

The Fully Automated Ground Aridation Network

by Andrew J. O'Neill

Fluffy clouds, puppy tails, sunlight refracting through a dew drop on a bunny whisker and later, maybe a ticker tape parade. World War 2007 is over. Hollywood won. Hurray for Hollywood. Any bets on what's coming down the sewer pipe for World War 2008?

Will we be boiled in a cauldron: a broadcast stew of our own juices, eye of newt & a dash of industrial waste until we collectively blister, snap and shriek for Persian blood? What insane fuel is overheating myth-making machinery these days? Oil and blood? A flea circus with the performers dyed red or blue? Do the grinding gears really require all that real & virtual child blood for lubrication? What kuru composer scores the moloch machine's grinding gears? I don't believe the buzzing of satellite gnats qualifies as music. Kick em' out...on the lam towards the sun.

Go Away, Lam

As if trying to comprehend that we're all spinning around the same axis, flying through space at 29.783 km/second wasn't enough, instantly the atmosphere changes and we're expected to adjust to life inside of vast Earth Fixed Grids, rolling through the days inside of Satellite Fixed Grids as we wheel around the sun. The distorting layers of disco balls within the two-way clown mirror caves we've built around ourselves open up many new possibilities for dance floor narcissist trances and Staying Alive zombie moves. Great. Flex the groin while furiously extending your senses out into space and you'll eventually end up with your head up your ass. Despite the high pressure of the diarrhea data stream, more valuable insights can be picked up by pulling the skull out. Viewing a Brueghels or Bosch painting can reap rewards that even the most advanced satellite controlled vat of hot videogame excrement could ever teach. Hello neo dark ages. Go away gadget Gollum.(1)

As the earth is encased inside a growing network of instantly outmoded transit crust and information supersludgeways, the synthetic hormone field thickens. Every day the story of the planet veers closer to that of Gollum from the Lord of the Rings. The film, not the book (who can read anymore?)... and, more specifically, like the actor playing Gollum, covered in a grid of sensory nodes, supercomputers, transmitters, receivers...acting possessed... Oscar-grade hissing fit in a corrosive wireless stink, hunched, wounded and fierce, arguing with our own satellite reflections. Double minded drama, driven by greed and revenge, the hissingcommiepurplecapitalist soggy biscuit fiends climb the blackmail ladder with the sickest arrangements of the Isis/Sirius trinity imaginable. Always putting on an act, lie stink oozing, living out the curse to unknowingly guide the supposedly perplexed and relatively innocent down the treacherous path to the source of their enslavement.

Sure, the metaphor is horribly mixed but I blame the temper of the times. Where does entertainment environment end and the cynical mass MK-poisoning begin?

Mind the Gap

Where is the gap in the implosive/explosive dynamics of the wireless/flesh matrix of today's media environment? What happened to human scale? And what exactly is human? Are we simply meat fuses bridging infrastructures, receivers for parasitic transmissions, signals interpenetrating right through? Consciousness signal decay - a sort of all in one colonoscopy and MRI scan of the mass mind, fed back as entertainment gruel... Eat human! Buy some ubiquitous mind shackles on an installment plan, some viral hoodwink marketing from the back of the comic book and...voila, you're a billionaire's pet sea monkey, swimming in commands that froth out of cell network towers. And the Circean overlords retreat further into shadowy pirate fortresses with each new engineered catastrophe. It's not the robotic capacities of our

central nervous systems that are to blame. The lies of broadcasting are inseparable from the medium. The biggest lies are inherent in the top down, monadic form of the infrastructure. Global economic uniformity! Usury's shiny new uniform custom tailored to suit your media pod identity! Whether by dysenteric broadcast Megaphones or the tiny enema nozzles on networked computer screens, shit stinks. No amount of flowers stuffed in the passage will change that. The Royal Society? Incest and buggery. The strong will survive, the weak will perish. Sock puppets throwing babies through the sawmill. In *Circadia* ergot.

Revolutionary Nostalgia

Post war processing of the shell shock stats. Pop. Nukes and bubble wrap, revolutionary packaging=school room desk. Babies and TV's merging into unrecognisable mutant beings shredded with broadcast shrapnel. Prototypes plugged into intravenous backwash nostalgia emerged from the sludge with heightened osmic sensibilities. Everything smelled bad. Flowers were in again. Celebrating the glory of the information age, in a dungeon, video blogging about my generation. But I still can't find a decent answer when I ask what exactly are electricity, gravity, photons etc. And if our perceptions play a mysterious co-creational role, then what in hell is TV? What are movies? Video Games? I've searched and only met a couple boomers who have lived out these questions. Imagine the reek when my generation gets in office. Your generation's rebellion was more authentic? I don't believe you. You were just the fat part of the snake tube.

Forget McLuhan, Never trust a person over 30. Pin up the poster of Abbie Hoffman and smoke a banana peel while actively ignoring all of Walter Bowart's more involved work. Fantastic. Could there be anything more useless than fetishizing nostalgic icons of your parent's stage-managed flowspasm? Arthur Magazine! Forward a copy to the retirement bunker. Leave on coffee table next to expensive brutalist architecture and design book. Comforting to know that Pop's and jr. have so much in common.

In the same manner that the psycho/alopaths have turned bodies into receptacles for brain corroding industrial byproducts, sludge vaccines and other forms of snake oil, the entertainment industry has hijacked our myth making faculties and turned our sensory organs into so many toilets for privileged psychopaths with the special key. Profitable information. Same gearbox. The counter culture just revolves the other way. Same as it ever was. Now that the wheels are on fire, and the schleps clipped the brake wires, a gentle shift in reverse is the only safe (and fun) thing to do. Disengage the clutch. "They" named yr. generation after bombs.

Moving Images

I never saw that Pearl Harbor film, but heard it was an orgy of flag waving, nose art fetishing, and apple pie steaming jingoism with a scene that allowed you to experience the world from a bomb's eye view. It was released months prior to September 11th 2001. Any correlation between these two events is entirely coincidental. The film 300, a cinematic celebration of sweaty videogame muscles and swords - CGI Spartan's killing CGI Persians - was released while the thickest stench of lies regarding Iran's nuclear ambitions were frothing out of western media orifices. A coincidence too. Coincidences are everywhere these days. A traffic jam of them. While opinion makers, worm-tongued public intellectuals, court poets and thugs shake their spears, feverishly declaring their dedication to western ideals of Attic

As the earth is encased inside a growing network of instantly outmoded transit crust and information supersludgeways, the synthetic hormone field thickens. Every day the story of the planet veers closer to that of Gollum from The Lord of the Rings.

culture, coincidentally, the vast arid network circulates all of Sparta's contributions to statecraft. It's slowly leaking into the mass mind. It flows between the elites of all nations. Eugenics policies dressed up as research, trauma bonding, warcraft, soggy biscuits, violence perpetrated on the "lower" classes by young elites as a rite of passage, infecting and sterilizing indigenous populations ("no it's medicine, really"), selling weapons to warring tribes who have the audacity to have inhabited mineral rich areas for thousands of years. The usual. Little secrets and mystery dramas play out in the subtexts and on the edge of the frame. They'll help you to continue ignoring the fact that Sparta won the Peloponnesian War. Plenty of women involved too. A triumph of feminism. Insane systems that used to be exclusive, trickle down infecting the workers.

If the population at large acted like the royals and financiers who love them, the last inbred human would have perished from Kuru centuries ago. So the secrets are passed down from bearded elders to boy scout usually, smuggled like family heirlooms from war to war, tribe to tribe, wrecked 'em to wrecked 'em. Message from the monadic broadcast orifice: "Get a job kid." A kid is a young goat. Not me, and I don't want a job. Jobs destroy and distort lives. I want to work and play and have meaningful interactions with other human beings, without accelerating the decrepitude. A Job is an obese liar who has programmed himself to love the sound of his whining.

I have beeswax in my ears because I love the sound of music. All the klaxons ever seem to be singing is "check mate" and I'm not playing the templatic game. Nothing will stop the flow of information, but the lurid spectacles of cut-throat intelligence agents acting badly for the audience don't seem to be letting up anytime soon... They really want to make it in the theatre. Street theatre.

While drone spies roll out props onto the geopolitical stage, setting the lights and fraying the ropes, it's easy to ignore how the blood-soaked terror pantomime effects us. But the sandbags are heavy and the violence is real. Still I meander through the contemporary nightmare, turning over the pop rot of the cultural midden heap, looking for any sign of sense in the composting screen waste. Sometimes the stench is unbearable. Sometimes my ears pop, skin burns, fillings buzz, from the little discussed behavior modification capabilities of the wireless communication/surveillance infrastructure. Sometimes I find rare rough gems in the sedimentary layers of history's hardened foam. Often what I find cracks me up. There are amazing things to be found in those tiny gaps. The Fully Automated Ground Aridation Network isn't as omnipotent as their bevy of well trained, flatulent broadcast poodles' rabid frothings will have you believe.

Horse Manure, History and You

Between the speed of communication and transportation there are gaps of varying sizes. These large gaps are used as

strange hybrid wine press/laundry tubs for the gleaming psycho set. The foam produced by all the stomping and hoofbeats is often referred to as History. This process was motorized a century and a half ago. People have been experimenting with a wide variety of materials ever since, mostly to ensure the foam smells worse every year. The historical laundry/press was historically operated largely by men riding on horseback. Often these men were famous for waving swords about, threatening to stick them into other dashing sword-waving horsemen. Historically, heroes have been men who were successful in motivating other men to put pointy objects inside of other men. This ritual has sped up overtime and now we have electromagnetic cattle prods, buzzing billy clubs, "non-lethal" torment, and a free glow in the dark tazer with the jumbo box from Dungkings Donuts. Thank you vast insect penis infrastructure. Hello cell phones!

In the old days, heroes were honoured with statues erected in parks and public spaces, usually in near proximity to senate buildings and court houses. Sometimes the hero was a messenger rather than a warrior. His speed got the message through in time to assure that more of the other side's blood soaked the soil. Sometimes the hero's horse is celebrated in the public's memory like Alexander's Bopeep. But nobody ever builds a statue to honour the horse manure, which is a shame, because horse manure is the main component of history.

Another important component of history is male excitement. Galloping through a river in some foreign land=exciting. The place where this happened frequently was historically known as a ford. Bridging a river is dull, but riding your horse quickly over a bridge in a foreign country is the best. Only thing more exciting is when the river is so wide you're forced to team up and row. Gripping the oars, finding a rhythm, all the muscle and sweat. Rowing is exciting...they love it in Britain, the best and brightest signing up to be galley slaves. Rowing and studying through the foam. Half of the batch volunteers to be eunuched, they love it. Graded like meat, titles and degrees showered upon them by the slave traders. Exciting. Discharges. Horse manure and male excitement. Gallant knights and spy craft.

The urge for speed and freedom harnessed for military conquest and territorial expansion eventually gave rise to the cult of the automobile. The crustaceanification of nations was rapid. Folklore was revealed to be the source of the problem by the shell shock posse. The Midas touch became slang for "someone who knows how to fix mufflers." Mufflers have replaced horse's asses as a source of history now, though the scurvs still blindfold the kids for spin the tail on the donkey game. That big G between the compass and square represents the ongoing "heroic" quest for the male G-spot. When you find the prostate sink your fangs into it. The carrot or the stick, Jack? I hear it's as tasty as pineal gland. And if you find yourself in a time or place where people have invested emotional interest into the stories of the hero on horseback, you might just be in a night mare's field. Stay calm, don't run. Try to avoid the Nietzschean horsehip froth. Spirit of Torino 2006!

HOLLYWOOD Webb Ultimatum - Supremacist Identity Politics

Zombie movies, zombie cinemas, zombie distributors and production companies. CGI lab zombie computers cooking up zombie mutilation imagery with the help of earthling flesh. Lockdown zombie border guards, wave the neo-zombie crew, clutching fake Canadian passports through. A global production, great investment potential. Cooking up the ultimate Frankensteinian hybrids of entertainment and mind control. MKmouse! Infectious, occultic psychodramas played out on the mad paths of MKhollywood assets raging through National Security states. And the award for the frothiest lather generated by a motion picture goes to the wildly successful Jason Bourne Trilogy.

The trilogy begins with the Bourne Identity. Jason Bourne, an implanted cabin boy suffering from a bad case of amnesia, is hauled in from the Mediterranean by fishermen, just off the shores of the Italian town of Imperia.(2) It's not clear how he ended up in the sea. Was he discarded by merrymaking crusaders grown tired of his company on their jolly ship? Perhaps it was pirates, the same order who kidnapped Caesar on the

island of Pharmakos? Maybe he's an Argonaut? A frustrated employee of a retirement spa for generals? It's a mystery. The Mediterranean is rich with tales of classical heroes, and later, gallant crusaders. There are stations for various fraternal religious orders scattered all over. Many strands of the Fully Automated Ground Aridation Network converge on the isles and coastal towns of that sea.

The mystery of Bourne's identity is enhanced by Bourne's memory void and the discovery that he knows martial arts, stunt driving and has highly trained cognitive faculties. As the film progresses we learn that the story of Agent Jason Bourne (actual name David Webb) traces along a particularly smelly slime strand to Langley, a black ops, mind control assassination operation gone beyond the regular rotten sourness. He is being hunted for elimination. Media devices are fiddled with on all forms of transportation, words and images, discarnate bodies fluffed all over the planet. Tiny waves radiating out of machines, blinking down optic fibers, shunting back and forth at the speed of light. A thick lather foam of mithraic bullshit, hoofbeats, speed, excitement, male secretions with ample Saturnalian generational politics stirred in. The press crushes moisture from olives, figs, horse manure and exhaust.

According to wikipedia, inspiration for the agent in charge of the sleeper assassin program (Alexander Cogliin) came from director Liman's father's journals from his days at the NSA. Many aspects of the Alexander Cogliin character were based on his father's recollections of Oliver North

What will he do?
In this terrible stew?
He will rue the day somebody named him...
O-li-ver!

The 2004 sequel, *The Bourne Supremacy*, finds the hero hiding out in the Indian beach town of Goa with his girlfriend. Plagued by foggy memories of acts of senseless violence that his elders had programmed him to robotically perform, he's struggling to shake the techno trance, reclaim his memories, and record them in a journal. His recovery is interrupted by a Russian assassin, sent to dispose of him by a Caspian oil lord. The chase begins, his girlfriend is murdered and our hero is born again in the waters. The froth fest begins. Soon Jason Bourne has made it all the way to Naples (we'll get to Naples later) then he's on his way. It jump cuts to an architectural porn shot of London's Canada Tower on Canary Wharf. More transportation violence and communication, then he's looking at a picture of his murdered love, then he's in Russia, the 33rd car chase, he apologizes to a teenage girl for killing both her parents in Berlin as an assassination he had been programmed to forget. The scene almost hints at real human emotion.

Why do so many violent plots seem to loop back to the Caspian? What is it with that place? Is it the oil? That strange slick substance, deemed more valuable than blood by the Kuru economists, drawn to Haifa as if by some strange magnetic force, much in the same way Webb's path seems to always lead him back to New York City. Or is it something else?

In 2007's *Bourne Ultimatum*, the zombie/police state porn production techniques descend to new extremes. It's more of a group thing this time, a drooling box surveillance orgy. Plenty of foaming agents. Present day Britain, upwardly mobile, young handsome things, many of them post graduate students, are infected with strange transmissions, which instantaneously morph them into furious, conscienceless zombies. Unlike the living dead in zombie movies of old, these neo-zombies don't shuffle and groan like troupes of rotting sleepwalkers. They run and rage, kicking, shooting, punching, lying into fiddly little gadgets, while older chickenhawk zombievampire hybrids sit at control centers, bathing in a miasma of information, smug with the false sense of omniscience, occasionally lying an order or two into a media device.

The pyramidal command structure of the Fully Automated Ground Aridation Network's American Intel arm is still the source of what little tension the plot has. But now there are more street level operatives. It's an orgy of zombified senses zipping from windscreen to lcd screen to laptop, to exotic European architec-

ture, geopolitical hotspots. The master plan seems to be to drag as many minds, bodies and souls swirling down the chess board toilet as possible. Bourne is the mechanical rabbit that leads the flash mob of assets on a lawless chase once more, blood and adrenaline flowing like so much horsepiss.

Bourne Ultimatum gets galloping when Bourne makes contact with a real live non-spook, the mythic hero of our time, a newspaper journalist. Bourne's enemy upstart meat puppets are sent thrashing and speeding on a furious rampage of murderous street theatre that fills Waterloo Station with suds. No better location for the initial bloodspill. Located on the south bank of the Thames, Waterloo is the station where trains depart for France. Waterloo is the place where a competition occurred between Napoleon and the Duke Wellington to see who could inspire their troops to kill more of the other's men. It was Napoleon's last battle. He lost. Wellington won. And in one of those spine-tingling synchronicities of history: waterloo is also the name of the device down which the entire London Stock Market was magically flushed the very next day.

Shakespeare's Globe, the South Bank Arts complex and the Tate Modern Art Gallery are all located on the south side of the Thames river, within close proximity of Waterloo Station. This might explain why the SIS moved its HQ to the area in 2002. Like magpies with stars in their eyes, they're desperate to see their names on the marquis. Computers scripting cursed Scottish rite tragedies. Sorry boys and girls. You have the wrong name, wrong number, wrong profession and you chose the wrong location. Nobody explained that you're rotting in Dorian Grey's favourite opium den? Now you're infected. You didn't know you were sharing Cleopatra's needle with a poodle?

From South London the corrosive foam continues across the grimace of Europe and finally to Morocco (the location for Joe Vialls' programming, *Eh Gorgon Novel?*) where a large explosion occurs and much shoving of strangers ensues. The goon squad even manages to break the fourth wall by crashing through windows to chase each other through the living rooms of Islamic families. What's with that? And don't the zombies ever sleep, eat, have conversations? Did those scenes end up on the editing room floor? Actors picnicking on bits of road kill, battlefield jewels and exotic delicacies. Is spook service mandatory for overseas post graduate students?

If this technological, Peeping Tom's eye view form of filmmaking might seem original, it's really just a version of the popular reality TV show *The Amazing Race*, with some police state sanctioned violence stirred in. The novel gimmick of the *Amazing Race* is the way that the contestants manage to keep busy enough arguing over maps and failing to connect with locals to even be present. Inane symbolic tasks, unique to the region the contestants are raging through, divert the competitors from having any real experience of the culture they are blitzing. It's like that *Zombies* song. They're not there. They're on TV, staring in a hyperkinetic globalized transit-porn production, somewhere else. Like everyone. "Let's all talk about nothing to people miles away while traveling by various modes of transit. We're human, it's what we do. I love my new second job! Part James Bond, part in-house detective."

This rapid reality tunneling from screens to windshield, speeding against the flow of traffic, shunting along all communication and transit infrastructures, produces a particular type of infectious, translucent ooze both onscreen and in minds. Spine collectors program this killer dysenteric leakage from the central broadcast orifice. Assassins, their handlers and the old men who love them all networked into the machine. Is this excretion animal, vegetable or mineral? Or some new type of slime mold animated by satellite and tower fart transmissions? Fresh foaming agents hatched from media pods, all connections to history and ancestry recently severed, and they're on the move to infect all with their immersive sterilizing gel. It's the life imitating Disney narcissist disease. Trapped between mirrors, continuous visual re-infection, and street theatre production moving like a slow avalanche of synthetic frogspawn, fish roe and eyeballs, a foam of hi-jacked nervous systems... A trail of statues, dead scientists...trance coops, transit explosions, underground fears wrenched upward. Meat smoke and a dry itch powder haze, the rat maze after the

foam dries, morphing campuses into centers for recruitment and initiation.

The brightest minds pay their way through post-grad studies by fondling terminal laptops, add to the foam, it bubbles with stifling illusions of objectivity, a collection of fractured perspectives, like the shivering eyes on a peacock's fan. It's all two dimensional, weak psy-ops plots, excremental stage craft, Al Qaeda costume designers, and surveillance footage editors. But like the peacock's fan, it's all based on bluff, a put-on to seduce and trick into a game of mimicry. With so many spines and appetites hijacked, stoked and provoked into insane spiraling hunts for more scapegoats and golems, it's no wonder so few people step in to edit, let alone question the sanity of the producers. Switch it off entirely.

Like all good action/adventure movies, the globalist plot is quite simple. Archetypally speaking, it swallows all the plots but really gorges on the hero's quest. Think of a hawk stuffed inside a dead dove. The hero has just swallowed some potent new foaming agent and it's starting to interfere with the duel. Him and the villain deep inside a foam mountain, deeper into dank reality tunnels, the hero spots a dead bird beside the sewage and reaches down to pluck a feather in his hat. Fighting for web strands and wealthy princesses. Arid trampled paths that link wealth vortexes, fleets of ships fanning out on various routes of passage, underwater wires, broadcast and transmission, new infrastructures, sperm, money, intercontinental literary squabbles, hyperkinetic horseshit. A rat maze of "reality tunnels."

Imagine a tiny eyeball on the point of a bullet that's been shot through a food court and you're getting close. When the bullet hits the bullseye, it compresses. The bullet's eyeball meets the bullet's asshole. This is the dynamic at play on billions of blinking excremental surveillance and entertainment screens around the world. The tube is Moloch's oral-anal passageway. Biometric sensing taste buds, peristalsis, strip data mining bacteria. It's all turned to shit, Crowley's bonesman spawn talking shit, thinking with his gut. Legislated lack of imagination keeping everyone peristalsing with digestive analogies. Big Brother is watching you. He's paying very close attention, especially when you go to the Loo. And talking fast on a mobile phone at 650 km/hr makes you feel like a historical force.

The sci-fi predictive programming racket has been shrunk down, simulated and replicated. Journey to the Center of the Earth is meaningless in a media environment where CGI graphics of CSI morgue investigations bring you right inside the corpse, anywhere you want, instantly. The earth has been chewed up, riddled with tunnels, completely wormwooded. The maggots eye view, in fast forward. Body politics of the globalist usury racket, chewing through the looking glass. Deep below the tired romanticism of nautical routes and above the fight paths there are countless connections and routes of passage between constellations and mythic archetypes and the seasons. The mithraic cycle smells awful, like rotten milk and dung beetle juice. Orion knocked out Diana with his armpit stench. Elektra's heightened olfactory sense was the only thing that saved her. Such is the galactic theatre.

The scene where Elektra kicks Orion in the balls has been deleted because "wise" censors concluded it might pose a threat to National Security. If the worldwide cabal of good old boy buggery enthusiasts haven't yet legally registered their fraternity under the name "National Security," it's only a matter of time. National Security would make a great name for a West End/Broadway production company. Forensic global theatre squirming inside the strange body politics. As does the realization that we live inside of media, inside of language. Picture a massive pendulum, swooping back and forth, along Shaftesbury Avenue, whipping the marquis lights into a froth that sucks all remaining moisture up. Still, no need to be glum, Mr. R. Gervais. It keeps time - British Israeli standard time, at 0 degrees Latitude. Accurate to within +/- 2 ass hairs, 9 times out of ten.

Crossing the Atlantic...with Corn

Vice magazine began in the 90's as the Voice of Montreal. It was a profitable venture so it relocated to NYC, hoping to write a

hit for Celine Dion. For a while it almost seemed relevant, even if it didn't know it was imitating Field Commander Kolibri, poorly. In amongst the borderline violence, hysterical TV damage, counter cultural gallows humour and puerile Seagrams-fueled carpet burns, there were occasionally great articles. At times Vice magazine was as awful and compelling as watching crime families pretending to be legitimate. The magazine has been replaced by a youth culture auction house and marketing firm. I bring up Vice because of a horrid pictorial that appeared in it around 1999. Somebody put a tray of frankfurters, ground beef and some pork in their neighbour's yard, then documented the decay of the meat with a daily photograph. That's cutting edge journalism, much in the same style as CIA/CNN. No pictorial could better encapsulate the current state of affairs in the New World. Bacon's Atlantis is rotting.

The Sprawl is creeping and crawling with viral squirmy things. It's Lord of the Flies time, horrible plane wrecks, desert island screens, drive-thru universities, drive-thru living rooms, Hal-liburton daycares, Second Life shooting sprees. A buzzing cloud of gnatellites swarm around Piggy, now way past dead. The larvae chew tunnels through information, deep into cattle rot, tiny voices form into a deafening roaring sound. A Mojave desert madman crawls out of a military sewer to blow a mouthful of Oscar dust and silverfish and into a monkey's ear. Unexpected results - better tell the scribe. Write a new cursed script: MacPolanski. Access through the eyes, the head rots first. The most vicious get in office and control the borders. Loop the footage. Large remote-controlled machines, shaped curiously enough like the cross of Isis, have been known to give David and Nelson's architectural forms (the Twin Towers) the Bobbit treatment in these parts (don't forget your hawk mask sweetly!). Just-us-ifying Samson's murderous rampage...blood soaked assbone in his fist. Better wipe it off on the old apron, the kids might get suspicious. Say uncle... Bacon's Atlantis isn't the utopia it was advertised to be and the common wealth was just feel-good PR for an economic system based on parasitic lies... sort of like National Treasure and the DaVinci code. So... Rum, sodomy, the lash, liberty, fraternity and what else?

Urban nebulas, connected by hyperstation nodes... heavy traffic becomes an invocation, transit - a ritual circuit. Many different energies swirl and stir... plenty of chaos and human patterns for hungry machines, facial recognition programs activate pedophile algorithms, viral abortionist code, biometric formaldehyde. Impale them on butterfly PIN numbers... monarch program marketing response. Data mining! The mummified viral canary is fitted with Disney animatronics to make it tweet. Safe information shafts! Meat puppetry experimentation, everybody in orange jumpsuits, plenty of opportunity for career climbers. Near fortunes to be made in the impossible architecture of screens, feedback terror nexus with professional doctoring labs nearby. Flurry of pitter-pattering footsteps, echoing conversation, reverb soup, but you'd be surprised at the fidelity and isolation of the auditory surveillance. The pigeons swirl below the octagonal ceiling, and that's just a train station. Makes me wonder... what on earth are airports? From Cornell's old farm on the Rockaway Peninsula to Plymouth, Cornwall... what was Albert Read's transatlantic flight all about? How to escape the New World?

Planes circle in holding patterns, banking huge arcs, fanning out corkscrews in the air and ether. Tunnel networks in the air now too. Passenger's faces trained on little screens, footage jump-cutting all over the globe, spatial effects, infrasonics in an ionospheric reverb chamber. The bubbling starts during the scanning, processing of us as assets. Dehydration sets in and foaming agents stirred at 700 kilometers an hour. Strands of psychic foam, Miracle Whip and murderous exhaust, moisture-sucking fuel additives leaving an aridizing avian flu fart trail. Edward Teller's most demented fantasies, animated radioactive dust, the whole show cymatically tinkered with, vibrated into forms, jigsaw pieces connecting, until it all matches up with the equations that Von Neumann scrawled on the backs of kidnapped 8 year old boys all those years ago. Cyberneticians and priests (fraternal love!) pat the border patrol on the head. "Here's a candy."

Airtravel. The chosen Atlantic crossing path for many people these days. I believe it lacks drama. The Automated Ground Ari-

dation Network requires passion, violence and necrophilia: The Titanic getting physical with an iceberg on her maiden voyage, or the Mount Blanc waltzing with Imo in the Halifax Harbour nine months after the famous adventurer Trotsky skipped through town (on his way to liberate the Russian proletariat with New York gold and put on a Farm Aid benefit concert for the peasants of the Ukraine.) Swiss Air flight 111's mysterious explosion over the waters where the path of the August 11th 1999 solar eclipse (Sinclair Day) began its stretch over the Atlantic to Lizard Point, Cornwall, Frankfurt, Vienna Darkness at high noon, the eclipses totality over Transylvania. Vlad's parasitic customs and feasts among the impaled. Royals and bankers arranging foaming agents and guano all over the map for the occasion. From the tidal wave potential of the Canary Island to a cinematic napalm storm engulfing the Masonic obelisk, the Canada Tower on the Isle of Dogs. Cool it!

There are less morbid routes: Rumoured antediluvian Empires. Egyptians, or better, Mohegans. Phoenicians ingots, much ignored Vineland routes, Henry Sinclair's 1398 expedition, Mic-Macs meet the Mc's and Macs, Zeno's account, Irish fisherman Kevin and Pat adrift for days, spinning mad tales. Christobal was so inspired he changed his name to Columbas (columba=dove) for the celebrated crossing (aka the Great Colon Explosion of 1492) possibly to add a biblical patina to the event - Noah and the Flood, the raven and the Dove. Crowley got into the spirit and allegedly celebrated the new Electro-Magnetic Interference capabilities with some last ditch useless ritual at Lands End, Cornwall, on August 12th 1943. Don't forget the sweetness of the Savoy truffles or the bitterness of Memory Motel. MK Jagger's knight-hood, instant sould-out foaming agent, waggling dentures on the jumbotron, oldies' meat steaming for Ruby Tuesday, still. Also, the much ignored analogue between the secret tunnel network under Boston and the older one under London, both frequented by blue boys, churning the dank fratfrot foam. Isis/Semiranis make-up for men. Solomonic towers of nano felch, useless demonology, seven headed statue, a self lacerating seabeast-whorejohnpimp pounding its head against Long Island's cancer, hungry for tumour. Drool Britannia, sailors at sea for weeks, leaking libido foam.

The German imposters, like Elvis impersonators, make believe they're Welsh, when they're actually Wyndham Lewis's apes. Fly into Halifax under the radar, visit the cousins in Newport. Grail poison, useless mazadean blowhard fire and flower rituals. Bloodline of Jesus! Divine right of mass murderers! A miasma over New England while Merlin Krokors in a smelly Cornish cave. A trip to meet important people at the holy gathering place built by slave labourers. Talk about the expertise regarding moving people around the map. A beautiful swan maiden (or was it an automaton duck) effervesces along Ruggles, vapourizing the wormwooded oak at the intersection with Bellevue while singing "Ain't gonna work on Pennies farm no more." The tapestry went electric. Ain't no face pretty enough to send me and twenty thousand sailors to the octopus garden. No thrashing spermicidal Trojan numb skull foam.

Tales of witches from one of many fictional Rhode Island towns. Wartime saga - attempting to aid the giant sea scorpions (Jaekelopterus Sarfatass) in the fierce 300 million year old battle against the armoured fish. It's always foaming in a parallel dimension. Enlist the boys to rectally smuggle plans for Delorean exoskeletons back in time, plus a few hawk masks for the kids. Onward through the pink seafoam! Arkham rum/sodomy/lash trade. Winston Niles Rumfoord's terrifying experiment with rocketry. Almost as bad as Parsons' or Tyrone's propulsive mind explosions. Some boring old physicist puts on a beret, and plays at being a bohemian for the kids. Jealous of the talents of his tale spinning Ithaca school chums. Then all the knives go limp as hawkhead wonderboy's spoons.

Salt overflowing from the Brigadier's pudding hole. The slave trade routes, later eastward for opium, bullwhip's working up a lather. Seeking new foaming agents in the tropics. The bloody apron brigade, big G as in Goneril, taking the collection of chloroform school boys back and forth between JFK (3) and Liverpool's (4) John Lennon Airport connection - the favoured route of the bloody apron brigade. Public murder TV blood mist emanations. Airborn foam Ratlines, sunshine and paperclips, Mr. Kissinger

so bravely leaving behind the old Mediterranean trade shunts, sets out for the new world to "fight nazis" - Bravo! A piece prize for bravery. Cuneiform bite marks on the cadet's knuckle. What's that flying alongside the cockpit? It's Cristopher Marlowe, the genius homo, flying on a giant spatula, lightning bolts flying out of his eyes, cursing the Duchess of Cornwall, and GM scorpion corn.

And this tale:

A submarine laden with war gold navigates the depths into a Long Island submarine bay, almost docking, then suddenly shifts into reverse. Then forward, then back and forth. The captain, fogged with opium and rum again, is showing off to impress the cabin boy with the suds. The cabin boy hasn't said a word since he cried out for his mother on the first night. There were duties he wasn't aware a cabin boy was expected to perform.

"Cheer up kid. We'll get you a hawk mask when you get out of school maybe a sports car/exoskeleton with a time machine in it. You're gonna be famous...here have a cigar."

Sometimes the captain was so friendly. It gives false hope that the Siriously twisted cabal might one day quit drugging and kidnapping him. Dragging him around, making him watch Spielberg vehicles about extraterrestrials, big budget necromancy and the certified kosher account of the slave trade. He had been clawing at the metal ribcage of the sub for weeks... almost prepared to kill or curse his own mother to get out. They had almost turned him. Abused becomes abuser and the empire grows. Another boring game of pin the tail on the Jack Ass. But why so negative Pinnocchio? Red white and black, baby blue too. Here Jona, have a birthday balloon. A Torpedo rips through the hull just in time.

From the sewers of New York and mercenary hideouts of North Carolina, to a shattered automaton priest decaying on the island of Malta, from Babylon New York to the lying official architecture of the EU, Alsace Lorraine. Bury the macho particle accelerators of Brookhaven in horse manure and bones, fill with testosterone, invite the brass, host an Ivy League circle jerk, and voila: Networked across the Atlantic to the cancer of distorting sensory tumour balls sizzling near the ancient pagan site of Men-twith Hill, Yorkshire. From the pus of Regan's wounded toe to John Von Neumann's punctured eardrum. An olfactory assault. Dare to the routes chosen by treachery of that old serviceable villain Oswald? (5) I'm more of a "historic voyage of Winnie the Pooh" man, myself.

There are countless routes across the Atlantic... some foamier than others. Make up your own routes. The stranger the better. I once contacted a friend in England by focusing a memory at the balcony of a 22nd floor of a concave apartment block in Toronto. Five years prior, at a party in that apartment, my Armenian/Anglo/Persian friend had unwittingly discovered that the beautiful woman he was making out with was in fact A MAN! The subtle energy from that memory, focused in on the East angled building broadcast out over the evening skies. He received the signal through the ether months before I even sent it at a massive concrete ear in Cornwall...The communication technique was so effective I'm still experiencing bizarre spatial/time distortion effects from it.

Since this rant is largely a mockery of the theatrics of the Lies and Deceptions/And the Truth Will Set You goon squadrons theatrical productions, so the Gilbert and Sullivan musical The Pirates of Penzance is the route that suits it best. A mockery of the scams and intellectual property disputes between The West End and Broadway, William and Arthur. The kooky shenanigans of culture vultures and fake pirates... the Pirates of Penzance also features this lyric: "Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform."

And sometimes through the falsity of the infernal arts, bills become laws, and Washington is where you get the laundry done. The Crowley and the remote-controlled buzzard Dove. Great. Revolutionary. The Noah-cide laws, intense heat and pressure, turn us all into diamonds. Project Rainbow then and later, a sudden conversion to Hinduism in the desert of New Mexico. Ten million pounds of sludge from New York and New Jersey. Fantastic. Thankfully we can decipher the lash marks and knuckle

For a century now, London via the Tavistock Institute and other poisoners, has been gesturing that it is also the Neo-Naples. This is a lie. The lies are revealed through a combination of archeology and cymatics.

bites. God bless Ham the Astrochimp and Smokey the Bear for helping us escape new world azazel. Reich was right. Paging Mr. Vinterberg. I was hoping you would be bored by this point. Imagine the Swan. Steal a time machine. Process the Atlantic ocean twelve times through. Potty train the kids on the Bank of England. Piss the blood and ash off the hideous shields that necromancers of Frankfurt beat their numbness against. This happened three times while you were reading this. We're going to London! Weeeeeee!

How The West End Was Spun

Now that some tiny eddies have been stirred up in the ether and language, and we're all yawning in the dark ages, breathing each other's hot air live on the internet, let us venture straight into the thick of it, into the language labyrinth that most call London.

London is a strange compaction of crusted excitement froth. A sedimentary language labyrinth. They speak a strange dialect of English there. Courgettes and jumpers means zucchini and sweaters. Healthy, warm and bouncy. London, like all cities, boastfully claims to be New Troy, Rome. For a century now, London via the Tavistock Institute and other poisoners, has been gesturing that it is also the Neo-Naples. This is a lie. The lies are revealed through a combination of archeology and cymatics. There are many layers to excavate: Roman, Viking, Saxon, ship wrecked Venetian Mercenary layers. Grab that shovel and sift the crust through screens. Let it fall on a stretched drum skin and children's rhyme. Advanced cymatics. Truth and lies vibrate into forms, paths.

November 13th 1996. I had been living in London for nine months, self-exiled from Whistler, BC, Canada.(6) At night I played in a band, by day I sealed inline memory modules into magnetically shielded packaging. I spent days getting lost in the Labyrinth, consulting the A-Z, popping up massive elevators from great depths of the Piccadilly line to the bookstore dungeon of Tower Records to browse the shelves. I hadn't experienced such a wide selection of esoterica in Vancouver. I was familiar with the name Aleister Crowley from high school lore and from a Led Zeppelin biography I had read years earlier and the Sgt Peppers album cover. I had no idea that the beast had written fiction, but there it was - Moonchild. I had reservations... heard he was a mind-melting black magician, high school rumour lines. I had a slight distrust of the black arts. A sort of mild allergy... perhaps a lack of cell tower hissing in my diet in my early years. I also had a rabid appetite for novels. These two conflicting ideas intertwined causing an exciting itch in my brain. I walked up the stairs of the record shop out of the music and into the clamour of Piccadilly Circus clutching my paper Moonchild.

Piccadilly Circe and Anteros

Piccadilly Circus is a particularly frothy part of London's West End. A little like Times Square but with old shit: stucco,

moldings, ornamentation and a statue. Less 90-degree angles, more history, but basically the same shimmery drool-inducing techniques. Engorged screens, panting electric plumage, ripe lights, your basic flashing neon surveillance bouquet reflecting and stirring appetites. Sexy, if you go in for that porn-shoot-in-a-sewer-with-replicated-electric-eels type stuff. In England-ish circus means intersection. It is where Regent Street, Piccadilly, Coventry and Shaftesbury Avenue collide with advertising in a lurid swirl of exhaust. Black cabs, buses and billboards all belching filth, a pink tinge to the foaming excitement. All of it spinning around the first aluminium sculpture ever smelted.

High school students from the continent, escaped from their chaperones, sit gossiping on the octagonal base of the Circus statue eating fluorescent ropes of sugar. Often mistakenly thought to be a statue of Eros, it is actually of Anteros, the god of unrequited love and pederastic relationships. It was erected in honour of Lord Shaftesbury, who had a thing for "liberating" children. Lord Shaftesbury is also famous for speaking openly about his belief in a magical fairytale land without people that lay awaiting a people without land ever since the Romans kicked over a few special stones. Later, after two particularly profitable wars, it was discovered that there were, in fact, people living in Lord Shaftesbury's magical fantasyland. They were just invisible, and for some reason, their blood happened to be incredibly cheap, possibly due to lack of native global media barons amongst the population of invisible people.

The first Lord Shaftesbury is famous for advising Oliver Cromwell ("sell the franchise kid"). Oliver Cromwell, of course, remains famous to this day for having his life story allegorized by Charles Dickens. Some say Oliver's ghost still haunts the men's toilet at Piccadilly Station, in hopes that a wealthy Mayfair gent, perhaps a banker, might saunter in seeking an "errand boy". Oliver Cromwell... you are dead, get over it.

One boy
Boy for sale
He's going cheap
Only seven guineas.(7)
That -- or thereabouts.

From the Circe-us I walked east past the wedge-shaped building that forms the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Coventry. Decrepid statues of Buddy Holly RIP (plane crash, Mason City, Iowa Feb. 2nd, 1959, a Tuesday (too bad yr. finished Weld)) and Jimi Hendrix RIP (drowned in red wine on September 19th at 22 Lansdowne Crescent in London. A Network job (9) and others stood on the balconies, guarding the gateway to Shaftesbury. Trocadero was originally a brothel and gentlemen's club, conveniently located where Soho slums and the wealth heaps of Mayfair converge. Soho girls, Mayfair "gents." Later it came to house many restaurants and became a popular place for tourists looking to part with cash in exchange for excitement in colourful light. By 1996 it housed a pathetic rock and roll museum, Sega's flagship video arcade, a casino. Soho has a history of gaming, it was originally Henry VIII's game reserve. That must be when the bubbling started. A bunch of men and dogs chasing foxes getting frothed up about sticking it in the game. Bloodsport and wife capture. We all know how that one ends. He really loses himself in the sport, old Henry. Really wound up, steaming bubbles.

Soho has been buried in manure ten times over since then... 200 meters worth. That would explain all the neon and that Shaftesbury pendulum rocking around the British Israeli clock. The excitement/manure ratio was unbalanced for a while. Everything is under control now. No need to worry because in 2002 Trocadero became the control center for the West End of London. Surveillance crabs frothing in a bucket of screens... a thick walled command orifice. The authorities certainly chose a great location. I can't imagine the wonders they must see while on the job, but I'm puzzled as to how the Peeping Toms manage to breath with their heads stuck so far up their screen orifices? Who knows. I'm still boggled by the spectacle. London Trocadero provides an excellent example of the sedimentary sewage effects of two centuries of London's pimperly. Only London could produce such peepingpimpwhorejohnbeast hybrids. But keep huffing and puffing, New York.

I was oblivious to all this in 1996. I walked by, pinballing, choosing the cinematic route through Leicester Square. Shaftesbury Avenue bone dust swirled and manure fumes filled the air, stirred by the pendulum. I decided instead on Coventry, closed my eyes for a second to listen for Lady Godiva, dressed so demurely as I passed the HMV.

Leicester Square is a bustling pedestrian plaza lined with cinemas that get crammed with Londoners and tourists alike. A rabid 100 meter poodle, the fierce pink latte monster, stands guard in a mall punk collar, yapping at nothing while spotlights slice through the froth. The British have two flavours of popcorn: salt and sweet, side order of deep fried sixpack rings, extra fluoride and barium flavour crystals. The money is in the concessions... food-ish stuff... and medicine. Keep 'em "healthy" and "fed." Dazzling red carpet premiers are often hosted at Leicester Square. Fabulouse glitz, botoxed frankenfurter lips, wonder tits and diamonds. Shazzam. I highly recommend you check it out. It's a worthwhile letdown watching the stars, fans, paparazzi and limo drivers engaging in the peculiar rites of hype, like necromancy with blow-up dolls. Spamela and an army of meltdown robots squirt silicon fluid and mascara tears in the toilet at Planet Hollywood. Fifty years worth. A foaming Jubilee! Just how the Network likes it. Thank you movie stars! Fantastic! More nuke test footage in reverse, please!

A fact that everybody seems to have forgotten about Leicester Square is that it already fulfilled its function many years ago. It's redundant, like Madonna, rocket science, the Babalon working and the Kaballie. Useless. Over the years, as cinemas sprang up around the square like dry mushrooms, bursting with spores, it became clear that since life was imitating art, Leicester Square had unbeknownst to everyone become a massive imitation of a film set. Lindsay Anderson and Malcolm MacDowell were the first to notice this fact and wisely set the final scene of their 1973 film *Oh Lucky Man* (9) there. Fin. But still the surveillance persists with their dull grinding productions. Foam addicts, the lot of them. I wasn't in for a flick, I had seen *Braveheart* there and the cognitive dissonance of watching Longshanks on his deathbed, overhearing William Wallace's gut-spilling cry for freedom, was too much. I'm still recovering. Hollywood can't seem to steal and ruin decent ideas quite like they used to, so I continued to Charing Cross Road, where I walked down the spiraling stairs to catch the Northern Line south. Upon boarding the subway car I opened the book to read:

"MOONCHILD A CHINESE GOD

LONDON, in England, the capital city of the British Empire, is situated upon the banks of the Thames. It is not likely that these facts were unfamiliar to James Abbott McNeill Whistler, a Scottish gentleman born in America and resident in Paris but it is certain that he did not appreciate them. For he settled quietly down to discover a fact which no one had previously observed; namely, that it was very beautiful at night. The man was steeped in Highland fantasy, and he revealed London as Wrapt in a soft haze of mystic beauty, a fairy tale of delicacy and wistfulness. ... It is here that the Fates showed partiality; for London should rather have been painted by Goya. The city is monstrous and misshapen; its mystery is not a brooding, but a conspiracy. And these truths are evident above all to one who recognizes that London's heart is Charing Cross."

At this point the car rolled to a stop at Charing Cross Station, my eyes lifting from Charing Cross on the page straight to the same words on the station sign. With the tiny hairs on the back of my neck standing like ancestor antennae, I marked my page with my travel card and closed the book. It was a big time marker for me. Twenty one. A man now, heading south on the Northern Line, deep under London's sedimentary memories and the mysterious whale song of the Thames. I was terrified. From Canada, of Scottish descent, an O'Neill and I had spent most of my youth in the town of Whistler (copyright 2010.) I had been zapped by bacteria magic. Disgusting. Looking back now I realise I was resolving the effects in advance, by mistake.

During my first week in London I visited Regent Street South in hopes of finding a bank teller who would mistakenly exchange my Canadian travellers cheques at the American rate. Looking up I saw something terrifying. Across the street, Eric White from Whistler was mountain biking through an alpine meadow, smiling

with his girl. Eric owned the bike store in Mons. I had worked for him for one day in my teens, gluing bits of foam padding into helmets. Bastard owed me money. There he was 10-feet tall, taking up the entire window of the BC tourism office, his frozen smile mocking me. After I had spent a minute or so stalking him, shaking my fist, coating the window with spray, it dawned on me. London was a strange and dynamic language labyrinth. Only now do I realize who my invective was actually directed towards.

Months later I saw her. I had just been to the Palace art gallery to view a collection of DaVinci's sketches. Studies of water swirling out of a pipe, helicopter prototypes, diagrams of plants and genitals. While I walked by the gates, a shiny "scarab" beetle limo was rolling through the gates. We made eye contact. She didn't look too vicious, just a little sad. Perhaps the limo was a reeking pit of Komodo drool, a genetically hybridized goat/lizard spine beast (her most loyal pet), thrashing amongst the discarded vertebrate on the floor, rubbing the shiny underbelly with her toe. Anything is possible. She just looked like an exhausted old lady... alone. In a limo. There could have been a blood-frothing battle between crustaceans, dung critters and magnetic tape-worms thrashing around in her crown colluseum. The Dunblane massacre had just happened. Perhaps that was on her mind? Better have a 100-year ban on the court transcripts, eh Lizzie? It's impossible to know exactly what the grand patroness of world Freemasonry is thinking at any moment. This is probably for the best. A miasma of poison connecting into webs.

Aleister Crowley was an innovator. Allegedly, his father was one of the original investors in Electro Magnetic Instruments (procurers of war machines and ear injections). Aleister went on to invent the Al Qaeda mask prototype. (Simply sign the contract, practice some 'magick', then hold your hand in front of your face and talk. After enough toxic lie breath has blown back and coated your face, Voila! Al Qaeda mask.) He perfected the digestive/sexual transit routes that are destroying the skies by playing horsey in the desert in 1909 with fellow Halitosis Visionary, Victor Neuburg. The horrible chemical stink aridizing nano filth, moloch slime trails in the skies, owe a lot to this. Edward Teller picked up the scent. Teller didn't get to mangle the coastline, so they gave him the sky. No word yet if Coopers Anteros statue will be nicked and burnt to a poisonous ash. Perhaps Lee Burroughs could help resolve that one. The interval between Anteros and Thanatos is dangerous.

The worst things I've learnt about Crowley brought back memories of a Christian summer camp in Bellingham. Nothing is too gruesome, the campfire songs gave me a homeopathic trace, just enough for a mild allergic reaction. Enough to enjoy Bob Marley music during the heavy metal years. Bob is the best, and Crowley? His innovations are being dismantled. Crowley claims to have brought the Moonchild rituals from Naples to London. It would make sense that he would mimic John Dee's retrieval of the golem rituals from Prague, much in the same way he aped Oscar Wilde mimicking James McNeill Whistler. Oh the follies of the Dandies of the new Electric City, technologising the sickest methods of control that centuries of battling crime families could produce. Crowley (often referred to as the worst poet ever) claims to have brought the US into WWI. Crowley was the prescient image of the vampire/zombie hybrid that WWII was inflicted upon Europe to produce.

A Plague of Exclusivity and Big Box Stores

Before the dawn of the new millennium, London caught a fever. Significant architecture kept popping up like hives for the occasion: (An enormous ugly dome, the feminine counterpart to the obelisk of Canary Wharf), a giant rotating sphincter and a flimsy mis-engineered Millennium bridge were all constructed. But still, all the kings horses, all the kings men and all the Viagra of Sandwich couldn't give the Duke of Edinburgh an erection again. The climate was dire and limp until finally, The Duke of Edinburgh's darkest fantasies (note: "I must confess that I am tempted to ask for reincarnation as a particularly deadly virus." Prince Philip, 1986) were given the film treatment with *28 Days Later* (12).

In the film, a biometric mishap occurs when anti-globalization activists unknowingly release a chimpanzee dosed with an experimental shopping spree drug (and a little Oscar dust) into the Armdale Center. The infectious shopping spree plague shreds through Britain's densely populated urban centers like a firestorm

Zombie dad finds Andy on the defunct platform of the Jubilee line. He pins him down and tries to explain how soulless social engineers, foundations and fraternities manipulate the family unit as a means to perpetuate the cult of rooster mutilators.

of hungry dybbuks. It's a little like the Industrial Revolution in hyper fwd mode. Within a matter of days, the entire population is infected with the mystery boxing day sale virus. Imagine the psychotic blood lust of intelligence agents and military privateers, distilled and combined with an incredibly potent strain of Beatlemania. Britain instantly gets converted into a big box surveillance and bondage party. Suitably the film climaxes with the last surviving military goons fighting over the last surviving women in the foyer of a mansion where a statue of Asclepius stands. Same old rotten milk mithraic circuit. Go figure. 28 Weeks Later is considered by many to be a zombie film, but they're wrong. It's an entirely new genre: Shopping spree/lunar cycle horror. Go, bike courier!

The 2007 sequel, 28 Weeks Later, is about the American Military efforts to clean up after the Duke of Edinburgh and re-settle the center of the virtual economy: Canine Wharf. The two youngest Britons escape the security zone, zip back and forth across the Thames until they find their mother. Turns out not only did she survive the plague but she developed an immunity to it by producing art in the last remaining artist loft of London. A victory for art therapy. The military, horrified to learn that there was an artist still active in London, lock her in a room with her husband. Before she is able to explain the art therapy techniques to him, he kisses her and is instantly infected. And they're off! The American military do their duty and kill everyone in the most spectacular fashion. We get to witness the scorching of Canary Wharf and if that isn't damaging enough for your nervous system, later we see the royals getting mowed down by helicopter rotors in Regents Park.

Charing Cross tube station is the location for the film's climax. Mom drives down the tube stairway in a Volvo to escape the fumigating and scorching on the surface. It's dark and there are six months of rotted corpses strewn everywhere. Andy and his sister have a fall down the escalator and then we get to see the most brutal piece of domestic violence when zombie dad bludgeons military nurse mom with her night vision rifle. Zombie dad finds Andy on the defunct platform of the Jubilee line. He pins him down and tries to explain to his son how soulless social engineers, foundations and fraternities manipulate the family unit as a means to perpetuate the cult of rooster mutilators. It's an emotional moment, though unconvincing, partly because Z-father has just beaten surrogate army mother to death and was the one who had started the shopping spree nightmare by kissing and pushing his plague-resistant wife's eyes in.

The words don't come out right. They don't come out at all, just a vomit spray of blood. I can relate to Andy. I feel pinned down like that every time I turn on the TV and there's some talking head zombie or "expert" priest shill waving a blade and spraying curses and infectious fluids at me. I don't care if it's simulated blood, it still makes me queasy. I'm glad to be acutely allergic to broadcasting; movies are so loaded with trigger cues. I prefer lemons and maple syrup.

The DVD features a deleted scene of Andy hallucinating his mother's arrival on a subway car while he thrashes, battling the involuntary initiation into the Tavistock shell shock zombie cult. Andy's Underground Dream SC 166/167: These are director Juan Carlos Fresnadillo's comments:

"This one I think was one of the last decisions in the cutting. As we mentioned before we needed to follow the point of view of Tammy the sister and not see this strange and onieric moment with Andy. It was difficult to remove this sequence...because it's an emotional moment which was interesting in this part of the story. Especially cause we bring again the idea about the connection between the mother and the kid. It's confusing, he's confusing the place for ... Sometimes you have great ideas writing, sometimes it doesn't work editing. This is one of them, and the question of the time you have to edit the film... we haven't found the real place for this. Mainly what we are explaining is still in the movie now. It's stronger you know, the mystery of what happened with the kid without seeing, you know, his point of view."

It is a dark scene, written in phosphine surging through Andy's mutating capillaries. No night vision required. Andy's experience of Charing Cross station is a vivid Guignol blend of graphic internal horrors. Primeval fears of unknowable transformations under pressure. Birth, death and, in between, the plague. I'm not certain if the consumptive blood sprays and frenetic editing of 28 Weeks Later does irreparable damage to viewers' nervous systems. We're all shell-shocked by chip media by now, so why not analyze the most potent example of the cyberfirestorm frenzy and see what it yields? A tunnel network can symbolize many things: Saturnal digestive tract, insect colony, swarming cadaver, blinking neural net, metal gem fuel source excitement. The underground can be a birth canal and happens to be an efficient method of moving people around cities.

I don't know if the heart of London is Charing Cross. A heart is a piece of meat, and Eleanor has long since turned to dust and mud. The heart could be Nob Hill (the best place to burn Masonic paraphernalia). The Bank of England is a festering boil and the Temple is the hemorrhaged sphincter. Practically speaking, all distances to London are measured from Charing Cross. It is the site where Boudica came close to defeating the Romans, homeless people seek shelter under the railway arches in the richest area in the world. There is also a trance club called Heaven in the arches. Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament (and a little further Buckingham Palace) to the west. Templar Bar (10) and the Bank of England (11) are all just east. Perhaps it was the combined effect of these influential institutions that gave rise to the popular English children's rhyme: "snarling blistered wankers, the barristers bunk with the bankers...lemons lemons! they don't possess a soul."

In his work of fiction, Brave New World, Aldous Huxley, another of Crowley's "students," changed the station into Charing T Rocket Pad (named after the Ford Model T). We all know where that burning excitement leads, back down to "fertilize" the earth with poison. The qliphoth. Orwell thankfully, got it right, and realised that Charing Cross station was gesturing south. He sought London's heart by trampling through South London from flophouse to flophouse, weak tea to bread crust, in stinking rags. Orwell was good enough to not tell whether he found the heart that way, but the persistent relevance of his work might indicate he found something worthy while down and out.

Violence perpetuates itself. Europe has been working on this lesson for a long time. America is taking it to new forms ever since Crowley, acting on hissing orders of Europe's slav trading fairy fraud father, helped bring the US into the war (see the introduction to Moonchild). Moonchild is a lie and has as much of an honest portrayal of Moonchild rituals as Polanski's Baby has with human's mating. Whatever force it is that compels us to irradiate babies before they're even born? Moonchild rituals.

Horrible billows of purple foam were generated in that war. The men, sickened by the machinised animalism posed as plants, the purple foam hardened into a thin glass, like Christmas lights only disgusting, which was then powdered, melted into bricks and is probably a mile under Australia, waiting to go on an "art student" backpacking trip around Australia. Poppies

are symbols of wealth to some, and hoodwinked necromancy to others. Dump the crates sweet China...

The new mobile tower foam seems to harden into an exoskeletal crust as you become aware of it. This dangerous illusion can trigger tricky, sometimes embarrassing situations, but keep in mind the soldiers of all the "great" wars are, you know, around and stuff.

I can't recall what I did after that chilling tube ride in 1996. Hummed a tune down electric avenue, chatted with a mad physics professor who drank from puddles. Brixton's School of Armenian Architecture is a great place to develop spatial Sayat Nova sense. But it's not the center either. Cold Harbour lane would be the best place to shut down the Human Genome project, but beware the Dogstar! The man who fell to earth is now effervescing up through the frequency shields of hijacked Gaia, from South London town. Maybe try Camberwell... good carrot patch there... effervesce up into unknown harmonics, like a helicopter built by MacGyvers ghost. Maybe float out for a picnic at touch down for a picnic at Leeds Castle, Kent, to kiss Eleanor's cross. On to Canterbury Cathedral, over the rainbow cricket fields, to mock the stink of Viagra in Sandwich. No matter what method you choose to get across the channel to the land of different smells, just know that the Bourne Ultimatum/Mission Impossible chunnel ride over the county line has been discredited as vampiric. Better cross the county line from Kent into France in Winnie the Pooh's balloon.

Reading Chaucer's Canterbury tales while watching Pasolini's Decameron might even turn you into a breatharian like Theresa Nuemann, so that you can deal with the strangeness of seeing a horse messenger from the soaked earth of Waterloo get pinned by a Lightning Bolt noise creature.

Patting Dogs Can Circumvent Tidal Waves

Music, as well as our conception of ancestral memory, is being erased. Our ancestors' beliefs are mocked as stupid and superstitious, while our ability to think symbolically is corroded. Meanwhile, Children of the World Dream of Peace (a flawed necromantic schematic at the Denver International Airport) further permeates the mass mind. Thought crimes always trump the belligerence of criminals posing as justice dealers and all their stage manager wind-up monkeys. Why not? They are wonderful for dissolving that exhaust film that is choking our collective memories and mythmaking capabilities. Peel off the film! Put on the Hoffman glasses, page the Crofts, get out of North Carolina TV Blackwater dysentery! Dog whistles exist! Maybe one day soon we'll see cinematic destruction of the Bank of England or Whitehall or Temple, but until then, pat the dog. Be nice to him. Throw a stick in the river. Fireworks and cold fusion JAMW.

The future? Imagine, a bug, trapped in a plastic bubble, on a sheet, wrapped around a cardboard tube in a warehouse of rolls. An unfamiliar word passes through its mind: "McLuhan." It pauses briefly then goes back to studying what's required to graduate, then falls asleep to dream of forklifts. In short, a robot trance insect coop. Now try imagining something else. In the Nick of time. Good luck to David Webb and the convalescents of Goa. Brixton's Alabama 3 are leading a sermon for you. If you wake up one morning and find yourself dead in Brooklyn, remember, it's All About Love, so quit crying, Claire or Jo Hiffenan will kick your sad ass.

Cities grow, building up like massive kidney stones, unknowable forces are tapped for necromantic works of epic proportions. The temptation to fall into a gnostic snake pit is heavy, I maintain that the slight bubbling caused by a urine stream splashing against the base of Freud's statue at Tavistock is more than enough foam. What matters is where the mist goes when the bubbles pop. Absolutely no foaming agents necessary.

Fluffy clouds, puppy tails, sunlight refracting through a dew drop balanced on a bunny whisker and Renaissance fountains. Now if you'll excuse me I must go shake etheric pineapple spears at a lemon tree and brush my teeth with dirt down by the...er...or well.

The travesty-shock will be over soon.

This compost of words is indebted to the evasion techniques of James Shelby Downard, the scholarship of Michael Hoffman II (a scary person), the work of Bob Dobbs and the Deanies, and the craft work of Don and Carol Croft.

Endnotes

1. The basic recipe for a golem consists of a bag of bones, sperm, skin fragments and hair from the animal of which the homunculus will be a hybrid. These are laid in the ground surrounded by horse manure for forty days, at which point the embryo will form. Modern additives such as barium salts, aluminium oxide, and fluoride can be mixed in various ratios to determine the golems entertainment preferences. Be sure to mold the golems tiny hand so that it can grip the tiny flamethrower, gun or fireman's axe. Extra weapons sold separately.

2. Imperia, a popular seaside resort known for its floriculture and olive oil industry, is 611.29 kilometers from Naples, 133.15 kilometers from Torino, sister city: Newport, Rhode Island.

3. Kennedy: "Wounded head."

4. Lennon: "descendant of Lover" / "descendant of Blackbird."

5. Oswald: "divine strength" / Goneril's servant.

6. Whistler, BC, is a ski resort/nightmare who's recent cultural memories were disappeared in record time to make way for the type of simulated luxurious dreck preferred by royalty, Microsoft and Boeing execs, IOC officials, & the people who service them.

7. The guinea was the first British machine-struck gold coin, first minted five years after the Cromwell's reign in 1663. The guinea was replaced by the pound after the Great Recoinage in 1816, the same year King Charles II of England granted John Clarke a Royal Charter to Rhode Island. Strangely, it is also a derogatory term for people darker than British/Eastern European people. (Spit, Morrissey, spit!)

8. See Alex Constantine's Covert War Against Rock.

9. The Mick Taylor trilogy is probably the best cinematic portrayal of Tavistock/British Intelligences soft/social engineering techniques reverberating through culture. The first installment, 1967's "If" made Malcolm McDowell's career. It's a shame it didn't diffuse '68. The second, O' Lucky Man, satirizes young men whose drive for success programs the infrastructure with blind ambition. It is the first and best send-up of the dynamics at play with the Vancouver 2010, London (post transit) 2012 crunchiness. The third Mick Taylor film, Britannia Hospital, is about peeping Toms and Masonic womb envy. Stanley Kubrick was a fantastic filmmaker who managed to come close to Lindsay Anderson's brilliance, and might have even died trying to surpass him.

10. Bar: A ridgelike mound of sand, gravel or silt formed within a stream, along its banks, or at its mouth. Bars form where the stream's current slows down, causing sediment to be deposited.

11. Bank: An artificial embankment or the slope of land adjoining a body of water, especially adjoining a river, lake, or channel. Often used in the plural.

12. The opening scenes of the original 28 Days Later released in 2002 features a haunting piece of music performed by Montreal anarchist ensemble, godspeed you!black emperor. The song scores a montage of footage of the confused and lonely protagonist wandering around a plague deserted London after emerged from a coma. As the song plays, our hero sets on a weird looping walk past numerous London landmarks and historical nodal points of the Fully Automated Ground Aridation Network. Over Parliament and Big Ben, Whitehall, St. Paul's Cathedral (patron saint of the gentiles, London and Malta), and finally The Bank of England, to Leicester Square. The song ends as Coma boy looks at a crust of sorrow, missing person notes on plywood, then jump cuts to the rookery, the Parish of Saint Giles. The instrumental is East Hastings, named after Vancouver's heroin (hello Maurice Strong) slum. Another prescient Olympic Mockery by the Popola. Don't let the Sinclair get you down.