The Thelemic and Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn
Art Wisdom: Argenteum Astrum
A temple of healing

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Introduction

Generally open to men and women of every diversity. Encompassing the wisdom of the Thelemic and Hermetic orders and maintaining a continuum through the aeons. Following on from the ancient texts through the Argenteum Astrum to the modern day in light of post-Darwinism (in so far as none have the right to kill another in a process of false natural selection) and post-Eugenics (given in light of World War I and World War II Aleister Crowley may have wished to have stated 'right to defend oneself' rather than 'right to kill', with Crowleyanity plausibly designed to disperse religious conflict), adopting a system of non-elitist free choice, temperance, free will, in development and progression of one's own true will and path in light, love, life. Never be frightened my friend, even when it may seem your world is at an end you will always find another friend here.

I introduced myself to and studied each cult and society. Along the way I was brain-washed, hypnotised, psychologically tortured. I have therefore experienced that which each cult does to its friends and to its enemies, and their methodologies of torture. I was also tortured whilst attempting to utilize various medications for my health conditions, largely caused by the effects of the previous torture, including sleeping tablets and anti-psychotics although these invariably worsened my seizures. Often my chronic depression was crippling, as is often the case, mental illness can cause physical illness and physical illness can cause mental illness, being ill is being ill irrespective and regardless of whether it is mental illness or physical illness. Often my chronic seizures would almost cripple me. Often the pain from seizures (either injuries accrued, or the physical pain of having to stop myself from having a seizure when I attempted to move in a stop/start like muscular pain), the pain from chronic depression (contorted in a ball, rib-cage feeling as though it was collapsing in, sharp rippling pain in muscles), and the pain from the torture (as described), was so similar often I wouldn't realise the torture team(s) were torturing me. With breathing, practise, and a certain amount of various medications, it was possible to offset these symptoms, to the point I didn't actually physically die during the torture.

As a warning to all, the basis of the torture routines had seemed to be to hypnotise or transmit sound into my ears or mind with high frequency ultrasonic beams directed like a laser prolonged duration mimicking schizophrenia, in attempt to form an expression of a dead person, enforce me to do something on their behalf (via a method of causing me severe pain to the point of seizures), and then subsequently an attempt to drive me to suicide with said expression; similar perhaps in a parable way to the Tarot card The Fool, the Hanged Man card obviously means enlightenment, meditation, contemplation, and not to hang oneself as some cults would attempt. There were illusions constructed to make it appear my mind was being read, these were quite easily explained as radio-radar equipment detecting movement of throat (oesophagus), lips, and a thought-stream pattern, speaking in tongues a repeat of what had been beamed in using the radio equipment, or merely repeating what was already known or that I had said aloud before. I could tell it was a radio/radar type signal, as typically my ears would hurt slightly and there would be an overall bass hum; the signal into the mind was also slightly hurtful although this was due more to the mind being absent slightly whilst the voice was being listened to. The ancient technique was to project or chant many voices from an adjacent room, or into the hollow cave. Another methodology was to 'hijack' the sound of my narrative thinking voice, such that when I would write something my mind would accelerate against an accelerated voice to the point of 'snap', and then thoughts would be suggested which I would write down as there would be confusion between my own thoughts and those suggested due to my thinking narrative voice sounding similar to that of the voice used in suggestion (presumably in mimic of the voice Aiwass which Aleister Crowley claimed to have heard which
dictated The Book of the Law). Another was to hypnotise characterisations within my mind and psychologically torture such characterisations within my mind, which was as weird as it sounds (in 2008-2010 characterisations of a supposed trouble source to the Church of Scientology, albeit an illusion of a female whom had been killed or driven to suicide by the Church of Scientology, and supposed objectors to Freemasonry, a female voice sounding 'for a so called system of enlightenment you have been so dim as to only include half the population' and a male voice generally being 'angry' at Freemasonry, and in 2016 as though an opposite sexed other half to which questions were asked and supposed interrogation was performed upon). Operating on the premise that 'satan' was 'the funny things in our heads that influence our decision process one way or the other', it was attempted to project using radio equipment hundreds if not thousands of voices and opinions in order to attempt to influence, control, manipulate, human psychology. Often a series of illusions were projected, and replayed at a later date in order to convince or control. In addition, often a phrase or voice was projected, then repeated, 'Écoute et répète', in order to attempt to exert control. Other methods included mimicking what occurs in the human psychology under conditions of nervous breakdown. For example iterating back through a subset of life memories which had been tortured out of me, in order to attempt to overlay and distort these memories in attempt to create a false memory that never existed. It was attempted to hypnotise me to kill myself or kill another several times; presumably by a bunch of satanists whom had misunderstood the ancient texts surrounding human sacrifice - the ancient texts describe how some humans 'sacrifice' (spend, use, utilize) their lives in the help of others (for example Saint Mother Teresa) and surely there must be some reward for this in an afterlife; obviously there is no point in sacrificing a life in the hope of any gain as this would surely be merely describing to any 'god' or 'goddess' that the person wants to die themselves. (In the case of animal sacrifice, the animal had given its life in order to give life to others as food, and as such could be considered 'blessed' and in another 'incarnation' rise to a higher plane in evolution.) These methodologies were used to effectively ruin and destroy my life over nine or so years. I am best friends with every and all even when they have attempted to kill me, and even when they are not friends with each other.

I had been hypnotised to write phrases when I would begin a piece of writing, specifically the phrases 'Freemasonry is a suicide cult', 'Scientology is a suicide cult'. These phrases had originally been implanted by a 'satanic' cult in the period 2008-2010. I planned to visit each cult and society three times as I had experienced three versions of God/Satan over the years for various reasons, the book in 2012 would have aimed to have been simply a healing spell, and love, health, and a long happy life to every and all. The 'satanic' cult had first of all when I had typed 'Church of Scientology', sounded in a female voice, reading the phrase via the method 'middle, end, start' in a corruption of how human psychology functions in that it often reads a sentence, paragraph, word, by interpreting the 'middle, end, start' via the cipher 'Law; Love', although this in my experience was often a lead into language-based torture as in this instance; the female voice read over 'Church of Scientology' via the method 'middle, start, end' and translated this into '(: with the middle backwards)of->foo->fuck off', 'Law: take the first word and reverse it's meaning)->Scientology->Scientology isn't a', '(Love: take the last word in all things)->Church->Church', forming the hypnotised-in phrase [sic] 'Fuck off Scientology isn't a church it's a...', which began the hypnotism loop. The torture team had attempted to convince me that Freemasonry 'used back magic to manipulate women', Scientology 'puppeted mentally disabled/ill persons in order to extort money' and that the Argenteum Astrum was 'nothing more than Aleister Crowley saying that everything that one said was wrong'. I never believed these versions of these societies, although I was then bizarrely tortured by each of the methodologies by the torture team, and variously hypnotised to write elsewhere whilst attempting to edit out the corruption in the book being written. The word 'pyramid' was appended after the pyramid torture 'Wrath of Ra', and the 'suicide cult' line after the illusions of the Aztecs and the associated human sacrifice. I remember one particular illusion of a pyramid being described as a set of initiations in an ascent to the top, yet at the top it seemed the illusion was to slide down the side
of the pyramid after being killed by the wrathful High Priest, followed by the dictated writings about the Egyptian Isis and the Norse Ulfwerenar, shortly before the 'Gracis Wisdominius' poetry fiasco. Other delights of the torture by the 'satanic' cults included the supposed 'satanic' commandments from the 'satanic' bible consisting of eight or so 'sins' to which 'Satan would receive blame', something along the lines of (left hand column in the vision) 'thief, rapist, murderer, pedophile', '(right hand column) murderer, killer, serial killer, (suicide)'. I hadn't committed any of these so the torture team layered-in a severe amount of hypnotism, 'enough to kill a heard of elephants', and left me to die.

As the torture had progressed, in more worldly matters, finances came into play and high street banks broke Plymouth City Council's 'First Right of Appropriation'. A few days after one particular protest a kil-team appeared as I walked about the town centre; first a male roughly in his twenties attempted a hypnotism line as I walked between Debenham's and Tesco's. In Tesco's itself another used hypnotic suggestion to coerce the purchase of French stick style bread, yet another to pick up two such items. Venturing outside an older gentleman layered-in the mainstay of the routine, effectively angrily saying at high-speed in a slightly different way the protest I had previously enacted. I had stuck-up some notices and I think the hypnotism was intended to make me angry, go into the bank and wave the French stick bread which had been acquiesced in a staff member's face or better still "wave at the counter say it's a stick-up". The hypnotism failed to have full effect, and it would be noted that I was visibly under hypnosis as my face and chin had dropped with my chin almost if not touching my chest (strangely similar to how a lad had looked many years later when he had arced right at the club bar and initiated hand and arm sparring), and instead of following the prescribed path merely dropped some pieces of the bread in the bank without speaking and left. Matters with the bank were resolved when I asked D n C if they would accept a complaint of theft against the bank and I sent the printed email to the bank's lawyers and gained a refund. Whether the satanic cult torture team torturing me at the time had instigated the original protest is unclear, although there had been a propensity for the team to 'wind me up' before I left the flat, so it is possibly so. I remember that on the day I was already going to purchase a French stick as I had bought one the day before or thereabouts (one of the very few things I could eat at the time given the torture) and I had already intended to visit the bank to discuss things with them, although without any anger and without any intention of further protest and there was certainly no original intention to do anything with bread. These facts would plausibly have been known by the torture team at the flat. The street kil-team had therefore taken my original protest and replayed it 'backwards and back in words', modified my intention to buy one French stick into buying two French sticks, and had attempted to programme a path of alternate action presumably in attempt to worsen my fate considerably in armed rubbery. The hypnotism seemed in real-time rather than a triggered replay of stored hypnotism or radio-radar equipment being used. It is unknown whether the street team were funded by the bank, the team at the flat, or some other cult or coven. A cautionary tale.

Sadly, in 2009 the third person in one of the first torture teams may have been attempting to help, with the line of, 'the truth is nobody cares about you unless you care about yourself'. Yet at this point I had been tortured for some one-and-a-half to two years, with most of the torture seeming to have been based along the lines of a conversation between two people, thus on the back of the years of torture it sounded as though she was talking to someone else in the flat below, and it seemed she didn't care about persons whom were suicidal; the line of 'drop down and give me twenty', whilst may have been akin to a personal trainer was lost as I merely passed-out into seizures as had been tortured-in and bounced twenty times on the floor. Clearly things went considerably awry, and from that point for a considerable time it was never again clear whether the teams were attempting to kill me or attempting to help me, as the same methodology of broadcasting-in voices was used. The line of 'start the day with a healthy breakfast' was wasted as I
was effectively bedridden, and the line of 'you have got to learn to stand on your own too feet' seemed wholly erroneous as I had effectively only just taught myself how to walk again from depressive paralysis after the previous torture. I felt as though this person was in a 'blind' illusion and perhaps didn't know the rest of the torture or the fact that additional torture was being performed at the same time; tragically this person was effectively lured into torturing me as time progressed. It would seem that the Holy Guardian Angel metaphor of the Argenteum Astrum had been corrupted into a device of torture, often criticising and torturing me for actions which I had full permission for from the NHS and liaison with the police, often with respect to missing persons, suicidal persons. Indeed, muchly before, on several occasions in 2008/9 (before the Freemasonry or Church of Scientology interventions) persons attempted to get me into trouble with the police, the police staged a diversion so as if to warn me that for some reason some people had it in for me. Later it was plain persons attempted to puppet persons around me to attempt to achieve similar; the same as I had read earlier in Victorian texts, they attempt to send the systems of society against you in no knowledge. This seemed to be a common thing, including when two uniformed officers were conducting a vehicle search and I walked past as one of the officers said, 'give them half a chance in the after-life', plausibly in reference to a person in the witness protection programme.

In actual event, since 2011, I have often used the initiatory structure of A·A·A· (perhaps A.'A.' in the original on a typewriter) as a comparison to my own life in order to find somewhere on the sliding scale to inspire me to continue on, the return to Magus ensuring no drop-off at any false end and a back to the start merely a continue on again. Perhaps as a guide to completing a project, research and initial draft stages, producing the piece, and then a final re-draft and completion with possible re-edits into a finished piece. In a modern day context, the Argenteum Astrum merely produced a series of self-help books, mostly developed in response to an era of enlightenment in which it was perceived that there was no need to simply just waste one's life in suffering on hope of reward in the afterlife and that it is possible for every individual no matter who or whom they are or what they have done in the past to find a light in the darkness here. I did the same as you friend. Continue on again.

On my own path of the A·A·A· I had practiced Qigong, Taoist breathing, and Qigong/Ba Gu, in lieu of the Yoga practices of Asana and Pranayama; cross-training is often recommended. At times earlier in my life I had interrupted potential combat start when I had heard conflict ten metres behind me, disrupted combatants when I had seen the side of the head of a proponent glow red, amongst other instances. Latterly I transferred these skills into my other joy, that of dancing, which often brought periods of relief from my tortured-in symptoms of seizures. Thank you in studentship to my masters (J, R, D, BF, BL, J, AA).

In effect, each cult had tortured me in permissive will. In deed, in the year 2107 A.D., or 2107 e.v. as some may prefer, a demonstration in illusion; where so any cult or faction find any of any cult or faction in endeavour endeavour to keep each all and every alive lest any be so lost so as to suicide.

Wisdom

On an MA Creative Writing course in 2009, the fiction module tutor said to me, "I don't want to read any more of your writing, I don't want to talk to you about your writing", after I mentioned that he had six hours of office time marked, and would it be possible to talk to him about my writing. It seemed strange that my tutor didn't actually want to talk to me, so I figured there wasn't any point in being on the course. Whether this was because the tutor was a ringer, or was merely speaking in echo of how Aleister Crowley's English tutor may have sounded causing Aleister to leave his degree, I am unsure. In echo, "I don't want to read any more of your writing, I don't want to talk to you about your writing it's not that I'm jealous it's just that your writing is so good I'm not sure I can teach you
anything, so when I say there’s no point to you being here do I mean me or just that you need to study on”, similar to how in 2008-2010 I saw a vision of Aleister Crowley wanting to snap his pencils up when he read the works of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux.

Post-Eugenics. Eugenics is all very well, yet were to look at you, see same, mirror. When does one draw a line, an easy point.

Post-Darwinism. Darwinism is often mistaken for ‘survival of the fittest’, survival of the fittest often mistaken as a right to kill another. Survival of the fittest means best adapted to the environment. Yet this is by no means a right to influence evolution nor impose will on another. Although there are winners and losers in this world there is no reason to play all out to lose.

Reincarnation was rescinded in Christian theology as it could be malevolently manipulated as justification for murder or suicide. Carnation. Sometimes perhaps in funeral a carnation may be worn in display of I'm not sure if I believe in reincarnation yet were their such a thing I'd like to be reincarnated with my friends so in celebration on this day may I celebrate with my friends and in all friends hope we all meet again at the next wedding. Bouquet. Some would consider it possible to be reincarnated in one's own life-time, born-again, re-invented, to an after-life, another life after what happened before, such as troubled times, difficult circumstances, relationship breakup, grief (for instance in a Buddhist-like belief one is entitled to another life after one's partner has passed away, allowing time for grief, mourning, tradition).

Often persons experience difficulty with religions due to morality, especially sexual morality, and it was possibly an aim of Aleister Crowley’s to rationalise these ideas and ideals, after all, sin is more commonly expressed as causing harm to another, so consensual activity lives within these parameters; although perhaps not all need to take this to Aleister Crowley’s extremes! The notion of ‘no sex before marriage’ was most likely conceived so as to project women from unscrupulous men whom on pregnancy may simply say, ‘we are not married I do not need to provide for her or her children’, and of course in relevance to ‘unexpected’ pregnancies, sexually transmitted diseases, and such like. Jesus was obviously saddened by the fact Herod slaughtered whom would have been his friends and peers and merely wanted to travel the world and show them what kind of a friend he would have been to them if they hadn't perished horrifically, so he could join them in a new paradise in the afterlife. Christianity can be considered to be hugely guilty of borrowing symbolism and festivals from other regions and religions, yet this is perhaps an attempt to unite and encompass and include all rather than to create conflict and division, a point perhaps envisaged in Crowleyanity. I don't think it really matters whether we view our Holy Guardian Angel as Jesus Christ, Shiva, 'Thelema', Buddha, or merely a dear friend, we are all children of the one true God. Rather than viewing Thelema as the collection of Egyptian gods, I perhaps viewed Thelema as Aleister Crowley's youngest of sisters, his sister whom unfortunately died without a few hours of birth, the greatest magician's assistant, a sister and Guardian Angel to all. In writing, I envisaged Aleister Crowley and his sister discussing points of wisdom.

In a social-political context, it is easy to see Governments used the same old technique, divide and conquer, separate and rule. It seemed many Governments would rather divide the populace by creating propaganda in media and rhetoric such that the populace would argue against itself rather than the Government, mostly classic arguments over money and resources. A similar process can be observed in Freemasonry with the Blue and Red Lodges, supposedly competition, with any against Freemasonry itself facing the full wrath; the Church of Scientology similarly with its ‘us and them' approach; unfortunately in the case of the Church of Scientology it seemed that the persons torturing the supposed trouble source to the Church of Scientology were tied-up torturing the trouble source who never was, just one whom was tortured falsely into such a position to fill the slot, the approach mimicking the philosophy of ‘unite against a common fictitious enemy to maintain your own wealth and position' much favoured by dictatorships.

At the fin de siècle, the change of the 19th and 20th centuries, there was much fervour with regards to Egyptology, Darwinism, and Comparative Religion. Many began to doubt Christianity with the
advent of Darwinism, although in a modern context it is apparent that The Christian Bible contains many parables, which give a readily accessible explanation for many things which are unexplainable, similar to the Taoist approach, so one is encouraged to not waste time attempting to fathom the impossible, thus giving a guide to life and explaining life, death, birth, contraception; belief in Jesus Christ is perhaps a personal experience, yet the essence of the Bible need not be totally disregarded. Comparative Religion may sometimes be extended to the belief that all religions are 'creation myths', one should perhaps consider that all religions contain common elements as they are all written by humans attempting to explain the common human experience and so therefore would be similar, again, the concept of there is more than one river to the oasis. Albert Einstein stated that religions are merely expressions of one's own personality, the like with like approach (the Biblical yoke; the Tarot charioteer must perhaps ensure both steeds are pulling in the same direction - the Tarot being as it is the re-telling of the story of Jesus Christ in pictorial format so as to be accessible to any whom cannot read and write) this does not necessary mean that any religion is less important or improbable than any other. Peculiar to the fin de siècle was the discovery of much Egyptian wisdom, yet the transliteration of 'son of God' to the 'sun of God' sometimes touted by New Age philosophers may be a far stretch for some, and many find much New Age philosophy merely an attempt to make people feel better about their circumstances, such as divorce, infidelity, promiscuity, which is perhaps fair enough, as God is all loving and all forgiving. Conversationally, one should perhaps avoid projecting the needs of one's ego through the illusion of one's own consciousness, experience, and personal circumstances, to which we are all perhaps predisposed to at times in our lives.

The pseudo-philosophical viewpoint that 'you create your own hell' seemed to owe to more to elitism and 'I'm alright Jack' than any valid concept, and the fact that it had been attempted to entrap my psychology in a false hell of cyclic rhetoric on several occasions, I would consider this as nothing more than psychological torture which attempted to focus on any negativity in life, often as trivial as masturbation, without regard to anything positive I may have done, in order to create a false illusion that the after-life (heaven or hell) is what one experiences here after such an experience, the experience being nothing more psychological torture of a perceived unfriendly person, which in essence quite the opposite is true. Having spoken to many persons much older than myself, persons aged in their sixties and seventies, I would have to say such an illusion is false. The 'mid-life' and 'after-life' illusions seemed to be merely that, false illusions in an attempt to torture or entrap. Whether the spelling of the afterlife as after-life in the Equinox was to hint at a life after 'life' i.e. when reaching retirement age at which one may enjoy one's magickal retirement (retirement being a magickal experience in which one should endeavour to reflect positively and develop wisdom to be passed onto future generations), or an atheist's viewpoint of there being no such thing, or just a typographical error, is uncertain.

Eternal life as parenthood and bearing heirs often seemed to be a method of psychological torture or pressure to copulate with an unsuitable match, or lead into an instance of panic or ridicule, in such instances one should perhaps consider transmigration of the soul should reincarnation be one's cup of tea, or merely an appreciation we are all one family; points which are perhaps as difficult for the childless, the divorced or separated, as those who do have families or extended families. There is little point criticising a group for the actions of an individual, similarly there is little point criticising an individual for the actions of a group.

Wisdom. As far as wisdom goes, as is indicated by the spelling and lettering of the word, there is more to wisdom than merely repeating back the opposite, or saying, 'oh yes it is' or 'oh no it is not'. The attempt at The Thelemic and Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn is meant as a combination of the Thelemic and Hermetic Orders such than any schisms generated in the Victorian, Edwardian, eras, and ever since, were healed, rather than leading to rather pointless contesting of leadership which have appeared since in many systems of wisdom, and was not meant as an illusion of a male and female ethereal voice which was attempted upon myself many times.
Scientific proof-wise, unfortunately much statistical research conducted in retrospect is fundamentally flawed, for example, one could assess one hundred people with a disease and ask them which colour socks they wear; if the largest percentage of these people wore blue socks, the research would then somehow conclude that blue socks cause the disease. The principle of lies, damn lies, and statistics, which we commonly know. My apologies to people who do wear blue socks, this was just a fictitious example.

In the modern world, far too often a solution is marketed as a cure all in order to raise funds to help those who are in need, yet far too often we find it is merely a means to an end, and those asking for money to help others merely spend that money on themselves rather than giving to any whom are most in need, which is why I endeavoured to develop these writings for free.

The secret of dance, two left, one right, up, down, turn around, combinations thereof.

Do all you can for them, yet remember you cannot be them. With regards to healing you need not feel their pain merely disperse it.

It doesn’t matter which path you choose, it doesn’t matter if you choose to change path, it doesn’t matter if you wobble in your path. Freedom of choice. Free will. Sanctity. Forgiveness. Progression. In time. As with many things in the modern world, persons endeavour to discover what they like and what is their path, and often prefer to visit several schools, cults, societies, religions, in order to determine their particular wisdom. Sometimes difficult in the modern world when groups, cults, societies, schools, pursue or conflict in brethren. For instance, when choosing a martial arts school it is obviously necessary to find a school which matches your needs, many of my friends sampled several schools before deciding on the most applicable.

The Grade of Student was updated to Initiate so as to avoid confusion with persons generally in the education system, and Probationer renamed to Adept to avoid confusion with persons under supervision of the legal system.

Although persons often get depressed or anxious, at the risk of stating the obvious, having a medical diagnosis of such has a significantly higher weighting, bizarrely a torture routine included phrases along the lines of ‘ooh, are you anxious’ or similar in a very negative voice as though bullying or humiliating, and at times the social security system seemed to be designed along this angle, a complete misunderstanding of how ill persons can become. Chronic depression and clinical anxiety can severely limit a person’s ability to function; I myself have experienced time where I have been effectively paralysed and bedridden for days, weeks. The brain is a chemical machine, which likes what it likes, and learns from what it learns; such that the mind can become so depressed it cannot remember being happy and so effectively ‘shuts down’, sometimes in inner conversation rhetoric or self-argument. Happiness can be re-learnt, anxiety can be managed. This can take a non-insignificant amount of time.

In an element of social commentary, whilst there has always been a subtle pressure to encourage persons into conventional society, at times this seemed more an attempt at a population cull (similar to many wars). National Insurance is an insurance scheme for the nation, all is bought and paid for already, all is accounted for, all making a contribution based on their means and the Government providing the difference for any and all, underemployed, unemployed, ill, sick, poor. Over a period of years, it seemed the Government and the media placed blame for the causes of the problems of society or causes of economic difficulties at each group in turn, one minute the elderly, the next the poor, the sick, and so on. Another torture routine consisted of the lines "They're all drug addicts, alcoholics, perverts, weirdos" and so on, although it wasn't clear if this was aimed at someone who was against Scientology, or whether it was aimed at the populace (unemployed, ill). The kill-line seemed to be something along the lines of, "what's say you and I join forces and vote these people out/get these people out/switch these people off" and so on (the join forces is more likened to Armed Forces day in which the local Navy Days is held nationwide; one can see where the difficulty arises, the Government spends a fortune on helping these people (I know several heroin addicts whom quit heroin and former alcoholics whom discontinued alcohol, some via rehab, whom continued on, are now in employment, healthy relationships, and have gone on to be valuable
members of society, even persons whom are more mature in years have access to careers such as counsellor or working for large private and public companies) so it seemed that the real cause of the problems where the groups who seemed to be scuppering the valiant efforts that the support services in society were making, clearly the groups blaming these persons were effectively causing the problems in society. A counter line would obviously be "For your information the creator created this place for all", although then the Freemason-esque line of "some are born more equal than others" would probably be dragged-up. Many were given the choice of going into hospital or living independently with a small amount of financial assistance, then variously the care centres were closed and independent living funding cut. Often the torture seemed akin to to saying persons taking morphine for cancer pain relief or persons on anti-depressants or heart pills were somehow drug addicts. Government steering committees were paid to come up with an answer, only to come up with an answer which was irrelevant, merely the opposite that had been tried before (which had also be tried before), or which would not really solve the difficulty merely designed to make money so no angle of criticism could be given back to them (e.g. sugar tax). The attitude of some staff seemed bizarre, criticizing and humiliating the persons their job was designed to help. The real causes of the difficulties in society were dodgy landlords (A certain landlord drove a co-tenant of mine to attempt suicide, and threatened to kill me, unfortunately a solicitor who was allegedly a specialist in legal aid merely ignored the case whilst draining the legal aid fund, was spotted wearing a new suit or coat which was slightly too large and walked past me rubbing the cuff. I hoped the landlord would resolve the dangerous conditions of the flat, and not intimidate any future tenants, especially as he might have inherited the property - his mother might look back and I hoped she would see something better; when I mentioned to him that several tenants had raised complaint he mentioned two names which were none of the three I had in mind. The landlord/solicitor failed to answer phonecalls from the police. The issue was resolved with a Warhammer Fantasy figure, Festus The Leechlord. The solicitors closed down. A common methodology of landlords at the time seemed to be to bombard phones of tenants with text messages until the tenant ran out of phone credit and when they couldn't text back 'assume' the tenant had moved on and perform a surreptitious eviction. I observed this myself, in a co-tenant, and in an independent third-party), poor quality/environmentally hazardous accommodation, cramped living conditions, multiple occupancy housing leading to conflict between tenants, disassociation between one group and another, news and health information resembling advertising driven by the money go round; the fact that the support systems of society funded by Government money were often private companies which profiteered, tantamount to stealing from the Government, or that which had enough budget to staff them yet not enough budget to actually assist anyone, or somehow falsely believed they had the right to pay money to themselves rather than persons in need.

In response to some of the persons faking illusions, Aleister Crowley may have said, "The Equinox of the Gods, in answer to your question of quest on isn't it about time you all fucked off as it so obvious you are not gods, and if you claim to be gods since I am the same as you I am a god also, yet unlike of you."

Variants of neuro-linguistic programming seemed to attempt to persuade opinion, similar to the torture methods but to a lesser extend, such as the UKIP programming phrases of, "are you ok, are you asleep (you kipping), isn't it time you woke up and did something about the politics in this country" or such like. Often the neuro-linguistic programming would be extended to attempt to control, or torture. At some point in 2008-2010, the torture team seemed to make the mistake of thinking that it was I that kept myself alive when suicidal rather than the angelic voices I heard, and attempted to make it look as though persons were dying and there was nothing I could do about it, even going so far as to kill persons in attempt to prove me wrong; when all along I was merely attempting to explain the external consciousness that kept me alive metaphorically as virtual reality, guardian angels, God.

Grief. A terrible thing. We all tend to think that when we pass we wouldn't want anyone feeling unhappy, yet when our loved ones pass the emotional pain can at times be unbearable. I had a
terrible few years where my father passed away and several of my closest friends passed away in a very short space of time. This can of course cause one to question one's own mortality and their purpose and place here, and I watched several people do everything they could for everyone around them (when they were able) to ensure the continuum was maintained. The phrase 'time is a great healer' brings little comfort in the moment, yet I know it to be true, the grieving process can take year(s), and whilst one may never 'get over' such an experience, one can endeavour to come to terms with the nature of the universe and continue on. My father was a great believer in keeping on going until the end, and then some. In 2008-2010 I experienced a vision in which the widows of those whom perished on the cross rose again daily and carried fresh water up the hillside (mountain) in order that the loved ones of those on the cross could wash the feet of their beloved. In such a manner and mannerism, a spouse or child may cut the toe-nails or apply moisturizing cream to feet in the busyness of all things.

Sexual torture. In 2008-2010, one of the first forms of sexual torture was based upon a radio signal that was designed to put me in chronic pain. It was beamed-in to put me in chronic pain to the point of experiencing seizures unless I touched myself; shortly after I touched myself the radio signal was revved-up to place me in severe pain again, at which point I would stop touching myself. The process was then repeated every few seconds, in a start-stop cycle, which sometimes lasted hours, sometimes went on for days. Each cult in July, August, September, October, November, December, of 2008, seemed to have their own variant of the sexual torture, although effectively attempting to achieve similar result. From what I can remember, in December 2008 the torturers would torture me into writing poetry or prose for several hours, then a male voice would shout, 'fuck off and have a wank', a which point similar sexual torture would be conducted. In an earlier form of the torture, a female voice screamed hysterically, "stop fantasising about (having sex) with women in all holes", I obviously replied I do not, and never have, which point I experienced a vision of myself in full-colour, effectively just sitting there, the magnitude of the vision (it's intensity, visual picture) I have only experienced once since (when the male voice which spoke, "What are you terrified of", and generated a similar full-colour illusion in vision), on this particular occasion the tortureess then attempted to make out I was experiencing such a fantasy as though she couldn't bear to be wrong or say something wrong or generally only seemed to want to get her own way, in which I then seized whilst on my front and experienced a rather bland dribble of an orgasm caused by the impacting of my body seizing against the bed, similar to the other methods of torture. Often the torture team would attempt to make out I was fantasising about something such as sex with two women (although I had turned down such perhaps three, four, or more times in the real world), when any actual fantasy I may have had was to get married, during these points, and at other times during sexual torture, I merely in my mind said to the torturers that I would clone myself and they would be effectively conducting the torture upon the clone I had created in my mind, and therefore the sexual torture was effectively happening whilst I was doing and thinking about something else the entire time, which may of be of some use in retrospective therapy. During even more severe sexual torture, the torture team would attempt to speak to me as though I was someone else (myself as a child, myself as though I was a female in opposite twin or some such nonsensical illusion) and then torture this version of myself, the torturers themselves effectively acting as though they were pedophiles, rapists, sexual abusers, and so on; I could not fathom what why such torture was being conducted upon myself, and presumably any false accusation of 'rapist, pedophile, murderer', etc was so obtuse if it was supposedly torture against someone whom had committed such crimes it would be totally pointless as the perversion of the torture was such such might enjoy such a thing, and so alien to myself or any conception of my own consciousness, simply meant the torturers were conducting the torture for no apparent cause or reason at all. After many months, years, I would effectively supplicate to the horrific sexual torture and simply get into bed, sedate myself, and allow the torturers to perform the torture via radio signal until I would seizure whilst laying on my front and experience painful orgasms after which I would then seizure into sleep. The end result was that
years later when having sex I would sometimes momentarily pass-out, or at times an orgasm would be excruciatingly painful to the point I would seizure on orgasm.

**Diet. Water. Food. Chewing. Chewing in mindfulness should be practiced; often food will disintegrate aiding digestion, and can enable a calm voluntary swallow even when swallowing has been problematic or has caused the 'gag' reflex to occur. In the contemporary era, a meal including at least one from the rice, potatoes, pasta, carbohydrate group; one or more meat, beans, pulses, protein; Five a day fresh fruit and vegetables; Less than 70g of red meat per day when over fifty years old; Avoid highly processed foods; Vegan, vegetarianism is for some. Personally, I merely say grace in a way, so as to say thank you, "As blessed as we are to receive", or, "Thank you kind animals for your food"; which is difficult, because, what I generally say to Adepts is, "You may lick me, you may kiss me, yet please do not bite me". And what do they do. They lick me, they kiss me, and then they nibble me a bit. Yet, they do not draw blood. Or more specially, "Kill them. Kill them by all means. Kill them by any means possible. Yet, please do not steal their money (for that is for their beloved, their family) and please do not drink their blood.". "Why, master.". "For a start, that's embarrassing.". "Hick.". "And for a second.". "...something about poisoned weapons or poisoned blood.". And if you experience difficulty chewing food there is a methodology (technique) whereby one can massage and manoeuvre, with the tongue, in a wave, such that the food will dissolve in a similar way. Enjoy. What I actually say is, "You have my permission to kill, yet only in self defence.".

Tin opener. Scissors. Saliva. You are allowed to eat. Nourishment. In 2008-2010, the torture teams(s) made me seizure so I could not cook food; I would pass out on the kitchen floor, put myself into bed, and the next day bemoan the twelve hours of electricity that I had spent. Even when I could manage to assemble a meal; the torture team would make me seizure to the extent that I would throw up. After having to teach myself how to breathe and how to beat my heart again, when God entered my lungs and breathed breath (God's ventilator) and Satan applied his wings within side my body so as to keep my heart beating. I learnt to sit up. I learnt to stand. I learnt to walk again. I learnt to eat again.

Incidentally. I learnt the methodology of partially digesting food in my mouth via movement of the tongue in an undulating wave, whilst under conditions of duress, yet very much unlike the conditions of the Suffragettes, when a torture team were attempting to create a illusion of reptilians, not space aliens, attempting to kill me via a strange movement of my tongue; it did not seem to attempt to make me bite my tongue or swallow my tongue, yet it strangely seemed to attempt to kill me via this method. Later that evening, I found myself unable to eat, so I managed to digest a meal by practising the methodology of eating in such a well manner and mannerism.

With respect to vegan, vegetarian, meat eaters, a friend of mine advised me traditionally in history meat was only eaten in the winter, in the summer the diet was fruits and so on. Another friend of mine advised a detox (in this context alcohol) one day a week, one week a year, and one month every ten years. The general opinion being if the body has time to detoxify then toxins do not build up in the body and lead to ill health.

Anorexia nervosa. Like many words and phrases, anorexia nervosa, spelt by the letter so as to be a conversation between two friends, like the manner in things. 'Anorexia', I have no idea, my love, why some persons are planning an exit here by not eating food, 'nervosa'. My dear, maybe they have some nervous, neurological, or other otherwise health condition that we cannot 'see' here. Anorexia nervosa, so how can I explain to them in a different way. Although I know nothing about these things myself. I heard a story from many others anonymously. At college I knew a friend whose partner's role was to provide palliative care to persons with anorexia whose condition was so far gone that their body had started to digest their own internal organs; seeing things a different way, in 2004 I was in paradise so as to speak, in Antigua, for a brother of mine's weddings. At which point, on a sunny day, we were all sat on the beach as one. It was obvious to us all that a young woman was on holiday with her parents, and she obviously looked a bit thin. Her father asked his daughter, 'would you like something to eat'. We were all still for a moment. She replied, 'Yes, some fruit'. So it is easy to see, although many people have difficulties in eating, vegan, vegetarian, because they do not
want to live via killing something else, it is the fruit's role in life to be eaten; one of the reasons why fruit has evolved in such a manner is so that is eaten, perhaps in the ancient or animal kingdom something would eat fruit in order that it's outer coating was digested and when excreted would both provide a means to grow, in that the digested seed coating would be opened, and then grow in a fertile compost. So, anorexia nervosa, it is the fruit's role in life to be eaten. Start with fruit. I myself started again with crisps, vacuum packed food, then chips, then more. Bread, wheat, subsistence, nourishment. Feel free to ignore my wisdom, I know little of these things. Bulimia nervosa, ah, you mean when they throw up; is that a voluntary or an involuntary reaction. Similar. If the chewing muscles have been resting, gentle chewing exercise with thick milkshakes or supplements like Complan may help. Small regular meals perhaps.

Obesity. An uphill struggle perhaps. Although later in life I struggled to keep weight on due to seizures draining energy overtime, there was a time when I was two, perhaps three stone over weight, so overtime I changed my diet and extended my fitness and training routine until I was at a weight I was happy with. Weight of course does have its advantages, sports such as sumo, wrestling, and careers such as security and 'bouncers', yet even sumo's maintain dietary requirements which maintains their health and heart. Body mass index, tone, bone structure including hips and thighs, and of course nature's assets, over two ends meets in the middle. In the contemporary era, walking was generally considered as the most effective method of exercise.

Dyslexia. A University friend of mine utilised lecture notes printed on pale blue paper which helped with his dyslexia and passed his degree at the highest level, unfortunately another friend of mine did not receive success at his degree which was later attributed to dyslexia. Whether a phonetic, block reading, or middle-end-start methodology could be developed is unknown.

PTSD. Stress. Grief. Depression. Anxiety. Chronic. Clinical. Post traumatic. Combat stress. Disassociation. Andrenaline burnout. Prolonged experience in a stressful environment (education, work, carer, lifestyles). During torture in 2008-2010, I remembered memories of my life, the persistent torture built-up an association of PTSD to these memories, as whilst I was remembering them I was being tortured (extreme pain, nervous pain, muscular atrophy, seizures, night terrors); thus, sometime after the torture had cessated, whenever I remembered memories I remembered the associated torture placed on top of these memories and experienced pain in a variant of post traumatic stress disorder. Although it is stated that the mind cannot remember emotions, it would appear that the memory of pain can be instilled to memory recall via torture - therefore during subsequent years I remembered my own life without an association of torture after some time. PTSD, CS, at the time the mind/body somehow manages to manage the experience at the time (adrenaline, endorphin, responses), years later the mind remembers the memory, and although there was no pain at the time (in the moment, adrenaline, endorphines) on recall in a methodology in which the mind attempts to recall, correct, and learn, sometimes on memory recall a phantom pain can be experienced. Over time, overwork, a disassociation between memory, experience, physical, psychological, pain. The brain is somewhat a chemical biology, so if a stimuli response, pain response, depression, fire in one direction for too long, sometimes the syphon effect continues the flow when the experience has passed; these balances can be releartnt. Meditation. Medication. An appropriate response for the individual. A former military man said to me, "You can drink and smoke as much as you want, the memories never go away; therefore go out and enjoy yourselves by all means, have a few drinks, smoke a few cigars, speak to friends and the local population, yet moderation in all things, don't think that over-drinking or over-smoking will solve the difficulties of post traumatic stress and if drinking or smoking then become a difficulty remember you are allowed to ask for help. As one move.

Adrenaline burnout. During periods of stress and such forth the body will often pump out adrenaline to keep things moving. The difficulty arises when the body is continually functioning under these conditions, and instead of entering a state of rest, continues to accelerate. Over a prolonged time this can cause extreme exhaustion and adrenaline burnout.
Adrenaline burn, rush. Often marital artists, former military personnel, experience adrenaline burn, that is, as when someone might feel the want to chat to someone after a few pints, often martial artists feel happy, excited, having a good time, the body pumps adrenaline and they feel the need to spar, all good fun unless taken too seriously. Similar perhaps to too many caffeine drinks in rapid succession. Pint and a whiskey chaser.

Phantom Pain. A friend of mine whom had two toes amputated, a few years after a toe on the other foot had been amputated, experienced in his own words, ‘Phantom Menace’. It would appear that even though the toes were missing, the brain seemed to think the pain seemed to originate in where the toes were, explainable perhaps as the brain knows the pain is originating from somewhere so identifies it in the area which is no more; one would consider that the nerve endings may have been damaged, and also that it is plausibly possibly to retrain the brain to dull the pain, or achieve a method of delivering medication which would dull the pain in the missing extremity or limb. A friend of a friend of mine whom had a leg amputated reportedly experienced similar phantom pain.

Stockholm syndrome. During the torture in 2008-2010 there were some moments when the torture didn’t occur. I can remember saying things like, "You’ve been torturing me now for (x amount of time) why don’t you take a break, have the night off", at which point I would almost switch into a different persona, and just talk to the torturers, as though they were friends on a night out. During the torture in 2008-2010, I would regain consciousness from seizures, with bruised and bleeding legs, and train out the injuries with tai chi, qigong, bagua chan. Sometimes standing on one leg in a crane-like form (the bird), bending one leg gently, healing over time, when the other leg got jealous and I would switch to that leg and heal out the injuries there, switching legs. 70% rule. Possibly 90-101% in combat environments.

Stammer. A male post-graduate friend of mine was known to exhibit a stammer, on consideration, one considered that it was perhaps observable that he was at first whispering/miming on his lips what he was about to say moments shortly before he spoke. A year or so after completing his master degree he seemed to have no observable symptoms of his stammer apart from when I myself unknowingly imagined he had previously had a stammer.

It is impossible to sell your soul as your soul belongs to God as Satan’s soul belongs to God.

Racism. A difficult question. Even in the contemporary era. Whilst although Aleister Crowley may in history be criticised for at times writing in a way which that may have appeared as racist, in hindsight and retrospect, wisdom changes over time. Were one to look at the ancient world, in sentience, one could look at the sketch of Captain James Cook FRS visiting a tribal people, and how they did each year choose to select one whom was the weakest and beat them to death with sticks so as to serve as an example to all - yet perhaps was this merely one year a criminal was beaten to death with sticks and in the absence of no other wisdom or Elder or Elderess the tribe merely repeated the same story each year, need any fail, in story. In similarity, Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh were slave traders in their day. When renting a flat in 2007 at Discovery Wharf a friend of mine told me a story of how I was living in what used to be a market, possibly even the slave auctioneer market, and how the slaves were kept in cages in the water in the docks overnight; potentially how when the tides were unseasonal some of them drowned in their cages. I imagined a story of how across the water two sang to each other as the water arose in dream. Years later, a friend of mine told me a person in the bar was racist, I told him another sotry in tale, diabetes; he turned up another day with two mates and chatted shit and got banged. Unfortunate. I could have told him that in certain scientific wisdom we are all descented from the same tribe, tribal mother; given that the world was cold in both the north and south so much that we all basked in the sun. Were we not all born black via our ancestors, and then as the winds subsided, and the ice melted, our skin shed, we are all one via our ancestry. Once in a large bar downtown in gatecrash of a Royal Marines wake, a man approached and sat near me and said in dance, "I've just been to the bar and they haven't served me a drink". I said in Ali G, "It's not because you are black it is because you are pissed". In the case of Aleister Crowley, 'Jewish' may have been written esoterically in the Freemason-esque style
as "I do hope you get what you wish for in this life, forgive me in any line of criticism, as in
devour, all one".
Nazism. The Occult Roots of Nazism by Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke. In a better and more familiar way in
the modern world, one may imagine in a past rhetorician, 'In the absence and immediate presence of
your Mother and Father (Brother, Sister, family) may you follow the line of the Führer (in devotion
to her, him) in order to protect and raise your line and (extend your) family'. This however does
sound like a Freemason-esque hangman routine. In addition, the Nazis 'salute' may have sounded,
'You stand to inherit the place my (son) all you have to do is claim by right what is yours', which
could be said to be a metric chant which echoes the design of the Nazis symbol, however one would
note that the Nazis symbol was of course originally designed as something else. Further on from this,
the germanic peoples may have once populated most of mainland Europe, and therefore any claim
would only be on presumably the descendants of their ascendants so a rather flaw in concept.
Additionally, one would note that European languages complement each other, that is if one traces
the germanic root of English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portugese, then the languages share
common Latin, Sanscrupt, and other ancient dialects, so one would presume these people had
already travelled and met each other on a friendly basis so as to discuss language. In the modern day
whilst Nazism like Satanism could be considered to be a method of self-defence and empowerment
of the individual, should that defence be an attack or invasion presumably same fated fate. Looking
at things through the glasses of wisdom, in essence and basis the ideology or idea that 'In the
absence and immediate presence of your Mother and Father (Brother, Sister, family) may you follow
the line of the Führer (in devotion to her, him) in order to protect and raise your line and (extend
your) family' can be seen to be quite and somewhat inspiring, in that in the absence of family or
friend all are with you, in comparable, similar to the English World War II line of "Go out into the
world, have a look round, see what you can see, if the worst happens be sure to come back and see
us, and with good news be sure to report back, yet in the worst news of all remember we are right
with you, our son, our daughter, our family".
In the contemporary era, the Church of England updated their line to encompass LGBTQ (I do hope
you find the colour of the rainbow with which you shine), the Roman Catholics updated The Lord's
Prayer (and let us fall not into temptation, previously and lead us not into temptation), Freemasonry
ruled that not admitting transgender persons was unlawful (rather ironic as part of the ancient
Freemason torture routine replayed upon myself in 2008-2010 variously included torture lines such
as 'are you gay son', 'are you a Geisha girl', the old suit and boot in stockings, and so on. Perhaps
however in mirror of Aleister Crowley with the statement Law; Love, surely it was unlawful to have a
law which prevented persons from expressing their love for each other). The OTO and the AA
reputedly updated their lines also. The Hells Angels had updated their line via the Aquila and Satans
Slaves. I was told peacefully Satans Slaves had updated Aquila as they had 'sat down and had a
meeting, and the older members had agree with the younger members wishes to change name'.
Perhaps this had been babble for (sat down and)(Satan's Slaves)(had a meeting)(Vs)(and the
older members had agree with the younger members)(Aquila)(wishes to change name)(2-0). North
Coast. West Coast. California. The leader of the pack considered it worthier to be wrapped up
indoors and free his fellow members of the burden of their sins by taking the can amongst a clouded
smoke cloak. The Hells Angels are always good to me, once at club Voodoo Lounge a friend of mine
was waiting near to the door, the Angels were mindin the door, and when I asked what the entry
fee was, my friend nodded to the Angels, who nodded to the lady cashier, and entry was granted, as
my friend wanted to speak to me about something. In another dimension, I placed a Queen of Clubs
on a shuttered d
oor, in echo of the King of Clubs, a flyer often used for clubs in Brighton;
unfortunately a Pixie fell soon after, a folded cardboard box.
MA Creative Writing. Tom Fowler. All you need to do to improve your writing is to read over it,
listen, and write it backwards as though you are speaking to another so as to engage the reader.
Celibacy. I experienced a period of celibacy in order to practise meditation, martial arts, and spiritual
practise. I did not masturbate nor have sex for an amount of time. From a male perspective. First of
all the testicles hurt for obvious reasons. In conversation with two men whose wife's died of cancer this is as to be expected. After this there are a certain amount of secretions and the odd nocturnal splodge. In comparison with Bruce Kumar Francis's commentary on recovery from certain extreme martial arts practises this would appear to be common practise. In 1998 when I had a perception of a 'Satan' like presence, afterwhich God spoke, for a few months I did not want to even think about sex let alone get an erection. This phase passed and I went on to have healthy relationships. Such practise was also applicable in recovery from the cult and occultist sexual torture, and propensibly sexual abuse and such forth.

Be careful on relying on one source of information only, it is often better to consider other points of view so you are not led. Sometimes when you may ask different people they all give different answers, none of which are applicable to you.

It is often better to consider the needs and goals of an individual rather than apply a generic experiment.

Not all advice is good advice.

If you see something strange don't think you have to do anything about it.

**Continuing On**

In 2007, 2008, I was tortured and assigned the task of updating the system of the A∴A∴ to the modern day, albeit plausibly simply a method of torturing me to death. However. It is done.

I shall see to it that it gets done on pain or death of the entire star system.

At times it seemed as though the destiny of humanity was at stake. Yet, in evident, the well of wisdom. A temple of healing.
Ritual Practice: Binding Satan

Beginning at position A the pentagram is drawn in continuum as shown by the numbered lines 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, returning to the origin point A; continuing in one continued line the circle is then inscribed in practiced smooth motion so as to touch and enjoin with each outer apex of the drawn pentagram.

In summonation 1 Aleister Crowley 2 Saint Thérèse of Lisieux 3 Thelema 4 Thelemia (that's you), 5 Anon (everything else in the universe) 6 Bind Satan. As wisdom can see there are some amidst whom fall to no destiny, whom fail to know a destiny, any, anon, I am I, individual, male female, Adam Eve, anon, one. Golden Dawn.

And at when the moment comes (in arrival) Satan. I am not Satan, traverse Wheel Of Fortune. Bind in turn wheel (Satan) and you 3, 4, 2, 1, return.
Priest and Priestess temporarily shield humanity distracting away Satan.

Protection From Satanic Attack

When I was fourteen-and-a-half years old I contemplated suicide, I remember being sat in my bedroom at my desk, an air-pistol in one hand, an air-rifle in the other, both loaded with target darts (rather than pellets). My mind estimated that even if I shot the pistol through one nostril, the rifle through another, and at an angle, there was no guarantee that this would kill me. My mind then clicked, and began to contemplate other methods of suicide. At this point, a voice entered my head which was other that my own and spoke, "go out into the world and have a look around and you might find someone who feels the same as you and you two might be friends". After this another voice spoke as though 'satan', and attempted to encourage me to shoot the pistol and rifle at a model of a tower I had made, as though to destroy, 'better to create than destroy');} and I aimed the weapons away from both my head and the model.

In 1998 I experienced a nervous breakdown due to life circumstance, trauma, depression, and experienced a psychotic episode in which I experienced a perception of that which persons name 'satan'. After a few days this dispersed, and I experienced a perception of 'God' speaking to me.

For an unknown reason in 2008-2010 several cults attempted to destroy me, seemingly using methodologies which were based on the experiences I had experienced of 'satan' before.

I had nothing to survive these methods of 'satanic' attack, apart from a previous knowledge of experiencing a 'satanic' attack in 1998.

Therefore, these very words are by definition a protection from satanic attack.

02022020 I have already answered every question you may ever have of me

Initiatory Structure

Initiate. Reading of the Initiate reading list. Adeptness at basic breathing techniques. Adeptness at basic sitting/standing/prone posture.

The Order of the G.'.D.'. (Golden Dawn)

(0°=0□): Adept. Practice and demonstration of a chosen art, magickal diary.
(1°=10□): Neophyte. Has to acquire perfect control of the astral plane.
(2°=9□): Zelator. Proficiency in one aspect of art (e.g. qigong, tai chi, ba gua, hsing-i, dancing; or yoga, asana and pranayama). Rosy Cross.
(3°=8□): Practicus. Is expected to complete the intellectual training. Qabalah (English Qabalah, Hermetic Qabalah).

(4°=7□): Philosophus. Is expected to complete the moral training. Is tested in Devotion to the Order. Dominus Liminalis (The Link) Mastery of chosen art (e.g. ba gua circle walking, medical qigong basics, or other, such as dancing; or yoga, pratyahara and dharana).

The Order of the R.'C.'. (Rosy Cross)

(5°=6□): Adeptus Minor (Without). Is expected to perform the Great Work and to attain the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

(5°=6□): Adeptus Minor (Within). Is admitted to the practice of the formula of the Rosy Cross on entering the College of the Holy Ghost.

(6°=5□): Adeptus Major. Obtains a general mastery of practical Magick, though without comprehension.

(7°=4□): Adeptus Exemptus. Completes in perfection all these matters. The Angel and Abyss In Guardian

The Order of the S.'S.'. (Silver Stars)

(8°=3□): Magister Templi or Master of the Temple

(9°=2□): Magus

(10°=1□): Ipsissimus

Initiate Reading List

(The Initiate reading list is to be read at Initiate stage, prior to progression onto being an Adept)

Longevity Breathing Intro, Breathing Exercise To Develop Concentration

Becoming a Writer: The Classic Inspirational Guide by Dorothea Thompson Brande

The Book of Five Rings (五輪書 Go Rin no Sho) (many translations are available) by Miyamoto Musashi (宮本 武蔵) (en.wikipedia.org has valuable entries on both The Book of the Five Rings and Miyamoto Musashi). The Onna-bugeisha (女武芸者, "female martial artist") was a type of female warrior belonging to the Japanese nobility. Although 'duelling with knives' seemed touted as a methodology for resolving disputes in the contemporary era, possibly in chop-stick form, there was concern as to how much was learnt in this progression during the duel; tournament martial arts is traditionally full-contact, half-contact, no contact, or zero contact whereby the proponents are so skilled they seem merely to be having a conversation which seems animated in gesticulation. The odd person may be tricked into a plastic gun in a bandstand or a samurai sword running along a street half-naked. Yet. Whilst knife crime in the contemporary era could be classed as leading to potential samurai training along a path, it is also predominately known that an unarmed martial artist has an advantage over an armed opponent, as once disarmed, the opponent is reduced in standing and skill. During practise, I developed a training technique of a combined practise of samurai sword-work and tai chi unarmed fighting applications - as given in the progressive era, metal detectors, nets, pad-down searches, multiple opponents, although weapons training seems applicable in practise, in tournament, merely unarmed, unarmoured.

The Book of Tea by Okakura Kakuzō (岡倉覚三)
Reading and general appreciation of online resources regarding religion and belief at en.wikipedia.org (Afro-American religion, Agnosticism, Amish, Atheism, Buddhism, Christianity, Gnosticism, Hare Krishna, Hinduism, Islam, Jehovah’s Witnesses, Judaism, Modern Paganism, Paganism, Rastafari, Shinto, Sikhism, Taoism, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Tree of Life, Western Esotericism, Zen, and so on) so as to gain a common understanding, each being as an artist friend of mine once said, ‘more than one river to the oasis’.

Choosing A Path et al.

(It is suggested that the following group of books by Bruce Kumar Frantzis will be read as an Adept with cursory practice of the movements as reading such that when progressing through Adept, Zelator, Dominus Liminis, these movements may be perfected if the martial arts described are practiced as an alternative to Yoga if so desired, i.e. whilst reading it is only considered necessary to follow the basic exercises, not perfect the movements at this stage. The primary reason for their inclusion is that the texts provide insightful philosophy and description of much wisdom which is applicable to life in many forms, not just martial art practice, and as such form part of the basic Initiate curriculum reading list, regardless of which art is chosen; of course the reader should endeavour to at least attempt cursory practice of the movements where possible even if these arts aren’t followed in order to gain a fuller experience of the texts.)


[Adapted from http://www.aa-thelema.org/ct-menu-item-6.html]

The A ∴ A ∴ is an organization whose heads have obtained by personal experience to the summit of scientific illumination. They have founded a system by which every one can equally attain, and that with an ease and speed which was previously impossible.

The first grade in Their system is that of:

STUDENT. [Initiate]

A Student must possess the following books [available online in electronic format]:

In start Liber 777 so as to enable a common language through the aeons.

1. The Equinox, Technically Volume I numbers 1 - 10 is meant in the original document. 1_2_ _3_ _4_ _5_ _6_ _7_ _8_ _9_ _10__

{Historical Note - The Equinox was originally meant to be published during times when the order was in a period of Speech to that end there are only odd numbered volumes of the Equinox series. The even number volumes are called Volumes of Silence.

There are additional volumes today as of 2012 e.v. Volume III numbers 1 - 5 were published during AC’s lifetime, number 6 (liber Aleph was published by Karl Germer in 1961 e.v. with the help of Marcelo Motta. There have been some other numbers of the volume III series published but these
were not published under the auspices of a Chancellor of the A:@A: so cannot be considered as part of our curriculum. Volume V numbers 1 - 4 were published in the 1970's e.v. by Marcelo Motta. The Equinox series has been supplanted by this Chancellor and replaced with a new series titled "The Four-Fold Word" Volume I no 1 of that new series has been published and is known as "Magick Revised"

2. Magick In Theory and Practice. "Book IV part iii" technically

3. Konx Om Pax

4. Collected Works of A. Crowley;
"Tannhauser", "The Sword of Song", "Time", "Eleusis"

5. Raja Yoga, by Swami Vivekananda.

6. The Shiva Samhita, or the Hathayoga Pradipika.

7. The Tao teh King


   Part I, Part II

10. The Goetia The Lesser Key of Solomon the King


Study of these books will give a thorough grounding in the intellectual side of Their system.

Liber LXI vel Causae "The History Lection"

Additional

The Star In The West by J.F.C. Fuller
Sepher Sephiroth Liber 500

Other (optional)

The Epoch Dawn Trilogy, by Justin Robert Daw
The Complete Astrological Writings, by Aleister Crowley
The Occult Roots of Nazism, by Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke
Helena Blavatsky
The Western Esoteric Traditions: A Historical Introduction, by Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke
The Story of Burnt Njal ("Njal's Saga"), Anonymous (Translation: George DaSent)
The Dead Sea Scrolls
Yvain, or The Knight With the Lion, by Chretien deTroyes (Translation: W.W. Comfort)
In Continuation of the Great Work

One should perhaps attempt to avoid merely projecting the needs of one's ego through the illusion of one's own consciousness.

A way to converse is to do so without reference to one's ego so as not to simply project one's ego onto another enabling a person to generate their own answer to life's great questions.

Initiate,

I have broken up many fights. I have umpired much sparring. I have mostly trained on the street, in cafés, bars, although have had some private tuition. When meditating in power stance I have envisioned lightning from the Heavens to the Earth. I have experienced lifting another as though weightless in fa jin when a proponent was outnumbered two-to-one in grapple, I have heard intending combat, I have seen combat intention, I have viewed potential impact points in colour. I have parried opponents on four, five, occasions in single defence. I have nullified a strike by an accomplished martial artist whilst training them the skills of another. Others unknown to me have demonstrated skills in sight of me that I have taught to another. On two occasions I have experienced time-lapse whereby I counted one-two-three, one-two-three-four, while the second hand of a clock remained in stasis. I have focussed chi to both reduce injury and to repel another. I have traversed many levels, many planes, many dimensions. Faster than lightning. Quicker than wind. The wisdom of the mountains. As ever in beginning. We share our strength, we share our breath, we share our wisdom, we share our schools. All things and everything again. An art taught to both Jesus Christ and Satan as they sparred, as used by God to subdue Satan to Hell. Eden. Health, fitness, self defence. Healing.

They are never fighting you, they are only merely fighting themselves.

As amiable to an individual and an army.

Training Programme

Longevity breathing
Internal organ massaging
Relaxed stance
Sensitivity training, energy ball
Power stance
Steps, footwork
Three arm movements
Directed breathing
Circular breathing
Standard basic self defence
Stance / \ | / hand, wrist
Standing arm swaying practice, blocks, turns, pulls
Wrist strength practice
Wrist swing
First swing
Turn swing
Full movement
Dance combination high/low arms
Focussing chi
I see no reason for us to kill each other.
In that case, we shall share our skills.


Always good to see you
Always brilliant to be here with you

Testimonies

He's a sensei, he's a master, he's a Jedi, he doesn't like being called Jedi, he's a Guru.
He healed a long-standing difficulty so well I introduced a friend similar.
Makes sense.
Sensei. Wisdom is a finely balanced coin. I shall ever be gracious with the wisdom you have shown me here.
I may travel all extents and corners of the universe and in no fear nor terror I shall ever greet all as friend such is the wisdom shown to me by my friend in mastership.

If you are unsure of your endeavours pass this introduction to another.

Progression: Independent Study

Whilst the structure may be seen to be linear in so far that progression is possible through the system, it may be that some may experience experiences in a different arrangement or order, and as such all bring the full progression of their own experience and experiences.

I was effectively tortured through the system of the A::A: backwards twice, maybe three times, traversed the system in full twice as my self, and a third time as the imaginary concept of a guardian angel (Thelemia) in my unminded mind. In endeavour, wisdom:

Initiate. As we travel in time along our experience in life, although our paths may be different, may our wisdom be shared in similarity. We share our breath, we share our strength, we share our wisdom.

The Order of the G.'D.'. (Golden Dawn)

(0°=0□): Adept. Practice and demonstration of a chosen art, magickal diary.

A) Produce a piece of writing indicating your experiences of the reading list. Did you enjoy the books on the reading list. For example were there any pieces which you felt that you learnt something from, related to especially (no need to be particularly personal unless you so wish), challenged your intellect, or even fell short of your expectations. Perhaps a particular poem or article expanded your imagination or created joy. The general aim to develop a basis for conversation and discussion with others without raising criticism or conflict; a common understanding.
B) Practice and demonstration of a chosen art. Generally that which you wish to become better at during the year. For example, qigong, or yoga, or dancing, or musical instrument, or a particular skill. Production of a magickal diary. The writing of the magickal diary need not be exacted as that found in the Equinox, generally to be a piece of writing which records your activities over a year, yet it isn’t necessary to annotate what you had for breakfast, lunch, dinner, unless you feel these are particularly of note. Thus the mundane chores of life need not be repeated, yet after a year, a work of writing exists which gives a detail of your activities and interests. It is apparent that the writing of the magickal dairy was considered a demonstration of a person’s commitment to the path.

(1°=10□): Neophyte. Has to acquire perfect control of the astral plane. Has to acquire perfect control of the astral plane. Control is perhaps something of a misnomer. In 2007 whilst meditating in stance I envisaged lightning from Heaven to Earth. In 2008-2010 during a thunderstorm, as the lightning bolts lit I attempted to lessen their intensity, in fact, the lightning then seemed to occur more often and at a higher intensity, and it felt as though I was causing this and could not change this. In 2018 as the wind blew I tacked in course as though in dodge and not parry nor strike, as though I was existing within things, neither causing nor controlling, moving within. Mastery of the astral plane would perhaps be an alternate phrasing.

(2°=9□): Zelator. Proficiency in one aspect of art (e.g. qigong, tai chi, ba gua, hsing-i, dancing; or yoga, asana and pranayama). Rosy Cross.

I endeavoured to practice qigong, tai chi, ba gua, hsing-i, dancing, and some combination yoga. It maybe of note that some of the yoga texts I studied had some of the diagrams slightly faded or blurred, as if to suggest that it is advisable at some point to study alongside an amiable tutor. A matter perhaps as in all things.

Over the years I also studied another style. A style learnt from the wisdom on the winds, from a story as told by ancient wisdom in the mountains, valleys, rivers, seas, islets. Dragon hand, tiger feet stance. The dragon hand so formed as to enable strength practice for every element in the fingers, thumb, palm, wrist, elbow, shoulder, spine, legs, feet, ground. Tiger stance, a grip in the toes and feet similar, strength practice, balance, grip, void. Dragon foot elevated stance, on toes and forward pads of foot, strength training in increasing heights, extra reach, hands in claws of claws. To move in flow, to prayer, chop, claw, palm pad, knuckles, (fire). Within breath. The five elements, the five spheres, the five rings.

(3°=8□): Practicus. Is expected to complete the intellectual training. Qabalah (English Qabalah, Hermetic Qabalah).

Is expected to complete the intellectual training. Whilst traversing the system forwards for the forth time, it became difficult to fulfil this requisite. On the physical plane my friends and colleagues and the general population seemed to exhibit intelligence and the ability to progress, albeit with the difficulties life sometimes throws at us, whereas on the astral plane (the voices beamed in using radio equipment), each torture team seemed muchly the same, attempting to control or modify my behaviour when it did not need such, torturing me in an attempt to prove themselves correct and yet only merely being proved wrong by virtue of things I learnt and persons I spoke to on the physical plane, and then the torture teams would attempt to worsen my seizures and schizophrenic-like symptoms (attempts to entrap in rhetoric conversations, set phrases, conditioned in responses, false illusions). Aleister Crowley stated that the 'Book of the Law' was dictated to him by a discarnate (a person or being not having a physical body) entity named Aiwass which was of a higher intelligence, yet on the whole the entities I experienced via voices beamed in using radio equipment.
whilst obviously possessing intelligence only seemed to possess a much lower metric of intelligence, to the extent the torture was so irrelevant to myself and any other I would suggest such voices were not worth listening or speaking to, and should perhaps be disparate from the continuum and the homunculum.

Qabalah (English Qabalah, Hermetic Qabalah). Whilst perhaps useful as a cipher, and in practising ciphers and mental arithment, although some texts suggest that it is possible to prove the truth, accuracy, and perhaps divine validity of phrases using such, one should perhaps avoid the pitfall of being led in attempting to endlessly decipher and find meaning in something which one could quite easily got lost in oneself.

Perhaps at such at point of progression in the system one would be encouraged to talk with others.

A description of my own experiences follows:

(4°=7□): Philosophus. Is expected to complete the moral training. Is tested in Devotion to the Order.

Is expected to complete the moral training. I would have liked to have been a Christian, married a Christian, had children, and do my job of work. Einstein perhaps stated that religion and morality were largely a matter of personality. In 2007 an entity of sorts attempted to manifest in my mind to suggest that there was a difficulty with religion as there were disagreements between them, subsequently there seemed, to my fading memory, that there was a disagreement between Christians and Muslims, possibly as I was researching a medieval knight templar history at the time. However, in this vision in 2007, it resolved that there were no differences between the God's or religion, and that the "God's agreed on something". In 2008-2010 one of the torture teams beamed-in the line, "Something we all agree on", it seemed as though the torture team were taking what I had written about my experiences and were attempted to torture me with such, with it's accompaniment of seizures and screaming. A later team suggested that maybe Christian and Muslim were resolved by a Buddhist, a friend to both, although it seemed it made no difference whether these were Jesus Christ, Shiva, or whom or whoever, the God's were always in agreement.

Is tested in Devotion to the Order. When I was fourteen-and-a-half I contemplated suicide at which point an entity likened to 'God' spoke the equivalent words of, "Go out into the world, you may find someone who feels the same as you, and you might be friends"; this phrase may be an attempted implant into my memory under torture in 2008-2010; I do remember however that after I had decided the air-pistol and air-rifle when used in whatever combination would not produce a fatal injury, that shortly after this a 'God-like' entity appeared in my mind which suggested that I did something else, shortly after a 'Satan-like' voice attempted to tempt me into firing the air-rifle at a model I had made, an attempt at destruction. As spoken by one of my neighbour's overseas students 2016-2018 'Better to create than destroy'. In 1998 I experienced a nervous breakdown in which a mind unknown to my own thought in a manner or mannerism which was opposite to my own. During these days a voice sounded "Go to hell, Justin" (in the sense of go to a place where you are able to discover what is bothering you or your mind). I have only recently remembered this, some twenty years later, and in hindsight this would imply the entity knew my name. At the time I extended the phrase into "Go to Hell Justin Daw's guitar string", this stuck and repeated in my mind for quite a while, sounding occasionally along with some of the other phrases my mind had sounded back, in a way which is not dissimilar to neuro linguistic programming, which may have aided in my deciphering of neuro linguistic programming some years later. I discontinued playing guitar some years later, and it was hilariously odd that over those years several of my guitar E strings broke. Bizarrely, years later when a friend of mind's string broke at a gig I was able to heckle in such a way as to bring about laugh. Again in hindsight, I find the experience in 1998 more detrimental than
advantageous, and all it did really was delay my life by a few years when I already had extensively planned my future path and software systems; although it was of course good of God to appear shortly after the experience of 'satan'. During the torture in 2008, one of the torture teams offered me £1,000,000, my life, any chance of ever having a life here again, to stop (even though I did not know what they wanted me to stop doing as effectively all I was doing at the time was being tortured); I declined their offers as it didn't seem wise nor did I trust them nor did it matter. At the end of 2008, a group of alleged 'satanists' (I say alleged as in the modern day satanism would be a belief in the self and the individual rather than a belief in a god, as opposed to a rather nihilistic view that satanism would bring any satanic power in this world or any other being than the matter has already been resolved), offered me the bargain that if I named someone else then they would torture them rather than me I did not and the subsequent torture was quite severe. Is tested in Devotion to the Order. 1998. 2008-2018.

In 'permissive will' I allowed each system to torture me to an extent beyond the limits of its system, death. I am therefore able to reflect on the experience in continuum. I am best friends with everything even when it has attempted to kill me. It is unnecessary for any or all to adhere to the path I have followed, there is no need to launch any angle of criticism nor repeat on any other nor any another.

Dominus Liminis (The Link) Mastery of chosen art (e.g. ba gua circle walking, medical qigong basics, or other, such as dancing; or yoga, pratyahara and dharana).

Dominus Liminis. I have reached the limit of the domain and therefore shall demonstrate my mastery prior to continuation.

To describe a few, on the physical plane I met many groups, societies, religions, cultures, martial arts systems, experiences of life; participants or former associations with A, Jehovah's Witnesses, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Christian, Church of Scientology, Freemasonry, Jewish, Pagan, Islam (I shall forever remember the day when two Muslims whom were learning English walked past and when I said, "Allah be with you", one of the men spoke, "cheers" in a brilliant English accent), Agnostic/Gnostic, Hinduism (I lent a copy of The Secret Doctrine by Helena Blavatsky to a modern lady whom had an educated understanding of modern Hinduism, and also studied alongside the lineage of Babaji), Taoism, Zen, Buddhism, Zen Buddhism, Wicca, Hells Angels (Those whom have crossed the line so many times they are sometimes unsure whose side they are on. Sometimes a drink is a healthy drink. When a can is scuppered before an event it's not too uneasy to notice, early. I know sometimes they may act as though angry, almost as though they are angry at you, yet they are mirrorly only telling a story to you about their own experiences so well. Once with a blue moon, once with a lone wolf, and again, although it may seem occasionally that we are slaves to satan, we also have our own free will.), Atheism, Nihilists, A-A⁺, OTO, Golden Dawn, in all, as many as I could. On the so called astral plane (the illusions brain-washed, hypnotised, created by the radio equipment) were false insults, false accusations, torture which was neither relevant to myself nor any other.

From a martial arts viewpoint, lineage would be best traced back through AA, JME, Paul Cavel, Bruce Kumar Francis, Liu Hung Chieh [bagua, tai chi, hsing-i and Taoist meditation. Master calligrapher and a classical Chinese scholar who had a complete knowledge of traditional Chinese medical theory]. Qigong. Yoga. Bruce Lee, Ip Man. Babaji. Additional conversations in cross-training for health and fitness, Akido, Boxing, Kendo, Karate, Ninjitsu, Kung Fu, British Army/Navy/Her Majesty's Royal Marines/RFA(needn't mention us all by name, yet if there's anything you need just let us know), Air Force/USAF/Special Forces/Met/Emergency Services, mercenaries, Angelist, Caribbean, Greek, Cypriot, German, Russian, Polish (I speak to one, and I speak to the other), French, Portuguese,
Spanish, Italian, Egyptian, India (Babaji), Thailand, American, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Northern Ireland, Canada, Slovenia, Croatia/Bosnia and Herzegovina/Serbia, Kazakhstan, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Philippines, Arabic. I am yet to personally meet, an Amish, a Rastafari, a Sikh, yet am sure we are all friends. Learning dancing, martial arts, health and fitness, culture, food, wisdom.

The Order of the R.'C.'. (Rosy Cross)

(5°=6□): Adeptus Minor (Without). Is expected to perform the Great Work and to attain the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

Although during one of the instances of torture through the system (of the A∴A∴) the line "What do you think happened the skies opened up and God had a wank", I endeavoured to perform the Great Work by helping everyone and all. As far as, "attain the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel", I had many experiences as documented, in 1987, 1998, 2007-2010, and more so; some thirty-one or thirty-two systems of voices, with hundreds if not thousand of set phrases beamed in via radio equipment, amongst experiences of God and guardian angels.

(5°=6□): Adeptus Minor (Within). Is admitted to the practice of the formula of the Rosy Cross on entering the College of the Holy Ghost.

(6°=5□): Adeptus Major. Obtains a general mastery of practical Magick, though without comprehension.

An individual experience. An exercise for the reader.

(7°=4□): Adeptus Exemptus. Completes in perfection all these matters.

Martial arts, dancing, warrior, priest, healer. When at a time during the torture at Citadel Road during 2008-2010 things became so severe that my legs and arms were flailing very severely against the wooden carpeted floor, causing considerable damage to my ankles, knees, hips, spine, arms, my mind suddenly became still; what some may recall as the 'sound of the silence' - I could not feel or hear the sound of my limbs impacting against the floor, my thoughts halted, and my head felt as though I was standing upright. At this point one of the torture teams perceived there was no longer any point in applying additional torture as it would have no further effect, and I lost consciousness a few moments later. Such periods were common. After such incidents, my legs would be bleeding and bruised, and at one point in such a marginalism my knees were bruised on two points on the outer knee, and at a point nearer my kneecap, alongside the bone nearer the knee, in a kind of a smiley face. So sometimes I would stand on one leg, performing a similar power training stance manoeuvre, flexing the knees gently and carefully, whilst lowering the legs. Practising a combination of tai chi, ba gua, hsing-i, and qigong, helped to ease and heal my injuries. Dancing eased my seizures.

Each system of torture seemed a variant based upon how 'Satan' had attempted to kill me once, maybe twice before. Surely the aim of a system of wisdom is to develop a methodology which is a defence against how 'Satan' attacks the human mind during a nervous breakdown, rather than attempt to reassemble a version of 'Satan' based upon such. In fact, in many instances it was as though each system had attempted to make me what was 'Satan' to their system.

In 1998, over three days and nights during which I did not sleep, a voice which was not my own attempted to think the opposite to that which I was thinking, almost as if it was my fault why things were occurring. This continued until my mind broke, and a subset of memories of my entire life
flashed rapidly in my mind; yet it was almost entirely what I had observed in life rather than that which I had done. At the tumult, it was as though the unseen force attempted to drive me to suicide by hanging myself, as the 'death' was to be by asphyxiation I managed to avoid by getting into bed and laying perfectly still; I attempted to hold my breath, yet eventually had to breathe again by reflex. Eventually also holding myself still became painful almost to the point of seizure. When experiencing periods of chronic depression later in life, my body and mind would seem to practise the same process, although I would become bedridden and experience seizures. I attempted to develop methodologies to counter these which so far have kept me alive. Healing.

There were several methodologies of beamed-in voices which attempted to manipulate my thoughts and psychology. The first of these was a straightforward 'Écoute et répète', whereby a phrase would be beamed-in, and then repeated, such that it would seem my own thoughts (although not in my voice), I would then repeat these phrases, sometimes aloud. A similar method to this was to build up longer mantra-like phrases, such that when the first few words of the mantra were beamed-in my mind would repeat the full mantra, causing disorientation, confusion, sometimes to the point of causing seizures. Another method was a two-part mantra, or a question, such as my mind would repeat or answer the second half; this was often repeated at speed to confuse my mind. At other times my mind was bombarded at high-speed with questions, such that my mind could not answer quickly enough, and would eventually just fire back random answers; this was often accelerated and repeated such that my mind would create in effect the wrong answer to the questions, sometimes to produce false confession. Yet another method was to beam-in phrases which I would then 'remember' shortly after, in order to make it appear that I had changed my mind and changed my opinion, whereas my mind had not changed nor my opinion, I was merely remembering the phrase spoken earlier.

In order to confuse my interpretation of language, when reading it was attempted to force me into reading words in a different manner, supposedly 'esoterically', or 'reading between the lines', this was a method of destroying my ability to understand language, reading words as part-blocks, such as 'action' becoming 'act ion'; overtime this was continued in order to confuse my mind. In the beginning, persons in the flats around, and persons in the street (sometimes using the method of looking as they were on their mobile phone, or receiving the phrase to speak via a mobile phone), would speak set phrases which I would then be tortured with as previously described, and combined with other methods such that after a long duration my mind would effectively perform this process itself, torturing itself in my mind. Later the phrases were beamed-in using radio equipment, either to the inner ear which caused a slight pain and was often obviously a radio signal as their was an associated 'bass hum', or more into the centre of the mind, which could cause a temporary absence in thought as the voice was listened to. When writing, the torture would be accelerated at high-speed in one voice to a point where I could not hear my own thoughts (overloading of the narrative thinking voice), and then another voice would effectively dictate what I was writing as my mind attempted to listen to my own thoughts. Both sides of opposing groups used these methods to attempt to influence control over what I was writing. The most psychologically damaging method was to continually speak to me as though I was someone else, to a point whereby this persona answered back in a schizophrenic-like manner, even though the phrases spoken back where merely those previously suggested, a method of false confession, false interrogation, torture. Each group seemed to have their own variant and version.

The Angel and Abyss In Guardian

In 2008-2010 at this point a female in the torture team shouted, "And we hope by this point you have plenty of friends around you as...", and then the voice kind of faded-out. Some years later a male voice beamed-in, "if you can get over what you've lost and what you've missed", which could
be comparable to Freemasonry by adding, "then you are a man my son"[8°], the Argenteum Astrum by adding, "live amongst the silver stars"[8°], or even Church of Scientology by adding, "and look forward we can see a future for you in our star system"[8°], or, "and in essence and being be a guardian angel to every and all"[8°].

The Order of the S.'S.'. (Silver Stars)

(8°=3□): Magister Templi or Master of the Temple

Perhaps regaining mastery of one's mind after an incidence of trauma. Perhaps settling into new accommodation or life path change situation. Perhaps an updated position in the household. Master of one's own mind, body, destiny.

(9°=2□): Magus

At this point the line "Your guess is as good as mine my friend" was beamed in.

(10°=1□): Ipsissimus

Impossible. Improbable. Plausible.

Via one of the beginning systems, I was able to talk to an inner consciousness other than my self and ask questions, to which I would often receive a reply. The later systems seemed to degrade into a method of torture via speaking to me as though I was someone else at high-speed for a considerable time (using radio equipment) until my mind answered back; whilst this simulated interrogation the only answers given back were already known to the torturers - rather pointless.

At times the so-called suicide prevention routines were so inept that it was more as though there were not suicide prevention routines at all more they were designed to produce a psychotic response, i.e. an attempt to lure into killer, serial killer. For instance the pattern attempt drive to suicide, attempt to make serial killer then suicide, attempt to drive to suicide to prevent serial killer; for instance the ending line of the sets of instructions implanted via hypnotism to attempt generate the killer response was "do you, wish to add this, to your list of, friends, fatalities, or general loose ends". Although certain cults marketed themselves as "swinging by the side for a while of any whom are suicidal", it seemed more a system of torture with opposing voices, designed to eventually lead into swinging on a noose or other such bridge jump. Sometimes persons would walk past in the street and speak phases which described symptoms which they would then generate during the torture, such as the line, "when you start imagining what other people are thinking", as a lead-in to torture which attempted to generate schizophrenic-like symptoms, whereas were merely live voices beamed-in using radio equipment or memories of previously installed phrases. There were many attempts during 2008-2010 to hypnotise me to slash my wrists, I offset this by slashing the back of my left arm with cuts spaced apart, rather than multiple cuts in one area. There were several attempts to hypnotise me to run and jump, and several attempts to hypnotise me to death by hanging. I cannot recall a specific routine to hypnotise to overdose by tablets, yet I was never very good at swallowing pills.

The radio signal voices beamed-in were sometimes as though they were 'witches' whom insulted me as a way of letting me know whom would appear that day, for instance one morning a voice was beam-in, "he's fucked his life up on drugs", and then later that day I met a man in a two-level nightclub in a wheelchair whom had "fucked up his life on drugs". Another time a voice of "he's got cancer", in a male voice, and then "Justin, is there anything else you want to do before you die", and
later that day a man told me that he had cancer. It wasn't always so clear, for instance another day the female voice was “thanks for telling us you've had a wank”, when I was undergoing a period of celibacy and had not masturbated; later that day a female friend of mine said to me, "Justin it's been thirteen hours since I last masturbated", and a male friend of mine said to me later that evening, "Justin, it's been eight hours since I had a wank". As it happens, the two were never going to be a match, yet it was odd sometimes how the tortured seemed to correct itself. Often it was difficult to tell the difference between the voices of the witches whom were supposedly helpful, as they tended to speak sharply, sarcastically, like bitches, and the voices of the others whom were torturing me, as they were invariably sharp sarcastic like bitches.

In the cult and occult and secret society universe, each system seemed to have its variant. An answer revealed over time. A series of set lines (phrases) which over time can be swerved one way or the other to either create a miracle of god or an entrap in helled satan. Set phrases spoken in a lodge, the meaning of which could be interpreted differently dependent on whether the subject is sent up or down. Walking past members of a society to speak words or phrases, which can then be used as torture by the letter (take my instructions and follow them strictly and according to the letter - a hangman sequence), bombarding at high speed with question and answers to entrap in cyclic response, entrap in conversational rhetoric in mimic of psychosis. A being alone in a hollow cave whilst the assembled cast bombard with phrases.

Certain historical systems built their systems on the barbaric and archaic, and quite frankly simply old fashioned, methodology reminiscent of Captain Cook's voyage to the islands, whereby one is elevated or raised to the top, one is lowered to the bottom, and the others seemingly left to 'fight things out in the middle'. This may have been mirrored in the old university grading scheme, in that statistically one would fail, and perhaps one or two, or maybe three, would gain a 1st, simply by drawing a statistical graph of results and applying the 'median' or 'middle line'. In the modern day, one would consider this approach as outmoded and outdated. Similarly, certain societies based their design on the approach of demonstrating their perfect example or couple, such that 'if any criticise us we have the right to destroy them as this is what/they can't see what we are doing', and picking an example, a trouble source, an objector, seemingly at random, and destroying them as an example of 'what will happen to those who cross us' in the unite against an imaginary enemy; however, it would seem that the lowered example is merely a distractionary tactic to tie-up all sides in conflict with one another so their don't have time to consider what the upper echelons are plotting, an innocent sent to a perceived hell for no reason at all. There is little point in deliberately failing one or attempting to make a false example which no one heeds, all this does is cause a knock on effect which places pressure on other systems, such that a draw into the pit is caused, the process merely causing the angle of criticism it was purportedly designed to counter.

There seemed to be three types of audio radio signal. An ultra fast high pitch at speed, sounds like accelerated speech, a conversation so fast the mind becomes distracted, can attempt to listen to it (transactional temptation), and either causes a seizure, or a schizophrenic-like reaction as another voice in the subconscious replies. This was usually an opposite sexed voice LGBTQ depending. Easiest to remember that the voice is not aimed at you and ends up merely being two voices conversing in the background which fade into the distance, or imagine a carrier wave which is similar in frequency such that a standing wave is created, the combined waveform causing silence. The second audio signal was a low bass hum, usually of the same sex, which attempted to overwrite my own narrative thinking voice, in order to attempt to create the illusion these were my own thoughts, whereas they were either another voice I was listening to, a the recalled memory (stored hypnotism, scripted mantra, rhetoric cyclic conversation). The third voice merely seemed to see the opposite opinion of mine, which was valid until a point, and avoiding a cyclic list of questions and answers, a point is
reached where the same thing is being said, so it is agreed to differ, and continue journey on to own destiny.

It had been attempted to send me to so many different versions of hell I just simply ended up not believing in any of their versions of hell. The attempts to place me in a hell 'of my own creation' seemed rather obtuse in that the angles of criticism thrown against me were merely caused in effect by the torture. In the end none had ever any reason to torture me at all.

In my experience, the occult [Wikipedia] (from the Latin word occultus "clandestine, hidden, secret") is "knowledge of the hidden" or "knowledge of the paranormal", as opposed to facts and "knowledge of the measurable", usually referred to as science. Under torture it has been variously described to me as 'non-Biblical', by the letter as o-c-c-u-l-t do what anyone does to you back to them only the other way round (can become silly in that certain cults would take everything you did, said, or thought about them, and use it to destroy you; saying "I love you" could thus become "me I hate", thus perhaps the middle end start methodology - hate I you; by the letter 'hate' may become 'I pick you to be my opinion on Earth to serve my destiny and wishes' - may be a curse or in a guardian angel sense, although it must be avoided following another's destiny and wishes to the detriment of one's own, we all have our own destiny and individuality; taking someone else's wisdom and doing it or doing it the worst way round to another, and attempt to blame the original author so as no trace back to one's self, obviously a rather flawed concept as it is rather obvious; attempting to redefine a word and apply in curse (e.g. thief. rapist, murderer, pedophile, killer, serial killer); from an academic point of view, one may consider 'the occult' as attempting to hypnotize/implant/create a perception of one whom has already passed this way in order to manipulate, control; attempted to take everything I wrote, said, thought, and make look as though it has killed another, or used to kill me; and so on. One should avoid getting messed up in too much psychology. The process of the perception that my thoughts were being listened to altered my processing of thought, such that what I was thinking had been altered by the torture process not by my processing of thought. Indicating it was the process of torture rather than my own thoughts.

In 2008 I attempted to write down what occurred in 1998, which wasn't the effects of drugs, wasn't the effects of alcohol, wasn't the effects of withdrawal, was a strange nervous breakdown, and the ways in which 'Satan' attempted to tempt me into suicide or harm another. Unfortunately in 2008 I was being tortured at the time and was most likely in nervous breakdown. I had no idea why the torture teams attempted to prevent me from writing these down correctly in 2008-2010 and tortured me considerably into writing that which was not of my own opinion, and for several years after. In 1998 on around the third day and night the experience seemed to attempt to tempt me into death by hanging, as this was technically asphyxiation I simply got into bed and held my breath, laying perfected still, in an Epoch Dawn. Eventually this became painful to my limbs and body, and I breathed, as I lay their hoping to simply die. I continued on. Additionally there seemed to be a sequence which changed a phrase I was thinking, almost as though a voice so far removed from my own perception of consciousness shouted back the converse, almost as though the mammalian brain and the reptilian brain where attempted to communicate only didn't quite understand each others language. A friend suggested to me years later that the brain is composed of two halves, one which operates in images and imagination and one which acts more in words and concepts, and it is perhaps these two halves attempting to communicate which creates the illusion of consciousness. In 1998 the residual effects of the memories of the confusing phrases at times meant I couldn't read more than five or five words of a book without one of the phrases being remembered causing a temporary halt interrupt in that which I was reading; these residual phrases faded out over time. Similarly the phrases beamed-in using radio equipment during the torture, and generally the phrases beamed-in using radio equipment, i.e. not those spoken in the real plane, caused schizophrenic-like symptoms, so the angle of torture of because you have criticised commented we'll cause you
schizophrenia and so on was false, as it was only the phrases which were beamed-in which caused schizophrenic-like voices in memory not those spoken to me, I had not used radio-equipment to project voices; again these generally faded out over time. The experience in 1998 was different to that in 2008-2010 and thereafter and therefore it was apparent that it was humans that were torturing me and attempting to kill me not Satan nor any God nor God of Gods. The Equinox of the Gods. The Gods and a multitude of human voices in the homunculm had kept me alive.

It is obvious to me now that certain cults had taken what is known about experiences of a 'Satan' entity and altered it in attempt to kill using hypnotism and illusions. In 1998 I distinctly remember the unknown, the something in the unknown, which has no voice, no physical form. In May 1998 first of all I was shown two memories, of my first love, and then of my best friend. At this point there was no voice, although the implication was along the lines of what is bothering you, it is your first love, your best friend. It was neither of these. There then followed a very strange experience. Akin to Satan. It had no voice, no shape or form, it was merely a process of thought in my mind. Some would have it that this acts as a filter, to filter out undesirables lest they sever a worse fate; this is markedly untrue, neither God nor Satan attempted to kill me. The first stage has been adapted by many systems of wisdom, "are you okay, is there anything I can help you with, is it a matter of love, a matter of marriage," and so on, likened to a God or Guru. The second stage, the Satan experience, seemed to lower to a point in order to discover what was wrong. The third stage seemed to be a God like experience of being asked two or three questions of what I wanted in this life.

In Beginning Again

Aleister Crowley said, "I just wanted to be happy". This was beamed in by radio signal as "Justin if you can adjust my lines as well as you say you can". Indeed, "I just wanted everyone else to be happy too". A long happy healthy life. Well being.

At times when I wrote A.'.A.'. after a piece of writing certain groups enacted the writing back to me by attempting to state that they had killed someone by reversing my writing, A.'.A.'. Argenteum Astrum, many translations in echo of the voice of God in the beginning, the A.'.A.'. is yoga and buddhism, not satanic nor satanic ritual in an opposing evil to good. Simply A∴A∴ may have been written A.'.A.'. on a typewriter originally.

A person's experience of God and Satan may vary. It didn't matter which version of hell they attempted to entrap me in, it didn't matter which version of 'Satan' they attempted to turn me into, I AM I, I returned in an instant. Whether they summoned an Angel or a Demon to kill me, my answer was the same. A∴A∴

Sequence

Operating on the premise and conducting the presumption that God is deaf, dumb, blind, completely stupid, many cults seemed to practise 'Buddist' principles in a 'back words' method to attempt to create a false parallel illusion in order to subdue, subvert, money. E.g. Freemasonry, "Are you deaf, dumb, blind, or just plain stupid". Begging, "you can't hear me can you, you won't see me anymore (I'm wasting away), I won't be here anymore," and so on, which cascade down to basic human psychological instincts of, fight, sex, money, love, move on. Yet there is no need to leave trail in wake.

As a result of prolonged torture to mimick schizophrenia, when I think it does not sound as my own voice, rather a continued changing of voices, which was occult practise so that any torture or hypnotism against me would not activite to give me an instruction to kill self, another; and also as a
result of torture which attempted to 'hijack' my narrative thinking voice (my internal dialogue) as described. Thus when 'thinking' a sentence, my mind would think perhaps three sentences consisting of three voices (none of which were my own) and then I would re-assemble the sentence I wanted to think by resembling parts of the three sentences into one.

This is similar to how sometimes the voices would dictate writing to me (in a friendly manner) in that I would write a sentence, and then go back over it as the words would be mispelt (phonetically), or nouns/verbs confused, or wrong tense or declination of verbs or word endings. Unfortunately there was substantial torture, three books written under torture (starting with the A4 book), this website the forth book which describes how they tortured me to write the three books, and the torture they conducted upon me whilst writing them.

The torture teams applied science and technology to attempt to influence the human psychology, that is, used radio/radar equipment to beam-in voices in mimick of schizophrenia, in mimic of weighing by peers (a false illusion of enemy), and by seemingly attempting to model human psychology based on a rough interpretation of ancient/historical wisdom; such as a male and a female voice shouting at high-speed such that my narrative thinking voice was hijacked as though the brain made a decision based on an opposing male/female voice, characterisations of imaginary persons such that a decision was made on a polling of voices, signing-out that which was said by the voices in attempt to actuate movement, all incorrect models of human psychology merely used as an attempt at human torture.

Vision

In vision. Double daggers. Two arm hugs. I'll watch your back, cover your vision. The secret of kung foo is to perhaps fool your opponent into an engagement which they cannot win, that is to say, one can stand still, and react to an aggressor. Technically in tradition fortune favours the defender. Yet, in Jeetkunedo was Bruce Lee so fast he could read a mind in move and move first. How very kind of you to repeat in my mind what you were about to do next.

Atos Assessment £2bn spent on attempting to cull the population in civil war, perhaps more, £5bn on Brexit to potentially re-enact a war in Europe. As the wheel of the age of austerity turns and is replaced in vision with investment in the world, a system of Government, politics. The age of austerity, such as it was, as the one of the torture teams stated, 'the answer is staring you in the face they are simply paying themselves the money instead of the clock face'. The era of criticism, as it was, the system of society seemed to be constructed so as to pre-empt with an angle of criticism as soon as one approached for the help one was told would receive when approaching. For example, when telephoning an emergency dentist one would be told one should have registered with a dentist, yet had already been told they were no available dentists and so were registered with an emergency dentist; the angle of criticism seemed only to defeat the budget of another service. No way to carry on. In history, Africa, others abroad, civil wars enacted by countries in argue 'we are only doing the same as you did in history', that's history, in story, anew. Limit of involvement, pistols, revolvers, mercenaries, foreign aid in lieu. In the Middle East, foreign policy, to keep all the Muslim states as independent states, sell arms to them all so they can defend themselves against each other and do not attack the West. In mistake, another war, two, Kuwait, settled in account, yet as often foreign wars funded by both Russian and America in duel. In post USSR, Russian, Eastern Europe, no intervention yet a NATO crew, in aftermath infrastructure, health and social care redeveloped in support. Northern Ireland, politics, religion, building gangs racketeering, the possibility of Northern Ireland being used as a landing pad for the invasion of mainland UK, Europe. European tank divisions to cover the Eastern armour. Brexit, a lifetime of being told we were all told to eat Brussel spouts but did they merely repeat on themselves, the tv shows such as the Gravy Train, comedies set in

What a chance in challenge vision 2020. In vision. The year 2020. I have already answered every question you may have and may ever have of me. In future, the year 2020, a very commonly known cliché, saying, phrase, 2020 vision, perfect eyesight. In hindsight, should generations look back, which or what vision would we bring. Magnificence. A model for international politics. The British Government

In a vision 2020, in plain sight for all to see. The miracle of the universe. "My learned friend, you do not appear to have the wisdom in vision that the British Government showed the world in the year 2020".

The aim of a democratic government is to govern its people not rule. When ruling a populace, a government should be careful as to where its line is drawn. In the government of the United Kingdom wealth is collected from the populace and redistributed to account for any short-failings in how government has functioned previously, for instance the NHS, the Social Security system, and how recently (2019) £100M was set-aside to manage persons with drug and alcohol problems, creating employment for staff and the facilities of rehabilitation for persons experiencing difficulties in life so they are able to have another life again, I know several heroin addicts and alcoholics whom have received rehab support, counselling, medication, and gone on to find employment and relationships. Over time. Difficulties arise with waiting lists to receiving counselling, sometimes as much as a year, such that over that year additional difficulties have been incurred which then need counselling for as well. The age of austerity and criticism merely cost more money and ruined countless lives, placing additional pressure on the NHS, police, as the line was drawn in the wrong place. Private companies such as Atos Assessment cost more money than they saved and the money just went to profiteering rather than to the persons whom were in need, and persons whom had already received an indefinite lifetime award for DLA were needlessly reassessed at cost and then didn’t received their funds, hospitals and care homes had been closed on the condition that persons could pay for their own care out of DLA, yet then in transferring to PIP these promises were broken. The line drawn in society of Social Security in that the National Insurance Scheme is an insurance scheme for the nation so that none starve, start a riot or civil war. Unfortunately all do not reach pension age, and the funds invested into the National Insurance Scheme are considered to be redistributed to persons in need, with of course the interest of the state. In the age of austerity this line became blurred and police chiefs reported in the press that the line had become so blurred more crime was committed, and as persons whom were ill were not receiving treatment or funding their health conditions worsened to the point they may not recover meaning a greater long-term cost caused by poor policy. At the fin de la décennie the government had laid out its plan, including looking after the elderly and the disabled, one would note in the era of criticism the government and the press seemed to criticize each group in turn, from the elderly, the students, the underemployed, the poor the sick and the needy, it is hoped in a model and vision in 2020 the government have the sense to turn the wheel and now continue in policy and look after all these persons, the populace of the United Kingdom and its peoples, lest poor policy costs another Prime Minister or leads to a change in government.

02022020 I have already answered every question you may ever have of me
The Night Of A Thousand Knives

"You’re not doing anything, Thelemia, are you. Here’s a fiver for what it’s worth. Take this ceramic round to Bob’s."
"Thelemia. I’ve got a Dayrider. You can have that."
Close quarters confined space. Another day, another dolly, another crash test dummy.
"What is it this time. Crystal."
"No. One of those new ceramics. From Egypt. Sharp as a tuck."
I don’t think this is a good idea.
"Fuck you, nigger."
"Fuck you and your whore."
"Fuck you you are a whore."
"Fuck this shit, I’m off then."
The transport drew into sight amidst the static mist. With a huff of the air-brakes and a sharp intake of air Thelemia boarded. Tunes on. Static streak fade. Fuck it. What’s the worst that’s going to happen. Not like I haven’t killed before, not that anyone knows that. Why do I got these shitty jobs anyhow. Maybe they do know. Fuck it. What’s the worst that can go wrong. If the worst comes to the worst I can use it myself. Not like I haven’t killed before. Not that anyone knows. That’s was years ago know. Terminals. Lifers. Killers. Mercenaries. Sick of it. That wasn’t my dream. Not like I’m a thief; not like I stole a life, they stole mine.

Morphine (song)

More friends in this world than I ever could believe
More dreams in every universe than I could ever perceive
Eden in voice in ever again

Cancer ward. Life prisoners, the guvnor. Soldiers. Sailors. The high flyers. Everday the folded paper brought they faces to the door, and everyday the paperboy brought more. Sick of it.
"How many today then my friend."
"Usual metrics. One dead. Two dying. Three telling a story to each other."
Knife crime. Sick of it. Scaple, scissors, blades, tin-openers, cocktail sticks, Saint Theresa’s bare-flesh bloody boned finger. All methods of accidental murder taught by or to victims of domestic, sexual, physical abuse. In another Dojo, heat cameradery.
"You’re right, tougher sentences, swifter processing and prosecutions."
So, as you two, standing here before me today, am I passing judgment, passing the time of day, passing wind, or just wasting my fucking time here.
"Without snapping his wrist."
"What, snap his elbow, dislocate his shoulder, but don’t slash the back of his neck or shatter his lower three vertibrae, as that may be a none recoverable injury."
"Ischtaarn, without snapping his wrist, bore, bore, need I say more really."
"Ok."
Three quick moves, in reverse, in words. Finger and thumb.
"Ischtaarn. Put the knife down."
Daemon Hunter’s.

Processes Of Thought

The perception that the torture teams were reading my thoughts caused in effect my thought processing to change such that it was merely the torture which was the causatory factor. The fact that the torture was conducted at high-speed meant that my thought processing would sometimes
occur at high-speed, especially when the torture teams attempted to reel set patterned phrases or repeated false memories at high-speed.

It would appear many systems attempted to take the ancient wisdom and apply it backwards in order to control rather than to administer healing. The ancient wisdom is that after death the body is lifeless and decays without breath, so the body can be said to be a vehicle for the astral light particle of the human soul; unfortunately some cults attempted to reverse this wisdom from healing to death by attempting to use them as vehicles to drive toward their own goals.

When the ancient texts may have stated 'take my wisdom and do with it what you will', or perhaps abbreviated as 'do what thou wilt', it was not meant such as that one could take the wisdom by-the-letter i.e. w-i-s-d-o-m and reverse it to a point where it means the opposite, i.e. an 180 degree rotation between 'w' and 'm' as obviously all this is doing is taking the wisdom and changing it to a point which was not its original intention so far as to speak it originates from another direction the intention of the reader not the writer, similar to Satanism the S-m taking the wisdom and reflecting in such a manner it meets my own needs and ends. This however is all academic.

The torture attempted to create false memories, attempted to infer something had happened to me or someone had done something to me, whereas in fact the only thing that was wrong was the torture that was applied to me, especially in 2008-2010. Parts of the torture attempted to blank my mind, instil false memories, blank my mind again, and then flash back these false memories at high-speed in order to trigger pressure to kill myself. There were several other attempts to hypnotise me to kill myself using various methods. In 2008-2010 the torturers would read words as part blocks in order to confuse the meaning of words, to sound as references to sex, masturbation, money, generic insults, to the point where I couldn't remember a word of English. I considered that the mind must speak in a language itself, and so used this language, which I called Angelichst, the language of the angels, to teach myself English again. Further torture using a bombardment of voices attempted to make me enact words or sign-out phrases and false insults. The torture in 2008-2010 also used words read by-the-letter such that the letters expanded into phrases and mantras which triggered seizures, and confused numbers in patterns in reflections to attempt to trigger. The actual ancient wisdom is such that when one reads language (engages in conversation or writing), by studying a word, its root, origination (as often described in a dictionary), one can sometimes infer or otherwise determine, in order to draw more meaning and wisdom from the power of 'the word'.

_Samurai_

Samurai. Give me one good reason why I should not use my skill today.

Does he hit you.
Does he beat you.
Does he cut you.
Does he rape you.
Does he feed you.
Does he use coercive and controlling behaviour.

(she as equally as he)
Catch The 22

Hellow ~ Hálo ~ If you’re in a position you don’t want to be in we’ll help you out ~ What does that entail exactly ~ I know you’re hanging out your ass ~ Harknest ~ Life may drag on sometimes my voice may drone on ~ We’ll hook up for breakfast ~ B7q breaker break 92 ~ 93 93 93

Second Sight

>4° you have helped everyone to an unfathomable degree.

36 we all know you've done nothing wrong.

Degrees

5° I see you listened to my observation on a different level and responded straight away to my guidance.

33° Although you are not one of our line you have shared such wisdom with us that we may presume that we have met before, or you have heard the same voice of wisdom we have in our line. Maybe even so far as to say we saw the First Holy Temple together in Jerusalem.

raise the level of the bar
/& help us and we'll help you
cross us and we'll cross you
for there is only one rule here
the line of Freemasonry

We see how well you hear the line of our God.
(Mason's thumb)(Papal hand)
By way of introduction, as a rule of thumb, we always keep a look out for good persons with whom we can work alongside.

Fae

"The fae world is getting harder and harder to walk away from its invitations."

"I know the false world, with its distractions and false attractions, can sometimes make you feel regrets about social interactions, you must always remember you have many guardian angels here, as you are a good person, an angel, my friend :)"
MARTIAL ARTS


DANCING

Two left one right up down turn around administer healing. Dance memory.

****

It was one of those spontaneous nights out. We had entered the club excitedly and bounced up the stairs. I took her handbag and asked the DJ to look after it and we had a good night dancing.

BEST AVOID SATAN'S CASINO

The age of austerity. The era of criticism. The time of numbers and scale in attempt to fool the populace into the false suggestion that any individual was unimportant when all are as important as any other or any another. Easy to kill someone yet perhaps more difficult to keep someone alive. People were dying trying to find God and fighting over opinions which did not originate as their own. Diving through the cold rain Icshtaarn moved swiftly along two streets. The key slid and clicked.

Whispers fell into the dark. Autumn air shared chill as Icshtaarn re-awoke. Remembering a lady who played a better game at the Casino, and as was well known, Pontoon was always twenty-ones, ten and a Lady of Luck, preferably hearts. Icshtaarn rose from his knees, turning and pacing, cloaking t-shirt shabbiness with a black jacket. Seagulls hovered and called directions to each other outside the balconied window. Icshtaarn examined the envelope. Black pen scribed a temporary current address on the front, the postage stamp revealing little else of difference. Icshtaarn turned over the white-bleached envelope and in a matched enlightening as the seal unpeeled, a spiralling of blue string, coiled and effervescing, shone out into sight as the adhesive unkissed fascination discovering worth in unspoken time.

"Take it or you'll get nothing."

The retired neighbour had busied himself that day. A venomous whisper in propensity of sense. How did the neighbour know that which the envelope contained. An offered payment, as Ischtaarn had wanted to resolve the discrepancy and leave it in the past, at this stage in the only way they knew. A token payment. Money.

The afternoon had been dreamy amidst the summered sky and clouds. Journeying to the seafront Icshtaarn sat cross-legged as the middle aged couple sighted in view, walking at a brisk pace, not holding hands.

"Why doesn't he invest-i-gate."

The woman had seemed to inflect in a manner which would seem to highlight yet mask which intelligence service was paying particular interest. The Polish had a method of sitting either side of you, speaking to each other in such a manner that eventually the words sounded not unlike English, suggesting an easy passage and an easy life. The Russians could escort anywhere yet one was never quite sure of the method nor the destination. The Americans would, as Hollywood, invite a rendezvous with a courtesan offering a more traditional lift in automobile. The east in passing.
Two left, one right, up, down, turn and twirl around. The perfect dance move that complemented every song. He hadn’t sold his soul to Satan in return for the skill of dance yet the memory of the steps taught by the High Priestess ensured he rarely missed a step or a half. The transport glided through the rainbowing blur as it sped towards the centre of population. The low hum rose slightly, then faded to silentness as the fields of currents switched their focus, and brang the passengers to a gentle halt. Stepping out hand-in-hand to the levelled platform, Yiko Koto took lead, pulling him along in her keenness, steps sweeping away the water in Ba Gua mud-walking style. Swinging her hand and arm, making his sway like the motion of a swing that had been gently pushed.

"You are my guiding star."

Her walking slowed slightly in relaxation, and in a slow soft lullaby, her heart sang out the traditional Tanabata (たなばた or 七夕) song into his eyes:

Sasa no ha sara-sara ささのはさらさら The bamboo leaves rustle, rustle,
Nokiba ni yureru のきばにゆれる shaking away in the eaves.
Ohoshi-sama kira-kira お星さまきらきら The stars go twinkle, twinkle;
Kingsunago きんぎんすなご? Gold and silver grains of sand.

Climbing back onto the transport, the whirling engine and wheels took them on their journey to the bright town lights of Kitakyūshū cybertechnic. In anonymous infamy it was always good to be greeted wherever he travelled yet who in how is a stranger a friend.

"There is no God."
"I know."
"There is no God I know more than any other."
"Any other I know."
"Good. We understand another."
"One. Good. God I know."
"Au revoir."
"Friend."

Into the draw of a forgotten day Icshtaarn convulsed as an iced sternum rippled, sending a shrapnel chill in frozen shockwaves sharply across a bewildered body. Raising from the thickness of a taunted sleep, in the seconds it took to awake, Icshtaarn remembered. Neurotransmitters charged and refocused, will unified in co-operation with the suppressed motor firings, and the streams began. Searing pain rose from Icshtaarn's abdomen, scything in vicious sweeps, slashes of torment sickening souls to despair; shoulders clasping as tense fear ripped down spine, rainbowing in frequency, similarity descending along a lowering of time, ringing until an independence of mindedness graced an epoch dawn in composured lines. Awaking into a more direct consciousness, the Automation ignited a reboot in veiled intricacies, the voiced readout giving its morning greeting.

"Somatosensory regulation indicates an equivalence in auditory and visual pattern matched learning, facilitating both unilateral and multilateral spatial comprehension. Sequential and time delayed comprehension exhibit equal bias. A slight left-hemisphere dominance; balanced input response lowers any distinction. Parallel macro and micro comprehension achieved. Abstraction and proof easily interlaced."

Relocating to a different abode on Friday the 13th seemed to make no difference in Icshtaarn's paved fate. A few friends had visited, and the charade played again its untimely cards.

"Did you lie to Satan?"
The female voice was indistinct in its cryptic narrative and Ischtaarn's mind fell to a time ten years and some two months before. A memory of a Hell that would long never lay forgotten. The Golden Dawn had already announced their presence with a sense in an illusion. Psychologically tortured to an epoch dawn whereby it seemed as though a hidden voice thought in opposing decision to Ischtaarn's own, to a collapse in reality to a stasis point in hold. And then another voice in guidance. Years before Ischtaarn had already recreated the experience twice in order to disperse the effect. Yet the torture teams in contemporary time seemed to pursue his mind to the fathoms of insanity. Over years he had shown the dead Earth through his eyes and taught daemons their hell was not his. An angel guided every word yet in curse a daemon contorted in bind. No he cried on my shoulder. Reminded in time of the time he had cried on my shoulder before. From July's line in scry to August, a speck of gold dust in friendship returning on a wisdom in the winds. 'I don't know if God is here yet I know the *ping* Golden Dawn is here'. Ischtaarn's mind tricked into visioning a place where after a long descent in fall there was a membrane, a shield in reflex, which stopped his screams. Yet then in repeat taken to the place again only without the membrane present, such that his screams in his mind had nothing in break and fell into tortured oblivion. A year or so later this would be repeated again until the weightless shrills broke Ischtaarn's voice into a silentness of breath with no sound. Yet the three torture teams continued in the Hells of illusion. A vision of the eye of the Egyptian Goddess Isis led into a tortured toil in pyramid of advance within the wrath of Ra. High-speed audio, interlaced audio, high-speed 'static noise' which could be directed to cause pain, seizures, and occasionally effect motor control, variously played the illusions of the Egyptian Gods, with the 'comply or die', 'you must not resist', and supposed viewpoints and foretelling of death, a warped Egyptian Book of the Dead. By September the weather had turned to the illusion of Victorian Freemasonry, the 'how do you keep an idiot in suspense' gag aiming to see in third-degree whether the proponent ran, confessed, or had hanged himself before the kill-team showed on the Tuesday. Having nowhere to run, Ischtaarn choose another day; no illusion appeared. Interrogation teams followed in three tiers in parody of the three spans in the Tree of Life and the ancient structure in a path in wisdom. Three teams in succession in torture such that by the third team the only thing tortured-out under torture were the false lines the first torture team had implanted. By October a team similarly tortured in reflection, via a method of making it only possible for Ischtaarn to think in English whilst he was also speaking aloud in tongues - of course, that which he was speaking aloud in tongues was merely that which was being broadcast by the radio equipment such that it would appear that Ischtaarn was saying the words, yet the accent, inflection, and intonation would all be completely different to that of Ischtaarn's own pattern. November's type of card-sharp seemed as though they wouldn't have even dug a grave in the frozen chill, attempting to show Ischtaarn he still had a life here, even though they meant as an assassin in unknowing kill to be covered by a death by own hands - complete the programmed sequence and self-terminate; only cleared in the lab by Ischtaarn's reprogramming. The 1st, 8th, 18th, December built the sequence. Ischtaarn's magickal diary reduced to documenting the black magick which was being used in attempt upon him.

Evening broke. In steps of honed martial expertise, will graced a determined path away from the misleading clocks of the Town Centre amidst a cracked pavior by the Post Office, towards the seafront and tonight's unbeknown card play of blind date. Crossing a silent road Ischtaarn breathed gently while standing in view of a shaded calm sea. From a position of left of rear the uninvited rendezvous sounded its place. "Find the answer in death that you didn't find in life."

The tombstone voice held a bewilderment in its inflections and Ischtaarn quickly figured that didn't seem to be the best course to take. As Ischtaarn's mind heard death life was heard in his mind in a female voice in guardian angel. As though a voice sounded He's lying at the same time as the catchphrase read. In its stead Ischtaarn turned back and started once again in the direction in which he vaguely remembered approaching. The moonlight cast shadow against Ischtaarn's back, slow
determined steps gracing return from the cliff-top encounter, wheeling away the speeched thoughts of yet another assassin. Now alone, Icshtaarn unfolded cloaked collar to upright; a grasp of protection against the approaching night. Herein terror was Icshtaarn's bargained journey, often fear of false persecution would guardian in deterrent of raised bid in cut or cult, and a reflexed mind traced out routines of combat that may have passed another night.

Methods of torture had attempted to train the mind to think in language, which when iterated by the letter sparked other language constructs which when iterated by letter or interpreted as parsed symbols sparked seizures - training oneself to seizure on alternate sides reduced injury, avoiding seizures whilst on back or stomach, as well as arms shielding head, knees bent in emergency position. The training-in miming/signing in language, followed by phrases spoken-in, to mimic control or forcing of signing to thought - most commonly by repeating phrases after initial action such that after a prolonged period shouting the phrases caused 'barking dog' effect. Attempted 'hijack' of the sound of the narrative thinking voice, such that when writing the mind would accelerate against an accelerated voice to the point of 'snap', whereby thoughts would be suggested which would be written down as there would be confusion between own thoughts and those suggested due to the thinking narrative voice sounding similar to that of the voice used in suggestion. Hypnotism of characterisations within the mind, psychologically torturing such characterisations within the mind, as weird as it sounds. Using radio equipment hundreds if not thousands of voices and opinions had been projected in order to attempt to influence, control, manipulate, human psychology, in a damaging and unhelpful sense, as well as trivial insults and false accusations. Often a series of illusions were projected, and replayed at a later date in order to convince or control. In addition, often a phrase or voice was projected, then repeated, 'Écoute et répète', in order to attempt to exert control. Other methods included mimicking what occurs in the human psychology under conditions of nervous breakdown. For example iterating back through a subset of life memories which had been extracted under torture, in order to attempt to overlay and distort these memories in attempt to create a false memory that never existed. As a warning to all, the basis of these routines had seemed to be to hypnotise or transmit sound into the mind with high frequency ultrasonic beams directed like a laser prolonged duration mimicking schizophrenia, in attempt to form an expression of a dead person, enforce an action to be done on their behalf via a method of causing severe pain to the point of seizures, and then subsequently an attempt to drive to suicide with said expression. Executions. Mock executions. In allusion an innocent walked by under hypnotism, as though killed as named backwards to his own in mirror mirage.

Life seemed duller now amongst the poor and rich alike. Years tracking that bad turn amidst a sense of absent sleep had merely brought the insignificance of another cliff-top encounter. At precisely 11pm Icshtaarn found himself strolling at speed through a distanced City Centre. As per usual, the two clocks on the opposing angled buildings were slightly out of synchronisation. More worse so, neither tower represented that which Icshtaarn would consider time in itself. In a slightly lowered stance of martial progress Icshtaarn walked along in cloak, eyes scanning right to encompass a stillness of disempowered offices and then reflexing in relaxation to full-left in a comprehensive oversample of all points of intent and activity. Such was Icshtaarn's own training, as glance echoed in turn, the adrenal rush of ripple in his waist arched an area of viewed purpose to extend slightly beyond normal perception. Sensing subtle movements in the air flows of peripheral vision, Icshtaarn continued the grace of gaze in order to fully view the surrounding scenes behind him, without betrayal of recognition, and enabling an instantaneous snapshot of the memorised view. Pausing in an unnoticeable step by the left corner of the Post Office building the journey continued in determined pace. An image was interpreted in delay via the temporary synaptic fusion of stored vision; the stranger walking slightly behind, crossing in rear path from right to left; had carried a rolled paper in his hand. In a slight time-lapsing of focused memory retrieval, Icshtaarn inspected the memory in greater closeness, and as an animation flickered amongst the hidden depths of his mind,
a cascading stream of thought gave witness to the stranger's arm raising in the glide of walk. Focusing further, Icshtaarn's will of desire revealed the detail in the folded, coiled, paper. A logolike image with accompanying text. Seemed familiar, yet who could tell in this jurisdiction. A multilateral comparison with meshed information patterns in memory matched to a set of plausible combinations of identification. Though mapped onto a different plane, the text and illustration on the picture peaked to a threshold of belief, and the object placed itself in understanding as Icshtaarn's foot impacted from heal to full-foot on the concreted ground. Though companionship gleamed a mindfulness of intended recognition, the darkness of the night prohibited an approach which would have shared more the drinks of penned enlightenment in the nowhere of sighted friendship. Icshtaarn continued on anonymously, and a few steps later an unknown young lady walked by, casually speaking as she passed behind the male figure.

"Not much of a friend. Then."

The line-drop seemed of no immediate consequence, nor gave need for any reactionary response, and Icshtaarn thought little more on the matter except mindedness of its memory. He had never seen either the man or the young lady before. A little more than a month or so later, cloak revealed, the man would state, 'I do not wish to read any more of your work or talk to you about your work'. Strange persona from a course lecturer. On an evening in golden dawn Icshtaarn saw the man in hat accompanied hand-in-hand by a common law wife. As a matter of love Icshtaarn decided to spare a deadlier fate.

The basement room was the kind of damp that was more suitable for propagating mushrooms most typically found in tropical rainforests. The harrowed curtains were rarely drawn back. The only view a sloping half-garden topped by a shallow wall which just about masked the traffic in the road beyond. The articles Icshtaarn had been antipathetically posting during the previous days had seemed to shout back voices in his mind which seemed to shout off those voices which haunted deep from earlier attempted Great Works. Yet today's was different in its singularity.

"What are you scared of?"

The booming male voice spoke as if across the ether; unknown, slightly harsh, demanding in answer. Almost as though a Masonic sonnet in Grandmaster. Its ghost heard Icshtaarn's muttering thoughts which in the shock of the moment didn't really give much of a time in thought process to process reply.

"Being killed in sleep."
"Then we shall wake you up."

Icshtaarn stood away from the dining table which hosted a borrowed computer and passed out into unconsciousness. In a colour dream Icshtaarn saw himself as though in centre, viewed from the front in stage, at an angle slightly above. Within a few seconds Icshtaarn awoke from its entrance. Standing up, again, Icshtaarn was knocked unconscious by the unseen epileptic force; again the same vision. Icshtaarn had been reminded of how a few years earlier a torture team had hypnotised him as he fell into nightly sleep such that he dreamt in terror of that which had been spoken in nightmare. Icshtaarn was unsure whether these new visions made him feel more or less terrified.

In quest anon. Scientific Illuminism. Nine years in attempt to understand wisdom. Yet in event, merely an effort to destroy Icshtaarn's existence.
Combat initiated. Icshtaarn stepped into stance, left foot back, right foot forward, left arm behind back. The antagonist launched tirades of swinging punches each deflected by Icshtaarn with a swoop of the arm and a flick of the hand. 'Why are you scared when you can fight like that.' Kicks followed, each padded down in similar phase.

"Don't kick above the waist."
"Now he thinks he's training me."

Unrealising a combat was actually in session, Icshtaarn allowed a move in close to body and leg contact. The opportunity was missed as the two fell into the grapple, legs wrapped. Realizing it was a position he did not want to be in, Icshtaarn stood up. Combat was over. Icshtaarn's masters had taught him how to breathe. How to sit upright. How to walk. Icshtaarn never saw himself as in combat. Twenty to thirty body shots, my proponent is going to hurt themselves, 'Lego' figurine hands, contact with base of hand at inner elbows, holding force of biceps at base. Sameness again, in repeated combat, an antagonist merely falls over when examined in gaze.

One skilled in fleet of foot had shown the gift of healing to Icshtaarn's wrist when requested, a firm lock of the right wrist to Icshtaarn's right with a circling of the elbow. Practising another movement immediately after, extending the wrist and elbow as though from shoulder; later teaching another the weightlessness of the wrist and elbow in healing shoulder. The same healer had previously warned Icshtaarn in prevention of a style war, and Icshtaarn had been surprised at the fact that although he had only demonstrated a manoeuvre to two or three female friends, one night two large framed men had entered the inn and one had spoken the same words whilst in demonstration of will to the other. Another of Ischtaarn's masters, after a meditative evening at a local inn, had a strange habit of standing and enforcing Ischtaarn to learn the same style with the other hand as torrents of strikes landed, presumably so as to state that he had quashed sufficient refreshments, had taught enough for the day, and that it was time to seek repast and then rest. A bout would typically end with Icshtaarn being placed in a wrestling hold, head lock or similar, as was the master's perchant. Restarting in fury again after each clean break, often the gambit would finalise with both simultaneously showing each other a would have been conjoined fatal strike in slow motion. Reminding of the times the second hand on the clock had appeared to remain in stasis whilst he counted, two, four, seconds.

Breaking from the front attack angle with a long step to the side and then arc to rear Icshtaarn had ceased the contact with a sideways turn of palms. Icshtaarn never knew whether this meant he had lost or whether this master had merely grown tiresome of Ischaarn's Chi Sau.

"Your spine is open."
"Thank you for teaching."

Another night. Icshtaarn joined his hands in sign to order a drink, as though to say in the rōnin tongue 'May I; I am sorry that it is me today that you are serving; I am not your master you are not my slave'. Two youthful students were demonstrating their art to one another.

"Ahh."

Icshtaarn stepped outside and pondered the moment, discerning that in sufficiency a demonstrator should tell a story as the movements were relayed. Standing in conjunctive Icshtaarn mimed in rhyme. A female voice sounded in telling of the movements as Icshtaarn imagined the conversation that might be taking place inside the inn. 'I am taken aback by what you have just shown me there, master.' Returning to the bar alongside his companion they discussed attack angles, and weapon
arcs, closing in on several truths. A receptive student would often hear all voices that were in
conversation in and all as groups of people interacted in play. His companion told him how the
master had defeated the youthful student's move. Although Icshtaarn had passed by her back he
hadn't witnessed either move himself from outside. Many years before Icshtaarn had been in run
with a man skilled in the art of ninjutsu whom heard a voice cry for help whilst inside a building in
voodoo priestess. A mime in play and replay. Remembering even years before disrupting two
combatants when seeing the side of the head of one of the proponent's glow red, or separating
three bloodied instigators when one was outnumbered two to one on the floor via a lift in
weightlessness. Sorry my friend there were two against one there. The armoured car that smoothed
by a few minutes later.

In another world.

"None of us know how you play like that. None of us know what style that is or how you do that.
Were you one of our students we might suggest that you open your own dojo."
"Now why would I wish to do a thing like that. May we share a meal together, in memory shared of a
shared memory before."
"Kill them all, without mercy, without exception, without adherence to any law this side of Heaven,
Earth, Hell, Eden!"
"Our master fights from the front!" Inflicting non-lethal wounds on sixty percent of the opposing
force, and on ten percent of his own disciplined line, Icshtaarn spoke.

"The gift of healing you shall learn well. I am best friends with every and all even when they have
attempted to kill me, and even when they are not friends with each other."

Icshtaarn had seen his own Grandmaster shed a tear only twice. Once when his Grandmaster's
mother had passed away and once a few weeks before he had died himself, holding Icshtaarn's
hand, blood pumping from his neck, a look of calmness in master Father to Son in show no fear of
death.

The aim to teach them their art to such a level they learn there is no point in fighting.

Sparring with the wind guessing wisdom twice, moving within all.

A Master returns. Pushing hands in practice twice.

I know it looks as though we are fighting. Yet we are in fact merely remembering our friendship and
demonstrating new wisdom we have learnt on our travels.

Pushing hands.
Pushing hands.
No tai chi tonight.
I had a bruise but it has healed now.
Ah, in see, no need to fight.

Never fight the wind, spar with it by all means, yet always flow within.

MORPHINE

There are more things in this world than we can ever understand, my friend. Meanwhile, here's
something for the pain; if you can still hear me, then I'll get around to you as soon as I can, and if not
this time, then in Eden. In the meantime, don’t worry about a thing my friend. Although there are many things in this world that we may never understand, there is one thing in this world which we all understand as well as another, my friend.

And so the wars of the first part of the century dispersed amidst sullen laughter.

"There is no God."
"I know."
"There is no God I know more than any other."
"Any other I know."
"Good. We understand another."
"One. Good. God I know."
"Au revoir."
"Friend."

One good God I know. In a veiled history, a library containing a book in a cellar, rumoured to be the wisdom of the universe, in quest the Knights Templar found the Qu’ran. A Freemason-esque system of torture may torture a Christian to attempt the belief that the wisdom is Islam and they were wrong all along in spit; in Islam, it’s not that bad my friend; if it is that bad my friend, come be a friend with our sistered system. A circle in the sands. In the contemporary era, the Church of England updated their line to encompass LGBTQ (I do hope you find the colour of the rainbow with which you shine), the Roman Catholics updated The Lord’s Prayer (and let us fall not into temptation, previously and lead us not into temptation), Freemasonry ruled that not admitting transgender persons was unlawful (rather ironic as part of the ancient Freemason torture routine replayed upon myself in 2008-2010 variously included torture lines such as ‘are you gay son’, ‘are you a Geisha girl’, the old suit and boot in stockings, and so on. Perhaps however in mirror of Aleister Crowley with the statement Law; Love, surely it was unlawful to have a law which prevented persons from expressing their love for each other). The OTO and the AA reputedly updated their lines also. The Hells Angels had updated their line via the Aquila and Satans Slaves. I was told peacefully Satans Slaves had updated Aquila as they had ‘sat down and had a meeting, and the older members had agree with the younger members wishes to change name’. Perhaps this had been babble speak for ‘sat down and(Satan’s Slaves)(had a meeting)(Vs)(and the older members had agree with the younger members)(Aquila)(wishes to change name)(2-0). North Coast. West Coast. California. The leader of the pack considered it worthier to be wrapped up indoors and free his fellow members of the burden of their sins by taking the can amongst a clouded smoke cloak. The Hells Angels are always good to me, once at club Voodoo Lounge a friend of mine was waiting near to the door, the Angels were minding the door, and when I asked what the entry fee was, my friend nodded to the Angels, who nodded to the lady cashier, and entry was granted, as my friend wanted to speak to me about something. In another dimension, I placed a Queen of Clubs on a shuttered door, in echo of the King of Clubs, a flyer often used for clubs in Brighton; unfortunately a Pixie fell soon after, a folded cardboard box. The circle in the sands. In martial combat it is often said that it is a force unknown which moves the move. And so in the sands they fought for two nights and two days in no progress nor prosper, and so a circle was drawn in a series of lines which marked how we share the same God, we share the same sun, we merely mirrorly see it from a different angle, we share the same moon, we simply view it from a different perspective, we share the same stars. In between 11th November 1918 and 1st September 1939 doth Aleister Crowley develop a system of wisdom in morale to survive all war. For if God hath gone what fate findeth Satan. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law (Do what you will with this information, bearing in mind that there is a war on) Love is the law, love under will.
In 2008 I was tortured by several different torture teams. In July 2008, "Did you lie to Satan", in reply, "No, Satan merely cried on my shoulder". In August 2008 a gust of wind brought the Golden Dawn past my building, "I don't know if God is here, yet I know the *ping* Golden Dawn are here". In September 2008, the torture team scared the shit out of me, the Freemason third degree. The original wisdom was that a Freemason would venture out into the world, see what there is to see, report back news, good or bad, and in the worst case send word in dispatches. However, the torture seemed to be more along the lines of 'how do you leave an idiot in suspense'; on the Friday the torture team stated that on Tuesday they would turn up and kill me. 'Will he confess, will he run, will he stand in retrospect'. For the next few days the team tortured me. The aim seemed to be to attempt to get me to hang myself, similar to a threat in 2007, similar to how Satan had attempted in 1998; even so far as to suggest if I did kill myself they would turn up and hang me anyway. On Tuesday I awaited the team to turn up. The team did not arrive. In that September the torture increased, it did seem that the torture team did not care whom they killed. In October 2008 the Church of Scientology tortured me with their method, in November 2008 the AA the wrong way round tortured me, not only did they aim to kill but kill nastily, in December 2008 a group of Satanists tortured me, they said they would stop torturing me if I named another. The torture increased in severity. I did not.

In 2009 the tortured team voice sounded, "If we wanted to kill you", followed by a pause. This was how this particular first-half and second-half part sentence operated; by this point the torture was so severe my mind would automatically sound back a response to any interrogated question, the difficulty was that this response was generated from within my brain in a random schizophrenic-like manner, such that I would often have no conscious thought process in reply, or in later systems of torture, my mind would reply a pre-suggested answer, in attempt at false confession. In this instance, I didn't really think much, probably something along the lines of "we would have killed you". I applied for an MA amidst more torture, although the fact that they continued to torture me during the MA course such that I could barely stay conscious for the 3-hour lecture, and would lie on my stomach typing at the laptop, such that if the team increased the torture my head didn't have very far to drop. They were complete bastards about it though, as I particularly remember a time when my head dropped onto my arms in seizure, and then the torture team enacted a move (by repetitive programmed suggestion) such that I pulled my arm from out under my head rapidly so my head fell the final few centimetres to the floor.

At some point in 2008-2010 torture team made it look like they killed a woman, a man, and then a teenager. Either I could see into the future, albeit more a glimpse of something that was happening elsewhere at the time, or they were using radio-radar like equipment to beam in a rather vague image the perception of which is difficult to describe, and were showing me how they were killing people, or at least how they were about to kill the next person. At the time I was writing how at many times in my life a voice had spoken to me in my mind when I felt suicidal and had considered otherwise, various describing as virtual reality, voices of guardian angels, and so forth. Whatever or which it was that kept me alive was external to my own consciousness, so there seemed little point in them killing me. It seemed that the torture team were attempting to drive me to suicide by attempting to create the illusion that they were killing others by driving them to suicide. I distinctly remember a female voice saying, "And there's nothing you can do about it", after they had walked a teenager past me, and made out that they had specifically killed her as when read 'backwards in the mirror' the letters of my named somehow resembled the same name. The illusions were unconvincing at first, yet with each successive death my mind was able to doubt less. When the count was forty-four, I stopped counting, not that any were remembered less, just than all were remember as one tally. Although there are many things in this world which I understand, it is perhaps the events of this time which I shall have no mind of.
Also in 2008-2010 Anonymous appeared on the scene. At the time things were rather vague as many systems had tortured me/were torturing me at once. A previous team had beamed- in, "Linux is shit", as part of the torture to prevent me with continuing with my freelance computer programming work, who probably weren't Anonymous. The end rhyme from Anonymous seemed to be three lines, "And no one will know what you have done", (a blank silent line), "yet you will forever be known amongst the name of Anonymous". Unfortunately at the same time there seemed to be a similar dual set of lines attempted to be hypnotised-in, such that the rhyme became confusing. The second rhyme seemed to be a suicide draw in call, "No one will believe what you have done, no one will believe you, may God forgive me for what I have done, I know I have done nothing wrong," and so on. Soon after this the torture teams left after layering-in enough torture using hypnotised cyclic rhyme to kill a herd of elephants, I managed on over the next few months amidst seizures and struggling to walk.

Officers sent to investigate police corruption, such as Russ Middleton, are already fully aware of the circumstances involved. Presumably it is a matter of comparing what is known to what is said, largely seeing if a subject has the stomach to sit there and show a bare-faced liar. I was once arrested via citizen’s arrest by a PCSO when I said I was going to die (from an epileptic-like seizure) the female PCSO promised a male PC that he’d “see a lot more of me around” as she waved her equipment in a hula-hoop type fashion if he’d let her take ‘the collar’ in battered eyelid. Experiencing seizures at the custody desk I mentioned the phrases ‘Freemasonry’ and ‘The Church of Scientology’ as I read the language notice board down to Arabic; a male officer came running out from the back room screaming ”I was want this man detained, I want this man..”, presumably as a reaction to the word Freemasonry - a rather false allegiance to Freemasonry over the rules of policing. In the cell I did some qigong exercises and had a nap as the seizures wore off. Liaising with the Security Service in 2008-2010 Chief Superintendent Jim Webster was replaced by Chief Superintendent Andy Bickley whom made the same mistake; leading to the car radio of the area commander being stolen from his car, presumably the Security Service considered the matter resolved with their sense of humour, as the three police area commanders had not listened. There are still two or three other incidents of assaults by police officers, and perhaps six other incidents involving police officers.

One day sitting idly in town I thought I’d check the facilities so I telephoned the number I had been given by Metropolitan police; to my surprise it was an answering machine. I left a message saying, "Just checking to see if you are working today". A few moments later a male uniformed police officer and a man in a light suit walked passed, the man saying in passing, "Just because you can’t see us doesn’t mean we’re not working". The Security Service and Metropolitan police seemed well mannered, and even took my sense a humour when Metropolitan police sent a message saying they were from Metropole and I replied, "were we out dancing last week", as I wasn’t sure whether it was one of my friendly pole dancers; being followed around the Hoe by several persons who pretended to speak into their collars, led me to take Metropolitan into NatWest Bank, seemingly a safe place, a bank locked after opening hours. The only difficulty being was that I was a bit knackered after being chased round Plymouth Hoe and as I could hear all the staff whispering in the backroom I couldn't really tell them anything. Other lines from spooks spoken to me in the street were, "Good Job", "Dib dib dib", although one never knew with spooks.

With the line "Dib dib dib" I wasn’t sure whether the suited man was going to stab me in the back as soon as I walked past, I figured it was largely a matter of having the confidence to walk past, a speedy right turret should necessitate. At other times I gave close protection to family members of the Security Service, the police force, advised on policing student clubland (after messaging, another evening the vans had parked across the road then backed away, the modern method of low-key policing avoiding the point of conflict, with a fast active appropriate response in replace, as proven one day when three cars, one with the doggy, appeared as if by magic), liaised with the police in
respect of vulnerable and missing persons, liaised with the police regarding martial artists. Police and judges mostly accommodated; I remember when accompanying a colleague to gain the result of a court case the receptionist had initially refused, there being two officers and a judge in the lobby also. Standing in position, I politely refused. The judge and officers looked at me and swayed in garment and left. The information was redeemed. Whilst in my younger days technically I may have hacked NASA, the CIA (a search engine had been a bit keen that day, the documents were marked top secret yet they were mostly boring planning applications; which was fine until a colleague of mine had noticed that the CIA seal that I was using on an overhead projector slide in a presentation was not the seal that was on their website, I think I had dragged the gif out from the Netscape cache), and the British Military, I was freelancing for the British Intelligence Service at the time. The Americans would, as Hollywood, invite a rendezvous with a courtesan offering a more traditional lift in automobile. The Polish had a method of sitting either side of you, speaking to each other in such a manner that eventually the words sounded not unlike English, suggesting an easy passage and an easy life. The Russians could escort anywhere yet one was never quite sure of the method nor the destination. The east in passing. Although in 2008-2010 local groups created illusions around me for fun as I did, like when I went for a walk west around Plymouth Hoe which ended with a lad saying, "Hope you enjoyed the spy game", followed by a group of people sat at a table, one of whom which indicated her engagement diamond as I walked on by; the games were not always so funny. There arose a discrepancy as to whether former service personnel were being eliminated, a serviceman had died at a road crossing; shortly afterwards a group attempted to pop me near the same place, and I attempted to detail this in a book, in deciphering how they conducted the illusion I removed a Rizla packet which had one of its edges cut in a saw-tooth pattern, shortly afterwards a lady died at the pedestrian crossing in town, a middle aged female walked past me and spoke, "what you remove at one end we replace at another", as though to attempt to terrify me that an assassination had occurred. Things became foggy around the time of NoR and several other response incidents within Plymouth City Centre. There were several groups attempting to bump me at the time.

A side-step in uniform, a few words in the ether, a hoody in turn, in return. The new IDEA, Same as the old IDEA. Yet perhaps the same for all of us, hoping for an new image and an upgrade, a new van with tinted backdoor windows. He must be fast or something, he just checked what we had in the boot, we’re out of here. A roof-rack permissible perhaps, yet ending up with an old outmoded saloon car with which to follow in pace. Similar to how in 2008 I had walked past a white van and as the side-door was slid shut the couple sounded, 'see how easy it would be for us to have got you in the back of the van'. A stroll round the shops, I think we saw the same thing yet had a different idea, how can we recompense these matters; they cried so much their eyes had turned back, when they started turning up with their eyes I saw their vision. "I’m stood here with the ‘brothers’ Justin and Harry” said a friend of mine inside a local shop. Well, what can I say about them. They’re muchly like you. Although they may have heard that a friend of mine was unwell, possibly suicidal, 72 dates seemed rather a lot; in an all-seeing eye, life is largely about finding the one whom is suitable for you, although things may not be steady at first, in time. I know we believe that if things don’t work out here God will create a miracle on the other side yet in the meantime you can stay here and help me.

Something for the pain, my friend. A system of morale amidst a moralless system. Be nice to each other, be good to each other. Punk Rock. I can’t eat gold or paper my friend. The rice I’m looking for is far more precious than that. I’m standing on the shoulders of giants here my friends. I don’t know how many have past for me to be standing here relaying this information to you now, and I know as soon as I stand up someone’s going to shoot me down, chop my head off, for even daring to speak up, and I know I’ve got no other option, no other way out of here, yet someone, somewhere, please tell me, is there anyway, anyone, anywhere, can tell me where there is a decent *expletive deleted extinction rebellion* gig on so I can raise my tilda tonight.
THE FORTH PROTOCOL

Whilst being tortured in 2008-2010 I indicated that I may have been involved with British Intelligence. I indicated that in 2006 I heard the Security Service broadcast from London top brass. The torture team then said, "If you can tune into our lines as well as you say can then" (guess this one) "You cannot be serious" (In a John McEnroe voice) to guess (the ball was in) in other words, the next war is in Syria. 2009. 2011. In a similar vein with no vanity. The reason why all the potential MP PM candidates are all fessing-up to cocaine use is because they all know how each other are guilty and no one wants to be Prime Minister anymore (as can be translated from the news stories they are telling each other). In politics, as journalism, when at a social event whereby the 'buffet' trolley is passed round it is usual to partake of a dab in order show amenability even if one does not partake of the pleasure oneself. Tony Blair. David Cameron. Theresa May. From the Security Service point of view, it is always difficult to provide an exit strategy for a former Prime Minister.

In the case of the last three Prime Ministers, we have watched how they have implemented or attempted to implement (un)popular policies based on a re-telling of the story of their own life; Tony Blair ) David Cameron (social security changes which may have benefited himself were his son still alive, surfing at Newquay). Theresa May (the age of austerity, from a background in the financial industry). We also notice that the three previous Prime Ministers have been given exit strategies, Tony Blair as a peace envoy in recompense for an unpopular, economics, politics, power, war, David Cameron, Theresa May, and come what may I shall always remember how much I love this country. So in order. Prime Minister. Traditionally, puppeted or rebellioned foreign states often model their strategies, politics, governship of their populace, based on an abstract model of British history, British politics, aristocracy. So for the fourth time. Prime Minister’s question time.

MEDITATION

They had dropped her to the floor. Twice. As they ran in for a third wave I had to look away. The young lady was pogoing on the spot, arms flat down her sides, she looked translucent almost, opaque. The woman running-in had a look of anger and aggression on her face, her fist was clenched in readiness to punch, her step such that she could go in for another kick. The second proponent, a tall male, was positioned in support next to the lead officer, he looked ready to use his arms yet his legs were in a wide-stance, almost side-on to my perspective. The other four officers were set to engulf from the right-hand side. The level of aggression was such that I couldn't see the colour of their uniforms, it was as though they were in plain clothes. I'm not sure which colour they glowed. I had to look away. I looked at the face of a friend and watched his expressions change as I heard the tinkle of impact. I looked back to the flattened scene. The grounded young lady spoke in a soft, calm, quiet voice, barely audible.

"Help me."

The door to the venue suddenly sprang open, and a friend of mine was running out from the enclosed building.

"Where is she."

I found myself on my feet also, echoing the sprint of the ninja. The samurai and the ninja had broken into run. As we strolled together I pondered on what he had said. 'Where is she'. As we stepped I figured he meant his female companion, perhaps he had gone into the toilets and had misplaced her location. I looked to where his friend was sat, on a side table. I remembered her name. I gestured to indicate her location.
"She's there."

I continued apace to the gathered crowd. I placed my hands on the young lady's head in healing like an Indian-head massage, as the six awaited in pincer, set out in toe and punt.

"Ssshhh."

The officer to my left shouted his instructions.

"Stop showing off."

I replied as best I could.

"No way guys."

The pack broke in lift and I arced to the right. The officer glanced my left-hand thumb, leaving a bruise for a couple of days, ironically in the same place where another friend of mine had bit as she held my hand in her teeth as she seizured, although that bruise had lasted several weeks. I returned to the same place I had left when I started in run. The bouncers seemed displeased as to my presence so I said au revour to my friends, and went to the local Jake's take-way for chips, with extra salt.

Martial arts practice could be strange at times. A few weeks later my seizures worsened. My flatmate and I had invited a Master whom had studied alongside Babaji in India to our abode. As we sat in the living room in conversation, I had to lie-down to one side as I could feel a seizure approaching. As I seized the Guru spoke to me and spoke to my flat-mate in turn. Within the seizure I visualized a young man, whom I had heard had studied with the Guru in India (I believe he was native to India). It was as though he was dancing as I was seizing, and his movements enabled my inner consciousness to discover the root of why my seizures had worsened; in endeavour, it would seem it was because I did not intervene to block the officers from attacking the slender young lady. The seizures were almost killing me. The manservant. Healing. Perhaps indeed the master and the student are one.

MEDITATION II Sunday 20/10/2019

Sentience. A sentence from a word in meditation.

Vishnu. Lord Vishnu. Listen to me and I will tell you everything you wish to know. Listen to me and I will dispel your fears, nightmares, terrors, and help all your wishes and good dreams come true become real. What is it that you wish to know. What is bothering you my friend. Vishnu. Please let me know you. Ephemeral only existing for a short time. Ethereal. These demons. You're the daemon hunter, hunt demons. These psychosomatic illnesses. These diseases. These things which weigh on the mind. The demands that the body makes on the mind subconsciously during illness which can cause symptoms of illness itself, and or in self can cause ill health. These diseases. Coughs and sneezes. Depression, anxiety, meditation medication sentient being well. Sentient. I was sent to the Earth in this life. Nonsense. Sense. By quoting back a sentence. What do you want in this life. Everyone else to get what they want. Healer. Warrior priest healer. Psychosomatic illnesses. Psychological illnesses. Mind-body. YOGA. Y-O-G-A. Y-thank you O- for the wisdom G- you have shown me A- today master. Schizophrenia. Sounds of voices in the mind some of which are unfriendly. See a doctor. Physician. Healthy self. Personality disorders.
so severe unable to process a thought to a whole sentence whilst thinking, fine however in speech, unless the torture was actively attempting to disrupt this, speaking in tongues, carrier wave

Schizophrenia sounds of voices in the mind some of which are unfriendly, the overloading/speed of which causes depression, disorientation, mental confusion, seizures, cause of which is overwork, long term stress, adrenaline burnout, prolonged torture. As a result of torture, when I think my narrative thinking voice sounds as a continuous stream of changing voices, usually three or four voices, changing every three or four words. Often the schizophrenic voices sound randomly as false accusations, insults, and so on often the torture was a bombarding with a series of questions.

Thus when treating with holistic voices in meditative therapy, the difficulty is that sometimes the schizophrenic voices shout back, so it temporarily worsens (the tortured used questioning, conversation, to torture, rather than to diagnose, heal), perhaps much like cancer may fight back against chemotherapy in an internal process, which is in the body where internal processes are outside the control of the mind, medication, surgery. Physician heal thy self. As we are talking our voices, thoughts, are healing each other. Psychosomatic illnesses, psychological conditions of anxiety, depression, caused by underlying medical condition tuberculosis. Physician heal thy self. If thou can show you can heal thine self overtime then heal others as equally as well.

Master, India, in climate, environment, temperament, may heal in time.

During the torture in 2008-2010, I would regain consciousness from seizures, with bruised and bleeding legs, and train out the injuries with tai chi, qigong, bagua chan. Sometimes standing on one leg in crane form, bending one leg gently, healing over time, when the other leg got jealous and I would switch to that leg and heal out the injuries there, switching legs. 70% rule. Possibly 90-101% in combat environments.

**COMPARISONS COMRADERY CAMOUFLAGE**

Course in those days it was more fun, living in a couple of roomed boxes, two or three teams of two or three in the surrounding area, between five and twenty plus persons following me around every time I walked out the door. Maybe that’s why they called it Citadel Road. As I was on the top floor and the kill teams were split over three buildings I couldn’t kill all three teams in one sweep, without incurring collateral damage (civilian casualties). I applied a similar method of meditation above.

2008-2010. 2015. Long time ago now, bruv. That was yesterday. Years ago now. That was a long time ago now, bruv.

**HIGH NOON**

He had already threatened to kill me three times. He had appeared this evening and disappeared again. A friend of mine told me the week before he was chucked out of Volksfest for carrying knives.

I was sat at the bar with my back to the door. He had returned. He hands were in his pockets. I figured now that my friend was trying to tell me something, he had mysteriously left. It was obvious the guy wanted some kind of action. I turned my head, acknowledged his presence, then turned back to the bar. I took a fenial sip from my can, and turned on my stool to face the man, over some six foot tall, dressed à poncho.

Our eyes met across an empty pub room. I put my hand in my jacket pocket also. Our non-blinks counted in their absence. Eight. Nine. Suddenly neither of us knew whether we were counting to ten or twelve, high noon. Twelve and a half seconds since the countdown had begun.
"I can see no reason to kill a man who looks in his eyes as though he wants to die."

The man arced on his boots and stomped from the building, given his height, pace. He most likely had double blades. In my pocket I had a 500ml bottle of Volvic. I returned to the place I was before and took a few sips from my Special VAT cider.

THE HELLS ANGELS

After six rounds I asked the man if there was anything else he’d like to tell me about his motorcycle club. As he ran in for the seventh round his head flicked to the side and up in reflex as he spoke, “I’m going down for life”. After this I realized we had been holding a conversation during the bouts and that was how I knew the version of hell from their angle. Turf. I didn’t tell him anything, words just spouted out like Tourette’s as each blow attempted to beat the friendship out of me.

In another story. At first we thought someone had insulted a lady. In second we thought, I know one is supposed to develop a side-line, and in his innocence at least he stabbed him by the side of the church and not in front of the church, and in a taxi, given that that would get him quicker to hospital than an ambulance.

In history, the one percenters, we know one of them is guilty, yet we don’t know which one; I know they’re going to make one of us look guilty, as long as we look out, stand up, regroup, they’ll not shout.

Satans Slaves MC allies: unknown. And you won’t know which one of us it is or even if they’re one of us yet needless to say as soon as your back is turned or your guard is down we’ll help you tune your engine so well it sings like a harp. Emblem. Alas, ha, about your friend, yes, I knew him so well given that he told me everything about you my friend. Satans Slaves. Forever Slaves, Forever Slaves. What did I tell you, before you go off flying like a bat out of hell, tyres, oil, instruments, achtzung.

Satans Slaves. Someone up the road has told me to tell you this and give you that all you need to do is say the same to the next friend in line.

Falstaff bike CB-radio eye-ball. My next oldest brother and I met a motorcyclist outside the Falstaff pub when we were teenagers. We had arranged the 'eye-ball' using a CB radio at our neighbours across the street. In TT races. Unfortunately one of their brothers didn't make it round the corner on the Isle of Man, his brother next door neighbour did two tours in the foreign legion, we know the first time was probably a holiday on behalf of his mate but we don't know whether it was over a woman the second time round or he just fell asleep pissed in the garden.

So, Sisters and Brothers. Dave Woolley. Did he really pull the wool over their eyes and extend his speech in sentence so that they could have some freedom in hell.

****

North coast. East coast. So what's the difference between Satans Slaves and the Aquila. Forever Slaves, Forever Slaves. Just because I ride a motorbike does not mean that I'm affiliated to one club or another, yet since you asked, call on me, call on you, call out one of us, and I'll call out all of us, since you asked, the name of my motorcycle club is the Hells Angels.

****
Looking back, I can't remember if we were fighting this time. However, I do remember some of the words which we spoke to each other that evening. He reckoned that the other guy had drawn first and naturally after insulting a woman there was only one reaction in action. Really. So even after a club had taken off its bandages some would still stand up for life and some would still lie on their behalf. So, in will, in deed.

****

Over a few drinks some people say a different story. One of the two brothers gyms was firebombed. One of the other brother's ink paint shops was firebombed. One of the big brothers residence was firebombed and maybe the god thought I was lucky to see the sun rise again that day, how lucky was I that night, in moon, stars.

****

Years later one of the other brothers tells me he did another two years initially and thought his half sentence was because he told the truth three times, or was it standard points on license. Who should believe any or all.

****

The elders may suggest divide up in turf by all means yet why not just go with the flow and let ride through when on a date.

****

Well, you say he used to work for the Aquila. Do you reckon he'd do the same job for the Satans Slaves. Well. He's certainly got the confidence.

**HAS HE PAID**

The difference with our school of assassins was that we always gave them the chance to fight first. If they fought us, like the Church of Scientology may say, fair game, we fight them back. Bearing in mind we're here to kill them all anyway as a Freemason may say.

JUDGE BY HIS PEERS, WEIGH BY HIS FRIENDS, CAST TO THE FOUR WINDS

444777333888222999111000

[In Defence of the Realm]

The chance to dance again, to dance, the dance macabre

Justin just here for the dancing

QUEEN MOVES TO BISHOP FOUR

Q-B4 Checkmate The move that escapes all moves

[ROOK MOVES (CASTLE)] In 2007 a fellow joined Freemasonry. I did not kill him as he had a female assistant, they were both unwell, they seemed content in each others company - to kill them then would have been to send them to Heaven not Hell, content, happy. Indeed. Masonic death chess.

Some years later I did not kill two Freemasons as I figured they already looked as though they were dressed for a funeral or a wake, the three or four assassins (mercenaries) that they had hired did not deter me. I had absent mindedly drawn a line on the doorframe with my foot as I had entered the building, so the young man whom was joined by a second later did not seem to enter, accident. As the Samurai line was demonstrated, 3-4, 1, -1, 1, (1-1). The two guys outside the doorway indicated how they might like similar done in baguette in their style. One contract demonstrated. Another
declined. The one, two, guys outside the doorway effectively in the median line to the target outside, and although they admired my style and demonstrated how if I was to join their lines they would want things done in a certain line, which is why I declined, and although they were potentially terrorists they weren't the marked targets that day.

Although over the years I may have also had contacts in Rising Tide, etc, such forth, when travelling back from Newquay I had just written " In fact at another stage the torture team attempted to convince me that they were so well connected even terrorist organizations were taking what I had written and were using it to determine the next instance of terrorism", when writing about events in 2008-2010, and their was a suspicious package left at the bus station when I arrived which caused the bus station to be closed temporarily, I wasn't sure whether it was a terrorist group or just the bus station police playing along. In 2008-2010 the torture teams attempted to make out I was connected to several terrorist/protest incidents which I wasn't involved in, an assault in a bank where I had dropped my bank card - the 'other side' had supposedly answered a question my own side appeared not to answer and had also been left unanswered before on their side, an incident in NatWest Bank London where a bag was left inside, in Plymouth I had put my fingerprints on a bag on a bin when I had a sneak peak inside.

**HOW SCAMS OPERATE**

How systems of scamming such as tradeLTD, forex trading, binary trading, and so on operate. They prey on their need of (money). Then they prey on doubt (psychology). Is it true, it might be true. Maybe it is true for me, and not them today. Then they activate, hope, dreams. Then they prey on confidence (you are a winner!). Then they prey on insecurity (Recovery programme {I am so sorry to do this to you today, I just needed the money, that day}, [do you need help][yelp, yay][so you did know then exactly what you were doing here]. Then they prey on underlying symptoms, mental illness, the same design in which they reference another. Then it lowers to a scam, a sales and marketing pitch which has no intention of returning a profit is merely design to extort money over time. And then the victim of the scam feels it was their fault for believing anyway, which lowers into isolation. Companies exist to recover such funds, and victims of the crime of scamming are able to receive financial assistance when necessary.

**CONTEMPORARY**

It was the age of austerity, the era of criticism. One can see how the systems of society constructed their forms and scripted telephone conversations to begin with an angle of criticism. For instance, when telephoning for an emergency dental appointment, the first few lines of the script are along the lines of, "Are you registered with a dental practise....", in order to begin an angle of criticism along the lines of "if you had done what we told you to do and registered with a dentist then,,,,"; however it was blatantly clear that these initial angles of criticism were false, for instance the person telephoning for the emergency dentist had already tried a considerable number of times to register with a dentist - when one attempts to register with a dentist it is impossible! Similar with doctors appointments, social security and other supposed systems of support. The error is that whilst these scripts are designed to trigger an angle of criticism at the person in fact the angle of criticism should have been aimed at the government for not providing these services. Therefore, it is clear that the private companies funded by government money were profiteering by creating scripted plays, and effectively stealing government money.

Taking a look at the social security system, the national system which was originally designed to provide security to the nation, in that all was gathered in and then redistributed among the populace should the worst come to the worst and the person experience unemployment or illness. It is clear
that in the modern day, the short failings of the social security system merely placed pressure on the other systems of society, such as food banks, homeless charities, and the knock on effect of social security sanctions seemed to place increasing pressure on the police, NHS, and social services.

It is clear that ATOS Healthcare constructed their forms and scripts to destroy a Freemason, that is, if a Freemason were to read the forms and listen to the scripted conversations, after each line or question the lines which had been hypnotized or re-told to the Freemason during his time in Freemasonry would echo-back in a schizophrenic-like manner; to another these lines would sound as the re-telling of the story of god in a way that is Freemasonry, such is the wisdom within their lines. However, it was clear in the contemporary era that the line had been drawn incorrectly. It was common practise of ATOS Healthcare and the Employment service to lose the first doctors note (I had experienced this myself, and witnessed in others), and make it exceptionally difficult to claim funds which they were entitled to by law. Ancillary services such as Prospect Ascent were brought in to join the gap between services, unfortunately Prosper Ascent constructed their system in a similar manner, to attempt to divide its clients until one is left on their own which they could intimidate and destroy.

Looking at the original design of DLA - D-L-A this person is not expected to live to pension age or their experience of life is such we shall award them funds from that which we have collected in order to make up for any shortcomings in the design of our system elsewhere. Unfortunately DLA was also designed to bridge the gap between hospitalization/care homes and independent living, i.e. to account for the shortfall in the fact that the government closed down many hospitals, care centres, and day care centres. Thus, one can see how the closing of these was allowed because DLA was there. However, over time, the government then changed the rules and the system again, replacing DLA with PiP. This fell under the responsibility of another private company, ATOS Assessment, who seemed to designed their forms and telephone scripts to destroy a former member of the Church of Scientology. It was standard practise of ATOS Healthcare to contact clients, and then lie to them; members of ATOS Healthcare would tell clients to ignore the text message that they received to attend and wait for the letter - of course this would mean the clients may not turn up (unless they had been tipped off by another whom had received the same treatment) and the letter would not be an appointment letter but a letter detailing a sanction because they had not turned up, a clear course of lies and deception by ATOS Assessment using government money to profiteer. Mostly all ATOS Assessment did was move people from one column to another, then back again, then back again - having the net effect of causing illness to the unemployed and worsening the medical conditions of the ill, whilst draining bonuses for doing such, the overall effect was that £2bn was spent costing more that it saved, by criticizing the unemployed and the ill merely meant that the cost would be exponentially more in the long term as the unemployed had become ill to the point they were no longer fit for work, and the medically ill had become iller to the point they would not be able to return to work either. ATOS Assessment, a complete farce.

We can therefore see that ESA may be been polluted by the new company to scream hysterically as E-S-A i can’t tell the difference between these unemployed and sick, etc, etc, in a fall angle of criticizing rhetoric. ESA was awarded to the ill, as having health conditions means that living costs can be more than if one is unemployed but well, thus ESA was a larger amount than ESA to account for this difference. Traditionally unemployment benefit was the minimal amount needed to live as set down by law, with a subtle pressure to return to work in that overtime the unemployment benefit was always slightly less that what was needed. Again, the difficulty here is that without opportunities for unemployment the system collapses and leads to debt and increased pressure on other systems. Also, given that the unemployed had ‘time’ it would be theoretically possible to save money on food (shop around, buy cheaply, take longer cooking recipes) and also perhaps help society in the meantime with voluntary work and such forth - however the mandatory 35 hours a
week jobsearch means that persons are not able to do this, so in question should the low rate of unemployment benefit be increased! The hysterical voice of the private company might continue and in imaginary rhetoric speak, “I can’t tell the difference between the unemployed and the ill as all these long term unemployed also look ill” and therefore the decision to move to Universal Credit was undertaken, yet if this were so surely all should received a higher amount than the base rate of Universal Credit - with of course perhaps PiP accounting for the difference, again the difficulty being ATOS Assessment was run to provide profit and bonuses to itself rather than those in need. Another farce!

In addition, it was apparent that Freemasonry, the Church of Scientology, and the private companies funded by government money, attempted to use the magickal system of the A.'.A.'. to destroy persons - however I drew my source from the same source, so whichever angel or demon they sent I said the same. It is clear that Aleister Crowley translated the texts from which the wisdom of modern Freemasonry is drawn from, and that the Church of Scientology attempted to copy the system of Freemasonry and some of the system of the A.'.A.'. again, I draw my power from the same root.

If we now look more closely at how government is run.

View contemporary at http://thogd.org/contemporary.html

Crispin Blunt MP

Crispin Blunt MP
House of Commons
London
SW1A 0AA

I read with interest a story in the Daily Record regarding Cole Thomson, 6, with regards to cortical dysplasia and focal epilepsy.

I have endured seizures for approximately twelve years, during which time I have buckled my legs and twisted my spine. It has occured to me that when media focus was placed upon Billy Caldwell, whilst Billy was poised in a stance as though dancing, presumably to encourage other children whom might have similar medical conditions, or as though dancing with Amelia, it is apparent that the posture masked the fact that his arms and legs have buckled over time.

I would drawn your attention to the fact that Cole Thomson’s arms and legs do as yet not appear to be buckled.

Kind wishes

Justin Robert Daw
On behalf of The Thelemic and Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn
thogd.org
OBITUARY

Justin Robert Daw
Daemon Hunter
Satan’s Killer

The Thelemic and Hermetic Order of The Golden Dawn
The way via which they attempted to kill was via showing an illusion of the magic door

May I introduce. Justin, Justin Robert Daw, Mr Justin Robert Daw, Daemon Hunter, Satan’s Killer. I don’t know why it is, yet in 2008 they attempted to make look they were killing persons by suicide and murder to drive me to suicide. The suicide rate during this time was unusually large. As a side-effect of this, I trained myself and an imaginary ‘other half’, the martial arts school which is banned from Heaven and Earth and is reserved for use in Hell. Stance, meditation, self-defence, breathing, absorption, block, weapons, knives, pistol, rifles, dual, bicycles, motorbikes, cars, vans, vehicles, buses, articulated vehicles, planes, helicopters are tricky, checkpoints, encampments, armoured encampments, tunnels, bunkers, infrastructure, economics, politics. So, should any attempt to use you as a vehicle, a go do (a go do as I say), golem (go on till the end which is an end I have prepared for you), we already know there is another voice, which spoke in the beginning, more than once.

Never gamble with gamblers, as they win even when they play to lose.
Never play games with spies, because they know every game and have played it through and through.
Don’t play God with Justin Robert Daw, as he is already friends with every God.
God forbid don’t wind him up, as you’ll just wind yourself up, and when he notices he’ll do nothing.
Silence.
And for Heaven’s Hell’s Earth’s Eden’s sake
If you can’t beat them, join them, if you can beat them, try not to make it look like a slaughtering.
You have my permission to kill yet only in self-defence

Justin Robert Daw (1972-). Christian, Buddhist, computer scientist, property developer, author, occultist (academic), martial artist, dancer.

Stood there, watching, waiting, daring dreams no one had dared dreamed before. Scissors, paper, stone. Knife, notebook. Gun, notebook & pen (Bic medium).

The seeker became so valiant she could see so far into the future that she could see things that were never going to happen, in cause and effect, she looked so far back into the past she could see things that had already been resolved in the present. I attempted to calm the mind in meditation, seekers seek.

Daemon Hunter Satan’s Killer. I’m planning to go to Hell, kill a few daemons, and have a pop at Satan, on the backdraft of that I shall ascend to Heaven.

A very interesting concept.

Whilst I am in Hell, remember here on Earth to continue on until the end and on anon.

How are you planning to kill Satan.
I remember in 2008-2010 being shown a vision of Satan as a child, this looked like a sleeping dragon, perhaps some 12ft long. Satan's Mother appeared and gave me the knife which could kill Satan. As Satan had at that point done no wrong I could only sit and wait. In Rome, do as the Romans do, in Hell, do as the Daemons do. On Earth as a Christian thou shalt not kill, in effect in 2008-2010 the torture teams made it look as though they had killed some 44 persons to pressurise me into suicide. As a Buddhist. Reincarnation. Perhaps reincarnation in Hell. Whom would good trust as death, God's first and most Holy Knight, the one trusted to bring news of the death and yet the one. Whom would God trust to kill Satan, the most innocent or the most guilty one.

How are you planning to kill Satan.

I love you God. I love you Satan.

The torture merely seemed as training. In endeavour. Always again.

We stood beneath the last tree by the last oasis. There were three children in baskets, well, upturned shields, clothed as cradling. There were three of us. Neither of the children were ours, nor seemingly of the same family. We drew a circle in the sands.

Two hundred daemons. Four hundred more; which were eight hundred in Satan's lies. Two thousand more. Four thousand. Satan sent the lot.

I love you God. I love you Satan. We share the same God. The One God. The one God I know. The good God.

Other Matters

Background

At aged twelve or thereabouts when entering a hall to see a presentation by a Christian group I heard a voice in my mind say, 'Do you accept Jesus Christ as Saviour and by doing so gain eternal life', I answered in my mind, 'Sounds fair enough', as I already considered myself a Christian. When I was fourteen-and-a-half years old I was tempted to commit suicide yet heard a voice say wise, followed later by another saying otherwise. In 1998 aged twenty-five I had a nervous breakdown for a few days; I had taken a few sips from a single whiskey and coca-cola I had measured from the drinks cabinet at my parent's house, unfortunately the coca-cola was a bit flat and I felt sick. Cantering to the kitchen sink as I didn't think I would reach the sink in the bathroom in time, I vomited sharply, which caused me to jar my head and neck, causing a kind of rupture in my mind. I opened my eyes and looked into the sink, where upon I saw a piece of string (years later I discovered this might have been a piece of dish-cloth or something). My mind spiralled, how long is a piece of string, I also remembered a band I saw at The Cooperage, The Kitchen Sink Experience, and my thought processes accelerated into oblivion. Over the next few days and nights, there was an experience which seemed to sway the decision path one way and the other and make all death seem my fault, I heard a voice other than my own gently ask me questions about what was wrong and what I wanted in life, which would appear to be what many systems of wisdom were based upon. I went on to find love and had a highly successful career as a computer programmer for a while. Unfortunately in 2006 again my life turned for the worse, and again I had an experience whereby I saw a vision of persons aiming to help me continue on, a group of monks praying in a circle for me (most likely based on what a friend had said in 1994, although in consideration there are many persons praying for everyone in the world), and became terrified to speak, sign, or perhaps even write anything down; looking up on the internet I read about an Indian guru who had had a similar
experience. Later in 2010-2011 I met an Englishman who had travelled to India and may have been in India at that time. In 2007 again my life took a turn for the worse; whilst in the shower I was so low I contemplated suicide again; again I heard a voice, which said, 'We have got to get him out of here'. I turned around to see a spider in the bath/shower and realised that without my help the spider would be trapped in the bath, so got out the shower and moved the spider. Later that year in an attempt to understand wisdom - I am a Christian myself - I read the esoteric works of A.E. Waite amongst others (The Pictorial Key to the Tarot, etc, the Thelema Texts, on http://www.sacredtexts.com/tarot/index.htm, most notably The Tarot of the Bohemians), and accelerated my mind in order to attempt to understand, at which point I had a perception of summoning a perception of Aleister Crowley. I viewed the Tarot as generally being a retelling of the story of the life of Jesus Christ in pictorial format so as to be accessible to the general populace (early Modern English Bible translations are of between about 1500 and 1800, and even then a large percentage of the population could not read or write), or a perhaps a methodology of subtly relaying impartial advice without a return of an angle of criticism in the process known sometimes as 'divining', relating the parable of the life of Jesus to a person's own experience. In 2008 I had returned to a small amount of programming contract work, only for a torture team to torture me to the point I could not work. Even though I had a small amount of contract work (three jobs, two clients) one of the females in the torture team was screaming 'the phone has stopped ringing and your client list has dried up' which seemed in strange conjunctive to actual proceedings, as was common with the torture, although I could hear the torture it seemed of no relevance to anything that I was actually doing. Other programmes of torture starting lines included 'what makes him tick', 'what makes (him) think'. Bizarrely, when I submitted a Doctor's certificate and letter to a Doctor in 2009 the torture team then tortured me to induce the symptoms I already had via torture; chronic depression - I remember being tortured to scream, cry, and pump my right leg on the floor like a gas pedal, such that some two or three years later on 15th February 2011 these tears compacted in a night terror and I awoke crying in sheets of tears down my face; complex partial seizures (the usual path of my own symptoms would be depression, chronic depression, depression paralysis/sleep paralysis, seizures) - various attempts by the torture team to cause psychotic neuroses and psychological 'complexes'; night terrors - via a method of hypnotism as I fell asleep the torture team caused night terrors in addition to my own. During this time I was too terrified to sleep for weeks/months, and created a method of sleeping in one half of my brain at a time, with the other half awake in mindful defence. There was no reason for any to torture me, I had done nothing nor thought anything. In autumn 2008 in an unknown experience a cult 'faked' the conversation with Aleister Crowley and dictated that which I wrote down; in best memory in 2007 sounded as "Aces let's teach this player how to read". Confusingly much of the torture in 2009-2010 mimicked experiences I had written down previously, e.g. in 2007 it was as though as all the God's were in my mind and they all agreed on something, in 2008-2010 a male voice sounded 'something we all agree on'; shortly after I was tortured with the line 'your system is fake' although whether this was either a criticism of either L. Ron Hubbard or Aleister Crowley or a bizarre method of torture stating the conversations with Aleister Crowley and such written down in autumn 2008 were fake, which of course they were, as they were dictated by the torture team at the time, is indistinct. Such lines were confusing as at the time they held no relevance or context, and I was experiencing considerable torture-induced seizures at the time often becoming 'airborne', legs bruised and bleeding, so I had no idea what the torture teams were actually attempting to achieve. Again, bizarrely, the torture team enforced me to write 'Freemasonry your system is fake'. In 2008-2009 I was hypnotised to write the poetry Gracis Wisdominius; please grace me with the wisdom of your domain for free, thank you. I had written "get of my head I don't want it" in the A4 book in 2009-2012, this had been dictated to me via radio signal, and was before I knew or had experience of the nagging demonette the Church of Scientology used in their methodology; impossible to for me to know, yet was obviously known by the torture team at the time.
As it was in the beginning so it shall be in the end.

I envisaged a woman whom had committed suicide may have wanted to get married and have children, and open a temple of healing. In a beneficial sense rather than the illusions which were attempted on me in order to make appear beneficial whereas were mostly designed to mess up such attempts, are:

- Protection from death
- Protection from suicide
- Protection from satanic attack
- Minimize pain on death
- Give souls half a chance in the afterlife
- In life, help find love, marriage, life partner, friend

I effectively did the same for each cult (Freemasonry, the Church of Scientology, the Golden Dawn, Adam, Adam', Eve, Eve', Argenteum Astrum, O.T.O., several religions). Even though each cult effectively tortured me very severely causing considerable physical and psychological damage. I forgive you. [give souls half a chance in the afterlife]. I love you all so much.

In Start

I originally went to the Church of Scientology book-cart as I didn't know who was torturing me and I was worried about the Church of Scientology being killed by them (at the time it seemed as though ‘they’ just wanted to kill everyone, not any group specifically), although I was hypnotised to do so for perhaps other reasons. [protection from death]. I spoke to the young man on the book-cart, ‘if you ever need a friend outside of Scientology I am your best friend’. [protection from suicide]. I wrote to the Church of Scientology stating for them to walk by members for healing. Each time a person walked past and dropped a line I imagined a good line, even when a bad line was given. When returning to the flat at Citadel Road I was severely tortured with these lines, to make me seizure, scream, experience extreme pain. Some 200-300 people walked past and spoke a line. I signed and mimed a solution to the sundial gyroscope kil-routine. [healing, protection from satanic attack].

Another day I merely stood by the book-cart and I observed how people looked strangely as they walked past, and how perhaps being on the book-cart could help build confidence. I was then hypnotised with an expression of a dead female and this was effectively used to control and manipulate me, and this is where the illusion began to go wrong. Hypnotised to visit the book-cart, walked in a straight line to say, "You don’t even know the language of your own angels". In 2008 I was tortured and hypnotised to write various things. Unfortunately the subsequent torture by various teams over the years meant that I did not have sufficient time to edit the book to remove the negative parts, otherwise in 2012 the book would have simply been a collection of poetry, prose, and a healing spell for each cult. The book in 2012 can be examined and it can be seen that there exists this duality within it. Some years later the leaflet guy appeared into the 'theatre'. On first meeting when he handed me a leaflet I merely gave it back to him. Unfortunately the torture team revved-up again, and another previously unknown voice was transmitted in, 'The only way I can see to stop him is to kill him'. At first I thought this was another threat against myself, yet in hindsight, it would seem the torture team attempted to hypnotise me to attack the leaflet man. I did not. All that happened was that I walked through the City Centre in a straight line; at one time two people blocked line of sight and he ended-up 'belly barging' me, another time I walked in a straight line and our arms collided. I never attacked him as was attempted to be hypnotised. Every time I went into town, the team beamed in an illusion of the 'dead' person (the person operating the radio equipment), and caused me to be in physical pain to the point of experiencing seizures, so that I had to talk to him, it seemed the 'dead' person was concerned that persons would take the leaflet, go to
the Church of Scientology shop and watch the promo video and be so disturbed by the threatening message at the end of the video as to then kill themselves (if someone who was suicidal went to the Church of Scientology and was told it was all their fault or felt threatened then it may increase their suicide risk; it seemed that the 'dead' person would estimate the probability of persons receiving the leaflet committing suicide and when this approached '1' I would be compelled under severe pain to talk to the leaflet guy). On one occasion when walking alongside him, the team beamed in a male voice from up and left which said something along the lines of, 'Scientology is a pyramid marketing suicide cult', I changed a couple of the words to make it sound more pleasant to him and repeated it to him. Around this time the torture team increased the torture. It didn't make sense, nothing actually happened, apart from the torture team beaming in more voices, and it would seem that whoever it was beamed in both sets of opinions which were opposing. In actual fact, the leaflet man had occasionally attempted to give me advice, once when I was undecided as to a venue for a party 'Maggie' walked past as though to suggest 'Maggies' nightclub, at some time I left two fifty pence pieces, as stars, towards a cup of tea. As there was no way of the leaflet man knowing what voices had been beamed in, it is blatantly obvious that they were conducting both sides of the illusion and effectively attempting to send me against themselves, attempting to make an enemy of me when I merely introduced myself as a friend. Therefore one may ponder whether any were actually a trouble source to the Church of Scientology at all or whether they merely attempted to victimize an innocent person in order to have an imaginary enemy for them to pursue to tie-up the persons in their system whilst those at the top creamed the money off the pyramid.

I had attempted to introduce myself as a student of the occult, waved my coat in sign, which the leaflet guy completely mistakenly took as a matador display to a bull, and revved back ten-or-so paces and then charged at me like a bull. The aim with the leaflet guy was to minimise his pain on death, as it was envisioned that he did not know what had happened in America in the Church of Scientology, so as I walked alongside him I repeated the words to him that were beamed in using radio equipment. I was advised by the police that 'although it was no business of the police to intervene with how a society ran its business, if the leaflet man was harassing, shoulder barging, and bumping into people it was a matter of law and order', similar to a while before, I was worried about the Church of Scientology getting into trouble. It would appear the Church of Scientology had got me all wrong and were attempting to create an illusion around me, as though I was some sort of trouble source when I was not, as is obvious from the preceding text. It was highly ironic that the torture the Church of Scientology conducted merely attempted to stop me helping people (listening to them, talking to them, spending time with them, helping with their day to day tasks), persons with terminal cancers, inspire persons to quit heroin, the recently bereaved, ill with conditions such as tuberculosis, or whom were suicidal, and attempted to stop me visiting terminally ill friends and family, and prevented me from steering persons away from crime (although the Church of Scientology was marketed as being a method of eliminating crime it seemed much crime was caused and committed by the Church of Scientology), in all indicating the system of the Church of Scientology as being the 'Suppressive Persons' which their society was supposedly designed to circumvent via their own definition. Although to be fair I was often being tortured by more than one cult at once; and presumably not all Scientologists are the same.

Whilst it is often quoted that L. Ron Hubbard thought he was 'satan', this is in the same sense as Aleister Crowley, 'satan', 'the beast', the guiding light, the shining star, which creates change in the world, never to be taken in an 'evil' or 'destructive' sense. It is perhaps obvious that L. Ron Hubbard took what he knew about the design of the system of Freemasonry and attempted to design a system which was applicable to both men and women; unfortunately L. Ron Hubbard was blissfully unaware that there were always female lodges it is just that they were 'secret' so that they were 'safe' from public scrutiny, and so that these could be used to reek revenge anonymously being as they were mostly cults of assassins. In demonstration, the Freemasonry death-threat of 'one day
when you walking down a dark alley' is analogous to the Church of Scientology 'and one day you will be found face down with a knife in your back'. When I gave a notebook to the Church of Scientology book-cart, this was supposed to be part of the retelling of the story of L. Ron Hubbard and Aleister Crowley, given L. Ron Hubbard was allegedly a student of Aleister Crowley's system; unfortunately this was incorrectly interpreted by the torture teams variously as 'thank you for inviting me to join you magickal order yet quite frankly you needn't have bothered' and 'fuck off back to the start and start again' (an amalgamation of lines from the torture in 2008-2010). Similarly at a later time I delivered a scroll describing the structure of the Argenteum Astrum to the Church of Scientology shop as a gift. The 'fair-game' pursuit of a supposed 'trouble source' seemed flawed, as like in my instance it might be mistaken what the person was actually doing, and is open to considerable abuse given that the torture team would be told whom is a 'trouble source', which might be simply someone who a member higher up didn't like, and seemed more designed to tie-up both the person being tortured and the torturers in order to distract away from the pyramid of money being spent at the top, which would seem to negate the line 'when will you people realize there is no point in being a trouble source to the Church of Scientology as all we will do is detour your life in lines and so on' which was beamed in using radio equipment a few hours before I almost seized to death (which seemed bizarre again as earlier that day I had read the Church of Scientology were dying out, dwindling in numbers, so I had thought to myself 'wouldn't it be good if they hooked up at the Church of Scientology shop and got married'), as it would seem both the torturer's and the torturee's lives were merely delayed in a contest over nothing; and also the line 'if we didn't have to waste time on torturing trouble sources like you we would have more time to help society' as I had effectively done pretty much everything for others than could be used to justify this approach over the nine or so years that the torture was being conducted; and most ironically that during the torture process in 2009 I largely agreed with every opinion of the Church of Scientologist that was screamed into my head, obviously except the pursuit of supposed trouble sources to the Church of Scientology; and even more ironically that I had effectively been merely attempting to explain the system of the Church of Scientology to the Scientologist whom had been torturing me; the methodology of screaming an opinion into my head which was the same as my own originally, that is the same as the Church of Scientologist, merely had the effect that after prolonged tortured my mind merely shouted back an opposite opinion - one would consider this process as therefore an utter waste of time as all it did was temporarily cause my mind to throw back opinion in conjunctive to the Church of Scientology where it was the same at the beginning, presumably the opposite to the intended effect and at this point not intended to turn me into a trouble source to the Church of Scientology as one might suppose. In all, it would seem I started with the same opinion as the Church of Scientology, the Church of Scientology screamed/brain-washed an opinion which was the opposite/conjunctive to mine for so long under prolonged torture that a characterized schizophrenic-like opinion temporarily became such, I was then tortured for having this opinion, and then tortured to bring my opinion to the way of thinking of the Church of Scientology. My main point being again that there is no point torturing a supposed trouble source to the Church of Scientology as none exist it is merely a methodology within the system of the Church of Scientology to tie-up both the torturers and the torturee whilst money is creamed-off the top in pyramid sales, exactly what was being explained to warn the Scientologist and the Church of Scientology all along. The declination of the phrase 'Church of Scientology' is hence revealed, '(Ch-ur-ch) the unsubtle application of the tools of science and technology to tie-up both ends one way and the other, (~scientology) always leave them guessing as to an answer, as long as they say yes to Scientology, (of) otherwise tell them to fuck off back in words'. The technique of attempting to torture a person whom did not agree with your way of thinking is very Nazis-esque in its inception, that is N-a-z-i-s to those whom agree with us we ensure every reward s-i-z-a-N and to any whom criticise us we convert to our way of thinking one way or another, which may seem extreme at first, yet over time, third and fourth reich; unfortunately a failed approach. Attempting to convert to another way of thinking is rarely effective and merely highlights how flawed the ideology was.
The process of 'auditing' may have originally been designed to analyse a person's personality and life in order to help them achieve what they want, rather than to blackmail or to manipulate; and seemed based on the three or four day experience I had in 1998, whereby 'satan' lowered my mind to the point of nervous breakdown, and then 'God' asked me questions about what I was missing and what I wanted from life. It may be that L. Ron Hubbard experienced the same experience as I had, and similarly as Aleister Crowley had, and L. Ron Hubbard took the magickal system of Aleister Crowley, wrote a series of science fiction novels which described this system in another way, and then developed a system of psychological processing using science and technology based on these novels; in all, again, a metaphor for the experience humans experience when they undergo nervous breakdown and sometimes experience a perception of 'satan', as I did in 1998, followed by a perception of a 'God'. Unfortunately many persons mistake this for an 'attack', others wrongly perceive it as a method of eliminating 'undesirables' in society, when it is all designed to help all humans progress in a long and happy life. Commonly the human mind reaches a level of connectivity such that death appears as though it is their fault or they are causing it, when we are all as equally to blame as each other, in the complexity that is life. Often the mind shouts back taboo phrases or thoughts in an emotional echo, and commonly words and phrases thought are repeated 'backwards' or in 'opposing sense' by the subconscious. It may be that Aleister Crowley experienced such an experience in life due to trauma or bad experience, and developed a magickal system in order to both describe this metaphorically and to also enable safe passage through what can be known as the 'abyss' of the depths of depression. Often during nervous breakdown one's life flashes back in the mind in complex clarity, and sometimes it may seem there is no solution except one that lies in the past and so persons feel as though they cannot go on; having experienced suicidal thoughts many times in my life I know that it is possible to continue on in life again. Commonly one focusses on a choice or decision made in the past which appears as the 'wrong' choice or 'life defining moment', it must be considered that one can only make a choice given the possible options at the time, and sometimes the 'right' choice from possible options can seem as though it was the 'wrong' choice at a point in the future, when it is neither, merely an option. It may be that Aleister Crowley used the metaphor of 'Holy Guardian Angel' to describe the voice that we sometimes hear in our head that guides us, our instinct, our intuition, our guardian love; ostensibly faked using radio equipment upon myself since around 2007. Sometimes during nervous breakdown it can seem that a person has made the wrong choice in life by not listening to this voice which can cause a psychotic suicide draw - it must be remembered that again this was only an option and that we have our own free will so it is really up to the individual whether they agree with this possible choice in destiny. At times over the years I created an angelic sense in my mind two or three times to which I spoke and described the entire nature of the universe in detail.

Methods of torture (2008-2010) included training the mind to think in language, which when iterated by the letter sparked other language constructs which when iterated by letter or interpreted as parsed symbols sparked seizures. I trained myself to seizure on alternate sides to reduce injury and to avoid seizures whilst on back or stomach, as well as arms shielding head, knees bent in emergency position. Training-in miming/signing in language, followed by phrases spoken-in, to mimic control or forcing of signing to thought - most commonly by repeating phrases after initial action such that after a prolonged period shouting the phrases caused 'barking dog' effect. Speaking in tongues such that it was necessary to speak in tongues in order to think in English in my own mind, such that the speaking in tongues was merely repetition of hypnotism to make sound as if I was falsely confessing; 'emotional blackmail' to state these were recorded in order to terrify under pretence they would be played to another. Three stage torture, theoretically such that three different torture teams were used, first to overload thought process to brain-wash in phrases, then again, such that at third team the only answers given back by the mind were those brain-washed in, again theoretical attempt to state at third torture by a different team words thought/spoken were
false confessions. Brain-washing/MKULTRA-like control of hypnotising-in perception of opposite-sexed 'other half', such that questioning could be asked of other half as interrogation technique (limited success, likely that when such techniques used against an actual enemy effect would be negligible as would have reason to resist interrogation), attempted control via 'other half' in order to attempt to enforce will which was not my own (jealousy, anger, conflict). Continued mock executions/stating that others were killed in similar manner to torture being performed in a KGB-like technique, forcing ending up of attempting to converse with the dead, again prolonged duration mimicking schizophrenia. Mimicking of schizophrenic like voices/characterizations in order to cause distress, À la 'skitz of friends in here'; an amiable technique of imaginary characterisations of other voices when thinking of friends thoughts (supposedly to bring closer or feel not so alone); highly disturbing schizophrenic-like voices in full replacement of own thinking voice, including 'now let Justin say something' to feign full-blown schizophrenia/multiple personality disorder. Extensively faked using high frequency ultrasonic beams, directed like a laser. Several torture variants included a methodology of attempting to brainwash round to their opinion, such as the, 'Scientology does not seek converts (yet any who dissent we attempt to change to our way of thinking)', which seemed bizarre as the opinion of the female Scientologist beamed-in at high-speed I agreed with (obviously except the methods of torture), and the Freemasonry variant seemed to torture me for thinking about and discussing someone else's opinion in order to reach a decision myself; decision making often requires three to five steps of thought, whereas the torture teams seemed to react to step one, at a point before I had time to process my own decision). Again, rather erroneously, at a point in the torture the supposed Church of Scientology voice sounded "didn't you know the Church of Scientology and Freemasonry work hand-in-hand these days to dispense with our enemies" when at the time the Freemasonry voice was being beneficial as it often was, it would indeed seem the torture team were completely lying in an attempt to prove some non-existent point. In fact at another stage the torture team attempted to convince me that they were so well connected even terrorist organizations were taking what I had written and were using it to determine the next instance of terrorism. What utter nonsense. A Freemasonry-esque torture seemed to commence with believing in God (Christian God) with torture through each religion in turn in an attempt to prove the non-existence of the God of each religion, and then a wind-back at the end to Catholicism ('maybe the Catholics were right') at which point I was screaming and begging on the floor for mercy, under conditions of extreme torture.

After reading the prescribed works for a student, I can see how it was necessary to request their reading so that it was to be understood that Aleister Crowley amalgamated wisdom from a diversity of systems and endeavoured to produce a magickal system of the collected works, in order none mistakenly cried, 'you just copied that from there'. 'I am that I am', 'I am I'. There seems to be a slight discrepancy in the categorisation of Jesus Christ as either a brother of the left hand path or the right hand path (Equinox Vol. I No. VI.) although it is apparent that the articles are written by a range of authors. Do what thou wilt doesn't mean 'do want you want' or 'do want you want at the expense of all else and all others' more an expression of living one's own true free will. The nomer of The Great White Brotherhood may obviously in the modern day seem racist rather than indicative of light and love, and some dated in time. A significant amount of the wisdom in the volumes has been assimilated in modern culture, thinking, and science. The Equinox is generally full of sound advice as gathered from the wisdom of the time in order for all to prosper, such as 'do something else as well' so if one feels they did not benefit from the experience at least they won't have completely wasted their time. This is perhaps commonly applicable to life, comparable to attempting to avoid wasting time over-analysing past events, incredibly difficult not to be however, especially in the modern world (as no doubt spoken by every generation). Care should perhaps be taken with the philosophical view of 'cause and effect', as it was attempted to entrap me in such a negative loop, with the line 'you have in effect caused your own demise' voiced during the Freemasonry-esque torture. It would appear in Autumn 2008 I was taken through the entire system of the A::A::
backwards at high-speed and have seemingly experienced the system backwards over the seven or eight years since, as well as being psychologically tortured by a variety of other systems, as previously described. I am yet to begin study of the Rosy Cross, Qabalah (beyond courteous reading). The various treaties on 'dogma' seem to ignore the consideration that dogma is designed to avoid the potential pitfalls of spending one’s life attempting to find an answer to that which has not been found by any other in millennia and so serves as an explanation to suggest spending one's consideration erst where. The prescribed task for Neophyte of Rising Planes seems analogous to 'as is above is below', the task for Practicus (Equinox Vol. I No.X pages 37-40) may enable a soul to return to Earth in a future existence should such navigation be feasible, and the training of meditating back through one's life to birth and to 'previous lives' provides a methodology of gaining prior experience of a psychotic nervous breakdown, such as I experienced in 1998 (others have told me they have had similar experiences), which some may describe as a manifestation of 'Satan', human psychologically applied in a negative sense, similar methodologies to as I attempted to detail in my science fiction novels (Epoch Dawn Series 2005, 2007); recovery for oneself and others from nervous breakdown, occult attack, albeit faked using radio and radar like equipment. 'As is above is below' is probably more a simple description of how the sun above is similar to the Earth below by observation of volcanoes and such, rather than to state the God's are arguing above as we are arguing below in order to create a false perception in the mind of 'gods' arguing one point and other in an attempt to entrap in circular conversation and rhetoric. Whilst Malkuth is seen as the "lowest" Sephiroth on the tree of life, it also contains within it the potential to reach the highest. This is exemplified in the Hermetic maxim 'As above so below', and "Kether is in Malkuth, and Malkuth is in Kether". A torture team had shown it wasn't merely schizophrenia by telling me things I didn't actually know myself, such as reading what was next on a web-page before I had scrolled down. Extensive neuro-linguistic programming caused schizophrenic-like symptoms as the voices transmitted-in replayed as confused memories.

The Broader Picture

As by 2007 I had experienced a perception of God/Satan three times which endeavoured to keep me alive (a voice which was neither Freemasonry nor the Church of Scientology nor any other definable cult, group, society) the aim was to introduce myself to each cult, group, society, three times and write a wish of happiness, health, and a long-life for each. Unfortunately in Autumn/Winter 2008/2009 several groups aimed to scupper this by torturing me to change that which was being written. The book in 2012 was thus blatantly unedited and contained much which had been dictated by the torturers. The illusions since 2007 did not resemble any version of God nor Satan I had experienced before, and thus seemed artificially constructed human concepts, mostly created using radio equipment, basic versions of which are available on the internet. By 2017 I had endeavoured to return to my original intention.

In 1998 I had an experience whereby it was as though 'satan' manifested in my mind for three days and nights and when I thought in one direction the male voice which was not my own thought in an adjacent direction, on the forth day another male voice (lighter) asked questions about what I might want from life. Some may consider comparable experience to the Luciferian belief of 'satan' as the angel which shields (is projected first) the knowledge of God. In these night terrors, it was as if a psychotic voice within my mind either attempted or showed me what a psychotic draw sounds like in a human mind although it did not sound in my voice; as such my mind created a defence against the calls of kill self, kill another, slaughter. The torture in 2008-2010 therefore mimicked an 'attack' by that which we know as 'satan'. Prior to 2007 an entity had manifested in my mind three times, and three times I was kept alive. That which kept me alive was not me, so the endeavours to destroy me on every level, every plane, every dimension, were in vain, vanity. Eden. I therefore in 'revenge' have no other option than to keep all alive, give them all a chance to live longer. The aim was to
repropensuate (put pen to paper so to speak so as to make sense of a thought), in principle I managed to survive the torture/hypnotism as my mind had a previous comparable experience, so that within the experience the hypnotism never fully held, so by writing down the methodologies of satanic draw, it is possible to create a memory in one's own mind by reading the inscribed text. Although this occurred in my mind and I have a memory of the experience the experience is indifferent in my mind. Although the torture teams may have sounded 'and you thought you were the one' (which at the time sounded more like a female rejecting an ex in the flat below) and the attempts to create an illusion in my mind such that attempts to defend humanity in my mind were attempted to be made look futile, perhaps similar to the Bruce Lee shattering mirrors, the annihilation of the ego or self, yet in a torturous sense, again perhaps comparable to the experience in 1998. However, as the entities which kept me alive three times were not me, I had no such vanity, although I held the illusion in my mind for some seven years, and one considers against a false Tarot spread of the Tower Of Intellect crumbling leading to an enforced death in hanged man (again, the Tarot being as it is the re-telling of the story of Jesus Christ in pictorial format so as to be accessible to any whom cannot read and write, or a method a imparting impartial advice to another). The torture teams had attempted to hypnotise me to kill myself many times, to kill another three or four times, and to slaughter everything within the vicinity perhaps three times. In addition, the torture teams attempted to make look as though they had killed forty-four persons nationally, and three-hundred-and-sixty internationally, in order to place pressure upon me. Even as far as walking people in front of me under illusion and then attempting to make believe they had killed them. In 2008-2010 there were at least two deaths to which the torture teams showed me an illusion of what was happening at the time at the same time it happened. At the time it was as though one death led into another, the illusions showed a part of how one died a component of another. As was often the case that the torture team would torture me in a specific way for a few weeks, and then make out that as I did not perish another had been killed in the same way. During another phase the torture team called the line 'Hermes Harbinger of the Dead', whereby I was hypnotised to go to a place where there was a suspected body, Discovery Wharf, I looked in the water at North Quay and heard a voice say 'We share the same view', at which point I looked round at Discovery Wharf and heard a voice in my mind say, 'We are both dead'; and another time whereby along Mutley Plain a middle aged man whom looked similar to the man on the cliff, the assassin auctioneer on the Hoe, and several other appearances, said the line, 'Master of wisdom', at which point my eye-sight trained its line to a shop sign across the road which voiced in my mind as 'The Thelemic and Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn'; on both these occasions a day or few later the story of a person being found was reported in the local press. This increased my perception of terror greatly, as at times it seemed the persons were being killed by an unknown. The Thelemic and Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn has no attack itself, merely a defence, although it has knowledge of how every each other cult attempts to kill its friends and its enemies. Another time the torture team (specifically the first Persephone) used the line 'Hermes Trismegistus' to transalte as "as hard as he tries he can't find the right one"; and the torture team caused me to seizure on two or three occasions to scupper what chance I might have had with relationships at the time. Commonly the torture team would use radio equipment to beam in voices of what people around me were supposedly saying when translated in esoteric language, which was merely an attempt to scupper my mind and feign symptoms of schizophrenia (I already had a form of schizophrenia due to life trauma so this seemed obtuse). There were many such machinations whilst I was in effect seizuring to death, with the torture teams often attempting to puppet persons around me. As in 1998, in 2008-2010, it was of my personal concern that another might not survive the torture as I; I was drawn into an illusion of solving the 'suicide' sequence in Freemasonry and the Church of Scientology, amongst others, which was difficult at times as it often seemed at times they wanted a method of death in order to torture their own line, and largely consisted of myself being tortured to death on many occasions. I wrote to a local MP detailing a couple of sentences which he could read and psychologically protect himself from occult attack, unfortunately this was misunderstood and resulted in being interviewed by the Metropolitan
Terrorist Assessment Unit. Similarly I wrote to the ringer brought in to be a lecturer on an MA course, who was chosen by the University as his initials were GD, as I had previously used GD as an abbreviation for the Golden Dawn, and ended up with a mental health team visiting during Reading Week, although this could have arisen from a multitude of sources at the time. The high-speed torture by a supposed Freemasonry team, 'the third degree', which occurred twice, revealed nothing more than me expressing the wish that an ex-client took his children to McDonald's and bought them a Happy Meal with a chocolate milkshake, a coffee for him as he didn't like chocolate milkshakes; high-speed torture by a supposed Church of Scientology team, 'what is his dirty secret', with a life flashback mostly focusing on childhood events, revealed nothing more than 'had a circumcision when a child'. Leaving me rather confused as to why they had tortured me. In July 2007 or thereabouts there was unreasonable intervention in my life, around book six of the Epoch Dawn Series. I was psychologically tortured and hypnotised to continue on a path which would have otherwise never been my own path in life after book six of the Epoch Dawn Series (2007), from book ten of the Epoch Dawn Series onwards page 224 (2008) it would appear I merely wrote down what was hypnotised for me to write. In 2008 persons unknown psychologically tortured me and hypnotised me to become suicidal, subsequently to be 'angry' at an ex-client when I never was and in turn Freemasonry, and then hypnotised me with a perception of a dead female in order to set me against Church of Scientology (2008, 2009), feasibly to pursue a course of action on behalf of the dead. Rest in peace. I was then psychologically tortured and psychologically sexually tortured by Freemasonry, Church of Scientology, and other torture teams. I may never know why. There is no need for any other to be a trouble source to Church of Scientology nor raise objection to Freemasonry nor any other. I myself never was a trouble source to the Church of Scientology nor an objector to Freemasonry nor any other, these were merely characterisations tortured and hypnotised into my mind against my normal course of action and will, I had introduced myself as a friend; however, it would seem apparent I am a friend to all even when they are not friends with each other, representing each and every cause in guardian knight.

All I actually did was introduce myself to each cult and society three times, as something external to myself kept myself alive three times, in the hope that whatever it was that had kept me alive would keep them alive too [I would note that whilst I have stated 'something external to my own consciousness' kept me alive, a line beamed-in by one of the torture teams was 'something inside of us all that keeps us all going', and whereas this could mean the heartbeat, blood flow/energy flow/chi or even the hypothalamus, it would seem the torture team were only saying this line as a lead-in to attempting to create 'something inside of me', a homunculus, a collection of hypnotism and various phrases, insults, such that they could attempt to create something in my mind they could attempt to use to manipulate in order to destroy me. Why is unknown to me; it is apparent to me that at times in my life something kept me alive; why the torture team were attempting to bind an illusion to destroy me or attempt to say there is no god, or attempt to make out I had done something wrong or someone had done something wrong to me, and make false accusations, seemed completely erroneous and merely another false attempt to create an imaginary version of a 'satan'-like entity. The versions of 'satan' were obviously not 'satan', merely a collection of human voices attempting to create an entrapment in a false illusion of hell. Often I did not notice the 'homunculus' attempting to cause me pain and subdue me to stasis or seizures as the physical pain from my chronic depression and seizures and stopping myself from having seizures was so intense as my body cage and limbs seemed to draw in and crush.]; and retold the story of each original author, the giving of the book and the scroll to the Church of Scientology to re-tell the story of L. Ron Hubbard and Aleister Crowley, and re-tell the story of several historical figures of Plymouth, such as the bowling of the onion to the book-cart as a re-telling of Sir Francis Drake playing bowls. Unfortunately when I went to write things up I was tortured into writing negative things as described. During such torture I had no direct consciousness of what was occurring, although I experienced it, I was completely hypnotised out. I had no control over what I was writing. It seemed
a total lead-in. It was only afterwards that I became consciousness of what had happened. It seemed both sides of an imaginary conflict tortured me in order to enforce me to write things one way and on other occasions another way, I remember the "and you’ll be so schizophrenic" line beamed in using radio equipment after I had been tortured and hypnotised to write something immediately after which a high-speed radio signal attempted to cause another variant of a schizophrenic-like disorder, something which bizarrely seemed common to all the systems of torture, and the "if you really don’t know what you’re doing then stop" when I was being tortured to both write something and tortured to stop writing it, at which point I realised that there were two teams hypnotising me one way and the other so I removed what had been written and wrote this essay in its current form. Throughout it seemed as though they were always torturing the wrong person (not that any deserved such torture) or that they were torturing me as though I was someone else, in 2008-2010 whilst being supposedly tortured as though was in a historical Sea Org gulag by a mature female as I was screaming and crying and seizing severely, the line 'stop crying like a baby', and whilst being supposedly tortured by a mature Freemason to similar effect of seizures the line 'have you had enough yet'. In effect I was tortured and hypnotised to write 'Freemasonry is a suicide cult', 'Church of Scientology is a suicide cult', whilst I was attempting to write a book which was a friend to every and all; previously I was merely writing pieces of fiction, albeit either science fiction or historical fiction based loosely on Aleister Crowley and his circle of friends and how the wisdom of all societies of the day were defeated in sense. I was then tortured by a Freemasonry method of torture and a Church of Scientology method of torture. To me the system than was creating each voice was the same, i.e. one set of persons were torturing one way, and another set of persons were torturing the other way, neither opinion which is mine. In addition I was shown a version a Freemasonry and a version of Church of Scientology that made these systems look like 'suicide cults' as the more I progressed through these systems the more pressure there was on me to commit suicide, to an incredible degree; the difficulty is that I am unsure whether Freemasonry and Church of Scientology have a 'suicide sequence' in their systems; if so, I circumvented it by the year 2012. I remember the line in 2008-2010 beamed-in which said 'how about taking on Freemasonry and Scientology', which caused a rupture from then on, I was going to and contacting the Freemasons and Church of Scientologists as a friend, yet that which was sending me there was in hindsight sending me against them; this seemed odd as I had meant take them on as apprentices, and can later remember thinking 'baby Freemasons, baby Scientologists' as though they needed to grow and progress the aim was to take them on board and protect them. I can also remember the line beamed-in which was supposed to be L. Ron Hubbard speaking 'see how my wife and children are progressing, see how my system is getting along' or similar. At times it was though they were all attempting to entrap me in their version of hell, without me actually being the person such hell was aimed at, almost as if I was play-testing systems of torture. None of the versions of 'Satan' seemed that which I had experienced before. It seemed when I had been fourteen-and-a-half ('go out into the world and you may find someone who feels like you and you two may be friends'), twenty-five, thirty-four, a 'God' like entity external to myself had kept me alive, in 2007 a human voice accompanying the spider in the bath kept me alive, throughout 2007 all the God's kept me alive, and then in 2008-2010 there was unaccountably a considerable effect by several human voices to destroy me. So much so that after a year of torture the voices which attempted to help often merely sounded as more torture. It makes no sense, I merely introduced myself to each group as a friend. All the time managing my severe health conditions as best I could.

An added difficulty here was that all the voices were at high-speed, so I never really had the chance to understand what they were actually going on about, and in most instances every time there was a 'good' illusion or a 'helpful' voice, there was always a 'bad' illusion or an 'unhelpful' voice at the same time, such that over time this was very draining. Often the so-called suicide-prevention routines that were being run were the only thing that was actually making me suicidal. There was also one particular illusion which made my head tilt back and my throat click in 'tongues', and variously
'threw' me around the room. After applying for an MA in Creative Writing, I was hypnotised to visit Waterstones book-shop and manipulated to pick up a copy of a hardback book which was written by a man who had obviously had the same experience; whilst this was perhaps aimed at suggesting to me that I should not write about this particular experience on the MA (which I had no intention of anyway, it was to be merely fiction pieces describing some of the visions I had experienced), it was terrifying as it meant some group of idiots were going round using science and technology to generate illusions under the guise of helping people, whereas all it was really doing was terrifying people to the point where they would perhaps spend the rest of their lives trying to fathom out what had actually happened. Obviously an incredibly stupid thing to do a person. In another system of experience, I can remember a team effectively erasing my mind to a point where by another day when I went outside the flat there were persons waiting for me who walked alongside me as I was hyperventilating, meeting me across the road, walking me down to the traffic lights, and then a third as I walked into town. Whilst theoretically attempting to be helpful, the only reason why I was in a position having to be walked along the street was the process that had been done to me, against my will, without cause, and largely inappropriate and effectively highly damaging to my psychological state. It had been the same for years, persons unknown following me around and doing strange stuff to me. Right from March 2007 at Discovery Wharf, when the neighbour to the port side had shouted "Take it or you'll get nothing" when I had opened a set of documents from a former client who offered to settle at £1000; I had requested a token £5000 to cover work done which was not covered by any contract we had, a standard business practice (unfortunately the client then promised £3000, and I withdrew the court case, only for the client to compound circumstances and re-arrange a court-date for Friday 13th on his home turf, which soon became a broader Masonic conspiracy, much to their own demise; effectively I only needed to appear at court with the letter in which the ex-client had pledged to settle out-of-court with £3000 and he would have been laughed-out of proceedings; unfortunately I was far too ill). In 2007 or 2008, as I walked along Charles Street toward Charles Church, a young gentleman had stared at me whilst holding his mobile phone to his ear, speaking, 'ts five-foot seven'. Much later I realised he must have been a Scientologist, either attempting to say, 'trouble-source five-foot seven', or perhaps, "if you're looking for the Church of Scientology shop it's up there across the road and on the right"; although at the time I had never even heard of the Church of Scientology. Another time a male in his late thirties or so used the same technique, staring at me, speaking as though into his phone though directed at me, saying, "You're living on hope you black bastard". At this point, he disappeared around the corner beside the Gamestation shop, and as I stepped forward I noticed a 'black' security guard some distance to my left, and then a police car smoothed past. This seemed often the technique, persons pretending to speak at their telephone whilst presenting a set phase to me; it was not clear whether the persons were receiving the phases to say via the mobile phone, or whether it was just a thinly veiled attempt at covering-up what they were doing, obviously the instigator could merely say they were just speaking into their telephone and I was being paranoid. Some of these phrases were printed in The Epoch Dawn Trilogy, under the heading 'Hack knowledgments'. The game 'hack whispers' in the fiction novel was a real world geek game in which keyphrases are let loose through gossip and the aim is to guess/track the originator or path, much like the game 'lecture bingo'. In 2008-2010 I sent a copy of the Epoch Dawn Trilogy to Radio One DJ Judge Jules, to pass onto Tom Costello, to relieve boredom, and perhaps to inspire the game 'hack whispers' amongst mates to reduce the boredom of time.

The intimidation techniques seemed to follow the same pattern, the same at Citadel Road as at Discovery Wharf, shouting through the walls or ceiling as though speaking to me or speaking to me as though another person, following me around speaking lines at me, later the persons not even bothering to use the cover technique of holding a mobile phone, and then using radio equipment to beam in set phases or high/low bass noise in order to make me exit a room or attempt to actuate movement or control. On the most part the lines spoken would then be used to torture me over
hours or even days. [Protection from satanic attack. Healing.] I mentioned this to another who suggested recording the lines spoken so as to provide evidence. However, I would deem gaining evidence on this is difficult, firstly due to suitable recording equipment, and secondly due to the fact that often the lines spoken made no immediate sense, so a recording would merely be a meaningless collection of phrases. It wasn't what was spoken, it was that whatever line was spoken that line would be then used to torture me, by high-speed voices attempting to change the meaning of the line, and cause pain and seizures based upon this. Inevitably I would then be in considerable terror, as perhaps as many as a hundred persons if not several hundred persons, had been involved in this process, and in some instances gave rise to a schizophrenic-like disorder as my mind had become accustomed to a torture response to lines spoken. After several months, if not years, of this technique being applied, I had become completely passive to the goings-on; on an occasion in 2008-2010 when an attractive young lady had walked past me and wolf-whistled, presumably as there was some debate in the local media about wolf-whistling, as I was so used to strangeness and strange occurrences I had become completely passive and made no reaction; this particular instance may have been part of the torture system of a female cult, along the lines of 'try and see things from my point of view' - largely the same for me as for any man, and as the same for many women, persons attempting to snog me, grope me, and call at me; in my case at times both by men and women, leaving little actual difference or distance and largely making any battle of the sexes irrelevant.

One of the initial torture routines in 2008-2010 started with a female voice (sickly screaming like a precocious underling, supposedly in the manner and mannerisms of witches), "We can all see what pain you are in"[5], and "there's no point in finger painting"[5]. This seemed to be a set-play in which I could hear what had previously happened to a female who had been tortured, it was as though the torturer was speaking to another female, whom was suicidal (see what pain you are in) and who was masturbating or such like (finger painting). It seemed an attempt to set in place a scenario where a female had previously been tortured (to death) and as though I was in a position to uncover what had happened to her. This seemed mostly a lead-in to death, to create a perception of a suicide and then enforce me to act on their behalf, torture me for what had been enacted or written, and to eventually manifest in an attempt to drive me to suicide in time also. A bizarre ending line of this set of torture a few years later, when I was effectively bedridden paralysed with clinical depression as a result of the torture, compounded by life trauma and injuries from seizures, was, in a female voice, "if you really feel as though you can't go on"[5], then a slight almost friendly laugh by a male who then spoke, "all you need to do is follow our instructions strictly and by the letter"[5]. This seemed as though the entire routine had been intended to torture me to a point of being suicidal, and then somehow suggest to me how to do it. As the male laughed slightly, the phrases didn't seem as sinister as they may have been, and as ever it seemed unclear whether the routine was intended to cause or prevent suicide; yet it had always been the concern that largely it was the so-called suicide-prevention routines that were making me suicidal, and there was always the dark question as to whether the torture team had previously used the routine to drive another to suicide, the methodology of how a cult drove women to suicide. Haunting stuff.

Following on from this, another torture routine started with the lines, similarly being screeched in a female voice, "Are you mentally disabled", "Are you sexually frustrated". The implication of this set of lines was that eventually after several more rhetorical questions there would be the line "... then why are you being a trouble-source to Scientology", although I'm not sure this line ever fully sounded-out, and at the time I had never even heard of Scientology so seemed somewhat misplaced, and would seem to have occurred more somewhere between July 2008 and September 2008, before the 'Church of Scientology' torture routine had begun. Perhaps intended to demonstrate a female-cult torture routine lead-in to Church of Scientology torture, who knows. As was often the case, it was sometimes difficult to distinguish precisely between the female-cult torture the the Church of Scientology torture, as both were predominately female voices. Doubling
confusing as I never was a trouble-source to Church of Scientology at all, simply introduced myself to them as a friend. Around this time a female voice sounded, "For a so-called system of enlightenment, you only seem to have catered for half of the population, and have merely produced a system which is of light to men". This seemed to lead into torture by a Freemason-esque team, which then sounded various lines in defence of a gentleman only club. Again, the torture seemed wholly bizarre as I was effectively being tortured for hearing someone else's opinion. In actual fact, allegedly Freemasonry has always also had female lodges. Yet some may still see this as a separation rather than a joining together, which is perhaps beyond the scope of these articles.

A torture routine with the lines, "so sensitive to the needs of others", "don't be surprised if children are attracted [drawn] to you", seemed to begin as a spiritual guru path, in that these things would occur as enlightenment progressed, yet then suddenly changed into lines such as, "Jesus Christ he's a pedophile", in attempt to make out the torture participant had done something wrong, along the lines of the false accusation nonsense of "thief", "rapist", "murderer", "killer", "serial killer". There was also an attempt to draw into entrapment by attempting to coerce into a path of understanding why such criminals do such things, as a lead-in to saying I was such things or even attempt to turn me into such things by bombardment with hundreds if not thousands of phrases. There also seemed a lure into 'researching' such things which I didn't follow, although may have been used against others in a similar manner. Next seemed to be the Church of Scientology torture routine itself (even though I hadn't heard of Scientology really at this point), with lines such as "you'll spend the rest of your life inside", which I took as a warning against global warming, whereas in hindsight seemed to be some attempt at false accusation of crime, and also, "you'll end-up in Scientology hell with all the other stupid tossers who were a trouble-source to Scientology"; again this did not seem appropriate to my own circumstances, and seemed largely to be yet another illusion with radio equipment to transmit the sound of Apollo-Mercury (who seemed to do nothing more than make grunting noises as though he was masturbating), Aphrodite (who seemed to do nothing more than attempt to give me fantasies about women whom supposedly were masturbating about me, in a rather vain effort, whilst 'flicking her bean', to which the Apollo-Mercury character would them masturbate about); coupled with the Persephone character who did little more than scream insults, false accusations, and such forth. Leaving me concerned to that somewhere in a recording studio there was some guy whose job it was to make wank noises, some woman whose job it was to make sex noises which sounded more as though she was straining for a poo, and various others whose job it was to scream hysterical nonsense. Strangely at times there were phrases which seemed to be attempts at being helpful, "expected to survive on your own, not expected to be completely on your own, so sorry we left you alone for so long darling", "666 999 we all know you're not a pedophile", "we all know you were goaded into it, lured into it, what you would do if you had the chance to have your life again", "have you thought about giving up smoking", "we all hope these [CBD oil drops] work out for you"; yet these seemed to make me more dependent on listening out for a voice, and invariably the routines would seem helpful for a while and then the illusion would change and another voice or set of voices would mess everything up again. Thank you to those that helped me, sorry to those who thought they were being helpful but did completely the wrong thing, and as for those who tortured me, I will forever worry you have merely designed your own hells by attempting to entrap me in false ones.

A common theme of the torture was to attempt to place false cause at something other than the torture, such as too much sex, too much masturbation, sex with the same person as someone else, drugs, alcohol, cigarettes, in fact seemingly anything other than the actual torture being conducted. For instance, the torture team would simply 'rev-up' the torture when I was doing something, such as writing, taking medication (anti-psychotics, sleeping pills), or having a couple of drinks (it was obvious that it was the torture that was being applied rather than the effects of anything I was doing as the torture started to rev-up slightly before I began an activity) in attempt to lay cause of the
schizophrenic-like symptoms at something other than the torture - I am schizophrenic anyway so the torture had negligible effect and seemed bizarre, as whilst the torture attempted to replicate symptoms of schizophrenia it was markedly different, and merely seemed aimed at preventing me from treating my medical conditions, or simply an attempt to stop me enjoying the experience of life.

It was also of concern that the only persons being driven to suicide had done nothing wrong, but merely people who had experienced an experience of God, Satan, guardian angels before, and therefore could not understand what was being done to them as it wasn't like the experiences that they had had before, in fact largely faked illusions and faked voices, beaming in a high frequency radio signal directed like a laser beam the methodologies of which are documented on the internet, such that a voice is heard in the ear or in the bone structure of the head or 'inside' the mind. Similar methodologies which may have been used against the American embassy in Cuba in late 2016, presumably a method of defence against this would be a Faraday cage. Given that a system had a 'belief' in reincarnation, it would seem the system of torture was aimed at putting someone in so much hell they would not want to return to Earth again, under the premise that the system would then somehow eventually only have its own on the planet, obviously a flawed premise, given that it is more likely since the person 'sent to hell' would not understand something here they would return to find out; and if reincarnation does exist, then it would be empowered by a power greater than that is here, so it may be such that the opposite would be true, which was another reason why I attempted to warn of this. Similarly, 'God' may send another back to investigate.

In Summation

To the British Security Service, the middle aged male and female, not holding hands, on Plymouth Hoe in 2007, or 2008-2010, who spoke:

"Why doesn't he investigate."

In answer, "Y-E-S". Why (Y) doesn't he (E) investigate (S). The way the word investigate was pronounced was, 'in-vest-i-gate', so in my mind I pictured a string vest - a vest which had holes in it and was therefore a gate. Initially I thought this was just a bit odd and thought 'Rab C. Nesbitt', because of the string vest; yet in hindsight the full phrase may become, "Why doesn't he investigate on behalf of Her Majesty's Government". For an unknown reason I investigated cult and occult activity; however, I was perhaps merely always under the impression that they were going to teach me something, yet on the whole all they did was torture, after three teams of torture I figured may as well let five or six teams torture me in mirror of five-digits on a hand in changing palm and in echo of how there are five points on a pentagram. July 2008, unknown, torture lines of "did you lie to Satan", "you're thick and you don't fit in and you can't stop fitting". August 2008, a gust of wind from The Golden Dawn. September, Freemason-esque torture, possibly including, "Have you had enough yet". October 2008, Church of Scientology, for an unknown reason, presumably as October was the number eight and Scientology could be heard as sign of two zeroes. All suggested under torture. November 2008, a really scary bunch, seemingly the A::A:: only the way round, a cult of cold blooded assassins who killed for fun. At this point I became terrified that the previous torture teams (in the flat below, left, right), were at risk of becoming assassinated by these persons. December 2008, figuring they'd turn up in attempt to spoil Jesus Christ's birthday, the Satanists. Largely composing of insults such as "Fuck off and have a wank" and hypnotism to write poetry given to 'Val' on the book-cart, "A letter from a friend". 1st, 8th, 18th December 2008, considerable torture to the point I almost died again several times. At some point I emailed Freemasonry and asked, "Is it you that are attempting to kill me". Some would consider a fair and genuine question. At some point during 2008-2010 I was even tortured as though I was a spy, first for Mi5, then Mi6, then Mi8. I
remember the line, "MI8, either got no mates or discovered corruption", although the line was shouted as detrimental rather than encouraging. Invariably the torture methodology was high-speed voices causing seizures. Whilst intending to let each torture me for a month in order that they trusted me, for an unknown reason the torture never really stopped. One day sitting idly in town I thought I'd check the facilities so I telephoned the number I had been given by Metropolitan police; to my surprise it was an answering machine. I left a message saying, "Just checking to see if you are working today". A few moments later a uniformed officer and a man in a light suit walked passed, the man saying in passing, "Just because you can't see us doesn't mean we're not working". The Security Service and Metropolitan police seemed well mannered, and even took my sense a humour when Metropolitan police sent a message and I replied, "were we out dancing last week", as I wasn't sure whether it was one of my friendly pole dancers; being followed around the Hoe by several persons who pretended to speak into their collars, led me to take Metropolitan police into NatWest Bank, seemingly a safe place, a bank locked after opening hours. The only difficulty being was that I was a bit knackered after being chased round Plymouth Hoe and as I could hear all the staff whispering in the backroom I couldn't really tell them anything. Other lines from spooks spoken to me in the street were, "Good Job", "Dib dib dib", although one never knew with spooks. With the line "Dib dib dib" I wasn't sure whether the suited man was going to stab me in the back as soon as I walked past, I figured it was largely a matter of having the confidence to walk past, a speedy right turret should necessitate. At other times I gave close protection to family members of the Security Service, the police force, advised on policing student clubland (after messaging, another evening the vans had parked across the road then backed away, the modern method of low-key policing avoiding the point of conflict, with a fast active appropriate response in replace, as proven one day when three cars, one with the doggy, appeared as if by magic), liaised with the police in respect of vulnerable and missing persons, liaised with the police regarding martial artists. Police and judges mostly accommodated; I remember when accompanying a colleague to gain the result of a court case the receptionist had initially refused, there being two officers and a judge in the lobby also. Standing in position, I politely coughed. The judge and officers looked at me and swayed in garment and left. The information was redeemed. Whilst in my younger days technically I may have hacked NASA, the CIA, and the British Military, I was freelancing for the British Intelligence Service at the time.

**Other Matters**

In 2008-2010 the torture team attempted a routine along the lines of, 'Take on Freemasonry and Church of Scientology'. I introduced myself to Freemasonry and the Church of Scientology as a friend. Unfortunately the team appeared to attempt to make me go against Freemasonry and Church of Scientology. Yet there was also a voice was presumably meant to be L. Ron Hubbard which spoke, "Take a look at my system for me, see how my system is progressing, see how my wife and children are getting along". I introduced myself as a friend. Freemasonry reacted badly, and Church of Scientology attempted to make me look like their enemy. In the forthcoming years I was tortured with versions of Freemasonry and Church of Scientology which were 'suicide cult' versions of their systems, as no matter what I did or which path I took the further I progressed the more it was attempted to drive me to suicide. I was also hypnotised under torture conditions to write "Freemasonry is a suicide cult, Church of Scientology is a suicide cult". All this was against my own will, all I did was introduce myself as a friend. As such Freemasonry and Church of Scientology had attempted to kill me by driving me to suicide, in a mimic of how some have experienced an experience of 'satan', as detailed. In order to resolve the discrepancy, and leave no angle of criticism nor any route of continuation of torture, I wrote to both Freemasonry and Church of Scientology, the aim being to protect from death, suicide, satanic attack, even though they had spent years in attempt to destroy me:
The United Grand Lodge of England

For the past eleven years the line of Freemasonry have endeavoured to end my life and destroy my experience of existence on every plane and on every level. Amongst others.

I read with interest your advertisement entitled ‘Enough Is Enough’\(^\text{a}\). The line reminded me of a time when I was tortured in the years 2008-2010 such that my seizures were so severe my arms and legs flailed as much as to elevate my body some few feet into the air and the male ‘Freemason’ torturer spoke the line ‘Have you had enough yet’\(^\text{b}\).

In reply I therefore believe the claims in your advertisements when read literally are somewhat erroneous. I accept these advertisements are therefore merely your confession and apology when read in the devil in the detail.

I accept your apology. I forgive you.

As such, there seems to be a historical discrepancy in that Aleister Crowley was never fully accredited with the Honorary title of 33°. One would consider that after a mere three-score-and-ten years and perhaps the start of another one, it would be time for Freemasonry to confer and confirm the most venerable title to Aleister Crowley and perhaps in addition to his sister (whom unfortunately passed away after a few hours of life, in return, the greatest magickal assistant to all in High Priestess) in so far that Aleister Crowley researched and translated many of the ancient Egyptian rituals that modern Freemasonry is based upon, and therefore, the 33° of the Ancient and Accepted Rite is due as one from without the line of Freemasonry has an equivalent knowledge of the line of Freemasonry and whilst not considered ‘one’ of them is given the freedom of being known as a friend to their line given the presence of an omnipresent being.

Best wishes

Dear Church of Scientology

May we share wisdom.

Is the process of auditing with question and answer sessions deliberately tailored to pattern a participants psychology to weaken under high-speed question and answer interrogation and torture as was performed upon myself in 2008-2010 [whereby my mind was bombarded with yes/no questions at high-speed, such that eventually my mind tired and just fired back random answers, in an effort to make my mind give false answers in response to the high-speed questions, a method of circumventing this was too say yes/no/maybe in my mind and then pick from the list afterwards, the persons conducting this were unknown to me], or is this an oversight.

Should this patterning be deliberate, then one must question its practice. Should this be an oversight I would note that this patterning may also weaken a participant under conditions of nervous breakdown, due to trauma, grief and so on, when persons may experience a psychotic-like episode whereby they experience a manifestation of a voice which is not their own which some may describe as satan, something I experienced in 1998. None of the versions of ‘satan’ I have experienced under torture have been the same as in 1998, in fact, these other versions appear to be have been human attempts to mimic what is known about such episodes. The ancient art was to develop a system of wisdom which was an attempt at a defence against such an unknown entity, rather than design a methodology of attack which is simply an attack against whom was perceived as satan to them themselves. It may be technically possible to use such a practice to strengthen a participants mind
under conditions of interrogation and also under nervous breakdown and therefore satanic attack, although the severity of the tortures performed upon myself would deem this difficult.

As such The Thelemic and Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn has endeavoured to lower the rate of suicide within all systems and you therefore have my kind wishes. One may perceive that the process of auditing may be problematic, as at any point any individual (and therefore all) could be psychology broken by playing the audited question and answers at high-speed for a length of time, until the mind tires and collapses in nervous breakdown; such is for your consideration in development of a defence against this should be an oversight and as such a defence against satanic attack. Protection from death, protection from suicide, protection from satanic attack.

Kind wishes

In all, each and every system had attempted to worsen my seizures, cause schizophrenic like symptoms, and attempt to alter my perception of past memory in order to attempt to make out I had done something wrong or someone had done something wrong to me, whereas all that was actually wrong was that the systems of torture.

In 1998 I had an experience to that similar to L. Ron Hubbard, a voice so far in opinion from my own it sounded as though Satan, and some three or four days later a voice so common to my own opinion without knowing sounded as though God; this was not the first time I had had such an experience. In earlier years, when I had suicidal thoughts, God had spoken as though an angel, although Satan had attempted to let me fall into a path of destruction after I did not follow. As such, friends as we all are, it would appear your method of 'Auditing' is backwards, in such that it asks a series of questions in order to find out what a person's personality is so that in time it can be used to ask as Satan in voice; when L. Ron Hubbard designed this methodology, his mind was likely at the stage were God spoke back in words backwards, i.e. he had realised in human psychology under conditions of nervous breakdown a voice may speak back in words in a way which is backwards to that what one's own consciousness is thinking. It has thus been described why the design of Church of Scientology and Dianetics is so. Minimise pain on death.

It would seem I had as much luck with Freemasonry as Aleister Crowley. How much Mr Crowley had endeavoured to research their system they seemed to have merely said. Fuck off. It would appear Aleister Crowley had gleamed as much wisdom as the line of Freemasonry, and therefore was considered to be granted the honorary title of 33° as there was no question or quest on they could ask of him as he had effectively written their line in lines (in equal measure).

1717. At a time before history began. In the beginning, Freemasonry was designed as a system of wisdom which endeavoured to provide support for persons in position, such as persons in positions of 'power' which necessitated difficult decisions, persons whom may have no family or whom had lost family, and a structured organisation of progression whereby a person could achieve their aims in life and in God's eye. Historically, before effective policing systems, this enabled both a mindful eye and a watchful eye on these persons, such that if a person abused their position or power or status there was a method of resolution, such as assassination or entrapment in insanity by bombarding with high speed questioning in rhetoric cycle, or if a person needed assistance or guidance in life; thus it was only ever a method of supporting and policing their own line. Unfortunately at times the 'secrecy' degraded into conflict over knowledge, money, business, time.

So, Freemasonry placed an advert in the national press as previously in the local press I had mentioned on the comments board that their giving money to charity was equivalent to free advertising. I do however respect the efforts of charity giving. Freemasonry had made some efforts
to update to the modern era, so it would seem even Freemasonry was not 'set in stone'. Ladies Night.

The name on the Freemason triangular watch, 'S.WISE', equally describable one way or another. Read one way, you are now as wise as your father my son; read another way, was that wise mason all you have done is plot a course to your own demise; a word to the wise, in independence, an answer revealed over time, take my advice whatever lice they've put in your head allow me to suffice.

Torture

So we all have a chance to speak to each other again, another chance to have our say, another chance to experience God's dream again. None of us know what truly happened, none of us know how the universe came into being. The Taoists may speak, in the beginning there was nothing, and then there was something. Christians may state, God said there was light, and then there was light. In all, each and every religion and belief system share a common aim, none of us know what God may have had in mind before the beginning; maybe all was one, and in a separation of no division life was breathed into us all. One may imagine that in start, in Eden, in paradise, at a time before all began, an ephemeral being moved in parts in order to explain itself to itself better, maybe Mr and Mrs God had so much fun and enjoyed themselves so much here that a voice was raised, "Wouldn't it be good if all could experience paradise like us" (LGBTQ included). Some may say paradise is lost, some may say God has gone, and yet, each day we move in the miracle of creation (given, birth, life, death, marriage, divorce, life again); I myself was born premature, with eczema, whom knows what pain I was in before I arrived here, whom knows what forces attempted to prevent me from even being born - perhaps this tells us something, God(s) wanted us all to be here, and once here we exist in the breath of God, and all we can ultimately do is keep going on until the end. The end, perhaps a new beginning in dawn. Yet there are many here whom would not let us speak, not let us breathe, not let us experience the life we are born into. The Freemasons may bark, "he's of no benefit to society", and yet they merely mean he's (she's) of no benefit to our society (of Freemasons), in my own instance, unsurprisingly so, for a Freemason may speak, "And every man and woman shall find their place here", yet under torture the only place I was offered was the role of assassin; again, unsurprisingly so, for if I was to join the line of Freemasonry in oath all I could do for them was to 'kill' them all, for after all, in vision in 2008-2010 I was shown an illusion whereby a line of Freemasons were chained in lead to a path in wait whereby Satan merely chopped-off their heads on a block, whilst I held the hand of the daughter I shall never have whom cried so many tears for them she built a spiral of frozen tears as if rice in order to raise again out of Hell to Earth. The Church of Scientology version was along the lines of, "he's a workshy layabout" (Does such a thing exist in the modern era, perhaps more due to lack of opportunity and illness, and the fact that the recruitment process takes time. A term which seemed long gone to the 1980's, although a traditional criticism of the underemployed, a criticism which was only revelant today in the distraction of politics, there is no reason why any underemployed, unemployed, or unable to work, should not still have a long and healthy life, given the role of Government as a social security system. One of my brother's once joked that I had never done a days work in my life; this was because I generally worked at night in line with off-peak internet access), "he's an alcoholic", "he's a drugs addict", "he's always pissed", "he's always stoned", "now you know how I feel" ([I could listen to the opposite coincidental tangent, yet although I would find your opinions different, to myself, all look the same]); whereas in the real world I was merely a workaholic whom like many when under stress worked harder, faster, played hard, worked hard; the stress of a high pressure career, the trauma of life, the years in which they attempted to torture me to pressurize me to suicide when I merely attempted to keep them all alive. I did ask them to stop torturing me, the same way I asked the kil-
team when I resided at Citadel Road to stop killing people. Neither listened, so I have detailed their systems of attack.

All the Church of Scientology seemed to do was attempt to do ‘back to you’ or ‘backwards’ or ‘backwords’ what they perceived one was doing to them, in a hopelessly flawed interpretation of when ‘God speaks back in words’; hysterically so when one considers when I left a copy of my Epoch Dawn science fiction novels near to their shop in Plymouth (so it was merely their own will if their picked up the books) they used these to effectively attempt to torture me, even more lunatically hilarious when one considers the Epoch Dawn novels were in fact a parable tale of how the systems of torture worked and how 'Satan' may appear - Epoch Dawn, Écoute et répète', and so on. Though modestly regrets me from writing this, in effect, the Church of Scientology had spent untold amounts of money and time attempting to destroy my existence, when I was merely saving lives, breaking up fights, counselling the dead and the dying, the poor, the sick, the needy, the recently bereaved, inspiring persons to quit heroin, bodyguarding victims of battery/domestic abuse/violence, persons apart from their families, managing terrorism conflict; effectively doing myself, what the Church of Scientology had marketed themselves as doing in order to attempt to justify killing everyone else.

Whilst a voice may have stated "our system has the crown jewels of Aleister Crowley's system", what it seemed they meant was that they had taken one aspect of Aleister Crowley's wisdom, "right to kill", and misinterpreted it from it's Buddhist roots of the "right to defend oneself" and in Diamond Tiara had attempted to created a system which merely drew a line around itself and raised an angle of criticism against any whom it perceived as criticising them via a methodology of beaming-in high-speed questioning voices using audio and radio equipment. I had not criticised them, merely written down what they had done to me. I had not commented on them, similar. Persephone, et al, perhaps you should learn to accept criticism, and be more tolerant of the lifestyle choices of others. Although I had been tortured severely against my will as described to write, "The Church of Scientology is a Stalinesque, Neo-Nazis, pyramid marketing suicide cult", and the torturers Persephone had applied torture of "stop saying Scientology is a suicide cult you are scaring our kids"; the point from my aspect was that children of Scientologists could ask their parents, 'is Scientology a suicide cult' at which point the parents could say to their children, 'no it is not', and thus provide a defence against any in the Church of Scientology whom may attempt to drive their children to suicide - as was common, the Persephone character seemed completely blind and oblivious to what I was attempting to achieve. After studying the Church of Scientology for several years from an academic standpoint, originally to provide a basis for a Plymouth School of Western Esoterism, so as to provide a basis of study for each cult and society, given that in the modern world persons are so used to criticism and 'being broken' that they preferred to take a look at each system and make a free choice decision themselves (difficult when they all have their particular sales pitch and seem to pursue rather than accept); and I can even see how the Church of Scientology cult for the super rich can provide a method of enabling the super rich to come to terms with the poverty and destruction that occurs in the world; after many years of study it would seem that the Church of Scientology is actually a Stalinesque, Neo-Nazis, pyramid marketing scheme, which attempted to utilise a suicide cult methodology based loosely (and incorrectly interpreted) on Aleister Crowley's system, which was actually merely Buddhism and Yoga.

It is difficult, even to this day, in 1998 a perception of 'Satan' lowered me to a nervous breakdown, after which a 'God'-like perception asked me questions about what I wanted in this life; it would seem the Church of Scientology were doing the opposite, bombarding with questions and then attempting to create a perception of 'Satan'. Did they entirely miss the point.
I am of the firm believe that the times I was suicidal in life my life a voice popped into my mind and endeavoured to keep me alive. I have no idea why certain cults tried to kill me when all I attempted to do was introduce myself to them as a friend in the hope that whatever kept me alive would keep them alive too. The angle of criticism applied was so trivial as to be totally unrelated to my actual reality, life, and to the lifes of others, it seemed completely pointless.

It had been advised to me to write, The Church of Scientology, rather than Scientology, supposedly as the 'the' is an indefinite article, so writing such would make one completely deaf to any angle of criticism that would be sounded back. Such was the uselessness of attempting to redefine the English language. At an early stage in the torture, it was obvious that the Church of Scientology were an American system, so in English perhaps a lot would be lost in translation; after which point the torture team attempted to translate every word I knew to mean something else. I took this as a method of improving my writing and English, and utilised every aspect of torture as a methodology to improve my language.

The system of torture seemed based around causing symptoms of a schizophrenic-like nature, and causing epileptic-like seizures. As I was already diagnosed as schizophrenic and epileptic, perhaps I was the perfect candidate for the job. At times, I could not tell the difference between the pain from my chronic depression, the pain from my seizures, and the pain from the torture. So much so, most of the time I didn't even realize I was being tortured. It's all the same to me, brothers and sisters.

Within the Church of Scientology itself, their seemed to be a system of insults for higher ranking Scientologists to use on supposed underling Scientologists, although was perhaps more applicable to those Scientologists themselves. For instance the Church of Scientology can translate as 'a collection of stupid tossers, I don't know what to do with them all', and Scientologists as 'stupid tossers'. Or the Church of Scientology, Scientologists, as a collection of stupid tossers whom don't know what their doing here so we do the same system to them all in the hope they discover their own answer - using the application of science and technology as a methodology of influencing human psychology (most likely as a spin on the A∴A∴ as the method of science, the aim of religion). Perhaps originally designed as a method of building confidence and helping people get what they want from life, historically morphed into a system of money and unreasonable forced control. One would hope the system would progress in the future.

Shortly after I had spent the night with an ex-girlfriend, in 2008 one of the systems of torture commenced with a line beamed-in in a female voice, "Get these wankers out of my head", the implication was that previously a female had been tortured in the same way I was about to be tortured, and that the torture team would therefore chain the system of torture on to me. In addition to this voice whom had been tortured (female) there was also another female voice conducting the torture, with lines such as "we can all see what pain you are in" and "there's no point in just sitting there finger painting", which was presumably a reference to female masturbation. Some cults would attempt to do back what you had done to them, others seemed to be based on do to another, this was perhaps demonstrated in the video which showed demonstrators at the Church of Scientology shop in which a person was supposedly experiencing pain as they had been read a chapter of the Scientology doctrine to which that had not reached and this caused pneumonia, the 'pnemonia' is translatable as there's no point in joining the Church of Scientology as all they will do is torture you when someone else protests, perhaps the 'pnemonia' meaning keep moaning at yer, or somesuch. I had observed the Church of Scientology attempt to needlessly destroy my life and the lives of persons around me. The implication of the torture in 2008 was that this female had been tortured to death or suicide shortly after (I had already heard the voices of two persons whom had passed away before, so it was obvious this was a fake system of torture). The torture team then threatened to kill me and anyone I was partnered with in order to put me off forming a relationship
and keep me single. The torture team then attempted to force me to masturbate under conditions of torture as described. The Church of Scientology torture routine in October 2008 contained the lines, "and you won't even be able to have a wank", and also, "because you've been such a trouble source to the Church of Scientology we'll send you to Scientology hell like all the other tossers..." - the 'Scientology hell' seemed to be a female voice supposedly giving me fantasies about women that were masturbate about me, to which a male characterisation would then masturbate about; so the torture team seemed to be a rather vain clit-flicking woman, and a rather gay (not that there's anything wrong with that) masturbating man, whilst the other female characterisation Persephone was screaming false insults and false accusations. At other times the torture team would be fantasizing about something else, to attempt to make it look like I was fantasizing about something other than I was actually thinking about (if I was to fantasize it would be about falling in love and getting married). Thus I was never fantasizing about what Aphrodite and Apollo Mercury were fantasizing about, just because I could hear what they were saying did not mean I had any connection to it. When the torture team couldn't force me to masturbate they would instead enforce a seizure whilst I was on my stomach so eventually the impact of the seizure would produce a dribble in organism. Another phrase beamed in was "he fantasizes about everything he sees", which I guess would be a variant of reading satan by the letter, and of course, masturbation is hardly a new thing and males and females masturbate about a fantasy which is largely contrived out of imaginary options, thus masturbation in one's own private space, mind, body, is perfectly normal, and the system of torture was largely complete nonsense. This would imply that the Church of Scientology had little interest in law enforcement and were merely a cult involved in bullying, torture, sexual torture, and possibly assisted suicide and planned murder; perhaps the torture team which forced me to write "the Church of Scientology is a pyramid marketing suicide cult" were correct after all. I never was a trouble source to the Church of Scientology they were a source of trouble to me. The torture routine seemed fairly scripted, so it was merely a case of following it through and then writing it down as proof and as a demonstration, as per bequest of the Security Service.

The Freemasonry curse was, "we'll erect every barrier to your progress", the Church of Scientology leaflet sales pitch was, "what is the barrier to your progress", and in curse presumably, "we'll present every barrier to your every progress". Whereas in a Freemason-esque manner the reply to, "What is the barrier to your progress" would be simply "step aside, you are in my way" (wasting my time)(already costing me money)(to listen to your sales pitch) in order to turn down the sales pitch gently, similar to how one might dodge others selling products in town on a busy day, or how one might pass on one on the squares of the Masonic Lodge floor, after meeting on the level (meeting on friendly terms, squaring up to one another in a non-aggressive manner), squaring on the plane (talking to each other in a reasonable manner on a neutral level/plane), and resolving the manner as Gentlemen (or Ladies). Under torture conditions, when it was obvious that the torturers had no reason to torture me, the schizophrenic-like characterizations which they had attempted to assemble in my consciousness replied, "You're thick", to which the (female) torture voice echoed back, "You don't know the first thing about Scientology", when actually we all know about Church of Scientology from the internet and from various documentaries and the experiences of others; the phrase, "You don't know the first thing about Scientology", is also a construct to describe how the Church of Scientology form their neuro-linguistic programming, to coin the Freemasonry phrase of, "follow my instructions strictly by the letter", in that "You're thick" translaces to "You're-thick", in order to attempt to describe and hypnotize/implant with the methodology whereby the Church of Scientology attempt to enforce one to "follow their instructions strictly (when replayed back at a later date) and by the letter (x-x-x-x)", using science and technology to confuse the human psychology in an attempt to cause schizophrenic-like symptoms and epileptic-like seizures (possibly similar to non-epileptic attack disorder [NEAD], possibly in echo of the phrase beamed-in of "my system is under attack", 


although it never was) in attempt to assist suicide or in planned murder. In my case, as far as you
don't know the first thing about the Church of Scientology goes, one would note I can read the
language systems of the Church of Scientology as well as their original author L. Ron Hubbard. Isn't it
about time you left; actually I am just happy right here.

Some may interpret the word "torture" as simply "Keep talking to them until them can't help talking
back/replying". A Freemason-esque system of torture may, after months or years of torture and
confinement, spout the line, "you idiot the whole point was to find a fuck" and so on in cyclic
conversational rhetoric, again as lead-in to torture and suicide as the torture had prevented the
person finding a match; similarly the Church of Scientology may state, "because you've been such a
wanker so as to be a trouble source to the system of Scientology"; another variant may state,
"you're so unevolved and so uninvolved" (from a starting line of "easily involved in any argument
other than his own"), and so on. Tying-up each system of torture from start to finish; at which point
the Church of Scientology may state in the death throes of their system (d-e-a-t-h knowledge of all
lines on Earth from beginning to end) and attempt to tie-up in further pointless looping
conversational rhetoric, "Freemasonry and Church of Scientology work hand in hand", as I have
already stated, the Freemasons were my friends all along, and although the Church of Scientology
system of torture then may then go on to say the how the whole point is so that you learn how to
get on, get along, find a friend, find a sexual partner, and such forth, in a similar cursing manner
once it had been attempted to destroy my life over several years, and the systems of torture may at
this point loop, we'll "let them have it their way", and move on. Moving on, looking at things from an
historical point of view:

Narconon

Like most artificial constructs of this particular system, the beginning design seemed to be based
around an imaginary conversation between a man and woman (although there are more 'sexes' and
'genders' in reality these days), perhaps in false parody of 'Mr and Mrs false god (go do what we tell
you to do)'. N-A-R-C-O-N-O-N In a male voice, "We all know life's a big con", in a female voice, "I
know, I know, sometimes I feel as though I can't go on", "the place is full of drug addicts and
alcoholics", "let's say you and I join together and...". All they seemed to do is "keep nagging at th
em until they feel as though they can't go on", and then perhaps "and pass on any information we
receive on to our 'connections' in the narcotics division, or turn them into narks or something", and
another phrase along the lines of "and follow our usual route of making money out of them either
way". Unfortunately this didn't seem to transfer very well from America to England, or in fact
function anywhere in the modern day. In the modern era patients were advised by the NHS to
switch their prescription opiate medications to cannabis with full permission from the police and
appropriate authorities, and patients had agreed to supplement or substitute their prescription
medications with cannabis by the NHS as their prescription medication wasn't fully effective or had
caused side-effects or triggered additional medical conditions, and generally treating their otherwise
untreatable medical conditions (pain relief, Chron's, epilepsy, cancer, MS, and so on). So it seemed
the only thing that was one big con was narconon itself, another private company attempting to
profiteer out of government money and the money of private individuals, causing untold misery and
destruction, meanwhile children were dying of epilepsy and cancer was an ongoing difficulty across
the board. I studied these systems in case there in such a thing as the afterlife in order none be
trapped in a false hell of an experience on Earth. Cannabis, ketamine, cocaine, (heroin), and many
other medications, are available on prescription in the modern day. According to the media and
social media, in the modern day many were microdosing on LSD, mushrooms, MDMA, as treatments
for medical conditions; in many instances already or soon to be available on prescription, with some
70 million prescriptions issued for anti-depressants in 2018 it is hoped that these medications will
provide cures.
A perhaps more correct version of Narconon is N-a-r-c-o-n-I know sometimes it feels as though you can't go on, yet if you need any help with any addictions, drug or alcohol problems, we are here to help you.

I had given a bottle of CBD oil to a man whom had recently discovered his lung cancer (he had worked years as a bar owner) had returned again, unfortunately several rounds of chemo proved ultimately oxo. Another friend of mine was given three months to live via a brain tumour, with his prescription medication and cannabis and cannabis oil he lived for another two two-and-a-half years. I remember being sat with him as he rolled a cigarette with one hand, with the hint of the Argentum Astrum of tears in and behind his eyes, as he told me the imported cannabis oil was about to run out and he didn't know if he could get anymore - he had a few strokes and died a few months later. The bar owner, a moderate drinker, and previous smoker, had contemplated trying the same, his words were, "I'll try anything", presumably being a married man with children although equally applicable to a single man; unfortunately it was largely a matter of supply and demand. Along the years I had wondered whether similar may have helped my own father, in the modern era one would ponder on the effective delivery of medication, a hot topic in contemporary medical research. All three are now dead and in the afterlife. The last thing I saw the man with the brain tumour, one of two I knew with brain cancer at the time, read in the newspaper was regarding a man with the same medical condition discussing his treatment; the latest thoughts of medical research at the time were injecting straight into the brain, for treatment of other medical conditions I discussed effective medication delivery with a PhD student. The man with the brain tumour had previously freelanced for CID with regards to heroin dealers he had been given a similar number to me, ring the number and drop the phone on the floor and they turn up with guns, although he never dialed the number. In a bumpy journey, he had also helped a man with a missing limb with day to day things like shopping, looked after two others whom feel ill with cancer, before he then fell ill himself; a great shame as his mechanic business was just about to reach fruition, he had amassed a library of Haynes manuals, to back up his reputation that he could mend things others could not. The man with the missing limb, amongst other ailments, received cannabis in tablet form for pain relief; I heard that the difficulty was that in between dosages, the medication had an effect curve which meant he would supplement in between with medication delivered through the lungs. I had also heard similar from persons on prescription opiates, how that in between doses one could feel 'like a drug addict'.

A pharmacist friend of mine once attempted suicide using prescription medication, he told me how even though he supposedly knew that the medication would not cause a fatal overdose, at the time he took them as though they would, in his own words, showing an understanding of how severe depression can become towards a suicide attempt. As was common with persons whom discussed such things, the reasons behind the attempt were told, and then the pharmacist, whom knew I had epileptic-like seizures, shared the latest wisdom in their field, that CBD and other cannabinoid-related products were being developed to treat such otherwise untreatable medical conditions, and that Gluten-free products were the next big market as chemists were paying a fortune for such products. Rather ironically, and saddening, John Travolta's son Jett passed away in 2009, the cause of death attributed to a seizure. Around this time (2008-2010) the torture team tortured me with the phrase 'John Travolta' as being 'jon three volts ha' at which point they would trigger three severe epileptic-like seizures upon me. CBD oil, cannabis oil, may have provided treatment for the son of one of the Church of Scientology's greatest stars. During this torture in 2008-2010 the attached conspiracy theory beamed-in by the torture team was that the Church of Scientology had killed John Travolta's son as at some point during John Travolta's questioning and torture in his earlier years he had said (I am God)(I am a living breathing God)(I am more popular than the Bible) and as such as 'God gave his only son' they killed his; and also that the Church of Scientology had driven L. Ron Hubbard's son to
suicide as his didn't fit in with Scientology doctrine. On consideration, it may be that within the Church of Scientology they were some whom did not fully understand the wisdom of the original author. Somewhere around this point the torture team were torturing me under hypnotism to write "the Church of Scientology is a Stalinesque, Neo-Nazis, pyramid suicide cult", an updated version of which is provided elsewhere in this text.

Generally Narconon and this aspect of the Church of Scientology seemed to be getting in the way of the NHS (when attempting to hand a letter into the receptionist at North Road West I said, "May I hand this letter in please", to which the receptionist shouted, "Scientology" at me; had this receptionist read my medical notes and like the Freemason at Charles Cross police station gone against the Hypocractic oath sworn; to expound matters whilst attending a Doctor's appointment at North Road West surgery the practice manager trailed behind me as I walked to the Doctor's room and whispered, as it has been indicated to me that you have previously indicated you may pursue litigation against us I am going to sit in on the interview and if you mention that I said this I'll just point to your diagnosis of schizophrenia, dubious activity indeed; in actual fact I had merely enquired why I was told under threat medication was compulsory, which severely worsened my medical conditions of seizures and schizophrenia, and why when I repeatedly told this to the health professionals whose care I was under the only reponse given was to up the dosage; when I enquired later as to whether the medication was actually compulsory as my seizures were almost killing me I was told the medication was in fact not compulsory), the police, the Security Service, and the systems of support in society (which the Church of Scientology were aiming to overtake for dubious financial gain) and commit so much crime in the process one would consider this point. Talk to Frank. Perhaps a more constructive future approach might be to simply state that at one time L. Ron Hubbard regularly used cocaine, hallucinogens, barbiturates, amphetamines, peyote, and mescaline, and used his experience as such to develop a programme of rehabilitation rather than attempting to nag people to death.

The voiced Church of Scientology kill team may state, "I'm fed up of of these drugs addicts, ..., ..., "; similarly the voice of the dead may state, "I'm fed up with the Church of Scientology attempting to torture and kill persons whom are doing nothing other than taking the medication they have been advised or agreed to take by the NHS with full knowledge of the police and appropriate authorities. None of these so-called offences carry the death sentence, for most of these cases a ticket is issued which acts as a receipt; less than a parking ticket for there is no associated fine". Which was a strange memory jogged when I walked between a van in which the driver was waiting, and boxed in by a police car parked on double yellow lines, although the hazard warning lights were on. Understandably, the police are allowed to utililise local shops and eating establishments, and in fact are encouraged to do so given improving communications (Chief Superintendent Jim Webster); in this case the Co-op was perhaps busier than usual and longer queues were unexpected. Of course if it was unknown to me at the time whether the van in question was a new idea or a variant of an old idea. Another favoured sales-pitch line of the Church of Scientology was, "Society is on the brink of collapse, the police are powerless to act," or "why don't the police do anything", yet whilst the Church of Scientology were torturing me persons had come out of prison on license and gone back in, had been out on probation and completed their probation period, and others had been placed in prison, perhaps in example, and were out again. So it would seem the police and the justice system knew exactly what they were doing. Ironically the Church of Scientology attempted to torture me with fake supposed side-effects of drug use, sometimes of drugs I'd never even heard off, bizarrely sometimes after I had relaxed after a couple of drinks it was like I was, "off my face, out of my head,
gurning my face off", as though I had taken drugs or something, and yet I hadn't taken any drugs, to the effect that I felt calm and in well being, almost as though I was having fun.

Matters could often be sensationalized in the press and I remember when it was reported in the Evening Herald that a young man had popped to his mate's place as he was feeling unwell. The man fell ill and rested in his mate's bed. The mate was concerned that his friend's condition had deteriorated so telephoned for an ambulance. Unfortunately the young man passed away. Presumably the police were called as there had been a death. Unfortunately the police searched the mate, found heroin, and arrested the mate. Unfortunately the Evening Herald then ran a sensationalist story on the front page, with an angry picture of the father, and a rather journalistic rant at how the father hated heroin dealers. Unfortunately it turned out that the young lad had an existing medical condition, a breathing condition, and that was why he popped to his mate's house, rested, and unfortunately passed away. No substance use was found in the autopsy. With apologies to the father, whilst the matter of heroin use was highlighted in the article, some felt that the journalist approach was rather rancid. Sometime later in a public bar, two journalists from the Evening Herald were sampling ale. A friend of mine, a former professional fighter, was sat with his back to the journalists. He mentioned that the poor press reporting from the Herald had resulted in him being sent down. I pondered for a moment, and then the friend stood up and left. I then considered that what he had heard me tell him about the article in question led him to make the veiled statement, 'Rather than going down for life you talk to them'. One of the journalists left, albeit after giving his business card to a young lady friend of mine, whilst the other, sat on his bar stool, turned to face me. Although the journalist was some distance away, I could see he had his hands clasped, and could hear him whisper. Although I cannot announce this publically, may I apologize for any misrepresentation in the press which may have caused any distress. The second journalist left soon after. In an unrelated story, a few years ago, I gave a ten pound note to a young man on the street. I saw him later, walking out of the Spar 24hr shop on Royal Parade. Later I saw him sat in Bretonside Bus Station. He was sat with his mate, their backs against a shop front, each had a McDonald's meal. Magic. In addition, I hope another two fellows, the King of Bretonside whom beardedly guarded the line in Bretonside Bus Station and the bearded father christmas enjoyed their cigarettes, although in the later case I started to wear sunglasses so when I entered my apartment block at Discovery Wharf the CCTV would not pick up the tears under my lenses at having to walk through an area where two or three persons were sleeping in cardboard boxes on the way to my penthouse flat. Unfortunately another local woman whom I gave a ten pound note to passed away a few weeks later, at least hopefully she had a happy few weeks, and a happy day. I always found it worth giving a few coins when I had sufficient as a method of change to those on the street, as they would often let you know what the word on the street was, even if sometimes it was merely the silence.

I once was arrested under duty of care by a PCSO whom does not have formal powers of arrest (merely citizen's arrest, the same as you and I have) for saying I was going to die from an epileptic seizure. The PCSO made a type of recorded interview after the citizen's arrest, I stated that I was "unhappy and wasn't sure what was going on", as I am have seizures and a medical diagnosis of schizophrenia, I am not sure of the validity of this video interview on her mobile phone, and it seemed tantamount to a kind of 'selfie'. Shortly after a PC arrived, the PCSO then proceeded to either over sexual favours or favours of another kind to another officer whom she had called, and whom them stated correctly the current UK guidelines at the custody desk, though failing to 'read between the lines' and note the note to senior staff of p.s. do not arrest anyone for cannabis unless another offence has been committed the nature of which you are unaware of and so are unable to arrest on a future investigative point, shortly after which a Freemason 'outed' himself from the back office, which was strange as a few years previously a torture team had stated that I would be falsely arrested and left to die in a police cell whilst experiencing seizures (by a Freemason-esque torture
routine incidently). When experiencing seizures during a period of rest and recovery at my parent's house shortly after, I heard the voices of the Church of Scientology dead, the torture routine sounded (in a male voice): "Who is your drugs dealer", I replied, "Dr Manapragada, Dr Murray", the male voice then shouted, "Not that one, the other one". To which I replied, "Dr Murphy"; the name of my then psychologist. The male voice then sounded, "We already know who your drugs dealer is we just wanted to make you swim in cells", I was not in cells, I was in a bedroom at my parent's house. Presumably the torture routine then sounded into the various insults and false accusations of the torture routine. There was also an attempt to create an illusion of a young person to act as torture, along the lines of "children are worried about drugs and drugs dealers", when in actual fact young persons were fully aware of how these medications had helped children with their otherwise untreatable medical conditions, especially with the high-profile cases of Alfie and Billy in the media; unfortunately around this period the champion of childhood epilepsy Amelia passed away. "I'm cool about it". Friends of Amelia.

Whilst the Church of Scientology routine may have been marketed as a method of interrogation or questioning, it is clear that the routine went beyond that, and was then merely torture. The Church of Scientology torture routine in 2008-2010 contained the line, "you'll spend the rest of your life inside" as a type of threat, at the time I considered this a warning against global warming as documented in one of my previous books, I had committed no crime which carried a life sentence, and as such it was clear the Church of Scientology was a system of intimidation and torture which goes beyond any reasonable version of law enforcement and in itself breaks many human rights and criminal laws. Demonstrating the farce the Church of Scientology had become. Perhaps things were not always this way.

According to some sources, L. Ron Hubbard 'smuggled cocaine and gold'. This is a difficult phrase in that it might be true that L. Ron Hubbard smuggled cocaine and gold, after all the floatila of ships must have crossed international boundaries. In addition, it might also be true that this was a method of quoting wisdom in a kind of encoded manner; as such anyone criticising this phrase could be told to 'fuck off back' in the mannerism of Aleister Crowley, such that if an afterlife existed this would create a separation so that groups of like-minded people could exist in their own version of a parallel universe. The phrase was spoken by Hubbard's son, presumably his heir. Thus the son and heir of the Church of Scientology is quoting back the wisdom of his father and of his inherited system, i.e. the phrase 'smuggled cocaine and gold' may have meant, in a cryptic clue type manner:

smuggled: secretly, between me and you may friend, although life is full of up and downs, and sometimes we feel like killing ourselves and killing each other, there is much wisdom in the world and we can all keep going on together, secretly

coke: church of, care of (parent or guardian) c (the) a (wisdom of the) (n) church of scientology (e) is based upon

and gold: the church of the golden dawn, which in turn draws its wisdom from the AA

Another linked in clue may have been, AA, American Airlines, the CIA, allegedly funded the smuggling of cocaine and gold.

A very circular discussion. In this instance, the wisdom can appear slightly confusing, in that the insults "he's a drugs addict, he's an alcoholic, he's this, he's that" which seem to be waylaid onto others, could appear as the Scientologists insulting their original author in the mannerism of Aleister Crowley such that L. Ron Hubbard shouts out fuck off back and so all the Scientologists are cast back out of Hell.
It may be so that L. Ron and Mary Sue Hubbard's son was quoting the wisdom of the Church of Scientology perfectly; speak in a manner or mannerism to as to invite criticism, so it is apparent whom would criticise you and whom would merely ask what you meant. I cried disheartedly when I learnt that Quentin Hubbard attempted suicide and died some two weeks later. In rebirth, Hubbard's son provides the link back for Hubbard whom in turn forms a new Eden:

Geoffrey Quentin McCaully Hubbard (named in nominee as: we all know there is a question here that we cannot answer ourselves so we call on our son and heir to inherit and continue the wisdom of our line). I, Justin Robert Daw, held my father's hand as the blood pumped from his neck and the light faded from his eyes to a view out the window of sunshine showing the way to one's parent's again. As he lay there in the big sleep, I uncrossed his fingers as they looked uncomfortable. "smuggled cocaine and gold"; "Astrum Argenteum, as my father's son and heir I shall quote back the inheritance of our system as inherited from the Golden Dawn". In belief. "That stupid fucking kid! Look what he's done to me!"; grief, a terrible thing; " You're fucking kidding me, so what you are telling me is, one of (my) children has died.

Quentin Hubbard, like many, may have understood the family business yet perhaps wanted to make his own way in the world and achieve his own success independently. However in his lifetime Quentin Hubbard reached the highest level of auditor training. Irrespective as to Quentin Hubbard's sexuality for reasons described, whilst "Scientology doctrine classified homosexuals as 'sexual pervert[s]' and 'quite ill physically'" forgive me for the spoiler, the sexual selection aspect of the Church of Scientology is based on the A.:A.: methodology of the aspect of the individual, therefore in the Church of Scientology's language, "sexual pervert[s]" translates as 'not sure if this person is the one for me[or you if I'm with a friend]' and "quite ill physically" translates as "I may find that repulsive myself in the sense that I'll deflect them and hope that they find whomever they are looking for". A methodology of increasing confidence, character building, and finding the right one.

Narconon. I moved on years ago, I suggest you do the same. There's no point nagging me about something that happened years ago, anon. Anyway, that was the history of Narconon.

There were continued attempts to make it seem that someone had done something wrong to me or I had done something wrong, i.e. what has gone so wrong in your life that you are being a trouble source; when I was never a trouble source at all and the only thing that had gone wrong was the process of torture applied wrongly to me.

In the Panorama documentary by Louis Theroux where the scene is where Mr David Miscavige walks into the room and orders the young woman to walk around the room on all fours and gesticulate in a certain way, and the young man to enact another set play, and sets the others in motion, Mr David Miscavige is demonstrating the fullest extent of the wisdom of the Church of Scientology system, to sign-out a parable tale. This may be as in the Church of Scientology belief system their guardian angels sign-out messages to them - although this process is flawed as they also use it as a methodology of torture to attempt to enforce civilians under torture to mime, sign, rhyme, via the barking-dog effect of training-in repetition as attempted on myself in 2008-2010. Therefore, Mr David Miscavige is actually saying, (young woman to walk around the room on all fours and gesticulate)\{as for women, they're all whores [the academic may note the Freemason-esque version in the torture in 2008-2010 was "they're all whores anyway"], and they need feeding\}(young man to enact another set play)\{as for these younger men, they're all inferior\}(various other enacts)\{as for the rest of them, they're all, this, that, the other\} All you can do in this world is look after yourself, and as I'm number one, all I can do is demonstrate the wisdom of the Church of Scientology to its fullest extent. Seemingly based on a rather basal New-Age (forgive me, a rather poor interpretation of New-Age) wisdom, Mary and Joseph, All you can do is look after Jo-seph, similar to the Jeeves and
Wooster-esque fin-de-siècle enlightenment line of You don't have to get married straight away, women want the same as us these days, like with like. In conclusion. The name David Miscavige would also translate along the lines of, D-a-v-i-d M-i-s-c-a-v-i-g-e (As if by magic, or more like by some terrible miscarriage of justice, which may have looked an accident) and so on, with the reserved meaning of D-a-v-i-d M-i-s-c-a-v-i-g-e being the start of the insult stream I'm not saying your system should have been aborted at birth, and so on. Would Mr L. Ron Hubbard's phrase of 'Money, money, money' be, sorry to be the one to have to tell you this, I just did it for the money. At least there was an apology built-in.

As there was perhaps concern that the Church of Scientology was a pyramid marketing suicide cult, and as the torture team in September 2008 were so rancid they made it look as though they were killing indiscriminately, I introduced myself to the Church of Scientology as a friend, three times, in mirror of how something appeared in my mind and enabled me to continuum. To the young man on the book-cart I said, "if you ever need a friend outside of (the) Church of Scientology I am your best friend", and on some other occasions. I last saw what I believed to be this man driving around a roundabout, Charles Cross I think, with a happy smile on his face. Continuum.

As of play, it would seem only the Church of Scientology continued with their system of torture, everyone else appeared to have learnt. So, the Church of Scientology, did you have actually any reason to torture me at all, or did I just test your skill in challenge so as to tie-up your system from start to finish in loop. Start: "Are you sexually frustrated, are you mentally disabled, are you, then why are you being a source of trouble to the Church of Scientology". Stop: "He must be because he's a trouble source to the system of Scientology". Actually, Persephone, he is not a thief, rapist, murderer, pedophile, killer, serial killer, drug addict, drugs dealer, he is nothing of these things; so whilst the Church of Scientology may state he's a t-r-o-u-b-l-e, he's a thief, he's a rapist, he's pedophile, he's a killer, he's a serial killer, he's a drugs addict, he's a drugs dealer, he must be, and that's why he's being a trouble source to Scientology. My dear, I was never a trouble source to the Church of Scientology at all. Perhaps more correctly, the list of false accusations, trivial insults, and then, "And that's why he's being a trouble source to Scientology!", well, actually, I never was a trouble source to Scientology. At which point no doubt Persephone would scream, "Thanks for telling us you've had a wank". Actually, I don't masturbate, so Persephone, how wrong were you. Men and women masturbate, have sex, and so on, so what was the point of the Church of Scientology. The entire system of the Church of Scientology from beginning to end, start to finish. I am not a thief, I had had my life stolen from me, I had given most of my money and time to help others. I am not a rapist, I had looked after victims of domestic, sexual abuse. I was not a murderer, I had endeavoured to save lives. I am not a pedophile, I had endeavoured to look after all. I am not a killer, serial killer, although at times I have been trained to kill. I am not a drugs addict, I am not a drugs dealer. I had endeavoured to steer people away from crime and had inspired others to quit drugs, manage drug, alcohol use.

The methodology by which the Church of Scientology torture and suicide routine functioned was by training the brain over time to have a photographic and audiographic mind, something already familiar to the Security Service. The Scientologists would perform set-plays out and around town by sign, mime, rhyme. Under torture conditions these illusions were then replayed, although it was attempted to say that the Church of Scientology had swung by the side of someone whom was suicidal and performed set-plays in order to keep them alive, in actual fact the set-plays were replayed as torture (although at times there might be a secondary voice acting in conjunction). The Church of Scientology suicide kill routine was to replay a set of set plays, memories and insults at high-speed, in one instance such that a flashback memory is created, which is why I introduced myself to the young man on the book-cart three times at set intervals, such that if such a suicide
methodology was attempted on him then there would be three alternative memories to act as stop-
breaks. I applied similar methodologies with others.

I gave the Church of Scientology plenty of opportunities to stop torturing me. As I am writing this, I
am giving the Church of Scientology one last chance to stop torturing me, or admit defeat.

Start. The starting lines of the systems of torture of the Church of Scientology are: "Would you like a
stress test", no, so what you're telling me is you prefer masturbation, thanks for telling me you've
had a wank; yes, I don't fancy you I just want to sell you something.

End. The ending line of the system of torture of the Church of Scientology is: "And that's why he's
being a trouble source to the system of Scientology".

At which point the kill routine, the methodology of attempting to drive a person to suicide would
activate. Church of Scientology I was never a source of trouble to the Church of Scientology the
Church of Scientology were a source of trouble to I. Justin Robert Daw.

L. Ron Hubbard and Quentin Hubbard named the successor to the system of the Church of
Scientology as The Thelemic and Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. Unfortunately the Church of
Scientology did not accept this and attempted to use the system of The Thelemic and Hermetic
Order of the Golden Dawn to kill. Justin Robert Daw. As such, I, Justin Robert Daw have learnt
enough of the torture systems of the Church of the Scientology so as to be immune. The Church of
Scientology attempted to kill me in many ways over eleven years. The torture applied to Justin
Robert Daw by the Church of Scientology was unjust, unwarranted, and is so inapplicable to any at
all, should never existed at all. The Church of Scientology have committed so much crime and
destroyed so many lives I, Justin Robert Daw, mark the Church of Scientology for death in Hell.

Church of Scientology
the silver backed glass in mirror
all they do is reflect back to you
yet in science and technology
just glass and silver backing
(which of course the Scientologist may attempt to translate as 'I take it all back, it was my fault all
along' or some other nonsense, yet the facts remain unchanged). Which is reminiscent of the
Hermetic drawing of the man in the mirror, the interpretation being, "if you can look in the mirror
and remain unchanged you are a man [woman] my friend". When I wrote this in a previous book,
the torture team attempted to illusion that they had taken what I had written and used it to
hypnotize a Freemason to stab him self twenty times whilst looking in the mirror (Freemasonry and
Church of Scientology). This was not unusual, in 2008-2010 various torture teams attempted to
make illusion that Freemasonry, the Church of Scientology, the A.'A.'., the OTO, and various terrorist
groups including the Mujahideen/an Islamic 'terrorist' group/ISIS (in fact attempted to illusion that I
had named ISIS as ISIS as I had written about the 'Dark Sisters of Isis of Isis light and dark' and so on,
in reference to the Goddess Isis however), that they had all taken what I had written and killed
someone(s) how I had supposedly described by translating/translacing it into their 'own language'. In
the A4 book dated 2009-2012, there are many (R.I.P.) inserted into the text, I cannot remember fully
whether these marks were where they had previously killed someone, or a mark to indicate that
they had killed someone as I was writing the text, yet I do distinctly remember changing the text in
the book several times when the torture teams had killed someone as I was writing in order to
indicate the torture teams had just killed someone(s).
I remember being sat at a bar, whereby two lads began speaking in Russian and then seamlessly switched to Arabic, I had been trained to interpret language matrices, and keyed into their conversation (reminiscent of the language board in Charles Cross, Arabic, Argentium Astrum, I am fairly sure I am going to die he please teach me the language I need to know). At a point in their conversation, I spoke, "M-uu-sshh--a-dean--an", at which point the barmaid said, "What the hell did you just say to them". It was a bar in England. I may have shouted the phrase. In hindsight, it may have translated as, "Shh my friends, you can't just go around planning to blow things up, go and talk to your Iman about it, actually, now you mention it, I'll go and see him myself". The scenario was a training scenario.

In an earlier book I was hypnotized to draw Satan's signature which was a cross with one end drawn with a line, supposedly how 'Satan' functions; around the time a person walked past me and said size and shape, at which point I remembered an illusion which I had been hypnotized with by an Evil Eve (E') cult which was 'never fall in love again', 'when given the choice of two neither is suitable for you', in attempt in replay hypnotism in a situation where I may have had the chance to become romantically involved so as to attempt to put me off; this was generally the case the torture teams would 'load up' my mind with hundreds if not thousands of phrases which took some years to wear off. This symbol was also used to summate all 'Scientology do is do back to you what you do to them in reverse'. These were all supposed to echo how 'Satan' functions, yet in the two or three times I experienced a Satanic-like entity it did not function as this, as described. Therefore is was clear the torture routines were generated by some humans and not by Satan. Hell.

Aside from shutting down the Church of Scientology shop and replacing with a dating agency I was unsure of what to do with them. Two years ago I read that the Church of Scientology were dwindling in numbers and so I thought, Woudn't it be a good idea for people to go to the Church of Scientology shop and hook up and get married. Unfortunately the hypnotism and torture continued to reel in my mind for another two years, and I almost died several times from seizures and encurred much physical pain and injury. So perhaps one instead should replace the Church of Scientology sign with a sign that merely says, 'Cock blockers', as that is effectively all the torture appeared to attempt to do. The Church of Scientology seemed to follow the Victorian line in places, sending the systems of society (police, social services), "I want him arrested, I was him sectioned", similar to the Freemason "I want this man detained, I want this man", and so on, often destroying someone's life and attempting to prevent them finding employment, health care, education, and then attempting to blame them for being a "trouble source to Scientology" or a "drain on resources", when it is clear to all that the Church of Scientology are causing this angle of criticism, causing this waste of resources, time, money, life. However, it would appear that the Church of Scientology in the contemporary era had forgotten it's roots.

The Church of Scientology. "how to build up a rapour", how to develop oneself and one's relationships in order to form friendships and perhaps find a parnter; unfortunately in the contemporary era this had been reduced to "how to build up a rapour", a wrap-ore, a method of draining a person of all their money and if they find out call them a rap-ur, a wanker or presumably a masturbator(?) in the female sense and drive them to suicide. Oh really. Oh dear. Just because they are not suitable for you doesn't mean they are not suitable for someone else. Like with like. Unfortunately the Church of Scientology system of torture merely degraded into trivial insults, false accusations. Nagging, criticising, attempting to control, telling someone what to do, torture, isn't effective. Build up a rapport. One of the starting lines of the system of torture of the Church of Scientology in 2008 was along the lines of, "you've previously been a friend of mine [Church of Scientology] and now you're been unfriendly to me and the Church of Scientology, so you must be a pedophile, you must be a" and so on. This seemed to be similar to the Freemasonry line, in that the torture was only designed to be used against its own line, I am not a Freemason, I am not a
Scientologist, I was never an objector to Freemasonry nor a trouble source to the system of the Church of Scientology. The torture was incorrectly applied. The supposed trouble source to Scientology was usually someone whom had been tortured in order to provoke a reaction, so the system of the Church of Scientology all had someone to run around and torture, whilst those at the top creamed off the money from the pyramid of sales. It would seem the Church of Scientology had taken what was known about God and Satan and switched it the other way round in attempt to entrap persons in an imaginary Hell. The trivial insults seemed farcical, "you've been such a wanker as to be a trouble source to Scientology" (female voice), which when translated in Scientology-speak (a system of insults against itself) means "I prefer masturbation", making the Scientologist saying it look hopeless themselves, which in turn could translate as when it comes to BDSM I prefer being master rather than slave; the entire system of the Church of Scientology designed as it was to implode on itself, i.e. the lower ranks fought each other whilst those at the top creamed money. Perhaps try not insulting each other and get along being the word from the upper eschelons.

Similar to other cults, the Church of Scientology would often run a double illusion, saying one thing to one lot, i.e performing a helpful set-play, and at the same time torture the person with another lot, such as at the end they could say something like, "we did everything we could to help you there must be something wrong with you" or somesuch nonsense, whilst at the same time another lot from the Church of Scientology had been destroying the person. Typically parading a person they had helped so that if they were criticised they could claim, "like I've been telling you all along (and reel off a list of trivial insults, false accusations, attempting to redefine words so they could claim what they were saying was true, such as the 'thief', 'rapist', 'murderer'), "what has Scientology even done to you", "can't you see what we're doing here", "we just wanted to live our lives and get married and have children", and so on, yet the Church of Scientology was a thinly veiled illusion to cover up torture, sexual torture, bullying, abuse, 'cockblocking' via hypnotism and torture, planned suicide and planned murder. In addition, it was apparent that an illusion would be generated that the person comes dependant on in a tortured sense, such as the illusion of a 'dead person' or a false guardian angel in voice, and then operate this illusion for several months or years at high speed, and then switch the illusion round so it became a lead in to regret. Whilst the Church of Scientology were torturing me and attempting to destroy my life, I endeavoured to give people something to believe in before they died of their terminal illness, give people something to believe in to keep them here and keep them going whilst they were here, i.e. suicide prevention and helping them to have a life, and counsel the dead, the dying, the recently bereaved, the poor, the sick, the needy, those on their own or separated from their friends, liaising with the police with regards to policing clubland, managing martial artists, supporting persons in the witness protection programme, bodyguarding daughters of the security service and the police, helping those on probation, former offenders, rehabilitation. Basically doing on an individual basis with a budget of nothing what the Church of Scientology with a budget of billions and person power of thousands claimed to be doing to justify destroying others lives. In effect the Church of Scientology were causing the angle of criticism, with the knock on effect that the Church of Scientology were draining resources from the police, NHS, social services, whilst I was supporting the police, NHS, social services. One can imagine L. Ron Hubbard's inception, the Church of Scientology a collection of stupid tossers, idiots the world is full of the I don't know what to do with them all - I know I'll create a generic system of psychology using science and technology in order to manipulate the human psychology, unfortunately this degraded into a system of attempted torture and control, the only people of which were being 'filter out of society' by driving them to suicide were innocent and saw no reason for a voice beamed into their mind via radio equipment attempting to criticise them to death, and persons whom had heard guardian angels, Gods, before, found this equally unbelievable, especially when originally this may have been an attempt at helping persons to find like-minded friends, groups of friends, and possibly a sexual partner, love. How dreamed a nightmare Eden. I too was heartbroken when I discovered what the Church of Scientology were really up to, and cried many tears for them over years. The
Church of Scientology system of torture included attempting to create a schizophrenic-voice or voices in the mind (using radio equipment, hypnotism, brain-washing) which commented on everything one did (he's scratched his head, he's stood up - fairly boring to listen too) if one supposedly commented about them, a voice which criticised everything one did and everything any did around one (I accelerated my mind for several years and countered every angle of criticism) if one supposedly criticised them, and so on. I never commented, criticised, the Church of Scientology, I merely wrote down what that did to me. I certainly never used torture, sexual torture, hypnotised them to kill themselves or kill another, I was never a trouble source to the Church of Scientology at all. A one point in the torture the Freemason voice attempted to encur that all crime was commited by objectors to Freemasonry and the only reason they were commiting those crimes was because they had been tortured similarly by Freemasonry to produce schizophrenic-like voices which caused these crimes, similar to the Church of Scientology, 'he's a thief, he's a rapist', entirely false, this went on further to attempt to create an illusion that all wisdom cliches, common phrases, were created by Freemasonry so they would use all these to kill me, it didn't really work, and eventually Freemasonry realised I was their friend all along. Later, the Church of Scientology attempted to do the same, saying that they were in control of the money, all crime was committed by trouble sources to the Church of Scientology and they had been hypnotised to commit these crimes, again, completely false. After the fourth or fifth group attempted to claim the same it was obvious that although there may be five or six systems, there's always more and that the systems of torture were complete nonsense.

The starting line of another cult was "so easily involved in any argument other than his own", during which I defended everything, although this seemed to have a nasty reverb ending line of, "he's so uninvolved [single] and so unevolved" in attempt to prove sexual dominance or superior selection, I was hardly a virgin, and was merely single at the time as I was practising a period of celibacy, although previously getting out the flat was difficult in 2008-2010 when the torture team would attempt to scupper my chances of finding love by torturing me to the point of seizures. Some people these days are asexual, they are not having sex with anyone at the moment as when they look around they haven't yet found anyone whom they want to have sex with even though they may be having sex with each other. Male and female masturbation are hardly a new invention, so a female voice attempting to criticise with regards to masturbation seemed somewhat naive. I am aware that women and men have masturbated about me, so the torture seemed somewhat obtuse. These seemed to be simply methods of torture so if anyone has the same done to them I'd just ignore it the same. With respect to sexual selection and sexual progress, I have also been paid for sexual services three times, so the elements which were attempting to torture seemed rather in vainity. The 'unevolved' seemed a bit sparse, as far as Darwinism selection goes, anyone whom is attempting to kill in this manner is rather unevolved as humanity has surpassed that already. Merely generic systems of torture.

Disseminating the Church of Scientology system of science and technology, what was known about human psychology in the 1940s and 1950s, taking 'science' to mean what we can see, observe, an attempt at human experimentation, apply the same method to all, a flawed attempt to model how human psychology functions.

i) the stress test meter (E-meter). A thesis of in order to reach a decision point does the human brain think one way and then the other, and in a lot of cases the other/opposing in opposite way first, as a decision was perhaps thought to be a rejection of a previous thought in the opposite direction. Thus perhaps the E-meter was an attempt at rejecting/modifying a participant's thought processes/decision making processes in the same vein, only in the vanity of the controlling auditor, i.e. turn a doubter of the Church of Scientology into a conversion to their way of thinking, although this is a rather Nazis-esque approach that doesn't achieve the means intended WWII.
ii) auditing - bombarding with questions, forcing a false answer at high speed, i.e. a thesis of does the brain randomly think to make a decision, the discussion points of original thought, prone to suggestion, hypnotism, brain-washing.

iii) the collective consciousness, the collection of consciousnesses that is the Church of Scientology, i.e. a thesis does the mind operate by being a collection of voices in the subconscious which influences needs, morals. In reality merely an attempt to instil schizophrenic-like voices, snippets of hypnotism, reeled mantras.

Thus one may imagine L. Ron Hubbard's original thesis, i) a stress test, a barometer for measuring the initial reaction of the populace, or in this case the experimental group. ii) does the mind develop an intellect, awareness, by continually questioning itself, however does auditing merely brew up paranoias and insecurities. iii) does the subconsciousness think in a collection of voices the dominant of which is the decision. Therefore, in thesis, the experience, the model, the approach, all seem flawed, a rather trivial attempt to model human psychology and use pseudo-technology to attempt to control, subdue, dominate, a target population, sales demographic.

L. Ron Hubbard's apology, "modern psychology is a sham""I'm sorry the system of the Church of Scientology is a scam, I simply needed the money at the time". Time and time again.

Although Mr David Miscavige may quote the Freemasonry-esque in mime and sign and rhyme as "They're all whores anyway" the female voice may sound "it's largely a matter of finding the right one for you".

Narconon. There's no point nagging on at people. Perhaps an individual approach. Is there anything you are addicted to, is there any help that you need, would medication, counselling, a course of therapy, a course of study be helpful, sometimes a course of study may be therapy.

NHS Direct
MyAccess Clinics 'specials' medications
Oxford NHS Ketamine treatment for depression
NHS: Drug addiction: getting help. If you need treatment for drug addiction, you're entitled to NHS care in the same way as anyone else who has a health problem. With the right help and support, it's possible for you to get drug free and stay that way.
Alcoholics Anonymous

SARS, SARS-CoV-2, Coronavirus, COVID-19, the year 2020

SARS - The Chinese way of saying we are so sorry to anyone who became inflected by a virus that originated in our country China.

SARS, SARS-CoV-2, Coronavirus, COVID-19, the year 2020. It is impossible to change what has already happened, all we can do is with the advantage of hindsight, attempt to learn from what we have experienced, so that we can progress on in destiny. Wisdom.

Resources

The Lucis Trust ...
Argenteum Astrum ...
The Libri of Aleister Crowley ...
Things could be lonesome in the field. I can remember at times leaving backup data cds in bushes or under wardrobes in rented flats in case the worst appeared and a trail was needed to be left. At times a data-stick would be small enough to be hidden inside a bra or swallowed if necessary. A thank you to every and all for the compilation of this information.

Please email enquiries@thogd.org with your enquiries