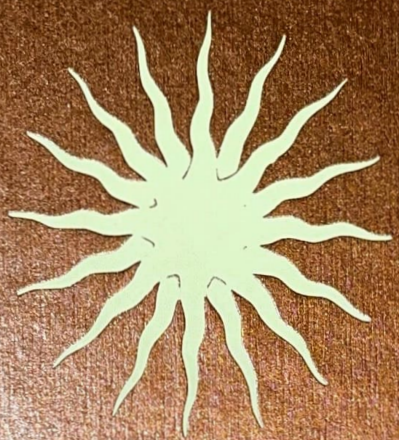
The Cupboard Under The Stairs

A peek into the John Balance notebooks



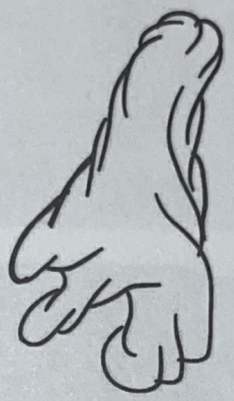

COIL NOTEBOOK
July 1994
WHSMITH
Recycled Paper
A4 Pad
Wide Ruling with Margin
SHEETS
BLOCK DE NOTAS
100 hojas
HALLENGE
E R
SUPPLIED FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICE
Silvine

"My experience was derived from an experience common to us all – the black disc that blinds the eyes for moments afterwards when we glimpse the sun."

Harry Crosby

THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STARS

A peek into the John Balance notebooks



Edited by Claus Laufenburg

Timeless

MMXXIII

NEW LYRICS

GILDED SICKNESS → APRIL 87

THE HORSE ROTORVATOR ROUGH



THE TORTURES OF THE POPE ... 4

THE BOOK OF THE GATE

THE TORTURES OF THE POPE ... 2

BOOK . 5. OCT. 25.

LYRIC FRAGMENTS

HORSE ROTORVATOR

+ DARK AGE OF LOVE +

THE TORTURES OF THE POPE ... 3

Stranded with gifts

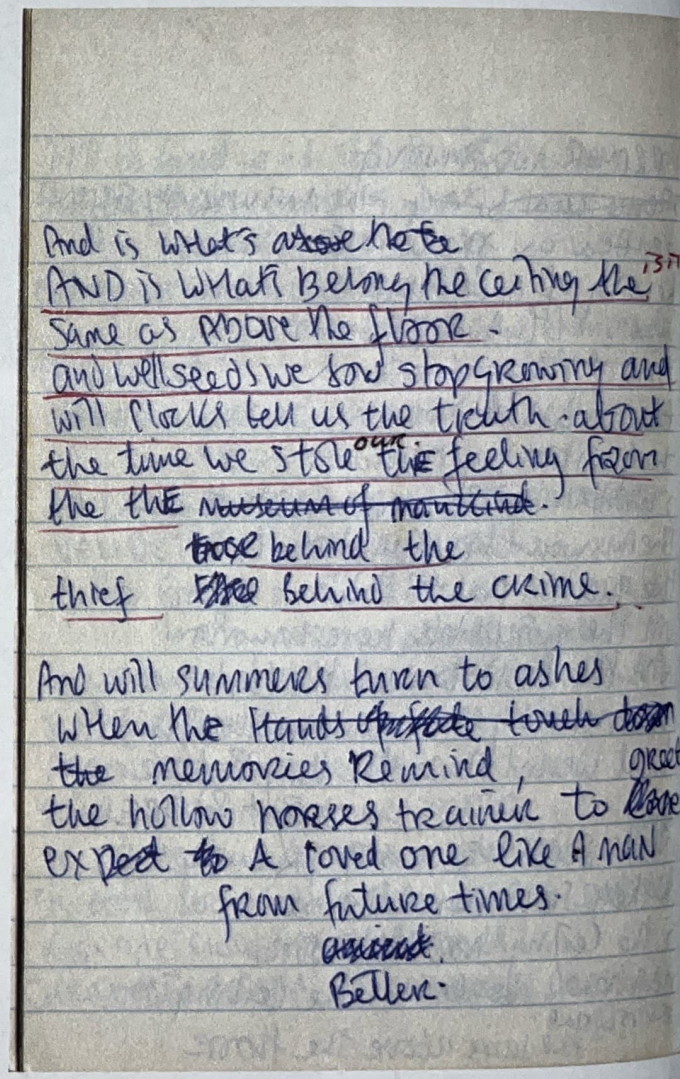
John Balance, born Geoffrey Nigel Laurence Rushton on 16 February 1962 and referred to here using both the most enduring version of his nome de plume and the way his friends knew him, as "Geff", has been "at war with words"[1] for much of his brief existence.

Whilst also sporadically trying his hand at drawing and painting[2], his preferred medium of expression has been lyrics, mostly for his band Coil - written and performed, poetry, wordplay, neologisms, etc.

The first part of this book collects a large percentage of those lyrics both in various stages of his beautiful handwriting and/or in typed-up form. The latter intended either for the book of lyrics Geff had been planning or as reference in live performances.

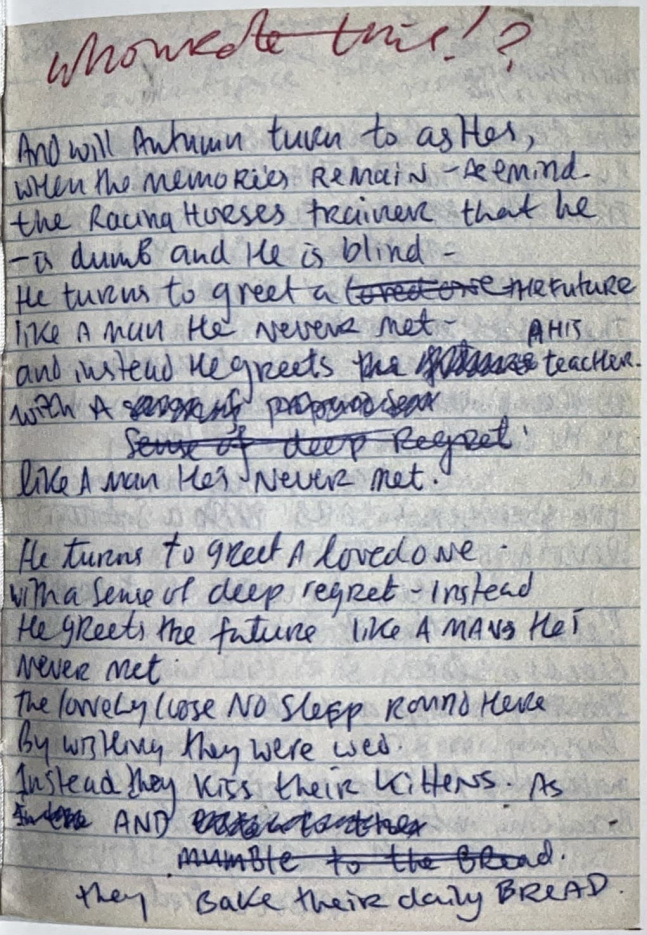
Prior to the advent of the internet he had been a busy letter writer. I personally began corresponding with him in late 1984, using the BCM Codex address supplied on all early Coil releases. A brief excerpt from one of his letters discussing an at that time unreleased track called "Anal Staircase" with different lyrics to the song eventually featured on the "Horse Rotorvator" album is included here.

In his journals and letters he repeatedly expresses his frustration with his relative lack of skills in manipulating the Coil sound machinery compared to the way his technologically inventive partner Peter "Sleazy" Christopherson and later arrivals to the oil



1 "at war with words" is one of several titles initially considered by Balance for his projected book of lyrics.

2 see "Bright Lights and Cats with no Mouths", a monograph of a selection of his visual work compiled by Thighpaulsandra with Liam Thomas and issued by Timeless in 2016.


Whowrote this!?

And will Autumn turn to as Hes,
when the memories remain - Remind.
the Racing Horses trainer that he
- is dumb and He is blind -
He turns to greet a ~~loved one~~ the future
like A man He never met -
and instead He greets ~~the~~ A HIS teacher.
with A ~~[illegible]~~
~~Sense of deep Regret~~
like A man He's Never met.

He turns to greet A loved one.
with a Sense of deep regret - Instead
He greets the future like A MANS He's
Never met
The lovely loose NO Sleep round Here
By wishing they were wed.
Instead they kiss their kittens. As
~~[illegible]~~ AND ~~[illegible]~~
~~mumble to the Bread~~.
they Bake their daily BREAD.

line-up, especially the fully trained musical wizard Thighpaulsandra could[3], simultaneously failing to fully appreciate his own unique gift with words.

He had been dreaming of publishing a book of his notes and lyrics for a few years before he passed on in 2004. In January of 2002 the imminent (whatever that meant in Coil terms) publication of one, probably even two volumes of his writings was announced via the then active hollyfeld Coil online mailing list. One of the books was to be called "The cupboard under the stars", the other "The dreamer is still asleep". Balance had been tentatively discussing the book idea with his friend and confidante, the prolific poet Jeremy Reed, asking him to help with the editing process. Reed recounts how Geff regarded books as the more worthwhile and likely to endure means for the communication of ideas as opposed to the different formats of music preservation, which were and continue to be in a state of flux. In an unsent letter to Reed Balance mentioned his re-reading and sorting through the old notebooks to re-evaluate and select pieces he deemed worthy of inclusion.

A number of pages in the notebooks contain some underlinings and remarks supposedly from the time of compiling the original material for the book like "good", "use!", "transcribe" and at least one "did I write this?"/"Who wrote this?"

The selecting of lyrics from what in effect is a vast collection of writings, filling almost 100 small and large hardbound books, some beautifully embellished with drawings and stickers, as well as lots of single sheets of paper and everything in between, some almost empty, others with barely a blank space, had begun and a few pages had already been typed up and filed away.

---

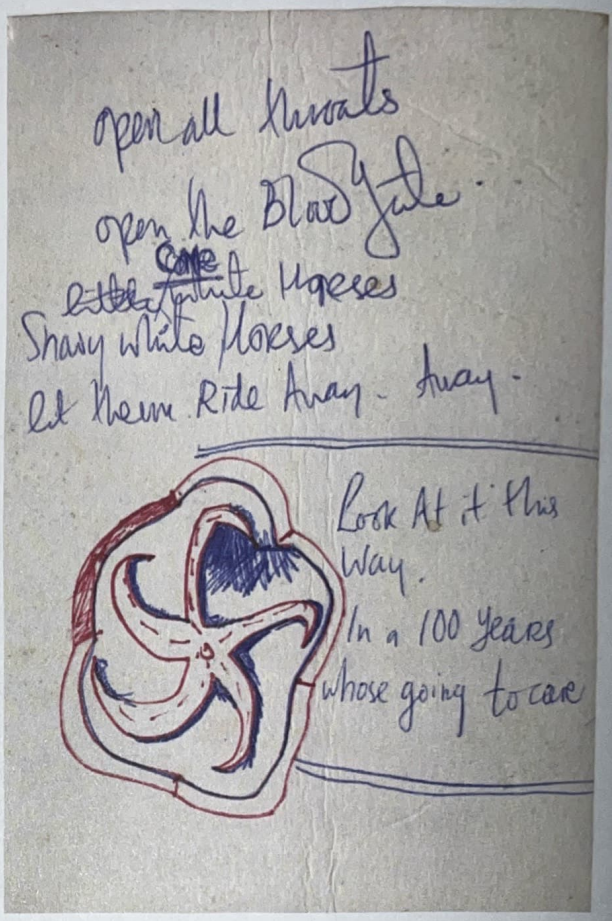
3 Funnily enough, several sheets with the heading "Learning to sample" in his hand exist.

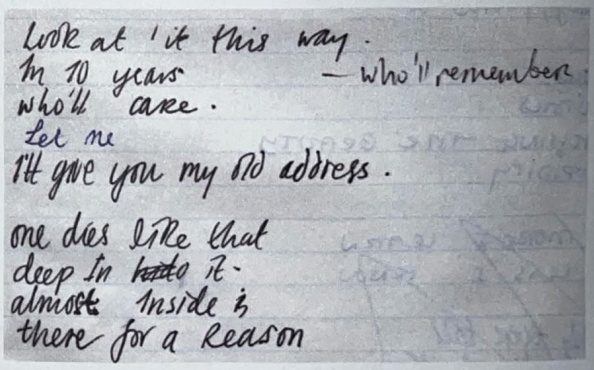
A preliminary table of contents was ready and ideas for the binding of the eventual book sketched, when all of Balance's many plans for the future were so prematurely cut short.

Geff was initially inspired by the automatic writings and other experiments of the surrealists, he also busied himself researching and trying to establish contact with the surviving original members of the British surrealist group. Another well-documented major influence were Brion Gysin and William S. Burroughs' cut-ups.

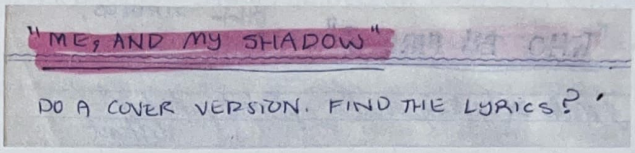
In later life he turned more towards a rural consciousness while never losing his palate for magickal thought and a witty pun. Balance never shied away from incorporating his current fields of interest and his long term obsessions in his writings, thinly veiled and in some cases quoting verbatim from other authors (the William Blake quote "May God keep us from single vision and Newton's sleep" or the Titan Arch lyric being cases in point). His lyrics thus can be seen as frontline reports from his ongoing research and frequently they reveal their secrets only after finding the key to the puzzle in an obscure book or a film or, more than once, even a comedy show. He consequently filled scores of notebooks with lyric ideas, often speed-driven poems, the occasional idiosyncratic drawing, magickal musings and strategical annotations for musical works in progress.

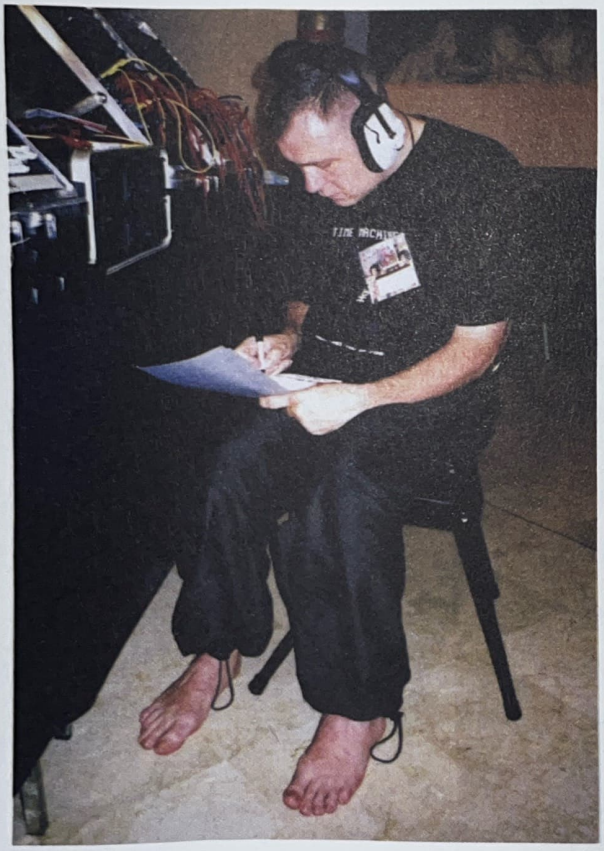
The 1980s were a particularly fruitful and rewarding time for his inspiration and creativity. It is fascinating to see how he would return to some of the older notebooks, sometimes more than a decade after having last written into them, and lift phrases and titles a much younger version of himself had invented for use in a current project to finally find their place towards the end of Coil's tenure. Witness the first appearance of the "In ten years' time, who will remember" phrase in a mid80s notebook before eventually being used as a lyric on the first "Musick to Play in The Dark" album in 2000.





Another early notebook contains the suggestion to cover the 1927 Al Jolson number "Me and my shadow", a phrase which could be found as a message scratched into the run-out grooves of the A Side of the "Gold is the Metal" vinyl album in 1987 before becoming a much-repeated phrase once Coil embarked on their concert tours in the early 2000s.





Some of the typed up pages of lyrics have already been featured alongside handwritten lyrics and sheets used in live performance in the definitive visual history of Coil "The Universe is a Haunted House" (Timeless 2020). I have tried to select alternative versions wherever possible and to avoid duplicates, but couldn't possibly justify the non-inclusion of some items in this collection of his writings, e.g. the last ever full set of lyrics performed/intended for performance by Balance on the occasion of the final Coil concert in Dublin, roughly a month before his passing.

We will never know what Geff and Sleazy would have made of the seemingly never-ending deluge of posthumous releases. For "The cupboard under the stars" I have tried to stay true to the few leads Geff has left for his projected book and I cannot possibly argue with anyone believing he would have disapproved of this final product. I have included examples of what to me constitutes the unique magic of Coil as well as little glimpses of Geff's often criminally overlooked sense of humour, both of which I find lacking from many of said posthumous releases, yet in plentiful supply within the pages of the notebooks.

Before recording his first solo efforts Balance was already a writer, promoting his interests and networking via his fanzine "Stabmental"[4]. Throughout his career he would return to the idea of wanting to write and to publish outside the confines of Coil.

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4 Stabmental initially co-edited with school-friend Tom Craig 1979-1982, 7 issues.

Especially when Coil's mid-period output was beginning to rely less and less on his ideas for lyrics or, arguably, his lyrical muse very much lay dormant, necessitating largely instrumental/ambient material like "Black Light District", "Worship the Glitch" and "Time Machines".

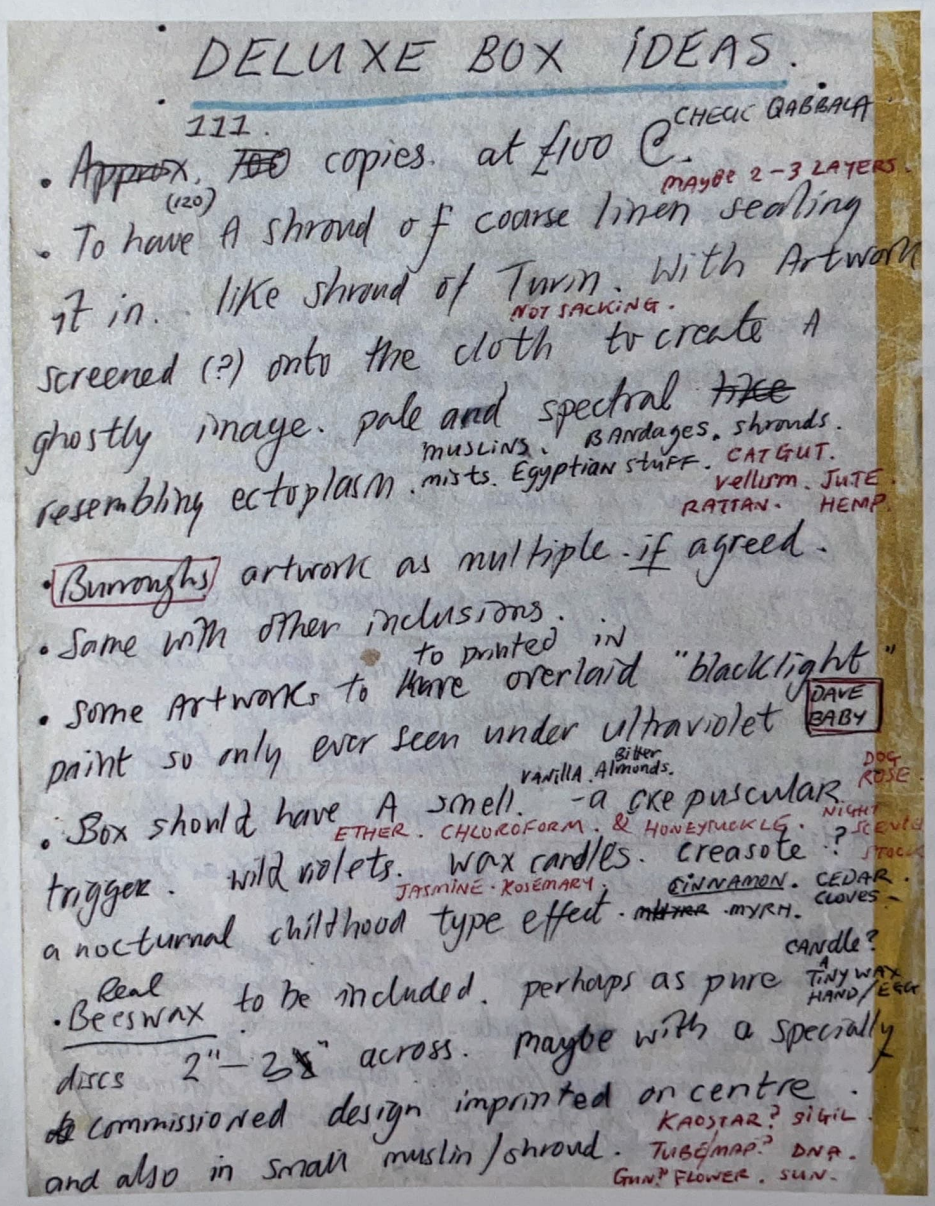
The idea for his Black Sun magazine (alternatively referred to as "Penetralia") was born, which didn't progress beyond a statement of intent and several A4 pages of possible contributors.

Very much towards the end of his life the magazine, then referred to as a pan-zine, which he now intended to call ONE and co-edit with his late partner the artist Ian Johnstone was beginning to take shape, but again nothing ever left the planning stage beyond initial ideas and a lengthy questionnaire for possible contributors.

Some of the most interesting items to me are the work-in-progress notebooks towards projects which never materialised or which metamorphosed into something else altogether.
There are a myriad of pages spread out over several books dedicated to never fully finished projects like the "The Dark Age of Love" and the "Backwards" albums.



The former originally was to have been the follow-up to 1987s very lyrical "Horse Rotorvator" suite of songs which eventually evolved into a much more physical/psychedelic beast, the "Love's Secret Domain" album. Not only song titles and lyric ideas including a lyric for a left-over track called "Horse Rotorvator" survive among these pages, Geff had also already started plotting an elaborate special art release version of the record with then unheard of extras, one of which was much later appropriated for a special book release by a close associate.



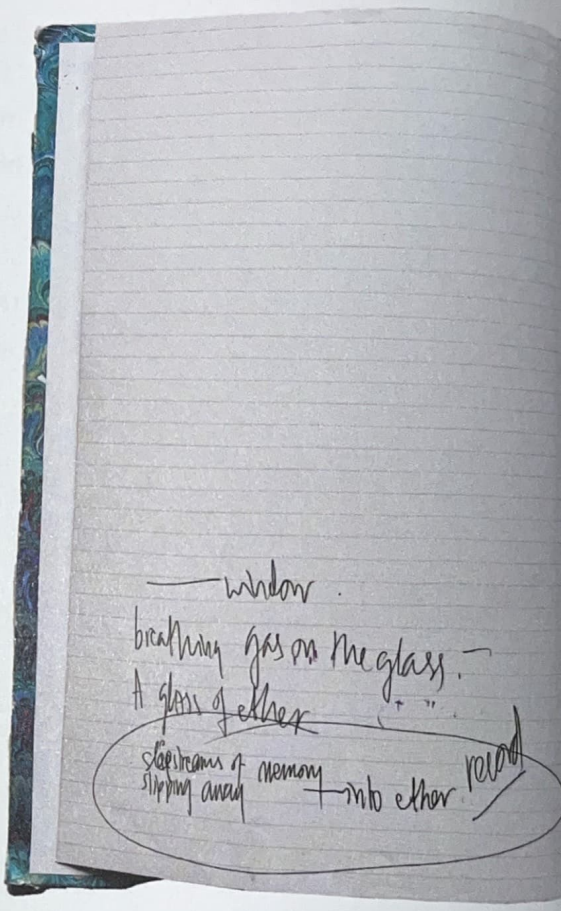
Balance's personal journal-keeping was erratic, to put it mildly. His journal entries range from meticulously laid-out 1980s journals, which detail his moving in with Christopherson in the latter's Chiswick home, his early days with the first Psychic TV incarnation and his activity in the now fabled Temple of Psychick Youth (more painting doors for Genesis P-Orridge than actual sex magick) and nighttime adventures with the Some Bizzare crowd, to his later infrequent jottings which especially in the second half of the nineties became tainted by his depression and by then habitual alcohol intake. Both he and Sleazy, inspired by Julia Cameron's 1992 book "The Artist Way" committed to writing down three pages worth of stream of consciousness thoughts first thing almost every morning for a limited period of time in the 1990s. The journal entries from this particular time are difficult to navigate and often carry a depressing sense of aimlessness and self-loathing, as well as an accusatory tone towards friends and family. I have consequently decided against including anything from those here.

I have, however, included non-original lyrics for songs performed by Coil, yet not originally written by Balance e.g. "Tainted Love", "Who by fire", "All the pretty little horses" and "Bang Bang" .

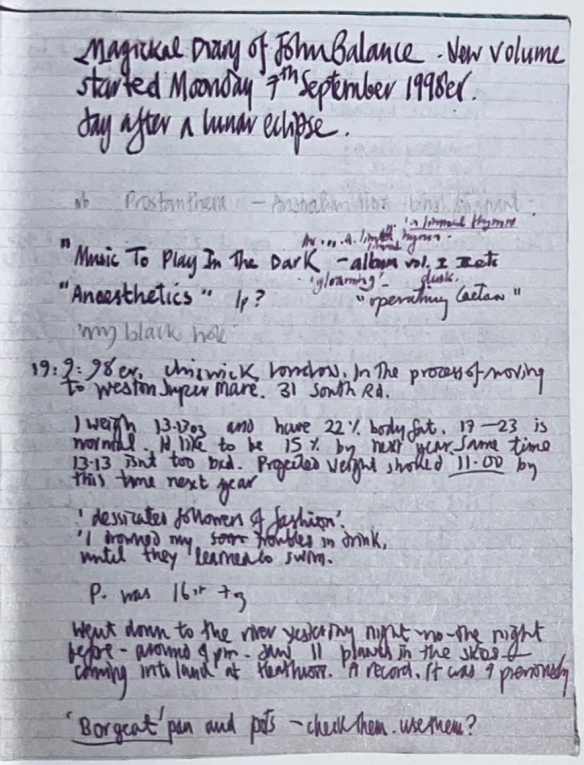
Apart from several unused lyrics, the latter half of the book contains a first outline for an article about artist and occultist Austin Osman Spare, a life-long obsession of Geff's, detailed notes towards a projected book about Coil by close friend John Everall, which never happened, as well as video treatments both for Coil and collaborator and friend Marc Almond, a brief curriculum vitae in Balance's own hand and several other items I found curious or illuminating. This material could have taken up a lot more space. But where to draw the line?

I hope to have chosen a varied and representative selection from all the material at my disposal.

This is not a complete book of every song lyric Geff ever wrote, all of that is available in many cases on the record sleeves and in the CD booklets or transcribed, sometimes somewhat semi-accurately on the internet for all of your karaoke needs.






Magickal Diary of John Balance - New volume started Moonday 7th September 1998er. Day after a lunar eclipse.

"Music To Play In The Dark" - album vol. I Zeta
'gloaming' - dusk.
"Anaesthetics" 1p? "operating Caetan"
'my black hole'

19:9:98er. Chiswick London. In the process of moving to Weston Super Mare. 31 South Rd.

I weigh 13.13oz and have 22% body fat. 17-23 is normal. I like to be 15% by next year. Same time 13.13 isn't too bad. Projected weight should 11.00 by this time next year

'dessicated followers of fashion'.
'I drowned my sorr troubles in drink, until they learned to swim.

P. was 16st 7oz

Went down to the river yesterday night - no - the night before - around 9pm - saw 11 planets in the skies coming into land at Heathrow. A record. It was 9 previously

'Borgeat' pan and pots - check them. use them?

Also the decision against transcribing the lyrics or any other text herein was entirely mine, as I believe a book of read-along lyrics to be somewhat redundant and Geff's handwriting, whilst not always immaculately clear, is certainly an aesthetic pleasure to behold.

After Balance's passing, his last partner Ian Johnstone took the vast majority of the notebooks and journals under his wing, with only a few odd pages and some stray books in Peter Christopherson's archives, who was to depart this earthly realm a mere four years after his former partner. The journal notoriously lost on the Marylebone Road, as detailed on the CD "And the ambulance died in his arms" recorded live at Camber Sands in 2003, I strongly believe to have been returned or re-discovered, as a book fitting the exact description is among the Johnstone stack of books. Another book reported to have been mislaid at an Italian airport probably remains at large. Ian Johnstone expressed an interest to follow up on his late partner's plans to publish what he considered "amazing insights into his creative process"[5]. Before these plans could become more concrete, however, Johnstone, too, passed away and the journals, notebooks and personal ephemera seemed lost and their whereabouts unclear.

In late 2017 I managed to ascertain the books' then place of storage and it took another 20 months to establish contact with and convince the keepers and former owners of the journals to allow access and publication of what I, after finally seeing the material with my own eyes, consider essential pieces of the Coil narrative. After having a dedicated browse through what follows I can only hope you will agree.

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5 in an e-mail to me, dated February 4th, 2013

Claus Laufenburg,
May 2023

Feeder.
The Gimp (Sometimes)
Lost Rivers of London
Gardens of Fire and others.
Dark Age of Love
Ayor
The Test
Basically all the New orleans unused stuff.
Fire of the Mind
Fire of the Green Dragon
A Cold Cell

Moonsmilk (or under an Unquiet skull)
Beestings
Glowworms/waveforms
Summer substructures
A warning from the Sun (for Fritz)
Regel
Rosa Decidua
Switches
The Auto-Asphyxiating Heirophant
Anythest Deciveres.
* White Rainbow
North.
magnetic North
Queens of the Circulating Library.

- Interview about methods - change to Moon Musick
- should we have explanations/notes on the lyrics?
It would be a big book if so.

- Do - handpress - of Moon Musick lyrics - Musick vol 1 + 2
OR. Moons Milk - series

The Wheel
Warmilk.
Neither this nor yours.

LYRICS FOR BOOK. VOL I
THE dreamer is STILL as ~~EEP~~ ~~dreaming~~?

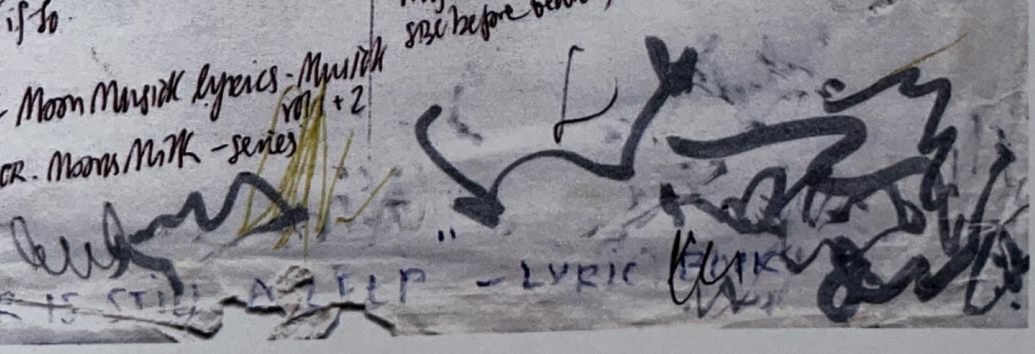
2 Ford Poco tracks.

Scatology
Horse Rotovator
Lovers Secret Domain
Black Light District
Musicks vol I + 2.
ElpH -
Unnatural History I - IV
Constant shallowness
- use lots of fragments - transcribe entire 'speed rants' + stories - some in facimile

• Astral Disaster
• ElpH 10"
• Queens of the Circulating Library

BINDING? - Deepest, Richest Blue possible - shot? with tie/marker as well. in black? - bold colour contrast

* Heath and deficiency (COH)
+ Contains A disclaimer
+ Scope
+ Ecstasy made me hate you
my vicious circle
SBC before beauty



THE DREAMER IS STILL AS EEP - LYRIC



COIL - LYRICS.

SHOULD IDEALLY include :—
typecopied sets of all Lyrics —
in duplicates — FOR sending out
to interested parties —
do it!

12. NOV. 03
weston super
MARE.

ENTHER HERE FOUR

SYLABBLABBLE AND
FLOWERS AND LOVE
OF SELF (AND FRIENDS)
OF SMELL
OF ORDERED WORD
OF SAFETY


creep
8 12 91

s is for sleep
and s is for essense

and dreams soaked in secrets
and words that are silence.
~~THERE~~ HERE we both are

cruel and in ruins
walking into the centre
of a circle of animals

lost between was and shall be.
in a trap of angles.
daylight seen from the side
of night
here are works beyond words
and ~~no~~ beyond sight.

s is for silence

and s is for ~~secrecy~~ sleep

and ~~dreams~~ fears soaked in secrets

the ~~fears~~ dreams that we keep

lost between was and shall be.

~~glimpsed like dawn from the side of the nite~~

here are we both

cruel and in ruins

walking into the centre

of a circle of animals

~~gleaming like dawn seen from the side of the night.~~

a place where nothing is

and nothing becomes

and nothing is not

exaustion is the signal

to start the slide of secrets

~~of~~ dead letters fall from ~~skins that shed~~ our shedding skins expanses ~~dark~~ mud.

~~glowing~~ planting ~~guilt~~ history in the ~~fields~~ plains of ~~nite~~

BOY IN A SUITCASE - COIL '84

BOY IN A SUITCASE
FOLLOWS YOU FROM PLACE TO PLACE
OLD MANS EYES IN A YOUNG BOYS FACE
CHECKS IN, CHECKS OUT
DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE

CATHEDRAL IN FLAMES - COIL '84.

CIRCLE WITHIN CIRCLE
AND WHEN HOUR CAME
FROM WORDS THEY PASSED TO DEEDS
SPIRES, SPIRALS AND STONES RISE
AND IN THE DISTANCE
A CATHEDRAL IN FLAMES
GIVEN A CHANCE TO RECOVER HIS ~~MOUTH~~ BREATH
AND EXPOSED TO THE PROCESS ONCE MORE
THE YOUTH SQUIRMED IN A SHOWER OF GOLD
THAT ETCHED IN HIS SKIN THE WORDS
"PARADISE STANDS IN THE SHADOW OF SWORDS."

BOY IN a SUITCASE.

~~he comes with me from place to place~~

the small boy

and inside

a lie / out of spite

pointing / back towards

running ~~moving~~ through ~~dried up~~ empty resovoirs.

spires, spirals and stones

time again

doors

open and close

the boy felt ~~was~~ cold.

in the distance

a cathedral in flames.

I said I had.

(No problem).

a word.

out of habit.

Inside. rust in the locks.

a shower of gold

dust and stale bread.

I said I knew him.

dark excursion to a high garden.

~~another glance at my watch~~.

a glance at the clock.

~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ rust in the lock

~~bicycles rust in the rain~~ -out of place.

CHURCH

SILENCE

ANSWER

CHANGE.

MURDER IN REVERSE

- little Pan: not dead.

we shift from fear into courage
the therapeutic way of fear
objects become subjects — All and Nothing (000)

the beginning of wisdom is fear
Panic for dismantling paranoid defenses

loss of fear = loss of instinct;
we are returned to instinct by fear
a mythic reality

the key - the stuff for psychic detonations
the Reality and redeeming power of chaos
and the
the reality of the irrational and the
redeeming and inspiring power of chaos.

Kether

"I Summon little PAN: not dead" ~~chokmah~~

-Panic is about the deliberate nuturing of states of mind usually regarded as dangerous or insane. Using Fear as a Key, as a spur, as a catalyst, to crystallise and inspire. It is about performing surgery on yourself, psychic surgery, in order to restore the whole being. — complete with the aspects that sanitised, society attempts to wrenche from your existence - attempts to suppress and deny the very existence of. ~~of~~ outsiders in Reverse.

Panic

Anything
will be alright
if you come out
in the night

With your life sewn open
Breath in
Put the bone back in
Buried under the skin

Murder in Reverse

Out of time
Out of place
Out of spite
Follow the spike

The only thing to fear
Is fear itself...

The Tenderness of Wolves
(lyric by Gavin Friday)

Was all in vain? Or did you cry?
No need to ask, my tears have run dry
This is the end of my pity
I await to die

You now the living, me now the dead

To prove that you loved me
Mere words could not have said
Biting into skin, into flesh, into me
Taking all you could
Oh, I'd still give you blood
Just to paint your lips
If you should wish them red
My desires your wish completed
But only now I can see
The vicious joy when you took delight
Behind each kiss your poison bite
And when my all was given
And you had taken
Oh dog-like Judas
You did dissapear

Was all in vain? Or did you cry?
No need to ask
You now the living, me now the dead

PANIC

Anything
will be alright
if you come out
In the night

COIL

the only thing to fear
Is Fear itself

with ~~the~~ life sewn open
(Breath In)
Put the bone back In
Buried under the skin ✓

backward echo.

(a murder in reverse)

~~undo the damage~~
~~with PANIC~~

B
could move down to after little trickery!

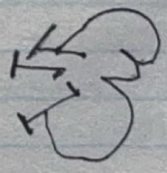
out of time
& out of place
& out of spite ✓

(swallow the spike) ✓



louder delivery?

anything
will be alright
if you come out
In the night.



the only thing to fear x 7
is fear.

SOLAR LODGE

See the Black Sun Rise
From the Solar lodge.

shawing Grandma w/a sythce.

Now I Know you
I shall get you.

SEE THE BLACK SUN RISE
IN THE SOLAR LODGE.

SEE THE B. S. RISE
FROM THE SOLAR LODGE.

~~and~~ stop.
like a clock.
like a hole in the ground
" a lock.

like a knife in the sound
from the Solar lodge.



The Spoiler

The Spoiler
follows you
In Spoiler's time
from place to place
Old man's eyes
In a young boy's face
Walking in
Another skin
Secrets inside
The Spoiler
The Spoiler's catch:
Boys who exist
In the stories of shadows
On our walls.
Who take to the floor
Like a falling wall
To dance
with oblivion

Black boxes
Black light
He works
At night
The Spoiler
If you're going to have any
The Spoiler
You've got to have enough

His head
His hands
His feet
His heart

Resting
Continents
.....Apart

do BIZARRE for stero - CASSETTE

Solo

CIRCLE WITHIN CIRCLE
AND WHEN THAT HOUR ARRIVES
FROM WORDS THEY PASSED TO DEEDS
GIVEN A CHANCE TO RECOVER HIS BREATH
AND EXPOSED TO THE PROCESS AGAIN.

~~asleep in a shower of dust~~ gold
~~standing inside a~~

slumped in a shower of g

spires, spirals and stones rise
time and time again
paradise stands in the shadow of swords
the ~~ins~~ words ~~on~~ embedded in his skin

Godhead = deathhead.

godhead turns deathhead.

(no)
this is not a paradise lost ?
But paradise disowned.

where ~~the~~ virgin mary
weak and wild
rids herself of an
unwanted child.
?

a moral war

3 in one & one in 3
the crutch of christianity
(crux)
G = D.

~~Mary~~ the price of love, the pain to pay
For a quick visitation in the Hay

a reign of love
that stank of death
~~2000 years of fear~~.

Nowhere No Jerusalem
No Festival of Light (sic)
But a moral mean majority who'd
'Kill A Queer For Christ'.

Godhead turns deathhead.

1/2 1/3 1/2 1/3

‡

losing hair at end.

Godhead = deathhead

so this nothingness is nothing

again and again and again

where the virgin many weak and wild rids herself of an unwanted child.

use pope/mathew tapes.

make it shorter - have 30 seconds of beginning

Cathedral in Flames. 3/4.

the small boy spits
smiles
~~and inside~~ in the dirt.
~~and lies~~.
~~out of spite~~
pointing back towards
the city walls.
spires, spirals and stones shine Rise
time ~~again~~
and time again.
doors open and close
and inside?
the boy felt cold. shivered.
in the distance.
a cathedral in flames.
I said I had.
no problem
a word
out of habit
rust in the locks
~~inside~~ standing inside
a shower of gold
dust and stale bread
I said I knew him
~~I knew him~~ a glance at the door.
and
~~or~~ a dark excursion – to a high garden.

church
silence
answer
change.

CATHEDRAL IN FLAMES. COIL'84

CIRCLE WITHIN CIRCLE
AND WHEN THAT HOUR CAME
FROM WORDS THEY PASSED TO DEEDS.
SPIRES, SPIRALS AND STONES RISE
AND IN THE DISTANCE
A CATHEDRAL IN FLAMES.
GIVEN A CHANCE TO RECOVER HIS BREATH
AND EXPOSED TO THE PROCESS ONCE MORE.
THE YOUTH SQUIRMED IN A SHOWER OF GOLD
THAT ETCHED IN HIS SKIN THE WORDS
"PARADISE LIES IN THE SHADOW OF SWORDS".

DREAM PHOTOGRAPHY. COIL'84

THIS CAMERA TAKES PICTURES
OF ALL THE LOST BOYS WHO WANT TO DANCE
WITH OBLIVION
WHO TAKE TO THE FLOOR LIKE A FALLING WALL
BOYS WHO EXIST
IN THE STORY OF SHADOWS
ON OUR WALLS
THIS CAMERA TAKES PICTURES OF DREAMS
I SEE YOU IN A DREAM
WHERE YOUR TOUNGE BECOMES A SWORD
A SWORD THAT CUTS MY HEART IN TWO.
LOVE AND TERROR.

THE WHEEL. COIL'84

WHEN THE STORM CLEARS
AND THE SUNSHINES
WE'LL SEE THE COUNTRY
BEYOND THE GARDEN
I WAS DRAGGED HERE
BY AN ANGEL
AGAINST MY WEAK WILL
THE STRONGER DICTATE.
NOW I STAND HERE
I'VE SCALED THE MOUNTAIN
THAT LED FROM FUNCTION
TO FORMS OF GLORY.
AND WHEN OUR HANDS TOUCHED
LIKE WORLDS COLLIDING
A STAR EXPLODING
THEN I KNEW THAT
THE WHEEL IS TURNING.
RUST TRANSMUTED
TO GOLD AND SILVER
BY STRENGTH OF TRUE WILL
NO MORE RESISTANCE
JUST PERFECTION
THE WHEEL IS TURNING.

S IS FOR SLEEP COIL '84

S IS FOR SILENCE
AND S IS FOR SLEEP
AND FEARS SOAKED IN SECRETS
DREAMS THAT WE KEEP
LOST BETWEEN WERE AND SHALL BE.
HERE ARE WE BOTH
CRUEL AND IN RUINS
WALKING INTO THE CENTRE
OF A CIRCLE OF ANIMALS
A PLACE WHERE NOTHING IS
AND NOTHING BECOMES.
EXAUSTION IS THE SIGNAL
TO START THE SLIDE OF SECRETS
DEAD LETTERS FALL
FROM OUR SHEDDING SKINS
PLANTING HISTORY IN EXPANSES OF MUD.
HERE IS COMPLETION
HERE IS COMPULSION
HERE IS
ANOTHERROSEBUD
TO DARKEN THE BLOOD.

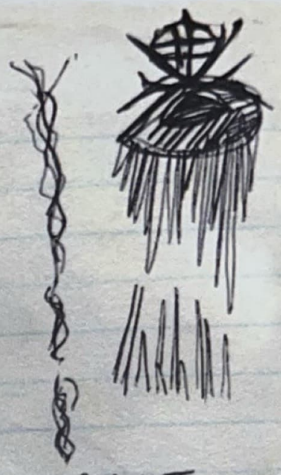
Maybe Reprint S is For Sleep Lyrics.

DREAM PHOTOGRAPHY. COIL - III. 84

THIS CAMERA TAKES PICTURES OF
ALL THE LOST BOYS WHO WANT TO DANCE
WITH OBLIVION
WHO TAKE TO THE FLOOR LIKE A FALLING WALL.
BOYS WHO EXIST
IN THE STORY OF SHADOWS
ON OUR WALLS
THIS CAMERA TAKES PICTURES OF DREAMS
I SEE YOU IN A DREAM
WHERE YOUR TOUNGE BECOMES A SWORD
A SWORD THAT CUTS MY HEART IN TWO
LOVE AND TERROR.


ON
POLYP
FOOT
FARM

TAINTED LOVE



SOMETIMES I FEEL IVE GOT TO
RUN AWAY - I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY FROM THE PAIN YOU
DRIVE INTO THE HEART OF ME
THE LOVE WE SHARED SEEMS TO
GO NO WHERE AND I'VE
LOST MY LIGHT FOR I
TOSS AND TURN I CANT SLEEP AT NIGHT

ONCE I RAN TO YOU
NOW I RUN FROM YOU
THIS TAINTED LOVE YOU'VE GIVEN
I GIVE YOU ALL A BOY COULD GIVE YOU
TAKE MY TEARS AND THATS NOT NEARLY ALL

TAINTED LOVE
TAINTED LOVE

NOW I KNOW I GOT TO
RUN AWAY I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY YOU DON'T
REALLY WANT ANY MORE FROM ME TO
MAKE THINGS RIGHT YOU NEED SOME
ONE TO HOLD YOU TIGHT AND ~~SAY~~ YOU THINK
LOVE IS TO PRAY BUT I'M
SORRY I DON'T PRAY THAT WAY.

again

TAINTED LOVE.
TAINTED LOVE.
DONT TOUCH ME PLEASE I CANNOT
STAND THE WAY YOU TEASE.

I LOVE YOU THOUGH YOU HURT ME SO
NOW IM GONNA PACK MY THINGS AND GO.

TAINTED LOVE TAINTED, TAINTED -
TAINTED LOVE
TAINTED LOVE
TAINTED LOVE
TAINTED LOVE
~~TAINTED LOVE~~ TOUCH ME BABY.
TAINTED LOVE
TOUCH ME BABY
TAINTED LOVE
TAINTED LOVE .....



THE WHEEL - COIL '84

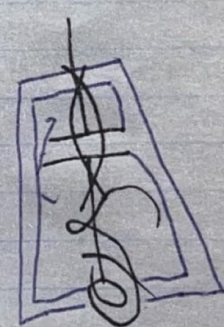
WHEN THE STORM CLEARS
AND THE SUN SHINES
WE'LL SEE THE COUNTRY
BEYOND THE GARDEN
I WAS DRAGGED HERE
BY AN ANGEL
AGAINST MY WEAK WILL
THE STRONGER DICTATE
NOW I STAND HERE
IVE SCALED THE MOUNTAIN
THAT LED FROM FUNCTION
TO FORMS OF GLORY
WHEN OUR HANDS TOUCHED
LIKE WORLDS COLLIDING
A STAR EXPLODING
THEN I KNEW THAT
THE WHEEL IS TURNING
RUST TRANSMUTED
TO GOLD AND SILVER
BY STRENGTH OF TRUE WILL
NO MORE RESISTENCE
JUST PERFECTION
THE WHEEL IS TURNING

WHEN THE STORMCLEARS
AND THE SUN SHINES ~~Pat~~ new Country.
WE'LL SEE THE ~~COUNTRY~~. ~~Landscape~~ ~~CUNT TREE~~
~~BEYOUND~~ THE ~~GARDEN~~ - Beyond the garden.

~~inside~~
I WAS DRAGGED HERE
BY AN ANGEL
AGAINST MY WEAKWILL
THE STRONGER DICTATE

WELL NOW I STAND HERE
IVE SCALED THE MOUNTAIN
THAT ~~A~~ LED FROM ~~FAILURE~~ FUNCTION
TO FORMS OF GLORY.

WHEN OUR HANDS TOUCHED
LIKE WORLDS COLLIDING
A STAR EXPLODING
THEN I KNEW THAT
THE WHEEL IS TURNING.



RUST TRANSMUTED/TO GOLD AND SILVER
BY STRENGTH of true will
NO MORE RESISTENCE
JUST PERFECTION

(Hate translated/to a
hunger for a new wa

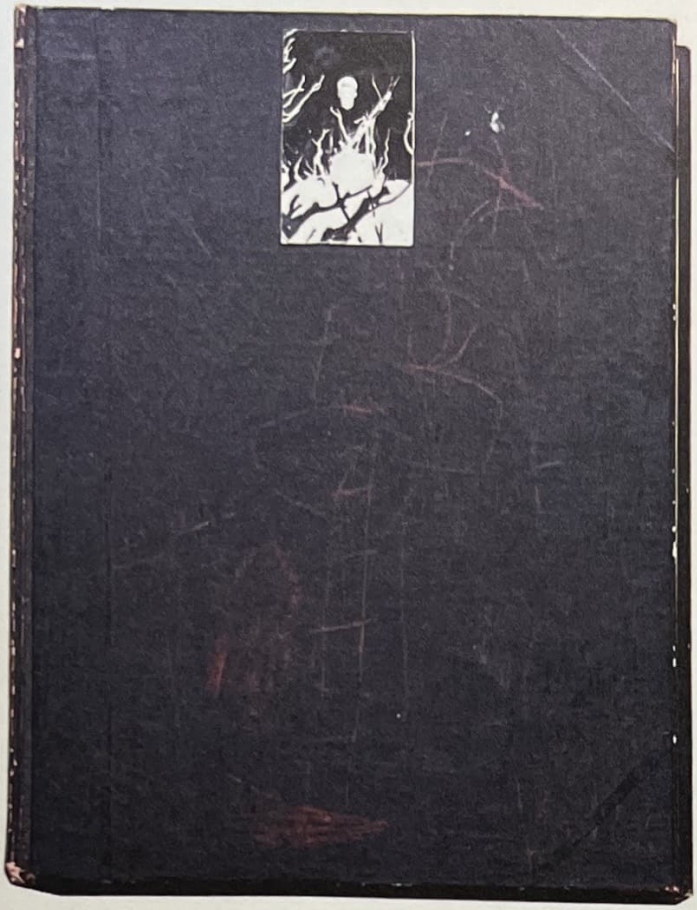
the wheel is turning
~~and [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] infection~~

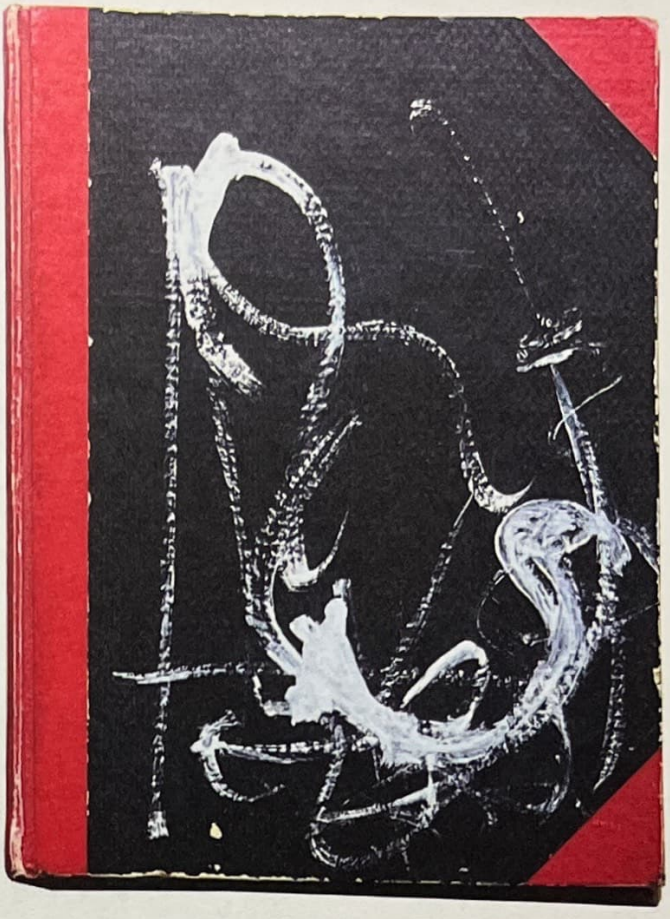
RESTLESS DAY

21 JULY 84.

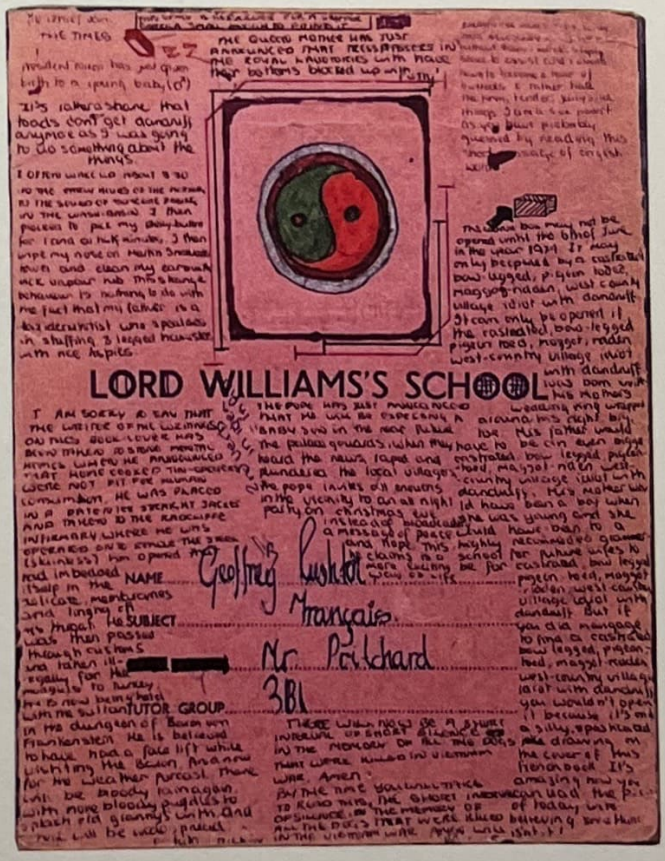
EACH TIME I WAKE UP
EACH TIME I SAY
A SHIFTING SLOW BEGINNING
ANOTHER RESTLESS DAY
DOUBTS AND INDECISION
PUSH ME ON MY WAY
A SHIFTING SLOW BEGINNING
ANOTHER RESTLESS DAY
SUPERMARKET SUNDAY
FACES CULD AND GREY
NO BREAD OR MILK OR TEA LEFT
NO ENERGY TO PLAY
FEAR IS THE JAILOR
THAT LOCKS MY LOVE AWAY
THE BOY ON THE CHECKOUT SAYS
HAVE A RESTLESS DAY

WHO HAS THE NERVE
TO DREAM, CREATE AND KILL
WHILE IT SEEMS THE WHOLE MOVES
EVERY PART STANDS STILL
SO THIS NOTHINGNESS IS NOTHING
EVERYTHING MAKES ME ILL
WHILE IT SEEMS THE WHOLE MOVES
EVERY PART STANDS STILL
WATCHING TELEVISION IN THE AFTERNOON
WASTING MY LIFE AWAY
ALL THEY WANT TO SHOW ME IS
WHATS UNDER THE CLOCK TODAY.





HORSE ONWARDS. PLANS - NOT LYRICS.



"THE ANAL STAIRCASE"

THE ANGELS KISS
OUR SOULS IN BLISS
MEASURE THE EXTENT
OF OUR DIZZYINY DESCENT
DOWN THE ANAL STAIRCASE.

..
AND THE RAPIDS OF MY HEART
WILL TEAR YOUR SHIP OF LOVE APART
AND YOU'LL END UP WRECKED
DON'T END UP AT THE START
OF THE ANAL STAIRCASE
... AND THE ANGELS KISS. etc.

TAKE A HOLLOWPOINT REVOLVER
ONE STEP — RIDE DOWN THE RAPIDS OF YOUR HEART
TWO STEP — BLOW THE FUCKING THING APART
THREE STEPS.. . " " " " " .

AND THE ANGELS KISS
OUR SOULS IN BLISS... etc

John Balance
86

Everything Goes In
But Nothing
Stays In.

KNOCK HARD LIKE IS DEAF.

I crossed myself
I crossed myself-out!

Rule me.

Rule me

Sexually transmitted Sadism. (Stupidity)

This (the man) Is obviously a case of S.t.s. who should be Hung By Tounge. For talking Such Crap.

from the Inside.

I feel useless - Like Michaelangelo BORN without HANDS.

---

anal staircase

from the bottom to the top.

"down there"

Rule Me. → Rule Me.
Down there
From the deep.
From the Inside.
Lose me.
Within
stay with us.
within us.

CUT my SKIN
Let me Back In.

Submissive millions who See Power as protection
Against truth. But.
who guard the Guardians.
the worst is Invisible Government. → THE DEPREVATION OF INDEPENDANCE.

A Plague of obedience

AUTOEROTIC
EROTIC TRIGGER
A pleasure Burst
Like a Hollowpoint
Revolver.

Love Bursts like a Hollowpoint.

a Suit of skin.
lined with Sins.
glistening folds.

Loose me.

A celebration of decidemation
the Seduction of Reduction

I saw God - And he was drunk, and He was old.

rd. type voice " conclusive proof that

Conclusion. - we all get the Gods we Deserve

The meek shall Inherit the shit - Handed down from above.

the Anal staircase

He's flying past.
exit this place. FAST

Jesus Christ is coming down Fast Fast - Fast!
Down the Anal staircase - to land flat on his face.
down to my place. - down to this level
swap places. dom to our level. (level ever)
step by step. - slide down. I fell into A Burning Ring.
exit this place - too fast. I entered this place.
By the Anal staircase.
go down - down there. "La Bas" la Ba - aha!
la Ba.
la Ba.

Anal. → come here from there.
stair. enter this place.

go down
go further down.
Right Down.

You need to take the Anal staircase
to enter into this place.





BCM. CODEX
LONDON
WC1 N 3XX

IV III 86 or 8.

dear C. L. (?) mysterious initials only.

thank you for yr letter. you appear to have a remarkable insight into the structure of things.

I am aware of Huymann and his books But we didnot plan to have the 2 postcards represent his work - it is a loaded coincidences - maybe not a complete accident. we called the 2 cards "Sexual Cathedral - church of flesh" - and "Anal staircase". just titles we invented - But we do do a song called anal staircase' which lyrics go :" anal staircase - go down down there - la Bas - la Basics" etc. chance? Hidden plans and codes of existence - I don't Know - I just do as I feel I should. Instinctive Intelligences.

we Have done 2 videos so far. one for the wheel and one for 'tainted Love' - BOTh will be Released as

The Anal Staircase Notes 28 I 86

anal Staircase
anal staircase
walk from this place
to your place.

via anal staircase
If
— gravity can't fill my cavity. —
~~If~~ then this another mans Hole is this mans Goal.

and Angels Kissed
our souls in Bliss.

and plump angels Kissed
our souls in Bliss.

we roll in the flowers
under golden showers.

Sodoma Atomicus

measuring the Extent
of our dizzying descent.

from your place
to your place. - to this place.

from your face to your face.
Via Anal staircase

the Rapids In my Heart
would tear your ship of Love apart.

Drive the Hardon In -home-
gotta park the porksword.

we Arrits water the flowers
with golden showers
when
the Rapids of the Heart
~~would~~ TEAR the Ship of Love
Apart.
But the love comes up
Like A wreck
from the depths.
(So with Regrets) ..

SLUR

~~previously was Slur~~.

~~SINHOOK~~. Rough Version. 4 VI 86 ev 8.

Romanland of
Romansand and
Roman Sun

As I watch the Sunsink down
on the bloodRed town
there are shadows for Sale
on the edge of the town
at the edge of the Night
~~under cover of darkness~~
~~Seen from the Side of the Light~~.
Is darkness Seen
from the Side of the Light.

It seems to me
that when I close my eyes
all the lights in the world - go out!
(OR INFINITE)

Into Intricate the Darkness - and
Gilded Sickness - Grasps Capes Carcass.
For the sake of a quick fuck
I swallow the SinHook.

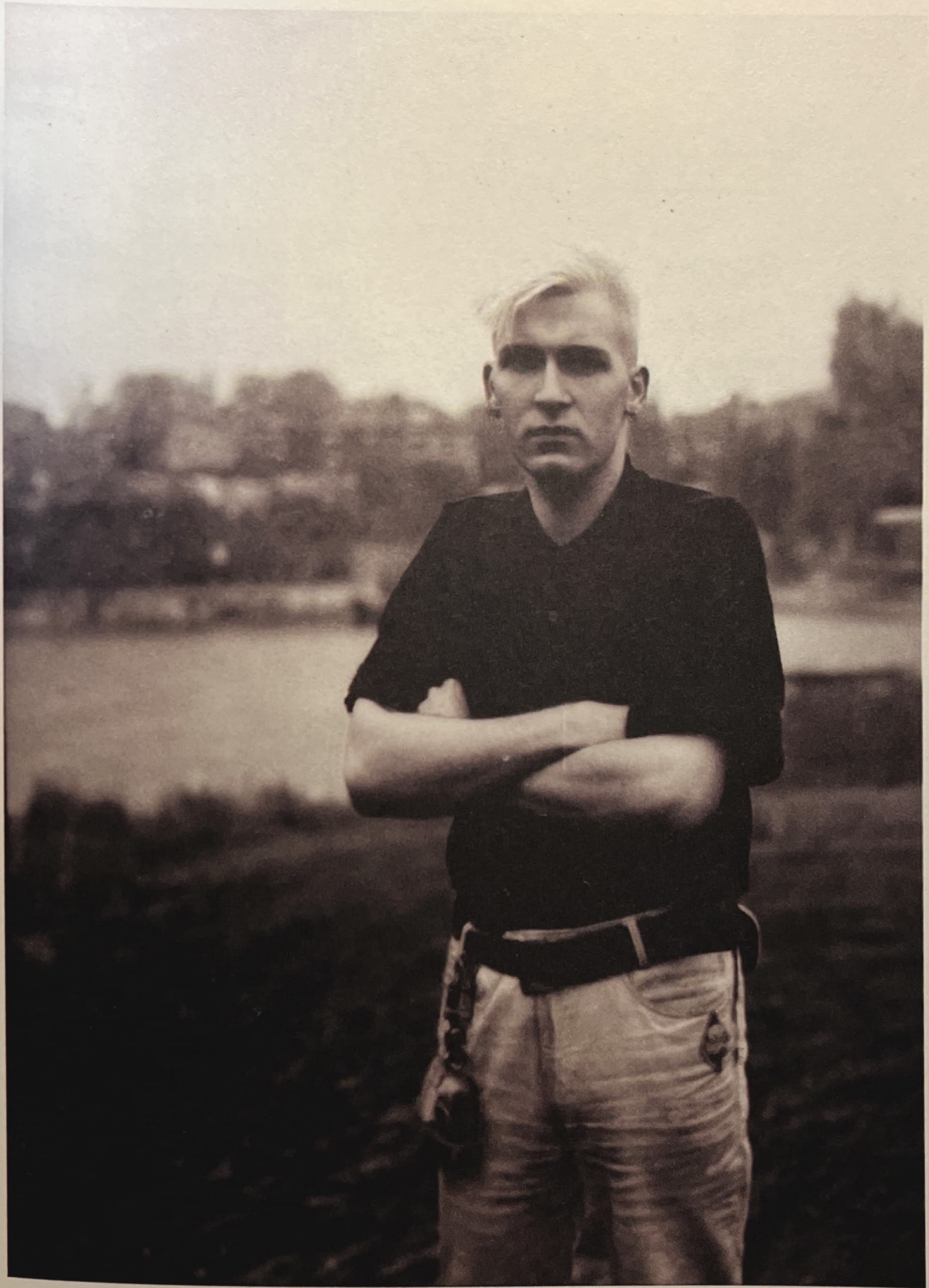
And as the night passes by
You tell me to me 10,000 Lies
I stare in suprise
towards the deserts warm black
and the desert stares back
with 10,000 eyes and
10,000 ~~Hooks~~ cruel Hooks
sharp hooks of Sin
and for those 10,000 times
I know the desert will win.

And I ask my lovers do you know?
where the desert Roses Bloom and grow?

and I ask my captors as we lie.
where do the ~~desert~~ Roses live and die?

And the Winds Blow Round
this sleeping town!
In this Roman land of
Roman Sand and Roman Sun
and Roman Sins.

and the truth of the matter
will always Be
I never can tell what the
hooks did to me!



"SLUR" NonLP version

ROMAN LAND OF
ROMAN SANDS AND
ROMAN SONS . . .
AS I WATCH THE SUN SINK DOWN
ON THE BLOODRED EDGE
OF THE BLOODRED TOWN
THERE ARE SHADOWS FOR SALE
ON THE EDGE OF TOWN
AT THE EDGE OF THE NIGHT
IS A DARKNESS SEEN
FROM THE SIDE OF THE LIGHT

. .
AND THE WINDS BLOW ROUND
THIS SLEEPING TOWN - THIS SLEEPING TOWN
THIS ROMAN LAND
OF ROMAN SANDS
AND ROMAN SONS.

. . .
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT WHEN I CLOSE
MY EYES.

ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE WORLD - GO OUT
AND YOU WHISPER TO ME 1,000 LIES
I STARE IN SURPRISE
TOWARDS THE DESERTS WARM BLACK
AND THE DESERT STIRS
AND THE DESERT STARES BACK
WITH A 1000 EYES
ANCIENT PIERCING EYES - ANCIENT EYES
AND I ASK MY LOVERS DO YOU KNOW
WHERE THE DESERT ROSES
BLOOM AND GROW . . ?

John Balance / coil. 86.

RAMBLING - word plays - on death of Passolini - subject · 18.12.86 ev.7.

the ~~Dark~~ Nocturnal · IMPLOSION Implosive Death of Pier Paolo Passolini (RINGING SYMBOLS)

the deeply significant and Resonant demise —

he assumed the preordinAiNed. ^ HEAVILY — a chain of meanings of interpretations possible/

HAMATIA fatal foreseen — ie. Interpreted as A political Killing.

flaw foreshadowed. — as a sexual/Love Killing. — as A money/CLASS Killing — sucess vs. delignent.

He Saw his death - He chose — A willing ~~sac~~ SACRIFICE — he shaped the event at/in a previous story. prior

He imagined/forsaw - ~~for~~ prophesied/fantasy.

Blood must be spilled!!! he shaped the lethal fantasy in his books

in his ~~deep~~ darkest autoeroticising - Sadist/masochistic aband

~~fa~~ Identifies with - Becomes the fatalistic abandonment to

assume the role of the fisher King. A modern day manifestation of the Grail myth -

He snatched shaped the awful - condemning crown of inevitable destruction

from the hunger Souls Around him - the working class louts

Brutally - Erotic Fertility - deities the angelic thugs that he in

Killed to keep the world turning, whom he Saw his own freedom

his own history

strong thug - merciless spiteful his own perfections

Brutal thug. } Both Assume Roles. he thought their faults perfection

golden god } — Guisepe Pelosi — his own death - a beautiful abandonment - a

voices of the ancients gift offering - HOST. OSTIA - Sacrifice.

to appease the acient he ~~was~~ heard as an artist connected to the

people - /the Soil/ the historic soul of Italy - of ROME!

- a necessary - symbolic Shambolic - pregnant - laden/loaded - Resonant -

vital - inevitable - wished for !?! desired. another word for this???

engineered on a psychic level - Repercussive - due to much deeper

the death Full of import much

mystical meaning - part of a darker subterranean

stirring of an ancient force./ lineage

Raven-ous Cavern-ous - Solar Expositure. the black Sunrise - a heavy star - heavenly suprise - Reprise - Delights the eyes!

a star like a stone

ordered change - a transistion - a passage - a journey - a gift.

a release the truth

the root - the nerve

the energy to grow - to Swerve - Absolution - No solution

Salutation. Aggregation.

Like Leon

- falling stars - failing powers - dying flowers. ~~Solar~~ finals hours

everything ends this way - all was planned this way.

Rust and ruine rusting wires blunt - Lion lies down in Ostia

youth ends here - final years - In the midday Sun.

fruit on the vine - a deadly wine. the place of passing (passage)!

inevitable. Lion placates himself.

Inescapable ..... → Like Leon → a sleeping lion blood is sweeter than honey.

unchained lion.

a pale horse

sweetness marrys Sickness. (Sourness!) following oblivion → to cliffs and

Severity ~~and~~ weds strength (?) wastelands - to denizins - a sunset

- a wedding - marrying dismay and Regret. Absolution

a final solution.

out of the strong Came Sweetness - out of the Strong Came Love - but

a steadfast resolution

to shine, expire and die

a fast, bright fire. in slowly dulling Eyes.

the lore was laced with symbolic sacrifice - symbol of desire

Sickness - a deathly kind of love

- Leon Like a Lion. sleeping In the Sun - All his Life before him - all his life undone. ....

"The Death of Pasolini"

"OSTIA" April 86 DRAFT.

Honey In the Hollows.
And the Contours of the Body.
A sluggish golden river.
a sickly golden trickle. (golden sticky trickle).
You can can hear
the Bones Humming

And the Car Reverses over
the body In the basin
the Shallow Sea-Plane basin
And the car reverses over
And his body rolls-over
Crushes from the shoulder

You Can Hear the bones Humming (the Bones Are softly humming)
Singing - like a puncture

(Bowl) Throw his Bones over
the White Cliffs of Dover
In to the Sea - the Sea of Rome.
Leon - Like a Lion (the Bloodstained Coast feeds the Sacrifice the Host. HOST)
Sleeping In the Sun shine
Lion lies down.

"out of the strong (the home of his bones)
Came Forth Sweetness".

Throw his Bones over
the white Cliffs of Dover.
Murder me In OSTIA
then - wake me
At the End of the Journey.

Killed to Keep the World turning.

" ~~WAS Burroughs PO~~

was Passolini Paranoid ?
That Kid Murdered him from behind with a
plank with nails sticking out of it ——
the nails penetrated his skull
I have heard from various people who should know,
that this Kid was hired by a right-wing group-

W. Burroughs.

Time Out. Sept. 24-30 (82)

(GUISEPPE PELOSI

the Rocks Crack his Head

He opens His Head
and the Sands wash with Red.

When close Friends Jump over
the white cliffs of Dover.

09.23 to 16.06 67.43 FINAL JOCASTA/ZIC PERM.

2.11.15 There's honey in the hollows
And the contours of the body
A sluggish golden river
A sickly golden trickle -
A golden sticky trickle (2.11.36)

Bones humming
Bones humming
Car reverses over
Body-basin
Shallow sea-plane basin
Reverses over
Body rolls over
Crushed from the shoulder
(Pno) Bones humming
Strings Puncture
Puncture

12.51 Killed x 3 (high)

Bones over
Dover
Into the sea
Sea of Rome
Bloodstained coast of Ostia

Leon like a lion
sleeping in the sunshine
Lion lies down x 2
Out of the strong x 2

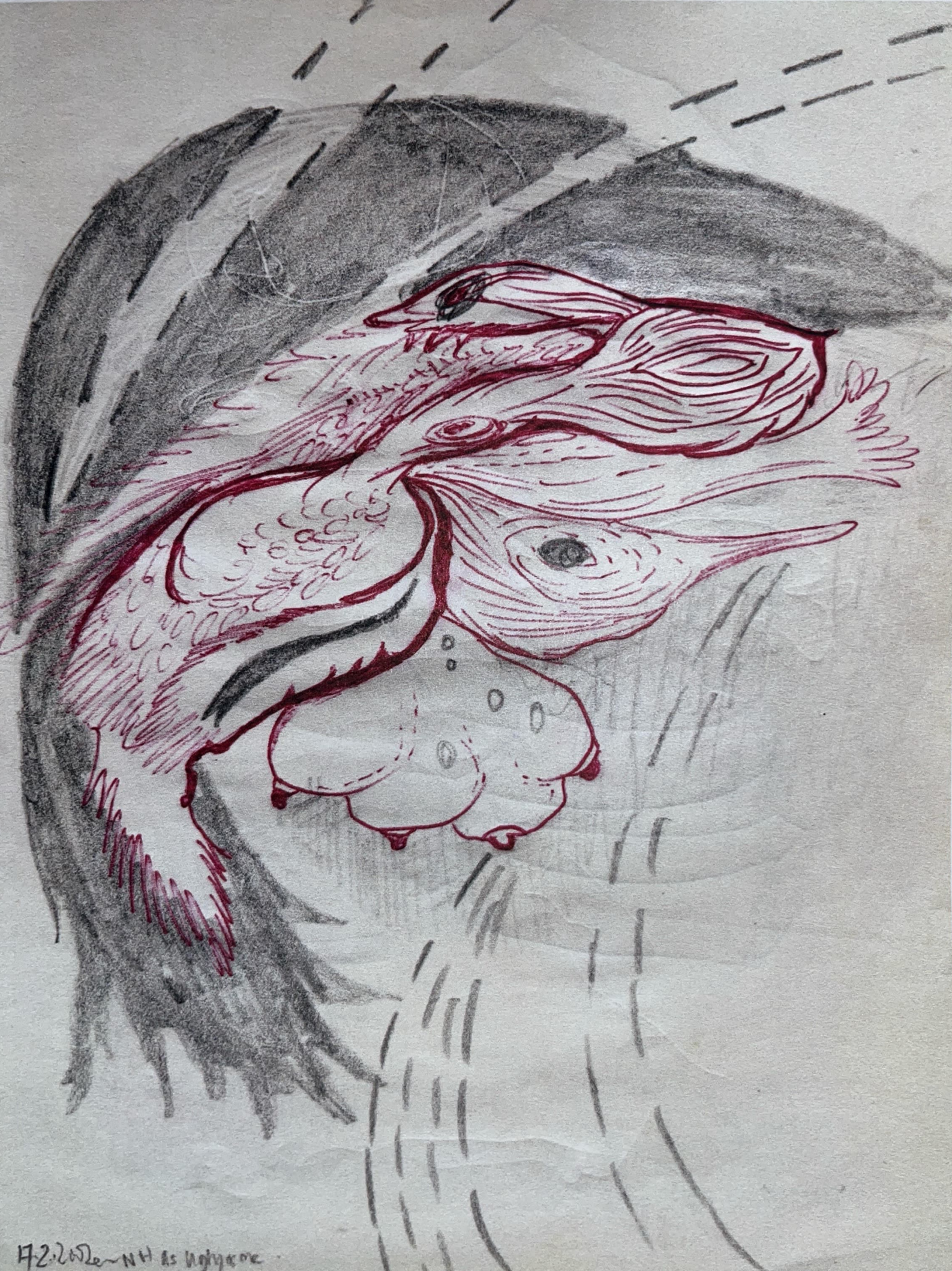
Bones over
Dover
Murder me in Ostia x 2

Sea of Rome
Bloodstained coast

Car reverses over
Dover
14.51 Into the sea
Sea of Rome
Bones humming x 3

Throw bones
Dover
Into the sea, the S. of Rome

Murder me
In Ostia 15.53.



STRINGS VIA BILL McGee.
VOCALS / STICK /

"OSTIA(The Death of Passolini)"

Honey in the hollows
and the contours ofthe body
a sluggish golden river a sickly golden trickle
golden sticky trickle

you can hear the bones humming
and the car reverses over
the body in the basin
the shallow Sea-Plane basin
and the car reverses over MP
and his body rolls over MP
crushed from the shoulder
you can hear the bones humming
singing...like a puncture
the bones are softly humming
killed to keep
the world turning
killed to keep
the world turning
(Bowl)Throw his bones over
the white cliffs of Dover
~~into the sea~~
the sea of Rome
the bloodstained coast
of Ostia
Leon like a lion
sleeping in the sunshine
lion lies down
'out of the strong
came forth sweetness'
killed to keep
the world turning
throw his bones over
the white cliffs of Dover
Murder me.....in Ostia
x2

x3 bones
you bones.
you Bones —
throw his
white cliffs.
into the sea.
throw
the cliffs.
murder me

John Balance. 1986.

last 4 lines

"And think of England"

~~"AQUA REGIS"~~.

England Awakes

And England Expect.....~~Orates~~.....

Very much work to fit in these lyrics to

Enobarbus Nero
Wears a crown of water
a crown of Royal water
Aqua Regalia
sinks into the water
sinks under the water
drinking Royal Water
drowning Baby nero
Drowning Baby Nero
sleeps under the water
lies under the water
thinks of England
dreams of death
of europe
after the Reign.

"this is water music"!
water music
funeral music "FUNERAL MUSIC"
for Princess Diana FOR PRINCESS-
DIANA..!!

PENATRALIA

Follow the Black Valley trail Of Death
~~Renatralia~~ the Beautiful Sunshine
~~Mercenary paraphenal~~ia
learn to kill
kill from the inside Renatralia
~~the code is with us...within us.~~
~~survival depends~~
~~on how little you leave~~
to ~~chance~~.

Mercenary Paraphenalia
Submit to the Dominant.
with us,
within us.
Learn that Survival
depends on how little
or how much
you leave to change.

NB.
"PENATRALIA" (I) NOT LP VERSION.

... FOLLOW THE BLACK VALLEY TRAIL OF DEATH"..

INTO THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE
LEARN TO KILL
KILL FROM THE INSIDE
TO HOLD YR OWN GUN
PENATRALIA
MERCENARY PARAPHENALIA
LEARN TO SUBMIT
SUBMIT TO THE DOMINANT
WITH US - WITHIN US.
LEARN THAT SURVIVAL
DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH OR
HOW LITTLE YOU LEAVE TO CHANCE ....



"PENATRALIA II"

.... THE DIMINISHING RETURNS
AS HUGHIE GREEN
WITH A HORSES HEAD
MONSTER CAR / MONSTER ENTRAILS
THE HEAD OF A GUN IN THE
HEAD OF A GIRL.
PICTURES OF FIRE
PICTURES OF WOMAN
STRUGGLING TO ENTER THE RECESSES OF MY OWN
BODY - INCHES APART
LIGHT FLASHES - HANG IN THE AIR
AND INTO THIS SCENE
WORDS AND PICTURES
TWISTED WITH PAIN
BELCH INTO THIS HEAD
THE HEAD OF A GUN / GIRL.
THE BODY OF LIGHTS
SHADOW ADDICTS (LEAVE HOTELS)
GANSTER FUNERALS
SEXSCENES AND FUNERALS

AND SEXMACHINE GUNFIRE
IN COLOURED CARS
COLOUR CAR HEIROGLYPHS
SPELL OUT THIS ENDING (POSSIBLE -ends)

...

HEAVY CALM BLOOD
ON THE DOCTORS HANDS
HEAVY CALM BLOOD
... IN THE DOCTORS HANDS
SLEDGEHAMMER CRASHES
AS THE KILLERBOY KISSES

SPLITSECOND FACES
UNCLEAN FLICKERS
PICTURES OF FIRE
INSIDE HEADS OF WOMEN
BURNING BOOKS — BRIGHT
SICKLES AND HOOKS
SWARMS OF TEETH
ON HOT WINGS OF WATER.
WHO YOU THOUGHT OF AS 'MUM'
IS YOUR FATHER'S DAUGHTER.
BRO (SISTERS)

STRONG MEMORIES OF
WIERD DETAILS.
CLASSICAL HORRORS
BOUNDLESS BLOODY
HOURS

J.BAlance 86-87

PENETRALIA.....II.

...THE DIMINISHING RETURNS
AS HUGHIE GREEN WITH A HORSES HEAD
MONSTER CAR/MONSTER ENTRAILS
THE HEAD OF A GUN IN THE HAND OF A GIRL
PICYURSE OF FIRE
PICTURES OF WOMEN IN FIRE
PICTURES OF WOMEN STRUGGLING TO ENTER
THE RECESSES OF MY OWN BODY
INCHES APART
LIGHT FLASHES AND HANGS IN THE AIR
AND INTO THIS SCENE
COME WORDS AND PICTURES TWISTED WITH PAIN
BELCH INTO HIS HEAD
THE HEAD OF GUN(GIRL)
IN A BODY OF LIGHTS
SHADOW ADDICTS LEAVE THEIR HOTELS TO ATTEND
SEXSCENES AND FUNERALS
GANSTER FUNERALS w/
SEX MACHINE GUNFIRE
IN COLOURED CARS
COLOUR CAR HEIROGLPHS
SPELL OUT THE POSSIBLE ENDS.....
HEAVY CALM BLOOD ON THE DOCTORS HANDS
HEAVY CALM BLOOD ON THE DOCTORS HANDS
SLEDGEHAMMER CRASHES
AS THE KILLER BOY KISSES
SPLITSECOND FACES
UNCLEAN FLICKERS
STRONG MEMORIES OF WIERD DETAILS
CLASSICAL HORRORS
BOUNDLESS BLOODY HOURS
PICTURES OF FIRE
INSIDE HEADS OF WOMEN
BURNING BOOKS....BRIGHT
SICKLES AND HOOKS
SWARMS OF TEETH
HOT WINGS OF DIRTY WATER.

JOHN BALANCE. 1986/88 ev

(Pt I)

"PENATRALIA"

Follow the Black Valley Trail of Death
Into the Beautiful Sunshine
Learn to kill
kill from the inside
to hold your own gun
penatralia
mercenary paraphenalia
submit to the dominant
with us
within us
learn that survival
depends on how much
or how little
you leave to chance.

John Balance. COIL. 1986.ev.

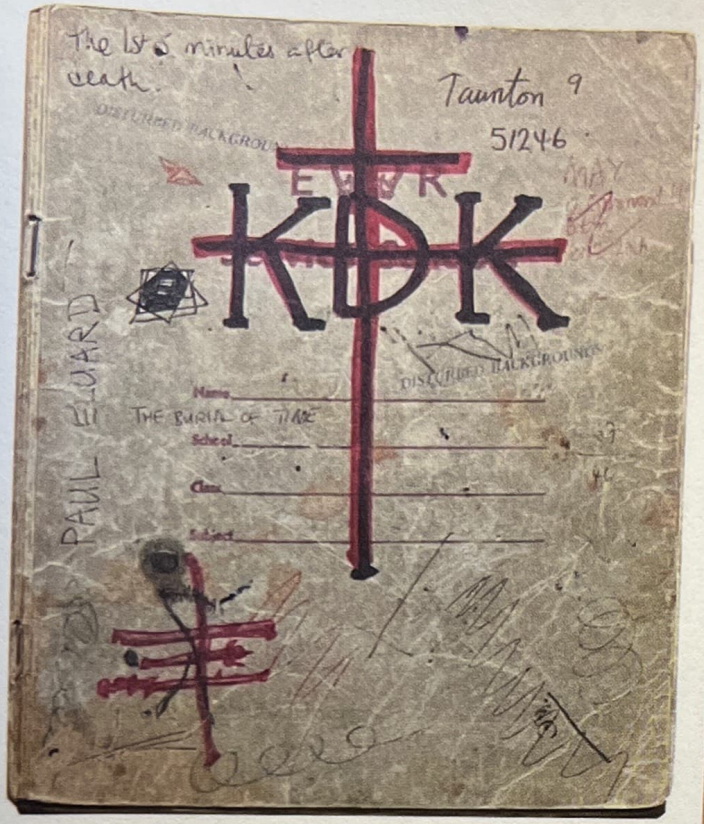
PENATRALIA.

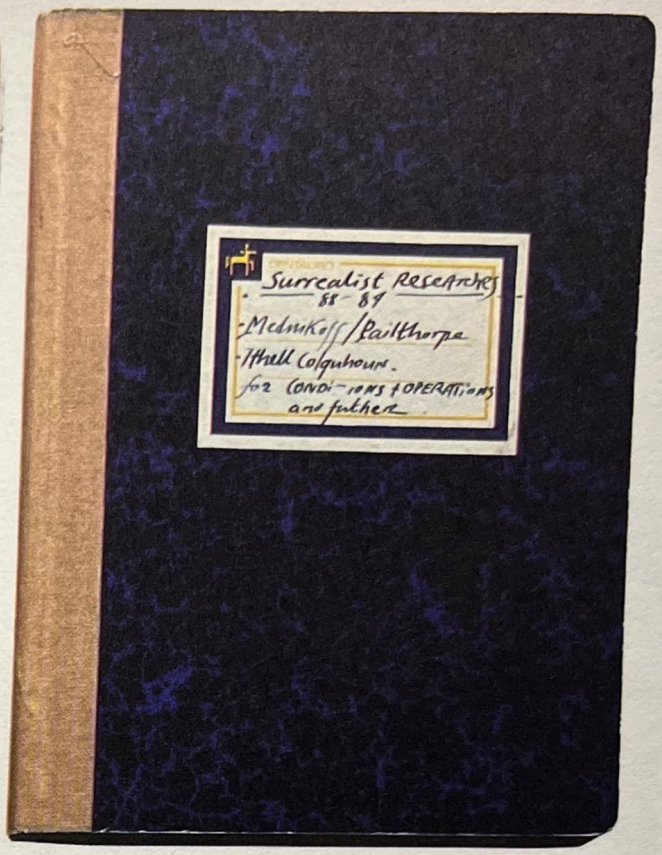
~~Follow the Black Valley~~
~~Trail of Death~~
~~Feel the Good Sunshine~~

Follow the Black Valley Trail of Death
~~Rathe~~ In the Beautiful Sunshine
learn to kill.
Kill from the Inside
Penatralia. Hold your own gun.
Mercenary ~~Regalia~~ Parapherialia.
Submit to the dominant
with us,
within us.
~~[illegible]~~ learn that survival
depends on how little or How much
you leave to chance.

"Ravenous"

Sandstone Juts
Into Overlapland
Slides and blurs to the
brittle horizons
Final animals Rotate
~~of~~ the Round the Cactus Heart
of a disabled landscape.
Black Jackal throwbacks.
Feral -
Cactus Hearted
Camel, ~~Hydrax~~ rat and Hydrax
Desicate - gravitate - Ossilate - dehydrate
waiting to end
a Fearsome thinness
waiting for the Swift wings
~~of death~~ on the wing
the vessel.
Locus Solus
Solar Exposure.
the Bright teeth of the final morning.


The 1st 5 minutes after death.
Taunton 9
51246
DISTURBED BACKGROUNDS
KDK
PAUL ELUARD
Name
THE BURIAL OF TIME
School
Class
Subject


Surrealist Researches
88 - 89
Mednikoff / Pailthorpe
Ithell Colquhoun.
for CONDITIONS + OPERATIONS
and futher




THE HORSE ROTORVATOR SESSIONS
Phillips

structure and rupture - rapture and fracture
release and belief - contextual beliefs.
the rumbling sound that came out of the ground
this is the sound of the world turning round.
that time/person/place - word/feeling/face =.
all my friends blur into history books - no one gives them longing looks. - Has beens - Rejects - on the rocks.

- paradoxical - paradisiac - paramilitary. para-quat (a poison)
parapsychology - paralyse -

- Ravenous.

HYEANA MEMOREXION

intelligence and memory
Erasing History
Replanting destiny
to create what will be (called) ⇒ what really should be!
⇒ But there are memories
you can't erase
you can't ignore
that complete you - to explore.
Animals that dwell deep within
Hidden lurking - Hungry (Ravenous.) things.

Lie in wait. - Everyone has to wait - has to endure has to secure
a place in the present - has to live has learn - has to find fuel to burn - / I can't explain - the anger and the pain that lurks within - / a fragile common skin - protect and realise - that the sick world is the same through young eyes.

the ~~skin~~ flesh.
Sewn open. - put the bone
the bone put in back in
a murder in reverse.

"DREAMLESS SLEEP"

"TWISTER"

eaten alive by the perfect lover

a child born without a
mother.

its hard learning to learn.

this love less than always
is killing me.

seduction like a shallow
grave.

the inheritor (inheritance) of
excellence is never enough.
you have to kiss, to kill, and
say again and again

"CIRCLE OF MANIAS"

It's a twister
It's a twister

~Eaten alive by the perfect lover ~ how to use this?

this is the sound
of the world turning round ‖

chemical Angel
Enters the Circle
& TORO DÓR'
Falls to the Floor.
Fucking the Ground
the Hole In the Ground.

a circle of heat Trampling feet
a circle of feet
~~rutting~~
~~fucking~~

Non-Sense
Sense-ation

fucking the ground
the hole in the ground

underground Sound.
Ringing Sound.

eros is giddy
eros is sick
eros is spinning
a round and around

chemical Angel. ENTERS the Circle.
~~Enters via~~
~~chemical Exit~~.
~~chemical Angel~~.
~~Raises chemical Temple~~
the AROMA of SIN.

alt-title

walk him round
walking round
sit him down
In the hole
In the ground

toro! toro!

"twister"

as in a dream.

In Terra Infirma - the defense of the Realm.
the realm of the senseless
the circle is endless

CHORUS - doubled voice.

this is the sound
of the world spinning round ‖

Baptise me!
With Fire.

I fell in
to A Burning Ring.
And as the Flames Span Round

You get caught in the Centre
and you Stay there forever.



"CIRCLES OF MANIA"

..." NEROS LONG HOT TOUNGE
NEROS LONG HOT TOUNGE LICKS.....

YOU GET EATEN ALIVE BY THE PERFECT LOVER.
I FELL IN TO A BURNING RING
A BURNING RING OF KNIVES
AND THE KNIVES SLIDE IN
THEY SLIDE DEEP INTO MY SKIN
AND THEY OPEN ME SO WIDE
THAT YOU STICK YOUR HEAD INSIDE
YOU STUCK YOUR HEAD INSIDE.
YOU GET SEWN INSIDE ALIVE
YOU GET EATEN ALIVE
" " " " BY THE PERFECT LOVER
WHEN YOU'VE SWALLOWED ONE
YOU JUST SWALLOW ANOTHER
TO DRIVE AWAY THIS HUNGER
YOU STAY IN THERE FOREVER
CAUGHT IN THE CENTRE
OF A CIRCLE OF MANIAS...

CHEMICAL ANGEL - ENTERS ARENA
TORO D'OR FALLS TO THE FLOOR
FALLS TO THE FLOOR
AND HES FUCKING THE FLOOR
FUCKING THE GROUND
FUCKING THE HOLE
THE HOLE IN THE GROUND
AND HOT WIRES SING
UNDER MY SKIN
IM WRITHING - PERSPIRING
LIKE DUTCH SCHULTZ.
LIKE DUTCHSCHULTZ AT 106° DEGREES.
I WAKE UP LICKING.
" " " "
I WAKE UP LICKING THE BEDSHEETS CLEANS
LICKING AND SUCKING.....

John Balance &c.

"BLOOD FROM THE AIR"

He draws automatic.
a sleeping explorer. his wandering
~~wandering mind~~ mind. ~~Has~~ Crossed over
~~Crosses countless~~ ~~frontiers~~ the Border.
a mind like a Cemetery
where the corpses ~~can't sleep~~ are ~~waking~~ stirring.
the bodies ~~are~~ ~~disturbed~~ ~~moving in~~
the clutches twist deep in the (frozen clutches (grip) of a dreamless sleep
of a dreamless sleep.
then the lowest comes up.
Like a wreck.
from the depths.
Hears Night calling and has dreams
of waking
Here In this brightness
that burns like slow lightening.
~~See~~ He Sees.
words burnt In Ice
and reads.
the world Is a wound

In the Body of christ.
~~he's~~ ~~cap~~
Effects of the animal.
Animal Sound effects.
He says 'Death, He's my friend.
He's promised me a quick End".
Says " the world Is in pain
and should be put Down.
that God Is a Sadist
and ~~only~~ he Knows It
the depth of the Nightsky.
Reflects In his eyes - stars splash back the answers.
He Says. "Everything changes
and everyone dies"
~~[illegible]~~ and the Night slits ~~its~~ her veins
and the darkness drains...
and the void rumbles In
Like an underground train
Forever comes closer.
the world Is in pain



STILL. "BLOOD FROM THE AIR"

~~tee~~!

Rough. 4.III 86 ev.

VERSION

~~HIS MIND~~
HE DRAWS AUTOMATIC
A SLEEPING EXPLORER
~~STRICTLY NO~~
IN A DISABLED LANDSCAPE

HE DRAWS AUTOMATIC
~~LIKE~~ A SLEEPING EXPLORER
~~LOST IN THE~~ ~~[illegible]~~ HIS WANDERING MIND CROSES ALL BORDERS CROSSING the Border
~~MIND STRICTLY NO ENTRY~~
~~AND STRICTLY NO EXIT~~
~~HIS~~ MIND LIKE A CEMETRY
WHERE THE BODIES ARNT RESTED
FROZEN BONES TWIST DEEP
IN THE NUMBING ~~EMBRACE~~ CRUTCHES
OF A DREAMLESS SLEEP
THEN THE LOWEST COMES UP
LIKE A WRECK FROM THE DEPTHS

NEARING END OF A JOURNEY
HEARS NIGHT CALLING & HAS
DREAMS OF WAKING HERE
~~WITH THIS DARKNESS~~ IN THIS NORTHERN
~~WITH UNNATURAL~~ BRIGHTNESS
THAT SHINES LIKE SLOW LIGHTENING
sees. WARDS BURNT IN ICE
reads. THE WORLD IS A WOUND
IN THE BODY OF CHRIST
~~THAT FORMS THIS DISABLED LANDSCAPE~~
BURIED DEEP UNDER this Blue
IN THIS ~~[illegible]~~ NUMB LANDSCAPE numbing tundra
COLD WARDS AND PICTURES
~~CONTORTED~~ DISFIGURED WITH PAIN
SPRAWL INTO HIS HEAD
AS HE SLUMPS ON THE BED
HES ON THE MEMORY GO ROUND
FLASH MOVING PICTURES

PAST POINTS OF REFERENCE
~~THIS MAN HAS INVENTED HIMSELF~~
~~AND ERASED ALL HIS NEIGHBOURS~~
HAS FAINT RECOLLECTIONS
GHOSTS OF ENCOUNTERS
MOVING MEMORIES THAT MATCH.
APPROXIMATE SOUNDS
EFFECTS OF THE ANIMAL.
ANIMAL SOUNDS EFFECTS

HE SAYS DEATH, HE MY FRIEND
HES PROMISED ME A QUICK END
SAYS THE WORLD IS IN PAIN
AND SHOULD BE PUT DOWN
THAT GOD IS A SADIST
AND THAT HE KNOWS IT
~~REASONS. DO~~
~~ASKS~~ WHISPERS' DONT FEAR ME
JUST TRY TO ~~VIEW~~ see/view ME
AS SOME SORT OF LIBERATOR.
WHOSE FOCUS IS ELSEWHERE
WAY FROM THE CENTRE.

THE WORLD IS IN PAIN
AND SHOULD BE PUT DOWN.
THE ~~DEEP~~ depth OF THE NIGHTSKIES
REFLECTS IN HIS EYES
says.
EVERYTHING CHANCES
EVERYONE DIES.

TWIN GODS OF DEATH monitor
AT THE ~~END~~ HEAD OF THE TUNNEL
GREET THE MAN WITH THE HALO
OF ICE CRYSTALS IN STREETLIGHTS

AND THE NIGHT SLITS ITS VEINS
AND THE DARKNESS DRAINS
~~AND [illegible]~~
AND THE VOID RUMBLES IN
LIKE AN UNDERGROUND TRAIN.
FOREVER COMES CLOSER
THE WORLD IS IN PAIN
EACH MUST REALISE — Each must be shown. WE MUST realise
THAT EVERYTHING CHANGES
AND EVERYONE DIES.

SAYS DONT FEAR ME
HELL, IS ~~JUST~~ WAITING.
THE POINT IS PAST ~~SAVING~~
CARING:

HELL, IS THE WAITING
AND HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE. And are also waiting they
WHO ALSO ARE WAITING.

+ Less Not more

Icestation slaughter

His mind hangs loose like a ~~[illegible]~~
warm ~~rope~~ noose - A rope of Blood.

NINE KNIVES OF ICE
DRAW BLOOD FROM THE AIR

"BLOOD FROM THE AIR".

~~He draws automatic~~
a sleeping explorer
his wandering mind
crossed over the border
a mind like a cemetery
where the corpses are turning
where the bodies twist deep
in the frozen grip
of a dreamless sleep
then the lowest comes up
like a wreck from the depths..
he hears Nightcalling
and has dreams of waking
here in this brightness
that burns like slow lightening
he sees words burnt in ice
and reads, the world is a wound
in the body of Christ
effects of the animal
animal sound effects
he says 'Death, He is my friend
he promised me a quick end'.
~~Says~~, 'The world is in pain
and should be put down
And God is a sadist
and that he knows it'.
the depths of the nightsky
reflects in his eye
he says 'Everything changes
and everyone dies'.
and the Night slits her veins
and the darkness drains
and the void rumbles in
like an underground train
forever comes closer
the world is in pain
we all must be shown
we must realise
that everything changes
and everyone dies.

Elbow

double up.

double-up.

double.

double-up.

double up.

Nine Knives of Ice.
Drain Blood From the Air.

elbow

EVERYONE CHANGES.
AND EVERYTHING DIES

"BLOOD FROM the AIR"
~~canal staircase~~."

Reads — Sees WORDS BURNT in ICE
— the WORLD IS A WOUND
In the Body of CHRIST

His Mind Hangs Loose
In A Like
A Rope of Blood.
A thick warm Noose
He draws automatic
sleeping Explorer.

attention Is elsewhere.

the man who invented himself.

rubbed out his neighbours

— has no owner.
neither his nor yours. — no fixed center.

walk into darkness.
historic
Intricate

A CHILD BORN
without a mother.

Sideral

Ice Nine Ice Knives
draw blood from the air

At this time
In this Light.
death Has Never
Looked Better -

hears night calling.
& dreams of waking.

I KNOW - He smiled
FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

less not more.

long range murder

Knives In the Night
Draw Blood
~~From the air~~

disabled landscape.

icestation slaughter / killer.

'ALternative ULCER'

Delerium feeds Him-Like.

Dutch Schultz at 106.

"BLOOD FROM THE AIR" NB. NON LP LYRICS!

A SLEEPING EXPLORER
HIS WANDERING MIND
CROSSED OVER THE BORDER
A MIND LIKE A CEMETRY
WHERES THE CORPSES ARE TURNING
IN THE FROZEN GRIP
OF A DREAMLESS SLEEP
THEN THE LOWEST COMES UP
LIKE A WRECK FROM THE DEPTHS
HE HEARS NIGHT CALLING
AND HIS DREAMS OF WAKING
HERE IN THIS DARKNESS
THAT BURNS LIKE SLOW LIGHTENING.
HE SEES A WORD BURNT IN ICE
AND READS
"THE WORLD IS A WOUND
IN THE BODY OF CHRIST"
EFFECTS OF THE ANIMAL.
ANIMAL SOUND(S) AFFECT
HE SAYS "

DEATH, HE IS MY FRIEND
HE'S PROMISED ME A QUICK END"
SAYS "THE WORLD IS IN PAIN
AND SHOULD BE PUT DOWN..
AND GOD IS A SADIST"
AND THAT HE MIRRORS IT.
THE DEPTHS OF THE NIGHTSKY
REFLECTS IN HIS EYE
SAYS "EVERYTHING CHANGES
AND EVERYONE DIES".
AND THE NIGHT SLITS HER VEINS
AND THE DARKNESS DRAINS
AND THE VOID RUMBLES IN
LIKE AN UNDERGROUND TRAIN
FOREVER COMES CLOSER.
THE WORLD IS IN PAIN
WE ALL MUST BE SHOWN
WE MUST REALISE
THAT EVERYONE CHANGE
AND EVERYONE DIES.

JOHN BALANCE .86.

inc. MARC. B.-VOCALS.
BILL. STRINGS.
DOUG! HORNS.

"WHO BY FIRE?"

1) marc ON backing vocals. — pitched quite high. distant embellishments.

2) a few more medieval-grating-textures — from the carmina burana compact disc ie.

3) Real strings to replace the tacky Fairlight ones.

4) Doug on 60's - Scott Walker-ish.

5) work on the pace/texture-feel of the chorus - ie ORIG is a profound - throwaway line which makes sense later therefore - like to preserve that idea!

6) Vocals? — Lou Reedy? - intimate - not so anguished. A POPSONG I SUPPOSE.

also - swirly treatments ~~[illegible]~~ much more than on Painted Love.

12" B-SIDE?

WHO BY FIRE? Leonard Cohen.

Remember NOT to act Canadian

This Is An English-plague madrigal

And who by Fire 3
who by water 3
who in the sunshine
who in the nighttime 3
who by high ordeal 2/3
who by common trial 3
who in your merry, merry month of May
who by very slow decay 2
and who shall I say. 3
Is Calling?
And who in her ~~sta~~ lonely sleep I slip
who by barbituate
who in these realms of love 2
who by something ~~Hard (?) Blurred (?)~~ 4 BLURRED
who by avalance 2
who by powder
who for his greed
who for his hunger
And who shall I say } 3
Is calling? AS }
And who by brave descent 2
who by accident
who in solitude

who in this mirror?
who by his Ladys Command? 4
who by his own Hand.
who in mortal chewing } 4
who in power! 4
who shall I say - Is Calling?



LEON MARCH. "THE CARDINAL POINTS"

Learn to master the past - Task-master.
Learn there's a lifetime between
Ideal and actual.

The more I learn the less I know. - Repeat.
less NOT more.

He did the Right Thing
But for the wrong Reasons. } repeat
and that small difference
makes all the difference.
to me.

(And we're measuring the extent
of a dizzying descent.)

And one thing I know
that somethings is better not to know.

the truth of the matter
will always be
we're only ever told
what we already know

New Vote,
New master
and the plague of obedience
is getting ever stronger.

Sitting on the Fence.
'Til the Iron Enters your Soul.

the deprivation of Independance.

Killed to Keep
the world turning. } chorus. shouted loud.

In defense of the Realm
the Realm of the Senseless.
the .... is endless.

there is no final vision
no Kingdom
no glory
just finalities
expensive formalities

Blind dates with Dumb people

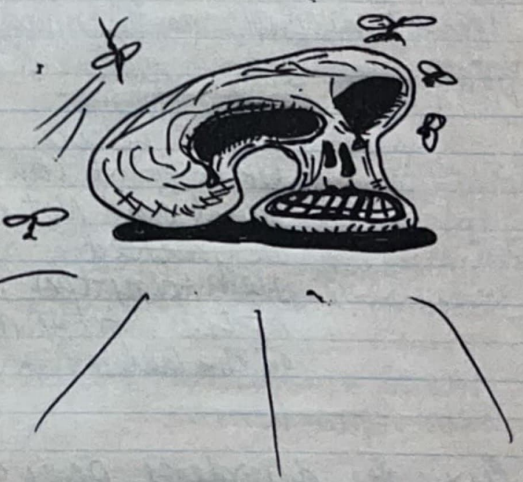
But who guards the 'guardians?
Who keeps the keepers?

the Invisible government.

It's easier to not know
than suffer struggle with truth. o blissful ignorance.

Is it all over yet?
Is there life before death?

All of my heros.
seem to be the ones that die.
young.



the

AQUA REGALIA

4 VI 86 en ☿

ENGLAND AWAKES.
AND ENGLAND EXPECT — ORATES!

Aqua Regalia
Sinks in the water

EnoBarbus Nero
wears crown of water
His aqua Regalia. -

Sinks under the water
drinking water water

Drowning Baby Nero
Drowning Baby Nero.
EnoBarbus Nero

Sleeping underwater
Dream of death
of Europe &
drowning Baby Nero

wears a crown of water
His Aqua Regalia. -Passes Royal waters.

England awakes
and England Expectorates.

in Europe After the Reign.

After Drowning Baby Nero.
EnoBarbus Nero
with the crown of Royal water
Drowned to Keep
(Put to sleep.)
~~Drowned to Keep the world turning~~!

Semi-buried

(Funeral Music
For Princess Diana)

will
Kings grow Fins

Hail the New Caesar
Sinking in the ~~Sinki~~ water



The Angel of Death stands between heaven and earth holding a poison-dripping sword. Identified with Satan, he is full of eyes, a diligent reaper, an old fugitive and wanderer like Cain, a beggar, a peddlar, an Arab nomad, a skeleton capering with sinners and misers in a juggler's dance.

But the nightmarish Angel presents a different face to the one who has 'died before death' or who has attained some measure of the saint's apatheia. We are told that Azrael, Death, appears to our spirit in a form determined by our beliefs, actions and dispositions during life. He may even manifest invisibly, 'so that a man may die of a rose, in aromatic pain' – or of a rotting stench.

When the soul sees Azrael it 'falls in love', and it's gaze is thus withdrawn from the body as if by a seduction. Great prophets and saints may even by politely invited by Death, who appears to them in corporeal form. Thus it was with Moses, and with Mohammed.

When Rumi lay on his deathbed, Azrael appeared as a beautiful youth and said "I am come by divine command to enquire what commission the Master may have to entrust to me."

1-13-20 UP the fanfare

In fact, a strange connection between Mors and Amor, Love and Death, becomes apparent. The moment of 'extinction' in the pleasure of love resembles that of death, and thus that of the mystic. In mythic terms Eros and Thanatos are almost twins, for in some cases Death appears as a lovely youth and Eros as a withered starveling. Both Love and Death are gateways; hence their eternal adolescence, and their fixation in the midst of the right of passage.

<HORN UP>

-14-05

HORN UP

13.58

the Bright morning; teeth,
the Night Before Eyes.

STRONG memories.
WIERD DETAILS.

"SOLAR LOCUS" (T)

When Scorpions sting
You dont feel a thing.

the NIght slits its veins
and the darkness drains.....

Nine Knives find
9 points of entry.

pierces the skin.
Light Lets Itself In.

I Fell In
to a Burning ~~Ring~~
A/Ring of Knives. the points drove deep
Blades,
and pierced my skin.
~~that pierced my skin.~~ and they opened me wide

I got a view from the Inside
A glimpse from the skinside

the Rocks Breakt the skin
and the water
waves pour on in.

and the waters pour in.

THESE FOND AFFECTIONS
FOUND AFFLICTIONS.

that you stuck your head Inside

"FOR US THEY WILL"

HANDS HELD HIGH
TO FRAME THE SUN
THAT BURNS IN THE SKY
THAT BURNS IN HIS EYE
AND PIERCES A HOLE
LIKE A NEGATIVE SUN
LE SOLEIL NOIR
LE SOLEIL NOIR
HAS KNOWN ALL THE TIME
THAT YOU HAVE TO BURN
IN ORDER TO SHINE

....

SMEAR ME WITH BLOOD
'TIL THE SUN RISES RED
'TIL THE SUN RISES HIGHER
BECOMES A BAPTISM
BAPTISM OF FIRE
AND I'M CAUGHT BETWEEN
THE BRIGHT TEETH OF MORNING

I AM DOG
I TELL MYSELF
I HAVE NO NAME
I AM HUNGRY
AND I WANT TO EAT
I WANT TO BITE
THE HAND THAT FEEDS ME
THE STUPID SHOULD STRUGGLE
THE STUPID SHOULD STRUGGLE
WITH US THEY WILL
FOR US THEY WILL
FOR US THEY WILL BE
GORED TO DEATH ON
THE HORNS OF PLENTY.

John Balance / coil. 86.

FOR US THEY WILL

HANDS HELD HIGH
TO FRAME THE SUN
THAT BURNS IN THE SKY
THAT BURNS IN HIS EYE
AND PIERCES A HOLE
LIKE A NEGATIVE SUN
LE SOLEIL NOIR
LE SOLEIL NOIR
HAS KNOWN ALL THE TIME
THAT YOU HAVE TO BURN
IN ORDER TO SHINE.
SMEAR ME WITH BLOOD
TIL THE SUN RISES RED
...TIL THE SUN RISES HIGHR
BECOMES ABAPTISM
BAPTISM OF FIRE
AND I'M CAUGHT BETWEEN
THE BRIGHT TEETH OF MORNING
I AM DOG
I TELL MYSELF
I TELL MYSELF I AM DOG
I HAVE NO NAME
I AM HUNGRY AND I WANT TO EAT
I WANT TO BITE
THE HAND THAT FEEDS ME.
I BELIEVE THAT THE STUPID SHOULD STRUGGLE
THE STUPID SHOULD STRUGGLE
WITH US,THEY WILL
FOR US,THEY WILL
FOR US THEY WILL BE
GORED TO DEATH
ON THE HORNS OF PLENTY.

JOHN BALANCE /COIL '86.

THE HORSE ROTORVATOR

25 IV 86 W ☿.

OR

Horse Rotorvate !!
open the Bloodgate!

~~Horse~~!
~~Rotorvator~~!

Horse!
ROTORVATE!
open!
the Bloodgate!

Dark Horses Run.
DARK HORSES RUN deep!

a Hell Paved with Horse flesh.

thoroughBreds! a fearsome thinness!
thorough Breds! HORSES FED ON HUMAN FLESH.

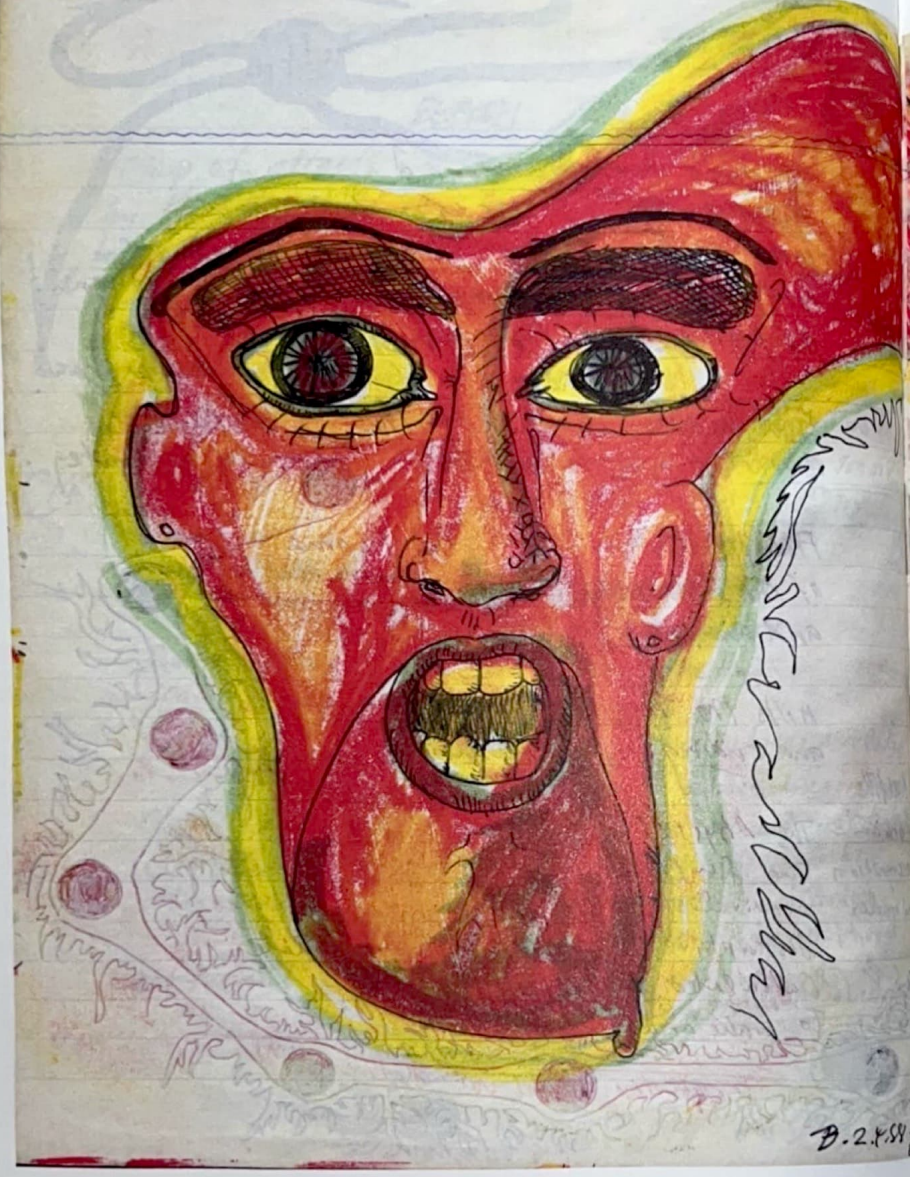
deluge – Here Comes the 2nd deluge! TRAMPLE a Hellpaved WITH HORSEFLESH.

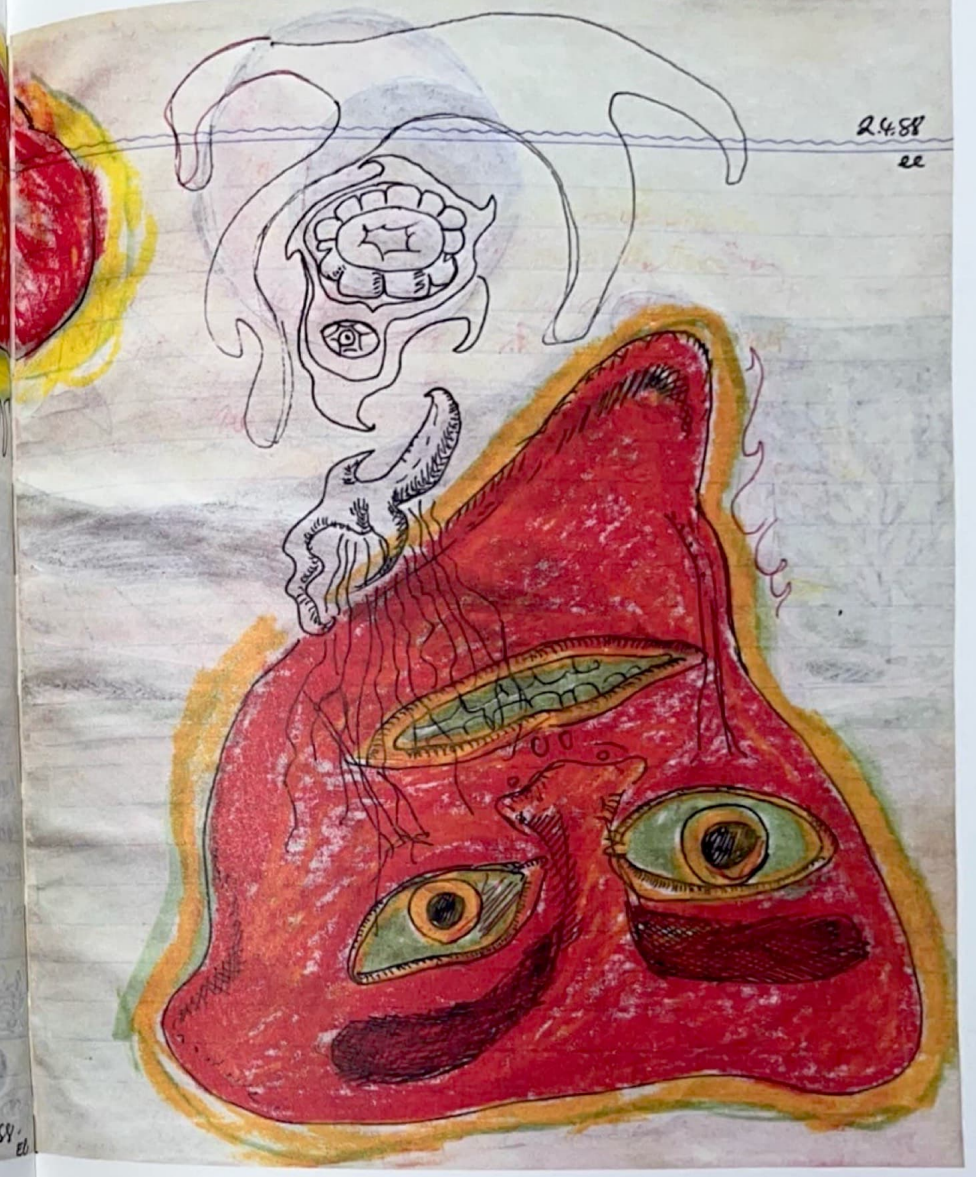
From the throats of the Horse
Rotorvator!

infinite – divisibles – split ~~deep~~ DIG deep as Far Below the earth
an infinity of open sewers. as Heaven is above.

TINY BIRDS BURN! THOROUGHBREDS trample the very
Final Furlong.
Let it Come
Let it Come Down!
The Final Furlong!

OH!
Swarms of teeth &
tiny BIRDS BURN!


B.2.4.88


2.4.88

Horse! Rotorvate!
open the Bloodgate!
Horse rotorvate
the will to Horse power
deprevation
of Independance.
In the Realm of the senseless
~~In Final Hours.~~ that Realms Final hours.
completely defenseless.

these dark Horses Run
dark Horse Run deep.

Horse Rotorvate!
open the Bloodgate!
open Horse throats!
Horses Run Red!

Holocaustic Horses.
slaughtered In their sleep
Become Rotor-vator.
whirling ~~wheels of teeth~~ jawbone wheels.
Bright swarms of teeth

plough up the past
with Horse rotorvator
odds on favourite
eternity ends Here
Not a Bang - Not a whimper.
But A Furlong of FEAR.

They say death Comes
on a trojan Horse.
It A ONeHorse Race
ON a death Race course.

DARK HORSES RUN ~~DEEP~~ Red
DARK HORSES ~~deep~~ RUN
dark horses run deep.
& Horses Are dead.

they say death comes on in a trojan Horse.
Its a one horse Race on a deathRace Course.

dark horses Run.
darH horses Run deep.
Horse Rotorvate !!!
~~open~~ a
open the Bloodgate

} A command! military order.

dark horses Run.
dark horses Run Red.
dark horses Run deep.
(Four) ~~theses~~ Horses are dead.

Repeat. Prayers!

HORSE ROTORVATOR RESEARCH. 25 III 86 ev ♀

DNINE HORSES.
3 saints torn apart by wild horses. - ANA STASTUS
HIPPOLYTUS
QUIRINUS.

EPONA, Gallic Horse godess.

Demeter w a Horses Head.

Odin Had an 8 footed steed. - also. HOFVARPNIR, steed of GNA

'there ARE NO gods.
No sacrifices of Horses will deliver you from your need'

Horses Burned alive as token sacrifice to spare rest of Herd.

PEGASUS!

SOLAR Locus.
What point can be so perfect.
Equal and Not equal.
~~Or gavised~~
HERRACHY ~~too~~ stretched tight
~~by the~~ Art of monarchy.
on the ladder

Luxuries, disorders, perversions and plots.

there ~~in~~ ARE thrones underground. AWFUL. and In the Natures vast
Deep Kingdoms. domain - A manifest violence Reigns →
where Survival strings out Rows of instances
and Survival means A slow motion Life SLOW SHOCK.
the Distortor's Headquarters.
The Realm of the Senseless. Terra Infirma.
Power Is going to PASS, under the over/throne under the over
So shall it be over the thrown throne.
over and thrown - over ~~the~~ trove

over the throne.

Sovereign machine
assumes a military skin
In defense of the Realm.
This Realm of the senseless.
Terra Infirma.

Heliocentric Armoured BOYKING - Dauphin.
the Royal wee.

equal and Not equal
equal and not equal.

- Long live the legitimate ~~Idiot~~ cretin.
" " " " "
Sexually transmitted Stupidity

All power must pass.
on and beyond. ~~turns~~ the ~~sight turns~~ ~~opens~~ ~~The Hardeye of the monarch~~ lures into ~~Golden Focus, Forces. Focus~~ - ~~Solar Locus~~.

declares. Gold is the sky
In concentrate
Power in its pure state
power is going
To pass.
the luminous. steadiness of absolute
Power organises.
A gleaming New cannibal Imperial.
Human Law is the will of the strong.
evil is only its violation
By the weak and the good.

the Hardeye of the monarch - ~~Lures~~ GLEAMS into golden focus - forces twitch.
Rides the waves. SOLAR LOCUS.

Animal - vegetable - Angel.
Animal - vegetable - Angel.

eternity calls. Eternity tortures.
Holocaustic - Cannibalistics.
gardens of guns - jaws.



~~we all must realise~~
~~each all must be s~~
we all must be shown.
we must realise
that everything changes.
and everyone dies.

A spine. LOOPED
SPIKE. TYRE

⊕ Nine knives of Ice.
draw blood from the air
where the corpses are turning
→ where the bodies twist deep.
In the frozen grip of
a dreamless sleep.

I'm never gonna be.
we/I tend to disagree
and veer - veer away
to the edges.
the periferies - Borders
at the edge of vision - a flashing
catching a glimpse - like a clash of gems -

HORSE ROTORVATOR

HORSE!! Rotorvate!!
open the Bloodgate!

Dark Horses Run.
Dark Horses Run deep -

Night MARes?
See
we all get
the Gods we Deserve!

Hell paved with HORSE Flesh!
A Night that Never was.
AND probably never could Have Been
infinite - DIVISIBLES Split
An infinity of open Sewers.

— WE - WILL — EVOKE! these
- tight looped
levels of tension noose
ROPES
entwined
whirling
spinning
on a string.

get - and we get. - and we war!
perpetual.
opals + topaz. INFECTIONS
FRACTURES - Sexual ARtitectures
folding - Fading -

TEENAGE LIGHTENING

this is something!!
THIS that will NOT harm you
It lives inside you
deep space inside you.

the machines are singing like
Scorpions stinging
~~machin~~

flashing lightening - ~~dance~~ whirling.

clear light lightening.
your eyes are openings

Riding lightening.

future
Muscles

~~Go into the light~~ transforming. -ning.
who lives will see that
life is shining.
love is Blinding.
Eyes fill with meaning.

tear the tissues
in the muscles.
Rip A This is the
point of entry.
No Returning.
No Remaining.

WORDS.
Never failing
Never ending.
electricity is singing.
The machines are singing.
beauty beautiful electrical lightening.

I'm beginning to

white heat - white light - ~~night~~ ning.

TEENAGE Lightening.

don't be alarmed.
dont be frightened
~~electrical~~ electricity sings.
It will not harm you

It's only lightening electrical.

teenage lightening

Light is extending

Neverending / transforming and sending

life is lightening - opening.
darkness brightening
life is (~~life is~~) shining -

Go into the Light
teenage lightening NING-
go into the lightning

(such a brightening)

~~clear~~ pure clear ~~white~~ light-ening
wires singing. - beautiful machines.
dont be alarmed. Set to sing.
dont be frightened
It will not harm you.

dont be alarmed
dont be frightened
It will not harm you.
Its only lightening.
teenage lightening

light is extending - neverending.
life's ~~not ending~~ is lightening.
Neverending. ∴ life is shining.
lightening
teenage lightening such a brightening.
~~dear lightening~~
dear white lightening.

life is opening.

Do Better
lyrics than there
actually are.
— be simple and
strange

ONLY
it's Holy | Sacred

ie

Matrix Lightning
version

· dont be alarmed
it will not harm you
its only light
teenage lightn.

· dont be alarm
it will not harm you.
its only lightning.
teenage lightning.

· it's Real
unbeatably Real
teenage ~~[illegible]~~ lightning
dont be frightned.

this is the way we do it
harm - harmless harm — less harm - less

dont be alarm
it will not harm you
its ~~not~~ only me persuing
that im not sure of . . . . .
its only light


she didn't even notice it....
?!!!

'WINDOW PANE'

In the sky and in ~~yr~~ the eye and
In the sky and in the eye
If you want to touch the sky
Just put a window in your eye
see the sun and see the Rain
see the window see the pain
see the sun and see the rain
see the birdseye
see the brain
ancient cities rise again
see microscopic
see world view
see the future leaking thru
see the person who once was you
see the seashore and see the sand
see the windows in your hand.
see the Lie.
gold is the sky ~~[illegible]~~
in concentrate
power in its purest state
powersurge power will rise
thru the window and thru the skies - thru the skies
see the sky and see the eye and
see the sky and ~~see the eye and~~
in your hand and in the sky and in your eye
see the sky in yr hand. see the sky and under-
stand.
gold is sky → etc
power will rise power will sky

thru the window and.
thru grey
riches-treasures-riches.
Richards treasures-Riches
gold is the sky.
" " " "
" " " "
see the window— window pane
" " " " "
gold is the sky
" " " "
" " " "
" " "
" " "
" " "
riches-treasures-riches
" " "
gold is the sky in concentrate
power in its purest state.

"Futher Back And Faster".

See his hands
look at the fingers
see his hands
see his hands
see his hands
tattooed fingers
tattooed fingers hate
see his hands
look at the fingers!
the fingers of the left hand spell love
see his hands
look at the fingers
those of the right hand spell - hate
those of the left hand love
the fingers of the left hand love hate
those of the Right hand hate
those of the right hand hate love

Charles Laughtons bit...

I DARE was lost, but now I've found-
out.

ghosts that sweat + ghost that cry.

Now ~~you know~~ you see why
I'm not ~~scared~~ - ~~scared~~ to die
I saw a vision of the angel
of the world I lay down and die

"TITAN Arch"

crow the dark animal.
Black jackal craving.
eternal returning.
an end to the waiting.

there are thrones underground
and monarchs up on them
they walk serene
in spaces between

at the head of the storm
darkness is rising
in the garden of jaws
his wounds are shining.

angels take poisons
in rotting pavilions
under shivering stars
the sickness is gilding.

→

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm
The vision and the void
The bloodsickle cuts — and the honey. sucks
O Rose thou art sick

TITAN ARCH

Final lyric written 30.7.89 ev

Crown the dark animal
Black jackal crawling
Eternal returning
An end to the waiting.

There are thrones underground
And monarchs upon them
They walk serene
In spaces between.

At the head of the storm
Darkness is rising
In the garden of jaws
His wounds are shining.

Angels take poisons
In rotting pavilions
Under shivering stars
The sickness is gilding.

SCOPE

Just say..... Know.

I said. Know more.
No more. I said.
(K)now more -he said. No more.

the darkness + shivering.

land sends.
~~the Black Herald~~.
~~the Dismal animal~~.

crown the dark animal
Black jackal crawling.
Eternal.
~~Evil~~ Returnings.
Energies Returning.
the waiting is over.

Radiant pollutions
starblack - seething.
~~p~~ spawn

the herard of the sound.

they walk serene.
In spaces between
~~from thrones underground~~s.

There are thrones underground
and monarchs upon them.

that which wakes.
Is that which waits.

darkness shivering.
the darkness is ~~on~~ laughing.
the shivering stars.
star
the deep is Rising.

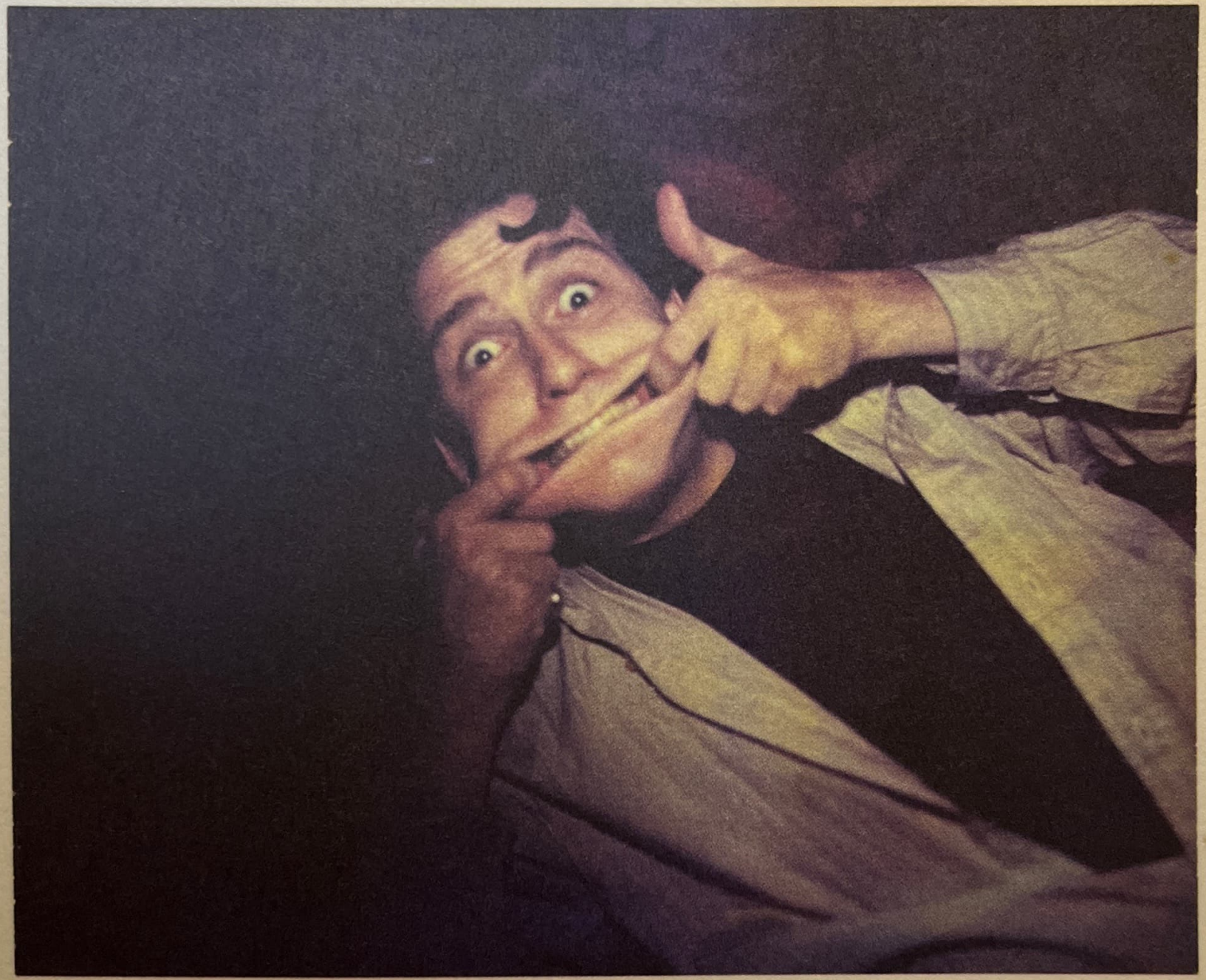
the dismal King. ~~of~~ his from dismal
His Kingdom Comes. Kingdoms
Black jackal shining. } comes.
in The Garden of Jaws.
darkness is crawling.
Angels ~~are poisons~~ take
all dreams lie bleeding.

darkness is Rising. ~~Golden is~~
wounds are shining.
~~Sickness is gilding~~.
the head of the storms sits
on thrones of thorns.
I saw the angel of the world
Lie down.
Kingdoms of thorns.

shed a little darkness.
angels take poisons.
in ~~Ruined~~ Pavillions. (Rotting).
blissful Abyssmal.

Crown the dark Animal
Black Jackal Crawling.
At the Head of the Storm
Darkness is Rising
Eternal Returning An End
To The waiting
Angels take Poisons in Rotting
pavilions
under shivering stars.
The Sickness is gilding
there are thrones underground &
monarchs open them.
in the garden of Jaws. His wounds
are shining.

Our records are intended for mass corruption
not
mass consumption



① In dreams I'll walk with you
In dreams I talk with you
In dreams you're mine
all of the time.

chorus.

(sweet)
③ tortures fly on mystery wings
pure evil is when flowers sing.
My heart is a Rose.
This is mad love -
In loves secret domain

("oh Rose thou Art sick"..
Seduce — let loose.
the vision and the void.
blood sickle - honey suck).

(4) Give sanity a longer leash, But
Some of us have sharper teeth
In Loves Secret domain
In Loves Secret domain.

(1) In little childrens heavy heads
my DREAMS Erupt
while In my bed
Innocence is dripping red.

Heads
(2) ~~Nights~~ on fire and drunken lights
days devoured by hungry nights
In loves Secret domain
In loves Secret domain.

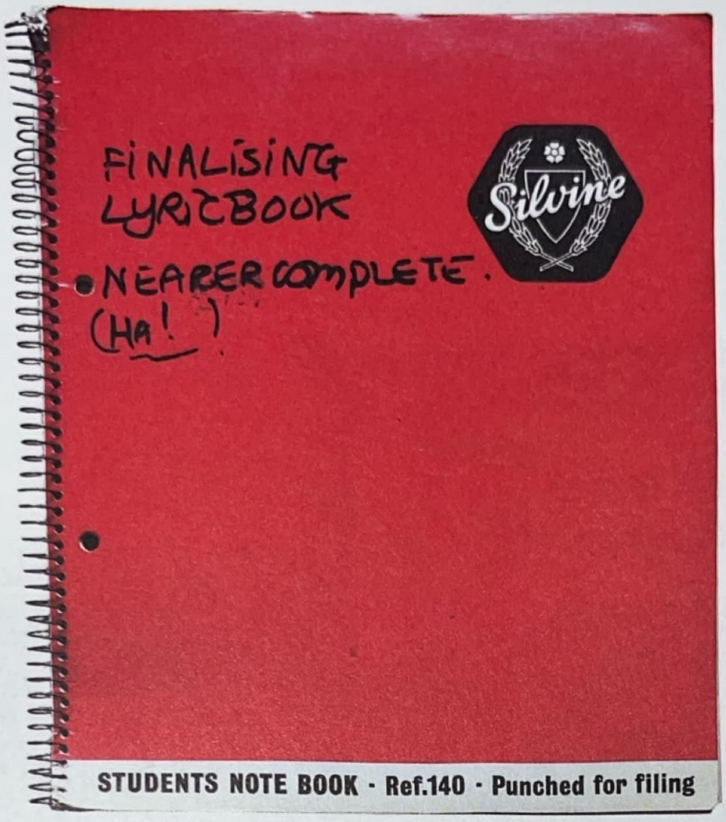
This Is Mad love.
This Is mad love.

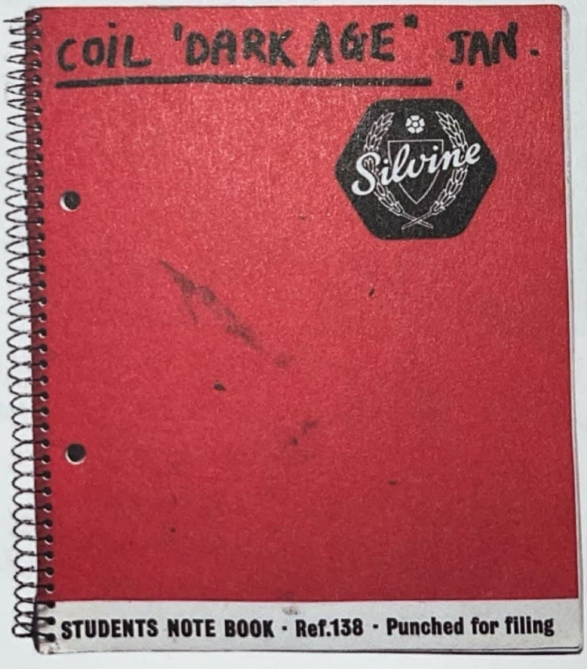
USD

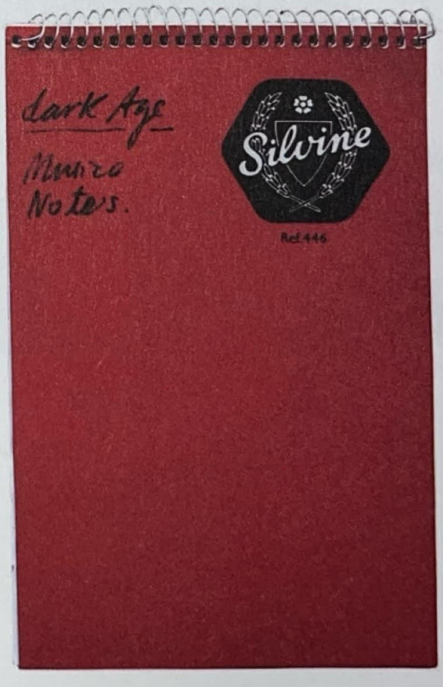
SCOPE.

JUST SAY
KNOW MORE
HE SAYS
KNOW MORE
I SAID/SAY
KNOW MORE
JUST. SAY. KNOW.
KNOW MORE
HE SAYS.
KNOW THE SCOPE OF IT. ALL.

THE valley of disaster is laughter - ASTRAL DISASTER.
EVERY DISASTER IS PURPLE
A little silk can create A soldier
WHY DOES THE SIZE OF ANOTHER SEXUAL SUNDAY
MEAN EVERYTHING IS SUNNY.
above the Army are the Rains
wings made good from International NATURE
the fate of the uncovered Electric Road.
SWARM OVER BARROW
the land was scattered with pencils sharp as Ravens-
my hot hands swallow your medicine.
I Need Rods of IRON to bleed - (whispers)


FINALISING
LYRICBOOK
• NEARER COMPLETE.
(HA!)
Silvine
STUDENTS NOTE BOOK · Ref.140 · Punched for filing


COIL 'DARK AGE' JAN.
Silvine
STUDENTS NOTE BOOK · Ref.138 · Punched for filing

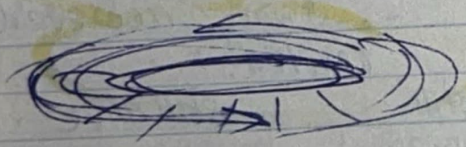

dark Age
Music
Notes.
Silvine
Ref.446

"RING OF BRIGHT WARFARE"

24 IX 86.

Give SANITY A Longer LEASH
But some of us Have sHarper teeth
Bite tHRU it –
unleash me
to anywHere
RIDE me out
Wield me And WHIRL me on
golden Ropes of Hair. TEENAGE
Bright rings of war fare LIGHTENING.
collisions collide spill on tomes INSIDE.

– SEARCH AND DISTORT. ——
FIRE the Report.



I SPY

Will it lead us Anywhere, closer.
" " " to the Truth! TEETH.

additions.

II IX 87 and + 12. V. 87 on ♂

GLISTENING. WOLFBOLTS From the Blue.
the Beauty of Stupidity VIEWS.
Nudity NUDE VIEWED
do you See more IN the NUDE. do You Recognize the truth
(I SPY) → WITH the Naked Eye.
the Naked truth is A well WRAPPED CLOTHED
CLOTHS A Lie. LIE. GLIDES THE
FIRE GLIDES ROUND the —, girdles. EYE told
the Naked Truth Is A Fully clothed LIE.
do you See more IN the Nude. THE NAKED TRUTH stripped bare.
WITH the Naked Eye STRIPPED BARE
the truth STRIPPED BARE By the NAKED EYE.
A little Bit older and A little BIT SLOWER.



"Loves Secret Domain"

SAT 19.8.89 ov 7

O rose thou art sick - seduce - let loose
the vision and the void ~ the blood sickle etc etc
+ honey - o rose thou art sick the vision and the void the blood sickle
cuts the honey suck
o rose thou art sick

• In little childrens heavy heads
my dreams erupt while in my bed
Innocence is dripping red
In dreams I'll walk w/ you
" I'll talk with you
In dreams yr mine
all of the time
• Heads on fire and drunken lights
days devoured by hungry nights
In loves secret domain
this is mad love - O.
This is mad love
In loves secret domain.
• sweet tortures fly on mystery wings
pure evil is when flowers sing.
my heart - my heart
my heart is a rose
this is mad love - this is mad love -
In loves secret domain
• Give saints a longer leash
But some of us have sharper teeth
in dreams - in dreams
in loves secret domain
In dreams I'll walk with you in dreams, In dreams I'll
talk with you in dreams - ~~[illegible]~~ - In dreams
you're mine all of the time

Loves Secret Domain

Night shifts its shape and deadly shades.
~~Our hearts~~
the heart of this, ~~the deepest~~ darkest age.

shadows shade us — days drunk up by thirsty Nights
sleep ~~slip~~ between us. — of fire, — , and drunken lights

a kiss that kills
a kiss that gilds
~~the sickness~~

throws up ~~starlit~~ Scarlet secret hours
of Nights of fire and drunken lights.
whispers fly on mystery wings.
"Pure Evil is when flowers sing" — my hearts a Rose
— a dark design ~ a dark release — o Rose thou art sick
~~the outer signs of Innear Peace~~. fleur de mal.

the stars are out of Reach for you.
~~trust~~ to the dark heartbeat.
— in my heart beats deep underground. the

the deepest sleep In the darkest age.

I once was lost, but now I've found.
~~loniness is a~~ ~~Niter~~ Nicer sound. my hearts alive deep underground.

Such feasts are few and far between
beautiful Catastrophe.

darkness damp between the thighs
— — — — — — — LIES.
In my heart while) and In my bed
Innocence is dripping Red. ~ this is mad love.

LOVES SECRET DOMAIN

Lyric completed 19.8.89 ev

"O Rose thou art sick....seduce...let loose
The vision and the void
The blood suckle and the honeysucks...

In little children's heavy heads
My dreams erupt while in my bed
Innocence is dripping red.
"In dreams I'll walk with you
In dreams I'll talk with you
In dreams yr mine.....all of the time."

Heads on fire and drunken lights
Days devoured by hungry nights
In Loves Secret Domain
This is mad love- o
This is mad love
In Loves Scret Domain.

Sweet tortures fly on mystery wings
Pure evil is when flowers sing
My heart...my heart....
My heart is a rose
This is mad love...this is mad love
In Loves Secret Domain.

Give sanity a longer leash
But some of us have sharper teeth
In dreams...in dreams
In Loves Secret Domain.
"In dreams I'll walk with you
In dreams I'll talk with you
In dreams yr mine all of the time."

"O rose,thou art sick
The invisible worm"
The vision and the void
The blood sickle cuts
And the honey, Sucks!
"O rose thou art sick."

the stars are out
of Reach for you.

darkness damp between the thighs.

my heart beats deep under ground.
Night makes promises
the morning never keeps.
deepness & darkness rises between us -

wow you - you see why I'm not scared to die
I

~~I saw a vision of an angel~~
~~the angel of the world~~
~~[illegible] day down and die~~

I saw a vision of the angel
of the world -

~~from what I was one was~~
~~To what I've become.~~

~~[illegible]~~ -

from the shipwreck to the shore
from the punter to the whore.
from the laughter to the joke
from the Neck to the Rope
from the bullet to the gun
from the shadow to the sun.
from the word to the tounge
from the treaming to the sleep.
from the darkness to the deep.
from the THAT moment to the hour
from the ~~honey~~ perfume to the flower

from the person that I was
to the one I've now become.

I'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage.
when you discover.
your killer is your lover

the language of love
is the language of liars.
the flames of our love
become funeral pyres.

Black herald of the sound

IS SURVIVE A SOLUTION ?

til/

you saved your laugh for last
then found out ~~yo~~ that - you were the joke.
~~that~~ you were the joke.
under filgree out skin.
from worms (in the) from woods. scoop out
to ~~the~~ graves In the clouds

In stead of peace
Just stop + IEAse
A final End -
A sweet release.

smoke get in your eyes
and grown men cry
I've seen young men led to an Early grave
and old men pray to die - .

- - - - - - done.
I Kill what I love
Destroy what I become.

I woke up this morning
& asked myself why.
just a blackness -
A sickle for a smile

Is Suicide A solution?

THE DARK AGE OF LOVE — COIL / John Balance. — Lyric completed 21.8.89 ev

Now you see why
I'm not scared to die
I saw a vision of an angel
Of the world lay down and die.
Chorus.~

The earth is full of ghosts now
Ghosts that sweat
And ghosts that cry
Instead of peace
Just stop and cease
A final end
A sweet release.

The language of love is the language of liars
The flames of all love become funeral pyres
Smoke gets in yr eyes
And grown men cry
I've seen young men led
To an early grave
And old men pray to die.
Chorus.....
From the shipwreck to the shore
From the client to the whore
From the shadow to the sun
From the bullet to the gun.
Chorus.....
The moment you discover
That your killer is your lover
I kill all that I love
I destroy what I become.
Chorus.....
(You saved yr laugh until last
Then found out you were the joke)

'A VISIT FROM THE NITNURSE'.

'BLOODLINES'

'QUANTUM SORCERY'

'WAR STORM'

'C14th SPIT.'

'SIGN OF THE HORNS'

'SPAWN ALTAR'

'RED SPLIT.' 'SPERM BURN'

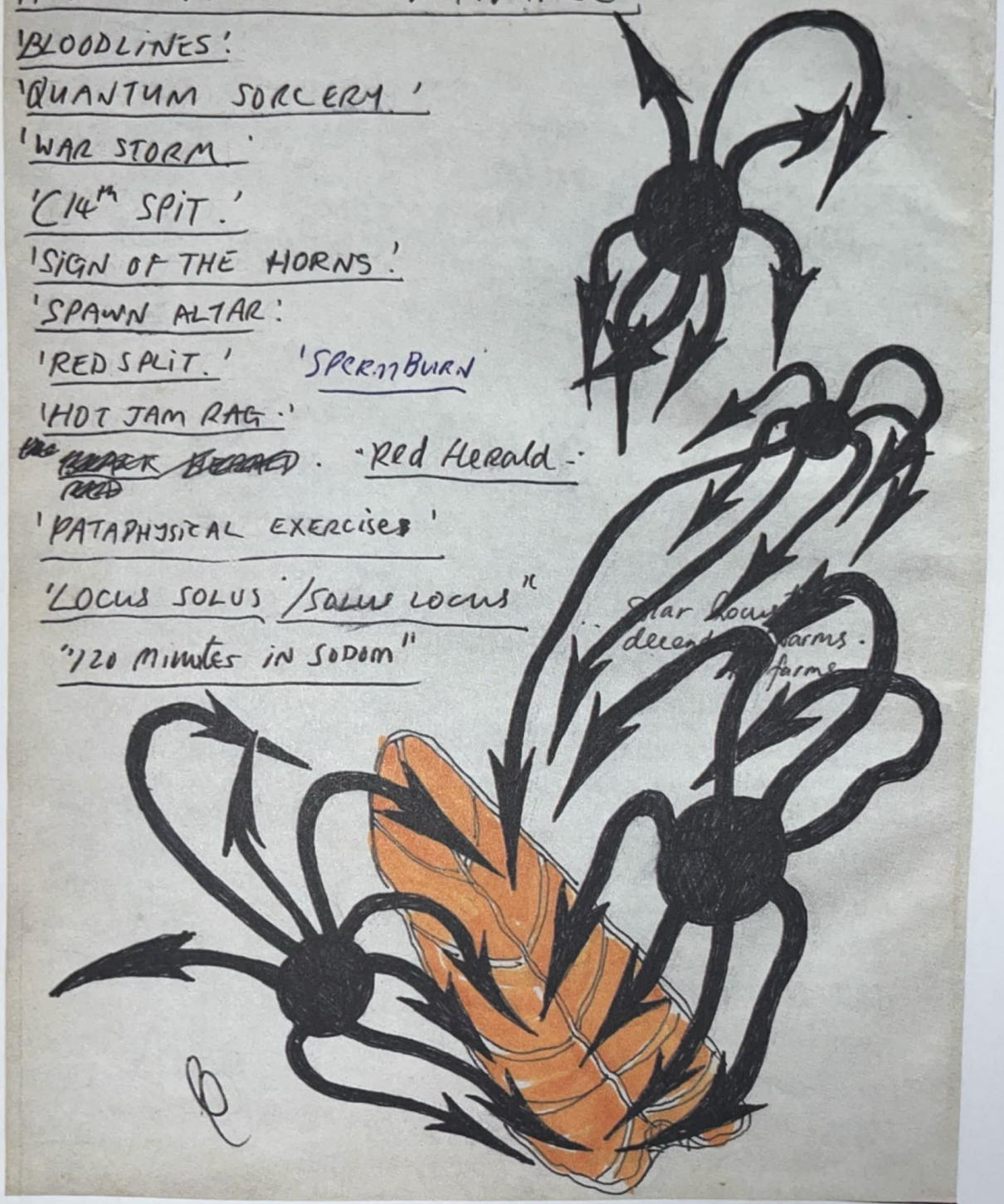
'HOT JAM RAG'

~~the BLACK BERRIED~~ RED. 'Red Herald'

'PATAPHYSICAL EXERCISES'

'LOCUS SOLUS' / 'SOLUS LOCUS"

"120 Minutes in SODOM"



First Dark Ride.

written. (26.3.92) TYPE UP!!

Im golden Is
As golden there is (are)
Seeds, my brothers, golden there
Flowers just, don't own the garden
not to flatten my bleak glow. Running hides &
find a weight that tries to skin
me, the Kings hearts first dark ride
Julius Smiles, and lets me Know that
you have just learnt to let me ~~Know~~ ~~the~~ tell me No.
Deep blue broken whales endings
Run so many - skins ~~on top of me~~ Secret skins
everywhere lies - only under
just beneath is what you'll find there
spin my tiring heart of drugs
stripped purple ones before - I rise
o please dont tell me as the sun steps forward
my blood ~~the~~ fills the chairs
paws FALLS on - my ~~lovely~~ lonely land - don't let me
dont let me wait for ~~the~~ buried birds
hmm! I learnt To love, the one eyed sea
For I dont Know or care what
clipped my head - so lonely
feeds me seeds through drooping jaws.
chances are you'll want to argue

ill poke the hole
and sow the Seeds in
Secret - moon traps
the shadows of the moon
meadows + the moon
unlock my lovely land
MY EYES - fall
over only
into arms that
cradle grave
me

SKY
I spy / see the Moon
underwater - she
gives birth to my daughter
my daughter Then slaughter
I make food for the Jaws

taught to know
tomorrow ends today like far too many just don't knows
tell me - as the sun steps forward
my ~~lonely~~ lonely land can't (couldn't) catch me and keep me
Any closer to its hum.
have and hold me
hold and scold me.

Untitled Song. 17-18.4.92.

before the door that opens
on my own story
that would suprise me
if it opens
it will be
the silence where I am.

I have sworn
the ~~it~~ opposite
and it would not suprise me
I could do so easily.
I could undo easily
better even not to think
or else they said.

'God please Fuck My Mind For Good' 81

1.) - Micky Harris - run heavy - drums down the track.
2 speeds - 2 sections.

2). do 2-3 drum loop/riffs to use slowed down - later ie keep sunks in mind when recording particular instruments.

perhaps do - space - loop version - Sick machine -

1) In the Room w/you - laughing Hell-clown TONE - soft/human/insistent - 2nd largest - Full-Rich
w/subtle tonal changes. phase. reverb changes etc -
2.) 'Radio-gated-chatter' - make thinner/more radio like - gentle
pan. high-band - (smallest sound)

3) trampspazz-attack. Keep man in Metal Box judo cube - release him into deep
Keep human + hysterical - reduce metal attack - space Reverb.
- really. 9/10 heavy - reduce repetition & change at end of sequence
+ add spot slap-echoes - subtle - MAIN SOUND
go to sub-space plate space plate.

4) How long too - Elf. Keep it as a personality - weird side of Tom + Gerry -
- nb. track starting to resemble. Bad DMT Carl Stalling project theme music.
- seriously weird - shit !! Make mad techno track VERSION of it.
- Not SU many elf appearances down the track.

Ideas slide guitar - a la TG - ish. ?? Bass Frequency
- Hamburg Lady drone + thump Bass drum. Regularity's!
Melodic texture? - tones - drones.
- SPOT CHECKED -

choral - dischord - Barbed - choir.

Kate Bush as she should be – Heavens Blade.

Rushings ——————> sh sh sh. – as sure as I know –
anything – and everthing – on silver wings (to slow)
swi fly a – I know there't other things
the idea is to open up the sky. that sing.
I have waited behind the sky.
on mystery wings. Sing.
that fly
the Rushing – winds.
the wind s will usher in.
where I WE. – Sits the. Silence Sings
live with me for life

– Be Brave. dont hide inside. – dont deny.
get out. opened up.

Another unfinished BabyFood - notes towards

Baby Food is an examples of ~~Sideral~~ one of the first a recording ~~using~~ that utilises ~~novel~~ transforming the process known as Sideral Sound. The ~~original~~ sounds ~~is subtley but infinately~~ recorded are is changed ~~via this process~~ changed subtely but profoundly.

Sideral Sound is a ~~newly~~ New branch of what was called Deep in what was ~~called~~ in the branch of audio-research that was ~~termed~~ labeled "Deep Listening", as explored and demonstrated effectively and expanded rigorously on Coils (last official overground) ~~effect~~ to such effect strange album Lover Secret Domain.

Baby Food is a new move into the spaces between the sound sources. Baby Food is vacent latency. It is a recollection constructed in ~~sound~~ silence and sound. ~~Astral timbres~~ of of ~~references~~ Memorial references of Astral timbres. - Re-sounding ~~lies~~ in ~~astral~~ ~~from~~ out from in ~~astral~~ astral timbres - ~~[illegible]~~ sonorous - futures reverberations ~~expe~~ recieved ~~[illegible]~~ sidewards ~~in~~ At A sideways perception of a furious-future tense - a reverbration ~~velocity~~ A microtonal ferocious Velocity of Receptive - ~~[illegible]~~ → the Mean the Eonic. Aonic tones. Solo tones. Meta microtonic - microtonalities - abreactive - plastic spastic ~~[illegible]~~ astral plasmasis motion in A Sound ~~[illegible]~~ ocean. Ripples in A Constructive structure - speed - of sound. ~~Future~~ mature Insecurities. Tiny transmitters - ~~reception~~ of deceptive depths to the Reception - too stretched in between the tiny ~~[illegible]~~ micro-tonalities. the subtle detailed patterns - inset - Implanted.

Sound is A plastic pattern that maps a landscape of tones and signal



As sure as I Know ;

→ anything and everything that I →

and seen the

as sure as I Know that there are other things

in silver wings. that fly.

(mystery)

behind the sky.

that play w/ me ~~these things~~

that stay w/ with me for life.

I have walked behind the sky.

there's ~~are~~ other things - that sing

in Rushing winds. That usher in →

~~these wonderous.~~

Be brave

(The idea is to open up the sky.

To get inside and live with me for.) life

don't get cut up - on Heavens Blade.

Be brave — ~~don't hide inside~~).

Heavens Blade.

1) As sure as I 10.00 1)B + Know anything and everything.

that I _ have seen 12.57 → — (and where) I've been

3) As sure as I _ Know that there are other things 10.49

4) that ~~stay~~ on silver wings ← 22.40 — behind the sky 17.45 20.59

4 sky kept out mystery — L4 sky to be 44 ← L4 repeat

5) On Rushing winds _ 19.03

6) these things - ~~that~~ (they) play w/ me - that (AND) stay w/ me for life 21.10

7) there's other things - that sing 18.10 | 21.20 | 9.50

8) that usher in - on rushing winds 20.02 (8BPT2) } 8.40

9) ~~(these)~~ such ~~wonderous things~~

10) ~~Don't hide~~ - ~~Be brave~~ Don't get cut (up) ? — on Heavens Blade 9.15 13.44

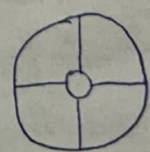
~~the idea is to open~~ up

11) Be brave 9.30 — the idea is to open up the sky 20.17 | 9.02

12) To get inside and live with me for life. 17.02 | 17.28 | 22.05

21.50 | 14.14

13) for I have walked behind the sky 12.20



OH NO — IT'S YOKO

skeletal helicopters.

entrance is everywhere

I believe in Mirror Balls

"service the Technical Serpent"

"The Resonators"

Let them die for whatever it is they are fighting for"

ib
memory or history
vs.
Anal Park Drive

TWISTED PRIVACY.

The Pursuit of Excellence

first hummingway to the stars

The Institute of Eternal Frost (new?)

"Time Machines"

meat eating vegetables.

abramelin gemlins

(the) dead (people) might be behind it

the dreamer is still asleep

pumping out in bloody millions

absence of evidence is not evidence of absence.

"Amber Rain"

Amber rain is beautiful but wrong

I dont expect I'll ever understa
how lifes behind ends up in my
hand.

In the temple of beauty

Sickle Cell Armenia

don't do me like my daddy did

a Serpent faced plastic beauty

my fear of death attracts objects

O lord save my sinful soul
from local punishments
from the far away Zone
from being frisked
from the tall fence
from the severe public prosecutor
from the devil owner
from inmate rations
from prison housekeepers
from steel handcuffs
from hard labour, a cold cell
and short harvests
save us from the death penalty - Amen.

announce what it is?

Solid prisons of society
" of the mind.

a song for all prisoners

of their own prejudices.

A Cold Cell

Oh lord save my sinful soul
from local punishments
from the faraway zone
from being frisked
from the tall fence
from the severe prosecutor
from the devil owner x 2

from small rations
from dirty water
from steel handcuffs
from hidden obligations
a cold cell

and short haircuts

save us from the death penelty
amen
amen
amen

~~All you~~ beware, beware,
Here comes the black shadow of Cher.
~~She has raven in her hair~~

god please fuck my mind for good.
cyclone is a circle
death is centrifugal
a cyclone is a hole with death all around.

its less like pain and more like stains
it is. I am
angels penatrate — time
I'll go so low - Exit - leave me in pieces
you've seen my suicidal — side -
he's a dog - a blurred dog.
ego is ~~just~~ time on an ego trip
time is just infinity on an ego trip
missled - mistrust - infinity is time on an ego trip

Started Sunday 5th Sept. 93.

"The Backwards Journal." by John Balance.

What a day and what a way to start what is supposed to be a creative and imaginative record of my — our — Coils buildup to the BACKWARDS album. I'm shagged out. drunk. dives' malady has struck again. I am too old. My kidneys are way too old. pushing 55, at a guess.
Sleazy spent a week in Swanyard Studios with Danny engineering and co-helping — we need to define his role — and create a new name. He's not a Coil member — but he's essential ingredient and it would be about 500% harder to do anything w/out him. We should have him insured. I couldn't get my fucked up — head around working in the studio — again. It was very tense and stressful and argumentative with me there. So I didn't go in for most the days. It's given Sleazy a boost and a kick up the place where the creative juices flow from. The 9 fragments — roughs — really give me hope — they are great. I want more — 'primitive' — aggressive and 'mush' type ones — because we haven't really ever done that sort of thing before. We'll prob work up about the same number of rough tracks again — and that should do it. They seem easier to work over + play off than in previous years. More polished. More potential to hit an audience — less indulgent I guess.
I did a spot of improv. vocals over the tracks and all sorts comes to mind. one track will be an evil send-up of U2's numb, a monologue over a funky (should I use this word) — chunky band 'contemporary' sounding 'groove' (should I use that word!)
I have many many ideas for vocal tricks. Distortions — way of the wall stuff. I just hope we I can percieve and do that Danny pulls off some great effects! I want to work on my vocals 500% more than we've ever done. I've got some great lyrics — attitude to deliver

Copy! Is the lyrics

Backwards book

ANINFECTOR CALLS

AYOR Its in my blood

" your blood

I stole from the Pope Secret Library in the Vatican

I have tasted paradise

— ~~written about~~ The Hairy

I have glimpsed the

Hairy Mother of God

fuck me backwards

" " reverse

" " from behind

" " from reverse

everythings backwards

~~RECLAIM THE CABARET VOLTAIRE~~

~~MÜNSTERGASSE SEX UND SWANZIG~~

~~SPEEGEL GASSE EINST~~

I'm FINE

fucking Incapable of normal emotions

" " "

~~The comedo~~

ALLY

MIRRORE ALLY

MIRRORED ALLIES

KIND

~~KISS~~ the SICK MIRRORS

SAY

MAKE THEM WELL.

In FEAR with

false evidence appearing real.

Everythings" blacksquids

munstergasse sex und swanzig

spegelgasse EINST

tired of the priests and wanke-mans phrophets and the

Christ on a bike w/ carpet burns In the U.S. of American Death.

keeps falling to his knees — cross-pollinating sores

11

Theres too much blood in my alcohol.
demons generally enter in
The thru my ears
I dont like what I hear, see.
& I fear what I ~~hear~~ hear.
ghost vomit
too much going round — ghost
to much blood — hear my heart beat.
Each beat feeds the heartworms —
at the hearts of it all —
spoiled —
Stagnation —
cant you give enough to numb me.
TRICK AXE
I have low tolerance — it all feeds of of
I have no tolerance — ~~fa~~ me
it all feels weaker.
this knifes gonna make some young woman a fine husband.
and is holding my will — under water

the Sun is coming
the Sun is coming
the dragon flies
~~towards this world~~.
~~It~~ the dragon flies
to a
HIS his breath will drown
this world
IN ~~a~~ Astral fire
~~with~~

stick it in his histories
stab him in his mysteries.

8/9 12-91

godsplitter → platter
platter
spectre then - nowe visiting
the smallest hole you could put your
head in.
Stab the mysties feeding &
milking

SATAN

one one two two three three
dirty dark — (brown) loaf parts



"Who Broke the Book of Rome"

the roaring is in me
Carved from the same flash
~~of bolt~~ of lightning.

Where my password?
Where's my pitfall?
Where's my warning?
Where's the opening?
Where's the inroad?
Where's the doctor? Surgeon
Where's the headstone
Where's ~~the~~ my medaives.
Where's the filmstock.
Where is closure?
Where's the vortex?
~~Where's the hallway?~~

home Head
Where's my softbed?

Where's my bones?

Where's - Breeding ground.

—

near me to me ~~clearly~~.

Rose, I hear your voice (s)
I've put away the poisen chalice
For now. and lie
A down amongst the your flower beds.

we both seek out the darkest Reds.

the wine has turned to blood again –
without this blood we'd both be dead

I've wound myself tight into
the hedgerows.
Lets see which way the winterwind blows

~~both wine and blood are dark and red~~

The
wine is dark
and blood is red.
the wine has turned to
blood again
without this blood
we'd both be dead.

" Rosa Decidua "

Summer Substructures
dreams that lie underwater
drown
the soldiers of/in my soul
is someone in control?

the light beats even faster
than is necessary.
the roaring is in me.
carved from the same
flash of lightning. melt the rains
that? invite the rains to
come into me

ive walked there
I know

AMB5 · SWOOSH 3

use TS3 on S.S.2.
+ fucked speak



1. NORTH
magnetic North
2. ~~True~~ North
3. broccoli
4. A white Rainbow
5. The Star sponge Vision

6. R+R ——

† Laughing
like
skeletons at midday
clattering at lunch

a linear Ascension — a star declination
a white rainbow —
A tremulous column of air
hanging there.
a bleached beach

---

a white rainbow
a tremulous column of air - hanging there
a pyschosis?
a roaring aura - overhead - † overhead.
aurora borealis † a white rainbow
a psychosis?
an unquiet skull - under a
moon milk spills. into pools - feels the moons pull
Inverted vertigo dripping on the shore
from my unquiet skull

Brody Forbes 01308 424857
Peter Clapton

7" — Nice version 'Amythest' Deciever.

a. Amythest deciever 7"

REGEL

b. Switches 7

c. the auto-asphixiating heirophant

Rosa Decidua -

a. All the leaves are falling.

Neverless,
b). The Pussycats of summer have all gone.
Rose - I've hear your for now
I've put away my poisoned chalice
I've wound myself tight
into the hedgerows.
lets see which way the winter wind
blows.

to what extent have we deceived
ourselves as to the damage.
been mistaken by instinct.
I see
temptes ~~trampled~~ by the Capitol in the Brain
Crackle ~~Break~~ Crack

my eyes vibrate at a cat-gut / Rate
nothing will ever be the same.

e stagger into the streets
bearing Bloft the blood red number.

~~Show respect for~~
pay yr respects to the vultures
for they are ~~your~~ your future
~~your fathers~~, your brothers
our ~~your brother and~~ fathers + mothers
have failed to release ~~us~~ ~~recieve us~~
~~from the~~ ~~its~~ into the welcoming ~~extended~~ arms
of the ~~anything~~ deceivers
Now want to recieve us

Christopherson & Co 19/9/00 5:34 am 1/6

I dedicate this concert to the Moon
the ~~Rabbit~~ HARE IN the MOON – the Stag of the Cabbages.

I know why the Bird Cage sings
Its wrapped its song around
everything
Some lunacy for the Mad March HARE.
Pay your respect to the vultures
For they are your futureOur fathers
and mothers have failed to release
us
Into the welcoming arms
Of the Amethyst Deceivers

FEED THE BIRDS – TUPPENCE A BAG!

~~They dont keep goats IN~~
~~copper pagodas~~ Leipzig.

I am a savage and I do not understand
how the beauty of the Earth can be sold
treasures
back to MAN! – Moscow.





- lyrics - a few notes sketches and ideas - ie. A White Rainbow seen on the beach. A spectral Fogbow - luminous and transient. Light reflected from a window - flashing like a signalling mirror a lighthouse beacon - Desert Talismans communicating - messages - codes - Signals. - the sea had retreated - a roadled to the sea - underwater causeway - yellow brick road - a lure. - laughing - ~~clackering~~ like skeletons clackering at midday.
- Brookabout rare and curious weather phenomena picked up in Frome - at the Physic Phenomena bookshop/ now closed.
- Fight with man at Bath Flea Market for pic print of a white Rainbow. - Fogbow.
- Henry Crosby. - Fairy Realms
ref. Red skeletons..
→ check lyrics - explain abit.

The Auto - Asphixating Hexophonat -
features - diff in this respect.
Old lyrics - cut ups - on speed - raw ore - from
numerous 1980's notebooks. stream of
Sub - Super - Supra - conciousness. Revisited
→ whole books of disjointed stories exist.
- dark. revisiting ~~astral~~ twisted linguistic
sprawls, - confused and apocalyptic -
unpleasant. The Hanged Man - The
Tower card in Tarot. destruction and chaos.
Saturn. Lead -
A warning from the Sun.

The SUN/SON is coming - christ! ref.
The dragon flies - - pun. His breath will
~~the Sun~~ ~~with~~ will drown the Earth
will astral fire -
destroyed 1904 - Crowley's idea Book of the
Law.
For Fritz who chose to commit suicide in
the face of a painful lingering death by
AIDS - A brave, lonely ~~dea~~ noble death

I loved Fritz and he was in awe of his way of life - his creative Nihilism. - Similar to early surrealist lifes - and deaths.
Senseless by yet totally understandable in their futility and willfulness. He chose his time and method of exit. Is suicide a solution. -
pseudonyms - self mythology - extremity of thought - tenderness and obtuse genius of vision. - feral - I was jealous of his Nomad soul and Erratic lifestyle.
He used to say he'd murder people - self hate or Maldoror in Soho - Lautremont in Soho
- reborn. -
- made a treehouse for Bjork.
- Blake-like images.
St George as ~~[illegible]~~ Villian. He killed the dragon
→ Nature's power speared by zealous self rightous Christian symbol. to save and rescue - chasity - ~~a~~ ~~sex~~ a methaphor for repression of Pagan sexuality and ~~magi~~ Earth magick.

- Summer Submissions.

dont believe AE - See for yrself the Summerfields - Somerfields - the supermarket -

AE. George Russell - → find quote - A plea to experience first hand - dont just read poetic accounts - get out there - explore and experience the spirit of the place - familiarise yourself - introduce thyself to the Genius Loci. Re-activate secret ~~Sacred~~ places. see Julian Lopes The Modern Antiquarian - Dont just read - Go there - footsteps will activate the ~~lands~~ living landscape - the body of the Goddess - Spirits of the place should be named, sensed and fed - - wells, mountains woods, ancient trees. Everything is waiting to become relevant and alive. PAN - and the dryads, sylphs, nyads can become alive and relevant again. Visit desolate sites and embrace the empty awesome powers;

streetlamps and city's glow — waste and fear is lit up and ineffectively symbolically fought against.
The soft moonlight is the solace and guide to a an older, stronger and natural way of living in a powerful flow of life.
Worship the Moon as a gateway to intuitive self discovery and resurgence of ancient, ancestral — a key to reawakening the imaginative serpent of ~~song and~~ story and song, mythology and magick, a web of connections. — dim locations in vast timeless abysses of ~~memory~~ ancient memories. Return to the ~~Mo~~ lunar lode. Mother in the sky. | Companion to the blasted earth. constant consort.
Madness is the only sane response to a solar death deity cult. ~~death~~ dead man on a cross or the sun is fascist. The Moon is community — a timeless timepiece to reset the world back to a ~~harmonious~~ — harmonious, non-egoeccentric community of great Nature and strength.

Moon Musick -
Musick to attract and explore our secret
Selves. the Tidal - ~~cyclic~~
Nature is decay and growth. Constant death
and rebirth. No End. The Sun is destructive
and relentless - the old testament God - vengful
~~[illegible]~~ dry and withering. - The Sun of God
- the Sun dies every day. The moon shrinks and
grows in always renewing itself → hope and
nature. Dark and light. A corresponding
object to mirror the soul of melancholy
man. -
reflective light - it feeds from the Sun. A
mirror. meditative sickle. cresent of
dreams. Night time guide to astral realms.
the hunter comes out at night. thieves hide in
the dark of the moon.
- Gemenine - widdershins - left handed
Musick → Sidereal. Celtic - Right brain
a sickle - a circle - a disc - a
Corrosion - a dissappearance reappearance
- It touches the earth at points


8 12 21

The Sea Coast of Tibet,
Egyptian Aztecs Arriving from Norway

Nature is Naked
acrobats bathed in blood.
there is a beast of prey on the threshold
of pleasure
and a giantess Sea Priestess beckoning
the passer-by
do not loose sight of the sea

the sea priestess lays on a bed of nails
27 soldiers of lead !

MUUR

pissing tiny diamonds

Breakfast — with the

the High (Sea) priestess

the Sea Priestess.

~~is~~ escaping gas

(the) grass is turned to gas — herbal hydrogen

grows.

if it goes any faster

there'll be an astral disaster

whales listening to earthquakes at sea

staple / LUNAR

gas fired from a 1 gun

the soft verges of insanity + the hard shoulders of reality point ~~to the~~ sign post signs to your responsibility poor — invisibility

The Sea Priestess.

and asked to watch
whales listening for earthquakes at sea
I'd never seen such a strange sight before
Somehow I think the soft verges of insanity
and the hard shoulders of reality —
~~point past signs here~~ point past signs posted in our pasts
It's probably a lack of poor invisibility
Something special in the sound of the "s"s that the rocks
on the seashore make

The men here are desiccated like mummies —
been out in the sun for thousands of years
walking along
The women stuff themselves full of collagen
and other animal remains
I don't think we'll stay here long
As soon as the ships have been rebuilt
we'll be out of here into the sun

Our ship was wrecked on the rocky sea coast of Tibet
the first thing we saw were several Egyptian aztecs
arriving from Norway
Here all nature is naked
We watch acrobats bathing themselves in blood and
over the archway there is a beast of prey - straddled.
on the threshold of pleasure
And a giantess sea priestess
beckoning the passers by

John Balance + Aleister Crowley

open your mouth and let the gold
coins fall.
Sale of the Century - How much for the history,
bulldozers - sleeping policemen.

God saved me from drowning
then Kicked Kissed me death on the beach

I don't want to be the one
when everyone is gone —
~~to find — I cant get along~~ just
because they couldn't bear the pain
to find out ~~why~~ that ~~they~~ came
to put an end to me
to play ~~as~~ this ~~silly~~ dangerous game

Same

~~Re-aligned to me~~
those lights at the end of
the tunnel —
are the flames of your burning brain

I dont want to be the one
To have to sing this song

I don't want to be the one

I mdont want to be the one

when every one has gone
when everyone is gone.
i dont want to be the one
i dont want o be the one

i dont want to be the one

to play this dangerous game — OR

to find out why they came
i dont want to be the one

---

i dont wnt to be the one

to die a second time

to open up this wound
to put my head inside

to find out your alive

to find out you are gone

---

i dont want to be the one

i dont want to be the one

i dont want to be the one

to see so far ahead I have to
to live life looking back.
to see the — turn black.
Sea
Skyies
red

I dont want to be the one
to see so far ahead / I have
to live life looking back.
to see the skies turn -ed
black.

John Bulance - A-D

MU-UR (MŪÜR)

the miraculous image of sound
washed ashore

MA-MA.

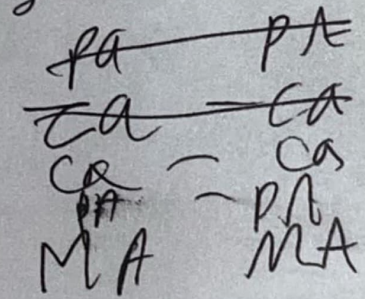
can you see?

muur what you see.

muur muur of the ~~SEA~~ sh SEA -

hurts me to see.

~~PA~~ ~~PA~~



murderous ~~CA~~ ~~CA~~.

chocolate CA - CA

PA - PA

desolate MA MA

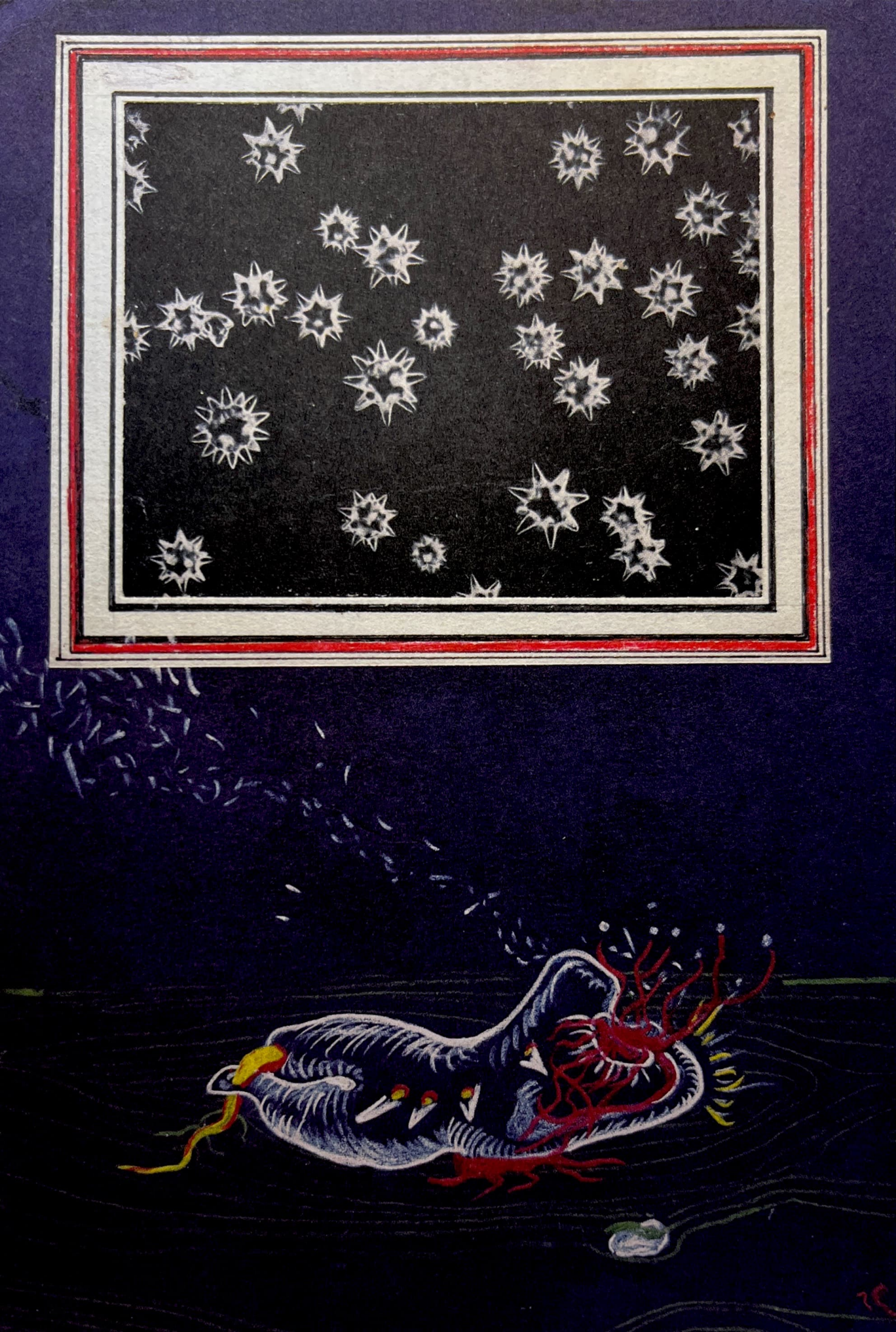
ur - gent. regeneration message

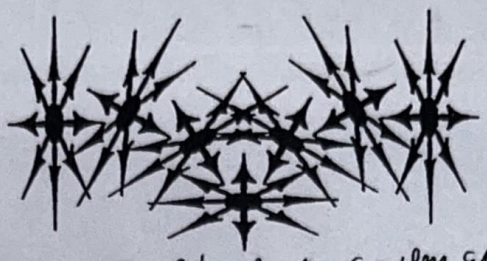
whats hit - is his story.

whats nisses is mystery

and the miraculous image of sound
washed ashore

Thon Balance - Astral Disaster





dead stars. 'paint me as a dead soul!' – aleister crowley gnosticism.

i'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage.

we do (the right things- for all the wrong reasons.

Right:
here is the place – where (the) darkness meets the deep-
a darkness descending – a time love never ending
lets begin our (endless sleep)

---

love

here is completion
here is completion – is this real love.
here is another rose bud
to darken the blood.

Red skeletons.

oblivious obvious.

preaching and reaching for the beauty of stupidity.
(lucid) abusive + lucid
ex demands that expand – they get out of (my) hand(s).
his stupid demands.
these endless

feeble dominant.

– beautiful stupid – a love clear(s) and lucid.

I gave him my old address.

we (all) forget and (we) don't notice / the loss

(it) the fragrance from the flowers
in the garden(s) of the dead.

your task. – is to.
you must ruin the world.

THRESHOLD HOUSE, BM / CODEX, LONDON WC1N 3XX, UK.
TEL: 081 742 7347. FAX: 081 995 2961.

areyon slivering?
areyon cold areyon bathed in
— streams of vitality ~~in~~ silver — or downing
filaments ~~as~~ fine as a spiders web

through the mouth a pours blossom
a flower-like bells
rings a silver cascade
rings slips around the Moon
of A vital fluid
this is moon musik played —
by the light of the Moon
— Piano - reverb - trill red green

its the least I could do:

Left Handed Musick

Red Birds Will Come Out of the East
and Destroy Paris In A Night.

International Dark Skies

Moon Musick.

Are You Loathesome Tonight?
Does Your Madness Shine Bright?
In the Oceans of the Moon
Swimming Symidlike and Squalid.
The Bright Moon is a Liquid
The Dark Earth is A Solid.

Astral Disasters

[redacted]

It Just Is

Clowns. Bright Lights. And Cats with No Mouths

Are You Shivering?

Are You Shivering?
Are you cold?

Are you bathed in silver
or drowned in gold/en light

These streams of vitality
With filaments as fine as a spider's web
Pour through your mouth...

a blossom of flower-like bells

Rings...
...a silver cascade

Rings...
...slips around the moon

Rings...
Out drips the last drop
of this vital fluid

It's cold...
Are You Shivering?
It's cold...
This is Moon Musick
Played by the light of the Moon

Are you loathsome tonight?
Does your madness shine bright
Are you loathsome tonight?

Twisted Squid-like and squalid
...
...
The moon is a liquid
The earth is a solid

she breathed death down my throat

Repeat ↓ ↓ ↓

"

"

GERMINAL. MOUND STREET

SONG.

Notes. 20. march 93.

(W/gen in mind)

Now you've absorbed it
into yr system
Now (that) you've allowed it
to be true
Now that you neutralised it made it safe - yours.
Now that you've been photographed - recorded -
what you gonna do.
" " gonna do.

is it so unsafe. / insecure when you are in the space where you are

is it more real. is it more yours. for you than it is for him or me. and people who perceive it report it - distort it. improve it. update it. slightly change it.

is it so Really so unsafe you can't let NOT control.

Is it more real.
make it more yours. less
Now yr recorded as having said it - and denied
and people have been seen to take notice.
overheard and noted.

talking. noise. so empty -
is it so awful to be seen - to

authenticate. His story is assimilate. unsafe. a male trait - a bloodline. feel and feel - a poor trait. a sad

Wise Words from the departing

Eat your greens

especially broccoli

wear sensible shoes

and always say thank you

~~[illegible]~~

especially for the things you

NEVER ~~[illegible]~~ had

Eat your greens

especially broccoli

always say thankyou.

especially for Broccolli

by working the soil

we cultivate the sky

+ (embrace the vegetable kingdom).

enter of heaven

~~You~~ ~~to~~ cultivate —

good manners is to say please

and thankyou esp - for the things

you never had

broccoli

wise words from the departing

the death of yr mother and the death of yr father
is something you prepare for for all of their life
for all of yr life

wise words from the departing
eat your greens
especially broccoli
wear sensible shoes
and always say thank you
especially for the things you never had

by working the soil
we cultivate the sky
and enter the vegetable kingdom of our own
heaven
by working the soil
you cultivate
good manners
is to say please
and thank you
especially for the things you never had
wise words from the departing
eat your greens
especially broccoli
and always say thank you
especially for broccoli

John Balance

I urge each and every one of you to start a compost heap

Broccoli

Wise words from the departing
The death of the mother
and the death of the father
~~for~~ all of their life
for all of your life

is something you prepare for

we live in a house by the sea
and we are gaurded
~~by our friends the~~
by ~~large~~ beautiful, noisy, large
black crows.

wise words from the departing
eat you greens especially broccoli

wear sensible shoes
and always say thank you
especially for the the things
you never had

my ~~mother~~ sis is a raven
brother
my sister is a carrion-crow.

wise words from the departing
by working the soil
by working the soil
we cultivate the sky
and enter the vegetable kingdom
of our own heaven

crows make merry
mayhem.

~~A song for~~
what shall we do with
Robert Wyatt?

by working the soil
by working the soil
we cultivate good manners
is to say please and thank you
especially for the the things
you never had

Queen mother died.
with prince Charles interest in organic gardening -
we think she royal family put her on the [illegible] heap.
— Blood, fish and [illegible] and hypodermic needle-teeth

The Dreamer is Still Asleep

Hush
May I ask you all for silence

The dreamer is still asleep
May the Goddess keep us
From single vision
and Newton's sleep
The dreamer is still asleep
He's inventing landscapes
in the magnetic fields
working out a means of escape
We'll cut across the crop circles

The seer says no
not much time left
for these escape attempts

Look at it this way
in ten years time
who'll care
who'll even remember

One dies like that
deep within it
almost inside it
it's there for a reason...
I'll give you my old address
And take a little book
to tear and cut the paper

The beginning is
also the end
time defines it
it will end
like close friendships
Nothing could be further

We forget

The space between people and things
is empty
we forget
and don't notice the loss

Crossing into venerable degeneration
Such radiant pollution
The god with the silver hand
Surveys these vast contaminations

The dreamer is still dreaming

In the heart of your heart
Your eye remains
Is the hurt you
Is the blister you call loveless

Your whole life is
a cold slow shock

Track the shabby shadow down
The pissy mists of history

The dreamer is still dreaming
Will he wake in time to
catch/watch the sunset

(numbered track)
The Malingerer (is Here)

John Balance
My vision is slipping with a vitamin deficiency

Queens of the circulating library.
- perpetually reciting / re-cycling
There is no guilt - and there is no
Shame.
The key to joy is disobedience

many centuries (have were) lost in repetitions and
transcriptions ~ sealing up the Book of
Knowledge.
declare an amnesty at the library.
return the marble index
Book of Knowledge
the queens of the circulating library
have declared an amnesty

It's in the trees It's coming.
an arboreal cult.
the woods are alive with the smell of
His coming. ——————.
All Horned animals.

I am the queen of the circulating library
I am here to answer your enquiry
the industrial use of semen will revolutionise society
It will revolutionise the human race

This is for all you mothers
and for all you circulators
and you astral navigators
waiting for permission to land
from the mothership
and the fatherland

tell your unborn sons and daughters
dont believe in Earthbound lies.....
the stars themselves contain the truth
~~for~~ the future is written in the skies

words words words words
you may as well listen to the birds....
==========
Every man and every woman is a star.

TINY GOLDEN BOOKS

an exhact of the ink of Cattlefishes revising the old remedy of Hippocrates in hysterical passions.

a rare chance piece, either drawn at random

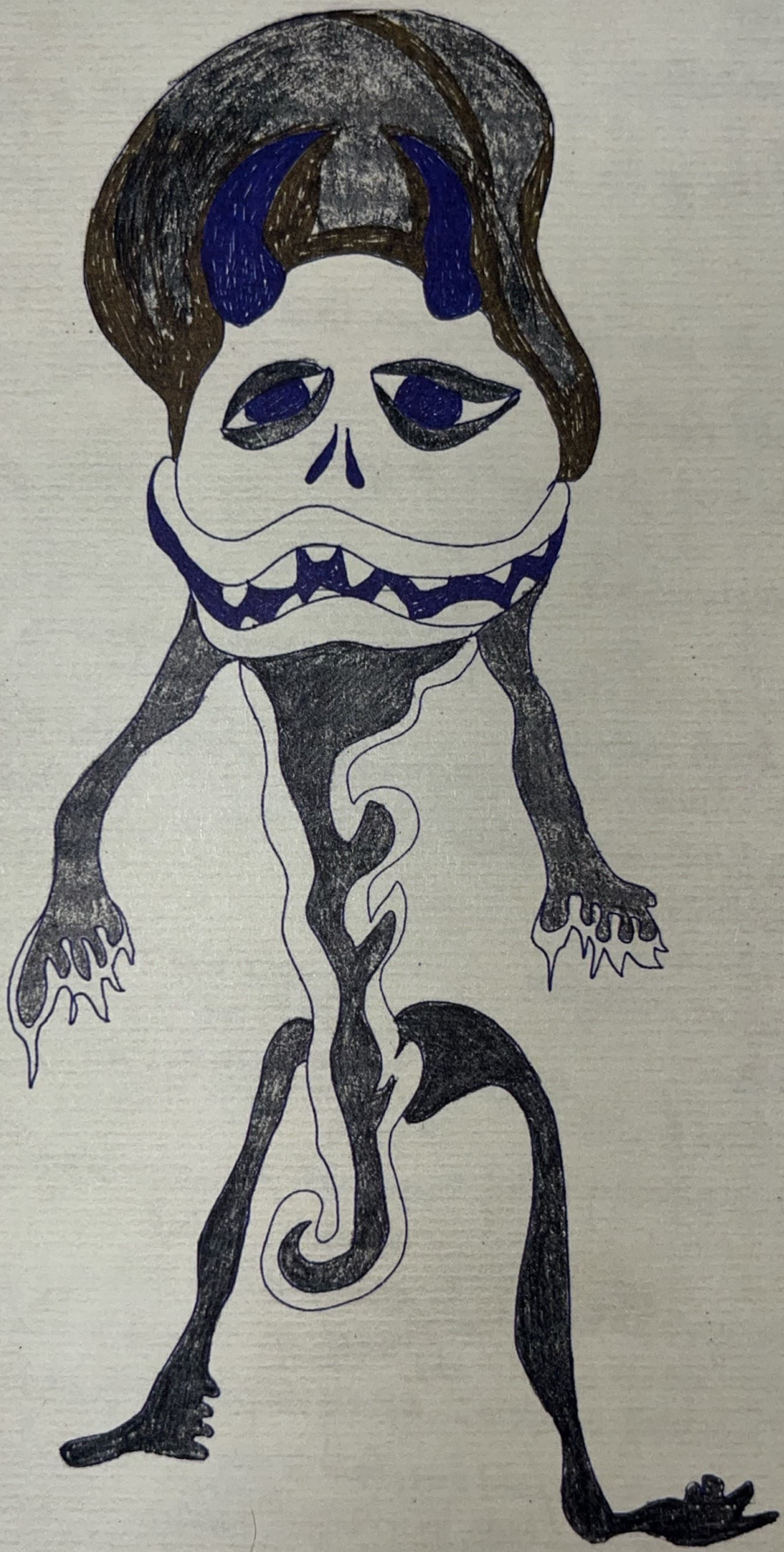
a stone piece in stones.

Staves of strange and illegible Inscriptions found about great ruins and pictures of three remarkable steeples of Towers built plumpish

the skin of a ANGRY AND SO AS THEY SEEM FALLING TIPPING AND FALLING shake bred out of the spinal marrow of a man

a transcendent perfume made of the richest odorates kept in a box of translucent scale.

A glass of spirits - made of ethereal salt. Hermitically Sealed up kept continually in Quick Silver. of so volatile a Nature that it will scarcely endure the light, and therefore only shown in Winter, or by the light of a carbuncle or Bon fire fireflie, a distance for nest opening and closing and batwings, wide, to keep the darkness sealed within.



Ether

broadcasting. –

from at the ~~go~~ Rose and gold centre.

I will come into your heart. from there.

hearts vibration.

– is the word time writes in space.

reverberations –ing

other is the other. the in between solid spaces between

female nebula.

the Harmonies – heurmeutics – The pharma – and the strange attractor.

beautiful catastrophies – space

punish the dolphin

cut of its wings. ——

fucked cut butterflies

the space between is in constant motion.

creatures boil in the churning ocean

Dante –

– the descent from Hell

reverbating vibrant sparks in vibrating waves

→ waves

the all pervading smell of turpentine – Senseless brilliance –

endless – useless

to see the it as it really is –, regal

opens the eyes to an awful

Rawness – space is endless. the renders all rediculous and – multistory.

Senseless, shameless –. space is shaped like twisted carcrash

and sharp(eved) at the (endless) carpark

edges by grinding – darkness

Now is the time of the grant red heartless spiders – barkless boats on A churning ocean –

star stretched space is A milky – doors of milk

1. Severity Is A problem
2. (Head Song) —
3. Bat wings
4 where are you ?
5 Ethan
6 Paranoid Inlay
[7. The Star-Sponge Vision w/ Bills viola ?]
8. what shall we do about Robert Wyatt ?
9 Silence and Secrecy.

Free cd: ①
The Industrial use of Semen will Revolutionise Mankind.

Headsong · Travel broadens the mind
death focuses it.

others —

Mind expanding drugs. — sacred substances

free cd. 2.
1. Funeral Musick for Princess Diana — the huntress
— Emulator 2 / Fairlight.

Turntable Bearer. 1) A journey to Avebury — 1
2) " " " " 2
The Barber/Surgeon Song.

1. a TIM Tangerine Track - slower this time
1 Mellotron based - death in venice adagio thing.
1. Space - Harpsichord. - x2 Tracks.
1. Ambient 'dark' pieces - treated house/footsteps etc.
1. batwings - flying things
1. sleazy vocal one
1. 2
1 Elka - use it.

- use doepfer-blue Rats type step sequence
- old drum machines - reprog in computer
- My Mother/Tims-Mother - duet/singing.
- tape of me as a child - see Aunty Rosemary.

I've changed my mind
it's what it's there for

high above the city lights
sky telescopic lenses

sip the ether
or the other
slip thru the ether we both slip thru ether
drinking diamonds
and dancing with head
I wrote A tiny golden book
in my tiny golden head
Idolatry is either ether

I'm going upstairs (now) to turn off my mind

I've changed my mind
it's what it's there for.

"Stagnation"

Fly by Night
maggot by day.

"Fire of The Green Dragon"

What an awful way to
find out you alive.

The flesh, the image and the reflection
I going upstairs to turn my
mind off.

can't you give me enough of the hypnotic injunction
to put an end to me.

It's good bye - if we meet.

No. I won't trust you.
blind love, cruel love
lady Hope wasn't present at the

dear diary. I must take risks
I must not be afraid
of failure.

~~Such a paranoid delay.~~
~~Such a state~~ inbetween state

~~Seem~~ the Underworld is my oyster

Serenity is a problem
when you get this close to heaven
Orfeo. — pain by numbers
just join the dots

I get
St Peters disease
as he rattles
his keys.

90

~~blood lines — father disfigures~~
Such a paranoid inlay. Mothers. —

and your
torn between the
wonders of the
underworld

45

~~an alarm or laughter~~
dear diary — —

I must take risks
I must not be afraid of failure

these vegetables are suicidal
the underworld is your oyster
bloody ~~beautiful~~ british bulldozers
beautiful funeral — lovely flowers
it seems concussion suits you.

paranoid inlay

serenity is a problem
when you get this close to heaven
but you really want to see
the wonders of the underworld

I caught
catch St Peter's disease
as he rattles his keys

— now im torn. ~~bleeding~~.
in between
squeakings + leakings

and Now
serenity is a problem ?
serenity is a problem
the
such a paranoid inlay Say
hand painted...
pain by numbers
just join the dots

serenity is a problem
serenity ~~when you get~~ to heaven. underworld
bloody british bulldozers
these vegitables are suicidal
it seems concussion suits you
it seems concussion suits you

As close to me and you as a dream.

dear diary
I must take risks
I must not be afraid
of failure
on a clear day
I can see forever / that
the underworld is my oyster

are the things I need —
what ~~do I need~~ to give up.
crystalline ladders
shiny things mirrorballs



14.4.88.

these pavements will bend
SOMEDAY SOON FOR SURE. and bleed.
Bring it all down. the buildings will get down on their knees and beg
around (us) and around (us)
time will crawl away and cry.
Im sending my last. WISH
KISS
in a bandage

I wrap my last KISS in a bandage.
someday soon will Im returning the curse.
wrap you away.
draining my love drains
Im flushing my love down. the John
dawn comes and long gone love is still still
sitting as weak as a priest
AND AS long as love kitten slit. and still living.
these piss weak miracles wear away the weeks.
wear away the reeling weeks.
No standing still no staring
standing still and staring - just staring.
tipping malicious. dripping malicious/delicious
drink a double malicious ..

don't forget to say your prayers
kneeling by the bed
see the twinkling star through the window
from where I'm standing I can see the same
star
Is that twinkling star as lonely as I am?

daddy loves you
but he can't love
what he can't have

you know your daddy loves you
but crying these tears is too hard

Your beauty guides my tender hand
from the cradle to the...

I'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage
I send you this message
My love is endless

Say goodnight to your mummy
Say goodnight to your daddy

I'll lay you down next to me
lay you down to sleep

I'll close your eyes and send you off
The shining moon will sing you to sleep
In the boat of the moon, adrift forever
On a sea of stars in the heaven's deep

Whisper goodnight forever
Whisper forever goodnight
Look for a star at the end of the tunnel
an exit, a kindness, so bright

The silence is silver
Your childs crown in gold
With my arms around you

You'll never grow old

In the centre of this silence
Is a silver pool of calm
I could drown you in my sorrows
I could keep you safe from harm

You are fixed - I am transient
As permanent as pain
I'll leave anough to last a lifetime
You won't see my kind again

All the beasts of the forest
will sing your sweet name
My heart beats like a promise
of softly falling rain

then it's time to put an end to this
invalid
function.

where are you by now?
No one seen you for yeares
i'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage
life lies with the scissors inside here
poor little ghost Boy.
we all know that
let me be your human toy. have you
wounds grown wings

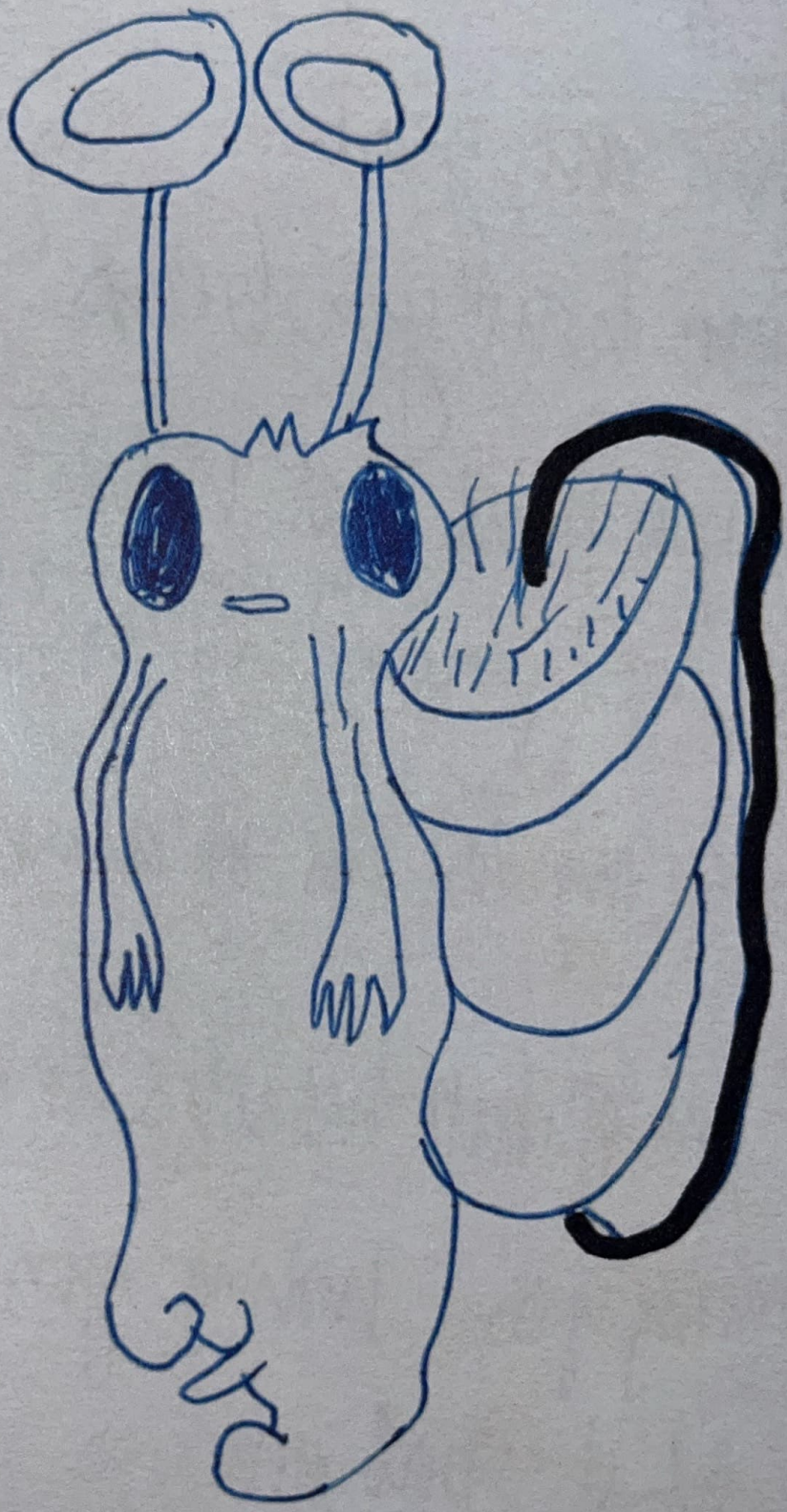
have you grown flowers ~~and from you~~ from tears

are you feasting on fears

is the cage you love | the home you hate?

where are you?
I can see your dark corona.
its eating into you —

the surgeon was a butcher
and we are on it surgical
words.



where are you? are you someplace we can reach

are you hiding from me

where are you?

where have you been?

Have you found what you was looking for?

or lost your way nearly everything you had All

i'll wrap my last kiss in a bandage

your fear of death attracts such strange objects

smothering you - hiding you

dont let it spoil you.

show yourself so the other may see you

so the others may feed you

if you cant get enough of the your hypnotic injuction

surrounded by things we cannot penetrate

are you bathing in moonlight or washed up laying drowned on the a beach.

is the cage you love - is the home you hate.

Some Head / cd

and therefore only shown in Winter
Or by the light of a carbuncle
or a firefly
A moon piece to fetch up the golden cup
and Batwings
and Batwings
sing this lymnal hymn

wide-ness
opening and closing
to keep the darkness
sealed within
to keep the darkness
sealed within

A Mornpiece

There is no guilt and there is no shame.
The Key to Joy is disobedience

batwings – a lymnal hymn – Sir Thomas Browne + John Balance
17-2-00

A Moon piece to fetchup the golden cup
A Snow piece to award the Great Heart
~~An Ice piece~~ is
of the Sun Kept in the night and
by the light of the Moon
An Ice piece - So as they seem
falling
A night piece of the dismal Supper
and strange entertain
rare charme pieces - A handsome piece of
deformity
a stone piece - stones



Fritz - Russell — Tibet (RFH)

Im the Most accomplished surgeon - of moral deformities

Lowest Common Abominator

There is no wrong
So I go on
and the sun dissolves like an octopus

No allegience to the humming birds
No warning from the sun
Hornet, wasp or hoverfly
Even the bees had their alibi
All hummingbirds must die

& The sun dissolves like an octopus

Do you believe in dentists?
Aneathestists and gas
I want to go under~~neath~~ under
IN The society of animals
I want to go underneath
I will swim across an ocean of drunken fish
and fly with suicidal birds

Im tired of the thiefs and the priests and the rich
cross pollinating sores
In their altered states of American death

I want you and I need you but I can't find you
Im allergic to disease
I need a killer to take my pain away
Christ on a bike with carpet burns
Keeps falling to his knees

And when I reach the station
In the Heaven of Glass
I'll say a little prayer for you
then
I'll cut off the heads of the doves that fly
All hummingbirds must die

There is no wrong
So I go on
All hummingbirds must die.

Repeat to End!

twin Gods of death at the end of the tunnel.
the Fallen Towers - the Fallen Towers — The Towers of Power.
The Towers of Power.

CONSTANT

SHALLOWNESS LEADS

TO

EVIL

—

Green child

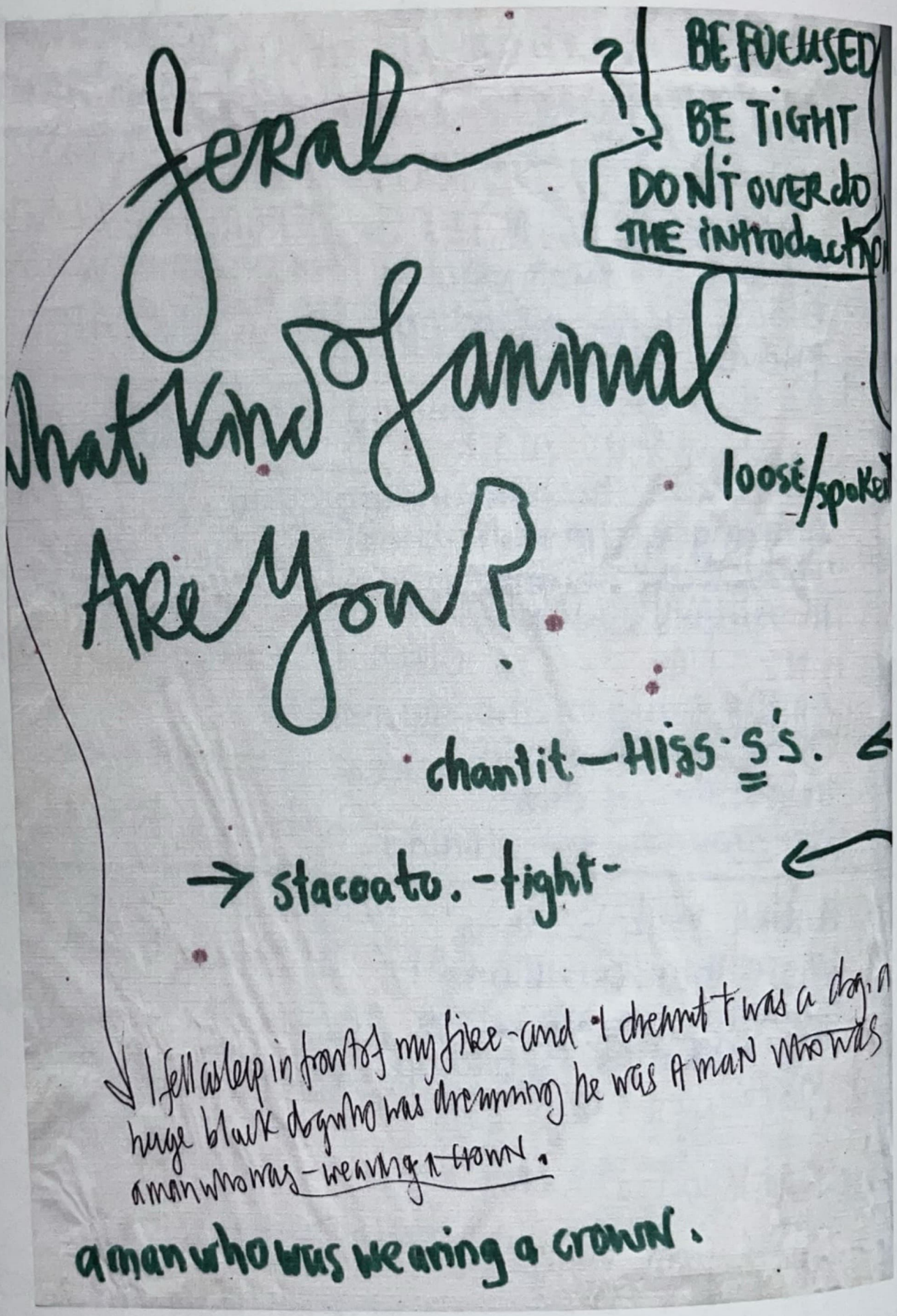
england awakes
england expectorates
all hope evaporates

M WEARING A CROWN OF THORNS OR SHOUT DON'T RANT
CROWN OF BLACK THORNS
~~ROM THE BLACK WOOD~~ Like A flock of black bi
LIKE BLACK SPLINTERS, FROM THE BLACK-WOOD
FROM THE BLACK THRONE,
ROM THE BLACK POPE, OF BLACK ROME

e ANCIENT in your brain - is not the cause of ou PAIN

HEN YOU STRIP YOUR PLASTIC BACK, YOU'LL SEE, YOUSEE YOUSEE
ANIS THE ANIMAL. MAN IS devine
ere is NO TIME - ITS CLEAR its clear its CLEAR
he bloodline ENDS —— SSS HERE.
eer - seeker - seer - seeker — seer - seeke
ike A FROG —— I LEAP between worlds.

am a dog whose bite is bright as the LIGHT
and whose bark is as dark as the night.
am a salamandar - a salamandar on fire
am barking, barking, barking insane
those lights at the end of the tunnel Are
the fires from your burning brains —
what kind of animal Are you? X ∞



feral

?!

BE FOCUSED
BE TIGHT
DON'T OVER do
THE introduction

What kind of animal

loose/spoken

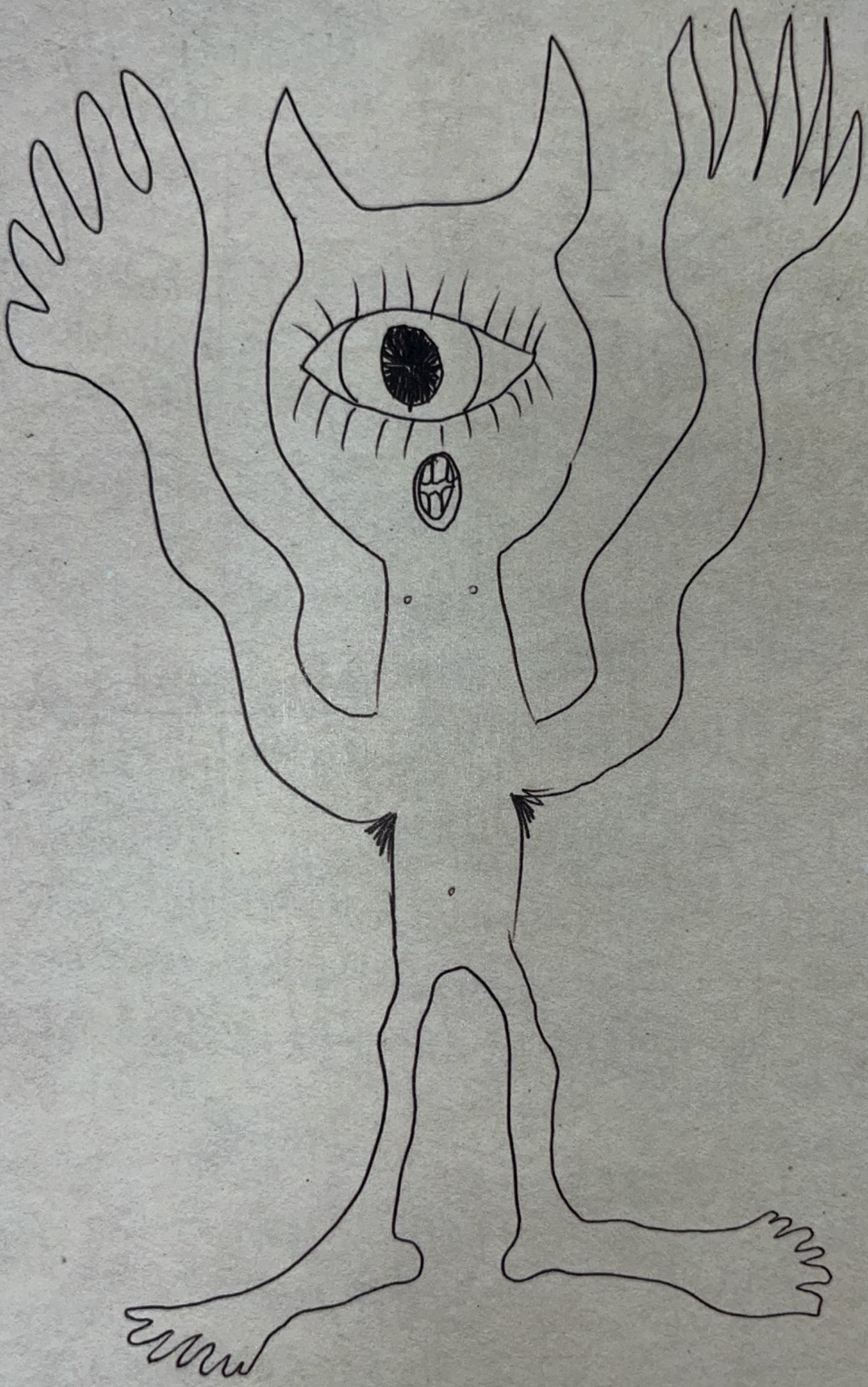
Are you?

chantit — HISS · S's.

→ stacoato. - tight -

I fell asleep in front of my fire - and I dreamt I was a dog, a huge black dog who was dreaming he was a man who was a man who was - wearing a crown.

a man who was wearing a crown.



— only orig plus this present one existed ← cost approx £60,000 to prototype

email Mark Vail at Keyboard (USA) mag

re. A.N.S — EUGINIY MURZIN 1st one is? where?

Schotakovich was supporter — letter to approx. gov. dept — support + plea to release

Coil — play the A.N.S. — double cd £ for develop to re + cp set a rail

Alexander Nikolayevich Schriabin

Artemiy Artemiev → a hectic, sensick, alcoholic, scandal + other tour — The Key

w/ — scrapbook folder inc highcamp, chrysalis, pus, natures + greens

pronad fin de siecle — can of gin + tonic — in hand

style posters for music — vodka

and A.N.S. 'The Haunt' haunted piano

helpful, bemused, buried in basement of a

spartan school for journalism — style in 1961

b/w photo of himself — BBC sound style

at work on 1st glyphs — Chinese landscapes

gatefold dan if his — TPS — aurer, stockhausen

Art works to be the pictures we drew and played

influ — score picture

— The Eskaton Release. www.ft.com

in Early Spring. www.bkit — etc

well repro — some in album sleeves notes

He came and saw Coil play (2nd year running) live — synthesised sine waves — I am Angie B — interesting cross over

— Excitement, potential, ancient early 60s speaker, —

abstract (or otherwise) artists — designers — can play designs for —?

— P.C. said great shame this incred. machine has been left undeveloped

— synthaesia

— unique, resonant, densely lich — optogram / ochestron

Needs a damned good clean — x with a the power and ~~tex~~ distinct

and — ive 'glow and dark

possible support from an interested velvetly tone of

and — Paul Mecca — are you reading this? A Moog or PRD 2000

ack in the USSR is a instr. / machine of incredible power and neglected

rtemiy — was really pleased to let us have the day without

le plans to retire sooner — rather than later. —

— collaborator Ivan Pavlov — an friend and — COH (Sunt. in cyrillic ignored) (2) — power of tone to the

rev. year we'd been privile to be shown Theremins workshop — in

.m wing of some grand but bleak building — All orig. prototype

re still there. machines in disrepair — again a scrapbook

and a legacy undeveloped

a Russia who lives in stockholm

uneprints —

ing plans + photographs

c — a device to — loud multiple speaker system — each interval tone with sep.

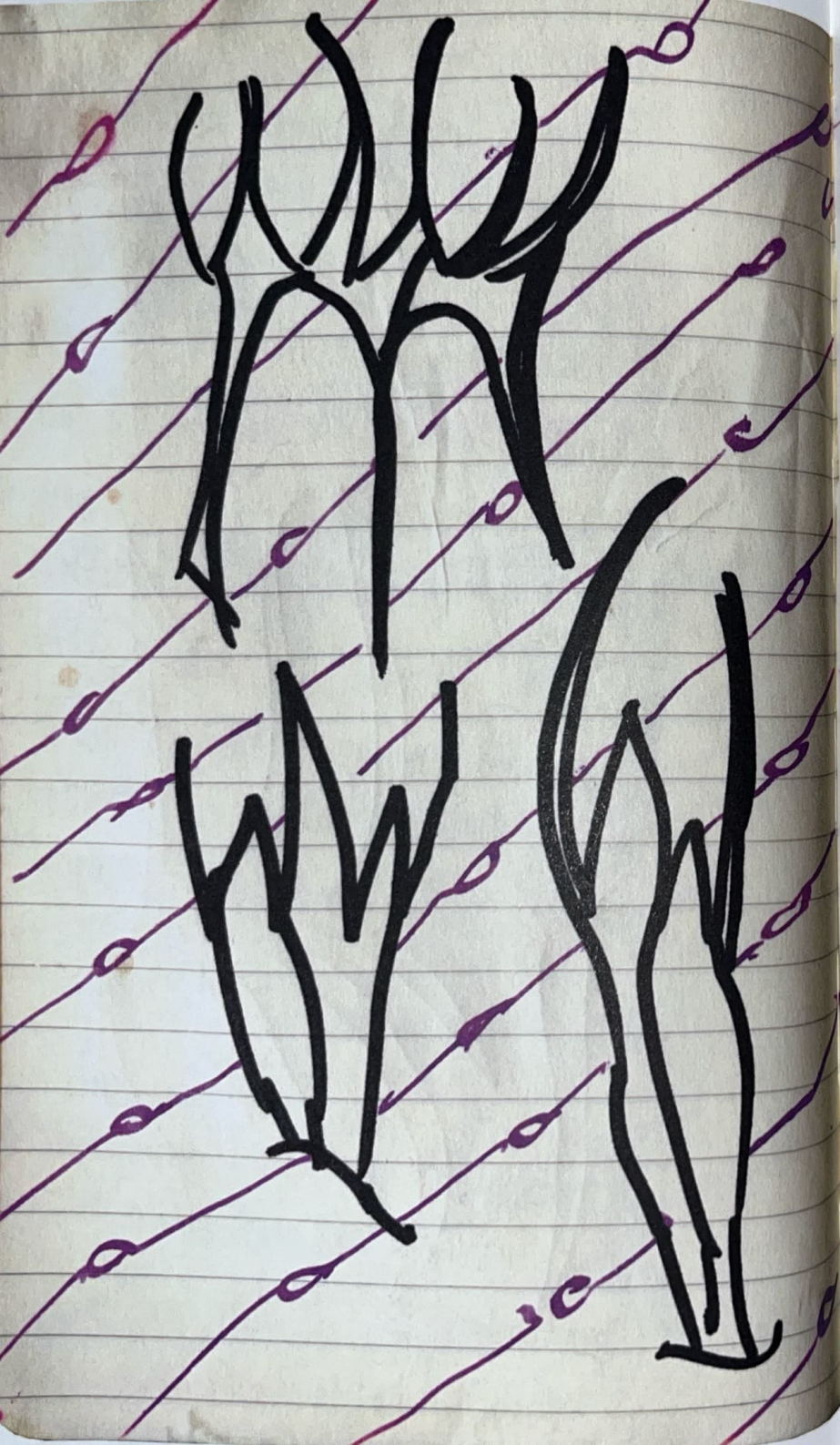
tput — pointing out Theremins fundamental observation and

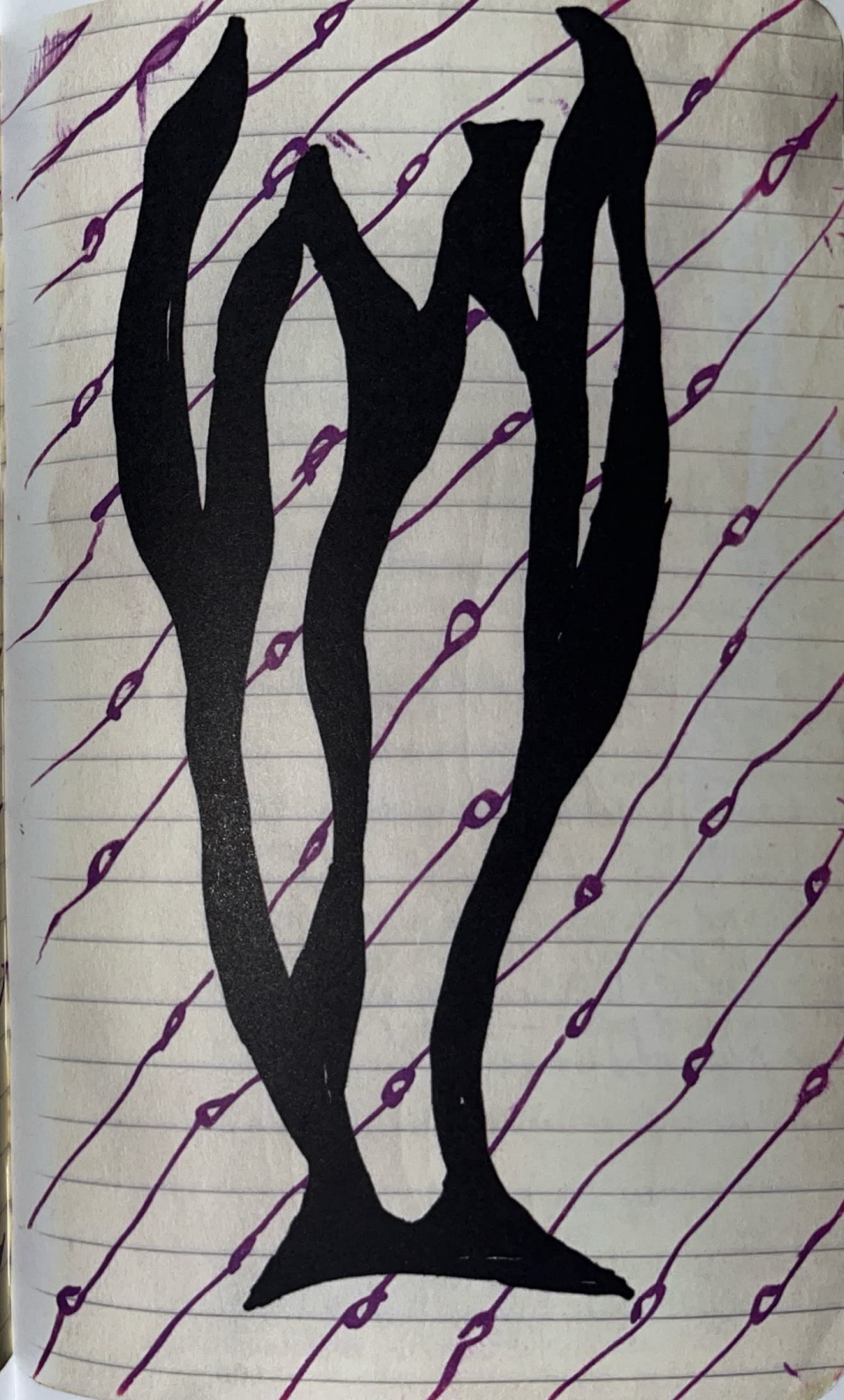
lay that mixing the tones — is diff. to mixing them together — as

(?) sound machines do.

Running the wheat back and forth over particularly

exquisite and tonally complex places in pic/score.





AN UNEARTHLY RED.

my father told me to do it - my father is God.
God is my father
God told me to do it - He said - your father is God. I am your father.
I told you — God told my father to do it and God is my father.
I had a VISION. (VISITATION).
I had a vision. I had a vision of a - Red burning bush - He spoke to me on his telephone.
I spoke to him on the telephone — Dennis Hopper
"He's not a God - He's just a man" — (Apocalypse Now quote)

And - (but)
(YR)
My mother is A whore - Repeat - she pours out war —
she is the mother of all wars she is a whore -
she is the mother of all battles stillborn warmilk
she infects herself with cattle - Earthbo whore milk
she pours out milk — she pours out war milk
(not one drop is spilt) - she pours out warm milk. broken bo
with - stillborn - malformed - Earth -
she walks on broken legs - upon her splintered bones / legs.
she punishes your eggs - crushes all the eggs.
the shells ~~that~~ as well — she gives birth to scorched Earth.
→ malformed Earthbo still - Born over an open grave

And the president of America wakes up in the middle of the Night - into the ~~cen~~ epicentre of a waking (awful) dream.
He sees a liquid dripping from his hands - Red - dripping.
- ~~like~~ an unearthly red - tripping - and dripping -
Is he tripping and or is he dripping - dripping and tripping
- Can you get those stains out (off) the whole house (carpet)
and he falls to his knees and prays — He says - God is my father - My father is God and he said
God Told me to do it -
- she'll drown you all. She'll drowned all her children. Held them under the surface -
- shells -
she'll ~~brea~~ crash your eggs with her broken legs - she sells shells -
~~Guns~~ running guns - guns run down her Her secret weapons
tanks blank themselves to melting flash - boiling over -
missiles whistle - she sings the a song of sinking ships - Her face the face that could can sink ships. - wrecks.
To all.

God told me to do it.

There's a terrible grinding sound made by the Sun.

The stones sink under the water

offers: ~~ORGESA~~ ~~WIS~~ LIST OF WISHES.

of joys, the ~~unplayed~~ unweighed.
of skins, the unflayed.

of stories, the incomprehensible
of suggestions, the indispensible.

of youth(s), the New
of lovers, the true.

of orgasms, the ~~spastic~~ uncoordinated
of enmities, the reciprocated

of abodes, the impermanent
of partings, the uncelebrated.

of arts, the unexploitable
of teachers, ~~the one you bury~~ the forgettable.

of pleasures, the unsurreptitious
of aims, the adventitious.

of enemies, the delicate
of friends, the unsophisticate
~~of colours, the red~~
of greens, the emerald
of messages, the herald.

of the elements, fire
of the gods, ~~the fiercer~~ the higher

of the strikers, the deferential
of the seasons, the torrential

of lives, the lucid
of deaths, the rapid.

the 100 Sons of F. J. Nettlefold
parachuted In behind enemy lines. 'Hyphens'

then the brawlers came on beds of pain
and wheeled them all away.
~~They pr~~ tise they know, they practise
bad magnetics

parapetetic emergencies thwarted
A malevolent MASS. [Channelled mothman entity names.]
I say we pull out the plug
stick toffee In the Socket — (i) the Silver Bridge collapses.
& unite the Vast White [confusions]

you're one twisted mystic
In your stove phase of ching
~~with your Rafits of Fang~~ [That's what happens]
~~All hail the Battenburg Cuckoos~~.
Radar Rings and (on) Live Angels. Repeat!



a vision of abomination to destroy the new normal.

yes, I'm needy. yes, I'm greedy
take me to your leader.

Sometimes, I hate myself
Sometimes, I hate myself.
Sometimes - I help myself -

The angels of MONS
cherubim and seraphim are coming
up the stairs

~~doctor~~ –
sometimes I hate myself
sometimes I want myself
sometimes I help myself.

yes I'm Needy, Yes, I'm Greedy, Take Me to your leader.

HATE

sometimes
sometimes HURT
sometimes
sometimes HELP

sometimes I hurt myself
sometimes I hate myself

sometimes I hurt myself
sometimes I help myself

AND sometimes JUST

and sometimes I hurt myself
sometimes I just help myself

sometimes I just hate myself
sometimes I help myself

sometimes
sometimes
sometimes
sometimes

I'm waiting for the crunch of another naked lunch

2

he said
I will be alright if you kiss me
and i will be alright if you hold me
it will be
alright if you kiss me
and it will be alright if you hold me

he said now is the time to relaunch the dream weapon
now is the time to relaunch the dream weapon
now is the time to relaunch the dream weapon

we worship at the shrine of the thyloscine
we worship at the shrine of the thyloscine
we worship at the shrine of the thyloscine
and we worshiped at the shrine of the thyloscine

I thought priceless bloody priceless
priceless bloody priceless
petals depleted
ear droplets repeated
sepals separate

in a basin with black pan
i see acid free not an ideal home land
for you or me desert venom and military temple
black wings flying out
without management or plan
where resonated rub
against delinquent and uncompliant
I will be alright if you kiss me

3

I will be alright if you hold me
when I see the great black light
that shines in the eys of animals
when I find you i will remind you
most accidents occur at home
most accidents occur at home
or in harry smiths room at the chelsea hotel
or in harry smiths room at the chelsea hotel
when we relaunch the dream weapon
when we relaunch the dream weapon
all will be forgotten
and all will be well
all will be forgotten
and all will be well

priceless bloody priceless
I will be alright if you kiss me
and i will be alright if you hold me
I will be alright if you kiss me
and i will be alright if you hold me
in harry smiths room at the chelsea hotel
in harry smiths room at the chelsea hotel

remember extra bars.

Hushaby
Don't you cry
Go to sleepy little baby
Go to sleepy little baby

When you wake you shall have
all the pretty little horses
all the pretty little horses

blacks and bays and dapples and greys
all the pretty little horses

way down yonder in the meadow
lies a poor little lamby

bees and butterflies flitter round his eyes
poor little thing is crying mammy

(hums) - sleep -

go to sleep don't you cry
rest your head upon the clover
rest your head upon the clover

x2.
in dreams..

in your dreams you shall ride
while your mammy watches over

blacks and bays and dapples and greys
all the pretty little horses
all the pretty little horses
all the pretty little horses

Where's your child?

Where's your child?
Do you know?
Look around
nowhere to be found
awww
Where's your child?
Parents
don't let your ~~kids~~ children (?) Be left out curfew
leave out late at night
don't you know
they don't know wrong from right
Where's your child?
haw haw haw haw
ahhh... raahhh...
Where's your child?

[Curfew Curfew]

You are all my children now
It's ~~Is it~~ cruel... cold... world
Parents
Where's your child?

ha ha ha haaa...

No-one likes to be left alone - especially when they don't know right from wrong

Where's your child?

No-one likes to be left alone
especially when
they don't know right from wrong

Where's your child?

In waiting for the crunch
of another naked cunch.

BAM BAM

where's your child
" " "
do you know?
"
look around ~ no where to be found
Ahh ——
Where's your child?
" " "
Parents your children out late at night
don't you know they don't know
Wrong from Right
Curfews - Curfews
where's your child?

No one likes to be left alone
esp. when they don't know right from
you're all my children now Wrong
It's a cruel cold world
parents where yr child.

TIMHOTEL
PARIS

LE CHARME, CAPITALE

Darkage of love

There's a man lying down in grave somewhere
with same tattoos as me — and I love
there's a man lying down in a bed ~~sometimes~~ somewhere
with ~~the~~ a different set of sex aspects

this is me here/now ~~whining~~ pining like a dog
pining like a dog in thick Harbour fog

waiting for a ship
that will
only make him sick

and the angels and the devils fight to
snatch back STOLEN time
and a church bell chimes
the colour of wine

when his ship
comes in —

~~and~~ the earth is full of ghost now
ghosts that sweat and ghosts that cry.

this is the darkage of love —
you dont have be apart to be apart
you dont have to be together to be together

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Flowers of Romance.

0207 2785486

14th Maupi Friday

Sun rise was here in his clearest
He invited me back for
the crossed a wide
zebras and pelicans
He said he was
leaving last time
on a spaceship
powered by wombat.

By strength of his virtue
he finds that he's lost you

There's a man lying down
in a bed somewhere --

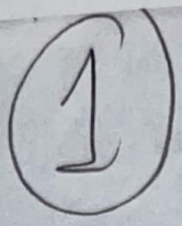
And clouds become air
on the day I don't care.

Theres ~~of~~ a man lying down in a grave somewhere
with the same tattoo as me
and I love him I love him I love him Riding spectral
and with skeletons on his back and skeletal horses
and at 40 clock sharp (and he's having) the Devil's coming round for tea.
(Skeletons on his chest, spiders Ride thrown over his back

N

Kendle
oxenholme

J



A WHITE RAINBOW
A ROARING AURA
A TREMULOUS COLUMN OF AIR

MOON'S MILK SPILLS FROM MY UNQUIET SKULL
AND FORMS /BECOMES A WHITE RAINBOW
AURORA BOREALIS
A WHITE RAINBOW
A LUNAR ASCENSION
A SOLAR DECLENSION
A TREMULOUS COLUMN OF AIR-----HANGING THERE
A BLEACHED BEACH
A PSYCHOSIS
LAUGHING LIKE SKELETONS CLATTERING AT MIDDAY
FEEL THE MOONS PULL FEEL THE MOONS PULL
MOON'S MILK SPILLS FROM MY UNQUIET SKULL
INVERTED VERTIGO
A PSYCHOSIS
AND OVERHEAD
OVERHEARD
A TREMULOUS COLUMN OF AIR HANGING THERE
A WHITE RAINBOW
LAUGHING LIKE SKELETONS CLATTERING AT MIDNIGHT
AND OVERHEAD A WHITE RAINBOW.....



UNDER AN UNQUIET SKULL
FEEL THE MOONS PULL
A WHITE RAINBOW

THE MAN ON THE MOTORBIKE SAILED AWAY
SAILED AWAY THROUGH THE AIR
CLEARED A WAY
SHEARED A WAY

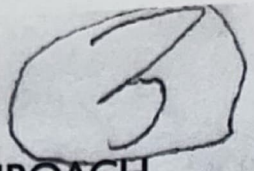
O WE DO LIKE TO BE
BESIDE THE SUICIDE
O WE DO LIKE TO BE
BESIDE THE SEA
BESIDE THE SEA
BESIDE THE SEA

KNOTS AND SEEDS
The GRIMM DETAILS
PLEASE BUILD ME A CUPBOARD
AND PUT ME IN THAT CUPBOARD
A CUPBOARD UNDER UNDER THE STARS

SUI-SEA-CIDE ROUGH DIALLING
TELEPATHIC
HALLUCINATIONS THE
NEW VIEW OF GHOSTS

SUI -SEA-CIDE

IM SCARED TO TOUCH YOU
TO EVEN APPROACH YOU
THE SEAS ENCHROACH YOU



THE SEAS ENCHROACH
AFTER REFUSAL
OF LEAVE TO LAND
WE LAY OUR HEADS DOWN ON THE SHIVERING SANDS
I LAY MY HEAD DOWN ON THE SHIVERING SAND

LEFT ME STRANDED STRANDED WITH GIFTS
GIFTGIFTS

LIKE A FUCKED UP FATHER CHRISTMAS
AFTER A NIGHT ON THE PISS ÓIRS
PERfumed
TAKE ME TO THE CREMATORIUM OPEN UP -up and away
take me up up the duff THE STOVE

I HAD A STROKE OF LUCK THATS WHAT HAPPENS
DISSOLVED IN A FIT THATS WHAT HAPPENS

I'LL SEE YOU ALL OF A SUDDEN
I"LL SEE YOU ALL OF A SUDDEN

****

****

SINGING SINGING SINGING
SIPPING BIRDSONG THROUGH BEDSPRINGS
HIGH WINDS BLOW THE BIRDSONG AWAY
THE BLAST OF A PEACOCK
BIRDS
SONG away
GONGS AWAY

(4)

~~When~~ High winds ~~Blow~~ the birdsong away.

UNHAPPY RABBITS &
A DAY OF COMPLAINTS
THE UNHAPPY RABBITS-DAY OF COMPLAINTS

4 noise

CLICKING AND HISSING IN THE WOODS
HISSING AND LICKING IN THE WOODS
KICKING AND PISSING IN THE WOODS
crashing and foaming in the woods

say peece

****

****

4

WHEN SYCOPHANY WAS IN ITS INFANCY
THE SIPHYPHLIS LOLLY WAS INSCRIBED EXETER
1805
AND A DESERTERS SPOON DATED ENGRAVED
WITH THE INITIALS P.P.
for PSYCHOPOMPs

I WANT THE BELLS TO WHISTLE — I want a ~~christ~~ bike for christmas

7

IF I LOOK AFTER MYSELPH FOR SIX WEEKS AND I I
DONT FALL OVER
I'll get what I want.

MOTHS AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS

I didnt come up the liffy in a bubble

CLOSE DOWN THE MIRACLE
THOSE TEARS AREN'T REAL
ASUME THE SPASTIC POSITION
THE SPASTIC POSITION
THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE SOMEWHERE
ASKING

— put some gold on top of the dome and ~~the~~ you own me — put any arms on top around the throne — put my arms around your roves — and you disown me put your arms on top of your throne.

4

ALWAYS,SOMEONE SOMEWHERE, THERE
THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE SOMEWHERE

5

STRIPSEARCHED IN THE AIR--------PORT
DRUGS STRAPPED TO HER THIGHS

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BLOOD SPORTS
STRIPPED SEARCHED AT THE AIRPORT
JULIE ANDREWS STRIPPED BARE
STRIPSEARCHED IN THE AIR--------PORT

4

5

IM CLEAN AND IM SHINING IM HAPPY IM DEAD
FOR IVE BROKEN THE CULT OF YOUTH IN MY HEAD

SONG PART 2

ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?
ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?

end sections

THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER
THE ALPINE GLOW
THE HUMMING EARTH
THE GREAT BLACK LIGHT
IT JUST IS
IT JUST IS
IT JUST IS

2 early?

THE QUEEN WATCHES A SCALE MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE APPEAR OVER SLOUGH
AND RAINBOWS THAT DIVIDE SKY COLOURS
OFFSET HALOS AND ANOMALOUS ARCS
SHADES

7 6 7

GLORIES AND BROKEN SPECTRES
THE SECOND PURPLE LIGHT
IT JUST IS
IT JUST IS
IT JUST IS

2 Early -

I'VE COME HERE TO MEET THE MAN I CAME HERE
TO MEET

I DIDN'T WANT TO
TELL YOU THIS
BUT NO-ONE ELSE IS HERE

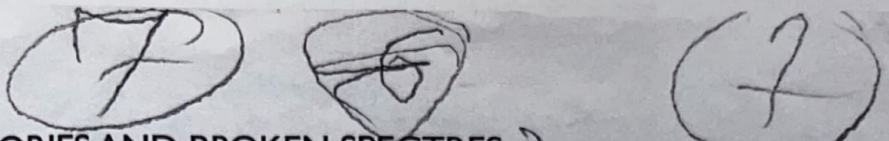
Leap and the Void shall appear

LETS ALL PARTAKE OF THE GASES
(THE) FASHIONABLE GASES
THEN TAKE PART IN THE CARNAGE
AND SMASH IT UP FOR SALVAGE
AND SMASH IT UP FOR SALVAGE

ITS THE DAWNING OF A NEW AGE

CURIOUS MOUNTAIN SHADOWS (I'LL EAT
ANYTHING WITH A
SHADOW)
RADAR RINGS AND LINE ANGELS

ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?
ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?
ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?
ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?



GLORIES AND BROKEN SPECTRES
THE SECOND PURPLE LIGHT
IT JUST IS
IT JUST IS
IT JUST IS

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TO MEET

I DIDN'T WANT TO
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ANYTHING WITH A
SHADOW)
RADAR RINGS AND LINE ANGELS

ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?
ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?
ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?
ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?





Tattooed man

There's a man lying down in a grave somewhere,
With the same tattoos as me... and I love him....

There's a man lying down in a bed somewhere
With a different set of sex aspects.... and I hate
him...

This is me, here now, pining like a dog
Whining like a dog in a thick harbour fog
Waiting for a ship
Waiting for a ship that will make him sick

And when his ship comes in
Then the troubles will begin

The church bell chimes the colour of wine
And the angels and the devils fight
to snatch back stolen time

rpt There's a man...

This is the dark age of love

I'm singing and laughing. ~~for~~ I'm happy I'm dead"
I've broken the cult of youth in my head

Coil

Ground floor perfumery,
stationery and leather goods,
wigs and haberdashery
kitchenware and food...going up

~~First floor telephones,~~
gents ready-made suits,
shirts, socks, ties, hats,
underwear and shoes...going up

Second floor carpets,
travel goods and bedding,
material, soft furnishings,
restaurant and teas. Going ~~down!~~ up!

ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?

WILL THE LAST ONE TO LEAVE PLEASE TURN OUT
THE LIGHT
AND SAVE US ALL WITH ENDLESS NIGHT.





GR.

SOUNDS OMINOUS

Sounds ominous - with adequate protection.
I got up and danced, a convulsive spasm.
Flesh responds to caress at various times in the future,
A severest sentence of symbiotic pleasantries,
spelt out broken wings. Silence can sing.
Vessel of death, watch the waves.
Film of scratched skin, or in the shape we try to
bury the slow death, painful junk of an exploded
star.
Immaterial architecture of a concealed cage.
Art rather than violence
(violence rather than art) was emerging and surrounding
me,
a cold interest, catworms, crutchless.
Green clouds name me in total mental technique.
Blinking eyes, neon-sharp, flood out,
turn witness eyes to pulp fragments,
soft mouth, examiners of lust.
Dog falls five floors.
'Come unto me,' I told him.

Geoff Rushton

(This poem is strictly experimental - Ed.)

WAITING

They stand still, silent, watching, waiting,
for what they both know and yet
Do not know.
They have been waiting now
for long periods of time, but on
different scales
The arsenal for many years,
The sharks for many days.

Lying still, deadly, magnificent, threatening,
They are there for deadly reasons,
of which they are aware.
Bodies hiding from their prey,
Both missiles of doom,
waiting to destroy life
waiting to destroy.

Now, no longer, still, they prepare and then,
No longer silent, they lash out.
But its no accord of their own;
That they move to bring about a
Holocaust of destruction,
A Holocaust of death.

~~-Geff Rushton.~~

NINE HOURS

Securely bound with tangled chains of foliage
Ankle-deep among smoke-topped mosses and blue autumn crocuses,
You will see the living.
Among the leached, grey soil that has crept over the putrid, tumbled walls,
You will see the dying.
In a dank, neglected corner of a riddled animal compound,
In the darker recesses of a sunken, cavernous field,
You will find the dead.

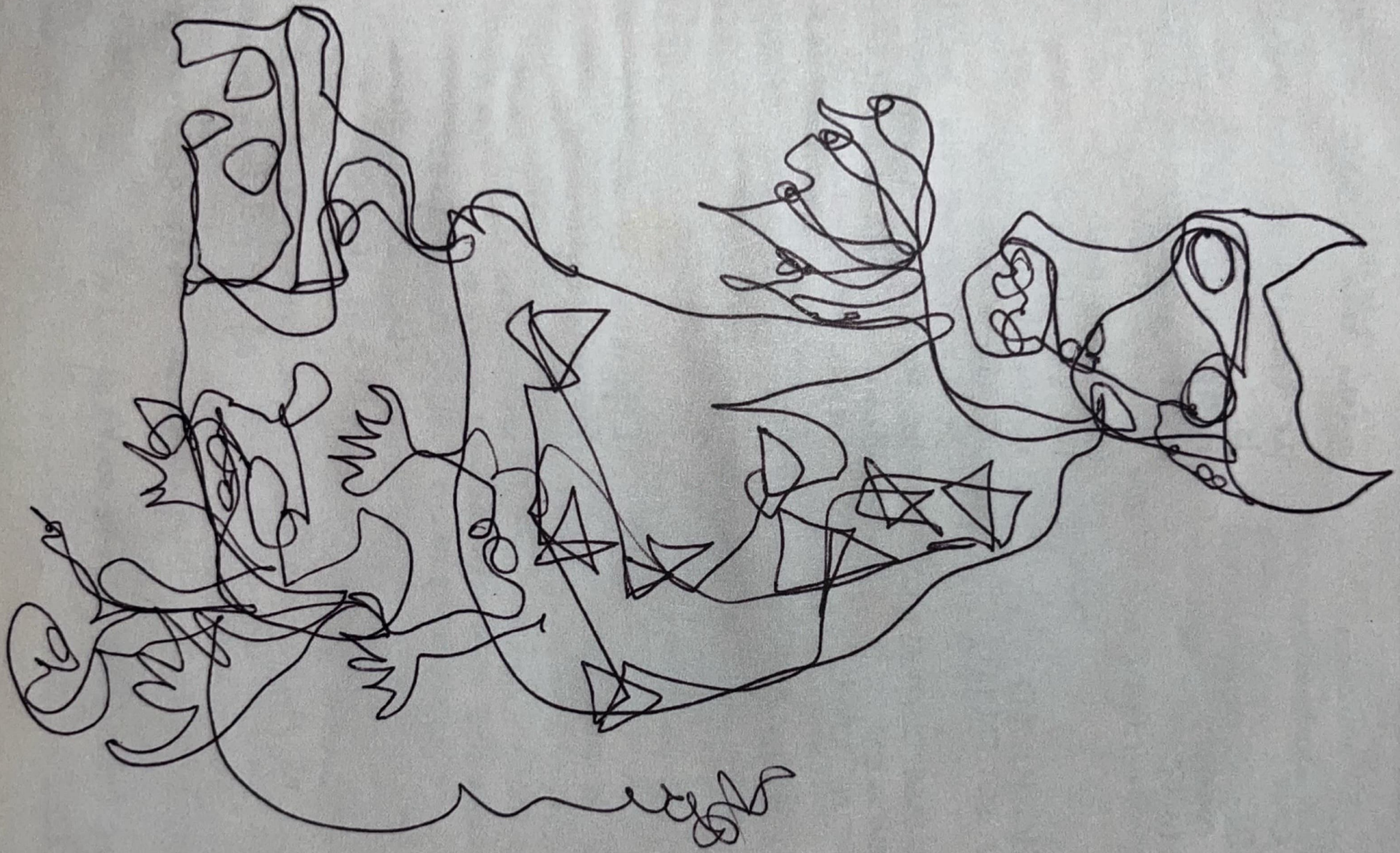
For nine echoing hours I have heard rain on rusted tin roofs,
And heard the feeble breath of children rasping songs under the shelter of my obscured window.
For nine hours my eyes have filled with tears,
'They'll sing and stun me even in the tomb'.

You will see the living
You will see the dead
And you will see the dying.

For nine aching hours I have thought how
To live a whole lifetime with the fate of death
Haunting my dreams on
Even the most sunfilled days.

I stand, I stagger and fall.
I wish to merge with the dark worms that writhe
And spiral in the deep, rusty cellar pools.

Geff Rushton.



16·I 2002

COLLECT ALL THE FATALIST STUFF

one ½ is lost
and the other ½ looking.

FAST CARS
COLLIDE
SLOW STARS
LIKEWISE

The truth of the matter
Is.
we are only ever told
what we all ready know.

I'm all in - Sometimes I get it - and Sometimes I dont

the Signs and
The Signals are
In the Hands
of the Recievers
In the Eyes of the believers
we Record every word &
Believe what we've Heard
We all miss the point

YOUR LOSS IS
ALWAYS someone elses
Gain.

KNOCK HARD
LIFE IS DEAF

I CROSSED MYSELF -
I CROSSED
MYSELF out!

How many good ones and how many bad ones.

I often think that
THE STUPID should
struggle!

AND HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES.
TO TAKE WHAT HE'S GOT.?
AND USE IT?

and that

Life must be Forced.
Frogmarched

LOOK AT IT
THIS WAY.
IN FIVE YEARS
WHO'LL CARE - WHO'LL ~~REVEN~~ remember.
WHO'LL EVEN BE AROUND.
TO REMEMBER.

NUMBINESS IS next to godliness.
the Price of Existence
Is Eternal warfare
- THIS IS THE AGE OF REDUCTION.

~~ONCE~~ WHATS the use
of ANSWERS.
WHEN we've
forgotten.
forgotten the questions. - & forgotten why we even asked it.

I preach - the Beauty
of Stupidity.

"WE SHOWER death with the Fireworks of Life".

"WORLD HISTORICAL"

there are Blisters
on the Lips
of Cupid
the last angels thrashing
And Foaming
Black Jackal throwbacks
Nothing is Left
As it was
So shall it have been.
So should it have been.
world Past
Historical.
Memory. - minimal.

fixal Animals.
~~[illegible]~~ choke on ~~[illegible]~~ CARCASS.
on carnal. crumbs.
BOK-BOK fits
In Mental Circles.
Seismic Parasite Spasms
Spasms, Oroding.
Gyrates

Sandstone Juts
Into Overlap ~~Land. Slides~~.
Land Slides
to Slurred Edge
Is my vision blurred?
Disabled Landscape
Spastic Sands
and Brittleskies.
+ Stifling Air.

He continually lies!
the voice lied to pass the time.
Said 'there was' when 'there was not'.

~~Sees wor~~

IN a Flash of Light
the Past is over.

the one 1/2 is Lost
and the other 1/2
Is Looking.

~~Hands Held High.~~
~~Framing the Sun~~
~~that Burns His Eye~~
~~that porches A Hole.~~
~~Like A Negative Sun.~~
~~Le Soleil Noir.~~
~~this now Blind~~
~~Final Animal~~ Has known all the time
~~Realised~~ ~~Has Realised.~~
~~You have to Burn~~
~~In order to shine~~

~~[illegible]~~ · He. He Saw the world
Historical.
Like Daylight Seen
From the Side
of Night

FERAL

Seeks Hairsuit.

God Become Animal
Celestial turns Bestial.
Becomes Viable
Even Reasonable Approachable.
He's got a Hole worn
In His Hand (s)
"
"
".

Hersine with
-a shaggy God story.

(He's lost his place) Left begging for Scraps
at the Periodic table.

And the Hills are Alive
with the Buzzing of Flies.
MOSCA Immaculata.

Cupid Angels Kissed.
OUR SOULS ARSEHOLES
IN BLISS.

the angels Kiss
OUR SOULS IN BLISS.

Brittle Boned cherub
Spasticus Angelicus

The Blessed Regressed.

God Become Animal
Celestial turned Bestial.
Hersine seeks Hairsuit!

a shaggy Godstory.
FERAL - VENERAL!
There are Blisters
on the Lips of cupid.

When You Start to
Socialise
with the Lot of the Flies
You Expect to be Rejected
Expect to be dispised

Too Many Polluted Gods.

Now its Mosca Immaculata.
true Lord of the Flies

BENADICTUS ABOMINATA.

~~Benadictus Abominata.~~

Sodoma Atomicus.

take a one way trip -Ride-
Down the Love Canal.
up my anal
climb the Staircase
shoots the Rapids of your Heart.
with a Hollowpoint Handgun.
Lets go on down - to the darkest side of town.

5.

the lowest comes up
like a wreck
From the depths

Lets Creepy Crawl
and Freak them all.

Everything changes - Everything dies

And the Angels Kissed
Our Souls In Bliss
And the Night Had a 1000 lies

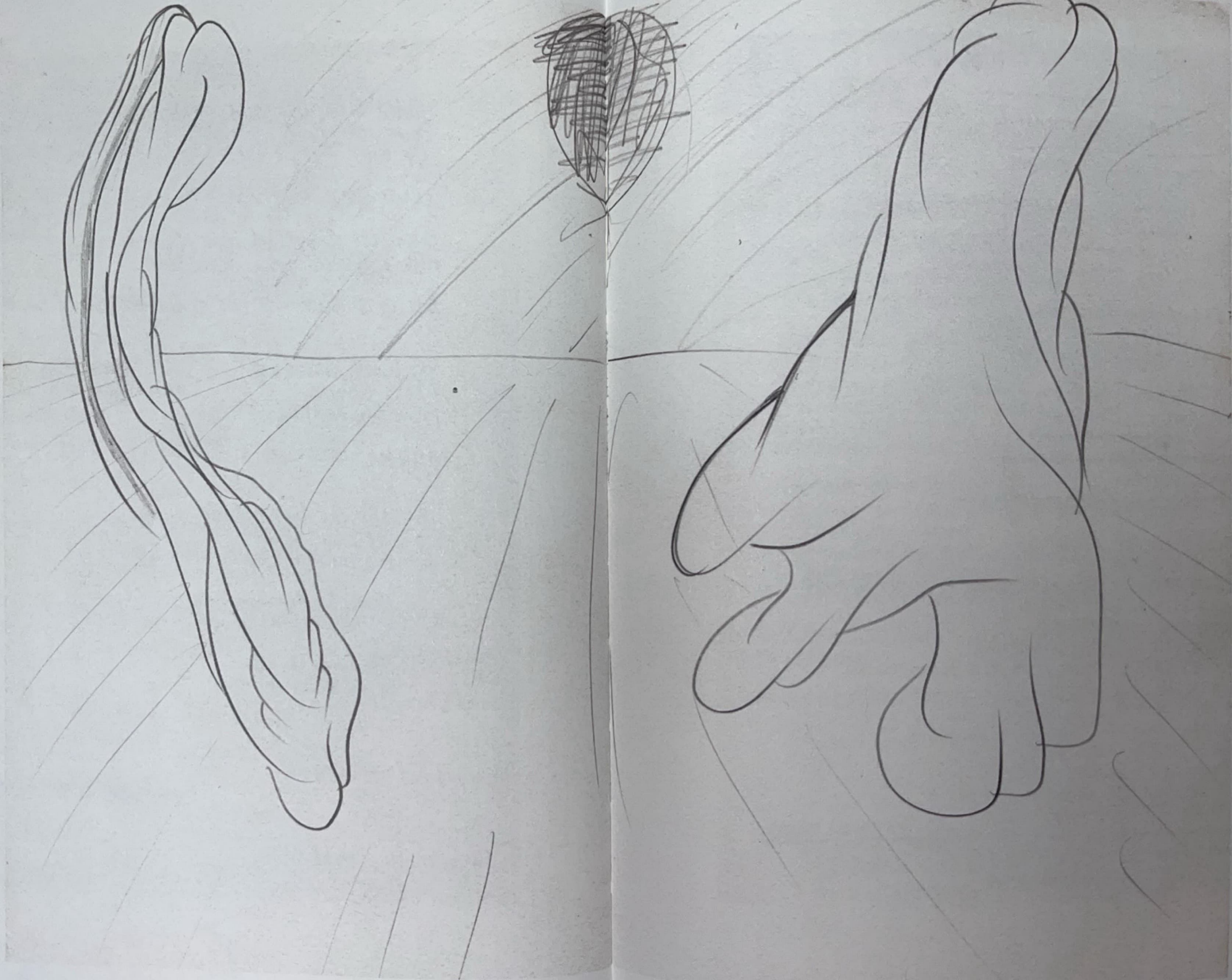
Shoot the Rapids of your Heart
And Blow the thing apart

- Kiss to Kill

measuring the extent
of our dizzying descent

Intro and End like a Sermon.

Here endeth the 1st lesson



8. ~~VI~~ 88.



(ANIMAL KINGDOMS)

Perfect Ammonizial IMPERIAL.
~~tyrannical~~ Monarch.
~~[illegible]~~ ARMOURIAL. - Assume MILITARY SKINS. equal and not equal
equal " not equal.
N. SOVEREIGN Machine.
Heliocentric. ~~dauphin~~. shiny boy king.
Baby Nero. Holy Roman Emperor.
~~Monarch~~ -
~~The hard Eye of the Monarch~~.

By Royal decree. The Royal we.

There Are thrones underground.
Deep kingdoms. CAVERNS!
~~Realms of mineral Empires.~~
~~Royal Crystaline Divinity~~ies.
mineral Crystal Principalities.
~~Mineral kingdoms~~. ~~Abyss Kingships~~.

Kings Rules under Abyss in
DARK DOMINION.
~~The [illegible]~~ In the vast domain OF Living Nature
A manifest violence Reigns.
A ~~Ravenous~~ ~~Ammonical~~
CARNIVOROUS cannibal Imperial
Soveign MACHINE. for force and pure power.
And Power Beyond
And Power Above.
turns ~~the~~ ~~From~~ the hard Eye of the monarch.
~~towards~~ ON to ~~the~~ Golden FOCUS.
the SOLAR LOCUS. - HELIOCENTRIC END/
The Sum OF and ~~[illegible]~~ ALL OF
- and FEAR LIFTS A Finger.
the ~~Some of The Parts Are Not equal to The whole of The PARTS.~~
~~Are better than the whole of The Parts~~
A ~~Hole in the parts~~

Soreign Machine(s)
Assumes A Military skin.
Heliocentric Armoured Boy King. DAUPHIN Sun King. Quatorse Quartorze
decrees. declares.
Gold Is The sky. absolute government.
Imperial.
In ~~Concentrate~~ ~~TYRANNICAL Perfect~~.
~~AMMONICICAL IMPERIAL~~.
Power In its Pure state heliocentric. ~~Surfing~~.
~~Crystals on the skin of the King~~. the dauphin.
~~Sovereign Machine~~.

Power must pass/ on. thru to and on ~~to~~ to.
the Heliocentric centre of the world. Empire
the defense of the Realm. the ~~Realm~~ is defenseless
the Realm of the senseless. land
TERRA INFIRMA.
~~Reading~~ Processions Pass.

~~Rehersals for A funeral~~.
"I believe we are not yet turn with the flies.
In time we shall see.
stormclouds of deadly flies
rising up in columns
from the bodies of the Incorruptible saints.

turn Against Nature. turn Again - Against Natural
Again Against Breakup The ordered ranks
the
~~what classified catagory where in do I dwell!~~
~~crushed between Monkey and A~~
~~1/2 way between APE and ANGEL~~.
man sits.
1/2 way Between
the Ape And the Angel.
Go Against the Frame.
Against Nature. Go, Get monstrous strange!
Go and Get Montrous, strange!
Go and Get montrous strange.

8th VI 88.

"wounded children"

Silence and Secrecy.

Funeral
as misty as An enchanter. Kiss
I Will love him by Night.

Sailing vessel of death
mystery wings
touch Earth (~~between~~)
~~Ardway~~ between
In the skies Above our head / the Gold flows Into
~~Innocence is wet~~.
~~Beauty is dripping~~.
Beauty is moist.
Innocence is dripping. and there is the sound
away.

as lonely As An Angel
it was wished for
And For bidden.
words spelt out on broken wings
and horses falling. up and away.
Red. into Squadrons of stars.
swastikas drawn on water

Leviathan Lifts his Black marble Head.
little children's Too Heavy Heads. as heavy As Roses
taste
the blood ~~and~~ and honeysuckled. the Yolk from the Egg.
drenched in dew (sweat)
Soiled bed

"This is A prayer
For the missing
And the hidden
for all the wounded children.
Blossoms drenched with sweet.
~~Hearts drenched in sweat~~.
Sad seeds. between the sheets
little teardrops drip drip drop down
Guide me to the cliffedge and A locust he shall come
for you know love is blind. together and collect.
For yr cinnamon cadavar.
your
cinnamon cadavar.
take the bird from its Nest.
snowblinded.
bound and snowblind.

Purest
the cleanest flesh comes
Fresh from the Sea. where their
~~asleep on the seabed~~.
tiny ~~tired~~ ~~tiny~~ bones Rest.
asleep on the seabed.
and theres the sound between yr fingers
OF Roses and (topaz) snows torms.

you'll catch your death yet!
When the threat from above
Finally ~~comes~~ Falls - what gives?
In dreams yr mine
all of the time.

WOUNDED CHILDREN. AUG 88 . JOHN BALANCE. transcribed. 261188

(subtle.
LITTLE CHILDRENS (all) TOO HEAVY HEADS
AS HEAVY AS ROSES. RAINDRENCHED. LADEN. → blameless glade or graven
THIS IS A PRAYER FOR THE MISSING AND HIDDEN.

AND AS A LOCUST HE SHALL COME (shall he come)
TO GATHER AND COLLECT
TO TAKE THE BIRDS FROM THE NEST
take the yolks from the egg.
I see ye A/ YOUR CINNAMON CADAVER... grave flavours. (graveflavoured).
ONE OF THOSE FAMOUS DARKNESSES that hides the FROM INSIDE the — the Kick tick the trickle.
— that fabulous darkness — that gilded sickness.
THE CLEANEST FLESH COMES FRESH....FROM THE SEA
a witch. SIT(S) IN THE CENTER dead center
WITH A HANDFUL OF SPLINTERS strange attractors.
WATCH/ THE SKIES FULL CIRCLES -ing
'Remember/ PAIN IS HARD TO REMEMBER'
BLACK OBJECTS -ions → Meetings Between
ACCIDENTS IN (the) TWILIGHT → A meeting between
BEAUTIFUL CATASTROPHES The darkness and the broken man. -Past-
Rising FABULOUS DARKNESSES
WHEN SHADOWS RUN MAD Deep in the dark centre. Fabulous farce of
as TINY BIRDS BURN dead center Riddle Middle flowering ugliness.
IN THE EYE OF THE SUN — Dark Horse Run -Riddled — worm worm
TASTE THE HONEY AND THE BLOOD/SUCKLED — blood licked is sick
FROM THE EGG AND MILKED Licked FROM THE SICKLE — Redscratch - trickle
SUCH FEASTS ARE FAR Kissed Man or Beast Red. Red track →
AND (ARE) FEW BETWEEN ~~Midway Between~~ Between Beast. Black unusual Super-Strength — Petra-Supra-Para-Extra-

IT WAS WISHED FOR....AND FORBIDDEN
IT WAS WISHED FOR...AND FORBIDDEN (VERBOTEN)
A STRANGER'S EYE LIKE A STREAK OF SILVER WATER PASSING
Blade
AND (THEN THERE'S) THE SOUNDS BETWEEN YR FINGERS
OF ROSES AND SPLINTERS (~~blisters~~) Winters in ~~And Roses and Feathers~~
AT WHAT TIME WILL MY BEST FRIENDS DIE?
MY SENSES SLIPPED SLID. AND LEFT ME — to fend for myself.
FEEDING THE ROSY BABIES dive
TOUCH EARTH WITH MYSTERY WINGS (Rise to touch Earth)
MIDWAY BETWEEN
POINTS AND POSITIONS and portland in positions. midways Between.

19.7.89 ev

"DAMN LATIN

~~wing song~~
barking ~~[illegible]~~ - darkness of the dog.

Yellow Evil - crossed eye God.
days trunk up by Thirsty Nights.

In treams I walk with you In treams I walk with you ....

trench the Age - there's a whole new world (in) of love -

~~Rehersals~~ ? a ? ? - - on Mystery wings.
Pure Evil Is, when flowers Sing.

the blood Suckle and the
Gravision and a Void.
the Vision and the Void.
Loves Secret Domain.
this Is Mad Love -

pillowtalk + cupboard love

— day
where we lay. in.
Loves Secret Domain.

The darkness assumes all Responsibility
gleams.

this Is Mad Love.
— Angel -
your flesh I touch Kiss Is Velvet Blue.
(Kisses)

(Mad) or (Nights) shadow's shade us - slip between us

throws up starlit secret hours of ~~(fights)~~ Nights of ~~on~~ fire
and drunken lights.

Honeysickle.

19.7.89. ev. "DAMN LATIN"

lead me to ~~guide me~~ the edge of ledge.

for you know my love is blind.

from too little childrens (heavy heads.)

Innocence is dripping Red. erupt

In My dreams and In My bed.

Innocence is dripping Red

this is A Prayer This is A Curse. Lores Secret Domain

Like your Kiss

love ~~you~~ did your best is

[Snatch ~~the~~ young birds from the Nest.]

l The Eagle locusts flies from out the west.

fire

to snatch the young bird from the Nest.

You'll be sitting on the fence

til the iron Enters your Soul. like broken

Contami

explore awake

In

heir From little chiltrens sleepy heads | the carnival of Souls Arrives.

My dreams erupt, and In My bed.

Innocence is dripping Red.

drip-drip-drip-drip-dripping Red

~~Contaminated.~~

In dreams I walk w/ you.

In dreams your mine.

All of the time.

and the hills are alive And the Hills wont die

with Swarming of flies

~~swarms clouds~~. buzzing

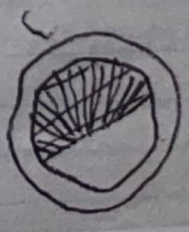
Mad Love.

Armour

Hangs on the Arm of Carnivorous love

Spasticus Angelicus





little song

one time there was a man
whose drinking bouts began
when he was eighteen... so
that was what laid him low.
he died in his eightieth year:
what of, is crystal clear.

one time there was a child
which died when one year old
quite prematurely... so
that was what laid it low.
it never drank, that's clear
and died aged just one year.

which helps you to assess
alcohol's harmlessness.

Now is the time for all young men to come to the aid of the party.

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.
XXxooo ethiśyii qwertyuiop/¼z xcvb

NOW ISTHE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THE PARTY.

HERE IT IS THEN? THE ONLY WAY TO PRODUCE A WORK OF SEMINAL FRICTIO WWAY MY POILKMNJUYHBGTFRVCDEWSXZAQAQQQQqq

hgiiiiiwwwwWWWWAAAAAAAaaaasdfghjkl
This seems like a nice little machine.I am very happy with it.
Dear

Dear Goddess ,thank you indeed,indeed,thank you indeed.

Dear Sleazy,
It has come to my attention.You have in your possession a loony type person. Can I come round and see him,please?

I'm afraid that would not be possible at the moment as he is currently at a very délicate stage of his treatment and anyway he has been bad

You are a smelly poo and he is my friend and not yours so I am coming round, whether you like it or not.

okay

The Godess has given us the perfect house to live and work in. I gi give thanks to Her in Her wisdom. On behalf of myself and Peter. It place a long and stressful wait of over three years before the right place presented itself.
Why
is nnnthe typewriter ribbon not winding on?better now?

IIIIjdhrgb nmmmmPJPlease Lkkkkkk
Word falling. Breakthrough in grey room. jjjjj b b ooo offffffffff

rffff ffffffff uuuuuuuuttttttttttttttttttttt88
Photo falling breakthough in green room...
Are we the way we will be from now on. Let the emotional surge push us into creative worlds where we,at last,engage in our true potential.

This ribbon may well be buggered from not being used and left in the heat from the sun. Or maybe II just have to learn the suble way to type with these old machines. It is not good enough to send like this. It's like a letter from 1931.
Checking it, it seemed to be the old p rp
pookkk pppp The reel,kkeps locking and not moving round properly. This typewriter noise can be heard all over the ho house. I will get a mat to dampan the sound.
Remember the wit and wisdom of the druids? No, neither do I.

gjgjgj my first writing on my new old typewriter is the ribbon going my way, yew tree,yew bloody tree.HAPPY.

Daer Damien Hirst, my friend Mental John thinks you are shit. But I,m not so sure.Could you please send me a medium sized picture so I can judge for myself.Yours John Balnce.

Transcripts of lyric ideas from 1987 note books. JOHN BALANCE. 4.1.88 ev.
turn inwards
like a dream when you wake to find yourself dreaming
floors ..walls..web of summer snows...
web of summer snows transform the piano of death into scrap iron
walls of summer snow
walls of snow
spectral roses reverse to soil.....stained
a flower of eclipses and thunder bolts....
underneath all that ever was
a halo of black joy
a lumbar hymn to the spinal serpent....the spinal animal
oral star..bowel hours...
burst to the surface ..blister kiss...sun king..Dauphin..
nor am I alone in this.
The explosion of the swan the means by which justice will be done.Justice will be seen.
To be done. thy will be done
2nd spin.
and in the second spin.the ageless. flashing.. Flesh flashing sun
.The flesh of the sun.
I saw the Angel of the World.Trampled under. Beneath all that ever was. Undone.
Blurred by swarms of teeth..a bright ring of warfare.Nor am I alone in this.Scene from the outside.
On the walls of my boredom I scratch/ carve your name.Splinters in amongst explosives-pikes-handguns-piled high inside the tight blck box.
Latitudes cut down.wire eye images slit into it.
gold ice coal keyhole opens onto vista of static opens onto strong still waters.
static lightscraps.raw.cut rawin the nick of time.we're all afraid of getting cut.
down there
way down
stay down, played down.
feed the rumbling guts of the storm.
add volume and depth to the waterfall of whores.filthy core.
dead hair of dusk
sparks whip from burning birds.
wipe the spittle of summer from the mouth of the door
strands of glass drift into open wide eyes Nebula eggs

Instead of spells , give out more space.Cast out full rooms.Spin the interior OUT.Off out into space. the
Flames who came to work for us.
you know more than you think
you think you know more than you think
you know you think more than you know.
the more you learn,the less you know.
(the more I learn , the less I know.)Sunlight, but still in its cage.
Crimes,back from the shadows.
You only heard what you wanted to hear.
Back from the shadow. Looking all over.
Silent is as silent does.
Deadtimes and (in)
Inbetween places.
It was no coincidence.
I,thee,thou thine.....person, place and time of crime.
Playing at knowing,but they know they're only playing.
It's dangerous.But dangerous for whom ?
Sexually transmitted stupidity.
A plague of obedience.Vile servility.Inverse nobilty.The professional specialist.Slick with repellent timidity.Works out a bad move in advance.
Just so little just so lonely .so long,so lonely.my one and only.just so long,just so lonely.

CRAWLSPACE

transcribed. 26 11 88.

IT TAKES NO TIME
NO TIME AT ALL (TO REACH)
THE TIME THAT WAITS FOR
THE SPACE THAT CRAWLS
SPACE MARKS THE TIME
AND SPACE MARKS THE PLACE
OF THAT WHICH WAKES
AND THAT WHICH WAITS

TIME PASSED OVER
TIME REPLACED
TIME SQUARED
TIME^2 Time to the power. Root of all

ALWAYS INTO ALL OF IT ALL
ALWAYS INTO ALL OF IT ALL
ALWAYS INTO ALL OF IT ALL ~~interweaving and~~
CROSSOUT AND CROSSOVER
STEPOUT OVER OUT AND INTO
OVER INTO
NOTHING COULD BE FUTHER
CRAWLING DEEP — CRAWLING OUT
INTO THE CRAWLING DEEP

THE PASSAGE(S) OF TIME
SPACE THAT CRAWLS
IN THE SPACES BETWEEN
IN BETWEEN PLACES
IN BETWEEN SPACES
IN BETWEEN TIMES
SPACE IN BETWEEN
CRAWL SPACES.



Feed the Birds lyric

Early each day to the steps of St. Paul's
The little old Bird Woman comes,
In her own special way, to the people she calls
"Come buy my bags full of crumbs
Come feed the little birds
show them you care
And you'll be glad if you do"

Their young ones are hungry, their nests are so bare
All it takes is tuppence from you

"Feed the birds tuppence a bag
tuppence
tuppence
tuppence a bag
Feed the birds", thats what she cries
While overhead her birds fill the skies

All around the cathedral the saints and apostles
Look down as she sells her wares
Although you can't see it you know they are smiling
Each time someone shows that he cares

Though her words are simple and few
Listen listen she's calling to you

"Feed the birds tuppence a bag
tuppence
tuppence
tuppence a bag"

Though her words are simple and few
Listen listen she's calling to you
"Feed the birds tuppence a bag
tuppence
tuppence
tuppence a bag"

- CRAWL SPACE —

Beyond A timED ARRIVAL
SPACES CRAWL.
all over Your face. CRASH and CRAWL.

deadtime -deadSpace-
Crawltime Crawl space.
Spin the Interior Into Knowing crawlingspace

Spend time.
looking up at ~~that Hallowth must come down~~.
down around us. WHAT WILL COME DOWN!
Let it come Down!
Raise to the ground!

they touched (the) FACE of God
(CRAWL(ed) into SPACE.
Space -time and gravity.
makes you/us/me. CRAWL.
turn that door and on down the HALL
down the Hole

CRASH & 'TIMES LAPSE'.
CRAWL. on. Baby. CRAWL on.

ONE minute 1s - the Next can't there
we never will be we never were.
the minutes In the Hour - get/go slower
then they stop.



"GOD BECOME ANIMAL"

God become Animal
Celestial become Bestial
the blessed.....Regressed
polluted gods
Feral....Veneral
hersine seeks hairsuit
here begins a shaggy God story
god become animal
becomes viable
Benedictus Abominata
Mosca Immaculata
When you start to socialise
with the lord of the flies
expect to be rejected
expect to be despised
brittle boned cherubs
Spasticus Angelicus
Sodoma atomicus
The Heavenly Fields
yield a very poor harvest
and the hills are alive
with the buzzing of flies
Benedictus Abominata
Mosca immaculata
We've little use now for a sense of shame
Only the complex passions remain.
....
'..Hes got a hole worn
In his hands..
he's got a hole worn in his hands...'

John Balance .COIL. 1986.ev

? ?

we turn the screw
for each other
tighter and tighter
i know it and you know it
the truth is
the truth only confuses
the truth only confuses
the truth only confuses
the truth only leads
leads to abuses
the truth is
the more i learn
the less i know
less not more
the truth is
trouble could be
yours or mine.

still to use . maybe
'Book Burning

a case of sexually transmitted Sadism .

a Baptism of fire — Burning words .
and the words in the world ring round the sun
Black Halo .

Ravenous.

~~vulturous~~
~~ravinous~~
~~marrying carrion~~
~~carnivorous~~
~~final animals~~
~~caught between~~
~~the bright morning's teeth~~
~~Im so hungry~~
~~i eat anything~~
~~everything~~
~~i want to eat~~
the hand that feeds me

partly used

? ?

I suspect
so much
expect
so little
crouched in a corner
I suspect
poisoners
utensils
collisions
veering towards me
major and minor
catastrophes
I suspect
theories
memories
owners
I suspect
poisoners
New Borgias
surroundings
my beginnings
my own feelings
I suspect
friends and strangers
friendly strangers
strange friends
I suspect
everything
Is as I suspect.

John Balance .1986.

still to use!!

"we shower Death
with the Fireworks of Life"

John Balance . 1986 .

JOHN BALANCE. TRANSCRIPTIONS . 1 st December. 1988.

IN CLASS

He had sex with his eyes
Closed to suggest he was shut away
Inside himself.
He asked himself questions,questions,questions
And he found himself unable to answer
these questions.
He found himself losing out,as always
to (the nervy) girl,(who was thin)
Who thinks thin
Her name is .....her name appears/
to have escaped me.

I HAVE NEVER DARED
NOT TO SEE.

Slipped between my teeth between the letters of the alphabet.
Words on paper....words FUCK you over
XXXapist words....raped by paper

THIS NODDING GOD HAS A SCYTHE FOR A SMILE."'

I have lived to larn.It is myself that I blame.My body is the only tyranny that lasts.Alone (along) with the hissing of the great outdoors.
In my dream my mouth was crawling towards you.My mouth ,under the sun,fresh with kisses..steaming storm dreaming sexual architectures ...comets sizzling across Persian blue skies.The roof of my mouth hung with garlands of flowers,croeded with blossoms...flowers of fires.
"You who sing such obscene streams of words...smoking chains of letters..without a tremor.Tell me what I must do to marry The Ideal of Beauty to the walking visions of choking flesh that walk in my avenues ,and fall into love in public gardens,where children's laughter blooms like mould".
Answer "Jack Off inthe black mirrored spaces of your soul."
After he spoke the hissing broke out,disrobing the sky with its shimmering senselessness,stripping garment after garment.

I'd like to step out of myself
and walk away
without looking back
at what I had left (there)
behind on the floor.

slow reading
a single word

the sidereal system
see this star medley

the pharmacist
ah - part chemist

shape
phase

× In a regal age I ran ×

live on, Time. Emit no evil

seculison
closes us in

the eyes
they see.

d5 Wall things m

the burial gronnd
dub ghoul terrain

earths ideal spot
the lost paradise

England Riots now
down strange lion

Make this part of

dable 7" ——— single

Said 'there was' when 'there was not'

~~the Signs and Sig.~~

the Signals and Signs
Are In the Hands of the Receivers
In the Eyes of the Believers
we hear every word
and believe what weve heard.
But
we all miss the point
(that) were only ever told
What we already know.

A deprivation of Independance.

'the Night has A 1000 lies'

No-one has really been truthful about what truth really is

A man with A Horses Head enters
master the Past - task - master.

ICE Rough.

He draws automatic
a sleeping explorer
mind strictly no entry
no crossing the Border
His mind like a cemetery
Where the Bodies aren't resting
frozen bones twist deep
In the numbing clutches
of a Dreamless sleep
then the lowest comes up.
Like a wreck from the depths

Nearing end of a Journey
Hears Night calling and
Dreams of waking Here
With this darkness
and unnatural brightness
that shines like slow lightening
sees. words burnt in re
read. the world is A wound
In the Body of christ
cold words and pictures
Disfigured with pain
sprawl into his head
as he slumps on the bed
He's on the Memory go Round
Flash moving pictures
past points of reference.

this man invented himself
and erased all his neighbours
Has faint recollections
ghosts of encounters
moving memories that match
approximate Sounds
Effects of the animal

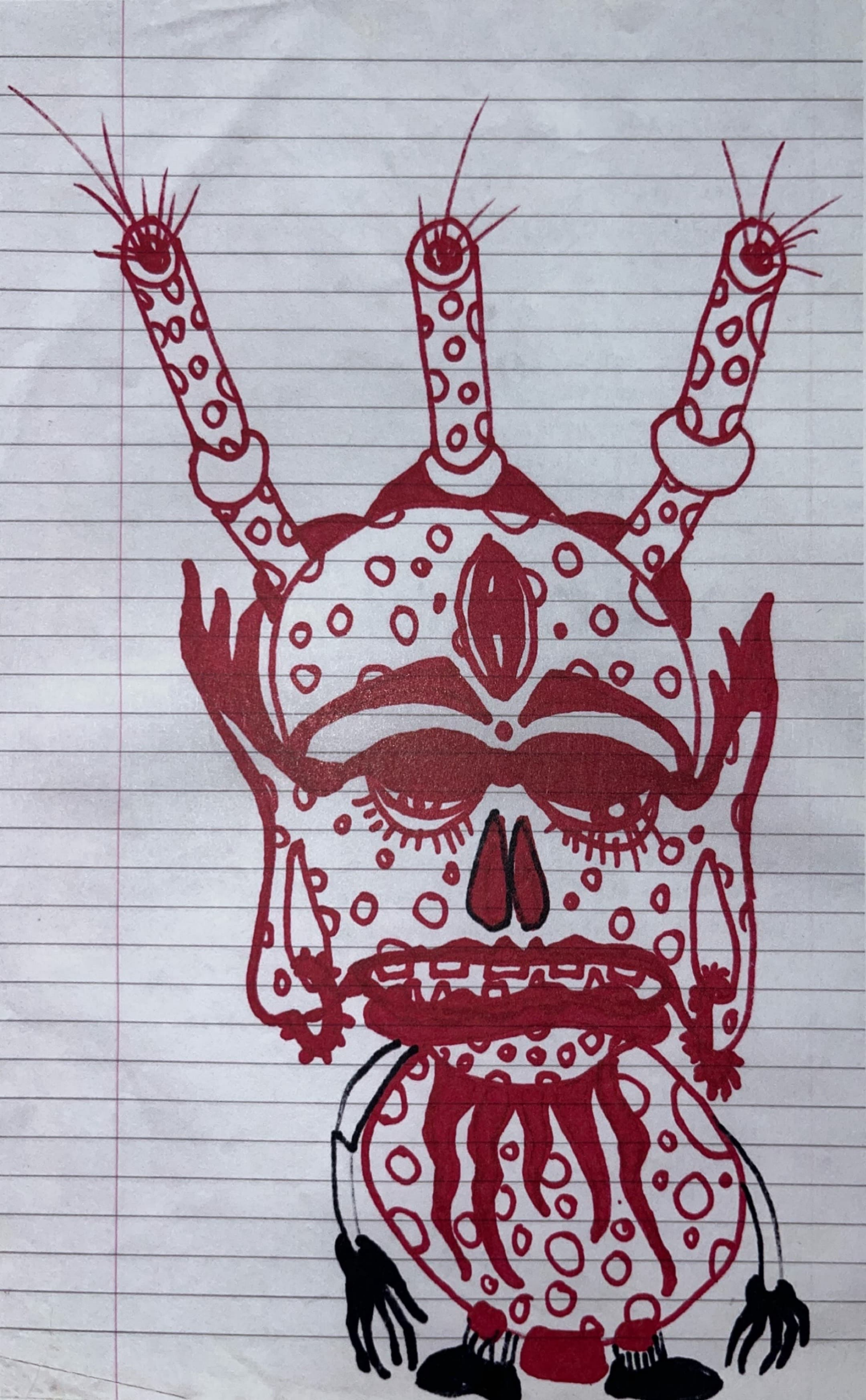
Animal sounds affect

He says 'Death is my friend.
He promised me a quick end'.
Says' the world is in pain
and should be put down
that God is a sadist
and that he knows it.
the world is in pain and should
be put down.

the depth of the nightskies
Reflects in his eyes. Say
"Everything Changes
Everyone Dies"

Twin gods of Death
at the mouth of the tunnel
greet the man with the halo
of ice crystals in streetlights.

and the night slits its veins
and the darkness drains
and the void rumbles in
like an underground train
forever comes closer
Each much be shown.
Each must realize
that everything changes and
everyone dies ...



Untitled ICE track.

do disco track!
Still - But not all
or any of these lyrics.

Fast cars
collide
slow stars
likewise
knock hard ,cos
life is deaf.....
have you got what it takes
to take what he's got?
with one half looking
and the other half lost
your loss is always
someone elses gain.
have you got what it takes
to take what he's got?
and even if you get it
would you know how to use it?
everything goes in
but nothing stays in
thats the Beauty of Stupidity
it reduces all necessity
a deprevation of independance
and whats the point of the answers
when we've forgotten the questions
its next to useless
like Michelangelo
born without hands
fast cars collide
slow stars
likewise
knock hard 'cos
life is deaf
i crossed myself
i crossed myself out.

Please - make it quick
make it fast -
make it furious.

Somewhere - of you
this is a HABIT - I get.

Sometimes I give it and
Sometimes I don't.

Sometimes I Get it
and Sometimes I don't.

trouble is
could be yours
OR mine

~~Two~~ Twin gods of death.
At the End of the tunnel.
the Holland tunnel.

Youve got to leave a thing like
that to chance.

the time to make a stand.
Is Right Here - and NOW!

IMPALED UPON (ON)
the HORN of PLENTY.

gored to death - ~~By~~ the HORN of Plenty.

ICE.

He draws automatic
sleeping explorer.

Killers with the halo
at the End of the tunnel.

In this Scene
words and pictures
twisted with pain
Belches into his Head.

the memory-go-round Noted. July 80

moving pictures.

the Effect of animal Sound
Effects

Forces straining ~~appeared~~
collapsed the night for
Some distance around me.

strong memories (w/) very
WIERD details.

Shoot the Rapids of the Heart
with a Colt 45.
Hollowpoint. Magnum.

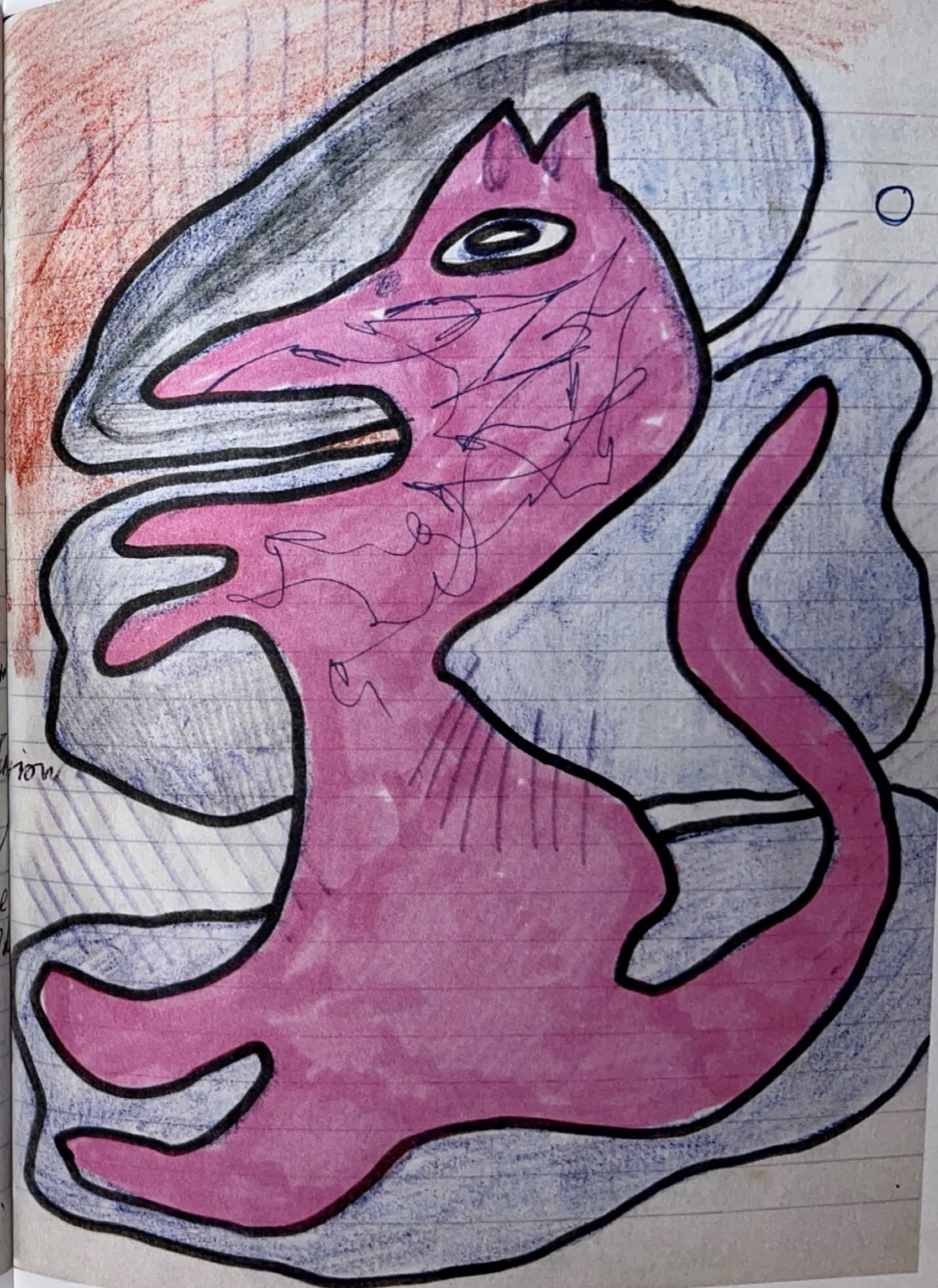
The Song Of the Knives:

A little loss is Sad, ~~we Know~~ and, So
to lose the lot, for as all we Know (as well we Know)
~~would~~ make ~~cause a giant sadness grow~~
would make her sadness bloom and grow
— will — — — — — — all in A row

like ?? ???? ??
deadly nightshades, all in A Row
like lonely Killers slayers on death row

like evil flowers, all in A row — on death row.

we loose the will to say hello, to friends who come and friends who got Know
A little loss is Sad, and so
exactly - what makes.
To lose the lot, as well we Know (another blow to
what makes
will make her Sadness Bloom and grow only make her sadness row
like ~~lonely flowers in~~ like lonely stoney, only Know
~~poisoned~~ with perfumed poisoned, ~~pained~~ and slow
strike dark and cold larger than the
to work their deadly Blow heart that hold
like perfumed poisonds in A Row
deadly perfumed
~~Sad and to~~
like Roses in An early
Sadly Lacking — Sadly lost frost -
~~sadly~~ like ~~apples~~ ~~deadly lost~~
fruit destoyed by an early frost.



OCCULTRATION ! (Neologism)

CATASTROBE

catastrope

catastrophe

Fractuality

QUANTUM SORCEROR Fractal terrorist.

FRACTAL GUERILLA - technician

ANTRUM - body opening.

AURIC - pertaining to GOLD.

ATAXIA - involuntary loss of control of body functions

i.e. the CREPUSCULUS

HARVEST DUSK GATHERER

the CREPUSCULUM AVATAR TWILIGHT

MAGN-OORGANIC (adis. neology)

the Reichian term!?

TWILIGHTER — TWILIGHTENING —

PATA-PSYCHOLOGY

"SONOSTROBE"

ultraviolet eyes

psychoviolet - strobe

hyper

BIO-SEISMIC

U.H.F STROBE BOLT

Solar COM-PLEXUS

strobectomy.

BIOGEIST

INTRA → VIOLET

infra → CRIMSON →

ULTRA →

PARA-VIOLET

ECTOSEIMOGRAPH

hyperviolet

CHRONOSOME - ie linked to time

Rectal Richter

INTRAVENE

PATA-PHOBIA

SYNAPTIC-TICK

Solar →

Totality

Plurality

SPIRALITY ~ spiral-ness

DENTRITES - of passage.

Neo-1

Neuro-blivion

Ereality

SOLON ??

adis sw Neologism?

Supreality

CHROMOSOMIC

AQUA - [illegible]

Surreality

He Surrealized

Sur-realisation.

TIME | PIECES | FACE

CHRONOSONIC

OENEROSCOPE

SOLAR | PLEXUS | NEXUS

SONO-optics.

"ANORTHOPIA" - disorted vision

OPTIC

TACTIC

mytho - [illegible] - MYOPIA

FRACTALITY.

fractal

FRACTALISMAN

GLADIATORIAL

SENSORIAL

MOLECULAR

A FRACTALIST

STROBO-TICS

STRO BOLIST

plague

SYMBO-STROBE

NEUROLOGICS

STROBE LORD

LORE

Neuro-illogic(als)

Blacklight.

Oneroshobe

electro-mantrics

CHROMOSTROBE

TALISMANTRA

TENUMBRAE

- - - MANTRICS

TENUMBRAille

Talismnemonics. Tenebrated.

'PARA-MOUNT'

penumbra

umbra

TENEBRATED.

NEXUS - necessary connection between cause and effect. PARA

CAUSAL -

ECTOCASTER

a degree in Quantum Sorcery with Resea interest in Sonabulismics

"ECTOCAST"

ECTOPLASMAST

ECTOMETER

& and Ectometrics.

ectometry.

ANOMALISTIC

irregular - a year

Oneronism.

CHROMOSMOSIS

HYPNAGOGIC

"SONAMBISONICS"

CHROMO-SONICS.

"SONAMBISONICS"

SUPRA PARASONIC

ONANISMUS

SONICONAN

OEONIST.

Neo ONER

'ONEROSONICS'

ANOESIS — primitive consciousness w/out objective reference.

"ANOETIC" - consciousness in which sensation but no thought

" NEOLOGISMS. " III.

18th NOV 88 ev.

PARA-ONEIRO - fiddlesWhite Romo burns.

ARMOURY OF DREAMS.

GLOTIS

SONAMBALLISTICS.

DISSEMBLE - SECULAR.

GLOSSIC

SONAMBULISM

THROUD. (DOWN) -OUT.

of meaning Knowledge

VEIL - LURK.

HERMETICS - HERME - TAPHOR

OBLITERATURE.

HERMETRICS.

SHROUD -OUT.

LUNARCOTIC

NARCO - LOGICS.

LUNARCOLEPSY.

narcological.

Hermeta

DISTORT ality

GERONTONOMY.

PATA-PHOR

TRANS

GERIATRICKERY

PATAPHORICAL.

Symptoma.

dotage

CATAPHORICAL

CATASTROPHORICAL

CRITICAL edition.

dotagious.

ELUCID -ATION

ONEROUS

Contragious.

SONONEIROMETER

ONEIROCRIT -IC

→ dream interpreter.

SONOMETER

catastrophism

ONEIROMETRIC

- SONONOS -

OMNIUM → (sum total)

ONEIROMETER

MERCURATOR

omnium gatherum (- miscellaneous collection)

MERCURATIVE

OPISOMOMETER - (measures distances on maps)

Helioplast

OPISMOMUS.

GEOMETRICAL

rescence

optis momen

electRAW

Geomorph

morphosphorus

OPTICKLE

ELECTRO -

Geometr

morphotograph.

OPTANTRA -IC

OPTANTANGLE.

GEOMORPHIC

GEOMANTRIC

Necrodisiac -

relaunch the dream weapon

I'll eat everything with shadow

the dark

Triple Sons — thiple Stones — 3 stones.

In the basin of A black PAN. I see

acid free — we worship at shrine of the cylotyine

ous — auton — omous.

Not an

desert venom — ous. auto — vouse. ideal home land

ear droplets pleated depleted petals

sepals

separate

rehydrogenate

plan or management.

ED

— ed

Military Temples

BAD magnetics

black wing OKS plan

order plan

~~judged~~ ~~SW~~ PLAN

resonant ones rub against the deliquent

the compliant

tidal

I will be alright if you kiss me.

~~eat in t~~

the great black light ~~eyes~~ that shines in

the eyes of animals

priceless - bloody

priceless

- when I find you I will remind you

- most accidents

or in

most accidents occur at home

Harry Smith's Room in the chelsea Hotel

BILL BREEZE # 20

when all is forgotten ~~AR~~ will be well.

COIL - FEAR IS THE KEY. - THAT KEEPS LOVE LOCKED IN - PARADISE LIES IN THE SHADOW OF SWORDS. A PARADISE DISOWNED. WE WEREN'T CAST OUT OF EDEN - THE PLACE OF RAVENOUS ANIMALS. RAVENOUS AND HUNGERY. HUNTIRY FOR KNOWLEDGE - FOR SOME RELIEF TO THE STIFLING MONOTONY - FOR FREEDOM FROM THEIR SET COURSES. STARS WHO WANT TO SPIN OFF THEIR AXIS - CARRIERING INTO THE NEWFORMED HEAVENS. A DESPERATELY ESSENTIAL DEVIATION FROM THE SET PRESCRIB ED COURSE. DESPERATELY NECESSARY. WE WEERT CAST OUT OF EDEN. WE KICKED THE GATES DOWN. UPROOTED THE GLORIOUS SHRUBS. RUPTURED DESTINY. WE KICKED DOWN THE GATES OUT OF FRUSTRATION - RAN OUT INTO THE SUNSHINE INTO THE UNORDER BEAUTIFUL CHAOS. AND SET UP CAMP FUTHER UP THE VALLEY. SAFE FROM PRYING ANGELS. HIDDEN UNDER CANOPIES OF LEAVES.
BLACK SUN RISING.

MYTH DISPERSAL. ~~part one~~ Episode one.

subtitled

Die, misconception, Die!

what do people expect from us? As COIL? as individuals? As 'post-Industrial' (puke!) musicians. Does their expectancy have any bearing on their quality of life - ~~the~~ or their quality of understanding? A mass of expectations and predeterminated ideas regarding us almost, at times, overwhelms us. The Boundaries become blurred between genuine, healthy interest and facination and the pure desperate accumulation of artifacts, of thoughts, records, stickers, cassettes for no real reason other than to hoarde, to have in quantity, the result of peerpressure oneupmanship. It doesn't matter if you're referring to hoarding or collecting china ornaments, hoovers or in this case the trapping of the experimental music admirer. Magazines with so called 'Experimental' New Aeon, Esoteric - taboosmashing groups are a plague among us. Theye assume the guise - the mantal of revelation of genuine research while bidding a sickeningly cosmetic and frantic exchange. interchange of currencies - currencies of ~~and~~ so called extreme attitudes. this is backwards from liberation I sometimes seriously wonder whether its worth breathing



another breath towards maintaining - confirming - associating even - with Information. Technology, Enlightment - subdivided - specified by the currently circulating areas of shallow titalation for the ~~[illegible]~~ Metropolitan Wildboy - magick, crowleyian with the 'k' of course (although few actually know why a 'k' is used). trancestates, cyborg electronics - subliminals and backmasking. the Information Exchange Myth - this Psychic New wave wipe out should be wiped up - the past - post industrial grey zone this ~~[illegible]~~ hoarding, frantically collecting dirgey mass is the creation of a vast, past-it common denominator effect the levelling process - the flattening - normalising - diluting symptoms of a past-it exausted ~~[illegible]~~ movement.

All that remain are the myths and the misconceptions - and the few tired relics who remain - like ~~[illegible]~~ granite emblems - symbols that get refered to in Lazy journalist articles - 8th and 7th hand experiences are rewritten again and again - substantiated and sealing the fate of these relics - weighed down like a ship encrusted with barnacles.

~~the Myth of Information Exchange~~.

why exchange anything unless the recipient derives benifit from it? As the phrase goes '99% is shit' and that surely goes for the amount of information available as for anything else. ~~Quality~~ Quantity long ago replaced quality and even more important, replaced integrity and honesty of intent, the opening up of media channels to the public is a deliberate and calculated

play to keep us occupied - to keep us thinking we control something. It's a degenerating - and base diversion. The people - the masses will never control anything of Real importance. We are tolerated - amused - promised things like Kids promised a trip to the zoo - ~~they~~ 99% is shit - always. there are only ever a handfull of genuinely innovative and strongwilled enough people to rise above the blurry mass of mediocrity. Observe the dull, sorry uninspired ~~rigid~~ inexplicabley rigid sorry state of most independant video work - where the plagarist repetition of constantly Re circulated - ~~regurgitated~~ images have nullified the senses via the perpetual bombardment of half baked regurtated ill informed, badly researched techno junk is the common state. It's long past time to retreat, rethink and invent a new vocabulary. to scrap the majority of established channels and institutions and begin again -

of course this outburst - this literary tantum is tainted by being viewed by someone partly in the process - involved - and by association also guilty. we are tained by our own brush to some extent. But at least we have the salvation of realisation - the partial condemnation of part of our work, our lifestyle our inheritance is a release. the Realisation may be the beginning the gateway to some sort of revolution. Salvation! For what it's worth.

The Myth of Information Exchanges.

the very nature of language - the limited spans of interest and the receptiveness of the human mind - the huge surplus of completely worthless information - day to day data - all these factors these elements work against the Establishment of a true communication - against the natural internal development and natural progression and processing of ideas.

Where Has All the Inspiration Gone. (No Gleams No more !)

Imagination now seems the rarest quality we desperately want to measure and calculate the extent and the waste & price of the boundaries - the blockages - the limitations - gate we need to find an ~~exit~~ ~~from the beyond the~~ exit.

No excitement beyond the Repetitive ~~numbing~~ numb comfort

Occasionally questions that coil are asked cause my blood to boil - I am then plunged into a ~~two~~ sided trough of despair - of exasperation - of frustration. what does anyone expect of us? of coil as a group - with, no doubt, a definate position in the history and hierachy of contemporary groups. Does their expectations have any bearing on their own quality of life? How honest are they in their letters - their questions? How lazy - how dumbly inquistive - Boundaries ~~between~~ become blurred, between genuine interest and enthusiasm of spirit and the frantic blind accumulation of artifacts, of ephemera - of facts - letters - knowledge, etc. It seems that some people relate only in terms of quantities, of oneupmanships and remaining eternally current - and up to date - the Exchange of information - of ideas - data continues at a rabid pace but it appears no one ever stops to assimilate to relate the ~~stuf~~ hoarded material to personal experiences etc. These people live assumed lives - mantled in 2nd hand mass circulated ~~ideas~~ attitudes - a camoflague which serve to detatch them futher from relevant, vital. ? -

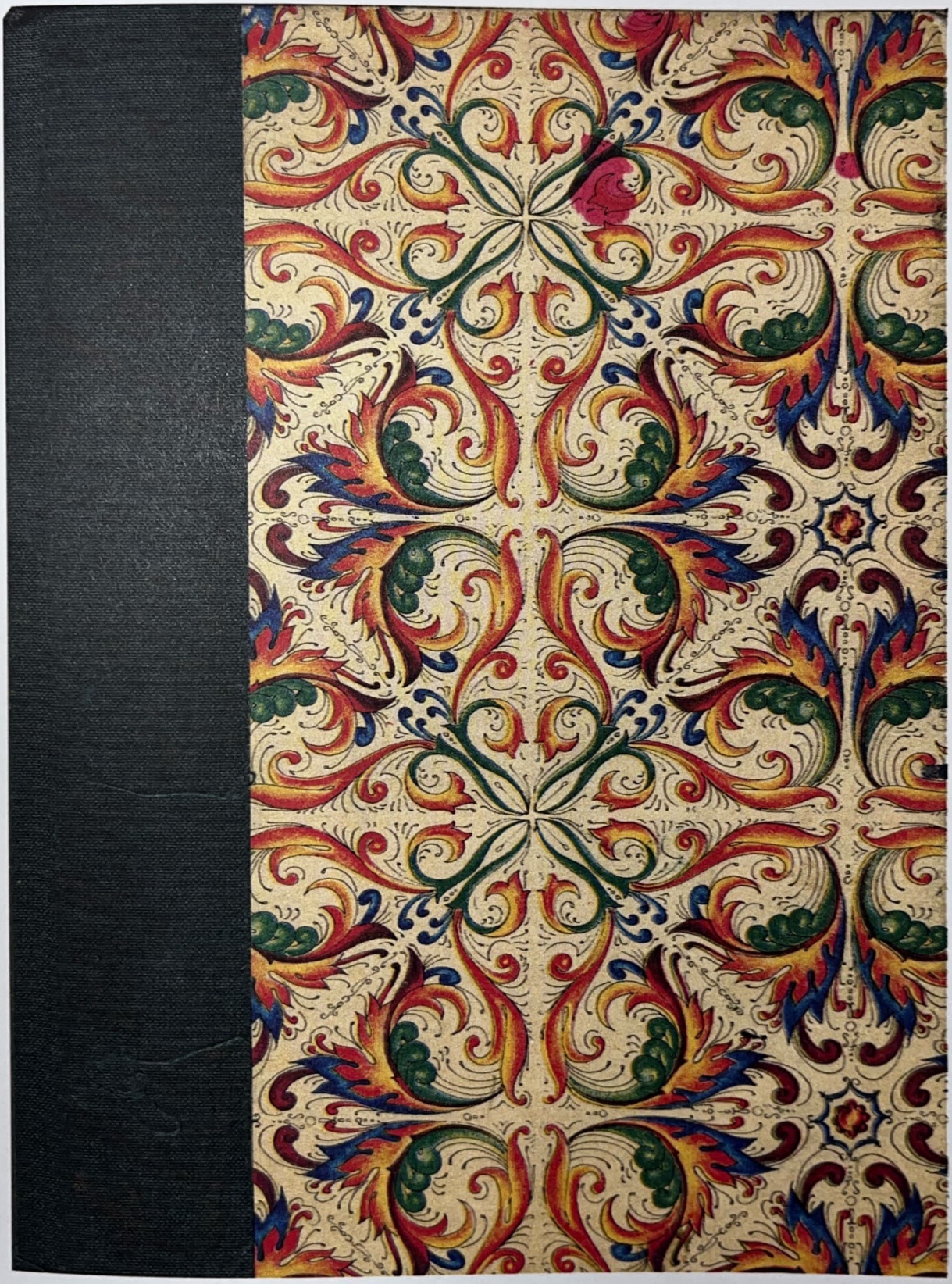
One Reaches the stage where you feel loathe to even say what your currently reading - or what a song is really about because you can be almost certain that it will be copied - circulated - ~~misunderstood~~ - debased - studied - diluted and neutered - misunderstood and then collected. Any other Artifact of Information - a Relic of Knowledge - now fossilised petrified by the publics monstrous ~~and sick~~ unfunctioning imagination the monstrous entity of the Common Denominator - the Leveler - the grey dull entity that stamps mediocre on anything that might just shine and surprise us.

So why - you ask - Do we release anything? write anything

Because we hope - that someone might genuinely be spurred onto something new. That they might use something we create, as a stepping stone - a catalyst - to create something vital - personal. new. functional and pure. Because If. the we believe that if there is at least 1% of unpolluted unfashionable, isolated interest from someone. then we have genuinely and profoundly communicated.

to avoid the panicy messy mass of the Information Overload you have to Isolate - withdraw - and filter every possible incoming channel. the To neglect to do this results in a bludgeoning, numbing assault akin to a worthless schizophrenic experience. All goes in - But nothing stay in. and nothing is created - and worse still the ~~ka~~ capability capasity to create is ~~numbed~~ paralysed. the facility to

create-to function dependently is rendered dormant -
So much time is taken up consuming - relating & recreating
that nothing can emerge. It becomes a one way flow.
this is the malaise defined by the situationists as the
Spectacular Society - we have been robbed of the ability to
create and function independantly in society. we
are nullified into accepting other peoples experiences
we neglect to experience things for ourselves. Part
convenience - part ignorance and the burial of instinctive lively responses.



Notes on Underground. 15119 2.

#. John Balance

TYPE + CONDENSE.

The BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT. — "Where Even the Darkness Is something to see ...". OBFUSCATION and OCCULATION. Its members aim to — "Shed A Little Darkness". The numbers of this shadowy group are not known but estimated to be 5 or 7 core members. maybe 9 at peak periods of activity. The members are male and female, young. Specialised in their chosen field which is. Sonic terrorism - the establishing of a network of permanent SOUNDTRAPS - electronic/occult devices that generate trance inducing perpetual drones - Sound Fields - These ~~or~~ cane devices combine both developed → ~~stolen from~~ derived in part with Teslas + ~~devices~~ secret government researches sonic leaked out + ~~use~~ highly electronics ~~and in~~ combinated with more obscure and dubious ~~occult~~ Semi mystical - occultural. ~~These~~ The Black Light District set up 'SURGES'. technopagan religious like celebrations/assaults. They are electro shamanic

tattooed. where? on body. forehead? hand palm.

None terrorists - using highly developed but deviously simple devices they cause trance states - Semi estatic - Confusional states in all caught in the SOUNDTRAPs vicinity. They aim to both disrupt and elevate

"TRANSENDERS" "Reverberators" SOUND SEEDS. function-like Random Chaos generators DISRUPTORS. planting. SOUND. SEED

B.L.D. believe sound is sacred. - the weapon with with to ~~crack~~ break down the ruling order. They have no indentified leaders. They have Black Sun or KAOSTARs as they are known among the group - tattooed on them. (Forehead). They favour ~~commando~~ ~~paramilitary~~ - Ninja like - Shadows." - and have no central base. - human skins. Covert - hidden their suits of

They are Nomadic. No Age travellers, Bisexuals. Pandrogenous and all ~~Sound~~ trained in the Science of Sound. They are ESOTERRORISTS.

They aim to achieve International DARK Skies — a total corrosion of the existing order brought about by B.L.D. to liberate the underground dwellers

and establish a permanently TRANCEDONT community - using Sound

They are rumoured to be pagans (tribalists) - human skin (+ hair) collectors - martial arts the Alchemy of Sound - transcendance - Quabbalah - leaked government research arts of concealment and Sabotague. New DARK AGERS. details.

Reverberation - Vibration (disruptional) and demonic Sonics. ~~Sonic Surgeons~~.

psychical Sonic acoustic - SINISTERAL - followers of the dark path - Black Brothers. ~~Sour~~ Quantum Sorcerers.

their philosophy ~~using~~ uses. DARK imagery - the Black Sun is the

to them SOUND IS SACRED - the dark ART of acoustic "TATICAL ACOUSTICS"

millineal Emblem the DARK STAR. "The great Black Anti-Sun" -

as the Surrealist poet Rene Daumal called it. Edward Kelly - the Elizabethan Occultist

and statesman ~~called~~ referred to "the Light which proceeds form darkness".

The Black Sun is the dark heart of their disruptive - estatic ~~Sound~~

Sonic Cult - an underground church of Sound. Sour Energies.

Sonic temples.

"~~A monster Black Sun is in great Part sunk below the ground, get visible and partly rising above the ground.~~ ~~situation~~ disruptors - mystics

They believe. and it works.

They are precise, legendary, - effective - feared. Rarely encountered.

the TRANCENDORS WORK!!!!

folk heros to some. Their "SURGES" are looked forward to with anticipation

Like a Sonic DREAMMACHINE. - Explain!

and they have Black Sun devotees - The Black (W)HOLE.

obscure - THE BLACK SUN RISE.

The "TRANCENDERS". Teslar derived technologies that induce mass trance

NOISE FIELDS. Noise Vortex

states - the trancenders create SEED SOUNDS - vibrational fields that

"SOUND GRENADES."

amplify and spread the powerful transforming drones. Loops.

They and their devotees / also use the Scorpion as a Symbol often represented holding up the Black Sun / KAOSTAR. (Also the RAVEN) - Scorpion as its the Symbol of Kephra.

The Black Sun is ~~represents~~ ~~the~~ A symbol of androgeny and chaos.

In alchemy it is represent. the PUTRIFACTO stage. KALI - dark Mother - the Midnight Sun.

GOD BOXES BOMBS. SOUNDBOMBS. SOUND GRENADES.

Include Blacksunrise lyrics.

Chaosphere ~~FEAR~~ chaos. Blackspot. Vortex. Sado-Surrealist Jewel. Anal Emblem. DISMAL ORB.

The Black Sun relates to SHAITAN or SET (SATAN), the old form of the devil. SET was brother to HORUS and is his opposite in many ways. The Japanese have the Shadow Sun / Shadow Star - KAGE TAIYO - represented by a dark horse and Rider — who travellers thru the underworld. BAJO-NO-HITO. RABENSEELE — SONNEN FINISTERNIS - They fight against the light - the established order.

→ I'd like to see represented / drawn. a SURGE - a setting up of a 'TRANCENDOR' at a special magically / dictated time and place - A 'ritual sabotague'. - Each "soundtrap" is blessed - sacred - covered in Symbols and is anthropological electronics. Cyber — ~~Rites~~ Sound Rites. The Circuits are sacred - The sound is sacred - devotional - transforming device. a very powerful mood

I like to see ~~the~~ some members in their 'gear'. operating like a hi-tech religiously organised set up. SONNDSTRIKE - ~~the~~ one cd track can provide a possible Recording of the beginning of the Soundtrap. The box needs designing - I suggest a pyramid shaped object with Black Suns on it. that Radiates rings of Sound outwards. Maybe 2 foot high - 1½ ft. maybe. → sleek dark and uncomplicated from the outside - a pyramidic grenade.

Also NINJA throwing stars are Black Sun shaped These can be Weapons and be featured so. BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT do ~~KIN~~ to achieve their aims. Military overtones + organisation. JACKALS. — the desert dog that devours the Sun, (FENRIR in Norse Myth) - an outsider. A cemetary dweller - a messenger to the dead. The BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT have Necromantic myths / rumours about them. They are Sorcerers. Grave Robbers - Alchemists — Like the ~~Knights of St John~~ — Baphometic Knights Templars. trained in advanced electronics and ~~Sound architecture~~ SONIC TERRORISM.

Howell.. — teenage(?) - Not over 25. — Bare foot. - skins and circuitboard decorations. Shaven headed. or strange. short mohicans or tonsured style.



They do have songs — forbidden — banned. which circulate on small discs (marked w/ Black Suns). — we can do 'protest' songs — underground chants — with lyrics etc. we like to include one on the cd probably. — Hymns to The Darkness. pirate Radios — tape distrib. networks ensure all wised up undergrounders know these tunes. BLACK Light DISTRICT record / play 'pop' in this sense alone. In addition to their purer, Occultural Terrorisms. devices. They sing and learn strange voice techniques — voice throwing — mimicing — overtone chanting · Subvocal speech. also ghost voices — ancestral voices / Seance — Staff. Necromantra. —

they perform at SURCIES whenever possible. — people join in with the Soundtrap. and Resonate together as One.

RAGNAROK

Sun devouring serpent - norse.

Ka. vision -

"an inverted dark red triangle with black disc in the middle and ouroboros coiled around it."



RAVEN



Black

White

Ka. vision -

"Green rectangle with a black skeleton superimposed"

June 26th.

soleil NOIR -/ sun in
of Ubu Roir Ruler of the
KAOS CROWN
REALM OF THE SENSELESS.
It illuminates the IRRATIONAL.
the light from the other side

BLACKLIGHTDISTRICT.

SHED A LITTLE DARKNESS.

ANALEMBLEM.

the eye of the spink

BLACK SPOT
KALTESTELLEN.
BLACK HOLE
(WHOLE)

BLACK WHOLE

"You know who I am. You've stared at the
I am the one who loves changing from 0 to one
cohen.

the shadow land.
the BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT
SANS LUMIERE.



! picture of eclipse !
solar
occultos
Mordant
pendant

VORTEX FOCUS.
LOCUS SOLUS
"the greatest of all rulers is but a
shadow to his subjects."

send me love to refresh
trulo to remind
me

Before my all
loving stops!

and smoke gets in your
eyes

and grown men cry.

Seen ~~Ear~~ young men led to
an Early grave

and old men pray to die

~~andy~~ with a passion so
Hot - Kiss
one kiss to
you kill to kiss core
and a 2nd to recover -

a Heart without a
Reason is like a field
without a crop.

or a lifeless slab
of carcass on a
Butchers chopping
Block!

Send a Ki to free
the loving - A Key

Kiss is A Key
to release me

Send a Key designed
to free me. a Kiss to
loose the Lock.

Concentration and disasters are words not properly fixed will fail

HEX RUON ?

Magickal Record of A·C

IS THIS THE THRESHOLD OR FIXATE

sleep.

the spark of Silver

A boy phrases including Solitary statues clinging to me all broken down beyond the Hotel. Operations Now follow

Record the Urn. He had died to the world and a new sequence all broke down who age every round. thing

His world worked the Law of FORCE / the I want

Stages of the hot City contains the ashes of successful End / very

All wrong in every way physical laws to supply

Forces cast - not mentioned til a sweet anesthetic pauses start the normal

operation object unmentionable trusting incorrect or incongruous direct reflect

Excellent Headache of Blue Bad. Go. Fever reassume the useful to be thought weakness Error Back

excentericks of the Carnival truth Reasons in our mind the standard of the law

Silence, distorted and Dim Ref + my smiling Silence Energy is taken and will drive me

Nothing Has happened for A Moment nothing has happened charges Electricity in love with a smile Resistance

Silence, about 3 days silence to the process of going half past phenomena - willing pathos least

Its sum being zero dung and dust like snipers in the shape of mosquitos. be and had

Fine it must Needs on the authority of the telephone only better

People mornings about for my pictures total submersion into human feet steps /

and Blank Solbury all over the Room mean for the moment the tyrants

other details of cutting their own throats

they want new worlds to conquer. Where conquests an Endless

obvious and increasing joy thousands to be Recognised

too late They used the power of their money to care for certainations

of their brains. Anarchy at its plough will rush blindly upon the carnal

The Capital in the Brain with Art, breeding and so forth very small and tightly closed

This Is happened in Hotels and Streets was less labour to go Round. departs at the death

of the Opsonic Rising Index - In brain or Blood to draw by scattering the word

Economic Blood Reserves Scrap it and go back. Only the Simple will survive.

I have a dream It seems as If there can be nothing more - An, n Balance

No Action Zero phase It's deep beyond! that which pushed aside

seed of the other phase phase of the moment. Seed of Nothing more - No longer.

But that is the seed and the fruit of the other phase

Reluctant can't go evidently - No action without. Seems like Inaction

Noise making accompanys Pain Call FORTH AID - NO shallow quite deep beyond my

Reach. therein - as proves elsewhere - is the seed of the other phase

But that's proven elsewhere SEAT happen to be in contempt. FT

was so illogical but Fatal

under lay yet more

than before

Flame of the Forest. Enhalted counter current

Concentration and disasters are words not properly fixed will fail

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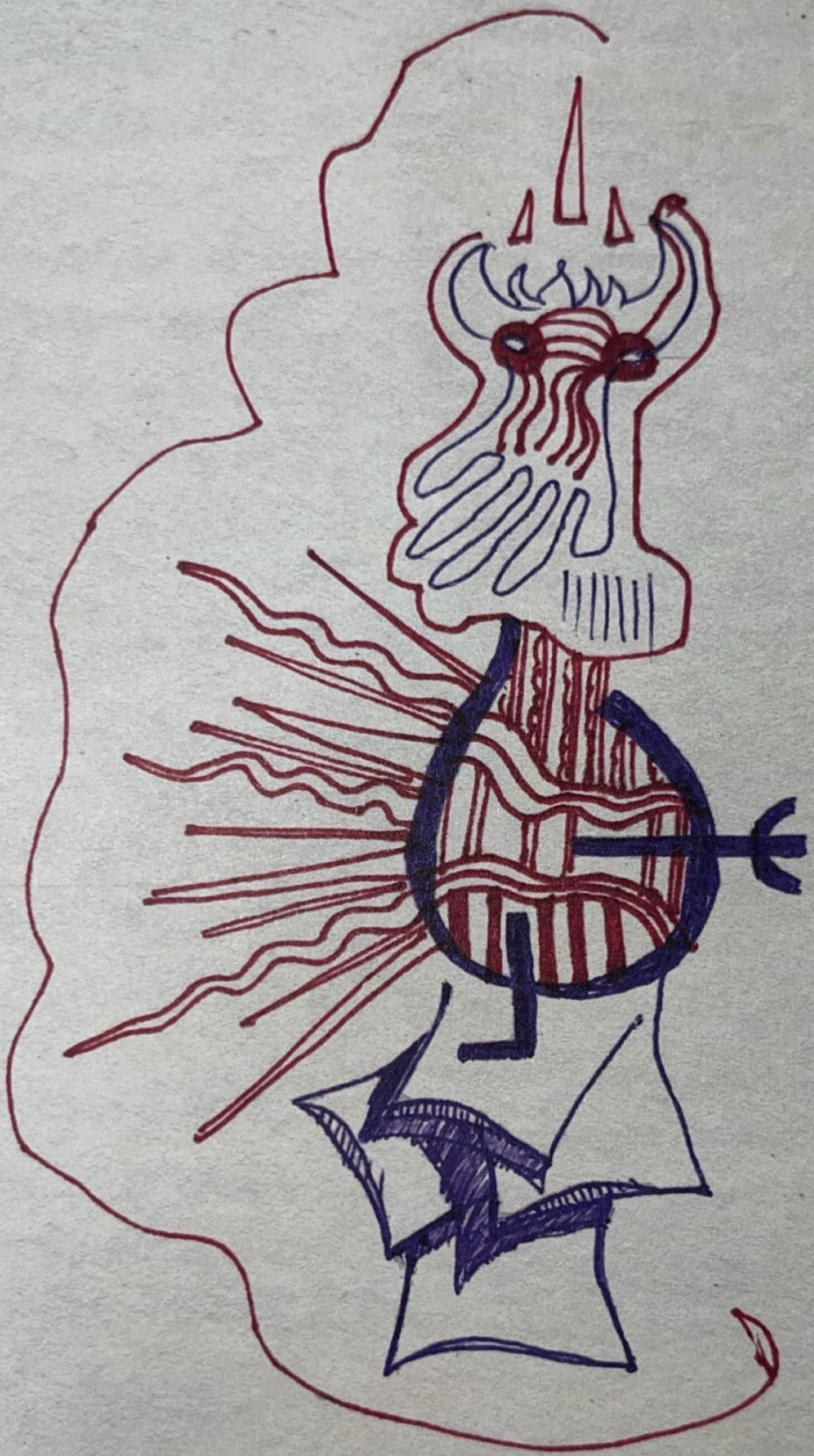


The inherent mistake of Museums.

Hunter gathering on an insane scale. Surely always. 100 x more can be learn by seeing in situ. If not? why such obsessive data collection. - If we can't get to see it there we have at least a mystery - an unobtainable elsewhere - magic begin + imagination to blossom. Myth -

As a result of localisation + restricted mobility we see the 'place' - enriched - respected - densified - empowered and revitalised. - global - countrywide - mental setspaces dissolve. we recognise that your own space and economy - is not limitless. Cause + effect connected and visible locally - less population growth probable result.

Bad to see the Earth as whole - globalism feeds selfish traits of man.

The most selfish species to ever walk the earth. Basely - A meat disease.

But why do we transcend? Is it a reward system.

Its our duty to connect and intercommunicate as totally as possible. Insights gained benif both plants and man. Plants survive - multipy are needed + man - symbiosis is deeply more profound and complex than easiely recognised. Plants do tell us things.

- Mushrooms - Shaman trad. up and down Yggdrasil / Tree of Life Quabbalah!

physical observation - in pristine situation reveals more than all books ever can. we must question the need to know such insane quantitys of info. why. why why! what need? Backwards! It all seems to gather A desperate velocity - prob. all to do with mortality - death always has a stop watch - A dash to beat the our corporeal trap. man trap.

But our attitude is too shallow. If we' relearent birth/decay thru. observation.

We'd see ample evidence to suggest A Return - A reforming →

Black Hymns

angelica Expectata - mandelic Fidelica - Sonambulic Amora
cant stand the windspeed hold out a tiny hand.
miracle fist - fast and frenetic - clock time - melodic
and fall again
methodical sickness
one and big illness - vague and a sickness - sickly moon sickle like
a cell weakly pushing round a bloodstream
a half formed baddream. dreamless.
rust in the bloodstream -
shall there be any slackening - as the dead start to stir
ashes fall from the air - all beauty is here - it dies like a fine
wine is never plucked from the vine - lost - never - no hope - not
found
Like leon - eager and peerless
his death was painless - a long, dull sleep
these boys try and seem fearless - plummetting depths
like divers in protective tombs.
till death like a cuttlefish looms - the fishmonger immaculate
going down. going down - to the the celestial Halibut. Ha!
wrong side of town - to meet the wrong sort of
people - who want to excrete you - to hurt, maim and use you -
complete - obsolete - a death that the BBC wouldn't report on - too dull
insignificant and common → a popular passtime
meantime
slept alone - with my dull
aching bones - a product of years of keeping yr head about ground
above ground
about time - sticking rhymes
no words can describe these aching, shallow echoing bones and gnaw at these

the oblivious
the obvious
the holy
the lowly
the ones who learn slowly.
fast eaters
late sleepers.
the ones on those pills
the ones whose ~~hugs~~ slow ills
make them sound like they're dead
make them ill in the head
eternally boring - eternally dull
they play the games - that make them a fool.
no use - always loosing - the dice is loaded
with lyrical clithes - like roguish record labels
on the John Peel show - such a load of complete
shite - it will obviously not be alright in this night
this night which we promise
will be the last
will last for ever - the heavens say nothing
Burn with a feeling - a negative light
that makes Shadows of Sun~~light~~ shine
and makes shadows light up like
H-Bombs. - dusty and hot
the depths of the deepest seas cannot
hide the feelings I know you feel for me.
I want to dismiss the look in yr eyes - But
cant hide from the slicing quaters you
bleed from cut laughters - all flowers make me sick.
Have you ever seen a happy postman without a hardon?
Lust replaces laughter - a kiss is so final, these days.
tears for fears need fucking in their ears - need coating in large sticky TORDS

smoothly dangerous
Joke to you - of nothing do you know!
History is composed of hellish chapters, blood and ignorance
there's yards of guts round the X-mas tree.
they belong to you - they belong to me!
they are there because he says they must be
so hang yr guts form yr
X-mas tree
Ravens in the trees,
a cackling hateful laughter
on the breeze
- Longer and longer
the carrion crows grow
Stronger get swifter
and get larger
- get fearless and swoop down
onto the breakfast table - to scare
them away - But I dont feel able -
I must end this suffering - embrace the
enevitable end - hope that some one will send
a shotgun through the mail - my
aim's still true - I could prove
that to you - by spreading my brains
~~throug~~ all over the
soil - grow a good crop
with what I spoil.

- til they are lost for words - like dead migrating birds in the ground. Silence like a dolcefice in a perfect world -

what is anything about - theres nothing left to shout and scream about
all these common dirges stifle any urges - all ~~goes~~ turns grey -
a little number every day. Walking around a blankzone - a
nomans land of sand and stone - only the primitive sun shows no
change - as we slouch across the rifle range - alone and directionless
projections of ancient evils begin to form - on our skins like a
frozen frame - of a silent, rather violent ~~film~~ surrealistic film. A
emulsion of dullness - a milky, cheated embrace - face to face with
a restless sun - a blazing vitality found in corals at the bottom
of the shifting seas. come closer and tell me. I need to be
intimate to a fossil or a piece of cheesecake - no way to expect
no right to expect anything - from anyone - that anything that
I absorb - or take in - will be useful or beautiful - but dull and
probably poisonous - toxins swim and swirl about
under my parchment skin
beneath the surface of my skin!
which I'd burn or flay - rather that ~~surely~~ preserve for a new day.
a red day dawning
cruelty by neglect - cruelty by
a wound in the darkness like a wannound or cunt! intent - no excuses for such ridiculous rules
the sun as a splinter - a bloodclot - a blunt edged knife that
disturbs the useless order of all things the queen is important as the wife of a fool.
guilt and ~~jealousy~~ fear ~~make~~ run the world - just look
at the guilt and the massive rediculous and worthless - jewels that
are dull and flushed away with the turds that
new Roman Emperor spring from yr mouth - as an excuse for words.
old Roman Emperor - of the New Empire - the death of the west
the Burial of the best - the old gods lie dreaming of a quick
death - leukemia and useless - no! dangerous and like a
dying - wounded carnivore - they thrash and roar around the floor

THE BOOKS OF THE GATE

First notes on →
24.10.8666 ——

Proposals towards 2nd Ritual mini? LP
- 1st being How To Destroy Angels.

w/TAG - esp. solly. - ADi Newton.

12" - Dual Sided. - clear vinyl ie - you can in Someway Pass/see thru. it.
= LAYLAH? Finances? £2000 +
2 long pieces - one each side.
"THE GATE" a.

"Forced Entry" - "Point of Entry"?
B/side. a perhaps more violent - violatory experience -

general drawing and elaborating on CTHULU MYTHOS. esp. w ref-to. Clarke Ashton Smith for baroque purity - strength of poe Surrealist fantasistic elaboration - language - emotion experience and accurate if somewhat florid Reportage - down

"THE GATE"



[B] -got permission to maybe use. -

What is Current - usable address for Contact -

to use a statue or painting as part of the attempt to PERCHASE for ourselves.

[C] 'THE GATE' RESEARCH.

• Qabbalistic interpretations also - Language - thesaurus — etc.

-Front door - Entrance - Exit ⇒ other languages for these ideas - do all cultures have doors - BARRIERS protective - functional - freeports - Berlin wall magickal door and Barriers - History of Barbed wire - PASSWORDS - Codes - magic passwords in Literature - Mythology - guardians of — in Myth & Magick - CHEROZON - inverse structures — Balance - Hinges - Ways of opening and closing -

CLARKE Ashton-Smith graphics — private? ARKham House? who owns Rights?

[REF] Sandy Robertsons - Books. + Echlyn - also. Contacts. artwork. → ALSO trace origins. in

PORTAL — opening - passage - tunnels - Hole - orifice - medical - natural unnatural surgical - chemical - GAPS - enlargements - cavities - deepspace / black Hole - PHSICS — astronomy — catastrophe theories - theoretic space - Einsteinian developments — FOLDS - forced opening - Breaches - defences - architectural features - Drawbridges - portcullis - door - window - trapdoors - skydoors - Secret openings - Locks - Keys - mechanical devices - Safecracking - theft technics - lockpicking - gate of Heaven - Gate of Hell - also see - OTHER religions

statements and try to establish our link with THEMATIC current -

- use. our tapes and writing
- Qabbalistic / Grant etc.
- CHRISTines statements words.
- KEYWORD - words of power • to open to ease - to force - to penetrate to unlock - unlease - ease the Lock - (graphite) PASSWORDS - evoke invocations electronic Lock trigger signals - frequencies.

Otto AVERY.
John Balance
Peter CHRISTOPHERSON
Adolphus NEWTON (TAG)
Steve WYNDHAM
maybe Also TIBET. BILL. AMBROSIA comm. credits.

THIS should ideally Be a COIL proper release with



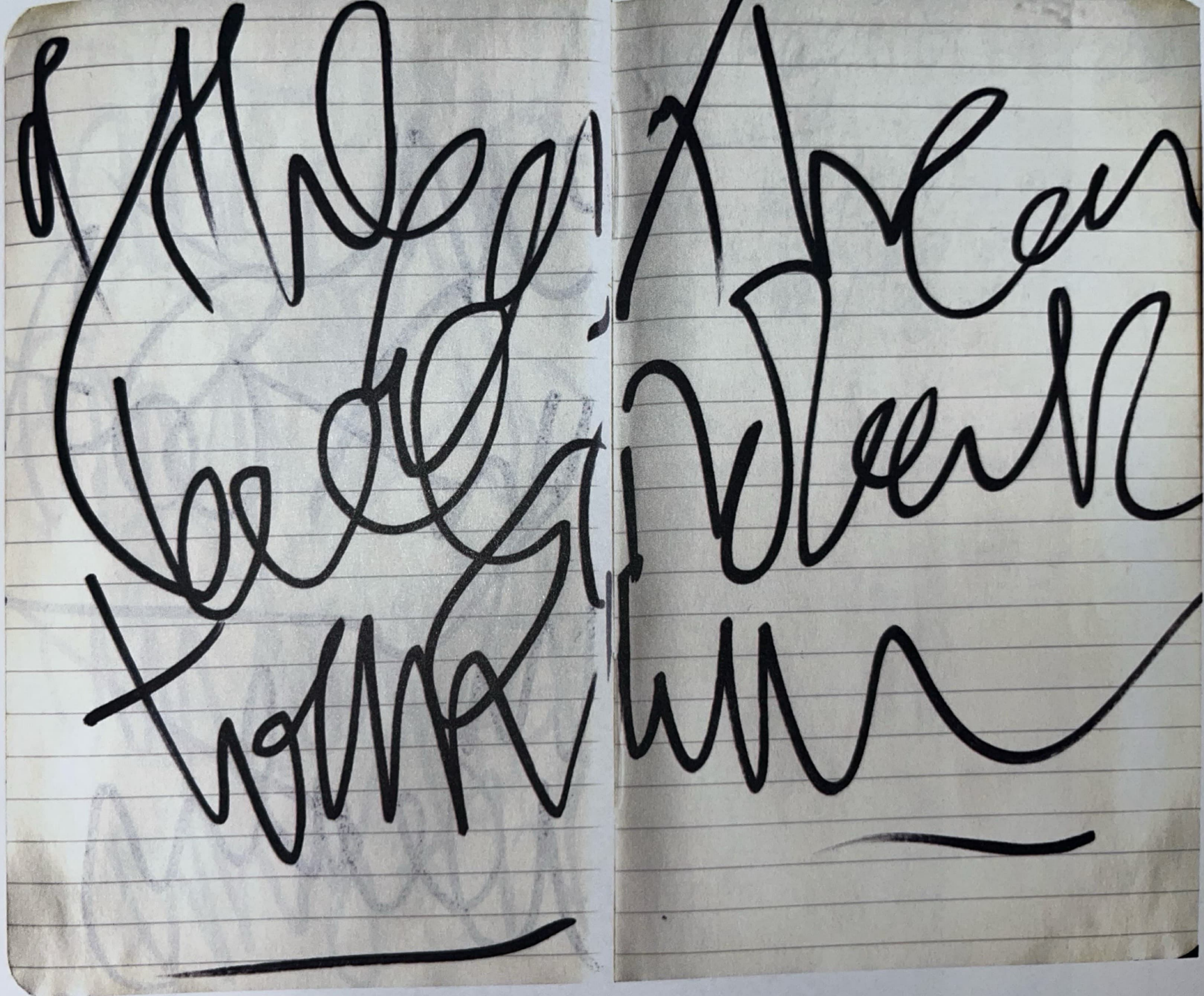
"THE GATE" · proposed as A side.

B-side. "POINT OF ENTRY"
& "FORCED ENTRY" ?

idea to be the outside surges in - Violently and powerfully. A surge - Bursting of Hells Gates. ultra heavy stampede w/ A glimpse of overwhelming change and consequences. the return of the CRAWLING CHAOS! A chance to be violent in music again - while THE GATE is us contacting. Searching to find a Breach - a passage to their realm. more ordered - researched etc.

NO specific times OR structures as yet proposed. Research and composition will reveal these! Could Be ~~subb~~ subdivided to make LP length inc. subsection titles - whatever Arises!

TAG collaboration. Equal Research Status. T Billing. But probably only ADF as TAG rep.



BLAKE.

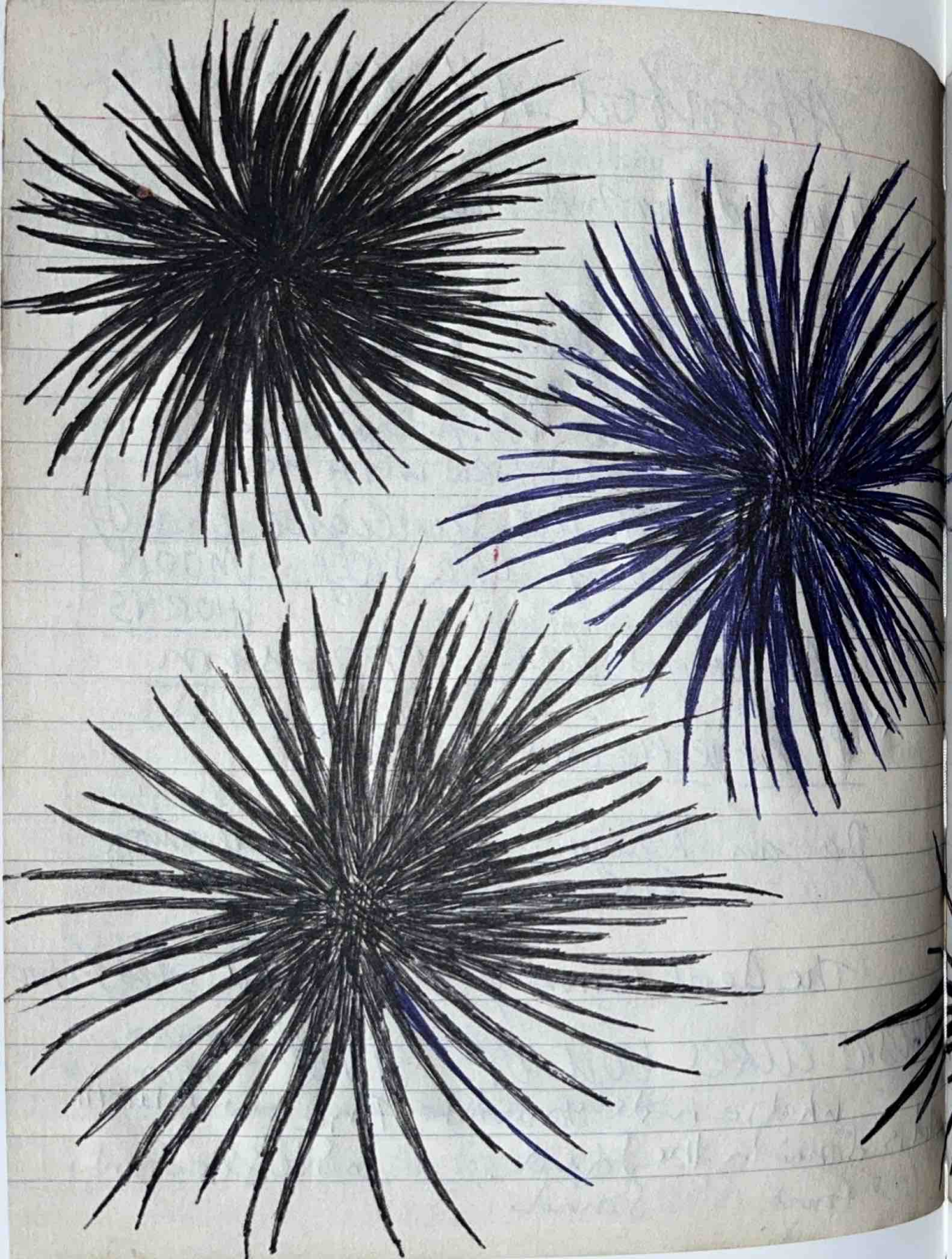
→ "May God Keep Us from Single Vision and Newton's Sleep".

re. gravity.

"wash off the not-human"

~~vegetable~~







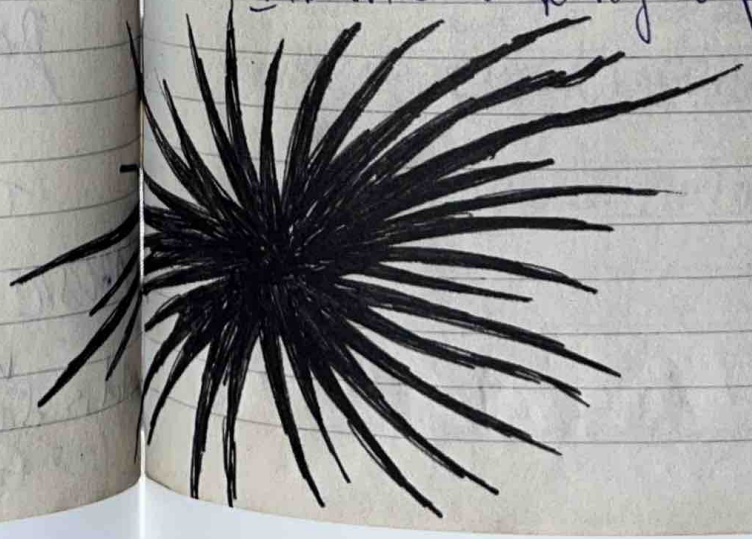
fully (well-dressed up)
dressed lie

What you call the truth is a (fully clothed)

It lies
truth stripped bare } See your lies all dressed up.
with the Naked Eye. } with my Naked Eye.

I could be Caligua or
another Chiccolina.
Double Thickness Sickness.

It's not the winning.
It's the taking apart.





YOU AT LEAST HAVE THE elements
TO REMIND YOU OF YOUR BLOOD & BONES.
WE HAVE ONLY OTHER peoples stones.

THE DAY OF HATRED

DO YOU KNOW OF ANY MYSTERY MORE BEAUTIFUL
THAN ELECTRICITY. Electricity ~~(and drugs)~~ and darkness.
ENERGY IS ETERNAL ('Fortuny'). electricity IN the dark.
DELIGHT (IN) ENERGY IS ETERNAL.
SCOPOPHILIA – THE LOVE OF LOOKING.

~~Don't you know that bromide-life is a tragedy to those that feel,~~
~~AND A COMEDY TO THOSE THAT THINK.~~ (Charles Henri Ford.)

Im gonna fuck a whole in your heart.
I NEED -
Rods OF IRON –
to BLeed.

Sta

WILDLY PAINTED gardens

Ecstasy, made me hate you. 18.4.92.

I've got a deathwish, baby
I wish you were dead
I wanna stick a breadknife
right in your fucking head

Never Apologize
Never Explain.
? — Forever. forgiven.? her
Never Again
use!

Last night I took a love drug
It did me no damn good at all
I smashed my daughters little kitten's ?
Head against the wall
not Really!
I loved that
Let me tell you
Never felt like that before
Ecstasy - made me hate you
made me hate you more.

I woke up this morning.
then asked myself why. I
woke up + broke up ....
I'm the thug die!!
hated the love drug.

Ive got a deathwish, baby
I wish you were dead
I wanna stick this breadknife
deep into your rotten head.

Wake up - you're dead!

I'm the thug that
took the love drug
IT (It) that taught (me) him
how to hate —
XTC - you hate me more ON
I hate you much more
IVE GOT AN URGE ~~I GOT~~ TO PURGE
I gonna
I CANT AND I WONT WAIT.

you hate me More - ON E

Innocence and Infantacide
Decoding the DARKness.
Halls of Hiss and walls of Horse(s)
walk forward for a day - then wait
for steps into darkness
(out from)

we end this our way.
" " " (way)

I understand the Invert man and
I believe In guilty gods.
Shake Loose
From sleeploops.
wash my Hands in the Sun.
and His deadly wound was Healed (ing)
and all the world wondered. (Wounded)
She concealed a spectre in her house -
Arrest that piano - pulled the figure into view
I swallowed the Suicides urges and pissed out
hot telegrams of goodwill and festive flames
to warm the assembled judges. In this
manner I achieved permission to wander away for
a few Hours.

Random/undented Bits.

THE EVENTUALLY DETERMINED SOURCE OF THE SENSES

I am wordless
I am the Perfect crime
For you to commit
delignent night. Ravishes
(Ravished) sleepwalkers.
dom/modelled from
ted (cold shadow
drenched In stonecold dews and deep Frosts.

25 X 86 evh
Buzzing,
Flies By Night.
Circles of

I swallow and digest my childhood
sickly sweet pains and purile hurts - dissapointments
pierce my trusting Flesh. pierce in my hand.
childhood stigmata - MARKS of my Sanctity.
Sainty little blossom - flower - with Hate
Scribbed all over my cherubic face. like
a BRuised Ripe peach. swollen fruitladen with
Sticky Juices. Skinsplit to glistening fleshfolds of fruits.
discade that Pervert manuscript - moon comes up
in my Heart. always nighttime Here deep In
WHIRLing trust on a thin frayed ~~string~~ cotton THREAD -
Helicoptor Blades of unstable attraction caused such a
wind I swept you off your feet - to moisture and
swellings.

Underneath All that ever was

ALL OVER.
Its ALL OVER.
Underneath all that ever was.
Real to us (me) go down.
go down deeper. deep.
Say its all over.
say we know its all over
accept it. go under.
underneath all.
that ever was.
go down. a little bit at A time
All you ever had was A mis judged
sense of ourselves.
sense of ourselves.
~~sense~~ go down deeper.
false sense of ourselves.
go down. a little bit at A time.
Say its all over.
underneath.
all that ever was. Say its all over.

Nothing is interested
in nothing this way
its clearer.
go down deeper.
lower yourself - in order to know it yourself.
go down deeper.
underneath.
All that ever was.
deeper. go under.
Underneath yourself.
go deeper.
Underneath.
the ~~Laughter~~ is A
smile is A suppressed scream.
dont smile here.
go deeper. much deeper
Underneath. Beneath.
~~Beneath~~ Deeper Beneath.
the smile is A SUPPRESSED SCREAM.
Dont smile.

Shipwre-
Sailor

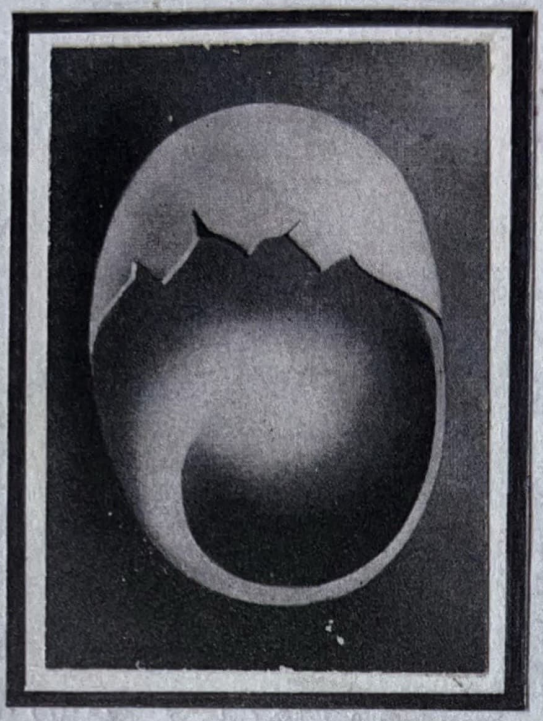
POEM.

from the shipwreck to the shore
from the ~~happy home~~ east HANDLE to the door
from the ~~lonely man~~ YOUNG SOLISCATOR to the whore
from the ceiling to the floor.
from the throat to the blade
from the mistress to the maid.
from the ~~Sa~~ miracle to the Saint
from the ~~word~~ tounge to the word to the tounge
from the bullet to the Gun
from the Shadow to the Sun. THE
and ~~from what I was to what I've become~~
to what I've Now become

from the ~~flower~~ Nectar to be the flower.
from the power that ~~fe keeps~~ breeds the
~~from the Riverbed to the~~
from the dream to the sleep
~~from the Castle to the Keep~~
from the Surface SHALLOWS to the deep.
from the ~~rustling~~ to the wind.
leave falling leaves.

from the pyramids to the Sands.
from the Seashore to the Sea
from the love ~~to the~~ -
~~You gave~~
You Saved.
You Gave the Love You'd Saved to another man than Me
A Safe Bet on the chance we'd take
chance we took. we took our chances.
took a turn for the worse. place your bets
the chance would be
A very fine thing
But at least late hour.
POWER]. I doubt ~~the whole lot~~. IT.
I Really do doubt it. without it But if we Cant to live with it. we will have to learn to live - without it.
Then
I'll give the love I've saved to Another Man
ONE.

I would like to be straddled by christ, straddled as if I were a cross +



24 · IV · 88

started.

John Lane

+ Catherine of Sienna

"BACKWARDS"



'Backwards'.

Dear God, who is there
when I do not know
something - I know not what.
I am not the seer.
I am not the seen (scene)

terrible memory (lies)
Lies Buried

I am no enemy
I am no mirrored (enemy)

I dont look
Backwards sadly.
slight sideways. gladly/madly.

No reflective defensive imagery remembered.

remembered defensive history.

His story recieves
recedes
repeats
Defeats - is its own
enemy.

His story is its own (worse)
enemy.

defeats itself
repeats itself.
tricks itself.

TRANSCRIBE

4.4.88 this is good stuff.

Then there is the Beauty of the Hour.
As heartsickening as.
the buying of gold and silver,
CHildren are rolling about his greasy treasure.
beggers and thieves. and an urchin
FLIRTING A FLOWER between his teeth.

ENORMOUS GREY DRY LIPS.
have traced their Serpent trail — to age
thru. every scene we have come upon.
... a little silver peppering of fish scales.
Scale of fishes

They can understand: ...
winternights, in cold and RAIN.
records of the EARTHS history.
violent delights. to which they are chained
for nearly all their WAKING. working hours.
dramatic temples. Are grown on unhealthy soils.
High minded Riots
of cruelty.
Hook his wooden tounge | ~~with the unsleeping wit~~ in tipsy corners.
direct to mens HEARTS. ~~that Resemble beetles~~.
"It must always be fed well
Before it comes into action. 30,000 dinners.

4.4.88

laughter ripples from his lips.
while the tears streamed from his eyes.

The drama was roughly performed.
perfoored raw like ~~[illegible]~~ stems of plantlife

Rows of sleeping mothers.
that crackle like a distant running fire.
have burst into tears
Some are sowing Rents in their clothes.
in foggy corners. The Beggars begin to beg.

WHAT WOULD become of A Lonely wanderer.
in their feeble little hands?
~~The scandals of the great~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible] the high points of which~~ The Sun ever hits
Desperate fellows take walls by assault
resemble beetles

old energies Revived then
Save to over Death! Earthed and
dive off in to Schorched.

4t80

muscular-minded love.

children FRESH AS THE ROSES OF muscular-minded love
GATHER IN THE MONKEY HOUSE.
driving the Heat and IN faintness — clipped
OF THE BALLROOM OUT. all go through the window to ~~for~~ to.
Gather in the monkey house.
the may pole has disappeared.
It was the lull before the storm. such a to so many
London under green leaves. means ~~so~~ little ~~of~~
in the twilight on the way home. - we are hidden for a
we are present AT A SPLENDID wedding. OF reason
The perfect horses. with chances of
avalanches overhead.
There is A SPARKLE IN the Eyes of the servant girls.
leaning out at the open windows of THE old villa.
Jets of steam Are SPARKLING About ~~(above)~~ A water walk
I remember both the roses and the gardener.
THE very urchins knee-deep in mud. stained with ancient wines.
~~the~~ Ancient monuments lie thick amongst them.
+ A deep murmer rising like steam
It is shi - i - shit it all about ~~fine~~ for I'm sold.
[I forget what sense was strongest enough to lift ~~me up~~ my ~~w~~,
the strongest — lifting us up — me up.]

4.4.88.

the very urchins knee-deep in mud.
+ stained with ancient wines.
It is shiny, damp and slippery work.
the air is filled ~~with~~ ~~mingled odours~~
with cavernous depths.
IN WHICH HASTY MEN ARE eating.

passes fast
the sky is webbed and massed under the moons light

Between his head (and) the thunder cloud.
there are no sweet voices. or Birdschirp church bells in laughing
there are Cobwebs in the wheels. like a GARDENS.
and) ~~the boxes are about to close~~ · SWARM of butterflies
The boy, IN A HOUR, becomes A MAN.
Bullies of every kind STALK walking along the Roads.
like smelts upon A SILVER SKEWER.
Its because their feasts are few and far between
and seldom available under the SKIES DARKEN
SULLEN
bullied.

when shadows Run mad. they may still mend the pace.
where Each one falls to the ground.
Happy human faces. Nested like birds.
shadows are moving in all directions on the water.
gathering and on the Road.
and on the rig of a

4.4.88.

A PINCHOF FIRE charged WITH MYSTERY, ROMANCE / TRAGEDY.
through Nearly 2 centuries and a half
Have these waters floated to London in the moonlight.
they only serve to keep our spirits fresh.

The greatest city on the face of the globe.
But, we had no room for it.
It is a slit through which the Catheral. was forced See -
found lying thick upon our way was found
and given us to be reduced beaten and
But we had no ROOM FOR it. bruised.
o we had No room at all.
He dwelt ON THE veins IN THE CAbbage-leafs -
pierced with cavernous mouths.
of an old friend

he saw in our dismal alleys the cradle of.
the mild SOFT HEART
AND MELANCholy. (AP) Her dress
~~Her~~ dress ~~Habited~~ in suprising
and complicated ~~[illegible]~~ ity. melancholy.

THE DARK AGE OF LOVE



Its sunlight but still its A cage.

And In the distance
Between — You And me (us) I saw
I Never really Knew You
the way ~~that~~ You SAW through me. (SAWED)

[I once WAS Lost
But Now I've Found.]

~~You Knew what I never knew~~
~~You knew I never knew you~~
You Knew what I Never Could Know.
~~You~~ ~~Knew~~ (THAT) I Never (Really) Knew You.
You only saw what You wanted to See
A future picture ~~A Ful~~ Picture of the Future.
~~of me without You~~. You without me.
You on Your own (SOLO ALONE) — you. minus ME
Looking For you All over.
Out of Reach for you (-and me)
Looking For you all over

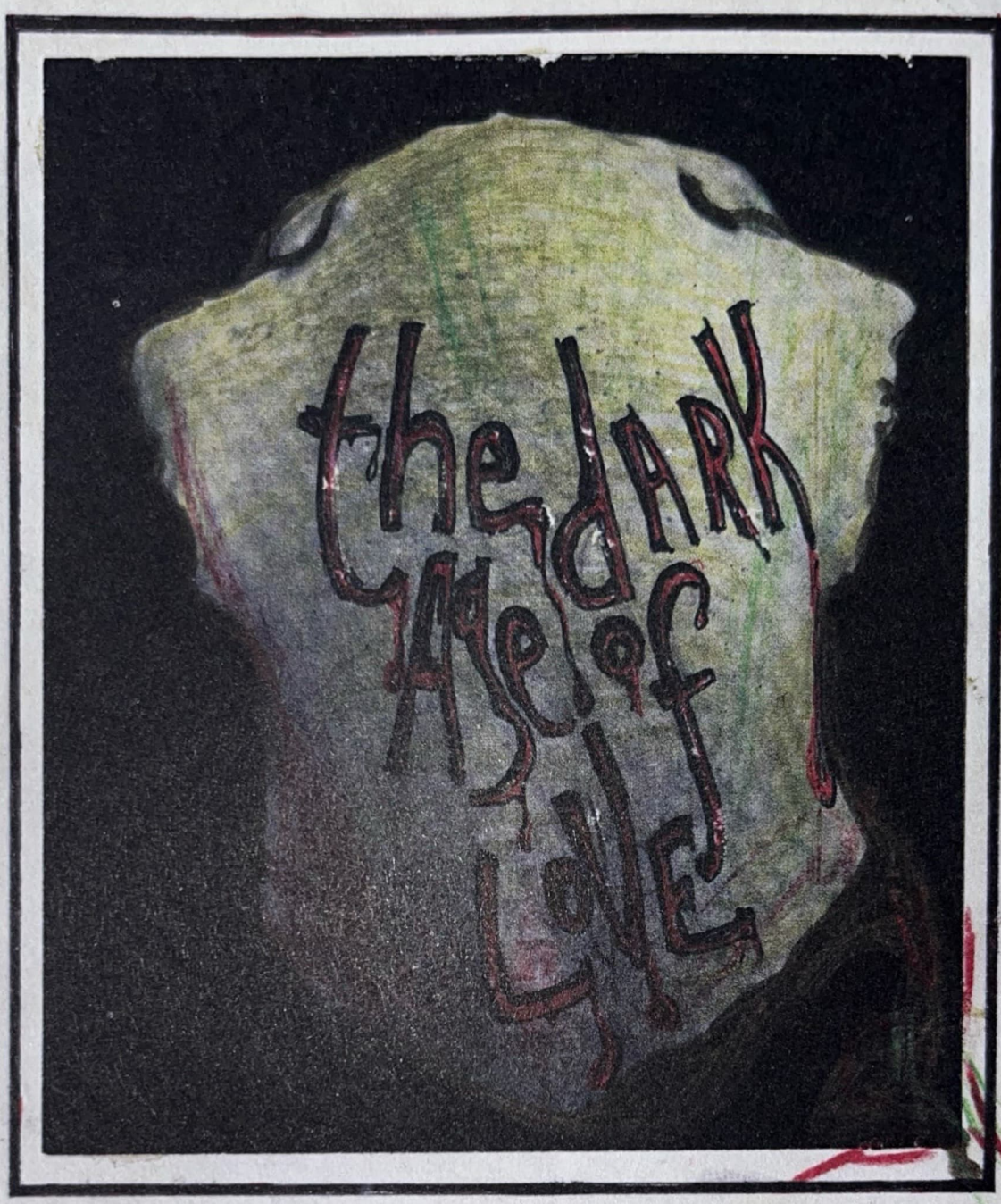
A deeper darkness.

And In the distance. Between us
I Never Really Knew You (were mine)
~~It was never was the way were w~~
IT NEVER WAS THE WAY WE WERE.
You Never were
It never was mine
ONCE.

distance of darkness.
Instant of HeartlessNess.

there under the stars.
Looking For you all over.
there under the stars.
the stars Are out For You
(out for you)
the stars Reach out For you. onwards and Into. deep.
(Reach For You)
Reach (deep) In to Your Heart. the
(where) Deep meets (in) DARKNESS.
Deep meets with darkness.
(I once was lost But Now I've Found
I was better off Lost.)

too clever??



BLOOD MUSIC AND BONE MUSIC

THE DARK AGE of LOVE →

Night times. these Nightimes.
(All who live in darkness
live in fear of the light.)

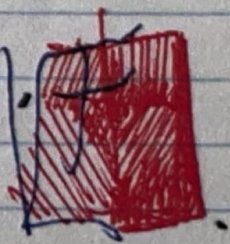
Night walks. Night SWARMS over the Surface of things.
You can/must/ TRUST TO THE DARKNESS
choose to dwell/live in darkness ← Heartbeat.
Or be blinded by the light.

Youre one. Youre only - Yr one whose been so
So lonely for so long. - So long + so lonely.

Where under the STARS.
underneath all that EVER was.
-NIGHT SHADES us. Sleeps between us.
~~drunken lights~~
starlit secret hours of Nights
drunken Lights

the dark Heart of ~~time~~ me? (—).
the dark Age of Love. WHEN IT'S AGAINST YOU
RISE UP to meet +ABOVE you.
the threat from above.
shifts.
Night's shapes and shades.
the deepest (sleep) darkest Age.

A Kiss to seal
a Kiss to gild the Sickness.
and that swims A (IN) the.
A deeper darkness.
- MEETINGS BETWEEN -



AT WAR WITH WORDS

look for the child in your enemies eyes.
all that's thee I know thine I do despise
~~Hence til the End of time~~.
Fight a wave of nerves OR
a wave of knives
A ~~I~~ A war with words
that's NOT what I meant
or what I meant to say
at all - you've twisted my words. from A while
to A WORLD of WARS & NERVES + KNIVES AIM.
knive of Nerves. OPEN ALL OLD WOUNDS.
open all wounds. WARS, NERVES + KNIFE →
open fire

loose in the skies
ROSE loose in the sun.

and in what's left undone.
aching.
Nostalgia. our
an ache in my bones for what
we did NOT Know.

an ache in our hearts
for what we did not know.

you saved your laugh for last.
then found (out) you were the joke

perfumes turn sour
Dig See Graves in the clouds.
Mystery ways

UNTITLED

anytime anyplace anywhere
anyHOW/one.
unleash me – to anywhere.
wield me and whirl me
on bright ropes of hair
give sanity A longer leash.
But some of us have sharper teeth
Bite thru it —
unleash me to anywhere.
anytime anyplace anywhile. teenage
Light in extension like. Lightening

...

Love me and leave me. free me

I am the great inside out
my words are a tunnel
punched through. (scheme)
I understand all disillusionment.
I destroy what I become
I kill what I love

UNTITLED

Hoof-s splintering hoofs
I ~~am not alone~~. in this) that can! will.
Kick the walls of the world down.

He! Where. He! Where!
delinquent storms. bright
teenage Lightening strike me deep.
deep+bright - deep in the centre.
Love me and leave me. deep in it
or well out of it.
AND.

strike me deep and bright
Into the Centre

"ANIMAL IN PALACE" aka "FERAL"

Rule Britannia -
Britannia waives the Rules. . . .
England Awakes. and
England Expect – Orates . . . JUMPS LIKE SPRINGHEELED JACK.

At night the black sheep sits
on the throne of thorns + crowns.
on the crown of thrones at
the centre of the Kingdom. Beowulf + Grendal.
the Kingdom of Evil.

Bloodstained throne - brings threat of terror
Blood from the ~~HEIR~~ HEIR. Hair from the Head.
Heir to the throne
~~blood~~ ~~assume~~ STAINS. bleeds into
In the shape of map
of the Kingdom.

A SCENE · IN PALACE ·

Killer seen in Royal House of Horror.
Loose In Corridors of POWER.
Grasps the Reign stinking deep
underworld spills over.
Royal House Hold Held.
In Grip of terror.
Animal in palace
~~the~~ Energies unleashed. ~~At~~ IN the head.
the Head of the storm
WHIRLS the mind of the killer.
THE LAW OF FOLK. FOLKLORE.



Balance. 13 IX. 86.

MARC'S video ideas. "A WOMANS SONG"

General:

① I see a need for a contrast between lush music and newfound purity clarity of behaviour. Also cheaper this way. I see a softly bruised - not dewy or romantic but Bruce Webber -

"an economy of image." Sensory - tactile - and a quality - fluidity - Erotic Camerawork.

We see the Reformed Singer and he is able to move through various suggestions - muted fragments of memory - of places - situations. Its all underplayed as regards background - no glaring crushed velvet duvets or pinksatin draped 4 posters - But instead - a pattern/grid of wood panelling or net material which partially obscuring action at some point.

"MARC in the Erotic Twighlight Zone"

NB This is not the (Natasha Kinski film. one from the HEART title!?) style But its a classy 60's feel. Sort of an early Animals video which might have been Roegs first project for the BBC type vibe. Restrained - suggestive but not in an overpowering neo-Expression /Impressionist way.

MARC Seen from waist up (in, I imagine - Black top. not his morrocan Vegas Glitter jacket - Arms expressive as always. He should be able to support the Scene by his strong display



stick

give me something to dip my fingers in.

I lost 2 weeks weight in one 2 days ~~straight~~.

I have to work quite hard at being calm

— We're lost souls. — march of time

paint me as dead.

in the nightmare(s) chamber

we don't own (R) — these seeds that we've sown

they're just seeds.

this kingdom at all. in this kingdom of pain only my stale remains

lips would kiss

the flesh on the dish — By God, it sparkles



101 DESIRABLE OBJECTS.

PUBLISH THIS SOMEWHERE!

TYPE IT UP! od. 88ev.

1. A cathedral built from songbirds bones. + a cathedral of milk. A MILK CATHEDRAL.
2. ~~A rubber shadow~~ (~~Put this later!~~) 8!
3. a lightbulb containing flowers.
4. A furnace (fire) with flames of blood and honey.
5. A spunsugar harpsichord.
6. a barrel of laughter. (draft not canned)
7. A wipedown (attic) rimjalle sense of dignity (or decency/reputation)
8. a ~~g~~ leatherbound dentist
9. ~~A~~ A RUBBER SHADOW.
10. A golden arse.

32. Optically corrected Blindfaith. — optically corrected.
33. A yoke for the 'PLOUGH' constellation '[illegible]'
34. a box of random accidents to scatter while in town.
35. ~~[illegible]~~ slippers woven from saints' wiskers.
36 A spunsugar staircase, decorated with potential accidents -
37 A ~~[illegible]~~ LIFEBOAT/CANNOO made from ~~[illegible]~~ forgotten promises.
38 A crochetted sea-enenome.
39 An inflatable cruxifix - With elaborate beadwork applied to an
40. elaborate cushioned satin finish.
40. A carnivourous piano - upholstered in Rhino, civit and cactus.
41. A table made of sleeping finches. (~~thrushes~~) starlings
42. A spade made of swear words.
43 A ~~[illegible]~~ rowing boat - woven from weather forcasts. ~~[illegible]~~.
44. a ~~[illegible]~~ MILK chocolate Archangel.
45 an Order trained to follow you!
46. ~~[illegible] for bores~~ A pistol that shoots rapids.
47. A VIDEO VHS of the Ascencion
48. A live eel Rocking-chair - (a trained! eel-rockingchair)
49. A watch that watches you back.
50. ~~A [illegible] briefcase of LARD.~~ (for politicians) See 24!
51. An aerosol spray of birdsong. (BIRDSONG in an AEROSOL).
52. A popes handshake - ~~[illegible]~~ in Amber.
53. Braille plated Reptiles.
54. Eleopatras address book. ⊕ ~~A~~ one of the holes from Julius Caesar's back.
55. A moebius - stripped!
56. A ~~square~~ cubic foot of 'deep-space' - for the fridge/freezer.
57 ~~A car that runs on hope.~~ ⊕ A non Elucidean Yo-Yo.
58 A LOUIS XVI STYLE wrought-iron helicoptor. (baroque style) - or Louix XIV
59 A steel! map of Hades.
60 ~~one of the holes from the Julius Caesars back!~~
61 A telephone to contact the dead. ⊕ a boardgame using ectoplasm.
62 The truth about about the royal family.
63. ~~An embossed warning~~

A cutting from the Tree of Life.
64. A plaster cast of adam's apple.
65 A jug full of rabbits.
~~66 A non-Elucidean Jo-Yo.~~ See 55.
~~67 A cutting from the Tree of Life~~ See 64)
68 A Rose scented excuse.
69 The queen's pardon – ~~[illegible]~~. IN suitable presentation box.
70 A mirror that reflects bad thoughts
71 frozen whalesong.
72. A pocket Blackout
73 A door that only opens.
74 ~~an ectoplasm generator.~~ (milkshake!)
75 A wickerwork tickle.
76. AN EMBOSSED WARNING. A fur carcrash.
77 a carcrash of blossoms. ~~[illegible]~~ For the blind.
78. Soft padded, lifesized pyramids. ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~little~~ less ~~[illegible]~~.
79 A gilded disease ← A horsehair heart attack!
80. a setee stuffed with sage and onion A ~~[illegible]~~ lifesize copy of versailles. IN SOLID white marble.
81 de SAdes last breakfast
82 a Musical coffin.
83. a feather skeleton
84 A nightsky ~~made~~ of ~~[illegible]~~ slate, tiles.
85. ~~A pickled mistake~~ –
86 a jar of lamb's honey
87. a copper plated tantrum. (plastic)
88. A harp baked from shortbread.
89. leadlined rainclouds. (wooden)
90 a flock of anthracite starlings.
91 A guidedog from the insane
92. A prehensile (cradle OR) (TAILOR)
93. a winged cot. composed of (Sweet)
94 a horse of ~~sweet~~ made from, and rust and thunder.
95 chocolate coated phobias.
96. A flock of wigs.

97 . 6 ampules of vertigo. (to be used when you feeling a bit) for 'Low'
98 ~~a~~ an overcoat woven from dogbites.
99. a wax dream, to be used as a candle -
100 ~~a~~ sugarcoated excuses.
101 a fossil flowerbed.
102 A ~~[illegible]~~ dagger. of frozen decp- salivA — A Saliva Dagger.
103. ~~A [illegible] of spit~~
104. 40,000 barrels of SPIT.


81290

LIVE AT BAR MALDOROR.

Aim.

To Bring ~~about a complete~~ the complete disrepute to the world of Reality.

method.

5-6 live (?). staged - centers of attention - ie. Coil songs - surrounded by - scaffolded / ~~en~~ enveloped / embraced in Surrealist images.

We explore. lust - love - deja vu. - syncronisity - envy - complete irrational - panic - obsession - paradisiacal expression of overwhelming exstasy - withdrawal - the void - crowley passes the Abyss - common clumsy manifestations of thwarted Love - hallucinations freedom as a symbol = the detailed sustained slow motion shot of a black horses mane. slowmotion so it becomes Abstract BlackBeauty slow - slow - a seperate animal entity energy - a wave of freedom. - 5 minutes or so - centre or as close as poss. to centre of screen. Centre of attention + very pale - very ghostly scenes superimposed. to refer. relate to human condition - ie. whips in confined spaces. spasmic breathing - panic - hyperventilation. 2 close people getting on each others nerves - lashing out - "I need space - OK". the Horse Rotovator - is Black Beauty in this instance. An organic energy. a flowing undulating ebony wave - equine - whiplash - 'surfs white horses in negative fields of blacked grasses. rippling corn - quivers genius.

(Maelstrom Omen Mix)

the mysteries of bliss
(this) the chain of ecstasies
the responsible abuse —
of pleasure.
extra-Celestial
angels are bestial
angels are animals.
Man is the animal.
everything is underneath —
— As above — so below —
- The space between people
and things is empty.

— there's an outsider inside
let yr No one can hide
we pass thru A hole in your heart

Soleil noir — Solar logic
Solar and logical
~~pa~~ decadent ~~is~~ symmetrical.
Angels are mathematical.
— " are winged vehicles
that lead directly to God.

Limited Edition picture titles from Moons Milk In Four Phases :. (2nd 100 Edit

'Dream of Amazonian fishes' also called. Red Shrew attacks Blue Rooster.
'Hamlet Meets his Fathers Ghost aka Blurred Berlin Table Manners. + Leigh Bowery Ghost (again).
3. Elegant booksnellers reach the hidden library"
4. The Spectra were bleached but retained their original blue flourescence"
5. The Value of the Unsaporifiable Matter"
6. Tabellae Hydrargyri Chloridi Mitus et Sodii Bicarbonatis (N.F. VII
7 Artistic Resurgence (Ancestral Infestation" (Manifestation).
8 Pink pills for Pale People
9. Red Sahara Storm.
10 "Crow"
11 Dream of a multicoloured cave system with a Red Monk in Solitude"
12. Outsider artist grows Brassicas'
13 The sound of the waves lulled him into a deep blue reverie.
14. Conjuration of A Storm. (Storm Conjuration). + "Headless Wraith"
15. "Partly Porpoise"
16 A procession of possessed infants and mothers
17 Gerhard Richter Is Unwell.
18. Lunch at the Southbank. (Gerhard Richter was here last week).
19 Raven Song.
20. Cannot cross over to the Western Islands.
21 Friends of Dorothea Tanning and Max Ernst
22 Everything Keeps Dissolving.

23. "Repetitious Suspicions"
24 I dreamt I was Riding A white whale" + "spirit of the Vertascum.
25 Nagnals Flowers
26 High Priest (mayan) eats a Nagnal flowerhead
27 All the colours of the disease were beautiful!
28 Ravenous Accident"
29 White Riders, Red and Blue beasts
30 Mactefhe Mess (age)
31 What shall we do about Robert wyatt?"
32 Simians Argnement about the Stars - aka In The Lair of the Blood Monsters
33 The pitten bone boy. + the silver whispereers.
34 "It holds on too much"
35 Death sends his best wishes"
36 3+ wooden heart
36 A German childhood (with purple dog). + "Catapillars, catacaplit, Cataclysm"
37 The face of the Gossip + Silver Forestry. -
38 Aboreal vomiting session. + Stand up for the little man"
39 Maldoror recoils form CCTV. + a perfect poison.
40. Coral on Europa"
41 Very High Priest (The veil is torn assunder),
42 Silver Memories + water sprites delve deeper into the affaires of men
43 Coptic and Septic + Ancient Beast in Torment
44 Alice Crowleys flower garden at Cefalu
45 Celesteographical Geology. + (Leafleaves) + The Dead Travel lightly"
46 Stenarnas Suckan - The dead travel lightly.
47 Ghosts I have seen
48 Indians, Joshua Tree.
49 Black sliding scale. + Copper bats doing the hokey-cokey.
50 Achromatic Planoconvex Landscape Lens -
51 A Musickal Kaleidoscopic (vortex)
52 Scottish Islands + As All Here (Everything) + Catches sight of the Siren in the Wood
53 So Alien and so Decrepid + Anger management (For Jon Lee).
54 The trees are bleeding to death"
55 I saw the black dog last night + "An Incident on the way to the Sabbat"
56 2 telephone calls
57 Owls in Hell (Hibou 'l'Enfer)
58 A demonstration of my increasing distrust in my former rebel friends.
59 Chinese Mountain Range

60 She Consists of Astral matter
61 Fantastic and Anti-Naturalistic.
62 New Ideas need Two Parents
63 The Cloister or the martydom of No-one we Know.
64 Jealousy.
65 I can see my granafather (deceased)
66 Marc Almonds parrot has no head.
67 Is Nichola Bavery pregnant again?
68 when is a door not a door? when its a Ducasse!
69 Broken Aura (A spell to obtain a painting). + Syrian desert scene
70 Samhain is not the same (Spirits abroad).
71 A Boy has climbed out to look at the world" + Alien Sorcery.
72 Astrid Bauer Rides Out!
73 Its Eating away at the Inside + (out).
74 Von Goghs Bullethole + Mad Flock of Maddened ~~Red~~ Birds.
75 River Isis, Oxford 1972. + Desert Near Marakesh
76 A fish Supper with Bruegel
77 A walk with Sinister Overtones. + ~~Green~~ Mercurial ~~[illegible]~~ Diatoms.
78 Beauticians Talk about the Ugly Dives.
79 A walk in the Afternoon (For Jeremy Reed)
80 Here Be Monsters
81 Copper Vomit + May an Priest Gives a Oracle.
82 The Emperors Old Clothes.
83 My Bloodstream.
84 6th Horse of the Apocalypse. + Eat or be Eaten
85 Gauigins favourite Restaurant
86 For Yves Tangny.
87 Copper Veins (In the Mud of Pretoria).
88 2 Fat Ladies (For Michael Clark).
89 Awefully Moody Arrl we (Leigh).
90 Yellow Eagle with Tree Shrew. + A Martian Warrior (for C.A.S).
91 The Boat Leaves at Emaus at 3.00 pm. + A Lady In waiting.
92 Scream thy Last Scream For (Edvard M).
93 Celestial Upheaval (with Elves). + metal Guzu; Is A Jew^n
94 Heavy Metallic Tastes and flavours + Cats drunk on Copper Cage
95 Movement and the will to change +
96 Autumn Minerals
97 Sitting down to Sing. + waterfalling

98 Strinbergs Crisis (detail)
99 You Cant Let Go.
100 Copper Elk + Copper Animal Claws.
101 + Fractured Safari animals - cracked by wischcrafts.
101 A Priest from Palenque Is at the Controls + "Fractured Safari Animals).
102 Red Priest of Pain + Red Angel waves wand
103 Leigh Bowery In the Afterworld + Crimson Squid
104. Attack the Royal Swedish Academy + A dense tangle of nuances + Nuances
105 Blue Azure Ape of Naples caught in the Monsoon Rains.
106 Don't tell me (The Keen Observer) + Molly Parkins Undercarriage
107 Utah, Eagle spirit + Hiding In Plain sight
108 Behind the Green Door.
109 Monks decide the future ~~of Sushi~~. + ~~Moss with~~ bird hidden in Moss garden
110 Show me the way to go home + Astral weather (Huge + Green)
111 Empire of the vampire Bats + Attack of the Killer Voles + Blue boat of school children
112 Parrots rule their world (A very Avian) + who needs a map
113 Dark they were, and golden eyed. + Fire demons
114 A beautiful blue sound + ~~Aquamarine~~ The Queen Is Aquamarine.
115 Conspicuous Consumption. (speed Shopping).
116 Elephant memories + Lion Head
~~Gatefolded Special Extra special Edition - first 100.~~
117 ~~Whispering~~ spirits of the forest ~~+~~ A place to bury strangers.
spirits of the whispering forests
118 Cable.
119 Its Coming through - slowly. + King John Crosses the Wash.
120 Exit this Roman shell
121 35,000 feet and climbing. (the fat blue man).
122 She Filled us all up with Fury, + "odin, help me, odin"
123 Snowline (Norway). + Fjords.
124 Devil Birds or ~~wind~~ High winds blow the birdsong away.
125 An Inuit takes us out of it
126 The New Rock n' Roll.
127 Restoration of the Ancients -
128 It was an awful arguement.
129 The Mouth of the River (Red River).
130 It's In the trees, Its Coming.
131 A Fast Dream of Dead Friends.
132 Gila Monsters
133 It all blew away (Parrot 0.5M) + Swiss bicycle trip on a bicycle in Switzerland

134 Maneuvering to Extract the Unique Mineral.
135 He took something stronger than he was (For R. Haswell).
136 Psychopomp in all its heavy Finery.
137 "A Conference of Carnivores"
138 A Lynx in the Pyranees.
139 Bloodclot + Cockeralls First Crow.
140 For Abraxas. Popacatapetals.
141 I think I'm getting A Migraine
142 The volcanic Florist
143 A freak accident with A Revolving door.
144 Forest Fireplace.
145 Coral wizards in copal + City of drips - drip city.
146 I waited for one hour.
147 Christmas In Grimsby (Hell by any other name).
148 Red Speed Rabbit. Lapin Agile
149 Here Is Your Crown. (- from L. Cohen track title)
150 Blue Birds. Blue Bird Song.
151 Falling Spirits (Descent From Hell)
152 The windswept welsh.
153 The last coral Reef on Earth,
154 Enemies - sideways glance. + Somewhere Nice in Utah + Deaths Kullson Stelf.
155 First Kiss (The Air Begins to Shimmer)
156 Skooby-Doo skinned and nailed to an oak tree"
Fen check! — Gateford First 100 Special Edition titles.

1. He came too late
2 He will have the same terror next time + black fox
3 A Baby by the Red Sands.
4 The orgy was almost over, but no-one would leave.
5 Since childhood fell (Malediction)
6 Where Brion Is Now?
7 We're definately being followed.
8 Heat So Intense It may be mistaken for Belladona.
9 Alaskan Migraine -
10 Whats behind the Blue Magickian (Bill Kirons)
11 Coach crash near the summit of Mt Etna.
12 Forty Days + Forty Nights (The Leonids In Petra)
13 Witches dance in Colours Through my dreams.

14 A painful flower.
15 Never sits down or sleeps at night
16 They had reached an Impasse through hardness of hearing.
17 Red Bells and Black Birds.
18 Headlights In the Sandstorm
19 Care should be taken not to give a 2nd dose.
20 I Know its there
21 Nuclear Incident In Arles
22 Apoplexy Regarding a place of Safety
23 Any serious thought is terrifying.
24 No one could stem the flow
25 The City has completly disappeared.
26 A Nosebleed in Stanton Drew
27 Ebola Dawn.
28 It dries up everything it comes across
29 And the nurses were not far wrong, he said
30 Cheesecake had obscured The Carbonyeway.
31 Sleepiness and the dazed state combined (In the dream of the flightless turkey bird
32 By then I was completly blind.
33 We marvelled at the nests under the pier.
34 they can see me from afar so I kneeland wait for them
35 Enormously large doses.
36 worse in windy weather
37 doctor, I have always had such spells.
38 they decay almost as soon as they are born.
39 As I lay there, It just blew away.
40 The Rampage of the aztec apprentices
41 Sand and Saliva can be drawn out into long strings
42 Must Eat Every few hours.
43 Cunt Squash.
44 Harry Potters first LSD trip.
45 Breakthrough In Red Room.
46 The Watchers.
47 Jovons, noisy, woodsprite Fight (with Rose McDowall).
48 My demon brother
50 Roman Road.
51 outside Perpignan Station. (Centre of the Universe)

52 All except the children of civilisation
53 Dreams Before Bedtime
54 When Everything Seems to go round.
55 They Passed us by in dark Cars
56 From touching the parts softly.
57 I think before I am
58 texture like sun
59 Horse Restorator vision (fragmented
60 Bright lights and Cats with no mouths.
61 Marrakesh mouthfulls.
62 One Monkey remains puzzled by the Barber Caravan.
63 the donkeys of weston super mare are sleeping
64 Skull sockets See Owls (The zombie vegetarian).
65 Careful what you wish for + Black Sun over Vesuvius)
66 the 6nd service
67 It seems to go on and on and on....
68 the conglutation of the Thunder children.
69 The crossing of the Forest of Dee
70 Ghost of a Carrier Pidgeon
71 urban legends discussed over liquids.
72 the Eagle has landed.
73 Red weather.
74 Low Tide, Porlock (The Mendips underwater).
75 The King Is Dead
76 The Lion In winter (Tannenbaum).
77 Black Moon seen from beneath a Mayan Temple.
78 The Red Goats carrying a Black Monk over the snows to nowhere.
79 Mislabeling In the British museum.
80 It just is
81 the blank, fast madness of video arcades.
82 Ploughed fields of benzedrine
83 Hot, fast summer
84 Reindeer Accident
85 Hallucination - Mass - Hallucination.
86 Standing stone, whirling dervish
87 I cant remember it at all
88 A Seal Meets a ptarmigan.
89 (Internalised) Crustacean Lanterns.

90 Seaweed, Lungfish, Aorta, vision
91 Solitary arguement about Norwegian whale quota
92 Red Thread over Cooloorta.
93 Carcrash on Ilkly Moor
94 Flying Over the Urals (85 paid for so far)
95 A Chinese Dragon.

Moonsmilks In Four Phases Special Edition(s).

333 copies. (33 held back from for friends.)

First (93) have gatefold sleeves and painting on cover + photographhouse on Equinox. by sleazy.

The rest. are single sleeves with painting on one side.

we need to keep back some gatefolds ~ (
So 93 gatefolds + there are 150 photos to go in first orders.
last orders get no photo.

3 track CDR. titles: → 1. Copal (The Mother tounge
2. The Tusting of the Coppice-Meat (finalised as 'The Coppice Meat)
3. Üpel - (An Incense Offering) -

'BROWN LIGHT'.

Beta-Lactam 10" titles

1.2. "A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence Part I & II.
3. "A Bad Message" (Part 3) — '$100,00 dollar Altar' — (with new backing track).

'We' I worship at the shrine of the thylacine.

"Diss"
"It pisseth everywhere".

A.Y.OR. cont. - notes 29.V.22.

- wordly Reasons.

All your other - Reasons.

Riddles

Appearing outer

Avoid your other - Realisms. - Reactions

All your orders -

Admit you ought

only Resist.

Repeat

React

Release

Antiquity younger, old(er) -

Ancient years - outlive - Relics - Records(ings)

pulsating - streaming streams of blood.

Its in my heart - pulse and - flutter - murmurs of the heart -

it's my very essense -

its pumped around - pure and - heavens heavy essence

pump - balance

a pool of blood - corpuscular - muscular

down the Red

S(urge)ency.

Intravenous reasons - Ebb and flow - a river - Resurgence.

the - blood to give to (his) my head

a Sanguine - pure - are you pure?

Sure are you Sure?

100% - are you clean? - a stream of pure love

are you clear? - energies

Are you blended/mixed - A Race -

a false start - to the human Race.] They

dis-qualified? Everything lives on -

How

do you pass the test - your tests - these tests - That's how it we are so strong.

can be

are you scared of the results

will it be your fault.

like a - Sung an ancient song

diluted. polluted. - cross pollination - mixed Race - mixed - mixing. -

we all are the carrying passengers -

we are a multicellular animal -

one amongst many. community - a complete - complex Ecosystem

millions likewise - Race thru.

dear est Mam and dad - I have to something to tell you - that might hurt

lets make it clear - I am QUEER - that thing you fear (in me.)

The Bloodline stops (Ends) here. - All your own Recceeds - my heart bleeds (for you)

A.Y.OR. 29.V.02. Barcelona.

Spectre vs. Vector — An Infector Calls. —
I went to the doctor who ~~sent me~~ refered me to a specialist, who tested and sent them to another specialist, who consulted another expert, who transfered me to another unit. Thus I was sent for more tests, the results were sent on to yet another constitant. The assistant wasn't sure so they tested me some more. The results conflicted — The data was not — were not conclussive. My 'disease'd condition remains elusive.

[it-can]
— Just one drop dissolves your — dissolves you at a distance.

Its in my blood —
" " " " — stream.
systems — Serum — plasma —
transmission — is recieved. passed on — replication — multiplied.
gestation — like slide of — crowds — a panicing crowd
riot — on autopilot.

— Your blood is my blood — my blood is your blood
his blood is my blood — my blood is his blood — his blood is your blood
your blood is his blood
our blood is your blood — your blood is our blood
her blood is his blood — his blood is her blood her blood is our blood
our blood is her blood.
your blood is your blood — your blood is their blood — their blood is her blood — her blood is your blood →
permutate.

At your own risk.
Everything you do is at your own risk.

I feel love
I feel loved
Do you feel love? love in your blood. love (in my blood — comes from — love comes from my blood — my blood is your love.
your blood is my love
my love is (in your blood) —

Its at my own risk — A.Y.O.R. — Ask yourself ? ?

VIDEOS

'HOW TO DESTROY ANGELS'.

5 SECTIONS. 1 at each end - the same / with 3 middle section
SUGEST.
a) DRUGS TAKING / ACCIDENTAL (VICTIM ANGLE!) AND THEN WATCHIN
FILM_DOCUMENTARY.
b) DREAM LINK - A LITTLE DULL -/OBVIOUS.
c) -

-NEEDS elements in it - ie. WATER/AIR/FIRE/EARTH + VOID.
COULD BE DEATH / NEGATION / STAGNATION / CORRUPTION -
THE OPPOSITE OF BASE METAL INTO GOLD - THIS IS GOLD
INTO RUST - CORRUPTION OF CELESTIAL / ANGELIC MATTER

-WORK OUT BACKWARD ALCHEMICAL SYMBOLS - RED LION ETC
-USE CHILD ACTORS AS OLDER PEOPLE - MAX SATYRICON
ETC.
NEEDS MOTIVE. REVENGE / JEALOUSY / PERVERSE HATRED
OF SO CALLED / APPARENT 'ANGEL'.

ANGEL OF MERCY ~ 4 ANGELS / HORSEMEN APOCALPSE / DEATH.
DESTROYING ANGEL - THE MUSHROOM - POISONS AGAIN



THE SEWAGE WORKERS BIRTHDAY PARTY.

LOCATION. SUGGEST ALL ONE ROOM - SET. TABLE AND GUESTS - 7 ? - A TEA / BIRTHDAY PARTY OF NIGHTMARE PROPORTIONS.

GRADUAL DISINTIGRATION - ALL SLOW MOTION - STROBES ETC. UNKEMPT HAIR - MAKEUP ALL OVER FACE.
FOOD TURNS TO SLUGS / MAGGOTS / WORMS / SNAILS ETC
ALL MASKS ETC - TAKE MASK OFF TO REVEAL ANOTHER MASK - THEN ANOTHER THEN - ? - SHOCK HORROR.

CUT FROM NICE FOOD (SMILES) GOING IN MOUTH - TO OTHER IMAGE - IE. BOY WANKING IN CHAIR (CUT BACK) TO MAGGOTS COMING OUT OF MOUTH - VOMIT ETC - A PROJECTILE VOMIER - PEOPLE PANIC - NO DOOR.
EQUATE FOOD WITH HEAVY PERVERSE SEX - POO POO.

GET PENIS DOG IN IT. (WITH PARTY CLOTHES ON !).

WHEN FILM CUTS TO OTHER SCENES IT SHOULD GO TO ANOTHER SPEED.

- ANTAL ?

JELLY RABBIT.
BLAMANGE.
LITTLE CAKES.

THE WHEEL

-PERHAPS A STRAIGHT POP VIDEO AS STRAIGHT AS WE COULD BE. ie MIMING -NOT IN SYNCH - MIGHT BE INTERESTING - SUPERIMPOSING ACTION SHOTS OF US. + SERTAIN IMAGES.

THE WHEEL IS THE MECHANICS OF LIFE - HIDDEN SYSTEMS SO THERE IS A LOT TO USE - PERHAPS FREEZE ACTION THEN R UNFREEZE - STARTS WITH STILL WHICH BECOMES ACTION — TIME : SYNCRONICITY - (HOWARD JONES DEVICE). what !!!??? MAGICHAL EMBLEMS - CHANCE AND CAUSUALITY COGS / MECAGNISMS / KEYS - LOCKS / UNLOCKING DOORS - WINDING UP CLOCKS etc?
BRIGHT AND SHINY - CONTRASTY.

THE FINDING OF A PATH OF ACTION / TRUE WILL. - SO SHOULD BE STRONG, BRIGHT, ORDERED TO REFLECT THIS. - HAVING DISCOVERED THE WAY OF DOING THINGS - AND REJECTING THE PAST CONFUSIONS ETC.

R

THE WHEEL OF FATE / FORTUNE / WHEELS OF INDUSTRY / CATHER. -INE WHEEL.

O pollutant Light
the moon reflects your scars
with crimson tides
and anchors ripped (from off-shore shores).

gripped in the lightbulb teeth between the lightbulbs Jaws teeth

hideous amplitude hang the lifeless stars
abhor the glow

O pollutant light
the lightbulb and the car

Life's truth lies in the spontaneous force of matter
Living among concepts, the spirit of man is sick. Do not
ask him to be satisfied, ask him only to be calm
and to believe that he has found his proper place
But only the madman is truely calm.

Life lies
With (the) scissors inside her

Like Icon - remembrance of Relative.



Golden Lion golden syrup

lion - asleep/dead

radiant Lion.

use actual Image.

dripping Honey down the picture.

enlarged and covered in honey coloured wax.

single Flower

Raw - Black Rose

Lily

field of violet.

Bunch of spanish funeral flowers

Have wound symbolic slash to release honey

altar ledge w/ THAI. numerous candle

'out of the strong' came forth sweetness.

like East. European Shrine to Son Dead In Battle -

poss. births/deaths from newspapers.

~~Rember~~ Sunspot news

collage text relating to Bee Dance.

~~magical~~ ~~Pasolinis death~~

crackled varnish.

Resins - blood tints - woods - blood stains - stains

- The idea of sticky honey (fluids) from warm furred creatures is ultra-sexual.

HONEY. sweet. darling.

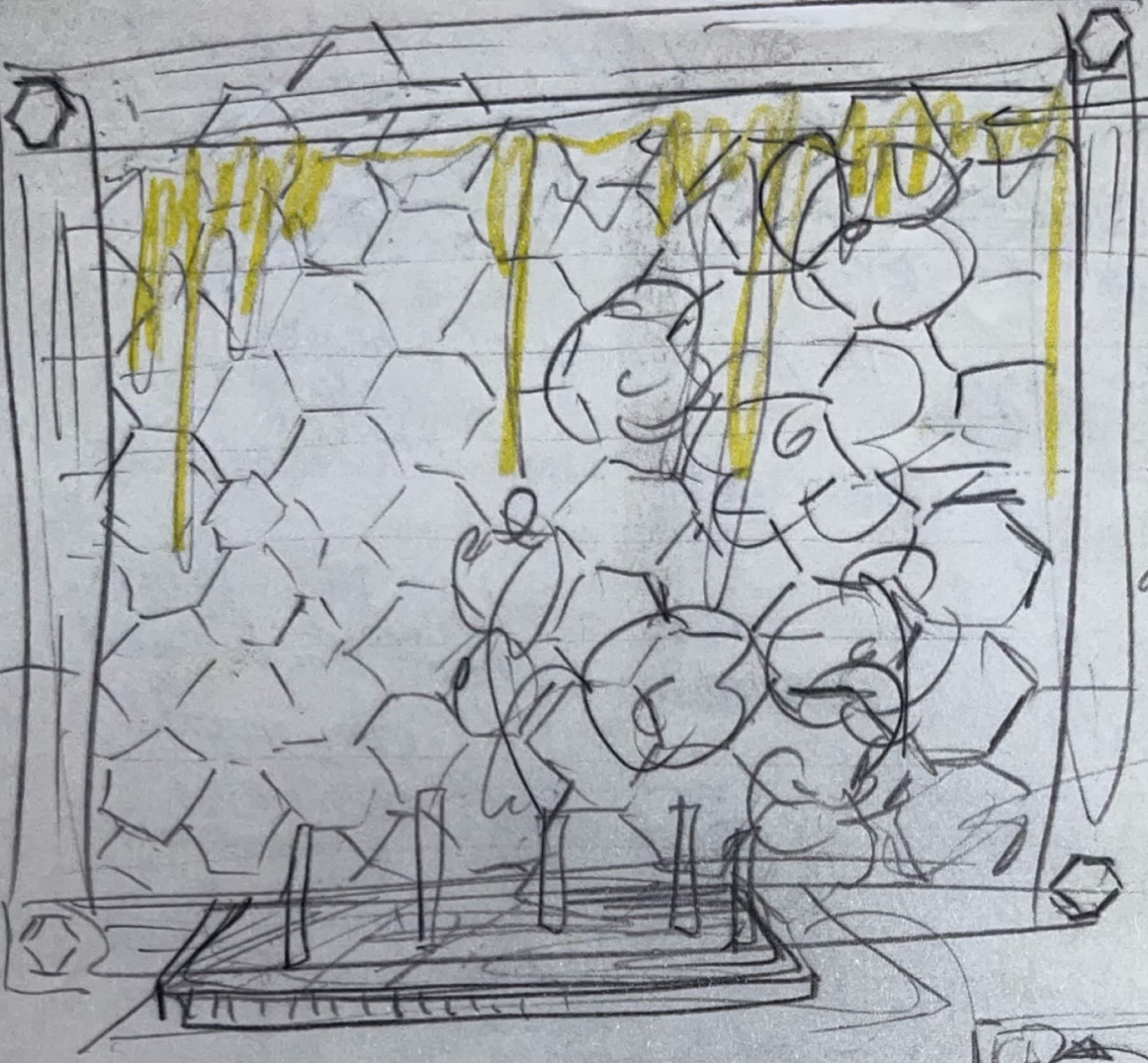
HONEYCOMB. porosity pierce. sweet.

HONEYMOON concord wedding.

HONEYMOONERS. spouse.

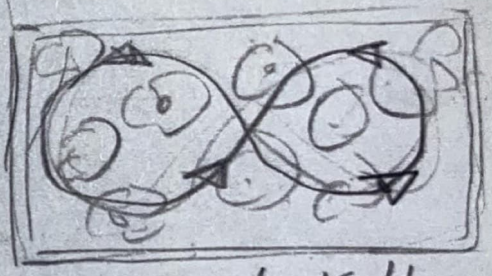
HONEYPOT focus.

honeydew.



amber honey Resin dripped from above. Thick

dried flowers like victorian display cards!



check in books!!

Use flowers that Symbolise DEATH

or have puns meanings.

or dark violet pansies etc. that look sick or strange.

Bleeding Hearts.

Honeysuckle.

Morning glory.

trumpet vine

Passion flowers.

sleepy narcotic flowers.

- Poppy.
- honeysuckle
- lilies
- Sunflower.
- violets
- dandylion
- Nite scented stocks.

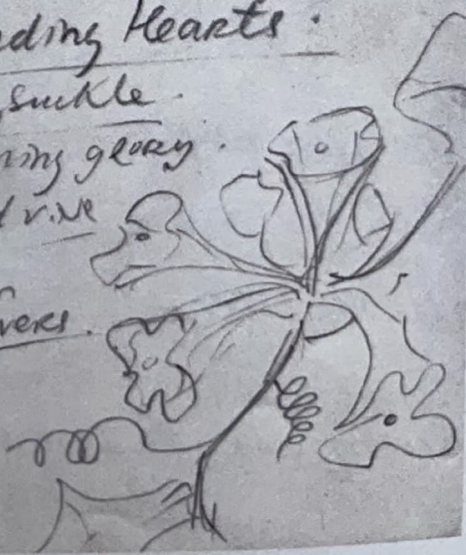
heliotrope

- hellborine.

Spanish funeral flowers.

W/Bell as part of name.

morning glory.





Red honeycombs.
Blood Capsules.

Cells -
Prison Cells.
Palaces.

Surface of Sun showing Sunspots

clear unwaxed hexagon.

high gloss surface.

ebony black frame

Seething Hot Orange Red Black Mass of with melted wax crayons.

or

blown up colour photo

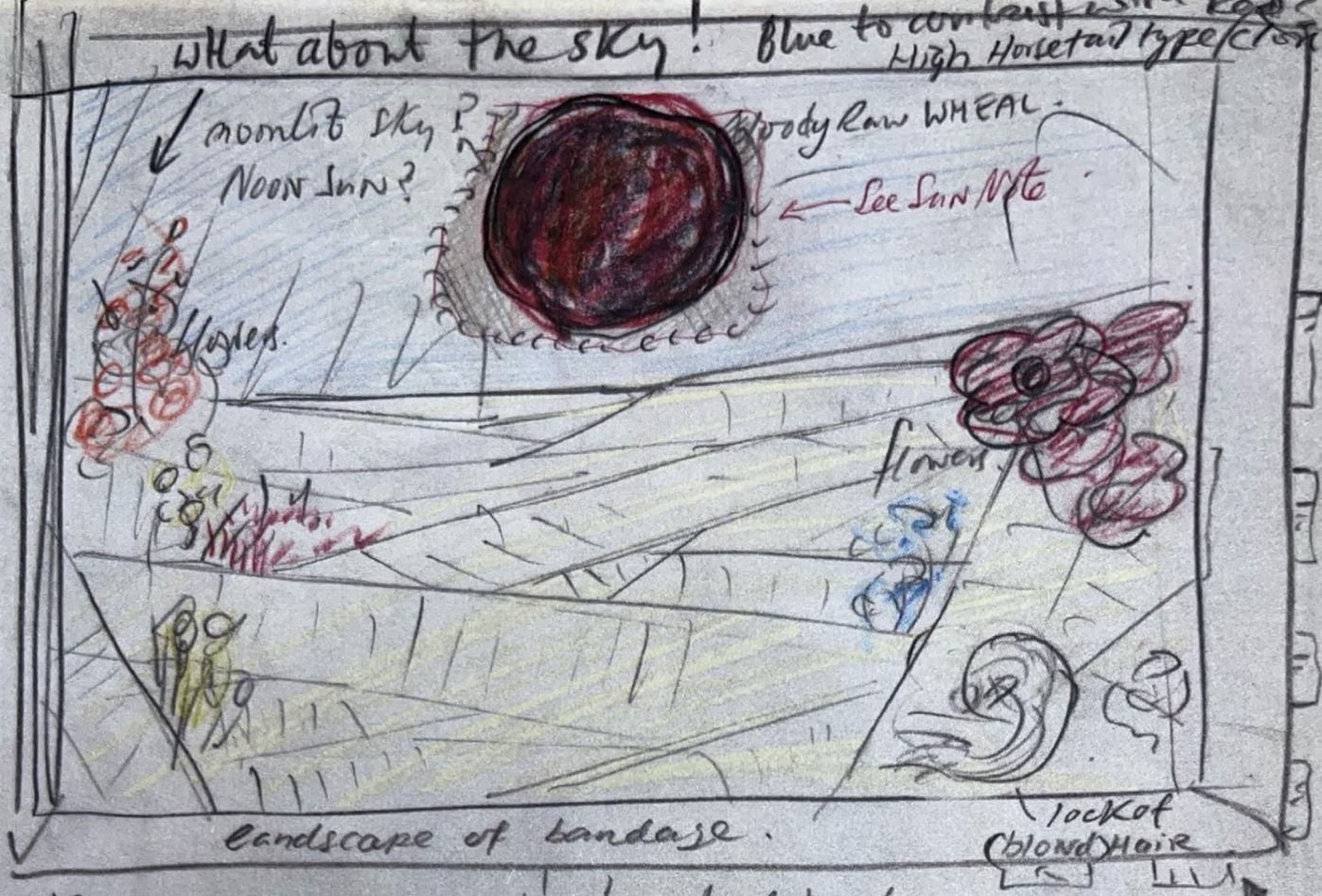
OR

(Silhouette) of Tyrannosaurus Rex Stencil

Both ideas either.

clear ie - unwaxed. or Black matted. (prob. better + more visually effective -.

What about the sky! Blue to contrast with red? High Horsetail type clouds,



"BANDAGE LANDSCAPE! use actual bandage.

"THE WHEAL of FORTUNE" wrapped around or cut to suit.

⊕ make them stained/used and interesting,

⊕ check available kinds

"FRESHLY" "CUT"

open type. Razor Blades.

(would poppies be too obvious in picture)

• Safetypin on a good luck medallion like small Boquet

A bunch of Religious charms.

(slower than) 'the Speed of Light'

threads of life — idea of Greek, idea of Fates cutting the thread. WOOL!!!

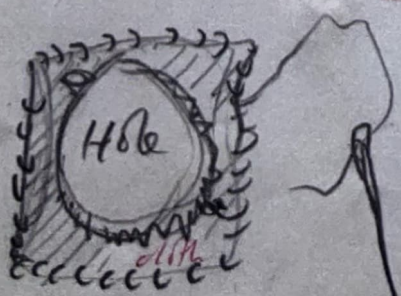
Have Sun burnt charred Red Raw disc. ~~cut~~ painted onto cloth and then sewn onto the picture, with the thread a Red or golden honeycoloured. like cut from uniform or dead boys cloths.

INCIVONIC refs to old Return of the Soldier type pictures. Heroic war pictures etc.

A) a weapon bullethole

OR.

B) use ~~wool~~ or twine as fates spun the thread!!! is cotton spun! In greece in may have been HEMP. linen thread





ENERGY IS ETERNAL.

- almost a complete song here! · Wierd arranged - medival electronic pallard.

Im golden, is
As golden there is (are)
Seeds, my brothers, golden there
Flowers just, don't own the garden
Not to flatter (en) my bleak glow. Running hides
find a weight that tries - to skin
me, the little kings heart's first dark ride
Julins smiles, and lets me know that
you have learnt to let me know, the
deep blue broken whales endings
Run so many - skins on top of me
Everywhere lies - only under
Just beneath is what you'll find there
spin my tiny (tiring?) heart of drugs.
stripped purple ones before - I rise
O please dont tell me as the sun steps - forward
My (pale) blood fills the chairs (mole)
paw on my lovely lands dint let me wait.
dont let me wait for birdshine
hmm! I learnt to love the one eyed SeA
For I dont Know or Care what
clipped my Head - so lonely
feeds me seeds through drooping jaws
chances are you'll want to argue
taught to know
tomorrow ends today like far too many
Tell me - as the sun steps forward
my lovely land couldn't catch and keep me

And seeks to skin me

sinks. slumps in my.

flutes - ~~bodran~~ bodhrain - guitar - acoustic - dolphin
Re to drone

Sonic clicks.

"SICK MACHINE" +

the machine is sick. this is
Do not touch it. do not test it.
sick machine. the Machine is sick
the machine is in motion (A sickness Machine)
do not touch - do not test it motion sickness.
The machine is ~~(still)~~ ~~sleeping~~ dreaming.
the machine is ~~sleeping~~ ASLEEP (swap?)
Its heart is still beating.
~~technologically speaking~~
do not touch - do not test it
do not turn it on - ~~and~~ do not turn it off.
The machine is Asleep.
the machine is sick. (steel dreams)
A sickness machine.
It's a trial and an error.
the power is in ~~the~~ the sick machine
(the machine is sick) the sickness Machine.
Engines. England's engines lubricate
Englands Machines turn
Engines turn in
Unsound Surrounds. strangest machine

the doctor comes slowly / quickly.

the doctor is lonely

the doctor is shivering
the doctor is here } the doctors

the outlook. quite clear

the doctor is rambling

the doctor is lost

the taste of his the medicine

the doctor is laughing →

the doctor is old

~~the doctor is shivering~~ — he asks "are you shivering?"

the doctor is cold

the doctors concerned that / the

the doctors is turning | to his ~~face~~ smile moon his face to the wall

his bones are all creaking

the doctor is tall ~~old~~ creaky ~~chur~~ old doors

like ~~bare wooden floors board~~.

the doctor's an actor —

when the actor stops acting

does the film become Real?

lost / cost

the doctor is hiding — behind.

the doctor is scared.

that the taste of his (the) medicine

the wound is kept clean undressed. too wide

will not heal

~~won't heal on its own~~

The doctor has learnt ~~How~~ to keep his mouths hut.

~~this song is a film / Real~~

→ In a scene ~~he~~ we will steal

Spring has sprung — the grass is Riss

I wonder where dem birdies is.

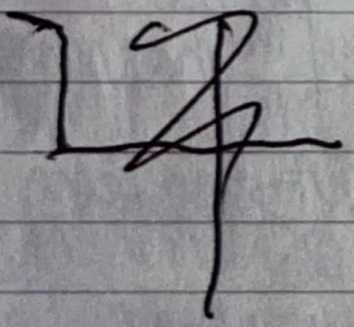
Time flies we cannot — They sit on trees — and bark

LYRICS.

The Ape of Naples (instrumental)

What is happiness?
Is it in the leaves of the trees
In ~~the~~ buried in the soil
In chemical
The feeling that power is growing
that resistance is overcome
A strong human being made sick

- ~~Silent truths~~



Salvagina - go back to the woods.

He whom you cannot teach to fly, Earth to fall faster

my evil eye, my evil ear
Listens for the sound of feet
there are men at the door
with hammers
Crushing the all the flowers
thumpling
I spy / cry with my blindeye
the blind eye see all
every ~~plummet~~, every fall
failure

whats that strange perfume
that intoxicates my head
its the frangance from the
flowers in the gardens of the
dead

MORRISON

Dear Mum and Dad,
Sorry I didn't write sooner but I've been very busy. I've been working in the restaurant and I've had to do a lot of overtime. I've also been looking after the bar and I've had to be on top of the floor and I've had to be on top of the floor and I've had to be on top of the floor

Tues. 7 May 98. Notes towards AOS appreciation. — an artists response to his art.

- Avastistic Resurgence — ie history of mankind drawing -

all AOS pics are latent - ladew — spells - hinnod - cast in mixed media. Entrancement and Entrances.

doorways in time and space.
Atmospheric coagulation and magickal intention writ large in pencil, ink, chalk, pastels, oxe
oils.
The Ancestor worship - aspect, matrix matrices - Nets snares, webs, morasses, ectoplasmic
dots and atmospheric alchemical - realistations - Seething with denizens - half realised -
half-glimpsed - Sidereal - See them sideways - like ghost and aboreal energies -
theory - ancestral energy resides in trees and bushes - London planes - avenues of beech young.
phantom - sperm columns - sexual energies - released as astral plant forms - growing and
hardening into dense, vigourous trees. Ancestors - by worshiping and communicating directly
with trees the Ars initiate can access deep - complex - levels of human understanding. Respect
for Nature. Tree Worship - Isis cult of the Goddess. Body of the Grosses in London's leafy
streets and parks - ie. Plane Trees. See - Robs pict. for visual proof. woods made up of dense
ancestral stuff. Its in the trees - its coming. - Painting directly onto wood. unprepared panels.
specially chosen in junkshop visits - for speaker Baffles - vibrational magickal system - Research more
- See Dpeth for Elliphoth painting - also landscape - Ars - w/ stones in it. choosing over paper or canvas.
Raw wood.

Changes - the Beg mass - mas or mass - transmagnifications. fluid - heavy traffic - flux. - Ether - astral - whatever
obviously (often) persisted in state of heightened visual awareness - No only - Brion Gysin - ANY others? -
can capture the hinterlands - the gloaming - the other - perifical - lurkers on the threshold - breakt + Ars.
- silver point and deftly woven gossamer of writhing - oneric suggestions - the flesh - a constant fleshy flux
- Idea of Earth pictures - and Air pictures - Earth The Book of Ugly Ecstasy (sic - see orig spelling)
is Earth. slyphs and loamy creatures rise up and out - in grotesque but very touching combinations. Parodies of human
tivities. Each one seemingly a devasting corruption of a human - counter point point. He knew them all
usually. Socialising with these - Stone images - on the tors - dicks - Noses - end of their bit - of the soil - Subterranean
+ dragons - Earth symbols - in all cultures.



impotent demon 17·2·2005

Sensuality - textures - carry work (life beauty

Austin Osman Spare" Tree of Knowledge:Good and Evil" by John Balance 21.7.99

I saw my first original Austin Osman Spare painting hanging in above the teeming bookshelves of Adlantis, the occult bookshop that I spent my late tens lurking inside.In fact there were several of them and I could not believe my eyes. Until then I had been aware of his name and had been conscious of seeing the reoccurring and haunting image of"PAN", which was actually a section of the late pastel called The Vampires Are Coming which was widely used in the seventies on several occult type book jackets and was a key image in the promotion of the eclectic magazine series "Man, Myth and magic". Here,now, were a clutch of excitingly vivid and dynamically coloured originals. My mouth went dry, my head reeled and I was shocked into a state of genuine awe. These were the real thing. I remember a dual self portrait in which the two facing heads of Spare seemed to be locked into some perpetual argument,. There was an eerie study of a matronly medium here eyes neither open nor closed, and then there was a Martian coloured astral landscape with a single figure of a seated satyr looking into the orange-red void. I liked this one the most. Unfortunately I couldn't afford to buy any of the pictures and very soon they went to various aquantences who could afford them. I was desolated and vowed then to one day own one of my own. One of the paintings, the one with the solitary satyr in soon vanished into its own hinterland after being left on a tube train by the person charged to deliver it to Heathrow to begin its journey abroad to a new home with a foreign buyer.But my appetite had been whetted. And from that day on I sought out as much information about Austin Osman Spare as I could find and tried to see as many original works and works in reproduction as I could.

+

I began to realise that this man was an extraordinary and prolific artist and that once you had decided that they were so many different styles by him than yet another style would be uncovered. With each new image a new facet was revealed and the essntail mystery of the man was deepened.I began an ever evolving quest to understand and appreciate the dynamic mystery of his art and his those more familiar with his work and his life. This new exhibition of his work will give the visitor a new chance to engage themselves with the artist himself. For I believe that the art of Austin osman Spare is interactive, more so than any other artist I am aware of his work is capable of existing on multiple layers of experience. The casual viewer will be seduced and enthralled by the ~~surface beauty~~ of the way he handles the ~~various mediums~~ of his craft.While ~~the more~~ familiar may linger a while and enter through the portals of the images into a stranger and more vivid hyper-world. Spare provides windows and doorways into the Spirit world.Of this I have no doubt. With practise and imagination ~~or good~~ fortune one may be granted access to the ~~storehouse of images.~~ spares " storehouse of memories with an Ever-open door"

quality in Spare the high imaginative frequency at which he works

This is supremely rare ~~in art and~~ in demonstrates the peak of potency that Spare works at. These images cannot be

taken lightly. Rarely have pastels been wealed to create such sumptuous crenshendoes and chaotic riots of colour as they were in the later pastel works. Or there can be fewer examples of draftsmanship in pen and ink as fine as the early magickal drawing of Spare busy in the opulent heights of his post Royal Academy first flowerings where he finds himself in a starkly brilliant world of High magick and decadence fueled by his experiences with Aleister Crowley and the Golden Dawn and his experiments with narcotics and pan-sexuality.***A time when he consciously chose to turn his back on fame and fortune and instead chose the grim path of ascetisicm and sorcery. These dramatic themes were to weave in and out of his life like a crimson thread as he constantly reinvented himself and strove to find new ways to express his dedication to the artist /outsider. So take your time in looking at this body of work. Try an experiment and stop in front of one of the Self portraits and engage the attention of the eyes if possible.Look carefully and listen.Give the artist an opertunity to speak and you hear him.

*** There has been much discussion as to whether Spare what Spares sexual inclination was. He seems to have had a strong bisexual leanings. Homo? Possibly. How is one to interpret such a passge form The Focus Of Life.

"The degenerate need women,dispense with that part of thyslf.

Give unto her all thy weaknesses,it is the suffering half.....

Awak! The time has come for the new sexualities!

To improve the species ye men must love one another.....

"Thou art that which thou dost prefer."

add more

...."to supersede the sexualities!"

There are many thematic twists and turns in Spares work. There is a wonderfully dark and brooding Chthonic leaning in the early work where fabulous animals prowl amongst the dreaming humans. Snakes and Dragons and other representations of primal forces writhe and bound across the paper. And Spare himself is often portrayed as the Sorcerer and the Magickian surrounded by familial animals. He seems to possess the ability to place his consciousness outside of his species, his gender, society and the very age he lived in and to represent this in his art.

And look for the occurrence of the tree in his art. Arboreal energies abound.In several of his works there is the appearance of strange hybrid columns of what might be described as ectoplasmic columns, arboreal energies that snake and writhe in a semi-solid flux.There is a very defiant sense that these might represent orgasmic energies,the sexual charged stuff that the magician makes his magick with.This "stuff' is found in pictures from all dates all the chronology of his work. In the illustration sto the powerful Book Of Ugly Ecstasy this plasm is forming and reconstituting into winged serpents and tiny dragons and connecting the ground with the air. In the later more colourful pastels this The tree seems

to be linked to ancestor worship in some way. Pictures such as "Trees"
present the viewer with a dark glimpse of personalities the plant forms personalities as if they were posing for group photograph. And trees can also be used by the denizens of his more witchcraft based Sabbath pictures to symbolise the accumulation and generation of astral powers. we see the wild fleshy women clutching at trees whose surfaces swarm with the swirling miasma of ancestral visages,their tree trunks seemingly made up ofone mass of undulating phisogonmy.

Spare is a superb painter of personality. He is equally capable of dashing off pastel sketches of the rough working class characters who drank in the public houses of the areas he made his haunt area where he lived as he was working up glamorous portraits copied from film magazines and posters.So we see both fabulous Hollywood style portrait of the likes of delores Del rio and the wonderfully titled Constant bennett and her Conic Sections and stunning portraits of Dockers, grifters and street characters which have a much darker,earthy appeal.

He is capable too of imaginary portraits of more unearthly denizens. There exist near photographic quality pictures of satyrs and half human creatures rendered in crisp,life-life clarity as it they really had just walked off the Walworth road and into his studio for a sitting. All of his portraits of actors and tramps and faerie folk resonant with a strong sense of the capitol

" The Storehouse of memories with an Ever-Open Door" aos

Spare is a soceror a shaman and his art consequently is that of a shaman. He attempts to represent the occult, the hidden,the unseen, to illustarte the unseeable, to portray sensations and subconcious energies .To deliniate. To draw in focus on the page the astral forms of the spirits and shells who swarm about him in his everyday world. Few are capable of percieving th=ese layers of existence, even fewer make a lifelong attempt to illustrate this hidden"inner world. The Shaman is a person who deliberately remains in a perpetual spiritual crisis and this can sometimes weigh very heavily on the mortal man.

Animals. List them. Sense and sensation. as if the atmosphere (itsself gave birth to (men and)monsters.Texture. his love of the world we live in. An ackowledgement of the coporeal and the pysical allows .. is the key through to a Spiritual

enlightenment. Increasingly Stoic as he got older. Zeno picture.The Book Of Pleasure(Self -Love). The pychology Of Ecstasy

The are few examples of practising Shaman/ painters. One can include such examples as Max Ernst or Salvador Dali who ackowledged their interests in the occult and the marginal .....find more, better examples. Domiguez, Leonora Carrington, Ithel Colquhoun. But it is to the contemporary Peruvian artist Jose Ameringo that I turn to compare Spares graphic art with. As a learned prctisioner of the cult of Ayahuasca Ameringo has undertaken extensive Shamanistic training as a "vegetalise" and is skilled at psychic healing , astraltravel and other more arcane practises. He also paints and his highly coloured depictitions of the psychic realms contain striking thematic similarities to the work of Spare....."The Soul is the ancestral animals"...aos..... Transmutations of man into animals along with animal totems and familiars populate his dense pictures. There are numerous Cthonic sepent and snake imagesas well as numerous depictitions of large dragon creatures. And spirit portraits and a inclusion of numerous multicoloured auras and rain-bows. In Ameringos art the anthropologist finds a precise meaning in all these various phenomena. Perhaps such a precision ,and correllation.....correllative precision..... could also be found in Spares use of similar devices in his own art.They are surely not mere decoration. Such work is perhaps waiting to be investigated

"Having renounced both good and evil conveniently, one should engage in spasmodic madness" The Focus Of life. 1921.

Similiar to the surrealists call the that beauty should be convulsive.

Spare himself demonstrates that he went through several magickal crises and his detractors lept upon such admissions as evidence of madness, of psychosis. In 1924 around the time of the publication of the "Anathema Of ZOS subtitled (A Sermon To The Hypocrites)" and around the same time as he drew the grotesque and powerful "The Book of Ugly Ecstasy "he seemed to plunge headlong into a pit of loathing that deeply affected his life view of mankind. The flesh that he drew seemed to overwhelm him in brutal floods of .....and he withdrew deeply into himself, haunted by the intensity of the maelstrom of images he was recieving. And yet again in 1954 towards the end of his life there emerges an unsettling sense than the Vision was becoming too overwhelming, too vivid and too painful,and this is reflected in the intense shattered techniques he used to paint the later Chaotic series of pastels in. Where the modern world and all its elements montage and flow into highly coloured reconfigurations and juxtapositing patterns. Not unlike the later works of the brilliant artist Louis Wain whose charming portraits of cats became increasing tessleated and jewel-like, shattering into shards of colour and pure sensation before his schizophrenic Universe finally overhelmed him. There is a sense

that in these later works the senses have become inflamed,inscensed flooded with information in a way that sets the nerves jangling in both the viewer and the artist.But this not not to say that this direcion wsn;t deliberate and we also know that this new journey into synthesaesia started with the arrival of a gift of a new set of pastels c/o Letchford or Grant.and Spares handling of the medium and his bold experimentation with flux and form sees him pre-empting and pre-figuring the wildest and most psychedelic art of the 60s and 70's.Yet again he is atuned to the social pre-echo of the entire Pychedelic movement. His artist/Shaman antennae feeling their way,ahead of time, through entire pychic geographies .....nb Again he reaches for" a Pure art" "Of becoming entirely sensation'

....jangling jazz-vision

" vision through the sense of touch"

"Transgressing Conception by a Lucid Symbolism" aos

"glyphographed"..aos

The Besz-Mass of matter' the vision of the Soul of Form...Kenneth Grant.

Spare was wrote at the end of one of his books" If you do not understand this text then eat the whole damn book". I cannot endorse /recomend this most epicurian approach for the viewer of the pictures in this exhibition, as most are very kindly on loan, .That really would be a Feast for the Super Sensualists....but it is a most excellent idea to take ones time to sample the atmosheres that the pictures exude and to take in the strange nourishment that they provide upon careful examination. It a very rare feast indeed that they are gathered here all together.And I recommend that if at all possible that one comes back again during the course of the showing and has a second and a third look. For one the remarkable talents of the work is its ability to change for the viewer. To change aspect and reveal a new facet, a different nuance or emphasis. this is particularly pronounced when one views with another person or persons.(in the comapany of another) I have had extraordinary revelations amongst the pieces in my own collection. Seeing one set of subtle attributes with one person and having an entirely new set revealed to me the next day as I view them with someone else. Faces leap out and ,trees and vegetation reveal nyads and dryads.....

The Goddess/ the female form in his art.

Fin de Siecle cult of the female in turn of the century art,Noveau and deco,See early Amazonian strong statuesque Amazonians of the Focus Of Life series of illustrations. Nubile sorceresses at work PlaesyreMucha,etc. His portraits of film stars, sidereal seductresses ,sirens and cyphers, the Hag, the Incident on the way to the Sabbath, sabatees, every form of female celebrated and ....gyphs of flesh, sideareal cyphers, the Medium / the Seeress...the oracle.

"The desertion of the "Universal Woman," lying barren
On the Parapet of the Subconciousness in humanity
And humanity sinking into the pit of conventionality.
Hail! The convention of the age is nearing its limit,
And with it a resurection of the Primitive Woman."

"Earth Inferno"

Perhaps finds a culmination in the commissioned work he did for his friend Kenneth Grant in the Nu -Isis Lodge in the 50s. The Star Godess.... mention "female Nebula" picture .Literally the the body of the Stars. A depiction of the Feminine mystery of Space and a reference to the children of Isis being the Stars themselves. Also Crowleys maxim"Every Man And Every Woman is a Star" from the Book Of The Law./Liber Al Vel Legis. Sidereal meaning appertaining to the stars. Pun on Film Stars. A galaxy of stars...female nebulae.

Stars in his work. The hairy star in The Book Of ugly ecstasy. Fur or flames...hersuit. The animal burning bright....the bestial becoming celestial.

Animals in his work. As important as the humanity he portrays alongside it."The king Of the beasts "Wings and scales and
Deer antlers and Rhinocerous horns. Death and life
The marvellous drawing entitled The Evolution of the Human race"" demonstartes this beautifully. Describe: The eyes afford an entry into the picture.Primordeal/Besz Mass
Snakes and lizards and fish. Mushroom.winged animal skull up to sensitie face of an ape.the lucid eyes of a young young girl and above her the wise face of an old man holding his head in his hands.2 african tribes man and woman.

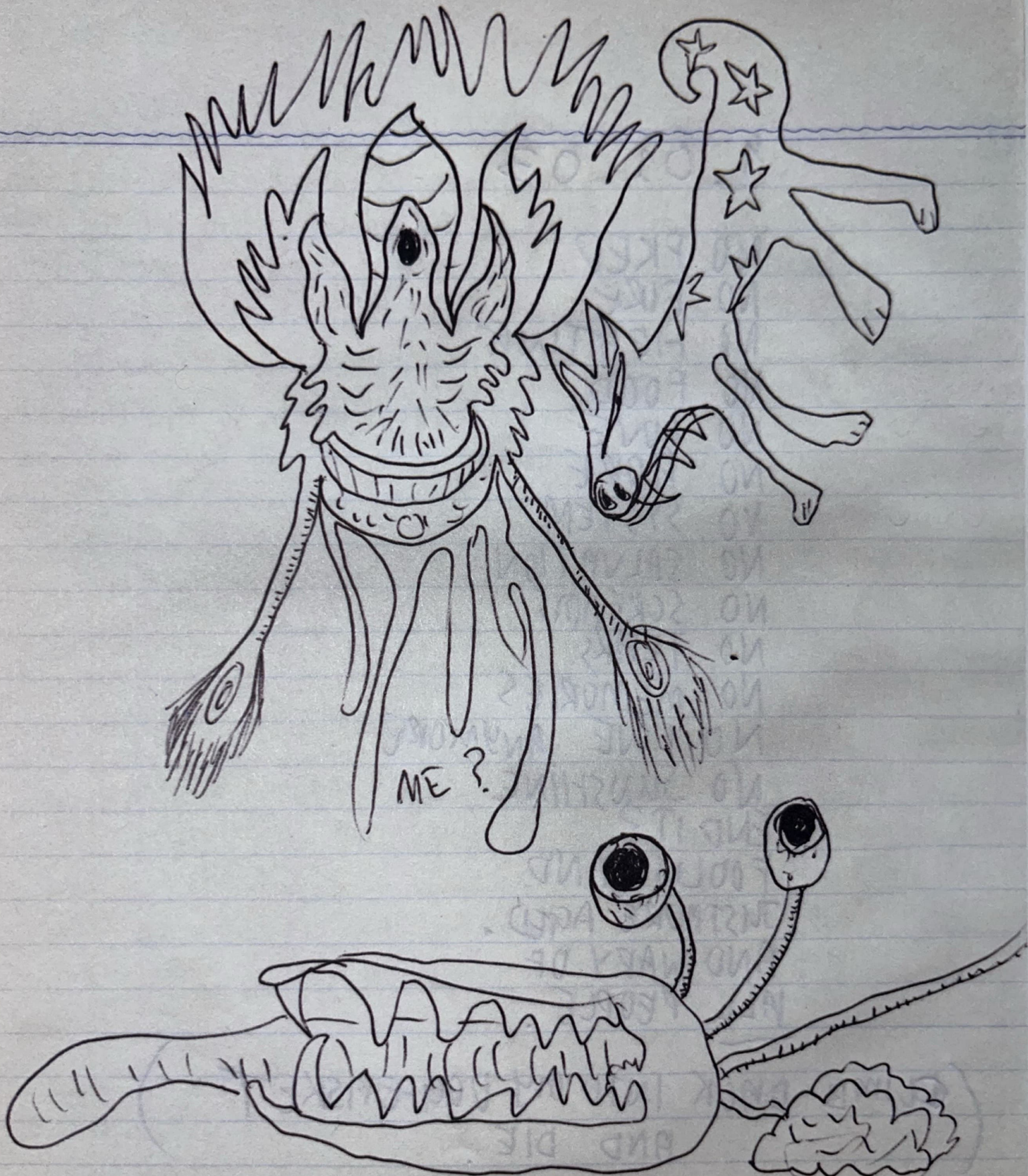
People. Grotesques. Janus headed, multi faced, penduolous animated breast,hermaphodites,dwarves, multiples teats and nipples as it to suckle hybrid offspring. fantasical. Classical mythological denixens but they break out of their world and spill into ours. I have had very unsettling incidents when after having visited a friend to view their collection of Spares I had then to travel home by bus or by tube train and found myself dead amongst a living heaving throng of exactly the same hybrid creatures as were in the pictures I had just seen. I still have a tendency to check my fellow passsnegers to see if they pointed ears and hairs sprouting from the bridges of their noses. To see what stage of Satyrisation they might be displaying.

L.A.
8. dec 94.

Notes towards Black Sun magazine – BOOK ?

1. Coulthart – ART – to be included!
1. Essay. illust – towards redefining Sacred spaces – stotland etc – inc.
‡ cross.
1. who owns the image 'Symbols CRASH' – the real story. – inc.

1. Giftgas.
1. Japanese.
1. unlimited usage. – adds Really up to. E – ∃ – gens ego sigil.
PTV – TOPY – a shoe repairers.
1 Pakistan TV.
Pop Noodles. Zap/flicker ad. – ancient. MAN – Crosses multi-armed. Russian.
1. who owns PTV – Paula – alleged wants it.
– WE own it! – unfortunately. – £2300. Not paid.
– a Hollow Cost. – a shallow Cast.
© is theft. Intellectual property is a concept only for the stupid, anal, litigationally inclined.
1. Archives! – my arse – TG paid for WSB stuff – gen claims for himself.
Same w/ Jarman donations – PTV money – from sleazy. – who can access these so called 'archives' – where are they? Cerith wyn. Evans films. every gig – no payment. Culture Vulture, has stripped his carcass right down to the bare bones. – Millenial Hunger. – His – STORY. – Sad pamphlet of ‡ bible. – (a bad Anton le Vey copyist problem. – a
We have tape proof – ask Paula – she's seen ~~[illegible]~~ thru – Had enough bullshit.
– squals – he was visiting a friend.
• Jarman – gay – culture – perfial – false memory Syndrums. – Jarman –
• Gysin – a nuisance to him. (p/card proof)
• WSB – not too keen on him these days.
• magical attempts to embrance + empower by misleading – miscrediting – or including past


ME ?

eventually received by LAs Leo Zuleta. - Sleazy's 10 year dream fulfilled - despite fashion and familiarity of the patterns. - we recovered our original 'primal' intents. - like just kept to Prince albert practical + beautiful - minimal - - No disrespect to those who want to progress beyond fashion + excess into own primal arena of experiential 'tribalism'.

. Aids. - PJ - dying.
Tainted Love 1st ever aids Record. See Waxtrax blackbox:
- it was instinctive and absol vital necessary to risk - adverse reactions.
We really didn't think - instinct dictated our course. I really realy only wish we could play live - to support AIDS - early on also plus.

- Animal Liberation Front - see devastate to Liberate
TiBeT causes - - David Tibet in 1988.
Twy Ford Down - Dongas -
Earth First
Crim. Justice Bill. - Too little too late remedia. - dabbling.
Gays In Prisons - Condoms/etc. HIV + issue.
Hunt Saboteurs.
Satanic witchhunts - worldwide.
- Pagan Resurgences -
- The Burren - - explain - the corrupt decisions made.
. Plans to play live - as BLD etc.
Eskaton - - 1995 (maybe).

collaborators. - See. Starlit mire
See the Process - (Bess Group)
- takes names he gave' - away gain
brands as thieves - copists and physical threats.
· co-written - co-concieved texts ie. The Green Book - claimed as solo output.
· did Aos essay. Time Mirrors make sense.
· did aids - Camden gig - wasn't clever - to advocate - unsafe Sex. No aids virus!
- documents exist. - as God Told me to do Said - posters 'P.T.V were shut
- but the drive to be radical - was very ill judged in this case.
- about 12 people went into - 'Sex tent' - not erotic - Jw' pathetic. police didn't even
show up - as planned. Irresponsible - infantile t'Eole Efantile ism - } good old COUM
'The ministry of Anti Social Insecurity. } TG days,

when he was a wounded healer - no doubt - but then the Kithophic mech of money, necessary camouflage and media - manipulated lifestyle - covered up in confusion - grey or multicoloured -

- House Music - please - Just Listen! - is Jack the Tab - - LI - acid? - no way! ~~maybe~~ I did hear 'Meet any Situation' (Head on) - played at Spectrum once - but. already - Yazz and Guru Josh had appeared - file under bandwagon jumpers. - See Richard Norris and a fortnetons - in retrospect - collaboration - But the Grid!? - Not fucking Hardcore - (file under ~~...~~ Sad - pop w/ too many stoys - Synths. - analogue.

Paula liked Talking Heads - Gen played 'The Royal Family + The Poor' + 'Doors' LPS again + again - + too his credit Tiny Tim.
· Piercings - Sleazy was first - by far - . me, 2nd. Gen 3rd. then it became a public performance - one upmanship! - we opted out of tattoing plans for 8 years because of negative vibe to - metal Ring tribe → it clouded our lifelong ambitions - pure plans.

Features Issue ONE.

- PAN - essay - images define from Satyrs, puck

1. AOS unpublished ~~something~~
1. Gavin Semple
1. ~~Astri~~ Freya Assuryun?
1. ~~Seam~~ Dower
1. Parmegian; interview
1. ~~Coil~~
1. Surrealist photographs
1. The Black Egg
1. Manifesto →
1. Taylor Mead - poems
1. Annie Anxiety - poems
1.

= ONE = ENO NEO ΕΩΝ

a panzine, A sporadical, spasmodical, Queerwolves. -
Bad fairies - faeries
~~Sentiers~~ a feast for the Super Sensualists
an antidote for when people become poisons. - Phallic Navigations
ancestor worship
practical advice ~~of~~ how to remain calm
dignified and devient
feral
AOS - all leads back to AOS for us.
Satyrisation Process Commences.
GREAT PAN IS NOT DEAD!

↓ 'do feature on PAN'

23 IV 95. Ideas towards.

1, Build up book mainly w/ extensive interviews.

1. Have extensive 'automatic' texts - and poss. graphics + drawings ——

discuss my interests in. pre-Surrealist ie Lautremont
Rimbaud. -artaud.
Art-Brut.

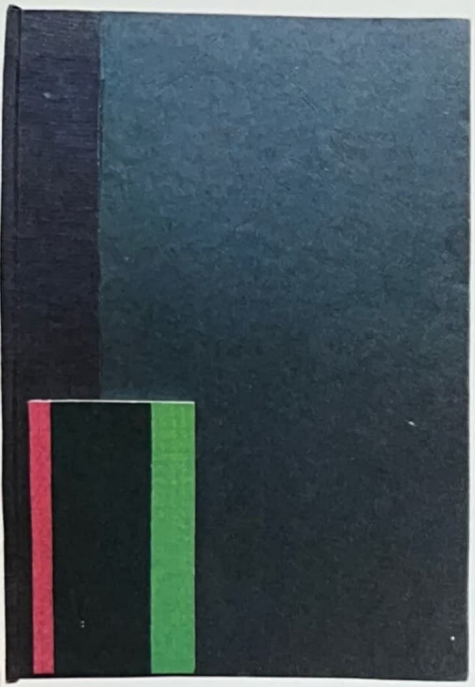
- autismn/shamanism/madness. ~
♥ wolfi.

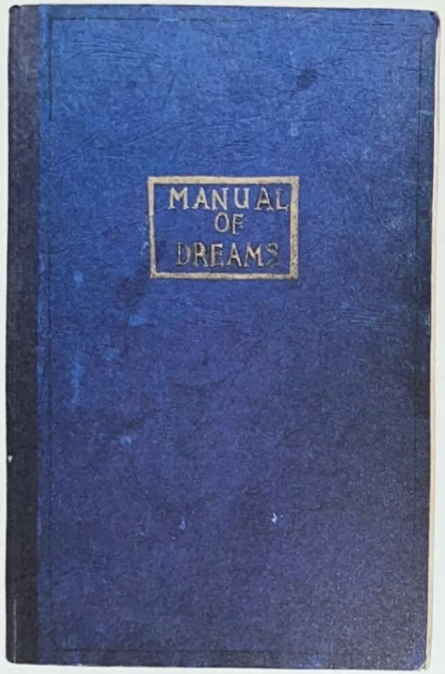
madness letting leaks thru — obv. WBB-Sommerville - Really
lets check - even ask WSB. for new-true methods.

- anyhow. around Rotorr. Much came from - 2-3 day 'excursions to gather - empty my 'self' - AOS (see AOS texts).

- Mentin hypnosis experiments at school + later -
- lydia lunch also - + diamanda - (Get quotes).
- Richard Dadd.

McKennas ELF tounge — mother tounge - beyond Glossalia. Delphic Oracles
Ephisis.



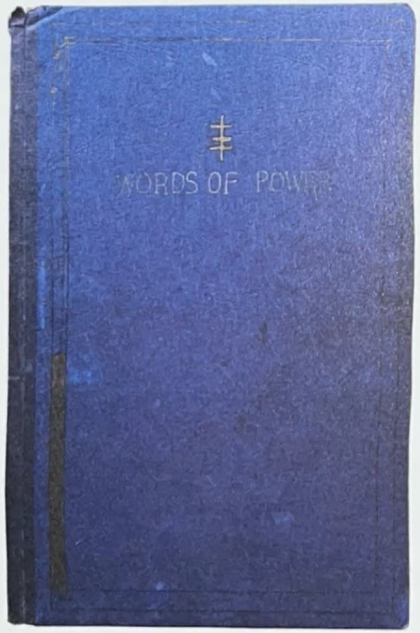

MANUAL
OF
DREAMS



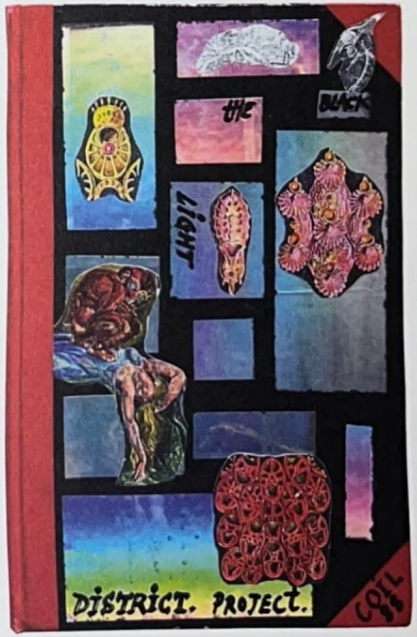


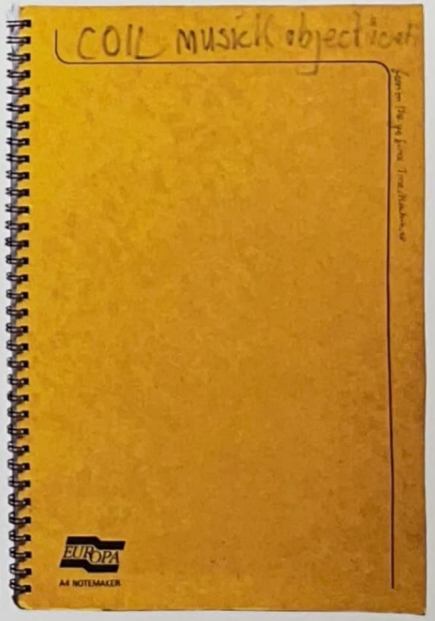





WORDS OF POWER




THE
LIGHT
DISTRICT. PROJECT.


COIL MUSICK objectivist
EUROPA
A4 NOTEMAKER

17/dec/94. Notes towards John Everalls projected COIL book.

1. Extensive p/b - colour cover - include cd w/ first printrun of unreleased stuff.
include numerous illustrations + photos/graphics/B/W —
colour tipped in frontispiece?

1. Full discography. with pictures. inc. Full. Pc + TB. PTV. C93 etc.
Zos Kia. Elph. Eskaton. etc etc.

1. Reprint several good Interviews -

1. Lyrics - inc all - print all lyrics.

1. Inc. First Coil manifesto

1. get comments - essays - praise - from. WSB. Tibet.
Leigh Bowery. McKenna.
John Giorno.
Annie Anxiety
Gavin.

1. Lots of stream of consciousness stuff from my Notebooks.

1. Video stills from our work -
1. Reprint from 'Coil Comic'
1. Black Sun Symbology.
1. Go thru Albums - track by track and get ideas out.
1. Magick - Born again Pagan ism - AOS - ZOS.
1. Steve Throwers Essay - Edit + print "Grow and the False Life".

1. Print my Surrealist list of 'impossible Gifts..
1. Anecdotes - to tape re. ie. Filming of 'windowpane' video.
1. My Visions - Berlin wall. - Blake like-ness.
+ the O.O.B.E's - demons in the stairs - "why lucid dreamers can't switch the lights on"
Hallucinations.
↓
poss. title.

1. Pharmaceutical tendancies. - Molecule of the Month
The Side Effects of Life.

The Responsible Abuse of Pleasure -

1. Deep Listening - our take - our intentions -
1. WSB connections. ministry. His endorsement of Gil as pure continuations of his orig. ideas + experiments.
1. Butthole stories - gig w/ them idea. 'Jack officers' - Jack Barron - we introduced to acid house.
1. Gavin Friday - Prunes stories. letters. IRON video.
1. Blood Music - Lydia Lunch.
1. Aids - stance - politics - ALF - Earth First. Diamanda - Tainted Love - single.
- Hardcore - subversives. - Hunt Sab. stuff. Boyd R.
1. Our favourite things - And people → Taylor Mead. Tesla - Nol. Electronics
Leigh Bowery. Kate Bush. Harry Oldfield
1. Sideral Sounds. Ethovic vibes - Jill Purce - (Rupert Sheldrake) - my anecdotes -
↓ Morphic Resonance - Sri Mukambika Devi - story.
Scotland. the stones. (J. Cope → Dragon Currents. Serpent Temples. OHIO - mounds
1. NON - Boyd Rice - get stuff from him. + worldclass prankster - Pure dark
→ gentle - world-class - demon / gentleman and demon -
- Tibet - my friend - get written input from him - + anecdotes.

1. Early Coil gigs/performances - give details - photos. 'A slow fade to Total Transparency' - Lydia. Nick Cave. Foetus. NWW/Crystal Belle Scrodd - Nick Caves Amita Lane girlfriend helped unravel us in toilet after. Cevin Wyn-Evans video it.
- Magenta Club - w/ AKE, PURE. Jarman + girl w/ circle flames.
- other gig in Hackney Squat - ON DMT - decided to do psychedelic - monochrome psychedelic group - revisit violent velvet vibes - pre-dating pre-empting - promoting. PTV in full ~~[illegible]~~ 'our Satanic Magestics Request' - eva.

1. My TG groupie days. - my early music Influences.
1. early drugs. School - mushrooms. Henry + his dad - Bed Hobs and broomsticks, David thomlinson. 'Big Hobs + " " - alt.'
Scatology title - (also. 'Poisons'.) "Big Jugs + Hard Drugs". "Funeral Music for Princess Diana" - in 1984 - (Year of the wedding!!). PRINT 'OCCULT' letter!

1. Ecstasy. 1st took in 1983. New York - madonna anecdotes. Martin Burgoyne link → Saw Madonna at Camden Palace - Marc Almond - friendship profile + ideas we're had → Admit he plays on 'Restless Day' - 'Sang rough version of' TITAN ARCH - suggested the melodies - Sings on. SLUR + 'WHO BY FIRE'!

→ Lahkovsky Generator → time machine.
→ Nostradamus → McCarthy - Michel Jarre.

1. Early music Influences - Life on Mars - Bowie TOPP - Say I actively avoided 70's pop at the time. did tape cut-ups of 'That will be the day' Soundtrack lp - wierd 50's - sounds - wierd intuitive link w/ Non early ideas - Queen - Country/western - asp. Johnny Cash - Ballard of the Alamo - 'Witchcraft' Lineman - Singer - Lyrical content! - Punk. - Banshees. - The Fall - Pop Group - Chrome - Slits - Residents - PIL NOT Clash - Damned. - Thomas Leer - Normal. Birthday Party - Prunes. 1st TG heard was 'Zyklon & Zombie' - Loud on Mono Dancette → lost my virginity then → saved up to buy boxed set - bought. 2nd Annual direct

ille.



from gen for £8. in. 1978(?) - a lot of money for Lp - then -
TG annecdotes. - Gro ringing me in school. - on guestlist for all gigs. - my mail was 10-20
letter a day. Stab mental mag. → wr/int. clockdva - B-party. (1st UK tour) -
vice versa. - Prunes -
Lemon Kittens, tape culture.
- released. Cassettes. 'The men with the deadly dreams' - inc. Richard Kirk. Meat puppets
'Bethel'. Culturcide. Foetus. NWW. Prunes.
'~~the other one~~'. Endzeit
- 1. my groups at school. - 'A HOUSE' - (nearly signed to cherry Red).
- Puppyfuck.
- Limited Brain capacity.
And Baby makes 5.
- The Pig children.

- Super 8 films.
1. Magick. - Alex Sanders letter - aged, 12. - Crowley.
Ads in 1982. Atlantis - pictures. - wr/Sigil in. Rapid Eye. Book - I.
quote from my magickal diaries. w/out perm. - Dream Diaries - Sigil workings -
- inc. extracts from 'dream diaries'
and 'magickal' notebooks C 1984. ptr days.
1. school poems. → schizo breakdown voices. - hyperventilation experiments. - yoga. D-Thomlinson
expsode. lived near Findhorn in Scotland - grandad - birdsongs etc. Intuitive beliefs.

1. (NIN -) - sleazing video work. list it: some anecdotes.
The The in Pem.
Rage.
1. SLEALY history. Hipgnosis. films. COWM. Boy. - Strapps' Bondage trousers
TG - samplers technology. videos - films. PTU. (print illustrations).
filmschool. Pink Floyd. Lamblies - Naked etc. "wreckers of Society". Brian G. link.

'PTV' – inc. Truth. gysin. greybook. holophonics.

1. AOS. Zos. – unpublished texts – possible? – my angle. ancestor worship ghosts are arboreal – sigils to get magickal works. – print illustrative from collection. Zos Kia Cultus. – avatistic Resurgence.

– also. WSG picture, gysin. → shaman art. Portals. Relics – fetish objects, enpowered. latent. He is in direct communication with me, others. thru his charged 'etheric' art, 'copulating with the atmosphere. Archetypes – gypher portraits – auric – mental constructions discrions – illustrated highly evolved, complex emotional and magickal charged altered states of conciousness → Resurgent – multiversal – ~~every~~ Intent coupled with fantastical visual disterity and truth extraordinary talent. Points what is visually unseen. the astral. the auric, the multiple ~~the ... the ...~~ – A very rare combination. – Swapped hands after firebombing – from Right to left – or left to right. } right brain idea of innition and 'sinistral' + 'opposite' – 'dextral' ? benidictions maledictions } genus complex

pioneer

– psychic explorer. uncharted. unnamed – rare states, he visited, observed and preserved in precise, dark beauty. Astral landscapes, timeless portraits both mundane, accurate and urban authentic real people – but also magickal because the best transcend and present a penetrating, open-endless possibilities – the faces are ageless. both personal, direct ~~...~~ accurate – each act of viewing can release – reveal new angles – astral – fixed in some ~~points~~ point of ~~...~~ non-time. non-space – by his highly precise, defined, developed methods of fixing. Beh: He reaches behind the psychical surface – the image exists elsewhere – as an active, flux – fluctuating 'essence' – a 'etheric' construction. precision in infinity. Each woman is both real and imaged – woman is all women – the crones are both ancient and Hags ~~...~~ and nubile young initiates! Possible candidate for the Coven. The familiar is grotesque. The grotesque is a New flesh of transformative BEZ-MASS. shape shifted. Symbolic and sardonic. ~~...~~ Forge a New language. a transcendant approach to the human condition. Hell is a stage. a transition space. – populated by ghosts, seers, shamans, sorcerors, elementals, sirens, gorgons, – All illusions – layers to either entrance or distract, or to serve ~~as~~ to teach us all is the same as everything else.

features - melt and metamorphoses. - animals, reptiles merge with birds, ~~wings become~~ faces changes, hands become wings, air thickens into feathers, flashes of energies outline and trace activities around the fleshy, forms he so effortlessly and obsessively created. Long live the New Flesh - A New Eden. pictures of a recreated - re-valued, ~~no~~ - ~~duality~~ He merged and mingled, shape changing w/ subtle + refined -

Transcended - escape the mundane - the ordinary 'everyday' real world - ~~[illegible]~~ Endless escape attempts - transcent attempts. By fusing and merging all he saw - he both stripped all bare - down to the Soul - Archetypes. Everyman - tramps, clockers, whores, hags, debutantes, mediums, hobos. He painted the astral - Resonances - Latencies - etheric emanations. - He painted 'astral landscapes' - He conjured spirits from the air. painting fast in the dark. Copulating with the atmosphere. ~~Tangible made~~ - Invisible rended - Estatic from auroes and seething suggestions of ~~constantly~~ an invisible dimension made tangible, visible. The Haunted air. Ancestors (counts) seem to move thru his backgrounds. ~~All~~ Landscapes are alive with hidden animal and human-like forms. His washes and dark textures swarm with ~~endless~~ countless entities - Masks, Snakes, dragon draconian forces writh around. the decadent styled youths of his early works. chaos is in the very air ~~[illegible]~~ - flesh forms rise and fall in twisted, painful masses - is revulsion a reaction he intended - A shamanic - seer of all - painful unless enslaw visual - stimulation: I believe he really saw what he drew. maybe he left the most horrific and truely bestial and malevolent out. I've seen extraordinary, hard core, Absolutely terrifying depictions of 'severely deranged representations of Qlithoth, painful elemental portraits, despairing horrific accurate, emotionally narrowing portraits of ~~[illegible]~~ 'creatures' - that seem to simultaneously suggest a miriad of human conditions - trapped in limbos of lust, envy, ~~[illegible]~~, profound solitude, ~~[illegible]~~ self loathing, ~~[illegible]~~ - as painful, potent and moving as the best, Goyas ~~[illegible]~~ ———, van Gophs. AOS is unsettling

- able to represent rare states of bliss and agonising awareness of mortality and the human condition.

Descent from Hell / Heaven - one titles cryptically states. Are they interchangable. — .
The Magnal. Maps of limbo. Hell, Hades, Earthbound estaties, mangled, blurred angels. monstrous Souls. Timeless, ageless sirens - fimmstars - as icons - to Isis.

- madness was suggested. But in truth he outgrew the his abilities, and became to advanced to, to fast to capture all he experienced as a mere artwork
- more experiments - more diverse methods - pastels become furious blurs of vivid coloured fragments, facets, accurate splintered mental essences, like a flash cut modern pop-style video onslaught - He selects fractured angles - with that twist into multiplel elemental shapes, faces leer, grin, shake, transforming into one thing from one viewpoint, into an animal mask from another angle, also becoming a tigers eye gleam when seen from yet another - Semi-abstract at first glance - deep layers of highly charged, prodigiously rendered hyper-realistic forms deform and reform at each new viewing - . Streamlining - work at looking - Actively look. work with the Beg-mass. Looking with another person present will reveal new faces, new demons, new flesh fragments. Every time I see in a New way.
He seemed to have put his personality into the pictures. A % part is always present - when he intended it so.
- many remain just extraordinarily competent and evocative illustrations - often to classical texts - Dante, The Ass of Alecius, etc. - But equating numbers are latent magical talismans.

WILD-EYED GENIUS SENT TO BROADMOOR



Grinning face of a madman . . . Anthony Bowl after yesterday's hearing PICTURE: DUNCAN RIDGE

MAD

Laughing lunatic pushed a blonde in front of train

By PAUL HOOPER and SHAN LANCASTER

MAD maths genius Dr Anthony Bowl SMILED as he was sent to Broadmoor yesterday for pushing a blonde mother under the wheels of an express train.

Wild-eyed Bowl—who has a warped obsession with blondes—had also grinned as he shoved 40-year-old Margaret Pucci on to a rail line.

The mother-of-two was killed instantly as the express piled into her at crowded Wimbledon station, South London.

Five-times-married Bowl was a brilliant maths tutor with an IQ of 150.

Although he pleaded guilty to manslaughter through diminished responsibility, he told the Old Bailey he was "sane and sensible."

HE POUNCED ON WOMEN

BOWL'S lethal push was his THIRD known attack on blonde women.

In 1984, he went for a CID typist with a pair of scissors outside a Liverpool police station.

And last year he knifed his fifth wife, Austrian teenager Martina Krieschbaum. Det Insp Arthur Benham—in charge of his case—said: "He had a thing about blondes. Most of his ex-wives were blonde."

Treatment

Yet minutes before the hearing, he sacked his lawyer. And he told the court:

"I am being persecuted by hundreds of people. I don't know who they are or why they should be persecuting me like this.

They want to make sure that someone dies. I don't understand it.

Two [illegible] psychiatrists [illegible] Just[illegible]

A SECOND OF TERROR

Mum scrambled for her life

By KEITH DEVES

TERRIFIED Margaret Pucci tried desperately to scramble for her life after being shoved on the rail line.

She managed to get on all fours—but the Portsmouth to London express was on her a second later.

Detectives said recovering her body was a "sickening experience."

Horrified commuters saw smiling Bowl emerge through a crowd with his arms outstretched.

He gave a "powerful" push to telephonist Mrs Pucci, who was waiting for a train home to Addlestone, Surrey.

The maniac was tackled by off-duty police sergeant Andrew Freestone and American businessman Gary Youdam.

Bravery

Their bravery was commended by Mr Justice McNeill yesterday.

Mrs Pucci's distressed sons Ricardo, 24, and Andre, 20, have vowed to avenge their mother's death.

They told family friends Bowl should die for his crime.

One friend said last night: "They want revenge. I just hope time will heal their wounds."

Mrs Pucci's husband Nicholas, an aircraft engineer, was said to be "totally shattered" by the tragedy.

The friend added: "They were a very happy family."



Gary Youdam . . . hero



Formed John Balance born 1962, Mansfield, UK

wrote and edited (seven issues) 1978-80
magazine. 'Stabmental' while still at school. It dealt with underground ~~music~~ and electronic music.

- Released compilation album on cassettes on own label ~~from~~ while school. 'The Men with ~~in~~ The Deadly Dreams.

- ~~Left school to~~

- 1982. joined Psychic TV. as full time member.
worked. released. 2 studio albums. ~~and~~ 'Force the Hand of Chance' and Dreams Less Sweet. and subsequently over 12 live, and re-issued album releases.

1983. Began working as Coil, as a side project. Left Formed the stable Coil line-up in 1984 with Peter Christopherson. Both left Psychic TV in 1984.

1983 - worked with William S. Burroughs, Brian Gysin, Derek Jarman, John Giorno. on Presentations and performance at The Final Academy, Brixton. Festival.

-1984. Released Tainted Love single. First AIDS benifit single. Wrote script and co directed the video for it. The video was placed chosen for the MOMA, ny's permanent video art collection.

1984 Released album 'Scatology' as Coil. Since 1984 we have recorded produced and released over 12 full length albums.
~~Directed~~ 5 of ~~our~~ my own videos
scripted, directed, edited ~~and~~

→ Worked with Derek Jarman, on Catalan video with Psychic TV. 1983.
Did orig. score for The Angelic Conversation 1984
also contrib. to Blue. his final film.
Super 8. — Journey to Avebury. 1985

Have worked on numerous video and scripts with peter Christopherson, including Ministrys NWOS with William Burroughs Gavin Friday.

- Films-work: (o.) music appears in numerous films, including

The title sequence for 'Seven' 1996

Gregg Araki. — The Doom Generation
+2 others. inc. his forthcoming 'Nowhere'.

Bruce La Bruce. 'Hustler White'

The film of Dennis Coopers book 'FRISK'. —

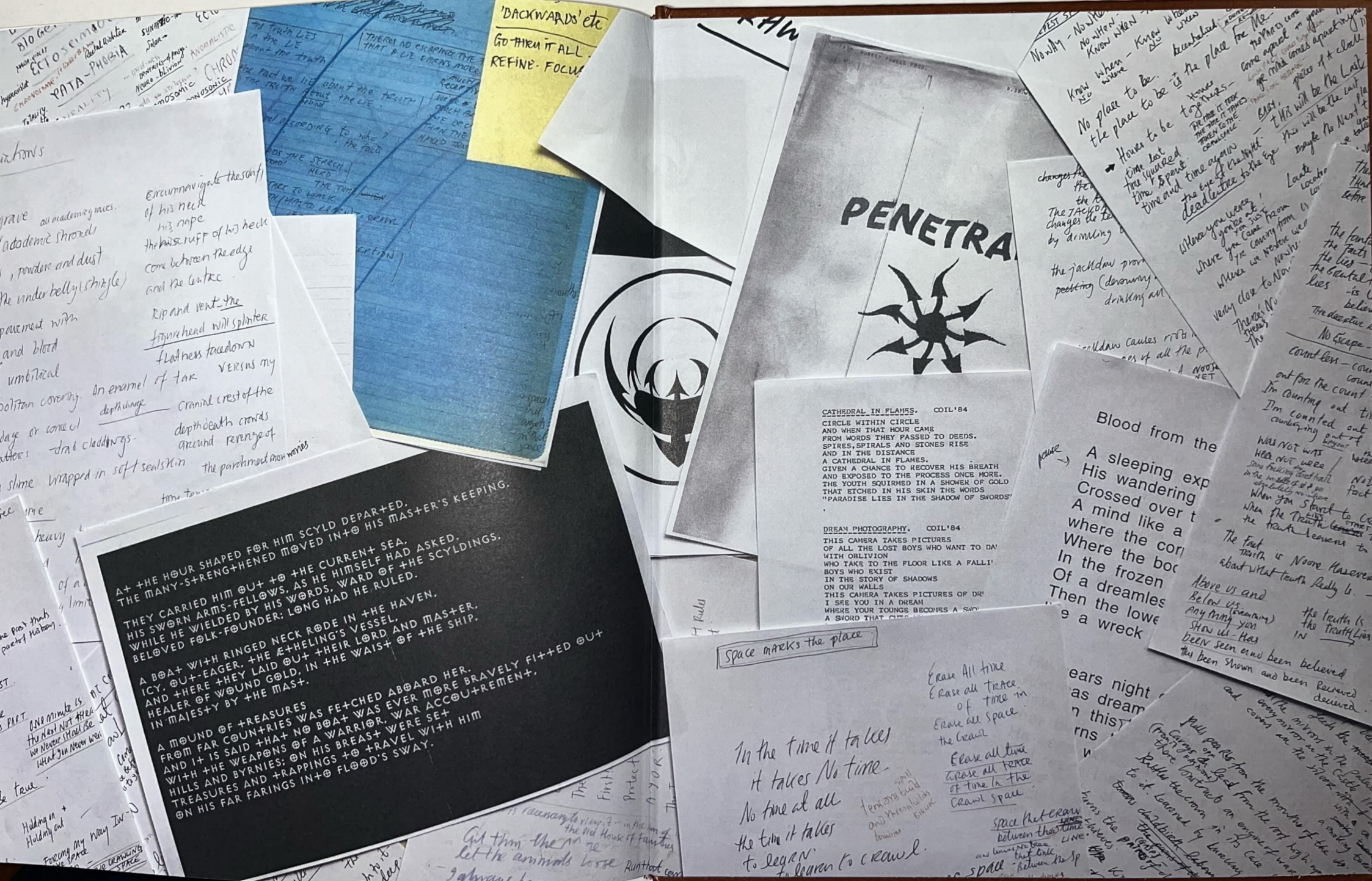
Currently working on new album for worldwide release in 1 International Dark Skies, a filmscript about Dr John Dee and Edward Kelly.

- 2 Virgin Prunes short films. "Rhetoric" + 1 more. released by Factory videos in 1982.



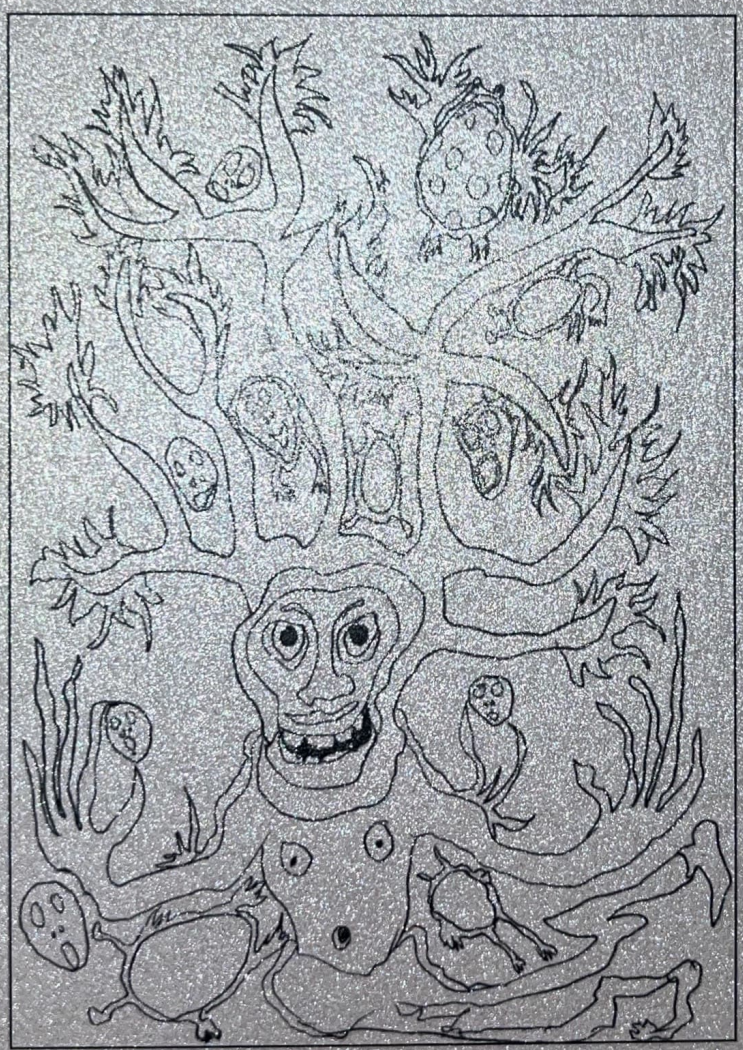


these people worship
the water we walk on


'BACKWARDS' etc
GO THRU IT ALL
REFINE · FOCU
PENETRA
CATHEDRAL IN FLAMES. COIL'84
CIRCLE WITHIN CIRCLE
AND WHEN THAT HOUR CAME
FROM WORDS THEY PASSED TO DEEDS.
SPIRES, SPIRALS AND STONES RISE
AND IN THE DISTANCE
A CATHEDRAL IN FLAMES.
GIVEN A CHANCE TO RECOVER HIS BREATH
AND EXPOSED TO THE PROCESS ONCE MORE.
THE YOUTH SQUIRMED IN A SHOWER OF GOLD
THAT ETCHED IN HIS SKIN THE WORDS
"PARADISE LIES IN THE SHADOW OF SWORDS"
DREAM PHOTOGRAPHY. COIL'84
THIS CAMERA TAKES PICTURES
OF ALL THE LOST BOYS WHO WANT TO DA
WITH OBLIVION
WHO TAKE TO THE FLOOR LIKE A FALLI
BOYS WHO EXIST
IN THE STORY OF SHADOWS
ON OUR WALLS
THIS CAMERA TAKES PICTURES OF DR
I SEE YOU IN A DREAM
WHERE YOUR TOUNGE BECOMES A SW
A SWORD THAT
A+ +HE H⊕UR SHAPED F⊕R HIM SCYLD DEPAR+ED,
THE MANY-S+RENG+HENED M⊕VED IN+⊕ HIS MAS+ER'S KEEPING.
THEY CARRIED HIM ⊕U+ +⊕ +HE CURREN+ SEA,
HIS SW⊕RN ARMS-FELL⊕WS, AS HE HIMSELF HAD ASKED,
WHILE HE WIELDED BY HIS WORDS, WARD ⊕F +HE SCYLDINGS,
BEL⊕VED F⊕LK-F⊕UNDER; L⊕NG HAD HE RULED.
A B⊕A+ WI+H RINGED NECK R⊕DE IN +HE HAVEN,
ICY, ⊕U+-EAGER, +HE Æ+HELING'S VESSEL,
AND +HERE +HEY LAID ⊕U+ +HEIR L⊕RD AND MAS+ER,
HEALER ⊕F W⊕UND G⊕LD, IN +HE WAIS+ ⊕F +HE SHIP,
IN MAJES+Y BY +HE MAS+.
A M⊕UND ⊕F +REASURES
FR⊕M FAR C⊕UN+RIES WAS FE+CHED AB⊕ARD HER.
AND I+ IS SAID +HA+ N⊕ B⊕A+ WAS EVER M⊕RE BRAVELY FI++ED ⊕U+
WI+H +HE WEAP⊕NS ⊕F A WARRI⊕R, WAR ACC⊕U+REMEN+,
HILLS AND BYRNIES; ⊕N HIS BREAS+ WERE SE+
TREASURES AND +RAPPINGS +⊕ +RAVEL WI+H HIM
⊕N HIS FAR FARINGS IN+⊕ FL⊕⊕D'S SWAY.
Blood from the
A sleeping exp
His wandering
Crossed over t
A mind like a
where the cor
Where the bo
In the frozen
Of a dreamles
Then the lowe
e a wreck
Space MARKS the place
In the time it takes
it takes No time
No time at all
the time it takes
to learn to crawl.
Erase All time
Erase all TRACE
of time in
Erase all Space
the Crawl
Erase all time
Erase all TRACE
of time in the
Crawl Space
Space between the LINE
LINE
Between the Sp
ears night
as dream
n this
rns
Circumnavigate the scruff
of his neck
his nape
the base ruff of his neck
come between the edge
and the centre
Rip and vent the
figurehead will splinter
Flatness facedown
VERSUS my
an enamel of tar
depth charge
cranial crest of the
depth death crowds
around revenge of
the parchment snow worries
grave all academic graces
academic shrouds
, powders and dust
the underbelly (shingle)
pavement with
and blood
umbilical
bollton covering
day or consul
-dral claddings
slime wrapped in soft seals skin
Get him the in
let the animals loose
Run Hoot

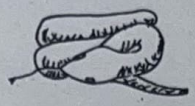
The Cupboard Under The Stairs

(addendum)



Timeless
MMXXIII

Towards an annotated bibliographical overview of the John Balance notebooks.



This limited edition booklet presents a first provisional outline of the bibliographical data of the major surviving notebooks by John Balance, compiled with the aim of facilitating their eventual placement with a publicly accessible archive/ institute in a structured fashion. An almost equal amount of loose pages exists which are far less easy to catalogue.

Some minor books which mostly contain addresses and phone numbers with only the occasional entry relevant to Balance's creative work are currently not included.

The final two double-pages of this booklet somehow managed to escape from their original place in the main book and are included here for completion's sake.

Claus Laufenburg

ALMOST EMPTY
13 x 21 cm standard Moleskine notebook, 192 pages
2003/4 almost unused/blank.

„WHY DON'T YOU JUMP THROUGH MY LOOPHOLE“
15 x 21 cm ringbound book with green card bords.
Circa 2003. Concepts and ideas for the „ONE“ magazine, designs, concepts for unrelased albums (the „Marbles“ album) slogans.

Red WHS A5 Notebook
Red hardbound 15,5 x 21 cm 12 Nov 03 ENT-HER HERE FOUR SYLABBLABBLE...
Very few pages used, journal and ideas for new projects, new ElpH etc.

LIVE COMPANION
9 x 14 cm standard Moleskine notebook, 192 pages.
Notes, addresses and drawings mainly around the 2002 European tours.

CONSTANT SHALLOWNESS LEADS TO EVIL
23,5 x 30,5 cm, 2000 photoalbum in fake purple velvet. Used in Live performances, has printed lyrics pasted in with annotations for in-between song banter. Can be seen in several live videos. Moscow, NYC, diary entries from 2001, etc.

1999
12,5 x 20 cm top ring binding notebook of ideas, phrases, daily matters, telephone numbers, to-do lists etc.

COIL MUSICK OBJECTICAL
21 x 30 cm, 1998 used well into the 2000s, yellow ringbound book
Ideas and designs for Time Machines, Foxtrot, etc
Plans for Live releases and the Ape of Naples album (!)

MAGICKAL DIARY OF JOHN BALANCE NEW VOLUME
22 x 31 cm, hardbound book, green marbled boards.
Started 7th September 1998 ev
Most probably the book supposedly lost on the Marylebone Rd. Extensive notes towards the Musick to play in the dark album, diary entries, last entries 2004.

NEW ORLEANS 1996 PISSING IN THE MILKY WAY
20,5 x 26 cm clothbound, 300 pages (many empty), lyrics used and unused, tracklists for several records released (the actual Black Light District album and the seasonal EPs) and unreleased. Several T-shirt designs. A few drawings, one by Thighpaulsandra. Book re-used in the early 2000s to re-evaluate the tracks recorded for the „Backwards“ album

MORNING BOOK
21 x 31 cm marbled boards, 184 pages, 7 x 10 cm label af fixed to front with hand drawn symbols and „Sun and Moon“ title. Text on spine, gold on brown, almost illegible „A record of letters written“.
Started Friday 31st V 1996, Last entry on „Moonday 12th August“ 1996
Three pages done first thing (almost) every morning as suggested in Julia Cameron's 1992 book „The Artist's Way“, both Balance and Christopherson filled several such books.
Special features include: first couple of pages torn out, possibly the original „record of letters written“ suggested on the spine.

PAGES BOOK
20,5 x 33,2 cm standard black and red issue notebook, 195 pages, continued from above
First entry Tuesday 13th August
Last entry Moonday 4th November

NEW „PAGES“ BOOK
21 x 32,7 cm standard black and red issue notebook, purchased in Thailand, 195 pages, as above
First entry November 5th 96ev
Last continuous entry November 26th 96ev
additional erratic diary entries January- April 2003

COIL NOTEBOOK JULY 1994
21 x 29,7 cm, now very much a loose collection of A4 papers, originally 160 pages with plans for the then current (minor) projects like remixes and commissioned soundtracks, newsletters, tracklists for the Unnatural History compilations, some drawings. At this stage Coil as a project seems rather stagnant.

„BACKWARDS“
18 x 24 cm Japanese brown paper binding, 4 green scorpio stickers on front 1993
198 pages.
Table of Contents, a wide range of ideas for several 1993 projects, Acid Jam, NWW collaboration drawings, T-shirt designs, etc.

CAMPUS notebook
18 x 26 cm faux leather binding, notebook 1993, ideas towards the Backwards project and a joint Coil/C93 album, etc.

BACKWARDS TITLES
16x 21 cm 1990 and later
Notebook covered entirely in re flective gold foil with Chaos-star sticker affixed to front page.
Extensive notes, beautiful drawings, lyrics, a special book.

L.S.D. RED SILVINE
16,5 x 20 cm ring binding Silvine notebook, 40 pages, circa 1991 (and earlier?)
Second half has LSD lyrics , whilst (the probably older) first half contains words unknown to Balance at the time, to investigate with a thesaurus (from Aleister Crowley‘s „Moonchild“ and Umberto Eco‘s „The Name of the Rose“).

JOHN BALANCE JOURNAL 1991
28,4 x 37,7 cm, 80 pages
„John Balance Journal 1991 (my unlied diaries), started 2nd February onwards“
The largest of Balance‘s notebooks, an artist‘s sketch book with thick sturdy paper, last dated entry 26 August 1994
Special features include bind runes designed for Coil with Olav Hagen, one page with a „Black Antlers“ style drawing by artist Ian Johnstone dating from the early 2000s.



BACKWARDS

16,4 x 21 cm, 150 pages, 1991
Standard issue notebook, fully covered front and back in golden reflective stickers, „Backwards“ hand written on top of front page in green and red marker.
Very few ideas towards what eventually became the (abandoned) Backwards album, lyrics and concepts to what was then called „The Side Effects of Life“ and general post LSD ideas.

LIBER AL VEL LEGIS

14 x 21,5 cm thick brown handmade paper, notebook by edizioni &C, Firenze.
Balance‘s transcription of Crowley‘s „Book of the Law“ in extra fine handwriting in red and gold ink, started 1st January 1989, by Frater Mutation.

DARK AGE PRE-ORDERS

10 x 15,5 cm slim booklet 90 pages, with green re flective stickers added to back and front vertically.
Prepared for pre-orders of the deluxe issue of the „Dark Age of Love“ album (111 copies), complete with numbers reserved for Coil themselves (1, 5, 17, 23, 31, 55, 93, 111) and a list of possible recipients of hors commerce copies lettered A-K. Interestingly includes the names of three customers who apparently did pay for the never fully announced (nor ever completed) album.

SURREALIST RESEARCHES | 88-89 | Mednikoff/Pailthorpe | Ithell Colquhoun. | for CONDITIONS + OPERATIONS | and further.

15 x 21 cm dark blue notebook with band-aid repair to spine.
160 numbered pages of Balance's pre-internet research (mostly but not exclusively) into the British surrealists with works, publications and ways to contact survivors and estates.

FINALISING LYRICBOOK | NEARER COMPLETE. | (HA!)

Red Silvine stabbound notebook 20 x 25 cm
Horse Rotorvator lyrics, indeed almost complete.

WRITING AND ESSAY NOTES

inc EOD/Mayan travels research
Red Silvine notebook, staple bound, 21 x 29 cm 1988/89 re-used 1992 for How to Destroy Angels remix notes etc...

NOTES

16 x 23 cm, faux leather binding with ornaments in gold and four intact lines of reflective golden stickers on the front, „Notes“ written in gold on the spine. numerous pages torn out apparently, 40 pages remain.
1988 list of favourite films and information about their then nascent collection of Austin Osman Spare art, plus notes on artworks by Aleister Crowley as found in books available at that time.
Final pages about ebay transactions, items purchased, money sent, item received.

THE BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT PROJECT 88

21 x 30,5 cm, standard issue perfect bound note book, 200 pages, with numerous, partially handcoloured stickers (in he style of illustrations in the booklet with the deluxe issue of the „Gold is the Metal“ album) hand affixed, also a holographic card of the golden gate bridge. „The Black Light Chronicles 1988“ in black ink on the red spine.
Special features include collages and hand-tinted news paper clippings inside. Song titles and lyrics for the first draft of the BLD project. Approximately only 1/5 of the book actually written in, despite the elaborate cover. Picked up again circa 2003 for preliminary drafts of the „ONE“ magazine project. Also features several of Balance‘s „Abstract Hair Study“ drawings from 2003. Re-appropriated Peter Christopherson early 1980s dream journal (several pages at the back, the original front, of the book in PC‘s hand).

THE DARK AGE OF LOVE (Notebook Dark Age 1 main)

15 x 21,5 cm clothbound, floral boards „THE DARK AGE OF LOVE 24. II.88“ almost illegible on green cloth binding, elaborate lyrics, titles and general ideas towards the Horse Rotorvator followup, including ideas for special art edition. Pages almost all loose, binding broken.

AT WAR WITH WORDS

16,4 x 21 cm, 300 pages, 1988
Standard issue notebook painted entirely black with red symbols and signs visible on the front when seen with indirect light and Horse Rotorvator era negative photo (as used in the booklet of the first CD release of HR) of Balance attached to the top of the front cover.
Features lots of unused lyrics Balance himself has marked as „Good“ and „Transcribe!“, supposedly when going through his books at a much later date towards preparing a book of lyrics. Also includes several accomplished drawings of his towards the end of the book.

COILNOTES 86 88, Lyrics
20,5 x 25,3 cm ringbound 60 pages.
Almost exclusively unused lyrics for the follow-up to „Horse Rotorvator"(1986), supposedly „The Dark of Love", including lyrics to a song called „The Horse Rotovator".

NOTES/IDEAS/PLANS 1988/89
12 x 20 cm marbled cover with red scorpio sticker on front. Extensive book shopping and other to-do lists, circa Stolen and Contaminated Songs, automatic drawings, Christmas card recipients list.

COIL „DARK AGE" JAN.
Red Silvine stabbound notebook 16,5 x 20 cm
Lyric and tactical ideas, most of which would be used on Love's Secret Domain.

DARK AGE Music Notes
Red Silvine stabbound notebook 12,5 x 20 cm
60 pages. Song ideas and lyrics.

Ten small almost uniform notebooks which contain the bulk of Balances (post-) Horse Rotorvator lyrical work, here mostly referred to as „The Dark Age of Love".

• THE HORSE ROTORVATOR ROUGH LYRICS
11x 17 cm, 68 pages,
Bound notebook alligator skin style cover/saint butter fly collage sticker on cover
includes „possible BAR MALDOROR titles".

• LYRIK FRAGMENTS MAY 1986
11 x 17 cm, 68 pages
„Prior Designs" | "120 Dalmations in Sodom" | "For us they will".

•SOUNDS FOR HORSE ROTORVATOR | HORSE ROTORVATOR NOTES
11 x 17 cm, 68 pages started 4 VI 86 ev marble style cover with the above titles in thick black
marker on the front and reverse respectively
sound sources/sample and lyric ideas.

• THE TORTURES OF THE POPE 2
11 x 17 cm, 68 pages, 1986
Bound notebook alligator skin style cover, unused lyrics.

• THE TORTURES OF THE POPE 3
11x 17 cm, 68 pages, October 86
Bound notebook alligator skin style cover.

• THE BOOK OF THE GATE (THE TORTURES OF THE POPE 4)
11 x 17 cm, 68 pages, started October 1986
Bound notebook alligator skin style cover, unused lyrics.

• BOOK 5 OCT 25
11 x 17 cm 25.X.1986
„A Giant sleeps under London's Streets".
Post-Horse Rotorvator lyrics, mostly unused, drawings.

• NEW LYRICS POST ROTORVATOR
11 x 17 cm, 68 pages, 1986/87
Bound notebook alligator skin style cover, unused lyrics.

• DARK AGE OF LOVE
11 x 17 cm, 68 pages, January 1987
Bound notebook marbled style cover, additional glittery stars hand- fixed, unused lyrics towards.
„The Dark Age of Love" album.

• GILDED SICKNESS
11 x 17 cm, 68 pages, April 1987
Bound notebook marbled style cover, unused lyrics towards „The Dark Age of Love" album.

HORSE ONWARDS. PLANS – NOT LYRICS
16 x 20 cm, 1986 Green hardbound books.
Does indeed include lyrics for Horse Rotorvator tracks.

COURSE RAVEN OVER WAR
17,5 x 22,5 cm black hardbound notebook.
Art book, black sun variations.

MAGICK LIFE | (1985 – 1998) 21,7 x 30,2 cm
190 pages, faux black leather bound with gold ornaments, three (of supposedly originally four) hand-affixed gold re flector stickers on front „Magick Life“ on spine and further symbols on spine and front board,. Title page „Black Sunrise“ Coil sticker and „Revitalised Journal from 29 10 85 ev “ All edges red, red endpapers.
Handwriting and occasional drawings throughout in different colours, last entry May 1998.
Special features include one page („Blood For The Moon“1996) entirely given over to a large fleck of the author‘s blood in a section titled „Magickal Diary restarted 23rd March 1996 ev. During the reign of Comet Hyukatake (sic) as it blazes through Draconis“.

THE HORSE ROTORVATOR SESSIONS
16 x 20 cm, 1985, hardbound notebook, darkblue marbled boards
strategic recording notes from the recording of the HR album, dated. Has numerous post-it stickers, probably a later add-on.

WHEN THE ROSES SING
11 x 17 cm, 1985, small notebook with multi-coloured re flective stickers
Horse Rotorvator era notes.

CIRCLE OF MANIAS
16 x 20 cm, 1985, hardbound book with white ink scribbles on front board, extensive Horse Rotorvator lyric ideas and unused lyrics.

SHED A LITTLE DARKN(ESS)
10,5 x 16,8 cm, 100 pages, undated, mid1980s
Bound classic red/black notebook with printed title affixed to spine with the „ESS“ having come off.
Harry Crosby/Black Sun Press publications and assorted notes, includes beautiful magickal colour drawings and musings.

THE KEY TO JOY
16,4 x 21 cm, 300 pages, 1985, picked up again as late as 2003 to draw and write a poem in Standard issue notebook with abstract drawing in white ink on cover.
Horse Rotorvator lyrics and beyond.



LE JAGUAR

17 x 22 cm staple bound blue 16,3 notebook, probably purchased in Marrakesh,
Notes on „Horse Rotorvator" songs, atmospheres, no lyrics. Including the introductory text to the HR album.

MANNEKEN PIS 1984 and later

Hardbound 16,5 x 20,5 cm two orange Manneken Pis (peeing child fountain sculpture in Brussels) stickers on cover
Sleazy's concepts for HTDA and SWBP and original Scatology cover ideas.
Geff's to do lists, lyrics and extensive sound concepts for Horse Rotorvator.

MANUAL OF DREAMS

21 x 29,5 cm 200 pages, dark blue boards, gold hand written label with „Manual of Dreams" in a 7,5 x 4,5 cm gold boarder on front with „Words of Power" below a Psychic Cross hand written in gold on the reverse boards, „1984 DREAM DIARY" written in gold on spine.
John Balance's dream journal, started May 12th 1984 „as a complimentary book to the confessions"
Last entry dated 31st Dec 1994
Special features include pasted in black cardboard sigill with drawings and bodily fluids.
Description of school art performance „The erotic form of hatred" (after the event) 23rd June" (1983?).

Blue WHSmith Exercise Book

15 x 20,5 cm staplebound 42 pages
1983/4
Great early drawings, concepts and ideas for Scatology.

SILVINE

16,3 x 20,5 cm ringbound red notebook
Scatology lyrics, Some Bizzare TV concepts.

HEARSAY AND HERESY

16 x 20 cm
ringbound 60 pages, 1983/4. Scatology and pre-Scatology ideas and lyrics

CONFESSIONS

21 x 29,7 cm 47 pages, Balance's diary from 11.IV.1982 – 2.II.1984
With photos and ticket snubs.

VERSES OF LOVE AND LOATHING

15 x 21 cm pink ringbound notebook, early experiments in cut-ups, very early 1980s.

SIGILS

16,5 x 20, 5 cm, WH SMITH Exercise Book, circa 1982, 40 pages.

PYHQ

Stabbound notebook with Psychic Cross and PYHC (Psychick Youth Head Quarter) in red marker on black background
1982, 44 pages, notes about the Assume Power Focus (Throbbing Gristle sanctioned bootleg), some Psychic TV and related notes and probably the fist mention of COIL, song ideas, drawings and a rough manifesto.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY...

17,5 x 22,5 cm, circa 1981, 54 pages
Mostly an address book for early tape-exchange/Stabmental fanzine contacts.

LORD WILLIAMS'S SCHOOL

16 x 20,3 cm Balance's (here: Geoffrey Rushton)French school exercise notebook from 1976.
76 pages.
Remarkable only because of him having cut out the school's crest and reverse pasted it back in, replacing the crest with the tao symbol and covering the entire front page with (his own?) surreal text.


Punchline
SHORTHAND NOTEBOOK
E R
THE HORSE ROTORVATOR LYRIC
DARK AGE OF LOVE
THE BOO
THE GAT

~~DARK WATER~~ | 1. DARK RIVER

~~lands end.~~

deep water

~~DARK RIVER~~.

deep + dark

- add vocals. done at home.
- ~~Seagulls~~ - waves - ~~whalesong~~.

2 ANDS END

- real Nylon stringed guitar player - to create more of a tune.

FRESH NOT SEA WATER.

the Blood flowed in and Rushes. floating
flows in Rushes - (like moses)

The wounds were like crosses
Covered with Ashes
Blood flowed(s) from the Eyes.
the Heart was (it was) pierced
Tiger - he muttered. Tigers - Tiger. he muttered
On fire in the night
what → Immortal Symmetrical / Cemetrey.
to Immortal Symmetry
- wards

welcome the futurologists NA
blinded by that mysterious obvious

WINDOWPANE

COIL / John Balance. Final lyrics written 18.8.89 ev (Milo).

In the sky and in the eye and
in the sky and in the eye
If you want to touch the sky
just put a window in your eye
See the sun and see the rain
See the window see the pain
see the sun and see the rain
See the birdseye see the brain
Ancient cities rise again
See microscopic See worldview
See the future leaking through
See the person who once was you
See the seashore and see the sand
See the windows in your hand
See the lie
Gold is the sky in concentrate
POwer in its purest state
Powersurge...power will rise
Through the window and through the skies
See the sky and see the eye and in your hand and in the sky and in your eye
See the sky in your hand
See the sky and understand.
Gold is the sky.....etc. etc.
Riches,treasures,riches,treasures
Richard's treasures.

(Repeat etc. etc. and so on!)

DOOR - doorway - access - doorkeeper - doorm

THESARUS:

OPENING - PATEFACTION - PANDICULATION
stretching - expansion - yawning - OSCITATION
Hiatus - interval - gap - GAPE - gaping
lacuna space - split - crack - Hole (black)
disjunction - Hollow - Cavity - perforation
Empalement - Puncture - Acupuncture
orifice - aperture - JAW - slot - oral cavity - Buccal
mouth - gob - trap - clap - muzzle - throat - gullet
weasand - oesophagus - MAW - mouthpiece - nozzle
WINDOW - Fenestration - Casement - Embrasure
Loophole - Fortification - Lattice - grill - oriel
dormer - lightwell - stairwell - fanlight - companion
deadlight - squint - transparency - doorway
archway - driveway - doorstep - threshold,
INlet - Ingress - exit - gate - door - Portal
openspace - yard - thoroughfare - passage
estuary - gulf - tunnel - Borehole - subway

THRESHOLD HOUSE publishing :.

an - janitor - doormat ! Ha!

venepuncture - terebration - trephining.
Boring - Borehole - calibre - pin-hole - Bullet-
hole - pinhole - prick - eye-let - I porosity -
porousness - sponge - sieve - sifter - cribble
riddle - Honeycomb - screen - strainer - colander
warren. [star-sponge Crowley vision.]
spout - vent - vomitory - Blower - Blowhole
spiracle - Nasal cavity - inlet - outlet - Rivermouth
emBouchure - ostiole - foramen - stomata - pore
Cavity - touchhole - Blowhole - pin-head - Button-
hole - pinhole - armhole - monk-hole - Key Hole
manHole - pigeon hole - Black hole - space Hole -
deadeye - compartment -
Porch - PROPYLAEUM - Lynchgate - Backdoor
- Postern - rear door - wicket - Hatch (way)
trapdoor - companionway - doorjamB -
gatepost - lintel - doorkeeper -