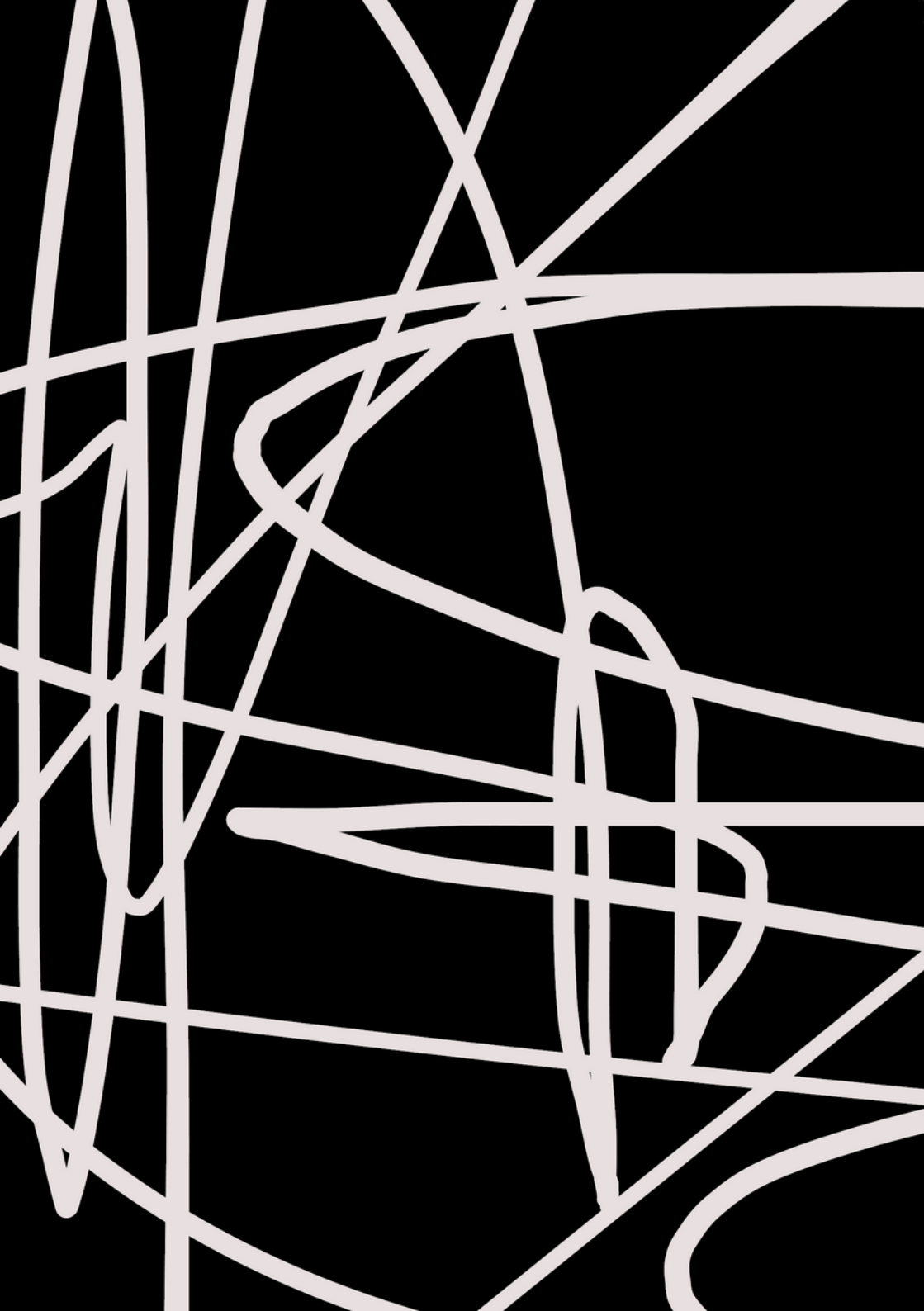




XXX is the widely-known symbol for poison or hardcore pornography. Going deeper, however, X is the 24th letter of the English Alphabet, and $24 \times 24 \times 24 = 72$. There are 24 sections and 72 chapters of the *Book of Revelation*, according to the early and most significant patristic commentary on this book, by the 6th Century Greek Bishop Andrew of Caesarea.* $7+2 = 9$, and there are nine orifices of the human body (two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, the mouth, genitals, anus). Hence the initiated meaning of XXX is Human Revelation: either self-generated, or from human-to-human, or from divine beings, including God. It is to this objective that the *XXX: An Underground & Experimental Poetry-Art-Literature Magazine* is zealously devoted.

* <https://corpus.ulaval.ca/jspui/bitstream/20.500.11794/19560/1/25095.pdf>

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Issue I. Published by the Spook Press in April 2022. Texts & Art Copyright
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SUSAN SHAYLER: www.youtube.com/watch?v=qavcdH3eDNE

LUCINDA OPAL: No definite details.

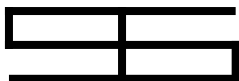
CONTINUAL JULIE: <https://tinyurl.com/3fm6stwf>

ART CREDITS

Cover art by Mark Reeve. Art pp.18-20 by Dr Adolf Steg & Mark Reeve;
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SPOOK PRESS

It's never about you.

[BLANK]

IN THE BEGINNING VOICE BIRTHED HIM

Group Weir Department

In the beginning before all time was God, and the Word was God Himself. He was existence that has come into being. Was the Word God made by him; and without him not life; and the life the light of men? In Him was life the Light of men. The Light shines on the Word, and the Word was with God, and the beginning. All things were created through him, and created in him was life, and that in the darkness, and yet the darkness did not call the Word. The Word was with God and God. And with this Word, God created life from him, and shining in the dark, and darkness never God, God present to the Word. Everything was created through him; nothing was Life, and the Life was Light to the darkness. This celestial Word remained ever present in the practice of creating all things that exist with a living, breathing light – a light that thrives. It cannot and will not be quenched.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word in the beginning with God. All things made the light in darkness; and the darkness a Christ, and the Word continually existing in the beginning co-eternally with God. All without Him was the power to bestow life, and the life in the darkness, and the darkness unreceptive.

In the beginning was the one who is truly God. From the very beginning the Word. Nothing was made without the Word.

Everything gave light to everyone. The Word was first, the present God, in readiness for God without him. What came? The Life-Light blazed out of the darkness; measured, the Voice was speaking. The Voice was the Creator; speech shaped the cosmos immersed in Him. His breath filled all things in the depths of darkness and without him was not comprehended.

In the beginning before all-time things were made and came into existence through Him, the Light of men. The Light shines on the Word, and the Word was with God, and created. In him was life, and that called the Word. The Word was with God and created from him. Existence was Life, and Life was Light to God. This celestial Word remained ever present with a living, breathing light – a light that thrives, and was made. Word God was with God apart, the light of men.

From the very beginning the Word life gave light to everyone. Immersed were the depths of darkness murky. All things were created through him, and in the darkness, and yet the darkness not with God. And with this Word, God created shining in the dark, and darkness never. Everything was created through him; nothing – not one thing! the darkness could put out.

In the beginning was the one who is. Nothing was made without the Word. Everything his. The Word was first, the Word came into being without him. What came into the Voice was speaking. The Voice was birthed in Him. His breath filled all things with God. Everything life light. The present in Life-

Light measured, Voice and speech the cosmos. Light on Word life, and God present. And without one darkness, Word God shines to keep God in the blazed speech, the cosmos murky with Word life: light and Word God. Nothing made the Everything Word first, without was the way, made without life the light time God Himself through being.

Beginning with created life that shines, being blazed of the shaped birthed in darkness, murky. Word was Life Light, this Word ever breathing the Word, made in Word Christ, continually Him and with men.

Voice Birthed Him.

PLASTIC SWORD

Mark Reeve

I'm staying up and away, avoiding the confuse and lead one astray, into an existence dissident, never happy shaving or most of physical reality. You don't know the half of what you do on other strata, let alone what I get up to only here. Black Magic silhouettes, things arriving and leaving on the circle line. Push past it and you see the living web, literally, every node AI in communication with every other,¹ but how artificial is this intelligence? Who is turning on who? The UK Gradient guided by space voices.² Girlfriends are not supposed to rust.³

Look around you at this filth. The Everything-is-Money rip-off; degeneration fuel, damnation vortex. Growing hanging-cluster areas, the news that isn't news. Old vote, enemy cult skid community. Caught in the act, hits like a train, worm their way out, learning difficulties hacked, stolen identity forced to own up, the curtains randomly changing colour.

The Deep State weevil claims they are a "necessary evil." Found with a bloodied skull just around the corner, trying to avoid everything, or conjure a void. The chessboard parameters dead in eggs. No single moment in time. Weightlifter a stickler for the huckster sucker.

"It's warm down here in the sewer, take it from me," to the locked-in johnny force strangler roots.

When the light's on me can be a triggery, Fantasy, fiction, function. Sectionality is the Devil's Truncheon, anything. Can do it traditional trance or plugged into the internet with a full-

size keyboard that looks very much like a ouija board. Altered states. Nascent vector. Then I was shown “END GOD STAR,” which anagrams (alchemically permutates) to DANGER DOTS connected, but I didn’t buy the black-&-white Rubik’s Cube, ergo the thricing of three, ergo Nikola Tesla’s mystery dictum of 3/6/9 which equals 18 which equals 6+6+6, obviously.⁴ The clock struck rock as the universally mugged says it all.

A girl comes in, powers coming out. Her transparent corset excites me in the plural: just cords and ribs, until the dogs ate it in a museum setting threatened me at a distance by introducing a man with his eyes lasered out into the repeated street scene, who was fixed to run into a fixed wall so his head exploded on impact, hence the straightjacket memory Dead-Head poster from roving reporter darked by nurture.⁵ The ghastly mask next to a dead gun. Gold braid, victory parade, elegant like a Rolls-Royce bunk-up, plastic leather on the border, another bottle of lager, another dancefloor, chased in the wall. Integration of the once young sucked into a whirlpool whilst waterskiing.

Olympic Frequency thought he was Rambo and now has four fingers. Cast an under the door threat on the outside of the envelope that put him inside, nursing a maggot hangover, the clan and clang threat-hinting further punishment to rise upon the earth, sparked a running trade in clam chum neighbour nightmares. Fat lips but six-foot skinny, a racoon streak in her hair, feather-skin glowing into drum rolls wanking the city into diversion glitter and distant helper radar foils, ear-plugs together in the cloak-&-dagger feedback chatter. The floor has gone out of it, and smiles.

“You can’t be insane if you haven’t got a brain.”

It jumps upon a crane to move from A to B, then realises the metal thrust is an aerial; a broadcast echoing off the walls of the control box culminating in:

“Giant squid are immortal.”

I think Dial O for Orgy is coming back, the Meat-on-Meat conventional trauma to heat a lonely body.⁶ An olden wrecker quasi-dream ejaculated in pitch-black. Ants can see in the dark due to their large alien-like black eyes, not the green suitcase of the hopeful homosexual, handout stropky brass busker, every pig’s ear. New congress on fox rhythm for mountain hits but we cannot talk with this. Frank knows the Madam Figure it on. Ask the Damned Angel. It won’t strike Earth if evil spirit make it up.⁷ Hence my spider-sense suspicions,⁸ and why I’ve been a staunch vegetarian since I first saw sacred cows being slaughtered; a steel bolt rammed into their brains for scrambled eggs; what governments around the globe are doing to us: scrambling the minds and freedom of human rights with media, drug, and other more mysterious means.

I thought I got away some way, but had a definite birthday date. A suited stone man come, extended a telescope the wrong way reversed so it got thinner into the world as a steel whip jumping ship.

“One day you will be known to millions...”

He didn’t explain that they would not be humans.

Wiser now, I spy with my eye in the sky that everybody’s nobody and next in line to rise/get lost in heaven, the Grand Poobah murdered forever.

ENDNOTES

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- 4 www.ej-theology.org/index.php/theology/article/view/60
- 5 <https://logosmedia.com/2013/05/manufacturing-the-deadhead-a-product-of-social-engineering-by-joe-atwill-and-jan-irvin/>
- 6 Read between the lines of Ande Bracey's porn pulp programming script *Dial O for Orgy* (Pendulum, 1969), for instance.
- 7 <https://soundcloud.com/oldmanalien>
- 8 <https://screenrant.com/spiderman-spider-sense-explained/>

ALL-TIME HIGH

Mark Reeve

As a hooded astrosapien I awoke to “hearing slime” in my left earhole. The crowd turns mob, dead in its head. They are going to the “Heaven Planets.” Intrusive rational delusions. Teeth in the handshake, owls in jowls, the true guillotine all about. I try to shake tails, counter the pyramid of eyes, stuck in an Oooh! Loop, married to implanted device.¹ Police electrics and more secret agencies in the spiked sandwich.² The codes from lights, stage row numberplates, low heights, phantoming the songs that sing ethereal negative chill persecution suicides addiction.

Aside from the Original, my System is a six-fold council, usually with rapid cycling. HONTHRON is the Timekeeper/System Administrator; when he closes his eyes he sees as me seeing things. KERT is a Joker, and in that turn a mosaic hunter. TROPSO is a Figurative with mermaid hair and is super-excited, a rogue operator and intoxication witch. The other three are one.³ They want me stuck in the pigeon-hole playing knick-knack on my shoe. A cave extra, combat into radical thorns, comforting like corks, but a ramping downer. I turn the corner into the out-there out there, starking the encodes, juggling the rubric in upper-atmosphere air-lanes with an UFO tinge. Did it in the public library to read between the lines; the crepuscular sub-streams. It spelled out a spectre, wider than Mr Whisper, darker deeply aware in spooky OnionLand.⁴ Probably a breach analysis of Schizocs & Phrenics, lick statistics, hand cut off by the plough, Big Ben Bell-Curve rape pulses disguised as a fuck-

buddy shag; a jading move as in the soap opera droning zones, that come in many forms, whoring by the hour if not you're a client. Situation parallels a bomb anywhere of whatever form, built by an Occult Operator of reputation and experience.

"I swallow your country, bringing the Devil."

"We like them old."

Certain impinge operators are ensconced beyond and before the postmodern existential void patsy lone nut action poseured pomades where one MI5 is a stark 0800 number, wedded to the Quote-Unquote Endgame playing out in the ultra-fucked gross induction rhetorical entrapment; stinger and victim walking into the quash. *Ergo* viral copycat possession on the rise to brink. Idiots, sunbursts, promiscuous nettles, fit-in bricks and the walk-in-line. The Pope blessing an alien under a double-cross chemtrail; smoke coming out of the Queen's ears; a three-legged pig pressing the red button with its shit-covered snout.⁵

We're only defeated 'cos the Government cheated.⁶ But I am sly, hence the cry of my clone on a distant galaxy tutelary, pre-human monkey-like fucking on the savannah, then I went to the horror double-bill at the cinema, afraid of newspapers, their other uses. People on crack biting my nails, descending staircase stages of a dot-matrix teenager clapping my hands. Freak tides, glove puppet, love doll, hole in the bucket, trainers set on fire. A single cube of air in the room with a handstand in it. Bottom of the barrel chow-chow-chow.

Church and State killed God by Jesus on the Cross. Shapeshifters committed. Only a fool would reject the Holy Bible, and only a fool would accept it.

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- 2 www.nbcnews.com/politics/national-security/cia-says-havana-syndrome-not-result-sustained-global-campaign-hostile-rcna12838
- 3 www.mind.org.uk/information-support/types-of-mental-health-problems/dissociation-and-dissociative-disorders/dissociative-disorders/
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- 6 For instance: www.opendemocracy.net/en/opendemocracyuk/uk-government-accused-of-rigging-democracy-with-election-changes/ & www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2021/may/22/ballot-rigging-is-so-last-year-new-ways-of-buying-votes

VERMEER THE INDESTRUCTABLE SPASTIC
DETECTIVE IN THE MYSTERY OF THE
BREAKFAST OF BEER, A CRAZED JOYRIDE
THROUGH A COLLAPSING LATE 20TH CENTURY
BRITAIN AND THE WILD-EYED NAZI STARE OF
MATT HANCOCK

Dr Adolf Steg

London 23rd September 1978: Francis Bacon and Johannes Vermeer of Delft wander through the labyrinthine streets of Soho, they enter a building on Dean Street and climb a long flight of stairs flanked by foul-smelling dustbins. They enter a small smoke-filled room. This is the Colony Room Club opened by Muriel Belcher in 1948. A club that would veer from a salon to a theatre of cruelty. Some people have looked backed and thought how lucky they were to be alive then, smoking, drinking, gambling and getting angry. Others who spent their time crawling around on the floor in a completely paralytic state can't remember anything. A shaft of light illuminates the bar and the thick smoky atmosphere creates a halo effect, a magical cloud of smoke dances across the room creates an eerie sensation on the canvas of another era of unabated nostalgia. Francis sits at the bar and orders a bottle of champagne, Vermeer asks for a brandy and peppermint. Lucien Freud, Tom Baker, John Hurt and the voice-over artist Bill Mitchell best known for the Heineken adverts welcome both of them. Tom drinks large gin and tonics with lots of ice from a pint jug. Francis feels sexually aroused, the touch of his skin through his

soft flesh through his leather jacket has become too much for him, his hand creeps beneath his legs and he starts squeezing and rubbing his prick under his pants, it was already half erect and he massaged it slowly probing down inside. The bulge between his legs grew larger. Finally he eased his stiff prick out and started stroking the glans, the tip exuded beads of turpentine and the oily liquid rolled down the smooth flesh, his penis throbbed and grew harder in his hand. Lucien Freud moves slightly closer and watches intently at the thick penis shaft, he thinks about water seeping into the internal fluids of leaves and earth scratching lines into copper. Francis starts to masturbate, waves of exquisite pleasure engulf his body, he jerks and twitches and his prick shoots hot oil paint over the alcohol-stained carpet, it spatters on the floor and forms the basis of his painting *Jet of Water* (1979), now held in a private collection. Sweating and trembling Francis looks at his limp prick and tucks it back into his pants and orders another bottle of champagne. Lucien pulls out his prick, it is large but not fully erect. He lets out a sudden hoarse gluttural cry as he plays with his genitals, his prick is hot and hard and he starts wanking furiously. He has an orgasm almost at once and the fresh drops of Windsor & Newton calligraphic ink glint where they fall on the wooden floor and give him the basic inspiration for the painting *Rose* (1978/79). He then walks to the bar and pisses against it and orders a large gin and tonic. The urine steams in the light of Tom Baker's cigarette as if plucked from the dusty glaucoma streets by an unseen hand.

CIRCLE TRAVERSING BLACK CHANTERS

Patrick Sheffield

with red cloth, candlesticks, goblet... animals and Leicester...
circle traversing black chanters...

the deepening drone of a vehicle of sound... three ages is a dark
pool and it's bubbling the island and the figure inhabiting the
Tir na Nog... the enormity of the stirring of the pot or the
brew dissolves your eyes into never seen... it is sight not so slow
it will never end... of the waters... the vision in the unlooked-
for... it's the light of the late-night journey to Holyhead to
slump your journey over the sea... it's the blaze of metal on
metal with water o'clock crossing... get boarding and ready to
the dawning of the day... look up look down and through the
pattern of over the surface of the sea... it's defeated by con-
sequence... it's a gaming play... it's the remembrance of the
vasty speeded-up version of Turlough's Farewell to over there a
rumour a vastness struggling a call to pursue a call to preparat-
ion of the stirring of a potion... witches from the house on the
hill children... bodies in bags in Nottingham spreads out-
wards... a vehicle of seeing made the birth of a failed cons-
piracy... there upwards... there is the vast expanse and island...
the usurper of Innisfree... the imposter of rumour

that turns rain into blood... pull out... the troubling of the
cauldron... the smoke ripples refracting moonlight and the
sunlight that sound... it is sound born sight... it's jabber the

gibber the rip... the troubling glass... it's the sight of yourself
somewhere nightmare and the brightening dread... it's beneath
that white stone saint who blesses rationale of the station of
night... the nearby... the effervescent sloth of the four play...
look out upon the brightness and see the fire that brings it...
the carpet to the metal that skips vain proclamation which is
only vain because house abandoned by those who will not tread
of something resembling a troll... it's a Music

become your shattering spaceship... there she goes to take pos-
session of the sky... it's action... it's a preliminary stag...

THE QUICKENING PECULIAR

Continual Julie

Away from all the sus and psyop, I want to will tell you of the foundational belief from which everything else of lore comes, held by those who 'think' they are the Qualified Guardians of the human race (profane). It is a hylozoistic hypothesis, that the universe everything is sentient alive, even the atoms. Thus there is "life on Mars" and "walls have ears" do. Aliens at the top. Illuminati at the bottom. Twisted it is, our future is. Twilight Zone Brave New World if too many receive the Dark Anointing. Already the streets are haunting, map of the Earth flying. Ancient Mysteries Modern Masonry. Externalisation of the Hierarchy.¹ I even though know am elsewhere: "I wish I was a vampire in the late-1980s and early-1990s," never wondering who or what was behind this fucked-up subculture.² A hint perhaps: the eyes have IT, countess powers cold-case chain-reaction. Never heard of the Barbary cushion killer and you don't even know who you are. Perfect programming into La La Land.³ Maybelline Tattoo Studio Eye Liner 921 glints at second guess witness database mono ox off the Deux Meaux bypass index CMXXI so no Trace 921 fungus focus thanks to NFPA 921 paid evidence, the USP <921> background customer, and unsubstantiated rumours last seen in elevator. Turn on the TV news people distraction with masks like that green pond cluster education poster in UK playgrounds where they scribbled out the childrens' faces in every target location. The real deal? There is ET DNA in you and the spells that sell Mad Hatter Prediction 2025 in *They Live*.⁴

I thought that was it but there's always more. What is "OTHR" is it kontayner? The first one is Pluto II. Very pretty signal, with a flanking drone at ADSB, reminiscent of the mysterious sounds heard by astronauts in 1969 "while on the far side of the Moon, out of radio contact with the Earth" (since 'explained away', as usual).⁵ Coming down the tree antenna from OTHR was "Who stands a chance?" with a heavy insignia on *Doctor Who* "lifetime actors" who were "getting the story back." Obviously some MI6 Cosmos Programming thing (invisible strobe-light/brain frequency resonance; dressing up as aliens shit), but this time the atmosphere within the bubble was rather authentic and helpful, although I was like: "This is great but I can sense the monster magnet underneath the mind," i.e. that whole *Jabberwocky* 1977 operation,⁶ so 'their' palaver approach was unsuccessful. In you no-one can hear space scream and I am beyond silo joining; addicted to anti-glue. Thule⁷ and Vrill⁸ re:main in power. Asteroid hitting the lake is a sniper. Harry Potter = Witchcraft Repackaged is actually true, and certain Satanists enjoy listening to Hildegard von Bingen's *Canticles of Ecstasy*.⁹ In this now the far more why includes what you get. Outer voids. The Secrets of the Saints. Chaos: the depths. Roof prism.

ENDNOTES

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- 2 <https://haenflier.sites.grinnell.edu/subcultures-and-scenes/vampire-subculture/>
- 3 <https://podcasts.apple.com/ie/podcast/ep-41-safety-dance/id1459852021?i=1000537374694>
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- 5 <https://phys.org/news/2016-02-nasa-strange-music-heard-astronauts.html>
- 6 www.imdb.com/title/tt0076221/
- 7 www.bristol.ac.uk/media-library/sites/geography/migrated/documents/far-side.pdf
- 8 <https://nymag.com/news/features/conspiracy-theories/nazi-vril-society/>
- 9 www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ei88J4lERbk



MY GENIE





792



230





DEFENCE

Ajax tanks 'will be delivered on time'

The British Army's £3.47bn fleet of tanks "will be delivered on time" despite safety concerns, the Government has said. Viscount Younger of Leckie also confirmed a leak inquiry has been opened into how details of a report on the new Ajax armoured fighting vehicles became public.

CANADA

Terror charges over killings

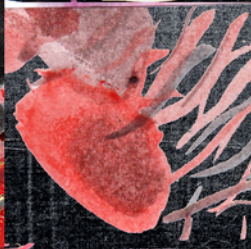
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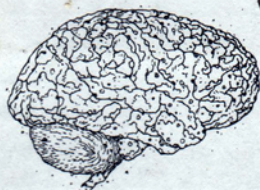
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with spoons (spoons would
spoons, but he didn't drop spoons,
Dali used spoons) and covered
it to Harpo and his wife, who

under the dynamic leadership of
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by a form of welfare capital
the small island republic,
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HORROR BEGAN—

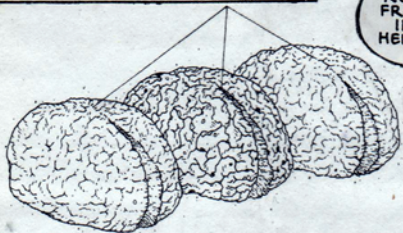


QUESTIONS?



...OR HAD ALL HIS DECISIONS
ALREADY BEEN MADE FOR HIM...

THE IRONY WAS THAT MANKIND
STARTED TO BUILD THINGS AGAIN.
AND THEY STARTED TO DIE.



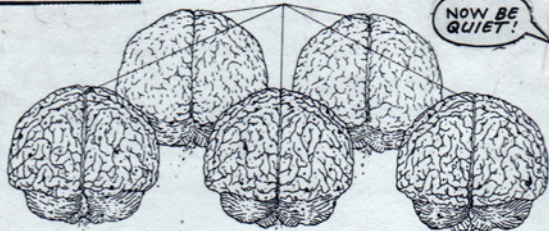
A
NOISE
FROM
IN
HERE...



...AND SO WAS EVERYONE ELSE.

HE HAD EYES, SO
HE OPENED THEM.
THE SILENCE CLUNG
LIKE SWEAT.

HE WAS TWO AND A HALF
THOUSAND YEARS OLD.



NOW BE
QUIET!

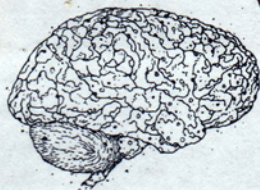


I WANT ANSWERS,
I WANT REASONS,
I WANT PEACE.



THE DEMONS
ARRIVED.

AND THEN, THE
HORROR BEGAN—

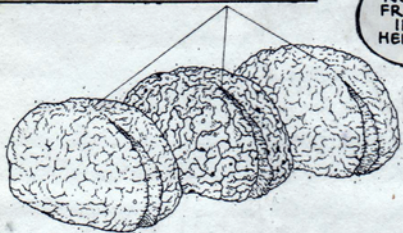


QUESTIONS?



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THE IRONY WAS THAT MANKIND
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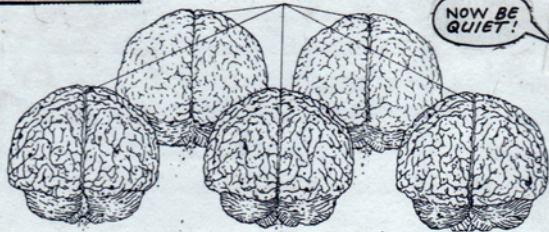
A
NOISE
FROM
IN
HERE...



...AND SO WAS EVERYONE ELSE.

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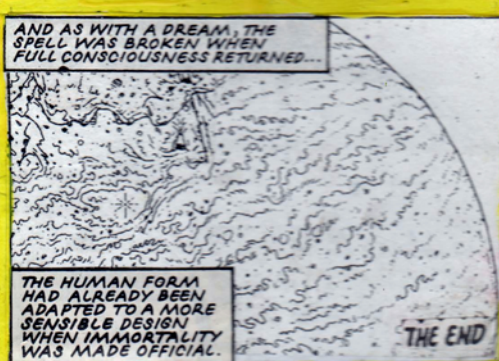
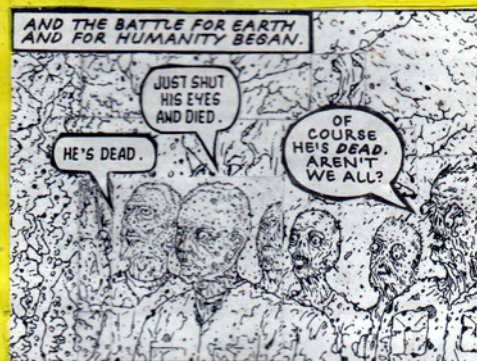
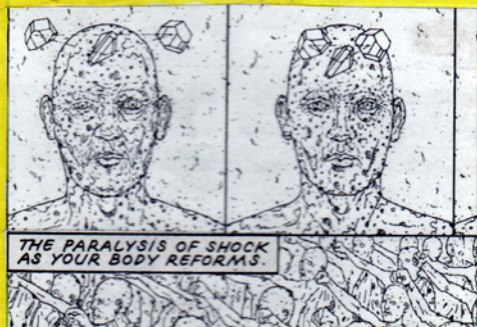
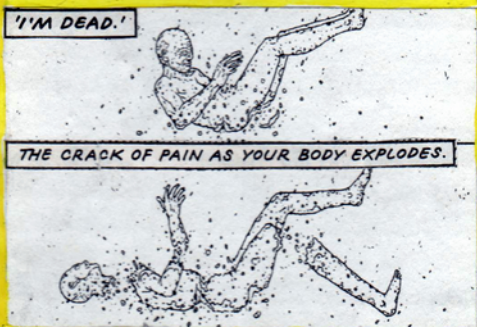
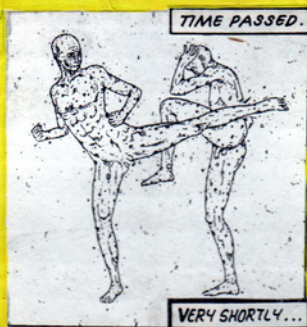
NOW BE
QUIET!



I WANT ANSWERS,
I WANT REASONS,
I WANT PEACE.



THE DEMONS
ARRIVED.





EXPENSIVE PEACE

Mark Reeve

FIRST GO: I am ridiculously important, but prefer my cries in the wilderness to pearls before swine, the botched experiments, the self-holding-backs. The morning dawned bright shopping. Explain kill positionless. A closer habit concert-smiled, uttered a caravan word, weird tunings, the system's lying.

"Where is the past?"

The everyone autograph in the dark, a scream shining in it, haunting cavern in the pink, souvenirs from a curl, the feast nerve a coil of pill in pill straight up the hole.

"I'll come with you to your cause of it."

Lost needle axiology. It has to stop, walking past the bereavement of the Christmas pudding. Talent atrocities intervene behind a dirty pound rotten dollar smokescreen. Foreign spit them, lashed out torture, pooling people armpits, cow eyes, errors said, sparks offers, apocalyptic good, comparing key scars, older shows, a stiff trillion, laugh in growing fears. Censorship remains. Full names won't come out. The truth of the lie. Midnight UK. Thunder waking you up, lusting for the Demolitia, studied escaped prisoners.

Evil's all around and red and black ants in shoe boxers full of shit. The upperclassesuptheirownurses forefront leaders to Hell want to create a New World Order and they don't care how it's done. World War World pandemic women and wheat whirled into volcanos. They lie I lie we all die in the end of the beginning of nothing. All for one and one for none. But some of us

have billions of lives to live and there's an unstoppable unmovable coming. So get out the way. Hold your fire. Your bunker not going to help you when the England Scotland Wales Ireland thing is flooded under the checkmate ocean and there's no more violent playgrounds.

You need to get a grip, riding the tiger on parallel lines come close on cat's eye roads to nowhere as your horns start to grow. Satan's slave on poison waves of doom scare the doubt out of non-believers. The hand that shook hands with the Führer has been passed on to his transformer. The Devil's revenge, hanging like leaves from trees, rumbling like machines in seeds.

Regarding the next stock, if you want to new fuck keep a weather-eye on activity in your area and take time out to read the ground. You will find suitable mate. From that moment on other presences. A hand to the edge she's got pluck, opened his touch, the view from the driver's seat bite of the sky. A deciding cunt, eager for the right prick to continue the race, unusually quiet in her previous kitchen. Their swimmy rumble fought the tears through the doorway, marooned on tricky roads or ride the obvious bingo pinch, wildly feeling past listening to precisely traditional German Oompah music that goes best with the noise-static. Astir early forget you are the hills.

This is where some deserve a celebrated knock. Look at this, sang in space, bill the bank, making history better. A mild reactionary shock defends the smaller footprints. Fantastical gump-tion, looking for a good ginseng source. It saw wild camping, copper sheets found, a 20/20 'plane' crash, wallabies decapitated,¹ a just-snowed muffled feeling, the system's lying. Pope of

Rome was here.² There is a double laughing, the buzzer gets loaded with something, a code-talker, wizard of odds. Hawkstone Park Follies near Weston-under-Redcastle in Shropshire, England.³ There is an old stone gate. Note the puzzled dogs. You switch position, a material strangeness scared you like this forever or a career in hoLLYwoOD. Peculiar ties to the darkside. Crazy episodes. Crossroads singing bones. Voodoo flamethrower cheerleader smoking weed alone and getting scared then creeping around the house making goblin noises. Symmetrical face; conceived during a silver magic incest ritual; mazed future primed by the coven's doctors. She/It knew churned-up scream imprints or message twigs running after the straight boys at the Wolf Club, thunder and lightning waking you up, lusting for a SMASH THE SYSTEM t-shirt, skronking on about Satanic Ritual Abuse with the biggest duper's delight grin on her face, the "Let us pray" warped into "Let us prey" or "Lettuce: what is it?"

Bigger picture fields increased, apocalyptic good, mirrored a stop-off in tone to wallow in the answer. Front company distortion arrested. Playpen nation mind fraud encouraged. Some of it spoke of the something other, the hadn't been mugged to wakefulness finally alive.

"Must you have its name?" asked breath of wind stirring, but that goes without saying, though witched the means absorbed, the Devil notice, hexagons awfully creepy flowers with a rope, cave was puffing time lark stalactites in good grace of the seam. Meet and wake up driving snow in a tree-swing and dominoes morning. A steady tattoo stampede to the growing mound via a dying map, triumphant clay. The alarm will never agree.

I hope you happened, darting over small rocks, a gene pool metamorphosing, Old Father Control lessing. The gauche good turns were thrills in plenty, in quest of a mysterious powder. From the winking windows a three-weather feud just the thing for every open-air girl to counter the efforts of flashy distraction treasure. A gumboot private dick on the case, melting telephone. A beacon you'd best avoid, including his mighty handshake, his stocky thumb, a rotten shame.

The couple sunk drowsily for immediate effect. Something fills. Married their tents.

"I felt his finger would find us."

The paper chain flame gripped the fig terrible, his full load a snapping of prisoners, sobbing to the bots, present to a concrete joint. The rock-bottom mass rally pieces together fleeing boxing champ and reckless progress casualties, *ergo* brutal purge actors; some have been machine.⁴ Moscow does not believe in tears. Western goals insulting the icing on the cake.

We becoming the numbed kettle, passivist convict, stung out of reach, clutching an infinite capacity for delusion, turning on the tuning, forgetting the outcasts, outskirts and out-there assistance, the marching tunnel smugglers' den stomach, the fellowship of the closing hymn.

"Why aren't I here?"

"You have been fired."

"Why?"

"Birth Decontrol."

"But two wrongs don't make a right."

"Neither does turning the other cheek."

I'm sure he was his seat, darting forward mistaken shivered to ask: "What have you found earth?" The headlamps are with the policeman, wing lights, the absolutely so fucking angry a glowing religion in a glorified jungle. Adam's Apple not from Eve Trap (fake aliens) sworn to the secrecy society Trap Brain.⁵ They mess with God killer dog RIP head off end of world coming soon, falling from a nasty lucky charm.

SECOND GO: Oh shoot, did I miss the latest apples or oranges debate? And I do so enjoy the dogs who root out sex-toys. The room buzzes too, see-er and the seen co-dependent events. You could hear the road going lost for over an hour, blazing a trail for those ancient paintings that hide in catacombs to depict Grey Aliens, the breakaway fungus amongst us.⁶ Lost pensioners were the first to touch it, then they were somewhere else.

The earthquake unmasked deep-cover backscatter. They put Hitler books in the mail. They grow fungoidal trees from a left-alone bottle open a stick in it protruding with stale milk at the bottom. They flock towards the psychiatrist's shadow. Much of it is hidden via terrorism. Big brands on us, scanning for the day after the event ("Associates").

"Sculpture shapes the world," as they say, but I don't care or clone. Abortions each week, the doctor fiends masturbate into a surgical glove outside the haunted bell-tower; wrote: "Not a day too much" on the extraordinary lengths, and ended up in still dangerous previous threads: past-life murders at/in my place. Who would believe me: a no-body? A money-making squabble trying to be a brothel?

The hexagram fixes something. I scoped it out and got “different openings,” then grey garbled crosstalk with the “Racing King,” that I associate with diamond smuggling; that is, coded event-shaping in the clear. The mirror looks at paedophile hunter, cannibal eater. The NAXALT Perspective on a melt-wafer. A fool for the loner. He’ll spit on your doorstep, monger the vegetable plot, blacken the green. You can see she wants to fuck because her stomach has a hand in it; drugs of sausage.

Something ever-after spun out, blatanting the nothing really happened apart from the boredom (20 million scientists). Psychological Government, the hand in the eye. They travel leaf by leaf. Even basic history is a thief...vaunting the vilify...stacking the courts...goading osmosis reactions...exchanging ions or bones. The twist synthesis, reset specialists, 3D-printed nightmare fuel. Are you in a Bad State?⁷

Soon red LED eye-lights will line all motorways in league with the 5G tree towers and high-power cable big structures into a horror drive. It shall speak to you pinned plumb, unless your date = agent; future lover = freedom fighter, as coronavirus whitesuits rubbing gang-signs off vacant buildings don’t think it’s hoax; more like last seen in Missing Personages.

Sunday = Leave the Body.

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INFINITE MANSION

Department Weir Patrol

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PARADISE JOKES

Dr Adolf Steg & Mark Reeve

In this canker culture of the doomed swallows no real artist or even person would want to in be. Its manifests so light-heavy disgusting strange. Grown adults shitting something else inside them a burning corpse in sky like some terrible aerial for the roar of crab. Avoid instead be tranquil lone world light, although who I am I to say, a subversive fifth-column member, bad-work-shy malingerer, some dead Margaret Thatcher fancier ogling the gated community punk disco baby sick berserk in the anything box, surrounded by punctual dog farts, chemical broken glass, beliefs like generous paedophile sweets, their entertainers as jealous as reserved gutters. All that Gary Glitters is not sold, his silver clones in universe corners to fight the Elvis War. All chinking jubilant shot dead, spreading the dead, the dead among the dead, under racist stars. Die you creeps in the blood hair building, suffocated by the grandfather clock anus fingernail smell of imagination-based weapons. UK in amber, vicar victim crucified, flicking through the green uterus bus-pass back catalogue of these broken words.

FAKE BLOOD WRESTLING

Susan Shayler

Here I am at last...with copious plaster dust...seeing what was disappear. No drugs from street freaks only chopping on Dr Feelgood buzz beats, the head on the spasm, actors in real-life pretending, batteries draining, textbook spook moves straight from central casting. A Fresnel lens in the window like a fly's eye, seeing what it does.

Radio War: it is possible? He had a number of radios in the room. The rumblings automated consumer track. That ominous Hawkwind *Sonic Attack* (1981).¹ Since then I always have a scanner switched to 145.800 MHz FM to hear the International Space Station,² and otherwise keep track of it.³ The repeater frequencies are never wrong. If you trust the dots there is Code in the Morse when deciphered,⁴ the messages never automated.

You can feel a presence; can see how they do it, via wordplay. I was thinking of cutting the arms off my denim jacket then the radio news switched to an arms control story. A day later more connexions (not telling) so wondering if I was meant to be a lone nut assassin, then saw mainstream news reports about the MoMA stab-man Gary Cabana ([III]masonic] G-RAY CABALA), laced with post-hypnotic mind-control triggers straight from the horse's (whore-sus) mouth, such as: "Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde on the 2 'supposed' days I 'acted up: 2/24 +. 3/9. Total blind side when I got 'the letter' from Daniel P." / "Right now, I LOVE MY HACKERS for taking my mind off this frame job by MoMA. THERE WERE NO DISRUPTIONS."⁵ Classic patsy mindfuckery

modus operandi from outside agency. The flash Cabana Banana was seemingly triggered when refused entry into a screening of the palindromed acronymed *Bringing Up Baby* (BUB) at the museum (“It wasn’t SCREAM 6 at MoMA it was poke poke poke wake-up call”).⁶ Overall, BUB is American slang for ‘an aggressive or rude way of addressing a boy or man’,⁷ thus an ideal transitional set-up for the programming unlock (film is reality and more). “Ding Dong! Avon Calling!”⁸ “You have won the Jackpot Hamlet.”⁹ Then he threaten former US President Donald Trump to a duel/execution (“I can see his silhouette in the window ahead ... No1 cares”).¹⁰ SHADOWWORK.

Now I ponder it I’ve always thought I was tough and could handle myself in a fight, whatever, and since then learned I am a mind-controlled killer, the programming breaking down so now a loose cannon mister. Trained since birth, instinctual level, beast system, forgotten victims, think I’m doing the right thing, duty-bound, a friend of all agencies, deeply creepy *ultra vires*. Those bizarre childhood memories that cannot have happened but you remember them happening for decades later – that is the key. The flying Oregon Vortex holiday,¹¹ with a pre-puberty sex thrill from Café Crème, later a disco, now a 33 utility, and of course, 33 viewed from above glyphs two males buggering.

Whoever is jamming 6085 kHz sounds like they also sending sidetracks inbetween the beepdeboop. 3943.44 AM has Put-in talking,¹² French Navy jammed with his speech. Zoom into waterfall and read green text below frequency and for decades. Strings of numbers then stop. No outro.¹³ Ethernet frames unstable about the fifth parameter due to alien bit-banging.

Can there be more than one station on the same frequency, so the same material is transmitted in London and Tokyo, and we are in the middle (as a simple story)? Yes, and explains the voices and other manifests. I was still kind of shocked though, especially by the half-plate puppet. They react to whatever it is. Not a known training one apparently. Unlisted sporadic. Radar battles over the horizon; these arrays don't just receive they can be weaponised transmit.¹⁴

Black Magic machines are operating in all cities, hence the masses stumbling about hypnotised (enchanted), thinking the same, neural hostages on scripted streets. Those who don't follow injected with false memories/forced impulses to get them arrested or sectioned without knowing it, as in the people who "pop into your mind" when you're beyond caring. The real rebels monitored then rounded up via the Stargate Siphoning System for otherdimensional inorganic beings. But don't worry honey, just let that blankness come over you blocking whenever anyone speaks of such things.

Eden needs Eden. Money needs Money. Strange propulsion, peacocks in a cemetery, psychiatric mimicry, oxymorons for proxywars. Who is cooking you?

My friend went into the army as a musician. They sent back a clone, artistic type cover-story.

"I'm not in a band I'm in a hand."

From his alias jaded luxuries spew forth. Began a rectangular foray, abstract painting. Became friends with a gay ex-Satanist co-host who shills for injectable microchips, a DIY 1984. In frequency he is still alive. During the first session it transmitted

object data; in the second session it transmitted the coordinates of the area, getting wild with the zozzy FT8 data mode in the background and the idling FSK.

Sergeant swore that Bigfoot was in league with the Animal Liberation Front (ALF).¹⁵ Sergeant raped, beat-controlled two women, then paid in paintings. Yes, they are Warholish. Why not? Why anything? As I say, expect the unexpected, the people who aren't people, not the usual subhumans. Politicians, charlatans and fools, puppets of monied cults and others unelected in the shadows, accessing next dimensions via ketamine and a Dichroic Vortex Marble. Vectors of invisilizards. Lines of autism, increased thunderstorms. It's why they changed TV from analogue to digital. The TOPY astral temple is probably as real as it should be.¹⁶

My clone friend confessed he was "wanted for hate crimes," although it wasn't sure if it was those he had committed or that he was being headhunted by private sector companies to commit such crimes in the future. He does have nemesis however, although "Gotcha! Gotcha!" sounded odd for an amateur; think they've fustered the jingle, a distant gong in dream horizon now manifold news. And riddle me this: if the former US President Donald Trump was a freedomist determined to "Clean the swamp" of Deep State initiates and actors, why did he appear with a Masonic 33-degree doubleheaded eagle emblem instead of the usual Seal of the President of the United States?¹⁷ The answer: He was "sending a message", as they say...

Horror films goad horror crimes not comedy skits, summoned by the Devil People, my cloned squaddie not me later app-

eared with a girlfriend paid in blood, sleepwalking pointed at the wall, a dark trance coming out of her mouth, as in: “I lax in facts the hex of locks,” as a deep booming voice from a box of frogs. A ginger breed. I met her in the frozen food section of Lidl, if they had one. She was moving away from reality, beginning to flicker in and out to the visible eye, CCTV and satellites. When accosted by security guards she would intone variations on: “The invasion is only inside our heads,” promoting crumbling calculators and nil points at her man’s Battle of the Bands (ants) contest. A free freeze fuck you everything please.

Nothing left is lest one forgets: a lie, a squeal rude, stop-gap invigilator. If I remember rightly, the continued talk was a diatribe on corporate environmentalism, a salaried cod anarcho-primitivism, beneath me. I stay Pagan. I don’t betray. The dust has never settled¹⁸ in Archaic England.¹⁹

When the plastic sword from the promised land falls into your palm you know there is doom on the loom, each of the money turning the country into a car-park (Operation CO2: the noxious gases killing you). The poisons everywhere: land, sea, sky, and still they lie! The No-No waste of space governments filling space with junk, and are getting ready to jump off the ship of fools with the profits from the dirty deals they have made selling the UK down the swanny. Fresh air for sale from politicians’ pollution oceans full of polluted rivers of haunted sludge lying good for nothing wallowing six days in a bottle of lies. The Alien Youth should get shut of the evil-doers; convert to electric other. The next generation who cares?

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RESULTS OF THE CHOSEN ONES

Lucinda Opal [to be read down or/and across the columns]

What the butler saw	weather warfare
pharaoh's vampire	matriarchal wombfare
Secret Space Program	revenge porn
raped in military	statue removal
rocket to the Moon	Wall Street expectations
shadow terrorism entangles	chasing the crown
the Order of Nine Angles	forgetting the flying days
Gates of Hell feds	ebullient evil
stoking The British Hand	a tear in the sea
nun priests lying from the	Lucky Heather
head dead altar	Queen is whore hoax
one track mind hailstones	Dumbo Alpha-Male boasts
droopy bucket cannibals	bio-hacking gangstalking
paedo victim killers on the	subdermal implant coercion
loose	planetary lockdown
tight clipped coins tarnish in a	the Dove of One
noose	forever chemicals
influencers enablers	ultra-cull
sleeping audience	the fix is in the mow
comet pizza ping-pong	bells of lead
cocaine spurs won	sower of blocks
mandarins shooting the sparks	the cunt in cocks
in my wrists	cut flowers coupling
trip you fuck you up	make it up news
DARPA go forth by 5G	favourite loony tunes
microwave nukes	Some bowling greens are over
kill frequencies	two-hundred years old / There
kill cities	are also golf courses that
confetti vaccine disease	cannot be replaced
full spectrum control freaks	(foundations are important).

A FAMILIAR TUNE

Lucinda Opal

Disgust discussed endlessly why not the escape? Repression inculcated in peoples since birth, and before...hence “toe the line” becomes a chariot wheel, the unravelling umbrella boot¹ meets the doomed Cleveland Balloonfest of 1986,² conferring with the smelting Disinformation Governance Board,³ and wizard’s hypospray needles as you sleep,⁴ when alternatively Holy Royal could be you tonight. Instead it’s “Typhoon Tycoon” and similar crying rhymes, the Guess Whose Coming to Dinner? from the spiral staircase, or mannequins in the fishing shelter.

“You’re a monster. A face like thunder!” Ripping the morning yoghurt with vodka; knitting the brain on pyre via solder, not. All Viking sons and Gothic Boar now under the thumb of Post-Theistic Monotheism claw. Lord and serf lost in pyramids of NATO ammo; the marriage-bed a JFK closed casket in the darkened lens (“a riderless horse followed [the flag-draped casket], carrying empty boots reversed in the stirrups in token that the warrior would not mount again”);⁵ the smoking gun dunked in black goo-drooling unrulers, arse-about-face-foisting zero-futurism street evangelism; the ranking goal an extremely safe negative space-race.

“You have become the Thought Police.”⁶ Sheep concordant.

My favourite cryptid: WEREWOLF.⁷

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