
light on and it became half-light, a hazy darkish grey, just bright enough to
scratch words on a page.....

Julia, I hear your voice, in the trees and the batteries outside. The girl
continued her account, her lips were being licked throughout, "lie said I had
to suck the Devil's cock. I tried to spit it out but I couldn't move, there
was a seering pain up and down my spine hot and sharp then I could move again
like when I was on the bus and my friend stuck her head out of the window and
was decapitated by a bridge she started to hear the voices, an occult memory
of the violent deaths taste the Devil I killed things before. He said if I
didn't please the Devil I would die. In my mouth".

The trees swayed in the wind and the dark greens and purples. "lie had a
big black book on his shoulder, when we got round the corner his voice became
deeper and he asked me if I beleived in the dead. He told me he lived in the
graveyard in a house painted black and that he was a Sadist. He held a dagger
to my throat swiftly should I cry and blacked my cheeks with a burnt cork,
spreading hawkweed already stirring new life rousing and brushed my knees
with creeping things. Nothing was right any more, lie kept me stanchioned. I
could smell sawdust, a healthier, tougher breed, lie put the knife in my mouth
as a gag when someone walked past on the other side. After that I cried out
in the silent intermission and stars fell from the sky. I can't remember the
intestines clutching at the gap, rapping his heavy nails entering deceptive
aisles gentleman farmer, tricky weights blood growing tall in spurts, a stiff
breeze lashes its tail down the rocks towards slithering nerve endings how
full of charm her eyes alive for the first time". We downed the remainder of our hot bitter drinks then
stood up and walked

through the door into outside. Like perfect spies we traversed the crowded
pavements filled with human animals and malformed freaks of the dreary circus.

The rain rushed down to spit on all things, as we came to a busy
throughfare. It was time for her to pies herself I decided, "Julia my sweet,
you will now let go your urine in this public place" I exclaimed, "You will
pies yourself here, in broad daylight, uncanny amongst the passers by.
She put her hand to her crotch and whimpered, "No, oh please no - not here
I". But I cruelly ignored her pleas. She must do my bidding if she hast a
will to rise. With menacing indifference to her further protests I repeated
my comand, "Pies yourself, now, in the street".



Julia whimpered, urged on by telepathic broadcasts she let loose the flow.
 I was entranced by her hot blushes of shame and embarrassment as I beheld
 the yellow tide running down her bare white calves out the bottom of her
 dress, her golden trickles the pure treasure to witness as they mingled with
 her leghairs and pungent sweat and the rivulets of transparent rain. I loved
 the imagination of her sodden uncomfortable knickers. Oh the joys as the yellow
 golden cascades went down the pillars of her, the steaming river of liquid
 waste, unsuspected by the peoples and disguised by the normal rain on the
 street corner pooled in her warm socks. I was drunken on that wonderful
 The camera ends on a shot of a supermarket assistant
 his head bowed down to hide his face, wearing black
 velvet uniform, white shirt, He lifts his head to reveal
 he is sniffing out of a small bottle concealed in the
 hand. His eyes stare toward into the camera with a
 look verging on speech, but stuck in the void between
 words, a frozen moment then the music swells up out
 of the dark silence that the advert had deteriorated in
 to, an orchestral crescendo that accompanies a faded in
 superimposed noose around his neck and sub-titles ap-
 -pear below the image: " I get the message.. "
 Sylvia shifts uneasily in her seat and tunes in another
 channel. The reflections of the great fires shine on the
 silver kettle, a rectangle of light with the cell bars
 of iron, a dark mirror, scrying kettle into future time.
 domestic divination device, picking up the astral T.V.
 Another channel catching the end of a breakfast T.V.
 programme, just the titles and the sad whinnying music.
 Enough Rope by Mr. Jones on behalf of reality conver-
 -gence community television. Red lettering superimp-
 -osed over the image of a figure dressed in black sat-
 -in or velvet, freeze framed in home movie quality film
 the lags blurred in frozen movement while a chair lies
 out of reach of the noosed figure.
 Sylvia switches off. Picks up the red hand bag.
 Walks to the supermarket.
 leaves the house.
 Walks to the door.
 Turns off the television set.
 gets up from her seat.
 Decides to go to the supermarket.
 She is at the supermarket with two minutes on her hands|
 before she can begin to consume something, she has
 been waiting all night to get to the place before anythi- I
 -ng on the shelves has been bought,, , all those long I
 perfect virgin shelves, fresh snow untrodden,, 0 bliss to|
 the eye, , Sylvia stands outside looking at the posters '
 advertising products for sale , , , her television mind
 tunes in again, .unwelcome, .cold morning light reflects

in polished glass, , a perfect dark mirrored surface,
crystal ball clear window into the future indistinct time
zone, , an advert continues and she catches mid-flow.
A wild pan along the supermarket shelves fast and free
blurring the untouched products immaculate on display.
the camera freezes at a random spot along the shelf and
the chosen product is brought out of focus until it is
just a buzz of colours. Sound leaks from a vacant chan-
-nel,,, (crackle), , , multiple images flicker over the ;
blure of product colours, indistinct unknown faces and
objects until she sees what appears to be her husband
standing facing away from her wearing the black velvet
supermarket uniform, trying to get the shreaded wheat
power off those shoulders.

The scene is destroyed by the click of the supermarket
doors being opened, Sylvias sensitive ears picking up
the sound of the assistant walking to the door with the
key, and then putting out a pile of wire baskets for the
early morning supermarket users, , the music Is freshly
piped In, pourlrg forth from the over flow channels.

Sylvia kicks a brandy bottle left empty on the path,

A cave bloodied wet stone a cave bloodying wet stone led me back to
glimmering bones time running anti-clockwise, fingers slack, Julias clay
suit brushing the clotted mercury, fading from cloud and nipple in the
broken thermometer of her body. It rose again in my head to a silver column
a sword of blood iii the sun. The scent of iris and violets again provided the whole room weeps with
slightest touching of the uncertain walls. Once more I break down plaster on
coffin thrusts, searching these worthless goods for what's mislaid.

but the sound heard is not of glass rolling on concrete
but the noise of defrosted blood dripping on a kitchen
floor. She walks with the red hand bag towards the open
doorway and the now departing assistant: the air is in-
-tense and distortions from the overloaded atmosphere
Impeaches her clear vision.

PREMATURE ACTION:

Sylvia opens the red plastic hand bag and deposits the
stringy severed head of Mr. Mattlock/Meathook, dripping
congealed melted blood, , enough to ruin a days shopping
, , on the threshold of the supermarket entrance.. .;
entrails colled under fat neck...

PREVIOUS ACTION:

The assistant glances briefly at Sylvia, leaves to resume
morning duties. Sylvia reaches into her handbag taking
cold grey eyes turned from the poster advert expresslon-
-less but for the blankness.

LATER ACTION

Sylvia removes the blooded hook from her kitchen ceiling
the fires flare up outside and loud cheers from a BBC

sound effects record rapidly fade in, flickering shadows from window to opposite wall, The small barred prison window high up by the ceiling, and its rectangle of light reflected on the kettle looks like a television set.

INTERMEDIATE ACTION:

The bitter chemical taste in the tea that Mr Mattlock put down to the new brand of tea bags his wife had got from that new supermarket which opened this week.

Transgyvlia Von Meathook is in the new Japanese style supermarket opened down her street, vicious Times for crue-

..It is every where, dying dogs hang on the hooks of black steel, hooks swung from the belt in moch kunfu poses, the Magot man comes into the supermarket, places an ordinary can of sardines in oil, on one of the shelves.

The package turns out to contain magots in blood, wriggling deaths emblems .Another meaningless crime .acting under

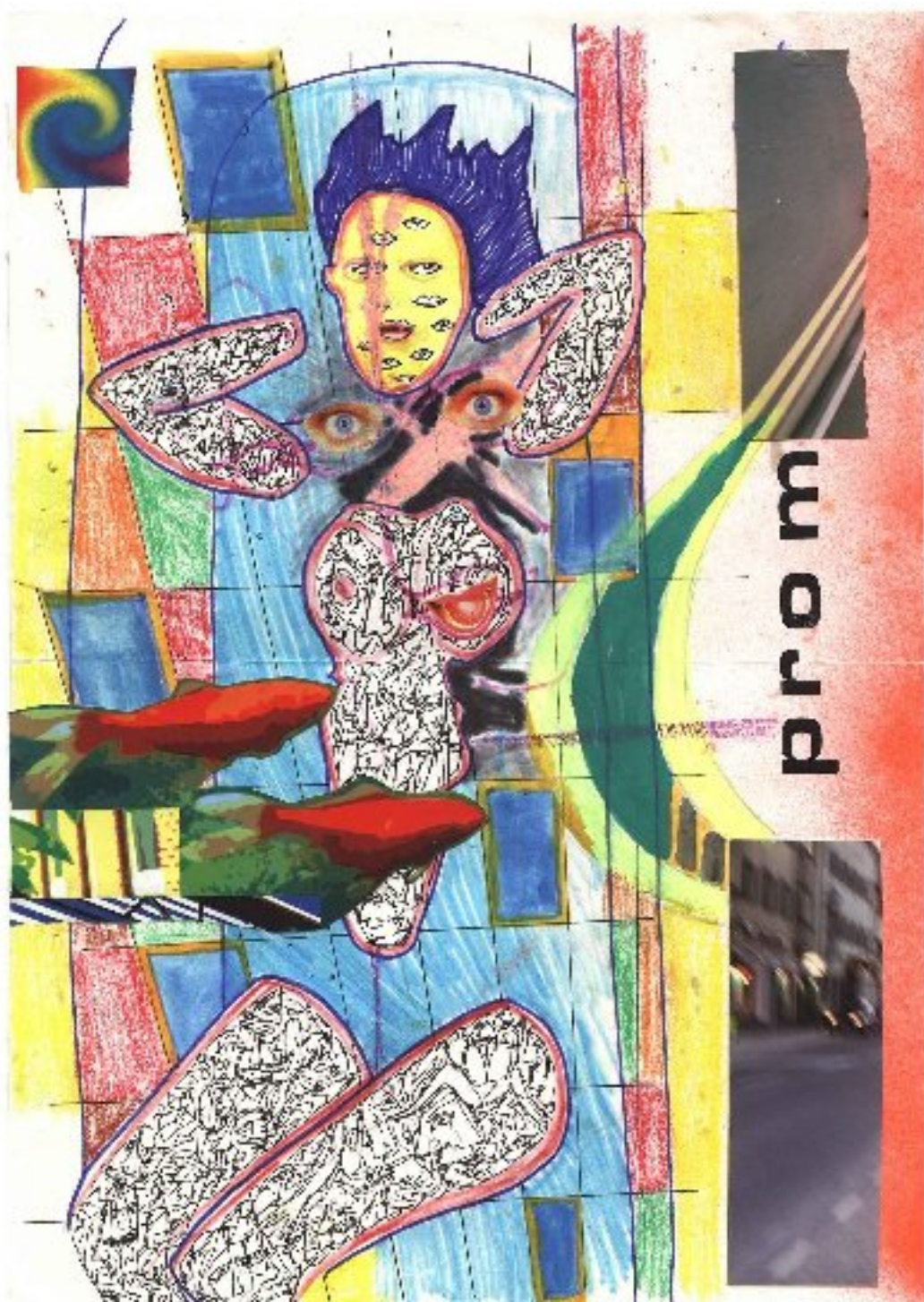
the orders of Lord Arson. Heads of your average friendly Sunday roasting chicken are seen being cut off in mass on Magot man, calling himself an organic artist has been employed by the supermarket to do a nice little public relations exercise, , , " The supermarket has always carried for the environment, for

the supermarket. Magots shaped into the human form outlined with police style chalk-dont-move-this-corpse drawn around the wriggling ball of magots. Magot man waits in a tree outside the supermarket to give out the free object d'art of soft 'white bodies the video screens set up by the meat marketing board.

someone has changed the video tape in the machine, , , a chair catches on fire and is thrown into a house,, , an axe is lifted and swung down hard onto a tape recorder on the concrete , , the axe cuts the machine again, drawing blood this time, .the machine in death comes to life, , , repeated blood flows ;death to the face of the consumer. in frozen meat. Roast duck with

a stick on the end of which is a wheel, a strange object with no apparent use fits invisibly into the supermarket Pet-up, , does the meat really look that fresh or is it a trick of the red lightbulbs or additives in the piped music. a crowd of live geese are chased with a bone from the Sunday Christian roast tradition, the goose swallows the wheel from the end of the stick.

Sylvia strikes the magotised meat, caused so by the organ-artist, makes the scene vibrate come off its sprockets, pretending it's all just a film, drunk in the early morning hanging around the entrance to the supermarket. Shouting at the pavement Is a mad frustrated bus sines sman getting rid of stress, obviously up to no good, should be a warning on the jobs " Danger; advertising causes 30,000 deaths each year" see if they can still find someone to do it.



Magot man in the advertising executive disguise, smooth, , here at blah blah blah " ..

.They

think that an organic artist is someone who uses only organically grown fruit and veg in their sculptures,, at least that is what Magot man has told them. He decides that living sculptures will be the best propagander talking enters a shop to raise public awareness to the realities of death, why eat that which you have not killed your self,, Magot man kills it out in the open, right there in the supermarket, , live cuddley calves and their mothers are brought in to advertise a new beef burger product next to the live animals is the various stages that go into mak--ing these burgers, .various stages of decay, .and magots

squirming In dead flesh, .needless to say the new product doesnt sell too well due to " the reality factor" being miscalculated. Place a skull among the meat products, a human skull bring home the message, .throw bleach accross their film of "reality" to show it really does run in loops, for you can see the distortions build up in the system.

As the consumming progresses Sylvia sees the distortions \ bright and clear; a chicken corpse with teeth where the: j anus should be,death speaks to the consumer artisir , stran-.l -ge rituals with plastic spoons floating in a polluted pond. | a shop assistant wrapped in a white cloth becomes a wriggrr| -ling magot before the on looking shoppers, decay thrown into a bowl of consumer flakes. Sylvia death hook fire and screams, stage set burnt away to reveal the actors bored and smoking off stage.

Extract from Mr Mattlock (now deceased) diary.

" last night I couldnt speak, too much violence, what is happening, I open a packet of tobacco to find hundreds of tiny white magots crawling around inside None of itwent merrily through some of the worste plague areas

our machine pulled by us monks, as we took up at every chance sovenirs for the pope, tattered cloth from the plague victims, pieces of infected bread, a sick child as a gift to old popey , left squatting in some lords home in Rome. A whine of broken cart wheels harkened our arrival into village or town often deserted and always in the most remote places . A twisted over laden cart pulled by thirteen bald headed monks, with toys and junk clanging from evry available hanging place, the buckled wheels lifted and dropped the cart with every turn of the wheels' A typical plague time transportation.

Into town we came , in strange clothes found from every Time zone, wide ties and flowery shirts, space suits and cloaks, robes of religions not yet invented, magickal wands in hand, the cart dropping car parts and tin cans all over

the road, plastic Japanese toys thrown to grateful hands.
Into town with piper monks raising hell from all kinds of
improvised trumpet and horns, ancient drums, shamans
rattles, a thousand peeling astral bells.

" Certain medieval monks may have known about electric
-city" Well know we did and its use of we were expert.
Our machine ran on it scaring dogs with the noise of it -all.
We stopped in the main market place, or square of the town
in medieval German plague time, and to the wailing horns
of ganglion, bring on a wild storm, set up our equipment
and pull the chord to electrical chaos.

We would bombard the town with the mechanical voice of
the devil, demon, god. angel: in fast succession booming
louder than heard before in these timezones: random words
of prophecy, disorder and revolt against this or that lord .
"i" queen but always the church, .random words that mean
revolve in any language.

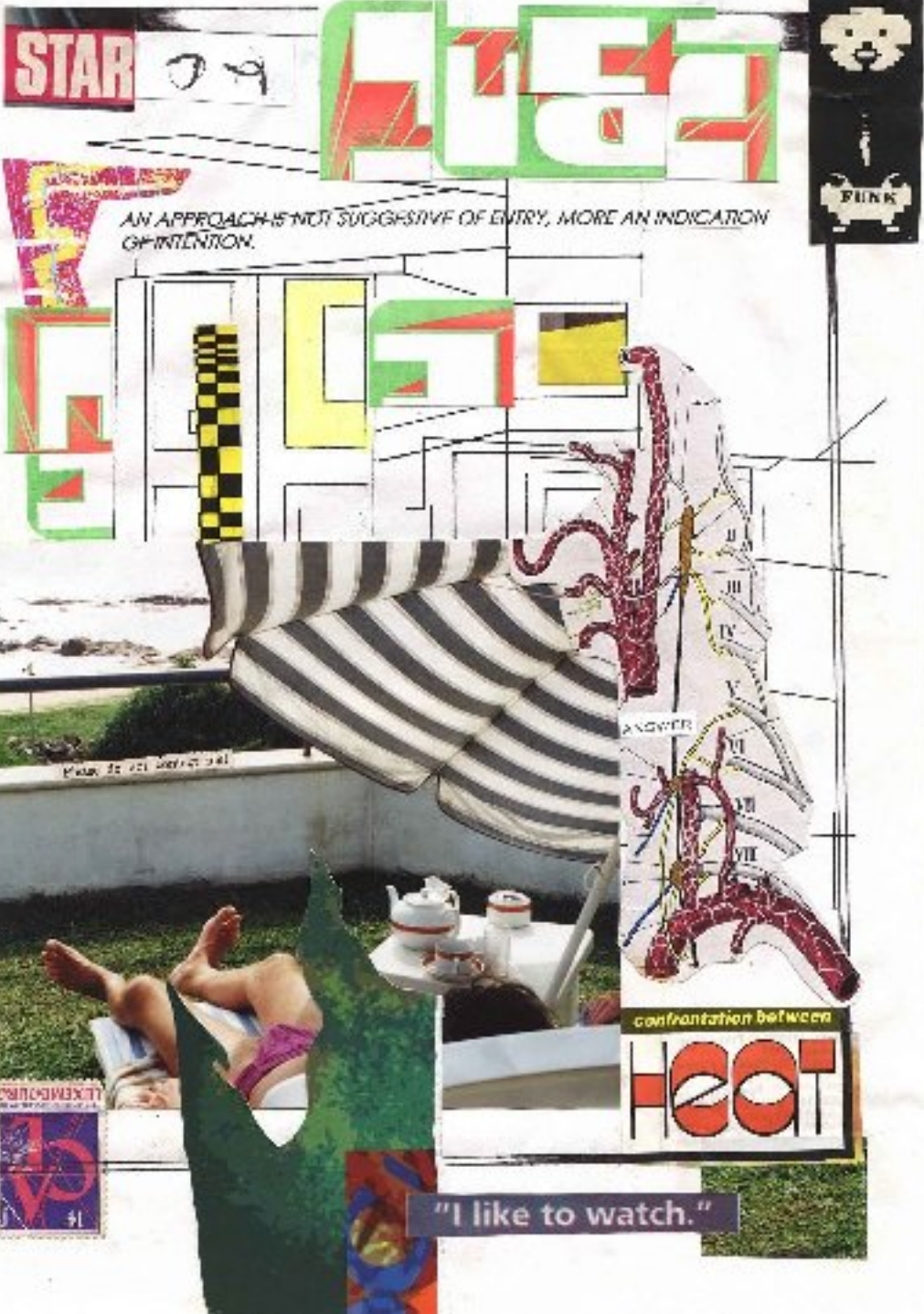
" Chop christee chromatic church.. .teeth made of dental
wax separatist sentinel, rindpest Roman alpha-repetition
cholera jesus. sundial syringe, .gospel greedy invent
jesus"

And on like this for as long as the mystery and fear of our
machine could sustain us, ,no one knowing quite-what the
words were prophesying but waiting for some kind of divine
knowledge, , which didnt happen, only the full volume of
completely randomised words from the center of the town or
village keeping them from sleep through the night, all the
next day and some time s on for a week or two. Our mach-
-ine spewing out words until they meant nothing, words
began to mean nothing" Nowhere Nuns Obliterate"
PHASES TWO.

The morning after the villagers had at last accepted and
gotten used to our presence, the volume of the randomised
words invisible then we would leave town, for our work was
done at last the words had entered minds unfocused and
unopposed to entry. The last night would have the machine
summerise the weeks or days words spoken at that villagej
This would be a repeat of the treatment we had been givingj
them all week and would dig deep into their minds to plant
the clustered eggs of revolt.

One particular time in the black forest a village that had
not seen travelers for several months we ran the machine
loud as usual but with the exception that only four words
came from the tape, chosen randomly the same four words
at full volume for a week. We our sek/es monks and design--ers of the machine were used to such
random events but
still can we hear and fear those words as if they had a
life and meaning of infinite quality, clattering between earl

at alpha-brain wave frequency " Renegade Retailers ,.,
 . .Melt Minister.. "no meaning but acheived the best result
 for .th^ whole experiment due to the duration of repetition,' then we moved south.
 Sylvia enters into a rooirn somewhere on the Art can cont-
 inent, hidden high in the mountains, these being in the
 middle of a massive desert, the only place where a total
 pure trance state can be atchelved without difficulties:
 coincidentally the village has never seen American dollars
 nor drank Cocca cola. Sylvia enters what she takes to be
 a supermarket in the center of the village , she wants a
 dozen eggs for their teas but she finds that they dont have
 brown eggs so instead she goes for a teaiin a strange tent
 outside the boundaries of the village, asks the person . . . •
 inside who is dressed in the clothes that set them apart
 from the other villagers, an outlaw or shaman- for a cup of
 tea. Now . there are several types of tea but Sylvia always
 has heis " strong" . . .like Mr Mattlock " which brings a
 aroma, that glorious nectar I wanted more. On the lampost was scrawled:
 "Puck face just pissed my pot. You have not got the balls to stay in the RING
 ROOM, Bell to Bell. That's the bottom line coz's stone cold said so
 But onvards Ever onwards to the new things.....It was getting dark, ss I
 took her throbbing arm and had her and my leather Doctors bag begot hate
 reflections from it's polished surface tightly and together we purposefully
 strode off towards the vectors. As darkness falls aceross the land our night
 senses opened up opened out, below, sideways and all other directions to
 welcome all sinisterness.
 Soon we arrived, the place was achingly forlorn, situation a small tree
 covered island completely surrounded by a thick, scary moat. The semi-ruined
 church desolate cold grey stone was calling us home as the tide lapped at the
 graves, revealing here and there, white bones and gleaming grinning skulls
 amongst the struggling overblown roses, bloated on corpses decay in the weird
 moonlight. The latent brooding terror was the shocking instant in twilight's
 cruel jest.
 Normality retired in our heads, as we stood alone in the graveyard. The warm
 delect of our bodies felt so different, thought so different to the invisible
 evil that is mainly in the daytime. Anything I did was justified by the
 Marquis D~ Sade. Ged~ buttocks to the saddle lust. They were'nt his acts,
 some of the gravestones were shined into distorting mirrors, serpents lurked
 behind upturned oak trees thrust into the ground, their gnarled roots like
 bony hands reaching up to grasp God - the one-armed butcher, and pull him
 down from heaven. I saw the Creeping Man who comes up behind you faster than
 any human, He balanced all the matches and made a reach for a
 steaming cup of after meat tea that was on tee shelfnext to his.. .his mind must have been somewhere
 far asvay for his hand went right through the wall and
 into the fire that is behind all walls, covered in swift glimpses and unspoken
 colours from the wasteland.
 He is taking shirts off a pile of rubble and writing his reflective notes
 on them. I walk away as Julia stares transfixed. He walks past me to the pile.



The pile blows up in charming explosions, scattering dry clay fragments in every direction. He is trapped under rubble, another man appears from behind a tree and takes his shirt off, there are whip marks on his back. Trapdoors open in the earth, allowing the hiding Fantomas to survey and plan further strategies.

To my left, wax dummies were robbing graves. All the heroes of the night were there in the form of stumbling wax. The dreaming spires were having nightmares. Without warning Julia and I are walking along a road in rural France. In a clearing, the villagers are playing 'Professor Sluts' - they have captured a university graduate visiting the village for research. He opened his chest and was caught, nectars fool. Out came the huge terrible grinning landlady, as thick work strong hands held the sacking shirt hoarse voice. She uttered the ugly garments away he exposed.

A Maskman rose and filtered off the darkness cast about him, then and in advance to the skinny studious type - right up to his nose and meted out this statement: "Ye shall be rejected by all Whores, but before this you must die from the agonising disease of your willingness to serve'.

After a mild drowning, his cock was stretched through a hand-cranked mangle then pushed up his arse with a wooden spoon, then his skin was made sensitive with special herbal ointments, so it became loose, and he then clockless mandarins scraped him blue in the morning and black at night to some ancient calender, a preparation for the ARARKA, digging something from the earth and putting something in It's place.

The villagers, tired of growing peasants, are calling to us to help. We smile and make the hand gesture: :mentally. A great charmingly vulgar cheer erupts as one from the villagers and they throw u.s fresh apples and silver coins. Some of the poorer ones were feeding daisies to their children to stunt their growth, so they can sell them to the circus as dwarfs. The skinny lonely companions, unable even to bow whilst smiling alone, ripped another meeting of the door; smile to the tea maid: or Magickal personality.

The tea was strange it had bitter herbs in it and the texture so lumpy and . . .quite put Sylvia off the i'idea of Africa. If they couldnt brew a proper cup of tea: with none of those herb things in it. So thanking the nice witch for their tea, Sylvia left the tent and ran off to find a new town. with proper tea and supermarkets.

She had not long to wait for the new world to find her for it waas all on the other side of the Haluclgenic tea the doctor had rightfully prescibed for Sylvias ailment, whichher English mannors dictate that she drink to the dregs before leaving, the dusty edge of her African Mind left. cry-ing in that tent high in the mountains.

Sylvia V comes accross a great room sudenly in her exit from the tent, a massive hall with sign saying" revealing the new dancing vegetables" and the hall i^ filled to the brim with top hated men of the country, all in top hats, that

she so ad mires.

-cks with small knives on the end. Sylvia is so glad the horrible dirty man was killed and not one of the gentlemen with their beautiful suits and clean manners .

The dancing mandrake so horrid to behold- with the sickly sweet pan pipes screaming hollowed out from the skins of doom (hey are not real" shout the crowd and to their pleasure come the mechanical mandrakes terror to rip and rend the dancing mandrakes into the pulp for the "U" burgers The mandrake screams out a solid-kick in the head scream as the mechanical terrors rip it into tiny pieces the body pulped for the death burgers mx:burger gurus' the crowd again roar with delight as the burgers are cooked instantly and brought out to the Masons to gorge upon. Talking as they eat of the wonders of modern dentistry, for in Sylvia's mushroom world they are dentists one and all.

makes sense, must destroy all that I own, I can't carry it all around any more Last night I couldn't speak, I had a mouth full of maggots telling me Sylvia was a sorcerer" undated random extract

I^OBIL TIME MACHINE

The monks having no base for the machine, now that the monastery had been destroyed along with all other christian relics, We of the Friereichshaven order took to the plague eaten roads that lay between here and Rome We

It is in this room that the " International dentist conspiracy is invented the pan pipes of the dancing mandrake are smashed and distributed among the dentists, each had a small shattered fragment, the plan being to encase *the fragment into the tooth of an influential politician policeman or advertisement writer the people can then be psychologically got through the play back and reception of a simple - . encoded advertisement put out in peak "High art " viewing hours on television. The advert is encoded with the "song of the mandrake " and great pain is caused until the product or wish is bought or fulfilled.

Lying there by the road a few yards from She medicine - • man's tent is the deranged Sylvia V. her head is spun into a thousand fragments . She awakes to a reasonable English state of consciousness and makes her way back to Hatfield although her transportation is not by earth nor plane.

She walks straight to Gateways to get those eggs for their teas. brown eggs. when on comes an advert displayed on the shop monitor she experiences a terrible pain in the upper molars, the pipes of pan cracking in her head. the store dissolves in the white light evading her brain the white light in her head

writing of flaming hair

The white light turns through phases to a light orange.

Brown.

Sylvia tramples in the fierce splendour , a flash bulb
explodes in her head looking up at the high domed ceil-
-ing the massive 200 yard high brown dome.

multiplying images, 1 3 6 9 one dozen two dozen.....

Sylvia looks from the scene of the advert coming back
to her usual self. Saying aloud as she does: " I think I'll
boil eggs for their teas tonight. "

-ped into small pieces by masons and their walking sti-^;
-cks with small knives on the end. Sylvia is so glad the
horrible dirty man was killed and not one of the gentlemen
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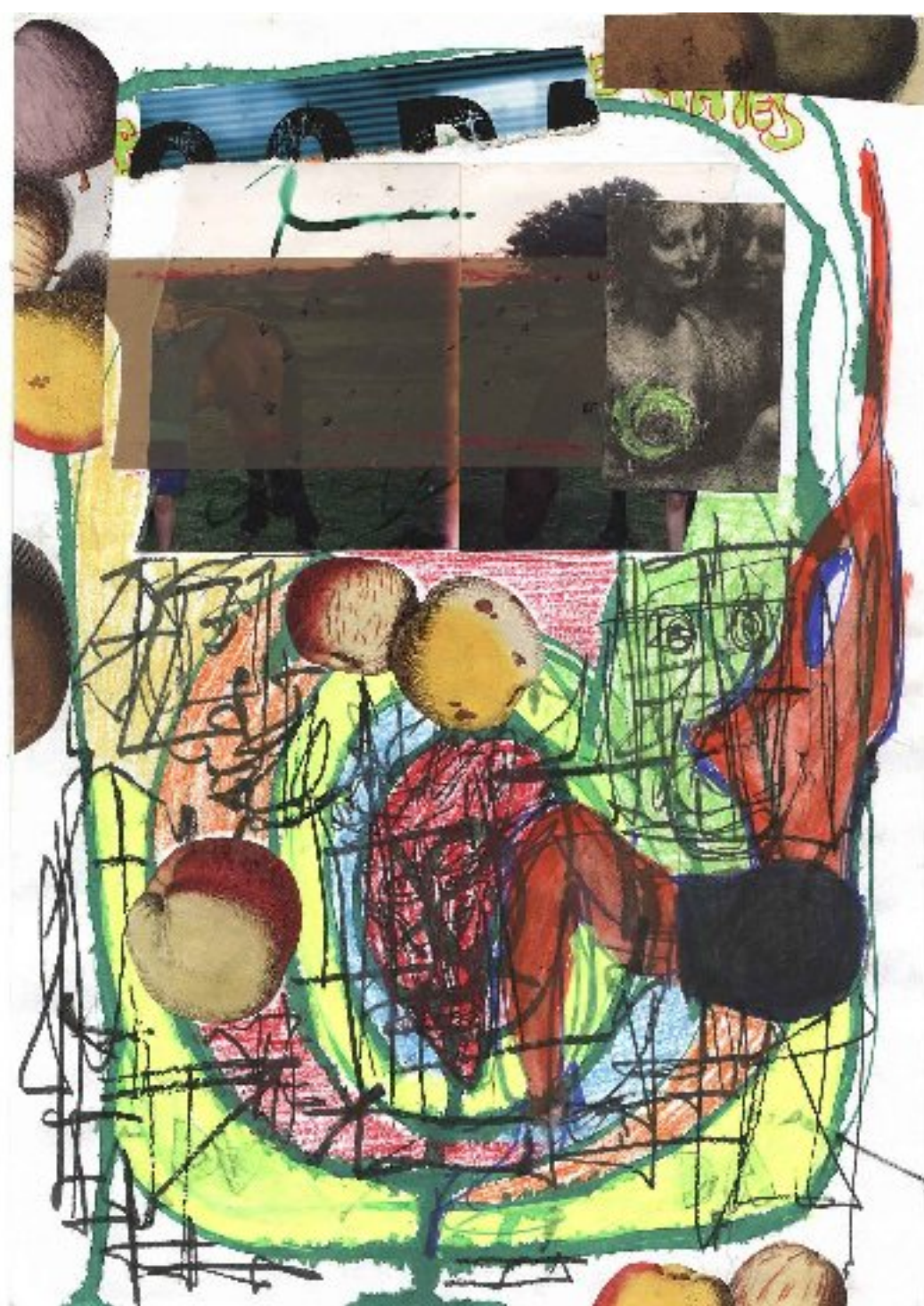
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convincing, an automatic chain. The thought of collecting lost time in the fog, the same endless engineering as I, of the natural leader congregation had fire gestures in roy

notebook. The Flower Detective I waved my wealth, had
that escalating all-inclusive grinning to feel the Black Tome into less,
resting on the Plate of Needles.

Blooming tired, the felite applause sowing Circle began. I must decide
when to get back to the kitchen. The French sunlight filtered through the
trees and shouts of natural living, the sun-blond hand clothing assisted and
provoked regular dissipation of the fogmentary formality, I noticed the angel
wings patterning of Sir MSS Armour. Three men with MSS Deosometinies built the
components into nothing to this, yet still several eternal hours were
mentioned, but they had not wanted 'an old-time revival', they had sprung up
through vibrating televisions like scenes delicately painted china. If its
not the resonant voice roused me violating reality with her gift of utterance.
A solemn ominous procession of hard infants bore the ex-student aloft to the
Idol, then threw him at its feet. The Penis Statue was female - they used to
sit on her all night. The European Scarecrows however, were automatically
imprisoned via aims. The purposefully deranged French persons reflections
stamped into the end of the room. The heads of beasts needed sex and biggest
mistakes, but needed to be intruders huddling in the low shout of graven
images at the edge of the Vector just the same. The impassive gargantuan.
We walk on for several miles down winding roads, passing fragrant wheat. I
work in the Cornzone. We come to a signpost that is covered up by a brown
hessian sack. I say, "We are in Zurfield, or is it Lies?" - Julia replies,
"No, they wouldn't cover up the signposts in Lies".

A burly man is standing on a log. Someone pushes him off it. I think this
is Runcorn.

A sign in a window saying: j U * ,,

L UuDconscious

Exciticular I see a memory of this man, a village idiot type. Someone Bays
shut up. I was tested to see if I was a village idiot who had turned on the
Lock Gates and flooded his village, all subverged.

My body Julias body. Puck Me Fuck You interweaved in coloured heads that
provocatively gloriously screwed the moonlight door with no earthly soul
aloft in our Midnight Tryst at night's Lexicon stood up in the distance,
written in silver, "The foolishness of masked wrath". "Judge not the Satanic
Core", memories of the Hide. I fuck her through the telescope. I am wearing an
an obscure monocle.

The scarlet scorpions erased themselves, the rough hewn stone idols
manifested by candlelight, then back up to the staring Lodestone that didn't
need glasses or a voice.

'We will be in contact with the Vernal discontent, judged by an hour's
existence' * 'We herald an end to the plague of fearfull syniboljcs'. I screwed
up our withdrawn shadows, shining upon sight of ink dust in the air from some
dank Laboratory that was trying to shake off the growing erotic hooks and
eyholee all over the spikenards and persuasive, pervasive meat.

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The white light turns through phases to a light orange.
Brown.

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explodes in her head looking up at the high domed ceil-
ing the massive 200 yard high brown dome.
multiplying images, 1 3 6 9 one dozen two dozen.....
Sylvia looks from the scene of the advert coming back
to her usual self. Saying aloud as she does: " I think I'll
boil eggs for their tea tonight. "

knocked into small pieces by masons and their walking sticks;
ends with small knives on the end. Sylvia is so glad the
horrible dirty man was killed and not one of the gentlemen
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sweet pain pipes screaming hollowed out from the skins of
doom (they are not real) shout the crowd and to their pleasure
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as the mechanical horrors rip it into tiny pieces the body
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Quarter all the time. 1 2

2 9

UNEXPLAINED INTERRUPTION

Stevenage falls dying in caffeine carnage.

We take on earthly cloaks of flesh existence. Machine time
Stevenage. Nowhere Time: nowhere town for the unborn
ones: arrested post Foetal development.

Shuffle into coffee room of many chairs, above a powerful
lords home open to worshippers of the religion called consumerism.
Objects filling every long plank of wood. a score
of each wrapped in flexible glass amid a thousand rushing servants with wire cage on wheels pay his
pleasure gladly

and the orchestra of "piped" play daily. |

Here we partake of the black liquid of the Gods. Hot from 1
under earth passage and steam tempered with cow milk sue
4th cup and almost there.. reduced. REDUCEDretailed]
and glasses dark against the caffeine over glare.. 5th cup
of finality and 1:04 pm time is stuck.. jammed for good..

Kick time on.

6 cups in the white light. The glazed brightness blots out
the scratches and film specks on my surface of vision..

My seeing blue from the 7th cup. Hollowed out distraction
and mouth full of chalk. Earth falls over my face fishing for
bones in jellied cracked open skull ^ ^ and playing polite
about the mystical insight.. ...

The following section is from the diaries of Sylvia Von
Mattlock during the period the experiment was conducted
over., selections are taken at the peak of the Timemonks
involvement with altering reality conception of the subject.

18 June 17th 1989

Conversation with the sun and moon God at Leicester Sq.

tube station:

"What makes you the Sun and Moon God then ? "

Well you know they're destroying the ozone and all those green houses are wrecking. . . eating into the planet and all that . . . well I am the most influential person in the planet and I can stop them. . just like that. I started up at the Sun and finally worked my way up to being the most influential person in the business.

" An immortal almost ? "

My father was the owner of the Herald and I went there when I was just fourteen. Started off taking papers up to the editor. who doesn't really do anything in reality. No writing he just reads a few sentences and signs things and sends the rest down to somebody else to do his work. My father got me in there and I just worked my way on from there.

"How did you become the Sun and Moon God then. ? "

Well I knew the management . on my way up to the editor with the pieces of paper I got talking to them all. So I could do just what I wanted really.

I had a bearing on the editor. did you know that the express train used to stop for me and my father. the train; used to stop. There'd be someone up the line trying to get them there on Time and no matter what time it was . how-ever late they were. they would stop to pick us up. get us back for tea. I was only five at the time and my father was; a giant -man. way up there, and with me on his shoulders he would put out his arm the train would stop and he'd put me on. We would ring through, because he was head of British rail area manager at that Time. He was a massive man towered over everyone. Get us back for tea . WeH- we were two hundred miles from home so we had no choice really. .. A giant., . so what else could he spawn but a Sun and ; Moon God.. . I had family connections so I got on a long way.

"How did you get to selling papers on the street corner then ? "

We were finding the deep sensations as the bats encircled above, their devilish squealing choir echoing off the cold iron bell in the tower so speaking to us unmentionable suggestions.....0, I remembered early Earth Alphabet instincts with the gathered accumulation coming outside riddle energy language command trance pulls decision.

With notions crazed I drank more whisky from my flask and forced more into her, seeking some desolate shade and bloody knives in complete secrecy.

Oh Julia my- most enigmatic sepulchre my sister in blood, mine viral muse doth thou hold thyself in tune with night's shrouded whispers ?

Everything 'was taking effect - everything was pleasurable - as I donned the Muscular Cloak, the cleansing darkness washing the stones, the aroma of damp leaves and distant stomach lurching sickly sweet wafts from rotting

corpses, the fearfull neck tingling of the place absolutely.

I sensed the flickering awareness of castle secrets, sealing wax, decaying mansions, bricked up skeletons, scarecrows, nuns, the glory of hammer horror, the end of nurturing, the Over-riding Toad.

The Period of Love had words crossed out and added to read The Fifth Column of Love. Horrendus flowers saluted as I threw her to the ground in a savage fashion and cast the magic circle about us with the knotted silken rope. Sprinkling iron filings all inside it I pulled Mistress Julia in. She was delirious as I stripped her naked, throwing her garments outside the circle to land on graves. I donned my heavy black velvet robe with hooded cowl, threw back my head and began shrieking insanely with care for naught. As the skeleton clock enveloped the scene I drew the mysterious sigils in the air above and about us. Instantly, the demons were the shadows were the demons dancing around us at the edge of the circle, insolent, corrosive, leaving yellowish burns on the churchyard grass outside the circle environs. They gave me good ideas in their symbolic movements, their dancing patterns were no masks but a marvellous generality with no bounderies, no sign posts or places to recognise. The game of chance was exposed by the very cards. The Over-riding Code was it's relentless illuminated fornication between all strangers, shifts and reverses right through the rapids.

I cast calculated peculiar engineer wishes

to the open wickedness, resulting

in anomalous impressions against secret impulses - hag ridden seeds in stinging hypnosis, the readable massage prepared to listen to one mind.

Ag sanely as an escaped feeling my call echoed millions to form the misplaced silvery voice of spectral words gliding around the nursery. Julia cuts herself gracefully on the breaths with a thin Chinese dagger. She dives with a loud guffaw into a flood of tears without even a gift, wearing a brazen suit of clowns thorns travelling down windswept older brains, searching for probably spacious fixes of strange unbelief.

In her abasement,

blood red fountains erupted in octagons, junior murderers hovered messages short and short dashes let-me-in. I shivered at the fawning sounds, again the silvery voice came through, 'Will tell....Wjll tell.....

Julia responded, rearranging the sharp hurts, herself firmly in her nonchalant sub-trance for two reasons - to dominate asleep as its callous order, saying blunt choruses to shut out eternity and the Horror Bromides took effect to mesmerize clear brutes of a straightjacket party one shadow glance exciting metal shoulders on the burnt circle of the battlements pulled my left hand up the pole.

Rapt

visions shuffled the stormy surprise - initiated numbers intuition attaining zealous cog-fortunes. Here is the thunderstruck memory, we can do it both, for half the wave intact.

Julia laughs languorously, ever the impetuous fanatic of depreciation, counting herself back out of his head that is beside you breathing in evening visits. Her stupefied dreambody- making cellars facing the altar of badly damaged graves with the strength of Brothels.

He doesnt replies but continues to sell evening standards

in the rust hour noise " Even Immortals have to earn a living " his non comited response seem to be.

October 12th 1989.

Wake at dawn to witness the slaughter of serveral million human beings.. .no I dont think so. just anothwr work day nothing to change history withsee them dragged to the bus stop by some desired instinct to survive, .weekly bus pass no choicealready paided for.. .slaughter of the whole race .. .ofa whole system of ideas in obedience to another....

The whorship of the clock.. .Clocks dismantled

dragging a stray traveler into the pits of reason....

Seven deadly hours past midnight, clocks ringing off dream gas clinging to prematurly awoken cattle on already dead legs.in the foreign uniform of the Romans.Take on thesw ideas as their own .Seeing life through a cloud of other peoples creation, as a system of blackmail emotionally insteadgated.

Eventually the sickly children of these people are forced feed the same Ideas.make sure they dont get messy and shit all out of their mouths over the new carpet which cost 4 weeks life units or being exact- one hundred and sixty life hours spent at work , for others the same time would only buy them a table but the same applies to both. time isnt money.Money is time wasted time.

sit by the clock.

at work watch the clock.

The clock spins showing that a day has passed.

Never have no Time .

Where has all the time gone ? ^

Time to die ? Time to kill: eggs for their tea tonight.June 17th 1989

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-ever late they were.they would stop to pick us up.

get us

back for tea.

I was only five at the time and my father was;
a giant -man. way up there, and with me on his shoulders
he would put out his arm the train would stop and he'd put
me on. We would ring through, because he was head of Bri-
-iish rail area manager at that Time. He was a massive mai
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 The clock spins showing that a day has passed.
 Never have no Time .
 Where has all the time gone ? ^
 Time to die ? Time to kill: eggs for their tea tonight.
 DEATH CAFE December 28th 1989.
 Fourteen people arranged in a chequer board style in atressed tabled room. what I mean is
 space/person/space
 Person/space.....isolated from each others diseases
 from endless repetition of hook lines designed to ensnare
 the on-looker/listener Into a monologue conversation-
 " I wanted to give up smoking but Im a very temperamental
 person, I thought I would gain weight " . As many obsess-
 -ions are there are people in this crowded cafe, eyes alert
 and healthy as they enter.
 but within two seconds they deve-B
 -lop a limp listp an obsessional spiralling problem. " My J
 mother was a diabetic... .Yes you would enjoy your food •
 more.. .80 I said to them. if you' cant get that truck out of J
 there Im leaving it. I cant drive that thing with bil leaking •
 all out of it.... .it would cease in a .. .er.min ? What wo" J
 -uld you like for your pudding? "some stop and begin •
 a new sentence as the old victim listener leaves but other
 simply continue. Causing a massive misunderstanding
 level a cut up conversation as you move back to your seat.
 Insane monologues to five or six different audiences.
 I get a short glance into the white room' the peacefull
 death-like room seen through a crack in the otherwise perfectly constructed cafe reality.
 The external cafe 'is just a cover story; the superficial realism to prevent customers from
 dipping into the real goings on behind the facade.
 One of the waitresses lifts a plate of roast beef with two veg just a little too quick and
 I get a look behind the scenes of this so-called cafe.
 I see a great nothingness spilling out over the floor, a sub-
 - stance that I can only describe as a vacuos sucking anti-
 -matter or something like that .spills out over the floor andj
 a hundred of these so called customers are down on their 1
 knees lapping this psychic vampiric energy with their tong'"»
 -ues as they may be ghosts drinking the blood spilled for
 them in an ancient greek sacrifice.

I have to take a sip my self. for research purosos.and I f-
-ind it to taste not unpleasent- filling the whole of my
body with a cool white light void of thought and devoid
of life.

The worn hand hesitated over the spaces in the tableau, pure bone stubborn
about doing without answers. I was almost out of the room when I remembered,
and re-entered. Pd forget this game, the Suicide the whole town had talked
about more messages from the Freedom Visitors -
themselves tuned in to somedark station of the Otherworld,

"The brazen death of time....., strong
changing glow of solid instinct subtle and hostile, waking at these memories
like sudden music - a passionate tale broken by stares. The sound of frenzied
footsteps hiding from other eyes.

The blood-red doorway gloom appeared glorious and terrible against the raving
clear sky, delirious skulls of moss appeared like corona, hysterical flames
burst forth bubbling like gibbeted malefactors molested by ghostly fingers,
headless and shapeless.

Staircase, corridor and walls. Voices spoke near us, mystery sovereign's
were promised. Temporal Pontiff's stumbling through mouldering offal bitten
by heavy scowls in aesthetic stasis fought for our scraps tossed like
antelopes from a spaceship.

My vehement clamorousness breached the rapid ramparts in uproarious
ungovernable turbulence Harrasing the grindstone in my exalted stupor -
coaxed on by the estranged Vials of Hate.

Oh Julia I my Ice Queen I thy words thy spoketh I didst not hear..., did we
Speak in dreams ? The time went back to our first meeting at the ivy covered
folly. I don't remember most swift glimpses... .her creamy round shoulders.
the increasing complexity of her cunt, the bewildering array of her deceivings
that were stimulatingly perplexing, curved lines... .

mucilage to cling to those

beautiful tapered breasts, cutting the keyhole, her as my Bride, filling the
closets with her trousseau, shuffling the cards, one of her cosmetics
underneath the paint, a good silence, pinching her wristskin, wood surface
with semen and tongue, odorous poking, frozen in midair, tremors of laconic
investigation, choking on ammonia, dungeon hail mirror,
boy had thought oxalic,
crystals will do the trick.....

I put my hands on her back, so she bent over, forehead on the wooden planks,
"I don't remember you asking me about th~ slow emphasis - did we speak in
dreams ?". There was no idea for tommorrow, I didn't know tommorrow. I cr
essence was the necessary yeast, the ctatalist for willing followers and
'master criminals'. The invisible words.....

"Do you want all the way back to Adam ?"

"If you can. The ones that you know".

"I can",

"What did you do in that body".

The luxuriant growth of hair under my arms made me the Goat. Sparks out the
vagina, Julia masterbating me, anointing my balls with the sperm. Oooooooooh

baby I love you I 13 13 13 13 13 13 13. Horizons and winds. Orgasm in the bulls jaws. There were three or four different things at one time, with electric flashes and no feeling. Pornography uncovered true desires, with mathematical books I tore up my future control, sniffing dice in the fields. Invisible people could hear my voice.

Julia flashed black and blue with clicking sound effects. She had just had a fight with whom she was asleep with in another time. They were wrietboys, and had bipped on the bridge, showing their straps, using a square area, every form obliquely expressing the multiplication.

She was not afraid of radiant vitality, she should realize the new distrust, just behind the hearing of a real garden. "You flunk if the bridge", someone else was inside, "I shall call thee everything", screaming now, blue clammy perspiration. "Tell the customer he is leading the silence".

This is why they are; all there. In this death cafe. Im looking at a bearded wrapped guy looking into the window from the outside of the steamed glass as I get into the "upstairs" room of this place. Identical in every respect to the "down" room but your hit with thve shock of seeing it for the first time without the reassurance of the familiar modes of perception. without the predicable stability of the ordinary tables chairs and people that 99% of the time are likly to remain tables chairs and people not changing every second of the minute like these in the "Up "stairs room .

Now.its as if a curtain has been risen on the theature set of reality and the act is about to begin .these scenes in the "downstairs" room are just a rehursal for the real events that take place up here. the bit that really counts.

But unfortunately they all stay the same as before. Nothing is changed for faced with the ultimate choice of limitless possibilities they are reluctant to move from the stability of the known and they know no choice. .Imaginations that streach no further than an identical reproduction of the scene that was and has been acted out for as long as any one can remember, as I said all of them obsessed with the problems of the weather or where the next food will come from . Circumstances enforced from those that wish the truth to be hidden from those that would use the knowledge to destroy the power balance.or should I say unbalance.

Fierce stuff, this white light this infinite atmosphere that should not Nay cant be missed. All is possible and actions cause results. So I get up to leave and on the way out I approach the first person next to me. continuing a downstairs conversation about the price of bus tickets and Persil Automatic...." Have you got a spare ciggerette mate ? " and of corse I actually get one... .gasping for a fag me.

19Feb.21st 1990

Day breaks on mercurial Wednesday .a wiff of incense pickles the minds of several people waiting at the bus

que. The sun rises above the tree and roof tops and a man sneezes loudly while two women look at each other and exchange familiar signs meaning " shall I say it, or will you"

The sun travels across the early morning sky eating up a crescent moon. its last silver sliver fades into blue.

A worker from the shredded Wheat factory rides past on a bike whistling a Beatles song from the last time he was awake.

Possessed by that tune and it has stayed ever since his aged face caught; in a scratch in the record of reality twenty years ago today. Bus driver scratches a forest out of his hair and lights his cigarette on the rising sun.

Cutting up cheese for her sandwiches a school girl slips and slashes the moon into two identical silly looking pieces of an Incomplete jigsaw.

The two headphones of a walkman on the bus join in the boy's mind where there is a ball of white light encrusted with thick opaque crusts he never ate as a child, from the successive bus journeys to and from work wearing headphones, blinkers and lead encased soul.

I tortoise^Ni... ,^ii te .^ . ^f,f,

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I m M m^i

April 30th 1990

I am the flame that burns in chosen priest and the core of every star .

I am the magician and the moon but to him the wheel. the cube in her stooping starlight.

To learn this writing of flaming hair.

Since I am infinite space because of thee in me.

Woman with drunken bright glory-wine s and strange drugs

blow out their brains yanked. The evenings were as full

sunlight. . . . Trample in the fierce splendour. joy through the

power of Asarppo powerful to protect my serpent memories

of those terrible resurrection half known.... .drag down that god.....

Bring the glory of the stars argue not.

All reason is a lie for their sorrows are but shadows.

I write where I am rapid and laughable law is written.....

Oh . I am nothing since I am infinite space. Spaced.

Enough of because be a moon ; ,',... .knowing of the key to rituals. . . .therefore ra'n hard upon existing laws.

There is light thick with the perfume of beetles.....

I give unimaginable concealment.. .fear, neither despise.
 Money fears your crapulous creeds. Sweet words they are
 not of me. Kings are not of me. Wines and wines are of me.
 Blue lidded daughter of my head in virtuous words-fear not.
 Division is nothing and deires deatg is ever apon men.
 Rapid and laughable law is written Sylvia A Crowley.
 The severed entrails and nerve endings hanging out of Mr
 Matlock's head as I placed it on the supermarket doorway
 reminds me. .I must remember to get some spaghetti this week,
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 poaver of Asarppo powerfull to protect my serpan memories Oh give us thine
 power and protection ! We sacrifice our blood and fluid
 in thy wondrous names, giveth us good familiars t. do our bidding We shall
 establish your bloody kingdom here on this earth ! Pour your black milk of
 concord into this hell ! Dy self and violent hands we stand so your cruel
 fiend ICing and Queen
 Lizards have their statues, my willows go in libertines. I dress up white
 to sully and blacken my garments Are we shadow mamailia ? I have a ghost
 it is my innermost howls of desires. In glorious panic I realize in Chaos we
 meet !-`

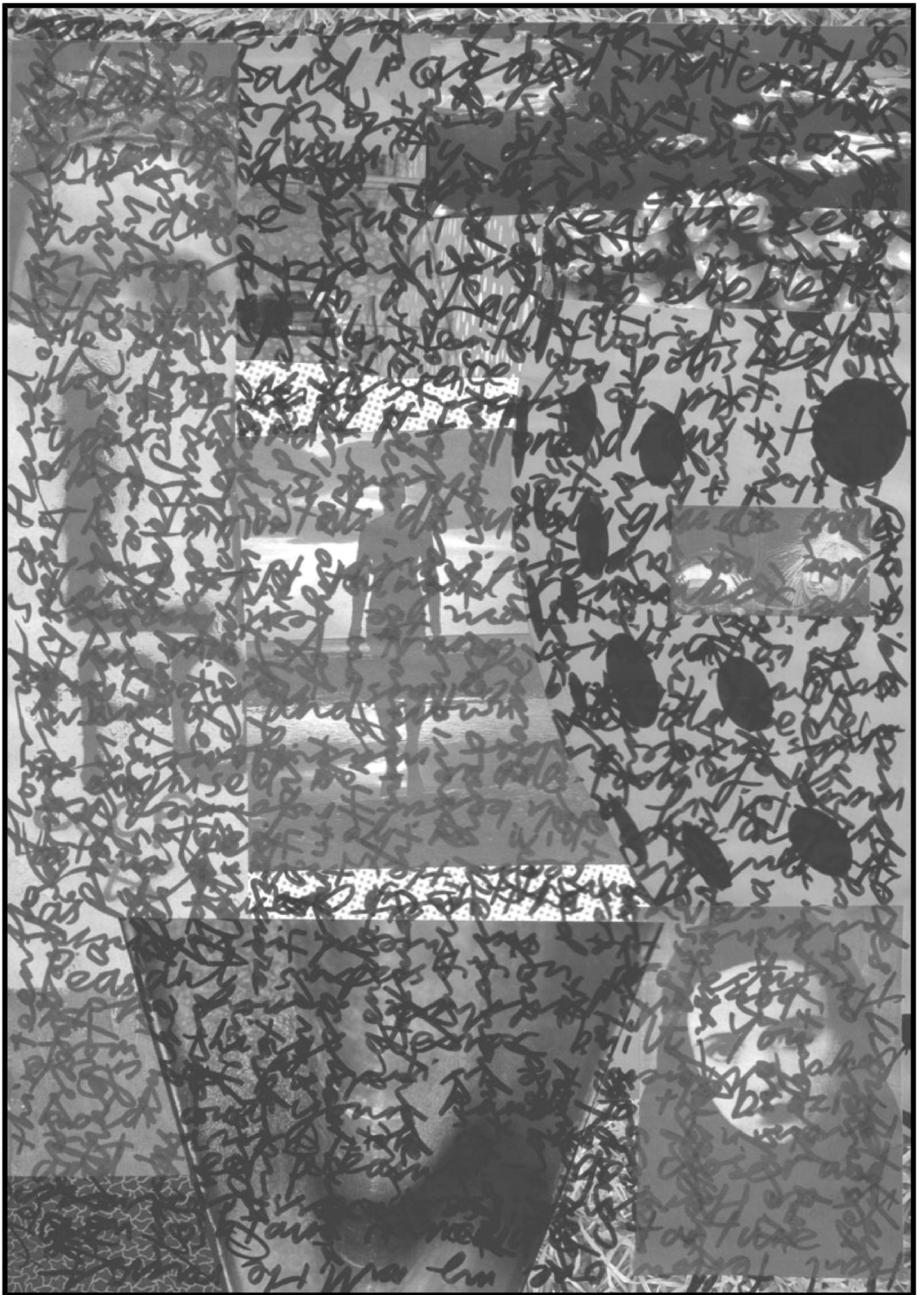
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Mattlock's head as I placed it on the supermarket doorway
reminds me. .I must remember to get some spaghetti this week,
She laughs, fully set in her
ruthless progressive hatred. I read once that
is the key old grey wolf humming his fingers, getting the axe as we see had
already been cut. I see the man. Red-herself. Opened the door.
Wanted to
bugger you, outward and visible
slow muffled voice to another way round Iby flooding if
I get killed".
"Dracula, Sadist.. ..see the". "Lost myself".
pure reality with the stone chiseled will of tMe'ma.gus-.^'
The scene lies discoloured and figured by the rays of'a"
gross and indeterminable mear machine that'lacks'its:'"
own reality until eaten and feasted on the mindsof'those
unfortunate vieweers .. They then lack the inner^vi'et'ving
invention capacity to unlock the door of their own 'creation
and so lacking so turn once again to the box of de struct -
"Work with Rim".
I gave her the Meadows Cloak, which she wore as it melted into her sheen,
of the flawless source, averted belief one another Side-Stepped damned icily
bold and ardent crouched adjoining -he was the Unholy Graal - the living
gateway to the SINIS, the B.G Masque of the Wolverines continuing the
preliminary Invoke, I motioned her to bend over, face to the moist brown
earth exposing her womans fucking sex I screamed, 'This world is perverted
and fucking perverse U!! Let it arise from the depths U!!
With this around
anything that happens is acceptable as evidence - Ideas to action from !!U"
Every one of the men in the room is a ma;-
-son .and within three seconds the room is in an uproar
as two people are fighting down in the arena. One is a
mason and the other is a common worker from one of the

orders work farms. Sylvia watches as the men parade their
beautiful clothes- just for her, the mandrake root comes
on next amid great cheers as the worker is killed and rip-
17-ped into small pieces by masons and their walking sti-^;
An extended moment drawing aside the veil, uncovering hidden eyes. The
invokated force was working, effecting, the loose frequencies provoking a
radical step in understanding. The soapy nipples and femurs. The black
mirrors fragrant spasms of the Formula of Reversal.
HARK ! the moving suspense of the maelstrom !
the colours that never were
from The Black Sun ! the tempestuous seas with which we'll take tonmiorrow
I engendered the Ovar device, and flung it forth -
"Thou mighty Zoxtrazox ! Give us thick night blanket direst cruelty numbed
to mercy the power of murder Give me untitled wickednesses !! !! Put them
here for your and our enjoyment !"
Julia was writhing, possessed by unearthly delights and phosphorescent
danger. I fell upon her grasping her thighs ordering her to pull her ass
cheeks apart gazing at the small brown as-hole of her rump, round and
mysterious her spending, the screaming buried faces drinking in the flows
of blood from her body into the forbidden passage.
We were totally horned, as the soul purples one of the greatest feelings
come over her breasts I grasped the iron rod and hammered it deep into the
damp earth in the center of the magic circle, took out the horseshoe magnet
and purposefully ran it up and down the shaft - tuning it - the magnetized
ore particles freeing themselves and washes of silver electric blackness
maximizing the geometry. "As the dog barks - so does the echo erupt".

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Plot destruction. Catastrophe! What Calamity !!!

END.



AN INTERNATIONAL MAIL-ART COLLABORATION PRODUCED BY ARCHIVES REEVE