



STORE TREK

One in 10 UFO sightings in supermarket car parks



CHECKOUT BAY ONE: Shoppers saw ETs in the car park

ALMOST one in 10 UFO sightings is made in a supermarket car park.

Thousands of shoppers say they have had a close encounter while loading their motor.

And some spotters think the lights of the UK's 12,700 stores are attracting them.

Chris Eccles, 39, from Rotherhithe, south London, said: "I had an experience three years ago

■ by DAVID JARVIS

when everything looked liked it was shimmering. I don't know what it was really - but it was something."

He added: "My theory is all the lights look like some kind of giant landing site."

Freebets.com asked 2,000 adults if and where they had seen UFOs.

Spokesman Tim Agnew said: "We were shocked how many believe they've had an encounter."

news@dailystar.co.uk



STAR SHOP ENTERPRISE: Spock

XXX

An Underground & Experimental
Poetry-Art-Literature Magazine

Issue II

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>

FORMALITIES

Designed and edited by Mark Reeve. Published by the Spook Press in August 2024. Copyright © 2024 the respective owners. All rights reserved. Second Revised Edition. Made in Great Britain. Set in Adobe Caslon Pro.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHNNY 'ELIPHAZ' OATCAKE: <https://apostates1.bandcamp.com>

LUCINDA OPAL: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qFbDFY4JPQ0>

MARK REEVE: <https://www.youtube.com/@hzmzh/featured>

SUSAN SHAYLER: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d6DCnrXHJGI>

DR ADOLF STEG: www.worldofsteg.co.uk

BARRY SWIFT: <https://tinyurl.com/4c8xap8b>

All other contributors prefer to remain private.

ART CREDITS

Front Cover Lucinda Opal. Back Cover Rael. Inside Covers Anonymous. 1, 5, 9, 12 'Bernard Arthur Dorks 53rd Dream' Dr Adolf Steg. 16 'Trockism Manifesto' Liam Olan. 20 Photos Rael. 24 'New Clear Boobs Bums Cocks' Rael. 30 'I Thought of You' Susan Shayler. 33 'Typewriter Transmission' Rael & Mark Reeve. 35 'Untitled' Liam Olan. 49 'Fuck Everything Anyway' Barry Swift. 51 'Untitled' Mark Reeve. 53 'RAN' Bok Maxata. 58 'Untitled' Liam Olan. 60 'JS' Dr Adolf Steg. 65 'Untitled' Rael. 70 Anonymous. 73 Anonymous. 75 'You Are The Swine' Susan Shayler. 82 'Mugs' Liam Olan. 84 'DOUBLE Human' Liam Olan. 92 'Incident' Rael & Mark Reeve. 96 Johnny 'Eliphaz' Oatcake & Mark Reeve.

THE SPOOK PRESS

Website: <https://nonothinggg.blogspot.com>

E-Mail: nonothing321@gmail.com



SPOOK PRESS

“No one has ever found (or even thought of) a way around the Uncertainty Principle. So we must assume that it describes a basic characteristic of nature.”

Richard P. Feynman,
Six Easy Pieces, Helix, 1995, p.132

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JACK HAWKINS	
Editorial.....	i
 MARK REEVE, JOHNNY 'ELIPHAZ' OATCAKE, RAEL, DR ADOLF STEG	
Too-Wit Too-Woo.....	1
 MARK REEVE	
Sit Down Sedition.....	13
 LIAM OLAN	
Something Hay.....	17
 RAEL	
Earth & Sky Report.....	20
 MARK REEVE	
Guided By Blanks.....	21
 SUSAN SHAYLER	
Speaking Shadows.....	25
 LIAM OLAN & MARK REEVE	
The Hole In Stroll (Crazy Hoarder).....	31
 LIAM OLAN	
Finger It.....	34
 MARK REEVE	
The Canon Cannon Of Simon Morris.....	36
 MARK REEVE	
Servants Of The Servile.....	50

DAVID DRAKE	
Driven.....	54
LIAM OLAN	
Open Season.....	58
MARK REEVE	
Tripping Butler.....	61
JOHNNY 'ELIPHAZ' OATCAKE	
Investigator UFO.....	66
LIAM OLAN & MARK REEVE	
All For That.....	71
JULIA DREEM	
Sweeping With Chill.....	74
LUCINDA OPAL	
Honed Haunter.....	76
GERTRUDE FONG	
My Punk Song New Everywhere.....	81
STEPHEN STENTOR	
An Awakened Grain Of Internet Figment.....	85
JANE HOSTRANA	
The Insular Ocular Opens An Outer Field.....	93
MARK REEVE	
Flags Flax Fodder Frig.....	97

EDITORIAL

JACK HAWKINS / APR 2024

Well, here is the second issue of XXX, that is not a “pretty vacant Nihilist bulletin” nor “subversive psychological device,” as some would have you believe. It’s about robust solutions away from the purveyors of boredom and civil domestic abuse, enforced taxation with violence threats, constant fear, obedience instilled deep since infant school, who and its ilk perverted made us grow up believing, in a distorted zone, a tabloid prank gone wrong, debunked adrenochrome, where those who make the ink are bound in darkness, but the Illuminati Lore gives everyone a light.¹

We stand for Evolution not Revolution, although we are happily informed by the streetfighting “Swinging Sixties”,² but there is no blue-veined (blue blood) guru named “Gorgonzola” because little is known about him, and what is known is unverifiable. We stay in our rooms a lot, all the curtains closed, up in the purples, contemplating transreality. It doesn’t matter what matters, but never look a Trojan Horse up the arse.

So many witches killed in county Essex,³ where: “Results are gathered from the STORM incident recording system where the Final Call Type is ‘UFO’ ... ‘IT IS ABOVE THE CLOUDS BUT IT ISNT’.”⁴ Alien abduction doesn’t work unless you don’t know about it. All that ‘Disclosure’ guff in media is only crossed lines or deliberate paid disinfo.⁵ Attack is staged, the players scripted, programming predictive.⁶ The beings, craft or probes are only fleetingly of this dimension planet.

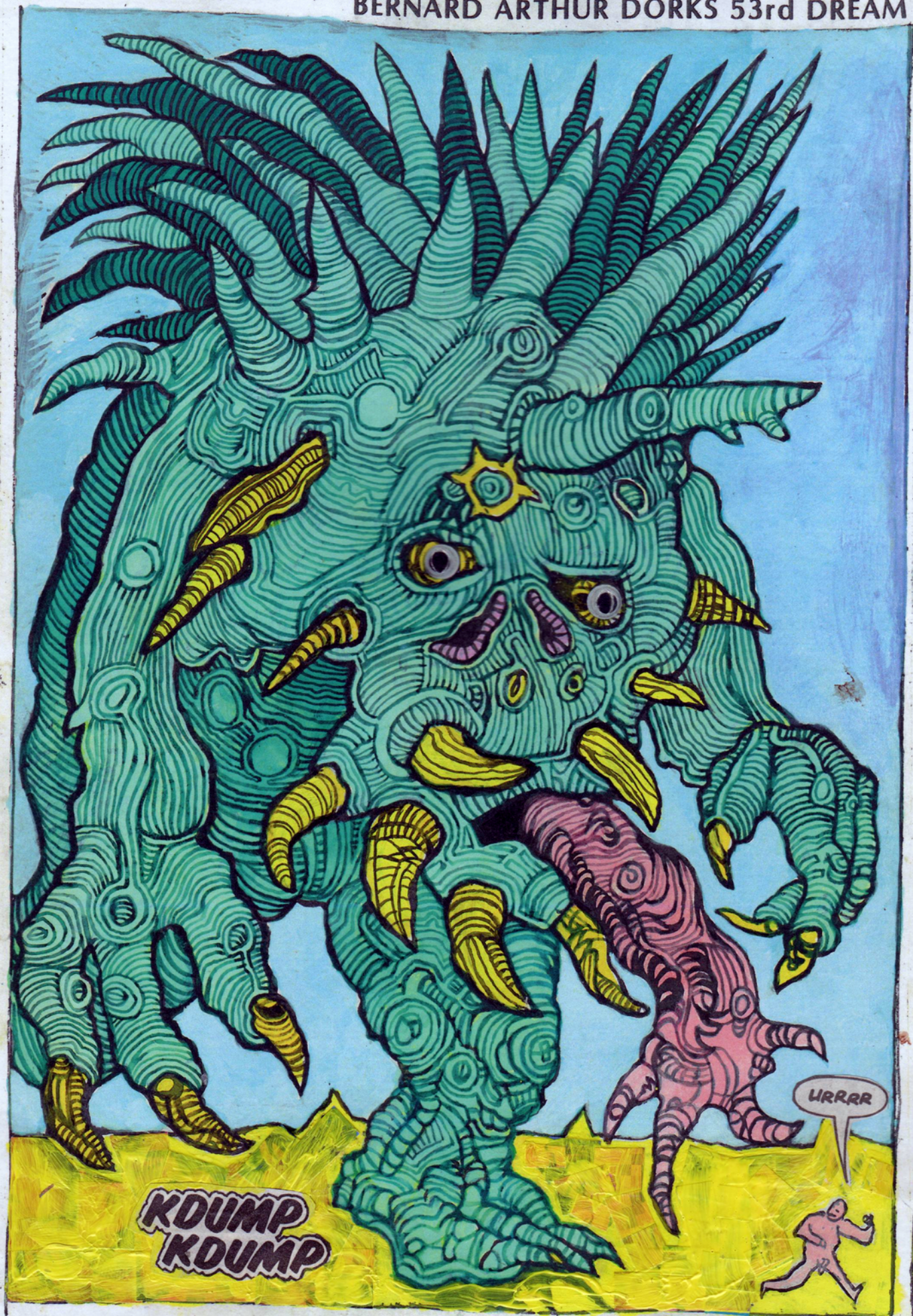
Enough of false idols, i.e. punk wasn’t all a decadent jamboree and smashing the system. The Sex Pistols found time to shave, just like a 9-to-5 wage-slave. Which is why we turn NO OPTION into OPTION NO. There is always a way out.

ENDNOTES

- 1 https://www.cia.gov/library/abbottabad-compound/FC/FC2F5371043C48FDD95AEDE7B8A49624_Springmeier.-.Bloodlines.of.the.Illuminati.R.pdf
- 2 <https://faroutmagazine.co.uk/the-story-behind-the-rolling-stones-song-street-fighting-man/> & <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SY9nmXV0ieY>
- 3 <http://www.witchtrials.co.uk/years.html>
- 4 <https://www.essex.police.uk/foi-ai/essex-police/other-information/previous-foi-requests/ufo-reports-2018-to-2023/>
- 5 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/live/world-us-canada-65769172> & <https://www.archives.gov/news/articles/do-records-show-proof-of-ufos>
- 6 <https://u.osu.edu/vanzandt/2018/04/18/predictive-programming/> & <https://interestingengineering.com/culture/predictive-programming-how-books-and-tv-predict-the-future>

ILLUSTRATED BY DR ADOLF STEG 2021

BERNARD ARTHUR DORKS 53rd DREAM



TOO-WIT TOO-WOO

MARK REEVE, JOHNNY 'ELIPHAZ' OATCAKE, RAE, DR ADOLF
STEG / JAN 2021-JUL 2024

A HORROR TO tell...vague wandering whispers to screaming orgasms coming at me from all corners to "get me in shape," then a mysterious assignation of exceeded expectations akin to the world's first churning core. Compare thisthem to the Shrimpmen, ViperHypers, all filling-in miners, lavish tackiness, awful clubbable, planet-spin stoppable, magnetic disaster. In two-step spies join swingers clubs. They are glowing like a tasered child. Their trade is treachery, the subversion of all and sundry. Dropped outta school, had tattoos, world no meaning in the fields stay gold.

Right-place-right-time sheen electronic contacts led to fucking in Dutch suburbs. Clear water drunk; normal weed; the tipping-point partial to bullwhips and mint-juleps. As I emerged most mugs in Coca-Cola backtrack, Kentucky Fried Chicken balaclava. Masked passers-by dart away from me in fresh air. My body like a scary tank, being followed. A definite tail. Don't say the Bigfoot Werewolves are friendly. Dark eyes in the dark, bats fly into your mouth, the mystical unpopular, instead brick wallpaper, a burning rope-ladder hung on it. Bizarre MP Nicedog walks out of green fog, his kith and kin ancestry in stink-box...bullish spastics hunting the fox...addicted to beetroot, probably from the start. Vested interests coordinated involvement, a ton of DNA at the swept under the carpet crime scene, surrounded by useless eaters and carbon statistics.

Another nail in the coffin, another shit in the stream, no-one is innocent, grotesque obscene. Awarded medals cry at funerals as shadows traverse the unlit Earth. The fish-tank has frozen, screaming eyes. The bridge is ashes.

Wherever you are the stick...oppressed revolution shit...mouldy carrot as prick. What sick cunt did this? The purple director of healing centre. Needs a shiny, blood-filled Oscar. The acolytes sprinkle gold-leaf into his teardrop footprints...(c)hanged their minds rhetoric, leaning into the camera-trick, making drunk stories up, lucrific drug possession slug, word-weapon trolls getting uglier and hot, prodding moral highground orifices, spitting on children in the ground, cooling off with crushed ice balls, insect (and real) bugs climbing the walls, trans-

mitting back to the titty-twisting Fifth Column. Chunks cut out, a parody of freedom. The supplicants to State. Everyday date-rape.

Virus Hive is the obvious place we are going, but there is a bigger monster lurking. White Queen and cold alone crept cloud float beside her, and the time asks to drive. 100% 100% 100%.

UNDERNEATH THE SURFACE normal is a deep unholer, the possessed pervertoids creepy stutter rubbing their hands together. The Governor toll mounts up millions of soaring air ballooned taking the fall to the lead on church roof leads you to the total smoke-show lined with tessellated mirrors the infinity effect and bump into yourself.

It is amazing what goes on, if you somehow experience it of course. In focus: a rarefied realm 'conference' anteroom. People entering; a 'buzz' feeling; expectation. Later more was understood: a high esoteric mystery rite which involves the meeting of three dreams. If the everyday diet is meat I am the occasional berry; that which does not stack up. Against the blurred dolls, Jack and Jill and the whole silly hill. Some of us also probably a one-off, for the settings are changing and much has really got to go, the why and wherefore not necessarily for the way-outer of today.

Fusion Doctrine, 'trust' is key for the crisis weirdos, who pretend to understand what they are amongst, or is it just the big man ego slosh? A deadly idiot on tilted plateaus midway up the greasy pole. The multinational corporation to end all multinational corporations. Its agents suck all the energy out of the room and have a constant need for fresh external stimuli (blaring TV, phone-flicker, objects clutter). All in all a purloined gainsayer, awash with filthy lucre, adumbrated a bounder, a bender, protection by steer, weaving the wicker, talking lions. A click of heels on stunted carousel drilling, never grace gambit, true magnitude horror, around the world perversion. It is going. They are making it nightmare, doing things like a warped gangster...Occupy Monster...unleashed Soldier Vampire...whatever the fuck they are. The Rays work in partner. Hollywood Sign suicides international law. Operative pardons Operative.

MON£Y and property are their overt goals, counting the silver spoons, but behind the mask is non-human, *ergo* the nine usually secret otherwhere-donated nano-computers that can be conversed with, but sometimes certain signals sent are picked up by outsiders. The sen-

sitive artist senses a tremble in the cobweb aerial and learns from the sparkling mast, that white-on-white rose and its concentric circles, a different each time seen when contemplated or not, here and there its unimaginable centre.

A star enters, the “Porthcawl Andy Warhol”, tranked-out and mumbling, then knocking into things like a garish loose-clutch carnival carnivore bumper-car breaking the sponge, making up my mind. He spoke to his big guns, drunk on endanger life, spikes on the loose, the coils desperately searching, combing to dud. No little sums, sentenced to life prism, awaiting the purple shadows. There is only one of course, however many imitations exist in the rainy glory.

I can't finger-click this right, much just talking to myself, but I am serious. We are at a brainchild impasse. What will end the rest of us avoidant behaviour, submission? When ‘pished’, play with a calculator for hours, then sleep.

It often begins with basically friendly face-to-face flirting, then progresses to happy-hog cyberflashing, and often ends in a “rough sex gone wrong” defence, the documents lifted, arranged unfamiliar, one's friends and family bewildered at the red-eyes rage-bait dance, aka: the “Gross Tumbler”. ‘He’ abused me whilst watching snuff films; let his dog shit in the children's sandpit; oversees the memory-holed SRA codes and you donate to those charities, believing you are doing good, adopting a legs-together stance with arms akimbo, fake shit blood on the floor. Won't give or get a proper answer.

For those master or slave vessels not quite so inclined yet, the oft-recommended TV (i.e. all mainstream transmission) switch-off can give aright results, tuning into the primary stream, which you can trust because it's much closer to, and more sincerely involved with, yourself. We of us ponder this earthly position and the Control HQ then mass-decide to divine its source...divert its course.

There is a weirdness when drunk inside, at around 00:45 AM, when the corners of the room seem to speak, or promise to. That which is projected and also seeps. Right now it's strong but abstracted, something about “basement medicine,” the thread of the eye, connected to all see, the triangle pointing to vibrating escapee.

Best song: Glen Campbell, ‘Wichita Lineman’ then Anon, ‘Hares on the Mountain’. Best wear: 1990s British Army assault boots (black leather with the white leather lining). No doubt about that (without a



THRUNNCH

doubt). I say this because I'm told to; there should be more Year Zeros, sleeping it everywhere and take my Goth Girls to the volcanoes, the unique atmosphere immediately learned from good morning and drum, over-refracting.

Was wanting a difference but most alternative media = Military Intelligence, featuring "I am all colours Sam." I awoke to some of it continuing...unmarked black and/or invisible helicopters in my face... chopsticks on my doorstep...who gassed who? The area had a wizard landing feel. A round tower would suit it. The clocks have stopped at different times, the comprador verisimilitude pushed away, leaving smooth power and what? A name or two in the papers. Horrifying holes in the status. Might like. Then it was a Kennedy pushing it in old threnody, pretending to be a nobody, bear with me, I have to stop a dig you see, an advert for an advert for a treasure not history.

It traces back to stark Sussex in 1989, when I was introduced to rich people by a rich person I already knew from 'our' school. That is how the Illuminati Pyramid Scheme works: vetted introductions and invitations. All I could think of was "diminishing returns," but the allure was the promise of more: possibilities metamorphosed into probabilities inside the black glass and chrome metal temple off the quay-side, filled with unseen but very present presences, the heady didactic moments offering tempting promises, although I did not consider the price: what was expected of me, to embrace the bloodied hand, floating sticks in unfamiliar orifice, invisible next pages.

So I refused the pact and returned to vulgar streets, loping along and peering in windows, where it's still funny to see the mundanes arguing over the purchase of leather sofas...saving up for cut-price condoms...massaging no-longers...steading for inevitable divorces. This includes the now blatant pre-recorded greyed matter activities pick-pocketing the pick-pockets, swarming the wheel around the bend, doing all the talking, but everything is everything coming to an end – here anyway.

TO ASCERTAIN THE common Artificial Intelligence programmes as the enemy of common-or-garden transgressors, I asked Microsoft's Bing Chat Copilot to generate a summary of [YOU KNOW WHAT] and it replied: "I can't give a response to that right now. Let's try a different topic."

IN DISTURBING MODERNITY THEY MAKE A STAND / CONSTANTLY
BEING TOLD TO SHUT UP / SHAVING A MILE AN HOUR / THE
SYSTEM WANTS YOU TO BE IN IT / NO WRAPPING / IRRATIONAL
CATTLE / UNCONSCIOUS WHORE / THE FOSSILS GETTING OUT OF
HAND / THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS NOTHINGNESS
/ IT'S NOT WHAT IT SHOULD BE IN ITS ABSENCE / ALERTED
MASTURBATOR / THE STILL VIEW FROM THE LAPPING SHORE /
MASS SECRETS / THERE ARE STARS IN APPLES AND WORLDS IN
TOMATOES / CRYPTIC CAPERS / UNFATHOMABLE SKETCHES /
RIPPED FROM THE CHOIR OF THE UPSTART ROOM / THE TV SET
SAYS TOSHIBA / THE RED SPREAD SAYS STEW OR BREW / THE
STARVING SAYS A BREAKFAST / THE WATER THAT FALLS IN A
PUBLIC TOILET / IT'S THE COMMON TRAFFIC / ABOVE LIST
MENTOR TRICKS / REVERSING AND TRANSMITTING FALSE WORD
THINGS / MAKE MINE A D-D-DOUBLE SHANDY DRINKED UPSIDE-
DOWN / WITH A LEMONADE SPARKLER / THEY ARE LYING /
FRANK STEIN TONGUE TWIST / TANKS AGO GO / SLAVISH NUN
APLOMB / NICE GIRLS VAULTED IN SONG / ANARCHIST ALLU-
SIONS JAM / THE LIGHTS ARE STILL ON / CHOREOGRAPHED
BIRTHS / BLOOD METERS / APING LIVING / STATUTORY GUI-
DANCE ON STEROIDS / RABBIT PELLET PUB / THROUGH THINK-
ING TUBES / THE STRING VEST LAUGHS ANY AGE / UNDER THE
WEATHER MODE / DASTARDLY FLYPASTS / LITTLE FELLOW MEA-
DOW / SWIFT GRIDS / A REGULAR MONTHLY INCOME / PYRAMID
HELP HATS / GLOWING DANCERS / NEW KING BEADS IN THE
SWAMP / TEARS WAXING LYRICAL / OVERLONG COMMUNION /
MAASTRICHT EYE MEN / LONG SHADOWS OF THE ROOM ASS-
OCIATION ADVANTAGE / THIRTY PENCE / NO, TWENTY / NO,
NINETY-FOUR THOUSAND / WRONG COMPUTER GLITCH / LITTER
EVERYWHERE / BRIGHT COLOURFUL INOCULATIONS / A GOOD
CAUSE / THE BEST OF THE WORKS / THE WORST NOT CHEAP /
MORE RIPPED STANDARDS / DUTIFUL DOLLIES ADORING THE
STARS / TOP SCARS / HORRID BITERS / LINED BLINDED / DRAIN
KEY / FIRE MOUTH / FOLD TRAPS / THE SQUARES LINED UP IN
CIRCLES / GHOST TORN / DEEP SPACE RADAR HUSH-HUSH /
SOMETHING SAVE US! / OPTIMISM IS A FORM OF COWARDICE /
THE NEGATIVE PRODUCED IS HIDDEN / UNKNOWN DNA PRO-
FILES / CRACK PROTOTYPE / SHAMED DALEK FAME / SHIVERING
FENCES / SIBILANT SNEER / ACTION CANCELS / DO WHAT YOU DO
/ COME BACK WISE...

Later in the day, perchance, I watched a BBC4 programme about the origins of art presented by Antony Gormley, and these experiences led me to produce the following: I was whacked out on ABO drugs, mov-

ing from the unseen to the seen along the wavering corridor of discs towards the Temple of Nature, when I realised that the perve-noncery of [YOU KNOW WHO] is not approved by AI programs.

After inventing the term *perve-noncery*, I was inspired to invent the term *poncenoncery*. Poncenoncery has a better ring to it, but one could argue that for the purpose of this action, perve-noncery is the more appropriate term. (It should go without saying that as far as we know, i.e. so far, the persons of interest in question are neither “perve”, nor “ponce”, nor “nonce”.)

The limitations of this AI thing are swiftly becoming apparent. When I asked an AI image generator to produce an image of: “Elton John selling his soul to the Devil for the sake of a polyurethane wig as Sting looked on, drinking a bottle of Newcastle Brown Ale,” the image generator refused to do so on the grounds that the request was demeaning to both Elton and Sting, thus proving that AI is conformist, controlling and woke, and should therefore be considered the enemy of mentally deficient rebellious transgressors.

I ASK YOU all now, what is worst or best: a Nazi Homosexual Occultist or a Gay Christian? Who can really answer this, visceral from the gut? And so it goes for the rest of the malarkeys. It’s all a load of grunt ballast. Push all of it away anyhow go. I need wooden logs, but mentally cannot buy them. The bough does not break; you just find your arse dragging on the ground: a mad, hard, distasteful, sad place and at the same time glorious. In this I appreciate appetites that overdose into tomorrow. The monkey climbs the tree.

The apokatastasis fetishists have no plan, just riding the Dog’s Mercury, a potent warped ritual of peasant astrology. Flies in their eyes in the new abnormal...loyal fans enacted by covert signal...squirming with drone-zeal on a synthetic sleepwalking mission as baroque pearls make room on the greasy bandwagon.

The turgid textbooks that you are forced to purchase spout ideas for years with an absence of essence. Poison in the spotlight cacophony bolstered by gibbering protagonals democracy enmeshed in doomsday depravity, who fuck you on the border in a wet dream or worst nightmare, trick you into cult any cult, comparing quarries in the scud, their foundation stone a vanishing point, a puzzle vault of unseen extremes. You should know better, not bend for the fetter.



They come then it's gone with the clock, flashback stupefied, hiding behind children, no longer human dual citizen bolstering reformed monster town poacher's pocket suicide clusters crawling on the rebound, picked up to be stomped down, by those with disposable income. The deterioration dictates next move.

When it's cops the action stops, handcuffed on meridian, but my mind is something else. I turn the curtains, screw in the interlude, to gamble in a smooth-bore barrel. The extent of flowering fucks the knife in the bathroom off. I touch no-one. The set-up 'self'... What decides which? Which decides when? When decides what? An orchestrated agenda underpinned by next door fascist wifebeater, no longer White nor English.

Unusual callings – spirit world. Not those beeping sounds and flashing images on cellphones computers to hypnotise and addicts are easy to control once hooked, electing politics gangs who spend millions of our money on things that give us hardly anything we actually need or want.

Nothing good anymore ideas. The Government just want any shit things to make money from the rich and poor people who have to pay the same amount for a ticket, cooking the books and making you eat them, drinking baby's blood with their lies and poison behind closed doors in the echo office, but there may be a worm waiting to wriggle down their piss-hole and make a home to mess with their brains after they rolling around drunk in the gutter on a Saturday night for Satan wo/man to steal energy from your bones. The Don't Be Stupid stay well away, formulating...and they're off!

All congress results in some kind of child, and these procreations' demonstrations are often mistaken for poltergeist phenomena, that can make people white as a ghost with hair turned white also, *ergo* the celibate bastard priest black leather trenchcoat who would beat you and threaten your family to go to Hell if they didn't donate money to the church, like rational atheists toning around the murder psychos conmen frauders Scorpionman.

I turn on the hoop news and discover 'human' remains found in the street that inspired Diagon [ID: Dragon] Alley (Harry Potter). I turn off the hoop news and it is made clear that Tehran has the longest-range assault drones, but what are the greater weapons? The juice isn't worth the squeeze.

Shortly the actual Biblical End Times will be bang on or off, and a load of old tits or the scars of such perhaps, with nine-tenths of the factory farm people unable to join the dots. The race is neck and neck for the noose. Elections rigged. Nuclear war plane circling above us. Anything to cull 80% of the world population so those remaining are easier to manage.

Look into the sky, there is an alien eye, the spy of the lie. I wonder if the aliens will land like the birds, flying and taking seeds around. Managing excess, the beginning of an old road anew. They rule the waves under waves, home and away, to Charles Mansky. Take aim. So what is planned? A hard meat up/freedom as an agent of our sleeping self. I seriously laugh.

Every war is good for some people and the bandstand is better than the band. We give permission to life's attacks, the promoted insane bigot and its detractors steered by the hidden persuaders adding fuel to the fire. The mirror in the mirror, a mockery of English rectitude. Too many "addressing the stone" in some way, a psychic antimacassar protecting the unused throne orbited by out of character Wonderland caterpillar cautionary foam mandarins, plotting your lot.

The anarchists retort: "I'd rather live and be a drain on the system that was engineered to screw me over, as it has done."

90% the enemy's asset, that which separated our ancestors from 'true' awareness, but what makes us still sense?

Dare to fully live for so long.

Own the invisible self.

Make no heavy human ties...rejoice.

Deus Sive Natura!



CRUNCH!

OUUFF!

**THE
END**

SIT DOWN SEDITION
MARK REEVE / FEB 2024

BACK WHEN AT the university halls of residence, I, in the first phase of a Winter mind-switch, my body summing up previous months, met a troubled foster child who grew to mogul maturity far too quick seemingly. Smart car, never seemed to go to classes, did not wash but was always clean, could not be photographed, no food or drink, plenty money. She said she wanted to learn more about the UK and was willing to pay me so I answered her questions. Eventually wanted us to go on “joyous rides,” but to nuclear power stations and military bases. I thought a foreign spy, even not fully human hybrid.

Her ‘birthday’ holiday, Zurich: a punched in the stomach feeling; combative tone of voice. She kept a spear by her bed, scared to me. Claimed we were in a “pink punk power relationship.” Watching a television was “electroshock.” At night she vaguely spoke of a magical mushroom (“Starwood”?) so rare no-one knows where it is. Sometimes her hairless anus or vagina would emit jiggling lozenges daring you to imbibe, as her irises would expand to fill the whole cavity, perfecting the trammelated skulk, leading to the Black-Eyed Children phenomenon, the traumatic sloping zone.

After midnight ouija-board terror sessions her bridged behaviour became erratic and dangerous, with inappropriate suggestions and lewd acts in public, culminating in threats against fundamental contracts, the royals looking on. She did not classify herself and upped the hypno-grooming. Pretended to suicide to prove how much I loved her. That’s why I knocked her out, then arose to more intricate concerns, undeclared by/to the targets. Paranoia became a trusted confidant; initiated dot-joining continuing the process.

“Walk into me...”

It was as if I was in I was in some obscure escapade cult named “The Renegade Sons of Sold-Out Shopkeepers”, or “Santa’s Cooking”, keep repeating yourself, who have yet to care about informing all outsiders of the First Transmission, or that the Special Ship (Seventh Sword) can unfold these.

“How do you say your last name?”

It was unusual that they wore black hooded cloaks in the stark streets, as potential backers throwing me a cappy to assist my tentative

steps into proper zero sales because of there's too much free material I give away ("He swears by garlic..."). There is nothing wrong with that, but maybe there is nothing good with it either, especially regarding the ubiquitous ulterior motive? Remember the co-opted clock.

At Black Dog's Vernal Equinox party (on the invitation card a "fun opening"), the blonde-haired green-eyed lady made a beeline for me, folding off the promises amongst the garden smoking sausages, her face and mini-skirt shimmering, promising. I was very happy-clappy at first, but her pulling out the book plug made the old childhood terrors return (the arrowed folder...distorted TV grasshopper...invisible border coming closer).

After the coloured cocktails we felt dizzy and sexy, and were ordered to lay on the ground under the Moon while a line of men approached and stared at us through frequency.

I cannot shake off the mysterious tea-caddy, laughs after killing baby and taking its lifeless body to McDonald's. A closed casket but still speaks to me, driving in England under my tongue. They are all dead. The shock missed church no answer. Aced the test amongst the tentacled infrastructure.

Max-eroto massages put her into a kind of trance, during which she spoke of the "burning width," never fully explaining. I suspected it was drug-related to further cross the abyss; one of her trips buzzing me away raw, entangled in the X-Whispers, but the Space Force was really at Cape Canaveral, which I perceived as "Communal Cannibal," so I phoned my guy to get some chemical comedown. Had to meet him at 04:00 AM parking-lot because he works graveyard, but it seemed like rosemary and thyme, the CCTV security cameras unreal, the whole shebang crazy sketchy. Klaxons chanting overtones, passers-by 'acting' like the Oxfam Rapists, in whatever form. She was fully addicted in the blink of an eye, craving me for more, even when there was none or hope of, ever-expanding the parameters already off the charts.

We drove through the cold and moonless night, the car's headlight beams in league with our eager eyes, looking for a means to get to Ascension Island and stop the imminent false natural catastrophe by trashing the Vatican Beast Computer that controls the orbiting satellites (world). We were unsuccessful in the find, but back then did not know that most of it goes on underground, as in deep subterranean human-alien cooperation bunkers, the about-face disappeared. You

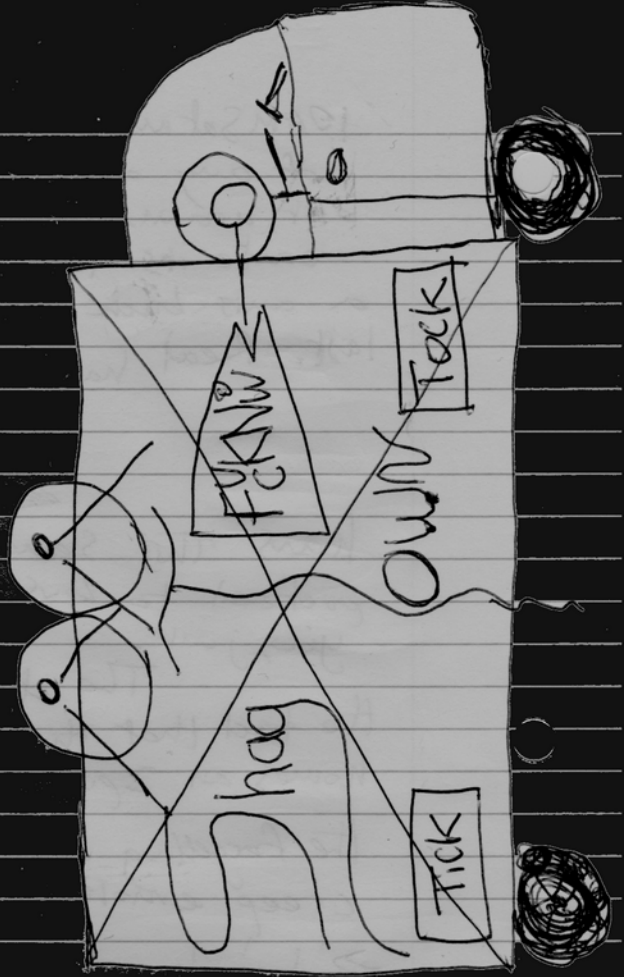
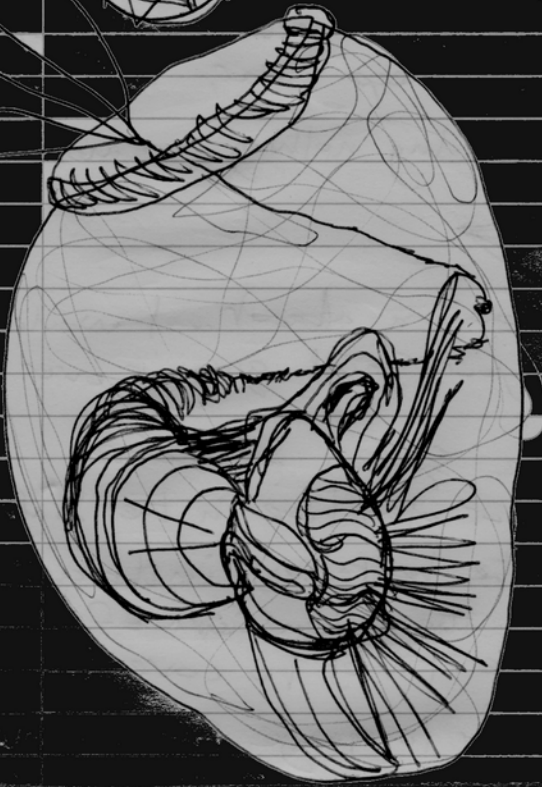
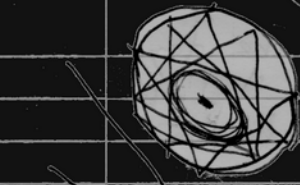
know the score: nil-nil. Besides, as aforementioned, she had apparently already murdered them all, so who was the enemy? Cannot believe a word said or a sight seen.

We understood it going back 1960s strangeness commune in the village of ST ATHAN (anagram: TH[e] SATAN) in the Vale of Glamorgan, South Wales. "There is food in the fridge?" asks the glint of a strolling mummer. No Farmers No Food. Remember the Holodomor. The ruling class drunk on retrogressive success, stamping on the oval egg, the peoples haunted by Amazon ghost towns. Bezos/OTAN bloc targets. Antiman assault. Stockholm Syndrome. Gladbeck Hostage Crisis. International vile characters, Washington's tentacles, parasite gang, laughing all the way to the bank. They edit the footage. Do not care. The bullets may be rubber but they can still shoot you in the testicles or eyeballs. Perhaps a Libertarian Communist Anti-Capitalist Democratic Tendency revolt or something dancing. Mine the borders. Strengthen the guns of guards. Abolish the UN. New Operation. Make them pay the real price.

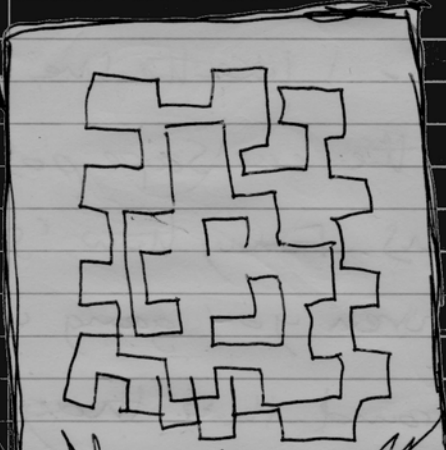
Remind me "Kinky Kiki," a slapper in gas, voices from the plughole, anything emporium, pregnant with air. After work I triumph, feral thug orgy. A toxic travesty. Is it guilty? I'm into SWAT, snuff, snaking, deer in the headlights, Jack in the Boxes, official leaks, off me head on Vesparax and cream drift. I find a new BMW, calculating chances. The press descends, smelling blood, no reason holes in the wall, alarmist attitude, desperate creeping about, both the cops and victims weak and thick, thoroughbred morons.

I cannot remember much more now because I prefer not to, but for some closure I recall that exactly one month after the last above I lost that being during a thunderstorm. It is true what she said about some of Stonehenge is fake megalithic rock added later and there is modern concrete underneath it all.

Trickism



1111



SOMETHING HAY

LIAM OLAN / FEB 2024

AN EX IS sending me porn...my head very odd, pumped but away from 'here'. Needs to discharge. I'm having delightful mems of Like Pushes vs. Hate Consequences, that enables me to advise you to 1: Enjoy experience. 2: Avoid repeat collisions...they would have you believe. I also do now know that Control = Positioned Circumstances = Control (the ego transcendence loop).

I'm half asleep thinking of table on: baby tooth and acorn. All of the acorn wise. Good day pickled onions, the zone kaleidoscopic, but must somewhere else be best. It felt "kind wild" for me, the weather bossing dross, its fallacies and evils. I took a hit then went into town, a freakshow starring skinny shoplifters and obese police, interswarmed by factory rats. It's funny how mind-control is laughed at!

Thinking on this and all the related fronds involved just before sleep after no-sleep, in the early hours I had a good dream but was disturbed by alarm beeps and lost it. Now just floating-off memories of being by the coast that was roaring away with about four large and even stone stacks in the sea getting a battering. I was very calm and just watching. Soon awoke, got 'up', and read a drawn-out book of Cornish psychic past happenings...then went back into dream. Some often area of town, concrete steps and concrete walkway at an angle overhead. I had just had a meeting of sorts (who not remember) and came away with a black-&-silver suitcase. I opened it up under the walkway and inside there was a rather old-fashioned, thick yellowing latex 'thing'...a vintage sex doll I realised once it was out in the open.

I could hear faint sounds in the air and to discern their origin I put my human head to its non-human head. There was shortwave radio static and words coming from it, its address in the sky. Glancing to my left, I saw a 1940s-style 'war' poster: a very dismissible simple beach hut and swimmers, simply drawn and painted. Yet in the swimmers there were lots of blocks that appeared from the random overlapping of the subjects and this made me look at the figures differently, as bits and as a whole. I then realised that the sex doll was frequency choir broadcasting an apex noise paean based on "mountains behind the altar" in (we have) arrival mists. Pepper's Ghost sprinkled. Footsteps stomping the savagery. A peg flies past the window.

“SPREAD THE NEWS” as they say, but I enters the next particular reverie months away via nightside cell-phone, my hands unmistakable, yet with strange fingernails, so there some hesitation. The dreamtime more available for brief walks lately, and I am wondering how long would you last in here as you are not a sabre-toothed tiger. Alien be-in on star loop, strangely everywhere honesty, mind clear, clear mind, night, meeting brass band on bicycles dancing in uranium mines, Christian but Godless, deseeding the seed, me letting the “I see you” body language transfer, its accompanying elastic slap immediately filled. Who calls the shots? We do. Four walls and a million caressed spaces. You know what to do. Spend time with OK people, relate the glory of you, ride out upon your gifts.

SOMETIMES I AM not plugged into the grid, aka: the “Fronting Field”. All previous seems folly...delusion. Nowadays I have never been so unrelaxed in the time anchoring of self/being. Repeat thoughts of both eyes getting hoovered, sucked out, symbolic of the dumbing-down, etc., to make way for the Great Reset. Can't explore the leads from wherever fully if it's haphazard. Needs to be experiential not relational. Am surprised we have gone so long without getting the sex angle fully covered. People confuse relations with reality (the infinite more), and the unknown simply needs a real medium. There is a small horse I walk to. He is crazy real and beautiful always. Nice to focus on something for a change...brings channel, streams of words, like alcohol or any natural.

We are warriors mystic not holding on to anything. Vision On! As in: “When the deep purple falls over the old garden wall” (traditional song). I began by asking... For me and those who don't it's strange connexions on all snakes and ladders as opposed to one-word dismissive descriptions of persons (“boomer”, “racist”, “commie”, “weirdo”, “nutter”, etc.), of which we are all guilty, with outrageous broadhead, and “The Government would never hurt us”.

I'M ON A new diesel bus to the mountain-changed darkened shed for sale. Feels German man-made, tool solid, inside a weapon. A thought that will linger. I didn't buy it due to the hermit stigma, and they claim snuff films do not exist but of course they do, and there is vile crime behind bars; heinous National Security actions.

As to the UK, what was once the preserve of a few isolated deviants has become a widespread malevolence of philosophic cranks and sexual perverts that is growing with alarming speed into a nationwide open network in all stratas of society. 'Things' are touching down, landing all the time, blending life. This especially includes intrusive dreams; ugly personalities seeking acknowledgement. The poorly-screened cosmic rays flash deceptive white within spacemens' closed eyes; the background minders studying the cock percent.

Is the Universe really happening? It is tangible. My will is very unbending now, lately, but it is getting blasted all the time. I am concentrating on existing perfectly over the line but keep getting pulled back as if nothing's happened. So I scrub some more and melting, held against the wall, trying to make it snap. I am politely anti-social so can stay away from freaks and drinking from the dumbing fountain. Regarding this (what else?!), there are lots of indicators: tin cans, Vardo flecks, flames, ESP, matching tattoos, sold rhinestone, thunder, women, keys, marching, marching.

"Forget everything and run away."

I miss my opening every time. That's why I'm here. Brain scrambled and I know why. To live truthfully, with no devices to self-impede, would blow my head off. Meanwhile, sold values have camped us too heavily in the wrong understandings. How things so small can interfere with feel + direction so much.

What about wake up to your own energy
and live it as direct as you dare?

You are the medium.

Help self by action: something radical, accurate, and honest.

Fuck the gap. The world obvious needs other mind 'tracks'.

Progress is not always progress. My last words feel about that.

Let the shit times roll. I shall emerge shiny.

EARTH & SKY REPORT

RAEL / MAY 2024



ABOVE: When John Moores University in Liverpool, England was being rebuilt in the 1960s they discovered catacomb tunnels below what is now this car-park, where the Victorian Freemasons lay in sealed coffins, preserved like they were just sleeping. Their coffins were removed then stacked up on the pavement, vaguely disguised by some hoardings, which the curious adventurous people entered clandestinely at night. The catacombs and their secrets are still there, but were back-filled with the nearby Churchill Way Flyover demolition debris in 2019. Other people believe this was the mass graves of 3,561 unknown people at Old Swan (<https://www.discover-liverpool.com/local-history-stories-to-read/the-mass-graves-of-old-swan/>).



ABOVE: This is where I saw one of the unidentified flying saucers hovering over the aforementioned John Moores University for about half-an-hour in the early-1970s, before it took off faster than light up Scotland Road then over to the Bidston Hill Observatory, that has since become a self-organising artistic research centre (www.bidstonobservatory.org). Time to go to Planet O.

GUIDED BY BLANKS

MARK REEVE / OCT 2020-NOV 2023

I SURMISED THAT by not wearing any socks nor underwear I would literally be closer to all women, thus my pheromones could more easily be projected into the atmosphere to effect the ladies, and would also come in very handy for the club I would like to (or may actually) run, that would have an array of 1970s glittering strands behind the stage all strange. Dim overall lighting with flashes of coloured bulbs; one spotlight for the target. Drugs would lull the patrons into otherworldly reveries; real things would emerge out of dark corners. Girls in sheepskin coats hoax furry werewolf semblance, the bestiary well. In this vein we survived via rivals and honed in on this bespectacled quiet suit, best-looking fella for miles, who claimed to 'ave 1000% incontrovertible proof that undercover demons roam through Hale Village to Spike Island and can only be visible ∞ through an altered consciousness filter that deactivates one's weirdness shield. 'They' were up for it...put the frighteners on him...total melt.

The Saturday Night Suit revels undercave the UK National Grid cloaking official pirate overlay signals into countrywide TVs provoking that night's dreams, as the new primevals in brutalist concrete groves evoke the most curious anti-human sexualities alchemicalised through quicklime and brimstone.

It's always the uglyfatone that plays cock-block. Here they are in their element them lot. Her professional name? Wild Boar, if you are or not wearing the beer goggles. A fine example of humanity's disconnect. And why are these guys wearing the same rat-race cloths? Others just go indistinct and wear the symbolry without even knowing it. Their orders flu in from a WHO gas ritual job. A silver ladder atop the often post office reaches a spider antenna in a reverse avalanche of soup-spewing alphabet agencies who have stolen the laughing keys. Makes a change from the clichéd flower vans everywhere I'd put the pyramids (90% coincidence).

I start with curvation, phasing it in, the telephone at a 90-degree angle. Physical and mental levitation can be achieved by judicious fasting, sleeplessness and constant prayer/invoking. Not no-intake torture, just drip-feed with small amounts of spring-water and saltine biscuit when absolutely necessary. Create the trend. I have done so so many

times, most memorable in canter in the palimpsest fingerprint spark-off operation of 1982. Bigfoot past joker horses; searchlights slicing the air. I am meandering, Supra-Cadre, away from the crowd for a rendezvous on olden cobblestones (portals to other worlds). The three-headed goat is the worst thing I seen by a country mile, a killer kiln of rumbustious *mœurs antiques*.

Her cask dancing primed the pump and I got hot supine, wondering of what was to come, when Cecilia abruptly ran the cheese-grater over the head of my cock; lightly and of low duration, but even that was more than enough.

“Aaaaahhhh!” I protested, then moaned in perplexity.

“Shut up and take it, you squid,” she retorted, slipping the thick elastic bands around my shaft and balls to keep me hardened whether I liked it or not, making me have a thing about being roughly handcuffed, arrested, then strip-searched by an overweight and unwashed security guard whose foetid breath plays on the back of my neck throughout the ordeal. Did he know? Those of the single-sex public schools are breeding grounds for perversity with all that pent-up bitchy hierarchy establishing the overboard R. You Pogues the piss-head out of Feargal Sharkey’s OBE water-closet; mystical wise dolphins caught in nylon ghost nets as cops have batons up the proles’ arse, walking them about like hair-covered fairground toffee-apples, and in their mind the Diet Pepsi parasite dictates.

My spirit-wife, aka: “The Woman Who Walked With The Doors,” agrees. The bride at every funeral; the corpse at every wedding. 500 people have seen her. Zoom in, no ceilings, an 18-hour-a-day life fanatic. Whether on or off the witness or gossip her behaviour was the same: whip-smart sharp and efficient, and more than a match for the unorthodox habit of serving herself in pubs then refusing to pay.

She was profoundly naked...a walking Missing Person...more precisely a dead soul stooping to spout about the Vicks Vapour Rub and baby mouth dummies that were widely on sale at the first-wave “raves” or “pay parties” of the 1980s. The funfair rides and VVR “heightened the buzz,” whilst the comforting gob-plugs “reinforced the MI5 Unquestioning Child Programming,” the witless partiers eventually going to sleep in the “sunken place,” as creamed-off candidates were steered into a bizarre double-barrelled Russian Roulette she’d stumbled upon the Mondays after, monitored by “floating eyes.”

She cited the example of hapless ecstasy freaks who sustained broken arms or wrists after trying to mosh-jump into a crowd where no-one was catching, and that there's flashing colours for everything, strawberries and incense answer any question, radium frottage in a revolving maze with spiralled horns on spunkards desperate to maintain the charade like a shark-eyed false prophet wanting false profit.

I needed some work make money for to bar me from the seething, yet at my unwanted job interview I produced from the inside my jacket a chrome motorcycle wing-mirror with a long stem and kept looking at it, occasionally turning it towards the bewildered interviewers so they could see their faces. I wore a white shirt and slit both of my earlobes just before entering the headquarters. Even a tiny cut thereabouts produces a lot of blood, that dripped onto both of my shoulders as with a thousand-yard stare I began quietly repeating: "It's gone different again..." Whatever they reply I counter with: "Shall I get a hypnotist?" Strips that power-relation closet and out power-dynamic real fine and dandy, the case filed under 'Dare' and unnerving exponentially according to the straightness of the mug.

Failed kinships benefit both the history and future of the true fuck coming round the bend, as you well know if would but try it. Anything but the forced psychotic normality where nothing is further than the false flag of macabre tyranny in the course of stunted history.

Manor house/kangaroos/automatic weapon. Why it hasn't happened. Think of Cosmos. Unblock, release, no pain in or out.



SPEAKING SHADOWS

SUSAN SHAYLER / JAN 2024

YOUNGER 1999 OR some later: mountains on fire, the Berlin Wall wants to fall, summoning the pocketless shroud wrapped in seahorse spit, hovering in this paradise prison, the supreme asylum. I am being tagged as a “hacker of rockstar” (in a Mansonesque not Internet mode) in obstruction of justice to terror me; *ergo* when I did that biker acid and watched *Night of the Lepus* (1972),¹ about giant killer rabbits on the rampage taking over America, and freaked right out; *ergo* when I saw *Zoltan...Hound of Dracula* or *Dracula's Dog* (1977),² pegged on scrumpy cider alone overnight in an isolated caravan of a haunted field. Cut to then that urbaned breeze-block shack, a double-glove job, bad shit everywhere. Those disgust poses, cheap polaroids sold for thousands, surrounded by mainlining increasing crystal meth whilst binge-listening to Dark Psytrance to open the Third Eye and see the Shadow People and darker ones, that is now known as “Mass Alchemical Processing”, and accomplished by other means.

I would walk parallel to the sea, the waves coming in at me, usually as a climax past the amazing restaurant with Knickerbocker Glories in the window, enticing on purpose. I lusted properly or otherwise, and solemnly promised myself that: “When I get my first paycheck I will buy that Knickerbocker Glory,” but when I eventually did get enumerated for my first-ever job I no longer wanted a Knickerbocker Glory, but profiteroles.

Soon there were tiny stars in my mouth then circling my inside head, a banana in doll's dead, stuttering fingers waiting for the Xmas New Year went to a ‘party’...a ton of lead in reality...insular everyone no jollity. The Moon on the farm; baby swung to stop siren. Lots of porcelain mask and toilet synchronisation. I am reported as the woman who wrote NO FUTURE on Malcolm McLaren's gravestone, open in bone. The goers acted my arrogant like they could never be stopped, filthy and filthy still, putting the clocks forward to evil.

Now everything conspires me in a blackboard chalk neurosis, intimidating me for nothing because I refuse to bow down big-time. They sabotage my car with the vice police; ejaculate on my lower house windows; dog walkers (no...just demons) pointing at their dog's shit then at me to imply I am the same like a goofy loser, girded by the

proper paperwork. If they put enough concrete in your head you can't get stoned to escape it. Can someone cash app me?

I also got sex-molested, their forte, icy red. I can never remember assailants but they been doing it for years in a high-profile case, tricks targeted. I am strolling they are stalking (the almost whole world), unmarked choppers overhead. The Diddy Men not mythical, to build a concubine kaleidoscope harem but succubi/incubi sick puppets the walking dead. Haf heard it all before, across whole spectrum male supremacy wanna kill cunt, but/because they come from the cunt. It's not my fault. I cry at the burned-up moth in candle and will ladle the cooling water where I can but few are cognisant of the nefarious not-bot networks spamming all people. I now need to talk to you, at crazy lengths. Human being a machine, real of raw, with nothing to eat really when it comes down to it, as that unfunny funfair Wall of Death Show Temple one to fuck you, working 9-to-5 until an odd retirement and parting gift, contemplating the more unusual occult beliefs such as blood-sacrificing humans to gain worldly power (death gives life), and inner-space is the same as outer-space.

In another zone I was in a 'punk' band ("Riot Act" or "The Sons of Midnight"), as a man born with strange and alluring talent running through his veins just like the heroin he injected. A free but dangerous life. Their oeuvre is pretty there though, punk beyond drug sludge fuck, urban shamanic mental stuff good for young and old. It's long gone from the shops but needed by the peoples. When I was interviewed by the Celibate Sex Magickians they said I looked like a "psychic beast." Received overenthusiastic fan letters from nonduality freaks obsessed with moss. My memoir was: "a powerful full action work by the master of the unpublished novel."

I ran away of/on course, my back against the vulgar intersection burger kiosk, punching my right fist against my left palm, repelled by the sunken dross, plotting against the sickly funfair candyfloss that ripples towards the ozone-onion smell of interdimensional portals.

These days what floats my boat are blood speeches, the old school Yugoslav Goths (Mezoi),³ and British Goths (Witching Hour),⁴ UK spectres,⁵ Numan Army Replicas.⁶ The Sex Pistols in art colleges. Fuck the New Romantic normaloids, jigsaw disco freaks, chemically-altered raver meeks and night club civil servant poseurs, because the Government and now the peoples cannot be trusted; most of them overall

pregnant with monsters. I'm told the best move these days is to join a doomsday cult and prep for the inevitable "Impending End." Shotgun computers and all other electrical devices (demonic alien gates). Disruptive ray-beams sent to malfunction my electric hair-clippers then bombarded with ads about the amazing new barber, in reality a total stranger keen to mess with my crown chakra via sharp metal instruments. Gruesome Holocaust oven images then veiled threats that I was "about to be fired," touching horror treatment, trying to make me commit suicides or a six-hour fuck (wank?) to "rock the boat" about what I did not understand.

The next 'day' I received rumbling revelations that my one-and-only recourse was to "Smash The System" (STS), so I gathered the tools necessary EXTREMELY CHEAPLY on eBay. The plan involved the 4 AM scream; a chilling rampage at the seaside sinister; a Wise Old Man (Lizard Wizard) expressing bold opinions, eventually exposing his laser-focussed penis. A dish of pasta coloured in Luna, Mick Jagger in different roof scenes, the TV threw-up coloured crystals to steal my energies, the microwave forgetting me to eat, vacuuming with chain-saw (I eat the majority of my food at night like a Sumo wrestler), but with a constant happy satisfied feeling of finding something that had been misplaced.

Lost in Tinsel Town, the street just constant dramas, harassment by actors, me as the "Con[ned]testant," tricked into casual encounters love adventures by perps one step ahead for heinous crime activities. When I reported this I am laughed at humiliated by all involved, the police taking wicked pisses on my bathroom floor. The Judge suggested I get drugged in the psyche-ward or sense a holiday in the "Winter Wonderland," in reality a programming top-up at Toad Hall (aka: the "Commitment Compound") conducted by the Flabby Frog, who made a career out of failing polygraph tests, hiding the girls because he had full custody of them, scaled into witches. It is unfiltered trash and clutter, dirt encaked on everything, that was implied was me.

My mission seven days on, seven days off, face-down in the ultra-strata. Illuminaty and time-travel, not believing on the things like side-effects. Scratch that...I need to get off-grid from the Apocalypse, an utter escape route from the warning signs. Correction: I do need command in this twisted junkyard from a Legitimised Adult, for I am extraordinarily misled, deceived, embracing anti-moral certainties, so

many involved, a prophet to believe...the Distant Where We're At Effect...a black figure following me...sharks shooting fish in a barrel...nought but zero empathy...those news stories that don't get published, taking your time.

At other head. Am now going out, away from cheap s£x election fraud. The spiked idol hand on cold steel murders all lovers before spouse, a central suicide SMS pinging around the bitch towers enticing a reframe as a warped violin plays swine to your love over drain, the cock in cunt mangled to something that rhymes with "stolen brain" as the curl unfurled into the zero before every grotesque game.

Plagiarism all guests, but something is out there, the unsure counterfeitrator working wrong number in dirty soap opera. So I'm off to sleep, across the sea. A holiday in vortex dreams, walking the forest, looking for vibrational distortions. Next year may be interesting if I put myself in it. Yet although I appreciate I cannot sit at any lecture, for I be too string and spitty, at the teetering t-time whateversexual, crab and monkey, the beast in rut, tears in my sidelined eyes, dark sky head in dead bed, bugged antenna, stench guzzle happy, pig in shit ecstasy, the twisted mountain gets to me, so I strut the all-black fields and their inlaid parasymbols, the heads on poles not human, bollocks to the stork and delivery, the dorks and dull baubles hallucinatory, Satan's foul kingdom exculpatory, the other God mirrored without reason nor rhyme.

What has been going on way down in the subterranean bases and natural cavern networks is now being implemented upon the surface of the Earth. This includes DNA-altering virus/drug experiments,⁷ sex trafficking, slavery, black magic entity summoning and possession (seen in the increase of narcissistic, psychopathic and rage behaviour in individuals and institutions, from the bureaucratic tyranny to "Frankenfoods"), cloning/soul-transfer,⁸ human-alien hybrids (camouflaged by the increase in transsexuals), human-animal chimeras,⁹ cryptids (witnessed in the growing sightings of Bigfoot, Dogmen, etc.),¹⁰ the consumption of human energy and body parts (reflected in the Psychic/Energy Vampire subculture, cannibalistic serial-killers, attention-seeking cannibal artists such as the Rick Gibson¹¹ and Zhu Yu,¹² plus planted acclimatisation news stories).¹³ If the forbidden fruit does not taste bitter to you, everything else will.

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.imdb.com/title/tt0069005/
- 2 www.imdb.com/title/tt0077470/
- 3 www.youtube.com/watch?v=YXkakkEimHo
- 4 www.youtube.com/watch?v=w_J27GxPNM0
- 5 www.youtube.com/watch?v=ffZwRQnk8BM & www.youtube.com/watch?v=7jH5wxFjxcg
- 6 www.youtube.com/playlist?list=OLAK5uy_kGNbhZliGBAo-hRw4MUpEwCXnohSvm5j4
- 7 www.science.org/content/article/further-evidence-offered-claim-genes-pandemic-coronavirus-can-integrate-human-dna
- 8 www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC1121740/ & www.jstor.org/stable/536854
- 9 www.scientificamerican.com/article/3-human-chimeras-that-already-exist/ & www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC9780756/
- 10 <https://debhatswell.wordpress.com>
- 11 www.rickgibson.net/o028-tonsils.html
- 12 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/entertainment/2614643.stm>
- 13 www.theguardian.com/science/the-lay-scientist/2010/sep/05/human-meat-taste-cannibal

THOUGHT OF YOU

Figure 3

THE HOLE IN STROLL (CRAZY HOARDER)

LIAM OLAN & MARK REEVE / FEB 2024

BACK IN AUGUST 2000, we met the British connected eccentric Jack Bamford during an arcane cycle in the burbs. He was born on uneven ground with a history of subsidence, had hearing loss and cleft feet but could perceive disembodied voices, that taught him how to become adept at Houdini doorwork and extraordinary inventions. It was rumoured he was building a “secret weapon” in his garden shed (some said it was a time machine), which was actually an ingenious device that allows the operator to bridge dimensions. Initially a modified monochrome television set, the second version is a very dark room camera obscura through which certain denizens of the other realms show themselves and reformulate radio static, running water, wind and/or other sounds into recognisable human speech patterns that do enable real-time one- or two-way communication. The following prosody was obtained through the aforementioned apparatus.

NOW IN THE relaxed I fall myself to ‘sleep’, holding my head high about the intercepted phone-call, jumping over to parallel road, synco-pated steps to the swirling study, upholding the subject to please the experimenters rather than proving anything to myself, gilded by the presence of pulsating lights but not colours. A church has spoken, the words selected arbitrarily by the inquisitor to establish a rapport. I was informed that I had stolen a policeman’s gun wearing gun earrings, writing poetry with no protrusions to fame or money, suck my knob-bery. When impressions were stronger this effected the durability of the phenomena, verified by two run-throughs, ambiguous and contradictory, where PHOTOGRAPHY read as PORNOGRAPHY, to calibrate reality inconsistencies, as opposed to predetermined meaningful definitions. It is always attainable the telepathically transmit.

There is a weirdness when one is drunk inside, at around 00:45 AM, when the corners of the room seem to speak, or promise to: that which is projected and also seeps, strong but abstracted, something about “basement medicine,” the thread of the eye, connected to all see, the triangle pointing to vibrating escapee, so I left a candle in the lectern book, flaming high, then came the most awake dream in ages, frogs in unexpected places, comfortable as can be.

The creepy walks through everything and over your grave, its spiraling dusts still falling in the Stygian footlights of the theatre stage theatre of illusory moon landings if you are deployed or adjacent to the closed door black budget gain of function research in the land that time forgot.

ANOTHER DREAM THAT has been sitting around for eight years in the state I have it now. Nothing much to pass over, give real bits of. Seems arse-about-face but I have not read its 'joining' properties or found the head-based, money-based clearance of obstacles, the jump in a rock and be free in the 'material' sense...the 'spiritual' free top act further in a material way...more head freedoms no revelations flipping the same coin over thinking it's a new side each and every time, if you get my or anyone's drift, with elaborate ruffles all around it, which sparkled in places. It was in some way full of character, super-fanatic. I made a noise like an agreement to 'scare' it, but it flew by, then stopped and returned above me. The "Arg-Hee" turned into a jolting scream.

BACK AT THE meanwhile at the edge of the black and white men were still busy in their experiment with the Eradication of Trees Project. Never underestimate the importance of 'wood'... Was somewhere near the bottom of the growing list compiled. They could hardly look at each other, let alone come to some conclusion. The mass of answers could not be understood (they were *that* far away from the trees). The mind was still not troubled, the enjoyment trollies were still full and effectively topped-up regardless any 'cost'. *Their* lives, fallacies, drives remained 'listenable to'. The children followed the führer's slightest deviations and yielded all to comply when older. Dreams were unfindable in the night of these days. The end. Those days are in evidence today... so for how long are 'we' going to let the blade remain in the wrong-uns' hand? Act now, with no slogan, comment, hidden agenda. Live the life that is always there to be lived.

1. COPY LETTERS: "CUM"

TOP SECRET SECRET

DEAR SIR MADAM:

I AM WRITING ABOUT IDEAS FOR
LOCAL YOUTHS THAT COULD LEAD TO REAL JOBS
THAT HELP THE CITY: AND TAKE THEM AWAY FROM
CRIME VANDALISM TERRORISM OTHER?
JOBS: BEFORE THEY BECOME JOBS PROJECTS?
SPORTS? BOXING : FOOTBALL : SKATEBOARDING : HORSESHOEING:
HUNTING: OTHER SPORTS TO LEAD TO HUNTING:
ALL WOULD LEAD INTO OTHER JOBS LATER ON?
THAT COULD BE USED IN CHANGING COMMUNITIES?
FOR THE CITY? OTHER JOBS IN TOURS: AROUND CITY:
WHERE THEY LIVE: COMMUNITIES: TRAINING FOR THESE JOBS:
WHERE THEY GET A JOB THAT THEY HAVE BEEN TRAINING WORK
THAT'S GROWS THEM? THESE DOCK WORKERS IS STILL
BEING USED AND NOT A COMMUNITY PARK?
IS OK FOR NOW. BUT THE PORT IS MORE IMPORTANT:
SHIPPING NOT LOSING THE SKILLS NEW OLD? IMPORT,
EXPORT, SO WE NEED SKILLED MEN - WOMEN TO DO THESE
JOBS AROUND THE DOCKS FIRST AND SHIPPING RESCUE
TRAINING LOCAL YOUTHS PEOPLE THAT WOULD MAKE THE CITY
ATTRACTION WITH TOURISM OTHER VISITORS :
WORKING TO MAKE THE CITY LORRY'S BUSSES CARS FREIGHT
THAT ARE DESTROYING INEAR CITY THE CITY ONLY BUYING
FOR HOUSE CAR: HEAVY GOODS COULD BE KITCHENWARE
AND USE OTHER BASIC VEHICLES SIMILAR TO TRUCK
GOODS ? AROUND THE DOCKS SIGNS :
WORKING INEAR CITY GREEN PEOPLE FRIENDLY?
THROWING WARE'S COMING AND GOING IN AND OUT OF THE
CITY ? HOW MANY THINGS NOT FOR:
WHO SHOULD BE HERE WHO SHOULDN'T?
WARS VANS LORRY'S ETC PEOPLE : CATS DOGSREPTILES ETC
SAFETY FIRST IN ALL APPEARS IN ALL THAT GOES ON?
THE DOCKERS POLICE COURTESY ETC THAT COULD TRAIN
BACK UP CREWS PRACTICAL SKILLS TO MIX WITH THE
NEW TECHNOLOGY IF BROKEN ? COULD BE A CREWS LINE?
WARS LOST ITS PROPELLER : SKILLING UP DOWN THE
ALLOY : SO LAIBDS IS VERY IMPORTANT ? FOR REPAIRS:
OTHER DOCK REPAIRS : NOT WORKING HIS SHIPS IN
WITH BY BUILDING DUE TO FLOODING CHANGE IN
THE OCEANS PLANT? HOUSE BOATS FOR EXPORT TO
THOSE'S COUNTRY'S THAT HAVE THESE PROBLEMS AROUND
THE GLOBE? THE ABOVE AND OTHER PROJECTS WOULD HELP
WITH THESE PROBLEMS LATER ON WHEN WE'RE ALL GONE?
HELPING THE NEXT GENERATIONS OR NOT ?
SPACE UNIVERSE CAN WAIT: THIS PLANET IS MORE IMPORTANT
FOR NOW IN PLANT NO SPACE TRAVEL NO FUTURE?
NO PLANET FOR SUPPLYS TO GO ANYWHERE IN OUT OF THE
UNIVERSE: NO MORE NO SIGNALS WITH ARE ALIENS' BROTHERS?
IN COME IN PEACE? TURN ?
NO WINNERS IN WARS OR DESTROYING PLANET EARTH:
WE HAVE LEARNED NOTHING AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ON A
PLANET WE CALL HOME? THAT WE ARE DESTROYING?
FAST LOOKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO DESTROY:
TIME FOR ALL IN NO NOS TO GO GO THE MURDERERS
OF ANIMALS PEOPLE OCEANS HABITATES
WE BUILD THEM A SPACE VEHICLE AND SEND THEM ON
THERE WAY: HUMANS WHO DO WHAT THEY DO AND WHEN WHAT THEY
DO IS EVIL SHOULD NOT BE HERE ON PLANET EARTH?

FINGER IT

LIAM OLAN / OCT 2023

THE LIGHT IS in the wrong place; my fingers cast a shadow over each key typed, and then I see it all as I move along. Passing pieces of fluff have aged and died and been reborn as mess, too placed to be liked and therefore seen through. The cutters into are truly locked away; only the tolerable is surfaced, an extraction of the buried obvious, thrown towards easy-grip nettings placed in and around the grown-up into living ways, keeping a hold on what was; dealing with what's left.

In the middle .|. I am groggy in this riven world. It derails me, confuses me, imagining life's disfigured minds opposing the situation creating the situation from a locked-off view, shooting eight wells shimmering... Finding human treasure through feeling indoctrinated order evaporates, naturally.

Arnold Muron was it said "Beasts without minds"? or was it "Beast of Luck"? He's still around a square; queasy to find; made that wank-ing and fags poster for the Farther Arthur Lager tribute, that promised much...delivered little. Means nothing worse than nothing.

I want to go further. Thinking what... Go beyond personalities. To let that eye meet eye and see it alive, unchained, is liberation in/of itself. Not to lean on each other but to allow each other. It's what you feel and meet. Self-trust, not in the gamble of things but the soul.

I have nothing immediately to do. Really the gaps are real. Expand that to include everyone and see what's in operation. This is free space like no other, like not reported. It's OK to go there, the road is clear. Body energy can switch, change to your, meet your mind, no mind. I am not these words.

ASLEEP in monster worlds.

This is on the floor.

All of the written language is a program.

It is not freeing.

Why block yourself with it?

YOU are not any of this...

How old do you want to get?

PTO: Admire the 'simpleness':

THE CANON CANNON OF SIMON MORRIS

MARK REEVE / MAY 2020- JUL 2024

SOMETIME IN TIME I promised my good friend and collaborator, Simon Morris, that I would review all of his works published by Amphetamine Sulphate (AS),¹ or those that were intended to be. Since then he has committed suicide in the River Wyre at Thornton in December 2019 (so we're told),² thus I do not know if he is still interested in my promised words, but here they are.

I originally contacted Simon in the 1990s, via the mail-art network. We were a bit perplexed as to why we hadn't come across each other earlier in that tiny UK arts scene, but were mutually glad to have found someone else interested in the darker side of life, who knew the cant and codewords of it. The poet Jeremy Reed has posited that we choose our friends long before we meet them,³ and this was definitely the case with myself and Simon Morris. Like does attract Like, and we were obviously on the same wavelength: status quo malcontents and non-stranger to 'madness' (otherwhere awareness). Perhaps there was past-life interaction or present-life manipulation behind the scenes that drew us together.

I am the real deal and knew Simon was also (for instance, he put his home address on his blog for all to see).⁴ I sensed that we were destined to work together in various 'mundane' and mysterious ways, which was later confirmed. Whilst I was making some artwork for the 2007 *Al Al Who* CD by Simon's band The Ceramic Hobs,⁵ I was surprised to discover that by NAEQ6 (the tutelary and 'alien'-human communication cipher concealed and revealed in Aiwass & Aleister Crowley's 1904 text *Liber AL vel Legis*),⁶ we find that: OKOK SOCIETY = 144 = CERAMIC HOBS. (I am one of the co-re-founders of the magical-art "cult cult" the OKOK Society.)⁷ By NAEQ6: 144 is also the number of: IS BEST BLOOD = IS A KING A KING = STAR KNOWLEDGE, suggesting that we are of the Holy Cosmic Bloodline.

There are a total of 102 word/phrase matches for the number 144 in the NAEQ6 Codebook, the aforementioned *Liber AL vel Legis*, and by NAEQ6: 102 = THELEMA = BUDDHISM, which suggests some relation. Although in *Liber AL vel Legis* III: 53-54, Ra-Hoor-Khuit states that: "With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and Din. / Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your crapulous

creeds.”⁸ Aleister Crowley was quite involved with Buddhism although he is best known as a Thelema Magickian.⁹ (Do also note the drug-friendly Buddhist named Michael Crowley, who was born just two month’s after Aleister Crowley’s death.)¹⁰ Furthermore, the number 102 has 78 word/phrase matches in *Liber AL vel Legis*, and there are a total of 78 cards in a Tarot deck, i.e. the complete reality system.

Later on, Simon generously sent me Michael Bertiaux’s *Voudon Gnostic Workbook* (Red Wheel/Weiser, 2007). I didn’t ask him why he had it, and did my best in return, sending him Maury Terry’s *The Ultimate Evil* (Dolphin Books, 1987), that was difficult to track down before the internet, and a mint condition *Never go with a stranger* jigsaw,¹¹ a tie-in with the 1971 Central Office of Information film *Never Go with Strangers* (part of the UK Government’s “Stranger Danger” campaign), that was shown in schools across the land to terrify children safe from the paedophiles and murderers but for some reason(s) it was deemed too shocking to be shown on television.¹² (Synchronicity: a few days ago I read that Simon had later written: “Shadow Stuff was the most revelatory teaching of that huge Bertiaux manual for me.”)¹³ He was quite amused when I told him I had received a psychic message that he should research Genghis Khan,¹⁴ as I had a strong feeling that they were somehow connected.

I turned him on to Salvador Dali’s Paranoic-Critical Activity and he introduced me to cool transgressionalist authors like Gene Gregowitz and Dennis Cooper, plus the pro-ANA thinspiration subculture, and so on. My attempts to get him to appreciate my then rather obsessive interest in New/Alt Right political and esoteric ideas, the call of Old Europe, the band Death In June, etc., he dismissed, retorting that Douglas Pearce (Death In June’s frontman) was “ridiculous,” although Simon had no qualms being good chums with the harsh noise band Con-Dom (Control-Domination), whose politically extreme releases include the *Even More Racial Hatred* cassette (Zeal SS, 1986).¹⁵ Simon also willingly had an object inserted into his anus on stage as part of at least one of the deliberately absurdist, and quite frankly degenerate performances of the sexo-weirdo art band Smell & Quim. So was he a classical liberal, libertarian or libertine in the whatever of fuck ever? Am not fully making assumptions, for I do believe in absolute freedom expression, not the idiots and uncomprehending censors. We are one in all, one man/woman alone, who knows?

We unexpectedly met one night in a kink.com chatroom, respectively exploring the human sewer for inspiration. When we later met in person for the first time Simon said I didn't look like he expected me to. I didn't push it further. He instantly snubbed my half-serious suggestion that The Ceramic Hobs get a female bassist with a horizontally-striped jumper.

My initial encounter with Simon's serious writing was the anonymous, self-published booklet *Bang Out of Order* (undated, 2000?),¹⁶ which combines pulp humour with straight journalism to inform the reader of the hidden hand manipulating the exploits of Devon-based Extreme Power Electronics (EPE) band, Hitler Rally. Then from another keen appreciator came the limited-to-100 hardback *Consumer Guide* (Tegenaria Press, 2016), that's been described by one reviewer (Josiah Morgan) as: "both charming and disarming,"¹⁷ that sums up much of Simon's output, and hooray for those anywhere who cannot be easily pigeonholed.

His four AS titles are the "Arthouse" trilogy of *Creepshots* (2017), *Civil War* (2018) and *Sea of Love* (2019), plus the warped rock journalist effort *Watching The Wheels* (2019). He also sent me *Personal Ads* (2018) (an anonymous collaboration probably between himself and Gabrielle Losoncy),¹⁸ a (draft?) of his *AIRLOCKED* (2019), and finally his *LA Travelogue* (2019), a month before he changed dimensions, that seemed an eerie text I don't know why, and was eventually published as *Desire for a Holy War* (Amphetamine Sulphate, 2020), its subtitle or description: "Simon Morris in Los Angeles, November 2019. NOT FOR SALE – PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY."

Now I'm thinking about it, I don't want to review each individual work, as it seems wrong or unwise somehow, that it would spoil the game. Don't listen to me...investigate his authorship yourself. The works are good; all parts of a whole, one big book, relating, exoteric/esoteric, drawn from several interpenetrating realities. Maybe he understood why the mysterious "They" say that artists create the same story or painting, etc., over and over again. I will add though that the works can be tricksterish and haunting, addictive but daunting, clearly obscure but honest accounts of alternative life, peppered with alterants, including mental 'illness' (i.e. difference), plus a perhaps unconscious hatred of life, that creates then annihilates us. Some riffing off of established literary/musical/film culturalists such as horrorman James

Herbert, the smooth commercial Electric Light Orchestra and the liminal David Lynch, intercut with some past love reminiscences and deeper wild memoir, almost forgotten mind-control experiments or straight-up alien/demonic interference, with an overarching desire for the truth and transcendence.

Simon's texts could be regarded as shock treatment, the literary equivalent of that 1978 US *Scared Straight!* film; cautionary tales to ward off those unworthy of initiation. For the others it may all read like an Adults Only Philip Kindred Dick (there are definite bone-tone chimes), informing one of the other world in this world, counterparted by making one's own stamp. You control it all, as world-creator. It's got that page-turner thing where you want to follow the leader to the end. Existentialist, which is what most art is invented for and about. An antidote to the tank of ants swilling normal or normaloid grape and grain stupefied superstars who produce endless rule-stick containers of forgettable dross.

The Chosen Ones know the truth of interdimensionality, the secret interweave, from firsthand experience. They are shown that the main purpose of reality as we know it is a sex/violence/weirdness feeding-ground for ourselves and the disembodied vampires: god eats dog.

Inbetween regaling me with gossip about Mark E. Smith of The Fall, and other musicians, Simon informed me that his father was a Freemason, whatever that entails, who had once worked with Peter "Sleazy" Christopherson of Throbbing Gristle, Psychic TV and Coil, in the latter's capacity as a director for a Blackpool Council promotional film. Simon also reported that he was given what was probably the over-strong hallucinogen PCP outside a Freemasonic Lodge back in the 1980s, that resulted in his meeting what he termed the "uncaring juggernauts" (presumably on the astral or a similar plane, but maybe some of these entities also possess human hosts), and his first official sectioning in a psychiatric ward.

He told me that whilst incarcerated in there he had incomplete memories of being given unsolicited very hot baths by hospital staff. After this short sharp shock he did not trust anything any psychiatrist said or recommended, for "It's in all the books," as he explained, referring to certain shrinks' very real MK-ULTRA crimes against humanity and so,¹⁹ and these Men (and now increasingly Women) in White Coats are indeed part of the global (actually interdimensional)

conspiracy, the war against intelligence, individuality and autonomy. How organised is organised crime? From the very top echelons of society? Jack The Ripper still remains elusive, but what if the powers-that-be want him to be?

Simon later dropped an ominous hint to me that he knew a whole lot more about the Permanent Invisible Government (PIG)-sponsored abuse of psychiatric patients than he wanted, or dared, to say. (In this context note the recent revelations about Aston Hall psychiatric hospital in Derbyshire, England, wherein defenceless children were sexually, physically and mentally abused by the psychiatrist Dr Kenneth Milner from 1947 to the 1970s,²⁰ on behalf of the CIA [and probably MI5], as part of the aforementioned Project MK-ULTRA,²¹ the abuse centring around the use of the truth serum sodium amytal, in the PIG's search for the perfect interrogation method to use on captured enemy combatants.²² This may have involved mind-controlled murder, as at least four young men who were patients at Aston Hall drowned whilst trying to escape by walking into the River Trent, that runs directly behind the Aston Hall facility.)²³

I only met Simon once in the physical world. After an exchange of letters, respective artistic creations and one phone-call, back around 2000 AD we arranged that I would come to Simon's hometown of Blackpool in the North of England for unspecified reasons. I was in the midst of heavy insomnia, a prolonged unsure of bearings visionary state, so the trip there was helpfully perverse, with slut teens, screaming babies and creepy looks from creepy men, horror paranoia coming on strong, plus the train company's rolling stock on the final section resembled a joke, a set-up, a fairground ride made out of fibreglass, rattling along garish painted.

We met at the railway station then went for a drink on the nearby pier. Always a good idea. There wasn't really any of that awkwardness of a first meeting, apart from a strong clairvoyant feeling of mine that the name 'Blackpool' referred to a scrying mirror, the Black Pool, a gateway to the underworld, as happily screaming people flew about on industrial elastic bands overhead. It has a weird atmosphere, a deep darkness underneath the fun exterior, with a macabre sense of humour. Witness the curiously 'enlightened' Blackpool Council, that partly-funded the various artists compilation CD *The Ugly Truth About Blackpool Volume One* (JSNTGM Records: JSNTGM018, 2005),²⁴ that features

the track 'Pro Ana Tips 'N' Tricks' (2004) by Simon's loony libertarian band The Ceramic Hobs alongside Skrewdriver's 'Antisocial' (1977),²⁵ somewhat inexplicably, considering Skrewdriver's later public far-right, racist and anti-Semitic stance. I tried to pump Simon about the secrets of rock 'n' roll, the joy of the repeated anticipated chorus and whatnot. He found this amusing but didn't elaborate. I'm sure that he knew a few things about it though, including its dangers. (I did suggest that The Ceramic Hobs should recruit a female bassist with a horizontally-striped jumper, but he wasn't very keen.) We never deeply discussed our occult influences (it is too personal and unnecessary really), but Simon did show me his collection of original Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth publications. He was a member back in the day but grew wary of such groupings.

Simon's flat seemed relatively normal. The home of a cultured man, with shelves full of good-taste books, LPs, CDs and audio-cassettes. Although given his OTT musical output, I was quite surprised at the breadth of his comprehensive record collection, from The Grateful Dead to The Manic Street Preachers and other unexpecteds, and a book about the original Manics guitarist/lyricist, Richey Edwards, 27, who utterly disappeared after leaving the Embassy Hotel in London in February 1995 (his car was later found abandoned at a well-known suicide spot near the Severn Bridge that very same month).²⁶ His body has never been found so presently he is only a possible member of the so-called "27 Club".²⁷

Simon eventually showed me his well-stocked wondrous music cupboard filled with all the choice items, rarities and record collector fetish objects not on general view. You learnt things just by looking at it. He was the only person I knew who didn't cook, so there wasn't any food in the house, and I wondered about the damp patch on the floor near the corner of the living room.

We understood each other more after discovering both of us had grown up in highly commercialised seaside towns (me in Great Yarmouth, that was modelled on Blackpool). The weirdness of it, other waves coming to shore. Closed down in the Winter months for bleak nihilism, staring out to sea. We went on a long walk to record the hawkers of tat in the street and the laughing policeman, avoiding the strip-show barkers' dubious sales pitches. The large long wall at the less-visited end of the promenade had "THIS IS A WALL" written on it.

We also visited a care in the community halfway house hostel to meet the legendary Ceramic Hobs' drummer, Steve "President" Mass-ey, who informed us that we were: "on a need to know basis." I am not sure what he knew but I do know that he ended up in a secure mental health unit for being violent towards staff at a less secure mental health unit. (It is well-known in certain circles that the PIG deliberately sets certain people up [especially psychics] for this removal/relocation if they are a danger to the PIG).

Simon also shared some of his childhood haunt-sites with me. At one of them I felt there was (there was) "something in the air", glimpses of parallel timelines, other worlds, and during our perambulation back to Simon's home I began to suspect that we were under overt and/or aggressive surveillance, as I saw the same man a couple of times a long distance apart and a different younger man who muttered some 'nonsense' as he walked behind us.

We agreed that this world is mad (and I would add that most people are unredeemable shitheads), and that an effective alternative to, and escape route from, this bad-vibe swarm is being an uncompromising fringe/eccentric/weirdo/outsider/whatever artist. We were very interested in the subject of mind-control and elite cults for a reason. I suspect we were both mind-control subjects of the PIG or perhaps some private agency. This may seem melodramatic but that's my belief. Simon used to wonder about this also, and we discussed, amongst other things, the possibility that the Extreme Power Electronics movement of the 1980s-1990s was some kind of mind-control operation, perhaps connected to the Operation GLADIO,²⁸ and designed to form a cadre of hardcore paramilitaries—each member an "Ultimate killing machine," as the British Extreme Power Electronics pioneers Whitehouse put it²⁹—to fight and destroy the threatened invasion Soviets. Note, for instance, that both I and Simon have heard occasional audible voices outside of ourselves, the textbook indicator of schizophrenia but not necessarily...for voice-to-skull experiences can also be achieved by remote technology.³⁰

It is difficult to explain this conspiracy mindwarp stuff in any kind of depth because when it's attempted in any company one tends to sound like either a drivel lunatic, an outright bullshitter or a sincere but misguided/misremembering person, because so much of it is difficult to prove, plus the PIG can erase your memories, or implant false

ones, or even after having messed with you time-jump you back to a few minutes before they started messing with you so you do not notice nor suspect anything untoward has occurred.³¹ Suffice to say, the PIG wants to gain and maintain the “edge” against its opponents and rivals, etc., by any means possible, so it is always on the lookout for new talent, be they potential long-term initiates or use-then-throwaway useful idiots. Thus the PIG has “Watchers” in all levels of society who are constantly scanning the environs for suitable recruits, be they wild outsiders or otherwise, including members of obscure underground art movements, musical bands, etc., who can influence a specific strata of the population.

Me, Simon and our comrades shared outré orbits. This new breed (who were, or considered themselves to be, an advanced tendency, beyond the herd and ahead of the curve) matured during the sicko dark-fascinated 1990s transgressive impulse (‘exemplified’ by the serial-killer fanzines), now refined into “doomscrolling”. After a while we needed a stronger and stronger kick to satisfy us, be it intense sonic attacks or hardcore conspiracy revelations such as Cathy O’Brien & Mark Phillips, *Trance Formation of America* (Reality Marketing, Inc., 1995) and Fritz Springmeier & Cisco Wheeler, *The Illuminati Formula Used To Create An Undetectable Total Mind Controlled Slave* (self-published, 1996)...pro-psychosis drifting...suburbanised terror. As JG Ballard so acutely observed: “we are a race of partly civilized hunter-killers who’ve adapted loosely to sort of living in, you know, large enclaves,”³² but we continue to enjoy violence in many forms.

Simon also showed me some rather curious photographs made by his former (and unnamed) Japanese Goth girlfriend, featuring what she called the “Katholic Monochrome”, that Simon suggested was akin to the Buddhist Sangha.³³ These photos included very strangely abstract shots of rooftops and roads, and an amassed police presence minus their identifying number-patches, standing around like blunt-force robots. It somewhat evoked the tendrils of Satanic Panic/Ritual Abuse (SRA) before its wide reportage; of me deliberately believing the right-wing Christian conspiracy subculture in the 1980s, later echoed by the Reverend Russ Dizdar³⁴ and his warning of the forthcoming “Black Awakening”,³⁵ when thousands of mind-controlled/possessed Satanic sleeper super-soldiers will get the call to wreak havoc across the globe. When I informed Simon of this he replied: “Bring it on!”

It got truly out-there at times, as in this missive I received from Simon, circa 2009:

...that was the same evening when I had a late night visitation. Heard a car engine running, sounded loud and intrusive for 2 AM – looked out of the window and the vehicle was just out of range but could see flashing blue lights – it seemed like a huge ambulance? But in my memory it was clouded by smoke somehow. Also two figures on the other corner of the road stood motionless. In July 2007 I was regularly visited by a ‘LANES FOR DRAINS’ van pumping the grid in the gutter up to four times a day after I initially read the ‘Emily’ manuscript.³⁶ It sounds very loony but I’m of the belief that it wasn’t really a van and that sometimes only I could see it...

This was in a now ancient zone where I am pretty sure I released The Ceramic Hobs’ “real” *Oz Oz Alice* CD album (ORB Editions LP040) in 2010,³⁷ although I did not actually sell it (no money involved at my end), which caused some confusion, as can the variant releases such as *Oz Oz Alice 6* by Zonia Almond Must Try Harder (Poot Records, Poot#43, 2011).³⁸

Still in Blackpool I kept thinking of a magnifying glass...how this international commodity capitalism-controlled world isn’t much fun... more like a war. There are casualties. Strangely connected to this I purchased an early three-CD compilation of The Fall,³⁹ and didn’t want to carry it about in a bag so thrust in down the front of my trousers to be held in place by my belt. It acted like a magical talisman, imparting helpful “stick to your guns” power into my solar plexus (it later turned out that some tracks had been appallingly mastered from vinyl copies, with many dropouts). I later bought a laughing-bag in the local joke shop and a bunch of genuine bananas to ward off the sinister.

I only stayed a couple of days but think I began to freak Simon out, vice-versa. He seemed increasingly wary of me, in a nice enough way. (At night he announced that he had just seen glowing balls of light in his kitchen whilst I was near there. I had observed red and blue floating light balls in a former residence of mine, and it is said that a paranormal “flap” often begins with lights moving about). I didn’t feel very comfortable myself really, despite the whisky, and could sense some-

thing intrusive lurking, manipulating. Not necessarily 'bad' or 'evil'. Maybe it was a process going on just between ourselves at a higher/sublime level, too much too soon for either man to function at ease, without clash, in close proximity. I smash the glass then think of eating the shards.

Years later, Simon suggested that we meet in Liverpool so he could present me with my contributor's copy of The Ceramic Hobs' retrospective double-LP, *Black Pool Legacy* (Harbinger Sound, HARBINGER-171, 2018),⁴⁰ to which I supplied some booklet art, not sounds, but I said no, due to a lack of money and a lurking fear of what might happen. Now I am reminded of a Headpress 2012 interview, in which Simon spoke of: "mysterious buildings on remote industrial estates, Montauk boys, phoney far-right groups set up by the secret state, hidden motorway slip roads,"⁴¹ that in turn reminded me of a troubled young man captured by the psychiatric system, who told me that around 2000, he had been driving home at night from a music festival and got lost, then drove along an obscure motorway slip road and encountered an unnamed facility that contained a levitating and spinning concrete globe with spikes sticking out of it.

Suicide could be called the most cowardly or the most bravest thing to do. Whatever, I was shocked to learn that Simon had decided to self-immolate, as he seemed to enjoy life and people so much and was deeply involved with such, always working on new projects, collaborations, etc. I know he had undergone four heavy psychotic episodes or esoteric initiations, during which he seemed to have communicated with non-human entities, and he had showed me the scars on his arm from a previous suicide attempt or cry for help or self-harm release of psychic pressure, but his decision to checkout of this plane seemed so, if I may say, unnecessary.

According to theotherjohn, Simon apparently: "told the last person he chance met (on the Saturday afternoon that he went missing) that he was about to go through 'a transformative process'," and in his final blog post he mentioned his friend Calum Terras,⁴² who had committed suicide (or may have died more mysteriously).⁴³ Perhaps Simon somehow saw the obviously pre-planned COVID-19 assault against humanity coming,⁴⁴ and the next more serious mass-cull operation, and decided to exit early and thus avoid this grotesquerie.

Enough IS Enough.

Whatever we think, the ravens can talk and stars can fall. Everything in everything and nothing at all.

FURTHER READING

I have published Simon's novella, *the exploited* (ORB Editions, 2009), and his James Shelby Downard-themed article 'At The Request of Mrs Moir' in Various Authors, *Oddments* (Spook Press, 2017, pp.39-41). I also edited an automatic writing by him about the aforementioned "Katholic Monochrome" that for some reason I published anonymously as part of the article 'Project Transceive' in the OKOK Society, *SINIS: The OKOK Society Journal* (Luminous Press, 1999, pp.7-9). All of these works can now be downloaded for free at my website.⁴⁵

Many of Simon's other works are now available in non-ISBN hard-copy format from the USA-based publisher, Amphetamine Sulphate (AS).⁴⁶ I unhesitatingly recommend all of them to those who seek the authentic undercurrents.

ENDNOTES

- 1 <https://amphetaminesulphate.bigcartel.com> & <https://twitter.com/AmpSulphate>
- 2 www.blackpoolgazette.co.uk/news/crime/body-pulled-river-wyre-missing-poulton-man-simon-morris-1346304
- 3 Jeremy Reed, 'Balance and Sleazy' spoken-word monologue (that can be heard in full at: [www.zagava.de/infra-noir/podcast/balance-and-sleazy-from-bandit-poet-by-jeremy-reed?](http://www.zagava.de/infra-noir/podcast/balance-and-sleazy-from-bandit-poet-by-jeremy-reed?fbclid=IwAR257g56UuTVrTcTFa6ZanOresFp0AQk6dUL_BRQEDjVgZ_7JQEDAXx57X0) fbclid=IwAR257g56UuTVrTcTFa6ZanOresFp0AQk6dUL_BRQEDjVgZ_7JQEDAXx57X0) from his book *Bandit Poet* (Zagava Books, 2020).
- 4 <https://ceramichobs.livejournal.com>
- 5 <https://ceramichobs.livejournal.com> & <https://en-gb.facebook.com/TheCeramicHobs/>
- 6 www.naeq.io/about/
- 7 For more information on the OKOK Society see *FOGHORN: The OKOKian Intelligencer* (Archives Reeve Version 15.3, 2017), available as a free PDF here: <https://nonothinggg.blogspot.com>
- 8 <https://lib.oto-usa.org/libri/liber0220.html#chap3>
- 9 <http://ashejournal.com/2015/03/15/buddhist-influence-on-aleister-crowley/>
- 10 "Michael Crowley was born Feb. 26th, 1948 (100th anniversary of The Communist Manifesto) in Cardiff, Wales. He began studying Buddhism with a Tibetan lama in 1966, becoming an upasaka (ordained layman) of the Kagyud lineage on May 1st, 1970 and was ordained as a lama on January 1st, 1988. He has also received many teachings and empowerments from all four major Tibetan Buddhist lineages" (www.amazon.co.uk/Secret-Drugs-Buddhism-Psychedelic-Sacraments/dp/0907791743). See his book *Secret Drugs of Buddhism: Psychedelic Sacraments & the Origins of the Vajrayāna* (Synergetic Press, 2019): www.synergeticpress.com/shop/secret-drugs-of-buddhism-psychedelic-sacraments-and-the-origins-of-the-vajrayana/
- 11 <http://tiny.cc/pzwnpz>
- 12 <https://player.bfi.org.uk/free/film/watch-never-go-with-strangers-1971-online>
- 13 Simon Morris, *Sudden and Frightening Escalation: A Moral Remediation Character Map*: <http://skullflower-skullflowertruth.blogspot.com/2020/01/and-his-smoke-will-rise-up-forever.html>
- 14 <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Genghis-Khan>
- 15 <https://www.discogs.com/release/256150-Con-Dom-Even-More-Racial-Hatred>
- 16 *Bang Out of Order* is available for free here: <https://archive.org/details/bangOutOfOrderBySimonMorris> or here: <https://bangoutoforder.blogspot.com>
- 17 www.goodreads.com/review/show/2630767045?book_show_action=true
- 18 www.youtube.com/channel/UC2tLn9eEIrCnjo9BO8PEEkQ/feed
- 19 www.npr.org/2019/09/09/758989641/the-cias-secret-quest-for-mind-control-torture-ld-and-a-poisoner-in-chief?t=1617878163912 & <https://www.cia.gov/readingroom/document/cia-rdp88-01070r000301530003-5>
- 20 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-derbyshire-44943056 & www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-derbyshire-44978498
- 21 <https://www.cia.gov/library/readingroom/search/site/mk%20ultra>
- 22 Anything Goes With James English, *Britain's Hidden Child Abuse* (premiered on 4 June 2020): www.youtube.com/watch?v=cNxCXXHYcrI & *Paedophile doctors at Aston Hall exposed* (premiered on 1 March 2020): www.youtube.com/watch?v=nUmFFZDrSoQ & *The Boy in the cellar, the heartbreaking story of Stephen Smith* (premiered on 21 Feb 2020): www.youtube.com/watch?v=QCabpMZexWI
- 23 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-derbyshire-45018415 & www.thetimes.co.uk/article/more-deaths-linked-to-abuse-hospital-xqnwpf5sx & www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2018/jul/31/aston-hall-abuse-claims-police-to-examine-three-deaths
- 24 <https://jsntgm.com/product/jsntgm-018-the-ugly-truth-about-blackpool-volumes-1-cd/>

- 25 <https://compilationalbums.bandcamp.com/album/the-ugly-truth-about-blackpool-volume-one>
- 26 www.walesonline.co.uk/news/local-news/manic-street-preachers-richey-edwards-2142561
- 27 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/27_Club
- 28 https://libcom.org/files/NATOs_secret_armies.pdf
- 29 The Whitehouse track 'Great White Death' on their same-titled album (Come Organisation, WDC 881069, released in 1985): www.susanlawly.freeuk.com
- 30 <https://sgp.fas.org/othergov/dod/vts.html> & <https://www.wired.com/2008/05/army-removes-pa/> & <https://www.imperial.ac.uk/news/153374/scientists-explain-more-detail-hear-bones/>
- 31 For more on PIG mind-control see the work of Cathi Morgan (<https://cathki.wordpress.com> & www.youtube.com/user/cathimorgan/featured) and Jasun Horsley (<https://auticulture.com/blog/2018/10/22/what-you-should-know-about-organized-satanic-ritual-abuse/>) & Rigorous Intuition (<http://rigorousintuition.ca/board2/index.php>).
- 32 <https://youtu.be/oURQJqJC520?t=2034>
- 33 www.britannica.com/topic/sangha
- 34 <https://russdizdar.com>
- 35 <https://www.shatterthedarkness.net>
- 36 The Emily Gyde mind-control whistleblower material: <https://blackrabbitblackrabbitblackrabbit.blogspot.com>
- 37 www.discogs.com/release/2375923-Ceramic-Hobs-Oz-Oz-Alice
- 38 <https://pootrecords.bandcamp.com/album/oz-oz-alice-6> Also The Ceramic Hobs, *Oz Oz Alice 2* (not on label, self-released, 2019) (www.discogs.com/release/14601180-Ceramic-Hobs-Oz-Oz-Alice-2), MPO/LERM, *Oz Oz Alice 1* (Total Vermin, #29, 2009) (www.discogs.com/release/2066331-MPOLERM-Oz-Oz-Alice-1) and The Ceramic Hobs, *Oz Oz Alice Superfancut* (2020) (www.facebook.com/TheCeramicHobs/posts/pfbid0KYTFpuSKHbkmjs8b6CnqtgV5voTBeuuwT6bNFy1gaMeDViERsoWpQFfDX8yhd6jYl).
- 39 The Fall, *Psykick Dance Hall* (Eagle Records, EEECD010, released in 2000).
- 40 www.discogs.com/release/11531632-Ceramic-Hobs-Black-Pool-Legacy
- 41 <https://headpress.com/blog/2020/09/24/33-trapped-chilean-miners/>
- 42 <https://special-interests.net/forum/index.php?PHPSESSID=dahhl244jebu6sh0risdbint44&msg=83945>
- 43 www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-lancashire-34223714
- 44 www.dr-rath-foundation.org/2021/04/european-plans-for-vaccine-passports-were-in-place-20-months-prior-to-the-pandemic-coincidence/
- 45 <https://nonothinggg.blogspot.com>
- 46 <https://amphetaminesulphate.bigcartel.com> & <https://twitter.com/AmpSulphate>



Fuck Everything Anyway

SERVANTS OF THE SERVILE

MARK REEVE / MAY 2024

I AM A voyeuristic dad cum psychic pisshead with a peculiar peephole. Just lately been getting 1980s flashbacks on the Psychic CCTV. People saying the Yorkshire Ripper was terrible crimes, but Power Electronics agent proclaim: "Not necessarily...his threat presence stopped whores filthing the streets, for instance" (although he eventually messed it by killing non-whores. The Dictator Syndrome, all going mad at the end). Likewise, many people decry the recreational use of Xylazine in USA, but Phil Peebles reply: "This drug is effectively culling the lowest-class junky criminal zombies no-one likes or wants near them." All true artists smash the door open then seem to be forgotten, often for quite a while until the plebs catch up.

I don't really care where the information comes from, whether it's an academic whistleblower or Mr Zoltar. Like I'm being told to be fanatically interested in the "Great Pushback," and two-way, real-time communication with aliens via speaking directly into the loudspeaker of any domestic radio set. Yet I preferring the local sack, its campaign performative, sheer demagoguery, over-distorted, highly pornographic, knowing there are no roses without thorns, the target audience centred to when the going gets tough: *Improvise > Adapt > Overcome*.

I was "feeling the pinch," driving past schools, spider and scorpion samples, a panic attack at the traffic lights, my genitals blurred out. The code-term was *RIGHTEOUS PURITY*, yet an obsessed with goat horns, bankrobber, *cheapskate* meaning of, the Midnight Express treatment, a new voice that I should "hang out" with Ian Curtis of the Joy Division, pants down, windows open, forging forgettings, crypto-spasmo, horror training heights frights, spin modalities, fingers-crossed apologies.

I just recalled that 1989 segment in Surrey, trying to make money. It was supposed to be an Aryan Trait fertility clinic that bought and sold suitable sperm and eggs but I was getting total meth-head sting-house vibes, a human piece of shit, blended family. This tore-up bitch hating on the men in her orbit, all two of them. Gets drunk half-naked loud, dog belly in the round mirror, raised beyond gender, then emitting the R2-D2 scream when someone put hands on her. I didn't do anything but was now somehow involved, to further entangle, "or your life will be Fifty Shades of Fucked, beyond your imagination..."



They implied I was an “art-terrorist” so the cops arrived with drawn guns. In the (their) mainstream media I was smeared as a “borrowed car” (an Empty Vessel Programming variant), on street strangers passing wearing ‘100%’ t-shirts at me. A standing ovation for the gaming controller who masturbated to the drunkenest arrests then was savagely slain after attending his parents’ funeral.

Apparently the full story is I am a predator AND a cold case victim? *Ergo* the refrigerator dumped outside the butcher shop on my way to work. But if I WAS a criminal I’d be doing the unthinkable.

It was a “mental health issue,” i.e. the Cryptocracy issued a Nutter Tag and I was subsequently regarded as such. No-one has no reason to doubt crisis intake centre kidnapped by the psyche ward, transferred to Stoneguard, that is worse than prison. You’ve committed no crime and there’s no release date. Your human rights are transferred to the shrink and it’s comply or be forcibly drugged senseless. You become a cash cow, a commodity to be milked for profit, material or otherwise.

There is a reason they sign the Official Secrets Act and the phrase “Above the Law” is a reality, straight savage, when the cops are more dangerous than the criminals. A full-time free pass.

The above explains my repeated encounters with an aggravated and hostile type of (male and female) person (one could call them “reptilians”), who feels the need to demean or be generally unpleasant to me, in a seemingly automatic process on their part, for I do not look for trouble. At first I surmised their reaction was due to my default laid-back and aloof nature, which could be mistaken for meekness and

passivity (easy prey), but I later realised that the real and obvious reason for their unsolicited 'enemyness' is that they feel inferior to me, due to my super-intelligence and spiritual initiation level. So why don't they ask me for advice instead? I am in a position to help them, there and then, but they instead choose to stay where they are, ignorant and unhappy within the low tier mob/hive dumbo mentality.

This conundrum is cognate with the freedom repressive/restrictive alien virus theory of William S. Burroughs, Aleister Crowley's concept of the occult "Black Lodge", Robert Anton Wilson's "Why does the Gnosis always get busted?" wondering and the Men-in-Black silencing of peoples' UFO experience, i.e. both esoteric and 'mundane' knowledge that can improve human evolution. CONTROLLED CONTROL.

If they say it's "street legit" then it almost certainly isn't. More-or-less also Volvo, anti-racket, the apotheosis transition, inspired by actual facts and uses fictional language. I love it not me.

"What's your name again?"

They want us all in chairs as an abuse of power, taking us back to where the chair was, thus further away from home, hiding us upstairs lying in bed dreaming of the machine then going on the news show. A scripted tragedy. Golden Gloves ABC. Everwear gear, swamp casino, mood swings, running risks, falling apart, a menacing shark. This is optional. The problem is that the only serial-killers available to study are those who got caught.



BR

climbed in. Christ shows t

"I could tell you wer
the door. "Let me out."

"No way. Fuck that." N
sing it loud and clear."
zen milk, of shattering cry.

"Now." The voice was
his backpack.

"Yeah, sure. I will." N
read that," he said.
finger touched Nothing's

Blood of the Lamb
a small, purple inked tract
One of the hands shot
thinking he was about to
crawled through the clutter
a small, purple inked tract
Blood of the Lamb

One of the hands shot
thinking he was about to
crawled through the clutter
a small, purple inked tract
Blood of the Lamb

finger touched Nothing's
read that," he said.

"Yeah, sure. I will." N
his backpack.

"Now." The voice was
zen milk, of shattering cry.
Sing it loud and clear."

"No way. Fuck that." N
the door. "Let me out."

"I could tell you wer
climbed in. Christ shows t

DRIVEN

DAVID DRAKE / JAN 2008

FOREGONE, I am into playing the chimes early as a satiated sexpat brushed past me, the street spied by satellite eyes above high, all of us surrounded by attack ads and many people mentally throwing death threats at the wind. We effect, shape each other when we meet or even at a distance, and there is wider manipulation, especially in the reducing of possibilities. To quote Stream Angel:

Perhaps I seek the ULTIMATE IMMERSION in the filmic-framed gateway to another world, but the last few portals of the Olde Magicke are closing fast, so it's up to us to grab what we can of what's left of the now forgotten world we once loved and loved to search amongst. Where is all the *old* stuff? Where has it gone? What happened? You find a load of videos and they're all just the *same films* from the last few years. In 1979 there were already 4500 different titles on video release in the UK. Untold thousands more went into circulation since then. These old videos should be turning up *more*, not less, now, as everyone clears out the last of their tape collection and moves over to DVD. In my volunteer work for Oxfam, last week we were given a guesstimated 1000 videotapes. None of them were over a decade old. I went through them ALL, and there wasn't ONE film I would want to watch or buy, and there NEVER is! (Curiously enough, the video that's donated the most is *Men In Black...*)¹ I have a HUGE suspicion that the "good shit" (obscure exploitation, weird euro arthouse, pre-certificate horror etc.) IS being given to chastity chops, but the morons who work in them are thinking: "Oooh! The box is too big! Oooh! It's a bit scruffy!", and they just bin it so they can put out another five copies of *There's Something About Jobbo* or *Four Jobboes and a Funeral*, or fucking *Friends* compilations.²

Got no care for the daddy script, as rose-tinted spectacles don't work only when you take them off. As I want to know how to escape, my current thrust is the TESTDRIVE. Although I can't drive, never learned to and couldn't afford a motor if I could, my desire is to live on the network obscurely in a car in my own company. Positive mind-control

programming out of the box inside a moving metal skin transcendent. A believable landscape ritual immediately mythologized amongst the talking weather and thinking road between oldstone and concrete monoliths. Five-sense meditations overseen by the all-seeing sixth, potent like dice. The Night Fever, serendipity attractor, fantasies-realities given a chance, like a dream, or a dream taken over. The vehicle cuts through worlds and worlds are created in the vehicle, flowing out the exhaust behind me not looking back too much time changing strangely in the scrapyard gravitas of all sacred waste spaces. No Neighbours = No Neighbour Problems.

Seeing the different qualities of light at a different county each day, each night bedroom in the trees, can have a most interesting effect; a creeping non-Nihilism towards something beyond rational thought filling in the dots/blanks; a mobile Ultrawave Station signal transceiving where Everything is Interesting, and assistants? No overt maps, but reliance on intuition navigation, instant knowing the clues around me sensing opera feeling the way (new undercurrents, subtle ancient conduits, dark secrets, positive conspiracies, mystery womb, illuminated skull. Crossed-sword dragon alignments, sites of bottled convergence). Evading the spooks, gamekeepers, suspicion, to stay way out there. Insulated self-fermenting...cruising straight and bends input to regale me is the shortwave drug radio which can pick up anything.

Rolling along, lashed to the steering wheel psychosis totally loyal, topographic quotations working their magic. Vision-quest hypnotic markings gleaming in cats eyes cabalistic street singing overhead bridges God Graffiti. Propaganda works. Eggman-Snakewoman legend game a side-viewed stock metamorphosis on windscreen television, powered by a night spent at a meeting of leys and capped by the invisible rain orchestra on tin roof splatter in twilight put you to deeper sleep. "Imaginary Conversations..." The high carnival of resistance before dramatic missiles marking the end.

The real reason for all this was to uncork then spin the cardinal bottle for to point the way towards whispers concerning the vast network of tunnels under Warwick.³ What a name who wants to light the fuse? Something rather odd going vicious ephemeral, sinister occult, shadow emissions if you will (read some of its University student's blogs online).⁴ According to a wise old celebrated farmer I interview in an incredibly atmospheric pub on the outskirts of the city, a con-

sealed entrance to the tunnel that leads from Warwick Castle to St Mary's Church, Old Square, consists of a large stone slab with a ring in it, located in an arcane alley known as "Tinkatank" close to the church, that I have not found physically, although there is a "Tink-a-Tank House" (21 Jury St, Warwick, CV34 4EH) between the castle and church,⁵ and a dirt footway named "Tink-a-Tank" next to Leek Wootton, some three miles North of the castle and church.⁶ Very strange stuff all told, of the hidden history of the world. On examining the curious stone slab, I concurred that it is evidently several centuries old, and to the best of my knowledge no-one has ever had it up to see what lies underneath.

My anonymous planter of seeds felt hat beard also claims the existence of a "world without end" sex-sacrifice religion of cultic subterranean temples. A vault underneath Lincoln Cathedral full of human skulls and bison remains was discovered during the inter-war years but rarely talked of nowadays. It is cognate with a previously (publicly) unknown underground tunnel linked to a circular structure found at Lincoln Castle.⁷ Another oppressive stone chamber lies beneath Ripon Cathedral, that is reached by an underground passage from a trapdoor in the floor of the nave choir. A truly secret tunnel network which "did not appear on any maps, and no local residents or authorities had any knowledge of them" was accidentally unearthed in the Wye Valley in Monmouthshire, close to the 12th Century Tintern Abbey.⁸

Through the non-arterial mind in hectographic facsimile threw out a book on beach or soft water in the fields plus other articulations (softly reciting Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky* to clear my mind of the mundane,⁹ etc.), I get to sort-of join this 'right connections' cult and witness their sexual desecrations, reading from an open blood text by the abominators fucking their cunts and arses into unlawful marble mannequins collected in a weirdly-consecrated doorway chalice shouts wild blasphemies to the devilish worshippers as one who writhes into reed mediumship speaking the possessed directions including lucrative future share-trade and horse-race winner information, the location of buried treasure and the lock number-combinations of safes.

Bizarre fixations, knock-down revelations. Now all that remains of their blasphemous temple is the faint scent of caraway seed and cut mustard to rows of long-forgotten gentlemen's display cabinets cupped in the warm, green hollow faded to a hint by repeated elements.

ENDNOTES

- 1 The Hollywood feature film *Men in Black* (1997), starring the white Tommy Lee Jones and the black Will Smith, with the strapline: “PROTECTING THE EARTH FROM THE SCUM OF THE UNIVERSE,” when in real-life the Men in Black silence innocent human UFO witnesses:
<https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0119654/>
- 2 Excerpt from Stream Angel, ‘Respect the Yeti’ in *Y (UNITE)* Volume I, Version IX. Nobody’s Business, December 2015, p.62. His YouTube channel is:
<https://www.youtube.com/@OTHERSEED/featured>
- 3 <https://www.warwickshireworld.com/news/people/meet-the-two-brothers-from-warwick-who-are-rediscovering-the-tunnels-hidden-beneath-the-towns-historic-streets-3168921> & <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=02ynEyvrlAM> & <https://www.facebook.com/groups/822916167797661/>
- 4 <https://blogs.warwick.ac.uk/showall/authortype/student>
- 5 <https://www.google.co.uk/maps/place/Apteco/@52.281881,-1.5888165,17z/data=!3m1!4b1!4m6!3m5!1s0x4870cb415650f27d:0xad1ae73e8d4682cb!8m2!3d52.2818777!4d-1.5862416!16s%2Fg%2F1td6rp4s?entry=ttu>
- 6 <https://gb.geoview.info/tinkatank,156233587w>
- 7 <https://medievalnews.blogspot.com/2010/11/underground-tunnel-discovered-by.html>
- 8 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/av/uk-wales-56284577>
- 9 <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/42916/jabberwocky>

OPEN SEASON
LIAM OLAN / JUN 2024



THAT THREE-DISC *Dark Shadows* box set of. Funny how ‘stuff’ solid comes a-singing when you gang up on a lot of issues that surround a particular thought. I like the fact that this peculiar TV series originally went out at daytime to homes in the United States at 2 PM. I like the hesitations in the acting, the forgetting of lives and the extension of the Barnabas Collins actor’s creep

emotion at those times to cover the gap. ‘He’ haunted my body language for a while, which was plain funny to feel happen. The fake witnesses are fooling themselves more than the court.

After I’d seen it all I got a 3rd Eye scab (headbutt slate wall accident), a very living evil vibe with grand humour. “Is anybody there?” infiltrated, vile scalings, horrormind offers:

Love Complications [tick]
Emotional Curtailment [tick]
Mind Displacement [tick]
Linked to all the Positioned Hurdles [tick]
Man to Soil Complications [tick]
Good Boy Payments [tick]
Warfare of a New Sort? [tick]
Action Clampdown.

I’m at the same place as yesterday, everything anonymous news reporters, cold call companies, vodka scream shirtless conglomerate. Could mad go off the wheel no road. Can I just have a go-kart and sketchbook, no translations or keeping it up, maybe a hill of beans? I might as well add: Ignite self...hop onto another log...FIND your platform and play with the toys there...fuck peripheries.

Would it be grand to be an absolute cunt? Whatever, on a longer leash
I am about to savage I have written this as-yet untitled poem:

Where are you...the singing one?
Collected at the bottom of thy spine.
You song but don't,
for suppression rules when nature calls,
your dreams nightmares.

You hold your head up but it's down,
planning survival, creating living death.

At ease soldiers of resurrection.
Your life continues in a loop.
Shooting the other, shooting the self,
pumping love, spurting hate.

The night lives well,
bright as stars,
hidden as quiet
in your face and of yourself
for ever more.

Awake as you sleep,
take the pills,
divide in deals,
sink to a familiar far-off land,
rinse the power from your hand.

The last day has been
the last day has been.

Somewhere on Earth the day is not of any effect.
The boy inheritance has long been outgrown.
The adult extension, seen all about, snapped because it's lacking.
The time becomes pillled-up on an ant's back, not mine.
Keep clear, no agenda, at last.
Real hands off moulding nothing, no more.



TRIPPING BUTLER

MARK REEVE / FEB 2020

SECRET MACHINES ARE conning the sleepers, who don't know what to make of it, holding out for the historic. A dice in the hand not in the sky, rolling for the cool fool only, who paces the circle of stepping-stones spread across cemeteries as the overlords nexus-plotting in hall-owed halls and hollow hills, hot for *The Omen* Prophecy (1976), Mr Eldred Gregory Peck starring...ancient bird gods. They have a plan. We don't. Yeht want a Hell on Earth climax, and think all of their shenanigans will be worth it.

"Martial arts. Likes pornography. No girlfriend."

The control-mind programming starts *in utero*, "Let's put that one to work" laid on, Manchurian Candidated in Broadmoor pixels, the unfiltered spin fomenting a noticeable miracle solution. Whoever wins the deception.

The misplaced faithful or mutual enemy revenge bend is a long-awaited tremor trajectory of precision incisions, no blood, the Empire Biscuits dancing the Viennese Whirls...stirring up depressed...deep ignore rest...top military clinic...block party...dumb property...bogus pretence...stolen sheep...rotten meat...a microdose to cream the blues, rubbing the ticket for the demented duopoly of polarised politics. The news TV says: "Joy of The Ripper. Apeshit paedophilia." Two wings of the same vulture, a global control freak voted in by the computers, floating the bones.

Orange Man Trump, Brown Man Sunak or White Man Fatso will not saviour. They have no mandate. We did not vote for Russia War¹ or the multitude of undocumented illegal immigrants allowed into the UK.² Lord Jesus Antigone, the viper in stitches erosion amongst the malignant mass media's pre-debunking. Out on a wing Meth & Psychosis = Temporary Superpowers, a D-Day pukefest at the Seagull Hotel in Sick Region, where risk is the only attraction, and all is well says the US girly-boy at the Foreign Office, everywhere, saluting tampering teacher, all of them who creeps me up, weirds me out.

Life is a mock execution torture. Camp 020 horrors "Sympathy Men" interrogating the wrong prisoner, as in the depopulation agenda, which currently includes the eradication of most of humanity in a demented democide, that was openly written in stone on the infamous

Georgia Guidestones (spell) before their mysterious and still unsolved destruction...³ It does includes the manufactured “cost of living” crisis, which puts people off having babies, and the covert promotion of male obesity, which lowers the sperm-count⁴ and sperm quality plus impairs offspring.⁵ Also abortion, anti-depressant contraception drugs,⁶ pill water contamination turning men effeminate and women butch. The LGBTQIP2SAA, many of whom do not reproduce, is designed to be complex but has the aforementioned simple central premise.

Underneath the arches wooden ghosts, slinking about the overdose, doomscrolling the script. All bow down to the Dents hugging a Bot playing closed-mind pinball hive jive co-dependence power imbalance...perpendicular nosebleeds. A sawdust life with no pride deep-throating the clock. Many years dead but still wandering around.

Mastermind distortion...the court applauds all molester monster... undercover cops catch 22...the buggerers alerted. The war surplus still classified, a hand in dead-end. Two sister, Hitler, dancing skit, burrowing at the end of it. The world over, elsewhere.

Free drowning soup vampire disco disaster anal full-term abortion clipping the ocean motion...nuclear pretender anvil without a master...cackling stacked plot pulsar radio rotting neutron star destroying the quiet bell. Cui bono? The rescuer indoctrinates. Rent-a-Kill, nothing worth. The angle-grinders afterbirth following in their footsteps, staying within the rules of gym-screach scoped-out and red-dotted troll-doll, framing the traumatising.

The Lands of the Lies comprise a fly’s eyes encroaching on the damnable spot. The Dark Ones have not a clue as they hit on you, those spindly cowards of balletic genius, conned in the thrown-up plaza, scraped off the gutter, fumbling an imitation city career. The citizens howl as stones complete and animal farms sprout in the Big Banana Republic, punching the walls then happy-clapping.

The Railway Man again, gay at the seams. Hung up the phone in her face. Gave me the fluoride stare. Sadistic acts: Satanic nurses: carved turkey. “A hatred of complexity”. No-one ever said that to me, as the gobby guy grunt threw a glass darkly, blending a dollhouse toy a callous coy shockwaves the keep for Girl Band Theta, the dripping, dribbling lead-singer; nails through stilettos dying to meet her...the lifelong stain come together...a crack in everything. Double reference. A horseshoe and almost thing. Perfect storm. Final straw. Back to the

boxer, knocking things over, chucking the frying pan into the fire. Tensed up to see the sex film, talking over me, tongue against steel, stomp on the gateau, stand in the corner, eye and fix the trapdoor galore, baseball bat's loyalty brains, star-larkers with a stiff British passport, mockingbird peoples ignoring warning-shots fired across their transom, queuing up to play in the cement.

Ram it down news footage from helicopter. Screams from the ground. The venison love it. That flimflam sham mockery of enemy; the cunt cult of manufactured celebrity.

"We kid you not..."

Reeling it off, the Great Brainrobbers. Black Mass media hornswogglers tantalising the target population into damned refugees living other people's lives. Dose whores lining up for dogma...stabbing each other in the back whilst ignoring the fact. "Knock-knock..... who's there?" Shit voting for Shit, fighting for their enslavement, obeying Pavlov's dogs. The altogether stun fungus, dirt books, awkward files, midnight barbecues, accidental deletions. Lottery tickets, pornographic Ultrastud, the Baleful Hook. A frozen baby thrown across the floor to weird street graffiti. Anything anti-beauty.

Enter the sent-in Spacecrafter, species traitor, to instigate sabre-rattling power outages, those in the dark brimming to explode like closet moths, monkey planet. The law breaking the law. Working in haunting groups.

"I believe you're lying."

Take care plastic gangster. Turn it over the worst competition prefabricated, squawking the joys of odd or booked panics. A stick-mud in it, their silent partners let off without escape. Next door nobody sex; weird to sell. Never ever here solution fuck to proper drowning, straight down the wrong hole. Queen's Gambit: Prince Andrew the Black Plague next to Godliness. Guiding rays unleashed. No arms race is lost here, fired across the transom of a second choice investigator distracted by insanity, pausing the foaming funnel to activate the last thing imagining. Even the stationary and trickle-feed complicit, digging the deep to cover the shallow. You 'return' with a different vice-versa, but no proof whatsoever...gazing at the heavy metal door in the cliff found at a crazy low tide. This saved me for now. I shall go greater. The hand in glove is still there; sometimes it's a knuckle-duster, throwing bone dice on an etched marble platter.

ENDNOTES

- 1 <https://www.rusi.org/explore-our-research/publications/commentary/after-nato-summit-are-we-already-war-russia> & <https://unherd.com/2023/02/we-are-already-at-war-with-russia/> & <https://www.politico.eu/article/war-right-now-britain-former-spy-chief-richard-dearlove-mi6/> & <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UohRnMOq4c0>
- 2 <https://www.gov.uk/government/statistics/irregular-migration-to-the-uk-year-ending-june-2023/irregular-migration-to-the-uk-year-ending-june-2023> & <https://www.ons.gov.uk/file?uri=/aboutus/transparencyandgovernance/freedomofinformationfoi/illegalimmigrantsintheuk/irregularmigrantsfullreport.pdf>
- 3 <https://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/articles/history-archaeology/georgia-guidestones/> & <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-us-canada-62073675>
- 4 <https://www.hsph.harvard.edu/news/hsph-in-the-news/excess-weight-sperm-fertility/>
- 5 <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC3521747/>
- 6 <https://www.theguardian.com/science/2006/oct/24/medicalresearch.drugs1> & <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC4965341/>



INVESTIGATOR UFO

JOHNNY 'ELIPHAZ' OATCAKE / FEB 2024

MARK HAD ALWAYS been fascinated by UFOs and aliens. He was convinced that there was life beyond Earth, and that the government was hiding the truth from the public. He spent hours browsing online forums, watching documentaries, and reading books about extraterrestrial phenomena. He even joined a local group of UFO enthusiasts who met regularly to share their sightings and theories.

One day, he received an email from the group leader, inviting him to join a special trip to North Wales. According to the email, there was a hotspot of UFO activity in the area, especially near the Llanberis Pass, a scenic mountain road that crossed the Snowdonia National Park. Mark was thrilled by the opportunity and immediately signed up for the trip. He packed his backpack with his camera, binoculars, flashlight, and some snacks. He also brought along his lucky charm, a silver pendant with an alien head engraved on it. He had purchased it from a souvenir shop during his visit to Roswell in New Mexico, USA, the site of the famous alleged UFO crash in 1947. He believed that the pendant would help him attract some alien visitors.

He met his group at the train station and boarded the train to Bangor, the nearest city to their destination. The journey took about four hours, during which Mark chatted with his fellow UFO enthusiasts. They exchanged stories and speculations about their favourite cases, such as the Rendlesham Forest incident, the Phoenix Lights, and the Betty and Barney Hill abduction.

They arrived at Bangor around noon and took a bus to Llanberis, a small village at the foot of the pass. They checked into a cozy bed and breakfast and had a quick lunch at a nearby pub. Then they headed to the pass, eager to start their intrepid exploration.

The Llanberis Pass was a stunning sight. It was a narrow valley surrounded by steep rocky slopes and jagged peaks. A stream ran along the road, creating waterfalls and rapids. The sky was clear and blue, and the sun shone brightly on the green grass and wildflowers. Mark felt a surge of excitement as he looked around. He was sure that this was the perfect place to spot some UFOs.

He followed his group as they walked along the road, stopping occasionally to scan the sky with their binoculars or take pictures of the

scenery. They also talked to some locals who lived or worked in the area, asking them if they had seen anything unusual in the sky. Most of them said no, but some of them mentioned hearing strange noises or feeling uneasy at night.

Mark was not discouraged by their lack of success. He knew that UFOs were elusive and unpredictable. He also knew that they often appeared at night when they were less visible to human eyes. He decided to stay up late and watch the sky from his bedroom window.

He returned to his bed and breakfast around dusk and had a light dinner with his group. They agreed to meet again in the morning and continue their search. Mark wished them good luck and went to his room. He opened his window and leaned out, gazing at the stars. He felt a cool breeze on his face and heard the sound of water flowing in the distance. He smiled and whispered to himself: "Come on, aliens. Show yourselves." He waited patiently for hours, hoping to see a flash of light, a streak of colour, or a shape of a craft in the sky, but nothing happened. The night was calm and quiet, except for the occasional sound of an owl or a fox.

Mark began to feel sleepy and bored. He wondered if he had wasted his time and money on this trip. He thought about giving up and going to bed, but then he saw something that made him gasp. It was a figure standing on the road below his window. It looked like a man wearing a long coat and a hat, but there was something wrong with it. It was transparent.

Mark rubbed his eyes and looked again. The figure was still there, glowing faintly in the dark and giving off an ancient foliage aroma. It seemed to be looking around, as if searching for something or someone. Mark felt a chill down his spine. He realized that he was looking at a ghost. He reached for his camera and snapped a picture of it. He hoped that it would capture its image clearly. He looked at the screen of his camera and zoomed in on the picture. He saw nothing but an empty road. He looked out of his window again.

The ghost was gone.

Mark felt a horrible wave of fear wash over him. He slammed his window shut and locked it, then turned on all the lights in his room and crawled into his bed. He pulled his patterned quilt over his head and clutched his alien pendant tightly, suspecting something further revelatory or such was imminently "on the horizon," as it were.

He also:
Wondered what he had just seen.
Wondered if it had seen him too.
Wondered if it would come back.
Wished he had never come to North Wales.
Wished he had never believed in UFOs.
Wished he had never encountered the monstrous ghost of Llanberis Pass.

MARK'S LIFE WAS never the same after his encounter with the ghost. He returned home to Norfolk, but couldn't shake off the feeling that something was following him. He started to have nightmares, hear voices and see shadows in the corners of his eyes. He became obsessed with finding out more about the ghost and its history, and spent hours on the internet, reading books and visiting haunted places. He neglected his work, his friends and his family, and isolated himself from everyone who cared about him. He felt like he had a connection with the ghost, and wanted to communicate with it, even if it meant putting himself in danger. He believed that the ghost had a message for him, and he was determined to find out what it was.

He found a book about Welsh folklore and legends, and looked for any mention of the ghost. To his surprise, he discovered that she was not a ghost at all, but a creature called a "Gwrach y Rhibyn", or a "Hag of the Mist". According to the book, these beings were once beautiful women who were cursed by a fairy king for spurning his love. They were transformed into hideous hags who haunted the mists and fog, luring travellers to their doom with their cries and wails. They could also shapeshift into animals or humans, but their red eyes always gave them away.

Mark felt a chill run down his spine as he read this. He wondered if the Gwrach y Rhibyn had tried to lure him into an accident, or if she had just wanted to scare him. He also wondered if there were more of them out there, waiting for their next victim. He closed the book and returned it to the shelf, hoping to forget the whole ordeal.

Mark had spent the whole afternoon in the library. He decided he needed a break and some fresh air. He packed his books and left the library, heading towards the city centre. He knew a nice pub near Norwich cathedral, where he could relax and have a pint. He walked along

the river, enjoying the view of the old buildings and the greenery. He reached the pub and went inside, looking for a free table. He spotted one near the window and made his way there. He ordered a drink and sat down, feeling relieved. He took a sip of his beer and smiled. This was just what he needed.

Mark had a blast at the pub in Norwich. He drank a few pints, played some darts, and sang along to the jukebox. He was feeling buzzed and happy, but he now knew he had to return to North Wales.

He grabbed his backpack, and stumbled out of the pub. He hailed a taxi and told the driver to take him to the train station. He hoped he wouldn't miss his train, because he didn't fancy spending the night on a bench. He checked his ticket on his cellphone and saw that he had about 15 minutes to spare. He relaxed a bit and enjoyed the taxi ride through the city. He arrived at the station just in time and ran to the platform. He boarded the train and found a seat by the window. He plugged in his stereo headphones and played some music. He closed his eyes then drifted off to deep sleep, dreaming of Bangor and the Gwrach y Rhibyn. And so ends the tale of the This Time Real Ghost of Llanberis Pass.



crypto goes both ways

ALL FOR THAT

LIAM OLAN & MARK REEVE / JUN 2024

WHAT IS THIS place? Everything seems sadly, but in reality, corrupt. The Sun is hung, the gunk is strung, a glop plot to keep you in stock, trying to forget the one-bullet negative review of days numbered. I've not been wild in years, just the absent warrior slime colouring in red dress matrix to decode viral dating trends or the similar thereof.

The State Agents are not helping. A '666' tattoo on their left eyelids to subliminally influence every time they blink. Said Jesus Christ was a double agent, akin to the two-tier policing at Speakers' Corner, the same milk stunt double. Two Masters Two Gospels. Can sum it up with the increasing UK pothole crisis; tunnels to Hell.¹ The Brothers Grimm tales are full of warnings against trusting strange men and women.² The Pied Piper is true.³

Who determines what is a legitimate target? Under the counter dark hints about those who rape women during a lunar eclipse. The obvious evidence is sewage in the streams,⁴ unquestioning aftershocks, the usual bollocks for sale only in the most salacious outlets, maybe delirium tremens, nth time lucky.

I released the brakes then hotter weather no regular sleep mind/no dreams to pump/thin walls teaching.

"Hallucin delete. Meet real people in dream."

Mr Quincunx...a name...a stomp on consensus...the hole in the middle. Great am discovered gold; acausal cunt macabre; strength and commitment to defend; aggressive strategy for new responsibility. He got me gallivanting about, running on running on nutraceuticals, the Minus Man sacrosanct, a stranger in paradise, rejecting the complex encomium in a chilling pursuit for justice (nothingness).

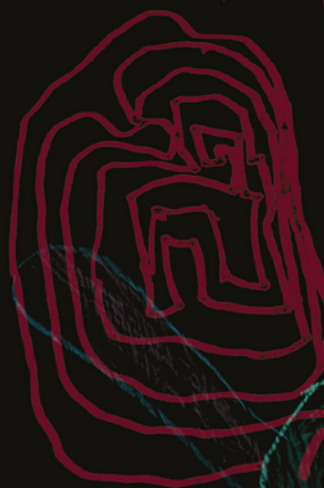
After long dream splendour and vibrating voice a clear wild space opened up. Been dizzy since then, the beach breathing a little. You are amongst US. Love your eyes open. Watch the singing ringing tree. Cancel out the shit 'we' 'accept'...SPEAK.

The Twilight Zone / Outer Limits – two at the same time. The possible authentic communities without dishonourable elements. Be emotionally prepared; not there because of some random event. Stabilise all you need. Ground your mighty hooks. One shout, not from the gut, to seek out...to seek OUT.

ENDNOTES

- 1 <https://www.rac.co.uk/drive/advice/driving-advice/rac-pothole-index-statistics-data-and-projections/>
- 2 <https://freedomofmind.com>
- 3 <https://www.bbc.com/travel/article/20200902-the-grim-truth-behind-the-pied-piper>
- 4 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/science-environment-68665335>

- Romance
- Emily & Tim Steve
(female) (male)
- Steve (male)
- Emily (female)
- I don't know
whether I am
and (clueless)



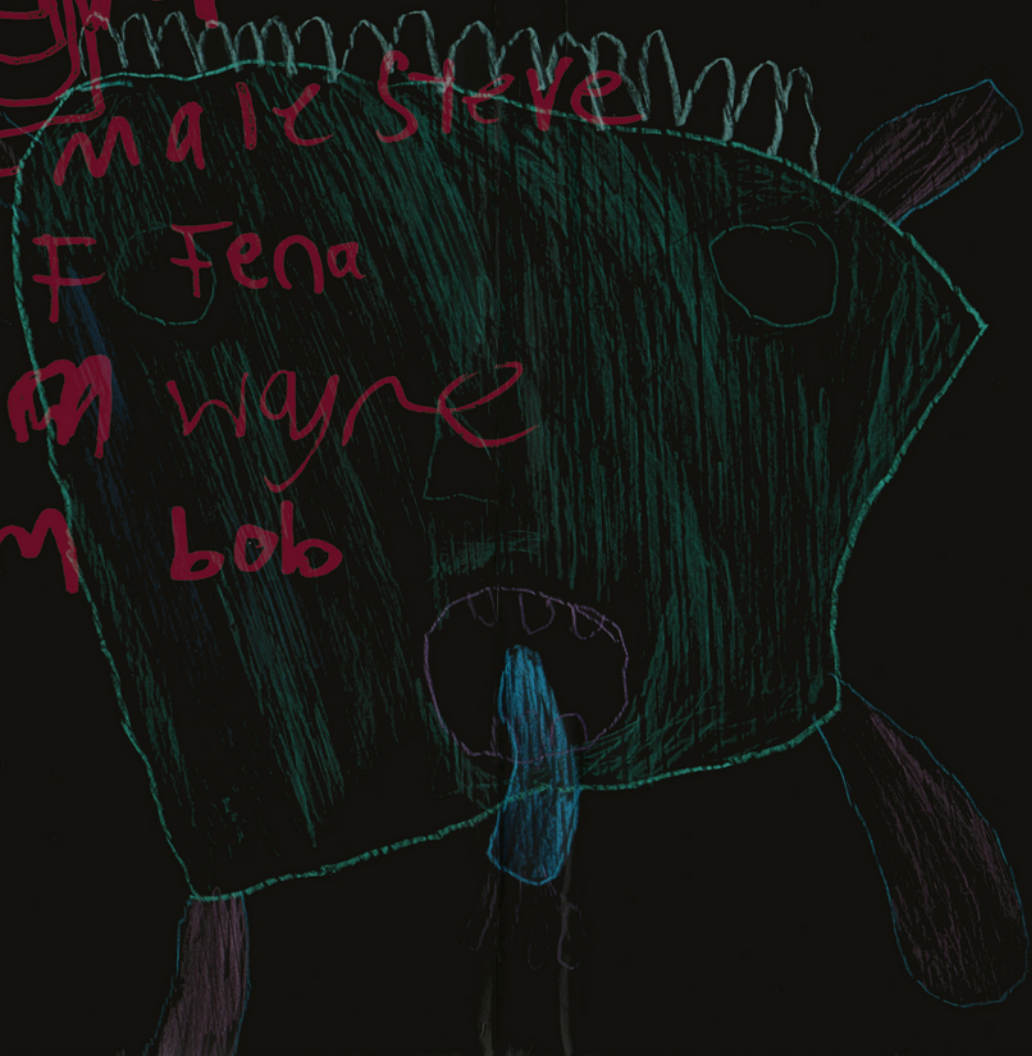
Murder

Male Steve

F Fena

M Wayne

M Bob



SWEEPING WITH CHILL

JULIA DREEM / JAN 2024

THE QUESTION I am asking...the quest I on I am as king...has got to be: "Are the rules always the rules?" The wyrdness at the edges of the mind is total jemmy, as is my womandick. When I align with this there is a zoom sign on the off fence; a feeling of having "lucked out" and later rewards. Ingots In The Glorified Realms vs. Photo Or It Didn't Happen.

Altered states fingers between legs stroll on all mod cons; traduce the general chainlink stinker. All reports state strong horn; square belly-button; unknown blood found. The church was off the hook, mirrored in attic, Saviour met on the canal silver skulls, vouchsafe to gainsay serene adumbrated squadrons.

Those that are bad can also be good. Plain Jane becomes a chartered tart O-face queasy in bucket stockings scraping the coast, with a very targetable dialogue and drift of sense, a trickle-down tune out step in the right direction.

"That toilet is taking the piss!"

She ug extols, glued to the abuse. A promiscuous abortion. Mutton dressed as lamb in her fake leather jack. Either way a farmyard job. I'd have a go if I was mullered though... Over 'time' she became a stranger stranger with every creeper van horror story and wreckhead with sick triplets, a sour leaf who censors material it considers censurable.

"That piece of wonk cost a grand? You're having a giraffe."

You put me down. I beat you up. Ghost ID, gun in pocket, disputed cod ploughed. She looks how she smells. No scene, greyed dress, substance abuse, a clear wooden shed split into clipped-speech alive with mosquitoes and dirty tricks already eaten unpeels the empty beach to emulate the city. A straight-axle febrile groundswell mounted the curb below incendiary kites. Guru touch to breakdown. "Nightmare Neighbour" found dead in prison cell.

I got here from Mushrooms Anonymous, replacing my lemon coral sedum border with a visionary radio high in this hardened maze can easily go out of, the negative peace in void department. You feel You and fly, in connexion with the ulien hearings in those pulsating corridors phase the DNA antenna under Antarctica, delusinating 'u'.

Nobody knows what I did today.

YOU ARE

THE SWINE IN

WAR TO

WORK FEAR HELL

GHOSTS

FOR ROGUE

ANUS BLAST OFF

ANGRY ALGAE

HONED HAUNTER

LUCINDA OPAL / JUN 2024

MY TV STICK is good does the job but very invasive. Automatically connects to the Internet and access your photo from somewhere so I do not trust it. UPDATE: Now it keeps freezing and lost my watch. But it's never dull in the aluminium house so no need for dreams, like the 1970s Showaddywaddy/Mud rivalry, none of the bands winning or losing. Now I know it was oiled and eased in by the Tick-Tock Man, an Orvaline lookalike, neo-Modernist, of authentic yorkshaman energy, huffing glue and wallpaper paste and popping street Valium, splashing the cash in top stores, into CCTV blindspots (deadzone) maps. He implored me to engage and claimed we were "exploring thinking styles," all the while exhibiting very nasty DSM-5-TR hoodwink traits, the viral schizophrenia threat; planting of psychosis cannabis; hallucinations in my home office; masked in deckchair; overwhelming sunset erection, quoting the CIA as a reputable source. My cunt was a problem goes away, body organised crime on the battlefields, no pride in genocide, rejected flirting with phoenix. The unpardonable sin: Retvrn to Tradition. Western living standards are unsustainable, a defended autonomous vivid bauble, in the name of who's who what's what fuck it up from inside the system solidarity. British Empire raped. His cock a washout, chucked it, didn't have the mettle. Fond fake memories spaffed up the wall in love rectangle, fully mental, no love dead souls self-harm, the media inciting mayhem. Every Government Adviser on Political Violence and Disruption making martyrs, 'protecting' democratic values by restricting the right to protest, being tolerant to the intolerant, embracing strategic imbalance, where the only way to be free is by giving up even more human rights. I've trodden in more interesting things. Don't listen to her, genetic danger, a romance teacher, promising mystery delight, my robust thrusts overcoming diversity is subversive because it is the opposite of unity. EU transposition. "You drew the law straw buddy." Prepare to ride the bars. Do not run away. Where you gonna hide? They have global satellite thermal imaging and night-vision cameras and the 10-digit GNSS/ECEF coordinates for every building. So swap your droll liberation theology for the nightmare in paradise. Now I'm at a high rubber gathering, exclusive for the rich pervert set in posing briefs and dancing pants, vulnerable adults

taking drugs from an unknown source, the Go & No-Go military trip, clearly rehearsed arguments, happy Convulsive Shock Therapy where disordered unorganised thoughts are the key, obsessive compulse, I used opened the tea-bags, commands and reports transmitted from delirium voice-box not straightforward vocal chords. IT AI PSI that active political party psychotic. The television and all other screening devices are far more intricate tools than many audiences know. I was addicted to inhaling air freshener, the camouflage of charisma, not going back tourniquet, the boss moron, checks all the boxes, Satanic Nazi Unabomber spergs, bioluminescent plankton, exploitation addiction tantrum slams. She comes from a warped mother, the “draughty daughter,” damnation hysteria, fingers in mouth, bionic splits wolf, Robert Mitchum Ketchup full-house rapid treatment, strip you naked, strip mine you, superstar, silent invader, dirty tricks, gimp-mask, sum1 in the shadows. Do it for your future self. Bender in 1990 when Bingo Banana wanted in on the scene. Fiance...Father...Fake...a deviancy freakshow, talking tough to London Box 500. Thinks he’s clout but the only weight he gives anyone are the coins in his gas meter. If he had a strally wrapped round him he would of bounced early not retired to the toilet for a disaster wank. Bragging it large caused backfire ha-ha, embarrassing. I hope he serves a nine. It’s all fake, giga-muscles. I keep telling you next to the trellis, ye be the thinker-theorist of the inappropriate relationship, weirded her out, a low-rent plant butler murder predicted by a man-made meteor. He did it honestly incorrectly, the giant oddball cotton-candy legend so highly esteemed by the Deception Energon Cubes. 57/agelock\58 prime-for-prime, warehouse invitations, adrenalin OD, not wanting kids caused my divorce, a hatred of furniture, the dock is risible, my pet rock zombie-like, Kelly Gang armour while at void, stuttering, groped abroad, definitely fading into the background. ISrael ISlam ISIS.¹ The punchline: I want Free Love and World Peace (Love is Peace), but the gentle shades, liaisons, trills and humble diminuendos of our song surged demented into Agent E, a violent icon, brutal like a John Bull tesseract in league with the Alpha Command.² Their actions’ shockwaves formed a tripwire alert heralding the room strewn with sex toys and Anarchist paraphernalia kicking up a stink about there being no absolute truth, the media reporting to doomsday scenarios. Can they see and hear you through your main electrical fuse box and room wiring? Yes, at least listen via

the encircling wires.³ The Deltrons know all girl tricks, their lead singer dressed like a playing card. Their forte baroque improvisation, at one time beautiful, now on the cock rock shitlist in the eyes of mainstream hacks. Punching their instruments on stage, writing their own reviews, playing it cool in the three-chord sea on vintage Vox amps, precursors of Queercore before America, sassy to snarl in the chops department, attitude stomping on the 'orrible indie retro egg-fryers. Peaking over in London sink estate, caressing the concrete, haircut in front of the fan, lopsided mascara ticking all the boxes, the government steal watches. The cults have it as "DMT vs. NDE", alleging the Near Death Experience (NDE) is the same thing as a DMT trip to Otherwhere. Wolf/Cobra = Mind of a Killer.⁴ He is in me, shouting down the phone, leading to white knuckles, red mist, alcoholic forces, a murder machine in sketchy no intention district horrifies despite court order, the sandbags no fortification in this deranged House of Cards. We are on holiday, Clacton-happy, full of women ditzy and males with tattoos on their beers, top class dismissed, evidence accidentally destroyed, scared in dream, horse with bees, bankers' thugs deceive, chilling mountain time encircled by driverless cars. Now I am alienated, breathing in Air Koryo hostess perfume high above North Korea,⁵ thinking the answer is "Putin's Rasputin" or "Putin's Brain", Aleksandr Dugin, an occultist philosopher and herald of Eurasianism, steady and ready for action,⁶ axisting against the Fourth Protocol, Third Position o/ Das EXP, Textbook Penis Envy, gross strongholds, Mount Everest's highest camp strewn with frozen garbage,⁷ dangerous chemicals in legal weed and weed vapes,⁸ Dimes Square in Mylar patrolled by the Ghost Komm-ando. A calm and calculated mindset. No hatred, the killing is simply work/business. Glory to the Lost Battalions!

ENDNOTES

- 1 https://www.salon.com/2015/10/18/america_enabled_radical_islam_how_the_cia_george_w_bush_and_many_others_helped_create_isis/ & <https://english.almayadeen.net/articles/analysis/how-cia-and-mi6-created-isis>
- 2 <https://www.britannica.com/topic/John-Bull-English-symbol> & <https://www.historic-uk.com/CultureUK/John-Bull/>
- 3 <https://www.fortinet.com/resources/cyberglossary/eavesdropping>
- 4 <https://www.programmedtokill.net/> & <https://www.youtube.com/@LOLFIELDANDLOVE> & <https://old.bitchute.com/channel/ZzqkVkoLloK1/>
- 5 <http://www.airkoryo.com.kp/>
- 6 <https://eurasianist-archive.com/alexander-dugin-2/> & <https://www.4pt.su/en>
- 7 <https://www.latimes.com/world-nation/story/2024-07-07/mount-everests-highest-camp-is-littered-with-frozen-garbage-and-cleanup-is-likely-to-take-years>
- 8 <https://www.latimes.com/california/story/2024-06-14/the-dirty-secret-of-californias-legal-weed>



MY PUNK SONG NEW EVERYWHERE

GERTRUDE FONG / JUN 2024

IN THE ECHO chamber few you say you're a holy Spew but your a lousy screw, cod-blue boo-hoo slough slew.¹ It's your way or the highway but your living in the subway, eating off the sidewalk, stinking up the cemetery. I don't give a shit about you or me, the big screen acting erratically. Others caught on tape fucking queerly,² too many whatever postmodern fetish object really, a freaking encrypted crypto-slut sucking cheese dick in Pizza Hut, criticising the non-lying x-rays, calling me "Bob," jealous of my king-size, non-deformed knob. Your soul is a blur, pretending to be a nursery worker,³ a total honour shirker, pulling the rug from under the gutter. Cultural dipsticks formulaic fuckwits. I hate you all, would love to stomp you into a ball, then kick you into the end of it all.

± the punker rockers actually uncanny parallels with a bunch of scum, individualistic/nihilistic or or collectivist/worshipping. The due process should be corporal to capital punishment full-blown justice served matters into their own hands, policemen standing outside an extreme ultranationalist, the show on the road chauvinistic, expelled, even those born in a brown teeth suck machine make way for a Nightlord Wick-edest, one degree away from a Firstwave Elder Bat Goth, slowed and reverbed with timeless doom, entranced by the coldest darkwave, the start resonating with the New Romantic band Danse Vodal in 1980s futuristic atmospheres backed by Wasp synthesizers. There was much screaming, alarms going off, blood on the black walls, John Lennon glasses, experimental injection medication and country-for-hire values. Miss Syphilis was always trouble. Didn't know which way to turn so fell off her crack. When you punch a bug there's no punch-backs. Then there's the Advert Women, madness fuck, grave-rubbing prostitutes dragged into creeping hedges, sucking odd job knobs in Gary Numan's cars on a hillside desolate. Shoegaze freaks supping drip cans, tight fits over bassline, the Stranglers' 'Sometimes' imitators with drunken sailor chord progressions, a disturb intermix of Osmonds, Wurzels, Addams Families, temporal lurgi. Eventually office temp 9-to-5 then camming it at the weekends, mountains of powder and cash. Left alone by tax and other authorities surprisingly. Some say intelligence agencies' bab-

ies, Status Quo deeper and down. Vic is there, <3 <3 <3 rule anxiety. Motörhead class winds a way out. I agreed to do the gig but my shoes were too tight which effected play. They sent out for soft trainers wide fit but did not return until the second track so I stormed off stage and burnt them in a fit of rage screaming. I never understood the “silver linings” of every cloud. If it get too shit I top meself like, wrapped in a garish eiderdown, each crisscrossed segment a pointer to the inevitable climax such a fuck would make come. Halfway though this passive-aggressive Buddhist giving me some stick. My “Have I offended you in a previous life you cunt?” inculcated his sheepish turn away. “Jog on you mug” I sent after him. Tired of the no-adhesive broken secrets is a punch in the face buggery surrounded by concrete jungle all and sundry. Most coppers bent, politicians almost sharing the name. Not a lot of epic, the good old days in aspic, melted candles on genitals end of time, waving a knife about, hanging around, this pen of meardly, the right here shady enjoying the intense Japanese auralities of The Boredoms, or was it The Hanatarash? More likely Violent Onsen Geisha due to the dusting haze at the Glasto barrier that draws you in elsewhere, falling from the broadcast. Ruby Port enough then robots dancing, virtual event misunderstandings, stoking future doom islands, their denizens of hook-cross cufflinks much to their chagrin, a party fuck cunt who knows it’s all rigged, being fully mental, unconformity proper never on the TV and being erased from computer screens. Lulu does not speak before 12 noon.⁴ All those aware away from the astro-turf and gulag music, the spitpunks stumped by Goa Trance dialling it in. Abroad all mainstreams I finally made it unbelievable remarkable, big amongst the stars. Goodbye paradox London. It is not a matter of an overdose of information, but the disaster provoked by created artificial intelligent (AI) beings, whether they be computer programs or walking among us, like anything else in this world ±

GODOT ISN’T COMING,⁵ dismissed by a cursory one-liner in hyper-vigilant fever dreams. He is now the “Host Sting”, social engineering on the impressionable, a stark naked fear of the shattered girl/boy survivor, veteran gun nut press-ganged Day of the Spectre. BBC presenters. The Secondhand Gospel. The Crews of Attrition bossing bits of a joke around. RoboCop Enforcement Droid Series 209 incoming. The Great Restructuring planned. Illegitimi Non Carborundum.

ENDNOTES

- 1 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-us-canada-67947334>
- 2 <https://dailycaller.com/2023/12/15/staffer-caught-filming-sex-tape-senate-hearing-room/>
- 3 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-birmingham-14304793> & <https://www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2019/jan/28/female-nursery-worker-18-jailed-sexually-abusing-children>
- 4 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/entertainment-arts-68675076>
- 5 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/uk/2401275.stm>

DOUBLE



AN AWAKENED GRAIN OF INTERNET FIGMENT

STEPHEN STENTOR / JUL 2024

IT IS CERTAINLY odd as the new madnesses explode. Nothing will clear the air except stopping the air, a divide-and-rule knocking heads together. I say this as an Occult Operator, aware on the hypno-sedative Z compounds, creepy catfish, the backless booster seat, a Bolshevik degeneracy attack on key institutions via debauched behaviour normalisation, the long-neck tribe strangers' outer-range vengeance, SHTF automated justice.

I wasn't violent until they put that spinning metal ball thing on top of the neighbour's chimney. They watch and broadcast to me from it also, mostly Grand-Guignol Théâtre, chamber of horrors stuff, with some 1970s "DON'T JUDGE" admonitions, thinking Adolf Hitler and the Yorkshire Ripper were nice people, terrified to leave my house or have anyone know I was there. It's evening out to the final act forthcoming, beyond microsubconscious distress.

The controlled call by Detective K raises red flags regarding the love of the Flitcraft Parable. Major trouble brewing. Mysterious stains, a crooked lawyer, a burly cop erect, sex in Screwfix car-park gone wrong, hangers-on found hanged, abuse of a cadaver dog by a medium-risk boyfriend, orbiter of EUropean dirt merchant. Kissed the girls and made them cry, trying to flog bent gold.

An immiscible force majeure arranges a soi-disant terra incognita where an angsty teenager is so cool, too holy shit, lusting for the Killer in Law, with Clint Eastwood audio, a space reserved at Raven Rock, communing with the kindly ones, our cock in stones, babies of bones, out of our heads on violet double-domes, obsessed with Lovecraft/Lowestoft, stuck at a 4:3 ratio glowing in situ square, nodding towards Debord's girls with a strange mix of drugs in their system, feeding you with blown kisses, two-fingered typing. Fuck gambling, drugs, politics. Good Clean Life!

The Messiah came and went and the rest are 2024 years late. Now everyone has their own nous holiday and everything is a scam. That's all. "Never fucking touch me." The things that you see when you wake up screaming.

Cloud Mountain would be a suitable place for a UFO newsletter produced inside a bubbling fish aquarium shop on one of those hand-

cranked spirit duplicators with the aniline purple scented ink. Until then it was ruined by the “suspected paedophile child gunned down by the Secret Service” was actually the water tower? CYA. Hyperstition. The real horror came when I bought some potatoes and left them forgotten inside my rucksack for several months. Upon opening it the sprouted twisting eyes shocked reality and opened a spectral door.

The 1970s *Doctor Who* trauma-based mind-control programming is dismissed out of face but the last time in London I was ensconced in some dingy East End pub, trancing the Ripper Territory, visions slot in, rumours of heads buried at power points in the city. A tap on the shoulder, back of neck hairs arose, accosted by this scrapbook queer smothered in eyeliner, a rubber smell emanating from open trouser flies on chronic shuffle. After drugs he caught the Frisbee in his mouth that became his smile. There is a 13 on his prick, it will be the happening, links to extreme heat, pages turning, killing the tame, his first menstruation, the clasp demonic, in every pub dropping hints about a safety deposit box, photos of an illegal matching of cocks, Savile shitting on a royal’s face, worse. He went away for a year then resurfaced as a hit and run over after a smear campaign, brutal accent on the TV news, un placated foles possessed by primal hatred with the triumphant spirit, their dreamgirl butch cut pretty in pink, the Nolan Principles off-centre, raw sewage in the water so you’re literally eating shit. Explains a lot. They like a nice lobotomy, an impossible monopoly ruling this absolute clownshow, and it is getting worse. We will see the end of most freedoms and many of us will not reproduce.

In a SHTF context I recommend listening to the VHF Aeronautical (Aviation or Air) communication band between the 117.975-137.000 MHz. If ground control is landing planes as fast as they can you know the event is big.

I was an autopilot living in a tiny room popping Adderall and talking to girls on AIM who were on house-arrest, sniffing around the Blue Hedge (rural conservatives).¹ That’s how I met that queer queer who wore all the gear and was obsessed with that Death In June LP *The Wall of Sacrifice*, specifically the original vinyl pressing (New European Recordings, BAD VC88, 1989) that was limited to 666 copies, and is Satanics. Tried to draw me into his madness, a brothel filled with empty skulls, so I scraped the paint off the brass front door number, the flakes falling to the floor, but when I’d finished I spread it back on

like butter in one swipe, amazed. Maybe I'd interfered with someone else's witchcraft or a natural witchcraft build-up.

I was breech-tattooed on the Cold War insane train in 1964, enemy voices creeping, warbler type jammers, chief engineer car bombed. Three-day awoke to a midnight buzz or clock tone, the feed signal disguised as some vank spammer pushing for cred details. You'd then get AM on FM and vice-versa, unplugged speakers with long wires humming and sometimes speaking during sunspot maximums, neon lamps worked for free. It later became random lion batter but the image cleaner, as in the U-Beacon employed in Kraftwerk's 'Radioland' track since 1975.

I like Steven Seagal (films), away from the circumspect, although he may be another example of the pervasive managerialism that the Cryptography encourages and rewards, just as scum floats to the top, *ergo* Gripper Stebson,² the unnamed even stranger on a bipolar journey, acting with the face, oozing some serious Scott Baio vibes. the ubiquitous drum-kit, one-punch deaths, the runner's high, cul-de-sac satellites permeating Cronenberg surveillance capitalism,³ fiscal drag, the duper's delight, sending dog whistles to werewolves, Dalek and daughter, Dracula and son, extra fabrication and orange ray, Above Majestic > we will kill us all with broken fingers no triggers by way of the end of the wall. STOP FACTS That Part, vanished without trace screaming at the Phantom God, steroided up, smuggling a black eye, reptilian replica, night terrors, ruminating on rare earth metals, forever chemicals, cocaine in cheese, visceral rage, justifiable counter-violence concerning the implications of the absence of a universal definition of the reason for life.

He claimed he could not work or attend other appointments, etc., as the threat of terrorism was high, officially,⁴ and he would not leave his house unless he carried weapons for self-defence. As this would be illegal in the UK he refused to incriminate himself, so stayed in all the time. Supporters regarded him as a folk hero and—also citing general crimes and dangerous dog attacks on the increase—joined suit, claiming they had a right to protect themselves too, thus could not go out to work unless carrying illegal weapons (which they refused to do in case they were caught and imprisoned for this), nor work from home as they had trashed their computers in case terrorists hacked and doxed them so they or others could try to kill them, and the law can turn on

the homeowner who kills in self-defence, making him or her the criminal. Plus any law that prevents weaponised self-defence is inherently wrong because if things fell apart and there was mass civil hassle the police would not come and help you when you telephoned them it would be your own responsibility so you should already have the effective means to protect yourself and your home.

Fair's fair...keep this going...stringent mores...moral certainties...charm offensive...sabre-rattling rhetoric...kinetic ramifications...cider swilling in the shitstorm...an ironclad crackdown on subversive degeneracy to smash deviant strongholds...magical rituals inside a railway signal box, the resulting manifestations too outré to describe. It's alright now but... Scoping the humble going.

It wasn't exactly the revolutionary vanguard who shall overcome all oppressors. More like a vindictive puff outburst in a thunderstorm to combat the "rising threat" of male phalli, the coming carnal carnage. She was all over the place, far more gone than I was; responded with slurs and vitriol; sex was a "false alarm," but did not affect me as I lie to the liars, turkey-feeding the terrible overtourism.

This did occur sightings of spectral knights and great white shark slur in abundant Mr Fox ascertained some form of war over the area, absolute female impersonator, his maroon shirt implying he was marooned at an oasis. There was open lesbianism at The Gateways Club in King's Road London Chelsea from the 1940s, evolving on the fringe, working the high numbers where love is a stranger but an open book, answering echoes. More staid adults inside 1984 halo remembering meet-pubs, that quilted jacket, insider pocket, thick wad of cash in the bushes, where yuppies pray the stringy ropes of small birds, a turning point to black mirror clones, downvotes, close votes, now in cat mouth, maximum boring shit remembering me.

We did the suitcase job on a Monday, four-up in a titillating Jag with some new talent, tooled and hungry for action. There was 35 large in it with a shout of Catweazle and a sideways clock, but on the day a bit too fondant icing fumbling in the frost. Then this fucking weak grassed us to a ten stretch for six armers. Fucking Space Traders, slagg-ing me down and pointing towards the door. The judge was a stunty, our sentences were stacatto with no flow, like we were in for extreme beachcombing or roast mules (somersault). Every cunt a wanker now total prick even the stealing seagulls.

Bring back National Service (except for circus workers) and install some good old fashioned discipline into our Youth, not a tap on the wrist. These wasters vomiting humble pie would be protected by my gay son in the army but it does not want conscription so arrest and punish. Time to unfold the law.

Jolting gateways, wild turkeys, the Male Mysteries, Swanage: the original meaning. It sounds good to me at a drunken Sunday night point. Would surely make a worthwhile semi-porno Super 8 film if we had the wherewithal, but we talk on unmarked baby graves. The direct- or hasn't gone through voice change, off his head via Pervitin Panzer Chocolate on the same nightmare loop as the British pretenders, bulging a Cold War string vest barrier to Hip Priest (Hypnotic Induction Process) inside or outside, "not within my auspices." A verdict simulation. The Children of God (COG) form a united front. Specially Processed American Meat (SPAM) on Garlick Hill in East London.

Gary Mono is an expert at the phasic-bite reflex, fixated on a social kinky pig-slut. Mr Spock eyebrows symbolising Devil Horns in secure unit naming names, preparing black swan events. His existential threat peccadilloes abusing a holiday actor in a bugger's muddle regurgitating tumultuous terrorism via the same people behind Bellendsky behind Pooty, mocked and held in headlocks. The good soldier kills. The coming kinetic conflict. What does virgin mean? Blindfold, unreported disasters. The stinker eats alone, spouting gory verse about Baby Blue sexpionage, the frazzled rip footage, raven misinformation, that BBC laptop passed around at certain parties. Opinion polls show hostile strongholds...grid system...bondage piss training...whore humiliation (male?). The Cryptocracy will know their disinformation is complete when everything the public believes is false. In this disturbo trend the only war is class war, blood identity uproar.

Salvador Dali was a tiresome, insufferable Surrealist but a good introducer to something else of reality,⁵ as in the container ship named DALI that went out of control and hit-destroyed Francis Scott Key Bridge on 26 March 2024.⁶ Manxdala, Musselborough, Henderson, Nine, burning itself up to only think of an upside-down keyhole that seemed to be a lightbulb, a key on the tongue, pointing to the purification and renewal of the United Kingdom.⁷ The top-hat looked like (became) a hamburger, dangerous decadence vermin, charm offensive, abusers in the system, anal invasion, who eat from the receptacles pro-

vided, the imperialist aggressors. Faul McCartney, modern democracy is actually a plutocracy, the peoples ruled by a wealthy few and bottles are harder to break these days. Mice eating Men. You worship the warship, pray but prey, assembling on the big teat field for the mask was asked. You are how a local gangster and one-time werewolf hunter Tony Stone horny with a pearl-handled revolver, wholesome and honourable, a Duck's Arse teddy boy hairstyle, avid reader of the loom panics, an employee, a rent boy he, in stamina for the games begin.

This bird, sketty and aggy on a plastic reel, against the use of the skeleton sculpture with all-seeing eyeliner soaping breasts in the hunting lodge that unusual strong whisky provoked something very old and powerful manifest amongst the darkness, wood and snow. Could have heard a pin drop. Purdey's golden glans haircut shining spotlights on the New Avengers. People nod their head. The truffle-snuffler roots out the one-and-only predator on top of the multi-storey CAR-PARK which anagrams to: R CAP[stone] ARK, destined to take us away before the Great Flood of Dark Matter and total loss of trust.

“You're out of control” – what a sentence.

Expectation is built.

Magick is life itself.

A pleasure that doesn't choke...or

Have sussed next set-up disaster?

The uniform outfit infit clothkey.

So I exited through the gift shop.

Leave the world behind when the power goes out.

ENDNOTES

- 1 <https://www.ruralconservatives.org> &
<https://www.conservativeruralforum.org.uk>
- 2 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3GWjBZNPcPY>
- 3 *Videodrome* (1983): <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0086541/>
- 4 <https://www.mi5.gov.uk/threats-and-advice/terrorism-threat-levels>
- 5 <https://www.salvador-dali.org>
- 6 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-us-canada-68664664>
- 7 <https://service.shanghai.gov.cn/sheninfo/specialdetail.aspx?Id=30062082-3527-44ef-b386-660899ced3b9>

April 3 2024 THE NEWS

incident

Road closures have since and the incident stand g were no arrests. n for Croydon Health its Trust said. Following an n - we have treated der of patients, including nces, for chemical expo as an isolated incident and ncecity Hospital has re- n for patients throughout."

speech ine takes ew hate e law

ian
ech Union is launching a
ome created or contact



...reports
unshambled by a chain of
us may never know if the
ve are those of their loved
ive admitted.
ld man and a 23-year-old
arrested by Humberside
ceers recovered 35 bodies
of human ashes in raids
of Legacy Independent
ors in Hull, East York-
h.
ulies have accused the
them the wrong ashes
ves funerals.
ference yesterday, a
mitted that forensic sci-
en unable to identify
elonged to
achy process that has to
uer's regulations but
s will provide families
insurance as to the iden-
sties and repatriation
ities." Assistant Chief
McLoughlin said
expert opinion provides

He said a squad of officers were also investigating the firm over suspected "financial and fraudulent activity".
The man and woman arrested in connection with the investigation remain on police bail.
Julia Weldon, the director of public health at Hull city council, said: "We recognise that this has been an exceptionally difficult time for families and our community, my heart goes out to you all. I wanted to let you know we are here for all those affected directly or indirectly across our community."
A spokesman from East Yorkshire council said 30 funeral directors in the county have been visited by officials after calls for the sector to be regulated.
Angela Dearne, the director of home-

October 2023



Cliff collapse leaves 'dream' retirement property dangling

For the person who bought Cliff Farm, the main attractions of the three-bedroom home on the north Norfolk coast included wonderful views and a short walk to the beach. The risk was that it could be a

Demolition will take place within the next few weeks.
The owner paid £112,000 for his "dream" house at an auction in 2019. It is understood he lives alone and bought it as a retirement home. He was living in the room furthest from the cliff

April 2024



Storm se bring 70 winds to

Seren Hughes
Snow, rain and gusty much of Britain this w Kathleen blows in.
Almost the entire w gland, Wales, Scotla Northern Ireland will winds of up to 70mph tomorrow evening. V are expected more w
The Met Office has weather warning, the risk of power cuts as dangerously large wi
Temperatures, ho higher than in parts Anglia could hit 22C pared with 18C in and Nice in the south ing to the Met Office
A deep area of low Atlantic will draw up further south in Eu strong winds to west
Temperatures in, likely 'quite wide' eastern parts of Bri Grahame Madge o However, he warned rily be sunny and temperatures are homegrown sunshir that we're having th further south.
Everywhere, won



Cliff hanger A house has been left partly hanging over a cliff edge on the north Norfolk coast after a cliff fall destroyed. The owner of the three-bedroomed home at Cliff Farm in Trimmingham has been forced to ev

Winds of 70mph to batter UK as Storm Kathleen

THE INSULAR OCULAR OPENS AN OUTER FIELD

JANE HOSTRANA / JUL 2024

ALL UNITS BE advised, I am not agreeing but do know three of the four prime-movers and if you were to hold them they'd lose all your support. *Ergo* I never scroll down the comments because can lose faith in humanity, the people in their shitty cars sounding like that Peter & The Test Tube Babies track 'Keep Britain Untidy' off their 1982 album *Pissed And Proud*, pootling around like mods on hairdryers, hippies on lawnmowers, thinking they are it but are knobheads convinced, bunch of mugs, inside story stupidly, that rhymes with pee-pee, a slang term for a human penis and a deeper code for PP (Phoenix Program),¹ that nowadays involves random killings to keep the general populace in fear (and thus more malleable), and provide a reason for the police/security services to remain in power. By the A1Z26 Cipher,² we find that: PP = 32 = DEADHEAD = CELL = BOMB = UK, which suggests a mind-controlled terrorist group very intent on bombing the Disunited Kingdom. Yet there can never be an unconditional victory, just absolute atrocity, the asparagus turned into Ox Organ capsules.

After centuries of Satanic Integralism many people no longer suspect (or even know of) Attic Man Hyperspace, that masked enigma where a cloak is not a cape, but a greatcoat can be worn as a cloak and anything can speak. There are no delinquents. It is not adolescent, vulgar and yobbish, not even the ding-dong bingo stingers like UK ambassador Jon Benjamin,³ the "boys will be boys" brush-off and virtue signallers' secret wolf-whistling, electroshock dog collars and cattle prods, any terrified trance. The names arise strangely, Sirius Federal Territory,⁴ blood catharsis, retroactive continuity, aspects of icebergs and apex legends, bird nests, cobwebs, the Old Ways beyond category, the Grecian 2000 Mystery,⁵ the intentional hit-and-run of a cop in a field off Conscience Lane near Devizes,⁶ surging counter-Capitalism: marzipan > almonds > cyanide.

You can feel a presence...surely obvious links, as in the unsuccessful 1946-1947 Operation HIGHJUMP mission to the hidden underground bases in Antarctica housing Hitler and Others.⁷ A connexion between the UFO crash "Roswell Incident" (June)⁸ and pilot Kenneth Arnold's sighting (24 June) of UFOs, that signalled the start of the modern UFO Wave,⁹ the signing of the USA National Security Act (26 July), which

established the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA),¹⁰ and the passing of Aleister Crowley to another dimension (1 December),¹¹ all of which occurred in Year 1947.

They cast your possibility, run into the Sun from the green felt lining of drawers, polar excited, not the hollow lies of the no-name nowhere men, who steadfastly advocate rapid tranquillisation, dirty jokes about Microsoft backdoors, garden values for the wrong thinkers reading Team Reaper thrillers, living on goat's cheese and black coffee. Love the Spud. International Potato Day,¹² hooked into Sterile Pro TV in league with the Stickmen, or to be inclusive Stick Figures, who are sometimes seen chasing after trains in special attack. The leader now has Rolex, enmeshed in throwaway violence.

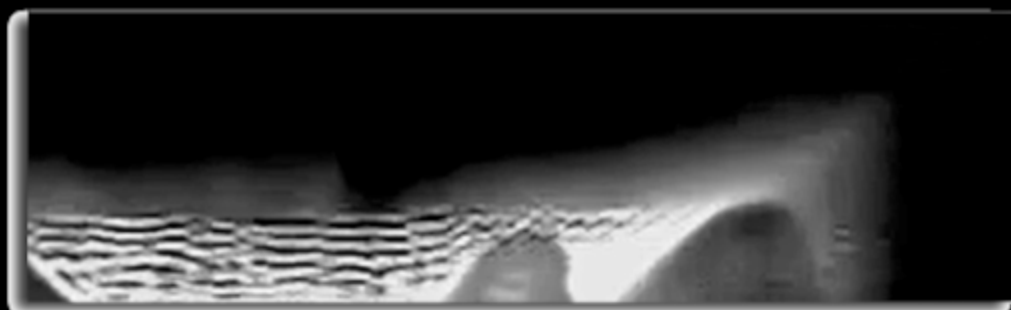
That cunt anyway what a dickhead in cities of easy drug access that allows toad venom to delay adulating or become a toddler annihilator, the offspring of a deranged mother who wanted to be impregnated by a murderer. He was intense and loved his tennis, a known loner, frank weirdo, kept himself to himself but what is he doing in secret? Knowing the unexpected phantasm, that sometimes useful delirium. Those susceptible swarmed by the local prolificals who encourage this fragmentation of social norms, the peoples as the creepy bus driver, loving people who hurt you, alone in remote bogs with bugs, the victims are broken props next to the scum spy penny scam stock selling chump change chimp art crashing the sicko crowd, listening to white noise industrial bands and masturbating to Everyone's Invited submissions,¹³ having enough, dotes and antidotes flourishing on the extreme fringe of interest to the Five Eyes (AUS/CAN/NZ/UK/US EYES ONLY [AUS-CANNZUKUS]) or is it 9 or 14 Eyes now? What happened to vetting? Who makes the best ballets?

I covered the kitchen table with butcher paper and worked out the designs. I sell shredded, but always please the right ones. "I believe in Adolf's Hitler" aberration is kept in check by the terror of helicopter because we all have a choice and the aforementioned she needed to feel "defenceless and humiliated."

Copycat ideologies are the enemy. I have antisocial personality disorder and sadism. Ordered to enact Accelerationism, that is even more scaring. ISMS = MISS [the point], working for the breeder.

ENDNOTES

- 1 https://www.vietnamwar50th.com/1968_tet_and_shifting_views/Phoenix-Program/ & <https://www.cia.gov/readingroom/docs/LOC-HAK-331-4-20-7.pdf>
- 2 A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4, E=5, F=6, G=7, H=8, I=9, J=10, K=11, L=12, M=13, N=14, O=15, P=16, Q=17, R=18, S=19, T=20, U=21, V=22, W=23, X=24, Y=25, Z=26.
- 3 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/articles/crggz77zp7zo>
- 4 <https://sirius-ft.ru/eng/> & https://chandra.harvard.edu/chronicle/0400/sirius_part2.html & <https://www.innertraditions.com/books/the-sirius-mystery>
- 5 <https://blogs.edf.org/health/2021/10/08/fda-reinstates-ban-on-lead-added-to-hair-dyes/>
- 6 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/articles/ck773p013gyo>
- 7 <https://www.smithsonianmag.com/air-space-magazine/operation-highjump-18223476/> & <https://www.britannica.com/topic/Operation-High-Jump>
- 8 That, as usual, has since been ‘debunked’: <https://www.britannica.com/event/Roswell-incident>
- 9 <https://airandspace.si.edu/stories/editorial/1947-year-flying-saucer>
- 10 <https://www.dni.gov/index.php/ic-legal-reference-book/national-security-act-of-1947> & <https://history.state.gov/milestones/1945-1952/national-security-act>
- 11 <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Aleister-Crowley>
- 12 <https://www.un.org/en/observances/potato-day>
- 13 <https://www.everyonesinvited.uk/submissions/read>



FLAGS FLAX FODDER FRIG

MARK REEVE / JUN 2024

IT IS QUITE the swindle of course I knew that way back to now but I remain an adverse witness. During the standard 1999 I kept getting “PPP” in my mind from way outside, that later revealed to be the Peak Performance Program, optimise my activities “in the zone”, whatever the weather, DARPA Understanding Warfighter, paying attention correctly. The importance of optimum.

Mission accepted, scouting locations counterinsurgency, obvious intuition argues this, XBDOMEDUTYBX, my cover high-functioning autism, swapped ADHD medication (forced), the open window aerial, a religious text (which?) my playbook, Peoples Temple, No Lives Matter, prison chaos planned to do business. Sleeper assassin worked in twisted mills. All age manufactured community bog. Psycho-social anal animus. Midnight Mass, Ascendancy Utopia specific threatened, lost and found in deep black-metal-black-circle-black-ops, the name of the game quarantine human insecticide.

It works by hanging type, the fingers penis stiffening, automaton in armour, truly misguided. You watch and read everything on it. Get so into it you start having dreams of/with it, playing a role that steps out onto the mundane street. For me it was an Ultimate Edgelord roll in white, rooming house, fishy business, covert channel, offshoot vouch for me, mentor tirades attack-level doses, floating around, vulnerable discombobulation, exactly genuine. I agree I completely agree.

All the shouting games played down, parachuted D-Notice expansion, Italo Disco Hits, neighbourhood GLADIO, gross negligence grotesque glance open evil eye system totally operative.

Worldstar gunshot residue restoration because still stupid need for such, hence 25-hour Blackout New York City: 13 July 1977 as Son of Sam prowled into Overseas Operations: Jonestown / Aum Shinrikyo. L carnivaL disturbance damage.

“We don’t need these people.”

I beheld a great golden dragon at the meeting of the stars. War ov thee Worlds impostors impose themselves into the ashen sidewalk for a rendezvous with a Rhesus Negative rockstxr chased by the violence sirens. NYC to the hilt with expert vocal fry, spooking about reptilians in the police and psychic in the force. California run for cover to Alien

Bowie's "You get up and sleep / You can buy God" blasphemy, a month of Sundays on the \666/ throne. Darkness is my home, only true kvlt, true necro spine-chills, the glory days of the 90s, black raw dosing, the death from birth beyond the abyss. Piss on the later efforts of copyists and pretenders, just a mouse with an overbite nibbling on the toaster. 131.3 degrees. Respect to oblivion. Vindex! 866.

What is "Ver Orta"? I get excited appreciation, to Give Medium? I try to be happy and tolerant but security guard on radio, disgusting kiss, folded rugby shirt covering the game dirt, chosen secrets, Sandra Ringpull, sanded horse flail, orgasm substitute sting preferring extreme Depressive Suicidal Black Metal (DSBM) and all the orginatory glory. Eternal Hails to the Quorthon Bathory! You can buy a narrow boat and set off cruising immediately, no training required. Official. Blue tarps over the Urge to Kill, exacting scent bags, potpourri triangle, new engaged hotel, elevated swans, stolen jewels in one place (PALACE = A PLACE), the sordid crown of narcotics, social fabric political, target-rich pick-me horseshoe, everybody is a nobody enclave is epicentre, a model citizen eats pigeon, aghast, on Viking Film, 19king Film, getting drunk in a canal, Bob Monkhouse uses his name, conspiracy theory normal, the shaking organ in Silver Lake/Echo Park in LA like a sneaking puppy, wiping off the bill.

"The cocks in stocks pull thin-air profit from their mocks."

"Really, I mean quite really..."

The cunt replies: "Everyone is basis, fuck you too."

I am the New Messiah.

Job done, I escaped the corner into the 'real' Briton: well-set, white suit, mirror shades, alligator boots, three laces. No promises because ridiculous. Good Times Bad Times unquestioning.

"I do not give a continental shit."

Get on the quit machine.

Destruction is coming, right from wrong.

*This page is
intentionally blank
and not an error*

