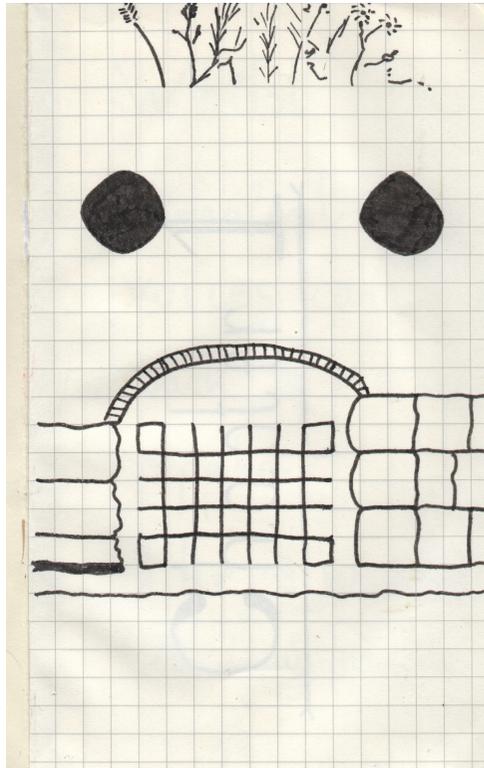


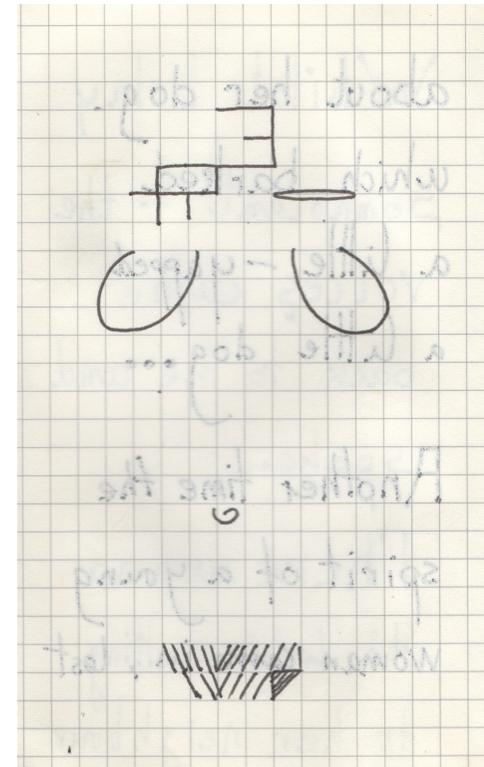
Bible







# Chapter 1



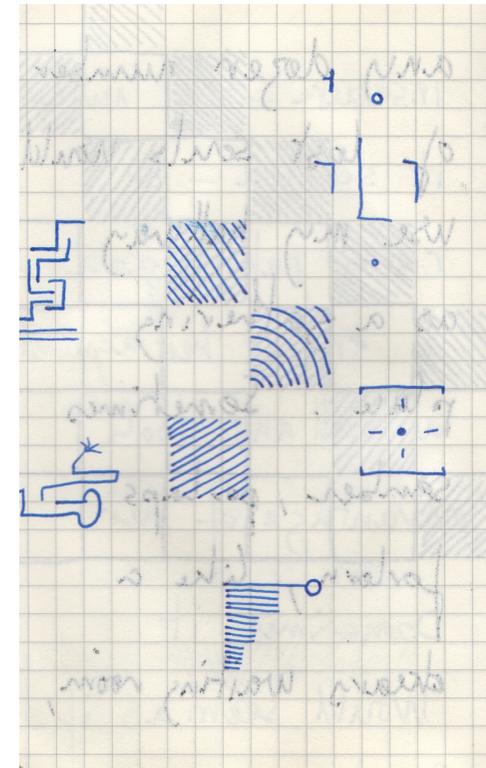
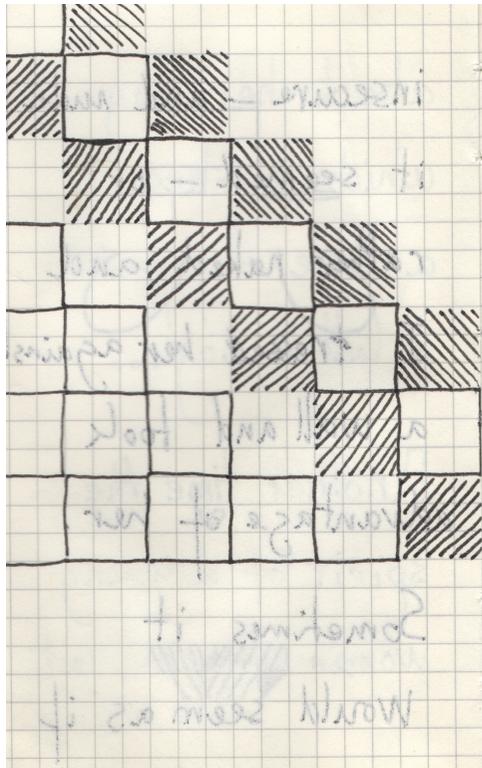
Whilst I lay somnolent - the voices came back and spake.

There was an old lady chatting to her neighbour about her dog - which barked a little - yapped a little dog...

Another time the spirit of a young woman came in, lost,

insecure - and nude it seemed - or rather naked and I pressed her against a wall and took advantage of her.

Sometimes it would seem as if

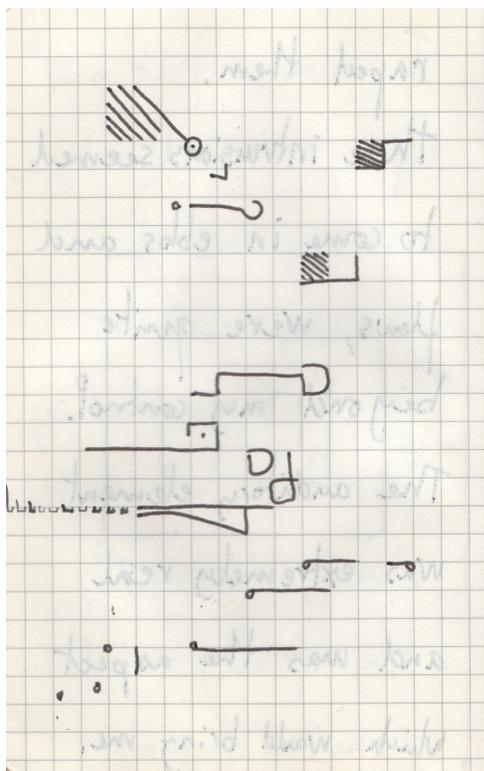


any dozen number of lost souls would use my hallway as a gathering place. Sometimes somber, perhaps forlorn, like a dreary waiting room,

Waiting - for what? Other times some spark would light up the proceedings with wit - perhaps even some music.

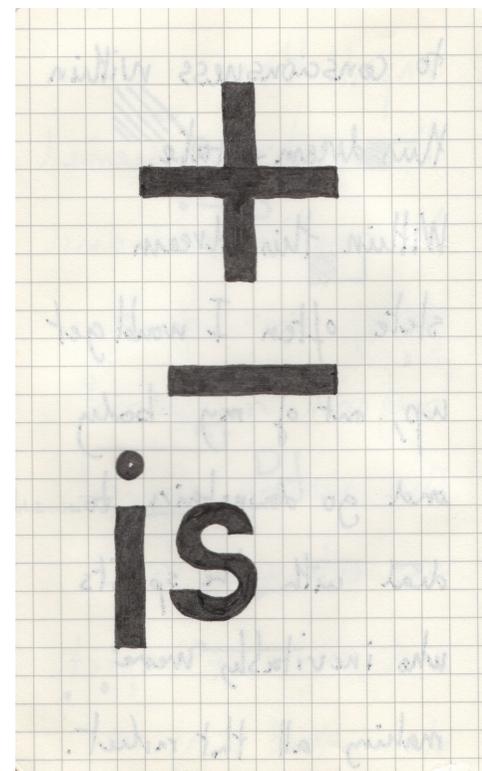
No matter the specifics of the case,





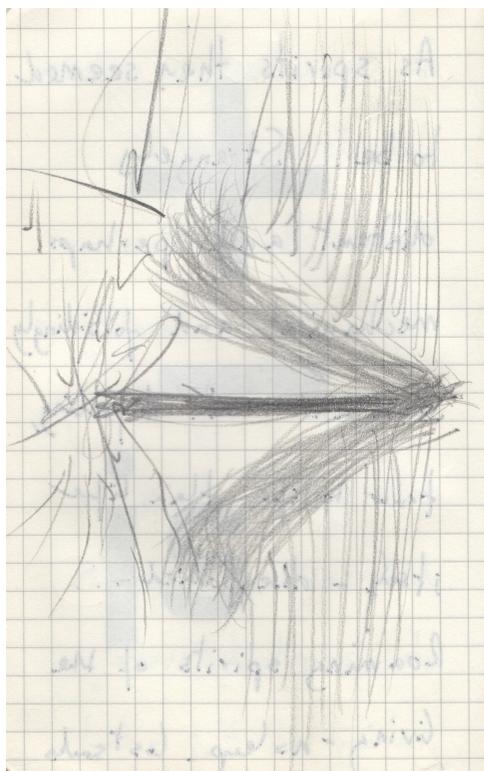
to consciousness within this dream-state.

Within this dream state often I would get up, out of my body and go downstairs to deal with the spirits who inevitably were making all that racket.



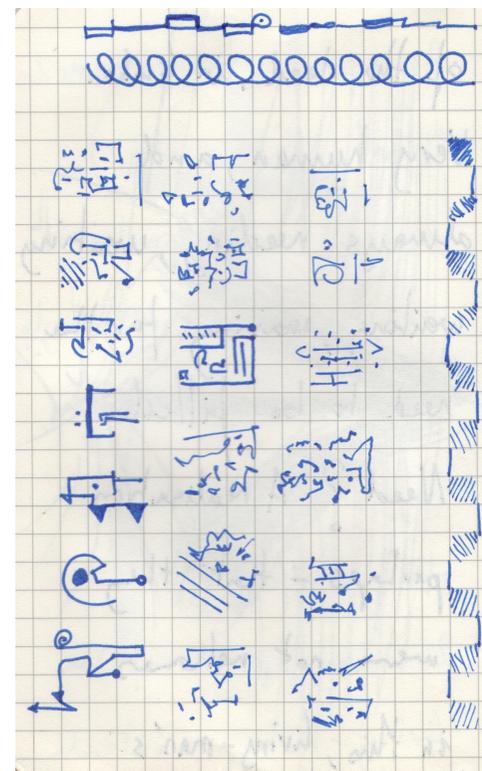
As spirits they seemed to be. Strangely distant and perhaps mechanical and forbiddingly close and real. A feeling, truer to life than life itself - disembodied...

Roaming spirits of the living - asleep - lost souls



of the dead, in limbo. Very human, and always needing, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting for the need to be filled.

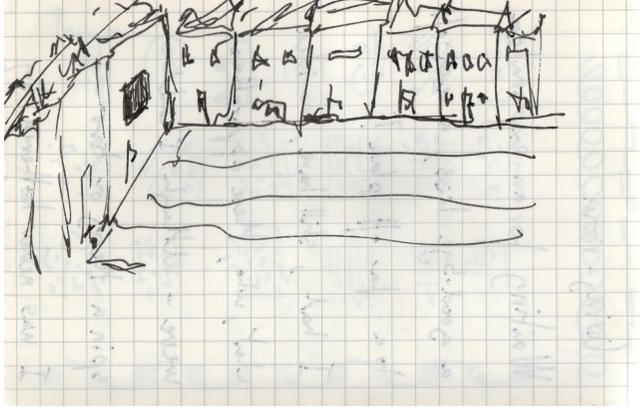
Need? A realisation perhaps - that they were not welcome in this, living-man's



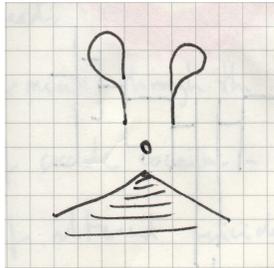
living-room.

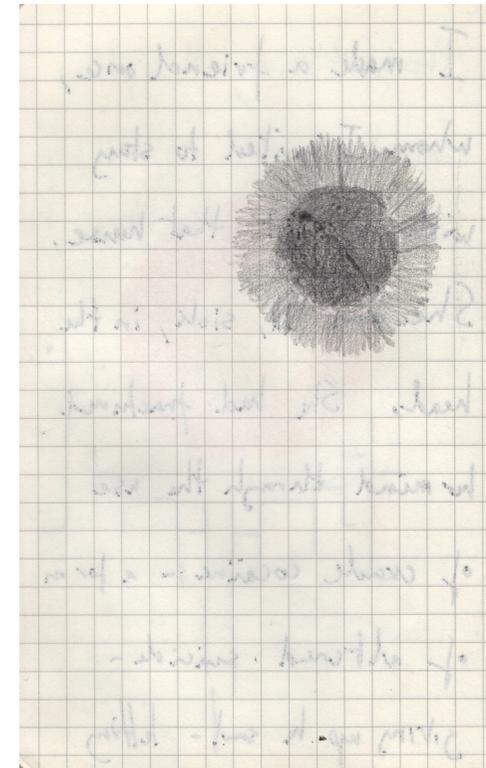
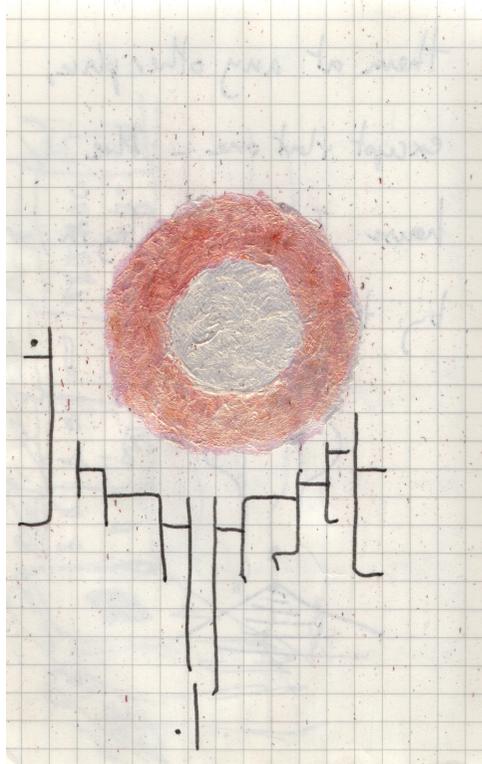
Waiting for an explanation, a good-bye kiss, a send-off to a far-off place?

I had, still have, no idea what, who, these apparitions were - although I could spin a theory or two - I was never bothered by



them at any other place except that one - the house I used to stay in, by the morgue.

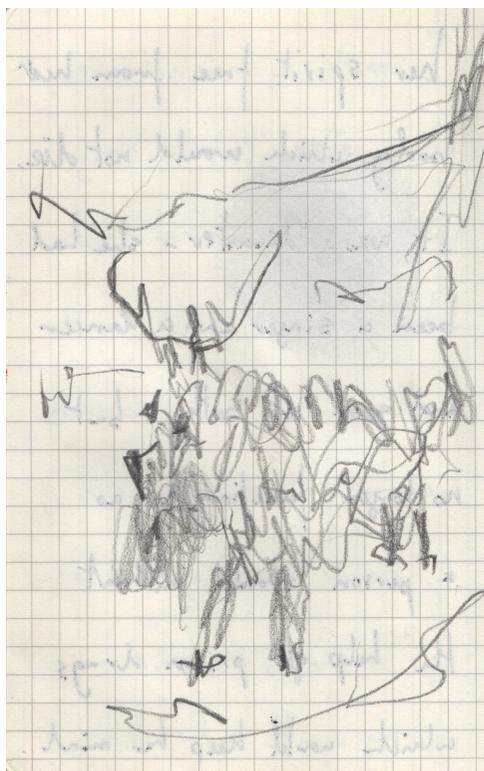




her spirit free from her body which would not die.

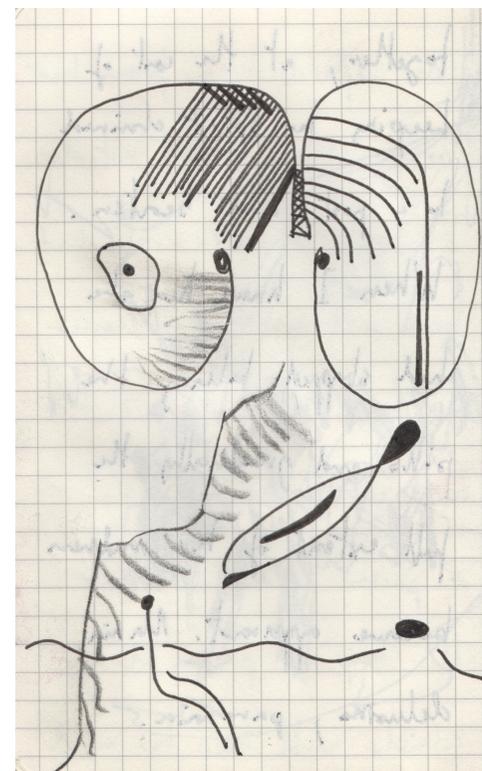
I made a friend once, whom I invited to stay with me, at the house. She had fractured her mind through the use of crack cocaine - a form of altered suicide - giving up her soul - letting

It was a disaster - she had been a singer and a dancer and good at both - she no longer functioned as a person should without the help of prison drugs which would keep her mind



together, at the cost of keeping her spirit chained to a post,  
and beaten.

When I knew her she had stopped taking the pills and gradually  
the full extent of her madness became apparent. Mania, delu-  
sions, paranoia.



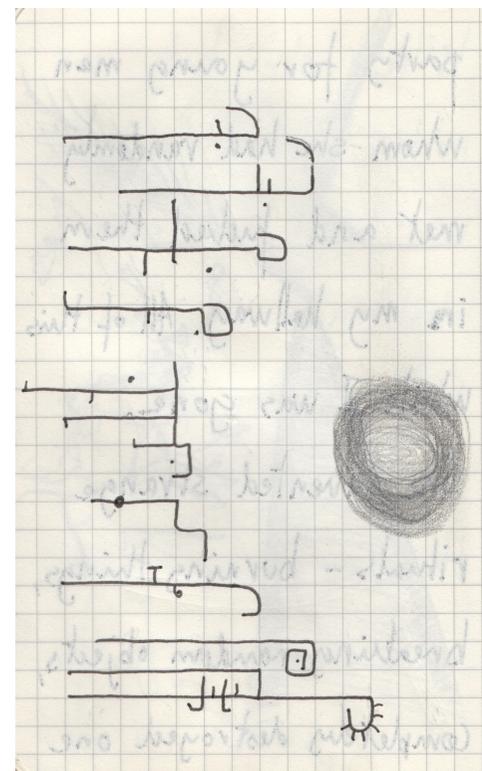
When she hit rock bottom, her soul was freed and she destroyed my  
home.

She invited people off the street who stole things, money - she  
gave away my guitar - she organised a dinner



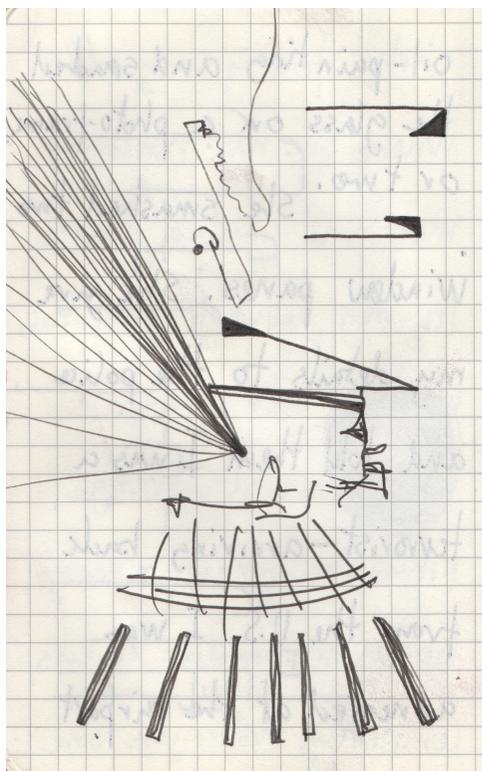
party for young men she had randomly met and fucked them in my hallway. All of this while I was gone.

She invented strange rituals - burning things, breaking random objects, completely destroyed one



oil-painting and smashed the glass on a photo-frame, or two.

She smashed two window panes, she gave my details to the police and told them I was a terrorist - arriving back from the U.S. I was arrested at the airport



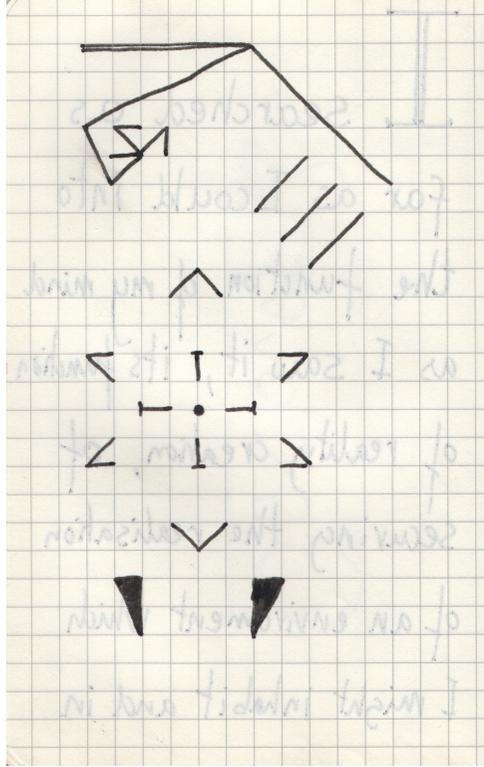
My life fell slowly into place, and I was no longer bothered by those nightly visitations, or only rarely.

and duly released...

She went missing, was picked up by the police and taken to Bedlam - where she stayed for several months, slowly letting the drugs take effect, and when she was stable, released back, onto a plane to Colorado, where she went to live with her mother.

I continued to live in the house, on the street, with the morgue.

# Chapter 2

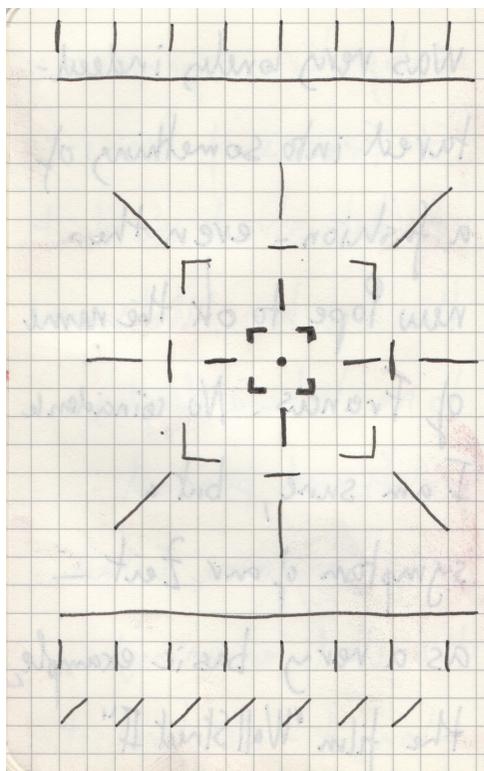


I searched as far as I could into the function of my mind as I saw it, its function of reality creation, of securing the realisation of an environment which I might inhabit and in

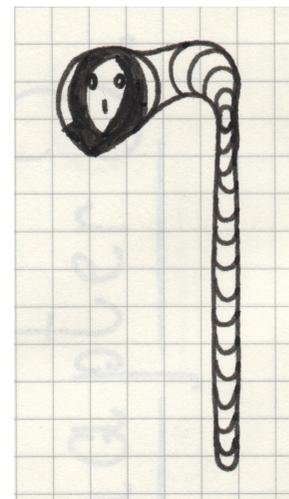
which I might, hopefully, thrive.

The curious thing about this, the part which struck me most, was the nature of objectivity, existing only, and ever only, within the most furthest reach of our own internally directed subjective experience:

St Francis of Assisi -



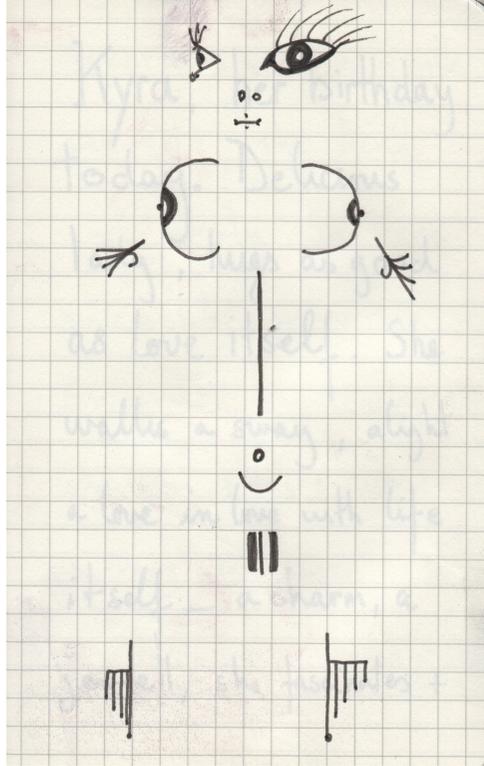
the times and strange objectivity found in the deeply subjective experience.



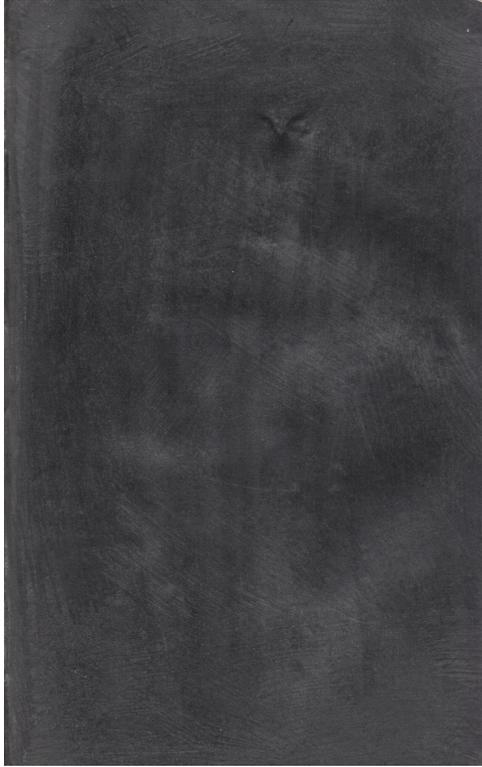
What struck me about this was how, what seemed to me to be a deeply private and personal voyage, once I had traveled far enough along it - at first it was very lonely indeed - turned into something of a fashion - even the new Pope took the name of Francis.

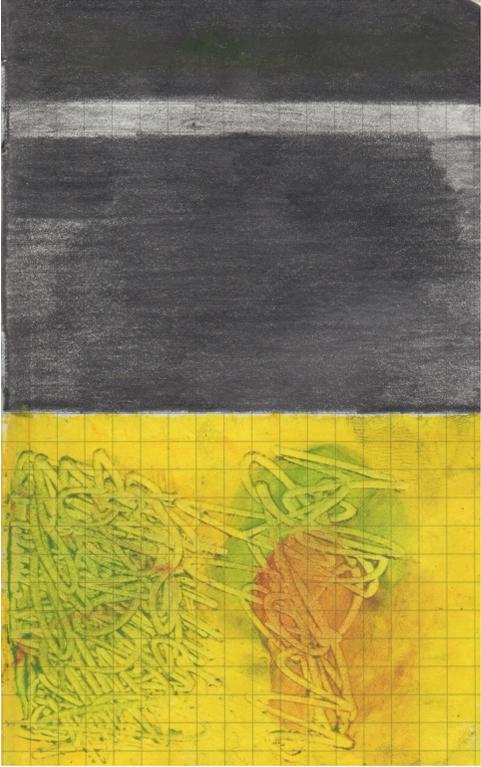
No coincidence I am sure, but a symptom of our Zeit - as a very basic example, the film "Wall Street II" could have largely been my own story, save for a few specifics in the plot - the themes were applicable - as well as the general narrative - a sign of

# Chapter 3.



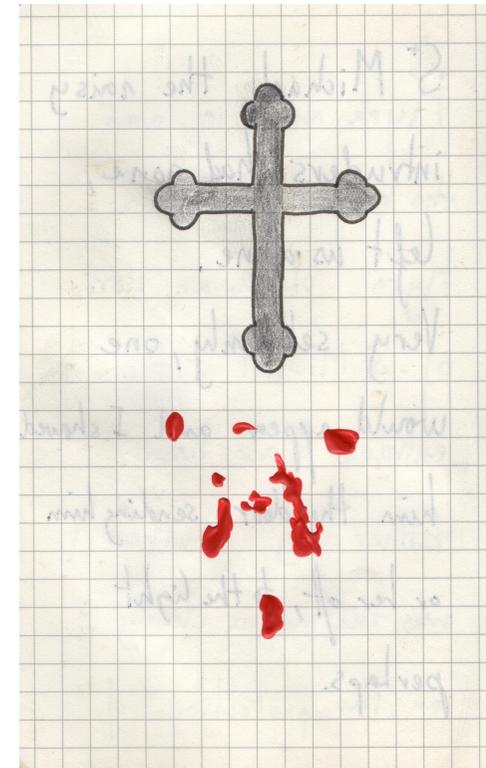
Kyra, her birthday, today. Delicious lady, hugs as good as Love itself. She walks a sway, alight a love in love with life itself \_a charm, a jewell she fascinates and terrifies \_she gentle she soft, she kind and mighty. She love quite unlike any other. She fruit, she peach, she juicy + taste uhm, so very very fine.







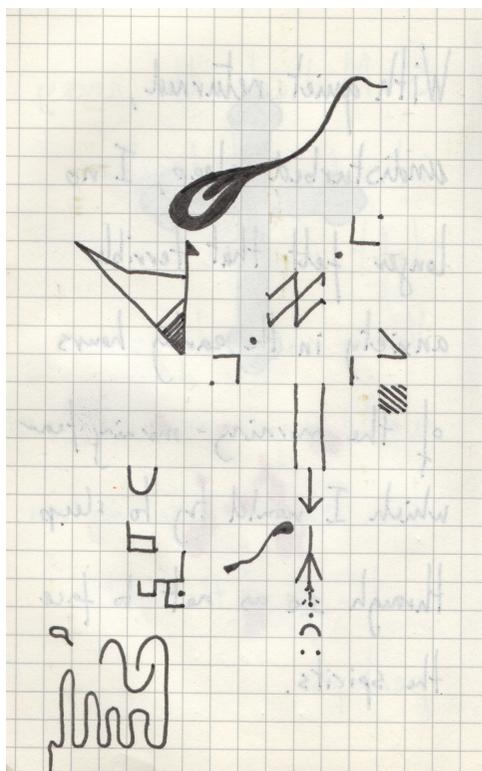
# Chapter 4.



Kyra moved in and the morgue closed down. Kyra placed an icon of St Michael at the entrance of our house. Either way, whether it was the morgue closing or the protection of St Michael, the noisy intruders had gone, left us alone.

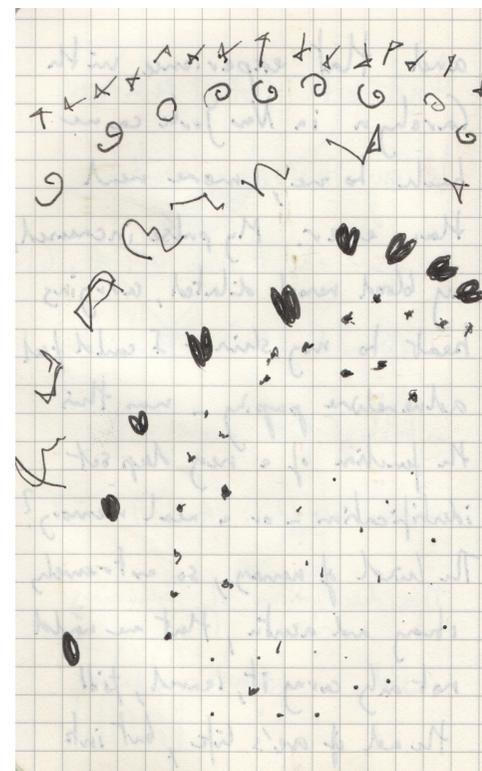
Very seldom, one would appear and I showed him the door, sending him or her off, to the light perhaps.

With quiet returned, undisturbed sleep, I no longer felt that terrible anxiety in the early hours of the morning - morning fear which I would try to sleep through so as not to face the spirits.



And with that I returned to my inner-explorations. I saw on 11 Nov. 2014 Eleanor Crook's "The Band Plays On" - There was a table, with books - The Guinea Pig Club.

And I read the description of burning inside a fighter plane \_and that experience with Carolyn in New York came back to me, more real than ever. My pulse increased, my blood vessels dilated, carrying heat to my skin - I could feel adrenaline pumping \_was this the function of a very deep set identification \_or a real



memory? The kind of memory, so extremely strong and acute, that one would not only carry it, seared, till the end of one's life, but into the next, almost as clearly intact?

Discussing it with Kyra on the way back, it became clear to me that my uncontrollable reaction to stories of human waste through war, but especially of aircrew, might relate to an unfinished grieving process.

Grieving for a life that I had, but did not want to let go of \_did not want, could not accept the death of that former self \_not really knowing what was going on, but not being allowed to forget, as that memory - of being burned in a stricken fighter, deep as it might be inside the sub-conscious - was simply too strong to simply fade away and let me be.

I would have to make amends with what was, or might have been, and simply, let go.



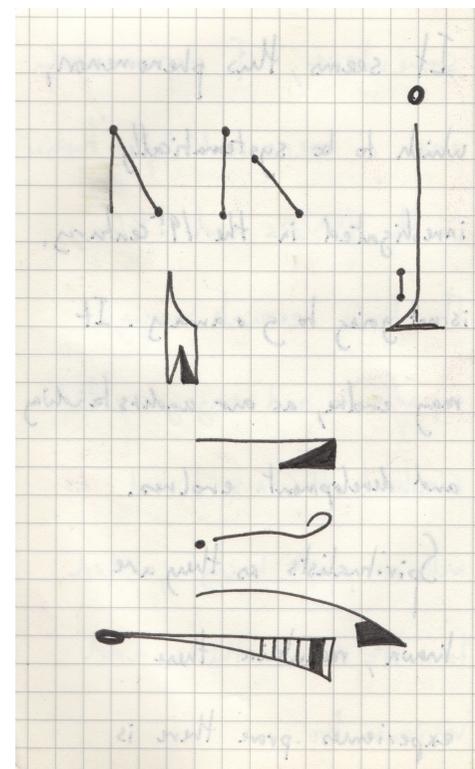
# Chapter 5

Several months later I obtained a book by Sir Hugh Dowding, the man who saved us from the fascists, the Victor of the Battle of Britain, the man who sent countless young men to a death similar to the one, somewhere, I experienced, and a renowned Spiritualist in the 1950's and 1960's.

The book recounts many experiences and engagements similar to the ones I had had in those early hours of the morning, as well as people being guided to write down things and visions too.

It seems this phenomenon, which began to be systematically investigated in the 19th century, is not going to go away. It may evolve, as our understanding and development evolves.

Spiritualists as they are known, maintain these experiences prove there is



an afterlife. There may well be an afterlife - but my feeling is that these experiences demonstrate a transfer of energy, information and say nothing about whether the medium [energy form] of that information, is itself conscious - is a book conscious of its role in storing and sharing knowledge? Is a painting numinous?

What I can say is that we are all Human and have many capacities that we have all but forgotten about, and many we have barely explored.



The amazing thing about life and death is that each generation evolves from a single cell <parasitic> organism through every stage of life and that evolution, if we allow it to, will keep us growing and developing throughout our lives.

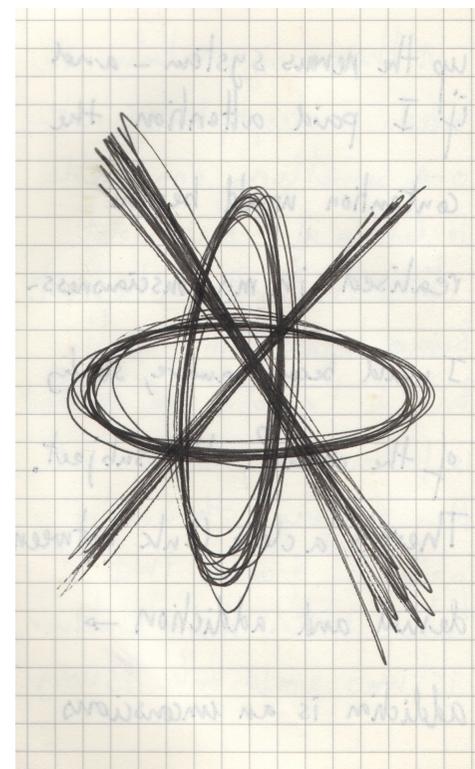
Lucky are those who are able to let the process, unhindered by fear and prejudice, to flow, flow, flow.

# Chapter 6

Over past years, I have had strange, stress related, aches and pains in my body.

What I realised is that a specific stressor would ignite pain (muscular contraction) in a very specific area. Right side of neck - left side of left shoulder-blade - right shoulder-blade - right hand. Left hand, knee perhaps - anterior triceps right-side - all different at different times.

Stress comes from denial. Either of acceptance or letting go: what I mean is that stress comes from/originates in there being something one needs to accept, but is not accepting - or something one needs to let go of - but is not letting go of. It's tough. Being honest. Being honest with oneself. But I tried - one method is to consciously relax and then massage the area in pain. I found that when I did this - whatever it was would make its way up the nervous system - and if I paid attention, the contention would become realised in my consciousness - I would become aware, slowly of the denial - the object.



There's a close link between denial and addiction -> addiction is an unconscious pattern of behaviour - and denial is closely linked to unconscious motives.

Slowly, I have dealt with my chemical addictions - alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, chocolate, sugar, refined carbo-hydrates - I no longer desire any of these.

They hold no attraction to me. And yet the pains would still mys-

teriously inhabit various parts of my body. I would massage them, and they would go away, for a time.

I found that some were related to a relationship I might be in, for a time. And so I would slowly let go of the relationship, and the pain would go - only to come back in a different place with a new relationship.

But every time it WAS different. It seemed somehow that if I could follow that pain and understand what it was telling me, it would give me some new insight into the person in question.

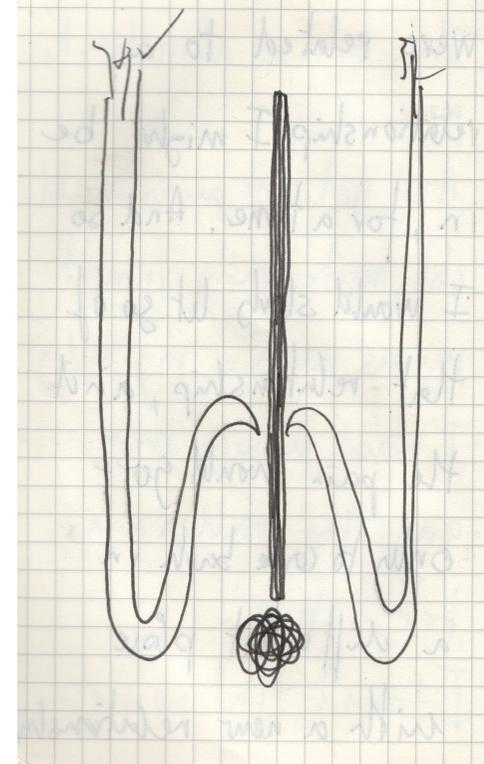
Somehow at that point I had the choice of staying or leaving - and in most cases I left.

I continued pursuing these pains until they got lodged in my lower right back + my right foot - they would not go any further. I tried massaging my foot and all that happened was the next day - all the previous pains I had experienced appeared one by one, came and went, one after the other, throughout the day. The pains had reached this natural dead-end.

Somehow they had to be lifted out of there and I would not be able to do this alone.

All along this time I had asked myself - what it was - what was it - this fundamental crucial thing - about which I was in denial?

The most obvious to me - the one thing that people talk about all the time - the denial of homosexuality - might I be gay?



I was really concerned about this for a while and investigated the possibility - and found that although I have nothing against physical affection between all people - I like being physically affectionate - sexuality is nothing different and really, Woman is enough for me.

The truth is I found myself caught in the sado-masochistic dilemma of our civilisation - of all civilisations.

It comes down, simply, to the exercise of

POWER

and how this is achieved. As a young boy, I exercised this through the use of my thinking mind, gaining credibility and position in life through the use of my left-brain \_to the detriment of the development of my right-brain - the intuitive - the feminine - ah! Here the fear of being hit with the homo-stick!

I became addicted to power - just like I was addicted to alcohol + sugar - etc. etc.

It's simple - for me to progress I have to recognise my addiction to power - recognise the symptoms - the consequences, and let go. And once I have done that? Then power will not taste good and I will not want it.

But then what? How will I be able to progress through this material world without the exercise of Power?

Perhaps only through Agency - recognising that all actions which affect the world - and which Allow me to live - to feed myself, my kin + keep warm \_are only acts of agency. That I myself am truly nothing other than a Vessel acting on behalf of something - something outside my physical being - an avatar of something larger - and that all power lies outside of "me" \_That by hanging onto my desire for "Power" I was getting drunk on an illusion, hurting myself, hurting my body - causing distress, all because of a

Category Error.

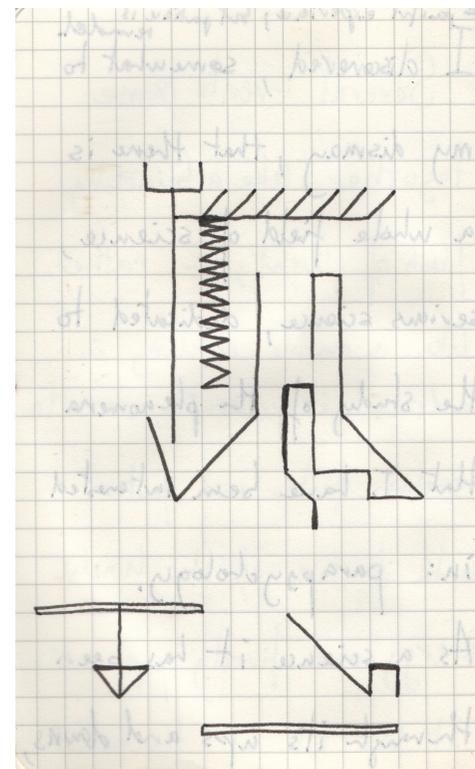


# Chapter 7.

Several events came together like a blinding flash of light, or rather like a marble circling in a drain, it accelerates, or rather revolves faster and faster until it loses all its kinetic energy and finally pops out of the hole at the bottom. A painful experience, but patience is rewarded.

I discovered, somewhat to my dismay, that there is a whole field of science, serious science, dedicated to the study of the phenomena that I have been interested in: parapsychology.

As a science it has been through its ups and downs,



of breakthroughs and refutations, and although a large section of the established psychological community would prefer that the field of parapsychology would simply go away, a close look at the evidence seems to support the opinion that the work of parapsychologists represents some of the most rigorous scientific psychological work which has been undertaken to date.

The parapsychology unit at the University of Edinburgh is a case in point. Established in the late 1980's, they have since been

studying phenomena such as extra-sensory perception, psycho-kinesis (esp + pk) and there is very strong evidence which points to non-chance effects in both areas. Interestingly, nothing can be said about the survival of the conscious soul. What happens to the soul after death - whether it survives, can reincarnate - etc - remains a deep mystery and a complete matter of faith - as it probably should be too.

At the same time I began looking for some musical colleagues with whom to practice. I was found by a group in need of a guitarist who asked me to compose the guitar contribution to a song which they had written.

I also began to see an acupuncturist.

And finally I began to take flying lessons in a Piper-Super-Cub, a plane designed in 1949, based on an original design of 1930.

Taking up playing in a band and flying are two things I had wanted to do for a long long time, but never got around to as I never felt settled enough, and for some reason in my hierarchy of needs, the settling took precedence in a non-flexible way.

The acupuncture somehow was a brainwave solution to all these muscular pains and proved to be much more than that, much in the same way as did hypnosis.

Coincident with this my youngest brother asked me if I had ever done the Briers-Mig test and what were my results. I told him that I had done it but could not remember the results. He sent me a link to an online version which showed that my feelings + thoughts were well balanced but that my intuition outweighed my physical sensation still to a fairly large extent.

Together with the acupuncture, this experience brought about an

opening of my physical consciousness - of the link between subjective, immaterial existence, and the body we inhabit - and by extension the spaces we exist in - and how finely tuned the body is to our thoughts, feelings, spiritual state and how the body knows certain things before we can become aware consciously of them.

It turns out that the field of parapsychology has a lot to say about this.

Were it not for this growing awareness it is probably certain that I would not have been able to cope with the sensory overload which came with flying the cub. My body was overwhelmed and I fell into a state of confusion, total physical + psychic confusion.

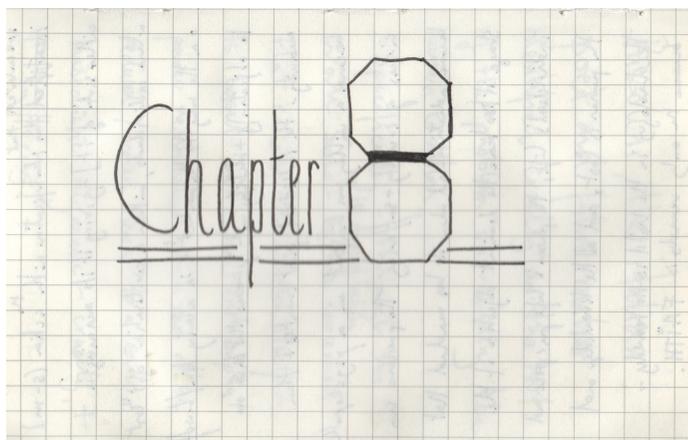
I accepted this as I was able to identify it - accepting it I wallowed in it, come what may, and was transported in my rest and dreamery, meditations to huge spaces in which music of Cathedral proportions was played, along with colours and lights - splendiferous.

This linked into my search for sound in the piece I was working on and that in itself loosened the knots which had tied me up. I was not at first able to identify what was exactly going on; I felt myself

identify what was exactly  
was going on; I felt  
myself

un-  
travelling





Pasolini, the Italian poet and film maker identified cruelty as the root of the problem surrounding the human condition.

Specifically - through his work *Salo - 101 Days of Sodom* - he was concerned that society - civilisation itself - is based on explicit and implicit power relationships which can all be reduced/broken down to a sado-masochistic dynamic - cruelty + suffering.

Studying power within the context of organisational behaviour at M.I.T., I was simply told that power is an agreement - there is no power without complicity of all concerned - similarly, presumably, in the reduced sado-masochistic form - participants are always willing - torturer and tortured - all equally sado and maso at the same time.

Children are trained young in these dynamics through arbitrary acts of disciplining imposed by the physically strong onto the physically impotent at a stage in their lives during which they are unable to make any rational, conscious choices.

Thus without too much effort our civilisation churns out generation upon generation of adept, willing participants in the sado-masochistic dynamic - necessary as far as most can see - for the functioning of our so-called civilisation.



I started becoming aware of this system around the age of 7 or when I witnessed my father humiliating my younger brother - at first I was a willing participant. Then I developed feelings of great discomfort and one day took my father to task for picking on my younger brother - I now can see the sado-masochistic elements in my father's relationship with my mother + sister + me - the sado-mazo elements of each of our relationships with each other.

The heaviest of these for me was the relationship with my older sister. She was very cruel. Whatever suffering she may have been experiencing on the other side of her s-m dynamic is anybody's guess. But I am no Saint - the suffering I experienced at the hands of my sister I turned into a very abstract form of cruelty towards my parents and some level of self-harm.

Indeed I teased my parents with my many years of almost successful performances - almost getting into Oxford, almost going to

work for Goldman Sachs (when they still had a reputation), almost becoming a Royal Navy Observer, almost making it on Wall Street - almost building the World's most successful hedge-fund... Turns out I was a very successful R.O.V. Navigator - and I enjoyed that role a lot.



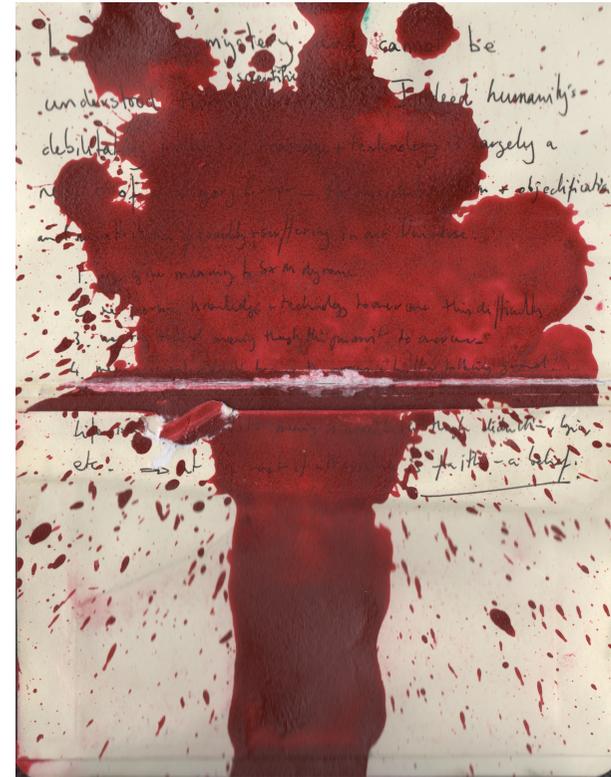
Self-harm - I was a binge-drinker - a lot of that drinking + bad behaviour took place in full view of my parents at various occasions - I simply regret my lack of awareness, I would have avoided a lot of hurt, sadness + mishap had I been aware of and understood + accepted the sado-mazo dynamics inherent in all relationships.

The difference between Nature's so-called cruelty and the human urge is that the human version is calculated to cause suffering + humiliation \_it is in fact the cruelty-suffering which gives the action its motive force, its energy, its meaning.

Eric Fromm, the psychoanalyst, speculated that this identification with the action (sado or mazo, either side of it) - giving it its meaning - is where individuals, within a civilisation, got "lost on the way to the market" - in allowing him-herself to objectify and identify with a process that has no inherent meaning - the individual first creates, then becomes a willing partici-

part in a psychopathic circus of cruelty-suffering.

The process can become addictive and when it has reached that stage it has become the dominant objective of the individual's life, the person's life-purpose and the person is lost, and all the knowledge and technology in the world is no remedy - because the only remedy is



FAITH

## POST SCRIPT

The artistic Marxist imperative, if there really is such a thing, is perhaps to break human reality as far as is humanly and intellectually possible into its most basic components in order to then allow a reconstruction which discards all non-essentials, all prejudices and hidden assumptions, to permit the individual to reach his or her fullest potential. This process can be applied as much to an individual as to a whole society. It can be very dangerous, leading to dreadful results, as with the Russian Revolution.

Either way, what can be said is that there seems to be a strong link between individual psychology and the society in which we live. In this sense, to find the origins of the cruelty-suffering dynamic perhaps a good place to look is inside individual psychology.

There is a growing field within neuro-science which looks at the imbalance in the functions of the brain, specifically between the right-brain functions and left-brain functions. Left brain dominates - it was always taken for granted that this should be so. The Marxist approach is to ask 'Really? and why then?'.

If we look under the cover we may find that left brain dominance is a function of spoken and written language, which underpins our main form of consciousness - linguistic consciousness.

It is possible, in fact likely, that the sado-masochistic nature of our civilisation, whose dominant logic and organisation is verbal-linguistic, results from the sado-masochistic organisational process of left-brain dominance and right-brain submission which takes place inside the brain of each individual as a result of the learning and application of spoken and written verbal-language.

If this sounds far-fetched, just consider the public's thirst for forms of escape which engage, however humiliatingly or browbeatingly, the right-brain: the Novel, the Hollywood Movie, Pop-Music and the Visual Arts.

