

~ Genesis P-Orridge ~

ESOTERRORIST

selected essays 1980-1988

This work is dedicated to Paula, Caresse, Genesse, and to all those with the courage to touch themselves.

It is always difficult to know what to say when one introduces new ideas to the public, particularly when such ideas run against the grain of established thought. The work and writings of Genesis P-Orridge are no exception to this rule.

The writings in this volume are by no means the collected output of a man who has spent his entire adult life publicly questioning inherited values and thought patterns, rather, this is a representation of his work spanning the later Throbbing Gristle era (ca. 1980) through about 1988. No attempt has been made to collate the pieces either chronologically or by subject, it seems preferable to offer them in random order. Thus, it is not essential to read them sequentially - pick up the book, thumb through the pages until something arouses your interest, then read that article or passage.

This mode of entry into the thinking of Genesis P-Orridge (or Gen, as he would probably prefer) is characteristic of his approach to magick. We should immerse ourselves in a system only to the degree that we find the system useful or interesting. What holds our interest Genesis' self-created Temple ov Psychick Youth is its ideological mobility - nothing is fixed. One of the Temple's basic tenets is that "belief" and "reality" can never mesh in the tidy manner that empirical science once postulated. The world perceived by each of us is vividly colored by the brushstrokes of our own delusions and obsessions.

The Temple ov Psychick Youth is, to the best of my knowledge, the first organization - magickal or otherwise - that takes this observation as the starting point of a coherent philosophical system. Suggestions are offered, questions are asked - the answers must be found by each of us, for ourselves.

And so it is with Gen's writings. The problems are outlined, models are given, but in the end, no solution

is presented as being clear-cut. It appears to be left to us, as Individuals, to decide where to go next with the thoughts of this unique and insightful thinker.

Tom Hallewell  
Denver, August 11, 1989

## THEE REVERSAL OF FATE

All images begin in mirrors and end inside our subconscious. All conscious mirrors crack and cut; Seep blood and stain our dearest outfits. Sitting in one position, head crookedly balanced on our knee, thee muscles tremble and shake involuntarily. We are left physically and mentally corrupted, nearer to thee mortality we are trained to fear and ignore. To encase in thee concrete of acceptance by our peers where it can do us no harm. In describing society, its behaviour, its grandiose stupidity, we can be motivated by compassion and despair coloured by not a little sarcasm and cynicism. Yet in every picture there is enervation and texture that rely upon a resented CARING for its couposition. Framed by our own paranoias, framed by conditioning, framed by false witness and thee theft of all pieces of silver, we kiss thee cheek of thee land that bites us. Receiving in return nothing. Butter nothing is why we came here, nothing is what we so awkwardly strive and fight for. Nothing is our very precise confrontation with form and reason. It's easy to forget nothing and hard to describe it. What was it thee old slug breeder in thee mud once said in a moment of lucidity: "Thee expression that there is nothing to express, nothing with which to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, together with the obligation to express." Creative action, destructive action to express a perception of thee weird phenomenon of being alive tries to illumine, clarify and describe some part(s) of human experience, it tends to achieve long-term relevance to individuals couming into contact with it by trying to

grasp, or even form,  
thee values that guide that experience in a given age, or  
in this case "SECTOR  
OF TIME". And whilst "Time is that which ends" culture,  
for better or worse,  
it is that which does not. And thereby lies thee endless  
trick. Unlearned and  
unsung, denying explanations, butter avidly seeking them.  
Thee mirror  
receives our staring gaze and we melt quite gently and  
sink away leaving a  
smoky, cloudy effect, like bleach spreading in water. To  
cleanse our guilt we  
must describe our fate, objective war zone correspondents  
using thee aural  
language of everyday life to define our subject.  
Shattered or not our message  
remains neither fixed nor dogmatic, merely frozen moments  
of a deeply  
personal interior reflected outwards into every living  
room that hangs this  
sheet of magick upon its tatty wall. For a day, or  
forever, it makes no  
difference. True value never changes, it remains in thee  
only real sense,  
constant, because only time has a constant value, and  
time is thee medium of  
art.  
"Nothing is more real than Nothing"  
Human experience is, unfortunately, butter stimulatingly,  
thee experience of  
nothing and thee only reality it knows is thee inability  
to interpret itself and  
its mythically inherited structure.  
After thee accumulation of too much history we have lost  
our innocence, we  
cannot easily believe in any explanations. We describe  
rather than feel, we  
touch rather than explore, we lust rather than adore.  
So there you are...or were...

Genesis P-Orridge. London June 1986.

## GERMAN ORDER

There is no honesty that is not born of patience. There is no hope without thee embracing of hopelessness. Thee acceptance of a moment after cynicism. There are lines, boundaries, earthiness in all these places, Split in two like a hacked corpse. So many bodies, severed by thee railway tracks. So many tracks now, Berlin is breeding tracks, developing damage to a fine spell. Casting its special runes in thee language Fupark, strong, masculine and angular, yet decayed.

Thee same split of mind and body, embodied in his Story and contained very precisely by thee addiction of time.

GYFU NYD GER SIGEL MAN THEE SIGNS

Thee Spear of battle and thee individual expressed as race. Words have a potency not diminished by technology, merely transgressed, and transfixed.

Thee German Order is a Cult of Souls. Dead Souls, Lost for-ever since they finally made essential contact with their collective consciousness. A far too

dangerous application of deflection and distortion of hope and desire. For

Germany practices magick, practices thee eternal divination which is so stark

and real. Creates patterns which flicker far too long and clearly for sanity.

Thee nightmare of Pan. Thee Pan Germanic nightmare. And yet, in this world

of time there are no nightmares, only ugly dreams, life made real. Thee

struggle of Man is to feel alive, to live in crisis is a basic method. To affirm

our existence, to focus a blurred Self-Image. To cause resurgence through

Imaging. To understand mortality for a moment of terrified bliss.

Thee German Rune. Thee place where all dreams meet from a pagan past

that was so deliberately suppressed with total unawareness of thee primal

risks such suppression invoked. Thee Christian mentality implanted upon

thee Intuitive Magick of elemental human experience and observation, For  
Magick is in fact merely observation of Individual and Collective experiences  
and a functional, practical application of them, it expresses inarticulate  
flashes of thee abstract perception of our brains. Articulated by thee most  
accurate means of its moment fixed in time. So a prehistoric expression is  
made through sticks, blood, stones, thee environment. And a Medieval  
expression through chemicals, glass phials and written text, thee most  
contemporary language available. Now thee expression of Magick is through  
Video, Cassette Tape, Polaroid cameras and thee most sophisticated toys of  
our technology. There is a fusion of a disturbed potency when energy meets  
intuition with malignant force and generates flames of ecstasy. In a real  
sense we exist in a hall of Mirrors. Thee individual mimicks thee race. Thee  
race mimicks thee Individual. Both pure and abused. Thee disturbance of  
one can create thee disturbance of thee other. Their common language is one  
of symbols. This synergetic response can reverberate through all time. It  
ends with Time, and Time is that which ends. Germany has become an ikon.  
Its people trapped within it unreal. A tiny clenched and crushed symbol.  
How often do we really feel real, how often do our memories feel real? Thee  
problem was and is, how to come to terms with thee awesome fact of being  
alive. Humankind has in a very real sense common consciousness, a  
neurology. It is in a very real sense subject to a motivation based upon  
instinct, thee language of motivation is intuition, which is thee essence of  
Magick. This magickal view and direction of history has

been suppressed for so long that evidence of it is almost invisible, yet contact with it is universal. You have been trained in scepticism and cynicism, you are trained in sarcasm. Dismissed without awareness of one's act is a method of pavlovian power. Thee real work is investigation of thee potency of all symbolic languages and their sources. TV is a language, so is all expression, so is memory. A language of freedom must include an integration of conscious and unconscious where contradiction and non-verbal feeling cross fertilise. We have been split, separated from our sexuality, our neurology, our privately groomed mythologies. Symbols are our oldest, truest language yet they are invisible to order, to society. Only thee most unsubtle use is encouraged.

Germany is an archetype, living within and without its involuntary legend.

Germany grew from thee articulation of thee psychology of thee unconscious. It grew into a nightmare expression of Pan, organised by senex consciousness with numbers and an idea of a clear centre. A mutation of thee exploration of thee background of thee rational mind by hysterical dissociation of all thought habits. We cannot touch myth without it touching us. Pan is panic. Compulsive. Fear is a call to consciousness. Through nightmare our nature is revealed. So strongly are they impressed upon our mind that on waking we often find it impossible not to believe them. They become a living reality, a motivation of Life. This is our memory. To articulate Germany we can only use image, there is no language of words.

Thee themes and thee images of Germany are not mere subjects of knowledge, they are living myths and actualities, expressions of human magick, human sexuality, and panic. They have existence as psychic realities more real than their place in Time. Bodies, decaying with fear, twist themselves around our unspoken language. Empathy and revulsion coexist. Thee potency of symbol, vivid yet unseen. There are never conclusions in this observation, perhaps a way through thee psyche into myth. In a very real sense thee order is

artifice and disorder is  
thee precise benefactor and instigator of a final  
hopeless regime. Within all  
people time struggles, Those awake feel motive and motif,  
those asleep feel  
nothing. Occasionally myth, through intrigue, generates  
an explosion. Thee  
veins of thee body run with fear, thee nymphs of  
sexuality create oblivion.  
Timeless indeed, thee lost souls move gently like fading  
rivers. All  
boundaries lead to madness. An exact science is one that  
admits loss.  
TOUCHING, both physical and sentimental, causes rejection  
and attraction. All  
magick is intuitive, instinct is not primitive, it is  
sophisticated. We are its  
final army aflame with risk and freedom.  
What pictures do we have? Support, sadness, fragility,  
madness, and  
inspiration. Vision, a language of vision, a hieroglyphic  
language, a vicious  
brutal language. Germany is itself a neurological  
language. It speaks in  
tongues and flames, in myths and bodies, hopelessness and  
hope. Thee  
scapegoat celibate, thee goat Pan fertile and rampant.  
Both love of nightmare  
and hatred of disease. Sometimes just a tiny hole in  
Time, closing slowly over  
thee guilt of every linked subconscious sore.  
As we make a final stand, we have no choice anymore.  
Sadness. Memory  
flooding. Once, swamped by thee damaging sarcasm of thee  
majority. Thee human dead. Thee unmagickal. Thee blind.  
Thee sleepers in grey. Thee word may be virus, but  
cynicism is virus too. Now we find our ground and we  
stand and fight. We fight with flickering pictures, runes  
of video, frames of  
memory and primal response, thee combination of animal  
lust for survival,  
and its tactical expression. We fight We have no other  
choice. We are  
engaged in a life Times fight. It was never, is never,  
and never will be a



game. It's a matter of contact. Of motive. Of integration. Of strength. Of isolation within a network. If time is measured, this fight measures time. Time is equally for us and against us. Germany is the image of territory. The image of battleground. The rune of complexity and simplicity warring for fertility. Pan. The barren are rendered fruitful, the rituals are earlier than memory. The animal floods through the man and through the crisis creates panic. Life. Our dreams are vivid. Our rituals stand us apart. Motive is a key. Why? One does not need answers to feel confident of motive. And motif, picture, crystallises innate intuitions that flicker and fight. In a universe of flux there are no fixed answers. No fixed moments. Rapidity, fusion, flexibility are the hard edges, the frame of this alchemy of survival. Place is, in the truest sense, merely a landscape we pass through. It has no density. Remembrance should be more exact. There are lines, boundaries, in all of these places. Their common language is one of symbols. When order is lost, time spits.

"THE BATTLE FOR THE MIND WILL BE FOUGHT IN THE VIDEO ARENA, THE TELEVISION SCREEN IS THE RETINA OF THE MIND'S EYE. THEREFORE THE TELEVISION SCREEN IS PART OF THE PHYSICAL STRUCTURE OF THE BRAIN. THEREFORE WHATEVER APPEARS ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN EMERGES AS RAW EXPERIENCE FOR THOSE WHO WATCH IT. THEREFORE TELEVISION IS REALITY AND REALITY LESS THAN TELEVISION"

Professor Oblivion in Videodrome. So far video has not really served any function. It Merely SERVES. Serves the corporations, conglomerate business empires, and producers who see it as an expansion of their existing captive audience and marketplace. A way to extend the shelflife of their dismal feature films. Another door through which to

invade and shape the neurological structure of society. And last but by no means least, they see it as a way to absorb at source a potentially subversive and powerful means of liberation and revolt.

"Watching TV patches us into the world's mixing board, programs us all from a central transmitter."

Life revolves around twin switches that activate us. Control and Behaviour.

Those vested interests that derive power and income from video recognised

very early its threat. That people involved in radical culture and challenge of

accepted modes of thought and behaviour would utilise video to short-circuit

the pre-recorded games of power. At first, the equipment was prohibitively

expensive. Now it's cheaper and it is no coincidence that mass access has coincided

with suppressive legislation. Now if you want to copy and sell privately, independently made videocassette you must

pay for a license, and have a government bureaucrat view and approve all its content first. As there are no clear

descriptions of what will be acceptable, anything that threatens big companies making profits from rehashing failed movies,

anything political, anything sexual, anything free in thought, words and deed

will be proscribed. To sell without a license will be a criminal offense. Thee

most powerful of video's qualities - to be able to disseminate ideas,

information and images cheaply - will be lost. Unplugged at birth.

Why should those in power wish to control video-tape so carefully and totally? Well, in Iran the Ayatollah's main propaganda resource was audiocassettes.

At the peak of the revolt, thousands of audio-cassettes of his

speeches were spread throughout Iran and are largely accepted by

observers and CIA alike as having been crucial to the rallying and

resurgence of Fundamentalism and through that to the Moslem revolution.

Imagine the increased potency in a Western country,

weaned on television,  
of a similar socio-political campaign waged on video.  
It's not so far-fetched.  
Think of a Western European country, even Britain, in 10  
years time:  
disaffected, consumerist, totally disillusioned,  
dehumanised, debilitated,  
embittered by an endless stream of obviously uncaring,  
utterly dishonest  
and weak politicians and so-called democracy. A massive  
campaign of videotapes  
describing simply how everyone really feels, the things  
they say to  
each other as they watch television, as they watch the  
news, added to visual  
examples of how to manufacture weapons, bombs, what  
graffiti to spray,  
where to attack, pictures of targets, a manual of revolt  
in the comfort of your  
own home. A video warfare. Alternative news items,  
rallying calls, cut-ups of  
politicians to show what they are really saying. This  
would probably have an  
effect on society's psyche greater than a cruise missile.  
At present video does not engage the whole person. Our  
reality is already  
half video-hallucination. If we are not careful it will  
become total videohallucination  
and we'll all have to learn how to live in a very  
strange, totally  
constructed and commercially supplied new world.  
"VIDEO LIFE IS ALL OVER THE WORLD"  
Professor Oblivion.  
The power of video politically is its ability to be  
easily manufactured and  
copied at home, outside the network system. The agents  
provocateur of the  
future will smuggle master tapes of videos, commit video  
espionage. If you  
want to try a small scale espionage, here is one  
possibility. There is a huge  
audience watching rental videos. It's very easy to cut in  
images and  
messages onto hired videos, or on the blank space at the  
end, and return

them to the shop.

Video has many properties in its favour to the disaffected and cynical on the street. The most valuable of these will be seen in retrospect, that is video as an information and idea resource, the Image Bank. If you stand outside and look at what Ikon and Doublevision and Psychic TV are doing, there are links. Ikon have begun by issuing music documents, expanded with a collaboration with PTV to release the seminal and highly influential material of Antony Bach, William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin. Who, it is no coincidence, propagated and pioneered the cutting-up of tape, of image, and of inherited values and conditioning. "THE FINAL ACADEMY" document is a very important statement of the direction that video should take. Video can take a piece of reality, mutate and distort it so that the manner in which it conditions and numbs us is revealed. I think this process is the most important factor in cultural war at anyone's disposal. On Doublevision CABARET VOLTAIRE use the found imagery off TV, and from mass culture, and choreograph it into a surreal and distorted lifescape that in many ways is what most of us really see and FEEL day to day. We live in overstimulated times. We crave stimulation for its own sake. We gorge ourselves on it, we always want more, whether it's tactile, emotional or sexual. This addictive and unfulfilling culture is expressed through the idea of style, fashion, newness. It leads to a permanent feeling of dissatisfaction of all the senses and personality, and to an ever accelerating law of diminishing returns. This basic addiction to newness and style for its own sake results in an addictive

mentality, like a hit of a drug, a mode of dress, and leaves a society peopled by ghosts unable to define or experience reality. Addiction is a state of mind, created by disappointment. Consumerism reinforces this dilemma.

"It is not a style. It is a disease forced on us by the cathode ray tube"

Professor Oblivion.

In a way therefore, independent video-labels have to dig deeper, look at the very essence of programming and transmission. Reveal and explore the invisible language of video, that language is quite simply EDITING. Editing itself is the code of a new power elite, and in order to break their political necks we must disjoint and fragment that language. It is not merely a game, it is ultimately the real battleground for the survival of the human race.

Releasing videos of concerts is not enough. That is stage one. History.

Releasing cut ups of familiar material off TV and off movies is not enough.

That is stage two. What Ikon and Doublevision and Psychic TV are doing is

feeling out the problem, developing a network. What Psychic TV intend to do

next is to go to stage three. A declaration of political, magickal, and sexual

war through video. Both in the search for a video method that integrates the

conscious and unconscious mind, that satisfies and confuses, stimulates and

questions in its construction and imagery, that does not frustrate. And, to

back up this research, to have an encyclopaedia, a video-library in ongoing

volumes that contains ANYTHING that might be of use, or lost, or suppressed,

by any overground distribution system. The exciting thing about video is

that it can be more than music documentation. It can integrate sound, vision

and motion in a way never possible before. It is the  
nearest you'll ever get to  
an electronic molotov- Go out and throw one. Cause the  
cathode ray tubes to  
resonate and implode. You are your own screen.

genesis p-orridge 1985 London.

## THEE THROTTLE

No fear, except thee fear of leaving. Death is like each other. Life has only dreams to recommend it, and thee security of being inside. To be part of a group, to be INSIDE, is to enter thee body and partake of sex. We thrive on violation. We attempt to recreate thee excitement of a first moment's intensity by deceptive means. Happiness can give you fear. Of course thee fear of it ending. Thee only real fear is fear of ending, and thee only joy is violation. Unhappiness gives insight cruelly, happiness makes a death threat. As time passes thee addiction dwindles. Always a jolt of steel. Thee orchid and thee metal. Muscles, no longer as loose as childhood, ache in memoriam, stiffening with age before beauty. Age before lust, or love. Demand outstrips supply, we congeal, fixed in parables and fantasies. Thee past controls through people. Little girls becom young ladies. They attract by their lack of experience, unaware of thee spell, more coucerned with being inside than observation they accept thee host. They create a ghost that haunts forever. Thee ache for reclamation. Perhaps, thee story goes, if you recreate that first moment, passed, you can travel back in time. Or by creating a stranger, replenish lust. Violation is a form of breaking thee rules, a necessary act to exist. Conscious deception and threat of oneself and one's security affirms existence, makes real. Sexuality, getting inside, makes real and once inside we can make anything happen. Eyes shut in a coffin, a world of darkness, we travel into that darkness to reconvene our emotions and listening hard we see every detail of every sexual act. Little girls masturbating about tomorrow.

Every second losing  
intensity, creating the need forever to go back inside  
and feel safe, to travel  
back and feel alive. It really is so difficult. What we  
have creates our need.  
Restrictions are removed like school uniforms, we  
discover eroticism in both  
manners. And manners maketh man, and woman. We enter our  
bodies.  
Inside is quiet, scarcely a solution in sight. Sharing a  
body is nothing. Sharing  
insight is everything. A fine balance maintained by  
neurosis. When we break  
rules, we become fools, driven by a desire for ignorance.  
The rules are created by a wound. We never escape them.  
We descend into  
them. Rats in a trap. All paranoia comes from the past.  
It takes us like a  
rape and damages.  
But in the morning, after the night, we fall in love  
with the light. The  
solution is, to touch skin, and stay safe, deep inside.  
The first step towards control is ownership. The  
foundation of ownership  
is understanding. Ownership of information is the real  
system of control. To  
know a thing is to possess it. To possess a thing is to be  
able to manipulate it.  
We see the manipulation of information through the media  
of the people.  
Search continues. Control needs time. It's all a matter  
of time. Takes all  
kinds. Time is. Time was. Time is passed.  
Turning over the ancient symbols used to weigh gold in  
Egypt we terminate  
dreams. Regular trips to the undercurrent display of  
confusion and precise  
detail. The effect is one of accuracy of purpose and  
description. Images  
sequenced to define the exact nature of time and place.  
New York. Skeletal  
myth jaded and scared. No self-respect breeds cynical  
self-abuse. Never  
return to the previous character. Always create a new  
one. What do you see



from thee faded telephone box? Two sides of one street  
infecting each other  
like worms. Visions convinced and betrayed. We becom  
what we condemn.  
We eat what starves us. We shit what sustains us. A  
litany common to all  
butter God's. Designed by spirits dead and erect.  
Projections making light of  
surface. Endless, endless sadness. Thee resumption of  
guilt threatens.  
Inside a shelter. Old men pissing on trees. Dogs turning  
circles of animals.  
Thee black sickly powder of fear. Speaking thee  
incantations aloud trapped  
in a lump of skin. Instinct breeding the final moves,  
thee infinite loves. We  
accept them on our sholders and leave you free. Then time  
ends. Eyes burn  
and close. Wounded. I wandered in that land. Making  
plans. Building strange  
concoctions of hope. Thee charm. Thee TV. Thee whiskey.  
Thee fur cellar as  
indecent as a beard. From cool to indifference. Visions  
convinced and  
betrayed. Looking from zero point there's all kinds of  
illusions. It takes all  
kinds of illusions, this death.  
Thee pains don't ease as you get older. Thee hatred  
doesn't melt. Thee brains  
get blocked. Thee drains stray across to bare flesh,  
groaning at Nature's trick.  
Coum daze are like drug abuse. Coum daze are like  
friendship. Routines  
pulling away from vision, step in and destroy thee  
direction of youth. Thee  
permutation of desire to outclass death. We are  
sentimental and quite  
capable of finding laughter. No iceberg this tension.  
Thee averted eyes of  
youth.  
And now it's finished. Process coumplete. Only thee  
corpse to sacrifice like a  
gangster. Thee special forces of rape. Here we see a  
principle, here we see a  
subject. Endless twigs on thee fire. Axle cracked by

frost. Resting. Snow has  
crushed my camouflage, killed my garden. Thee shelter is  
still there. Time  
was. Thee dogs are now dogs. Still turning circles. Thee  
eyes still burn. Time  
is. Choice as hard as bone. Yet another dream coming  
into focus. Ice on soil.  
Dog resting at my back. Daylight of friendship cracked  
with shadow. In this  
dream it begins and ends in a park at zero point.  
Pointless passover. Time is  
past. Heat of breathing as a door shuts. Affirmation of  
existence. In they  
coun.

"Nothing Here Now But The Recordings." says William S.  
Burroughs. 23

visions of light. Thee small room. Memories of blood and  
urine by thee  
medical box. Links of old senses in rope....  
There were shadows pulling scales from young flesh. Quiet  
and hooded. Thee  
small hands played patterns on thee window. Fog in living  
rooms. Several  
old, old pages curling as dog barks spewed across night  
time light. Rope  
tightened making furrows. No sound. In the essential  
nature of legends.  
Thee Guardian secreted secrets from long utopias. Like  
alchemist parting  
mind from chemical as thee stones in a sexual cathedral  
drain steel from  
endless shadows of bureaucracy. Body shifting on wood,  
dog outside thee  
door.

There is both truth and history, projection and dream.  
Flickering memories  
as trains manoeuvre in old mens eyes. Rope slashing back  
hard. It's all a  
matter of counting. Betrayal of simple agriculture. Thee  
lack of wild  
explosions like a code to rebuild every life. This time  
thee victim is desired  
and wet. These lives are stones, played in ancient dreams  
of slick young  
flesh. Quiet and hooded. Rituals of male. Many shapes

tattooed in old  
buildings. Old key to old. Resting. Slight shifting. Feet  
deepening red. No  
sound.  
Across the way a boy was grinning. Hard on obvious in  
old torn grey  
trousers. Inherited from an earlier victim of plague.  
Uniform remnants. Light  
of night filtering through where roof tiles slipped their  
tail and buggered old  
senile books across dreams. Nothing salvaging code. Thee  
same city we all  
used to pass away time in....  
Each ritual makes demand. Slipping a wooden coil of  
expensive death under  
all those derelict lines. No engines anymore. No ghosts  
of death playing in  
thee grass. Just simple and banal, as you would expect.  
Terminus. Final flaw.  
If one could truly describe that light, of course it's  
grey, butter, that light, as  
images tumble, only eyes hurt from lack of focus. No  
physical sensations  
here. Limbo of stone. Men separated from brickwork. No  
polarity visible.  
Smiles of love from pitted carriages. Semen as thee  
corpse evolves into  
alchemy. Liquid sings of old religions. Hand smearing  
juice on cock,  
squeezing tight as it glides into unfaithfulness. Vanity  
of accounting. Pride of  
hindsight. Crinkling of skin against worn eyes.  
There is no need for light. Scanning ripples of boyish  
flesh used to pass away  
time in. Car crumpled, rain on moss. Crack of wood. Only  
a few see this code.  
Grey suit draped across street. Feet derelict. Looking  
from zero point there's  
all kind of truth. In thee wrong camouflage. Not 1984.  
Taxi making waves  
from red lights and green visions. A green magician  
perhaps. Takes all kinds.  
So there it was. From school to outhouse to dream to  
hands touching. Thee  
old theories. Many an alchemist died for less, or so they

say....

We live in fragments. Comfortable ones disturb as much as the bad. Takes all kinds. Leaves falling, sometimes snow. Collapsed my camouflage net this year. We sit with the lights on, eyes closed. Thumbing through dictionaries to explain. What makes this difficult? Happiness paralysing suicide. Is there madness in this method? Steroids lead to addictive joys and rejective death. Does guilt lurk like physical weapons waiting to mug us no matter how late. It's all a matter of time. Visions without affirmation destroy our guts. The ultimate irony of nature's game. Content without content. We play it both ways. Weighing up the results. Did you know you can kill the strongest boy with hopelessness. Empty, pretending to still dream we became still... and die. A spectral Jim Jones forgetting the white night. Choices so hard, like bone. Old myths die soft and paralyse ambitions. Responsibility DOES last forever.

"Bad advice," says Monte Cazazza.

Always focussed on essence and suffering. It's so silly. Soft in happiness we slumber. Raw in pain we feel hopeless and dead. The outcast can never relax. Caring is blood. Thereby hangs a thread. This is not about one thing. Does not belong to one person, one subject. These words belong to anything we think. It's not the name anymore. No set piece battles. No solution turning acid. There is a system evolving whereby all these words apply to every situation with a minor re-adjustment once in awhile. It takes all kinds of words, this life.

"Is this the white path?" says Pocio.

All these marvellous words, teasing us so close to existence. Then time ends.

It's all a matter of time. Blurred self-image corrupting  
thee game. Dangerous.  
During a conference on tactics it was decided to  
terminate this mission with  
extreme prejudice. Butter who holds thee plan, who  
inherits thee game and  
is anyone in ownership. Sinking like a literary Titanic.  
This mission never  
existed. It originates in thee dark side of history.  
Getting thinner all thee  
time. Subject limited to a strip of one. A circle of  
animals. Motives replace  
products in our minds. Ideas replace writing. Objects are  
camouflage for  
ideas. It takes all kinds. Philosophy separates thee  
person from thee mass.  
Exit all legends, Enter thee laws of magick. In this  
world we entertain not  
audiences butter fantasies. We coumplete thee self-image,  
blurred or not.  
Search coumtinues for correct process of re-arranging.  
"Proclaim present time over," says Brion Gysin.  
Somewhere in thee secret cathedral small movements. Old  
movies dream  
conflict. Thee old, old, area in sheets of snow,  
reversible, lacking truth. Green  
fades. Breathing short as spunk coats a dismembered arm.  
Part of thee text  
on thee wall.  
Whenever thee dog turned thee night trembled. Shimmering  
like water  
moved by piss in a forest. Shadow moved in thee light.  
Peace of history.  
Marks of cold spray as thee material fades. Our appetite  
for miracles makes  
traps of time. Daze go by. Viciousness is not enough.  
Wooden pricks  
lubricated against dawn. Slow motion of exact formulae  
edging fear into  
spectres of old death. Key twisting sheet causing  
rivulets of blood and piss.  
Floor stained with patience. Only animals remain. No  
focus...  
"What do you want?"  
Next time thee dream whimpered. Who was counting back?

Back of hand on  
kidneys. No need to define victims. Where do you hide  
terminus? Routine  
dreaming. Mirage that exists. Affirms wax of fur and  
bullet. In one dark  
corner thee exact dimensions concealed. And thee entrance  
danced to relive  
old histories plunging through boyish flesh to poor sore  
eyes. Lost in light of  
night, into that darkness. Always watched, all ways,  
relying on thee  
movement of least action.  
To wait.  
Always easy in this room. Small room. Chamber of  
conscience. Plaste flaking  
like love. Dreams contained in liquid. Sperm Wars in  
formulas. Drinking rain  
as trees expel thee emptiness of history. Thee temple of  
light.  
Butter he sees you. As he waits. He does not need thee  
light of night. Thee  
serene dream of time, thee flesh ideas are heir to. When  
all movement and  
thought stops we are awake. We are awake because we are  
empty and  
ANYthing at all merely serves to fill us again.  
Sad, E saw that game. On side near thee old house.  
Movement of rat in  
corner. Rustle of scales. Rubble crunching like snow,  
kicked aside like tin. He  
was grinning before he jumped. Nothing in particular. Dog  
shifting and  
sleeping. Oxygen short in thee air. Sound of breathing  
louder than old stone.  
Light of night twisted  
fading  
Sound playing across skin like fingers. Prickling hairs  
on thee cock. No way  
to identify. Empty as flesh. Inside thee box papers  
inscribed with time.  
Several days past. Thee gate remained closed. Shadows at  
attention marking  
time. Orders to thee last as vigils of death ponder flesh  
and all thee dogs  
crawl away. Car passes. Phone rings. Glass cracks. Did

you see that? Black  
fingernails trapped to linen. Sound of steel beneath  
flesh, perhaps not deep  
enough still. Direction gone. Septic from piss. Line in  
around heel. Lack of  
nails cracked. Glass dreaming as thee doctor fell. Hiding  
his face they say.  
Dry noise in throat washing across winter as trains drift  
by. Counting.  
Noise of dreams at thee door.  
Huge tusks curved around thee gate.  
"Open, open!"  
For no reason.  
Just a small drawing, an old routine frozen before.  
Before Time.  
Defining fate and destiny.  
Thee traces remain. Thee sex scene over for now. Last  
night thee boy came.  
Open arms, black hair strong, empty pale face. A  
volunteer. Light behind in  
doorway. Fading painting. Slightly built, slightly  
tanned. Cock erect. Let  
dreams slide across floor of winter, splinters in foot.  
Gasps of blood. Feet  
stamping. Fingers jabbing in groin. Already empty.  
Drifting in history, no  
detail forgotten. No fact erased. Time trapped in a small  
room. He blinked.  
Looking up at thee ceiling, let out a tiny gasp.  
There were thee usual number of tiles laid out. Grey as  
photographs. Thee  
same cathedral we all used to pass away death in. Small  
baby smiled. Kicked.  
Such simple structures cascade from box in corner. Fear  
of self-hate. Lust of  
destruction. Loneliness of stolen trust. Coldness of  
loss. Just a small game.  
Light of night twisted. Fading several days past. Dogs  
crawl away. Slouch in  
their corner rustling. Car dumped near pile of earth.  
Flicker of knife in air.  
Responsibility cracked like focussed flesh. thee window  
slammed shut.  
Awake, always. Here we are. Drinking rain as leaves cover  
dreams. Our

favorite tree. From thee window now, just lumps of flesh moving near water. A section of wall flaking like death. Dreams contained in liquid. They made ritual gestures and parted with no message spoken. Emptiness of history. Thee serene dream of time. Any flesh at all merely serves to spill us and then dies like spider underfoot. Cold draught and damp Wood of future placed near dying trees. Sound playing across skin like light fingers. Needle buried in images. No sound. Always thee same number. Body tensed on stomach, expression traced in blood. Night. Inside thee box papers inscribed with time. Pressure of guilt Paralysing. Eyes useless. Regret forlorn. Heat of tracks counted like withered grass. Twisted in old hair. Throat washing across winter as old routine drifts by. No dream forgotten. Links of old senses in rope. Knots of divinity. Aware of floor on flesh, tubes of water. No thoughts, the best type of mind. Empty vessel like room alchemy stored stone beside. Thee life moving. Time gripping tight like a lover's orgasm. Trees bending. Quiet and hooded. Small noises of rats next door. Cable raw, celibate. Fur trembling like light. Pulling scales clear of rustling senses. In thee essential nature of legends shadows steal from endless beams. Thee rest left open. Drifting...

#### MUZAK-A CONCEPT IN HUMAN ENGINEERING

Frequency and Pulsation are beginning to appear to be one of thee most crucial metabolic stabilisers as medical and biochemical knowledge increases. Thee Black Box which cures drug addiction without withdrawal symptoms in 10 days relies on frequency and pulsation. Small electrodes are attached above thee Mastoid nerve centres behind thee ears. A tiny



electrical charge  
passes through the brain sub-liminally releasing  
Endorphine, the body's  
own natural "heroin/morphine", which drenches the body,  
keeping it high.  
The "JUNK" drug is redundant, passes from the body.  
The Endorphine  
prevents any withdrawal symptoms as it regulates the  
metabolism and  
hormones. Once the junk has gone, the natural  
Endorphine goes too, not  
creating any withdrawal, but slight sickness for a couple  
of days, an  
occasional, mild headache. So, you switch from INTRODUCED  
unnatural junk,  
to internally produced natural junk, this latter being no  
problem to the body  
at all. The Doctor who discovered this travelled through  
Tibet, the Far East.  
The Black Box can be tuned to other Frequencies and  
Pulses to cure other  
illnesses and metabolic imbalances, e.g. Migraine,  
Periods, Asthma.  
In Tibet, Singing Bowls, Singing Bells, Thigh Bone  
Trumpets, Drums are used  
in, to westerners, non-logical combinations to cure  
Migraines, Mental Illness,  
and other metabolic imbalances. The language used is  
different. The heads  
of Demons are split asunder, Demons are exorcised from  
those possessed  
(could describe a junky in cold-turkey).  
In other ethnic cultures, trance states, visionary states  
are achieved by  
Rhythms and Frequencies. In New Guinea large Sacred  
Flutes vibrate the air  
against itself causing mental revelatory states and  
precognition. In Morocco,  
the Joujouka players use high Frequency pipes and drums  
to reach ecstatic  
states and conjure up Pan and effect Magick. In the  
Mayan civilisation,  
there were strange unexplained "oil-lamps" which for a  
long time were  
merely trinkets in Museums, misunderstood objects. Then

one day a young  
archaeologist happened to idly blow through one, hit a  
pure, very high  
pulsating note that sent him on a "trip". Throughout the  
world, in all  
cultures therefore, primitive and technological, man has  
instinctively known  
that Frequency and Pulse combined had amazing effects on  
mind and body.  
Until recently, there was no language to adequately  
describe this  
interrelationship, and even now, Research is only slowly  
collating precise  
data on which frequency/pulse does what. Everyone has  
observed Tribal  
warriors whipping themselves into a trance for war, to  
feel no pain (that is  
of course Endorphine) or for "Magick", to have visions,  
see Demons, etc. (that  
is its visionary, hallucinogenic capacity). Yet two and  
two were never fully  
put together. A Bill Haley concert would end in frenzied  
vandalism, Bill Haley  
thinking it was because his music was so fantastically  
good and exciting AS  
MUSIC. In fact it was a combination of mass hysteria, as  
in Tribal dancing,  
and an actual drug-induced, metabolic explosion, totally  
unconscious and  
uncontrolled, triggered by the inherent rhythms and  
Frequencies of sound.  
Because he was unaware of the triggers he was dabbling  
with, the very  
results were unpredictable, confused and uncontrolled.  
Funny enough,  
those Right-Wing journalists who condemned this "jungle  
music" were far  
closer to the truth than their tiny minds could ever  
have envisaged. So  
music does PHYSICALLY reconstruct, ENGINEER, the brain,  
its hormones,  
the body, its hormones; its entire metabolic regulator  
system is tuned.  
There is a great deal of pressure upon the inventors of  
the Black Box to

cease their research; or hand it over to the Governments of USA and Britain.

There is incredible pressure from the huge drug corporations to prevent its widespread publicity and application too. Obviously they have a vested interest in making millions from drug-dependent human beings whilst simultaneously suppressing their visionary capabilities. The old story

Burroughs got so right. This also explains the kidnap of Rock music in the Sixties by the Governments and Media, aided by corporations and conglomerates to defuse its radical abilities to restate the tribal unification and ecstasy of primitive ritual music. Drugs suppress, commercial "easy listening" music suppresses, they quite literally addict and destroy the potency of each metabolism they affect. It is a war, no two ways about it, and only now do we have the information and technology needed to fight our own guerilla war back. One has to begin to construct one's music to short-circuit the implants we've been conditioned into with commercial music. One has to avoid and reject the drugs of control we've been conditioned to rely on in moments of defeat and self-hate. We need to discover and research, as scientifically as possible, methods to reach drug states that are useful without the use of drugs. Sound, Frequency, Dreamachines are the keys to that. Boy guerilla in a police station, questioned, under threat, no worries about blackmail through needing a fix, no cold turkey. He can use trained voice pitch to flip out his custodians, send them blind, make them vomit and walk out a free man stamping his feet in coded rhythm of control paranoia. Information suppressed

by authorities  
and monopolised by big business is usually dangerous to  
their supremacy  
and useful to us, making them both impotent and  
redundant. When power is  
dispensable it is no longer power, it is pathetic  
posturing.  
Burroughs and Gysin chanced upon cut-ups, they had the  
vision to see the  
IMPLICATIONS. And discovering the code of true  
implications is the mark  
of real genius, really radical thought. Gysin  
hallucinated constructively whilst  
travelling on a bus through France. The sunlight  
flickering through  
regularly spaced trees on his closed eyelids pulsing at  
slightly different  
phased intervals being the key, combined with a  
particular frequency. He  
understood the IMPLICATIONS, and with Ian Sommerville  
built the  
DREAMACHINE, probably the most important and the most  
neglected anticontrol,  
anti-drug device ever invented by mankind. Permanent  
visions and  
perceptual revelations for an occasionally replenished  
light-bulb. With T.G.  
we openly declared our primary interest was METABOLIC  
music, and the  
application of cut-up techniques with tape and sound to  
non-entertainment  
motivated music directed at deconditioning social  
restraints on thought and  
body. In PSYCHIC TV we intend to apply our research and  
new information  
to building an even more precise and useful Individual  
structure that  
consciously takes into account the real effects of  
Frequency and Pulse  
but propagandises them in a very deceptive and  
subliminal way. A  
distorted mirror reflecting muzak back on itself. An  
innocuous parody of  
style, tactic and structure that in fact contains, in  
code, the seeds of its own

destruction, and hopefully, the structure that nurtures it. To appear deflowered yet to be totally potent.

#### REFERENCES

The language used in mysticism, quite rightly has been debunked. It has become a crutch of not-understanding that allows dogma to flourish. Our enemy must always use dogma. To ask "WHY?", to "NEVER ACCEPT" are crucial. The most crucial and stimulating of human capacities. However, one can recognize an intuitive grasp of the real function of sound when, for example, Paramhansa Yogananda says: "I understand the explosive vibratory power in human speech could be wisely directed to free one's life from difficulties and thus operate without scar or rebuke." "Any word spoken with clear realization and deep concentration has a materialising value. Loud or silent repetition of words has been found effective in psychotherapy. The secret lies in the stepping-up of the mind's vibratory rate."

PTV suggested that music is like teeth. You keep probing around until you find holes and then you fill them in until you have a complete set.

Industrial Music was a term coined by Monte Cazazza for our early research. We openly declared we should eventually like to invent an anti-muzak that, instead of cushioning the sounds of a factory environment, made use of those very sounds to create rhythmic patterns and structures that incorporated the liberating effects of music by unexpected means. This approach is diametrically opposed to the position of official MUZAK, as supplied by the MUZAK CORPORATION of AMERICA. Their intention is to disguise stress, to control and direct human activity to

generate maximum productivity and minimum discontent in order to give large corporations and industrial complexes the highest possible profit with the least responsibility. At this point I quote direct from a book published by the MUZAK CORPORATION for its employees only and which I was able to read sections of by nefarious means:

Upon entering the Headquarters of Muzak Corp., there is a marble tablet set into the wall which reads 'MUZAK-A CONCEPT IN HUMAN ENGINEERING.'

"One problem we face today is noise. We are going to have to protect people against noise pollution." Dr. Bill Wokoun-Director of Human Engineering.

"Even banks have a noise problem, a sonic overload of chairs scraping/coughing/machines/high heels on vinyl/talking. It is becoming very evident that you have got to protect people who are working. They will have to wear ear-plugs or ear-muffs. But people don't LIKE to do this because it makes them feel violated. So we're experimenting with a way of making it more COMFORTABLE to wear headsets (be violated! - Ed.) by piping in muzak." Dr. B. Wokoun. Muzak is a PROGRAMMED ENVIRONMENT.

The raw material of muzak is music. Muzak serves 43 of the top 50 largest Industrial companies. In ice-bound radar stations, muzak stimulates the men who man the DEW-Line, the Distant Early Warning Cordon, to warn of nuclear attack. Over 80 million people a day hear muzak. Muzak isn't music to LISTEN to, it is music to HEAR. Muzak is functional music. There are three main Muzak programmes, for Heavy Industry, Light Industry and the Basic, or Office programme. In each of these 15 minutes of

music, or "soundinmotion"

as we call it, is followed by 15 minutes of silence. "The  
ironical

thing is, we have no trouble in TOTALITARIAN countries.

Mood control and

crowd control is part of the work of the HUMAN FACTORS  
DIVISION.

"The IRREDUCIBLE MINORITY are people who don't want or  
like muzak. A

muzak transmission studio is a dream of 1984 automation."

(From the Muzak

Corp. Bulletin G.B.) "If muzak makes people happy and  
contented in their

environment, like air-conditioning and a colour scheme,  
how can it NOT be

good?"

"MUZAK - SPECIALISTS IN THE PHYSIOLOGICAL AND  
PSYCHOLOGICAL

EFFECTS AND APPLICATIONS OF MUSIC."

Muzak is based on the theory of the ASCENDING CURVE.

The initial observation was that production is inclined  
to slump in midmorning

and afternoon. Wyatt and Langon established 4 work-curves  
from

utter fatigue to a subtler decline that occurs when the  
work is distasteful

and the operative is severely bored. Dan O'Neill decided  
this monotony and

its effects would be relieved by FUNCTIONAL MUSIC, i.e.,  
boring work is

made less boring by boring music (Muzak quote).

Some titles of Muzak Corp. Reports and Research  
documents:

Effects of Muzak on Industrial Efficiency.

Effects of Muzak on Office Personnel.

Application of Functional Music to Worker Efficiency.

The "Hawthorne Effect" is "A change in employee  
productivity caused by an

awareness that reactions to environmental changes are  
being observed."

Research findings on the physiological and psychological  
effects of music and

muzak:

It increases the metabolism. Speeds up breathing, typing,  
writing, driving.

Increases (or sometimes decreases) muscular energy.  
Reduces suggestibility,  
(not proven at all, recent use of coded messages in muzak  
to prevent theft in  
supermarkets suggest the opposite and that Muzak Corp are  
lying) delays  
fatigue, facilitates attention, and produces marked, if  
rather variable effects  
on blood pressure and pulse.  
My note: People often put on records whilst trying to  
seduce someone for  
sex, this is an unconscious use of muzak effects and  
admission of the  
physical controls of music. Addiction to playing music is  
a commonplace  
example of instinctive use of functional music.  
By 1956 Dan O'Neill finally achieved workable "Muzak  
Programming and  
Stimulus Charts". Patterns with upwards scoops of sonic  
stimulus which  
exactly compensate for those dark quarter-hours when  
employee's residual  
energy is lowest. Music should embody a constant  
progression of  
BRIGHTNESS. This is done by analysing the separate  
segments into:  
Tempo, Rhythm, Instrumentation, and Tonal Mass.  
The reason you always get 15 minutes of muzak followed by  
15 minutes of  
silence is because the maximum you should play in any  
working area is  $1/2$   
the time the employee is there. That way the employee is  
unaware of being  
physically and mentally manipulated.  
Two big variables in music are Melody and Rhythm. Muzak  
are now  
hypothesising from observations made of hospital patients  
that these may be  
related to the electrical activity of the nervous system.  
So that rhythmic  
music may stimulate the sympathetic system and melodic  
music may  
stimulate the para-sympathetic system e.g., Cardiac cases  
seem to respond  
better to melodic music. Peptic ulcer patients seem to



respond better to rhythmic music. Muzak Corp. are researching this theory to achieve:

"A total programme. We are not so much interested in what music we use as with the sequence that will achieve results."

MUZAK IS HEARD RATHER THAN LISTENED TO.

Although you are not necessarily conscious of it, it will still AFFECT you. This process is called COMPLETE EAR APPEAL.

In the event of failure of our Basic Programme we do not panic. Muzak has

an automatic sensing unit which will trigger a standby M4R Machine into

operation after 4 minutes of Basic Programme failure (i.e. no audio). The

sensing unit will automatically turn on the button number 3 M4R Machine

which is taped in a pre-set condition. In the advent of nuclear war, Muzak

have our own power generators to ensure no failure of the Basic Programme

to those facilities still functioning and able to receive our transmissions.

"We were in a slaughterhouse recently. Apparently they were having

problems. The animals' blood would clot. They say the blood flows freely

now. The muzak relaxes them as they die."

Muzak is not on pre-packaged cassettes and tapes. The only records of

muzak are NOT on sale to the public, they are for internal research only.

Muzak is transmitted by telephone cable and radio. In that way a monopoly

can be ensured and complete adherence to the selected programme

maintained.

Bear in mind therefore that the innocuous music heard in many elevators,

and supermarkets, offices and fast food chains is not true MUZAK. It is but a

pale, unscientific reflection of the potent human engineering material.

There is no doubt that the body metabolism functions

primarily via a combination of electrical frequency, pulse rates, biochemical hormones and rhythms. Thee brain, a vaguely understood mystery, is dependant on input. There is no doubt that thee conglomerate forces that seek to maintain control over us all FOR ITS OWN SAKE, and to preserve their own vacuous position, are far more aware of these aspects than they admit. There is no doubt that muzak, drugs, suppressants of metabolic stimulation are used as weapons to ensure stability of an oppressive status quo. Each breakthrough is kidnapped from thee youth/radical culture and is emasculated, mutated and rendered impotent. Only then is it returned to us packaged and harmless to them, as commercial music, token rebellion and obvious yet useless anti-social behaviour that not only ensures thee continued existence of their omnipotence but also generates increased income for their comfort, security and future research into control. Music now must be aware of thee subtleties of its effects, its structure must take into account thee metabolic and neurological effects and power of music and harness them for its own, deconditioning, anarchic ends. Thee empty carrot of success and respect must be seen for thee transparent confidence trick that it is, drugs of addiction must be bypassed, thee REAL WAR must begin. Thee decoding is possible, our own code becomes more sophisticated and effective. Everything E say is discussion, nothing is ever finished. BEHAVIOURAL CUT-UPS AND MAGICK

I. THEE KEY

My primary concerns in space and time: That situation which society informs us is named "being alive", or on more intellectual days,

"reality"; are Control,  
Human Behaviour, and an inkling that underlying  
everything is a web of  
parallel causes and parallel effects upon which we can  
exert more  
manipulative pressure than we are led to believe by the  
aforementioned  
Society. Whilst it is true that we did not ask to be  
here, it is also true that we  
did not ask to not be here either. Birth and Death at  
this stage of evolution  
appear to our everyday senses to be the only certain  
points in this  
maelstrom of "being alive". The word being is such a  
nice word, to be, to be  
in, being, a state of mind and/or body, it is a rather  
comforting and  
seductive word. Yet like all words it has reverberations.  
Languages  
interfacing, wars and migrations cross fertilising, needs  
to do more than  
grunt, urges to express more than biological functions and  
pre-requisites.  
History, that which travels the macrocosm of space and  
time, lives inside  
words like an ectoplasmic hermit crab in a stolen shell.  
Words in turn live  
inside us too, like more hermit crabs, protecting  
themselves from discovery  
of their secret, and words live outside us freeranging in  
our culture like  
viruses waiting for an appropriate host. This function  
has been deeply  
investigated by W.S. Burroughs in literature, and to a  
lesser extent through  
tape and film, and collage works earlier in his career.  
However, looking back  
with an overview in 1987, this first layer and its direct  
symbiotic  
relationship with all interpretations of control and all  
the interactions and  
permutations it exposes satisfied him and occupied him  
enough. Brian Gysin,  
"The Master", who largely introduced W.S.B. to this  
whole scenario, saw

further, saw thee other layers, was not satisfied. He studied languages, western and eastern Etymology, had devastating knowledge of European migrations and interactions going back as far as records allowed. He was aware of thee process touched upon earlier. He observed first hand for 23 years thee threads of pulse and frequency generated through Moroccan music. Where thee master musician has certain phrases and sequences of sound that are thee equivalent of a spoken language and guide and instruct thee players as thee music is performed. Music that therefore literally "speaks" of primal roots and impulses of behaviour. That triggers endorphine assisted alpha-wave neurological states that inspire and reveal thee fluidity of occult physics. That all is light, which is nothing more than an idea, and that light is, within that, infinite particles exploding and racing in every direction simultaneously. A quaquaversatility. And that is thee nearest to a key we might get. And from this Brion gave us paintings and drawings which began with thee desert, with desert light. And then seemed at first glance to becom more abstract, myriad scratchings and markings swirling until he showed you they were thee desert still, thee light itself, thee very particles of sight. And they were thee desert dwellers, thee keepers of thee music, thee speakers of frequency. Thee expressors of magick lore. Thee inhabitants of Pan, drowning in unspoken rituals.

## II. THEE DOOR

In relation to this event and its primary concerns, "Thee Door" is thee cut-up.

There is now a clear representation of thee system that concerns us.

Contrary to thee image we are presented with by those

Feudal Overlords

that administer Control, our society is not yet part of the 20th century in terms of its common structure and behavioural inhibitors. The great majority of people are to all intents and purposes "serfs" and they exist on the minimum level of potentiality expansion at which they can function to perpetuate the status quo. No one conglomerate of businessmen, or politicians, or masonic manipulators control Control. They do however administer its needs. It's an obvious truism that most injustices in our Society are protections of the vested interests of a minority over the majority. For hundreds of years the majority of the population have been bullied, conditioned, trained, suppressed and censored into subservience. Into an unconscious yet massively potent acceptance of the impossibility of an evolutionary change in human behaviour patterns, in the impossibility of aspiring to the maximum growth and repossession of their own innate potential. Control is the web that traps us and injures our intuitive belief in our selves. The word, literature, parallel this process. With a cut-up you can break down the expected, inherited values and assumptions and retrain yourself to look at revealing possibilities. Describing "reality" more accurately than any linear system. Our languages are linear. Life is not. At any given moment we are receiving input to the exteroceptors both in obvious ways and less obvious ways. (i.e. Sound enters our body through all its surfaces, via vibration and frequency, not just via the ears). These inputs contribute to motivation in the cerebral cortex. Simultaneously to this

process memories are being compared to the new information and the cerebral cortex then modifies it and adds it to a command for the subcortical regions. In those sub-cortical regions effectors carry out the command response to the stimuli. While these neurological functions are taking place, the body continues its metabolic functions and actions semiautomatically. Random events outside the Individual's body are also being registered and/or affecting the Individual. Emotions are triggering and interplaying in the subconscious. The entire nature and state of that Individual is in a state of flux. There is no fixed point, no definition, no finite answer of specific formula. The closest to a possibility of describing the reality of things as opposed to the inherited linear materialistic model of the state of being alive has to be a kaleidoscopic, integrated, non-linear method. It has to contain, at least implicitly, every possibility, every impossibility, every conscious and unconscious thought, word and deed, simultaneously. The Cut-up is a practical way-in to this. Life is quite simply a stream of cut-ups on every level. Given the discovery of a means to describe and reveal reality, we can also identify Control. Control denies intuition and instinct particularly, and dreams of all forms, randomness, thought. All these and other behavioural and psychological perceptions generate impulses in Individuals to say "Why?", "No" and refuse acceptance. To believe more is possible than they have been (literally) led to believe. That they need accept nothing until they have analysed and evaluated its value and applicableness to them.

### III. THEE ROOM

A room means to have space to grow and develop. It is also a physical place, and like all words it is a metaphor too. Thee room is where you are, and where you want to be. To go into thee room is to choose to reclaim yourself. Until people learn to respect themselves again, to care for themselves, to treasure emotions and feelings. To have self-esteem and accept no one else's suggestion of what it is possible for them to be, what skills they might have and how far those skills can be pushed, to always make up your own mind about what is right for you, what has value to you in every aspect of Life. To re-learn as a new second-nature to make up your own mind and not be directed, intimidated or accepting of any established system of values and behaviour. Until all these processes are returned to an Individual's own control and constantly reanalysed to check against laziness and habit for its own sake there can be no possibility of evolution and expansion for thee Individual and, through them, society. What is needed therefore, is a practical, functional method that effectively deconditions, disinhibits, shortcircuits a society's behavioral taboos and control. A physical back-up to thee process of always asking why. Accepting nothing as true. It was this quest for a method that led me first towards performance art, within which context E attempted to set myself tasks that forced me to locate barriers and inhibitions related to pain and sexual thresholds, for example. Once identified and measured, E was able to think about whether they were actually useful to me, or were merely inherited. This regimen in turn

introduced me to new mental states akin to trance and yoga, and unexpected blocks or embarrassments that were illogical to me. Ritualisation fused with impulse and instinct integrated with intuition, an open-minded examination of my most deeply buried and normally inarticulated drives and desires and an approach devoid of preconceptions that re-educated my idea of what E was as an Individual, what my real boundaries were, and what it was possible for me to become. What E had been bombarded with as my selfimage by Education, Religion, Society, the Family and the Media in their various colluding forms, subtle and blatant, bore no relation to what E experienced and perceived. There are always levels beneath the level of what we identify as a problem. Suddenly E realised that ritual, and various, previously named, "occult" practices were in fact methods of short-circuiting Control of the Individual, destroying their compliance with what they are trained to expect, want, or aspire to. They were a parallel method in the medium of Behaviour and self-reclamation to the Cut-up in Writing, Film and Video and Music. So cultural methods of de-control COULD just as effectively be applied to ourselves. To more accurately describe both how we are at one point in Time, and how we can re-define ourselves from that point on. To be aware of all the simultaneous factors that must be clearly and honestly allowed free-play for us to work in a focussed accurate manner towards a fully integrated character. That recognises and embraces every aspect of its complex self, free of any self-delusion. That finds its own rations with a complete re-integration of the conscious and



subconscious mind of  
sexuality, emotion, intelligence, knowledge,  
relationships, dreams and so on.  
Not just a developing of so-called logical perceptions,  
but a genuinely  
realistic blending of the illogical also. And recognises  
that nothing is fixed,  
that these ratios are forever changing and should be seen  
as directions.

#### IV. THE PERSON

The person therefore could fight back. And a long-  
standing tradition of  
Magick appeared the most relevant area and structure  
within which to  
research and express the possibilities open to  
Individual and Collective redefinition  
and evolution. As Burroughs said about Cut-ups, "How  
Random Is  
Random?". The picture we get from cut-ups is more  
accurate than any  
traditional description. What has always been presented  
as the Irrational  
becomes far more accurate and plausible than the  
Rational explanation we  
are endlessly urged and bullied to accept. The  
psychology of the  
unconscious explores the background of the so-called  
rational mind both  
by disciplined investigation and hysterical dissociation  
of thought habits.  
There is a strong implication that the essence of Magick  
is psychointegrative.  
It re-invests the Individual with an awareness of  
psychogenetic  
history, lets them face and re-evaluate their own  
responses and  
perception of themselves. It allows them to be awake and  
fight subservience  
and adherence to any and all preconceptions. The myths  
and symbols of  
the past were attempts to articulate intimations of what  
is possible. The  
themes of mythology are not just archaic knowledge- they  
are living  
actualities of human beings. They exist as signposts and

facets of interlaced  
themes that together make up human behaviour, character,  
aspiration and  
potential. To touch ourselves and respect ourselves  
against all the odds is  
crucial to survival and to appreciation and effective use  
of the state of  
being alive. The need is to find a way into the deepest  
areas of the  
psyche and how it affects and triggers behaviour and  
response. To redevelop  
an integrated relationship with our so-called primitive  
perceptions from  
which we have been alienated by Society. Western Society  
has built a norm  
where unthinkingly the majority of people deny,  
ridicule, attack, abuse,  
trivialise, experience fear of, suppress or consign to  
novelty any experiences  
that provide evidence or intimations of their inherited  
system of  
explanations being inadequate. Fact, whatever that is, is  
given credence over  
dreams; acceptance by a group is paramount, deviation and  
rebellion  
generate fear. Those with the courage to openly declare  
independence and  
hope are isolated and scorned. Fame is constantly  
projected as the primary  
motivation for ambition. Every level of our Society is  
riddled with the  
concept of competition, beating the other person or  
side, this is reinforced  
by Capitalism, by Sport, Success in Entertainment and all  
fields, by Religion  
and by Politics. Compete, compete. Competition is a  
variant of aggression. By  
using ritual, gradually getting a clearer map of every  
inter-connection of  
one's conscious and unconscious mind and coming to terms  
with the  
revelation that flux and constant change with no anchors  
or reassuring  
formulae and no guaranteed rewards or salvation one can  
liberate oneself

from all the inherited constraints that nine times out of ten directly or indirectly bolster the status quo. It literally allows us to face ourselves and face facts. It supplies recognition that within each Individual there are many types and shades of consciousness with diverse intentions and values. By investigating our blocks, inhibitions, real desires and motivations in preconceived moments of Time set aside to explore thresholds of perception and response to check exactly what one's limits are and decide if they are one's REAL limits, or merely convenient or complacent, we can re-assemble and discard as we wish.

#### V. THEE IDEA

To heal and re-integrate the human character. To set off psychic detonations that negate control. To re-evaluate and value phenomena that appear to defy reason. To retrieve choice in all things. To avoid separation and compartmentalism in every aspect and level of Life, internal and external. To always attempt to express as truly as you can what you really feel and think. To locate and identify one's skills and develop them. To be aware of human frailties and futility whilst caring intensely. To push to the edge and struggle to always feel and express more. To despise all forms of complacency. To carry through one's ideas 24 hours a day for a lifetime. To accept nothing. To assume nothing. To encourage others to repossess themselves and maximise their potential. To exchange and liberate information. To understand and treasure the preciousness of feelings, emotions and sentiment. To rebuild the parameters and possibilities of relationships. To locate and choose without guilt or fear

one's individual and natural balance of sexuality. To change and not see change as contradiction or inconsistency, but rather actually how things are and should be. To see Time as an unfixed and irreplaceable resource that one receives only a limited and unpredictable amount of. That that Time must never be wasted or squandered. To try to work towards knowing that you used every second constructively. To seek self-improvement not self-gratification. Control. Control needs Time (like a junkie needs junk). Time appears linear. Cut-ups make time arbitrary, non-linear. They reveal, locate and negate Control. Control hides in social structures like Politics, Religion, Education, Mass Media. Control exists like a virus for its own sake. Cut-ups loosen rational order, break preconceptions and expected response. They retrain our perception and acceptance of what we are told is the nature of reality. They confound and short-circuit Control. All Control ultimately relies upon manipulation of behaviour. In culture the Cut-up is still a modification of, or alternate, language. It can reveal, describe and measure Control. It can do damage but that is not enough. Magick as a method is a Cut-up Process that goes further than description. It is infused with emotion, intuition, instinct and impulse, and includes emotions and feelings. It operates actually within the same medium, "Behavior", as Control. It is therefore essential as a system to challenge, emasculate and render impotent the source of Control itself. Control Disintegrates. Magick integrates. The idea is to apply the cut-up principle of behavior. The method is a contemporary, non-mystical

interpretation of "Magick".

Thee aim is reclamation of self-determination, conscious and unconscious, to the Individual.

Thee result is to neutralise and challenge thee essence of social control.

Genesis P-Orridge London 1987

## STATIONS OV THEE CROSS

PTV are attempting to knit together thee fine lines ov shamanic initiation and voodoo invokation allegorically coded into western X-tian myth. TV itself becouns thee ceremony, thee language ov thee tribe. It becouns apparent that, cloaked in spurious messianic trivia, are ancient tantric rituals involving small death, limbo and resurrection that have now been literalised and usurped by a base language system named religion. Just as religion cloaks ancient knowledge and techniques, so Television cloaks its power to invoke thee lowest coumon denominator ov revelation. We see S&M sex as an imperfect butter inevitable outlet for instinctive drives for rites ov passage and initiation. We believe sexuality was always included in ancient mysteries and that Television is in itself a new secret language, thee language rooted in lighting, camera perfection, edits, so it remains hidden and emasculating. We intend to reinstate thee ability ov TV to empower and entrance thee viewer. To remove thee window and passibility, and re-enter thee world ov dreams beyond. We believe TV is a Modern alchemical weapon that can have a positive and cumulative effect upon Intuition.

An image is NOT a product ov Nature, it is a word in a silent and invisible

Language system. A projected word that has meaning. This projected image

is a set ov scans (visible marks) with a particular shape that beoums

meaningful only if they follow thee rules which apply to thee language.

Normally these scans/marks have meaning only in thee accepted, socially

agreed order, not in other permutations ov that order. If we change

Individual image scans we get new meanings new reverberations ov this TV

language system. Minute changes in thee ratio ov Sound/Image creates

radical differences in perspective and emotional response. Thee focus ov

retinal attention is crucial, hence our use ov neurophysiological theory in

thee placing ov monitors etc... A single Image Scan becouns meaningful by

following the rules of the TV language system, and programmes take their meaning from their place within that system. Once we have learned and "normalised" a language, we tend to forget this, to suppose that meaning derives from its reference to THINGS in a Real World. Not so. TV images are not, in this sense, necessarily pictures of reality, not doorways either. They are usually used as windows. PTV try to invest them with the older tradition of Thresholds.

A PTV Image Scan does not signify a general, accepted and fixed idea. It is allegorical, metaphorical, symbolical, and trivial simultaneously. The reverberation of possibility is our goal. We feel that the connection between image, form and object is arbitrary. PTV are not interested in formulating conventional programming, we are closer to sorcerers transmitting and receiving pagan invocations in order to SEE.

The process is the product. What a camera may record no longer represents reality, it is not objective. So the Image Scan (Word) is essentially different from the viewed thing itself. If you look at images long enough, they cease to exist as a visual message. They become electronic images in their own right and a new evaluation, rooted in the unconscious develops. It is an old trance technique in almost all so-called "primitive" cultures. The intuition becomes master in a world of no specific meaning. The place where all dreams meet. The rules of combination are deliberately confounded in a linguistic, behavioural and linguistic permutation. By playing around with the Language System rules or by deliberately contravening

them, we thus generate a surplus of meanings. All meanings are possible, but their relationship with the original, real situation becomes problematic. We encourage the viewer to search for shape in multi-linear layers of response. When PTV use Image Scans, they mean what we, the artists, meant as well. The one does not negate the other, rather, this multiplicity IS the invoking medium itself, rather than preconceived notions of a TV product. TV language becomes a public affair that nobody really controls. Yet our exposure to this language means we inhabit the language as we would inhabit a place. We get trapped inside and in terms of language. The history of an Image Scan can have a profound effect on it. Not only do we inhabit TV Language, we also inherit it, and part of our inheritance is the dense and complex history of assumptions, implications, prejudices and corruptions that derive from the way TV has been used in the past. This again mirrors to us the oppressive nature of all religion, and Christianity in particular. The parallel to established, acceptable religions, to S&M sexuality, to tribal rites of passage, is clear and potent. If we remove the tableau to reveal the central key, the storyboard becomes a Still Life, yet also a Real Life. A decoded allegory, a description by default of the actuality of reinforcers in religion would have us surrender to. The crystal itself, not the refracted light.

Genesis/Paula P-Orridge Seattle April 1 1988



NOTHING SHORT OF A TOTAL WAR (STANZA L).

...real total war has become information war, it is being fought now...

DISTRIBUTING INFORMATION

That's the key to change, the key to knowledge and the key to

development on all levels really. It's a mistake to believe in ANY dogmatic

politics. Politics is just a facade. It happens to suit the vested interests of a

lot of different groups in society to encourage a belief that politics rules

countries and decides their destinies when, in fact, it doesn't at all. Certainly

not in the way people are led to believe. Politics is just a convenient

charade to allow people to feel secure. It makes them believe society is in

their own control. They vote for their leaders, therefore they MUST choose

them. Politics IS just a convenient charade to make people feel secure. To

feel that it's all run consciously, democratically, that they understand what is

happening. That there are different politicians, who have different dogmas

and they argue over these in public and then the public choose who seems

most sensible and capable to take office at any given time. Don't believe that

at all.

I believe that there has been an endless process since very early tribal

times, through settlements and towns and industrialization to contemporary

times. This I call the "control process" and it exists independently of any

individuals. This "control process" can be operated by almost any vested

interest group at any given time in history. This process does not take sides,

has no morality, no obligations, no character, no sense of urgency. The

"control process" is always present. "Control needs time

like a junkie needs  
junk" (W.S.B.) E disagree on that control transcends time  
and space. Control  
eats people, eats history, eats ideals, eats hope. It  
goes on right throughout  
time, whatever disguise it might have. E am very  
antagonistic to thee whole  
concept/situation of ultimately being controlled by a  
process which nobody  
wants, (given a degree of individual sanity). E don't  
like that idea at all. If we  
have any enemy at all, then thee "Control Process" is  
that enemy. It is vital  
to short-circuit that "control process". It is a very  
invisible, subtle process. In  
a sense it has becom a part of each human being's  
metabolism. Thee only  
real way this control process can be broken is simply  
through people  
beginning to mature.  
As the level of maturity of individuals increases, so  
does their ability to  
think for themselves, to accept responsibilities, to make  
decisions. In a sense,  
to develop an atmosphere of reasonableness and logic.  
Most people don't  
want to develop this for quite fair reasons: they don't  
want to get involved.  
It's a hell of a big battle and you can't even be sure  
who is in charge. For all  
they know, they might be doing exactly what they are  
already programmed  
to do, in fact, because any "control process" needs  
antagonism, it needs  
people fighting against it. Its biggest strength is it  
controls information.  
Basically thee power in this world rests with thee people  
who have access to  
thee most information and also control that information.  
Most of thee  
paranoia concerned with politics is about what is REALLY  
going on, what is  
secret, what we are not being told about. Diplomacy is  
about that really.  
So, the enemy is thee "control process" and thee power of

thee "control process" isn't actually armies and police, it isn't power through force. That is a secondary tactic, but not the crucial thing, the real power is who's got the information. The weakness of whoever controls that information bank at any given time is that, to store and use that information, systems have to be developed for storing it and reproducing it. Those systems are very expensive and cumbersome, requiring capital & equipment which can't be utilized the whole time. So, to cover costs and keep equipment running, these systems have to be made available to the rest of us to keep them financially viable. That's why you get access to cable TV, to computer time, to xerox, instant printing and cassette recorders, even the mail, polaroids too, and video. These are all spin-offs from business, conglomerates and people at the top who deal directly in control. They develop these systems for their own reasons, but they are so expensive they have to mass produce them to finance them. So we all get easier and easier ways to multiply our ideas and information, it's a parallel progression.

Also, another of their weaknesses, those who control control, is that they have a very one-directional view whereas we, the outsiders, the genetic terrorists, or control agents, as we in T.G. call them (meaning NOT that we're into control but dealing with it), we have the mutant ability to make conceptual leaps.

Which is really what is said about creative people, or artists, or talented criminals, that they can perceive things in a wide spectrum, from outside they can analyse structures, play games with that

knowledge and  
manipulate it, throw it back. In inspired moments chuck  
spanners into  
various works. So we get tools to increase the  
efficiency of our mischief as a  
spin-off from the controllers. In return they get  
something from us. We are  
always developing ideas which are non-linear and  
therefore outside their  
scope but which they can adopt and adapt. In a crisis,  
it is often an  
outsider who sees a solution, invents a new gadget,  
effects a compromise.  
So it's a two-way thing. Each side giving things to the  
other as a direct  
result of their intrinsic conflict. Ultimate irony and  
also organically cyclical  
and sensible. Parasite feeding off host, host kept alive  
by immunity afforded  
it by parasite. The "control process" develops  
machinery, equipment and  
techniques which we can play with for our own ends.  
But by us playing  
with them, inevitably, there is a spin-off philosophical  
and creative  
progression, an analysis of experience which can then be  
taken back by the  
"control process" for its own ends. We need this system  
as a target, a  
stimulus outside ourselves to fight against, and the  
system needs a  
rebellious questioning minority to develop new  
possibilities from a  
flexibility of view it can never possess by its very rigid  
nature.  
It seems likely however, that very very slowly this  
minority is growing.  
More people are breaking taboos, they have realised,  
through people telling  
them, in leaflets, on TV, etc., in other words, through  
information being made  
available, they have certain rights. That they can  
question things, they can  
organise, they can set up their own structures. that is  
not to say necessarily

that all those things are per se right, but it does seem symptomatic of a larger breakdown of this "control process" than many people might suspect. And it probably explains the swing towards repressive ideas in politics to cover a growing fear of usurpation by those presently in charge of the process and its information bank.

NOTES FROM A MAGICKAL DIARY 1967-87

The indifference of satiation, the knowledge of indifference. Wise indifference. Anxiety is a common term, one of the mainstays of psychiatry. It is defined as an emotion. It is not. It is a compound of two elements: awareness of ambiguity and a depressive reaction to this awareness.

I am interested in the extension and investigation of culture, of mythologies, personal symbol systems, thus I chose to always work with a group of individuals. Our works are poor traits that interconnect. Whatever I do, am involved in, help the expression of, is, in a real way, a poor trait of myself, and a poor trait of each individual member of the group of individuals who collaborated with me on that particular work/action also.

Yet there is a mystery involved. They exist, these poor traits, because I exist, they are collated and organised by me, and yet I do not create every part of them directly, they are the sum total of all who participate. There is a chain of creation, rather than a chain of command. It is this process and parallelism that fascinates me, the abrogation, or fragmentation of specific responsibility, and it seems in some way linked with Charles Manson than I often care, or dare, to admit in public. Perhaps it is merely a longengrammed

trick to side-step total responsibility, in order to avoid a clear case of knowing it was me, or my act alone, that had failed. Certainly E despise myself at many times for failing to achieve more. Yet, mystery again, E desire achievement in order to share, to share completely, and demonstrate CARING, and the ultimate achievement E seek is total liberation of the human spirit and ALL its expressions, and total destruction of control and hypocrisy and all the sick manifestations of inherited social values. E must fail by definition, and succeed by intention. E guess we can only fail by failing to achieve the goal we set ourselves, those secrets that so few know. Who are we challenging in our imagination, who do we wish to outdo? Times change, people change with them and adopt the processes, ideologies and styles of their time. Those people are RE-PERSONALISING their expression of themselves, their "art". E do not believe that ANY art has intrinsic value. It is a result, it is not a thing itself. It is expression and description, not experience, it is residue, it is means. Magick is the only medium that can be both. It was through the process of art that E located Magick. Art became a diluted sham, too fixed in the superficial, consumerist ethics of its era. E have consciously and subconsciously substituted the word Magick where E once placed the word Art, now E feel uncomfortable, before E was always uncomfortable, suspicious, embarrassed by the vacuous label my actions were presented under. It seems to me Magick is about movement and change, about Time passing.

Thee Medium ov Magick is Time itself, and thee Belief ov  
Magick is Action.

We risk our emotions to place our vision ov how thee  
world and life are into  
a public arena. Our vision coums from observation ov our  
own experiences  
and RE-COGNITION. We hope to discover that perhaps we are  
not alone, that  
other people have felt or seen thee same. Magick is about  
thee process ov  
telling thee truth, thee whole truth, and about not  
having any secrets.

Paradox- where does practical discretion becom elitist  
secret? E think when

it is USED to project or hold power, or to attract, in  
itself, or to imply

authority for egotistical reasons. Therefore a  
contemporary and relevant

Magickal network must be about ACCESS, sharing ov  
techniques and

information, it must attack thee hoarding ov knowledge  
and give any useful

ideas and structures availability to all who ask. There  
are no secret teachers,

no "more responsible" or "entrusted" masters. Magick HAS  
to be for

everyone.

Thee Temple ov Psychic Youth is a family ov experiences.  
It is an eternal

search and struggle through false rules that we and  
others have set for

ourselves. To find peace ov mind does not mean a  
religious following and

isolation. This is a misleading view from thee society we  
now live within. It

is wrong to seek oneself in isolation when our world is  
proportionately citybuilt,

each coumglomerate full ov scared, lonely, rejected  
people. One must

live within thee environment ov thee Times and make THAT  
environment as

free as possible to as many people as possible.

This is thee trick, thee aim, thee revolver ov hope. To  
give people what they

already have, butter that has been buried by yera's ov

varying human ideals  
and standards.

All we ask is that people once more work with themselves,  
their feelings,  
FEELINGS, and in doing so, become aware of others and  
their feelings. We  
are eaten like offal by rats, treated as stinking,  
redundant garbage, discarded  
as outdated fuel resources as the ratios of control  
adjust.

It is simple, yet difficult, in "reality", to touch  
oneself once more. Thee  
simplest things are thee most difficult. Re-integration  
of every aspect of  
one's conscious and subconscious mind, all feelings,  
aspirations, sexualities,  
fears, insecurities, dreams, skills, strengths and  
emotional capabilities must  
be located, focussed, examined, absorbed, and balanced.  
Our society, and now  
by succumbing to competition and to tribal rivalry once  
more, our own  
culture, have deliberately splintered and fragmented our  
personalities. We  
are linear, fear ridicule, follow style and muscle of  
every type, we forget we  
do not wish to PARTICIPATE as frozen personalities.  
We have TRACKING problems, we need to link directly and  
make  
adjustments. We do not confront each other and ourselves  
enough. We are  
not honest enough. From thee older generation there is  
buried guilt that they  
failed to develop their dream, were side-tracked into  
habits, into superiority,  
into stability. These expresses via drugs, via jobs, via  
New Age Babble. In  
thee younger generation there is fear of failure, fear of  
ridicule by thee next  
generation that comes out as cynical nihilism, like thee  
anarcho-hippies that  
drench themselves in death and Anger, righteous justified  
and challenging  
anger, yet still it ends camouflaging guilt at impotence  
and a feeling that



they too are succumbing to their own systems of habits and peer group values, opinions and status. Guilt in LOVE, Guilt in ANGER. Yet all fueled by sincere motivation.

It is always so easy to feel radical and be merely deluded. Whatever you do has to make sense to EVERYONE on EVERY STREET, or it means jack shit. It has to do with the realities of life around you. You can't rebuild your house, but you can redecorate your bedroom. You can be an example. You can win a battle everyday. The LOVE, and the ANGRY brigade today at their best both do just that. But too many swap action for habit. To wear black, take a smack and say you don't care does not PROVE you are radical, or aware. To take acid, and be placid does not make you cosmic or there.

Each morning you awake, you experience morning sickness, MOURNING sickness. Mourning the death of your belief in human nature, in evolution, in love, in the fuel of action from anger. Love can be strong and ruthless, it can generate strong action, obsessive behaviour against all odds, it can see the stupidity of the human race, yet embrace and encourage human beings. Anger can be constructive, fueling positive, non-damaging, truly control-confronting behaviour and celebration, and reinvest humans with being.

Never do anything that is not instinctive. Never do anything forced upon you. Never do anything for ulterior motives. BE ACTIVE, use ANGRY LOVE.

COLLABORATE.

Each action is a true action, pure and simple, there for every other person to take and interpret as they wish. It is that interpretation that is the

beginning of their struggle.

It must be voluntary to exist at all. Caring is not weakness.

TURN ON (control) TUNE IN (to your Self) DROP OUT (of control).

There has to be a CLEAR message. It has to be possible for anyone to identify

with it. It has to INSPIRE and EXCITE. It has to generate ACTION. It must

AIM HIGH. It must spread by, and operate via EXPANSION not subtraction. It

must INCLUDE not EXCLUDE. It must be capable of instant and constant

change. It should have no limits on the enemies it can tackle, or the area

of concern it will invade. It must therefore be rooted in people, what they

believe they are capable of, what they believe is possible, their behavior

and their imagination. Real and full integration of EVERY aspect of being a

Human Being without recourse to mysticism, afterlife, outside entities or any

personalisation of phenomena and interpretation of phenomena.

Responsibility for EVERYTHING must be accepted by us, by all people(s)

without fear, without excuse. The surrender of responsibility (for One Self)

has always been a key problem.

What we don't understand is simply what we don't understand.

What am I thinking about? Where am I really placed?

Thinking, why am I thinking? Looking, why am I looking?

An industrial problem for Magick: SAMENESS. The onward progression

toward uniformity, the suppression of Individuality, the pressure of

fashion, of peer group, the need to belong, to avoid loneliness. Incubated

inside mass media, mass production, mass consumption and mass culture.

The Cloning of Radicalism. Psychedelic Grey.

WOLF=FLOW

Another problem: MYSTIFICATION and EXCLUSIVITY. In

keeping a  
monotonous culture and society under a Control process,  
one creates a facade  
of experts guarding knowledge/information and its  
dissemination. People at  
large feel excluded. magick often falls prey to this  
fault too. People feel  
excluded, that it is not for them, that only  
intellectuals, or well-read literates  
with leisure time have the time, right or correct  
credentials to be part of it.  
Often they have been deliberately made to feel excluded  
and feel inferior,  
unable to participate CORRECTLY, lacking in training or  
etiquette necessary  
for true understanding. Well, bullshit! Correctness, good  
manners, etiquette,  
spurious training are all traits of an historic and  
effete aristocracy that  
deserves only scorn. De-mystification is our duty, work  
and action our only  
obligation.  
We are supposed to be communicating. What we do, what we  
express are  
simply that, they are produced for result, not praise, to  
touch not impress.  
They should aim to be how people are, how they respond to  
where they live,  
when they live, how they live, and their aspirations in  
all these respects.  
Minus the demands of World, Market, Career it becomes -  
Magick.  
Magick requires hesitancy and uncertainty in its special  
relationship with  
reality and person  
Magick is a search for definitions. A series of  
statements, observations and  
actions blended through intuitive ritual (real or  
imagined) to fix in more  
concrete terms the eternal, non-existent paradox of Time.  
"We all die". "Well spoken," said the sage to the wall,  
painting it white.  
1967 spoke of LOVE and it inspired, energised, felt fresh  
and relevant. And  
it included anger at injustice, Vietnam, sexism,

hypocrisy. 1987 speaks of  
ANGER and that too can be inspired, energised, feel fresh  
and relevant. It can  
include love, of humanity, stupid though it is, and of  
sexuality and of life  
and colour. We suggest in our idealism through sin-icism.  
September marks  
thee WINTER OF ANGRY LOVE. Thee perception and anger at  
all thee Wrongs  
and thee awareness and refusal to stoop to society's  
level of destruction.  
Dreaming of thee romance of loneliness and thee adventure  
of sex. Will it  
ever be resolved? Our culture guarantees disappointment.  
It thrives on  
dissatisfaction. A phallus on a string drawing us onwards.  
Completion is like a  
needle of junk. It thrills and dies. Pagan blood. Our  
concern as self-professed  
and reconstructed heathens, Godless and proud, is to  
become INTEGRATED on  
every level of consciousness and of character. No emotion  
spared. No end in  
sight. We believe at thee time of orgasm, a hieroglyph  
symbolising a desire,  
an awakenss, can be lodged in thee inner recess of thee  
brain, in what is  
commonly dubbed thee sub conscious mind, butter which we  
call thee REALCONSCIOUS  
MIND. This act then concentrates thee entire personality  
upon  
achievement of thee desire. All this comes from our  
brains, our brains  
program us. There are no demons or gods. No mysteries.  
Observation and  
action are thee key. We can internalise our program,  
transmit our desire, and  
observe thee video of our thoughts on thee retina of thee  
mind. Thee sex  
moves, it groans and there really is nothing left butter  
thee exploration of  
our final lust.  
Genesis P-Orridge, October 85.  
Society murders every day, it murders childrens'  
imagination, it murders

wives' love for their husbands, it murders men's respect  
for women, it  
murders people's hopes, dreams, joy in Life. Society  
mass-murders every  
day, and society is the vehicle for control, and control  
is administered by  
the rich and political, the inheritors of feudal power.  
That's why capitalism/thatcherism, politicism is EVIL-  
LIVE if there is such a  
thing as Evil. That's why we are ANGRY in our LOVE for  
humanity, for each  
other. People are divided, scared, hurt, damaged,  
betrayed, their spirit  
murdered every day.  
RIOT IN THEE EYE, not the riot on the street, the  
perception of life/society  
and what generates this anger, seeing, SEEING the cruel,  
sadistic destruction  
of hope.

What makes matters worse is that the people who  
administer Control don't  
even really know what it is, how it works, they are  
ignorant incompetents,  
which makes everything far more scary and dangerous.  
That's why they  
need to be removed and Control short-circuited and  
dissipated.

The Psychic Youth DROPS-OUT OV CONTROL, refuses to  
connive and collude  
in the murder of the populace and themselves by  
society.

Music is not the rebellion, behaviour is, perception is,  
the EYE, seeing how  
things are, refusing to reinforce it, be part of it.

TURN ON CONTROL NEVER ACCEPT WITHOUT QUESTION

TUNE IN TO YOUR SELF ALWAYS ASK WHY

DROP OUT OF CONTROL NEVER FEEL OBLIGED NEVER FEEL SCARED

CELEBRATE AND ACTIVATE

CARING IS NOT WEAKNESS

TOUCH YOURSELF TOUCH OTHERS

THEE BEST EXAMPLE IS EXAMPLE

MAGICK DEFENDS ITSELF

The hammer house of horror interpretation of Magick and  
Wicca is that curses and invocations are uttered by  
black-robed crones whilst they eat

frogs and rat tails and drink bat's blood. In fact, so rare is the energy of pure, undiluted anger that the true mechanism of magickal defence is missed. It is a frequency generated and transmitted, just like a television signal. It does not need conscious direction. It homes in on the receptor by default. That is, they are consciously disconnected from the caring and protection of the Individual angered. This exposes them to the vagaries of a neurotic mass subconscious and within that mass the anger still lurks. In a sense Magick is a Zen Archer. By a combination of the initial pure anger, and a second stage of disconnection, considered disinterest, it is able to defend itself by channeling "Active Truth". In simple terms, when you care for a person, or are closely involved with them in some way. Then they betray, abuse or corrupt that caring. You remove your protection. When you remove your protection, they are once more open to those forces and pitfalls from which you protected them. A true curse is to us then a technique of inaction and non-violence from which we can perceive the effects of revenge without recourse to guilt on our part. Magick defends itself. It comes from intuition, is guided by will, and honours no gods, demons, or spirits. It is the birthright of all human beings and the progeny of their brain, not some outside superbeing. Polititians and Religious leaders of ALL persuasions hypocritically tell us otherwise. Believe none of them. Believe only your own experiences of life. To die free of guilt is to die pure. A star. And every man and woman is a star. Our aim is wakefulness. Our enemy is dreamless sleep. Thee essential structure of our Western Society is

Feudal. Only thee names  
have been changed to protect thee guilty. Most of thee  
population are merely  
a natural resource, like oil, coal, water that is drawn  
upon for selfperpetuation  
and for self-aggrandisement by those vested interests  
that  
administer Control. No-one controls Control anymore. It  
has a parasitic and  
debilitating life all its own. Certain very select groups  
have merely inherited  
thee almost Priestlike role of its protection and  
nurturing. Control replicates  
and expands inexorably, in a manner quite exactly like  
malignant cancer or,  
to use a current example, like AIDS, affecting individual  
aspirations and  
potential, our sense of unity and freedom, social and  
ideological optimism in  
precisely thee same terminal manner that those diseases  
affect our bodies.  
Time is a key to thee perception of this process. Cancer  
and AIDS work  
through time. They are linear problems. Their  
destructiveness accelerates at  
an ever-increasing rate until thee termination of thee  
host body. Control  
need Time also. It hides in social structures like  
politics, religion, education,  
mass-media, thee nuclear family. Just like a virus, it  
exists for its own sake.  
It relies upon a certain element of belief in a rational  
order, acceptance of  
inherited values and measurements, hopelessness.  
Control relies upon manipulation of human behaviour.  
Culture is an  
expression of states of mind rooted in thee effects of  
behavioural  
conditioning, albeit often obliquely. Culture is also a  
modification of language  
that can be read.  
It can reveal, describe, measure and expose Control.  
Control can be shortcircuited.  
Once identified and isolated, thee parameters and limits  
of Control are

visible. We need to search for methods to break thee  
preconceptions, modes  
of unthinking acceptance and expectations that make us,  
withing our  
constructed behaviour patterns, so vulnerable to Control.  
De-construct to Reconstruct.  
We must retrain our inherited concept of what we are told  
is  
"reality".

By applying a non-linear fragmenting process to every  
aspect of perception,  
reality, society, behaviour and ideology it is possible  
to modify and confound  
Control, and jar its manipulation of behaviour and  
violation of self-respect.

Magick, as we see it, is precisely this, a fragmenting  
process that does damage  
to Control and its primary tools of Guilt and Fear. It  
can operate within thee  
same medium, "Behaviour", as Control. It presents a  
system ot challenge,  
emasculate and render impotent thee parasite itself. In a  
real sense, it  
detoxifies thee behavioural immune system, restoring its  
balance. Control  
disintegrates, Magick integrates.

Thee method is a systematic application of the  
fragmenting Process to all  
modes of inherited behaviour and belief.

Thee intention is reclamation of self-determination and  
self-description by  
truly free choice.

Thee result is to neutralise and challenge thee centre of  
social control.

TOPY sent 5 individuals, untrained in lecturing or  
justification to thee very

well organised THELEMIC Conference in Oxford in  
October(87). We learned

that a large majority ov thee audience were genuinely  
interested in TOPY

and Modern Magick. A small, drunk, loudly vocal minority,  
were interested

in thee preservation ov thee Museum Ov Magick and their  
own Egos. They

confuse every Individual's right to be unique and special



with their own  
need to feel Superior. It's the same old simplistic  
ignorance that confuses  
POWER with CONTROL. At the very least, five of our  
number now realise  
how awkward and frustrating it can be to communicate  
one's honesty and  
enthusiasm to intellectual snobs. They also saw how a few  
of these old, old  
guard "Thelemites" see A. Crowley as a Hero, yet cannot  
observe their chosen  
hero clearly.  
They talk of flamboyance, charisma, and personality cults  
as weaknesses,  
yet their hero exploited all these attributes to the  
hilt. They criticise others  
for re-interpretation of his ideas to KEEP THEM ALIVE AND  
RELEVANT, and  
they act like his parents, thumping their chosen bibles,  
chanting his texts  
like doggerel, he would laugh, take the piss and  
ridicule from these insecure  
characters for totally missing the point. All culture is  
magick, and magick is  
FOR ALL, not just scholars, and to be FOR ALL, it must be  
understood BY ALL,  
and relevant to ALL. Which must include making its  
language modern,  
FLEXIBLE, and straight forward. At least we can see the  
Magickal  
Establishment reveal itself for what it has become. A  
backwater. Librarians  
are of course useful to us all, but they are best left  
in their closets.

#### TIME MIRRORS

Since all phenomena (or phenomenally appearing things)  
which arise present  
no reality in themselves, they are said to be of the  
noumena (in other words,  
they are of the Voidness, regarded as the noumenal  
background or Source of  
the physical universe of the phenomena). Though not  
formed into anything,  
yet they give shape to everything. Thus it is that  
phenomena and noumena

are ever in union, and said to be of one nature. They are, like ice and water, reflection and mirror, two aspects of a single thing."

The Seven Books of Wisdom

Tibetan text

In the case of a mirror, there is a third aspect, the subject/viewer. Mirrors reveal and conceal. Their mystery permanent, their hints at doorways, windows and thresholds out of reach of most minds. Time. Image. Idea.

There can be no separation, scientifically or subjectively. The atavistic face gazes down into a crystal pool. Ice- cold water. Grunts.

A hand shatters the image, fear gaunt and haunting passes across, a shadowy cloud, and through

all Time that moment can persist, be reclaimed.

"What is Time, but a variety of one thing? AOS

These moments of Time accumulate, are listed under memory in our modern

synapses, are posited as always retrievable, amorphous.

Nothing is forgotten,

all is permitted. In a stinking cave, muttering babies scream and scratch,

furs undulate in copulation. In one corner, bright-eyed first marks are

daubed on a wall. They are marks to function, marks to place, of Time. They

are marks to draw results and persist beyond one human lifetime. Instinct

has arisen, snake-like, coiling itself into intuition and suggested the very

power of suggestion. No-one noted down from a book this process, it grew

from watching the elements, closeness to life-forces, death-forces that

modern persons are divorced from. On this damp stone there is a curve, it is

land, horizon, ejaculation, movement.

"Magick consists in seeing and willing beyond that next horizon." The Sar.

Mrs. Paterson stares down. Pencilled into existence. It is her as she was

when she took Austin Osman Spare at 14 years old and

initiated him into the art of sexual magic and a powerful system of sorcery that she had rediscovered through communion across time with systems and techniques that grew from a most animalistic and pure union of instinct. She knew, and she taught Spare, how to travel through Time, and how to remain Present in Life after bodily death. She was a medium, but her guides were not just ikons of the intuitive tribes, American indians, tantric Tibetans, aboriginals. She understood the most particular secret. Her medium was herself. She was able to ravel through mirrors back in Time, and forward in Time. There is a drawing by Spare, pencil and gouache, finished in 1928. The main figure is Mrs. Paterson. Coming from behind her head, making a blister in the shimmering green aura, a half complete Face. It belongs to no-one, everyone. It is her, literally, it is a cavalier, symbolically, it is Austin Osman Spare literally. This one picture contains all the secrets Spare never wrote down. He appears in the bottom right-hand corner, an old man, eyes closed, concentrating, materialising. What Spare does is trick us. All his writings are symbolic, they were never intended to be taken literally on any level, despite modern infatuations to the contrary. His writings are purely decorative. They are entertainment. His relaxation AFTER his real work. His special trick was to convince everybody that his drawings, paintings, images were symbolic. They are in fact his only real work. Like all great sorcerers, he hid his real secret in apparently commonplace media. In the key picture, he is actually kneeling. It is a photographic image of his prediction of both

his own bodily death, and his worship of Mrs. Paterson as his true Goddess.

His use of prostitutes and scarlet women of middle age in his sexual magick

was to return to his potency with his only access point through Time into

Timelessness. They were closer to Mrs. Paterson, so he used them as a

focussing visual image to recharge his contact with her.

When she died, he

took her energy and literally trapped it, living, into this, and one or two

other pictures. He sinks into her chest, is absorbed, they rise together,

androgenous, both their faces, all their ages

superimposed. He has drawn

himself dying, conjuring himself into the image in

advance, so he remains

always about to return.

"Art is the truth we have realised of our belief." AOS

"Art can contradict science." AOS

"Do you see those flowers growing on the sides of the abyss whose beauty is

so deadly and whose scent is so disturbing? Beware ..." - de Guatia

In his images of sorcery, his purest incantations through Art, Spare uses a

graphic skill and technique second to none. Yet his most commonly seen

works are excellent, but obvious in their skill.

Sometimes deliberately fast

and loose. The nearest modern parallel would be Salvador Dali, who could

suggest perfection in a few marks, or worship HIS

goddess, Gala, with a

photographically pure technique that is unearthly accurate. It seems to me

that Spare is equal in genius to Rembrandt in the past,

Dali in the present and

Brion Gysin in the future.

"The future is in the past, but it is not wholly contained in the present."

Hoene-Wronski

Both Spare and Gysin lived to reach new dimensions, they understood to

pursue Wisdom, no knowledge. This alone made collaboration with most magickal groups impossible. Where the need for nostalgic elitism and power by knowledge and length of bookshelf are too often camouflaged selfaggrandisement where self-improvement to serve is the rality. Peladan was in fact a prophet of developments that later became possible, and only now become likely. Spare was aware that mystery and magick generate fascination and action in human persons. He used his books, his Beardsleylike graphics, his writings to attract interest after his death. He knew that this would reactivate his soul and animate his psyche once more. He was also shrewd enough to make ALL his Secrets non-verbal. Not one is contained in his writings. Only the atavistic hintings, and the "Time Mirror" drawings explain his vision.

"The Universe is a creative Process carried on by man's imagination, an operative power capable of becoming more supple, more animate."

Teilhard de Chardin

What is happening in these certain key pictures is this. All ideas have an image. There are no exceptions. All materials that make a piece of art are material. They are formed of patterns of atoms and molecules, charged by various energies. Modern psychology also accepts that Ideas are material entities, like animals and plants. All mythological ideas, Jung states, are ESSENTIALLY REAL, and far older than any philosophy. They originated in primal perceptions, correspondences and experiences. The catalytic element that regenerates a reaction between entitic Ideas and spectator (viewer of painting) favours parapsychological events is the

presence of an active archetype. In the case of Spare's Art, this can be anything from an obvious glyph, a non-decorative aesthetic arrangement, or in the most intense works, an invisible charge of energy which calls the deeper, instinctual layers of the psyche into action. The archetype is a borderline phenomenon, an acausal connecting principle closest in explanation to deliberately controlled, SELFconscious, synchronicity. When Spare says Self-Love, he means Self-Conscious, yet egoless. When he uses the word Chaos, he is amusing himself, and leaving a key clue. Austin Osman Spare's Chaos is both a signature and a signpost to Future Time. ChDVH (CH)=JOY=23. AOS is simply his name, his authorship within his secret sorceries.

"Art is the instinctive application of the knowledge latent in the subconscious."

A.O.S.

After Mrs. Paterson died, Spare was waiting to be inside her again, fused with her energy. The key picture is the actual moment of his death, and the moment of her death overlaid. His aim in all his magic was to reunite his spirit and hers within his Art so that they might quite literally live forever. They do live. Many unprompted witnesses have seen Mrs. Paterson's eyes close, open, cry, her whole head turn, a quite literally living portrait. Magic makes dreams real, makes the impossible possible, focusses the will. Throughout its history, crystals, water, polished metal, mirrors have been used to oracular ends. Spare's massive achievement is that he recognized the potential of Art, of image, to be the most powerful mirror of all. A window in Time, an Interface with death. In his art he captures not just an image but a

life-force and energy. What happens is this lies dormant until it comes into contact and reacts with other energies, the viewer. Primal, atavistic man knew this and invested his ideas/images with unrestricted power: when you deal with image nly, as with most 20th Century Art, you don't get anything back except aesthetics. Spare has achieved the previously impossible, a twoway communication where his image reacts to and with us. It has a life of its own. The nearest parallel, a mirror in which you can see another world, another Time, another dimension, yet one you cannot reach into like water, one your hand reaching out cannot quite touch, the glass remains solid and frustrates us. What this energy held within his images is doing is transcending the barriers of observed Time so what we are dealing with is a four-dimensional object or image. This form of energy will have existed at all times and will exist at all times. An objective and critical survey of the available data would establish that perceptions occur as if in part there were no space, in part no time. Space and Time are not only the most immediate certainties for us, they are also empirically, since everything observable happens as though it occurred in Space and Time. In the face of this overwhelming certainty, it is understandable that reason should have the greatest difficulty in granting validity to the peculiar nature of telepathic phenomena. But anyone who does justice to the Facts cannot but admit that their apparent spacetimelessness is their most essential quality. The fact that we are totally unable to imagine a form of existence without Space and Time by no means

proves that such an existence is, in itself, impossible, and, therefore, just as we cannot DRAW from an appearance of space-timelessness, any absolute conclusion about a spce-timeless form of existence, so we are not entitled to conclude from the apparent space-time quality of our perception that there is NO FORM of existence without Space and Time. Just as physics now allows for "limitedness of space", a relativization, it is beginning with Catastrophe Theory to posit a "limitedness" of both Time and Causality. In short, nothing is fixed, the possibilities ALONE are endless. "Conscious looking is a search for verification of the notions that impel the search, and always has a circular mirroring element in it."

TOPY

In Spare's best images, it seems a medium has been found whereby the essence that survives death but is mostly beyond our communication has been captured by, transmitted into, an object that we are familiar with, i.e. a painting, and we are therefore used to trying to interpret or recieve information from. Because of the familiarity of painting, we don't put up barriers. We expect to try and see what the artist felt, wanted to say. If Spare said he was going to capture and demonstrate the soul after death, most observers would switch off. There would be interference with the transmission. Because Spare seduces us by saying this is an artwork, a picture, when in fact it is a photograph of a mirror of an actual reality, we remain open-minded, which means there is more chance that the phenomenon of actual physical changes in his picture will happen. We shall see, in short, that which many of us rightly choose not



to believe in, living,  
moving, changing images of post-death life force, or soul  
essence. You see it  
reacting to you, it receives and transmits direct into  
your conscious senses,  
but it must also be transmitting direct into the  
subconscious also, just as  
Sigilisation does. Presumably we transmit back to what is  
there, so what is  
there will change over the years as it reacts with  
various observers. All  
these energies mingle and mutate. The soul, life-force,  
energy, call it what  
you will, is generally said to be visible through the  
mirrors of the soul, the  
eyes. In the 1928 key works of Mrs. Paterson, the eyes  
are neither open, nor  
shut, and this is true in much of Spare's works. They are  
neither rejecting  
the possibility of seeing the captured soul, nor openly  
inviting it. This halfshut,  
half-open limbo suggests responsibility lies with the  
viewer to choose  
to commune with the elemental energies portrayed. By  
painting himself old  
when he was young and young when he was old, Spare  
mirrors Rembrandt  
once more and clearly directs us constantly to links  
backwards and forwards  
through time as he succeeds in presenting an image of the  
apparently  
impossible-IMMORTALITY.  
"Accept nothing, assume nothing, always look further, be  
open-eyed as well  
as open-minded and don't kid yourself."  
old TOPY proverb  
The psyche, in its deepest reaches, seems well able to  
participate in an  
existence beyond the web of Space and Time, this  
dimension is often dubbed  
eternity, or infinity, yet it actually behaves, if we  
take Spare's art as  
representative (it is not symbolic), as either a one-way  
or two-way mirror  
dependent for its function upon the translation of the

unconscious, into a  
communicable image that bonds the actual molecules of the  
graphic image  
with its driving forces, unlocked from the unconscious  
into a fixed or mobile  
source of power dependent upon previous viewers, and with  
more vitally,  
our own abilities to interface directly with its energy.  
All "matter" is formed  
of molecules and atoms, therefore, at least in theory, we  
CAN potentially  
walk through walls by correct vibration of our own body  
corresponding with  
the vibration of the wall. It is just as theoretically  
possible to lock energy  
into the form of an image that has the ability to move,  
change, alter and  
animate its content. The only gap of credibility being  
that of first-hand  
experience. We don't believe it until it happens to us.  
We only know what we  
have experienced, belief is rooted in recognition.  
Imagination opens to syntheses larger than the sum total  
of reason. New  
images reflect more than logical synthesis can produce.  
There is a radical  
discontinuity in every truly creative idea or discovery.  
Projection direct from  
image to viewer involves more than the logical mode of  
thinking that does  
the projecting. An idea cannot exist separate from an  
image. For example, the  
Virgin Mary image embodies the idea of "compassion". A  
Goddess or God is a  
figurative image of an idea. Images are the root language  
of social and selfcontrol.  
Science attempts to explain the universe objectively,  
without a  
viewer, therefore it cannot explain Art, or the unique  
effects or phenomena  
Spare generate by it. This is not a possible function of  
science, it cannot tell  
us why Spare's images can alter, why his faces change,  
eyes open and close,  
colours vary. Photographs are said to steal souls, they

certainly capture a moment in Time. Freeze it. So do the images and oracles of Art, true Art. For Art was originally revelatory, shamanistic, fully integrated into every moment of Life. Spare's images capture the Process of creation, the thoughts of the creator, and the memories of the viewer, which are recalls of past events and feelings that are more compact, briefer, than when they took place originally. Memories are Past-Time, brought into Present-Time. Time is not linear, all Time exists simultaneously and points in every direction simultaneously. It is quaquaversal, omnipresent. There is no reason why Spare's images should not capture Time, thought and experience, then recreate and expand it in the viewer's mind. Subjective experience is no less real than objective conjecture. All roads lead to Rome in a mirror to mirror function. This Function of mirroring is found in the trance state in a simple, direct way. The higher techniques of idea and artist's illusory skill makes active through Time and Space effects and phenomena normally consigned to the sceptical parking lot of modern existence. Years of trying to rationalise inexplicable experiences adequately fall apart, and only a unique re-assessment via Spare's self-confessed image sorcery begins to give answers to what we see and feel. Time mirrors Time. In the Mrs. Paterson picture, Spare depicts her at the moment of death, but as she looked when she was young. He depicts himself, then quite young, as he would look, old at the moments of death. He thus creates a situation of contradiction. She is dead, yet alive and young, he is alive and young, yet

dead. This visualisation making the image energies circular, not closed. This is why the picture is a window, mirror, threshold, active and useable by them or us. The illustration is a key to understanding the entire situation and its implications. It is a depiction of the real. Spare and Mrs. Paterson live on in his art, taking the concept of Art being the Life and Soul of a culture further than ever before dreamed. The only question remaining is, now that they have cheated death, can they, will they ever come back out?

"He who transcends Time escapes necessity." AOS

"All nature is a vast reflection of that which is within us, or else we could not know it." AOS

"Embrace reality by imagination." AOS

"What is death? A great mutation to your next self." AOS

"The life-force is not blind, we are." AOS

Genesis P-Orridge  
London 1987

PSYCHIC TV has always been the expression of the sum total of the people in it. As different individuals come and go, the emphasis and skills change. We despise style, we therefore follow our whims. We feel no obligation to retain a formula and always please our audience. We cannot allow anyone to dictate direction. Searching is the process we value. How things work, from records to control, is our obsession. Why we always screw up simple things nags us. We feel we try, we try as honestly as we can. We feel no different from anyone else. Trying to grow, get by, not be damaged, and, like anyone, we make mistakes and miscalculations. Possibly the only way we can serve anyone out there is by keeping open. Learning in public. Showing it's possible to try and all support and encourage each other. Embracing those who feel isolated and alone. Whose parents, school, friends say they are stupid, mad, daft. Let's create a movement of the disenchanted. Argue with mum and dad. Always ask "Why?", always say "No" when we want to. Let's stop squabbling over style, fashion, hipness and cool. Let's stop being afraid of each other. Too many of us are ridiculed and interrogated over trivia by our friends, so we choose to be part of a clique for security. Let's start finding security by just saying we don't want to fit in. We challenge authority. We challenge rules, politics, society. We believe our secret dreams, we want to fight you, you in control, you who feed us such garbage on TV, in the papers in the street, at home, at school. You who steal our money with music and fashion, abuse a culture, a celebration that is ours. You who say how we make love,

at what age, who  
give us legal drugs that cause violence, rape, depression  
and cancer and  
make illegal thee drugs that awaken us. Hypocrites all.  
Death dealers.  
We see you, we join together, aware of our differences to  
spite you. To spit in  
your faces. Your lies are easy to see. They hurt us. All  
our trust is destroyed,  
in Life and in others, when we suddenly realise at 12,  
13, whenever, that all  
people who are older and supposedly wiser are lying and  
colluding to make  
us into robots like them so they either feel less guilty  
for giving up  
themselves, or so they can maintain their vile hold on  
thee status quo and  
power. They split our trust, our dreams, thee gold-dust  
of our childhood and  
leave us sobbing in our hearts.  
Most of us never recover. We punish ourselves with  
destructive behaviour.  
We feel guilty for being resentful, we inherit neuroses  
and habits that hurt  
and confuse us and those we want to love. They distract  
us from those we  
should denounce and reduce to slaving pitiful  
mutations, which is what  
thee people in control really are.  
They hide behind their power, terrified that they might  
be seen for what  
they really are: pathetic, deformed and weak. They may  
deserve pity one  
day, but only after their power is gone. To hide their  
deformity, they  
disfigure us. Steal our spirit and self-esteem. It is  
possible to fight back.  
Reclaim your self-esteem, care for yourself genuinely,  
and it's easier to car  
for and respect others. Don't worry about their style of  
doing things, of  
saying things, care about thee fact they DO SOMETHING.  
We can re-learn to love ourselves. Through that, each  
other, our own tribes,  
and through that, we can love Control to death. Human

beings can be  
amazing creatures, why accept less? Stop squabbling,  
start growing.  
It remains true to say that we've retained a feeling of  
hurt, anger and  
betrayal of our trust by thee music system structures and  
coun Individuals  
within it. Only thee sincere en-thusiasm of those who do  
care for PTV and  
give us their trust and support has kept us intact and  
ready to do battle  
again. It's time to pause for a second and say "THANK  
YOU". Back to thee  
trenches, wounds licked, memories clear. Those who do not  
remember thee  
past are condemned to repeat it. If we appear uncool or  
sentimental in these  
sleeve notes...TOUGH. Thee truth is what we seek, even  
thee truth that  
reveals our weaknesses. We've re-assessed, sulked,  
bitched, hidden,  
analysed, and discovered we prefer to care. Thee easiest  
solutions are often  
hardest to grasp.

MESSAGE FOR THEE NEW Y-ERA

There is at large a squalid mentality (discreetly  
pinpointed in the excellent  
first SOUNDMAKER editorial) that would rather infect the  
world of music  
with its own miserable, neurotic, twisted, paranoid and  
very destructive  
attitudes than admit to its fear. Too many cynic in the  
media use the  
language of trivial insult and prejudice to ridicule and  
deflect interest in  
sincerely motivated projects and records. They patronise  
by assuming  
nobody want to think, or discover and embrace hope,  
variety, intelligence  
and listenability. They champion disposable and transient  
pap that will be  
forgotten in a few years' time, hardly a golden oldy in  
sight. Vinyl like  
heroin, addictive, yet giving its consumer a diminishing  
return. The last thing

these vampires desire is actually to think, credit their public with an ability to choose for themselves, to have FREEDOM to make up their own minds. It's sick, and it's dangerous. They don't want us to think, to learn or investigate with an open mind, WITHOUT preconceptions. They are a cancer of prejudice. A world full of possibilities frightens them. They soil everything that has integrity and encourage mediocrity and pretentious legends of rock & roll. They have a vested interest in appearing to be arbiters of taste, wellinformed and intelligent. To do this they attempt to drag their public down to their own level, that way they feel safe and secure, needed. In reality they are jealous, frustrated, self-seeking emotional cripples who survive in their jobs by the perpetuation of lies, distortion, arrogance, banality and creepmanship. (A creep in power will tend to employ a lesser creep to maintain that power). Self-image and self-esteem through blackmail sustain them. They are as inaccurate, vindictive, ignorant and mercenary as the worst of the gutter press and corrupt-company-tactics that they would be the first to deride. They feed on misery and confusion to perpetuate their power. The music, communication, ideas, structure, content, thought, are the least of their considerations. Superficial style and formulas are their Gods, sometimes with a line of coke to make things brighter. They bolster up a fading, terminal establishment that is a parasite on creativity, disinterested in real thought, against artists. A united front and sincerity terrify them. It's like a cross to a vampire. They wash their hands of honesty to avoid facing their own corruption. They exist to continue to exist.



Bitter that for all their  
bombast and camouflage, they are second-rate lackeys,  
living in the past,  
trying to perpetuate redundant visions of life and, UGH,  
entertainment.

Morons relying upon morons, soiling and spoiling  
effortlessly. Feeding  
showbiz music like pap to a public they truly see as  
infantile and stupid. A  
public they continue to supply with the second-rate and  
starve of any  
satisfaction, who they try to distract from more  
substantial fodder into  
which they might sink their teeth. Weakness breeding  
weakness to simply  
perpetuate weakness. An egalitarian society based upon a  
principle of  
emptiness.

The public expect truth and objectivity, accurate, fair  
and well-researched  
information, challenging ideas and structures...fullness.  
So often they are  
given the opposite under a veneer of radical thought,  
newness and  
superficial style. In their patronising cocoon of  
infallibility, they live to  
persuade that they are necessary, that we need them to  
indicate to us what  
we should think, what we should discuss, how we should  
look, what should  
motivate us. Their insides are the home of vicious and  
destructive bitterness,  
twisted journalistic cruelty and sarcasm nurtured by  
their secret knowledge  
that they are dispensable, ugly parasites. Their  
distorted prejudice explodes  
across us, into our faces, into our lives, it cannot but  
fail to have its effect.  
Their capacity to hate is a frightening reality. They are  
always ready to  
blame and attack if the circumstances can free them from  
their own selfguilt.  
Who are they? They ooze everywhere, throughout the  
record industry, its  
newspapers, its radio shows, producers, disc jockeys, and

even its groups.  
They have faces of death.  
PSYCHIC TV are at war with these people and these  
destructive forces.  
PSYCHIC TV are part of SOME BIZZARE (sic). Some Bizzare  
are at war with  
these forces too. Everyone at Some Bizzare is united in  
fighting this battle,  
and the battle goes on forever. We don't wish to convert,  
we just want to get  
everyone a fair trial, and a fair deal. Content,  
intelligence, longevity,  
relevance, thought, variety, interest. We promote non-  
conformist attitudes  
and instrumentation. Most people are conditioned to  
restrict and limit  
themselves in every area of their lives, to accept what  
they are given. We all  
fall for it, yet nearly all of us know what's going on.  
We know we don't have  
to accept anything. We are trained to like to feel  
comfortable, to get what we  
expect, to be able to pigeonhole and label things quickly  
and clearly, to  
dislike being disturbed, confused or surprised. Yet that  
path leads to  
boredom. And most of us rightly hate boredom. But an all-  
pervading attitude  
of acceptance makes directing, controlling, exploiting  
and lying easier. If  
people don't demand more, if they don't like to think,  
they are not a threat.  
It's the job of music to challenge, to provoke thought  
and discussion, to  
enrich our lives and inspire, to observe and describe. We  
feel this can be  
done. No dogmas, no political ranting, no worship of  
technique for its own  
sake. But listenable, intelligent music that will be as  
relevant in 10 years  
time as it is today. There are no limits. We must refuse  
to be directed,  
limited, reliant upon formulae and fashion. Nothing must  
deflect us from our  
dreams. When we stop dreaming we die. And those who dare

to dream in  
public should be treasured, not ridiculed.  
We walk a thin line between expression and suppression.  
There are, make no mistake, hundreds of people out there  
who'd love to see  
PTV, Some Bizzare and their like destroyed, because if we  
can exist as an  
example of a totally new way to work, a united community  
with a common  
aim trying to invest music with value, honesty and  
integrity, each in our own  
idiosyncratic way. If people start to expect more, and  
get it, if you really get  
what you deserve, totally committed products from totally  
committed people  
then finally those parasites and deceivers will become  
redundant, useless,  
ridiculous. Exposed for the empty, nasty shells they are.  
Make no mistake -  
the record industry and its media ARE riddled with these  
negative people  
and their prime motive, their reason for living is to  
prevent real information  
reaching people to prevent liberation of the young. They  
do it to disguise  
their own faults and weaknesses, their own failures and  
paranoias. They  
would rather destroy any kind of hope or honesty than  
allow growth and  
freedom to expose their twisted form of life. And they  
are the enemy. They  
breed hypocrisy.  
They want control.  
It's a huge battle, a lifelong battle, and if you choose  
to fight it you are  
vulnerable. You can be hurt, ridiculed, insulted,  
threatened, blackmailed and  
misunderstood. Psychic TV and Some Bizzare understand  
that risk and we  
accept it happily. If we can die without any guilt,  
without fear, we have won.  
Please buy our records and help us all keep fighting.  
Thank you.  
Psychic TV, London, 23 December 82  
HIS NAME WAS MASTER

In 1916 Brion arrived screaming and kicking, suffering, forever from the adverse effects of constricted vaginal muscle. Projected through a world that was like Disneyland into a world that became Disneyland via a port of entry charged by light. Brion travelled in Time and Light and made us all cry easier than loss in our earthbound domesticity. I am convinced, always will be, that Brion is, was, and will be a Master Cultural Alchemist. He could be so negative, stubborn and cantankerous that screaming suicide off high buildings became more enlightening than his clammed up vivosity of nospeak. Frustrating all attempts to get a direct answer to a direct question he would benignly draw on his kif and, eyes twinkling, play a magickal cat and mouse for literally hours on end. I have never seen a more knowledgeable, more capable teacher anywhere, either as myth or saint or, in Brion's case, as human. At the end of the day he was the only man I ever wrote love letters to. To Master a long Goodnight... And now, in present Time. He's not here. And it hurts completely. In The way it sneaks into us unannounced, cutting nerves and emotions, crippling our complacent daily stance and opening up our pain synapses to snapping point.

In 1975 I wrote to Brion. I was co-editor of a reference book of mammoth proportions called Contemporary Artists and I was determined that Brion should be rightfully represented in that tome as a radical visual artist and painter. Not dismissed as an eccentric dilettante as appeared to have happened so far in the deceptual artworld. For ten years I had, like so many, been tracking down these renegades via deleted

Beach Books, often found in Soho Porn Shops. Exploding with multiple recognitions of a contemporary arcane knowledge that appeared to confirm youthful instincts and intuitions, Brion was always the hardest to find. he remained that way forever. He had become light. There was no focus, only reverberating frequencies and pulses, crystals at his center. He had become, quite literally and physically a Dreamachine that had assumed human form for the reassurance of us mere observers. We stare still with closed eyes. He flickers bright on our retina and generates vivid signals, E see all about Brion as Magick and Light. E re-discovered perception through him. Out to Brion went a thorough list of questions about his life so far. Back came a cultured exclamation of surprise coupled with a note, "Even the CIA don't know THIS much about me". Through correspondence we met in Paris. he would make tea in his tiny kitchen, Moroccan style. Naming the different bubbles as the water heated. As the fish eyes appeared he poured the water into the tea. Exploding it's flavour. The alchemists believe water boils at 101 degrees, he explained. We soon developed a tradition, chocolate biscuits and tea in the afternoons. A small pasta meal in the evening, with spirits to accompany it. Coffee later on. E would sit. The sound of drumming outside the Pmpidou Centre. Flashes of Marakech. Sunlight catching the flowers on his white table, smell of hash smoke. Swiss dreamachine in the corner. Caligraphic paintings on the easel. Notebooks in rows. Moroccan trinkets reminding me of his influence over Brian Jones. And he would talk. It was like a children's fairytale. The

child looking up  
spellbound and thee grandfather enrapturing him with his  
amazing tales and  
anecdotes. Never enough time. Never enough time. Yellow  
light cutting across  
thee later shadows and dreams. There is no way to  
describe how proud E  
was to meet and know this man.

"The hallucinated have come to tell you that your  
utilities are being shut off,  
dreams monitored, thought directed, sex is shutting off  
everywhere you are  
being sent.

All words taped. Agents everywhere. Marking down the live  
ones to  
exterminate. They are turning off the lights.  
No they are not evil, nor the devil, but men on a mission  
with a spot of work  
to do.

This, dear friends, they intend to do on you.  
You have been offered a choice between liberty and  
freedom and NO! you  
can not have both."

B.G. MINUTES TO GO 1968

Thee way to write is to simply tell the truth. The way to  
right is to simply,  
tell thee truth.

"Dearest Gen

There is not much point in telling you just how negative  
I am feeling these  
days...daze. I have not much recovered from my fall on  
the stairs. After all is  
said and done, I feel only one thing...finished. I don't  
feel any necessity to do  
all these things, but I guess I'll do them if I am still  
stuck here and have to  
do them. I'll do them as best I can and that may not be  
much. Don't worry.

Nothing much more to be said but dumb numb no-news."  
love, Brion

17 March 1982

And within everything else, there is counthing else. It's  
a spark. E live  
forever surrounded by Brion. His paintings are on the  
walls, his face in

snapshots on thee mantelpiece. Thee glow of Paris light.  
Caresse calls him  
"Grandad, my grandad", and she is right. Thee wise old  
man of thee lowlands.  
When I took Paula to meet Brion for thee first time E was  
nervous. He's a bit  
misogynist E warned. Well, he tries to be, butter E have  
always found him  
charming to women nevertheless. Paula knew nothing about  
Brion except my  
love for him. Her love for him was instant and pure. He  
congratulated us on  
our impulsive marriage in Tijuana in 1981. Chance had it  
that two boys from  
Joujouka were staying with him in Paris that week. Brion  
made us relaxed.  
Paula used thee dreamachine, unprompted by any prior  
information about  
what it was. Heathen Earth played as she and the Arab  
boys stared, eyes  
closed. E filmed on video. Soon Paula was swirling  
through psychedelic  
patterns and vivid colours. Then desert landscapes, eyes  
of Horus, so many  
archetypal symbols and places. Proof positive that thee  
dreamachine actually  
works, it is not triggered by preconceptions. And  
afterwards thee most  
beautiful, priceless and special meal of my whole life,  
cooked and served by  
these musicians of Joujouka. As we ate and talked, Brion  
full of energies;  
thee boys played sacred music of Pan on pipes in  
candlelight. E was once  
more in a fairytale, thee old magician conjuring  
sensations and rewards. E  
have never lost my joy and thanks for such a special gift  
from Brion. Nothing  
could have been more literally priceless than that dark,  
orange, flamelit  
evening. At thee end of thee evening he gave us a  
painting. Our Pagan  
wedding present, which he inscribed for us. All thee  
fears and illnesses, all  
thee betrayals and losses of his life, his bitterness and

flirtations with  
socialites became as nothing. He was the wisest, kindest  
man in our world  
and we loved him totally for it.  
Brion's work and friendship is a reminder, a notice of  
work to be done and a  
challenge to the stagnant complacency of the dreamless  
minds that would  
drown us. Magick begins in dreams, dreaming what we would  
like to happen,  
programming our subconscious. If you take those dreams  
seriously enough,  
they do happen. Dreams are descriptions of how things  
really are. A product  
of the Third Mind, of perceptual editing and focussed  
will. Dreams are  
accurate transmissions. There should be no separation  
between work, life,  
dreams. We must all aim for complete integration of  
every possible and  
impossible facet of our minds, responses and  
relationships and then express  
that integration through popular culture and expressive  
arts, through  
friendships and events, through light and time. Brion was  
a philosophical and  
alchemical transmitter-receiver. His ideas are  
frequencies that travel and  
confront as intimately as television butter with the  
shamanic ritual magick.  
No wonder he fell in love with the pipes of Pan and the  
sunlight of the  
desert. There should be no separation. Separation would  
be dishonest, would  
go against a dream of evolution through knowledge and  
psychic  
development, would go against our potential. A book, a  
film, music, paintings,  
love, are all the person who makes and feels them. This  
is a magickal  
process and it makes things happen. It reveals even more.  
The first time E  
looked at Brion's drawings they appeared abstract  
calligraphics. Then he told  
me they were portrayals of Arab market places. E could



immediatly see they  
were indeed photographically accurate pictures of  
everyday scenes. They  
simply included thee nature of reality and time that  
engages our receptors in  
a manner we were unused to. Now E always introduce his  
paintings as  
figurative works to make this point. Man dreams before he  
talks, and since  
our first dreams we have felt that therein are messages.  
Prophecies,  
descriptions and events that cannot be ignored. Arcane  
societies and  
civilisations in their wisdom, and to their credit,  
employed people to  
interpret and record these dreams. Priests would stand on  
towers and pss  
their hands before their eyes rapidly creting a flicker  
effect against thee sun,  
eventually "tripping out" and speaking of visions that  
were considered to be  
holy and powerful. Today, a society and culture with a  
vested interest in  
thee supression of imagination, self-assurance,  
creativity, questioning and  
aspiration discards dreams and esoteric techniques as  
trivia. Dreams are  
merely disturbed nights, or entertainment. Brion saw  
dreams as a parallel  
and interconnected universe. A commentary upon Man's  
potential and hopes.  
He was in many ways a traditional artist, yet by thee  
nature of his  
personality he was simultaneously and without self-  
contradiction thee most  
radical thinker of our age in thee area of magickal  
creativity and crossdiscipline  
possibilities. No surprise then that his greatest  
political and  
behavioral achievement was dubbed the DREAMACHINE. A  
simple machine  
able to de-condition and reactivate our perceptions.  
Society's controllers try  
to ensure that dreams are represented as vestigal  
trappings of intuition and

are kept in their place. For Brion and those who revere his work, that way lies death. When you cease to dream you cease to exist. Shut your eyes. Thee world doesn't die, open them and in a sense, half of it does. Dreams generate ideas, liberate behaviour, enhance sexuality, empower magick and most of all create possibilities. Dangerous stuff. No wonder Brion was frozen out into thee sideshows of painting and writing. Too real. Too close to functional and practical techniques. Now, through Brion, we have thee Dreamachine. Perhaps a crucial tool for thee arousal of vision, perception and inner peace that has becom our heritage. Make no mistake, its suppression in subtle ways was no accident. A machine that for the price of a lightbulb leads you drugless into thee core of your being, taps you into thee mass subconscious, stimulates thee mind and bridges the abyss between sleep and wakefulness, conscious and unconscious life. Brion recognised that we are at war. Thee fight is between suppression and expression, suppression and perception, sexuality and guilt; and between all those things that bolster and assist control, manipulation and darkness and those that encourage freedom, evolution hope and light. In thee eleven years we were friends, thee question E most asked Brion was "Tell me about magick..." Thee question he most studiously avoided answering was thee same. Yet once he graciously gave me a clue; "Do you know your real name?" he asked, E did. It was as E expected. There was never a superiority or generation gap with Brion. He was always living in now and thee future. In present time. Thinking of new projects,

working with young people, making music, records,  
paintings. Holding  
soirees for young fans and seekers. Always outgoing and  
moving, always  
absorbing and thinking. Thee last time we saw him was in  
Paris in 1986, ten  
days before he died. Paula and E sat and held his hands.  
Being physically  
alive had becoum a struggle. "I just never guessed it  
would hurt so much" he  
said. And really, there was nothing more to say. It was  
over.  
Brion was sure he was here to go. We are left here to do.  
And what we do is described by, defined and contained  
within our dreams.  
During that last afternoon thee undertaker came to  
discuss death  
arrangements with Brion. Paula and E went walking round  
Rue St. Martin.  
We couldn't articulate thee craziness of life and death.  
There was nothing to  
say. Two boys from behind thee iron curtain stopped us  
and told us of their  
work in electrical sculpture and words. They were  
influenced by thee ideas  
of Brion Gysin, who they had heard lived in Paris. We  
drank coffee and took  
their address. Exiles in America. "He doesn't live in  
Paris anymore" E said.  
We felt euphorically disconnected, yet cold. Suppressing  
our emotions and terrors because they meant nothing. Had  
no value measured against losing Brion. So many people  
who love him so much. All knowing they wil lose him soon.  
Frail images of his room. Now a hospice. Thee air itself  
was thee colour of thee plastic tubes and bags of liquid.  
Casting a cold bluish tinge through everything. As the  
light was going from him, his space was becoming  
transparent.  
Ten days later Paula ran into thee room crying, sobbing  
uncontrollably. "Brion's dead" she said.

genesis p-orridge

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