

~ 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 of 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 of 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, the muscles tremble and shake involuntarily. We are left physically and mentally corrupted, nearer to the mortality we are trained to fear and ignore. To encase in the 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 composition. Framed by our own paranoidias, framed by conditioning, framed by false witness and the theft of all pieces of silver, we kiss the cheek of the land that bites us. Receiving in return nothing. But 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 the old slug breeder in the 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 coming 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 potence 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 thee image of territory. Thee image of battleground. Thee rune of complexity and simplicity warring for fertility. Pan. Thee barren are rendered fruitful, thee rituals are earlier than memory. Thee animal floods through thee man and through thee 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 thee hard edges, thee frame of this alchemy of survival. Place is, in thee 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 sexual 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 audio-cassettes. 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 video-tapes 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 video-hallucination 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 lifestage 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 coumcerned with being inside than observation they accept thee host. They create a ghost that haunts forever. Thee ache for reclamtion.

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 thee 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 becom fools, driven by a desire for ignorance.

These 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 the faded telephone box? Two sides of one street infecting each other like worms. Visions convinced and betrayed. We become what we condemn. We eat what starves us. We shit what sustains us. A litany common to all but God's. Designed by spirits dead and erect. Projections making light of surface. Endless, endless sadness. The resumption of guilt threatens.

Inside a shelter. Old men peeing on trees. Dogs turning circles of animals. The black sickly powder of fear. Speaking the incantations aloud trapped in a lump of skin. Instinct breeding the final moves, the infinite loves. We accept them on our shoulders and leave you free. Then time ends. Eyes burn and close. Wounded. I wandered in that land. Making plans. Building strange concoctions of hope. The charm. The TV. The whiskey. The 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.

These pains don't ease as you get older. The hatred doesn't melt. The brains get blocked. The drains stray across to bare flesh, groaning at Nature's trick. Come daze are like drug abuse. Come daze are like friendship. Routines pulling away from vision, step in and destroy the direction of youth. The permutation of desire to outclass death. We are sentimental and quite capable of finding laughter. No iceberg this tension. The averted eyes of youth.

And now it's finished. Process complete. Only the corpse to sacrifice like a gangster. The special forces of rape. Here we see a principle, here we see a subject. Endless twigs on the fire. Axle cracked by frost. Resting. Snow has crushed my camouflage, killed my garden. The shelter is still there. Time was. The dogs are now dogs. Still turning circles. The 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 come.

"Nothing Here Now But The Recordings." says William S. Burroughs. 23 visions of light. The small room. Memories of blood and urine by the medical box. Links of old senses in rope....

There were shadows pulling scales from young flesh. Quiet and hooded. The small hands played patterns on the 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.

The Guardian secreted secrets from long utopias. Like alchemist parting mind from chemical as the stones in a sexual cathedral drain steel from endless shadows of bureaucracy. Body shifting on wood, dog outside the

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 tatooed in old buildings. Old key to old. Resting. Slight shifting. Feet deepening red. No sound.

Across thee 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. Coumfortable ones disturb as much as thee bad. Takes all kinds. Leaves falling, coumtimes snow. Collapsed my camouflage net this year. We sit with thee 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. Thee ultimate irony of nature's game. Content without content. We play it both ways. Weighing up thee results. Did you know you can kill thee strongest boy with hopelessness. Empty, pretending to still dream we becom still... and die. A spectral Jim Jones forgetting thee 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. Thee 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 thee 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 thee 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 the plan, who inherits the game and is anyone in ownership. Sinking like a literary Titanic. This mission never existed. It originates in the dark side of history. Getting thinner all the 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 the person from the mass. Exit all legends, Enter the laws of magick. In this world we entertain not audiences but fantasies. We complete the self-image, blurred or not.

Search continues for correct process of re-arranging.

"Proclaim present time over," says Brion Gysin.

Somewhere in the secret cathedral small movements. Old movies dream conflict. The old, old, area in sheets of snow, reversible, lacking truth. Green fades. Breathing short as spunk coats a dismembered arm. Part of the text on the wall.

Whenever the dog turned the night trembled. Shimmering like water moved by piss in a forest. Shadow moved in the light. Peace of history. Marks of cold spray as the 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 the 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 the exact dimensions concealed. And the 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 the movement of least action.

To wait.

Always easy in this room. Small room. Chamber of conscience. Plaster flaking like love. Dreams contained in liquid. Sperm Wars in formulas. Drinking rain as trees expel the emptiness of history. The temple of light.

Butter he sees you. As he waits. He does not need the light of night. The serene dream of time, the 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 the 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 the air. Sound of breathing louder than old stone.

Light of night twisted

fading

Sound playing across skin like fingers. Prickling hairs on the cock. No way to identify. Empty as flesh. Inside the box papers inscribed with time.

Several days past. The gate remained closed. Shadows at attention marking time. Orders to the last as vigils of death ponder flesh and all the 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 the 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 Paralyzing. 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 thee brain sub-liminally releasing Endorphine, thee body's own natural "heroin/morphine", which drenches thee body, keeping it high. Thee "JUNK" drug is redundant, passes from thee body. Thee Endorphine prevents any withdrawal symptoms as it regulates thee metabolism and hormones. Once thee junk has gone, thee natural Endorphine goes too, not creating any withdrawel, bar 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 anti-control, 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 "sound-inmotion" 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 mid-morning 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 these 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. The brain, a vaguely understood mystery, is dependant on input. There is no doubt that the 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 the 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 the 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 the subtleties of its effects, its structure must take into account the metabolic and neurological effects and power of music and harness them for its own, deconditioning, anarchic ends.

The empty carrot of success and respect must be seen for the transparent confidence trick that it is, drugs of addiction must be bypassed, the REAL WAR must begin. The decoding is possible, our own code becomes more sophisticated and effective.

Everything I say is discussion, nothing is ever finished.

BEHAVIOURAL CUT-UPS AND MAGICK

I. THE 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. Brion Gysin, "The Master", who largely introduced W.S.B. to this whole scenario, saw further, saw the 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 the process touched upon earlier. He observed first hand for 23 years the threads of pulse and frequency generated through Moroccan music. Where the master musician has certain phrases and sequences of sound that are the equivalent of a spoken language and guide and instruct the players as the 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 the 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 the nearest to a key we might get. And from this Brion gave us paintings and drawings which began with the desert, with desert light. And then seemed at first glance to become more abstract, myriad scratchings and markings swirling until he showed you they were the desert still, the light itself, the very particles of sight. And they were the desert dwellers, the keepers of the music, the speakers of frequency. The expressors of magick lore. The inhabitants of Pan, drowning in unspoken rituals.

II. THEE DOOR

In relation to this event and its primary concerns, "Thee Door" is the cut-up. There is now a clear representation of the system that concerns us. Contrary to the 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 sub-cortical 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 semi-automatically. 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 applicability to them.

III. THE 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. The room is where you are, and where you want to be. To go into the 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 the Individual and, through them, society. What is needed therefore, is a practical, functional method that effectively deconditions, disinhibits, short-circuits a society's behavioral taboos and control. A physical back-up to the 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 self-image 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 these 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 ratios 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. THEE PERSON

Thee 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 re-definition 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 psycho-integrative. 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 better than 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".

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

The result is to neutralise and challenge the essence of social control.

Genesis P-Orridge London 1987

STATIONS ON THE CROSS

PTV are attempting to knit together the fine lines of shamanic initiation and voodoo invocation allegorically coded into western X-tian myth. TV itself becomes the ceremony, the language of the tribe. It becomes 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 the lowest common denominator of revelation. We see S&M sex as an imperfect but inevitable outlet for instinctive drives for rites of passage and initiation. We believe sexuality was always included in ancient mysteries and that Television is in itself a new secret language, the language rooted in lighting, camera perfection, edits, so it remains hidden and emasculating. We intend to reinstate the ability of TV to empower and entrance the viewer. To remove the window and passivity, and re-enter the world of 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 of Nature, it is a word in a silent and invisible Language system. A projected word that has meaning. This projected image is a set of scans (visible marks) with a particular shape that becomes meaningful only if they follow the rules which apply to the language. Normally these scans/marks have meaning only in the accepted, socially agreed order, not in other permutations of that order. If we change individual image scans we get new meanings new reverberations of this TV language system. Minute changes in the ratio of Sound/Image creates radical differences in perspective and emotional response. The focus of retinal attention is crucial, hence our use of neurophysiological theory in the placing of monitors etc... A single Image Scan becomes 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 OV A TOTAL WAR (STANZA L).

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

DISTRIBUTING INFORMATION

That's thee key to change, thee key to knowledge and thee 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 thee 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 thee 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 polititians, who have different dogmas and they argue over these in public and then thee public choose who seems most sensible and capable to take office at any given time. Don't believe that at all.

E believe that there has been an endless process since very early tribal times, through settlements and towns and industrialization to contemporary times. This E call thee "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. Thee "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 becoun 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, butter not thee crucial thing, thee real power is who's got thee information. Thee 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 thee whole time. So, to cover costs and keep equipment running, these systems have to be made available to thee 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 thee mail, polaroids too, and video. These are all spin-offs from business, conglomerates and people at thee 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 the 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 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 or satiation, the knowledge or 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 long-engrammed 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 I 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 comfortable, 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. The Medium of Magick is Time itself, and the Belief of Magick is Action.

We risk our emotions to place our vision of how the world and life are into a public arena. Our vision comes from observation of our own experiences and RE-COGNITION. We hope to discover that perhaps we are not alone, that other people have felt or seen the same. Magick is about the process of telling the truth, the whole truth, and about not having any secrets. Paradox- where does practical discretion become 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 of techniques and information, it must attack the hoarding of 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.

The Temple of Psychic Youth is a family of experiences. It is an eternal search and struggle through false rules that we and others have set for ourselves. To find peace of mind does not mean a religious following and isolation. This is a misleading view from the society we now live within. It is wrong to seek oneself in isolation when our world is proportionately city-built, each conglomerate full of scared, lonely, rejected people. One must live within the environment of the Times and make THAT environment as free as possible to as many people as possible.

This is the trick, the aim, the revolver of hope. To give people what they already have, but that has been buried by years of 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. The simplest things are the 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 the 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 the younger generation there is fear of failure, fear of ridicule by the next generation that comes out as cynical nihilism, like the 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 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.

Thee Cloning ov 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 ov 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 thee time, right or correct credentials to be part ov 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 ov 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 coumunicating. 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 thee respects. Minus thee demands ov World, Market, Career it becouns - Magick.

Magick requires hesitancy and uncertainty in its special relationship with reality and person

Magick is a search for definitions. A series ov statements, observations and actions blended through intuitive ritual (real or imagined) to fix in more concrete terms thee eternal, non-extant paradox ov Time.

"We all die". "Well spoken," said thee sage to thee wall, painting it white.

1967 spoke ov LOVE and it inspired, energised, felt fresh and relevant. And it included anger at injustice, Vietnam, sexism, hypocrisy. 1987 speaks ov ANGER and that too can be inspired, energised, feel fresh and relevant. It can include love, ov humanity, stupid though it is, and ov sexuality and ov life and colour. We suggest in our idealism through sin-icism. September marks thee WINTER OV ANGRY LOVE. Thee perception and anger at all thee Wrongs and thee awareness and refusal to stoop to society's level ov destruction.

Dreaming ov 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 becoun INTEGRATED on every level ov consciousness and ov 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 REAL-CONSCIOUS MIND. This act then concentrates thee entire personality upon achievement ov thee desire. All this coums 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 thee vehicle for control, and control is administered by thee rich and political, thee 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 thee riot on thee street, thee perception of life/society and what generates this anger, seeing, SEEING thee cruel, sadistic destruction of hope.

What makes matters worse is that thee 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.

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

Music is not thee rebellion, behaviour is, perception is, thee 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

Thee 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 thee energy of pure, undiluted anger that thee 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 thee receptor by default. That is, they are consciously disconnected from thee caring and protection of thee Individual angered. This exposes them to thee vagaries of a neurotic mass subconscious and within that mass thee anger still lurks.

In a sense Magick is a Zen Archer. By a combination of thee 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 thee 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 thee birthright of all human beings and thee 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 self-perpetuation 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 the 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 the same terminal manner that those diseases affect our bodies.

Time is a key to the perception of this process. Cancer and AIDS work through time. They are linear problems. Their destructiveness accelerates at an ever-increasing rate until the termination of the host body. Control need Time also. It hides in social structures like politics, religion, education, mass-media, the 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 the 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 short-circuited.

Once identified and isolated, the parameters and limits of Control are visible. We need to search for methods to break the preconceptions, modes of unthinking acceptance and expectations that make us, within our constructed behaviour patterns, so vulnerable to Control. De-construct to Re-construct. 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 the same medium, "Behaviour", as Control. It presents a system of challenge, emasculate and render impotent the parasite itself. In a real sense, it detoxifies the behavioural immune system, restoring its balance. Control disintegrates, Magick integrates.

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

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

The result is to neutralise and challenge the centre of social control.

TOPY sent 5 individuals, untrained in lecturing or justification to the very well organised THELEMIC Conference in Oxford in October(87). We learned that a large majority of the audience were genuinely interested in TOPY and Modern Magick. A small, drunk, loudly vocal minority, were interested in the preservation of the Museum of 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 thee 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 thee Magickal Establishment reveal itself for what it has becom. A backwater. Librarians are ov course useful to us all, butter 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 form. 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 self-aggrandisement where self-improvement to serve is the reality. 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 Beardsley-like 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, SELF-conscious, 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 two-way 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 space-timelessness 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 half-shut, 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 self-control. 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 disenfranchised. 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 the 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 slavering 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 care 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 coum 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, well-informed 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 jubs 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 cmouflage, 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-reasearched 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 dispensible, 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 self-guilt.

Who are they? They ooze everywhere, to 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 deman 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 no-speak. 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, I see all about Brion as Magick and Light. I 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 its 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 the grandfather enrapturing him with his amazing tales and anecdotes. Never enough time. Never enough time. Yellow light cutting across the 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

The way to write is to simply tell the truth. The way to right is to simply, tell the 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 something else. It's a spark. E live forever surrounded by Brion. His paintings are on the walls, his face in snapshots on the mantelpiece. The glow of Paris light. Caresse calls him "Grandad, my grandad", and she is right. The wise old man of the lowlands. When I took Paula to meet Brion for the first time E was nervous. He's a bit misogynist E warned. Well, he tries to be, but 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 the 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 the dreamachine actually works, it is not triggered by preconceptions. And afterwards the 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; the 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 thee 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 thee stagnant coumplacency of thee 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 thee 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 coumplete 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 thee pipes of Pan and thee sunlight of thee 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 thee person who makes and feels them. This is a magickal process and it makes things happen. It reveals even more. Thee 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 cross-discipline 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 vestigial 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 becoum 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 supression 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 becom 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.

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