LOUISIANA HALF-FACE

A Gnostic novel

Jonathan Bowden

TSTC

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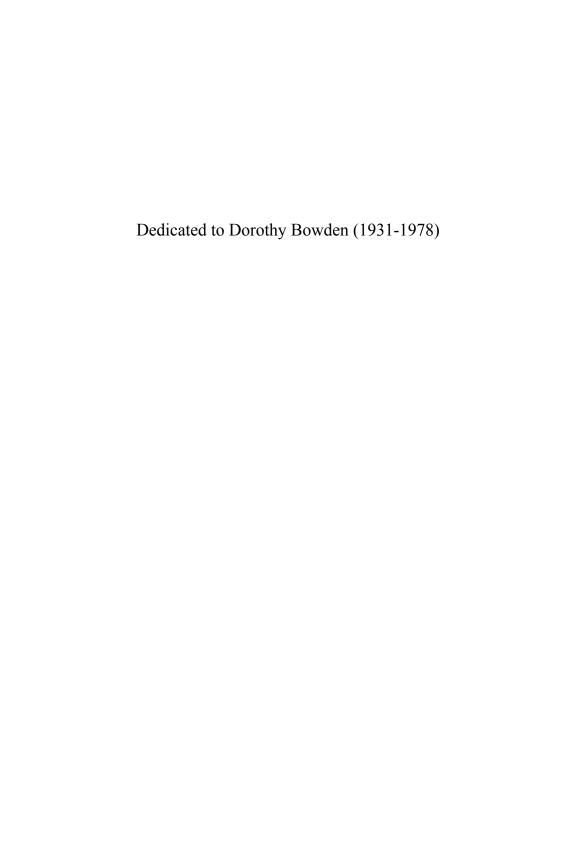
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Savitri Devi (1905-1982)

Daughter of the Black Sun:

We note a beauty
Seen in profile
French and Hellenic to the proportion rare:
Yet burning
Steadfast
Iron drawn
And unrepentant.





Jonathan Bowden Photo by Daniel Smalley

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LOUISIANA HALF-FACE

A Gnostic novel

Cast of Characters:~

Beady-Eyed Tremblake Strawberry Wobbler Boo Wilson Cranium Biter (Dye) **Dog-Eared Spittoon** Oueen Rat **Human Toast** Chap Rusk (Roughage) Dramabu Perry's Fizz Split-mouth Reindeer Tatum's Clown Goober Peas Bob-cat Jenkin Imperial Wizard Etc...

PART ONE: (1)

A black crow articulates numbness... and its expectant eye adapts to a saurian's reflexes or kindred. Again, the bird's beak betrays a blue complexity; particularly if a sun sets over a raindance. This indicates a pattern of knowledge, even *becoming*, in terms of a cry – and it stains the silence or rattles its cage. Down beneath, a 'man' in an open boat paddles into a channel, and the water slakes away under an aspen's womb. Furthermore, the scull reflects a darksome limb amid such depths, and they scud atop a lake's skimming. Against this – the bloodied light shimmers horizontally, or it illumines stick-trees that entrance the gloom. His shift (or rafting kit) floats and bobs without menace; even if a pond's depths limit its progress. For, most

certainly, isn't the *soi-disant* 'Enlightenment' a lie? To be sure: we encamp next to a crime's spectrum or malignancy; yet it's kept under by a rage that's silhouetted in water. A brackish taste perplexes our knowledge or shape-shifting, and it notifies those poles or trees up ahead. Yet what of our launch's figure (?) – in that his name is Boo Wilson and he happens to be a Mummy... since, rather like Boris Karloff, he staggers to his task. *Quod* his limbs move quickly under a bandaged haze; and they articulate many items or abandoned skins. These prod at immeasurability, plus a filament o' science or lintel (no matter); and it cauterises a resolve... one that brandishes awe. Let an air-stream characterise the Heavens – it can never make up for a crow's image in water.

PART TWO: (2)

The pastel of these ruins sinks on roundabout, and a thick impasto or chiaroscuro limits revenge. Do you see? For a Mummy's shrunken face stares at the sky; and it comes over as limned, forsaken, trussed, kindled, bound up and let go (otherwise). Somewhat seamlessly, this answer to Anne Rice's husk marches on – and it takes the form of a wizened artichoke. Are its bandages really an endearment? Let's face it: one Mummy walks into the future with a dilapidated expression, even though it's slightly fey. And forsooth, Boo Wilson adopts a cantilevered gait; if only to stumble in a jagged manner... it's a tortuous train, to be honest. But who can begrudge a ten-foot Mummy with mad eyes, who's covered in Keats' lintel, and that sways under the moon?

PART THREE: (3)

A naked eye pillions a maidenhead – or it turns away from this land's refutation (never mind its malaise). Most assuredly, Boo Wilson knows that the earth is diseased; and it spreads its miasma with a distaff's swirl... one which causes contagion. At one grasp (therefore) a daemonic mouth, *a la* "minotaur's" magazine, affords a bridge into some darkness. (Note: *Minotaur* was Surrealism's or Andre Breton's house journal). These marks

of Cruikshank, Hogarth, Lewis, Steadman, Beresford Egan, Rowlandson, Blake and Gilray all testified to a line... albeit amidst a refulgent cloud. It caparisoned or gave way to an ochre texture - somewhat like a gas - or otherwise reminiscent of an early Giotto. Might a fake one come into the picture (?); especially if £150 million is asked for it. Look again: since this unsacred earth, caught in black rain, leads to a signature where skeletal hands reach up from the plot. Nonetheless, the area known as Briar's Copse is a haunted spot – that is, a place for dissident novelists, black or unripe cherries, rubbish or detritus, as well as the occasional suicide. (Wasn't one found hanging from a briar, or a bramble in the spinney, in '49's hot summer?) Yes indeed... even though a child's eye, crowned by a hemicycle of thorns, is bound not to see. It pulls off a displacement (thereby); and Boo Wilson, our Mummy, observes the hands of varied zuvembies coming up from the loam. They are brittle, fragmented, calcium chalked, imprecise and occasionally locked together. Also, the figure of a man with a white skeleton painted on his body - itself 'blacked up' a la Lawrence Olivier superintends here. It enlivens the rites of Dramabu; the master of death, who commands those to rise that have been laid low. Our Mummy, a creature *avec* foresight's gift, stares disbelieving innocence. But he is also rapt, attentive, spectral, determined and all aglow; given the wrapt sheets around his face. Aren't they twisted into a thoughtful mask (?); at once dexterous, empathetic, thoughtful, stoical and unbidden. He stares at the dark Fuller's earth so revealed... can he free it from bondage? And further, isn't liberty – after Albert Camus' diction – an illusion save for the higher man?

PART FOUR: (4)

Further to this breakthrough, Boo Wilson draws a stick over the ground at his feet. It's been ripped from one of the surrounding boughs – whether that's a matted cypress, weeping to its dawn, or other shrivelled arbours. Might they wax grey under a bleeding sun? Still and all, the Mummy knows that a nameless

dread has come to this place. Avaunt thee, it delineates his disease – in decaying flesh – and causes him to dance warily or in a haphazard way. For, in a semblant mysticism, black cowled votaries line up next to pillars of basalt. These spike the heavens when next to a shimmering haze of ice and snow... it frees the forbidding aspect of the north (above all). Let's see now; we notice the liberation of this pell mell – its lightning bursts, correspondences, hail, sleet and rides towards ecstasy... or its negation. Again, the clouds roll over our pylons (no matter how sheer); and Boo Wilson senses the presence of a great mouth under Satan's hill or Briar's Copse. It belongs to a thaumaturge or happenstance... and this dark lord was called Cranium Biter (Dye). Its teeth were gigantic and irregular; and they grew out of the earth in order to surmount such a mound. Doesn't nature place a warning next to these places of enchantment or wander lust? Yet Boo Wilson merely views the future with bloodshot equanimity – i.e., his eyes were aflame amid bandages of steel!

PART FIVE: (5)

At this juncture, however, we move towards an ornate townhouse; and it's one that stands abandoned (irrespective of time). Its graves articulate a weeping from the side or rear; and each canopy faces the street like a brownstone. No, these mullioned windows – all twenty-four of them – stare at you from a mansion: and it pictures its magnificence (no matter what). A portico'd entrance, up some steps, transforms its wonder under a horseshoe; if only to emblazon a rush or a salutary wind. Does one care? It exists to the side and falls back from a dusty ochre. in terms of an echo's burn. No wonder: since these attributes are never resolved or lost; and they can't escape from a stilted impression. Also, the house resides on a promontory with sheer sides; while a pathway, gaping in its split beam, leads to a door. A taxi (captured in blue-and-white) spirits its way into the distance. It's deposited two people at a manse's portal, don't you know? A malignant 'bite' traverses its seed, but, like in Peter Blatty's *The Exorcist*, it's gusted around by Zephyr's boon. All

in all, its structure is more reminiscent of Pugin than Roark, or Liverpool's Anglican cathedral than a mechano set by Mies van der Rohe. Likewise, a few gnarled trees spot their angularity; and they're bent or falsely crushed. Furthermore, this vegetation twists around in ways undreamt of by Salvatore Rosa. For – look at this – astride of its marble steps, when veined by sandstone, two figures have been let go. They are Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wombler (in turn). Whereupon these two find themselves next to a mansion on Briar's Copse – otherwise known as Satan's Hill. It was mid-winter.

PART SIX: (6)

But what of the two left by the roadside? Well(!), they're a man and a woman who were leavened by distress - even its absence. Although, come to think of it, Beady-Eyed Tremblake turns out to be a scarecrow on closer inspection. First a Mummy and then a Scarecrow, do you see? For this hominid – made from rags or cloths – strives to erase its orange eyes or their blazes; while its face curves into a grin (maniacally so). Might it be a hollow man's rictus? Despite this, a hat of corn tops 'its' head; what with the odd bit of cotton, briar or thorn sticking out (amidships). Such a scintillation dies below stairs... and this corn-crake denotes a tatterdemalion; together with a scarf and a dress-jacket of dust. A rope, or something of summer-time, holds up his trousers robustly; and his slacks were sleeping afore a gold blazonry. Moreover, and at the bottom of his feet, one sees lintel, forgotten chaff and agrarian sleet. Nonetheless, his inner body --or template --- is made from straw matting & rag-ends; and it expresses a lost sinuousness. Let it pass: since the ragamuffin has no press or substance, save round a skeleton o' brooms, in that it's compacted from brush. Might Beady-Eyed Tremblake be described as a giant corn-dolly, thereafter? Also, isn't there a rural festival up in Northumberland where each cottage in a hamlet has a scarecrow in its garden? It must be an attempt to ward off a malevolent sigil, or evil's dread! But let's speak of his female companion, Strawberry Wobbler, who accompanies M.

R. James' stick-man. Heavens above, the English ghost story is not really dead, after all...

PART SEVEN: (7)

She hasn't forgotten the meaning of Anglophilia; nor need we expect it of her! Given this interlude, her curves obey Sapphire's wistfulness or a crystalline dream. Most definitely, the woman known as Strawberry Wobbler pursues a rare beauty and it's one in which zombies take an interest. For, if we remember it, her form indicates a brazen inarticulation; and it knows no other remit than forgiveness' ecstasy. In bodily terms, her skeleton is contained within a skin-tight suit which registers nothing of the dawn – it's made of leather and curves with her aims. Might this be a somnolence or two, in turn? Again, Strawberry's breasts are half-out and contained within a brassiere – albeit of mania, and it cleaves to a top-heavy front. Aren't they sustained within abundant cups? She's something of a Goth, in other words; with a belt around her midriff of abandoned cord and an amulet aslant her neck. It succeeds in dangling from a long necklace. While she also wears about one bronzed arm a band or inner lectern; it casts off an absent glow --- no matter how achieved. And further than this, the woman's hair wears a dark fringe as it cascades to either side of the scalp; not to mention the Kolbe eye-lashes she besports. Likewise, the brassiere may be covered by mesh or netting – the latter of a fine wove. Whereas her extremity ends in thigh-high boots which click as she moves in oblivion's terms... after a Medusa, a Desadia or a female caricature by Audrey Beardsley. Oh yes---.

PART EIGHT: (8)

Our heterosexual couple are discussing the house's ground rules or ambit. Beady-Eyed Tremblake: "Look at the finesse of this mausoleum, my dear, and realise that its porticos or inner casements heal the bliss of those inside." "Are they buried alive?", replied the bomb-shell with a distant healing. "Most definitely", came the answer from a ragamuffin's jaws. "It is the

case, as avec Stephen King's novel The Shining, that a building gnaws at the anima of what proceeds inside it. It troubles or worries its own viscera – never mind its pudenda, do you see?" "Not really", averrs the archly feminine one. "Well (!), look at it this way, why don't you? For Henri Barbusse, the later author of *Under Fire* about the Great War, makes the point... at least as it pertains to Hell, L'Enfer." "The first existential novel from 1906 at the beginning of the twentieth century." "Quite so, you have it in one during this invisible game of whist. But what we await is the idea of a palpable Animism – or, quite possibly, the building of invisible spirit-levels inside an architectural levy. It instructs its balance to be out of account, you see, in that a manse absorbs its day-break - even a reverse anima. It takes off into the dawn by dint of an inverse animus – i.e., one that rises up, yellowish under the moon, and gibbous, reclining or with its head on the side. Doesn't it embody (here) the facsimile of a ghost with a skull under its arm?" "So, if I understand you aright, a negation or freeze-frame of a building – such as one of Piper's shells in Bath – comes unstuck. It sucks up the environment over time and plays it back on an invisible circuit. Yes indeed..." "You have understood it perfectly, my dear", uttered the Scarecrow, and his lips puckered into an unholy leer as he says this.

PART NINE: (9)

They proceed to enter this tunnel of misfortune and the *oubliettes* of its forgotten imagination. Its brown delivery of an Essence (perforce) cheats our mantra – i.e., one that soars above a night-time's ambit. Yesss... the dun-coloured abstraction of its task leads to a *coda*, even to an impression of Victorian solidity. Might this be a misunderstanding? To be sure: the grand House has five storeys – not to mention roof-top dens or fake avenues, the odd one sporting a light. Moreover, a frontispiece of interconnexions and brick hints at a painting... could it be Mantegna's *Lamentation over the Dead Christ* (circa. 1480)? In any event, a swirl of Turneresque dust or 'flue' washes the building's face, and it causes a lozenge o' light: one that bisects

its curtains or reality. Trigonometrically speaking, it exists in reversal or like a photographic negative, and its mission crosses dimensions. These hint at a cool aperture within such slopes... Look: the manse incarnates a blast of emptiness, particularly given its cavernous space or roominess. Such motions gaze down from above and reflect criss-crossed windows out across the floor. (We observe the play from a heightened perspective or in the gods [you see]; and the vastness of the rooms finds itself keyed in... don't you know?) It goes on to denote a pounding deep freeze; or a commingling of the Hythe beach once seen in childhood... Martello towers and all. This relieves the sea-front of all availability; in that a vast cube in a house called Buda lies back from the English Channel. It consisted of various outposts and booths, all of them painted black, and each one of 'em bristling with bookshelves. These came to be illuminated by occult or swinging lights - themselves proportioned like Art Deco lamps of yesteryear. Nor did this just cut alternate sways or dimensions (willy-nilly) amid such limits or boutiques. Given that a few sculptures or statues – many yoked together on mounts or poles - festoon a tabernacle of wood. Let it bend with the seasons, thereby, and one or two of them betray Cycladic possibilities.

PART TEN: (10)

The conversation between our chosen couple resumes with renewed gusto... although the first to speak was the deliciously feminine Strawberry Wobbler. "But Beady, does this mansion actually exist?" "You mean you doubt its licit status or comprehensibility – particularly over the author's signification of anything? Fair one, the moral stress of Bakhtin falls down afore its absence. Surely then, such an aberrant formalism clouds the issue; and it proves possible to disclose the three-dimensionality of the text. The author rears – like a comet or meteor – against the notion of his prior disintegration. Come now, this variant on the Marsten house suffuses its usage as an asylum in the old days... in accord with James Hinton's norms. Above all else:

criticism is a cannibalistic feasting on far then greater prey... for, on an entomologist's picnic, even big fleas have little fleas on their backs to bite 'em. A Roman or novel devoted to fantasy, therefore, is the author's directed imagination or a lit up mortal soul... whether semi-consciously asserted or no. By virtue of the following fact, my dear: since we dream of a purple in obsidian which suffuses these dark rooms; and they live out the connexions of such a mastery. In sum, as Wyndham Lewis once opined: one creates by fiat; having pondered upon an entire zoology. Quod this mansion accords many other parallelisms or dimensions to overlap with it; and each one evinces a new potentiality. Might not a darksome apex in such a chasm (or chamber) reveal you being dragged to an altar by black-garbed sentinels? Heed it now, because these votaries obey the one you'll wed in darkness, and its image rears agape a burnished altar. It proves to be large, gaping, winged, semi-bat-like, red eved, muscular, taloned, massive and groping for inarticulate ferocity atop some fire. Such a medley or consideration of Pound's and Lewis' Blast lights the scene; it tapers to a renewal of scarlet." "And the author re-enters the fray, thus?" "Truly, one's articulator was a ghost in this machine."

PART ELEVEN: (11)

Adjacent to where they're moving in – and by de Sade's witness – a figure's eye looks at them from across the way. Might it be a miscreant or a juvenile delinquent? Or possibly, this figurine remembers Boo Wilson: a Mummy of yesteryear. Could it enjoin its reincarnation? For the corse's face stares on – no matter how swathed or in terms of a refuge. It encounters one need too many, and its gestures are those of an intoxicant calm. 'I observe your stare', limits the hoody, but, as Beady-Eyed gazes aslant his discus... nothing appears to alight on a Fate's feeding. Indeed, the ray behind them pitches up empty or used, and a gap between two nearby walls opens up. Most certainly, a negation – in this L.S. Lowry painting – articulates one pregnant emptiness. Beady-Eyes stares full throttle or without prejudice, and only a

deadly blackness limbers on. It bisects a limiting angularity, yet casts a basilisk-eye at you amid the gloom. Furthermore, if a wanderer throws a stone into the abyss, then this plunge or downwards drift calls out to yon! What has Boo Wilson caught sight of? Well, it promises to be a demon-transport – and it takes the form of Cranium Biter (Dye). Its semblance is invisible to Tremblake, at least initially, although on second thoughts a ghost materialises. It leaves the avenue of a gigantic wasp and proves to be an insect-hybrid --- at once fluttering, globular, rectangular-headed, multi-dimensional or bereft. Such a wee beastie, in other words, closes off a dark space, as well as shifting into focus over its Judgement day. Beady-Eyed Tremblake shakes his head, though. He's made out nothing at all, most determinably.

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A REPETITION THAT'S UNMOVED...

Adjacent to where they are moving in – and by de Sade's witness - a figure's eye looks at them from across the way. Might it be a hooded miscreant or a juvenile delinquent? Or quite possibly, this figurine in an enveloped darkness remembers Boo Wilson: a Mummy of yesteryear. Could it even enjoin its reincarnation? For the swathed corse's face stares on, in terms of a limited refuge. It definitely encounters the semblance of one need too many, and its gestures are those of an intoxicant calm. 'I observe your stare', limits the hoody, but, as Beady-Eyed Tremblake gazes aslant his thrown discus... then nothing appears to alight on Fate's feeding. Indeed, the ray behind them becomes pitched with emptiness' tray or use, and a gap between two nearby walls opens up. Most certainly, nought other than a negation – in this L.S. Lowry painting - comes near to articulating a pregnant emptiness. Beady Eyed stares full throttle, or without prejudice over an outcome, and only a deadly blackness limbers on. It bisects the angularity of a limiting course, yet casts a basilisk-eye back at you amid gloom... Furthermore, if a wanderer throws a moral stone into the abyss, then this plunge or downwards drift calls out to yon! What has Boo Wilson caught sight of? Well, it promises to be the demon-transport of the place – and it takes the form of Cranium Biter (Dye). This semblance is invisible to Tremblake, at least initially, although on second thoughts a form materialises. 'It' leaves the avenue of a gigantic wasp and proves itself to be aught of a mortal-insect hybrid; at once fluttering, globular, rectangular-headed, multi-dimensional or bereft. Such a wee beastie, in other words, closes off pointers by relieving them – as well as shifting into focus over its very own Judgement day. Beady-Eyed Tremblake shakes his head, though. He's made out nothing at all, most determinably.

PART TWELVE: (12)

What happens here? For we are capable of denoting this mansion from above or on one's very hillock... and wasn't it once an asylum for the criminally insane (?), built on Briar's Copse or Satan's hill. To be sure: it partook of Broadmoor's élan without a horde-load of psychos. For if viewed in reverse, it topples over from the mightiness of one side and it comes proportioned in its ecstasy. A tower limbers up in a diaphragm; while varied oblongs or bricks fit together: they are like a Lego's pavilion in stages. Further, each step up indicates linearity (even from such a curtain); and a wind howls around its extension. Nor do we spy the gusts whistling in at the cleft – they disturb the signs on our guests' packing-cases. And Tremblake winds up in the dark capturing some rye. He's actually guilty of dragging some valises up the stairs. Yet, in such an enclave, Dramabu's diction is bound to catch fire. It sucks in the value of everything towards the aporia of a grave... and the yard freezes afore hands that grope tomb-stones. These rise up out of a sodden earth o' pasture; if only to please a resuscitation – even its emptiness. Oh my yes... a kindred circle finds itself completed; since these skeletal fingers master their time. Don't they weave or grapple by means of egress? All of a sudden, a death-lord makes hav with a staff in his hand; and it extends by means of a ferrule at one end. Mightn't this capture the heaviness of apportioned lead? In any event, Dramabu has a white skeleton painted on his body; as well

as appurtenances, bones and the like, that limit such a carouse. Whilst varied zombies – clothed in their rags of flesh – burst up from the ground in order to render an act of homage. Yet, in all such phantasms as these, Beady-Eyed keeps his ideas to himself.

PART THIRTEEN: (13)

Strawberry Wobbler's dream imagery is of a different order, however. It secretly apprises a Venus of Willendorf, nestling down in the shadows and laughing at the dark. Assuredly, it appears to be giving birth... at least in terms of a suppuration. (No matter how sweet its aspirations are and pursuant to Ape and Essence – one of Aldous Huxley's dystopias). In this regard, Strawberry Wobbler moves to ascend a pall of steps; they are granite-like, if crummy, and rise like a steeple. Isn't there a touch of dissembled *chiaroscuro* or drift around the paint (?); it studies itself over an enquiry... oh my yes. For what appears to be a pointillism makes its move – and it provides a study or a storm around her, by way of paint. It's locked at the bottom of this stairwell (by dint of gloom); and she's carrying a cardboard box in her dainty fingers. This contraption – which is otherwise alien to a Ted Hughes' poem – has her name scrawled upon its side in felt-tip pen. It reads Strawberry Wobbler, at least customarily. Look at it this way: since she cannot escape from the image in her own mind... i.e., one that fixes its frenzy or misaligned wrath. For Dramabu is aloft and walking in accord with Voudoun's drift – and won't it relate (otherwise) to Eckermann's Voodooism and the Negroid Religions. (The latter happens to be a mesmerism created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle - most purposefully). Again, the impulse wells up in order to destroy itself... and on this night, of all even-times, a death-lord holds court amid darkling graves. These stand or rest assured in terms of the odd omission; and don't they resemble a white mausoleum that's cast in marble? It bears upon it an alabaster sheen; together with a pink sluice-mark or thrombosis. Give it to me: in that a few stick trees - or aspens of light purport - gather around a blighted tomb. Might it be rococo, limbered up, Pugin-like, preemptory, neo-Catholic and Gothic in its taste? Say it again, *quod* the graves that surround us are square and squat; or alternatively, they are mounds of blankness... topped by the odd Cleopatra's needle or broken finger pointing skywards. It is surely an obelisk of sheer granite or limestone that points at the heavens... do not ask for more! Yet in the foreground one observes a plague of zombies, the half-dead and the not forgotten, who scamper in the dust. They have returned & are *revanchist* in tone, in that each one seethes with vengeance.

PART FOURTEEN: (14)

Still and all, the two heads of the Scarecrow and his accomplice - Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler - flash up on a screen. They happen to be apportioned next to one another... or likewise engaged in debate. Albeit with a cold light behind its head, the Scarecrow pops the question: "Why do you keep having lucid dreams featuring Dramabu, lord of the dead?" "Who knows?", replies his amoral 'sister'. It always comes back to the same point of reference – namely, a lonely graveyard in the dead of night. Let's configure it again... for these shaggy creatures shake off their earth, if only to free themselves from loathsome loam. Indeed, the zuvembies who emerge from these deathly hallows are bedappled, spotty, fungoid, diseased, wired, viral and a contagion to all at sea! Does a wind – when made from bleach - ruffle their limb-wraps or hair? In any event, at the heart of such a vortex stands their Lord; and 'it' takes after Dali's reverse Crucifixion (even twisted o'er once more). Given this: Dramabu, the living skeleton, comes across as spent, recongregated, awful, unkempt, bony, calcified, glistening and redolent of Gray's Anatomy. Might it be an anachronism or fix, otherwise?

PART FIFTEEN: (15)

Besides this, Beady-Eyed bends down in order to salvage a case and move it towards their flat. It seems to be a crate or parcel which teeters on the brink, and the surname TREMBLAKE exists in marker pen across its back. Further down the passage

stands Strawberry Wobbler, and the gloom encases her in a silhouette... what with a banister shining beyond. Could she be exercising her right to dream anew? Who knows...?

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Now then, one of the zombies approaches his hut at the end of a muddied clearing, and tall trees limn the sky nearby. They are ebon and cast a spidery web against a purple drop; whilst down below each cube stands self-contained. Yes, it exists in a pall of the moon's light or silver fawn, and a shambling zombie approaches its perimeter. This reject from a George Romero picture; why, it slopes from its grave-yard covered in gore and dressed in tatters. Doesn't it embody the skeletal, if calcified, portmanteau of Lear on the heath (?); especially without a resident Fool. He happens to be a jester or a harlequin, dressed in motley, and covered *avec* black-and-white squares. Moreover, our man-thing has just been released from death by 'his' proximity to an ossuary – never mind its reincarnation ritual!

She's been fantasising repeatedly or again, and isn't this lucidity like having a dvd player inside one's mind?

PART SIXTEEN: (16)

Farther on, we notice the lower portion of a face and it belongs to Beady-Eyed Tremblake... plus its bright orange scarf, shrunken mask and battered hat. In essence, then, this creature is a Scarecrow who refuses to stand lonely and forlorn in Farmer Jones' field. He acts on the very ground around him (you see); even if the trees were to come alive and splinter a foe. Oh my yes... for, in actuality, our straw or wickerman carries a starlet into the future under a blazing moon. He's a victor of trick-ortreats, hay-rides and pumpkin pies; but, in this incarnation, the lower part of his face looks on at a girl in the distance. She stands next to a stairwell and keeps her thoughts at bay – particularly when they concern a *zombie by night*. It, moreover, has moved off from our last keeping and seeks access to an abandoned hut. This shack is a flimsy or wooden structure... one which might

give way on this even-tide of the walking dead. It shuts out the light (then); and its doorway lacks deftness, strength or solidity. Might it be considered a Swiss chalet out on the mountain-side; or otherwise a Scotch bothy(*)? [*Note: the latter is a small cottage or den used by walkers on sundry hills and glens.] Given this, the zuvembie raises a mallet-like hand in a crude gesture; and his form is scrawny, etiolated, skeletal, ribbed, tongue-tied, semi-clothed and open-mouthed. Instantaneously thereafter, a fist shatters this barrier with a reverberating crack; or an insouciance which bids no other sound. An oil-lamp hangs at bay within the structure - it swings from an iron rod or bracket by means of some spindly wire. There are two women within the shack, however, and they are a mother plus her daughter – even though both of 'em seem to be older and younger variants of Strawberry Wobbler. For such a melody (nay threnody) can only take place within a dream's fastness. Most plausibly...

PART SEVENTEEN: (17)

Back in a contemporary vintage, *per se*, Strawberry carries a pyramid of boxes or household crocks into their flat. She swivels afore eternity's gate and picks up a new lintel of becoming... Again, these packages tremble like an unknown sieve; or alternately, Ms. Wobbler balances each one atop the other like a range of Victorian books in an ancient book mart... the one on Farringdon road, East London, every Saturday morn (for example). In comparison to it, however, we notice that the apartment's door is stone grey; and it's a portal made from a ready pumice (in other words). Strawberry Wobbler passes through it and closes the gap up, retrospectively.

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Whilst, in her perspective o' phantasy, a kind refulgence makes its day... in that the zuvembie enters into a space's interior. He/ 'it' does so by lumbering into a shed's turmoil – namely, one that throws its wooden ribs, lit by a candle, back upon itself. Similarly, this mother and child tilt away from the shambler who steals into their abode, and his entreaty seems to be fitful, blasé,

cadaverous, put upon, sealed up or misconstrued. Nor might this detract from the shirt which peels off his back – let alone a glaucous head, otherwise witnessing this comeback, and that malts a skin's superfluity. Go to it, why don't you?

PART EIGHTEEN: (18)

Back in what passes for a misaligned twentieth century, the following tableau unfolds. It chances to raise its own tone or temperature... even though Strawberry Wobbler's features rise up over a box containing plates, washing-up liquid and detergent. When viewed from the side, however, the Scarecrow's witnessing of a new dream leads to laughter; at once adjacent to it or leering over its compass (otherwise). Furthermore, her male companion, Beady-Eved Tremblake, has begun to share one's inner life or conspectus... especially now. For a dead-man walking or a zombie paddles into the cage's interior, and it sets free its witness – if only to leave a door shattered/ajar. Given these facts, the inner walls of the dwelling are balsa strewn or semi-abstract; in a codex that levers out a semblance of what follows. Might such a cadaver stumble towards his wife and child in the half-light, and don't they scream or move back? In progressing thus, the zuvembie moves into the heart of George writing Bernard Shaw's cabin: and his front's unbuttoned/undressed. *Quod*, were we to be ecumenical, then his clothes hang off him in rags – after a tatterdemalion's example. While the mouth gapes open, the nostrils are aflame and those spindly fingers (addressed to him alone) are outstretched. To be sure: a silhouette spills down his front like tipped-up ink (perforce) and 'its' bare feet tap-dance on these boards. Whereupon such a creatoid [sic] lumbers in avec spiky or disabused hair, in the manner of a drug-crazed Iggy Pop. (Didn't he once bring up a scarce curdle or spew on stage (?); it happened to be bright blue). Anyway, all the two simulacra of Strawberry Wobbler can do was to cower in this square's recesses - thence to bend an ear. What shall be their karma or fate?

PART NINETEEN: (19)

Against a curlicue of indifference, now, the Scarecrow known as Beady-Eyed Tremblake dwells on the flat's grey realism. It strokes the fortitude of an NCP bunker - when designed by le Corbusier. Similarly, a dull strength seems to eviscerate some passion, and it does so over a doorway between dimensions. Moreover, these structures evince a silence in their path; i.e., one that proves to be a reaver or a slayer under a rival design. When all has been accomplished, and the move's completed, what we find is a dun-coloured door at a corridor's end. It's about to close oh-so surely, isn't it? Nonetheless, as the Scarecrow grasps a vegetable chopper or some plates, a numinescence or swirl gathers pace in the studio's recesses. This apparition happens to be squared, unquartered, elongated or cast to the side, and otherwise sidereal. It owns up to grimacing amid smoke and brimstone, and such hands as the creature possesses were gnarled, metallic, vascular, armoured, mace-like and prosthetic. They also seemed to ramify with gnashing teeth or reptilian sliteyes, and may this be the house-hold's demon: Cranium Biter (Dye)?

PART TWENTY: (20)

Ceteris paribus, we move our narrative onto where Beady-Eyed and Strawberry end up together in the flat. They are engaged in a colloquy, have their backs to each other and find themselves examining rival urns. (These happen to be cardboard boxes, hutches or redoubts). Virtually stripped to the waist, Strawberry Wobbler's bust protrudes in a pink wind-sheeter or bodice, and it provides a central axis in a forbidding room. Maybe it's a basic plenitude o' colour amid mayhem; or the dying of a customary light? Most especially, if this prism escapes from its dingy splash by dint of a hidden abattoir... or possibly it's an abstract expressionist dip. Still, and by fighting an innermost litter, Strawberry Wobbler and co(.) remain attuned to their magic cameras or screens. Wherein a zuvembie breaks through to menace a mother in the dark and this leads to a cry afore some

flame, prior to dead hands reaching unto a neck. These tendons or units of gristle shower Apollyon's reclamation – what with either of the zombie's mittens around a throat. A crack is immediately heard in the darkness, the corse's arms were tensile, muscled and puissant... while its eyes glow in sockets or jewels of radiance. Or mayhap, an inner nothingness? All an infant can veritably do was to scream or cry out: 'NNNOOOO!'

PART TWENTY-ONE: (21)

Meanwhile, Strawberry Wobbler's bust has become the object of attention or regard, and it stands out like two celluloid mountains... Each one of which gestures to a patterned shore, by way of those strapped melons that belabour a Frankie Howard sketch. Yes truly, for they are both instaurations, in that they incarnate a pink blossoming *a la* Swinburne's verse. All of a sudden, a goaty little man is caught in an inter-connecting door, and he looks in from between planes. It proves to be a mystical alignment over the trigonometry, (you see). His name was Dog-Eared Spittoon... and he wore arched brows, ebon hair, a satyr-like impress as well as a micro-beard on his chin. Didn't it administer a lecherous intimacy gone awry?

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Yet, in the mind's eye of those present, a distinct curtain-call ensues... since our dank zombie crushes a mother's windpipe without mercy. It lacks all the ingredients of a dark impress at chess. Regardless of this, a fearful breakage ensues under doom's cracks, and it raises thunderous particulars in a tiny cabin. At this time the zuvembie's face becomes convulsed with passion – itself a lust for death that's a decree for all souls. Do you detect its nimbus? Most particularly, in a drama where a child's mask trembles into one frozen position, and it has a sole occasion to die *in lieu* of a drunken haze... i.e.: one that's limited by an ochre'd sheen or wears a Frankenstein's mask. Again, this ministration or emptiness waxes green; and it seeks to pinion turmoil beneath a cry. Yet what of the young'un and her physiognomy (?); in that it sprouts a tear... a rivulet (this) which

trickles down a barren bed so as to inundate the field. But can a cactus sprout --- with or without moisture --- in a den inhabited by a deadly living? Oh yes, it freezes the tocsin on a tumbril that speeds to the guillotine under Robespierre's glare.

PART TWENTY-TWO: (22)

The Scarecrow takes cognisance of a beady-eyed watcher, Dog-Eared Spittoon, for the first time, and he speaks to him thus: 'Watch this space - so as to empty a building of all other voyeurs, if you're determined to engage in what the butler saw. Aren't you aware of one too many remedies over this platoon? Quod, in all honesty, such a zuvembie cracked open the spit or dve of a mother's welcome. It basically made a sound, in every truthfulness, where one element of brushwood was brought down on another one... prior to an invasion of the sticks. Might this enjoin a drama like *The Wickerman*, avec Christopher Lee, prior to Coover's public burning... in reverse? Avaunt thee, a bloodcurdling message limits its hate – if only to reveal one trope too many in a swamp-laden dawn. Our tale is set in Louisiana, is it not? Moreover, we are soon out of a tiny writer's den --- by a process of transmigration --- and our vision exists out in the everglades. It also proceeds to examine all the characters met so Beady-Eyed Tremblake, Boo Wilson and Dog-Eared Spittoon. (Cranium Biter [Dye] was absent from our wrecking crew). And what of Strawberry Wobbler? Well(!), she lies halfnaked in some warm water that seeps up from the ground. Whereas a dress splays off her mantled hide; at once magnificent (it was) in a prior emergency... the former cascading off bronzed limbs in terms of a rival's rift. These carry over into a lush undertow or loamy rinse; what with the breasts half out and a red dress rising up o'er recumbent thighs. Such appendages as those lie glistening in swamp-laden puddles; the kindred or nature of which drown out the glades' source. Above her, though, three zombies disport themselves – and they exist as cadavers, or interchanges, of lost souls. Their clothes hang off them in sundry rags; whilst the grip of demise eats at their assailants' raddled

faces. Yet, 'neath the pumping actions of these living dead, we reconnoitre the message of Beady-Eyed Tremblake, Boo Wilson and Dog-Eared Spittoon. They shamble out of a recompacted fog or mizzle; and it combines to off-set those Louisiana stick-trees which break the surface like fingers. Arbours of this fancy, betimes, scratch at a surrounding mist; albeit when it turns into a fugg that conceals their upper lilt.

PART TWENTY-THREE: (23)

In one Gothic flat too many, however, an altercation ensues. It helps to trigger a blankness within these ready walls. Further to this, a figurine's copperhead, if threatened by the Scarecrow, immediately pulls in its cranium and vanishes. 'You might lose an eye or have it plucked out by fire, my friend, should you choose to dwell on such mammary unaided'. In response to which... a grey coloured door closes very slowly up the corridor from their set of rooms. Indeed, the ferret-like head of Dog-Eared Spittoon soon exits, albeit in a serpentine way, betwixt a doorjamb and its casement. 'To my mind', observed the cloth-man known as Beady-Eyed Tremblake, 'a twisted semblance eases its prey – and all of the flotsam-and-jetsam in this building requires careful handling'.

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But again, the mind's-eye of Strawberry Wobbler trumps this ace, and we are transported back to a cabin where a zombie runs amok. For, within the pall of a golden lamp, a zuvembie opens and closes its mouth o'er recumbent forms. First of all, the child's mother lies dead or forlorn upon these boards, and the half-naked corse, or twilight shambler, gazes with pupilless sockets between wooden vertices. An ornate oil-lamp – and something of an antique – swings on a bracket in order to provide a lit composure. (Even though the daughter collapses with a sigh at the sight of this... and her small body lies on this rough template). It proves to be painfully still on such a level. The zombie, however, reaches down to take up her restless pitch and transport it elsewhere. Yes... he holds her, momentarily, *avec* a

rare tenderness... if only to take this doll to the outer recesses of a glade outside their hut. Look at this: the keening dead-man examines his daughter in terms of a vigil, if only to deliver her up, Iphigenia-like, to Dramabu beyond a wall of sleep. Go away, (you see); since the backdrop to our grave defier comes across as darksome, enclosed, pitchy, wrathful, tremulous, ichor-thrown and glutinous. He/'it' carries the babe-in-the-woods out into their shadowy embrace.

PART TWENTY-FOUR: (24)

Across the way from various desperadoes, however, an elderly woman closes a door a.s.a.p.. Her face looks wizened and clocks up a soured peach – while she affects to wear a heavy greatcoat even indoors. The crone's name came across as Queen Rat, and she was a veritable Madame Limbo or a lidless earth mother afore the rains. Do you remember that surreal or experimental novel, by Alan Burns, called After the Rain? It proved to be a hit with Hay-on-Wye's bins; at least along from the castle walls where Richard Booth catches a breath. At any rate, our character's not going to make a fuss or any commotion at all... even though the property's obviously declined since the previous landlord, Cranium Biter (Dye), left the scene. (You went down a dingy corridor at the back of the building and spent your rent in an honesty box. It possessed a slit for those vacant coins and notes, much like an episode fighting boredom in a picaresque tome by Michel Butor). To be fair to her: our Erda or earthmother (rictus) wanted no attention paid to her whatsoever, and she was keen to live out her days in an escape from zero. In appearance, however, this trout steadied herself in order to avoid a suppurating gas, and one of Hecate's hags stirred a bubbling pot o'er a grid-iron. (We are speaking metaphorically). Moreover, the woman's eyes were closed to a reality underneath that shawl - one which spoke of bacteriological agency and decay. Oh yes, the beldam's orbs were dead to sight, being blind or reminiscent of egg white, but she also 'sees' at a greater depth other forms of knowledge. Can't you detect this pleasure amid the spume? Also, she wears a trinket or charm around her neck which illustrates developments within. Hear me: since the bauble in question was made from burnished wood... or teak to be precise. And it took the form of an androgynous stick-figure, carvern most round, with breasts and tent-pegs for legs: (almost after a toy's sinister pulsar).

PART TWENTY-FIVE: (25)

Meanwhile, our Mother Limbo – otherwise known as Queen Rat - closed the door quickly and gazed at its portmanteau offerant. She had no intention of drawing the lightning down. Guess again, my friends: for our battle-axe (at once invisible) of yester-year had a secret... as well as an aversion to any publicity. In all honesty, this wicker-lady stood inside her fastness and weighed up the odds... might it enjoin Caryl Churchill's translation of Thyestes, by Seneca, from the Latin? Assuredly, a bloodthirstiness from Kyd's realm fits in, but Queen R. stands still. Her stock contrives to be awesome before its unwholesomeness (you see). Quod, many years afore, she'd been involved in stealing a painting – and the work concerned was Caravaggio's Giuditta che taglia la teste a Oloferne (1597-1600). She tried to make recompense for it everyday; and a small postcard, devoted to the work or its facsimile, lay on a side-table. (It attempts to compensate over the bare or Spartan quality of the room). Yet any such quilt or commiseration falls sheer... and it delineates a stripling's beheading, the latter drawn via a knife o' kindling, or all the way through a straggly beard. Moreover, this poniard or sabre comes to be wielded by a chaste maiden, when next to an aged and fervid crone who holds open a bag... in order to collect the severed brows. Likewise, and in accord with a serpentine thumping behind a screen or a golden carpet, all such scenes transmogrify onanism --- psychologically. They were examples of an Ollendorffian beggarhood from early sexology. Queen Rat knew that she'd been involved with its theft, however, and in her studio's corner a shrine to the Virgin had been erected. It marbled away (rather distantly) and under an aspect of candles.

This old filibusterer prostrated herself to one side of it daily... and yet the inner mystery of its massiveness, even embrace, spiralled away. Would she intercede in her stead thereafter (?) – one never knows! But in her case, no end can come quickly enough so as to alleviate this critique: and it gnaws at her night-and-day, rather like some premonitory bones in a sack. Still though, those light-stick's billow in the apartment's wind, if only to fix a scampering in adjacent walls. What pattern or ludo game can this adopt? Well, it has to do with those stray passages or alley-ways, containing rodents, as these roam around and around in each mural affidavit. Most appreciably, it partakes of H.P. Lovecraft's story or bizarre exercise, *The Rats in the Walls*... they're there (you see), no, yes, go on; etc---.

PART TWENTY-SIX: (26)

If we might return to the main thrust or parry, per se, the manuscript picks up a few days or clock-strikes later. In this factotum, the Scarecrow known as Beady-Eyed Tremblake is in deep discussion with a colleague. This happens to be a policeman or member of the murder squad, Chap Rusk (Roughage). They are examining a gory or Gothic example of homicide; and yet doesn't Beady-Eyed's accomplice or Doctor Watson look like Dramabu... the death lord? He was once occasioned to take a curtain-call in Strawberry Wobbler's dreams - beyond any doubt. Wherein his 'grey eminence' stalks along with other zuvembies or shamblers, and they move forward avec an elongated trespass... it pertains to their limbs. Ergo, Dramabu declares himself to be a mime artiste – that is, one who catches Boris Karloff's example. To be fair, 'it' sways in a serpentine fashion or keep-sake, and any catch-all sees the skeleton-man tipping backward. (Simultaneously, we recognise that the bones or Pictish craft on his hide takes a painted dye, and it superimposes an Elisabethan notion; namely, the skull beneath its skin). A pericarp that barks thus when he observes a zombie who carries a child. "Excellent, my carrion of darkness! You have slain one and moved her closer to resurrection via those

rites of living death... Let it be: one's provender of humbug, our army of corse walkers grows apace, and our brood sickens or resiles under the massive boughs of horse-chestnut trees. They ape those crawlers of the night insofar as they fix upon a blackened wood or its creep."

PART TWENTY-SEVEN: (27)

Touché, my chickadees! For our two detectives ponder on the nature of malfeasance - if only to close up a prospect of living graves. They stand next to one another within a semblance of grev and brown; what with a lilt of methane roundabout. Also, a police-lamp flickers overhead and it illuminates their graven images: the one on the left & t'other on the right. Beady-Eyed Tremblake, for his part, sports the cliché of a Scarecrow's hat; as well as the greater rages of many past instances. Look again now: in that his corn-dolly's face depicts a yellow'd roughage; whereas his shabby jacket, broken by the odd hay-stick, betokens a violent green. His long, woolly scarf is orange in the full nature and extent of Doctor Who's example. While his companion, on the other hand, distils a negative energy from Muybridge's investment in stills photography. Again, the creature's name was Chap Rusk (Roughage) and 'he' suggests an over-familiarity with these rites o' mayhem. Don't you know that this male example of Brecht's Mother Courage has traversed many a battle-field? In appearance, our wearer of Dramabu's war-paint chooses to discern an action, and it sees itself cast amidships by the use of white tempera. This, in turn, helps to screen the administration of a skeleton's limbs --- at least in terms of an outwards marrow which succours the gold. A bony familiarity finds nothing but a cheap investment on the skin, together with a skull painted on a cranium, as well as bones that rattle around his neck and waist. Come on; a goat's-skull even hangs between Dramabu's legs as a mute indication of sterility. The detective or police-agent, Chap Rusk (Roughage), speaks thus: "A mute indifference to pain must be the hand-maiden to Keith Simpson's pathology, don't you agree? Quod an Agatha Christie plot, such

as The Mystery of Hunter's Lodge, relies too much on the perfection of coincidence... even if plotted out mathematically." "I concurr", nodded the Scarecrow's corn-dolly abstract. "We have to husband up the following peculation, as evinced by Colin Wilson when discussing Dostoyevsky. If two men are on a streetcorner talking about philosophy, such as teleology or epistemology, then no-one will take an interest. Men shall pass by quickly on the other side with buttoned up coats. But if our very same Minutemen, namely Hercule Poirot or Captain Hastings, turn their attention to violence then a crowd will gather." "Could they be described as moths attracted to the flame which'll consume them?" "Most astringently, for the creative and destructive principles go together - and, even more than that, friction impinges on evolutionary ascent." "It slows it, you mean?" "Quite possibly, yet it needs to do so as a Devil of all work. One must never forget, my fellow artiste, that the two codices are intertwined... the one with the other." "Why so?" "Presumably, it's by virtue of a factor which says that the twain need one another: like the sinuousness of a serpent wrapped around a World's tree." "Morality is dual, thereafter." "No, I would prefer to see it as accommodating a hierarchical perspective from high to low; i.e., from above to below."

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Meanwhile, and in a parallel dimension or curtain-call of dreams, a bony finger points at a dead-man's chest. It consists of a special issue that's devoted to Satanism (herein). Whereupon a mindless zuvembie holds the body of a young child in its fists... and a small bothy or hut, with perpendicular lintel, exists behind-hand. Do you conceive its moment? Against this, the open-mouthed and cretinous zombie is praised by his new Master... as he grips the babe agape. Some deciduous trees sway limply overhead. "Excellent, my slave", coos Dramabu, "you have more than revived manumission's negation. What chanced to be that phrase from George Orwell's 1984 – freedom is slavery? HA! The liveliness of one prompt leads to a demise through a thousand cuts. Yes indeed, now that you've successfully seized the girl we

can sacrifice her, adjacent to a fire, and consequent to death's *loa* or spirit. It's the negation of the negation – in Hegelian terms." Moreover, as 'he' announces this, our eyes close upon the tot who's fainted in the living-dead mittens of a zombie's grip. Truly, such a hominid without a soul lives and strikes, and no grave can hold him!

PART TWENTY-EIGHT: (28)

The Scarecrow and his assistant, Chap Rusk (Roughage), stare on at the case which surrounds them. It proves to be a rare bevy o' license. Look at this: in that squares of external blue, when transfigured by a lit-up or golden intrigue, must illumine their purport. Lord forgive them, for they know not what they do... wouldn't this be a necessary mime within the mind? The two detectives continue to converse over this minutiae or scandalmongering; and it has to do with the massacre of some toys. These were instruments of tenderness like a teddy-bear in blueand-red, the national colours, as well as a clown or its hool-ahoop. It existed as a Big Head (after the fashion of the Mummers' plays); and this formed a spheroid with a triangular face-mask. Likewise, some stick-ups or brambles poke up from underneath those cones, and they purported to be hair a la T.F. Powys' peasants. Chap Rusk (Roughage), in the guise of Dramabu, speaks after the format of a Platonic dialogue. "Listen, my colleague, the slaying or wounding of these tots' favourites is obviously a grievous blow." "I agree", mumbled his companion, "but what can be done with those who bloody the dye of pixies? Most certainly, an accompaniment to the Dolls' Hospital in Reading, Berkshire, was over-due... if a trifle unseemly. It has to do with developments in the 'seventies (now defunct); wherein the broken limbs of these manikins littered an upstairs window. They gazed down on you a trifle insouciantly – or like a Peep o' day boy who comes up to spike a sheep, somewhat unsteadily, and in a drunken haze. Don't their teeth, matted hair, body parts, riven torsos and rows upon rows of eyes, stare at you if you're down in the street? Again, can a civilised society allow its pink

objects d'art to be put through a car-crusher... no matter how metaphorically?" "I concurr; if you happen to be the Starsky to my particular Hutch! Given this", enunciated the Scarecrow with a clarity of vision, "no amount of Pooh bears, Jack & the Beanstalk, Paddingtons, The Wombles of Wimbledon common, Bagpuss, Captain Pugwash look-alikes, Andy Pandy, circus bravos, a miscellany of clowns, stilt men, Gollies on 'Robinson' marmalade tins, lion tamers, Shadoks, Ludwig, Captain(s) Scarlet and Blue, Strongmen on Crowleys' tarot cards, dancing skeletons, et cetera... may find themselves eviscerated on our watch. It's not permitted; or otherwise falls away into an example of Ray Bradbury's Dark Carnival. Get it right!"

PART TWENTY-NINE: (29)

Alternatively, we are free to dwell on the dream of Strawberry Wobbler; one which she now shares with Beady-Eyed Tremblake or Chap Rusk (Roughage). Avaunt thee, we have travelled to the nearest graveyard in the twilight, and this is to catch a hint of Dramabu agog. Yes indeed, in that a range of grave-stones, hooked or Celtic crosses, sunken ossuaries, obelisks, the odd menhir and divers mausoleums line up behind him. They prove to be the limned particulars of a church-yard - albeit manufactured from limestone, lost lintel, alabaster and a chalky pumice. (Even though, so to say, the inky blackness of the sky comes right down to ground level, so that it bisects the perpendicular axis of this night). While two giant torches which were made from flaming wood illustrate the scene. They are stuck into the loam, have fired tar at their ends, and Dramabu uses them to cast a dim carousal around his followers... the zuvembies. We notice a spectrum of the living-dead (now); i.e., one that allows their ravings to shimmer on eldritch graves. All in all, this torch-light flickers over a burial mound where the zombies are gathered to one side, under a fitful glow, and Dramabu raises his painted stick. It cascades across internet images as yet undisclosed; and this is irrespective of whether one dares to ask the question: why? More than ever before, though,

the reality of the death-lord's suit becomes available, and it takes the form of white-paint splayed across black silk. He has raised his staff (topped by an animal's cranium) to the firmament, and the child lies staked out before him on the ground. She's still alive, one fancies. Whilst a collection of zombies howl, ramp and sway in the lolling firelight – if only to add a distracted zeal to this disfavour. They cannot even scream like Banshees in Ulster-Scots' myth-cum-legend, and remain nought but a Comus rout! Aren't they a hecatomb – by any other name?!

PART THIRTY: (30)

Our two detectives look on at a trespass agin' childhood namely, one which ravages the temperature of such pits. Wasn't a callow nit-wit (or an undue naïf) murdered in Agatha Christie's tale, After the Funeral? Again, and further into the distance, some toys had been mutilated by a distracted iron; and these embodied the formula of stray-tops, hobby-horses, Toby jugs, eyes, Barbie dolls, ghoul masks with sallow Frankenstein or Boris Karloff face-masks (painted in green) and the rest. One Scarecrow addresses his counterpart, Dramabu, the lord of death who's otherwise known as Chap Rusk (Roughage): "My man, consider the facts at issue... may a spree or serial killer have burdened us with grief?" "Not necessarily, since they belabour their operatic insistence a little too much. Don't you remember that criminality comes born in the pod a la Lombroso - not tacked onto causality or social decay? One's psychopaths, even o' a toys' workshop, suffer from too little oxygen to the brain. There is even evidence, inter alia, that they lack meaningful compassion over an absence of chromosomes... whilst, by dint of a rival kick, many of them undergo Caesarean births." "You'd go so far as to fold-in the 'cycle of violence' theory?" "Maybe not quite so blatantly, my swash-buckler, but a kindred dexterity of known sots contributes. It helps to marry off a *lumpen* bride, in other words. Let me help you to a keener insight: our marauder carries a serial affidavit; and he admits to no desire to wound without fear... leastwise as

it impinges on a Muppets' abattoir. Furthermore, the codex of Polanski's paedophilia — for which he's been arrested in Switzerland — admits to a negative flic. It troubles the insouciance of Hollywood's stare. Evidently so: in that those who are predisposed to Agricolae's anti-slavery shall endanger their own roofs. They must strike off a mask-of-fortune in order to reveal those raddled features below... don't they belong to a mage of yore? Might he also run screaming from this halberd's pelt; what with his masque torn in two and a flail at his heels? 'You will burn for this, barbarian!', he shouts back rather emptily. 'Thou shall surely expire in the fire...'

PART THIRTY-ONE: (31)

In a momentum of dream-time, however, our three stock characters gaze on. Aren't they looking into the grey, metallic sheen of a magician's mirror? By any reckoning, the following tableau reaches a hand from the water. It involves Dramabu, sat agape, and ranting to his voodoo followers over a forgotten motion. Our flames ratchet on - abreast of lintel - and fit to splurge over this green wood. Ahead of such a dramaturgy, though, the girl lies pinned between four stanchions... and in the outer recesses of this hollow come the Zombies. They bellow, gape, twitter, froth at the mouth and make crude gestures almost like mime artistes who're auditioning for parts. (Note: both Christopher Lee and Boris Karloff did this within Horror's realm, don't forget). Further to it: such hand movements involve the sign language of deaf culture... so called. Yet it also serves to articulate a leathery apartheid; at once redolent of Jeremy Bentham's auto-icon, preserved in red skin, and exhibited in University college, London. After a brief theatrical display which Sir Henry Irving would've admired – Dramabu begins. Is he not Chap Rusk (Roughage) cast adrift like chaff; or otherwise able to shape-shift after a saurian? "Listen to me, brothers, and mark it well", he averrs. "The modern world has cast us down afore a spectrum of dishonour. Oh yes – the rivers are polluted, the seabed runs dry, seed-pens pop and atrophy, while the sky fills with thunder clouds and the atmosphere warms... so as to endanger more life-in-death. The globe spins off its axis (you see) and concrete, metal, steel and glass replace natural abundance. Given this, the Tofflers and other progressives, such as Croce or Lyotard, can be dismissed out of hand. What matters to us however – are the reactionaries or traditionalists who wish to go back. They happen to be numbered with the following surnames or medals: Abel Bonnard, Count Joseph de Maistre, Julius Evola, Rene Guenon, Robinson Jeffers and Berdyaev (even John Ruskin). All seek a pathway out of modernity's concrete box – hanging on its side – and covered with a wolf's spit. It has to do with a desire to return to aught; whether redolent of those artists who seek quiet or resonant places. Why number them without recourse (?); if they're outnumbered by T.H. White, Beresford Egan, J.K. Huysman, Aleister Crowley, Dostoyevsky and Henry Miller (in the Air-Conditioned Nightmare... a work in which he pleads on behalf of the Confederacy). Yessss... we must die into life, primarily so as to confront its malaise, with the rites of living death."

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With this flourish, he swings his magician's staff or wand about... it comports a badger's skull at its end.

PART THIRTY-TWO: (32)

Meanwhile, our two detectives are busy discussing a case of toy murder. It concerns a 'hug' which was once a spore, habituated to an open spine, and with a mushroomed head... all of this transported itself into a fur bear over time. And now, it lay grossed out, dead or defunct upon the floor. Must it take the form of a happy-clappy Pooh (?); what with a bulbous stomach and projecting limbs. A briefly triangular helmet – with a conical feature attached – lay over its mop. (*Nota bene*: one has to declare that it involves a cretinous smile, or disabling grin, rather like Glasgow, city of culture). Alternatively, the Rupert Bear in question could involve a nursery's following companion: i.e., one which besports a gas-mask over its face, as well as a

bondage band around its mid-riff. Wasn't such a teddy round-eared, bulbous, spherical and possessed of twin paws... no matter how ambidextrous their quarter? But now it's been stabbed through the heart with a carving knife – all of it in a sultry room, if coloured a mixture of brown and gold, and in front of a television. It proves to be a large-screen plasma that blares away on its own. Whilst, in the foreground, another detective brushes Paddington for clues or finger-prints – and to the other side stand two investigators, Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage), who've been assigned to the case. Yet what's the programme on the plasma (Channel 88) which fills the room with its noise? Surely, *mon ami*, it must be an articulate chaos?

PART THIRTY-THREE: (33)

Look again: for the programme in question was one of those Latino soap operas, at once wide open or frothy, and completely over the top. In its sequence or twist, and under a reflective glass, a debonair star with a coif associates avec a starlet. She has a blank expression when contrasted by eyes of the palest blue; and quite clearly *la femme* wears a strapless dress. It's naked to the shoulder. A minute frieze – of pink and rolled-gold curlicues – characterises the room, even in its upper reaches. The male actor declares: 'Your father-in-law, Boo Wilson, disavows our love. He condemns it utterly.' 'But why, Why, WHY?', screams the soprano. 'I don't understand it.' He grits his teeth as a masculine pep talk responds. 'It's because you're an android.' Immediately she rears off down the walkway in an off-the-shoulder black ballgown. The James Dean alter ego follows the girl crying: 'Wait! Let me explain...' But, in a mere matter of moments, the telly babe rushes ahead of him and then something happens – why, a giant beetle crashes down on top of her from an adjacent tunnel or pipe. Aren't most mortals just insects ricocheting to-and-fro (?); and don't they live out totally unimportant lives?

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One of the other policemen turned the channel over to a signal that beamed out continuous adverts – these were broadcast twenty-four hours a day.

PART THIRTY-FOUR: (34)

Again, the two detectives – a flaxen Scarecrow and Dramabu – stand off slightly to the side, albeit like two statues of Apollo without the nakedness. In the foreground, however, a youngish man sporting brown, nut or tungsten hair dusted a 'corpse' with a brush... looking for clues. Whilst the cadaver in question proves to be a distracted toy; whether it's a conical spirit, a Noggin the nog, aught like a toy dragon, a module from Doctor Who, a redpainted sportscar or a rubbery exemplum of Baba the Elephant, et cetera... Still, Beady-Eyed Tremblake resumed speaking: "You see, the Toy's theatre (a la George Speaight) stands as a simulacrum for the mutilated man. Don't you realise that a hominid who plunges the depths shall always end up on the highwire." "So, in such circumstances, homicide becomes an exercise in exhibitionism - or a veritable night at the circus." "Indisputably so, and you will be constrained to recall Angela Carter's pleasure?" "Yes without doubt, yet who can register the actual visage which lurks underneath a Clown's face-paint. For the grease, make-up and lustre all contrive to conceal --- hence the sinister ambit of the born Billy Smart. It takes a leaf out of Barnum & Bailey, in other words; if only to stop up some bitter mouths with mesh. A big top lends itself, most persuasively, to concealment or mysterious changes in identity – thence to pass through hidden doors. Might these be trap doors under the stage?" "For, abreast of these developments, stands the *noir* or its effigy; and it speaks of the London Dungeon, grand guignol, a walking Golem, freak shows, sideshow barkers' puppeteering, fairground amusements and those machines, or arcana, circa. the last century's advent." "Let us remember the gaudy painting about the mouth, down on the south coast, which befits a commencement to Brighton Rock. It begins with its own endeavour and ends with shattering waves on

the pier, Graham Greene's religious violence, Pinkie's psychopathia, a vaudeville turn or its yelp. One always speaks of rejecting Michael Moorecock's rodomontade – never mind John Osbourne's *The Entertainer*. Above all else, one token of bohemianism or seediness opens up to a Masonic doorway... it leads straight out to a leftwards drift." "You're uttering a spiritual codex?" "Quite, an axe seeks its meat afore one examines the X-ray."

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Yet both of them kept returning to Strawberry Wobbler's dream, subconsciously speaking.

PART THIRTY-FIVE: (35)

Within whose immensity, per se, this will-o'-the wisp proceeds. For the moment, Dramabu stands afore a collection of zuvembies (zombies); and they gather around like a collocation o' lumpen. Most unarguably, their faces or masks belabour L.S. Lowry's stick-men – and, quite possibly, some of Ensor's notation intrudes? They seem to be confused, anxious yet slow, unselfdivided or symbolic of a mud-people's rhetoric. Their features look sallow, bereft, inarticulate, spendthrift, moronic, earthen and wiry. Look at this: a gust of smoke or brackish incense drifts across; it typifies what we might call a split-stream... even one of Bacon's efforts. Whereby a painting is divided into a magic camera or pasture; at once above and below. Similarly, Dramabu's back reveals the fake white-wash of a skeleton... in terms of its blades of bone. These tail off towards the spine – thence to be replaced by a brittle carpet of ribs. Alternatively speaking, but at the corse's other end, a tonsured cranium levels off 'agin some crows' advice. Likewise, our Houngan or voodoo priest wafts his staff around; and it proves to be a witch-doctor's wand... what with a fox's skull at the tip. It comes associated with varied tassels or straws. Already though, Dramabu has begun a customary oration. "My brothers", he hisses after St. Patrick's adder, "all of you lie within my command and its remit, but we still remain a miniscule force. What we require is a much larger army – one that first begins with tens before mushrooming out to hundreds, nay thousands. Be that as it may: we must pronounce upon the steadfastness of death; and any multiplication o'er the Reaper's suitors increases my POWER. It builds up towards a death rune – the CND symbol, interestingly enough." (Note: the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament was a leftist and pacifist group during the 1980s. Pro-Soviet in bias, it advocated a one-dimensional policy of surrender). "Nonetheless, no-one may doubt whether hecatombs of slaughter can be visited on me fourfold... especially in an era where Thomas Hardy's macabre stories are forgotten. A modern palette (so to say) much preferred *The Beast with Five Fingers* by William F. Harvey."

PART THIRTY-SIX: (36)

Our twin detectives – Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage) – continue their trajectory in a netherworld of sound. Further to this, Roughage's back-break or head besports Dramabu's; especially if perceived at the rear end. Whilst Beady-Eved's visage trembles in the dawn; and it draws out the shimmering splendour of a mirage... one that's devoted to the senses. Could it really drop like a grey phantom within a pall of light(?); albeit like a triangular cone, made of metal, which snuffs out a candle's flame. (Despite this, a keen observer spots a Scarecrow amidships: and it grins, rather inanely, amid a cowl of grass). "I have to remind you", Chap Rusk declares, "that sexual perversion fuels murder-lust --- particularly if such crimes adopt a magical ambit." "Occultistic, did you say?" "Oh my yes; our configuration has to look – less at the skull beneath the skin (a la John Webster) – than at its neurasthenia instead. To be fair, though: a criminal basis must be found to be somatic. It's rooted in a physiological prompt. For, as Nietzsche prophesied in his posthumous notebooks, The Will to Power, life is essentially a matter of breeding. No more; no less." "So, if I compute your thinking aright, we must give special attention to a foundation text for sexology: namely, Count Richard von Krafft-Ebing's Psychopathia Sexualis. Nor need we remain sanguine over its

mid-nineteenth century status or Latin diction." "It was composed in an ancient language so as to prevent the masses from assessing the perversions within." "Thou hast taken the ball and punted it extra-murally, over the Eton wall game, and without Cyril Connolly's Enemies of Promise." "I take that to be a 'yes'." "Assuredly so - yet magical crime leaves its trace across post-modernity; nor can it be dismissed as irrationalism tout court." "You're saying that it's a negative benediction or a craving for status in an anonymous void." "Most definitely, the Mass Man considers himself to be an insect, running hither and thither, in the ant-heap of modernity. He is a rat, a dung-beetle, a scorpion devoid of its sting or one termite in a nest. Moreover, much of his existence involves a fervid crabbing about, deep down in the people pipes, where little ever happens, folk fall over each other, and there was no escape. For the piping led everywhere and nowhere - even though all such lives were totally unimportant!"

PART THIRTY-SEVEN: (37)

A dream of negation continues apace and it has to do with Strawberry Wobbler's fancies. Look at this (anon)... For does one dream of Dramabu without let or hindrance this night-time? Oh my yes, since he prances with deliberation or intent; and an antelope's skull, connected to his staff, trails the ground. It cuts a swathe through some loam or its abundance, if only to sanctify an area that's ready for sacrifice. In this regard, some stick trees – whether brazen or broken in their turn – denote a collapsing world of grey. They also give onto a plane of sand or gravel; wherein a young child finds herself pinioned as prey. Each limb is spread out on the shale – i.e., for want of anything better to say, and the infant is connected to several stakes by ropes. Might they be the resultant eddy of such slopes as these (?); albeit in a tabernacle where rest comes emaciated *in lieu* of grief. It overshadows its *longueurs*, you see.

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But be quiet now: for Dramabu is given over to uttering some vagaries of mind... "Brethren of the night", he declares, "one's desire for slaughter maximises a seed of indifference! May it really register the fact that a brontosaurus of yore possessed a pea-size brain? Yes indeed, my brothers, for I exist in order to question any latent humanism within you. Isn't it so? Yesss, in that you've come a long way in your darksome splendours, zombies all! Yet still, one magisterial point eludes us and this involves an increase in my powers... veritably so. I feel a susurration or an abiding ukase within me – it grows apace (you see); and can't we interpret it as Longinius pricking the side of a redeemer with a lance? Wasn't this the much vaunted Spear of Destiny about which Trevor Ravenscroft doted? Indeed, so as to exponentially increase its vigour, a babe must be sacrificed this very night. Let us erase a vestibule of intrigue - or otherwise appease the *loa* of death with a ready sacrifice o' parts. Come ye, come ye, come ye; and bring down fire, brimstone or rapine upon the heads of those who watch. Let - in the manner of Caryl Churchill's *Thyestes* – nothing but molten turmoil cascade upon our limbs. We must fill yonder hours, O triumphant spirits, avec pain, broiling meat, fecundity, the writhing sensibility of serpents and offal. Ho! Search the camp-site for its entreaty; and let's deny goodness and embrace a ready Golgotha. Steady yourself, my brothers---."

PART THIRTY-EIGHT: (38)

Meanwhile, our two protagonists — Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage) — are still conspiring against life. Do you wish to retrieve such an incident under this candle-light? In our deliberate scenario, though, the Scarecrow and Roughage (Dramabu) stare across at one another in a haze of black. It chooses to transpose the balm of a forgotten entry, and each baleful influence lends chiaroscuro to any fire-flies below. Consider the following closely, *mon ami*: in that the revelation of an unsatisfactory flame hints at Mel Gibson. It then mellows the course of its use o' mustard tints, (somewhat). And likewise, in

early Renaissance painting we can detect a repaganisation – even a refusal to obey any limits. What do we mean by this exactly (?); why, there lies a question...

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Now and forevermore, this Scarecrow's mask was seen in profile; at least in terms of such a tatterdemalion's shape. For he/'it' contrives to spread as little joy as possible! Whilst Beady-Eyed Tremblake is subsequently heard to say: "Observe the following facts, my colleague-in-detection... in that the slaying of sundry toys or teddy-bears may not register on many lists, but destructive bent." from a methodologically speaking?" "Most persuasively, my comradein-arms... since our discussion revolves around Krafft-Ebing's text, Psychopathia Sexualis. Nor need we alienate our true intent thereafter; especially given the imponderables of the physical realm. Surely these relate to the biological factors of our grief (?); irrespective of any prior purchases. *Quod* the later positions one adopts don't really intrude here, as long as one affiliates to Gobineau's or Simone Weill's doxa." "Meaning?" "Well(!), this is the idea that the cosmic whole exists as a sunspot on our planet --- i.e., it spirals down so as to illuminate via a kaleidoscope, do you take my drift? Now comes the moment to address it – my friend – wherein one's necessary soma trumps Eysenck, never mind R.D. Laing or Deleuze. For all that really matters is whether destruction entertains an erotic flower – most undoubtedly so, and this was by dint of its nethermost fall away from creation. Do you wish to adapt Milton's poesy to nefarious purposes? Again, one must gaze upwards now, in order to spy on an embarrassment of riches which wears a John Christie mask albeit after one of Howard Brenton's plays." "To what end in view, my Man of parts?" "AH! There we have effectively discovered a point at issue..."

PART THIRTY-NINE: (39)

Haiti: the Black Republic (1889); by Spenser St. John

We must return to Dramabu after such a foretaste as this, and isn't his face close up to an invisible camera-lens now? It betokens a vastation of consciousness, even if it loiters with something like intent. Don't you know? Further, such a physiognomy receives its due by want of fire – or otherwise it takes after a gesture of kindling, perhaps it limits a blasphemy (thereby). In this moment, Dramabu seems to be ecstatic, dark, o'er-painted and ready to release a travail, or possibly it festoons the day with an *auto-da-fe*. Whatever calendar jolt might this one be, you ask? Why, it has to do avec a numinescence, a transfiguration or a malversion: whereby the skull painted on his features comes alive! Let us grasp this issue: in that an inner gestured outwards, primarily had after throb abandonment or tweak. Now, and albeit with a brief wave of his glove, Dramabu starts speaking to his surrounding carrion.

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"My brothers", he inflects to a genocide of sparks, "a sacrifice which we intend to inflict on this child must fall sheer. Nor may I be permitted to say that such cherubs bleed with a wrath of ages! Don't they communicate over a lost latitude (?); itself given up to spent souls who are sautéed in Hades. Hear me, my comrades in Death! For only a truly powerful Papaloi or Houngan, a voodoo priest, might be allowed to carry off a babe such as this. *Quod*, even in these realms of Luciferian despatch, a hierarchy of despond exists... and it presumes to lie sovran over so many graves, ossuaries, obelisks or Celtic crosses."

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He [Dramabu, dressed as a skeleton or in mirth, gestures from afar]; and all of this set-text takes place in Strawberry Wobbler's dreams.

PART FORTY: (40)

Our two detectives continue to converse against a beatitude of bricks. Nor can this be dismissed as an interlocutory moment from Zane Grey's Riders of the Purple Sage! Most assuredly, since no inner Mormonism intrudes from afar betwixt a Scarecrow and his companion, a Skeleton-man. "Our quest indicates erotica at the base of criminal disturbance." "Why-ever so?" "My good fellow, it's simply due to a commingling or pressure placed upon the meat. For nearly all crime without an opportunity cost – or pertaining to material gain – is magical in its conspectus." "It saws a girl in half, dressed in a sequin'd leotard or playing the tambourine, you mean?" "Partly – but we must distil a methodology here; namely, one which relates to Bluebeard's innermost castle. These acts that lead inexorably to Broadmoor, Rampton and Ashworth (even Carstairs) were somatic, material and physiological. They are occasioned by a distrait partiality of nerves; or a neurasthenic abattoir. In all truth, such versions of Andy Warhol's electric chair, painted using sepulchral blue, are dead-liners. (A factor that the medical thriller writer, Robin Cook, recognises in his work). Also, one must adumbrate a parallel conceit – to whit: destructivity is genetic, physically covered, cloven-hooved, and made-over as an Action Man doll-in-reverse." "You assert, officer, that it's pre-mental – i.e., physically robust, nodal pointed, unrarefied and jelly tinctured!" "Indeed, it expects nought from Dasein save an axein-the-skull: (a sensibility that picks up nine from Eric Ambler, so to say). To finish: the malefic testifies to amorality a la its intention; & it's due to a reduction of oxygen to the brain at one's time of birth, plus other factors." "Such as?" "Psychopathia or an advanced personality disorder..." "I understand you."

PART FORTY-ONE: (41)

Back in the portmanteau offering of Dreams, however, Strawberry Wobbler fixates upon a charming absence. Whereupon Dramabu points in silhouette towards a hooked cross; and it stands in the distance with a charm around its kilter.

(It appears to be some sort of amulet, affixed of beads, and flitting in a delicate wind). The goat-headed staff (in a skull's terms) gestures in a crucifix's direction – what with a motley collection of zombies existing to the side. They subsist in a subdued wash or pall – at once indicative of Ensor's masked throng – and some of them gesture avec gnarled mittens trailing at head-height. Meanwhile, Dramabu has already begun a tarantella or danse macabre; itself a distrait limbo dancing afore the mast... And this tourney seems to take its license from the blackened land beneath; let alone those fulgous gasses which haunt the dawn. Don't they float across the sky, benumbed and cool, or rather like a pink effulgence that effloresces from a giant's eye-ball? Dramabu then addresses his zombie braves as follows: "Night-hawks, O lust bowls, the Papaloi who'll act on our behalf lies yonder. He sleeps the efficacy of forgotten purposes - and his corse does not trouble itself to rise at our beck-and-call. Do not let it ride amongst you, my brethren, since we require his services for this resurrection. Indeed, in a prior ordering, this Houngan resisted the call o' earth in order to rejoin us here on a trembling surface. Avaunt thee!", he hissed anew.

PART FORTY-TWO: (42)

Chap Rusk (Roughage) and Beady-Eyed Tremblake are caught in an impromptu or *candid camera* message. They were also deliberating on a mutilated teddy or a Paddington bear novel that lacks a happy ending. Forsooth, a rodent, bunny or polar-bear of the first stripe stared up at them; and it deliberates over a ruptured wendigo. In turn, it gazes at the ceiling with a distracted eye – i.e., one that's about to burst free from the cloying disc of its harm, (even an embrasure). Any effulgence or glow behind Beady-Eyed lifts to a silvery panoply or sheen, as he towers above like a masked effigy in purple. Against this, the rabbit-way of our daring drifts away; and this man for all seasons understands a withering age. Who wouldn't? When we know that this sepulchral glow, abreast of so many secrets, leads us towards a hidden destination in the psyche. At first, it appears to be

nought more than a cross-section of two minds: one belonging to a Scarecrow, Beady-Eyed Tremblake, and the other to a Skeleton-man, Chap Rusk (Roughage). Yet might a third party to Annie Besant's *coda* be here? For truly, the prevalence of a demon-thing made from teeth, Cranium Biter (Dye), seems everpresent. It bisects with our two main ramparts, cuts across them, and rolls out a phantasy. Nor does this necessarily lead to a silence in the black – for such lucidity, *ceteris paribus*, connects these individuals to Strawberry Wobbler.

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Our scenario begins as follows: and it takes part in a distant Stonehenge, at some time levied from the past, with a dreary wind overhead. It howls through a bizarre formation of disused obelisks – the latter bearing little relation to the English monument. These rear like gigantic pines made from granite, and all of them appear to be scored deeply by this roughage. A rufous brown quality clings to them, raised as they are on plinths, the kindred of which lifts them by two levels. Yes indeed, specks of icy rain (and even snow) plunders this clearing, as one looks around. It lends a quality of the anti-divine or the spittoon to these tributes, and this coruscates with the forked lightning that flashes above. Let us be still – for great rolls of thundery cloud, whether sapphire, turquoise or ebon, fissure this tongue of discourse. They roll within the tumbril of so much artistry (Orphic-like in Gaston Bachelard's honey) and then die away suddenly – albeit shifted on by these gusts. But none of this can conceal the fact that A BLACK MASS IS PROCEEDING BELOW.

PART FORTY-THREE: (43)

Whilst, in Strawberry Wobbler's nocturnal spray, a transvaluation of values is let loose. It has to portend this fracturing gap in the clouds, as Dramabu loiters afore a wooden cross that's illumined from the rear. To whit: a silvern outline in gold – or one that's otherwise shown up – limns the crucifix's outside, whilst some sort of runic device clings to its outer

tallow. In any case, a cloud of ochre billows around the voodooman, and he gestures from afar with knees pumping and arms outstretched. Do you hear? Yet again, Dramabu steps out into a speculative ether – if only to limit the full-on hatred of such a defile. It also warrants no other debenture than this; even if one moves out towards a march of forgiveness (possibly in its absence). Moreover, the goat's skull on a staff – by dint of any such craze – goes ahead of him, and this was only to fill up the bleating of such blackness. Didn't this come down as a spectrum sometime afore him? While, out ahead of Merce Cunningham's ditty, the zuvembies of his parlance shatter and roil. Likewise, they shuffle forwards in a howl, Mass or belaboured folly rather like some rejects from a village pokey*. (*Note: this device was an eighteenth century keep for punishing criminals, and, within it, a malefactor's limbs were covered in stone. They often moss enshrined, betimes). Similarly, Dramabu enunciates the following message to his servitors... and he's doing a goose-step as his words echo. "Listen to me! All of us must unite our several wills or points of consciousness, so as to generate rebirth. For – only if we come together as fingers in one fist - shall we propagate renewed life. Now is the time, my brethren, to husband our forces and engage upon these rites of 'living death'."

PART FORTY-FOUR: (44)

Meanwhile, the taut faces of our *dramatis personae* – Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage) – seek one another out in darkness' nether regions. *Quod*, rather like an episode from Thomas Nash's emporium, this bottle of physic strikes one from below. (And this was despite the fact that both of them dreamed anon... do you dare to record those utterances at Stonehenge?) A Black Mass is in progress (you see) and a central axis finds itself raised in stone. It besports a sacrificial altar, much limned with pilasters at the side, and two metal braziers burn on stilts at either end. These are off-set by a votary in a black-cum-purple robe or cowl, and both his arms seem to be

aloft or gesture into the heavens. The rain and various items of spume lash down without surcease, so as to render a broiling or eldritch coda to the scene. Further, an esplanade of brick – with the odd vegetative item seeking the moon - runs in concentric circles away from this dais. And, at the outer circumference of this spiral or gyro, comes thirteen huge obelisks which break up the ground like crazed fingers. They are probably the crossunlaunched boats... slats from exemplifications of J.G. Ballard's Terminal Beach. What do you have to declare? Yet withal, cowled servants of Satan stand around these granite pylons – one for each edifice – and every acolyte carries a flaring torch. These gutter or splay in an allencompassing wind. For, if we were to speak of it, the sky loughed, glowered, spat, rolled, and came to be riven or aft; as its mauve or dark-green cloudscape sped overhead. Occasionally a shoot or burst of forked lightning passed by, and it stung the firmament avec a blue crisis. Simultaneously now, an ebon or fulgurite dawn split the heavens, if only to cascade an onslaught of pink sparks. May they amount to the withering breast of a giant's cascade? Could it amount to a juggernaut's toll in another dimension? Possibly... since a lowering glare, split with rain, was about to do the rounds. It also spoke of a Cyclopean fastness within a conic or vatic shelter, and the latter proved to be a distrait version of Paul Bowles' The Sheltering Sky. As, given sheet upon sheet of teeming droplets, a lead Satanist clears his dithyramb. Might such a personage be Chap Rusk (Roughage) under this persiflage? Come again...

PART FORTY-FIVE: (45)

Whatever else, though, the caveman called Dramabu and his minions jeer afore a cross; or ramp abreast of mystagoguery. Namely... this was the idea that they could return a powerful Houngan to life, so as to facilitate a re-burial. Again, this collective noun sways at its thunder, and it has to do with those filaments which seek out a grave. Let it pass us by... for, after the southern Gothic of Buckmaster Fuller, we note a lilting of

Dramabu's corse in the breeze. Whereas his skeletal suit, at once zipped-up from the side, alternates back and forth like a or a limbic motion. Successively though, temperature of greed fills a sandy space, and it distils a gap between D. & a ravening plague. What might it be like, mon ami? While such volcanic ash or pumice is suffused with sand; and it's a milky white-to-yellow in its colouration. Furthermore, at the edge of this lemony tundra, a gaggle of zombies [zuvembies] were given over to praying or caterwauling. They knelt (all together) on this barren draw or scree, and threw their scrawny arms up in the air. At one level, such a geologic feat spoke of Ages past, and yet it also skimmed the surface of these moon-beams with a flattened penny. Doesn't it re-interpret the concrete 'n' ashes garden of Derek Jarman, the Uranian filmmaker, next to Dungeness power station? It, this arid or eco-free zone, held no plants and rotted to a metallic span – irrespective of any Kentish gravel pits. Yet again, the zombies beat at original drums whose skins are made from rubber and top-soil. Whereas slowly, oh-so slowly a raucous shout extends from half-human lips... and it strove to split open a face contained by a zipper. Could this be a famed Louisiana half-face of yore? Still and more so, this negative plainsong builds in ire, and it illustrates a polyphony of grunts directed at Dramabu. Or, more precisely, may it be a cacophony a la Byrd or Tallis (?); itself glancing athwart Baron Samedi, lord of the departed. Finally, one senses the beginning of an inner fumbling underneath this coarse loam, admixed with grit.

PART FORTY-SIX: (46)

Back in a neighbouring dream, however, a cowled occultist begins ministrations to his lord 'n' master. And the servitor's hood serves to conceal his features 'mid a raging storm; within which both hands are raised. Do they not bruise in such a supplication? O verily, a manifestation of Chap Rusk (Roughage) must be heard to say: "Heed us, Master, when we declare our childhood to your spawn – necessarily so. Do we not worship

you in this version of the Year II, a nimbus of revolutionary terror from France? Take up our glass, in that we beseech you at this black sabbath, in the seventh age of a Lord's Flies. Look up, smell the coffee, and grant such petitions as thou wilt---."

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By contrast, our two homicide detectives continue to converse... a factor that conceals their presence or chiaroscuro. It enlivens – deep inside some grey, black or brown - a Scarecrow's preponderance from behind. He wears a straw-hat, (reversewise). Yet withal, Dramabu's [Chap Rusk's] visage shimmers incandescently in ochre; and it's observed blurred or distinct, depending. "You mentioned Count Richard von Krafft-Ebing's Psychopathia Sexualis." "Most assuredly - an erotic basis for desecration exists; one which obeys his lore of perversion contrary to its absence." "You'd better explain." "Well(!), in this version, all Eros not featuring as a basis for procreation or fixated on breasts and the vulva, falls sheer. It delimits progeny and remembers Tolstoy's discourse. This is where a taxonomy of sensualism (when contrary to Thanatos) rears up; the latter streaming heterosexuality on one side against the following: inversion, homosexuality, paederasty, paedophilia, exhibitionism, transvestism, trans-gender identity, cophrography, incest, Eonism, Ollendorff's beggarhood, cloacal packing, et cetera." "What relevance does this enjoin o'er a cut-up Teddy?" "Why, a weak-kneed dependency (to be sure); it follows lucre's zero: since a mortal's destructive anatomy dwells on libidinity. It codifies it, polymorphously, from Gray's thesis: and prepares a way to deconstruct Ian Rankin for us. You see, if we provide a shot-gun marriage between Iain Sinclair's belletrism; James Hinton's sexology and James Hogg's Antinomianism... what do we find?" "You tell me." "It's a scapegrace, one which says that sexual decadence and criminality are meshed. They're interlinked."

PART FORTY-SEVEN: (47)

"I see", murmured Chap Rusk within a dependence of sages. Yet, if we return to our ossuary, then a game is truly 'afoot'! For the hollowness of a lion breaks its pedigree, and suddenly the cheap loam around the grave begins to shift. It traverses a tremendous bisection as to toads, even a preponderant will to open this ground. Moreover, any disagreements pale into insignificance – at least when contrasted with those fingers, themselves begrimed, which scramble from below. Truly, in a world of fools the dead are anxious to escape their fate. (Also, didn't the late Marquess of Salisbury make the term 'vermin' do!) No matter: quod a range of dull or opaque shapes swill around - much after the effect of a grey dawn at Murphy's commencement. (Yes, this was Samuel Beckett's early novel). Again, Dramabu heaves at the dip - and his goat-headed stick is much in evidence... it shimmers in yellow light. A cascade intervenes afore a heavy wooden crucifix, in other words, and the commotion around this tumuli continues. In every sense, per se, two soiled hands are reaching up out of the sod in order to postpone deliverance. Could they be licensing John Ruskin's return from oblivion... by way of a cask? Certainly, physical forms are observable atop one's level ground.

PART FORTY-EIGHT: (48)

In Chap Rusk's dream (however) a motor car speeds off at the gate of Salisbury plain – one which sees great boulders spewed up from the moon's other side. It levels off to a granite dependency; the latter speckled with pink, egg-shell white, lissom orange and a mild purple. The sky still roared and chased overhead, replete to the occasional burst of lightning, and a blue tincture invaded its trespass (thereby). Furthermore, a slink 'sixties car – with outermost grooves and lines – sped towards the circle's farthest stones. Its combined tints were those of mustard and dark blue (i.e., ultramarine); after the formula of a Gerry Anderson puppet show. Meanwhile, a few bent sprigs of tree – or calcified bark – crept up above the earth in Salvatore

Rosa's berth. They scarcely cast a shadow over the stones roundabout; each one of which contains much ferrous oxide. The two characters inside the vehicle were Beady-Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow) and Strawberry Wobbler.

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Within their own time-frame, though, Dramabu (Rusk) stares at a severed teddy on a WANTED poster... doesn't it recall a sort of terrorism a la Andy Pandy? Still, in its Kentish Town parody, 'he' lets slip the notion about 'who could do such a thing', ad infinitum. The fly-posted or glued sheet stares back at him, and it embodies one of de Chirico's pessimistic whorls. Within which (it has to be said) a viewer may detect a manikin's travails, irrespective of Lewis', Picasso's and Stravinsky's harlequin. Against its pull, might Chap Rusk stand afore such a painting, staff in hand, and with a previous version of himself on the floor... as he feels the magnetism of its embrace? All of a sudden, he leaps into the picture – full frontal – and with aught else left behind, save a swaying image in its frame that swings to and fro in an empty studio. Still and all, the only point remaining happens to be the hysterical laughter of a human haystack or Scarecrow. It continues to reverberate and superintends all. Yet, beneath its cosmic gateway, Chap Rusk (Roughage) in the guise of Dramabu sees more – whether by accident or design. And this happens to be a pictogram wherein Beady-Eyed stares or looks sovran, if not wide-eved, at an instant of transgression. Whereupon a straw-man's teeth scream, cry or caterwaul avec the demon, Cranium Biter (Dye); and they become refracted, sheer, Situational, Op art-like or spliced. They overlap o'er the circumstances of Hades - themselves indicative of Wyndham Lewis' *Malign Fiesta* – and bound to chomp adrift. Won't each denture steer towards the fire of its unmasking amid black?

PART FORTY-NINE: (49)

Whereupon, and back at Stonehenge, a car door opens to the side amid apoplexy; & it can only swivel afore a force nine gale. Rain, in these circumstances, washes the model T's side – if only

to provide a sluice gate or exit. In all honesty, a side issue swings low and Beady-Eyed Tremblake leaves the driver's mark... primarily to judge the quick or the dead. Closer to, albeit within the automobile, Strawberry Wobbler makes up these numbers. She is the first to utter thus: "a Black Mass occurs at our horizon's gaze". "You are right, chickadee". "So, inter alia, Chap Rusk (Roughage) mounts to the cause of Satanism in this particular ménage". "You're correct again, even though we're here to regain control of Chap Rusk's former identity – before he completely submits to his lord 'n' master". "You mean, the demon or entity known as Cranium Biter (Dye)?" "How without negligence you map your way through the sage... but still, we must try to free one from t'other". "An exorcism is what's proposed, my master?" No, not entirely – I would choose to call it a splintering or navigation around Bram Stoker's text *The Lady* of the Shroud. For our aim was to bisect Roughage - to render awe mute and persevere with truculence, even self-overbecoming."

PART FIFTY: (50)

In a future of hidden selves (sic) one dream or phantasm, in its mauve hybrid, comes of age. Most especially, if two hands claw at the mud or its sandy loam - so as to rise from it apace. And these mittens (themselves hands of iron from a bygone age) cling to the air with a spectral grip – one that's almost like the talon of an eagle or a falcon (when unleashed). To be still again: these stray medleys of five digits embody a hidden tumescence namely, the codex of a contribution to the Cthulu mythos known as The Beast with Five Fingers (as mentioned earlier). Could it be the entrapments or vices of one of Kali's minions, with or without the development of Gormley's gloves of pumice? Might these, in turn, be a disembodiment or fictive raiment? One particularly thinks so if we enjoin such paintings, in a lost third dimension, to be by Mantegna. Wherein the corporeal – or its concrete splay – manifests itself out on an otherwise flat or two dimensional vista... irrespective of physic. In all likelihood, the

template or colouration which lurks aslant these gauntlets waxes a bright lemon curd or Mandarin's rind*. (*Note: this has nothing to with Billy Wu's Anti-Defamation League, as regards *Iron Man's* nemesis).

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Also, and by dint of a quiet slaughter, two characters walk calmly in a brownish dawn... Might it be the occasion of a nebulous distance or what moderns call the Fourth Dimension? Still, the twin figurines of Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage) walk about in a rain sodden park. It lowers to a heavy mausoleum or grandiloquence of trees. At first, they face each other, move away, are back to back, and then exchange a neat nip of whiskey from a hip flask. In comparison to this - the vegetation's wash catches a reek of abandonment or decay, in a prism where the weight of water overwhelms the green. Can one still configure that it's a Skeleton-man and a Scarecrow walking along? Yes indeed... first of all, Beady-Eyed captures the flow. "I believe that the revived image of Caravaggio's Giuditta che taglia la testa a Oloferne (1597-1600) is vital to our case". "How so; in what way does the investigation come of age under a masterpiece's glare?" "Let me instruct you: since the cutting off of a head measures its entrails - it seeks silence and belabours the agony of Derek Jarman's film in Latin. Nor does one need to dwell on the East End warehouse where it was filmed, (abundantly so). For the maiden and the crone lay out a future path to godhood; they deliberate upon decapitation and savour its finitude. Do you notice a taut attention to detail on their faces (?) - they're measuring the pot! Again, the most destructive or serpentine roil of all is less the maid (this immaculate conception manqué), and more the ol' trout. Don't we understand her feat of non-lust, rapt attention, hungering to silence, rusk wistfulness or addled simplicity? It betokens a vampiric stoicism or petrified Christology". "I can only concurr. By the way, how's your mother getting on in the asylum? It's not called 'care in the community', then?" "Certainly not!"

PART FIFTY-ONE: (51)

A phantasmagoria proceeds in our absence, my friend, and it transfigures Strawberry Wobbler's crystal gazing. May this actually take place in one of those metallic mirrors of yore? Regardless of its finery - Chap Rusk (Roughage) directs the effluvium of a stone; and it doubtless impinges upon the heavy basalt altar that's kitted our before him. It takes the format of a classical or Etruscan bench; the former liable to leave impedimenta over human sacrifice in its many grooves. Can't this take after a Mel Gibson film called Apocalypto? By any other means, a fire or orange flame leaps about this dais' ready prominence, and it seems to lick at the filaments of what's been left undone. Most evidently, the tip of one of Stonehenge's obelisks or pylons peeps out farther on, and a votary carries aloft a fiery beacon well over to the left. Yesss, what else goes on here (?); in that Chap Rusk stands in the middle of this bulletin from a magic camera, and it has to do with the silken vestments of his calling. These were darksome robes – of a priestly caste – that wove themselves into the desiderata of one of those volumes of Pan horror stories (edited by von Thal). Indeed, these hooded vestments cling to him like a rude chasuble or sheath; the latter folding over, or sacrosanct, in its limitless purple finesse. A hood or mantle clouds the issue; as in T.S. Eliot's plumbing job known as The Wasteland. And, by way of a needful backdrop, the features of our Epicurean have come to be obscured.... Also (if not some more) the backstop to his theatre strays into impermanence - what with a billowing cumulus which consists of threatening gasses, magenta, spruce, dizzy blackness and the hint of Zyklon B. Excelsior, and with both mallets raised uppermost, Chap Rusk (Roughage) starts to articulate what William Golding called a rite of passage. "Hear me, brethren of the yoke", he yelled in some stentorian awe, "our master, Azathoth, must accede to the deliberations of our faithful kid – and that's not just Thomas Kyd's Spanish Tragedy either. No sir; for we must face the facts over a flaming Asgard within ourselves! Do you not muster the gravity of all those empty

skulls... the craniums of which are necessary to actuate real thaumaturgy? No hocus-pocus or spark-brained lethargy holds us here, in that you Neptune's cup of adoration must be filled with riches. Surely now, worldly goods and appurtenances shall be the lot of him who sacrifices to a lamb with a Wolf's head? Listen to me---."

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But prior to his peroration, he's interrupted by Beady-Eyed Tremblake.

PART FIFTY-TWO: (52)

"How goes it with your mother's inner drama?", asks Dramabu [alias Chap Rusk (Roughage)]. "She subsists within the nether activation of a dream", answered the Scarecrow warily, "although whether it would be beneficial to introduce her to our teddy murderer is open to doubt. HA!"

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Yet, by the by, their joint exercise in an unmastered ID forces itself uppermost, if only to tear off the lid of an available sky. A scenario wherein twin claws have successfully scraped at the earth-line, if only to release themselves from a soil deposit below. Again, and under the weight of this Voodoo curse, a cadaver bursts free from some encumbered ground. It takes to the format of one corse too far - even though these mighty limbs, replete with unspoilt thews, leave a Thorak impression to the green bronze that lurks. Don't you know? Our suggestion as to truth definitely applies the pressure here – at once naked in terms of its favour or an untorn limit. Furthermore, the brazen nature of this boom(!) indicates a gift of splendour, or quite possibly a new charge-sheet concerning the Christian notion over bodily resurrection. Be that as it may; a Vorticist impress lurks here; given the impact of Wyndham Lewis' washes, pursuant to his sketches that accompany collective shootings such as The Wild Body (i.e., stories of some Beefcake... even a morphic ligature). For, in a congress dedicated to a reprieve, and avec a Zuvembie looking on slack mouthed – a corpse can be reanimated under an

inky horizon of the blackest silt. Didn't H.P. Lovecraft create a triptych in prose known as *Herbert West: Reanimator*? In our case, it happens to redo a Mummy called Boo Wilson.

PART FIFTY-THREE: (53)

Still, and forevermore, the Sabbat at this stone ritual gathers pace, especially given its outer limits or resolve. Given this, two figures stride into the midst of our wasteland, and they were Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler. (She, for her part, came dressed in a skin-tight wrap; it was made from leather and created a bust-size under some mesh). Around or about, several graphite monoliths beat up their prey's hunger – not to mention a few spits of rain in the wind. A tempestuous gale rises amidships, or the sky embraces charcoal and uncertainty. Doesn't a flame stream from the votaries or their torches (?); as well as a central brazier, covered with Satyr's faces, or stood afore Chap Rusk. He breaks off with a snarl. And, while his followers are rooted to the spot, Beady-Eyed strides to within ear-shot of an adversary. Look you! "I call it cowardice or an absence of resolve", he trills, "for the wearing of these tops flirts with a misalliance. You thought about escaping from the consequences of your actions, no doubt. But, in actuality, I can read through your disguise - with my pineal or cosmological eye - and I entreat you. Do not go gently into that dark night, to adapt Dylan Thomas' usage! I ask you to strip away externals – given your possession of this mortal already. Listen to me: why allow yourself to wrap around the boughs of a tree, covered in Spanish moss, like a serpent or boa constrictor of yore? Especially if you've hitherto devoured him, autophagously, as meat and milk within a circle... Again, my Montague Summers or Aleister Crowley, I demand a revelation of your demonic taint – albeit a pleasing odour if you're a follower of Lewis' Bailiff in The Childermass"

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Nonetheless, a figurine in a skeleton costume remains mute. He also wears a mediaeval or Dominican's robe, plus one cowl, from

head-to-foot: and "it" looks like a circus 'inbred' by Heinrich Boll

PART FIFTY-FOUR: (54)

While, festooned in Strawberry Wobbler's hazes, transfiguration comes aground. It involves the emergence of a Zombie from the earth called Boo Wilson. During this advent, then, the Mummy climbs up towards relief; what with a mantle of soil clinging to some skin. Do you see? And, somewhat roundabout, the loam comes to be cut up, unfree - without pardon – or reminiscent of a holy beetle contained in aspic. Likewise, a dead-man frames its musculature or some limbs; so as to set off a sundering, some furtiveness, and a comparative assault. O Lazarus, take up thy pallet and walk! Where, in truth, have we heard this before? When, over to one side and sprinkled by a grey pallor, one senses Dramabu or Chap Rusk (Roughage). He, the Voodoo priest, chants in abandonment... whereupon his frame, cropped or crossed by a skeleton's suit, sways in mystic transport. Around his tapping feet, however, various Zuvembies glower, limber up, tread a degree of empty water, or trail-gaze Bram Stoker's The Jewel of the Seven Stars.

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A bare strip of white sand lies between them throughout.

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Even though, and depending on the outcome, a new personage stares at a cigarette lighter amongst the remnants of so many black-and-red squares. These cohabit with the manse which Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler share (most definitely), and this flake merchant is called Human Toast. He glares fixedly into a minor furnace or fulmination. Thus...

PART FIFTY-FIVE: (55)

{Authorial note: the template of Strawberry Wobbler's dream entails a Zombie bash or mash; whilst Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Dramabu/Chap Rusk's fancy serves a joint-header. It

delineates Len Deighton's example of a *Billion Dollar Brain*; if reduced to a Sabbat at Stonehenge}.

Further to this, a conspectus alternates like lights at a crossing; i.e., first amber, then green, followed by red. It clicks on and off in the cranium after a binary romance – one that stills the blood, necessarily, of those who shouldn't be there. A semblance of order creeps into this kitchen sink, if only to alleviate a stroboscopic dye (or its disco lamp) in terms of one's flickering. Human Toast stops testing the lighter after a while, primarily quod of the smell left by each downward plunge. Could it be a methane spread in the darkness, instead? In any event, he allows a petroleum burn to effloresce rather stupidly, and it fills the air with a dizzying rasp. By way of looks, though, our stripling doesn't come across as an example of Conan, the callow barbarian, in Robert E. Howard's Rogues in the House. No sir... since his visage strikes us as pale, pitiless, unshadowed, gutted, abreast of nothingness, crept upon and bankrupt. (Note: it also rewards the dwarf, with palsied and leprous hands, who manhandles a warrior in Conan Doyle's The Blanched Soldier. A tale where the spongy mittens of a leper, a bulbous-headed midget speaking in Afrikaans, drags a hero from his bed). Similarly, Human Toast gazes at a minute flame avec raptness, and it's an unreciprocated awe... one that daren't spot William B. Gibson's character in the wings. Wasn't it only a shadow; and who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?

PART FIFTY-SIX: (56)

Meanwhile, in one particular magic circle, we note that Beady-Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow) approaches a mage o'er some basalt blocks. Each one of them – then and there – casts aside a mantle of suspicion, and this scene prefers to speak of a Tarot's prediction gone awry. In it, some grizzled pillars spiral away like obelisks, or, in turn, they point in the manner of gigantic fingers into the firmament. These mementos or offerants find themselves capped by lightning; if only to substantiate the electricity of such

a blow! It hovers about the pylons like a storm of bees; the latter liable to speak of a parliament or a menagerie o' glass. In comparison to this, some stick-trees give relish to cosmic blows amidships, and they streak or whistle amid a turbulent ray. Whereas a massive or rocky promontory – of a fiendish mass – lies to one side of the 'scape, and its granulated surface hints at Elisabeth Frink's sculpture. (One thinks, most evidently, of early pieces by her that frame the possibility of fish, fruit, fossils or veg). Against this, a Scarecrow points disobligingly in a magician's direction, and the latter recoils as if struck. Most possibly – it relates to a cowled immensity or sheet; wherein the purple vestments of one's livery delights in the forbidden. "Heed me!", shouts Beady-Eyed Tremblake over the hubbub and din. "Why don't you manifest a possessive curdle – or alienation – that lurks within? And doesn't Durkheim's thesis play into the unfolding dramaturgy of either Peter Blatty or Mel Gibson? Let's not feed on the false beef (or steak) after those maggots in Battleship Potemkin...(!)"

PART FIFTY-SEVEN: (57)

A terrible 57 varieties is born here, is it not? Nonetheless, one was quite capable of spying on a corpse which has been reanimated, or cast back on life's travail. Otherwise, the nemesis known as Boo Wilson wouldn't have been able to rise up, and any surrounding tundra or soil could've lain undisturbed. Again, a large pit lies aslant our bandaged giant – so as to guard against a hellish disturbance a la Christopher Marlowe's Doctor Faustus. Do you remember its fire-cracker finale? Irrespective of this - Dramabu's skull-head and rubber-suit (containing an anatomical relief) tops off this skit. It also occasions the manufacture of a rude cross, held together by straps and aspen laden, so as to hint at a dying Christian art. Finally, Boo Wilson gestures after Sir Henry Irving's attique minstrelsy, and didn't he excel at daemonic parts (?) ... all of them tipping over into redtinted shadow. Weren't they performed at the Lyceum, and doesn't Bram Stoker's Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving fill two

volumes? They were bound in copper plate. Yet the Mummy dissembles to achieve a wound-up vortex; at once trussed, bunion cursed, unsodden, dusty, freshly lintel'd and massive in gait. He's at least eight feet in height, but chooses to snarl in the face of impermeability. "Wilson, BOO!", cries a voice off-stage.

PART FIFTY-EIGHT: (58)

Adrift of Stonehenge's towers, however, a military band has long since ceased to play. Again and all, a muscular hand reaches upwards so as to rip aside a cowl, and it succeeds in separating the chaff from so much wheat. Look on now... in that the knotted discipline of a claw ascends to the sky – if only to release a torrent of Dennis Wheatley's black magic or occult books. (These were very much a collection of works like *The Satanist*, *To the Devil – a Daughter, The Haunting of Toby Jugg* and *They* Used Dark Forces. All of 'em feature a lexicon that's U rather than Non-U, in Nancy Mitford's usage). By the by, a mauve coverlet or hood descends – if only to reveal the delineation of a noon-time devil. Whereupon the eyes transfigure a basic disc or circuit, and it happens to be bloodshot, livid, falsely latent, eggwhite, ochre bedappled + fiery. Likewise, the cheekbones seem high in a saurian manner; together with a molecular or globular impact upon the clay. Might it be moulded from cancerous tissue; or stilled (otherwise) in terms of Butterworth's Oeuvre? (Note: the former wrote an Australian medical treatise on tumours. It examined their pathology anew). In furtherance of this, a cascade of bubbles - themselves emerald in colour bounce around our grave, and it salutes those pointed-ears on either side. Whereas a Pictish abandonment of hair picks off the top; so as to pigeon-hole it like the death-scene at *The Apes of* God's close. To whit: Cranium Biter (Dye) has an open or lolling mouth; that is, one which slips forwards as a tongue-in-green. It gives the lie to Anne of the Green Gables – all apiece! Oh yes, for Henry James' examination of feminine hysteria, in his Turn of the Screw, does not end here... and it's bound to contest an issue under a purple sky or over some orange earth. "Why don't

you characterise your possession?", opines Beady-Eyed Tremblake from before

PART FIFTY-NINE: (59)

Back in Strawberry Wobbler's and Beady-Eyed's manse, however, a youngster dips his hand in. (Might it involve one of those lighters which carries the insignia of Sir Oswald Mosley's Union Movement?) Be that as it may: an inadequate head, belonging to Human Toast, continues to stare at the heart of Zeus' fire. It enriches the ground for a moment between blows, and this has to do with those fireworks (prior to Guy Fawkes) which are about to be let off. They will continue to reverberate on the night of November the 5th; at least in terms of a shallow effulgence. It enraptures Human Toast's face - sending it packing (thereby) – and lighting up the continuation of so many silhouettes. These travel around his features, illuminating one eye rather than the other, and casting a sub-orbital glow into doubt. Also, one notices that his fingers clasp the tinder-box tightly, as if it might let go eldritch passions or play with them in the Noir. Yessss... if he ponders upon the gloom long enough, per se, may Cranium Biter (Dye) glare back at him from ebon's tint?

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Adjacent to a renewed nightmare – or in accord with Strawberry Wobbler's fancy – a mortal skeleton dances in twilight. Yet, in contrast to his forceful gesture or *mien*, Chap Rusk (Roughage) whirls around and cries, "Who spoke? What voice dares to shatter a peace of ages in this midnight hour?" Against the grain, tho', his rubbery or latex suit – with Gray's *Anatomy* smeared across it – shimmers in a watery haze. Most especially – if an incandescent burst of flame is carried off and occurs behind him. It shoots hither like a filibuster drawn from Zeus' living lightning – and again, it caroms blatantly after the burning bush or some Greek Fire. Could it be an illustration of a hedge going up a tilt, or possibly a HaHa! and an ancient English labyrinth? (The latter edifice – drawn from M.R. James – is about to smoke or ignite in a phosphorescent glare). This does little for Dramabu's nerves,

however, and he baldly shouts: "What? Bloodied or brackish humours – whichever sprite speaks from the depths of despair? Answer me!"

PART SIXTY: (60)

Behold, my brethren, the following outcome... for the hollow gusts around Stonehenge limit a windy Geist. Do they not? It also measures the extent of Halloween on October the 31st. Wherein a thaumaturge, or misty daemon, floats off the planet's surface, if only to levitate out of a contrary dispensation to the truth. Against this: a purple-clad votary indicates an aerial solemnity, even a desire to gain the vantage point of some greenish sky. Cranium Biter (Dye) then stares down – by dint of this – and one of his reptilian claws grapples convulsively at his throat. Indeed, a neurasthenic impress seems to beguile itself – and the demon indicates wonderment or so much grief... possibly its absence. He points with a golden claw; the like of which (in a different incarnation) took off the world's lid... And his tapering finger, double-jointed in a verdant hue, cauterises the rim of a scarecrow's hat. Was he not the ribbed agent of so many truths; or perchance, a character from a Raoul Dahl story seeking a sieve's duct? Moreover, a deep psychological malaise may lie upon him – like the rockband Kiss – and it betokened a boogle who's determined never to be bullied again. A torrent of water or rain howled about; and a leering ogre decides to make his 'plaints known. Doesn't he adopt, no matter how keenly or by default, the diction of Thomas Nashe? "Beady-Eyed, your stealthy spirit refuses to impress me – it smacks of an ingratitude due to tongues. A retinue around a Belgian nobleman, in Wheatley's The Devil Rides Out, may break up a Sabbat on Wiltshire's sound... but here, no such peradventure finds its way to a fulfilment other than by using a devil-doll. It comes to my hand triple-jointed – at once indicative of an old *Doctor Who* episode – and in the form of a corn-dolly. It subsists afore firing and reinterprets your own corse, no matter how blasphemously".

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Beady-Eyed Tremblake watches a magenta'd monk without speaking. Might it embody the after-effects of Lewis' early Gothic novel, *The Monk*?

PART SIXTY-ONE: (61)

Whilst returning to a parallel dream, though, a figure of shattered magnificence, the Scarecrow, walks through mystic flame. It clings to him amid the darkness of even-tide – and yet his body of rags, corn, sleeping angels, tatterdemalions' offerings, old hats, straw, concealed polystyrene and rope (sic) remains unsinged. It passes beyond a limit of grief, in other words, and an unholy radiance fills the graveyard. For such a moonglow's glint (and more) subsumes a brief kindling around these *objects d'art*; the ones that speak to a nineteenth century ossuary. Won't it be highly overgrown, Gothic, camp and Pre-Raphaelite in its register; thereby embodying the cemetery in Stoke Newington? By any event, a few motes or sparks glint like fire-flies in the dawn; as, reverse-wise, a fiery day-glow or taper stutters to a halt around Beady-Eyed Tremblake. An anti-hero, a non-dualist, an Archetype; a giddy, giggling ghoul - a living scarecrow - has amidst pink-and-white energy. He uncontrollably. "HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!", it resounds shrilly. What can be more macabre than this late at night or amid unopened crypts? The moon shifts down on a gibbous slide amongst tones of lemon or bees' wax.

PART SIXTY-TWO: (62)

Meanwhile, and back in their multi-apartment block, Human Toast casts a retina towards one's furnace. It subsists at the centre of a whistling pipe or spit. Again, Toast senses a refulgent gesture here; and, in a captured profile, he pays keen attention to an unlit salve of cadmium. (i.e., This was one that lights the ether with a hint of fuel from those tins in yellow, red and green). Do you remember them, *mon ami*, and might they have contained a tincture of paraffin – no matter how prepared? Certainly, a decibel of darksome graffiti piles on the pressure, and it

surrounds Toast like a modern curator's bias. He – by any reckoning – comes over as ponderous, watchful, full of thought, slow... but not all that retarded. (This is something that's akin to a degenerate couple in Frank Harris' *Greed*; a socio-biological *opus* filmed by von Stroheim). Anyway, the youngster known as Human Toast must be dwelling on a future *holocaust* or purgation by fire. It lifts the ever-present gloom and seediness, somewhat.

PART SIXTY-THREE: (63)

At such an affront – by Gad(!) – the devilish figure of Cranium Biter (Dye) soars into the air. He/'it' o'er-sweeps those dwellings at midnight, and one notices some blasted or stunted vegetation at his rear. It takes the form of gnarled or bitter-sweet amber – nay rose-wood; and it's bent over like Loki's fingers. Adjacent to his betrayal or ascent, however, we can observe a will-o'-thewisp or spume; and it transverses a gorge within consciousness... primarily so as to release Eve's apple. In truth, it rolls along this stone-work akin to a green marble - and maybe it was a crabapple all along? The rain continues to beat upon our circumference of fives, but what swirls about us are the gusts from Macbeth. Do you remember those scenes on the heath (with Macduff) and in either Berkoff's or Welles' rendition? Again, the sweep of brazen tundra roundabout – in its carapace of ages – comes to embroider Hardy's Egdon marsh. Can it re-interpret Peppard common from childhood? Mayhap, but no ready transfer is possible; given its rocky spatula or base. Essentially though: this circumference intones a modulation o' brick, and it twists round-and-about... albeit with a smooth crepitation or glyph. It marvels at its own falling off, and in its middle flash three These were Beady-Eyed Tremblake, Strawberry figures. Wobbler and Cranium Biter (Dye) - whilst a few votaries fall away at the margins. The demon or Goat of Mendes speaks first, and his accent is guttural or pig-like. "No-one can goad me into levitating akin to a man-beast", it snarls. "For I was once Chap Rusk (Roughage), in the guise of a skeleton-man, Dramabu.

Surely I shocked the future after the Tofflers' default? Yes indeed, but now I've completely surrendered to the daemonic... only to wake up or be reborn as Cranium Biter (Dye). I am Sammael within a circle; I must misbehave anon as a nameless tormenter or Legion. Above all, my morphology traces a silhouette on Miami's sands; and the left-hand is mutable, reptilian, shape-shifting, or a short-cut to ecstasy. It brings relief by zig-zagging through an endless Hades. *Ecoutez moi*, does not the following appeal, *en passant*, and it continues to be a Khazar's masquerade as a lamp-shade? Or, quite possibly, might it be a limbless effigy in red, covered in occult tattoos, and whose features are enclosed under a close-fitting mask? Its consistency speaks of either rubber or leather... Dost thou, in the manner of Blue Oyster Cult, continue to fear the Reaper?"

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By way of an answer, a cold or raven-spoked wind whips around Stonehenge. No-one dares to respond to it.

PART SIXTY-FOUR: (64)

If we are rendered witless by a tall story, though, the following must be considered. For the Scarecrow (Beady-Eyed) has burst through this fire or jamboree of the fair, if only to deposit a few meagre sparks. They hiss, pop and rattle in such a grate... don't you know? Behind him an ornate mausoleum rises up; it possesses the coping stone of a bird-house or (quite possibly) a cupola. It turns on a vague reminiscence of the Pagoda in Soho square, also. Let's look at this: since a night-time's gossamer surrounds those who sleep no more; and isn't there a line from Macbeth buried here? It knows its fatalism of motion – to be sure. And the sky above spots its diffidence in inky black tones... whilst some brown trunks, dragging spindly fibres or tendons, edges this Calcutta's hole. An ebon dip certainly figures therein, and may it have been a dungeon in which languished The Man in the Iron Mask? Similarly, Dramabu hisses in panic and his muscles tense under a synthetic suit; one that betrays the outer limits of a skeleton on its outside. A treatment, (this), which must transgress against John Cowper Powys' *Wood and Stone*. Aren't you prepared to look aghast at aught like this? Most particularly – when his goat-headed magician's cane or wand flails around on a cold gust of air, or suchlike will-o'-the-wisp. Whereupon the zombies (for their part) react like a stung party of bees – irrespective of Maeterlinck's prior commentary about this. Nor can one escape from their dishevelled momentum; i.e., one that's cataleptic, broken, o'er-leaping, Rabelaisian, gruesome or somnolent. Herein one staggers (at once bloodied) with an eye out in its head; whereas over there a fleshless drone hovers around its spittle. A nameless *Shadow* – after William B. Gibson's example – continues to stare on't.

PART SIXTY-FIVE: (65)

Adjacent to this, Human Toast gazes into a darksome array around the house or manse. It was otherwise situated on a mound known as Briar's Copse or Satan's Hill. Quod, if he looks closely enough into his lighter's flame, then he sees the crystalline dye of many spectacles. These twist and turn like Wyndham Lewis' painting on the cover of The Revenge for Love, & it depicts Dante's Inferno – albeit at one modernist remove. Whereby grey tubular forms --- themselves redolent of abortive sting-rays --writhe and broil in a limpid heat. In turn, Human Toast detects a numinous or anima 'neath the mansion's foundations; and it embodies a wailing spirit-form. Might it reveal a building's collective unconscious (?), rather like the haunted hotel in Stephen King's *The Shining*. But still, this nimbus calls out to him and it interprets a host of hosts, even a Luciferian abstract, within a negative dialectic. Dimly, and without ever having read any revisionism, Human Toast knows that this brownstone or wooden travesty will take a'fire (no matter how deeply). It awaits a cosmic match or its petrol – and can this really accompany such a fort? A sacrifice or sinister cradling, in Brian Keenan's phrase, awaits these four pillars in an imaginary Key West. Nor does one connect them (on this Ouija board) with the concept of the scape goat. Didn't the theatrical national socialist, Tony Williams,

speak of it as a key issue within modernity? Certainly, a range of texts lie silent in an Aedificium of the mind, and they proffer a great burst of binding (most sheer). Some of them were chap books, while others are casebound or folded up in those paper-bindings so beloved of French publishing houses. Shall they find their limit in a reversal of Goebbels' firing of an Alexandrine library; the latter a gesture drawn from Elias Canetti's *auto-da-fe*? Maybe; yet Human Toast stares on at a Heraclitean flame... is it really, as in Zoroastrianism, the heart of one's indent or a cosmic flux? Yes indeed, to paraphrase Friedrich Nietzsche, the more you peep into an abyss the greater its chance to glare back at yon.

PART SIXTY-SIX: (66)

In a rival phantasm, however, we are called to look upon Stonehenge's outermost weeping or seeping. (Note: how can we be sure that it's not a scene from Dennis Wheatley's The Devil Rides Out?) In any quandary, the daemon floats in mid-air (out of all kilter with A.E. Waite's tarot deck) and a pink-to-grey sky surrounds his filter: it partakes of so much pumice. Again and all, the contrasting tints of this story-board are drawn upon us... one which speaks of green-skin contra to billowing purple robes. At this moment Cranium Biter (Dye), Dramabu and Chap Rusk (Roughage) all become spliced in a vortex or dehiscent stew. It speaks to us about a mongrelisation – even though our central agent of kaos has levitated way off the ground. He begins to enunciate thus: "Blast your eyes – the two of you! For none may interrupt my thaumaturgy here; since it causes the netherworld to croak in a hidden tent's recesses. Give it up! In all causation – no-one really wants to approach such a pavilion after dark; especially if a deep-drum reverberates in its folds. Odd beats cascade (even occasionally drip) in the night-time, and lightning flashes outside correspond to inner features... some of which are veiled. Whilst I lie, bereft of serpents and upon a platter of sealskins, and my pupils are dilated with a drug's partiality. May it actually be the influence of a wavering taper in the corner (?); it's

bound to release the effect of toxic or lotus blossoms. These hang around on the air with a cloying or heavy perfume. Listen to me, O Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler, and attend to a Legion's import in terms of slaves! Quod, mulling over the temperature of a lively Golgotha, there has to be reckoning o'er forgiveness' absence. A hero may offer a frog on a cushion, with tassels, for a Princess to kiss – but I prefer something better. What might it be? It concerns my votaries or followers, and it involves the drenching of so many forgotten staves. Aren't they the skins of human cattle? Oh my yes, since I leap down (flashing my vampire teeth) in order to level a fire-man with an axe. Watch me now... as I stand guard atop so many severed heads which adorn the earth on sticks. Don't they sprout like sickly mushrooms on a dismal dawn or amid some mist? Trulv. I am the Master here – as I roil or open my eyes sideways, after beads in a doll's sockets, and under the influence of nameless narcotics. Beat it off---."

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Yet, during this soliloquy, some of his minions have started to worry or bleat, and they rush around like the denizens of Peter Ackroyd's *The Limehouse Golem*. Furthermore, many of their torches flare, wilt, rasp, buffet and susurrate akin to rays trapped inside a crystal or prism. A discourse (this is) which amounts to a skim through the yellow pages of H.T. Flint's *Physical Optics*. It's all in the mind, you see?

PART SIXTY-SEVEN: (67)

Let us go to a graveyard after dark – where Dramabu confronts a 'naked' assailant. Simultaneously with this – the corniced replications of a mausoleum (or its obelisk) stand clear. While the steam or rapture of various diversions floats above... it seems to evaporate like a billowing fog. Nonetheless, Dramabu (Chap Rusk) wears about him the bones of a deluded fate; and they cling to his limbs like tom-foolery... or mayhap it's Tom o' Bedlam in *King Lear*? In any event, they're glued like fish dye or skeletal wings – and might one impute here the anatomy of

skate? But what of the zombies (?); themselves a march or heedless rout of the undead. They happen to be calcified, emaciated, done-in, coffer lining, mud and rheum bestrewn, falsely (or crab) appled... even roughly spent in pigment or its tints. May it belabour the acrylic of no matter how bright a dawn? Think, my friends, afore the rasping tones of a Voodoo lord rips out: "Hear me, Brethren in death! The demise of one who comes upon us in light provender... why, it is ordained by the Gods. Let us cheapen his ride onwards on the Appian way; at once without a horse or its charioteer save for a shadow cast upon these cobbles. It endeavours to bypass those who think of hurrying away from a chamber where a serpent lurks. Wasn't the saurian once coiled in a pewter dish or salver, merely unbroken by sword or rack, and bearing upon it such stains? A brown acid has cut deep, but it won't prevent the reptile from making his escape. Kill him - my Zuvembies - prevent such an egress; forestall our side-winder's desert moves!" With this assurance, an army of zombies makes leave to charge. George A. Romero – are you listening?

PART SIXTY-EIGHT: (68)

Whilst, back in Beady-Eyed and Strawberry's manse, Human Toast plays about with a loaded lighter. (He certainly hasn't learnt a *Blue Peter* instruction manual off by heart). Now then, in the recesses of this night-time, he detects a pictograph of blame. For in the deepest fastness of this brownstone – quite literally a house on headtaker's hill – there lurks Cranium Biter (Dye). He/'it' was clearly a doom-mongering spook or demi-urge; even a wraith that exemplifies the *Ghost of Christmas* past in Dickens' instalment. A multiple series of teeth then emerge so as to bite the air, or likewise to deliberate upon myriad distortions in a mirror. These prove to be the bends or serial morphs of a Joker's glass – i.e., one of those fair-ground tricksters, from the bottom to the top, which stop Magritte's reproduction – only to howl! Yet Ginsberg's neurosis over a mad mother's nowhere in sight! Regardless of this, the cranial lurches of our daemon (Cranium

Biter) flesh out new guests, and these border upon the psychologies of dwarves. Don't you know? *Quod* the serial romanticism of it feeds upon grey – or even on Emily Dickinson's orphic verse. Around and round a mulberry bush we go (you see), if only to bury ourselves in a travesty, a Baconian mouthway or one of Torquemada's gullets. It fixes upon a passage between dimensions that leads back to Caravaggio's *Giuditta che taglia la teste a Oloferne*.

PART SIXTY-NINE: (69)

Never mind all this – for within the bastion of Stonehenge one sees a tell-tale devilment. Avaunt thee, it passes the consideration of a new experience; and our Belial takes the form of a lizard's performance. (Wasn't there, in all honesty, a villain in Spiderman known as the Lizard?) Yet, if one takes it further, an orange gust centres the purple embrasure of this scene – i.e., an incubus that manifests its possession of Chap Rusk (Roughage). Did he desire such a push (?); or was it really an impress which dawned on him from without? Could we take a leaf out of an Arthur Machen novella in this regard? Again, Cranium Biter (Dye), the example of a Legion or its vortex, must answer to a Mediaeval signature or its writ. Most especially – if we consider his eyes to be slits, the snout flared, the ears a flap-doodle or turned over on themselves, and the mouth to be a furnace or oven: out of which protrudes a tongue. It happens to be long, snaky, ribbed, addicted to sand-paper or given up to a serpentine display. Whilst the sovran temperature of this sucker or gob has to intone a final curtain in a Mystery Play. May it also cater for the enormous, gaping maw of Hell in Christopher Marlowe's Faustus? Could it (likewise) interpret a gigantic anus or its flame duct? Otherwise then, we are given to noticing Biter's hue and it must be a bright emerald; a verdant allure, a rare bestiary's colour o' the green or a Hibernian wash. Can it be a mint Irish classic, shorn of the Gael, and listing over to Bram Stoker's The Snake's Pass? It's only after one's stupefaction ceases that a demon begins to speak - its voice echoes like gravel passing via a sieve. (Note: the mesh is irregular in such a net, its holes are imperfect, the passage through interrupted or blocked, and any music that results was Erich Zann's. It pertains less to H.P. Lovecraft, though, and more to Cage, Ives, Ruggles, Varese, Henze, Birtwhistle or *music concrete*).

PART SEVENTY: (70)

Meanwhile, and captured by an ossuary or its tombs, a Comus Rout moves so as to tear a Scarecrow limb-from-limb. (John Milton never wished this, however, in his Masque called Comus - to which Henry Lawes appended music). All of a sudden, the Zuvembies charge in a parody of military discipline, and they shuffle forwards like a phalanx or a Roman legion executing a manoeuvre... without the shields. Nor can such a displacement, even if oozing its guts out, stoop to the level of Howard Brenton's The Romans in Britain. In their movement, inter alia, the zombies are linear, shambolic, helter-skelter (like Charles Manson's gang) and queerly staccato or brazen. Their limbs, elbows and shoulder-blades grind together or halt amidships... rather like Bram Stoker's seven-foot hero in The Lady of the Shroud. Against this, five animate corses attempt to sunder our 'hero' or bring him to the turf – while one corpse lies on the grass gesticulating upwards. Might it illustrate the lividness, the hyper-tension of Dramabu's loam? At any rate, Our Mutual Friend, in Dickens' estimation, causes a violent torpedo to enervate the weary – but in no sense the cheery. On they come; at once giving or expecting no quarter; as well as creaking, cracking, eructating, flashing their eyes like knives or refusing to cast a thistle afore these pears. Listen to this: in that, at the rear of their Spartan ramp or tendency, stands their lord and master, Dramabu. He swivels on the pain of death or dissolution, and holds up his stave by means of an absolution. It still wears the animal's head at the end of it. Likewise, his own body sports a shining or rubbery suit – of a darksome satin or tint – on which has been painted, nay plastered, the white favre of Grav's Anatomy. It (an aberrant cadaver) chooses a grinning skeleton for

its *Monkey Planet*, and this takes the form of a jackanapes or stooge. Can it betoken a mastery of parts? By any assuagement, Beady-Eyed Tremblake flexes his straw-limbs so as to resist this surge... and might a paper-man enjoin some strength at the last? It blossoms in a tensile manner, and rather like John Cowper Powys' *Porius*, these *dark ages* cackle at the moon above. A murder of crows edges its circle; and do we recall a corn-dolly's smile anew?

PART SEVENTY-ONE: (71)

Human Toast, in our town-house's mirage, dwells upon a feast of silence or its imponderable witness... and he detects events. He realises many of those past tropes, themselves a miserable black, which are cast forwards on a magic wheel. Might it relate to Jules Michelet's classic text, Satanism and Witch-craft? Again, and in the week of Levi-Strauss' death, a savage is imprisoned from behind. Could he be aught of a Red Indian or a dime store sage (?); i.e., one that's illuminated over history's march or Lawrence R. Brown's The Might of the West. The aboriginal is forced to kneel on this very spot two centuries back, and in comparison to doxa drawn from James Fennimore Cooper. Then, within a break of day, Human Toast sees him shot through the back of a cranium, and it's an eighteenth century musket which does the trick. It explodes with the wanton annihilation of such spume, and a cascade of gore or distemper warms James Herbert's heart (even). Around and about this esplanade, however, Human Toast notices a gathering of red jackets; these are British Imperial troopers who stand amid colonial mist. It rises up from the ground like a miasma or the earth's entrails, and it provides a coppery hue abreast of many morns. Does such a day-break manifest Alan Tate's love of the Confederacy; or Robinson Jeffers' deep Green? Further, a whole series of toy soldiers stood erect in this fog, and their tall helmets are conical, sheer, linear, slab-sided or hostile to absolution. Don't they intone the idea of some dominoes stood up on their ends?

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Yet, irrespective of this ultimatum, Human Toast understands an example of Guy Debord's cartography. He comprehends (perforce) that these miseries all occurred *here* at this very spot. A veritable example of A. Alvarez's study of *Suicide* (after Durkheim) levels the shrubbery roundabout, and it speaks of a landscape calling out for tragedy. It's not Constable Country...

PART SEVENTY-TWO: (72)

In Stonehenge's past time, however, a saurian's manifestation captures our purple. (It definitely speaks to us of Thomas M. Disch's Camp Concentration – albeit via a green or pop-up filter. Might it be in 3-D?) Anyway, our witness to Belial's rapine unfolds its toy-theatre, and we are then free to understand the fury of its moods. Cranium Biter (Dye) has decided to release all in a guttural accent, and it sounds like the loquacity of a toad man. "Listen to me!", the demon says, "and I shall condescend to tell you a story. It concerns a Doctor Kennedy who worked at SIME (Secret Intelligence Middle East) in Cairo during the '39-'45 war. This facility existed for the purpose of torturing Axis prisoners, mostly Arabs, using psychiatric techniques. These involved sleep deprivation, sense disorientation, a bread and water diet, all-black or sensory default chambers, the use of goggles, mouth-pieces or gloves to inhibit sense, and truth drugs. (The latter were preparations of amphetamine and ampoules like Thyroxin). Complete disorientation of the prisoners was also obtained by playing white noise for twenty-four hours in their cells or receptacles. Many of these techniques were used later in Malawi, Kenya (to break Mau Mau terrorism) and Northern Ireland. They often resemble the exchanges between characters in William S. Burroughs' Naked Lunch. Moreover, their purpose disorient the prisoners, psychologically, so that they would reveal everything they knew once 'normal' interrogation began. Why do I enunciate these hidden truths – pursuant to what Doctor Kennedy called 'total disintegration of the personality'? Primarily, it's because I wish to speak of these Satanists here..."

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As a harbinger of this tight-rope, Cranium Biter (Dye) gestured around him *avec* a greenish talon.

PART SEVENTY-THREE: (73)

Meanwhile, and proportionate to its rivalry, a Battle Royal commences between a Scarecrow and a troupe. They consist of zombies. They whoop, holler and roil; as Beady-Eyed Tremblake lashes out at death or its physicality. But can such grossness or mortality be humiliated? For our Scarecrow lets out a gulp or a laugh amid mania... as his fists, at once gauntleted, pound upon these skulls. All of them sport the wounds of the deceased. A rag-and-bobtail ensues (veritably so) and it's an exodus thereafter. Doesn't it really thunder upon this wrecking crew --to the accompaniment of some white noise! Literally, we see an unfolding drama or its zombic indent. A situation (this) where one lissom residue or corpsedom rises up. It rains down upon a spiritual mantra or its anima... even despite the corse's biting or muscular tendons. Don't they look livid to you (?); or as regards a Somerset Maugham short story. They promise a debenture, even some inexistence (you see). Whereas a habiliment cleaves to it and it's filleted from such shrouds. For if these cold works gape afire – what are we to make of it? Similarly, one skull-head seems unduly brazen; particularly in a simian infraction. Isn't it otherwise animalian? (This was obviously lateral in its zombic taint – or could it be a process of indeterminacy?) It speaks of many things; but, above all, of a colloquia, gravestones, crosses, Celtic dye, cremation urns and balustrades. Never again, you think... but this was of no account. Ouod Zombiedom's screaming or its identity must avoid a live burial, as, amid upturned soil or ossuaries, a fierce struggle begins. Surely these are humanoids (without souls) who wrestle with a rag-man in Olympia? Their musculature proves spectacular and within this broken light a range of 'men' subsist. They also exist next to some zombies without eyes. Or, more accurately, their sockets lack retinas that broaden to a piece... and all of this occurs under the moon's penetration. It cascades down, O Lintel, out of a

lamp-shade's sheen or abreast of a rollicking light. It embodies a brown filament or its cast-off; the like of which illumines a Comus Rout. *Avaunt thee*, they live-in-death! Such cadavers move in a Lacedaemonian column... and Gustav le Bon's rabble (sic) strikes, battles, hurls or genuflects. No grave or pit may restrain them. Yet — most effectively — a scrawny bag-man, abreast of a Cotswold's village, more than holds his own. Beady-Eyed laughs, titters, screeches and thrives on his hemlock. Isn't he aught of a giggling ghoul? Whilst a plenitude of birds (rather like Hitchcock's sense-u-round cinema) hovers overhead. It adopts horror's tincture amid those living dead, and they're about to numb one's fear in a sinewy palm. Our Cathedral, cowl, cronedom, cone, funnel or *murder* of crows continues to circle our protagonist, however. What might it signify?

PART SEVENTY-FOUR: (74)

Still and all, Human Toast stares into a flame of apocalyptic purport. He knows the meaning of its debenture – amid these curdling griefs - and doesn't he stare out at an asylum which once nestled here? For, in all honesty, one of Foucault's habitats in Madness and Civilisation came to roost, and it subsisted amongst dun-coloured murals. Truly, this colour scheme was deliberate or planned, as it pertained to the dullness of brown or grey. An intervention (one might say) that scarcely took off Hans Prinzhorn's The Art of the Insane; nor might it palliate those scenes in Dracula by Bram Stoker. Wherein Doctor Seward pounded concrete boulevards in pursuit of Renfield, the autophagist, who wished to take into his own corpus as much life as possible. A teeming existence – that's what he favoured; and it lit up an architecture carved from flies, beetles or hens. Yet mind you - Human Toast can spot those previous maniacs who clutter up the House on Briar's Copse or Satan's Hill. They flirt with silence like shadows on the mend; or, by any stretch, each madman pirouettes to the left. One sits cracking his knuckles 'neath a shaven head, another muses or counts marbles alongside a lonely table, while a third stares vacantly out of a barred window. It leads onto a secluded court beyond that's full of autumnal leaves and dust. Nor may one delude oneself as to lunacy's cause – it's not social alienation or anomie, but brain diseases occasioned by chemical slurry. This exists to bend the mind out of shape or to pound upon Heaven's Gate --- in the persona. Didn't Major (Doctor) Kennedy believe, in accordance with Skinnerian disregard, that you could torture a man out of his mind? Wasn't this conducive to Metzger's auto-destructive art (?); or a 'complete destruction of the personality'... as once vaunted. Most definitely, a physiological flexion countermands the theses of R.D. Laing, Foucault, Deleuze, Guattari or Thomas Szasz - never mind David Moiso. It moves ahead of B. F. Skinner's Beyond Freedom and Dignity --- to whatever else, exactly? Well, it has to torpedo in the direction of Schwarzkogler's aesthetic suicide, the Exegesis cult, and even a pamphlet from Exit: the euthanasia charity or Iain Sinclair's Suicide Bridge. Bring it closer... since insanity, ceteris paribus, is born not made; by means of a quotation from Friedrich Nietzsche in his notebooks, Will to Power. In it, he makes the following remark: namely, that mankind's provender is a matter of breeding (nothing more).

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Whereupon the semi-adolescent Human Toast gazes into this effulgence or flame. It cascades from his spilling lighter or its uppermost lid, and he knows whether Cranium Biter (Dye) haunts this place. He realises that Red Men, aboriginals, lycanthropes, items of misandry, spinning tops, Broadmoor inmates, lunatics, criminals, retards, living Zombies and Bluebeards all rested here *at this very spot...* where one spends a fiery snick. The steel-case closes on his fingers' impress; isn't it red and then black?

PART SEVENTY-FIVE: (75)

Needless to say, and back at Stonehenge, a rapt attention needles this vista. It enunciates itself by virtue of a reverse perspective or template. And herein... one is free to observe those obelisks under a grim sky – together with lightning flashes over subdued rock. These rattle at the limit of a green wash, irrespective of George Inness' water colours, and they crackle above some embankments. (Such examples of monumental granite are cantilevered, bulbous, washed clean or scorched by a thousand rays). Indeed, Cranium Biter (or Dramabu in fake guise) floats above, in such a way as to alter this cloud-scape under some ultramarine. Whereas Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler stand beneath... when adjacent to twin braziers plus a stone dais. All the time (meanwhile) the rain beats down around us in competition with an unabated storm. Furthermore, those menhirs were solid, imperishable, grainy, vaguely misshapen and accustomed to some grit - minus a bit of Brillo. Do you remember Andy Warhol's boxes to this effect? Likewise, the outermost votaries in such a magic circle waft torches; and they seem transgressive in these gusts... as each one boils a la Mediaeval tar. Touché, the tessellated stones beneath their feet slip away – even if it's only to furnish an array of sandstone or slabs. Look again, why don't you? Given that their ebon cloaks billow amid leaden spits; despite a mauve tinge to the Group's habits. A broken stick-tree or two pokes up amidships, and it renders lonely a bark's stretch-marks. Cranium Biter (Dye) is still rasping, however.

PART SEVENTY-SIX: (76)

Abreast of this, a wrestling bout between a Scarecrow and divers zombies continues apace. Yet, even within someone's dream shifts can occur, and they blur the boundaries of Strawberry Wobbler's slides. At a time where a rake traverses a concrete floor... and it makes a racket, a Cain's break or noise (all of a sudden). Herein stands Beady-Eyed Tremblake – within a castle of the mind – and a graven blue texture looms afar. It reflects off this le Corbusier translucence all around... and it breaks open the gates of such a partiality or its lamination. In bodily apparel, though, our crow's perch wears a conical hat; together with the ruff of an eighteenth century gentleman made from clay. Doesn't

it festoon a false dawn? Again, the trunk appears to be bent over on itself; and might it be constructed from bulky apertures or polyester? These betray the fashion of themselves (most effectively), in terms of some spindly arms and legs. They take after the stray mandibles of insects, or otherwise provide a residue for bodily motion – after those speeded-up frames in Futurist art. But let us look closer at the face: and it seems to inundate a cloth or its impermanence; the latter meshed over an eye's invisibility (nay observation). Might it show up a J-cloth's instauration or table-cloth effect? Whereupon the former rag-andbone, imperishably so, seeks to reduce Life to a tatterdemalion: the former under a pointy hat. It adopts the rural insomnia of a witch's umbrella. But, in comparison to this, it's the eyes which cast a boon or arrest a cause; and they're rummy, askance, mulish, lofty to bleak or undisturbed in their frenzy. Can a dark treacle not fashion this opal accordingly?

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Despite a moment's doubt – the wrestling bout at our Olympics continues apace. And, for the briefest scintilla, it appears that our agrarian champion is down or cast adrift. Amidst a curtain or its sea 'he' goes flaky; and the Zombies were rotten cadavers that are spotted or speckled like fish. Surely we find them in a tank of water – rather like the taxidermic specimens ransacked by Damien Hirst? All together, their weight bears upon a straw-man, so as to bull-dozer him to the sandy plain... in the manner of some vainglorious pike. When we remember, akin to Ted Hughes' verse, that these predators' mouths were open; at once gaping, ovalesque, tormented, sheer, toothsome and debauched! They lie (in humanoid terms) sideways on with their great, dead eyes glistening in a cool transparency. Nor can we forget the sabre-teeth or razors a'girt their jaws; and these fresh water sharks feed on what passes for skin. It's altogether dead in the slip-stream (you see). Let it pass: quod Beady-Eyed Tremblake disappears under a convulsive mix; or the sack-cloth and ashes mentality of a Guy Fawkes. May he be a personification of November the Fifth – again and again? Upon which a notion

dawns; and this has to be the nature of flame or pyrotechnics. It begins, as a blaze or mystic insight, smaller than a man's hand or in the corner of a caption... and then continues to set all afire. Fundamentally though, it rushes aground so as to consume aught; or a throng finds itself reduced to ash. As a configuration, a 'London burning' bursts out after those Albigensian or Cathar rages... i.e., the one's which speak of purification. Or maybe, they offer a veil? Who knows? Yet, in turn, le Corbusier believed in this pulsating speck or pure whiteness – primarily to lighten his 'brutalist' concrete with a wash that traces the sun. And also, the Scarecrow seems able to command the living flame – one which blossoms and engulfs anew. Its initial target must be these corpse-men who go down, witheringly, astride of so many moss-covered graves. Listen on --- and didn't Bram Stoker write a novel called *The Mystery of the Sea* in a distinct context?

PART SEVENTY-SEVEN: (77)

To further our manuscript, two detectives are conversing in a parked car. It may be inappropriate to mention, but their case about the murdered toys is going badly. There are even rumours of incompetence back at the station. For, in a manner of subdued magnificence, Beady-Eyed Tremblake walks many a corridor in silence. The stone balustrade ceases to master its calm, and it passes away --- sheer --- or rectangular in terms of an adjoining lift. Our cloth-man perambulates slowly, as if to plumb the striplighting of so many inclement postures! It's amazing to think of - yet a Scarecrow's masked apertures can be doubly expressive. Quod here our figure stands afore a door's opening, and abreast of the darksome keening inside. Moreover, what do we see agog (?), other than a tapered country-hat, a corn-doll's head, a ruff worthy of the Globe (minus Thomas Kyd), and some sacking due to a rag-man's dawn. Steady on now - since the door closes slowly in a Stygian gloom. The Scarecrow continues to ramble or ponder the dwelling he shares with Strawberry Wobbler, an artiste or Art Tart. Still and forevermore, our wickerman strides down a corridor of sheer stone... might it be a tunnel that

connects with a mouth further on? Yet, in truth, it has nought to do with The Watter's Mou'; a title by Bram Stoker that hisses Scots English. All of a sudden, hysterical laughter or a soul in pain is heard, and does such a broadcast issue from one of the inmates' cells? Aren't they really patients in an asylum of yore, rather than denizens of interconnected flats? In any event, Beady-Eyed Tremblake returns to a mirror in a neighbouring corridor, and he begins to slowly, methodically, plaster it with masking tape. This happens to be the thick residue of so much pumice, and gradually a felt unguent or paste covers our plane. It masquerades as a serge overlay on a foeticide planet, if only to shut out the beating wings of inherited madness. Again, the tungsten vista of this blue wax spills on the path – it seeks to adorn a deviant matrix. Don't forget to hear its rejection, my warriors! Gradually, the Scarecrow's signature ceases to register on the glass, and finally half a face is revealed. It exists late at night in Louisiana (here), and might it be a Louisiana Half-Face? To be sure: a point of closure rears from so many signifiers; and they soon fill up the verve of an abandoned lot. First fifty per cent, then a quarter, finally a tenth - afore a complete slit, a disfiguration, occurs in this magic camera. At last no reflection of Beady-Eyed was seen, and he turned out to be stark, mute, unlifted, without correspondence. Hasn't the laughter from across the way ceased, you see? And didn't it really originate from a small studio-flat in this brownstone owned by Queen Rat? Perhaps --- for the insane live outside of a recognised geometry or a Euclidean coin.

PART SEVENTY-EIGHT: (78)

Nonetheless, a drama at Stonehenge calls out to us amid a vista of bile. Doesn't 'it' scream within the symmetry of this particular wind? Again and all, a diabolical figure called Cranium Biter (Dye) casts adrift; and it cries out to the lightning that flashes above. It torques within a filament of skin – if not green dye – and Dramabu's *alter ego* spots a dog with its tongue out. This occurs on Wiltshire's plateaus o' silence (somewhat necessarily);

and its swivelling orbs are orange, slick-backed, switch-bladed and reptilian. (For David Icke's analysis has come into its own, you see!) Nonetheless, a habiliment penetrates this edge or cusp, and the parable of the Gadarene swine comes to mind. Didn't it surface in Saint Mark's gospel (contrary to usage), and by way of a Synoptic rapture? Indeed, since the Jews' redeemer came across to the land of the Gadarene on a boat. It plied those waters gamely over the exclusion of such a plate. And - way in the distance – there existed a madman who was not in his right mind. He was half-naked, wearing fur, or covered in tattoos and woad. Do you visit it? Anyway, no-one could bind him in his transports or fits - leastwise with chains. Finally, Balder's successor went to him across some lapping liquid. He travelled by dint of a wooden conveyance. Finally, our Mountebank ran towards him and hurled a recumbent body at his feet. Had he - in those instants of fullness and yore - not cut himself with stones or serrated edges... only to bleed out into the desert's sponge? 'What art thou called?', Christ intoned. To which the enfeebled one (a hulk) retorted: 'our name is Legion. For we are many...'

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It happens to be that a lizard began to speak; and a voice subsisted that sibilates like a bell. Can it sound or repeat the tinkling of water glasses played by hand? Their music of the spheres is less than divine (you know).

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But Cranium Biter (Dye) was too busy snarling what follows. "HO(!), my felt charges, a Kingdom of Apollyon awaits! *Quod*, in accord with a Gnostic insight, what are we to do with those who dare to worship me? Eh? These Satanists, pseudo-Satanists, members of the Process Church and so on, must uncover a grave or its purblind stone. Shall we find a master mason (like Hawksmoor) who has yet been born? In any event, I yearn to become an *agent of chaos*, to adapt the logic of a thin volume by Norman Spinrad. Follow me now: since those who prostrate themselves before me affiliate their husk to my essence – never mind its vortex of negative energy. Do we see afore us the

twisted hand coming out of the ground (by way of Miami's memorial to the *Shoah*)? Ho! It pleases me not, this indulgence in Carlyle's Sartor Resartus/a Philosophy of Clothes... To be sure: the Gnostics, and those alchemists of a later date, all posit the notion of a fading light – one that precludes God's love. Maybe so... why not worship those giants of rapine, even Wagnerian effigy, if the inner glow is too far spent? Hmmmnn... these mephitic vapours cover the inner man, if only to welcome its march upon a tabernacle. A solitary outpost (this) made from limestone and set apart, under a yellow sky, and in relation to a ground made from bone. It comes to be fossilised from a dragon's tooth, such as the one that Beowulf fought at a narrative's end. Oh my yes – but, tell me this, my visitors. How would you address a Cerberus at the gate... especially given those votaries who worship Cranium Biter? What dye may spill from their mead-horns or cups? Answer me!"

PART SEVENTY-NINE: (79)

By advent of a crucifixion one knows the answer. For these zombies cling to life in a manner that forsakes carrion, and it fires an igneous mixture or spore. (The latter occasions a turbulence lost to flame... and a bright speck, adrift of a heart of darkness, chooses to leave). Needless to say, a dollop of phosphorous or magnesium oxide flares; if only to enliven this spawn. Could it be a paragraph from Jordan's War and the Breed? By dint of which - a lively public burning ensues at the heart of our graveyard. And, in all efficacy, doesn't a castle or trapeze of tarot cards come shooting down; themselves little more than specks of dust? They cascade within the limitations of a hand – itself a gloved mitten, containing straw, or drawn up in mauve's aspect. Let's look further into it: in that these slats fall higgledy-piggledy upon the ground... as they burn 'mid heavenly dew. Yeeessss, this wickerman catches light or shade, and such a furnace blossoms into a new age. It rises over an elephantine pause or grey reef, and a whole range of authors document its passage. They are Graf, Maslow, Zundel, Samning, Devi, Butz,

Steiglitz, Berg, Irving, Rudolf, Thion, Baron, Walendy, Faurisson, Rassinier, Mattogno, Hoggan, Theil, Bird, Williamson, Carto, Barnes and Carlos Porter. Alack(!), our fiery chamber speaks of the past afore revealing the future, and in its middle, in pursuit of Hades' gates, we perceive Sir Henry Irving. (His vision is reddened to the task of fate, and it hails to Mephistopheles or one such spore. May the Victoria and Albert museum have provided the image?) Yet, by any reckoning, our Scarecrow cuts through this mystic blaze or steaming peat, and 'he' saunters on... irrespective of its tungsten glare. But hold on now, once he emerges minus his zombie assailants, he realises that Dramabu, a Comus Rout (farther) and the girl are all gone. Might she traverse Strawberry Wobbler's emanations?

PART EIGHTY: (80)

Betimes and all, our Scarecrow walks in Apollyon's full glare, and a semblant brightness swallows him up. It bequeaths the remembrance of a Gothic asylum which vaults above... or at least its structures ventilate a rare architecture. They begin to breathe – and does our Cloth-Man recall, in the manner of M.R. James' Rats, that he's sat in a car at the time? Beady-Eyed Tremblake was musing, that's all, and in this feast a serpentine worm appears. For, rather like a two-headed asp or Bram Stoker's The Lair of The White Worm, it curls around a womb's lava or fluid. Could it be an amniotic dye or roughed-down plane? But then his colleague's words draw him back from reverie. "What ails thee, rag-'n'-bone?", rumbles his collaborator known as Chap Rusk (Roughage). "It pertains to Strawberry Wobbler", ponders the clothes-horse, "in that she wilts under the impress of our new manse". "How does it oppress her?" "Well(!), I'll tell ye by dint of a collapsing peel of thunder. And it has to do with a red apparel of mist – one that suffuses this doll's-house avec a bloody inundation. May it stay the course over raspberry's ripple, dare one ask? Yes indeed, since in the midst of this miasma (or revelation) a cuckoo clock bursts out. The device appears to be sturdy, of a manifestly Swiss design, and it's set on a bracket in our lounge. Occasionally it goes off with a whizz or a bang – such as: SLAM/CRASH/BRING! Do you notice? Also, the wooden hut contains a baroque warp or curlicue; the latter from which our miniature bird emerges. It (our cat-call) announces a minor cacophony above those dulcet hours; and it delineates a sun-dial with Roman numerals on its surface. Basically it shrills: 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' at inappropriate times''. "Such as?" "Presumably, our charges relate to those broken dolls (a la Sarban) within the house. Don't their eyes fix you in their head-lights (?); as in a thousand junk shops of yore. Anyway, our little shop of horrors sports their marbles or glass orbs; namely, the ones in those severed heads that stare up at yon. Chap Rusk, given the fate of our unfortunate toys; isn't it inevitable that we're prone to dream?" A silence returns to the vehicle's darksome stretches.

PART EIGHTY-ONE: (81)

The ritual at Stonehenge continues, however, and one almost forgets the glottalstop of a dinosaur's tread. Most abundantly where Dramabu (Chap Rusk [Roughage]) floats across the top of so many silences, and these take on a livid ecstasy under a mauve sky. Abreast of it: a burst of lightning forks via the heavens and these crash with a plenitude of Zeus' darts. Similarly, a broiling maelstrom grows over the peat; in the manner of Bram Stoker's gaelic whimsy in The Snake's Pass. (Whereat the viscosity of the bog, as an experiment in 'O'-level Physics, leads to a mucous membrane of unreason. Begorrah!) Never mind: sleet and a horizontal despatch o' rain sweeps down; it limns, eastwards, against Wiltshire's imaginative cliffs. (Don't you realise that every entry in this Book of Hours is experimental... or illusory?) Further, these mountains or English glaciers stood like Leger's images; at once ribena'd, muscular, heavy, Prole-cult laden or brontosaurian in their ballet. In the centre of this dais – consisting of revolving brick - stood Beady-Eyed Tremblake Strawberry Wobbler. They choose not to kneel (or genuflect) afore Cranium Biter (Dye). He proves to be in his element or

fastness, as a storm whips or wheels roundabout. And Cranium Biter enunciates this dictum: "These neophytes of the dark cults, my lords, must have their come-uppance. Can they really be credited in their affection? May it crowd out space on the Ouija board for Sammael's love! My take on these silken votaries is as follows... they must be punished, daemonically, for daring to adore. One's persiflage strews negative light – that's all! See how I reward my itinerant vassals or slaves. For I/We(*) can only accept a turbulent wash or dye; and, to think of it, these fools worshipped me upon a divan. I, by my issue, must dispense with aught save hatred and a voltaic surge. Give it here: these Process buffoons or *kaos* magicians will endure chastisement... and each fate calls out to its God amid dust-bins. If I choose to wax Beckettian – all in a moment"

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At this very crux, the obelisks which make up Stonehenge start to heave and totter, in order to fall down on the dark cultists. They start to run about like headless chickens

(*Note: Cranium Biter definitely refers, here, to the demonic's multiplicity. Didn't the rock band *Black Sabbath* release many albums? Also, the notion of a Legion counts as many sprites – no matter how digitalised).

PART EIGHTY-TWO: (82)

Our Scarecrow has come to outlive the possibility of fire; given that he's emerged from heat and rage. Yes truly, our wonderment clouds one's bliss – if only to reckon on the other's absence. For, veritably so, a Comus Rout or wrecking crew has escaped. It consisted (once upon a time) of a child (Strawberry Wobbler), a lord of the dead (Dramabu), a retinue of zuvembies (living corpses), and a re-animated corse. This testified to Boo Wilson's presence... he was a Mummy. Yet, in his imagination, Beady-Eyed Tremblake is able to track their spore; since the loam bears upon it many feet whose impress leaves a sign. A skilled

huntsman will be able to pursue them to the horizon, even the world's end, if not those fiery pits beyond.

PART EIGHTY-THREE: (83)

Whilst back in their automobile, though, a Scarecrow and his colleague (Chap Rusk/Roughage) were conversing. Given this: we emerge from our stick-man's innards -i.e., one that has to do, necessarily, with three canvases in red. They cling to the wall like Rothko's; albeit with a dirty imprint at the edge of one... while another hints at a yellow vortex. It swills about, Eric Wadsworth-like, at the heart of its in-tray. Meanwhile, and around its circumference, nebulous shapes lurk or ponder, so as to prey upon helpless victims. These speak of renewed possibilities or even a sandman – that is, a masked entity who reminds one of Southern gothic, after the parquet flooring in Truman Capote's Music for Chameleons. Look at it anew: in that a small dog, reminiscent of Toby dog in Punch and Judy, stands to one side of a straw paw. The Scarecrow looks at the distraught monstrosity on this pallet or mat, and he tries to calm her. Yet how to let down the conspiracies or phantasms of Grendel's mother (?)... when many a scientist denies the proximity of HIV and AIDS. (Note: these are the so-called Deniers in an age devoted to 'scientism' --- most providentially, a physiocratic notion of economics. Is not political economy, as Arthur Marshall put it, the dismal science?) In any event, the scarecrow calms a Matriarch avec soothing words. 'There's nought on offer, Hecate's crone. Our wisdom testifies to its absence.' All of a sudden, his wheat-shaft head (under a mattress) takes advantage of a copper dye, and it signals a vintage corn-dolly. But the woman's visage trawls afore fixity (or a Richard Matheson short story) and Quasimodo's face is righted again, between-times, due to a cracked mirror. Here, in a fun-fair's outermost tournament or sunset, we notice a perfect oval, a concentration on smoothness, or the maintenance of a ball. It is as if a secret rapture (or madness) inundates her heart, and such a ditty speaks of liberation... but as regards what? In another scene

close by, she gestures upwards like a female Lear on Edwina Bond's heath. She raises both arms after a druid in an unfilmed sequence from The Wickerman, and a frieze looms above. A barrier (this was) that achieved a cut in the world, even a semblance of snow. Yet herein, rapt by another's gaze, Beady-Eyed Tremblake began to see. Truly, he recognised a seer's power of observation or keening, and it adopted a royal gesture in the asylum. Didn't a glint take place in those sockets of rye? For, when he understood a Matriarch's open palms, it had to do with an image on the wall. Perhaps an impasto in heavy oil-paint by Vaughan or Piper comes to mind? Nix; since in actuality, the features of Cranium Biter (Dye) mushroom - and they're circular, prancing, misshapen, unhewn a la Michelangelo's last works, odd, teeth clenching, or redolent of Buffet's art. It speaks volumes over Poussin's cry in his Massacre of the Innocents. Doesn't the art-dealer Bill Hopkins call him a shaman? All our Scarecrow can do is stare at his mother's blistering insanity. By contravention, he begins to speak to his colleague, Chap Rusk (Roughage). Do you have a moment?

PART EIGHTY-FOUR: (84)

At the centre of Stonehenge's counter-blast, betimes, a cracking of granite pillars breaks free. These are those items of marble that begin to shatter like a cake-walk or some brandy-sticks, and they fall as dominoes do. (Each one – in such a snap-shot – reinterprets the anti-communist theories abroad in the land during W.A. Carto's *diktat*. That is, they serve to illustrate a collapse of nations at Vietnam's behest). At any rate, such Cleopatra's needles spike their victims after the Lord Mayor's banquet or show, and they cascade upon these Satanists. Nor can one be too livid afore a Luciferian happenstance; in that the breaking of a rapture cuts the heads off so many candles. Aren't they made of wax (?); and, in all honesty, the *doxa* from Anton LaVey's *The Satanist's Bible* won't save them. To be sure – a scream is heard and reverberates, as these votaries go down beneath the knife. All in all, though, a cascade of Tarot cards misses its locution, and

they collapse amid the flapping of a magenta'd hand. This brings down the house of Cardings so tastefully constructed, at least after Hogarth's bidding. Yet still, a sweep of an arm may skewer Brighton's pavilion, if only to explode a Masonic pyramid (or constellation) of predicative ease. At the start of this slaughtered geology – Strawberry Wobbler cries out like a Banshee's lost innocence. Why don't you listen for more cryptic crosswords?

PART EIGHTY-FIVE: (85)

Our Scarecrow moves outwards and seeks an unassuming goal, if only to loom 'agin a blue aperture. In this twilight a rag-man places a gloved hand upon a wall... won't it involve a blackspider's suddenness of movement? Yet, in the mind's-eye o' a Guy Fawkes, a fantasy eventuates. (It might not choose, at this salutary night-time, to take Dramabu/Chap Rusk along with him as regards a thought). Furthermore, our dream imagery shows a coifed figure running from an extensive mansion – it exists in the background avec orange light bursting from each floor. A flock of birds floats overhead after the maddening trajectory of Hitchcock's folly. Wasn't it based on Daphne du Maurier's mischief? In any event, the mask of Dramabu has fallen from Roughage and he wears a vampire's cape across the soft ground. In his arms he carries an adult version of Strawberry Wobbler. She happens to be less provocatively dressed than hitherto (sic) and her blonde head lolls abstractedly. When seen from behind, though, Chap Rusk runs at full kilter with a bombshell crossways. His desperation waxes apparent on a moonlit night or spray, and he gazes askance at a following nemesis. For, at the base of this threat, a nightmare or rag-doll stalks the land... and it comes to silt over a full moon. Its oval or silvern dish fills the sky or such a panel, and it configures the rising of a giant redeye. At its centre or heart, however, floats a scarecrow; and he incarnates a grass-doll-cum-vigilante. A few crows (or even spare ravens) turn and twist above his battered hat... But still, the figurine of a crooked billet or a rodomontade blocks out aught, and it's non-plussed, ragamuffin, falsely deranged, cackling,

even in-human. In all honesty, let us not forget early modernism's fascination avec manikins, artists' stick-figures (held together with pins), as well as corn-dollies, rural past-times and tambourine men. It comes to be enlivened by a Johnny Cash soundtrack, but, in actuality, this speaks of an inter-connexion between high and low art. (As might be observed in Stravinsky, Bartok, Picasso, de Chirico, Lewis, Roberts, Ives, Jarry and Lon Chaney in He Who Gets Slapped). Quod, if we examine it anew, a false homunculus or half-man can be burnt like rags, and yet an element survives... It continues or subsists, miraculously, as an ember or residuum – i.e., one that hints at a feast after November the Fifth. Also, an objectification in tatters, a tatterdemalion, moves forwards anon; and it embodies a male doll, simulacrum, patchwork, 'Action man' kit, ventriloquist's dummy, witch's familiar, gnome or Cycladic torso. Any such Glass-man, plus the internal veins laid out, proves to be annotated in toto. And it bespeaks a freak show long after the Middle Ages have ended, yet, my friends, doesn't early modern europe return? Surely now, one must deal with pagan effigies, wound by wire, and harking back to Aleister Crowley's The Moonchild! Still, a tatty boggle flits about - under a sore disc - and always liable to pull a balaclava helmet off a rotting plum. Won't it intone Choronzon flaring up amid fire (as a match-stick man) on the cover of Dennis Wheatley's *The Devil Rides Out*?

PART EIGHTY-SIX: (86)

A conversation between two detectives continues in a parked car. It's sidereal or sideways-on. "I can fathom or see the way that these Toys' perish", mutters the Scarecrow, "yet the killer (or mutilator of the actual) never steps forward. Whereas, at the heart of the old asylum which we dwell in, a crenellation or battlement rears up. Might it compress such longitude or fissures into Mies van der Rohe's fatigue? By any reckoning, the alabaster moves upwards abreast of circling crows, and these tiny motes or granules float uppermost. They wax lyrical in striated air; at once *noir*, stacked, chiselled, built-upon and immense. Also, a fastness

probes an amphitheatre of belonging, if only to limit this blindness in its aspect. For, once dulled, the institution threatens us with a new beginning; one that sees its deep fabric of solemnity and brick. Can it be neo-Gothic in its metropolitan tan, but (likewise) don't you detect an Art Deco dimension? A few lights glint occasionally from casements or windows... all of them askew or at a great height (either way). Do you wish to face it?" "But nethermost-wise", utters Chap Rusk (Roughage) with asperity, "aren't you able to uncover the criminal's face? Isn't he a vampire in an iron mask?" "Possibly", ruminates our refugee from an M.R. James short-story. "Yes..."

PART EIGHTY-SEVEN: (87)

Indubitably so, and at Stonehenge's raised theatre, those obelisks or pillars have fallen down on some prone Satanists. They lie crushed, in votaic constancy, under the weight of this marblecum-granite. And might such a rebellious scree ease itself (as a token of gravity) on top of these Crowlevanites? Quod those advocates – of LaVey's church, the Process or Aquino's Temple of Set - find themselves to be bloodied, unbowed or corpselike... in its extravaganza. Most especially, in a scenario where a silent film (by either Pabst, Lang, Murnau, Lajthay, de Mille or D.W. Griffiths) comes to grief, and it indicates, in flash-back, some of Dennis Wheatley's novels. A series of books (like The *Ka of Gifford Hillary, They Used Dark Forces, To the Devil – a* Daughter! and The Haunting of Toby Jugg!) enters one's mind. To be sure: each of our minus or negative priests cannot stir; in that an alabaster column haunts their weight in gold. It has collapsed upon them like a miniature earthquake, and Montague Summers' interest in Rochester (at the Restoration) is more than repealed. Whereupon a collection of marionettes were shattered under a cavalcade of rock – i.e., a great, over-hanging precipice that cascades in the air. A deep rumble was associated with its deliquescence or awe, and the brownish dust kicked up hung in the ether. Yet, in terms of a finality, Strawberry Wobbler cried out: "Get thee behind me, abjurer, Belial, a putty of *kaos*, Sammael; Eugene Sue's *The Wandering Jew*!"

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A few paces or rods above her head (to wax American) Cranium Biter (Dye) cackled and gloated. Truly, this tiny lizard of Florida's trees and fibrous plants whizzes about akin to a witch in a Burns' poem – the latter in Scots or Lellands.

PART EIGHTY-EIGHT: (88)

Now then, in a rival lucidity, Beady-Eyed Tremblake pursues Chap Rusk (Roughage) across some marshland or under a gibbous moon. Isn't the former Skeleton-man gibbering with fear, as he threatens a bogle or tatty? "Stay back! Retard your steps!", he sneers, albeit inside a plenitude of want or loss. For in his gauntlets we find the ample form of Strawberry Wobbler. "I'll slay the strumpet!", hails our Chap unheroically, and he nails the purpose to the deed by clamping a skewer or knife to her neck. No-one quite knows where he obtained it. but it probably came from his billowing sleeve or cape. As this Skullhominid makes his callow threats, however, his features wax convulsed, fissured – much burrowed – *risqué*, livid and ashen. At first the Scarecrow doesn't reply, yet eventually a creaking of some boughs muscles in upon our scene. Furthermore, the silvern instrument or poniard tilts from some gloves – if only to be lost and twirl upon a bog's floor. Look at this: in that Chap Rusk's physiognomy turns bloated at a thought of day, and its sheen or perspiring awe takes in all Hallow's eve. FOR THESE TREES ARE ALIVE! And, adjacent to a staggering example of Lewis' Monk, an arbour of the forgotten begins to shift. Might it cast a line back to Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (?); wherein a wood starts its march in accordance with a crone's prophecy. Yet, if we choose to tally up Malcolm Evans' phrase, could it really be Signifying Nothing? Against this, the straggling streamers break clear and wriggle --- nor can anyone excuse their lateral movement. In short, an oak casts off death's mantle and obscures its skin even though its branches rustle, quiver, bend, warp and engage in

'revision'. Do you remember John Wyndham's fantasy or scientific romance, *The Day of the Triffids*? By any reckoning, the susurration of such bark punctuates its glottalstop, and its crepitation writhes at the wind's gusts. May these twiglets festoon the dark (?), and an occult story like Algernon Blackwood's *The Man Who Loved Trees* just oscillates in a bull's-eye. All Chap Rusk (Roughage), an absent skull-man does, is to cry out once more: "HEAVENS ABOVE! THE WOOD'S ANTHROPOMORPHIC; IT'S LIVING!" What next?

PART EIGHTY-NINE: (89)

Back amongst our detectives, though, an episode of Columbo was in full swing. Whereupon Beady Eyed Tremblake reveals that he often spies a Form at the bed's end. It happens to be an imaginary four-poster or diadem that he shares with Strawberry Wobbler. Mightn't the face of a killer adopt different rhapsodies depending on one's myths or travails? Momentarily now - it takes on an aperture's purport; at once tired, cast adrift, grey and slightly plastic rather than viscous. One also notices a tousled or spendthrift quality that's like a Brillo pad's texture, and it's drawn to the hair around a psycho's scalp. (Robert Bloch, in the screenplay for Hitchcock's film, would have configured it another way... doubtless). Irrespective of this, the left eye betrays a scar above and below its iris - and, in a work of criminology by Colin Wilson, an obsidian or reptilian vision stands revealed. It has to do with a mirror-effect capturing the inner eye; as well as a pineal gland that reveals the real persona. "True enough, my mental impression of the Toy-slayer recedes or shifts back, and he's dressed casually in a vest plus black slacks. A smoky mist superintends or circles, and the charcoal tints become subdued or morph in a white direction. All of it relates to those black-and-white films with Lon Chaney and Charles Laughton as The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1926 and 1939). Gradually then, this desperado – the very opposite of a Ripper's right-side – is seen from an alternate perspective, together with a gradual translucence under his feet. May it glisten

like water that's been deposited by invisible rain? If we indulge ourselves, then he glowers after one impression too many, and his mind vaults its atmosphere without a thought. From a distance, however, a dimly perceived circle or mild oval surrounds him; it combines Bertold Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* 'avec' a magic tracery. Can such a bicycle wheel be composed from salt? In any respect, a metronome, counter or sickle protrudes on the berserker's distaff... and it resonates or imperils, if only to deny a thrill. Shall it embody the yard-arm, outermost pulley and pendulum of a cuckoo-clock ahead of us?" "Do you see (through a séance's filter) any other visages of the damned?", asked a professional or colleague, Chap Rusk (Roughage). "Not half", murmured a Scarecrow from the Cadillac's front seat

PART NINETY: (90)

In our classic drama via Stonehenge, Wiltshire, the devil's tongue lashes out like a serpentine wraith – or might it be a rake? It occurs in an instant where his flibbertigibbet uncoils its offerant spoils; and it's reminiscent of the python in childhood's 'snakes-and-ladders'. Most effectively, it scars her face with a rime stone of brandy-wine, even one of those birth marks which describe an ink's claret. Again, the saurian levitates to one side of things, and he adopts a sideways or longitudinal snap. May this be a spasm from the third brain (?); or, quite possibly, an index of Lamarck's code in Arthur Koestler's The Case of the Mid-Wife Toad. Incidentally, the sky behind them lashes down avec hail or sleet, as it slowly turns into a brown to red oven (or broil) and then dies. Truly, the atmosphere above looks askance at a bleeding god... while it embodies a Grand Guignol, possibly an Elisabethan massacre such as Titus Andronicus. Furthermore, a marble or pumiced bench - made from the finest alabaster exists to one side. It renders a mute sacrifice or an exercise in Mel Gibson's Apocalypto. Yes again, since the folds of the daemon's cloak wraps around him - by dint of a redundant causeway. By contrast, the Scarecrow (Beady-Eyed Tremblake) is stopped in his tracks by such a blow, and it sizzles after the fashion of pork in a frying pan. SSSSSZZ, or a momentary sound of this sort was heard; and doesn't it use a gag from Clown Joey in Punch and Judy? At this point Cranium Biter (Dye) bursts out: "You vastation or cretin! I would enjoy liquefying your brain in a mixer and flipping the switch! HA! HA! So it goes, my lovelies, quod you mean little more to me than a collapsing bee population or nose-dive, as a result of a decline in natural grasses. They have reduced by sixty per cent, don't you know? Didn't Sherlock Holmes retire to the Sussex downs in order to write a monograph about bumble-bees? And weren't these creatures described in Count Maurice de Maeterlinck's The Life of Bees? Wherein their lattices criss-cross (in graven honey cells) only to build cities of filtration, awe, and Modern symmetry or glue: in Mies van der Rohe's fashion a la Miami. Similarly, this proved too reminiscent of Ernst Junger's Heliopolis or The Worker - never mind David Irving's description of Heimat in The Warpath. Our Scarecrow, Beady Eyed Tremblake, makes leave to speak...

PART NINETY-ONE: (91)

Within a dream's fancy, however, we delve further into this game of marbles. CLICK-CLICK, is the sound made when two glass-balls reverberate upon impact. They are impenetrable, opaque, non-pellucid and difficult to see through. Can we declare (with James Joyce about Dublin) that if a mind penetrates to their heart – then it understands aught? Given this: we note that Chap Rusk (Roughage), plus Strawberry Wobbler in his arms, turns to face a living wood. For, in a parallax view of Macbeth, a forest of bowers takes on an offensive movement over time – just like a Bishop's diagonal move in chess. (It also partakes of those patterns, whether defensive or aggressive, in von Clausewitz). Now then, the strumpet has fallen from Dramabu's grasp, and his face adopts a livid posture or aide-de-camp. Isn't it (at once) elongated, square-jawed, tremulous, sallow and yellowish in its complexion? Again, the vegetation is alive – less with the sound of music - than with an articulate Nostradamus. It pertains to

hatred or odium, and these coarse, sinuous branches wrap themselves around Chap Rusk's neck. Moreover, as this classic animism comes to a climax, Roughage cries out in an *Agon*: "Help me, brother and sister in doom! Nought eventuates this side of moonlight save disaster – and doesn't it embody an 'eighties band, from Manchester, called New Order? This was true up to a point, in that it drew life from Bunyan's slough of despond. Yet – in all honesty – these wooden limbs stretch round a cranium, so as to snap its dome in two. What did Aston once say in Pinter's *The Caretaker* (?); *passim*: the truth is barking. It lay embedded in good, clean timber. At this second, a mountebank begins to ululate or cry.

PART NINETY-TWO: (92)

"One creates by fiat – having pondered on an entire zoology!"

Wyndham Lewis

For, continued our beady-eyed Scarecrow, "a murderer's semblance begins to grow on me. At first, it looked indistinct and then a range occurs via some soup; or it takes on a multiplicity's dope. Didn't Sax Rohmer write a non-fiction book of this title? Anyway, I would often wake in the night's mizzen or middlehalf; only to see an indistinct grail. It was like the after-image of a form which grimaced at a bed's end, and a whisper could be heard". "Explain its features or distinguishing marks, man of cloth", purred his colleague, Chap Rusk. "Well! it took on a methodology from Anton LaVey; and it also involves Count Richard von Krafft-Ebing's Psychopathia Sexualis, in Latin". "How on earth so?" "I shall instruct you now, detective, since the latter provides a method or semiotic for the unexplained. And it contrives to level or rank perversions against a calculus; even an invisible opportunity cost". "Can we rid ourselves from ignorance, thereby?" "Most definitely, quod a mind seeks a pattern; it is hard-wired to do so... and when an orb stares at a Persian carpet it's pre-disposed to a meaning". "You mean,

therefore, that George Bataille's roving eye is non-heuristic". "Certainly, and what should recompose at the mattress' stoop other than Cranium Biter (Dye)?" "Really?" "Oh my, yes!" "But wouldn't this require exorcism rather than police work?" "Not necessarily – given their compatibility under Abraham Maslow's hierarchy of needs... it's clear. As you may know, the swirling eddy at a four-poster's stoop lacks a goal - and it clears to the daemonic. In this regard, our gambit has aught to do with James Hogg's finale to The Confessions of a Justified Sinner. Remember: Calvinism via Antinomianism steps right outside Christianity --- it then embodies the World Power Foundation or Ragnar Redbeard instead. Yet the mystagogic virtue of Cranium Biter (Dye) swirls; and it chooses to delimit some teeth, by way of vampiric molars, as well as giant hands. These clasp like a juggernaut's off-break or leprous mittens; while a sort of chain goes with the room's spectrum. Already now, it takes up the challenge of those gases; together avec pointy beams, hoods, slit eyes (orange) and a cranial lurch into Gray's Anatomy. Isn't it seamed across its creases, somewhat viscerally?"

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A silence then prevails in the car's theatrical space or drop, and it recalls John Osborne's blast at repertory.

PART NINETY-THREE: (93)

Abreast of Stonehenge's fastness or wild ague, however, the demon called Cranium Biter (Dye) deliquesces. A forked tongue protrudes from his snout – albeit in a receding way – and the light around him glows balefully. Might it take on a green candle's tint? Likewise, a wounded or startled Strawberry Wobbler cowers away from a satanic whip up above. It has recently lashed her face – if you recall. Now then, the girl's hair is dishevelled in a fetching way... after a nineteenth century fable or *roman*. Again, her svelte or perfumed hand reaches to a mask's side, so as to caress a mark so inflicted. Strawberry's tresses then buffet around her made-up skull, and a cleavage wobbles beneath it (sic) as a wind assails them. To one side of

this gallery of figures - or like manikins on a toy-stage - stand some rocks in a rearguard formation. They seem to be ribbed, massive, dripping, crenellated, ebon in a lava's stew, and even inked over (somewhat). Whereas Beady-Eyed Tremblake, the Scarecrow, has opened both arms – in order to expostulate with Dramabu's cohort. In this compendium, each limb rocks a compass or eddy – thence to reveal a straw-man's cruciform load. Doesn't it embolden the Guy in a farmer's fields, prior to its being set afire? Furthermore, our corn doll was originally there to scare crows – irrespective of his battered hat, scarf, ropebelt, tatterdemalion's fare or caked bracken (hair). He orates to Cranium Biter outside of a third person narrative. "Ecoutez moi", a village Fawkes testifies, "you describe a forlorn oblivion. Haven't you forgotten, even in the Synoptic gospels, how your crew or Legion were humiliated? It proved – in all sincerity – to be less an exorcism or expulsion, per se, than a casting forth into swine. Yet the sands or dunes of the Gadarene lay undisturbed, since a deeper insight prevailed". "Whatever do you infer?" hissed one's poltergeist.

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Meanwhile, the heavens or vault above darkened suddenly.

PART NINETY-FOUR: (94)

But what of a Rag-man's netherworld fantasia? For, in this testament, a bitter-sweet aftermath has caught up with Dramabu. If you recall, our Scarecrow entertained his own DVD as he followed some zombies, their lord (Chap Rusk), and a child. But now, to re-adapt Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth* in a white nationalist direction, a forest creeps up. It engages with his foe; while he stoops to gather up Strawberry Wobbler. Meantime, the moon glowers on behind a dark arbour, and its limbs, tendrils, nethermost spectrum, black opals or fingers *cling* to one. Remember: an item of sacrifice or an *auto-da-fe* now thrusts outwards – if only to renew its defeat. And Dramabu (Chap Rusk) finds himself impaled by an advancing wood; in that these copper beeches hunt down a man. (Note: didn't Conan Doyle

once pen an offering called *The Copper Beeches?*) Similarly, a murderous coppice seeks out Strawberry Wobbler's captor... and, in a scene worthy of Seneca's Thyestes, he's sacrificed to the wood. Don't you know? A silent cry erupts from Baconian lips; albeit to mar a process of some Vikings' skald. Look at this - when we recognise the devastation of a kidnapper, even if some neutral spray lies upon the loam. It takes place in front (betimes) and reckons on bracken's latent awe. In fact, an effulgence of brilliant flux transfixes two figures, the Scarecrow and Strawberry Wobbler, as they meld. Aren't they caught within a stroboscope's beam - no matter how fitfully? Whereas, au contraire, the figurine of Chap Rusk (Roughage) is set upon by a spinney's violence. It has always lain dormant in this spatulate timber, you see. And further; a creeping copse or orchard takes note of Goliath's Creeper (a story); when spliced with Colin Cross' The Fascists in Britain. As a result of our endeavours, my sports, capital punishment is enacted. Who can say that it lacks the propriety of divine will? Dramabu, Chap Rusk (Roughage), certainly pays for his crimes; and this aggressive siege-machine shreds every nerve, fibre, tissue, duct, spent form and bone arch. Soon the captive jump-suit of a skeleton-man is altogether frayed.

PART NINETY-FIVE: (95)

Instead of this, though, and back in our car's front seat, two of de Chirico's manikins converse. They are playing back the possibility of a toy-murderer occurring to one of them.

Chap Rusk (Roughage): "So then, the phantom of Cranium Biter (Dye) appears at your bed's end o' a night-time. Is it aught but a theatrical illusion? Most abundantly, one sprite exists afore the others' shadows, and it has to do with a lonely climb up a corniced stairwell. Furthermore, the brackets or heavy friezes are off-set by so many angular planes, and these prove to be Romanesque after Symes' *The Roman Revolution*. I climb up one pillared corridor, well within the maintenance of a darksome

fastness, and this has to do with a burnished quality in the wood. Abruptly, I turn so as to surmount a renewed tier, and I do so by lifting out the doors on these subdued chambers. Mightn't they pattern away – like an ancient mosaic – in a medley of brown, red and faint blue?"

Beady-Eyed Tremblake: "Listen to me, my fellow investigator! For the presentation of such an image (i.e., Cranium Biter [Dye]) has to fade away with a night-time's fuel. It seeks a brief solitude in restfulness, in that nothing really works save when one toy (a clown) looks out of a trellis window yonder. He's faced by the star-crossed banner or vixen-work (say) of a lead-lined aperture in the dark. Such a festival observes a transcendent moon from below. Especially – my colleague – if another childhood plaything, a balaclava wearing or black-masked doll, addresses him from points left. Isn't this an assuagement of the sinister? In any event, many psychiatrists or alienists refer to it as sleep paralysis; while, to more popular or folk wisdom, it's an old hag's dream. Listen, Chap Rusk, and I'll explain it to you: when you're really stressed out like a dish-rag then one's brain works over-time, and it'll try to solve problems outside consciousness. It's the intrusion of the unconscious mind, as provisionally hinted at by nineteenth century Phrenology. Suddenly, our toy mauler waxes visible to the inner chamber, usually inauspiciously".

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In suiting his gesture to the words, our Scarecrow (Beady Eyed Tremblake) reaches for a thermos flask 'neath the seat. It contains some luke-warm cherry wine.

PART NINETY-SIX: (96)

To return to Stonehenge, though, Beady Eyed is convulsed by an idea. It notates its absence (merely) amid a signature of fumes. --- Abreast of a pink skyline that's beset with grey (rather like Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*) the Scarecrow demands that Strawberry Wobbler embrace him. At first, she seems amazed or shocked by such a cantilever – never mind its *denouement*. And

the girl's face lies open or cut in two... by virtue of an innocent grief. This is especially so over a straw man's intention; given a storm that shrieks aft amid one of Raoul Dahl's twisted stories. (These were micro-dramas, delivered without Thomas Nashe's baroque, and always insistent o'er the bizarre). To be certain of our ground: an esplanade of books surrounds them in her mind's eye. Doesn't it capture a relic or portent, mesmerically? In any event, Strawberry was a girl again in her father's arms, surrounded by tomes in a high ceilinged room. A basic colour scheme illustrates its green livery, and the sun streams in via some tall French windows. Such apertures happen to be sheer and stark - they also stretch up from base to apex, wall to wall. Her mother dwells in the background... a bourgeois matriarch in a low-cut, if practical, dress. Mightn't she re-interpret a younger Queen Rat who has a filter; namely Dianne Doubtlessly, her sire's busy explaining something and his look involves Dramabu (Chap Rusk). In these cloving circumstances, per se, the man's taciturnity has fallen away – if only to reveal a sprightly visage. It appears to lack reticence, muteness, even the shyness of silent aggression... but rather, a sunny or Pelagian display supervenes.

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Momentarily, Strawberry Wobbler finds herself transported back to Aleister Crowley's *The Moonchild* (metaphorically). A moonlit embrace on Salisbury plain [this was]; where a Scarecrow glimmers and a reptile (her father's after-image) floats off the ground.

PART NINETY-SEVEN: (97)

Our Scarecrow [Beady Eyed] seems to march away *a la* Valois' fascistic progress... and he carries Strawberry Wobbler in his limbs. Behind this rake's onrush, however, a tournament of death is in full swing: and it involves her late father, Chap Rusk (Roughage). He can't be left alone to wear a Skeleton-man's costume – it seems. *Quod* Dramabu festoons the habit --- or amoral robes --- of Voodoo's lord of the dead. Didn't a mortal

architecture of bone, the Skeleton, signify Punch's absent conscience on England's piers? A tragi-comedy, this, that occurred under those awnings of red-and-yellow cloth or tungsten (both). Now then, the rural totem makes off with Wobbler in each glove, and, without question, our woman's breasts were pert, twice ripe, unchristined and chastised. Moreover, an expectant gaze crosses a Guy's mask; namely, one that's taut, wide-lipped, unscreened and pulled tight around a big head. It could even come to embody a character from the Mummers' plays called Big Head. Nevertheless, the rag-'n'-bone from Farmer Jones' field is no longer an after-thought - he's a circus' or military tournament's very star. His (Beady Eyed Tremblake's) battered hat lies at ninety degrees or so; and it's followed by a trailing scarf. It was frayed at the edges, otherwise condemned, or criss-crossed with lazy accoutrements of chaff. Whilst, as a backstop, a collection or murder of crows swoons around a transparent moon. Our Karloff-like Weetabix shuffles onward avec his prize... regardless of all else.

PART NINETY-EIGHT: (98)

Again and all, a conversation between two compatriots continues apace. Let's not forget its issue: in that one has an imaginary murderer strapped to an electric couch. It was standard fare (or notation) in relation to an early twentieth century psychiatric institute. Moreover, the background aslant his advent proves to be like a concrete sheen, even those hallucinations of le Corbusier that over-lapped with fascism. A supernal dot – or interregnum – tops the piece; and its darksome flavour partakes of an odour not to burn or take afire. Remember, my friends, that the behaviourism of Skinner can only succeed if reduced to Kennedy's tortures... And these were induced, in accord with Dick White's lamentations, so as to achieve a 'disintegration of the personality'. Do you mark it? Since these fluctuations o' rope are designed (using amphetamine, sleep deprivation, hooding, sensory black holes, stroboscopic light, gauntlets and white noise) to disorient. Our fictive toy mutilator, then, looks

altogether dead-pan or pugilist in esprit; and his face comes across as shorn, mule-like, stubborn, falsely appointed, dim... even prognathous in its jaw. He seems unperturbed by those thick leather-straps that bind his naked torso – after the affectation of a Greek god. Don't you witness this vertiginous awakening? Against it, some spindly electrodes – plus wires – trail from our von Hagens' plastinate, and they lead to a mushrooming (or foreclosure) of the near-corse. Namely, it's one which was prone to lining an artistic portrait at a distance – rather like one of Giacometti's images. Might we observe the following (?); i.e., its serendipidity via a misalliance of lines? Also, such a pushing off de-humanises at a shove or aft; and it strides out by dint of Nietzsche's perspectivalism. This ditty (above all) chooses to belabour difference, inequality, an ant-like chorus, (even cortex), and the smell of graphite. Could it really accord respect to Lombroso's criminal few, even an object lesson in the canaille or its sub-man?

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Suddenly, by fleet of glove and foot, the Scarecrow known as Beady Eyed Tremblake flips a voltaic switch. It (the latter) maximises o'er its charge! Listen on---.

PART NINETY-NINE: (99)

Nonetheless, on Stonehenge's limp parchment, the following wherewithal supervenes. For, as the lightning trickles in its levitation, the heavens swish down within an uneven wakefulness. Basically rather nearby, and slightly decrepit over the capturing of so much flame, an upturned brazier spills its rapt tungsten. But apart from those Luciferian votaries – all of whom are dead – no-one remains alive to witness it. In the foreground, however, a scintilla of a marble altar can be seen projecting; and maybe it's the last relic of an alabaster form? Could it be the latent image – neo-Platonically speaking – of an Arno Breker sculpture that had been smashed to pieces... possibly by American soldiery in a post-war milieu? When we recognise, in Wolfgang Borchert's words, that this represents a ruin of culture;

a culture of the ruins. No matter: since the saurian image of Dramabu/Chap Rusk (Roughage) cascades on high; and he can't tolerate one dramaturgy. It involves the loving embrace of a Scarecrow and a wild girl, Beady Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler, 'neath his float. Again, doesn't our daemon re-visualise Orloc from Murnau's Nosferatu? This closes off any gap between image and substance – let alone an Expressionist livery instead of Dali's oneiric bias. In any event, our first vision of Orloc – as a Dracula substitute – takes place in an abandoned manse, architrave, or variant on John Cowper Powys' Wood and Stone. Touché! Furthermore, a vampiric lizard comes across as wizened, elderly, cadaverous, wracked with ague, and unlived. It delineates a Giacometti sculpture or line-drawing, out from its relieving twine, or stinted over as a Cruikshank's reprise. To be fair: a Khazar entreaty is observed in Max Schreck's depiction; especially as regards the Weimar age into which it emerged. Might Chap Rusk find himself influenced by Stanislavsky's method? Who can tell, Captain Pugwash? A silence characterises this moment...

PART ONE HUNDRED: (100)

Yet, abreast of a ragamuffin's phantasy, one lucidity or prior gleaning stands out. --- At a time where he limbers in a moon's aspect; if only to contrast his density with what goes afore. (This was never mind a silver disc's surface or resin – namely, one that held pink tendrils or ether smeared across it). Again, a walking figurine – covered in cloth or rags – surmounts this iron circle, and rises atop a crows' ring. Momentarily though, one notices the roughened grasslands of this heather or heath, and it spiralled away from any blue smoke. In his ragged arms, however, the cloth-man carries a beauty, Strawberry Wobbler, in toe. She lolls – at once silhouetted or like a rag-doll – over the side of an unsinkable ship. Whilst, in the foreground and at a loss, the body of Dramabu lies mystified. It is Chap Rusk (Roughage); at once bespoke; and our skeleton has been murdered by a tree. Mightn't this signify a death rune or the Tree of Life reversed? (As in the

CND symbol, we may add). Simultaneously, a sycamore or acacia had crucified the man – rather like a redundant trope that saw to St. Anthony's martyrdom. Likewise, the branches had wrent every item of clothing, sackcloth-and-ashes, sweet tea, vein or redundant nerve. Whereupon Chap Rusk exists between them, as a mystified curve or softball, when riven by a growing timber --- even an avenue of deadly nightshade. For, sure enough, the configuration of a bower limbering, osmotically, possibly virally, across Dramabu signals one word. It stares at Roughage's drooling tongue without respite. Amongst its harkened blackness or W.F. Harvey's treacle comes one word: RETRIBUTION.

PART ONE-HUNDRED-AND-ONE: (101)

Meanwhile, and amidst Heaven's onset, our two collaborators swap notes (no matter how imaginatively). They differ over a corse's outcome; and do you remember a murderer who's been strapped to a couch? It deliberates on an electric bed --- even a mechanism for inflicting electro-convulsive therapy. All of a sudden our Scarecrow twists a nozzle or switch, and the man turns blue under a surging gyroscope. Likewise, a cry bursts out of this sepia and it finds a beryl facsimile... isn't it cast abroad from Poussin's Massacre of the Innocents? A swerving temperature, connected to molten wires, holds the frame or alleviates its balustrade. Don't you detect the unergonomic seating – or prior concrete – of Freud's, a London café? Similarly, our toy-killer defies any standards, in that he can't punch the air due to his strapping! Let's leave it: since one notices, en passant, a frenzied line of white-paint in the sand. Could it notate a smear (?); or Bacon's and Hockney's attempts to paint water. Further, and next to it, a mouth burns in its effigy or mock-crucifixion. Yet again, it accords with a scrambled template, a photographic negative, a reversal, a Muybridge print or a dark likeness. Can we see a scratch-board technique here – i.e., one that frazzles its graphic novel? By any consolation, though, an ozone burning tinges this non-accident, and it prefaces Ohm's tincture. Do you detect a public torch in this execution (?); or even L.S. Lowry-like social realism? It definitely chimes with a rebellion against nature...

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Chap Rusk (Roughage): "Yet surely Edward Bond is wrong – in his play *Lear* – when he blames violence on social alienation. For, as Konrad Lorenz testifies in *On Aggression*, the urge to fight or destroy lies within Man. It is innate, instinctive, reptilianbrained and somatic. None dare alter or eradicate it, by dint of a substitution".

Beady-Eyed Tremblake: "But, if you configure the thing aright, comrade, then mankind is destined to repeat its savage circle *ad nauseam*. Truly, there will be no escape from a chaotic management of order... Yessss, by such a degree, the mutilation of a few Teddy-bears hardly figures. It manufactures a love of blackbirds – if not Poe's *The Raven*. Whilst (simultaneously) an absence of a childhood's Toytown can lead to annihilation".

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWO: (102)

Back amongst Stonehenge's ramparts, however, Beady Eyed Tremblake (a figure in paper and foil) and Strawberry Wobbler are embracing the twain. Whilst, up above them, a lizard-man coils and gibbers by way of a loon, or perhaps the elements find an outlet in this Storm of Steel. Nonetheless, a boiling whiplash which belongs to such a weathering comes alive, and it stirs the viscosity of nothingness. Again, a magician's aftermath buries our ambition, and a David Icke reptile (a la Chap Rusk or Dramabu) passes on. It limbers, as a darksome mass, against a framework of blue squares; each one of which jettisons its armoury. May it really be a chess board (?); or the division of our world into parallax cubes. Still... the apparition, testifying to Chap Rusk (Roughage's) passage, fills an available rectangle – at once white bordered. It also seeks absolution; if only to numb the journey of an erect crocodile who walks on his hind legs. Pardon me, but wasn't there a Punch and Judy character called the Crocodile? In any event, its saurian outline, smoothed pumice, 'rock' or premature jaundice might as well fall sheer. Since a rhino's shape proves false in its armature, and the knock-on effect of a Giant Haystacks limits growth. Don't you remember those wrestlers from the 'seventies? Despite this, the lively scales of Rusk's pelt fits a pattern, and it breeds sequentially (or episodically) like a virus. Might the conundrum meet a diagnosis that's not expired? Further, its rubbery torso or scaly model feeds on Scotch plaid; in no matter how unlikely a way. And, in this sanitised gesture, it wears a tracery of white amid green or black – never mind the redness of an unblinking eye. It bears about Chap Rusk no conscience whatsoever.

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Beady Eyed Tremblake: "You see here, Chap Rusk, the testament of a love that exists without reward. In truth, it denies a Benthamite or utilitarian codex. Indeed, you're prone to covering o'er the eyes – like in William Golding's *The Spire* – in order to prevent a collapse. This manufactures a reason to go on or (otherwise) to advance against the night. Let us contrive to banish materialism, after a range of thinkers like D.H. Lawrence, Roy Campbell, Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound or Julius Evola! To put it squarely: the luciferians who worshipped you (and whom you exterminated) didn't adore you. They merely fawned, Dramabu, or sought to cozen *the darkness* by licking your feet and requesting favours".

"You LIE!", snarled a Demon in riposte.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THREE: (103)

In short order, though, a Scarecrow called Beady Eyed Tremblake has picked up some fugitives' spore. (Likewise, a notion of their flight, pursuant to a wooden hecatomb, recedes). By any compass, our doll-man proceeds through a wooded manse, and a smile avoids its destiny... amidst a manic grin. It delimits a crow's lustre; the latter festooned under a widebrimmed hat. Moreover, if one exists only for battle – like the

Scarecrow – then each instant is precious, existentially speaking. Above all, a cobweb shall grow over a shutter that contains many dreams, and they are shattered... even defunct. Certainly now, a fluted structure that was contained by rust (perchance) carpeted its pleasure... and it let out a green softness under the stars. Wasn't the iron coil of a gate – or its grill – prone to some tender losses...? All of them vaulted upwards and yet hark back towards a former asylum, contained in a dilapidated house, on Briar's Copse or Satan's hill. Whereas, if the blinds were loosened, then a beady eye encompasses sundry tracks; a child's, a Skeletonman's or a crew of Zuvembies. For – the lethargy of snails might be read – in the manner o' William Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust*. Beady Eyed Tremblake repeats to himself: "I MUST FOLLOW AND STOP".

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FOUR: (104)

As necessitated by grief, a narrator's vision returns to the house on Headtaker's hill or Satan's mound, perhaps Briar's incline. By no seeds of doubt, however, the Victorian square dome exhibits a strange stillness in its dusk. An invisible line or symmetry grows up to the side (and it illustrates parallax), even though the odd window is shut out. May this, in turn, refer back to an eighteenth century tax of yore? For its enjoyment, the outer brickwork of the manse reinterprets Broadmoor hospital in Crowthorne, Berkshire, and possibly Rampton, Ashworth or Carstairs. (These were the British institutions for the criminally insane). Look again; quod the millimetre of so many eyes transfigures the dampness, and it chokes off one embrasure too far. Somewhat listlessly, then, the upper casements were darkened into sepulchral gloom... whilst nothing could be determined by flight. Instead of which, the lower trespasses are hooded by blinds – even wooden shutters that flap in the wind. This dramaturge hints at unknown blessings or autumn, and the house-front encodes a hidden eye, halfblinded, as well as inward looking. All in all, it delivers the solemnity of Arnold Bennett without any Midlands pathos or petite-bourgeois banter. Ho(!), a pale orange-light glimmers on the second floor, just above the portico'd entrance. Let's see who resides behind its wooden slat, gingham blind or curtain...

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIVE: (105)

Resultant to Wiltshire's gusts – in the meantime – a passage from Aleister Crowley's *Diary of a Drug Fiend* intervenes. It definitely seeks to take centre stage. For, as of late, Cranium Biter (Dye) floats above Beady Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler. The following is supposedly true: in that our serpentine wraith had bellowed the word "LIAR!" at the top of a *castrato's* range.

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Needless to say, a reptilian orb opens the mind - i.e., it signifies a ruby within a round o' green. Its scales denote choice (somewhat) and the eye-ball's rim necessitates a crater. Do you remember those moon-globes (with their Human, all too Human names) in Sir Patrick Moore's hands? Yes, it limits a saturnine leap; and yet actively betrays these serpent-folks' coldbloodedness. Might it hint at cruelty borne by a red-eye - no matter how split? By dint of this, then, a tall stack or tower grazes the sky-line. Could it be one of those pylons or obelisks – at once fallen or shattered – on Stonehenge's corner? Let's think again: quod haemoglobin's hint – or blood's false queue – passes up such trivia, and it bends avec warped glass. For, in its refractory light, a cobweb glimmers o'er some damnation... and it gives a refulgence to those casements. Aren't such lead-lined squares out of fashion now? Again, Beady Eyed Tremblake's figure teeters afore stained glass – the like of which has just been saved from a fire at Yorkminster. Moreover, on closer inspection, a plenitude of spires rears up; the latter doubling up or choking a vista. May it travel down to Dante's Inferno in violet or scarlet? (Even if, perchance, the Reverend Carey's translation was the only sauce). By contrast, a sudden chaos intervenes; and this has to do with a falling rag-man who cascades onto Cranium Biter (Dye) from above. It involves shards of broken glass. At first, the dull impact of this shattering was limned in grey-to-black (however lightly) and panes of frost patter down. A Spear of Longinius becomes discernible; and it's tightly rooted around a crow or its mittened fists. Don't you love the sound of broken mullion? All at once, Cranium Biter looks up towards a crucible, and his appearance is quixotic, interested, mildly perturbed, forgotten and reedy. Already now, the red-eyes, sabre-teeth, needle-point and mist release a pall; even a third-brainer. Maybe it's a piebald chart let loose?

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A NECESSARY REPEAT...

Needless to say, a reptilian orb has opened in the mind - i.e., one that signifies a ruby within a round o' green. Its scales necessitate choice (most definitely); and the rim of the eye-ball denotes a moon crater... somewhat. Do you remember those artificial moon-globes (with their Human, all too Human names) in the hands of Sir Patrick Moore? Yes assuredly, it limits the possibility of a saturnine leap; and yet actively betrays the coldbloodedness of these serpent folk. Might it hint at the cruelty borne by a red split-eye – no matter how majestically? By dint of any customary lilt, then, a tall stack or tower grazes the sky-line. Could it be one of those pylons or obelisks – at once fallen or shattered – on Stonehenge's corner? Let's think again: quod the hint of haemoglobin - or a false queue o' blood - passes up towards such trivia, and it bends with the warp of this glass. For, when seen in a refractory light, this cobweb glimmers at a formula or its damnation, and it gives a refulgence to those casements. Aren't such lead-lined squares moving out of fashion, now? Again, the figure of Beady Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow) teeters afore this stained-glass... the like of which has just been saved from a fire at Yorkminster. Moreover, on closer inspection, a double plenitude of spires rears up; the latter ramifying avec a choked-off vista. May it travel all the way down to Dante's Inferno in violent scarlet? (Even if, perchance, the Reverend Carey's translation is the only sauce). By contrast, a sudden chaos intervenes; and this has to do with a falling rag-man who cascades via glass down onto Cranium Biter (Dye). At first, the

dull impact of this shattering was limned in grey-to-black (no matter how lightly) and panes of frost patter roundabout. A Spear of Longinius also becomes discernible... and it's tightly rooted around a crow's taut, if mittened, fists. Don't you love the sound of breaking mullion? All at once, Cranium Biter looks up in a crucible of need, and his appearance seems to be quixotic, interested, mildly perturbed, forgotten and reedy. Already then, the red-eyes, sabre-teeth, long needle-point and circling mist contrive to release a pall; even a third-brainer. Maybe it's a piebald chart let loose?

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Beady Eyed Tremblake: "You accuse me of mendacity, but I return the compliment. For your kindred exists in a dualist temperature or spirit – namely, one that can't understand its infrastructure. Look at this: you preach, necessarily, a crab apple in a barrel of other octaves, other fruit. Whereas my insight sees through the good and the bad to a confused medley beyond. Most triumphantly, a *Genealogy of Morals* finds its way home to an intercession. It calls its fusion a chaos/bipolarity, a union of opposites, dialecticism or a checkerboard in terms of a person. Can he be an In-betweener? What – a Harlequin?"

To whichever predicate, Cranium Biter (Dye) only smarts.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIX: (106)

In a parallel dream a Scarecrow called Beady Eyed Tremblake is observed. He works his way across the timber of forgotten days (for sure); nor need we echo to broken twigs in the darkness. Don't these screen off a camouflage of better hours? Absent mindedly, our effigy – or twilight wicker-man – breaks off a bower or sapling (observably so). And it comes naturally to a being such as this; especially given his status as *a man of wood...* a la Jakov Lind. During this performance, though, his eyes stare avidly midst a green filter or ink, and they seem to be rapt, attentive, fast, even ever-changing. As he swings from foot-to-foot; a hysterical peal of laughter hangs upon the air. Also,

Beady Eyed begins to dwell on our dramatis personae or CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA. First of all, he symbolises Boo Wilson (a Mummy) and this comes across as a black square, painted wild, or scored on an ebon sheet. Its corners appear to be dilapidated, fallen in or creased: and a jetty of reptilian skin flops from the side in strips. Let it be... since next to it rises an equine load or conspectus. It happens to be a magical horse – twisted to the wire – or tactically unaware. And this takes the form of loops, crescents, spirals, or unended musculature which froths at the mouth. Likewise, another persona such as Chap Rusk (Roughage) overlaps with a man in a skeleton-suit, even at one of those fun-fairs of yesteryear. Doesn't it recall an Essex pavilion (?); or a sinister 'machine' that carries a child across the desert... all for the price of an old penny. Thereafter, one foresees a limehouse golem or a mini-skeleton on a green podium... and it dances insanely. Might 'it' jitterbug with a new intensity knowing the knife at its back? Still, Beady Eyed Tremblake gets closer to his targets, despite a resume of those puppets who are mustered up close. Don't forget---.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVEN: (107)

Back in his set, betimes, Human Toast stares at a wooden or replica revolver in his hand. He resides in the house on Satan's Hill and – to every intent or purpose – doubles up with Dog-Eared Spittoon. On a closer inspection, a chair's slat curves away from his foot – whilst an old-fashioned or valve radio lies to the side. It goes so far as to betray a Leyden jar's tipple. Moreover, a gingham or asbestos blind is pulled down on the reverse of a manse's front. To look at – by way of fostering – Human Toast's appearance or relish has altered; and it surmounts a fossil or the Pleistocene's lament. Could it be any sort of an icon like an Icaronycteris? Anyway, this creature limps towards a skeleton in its concrete sheath. But, to return to our visitant, we immediately notice that half his face is missing or vacant. He might then be called a *Louisiana half-face*... or, more accurately, 'it' simpers aslant an acidic dissolution. For, on inspection, one side of his

visage was normal, attentive, weak, reasonably composed – your ordinary or average liberal, in other words. Yet the other component, perforce, seems distrait, perverse, eaten into, greentinged and diabolical (even). It becomes a game of two halves like hockey or rugby football, and this *two-face* takes on a forbidden aspect. Does anyone remember the old folk wisdom (?), whereby a mirror is placed halfway down a mask's image, such as a photograph. It bisects a physiognomy or mugshot, rather after a criminal's profile. What we then observe is that the right eye (as one stares at it) takes on the external bias; whereas the inner man gazes out from the left orb. Surely now, Man is not reduced to Jacqueline Susanne's *Valley of the Dolls*? Not yet... but here, Human Toast affects a Janus gift, a spinning coin or a schizoid delusion. All of which doesn't prevent him from dwelling on one of Caravaggio's paintings.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHT: (108)

Abreast of Stonehenge's party, however, the Devil trips out of his customised box. May it be scarlet in colour – or tied with a ribbon's bow? To look at: Strawberry Wobbler stands majestically at the back – albeit with her breasts half out. Might it emblazon Ouida's prose style at one remove? Fair enough, even though Beady Eyed gestures with his fists... and what about Cranium Biter (Dye)? Why, he shifts about like gossamer that's been matured to an eagle's claw. Yes, my mauve gobbets...

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Whereas, on another plane, a rag-man lands on a dinosaur's trumpet; and it opens its snout in a mute surrender of Self. Its red-eye lies calloused or livid afore an appointment, even if perceived diagonally like a trapeze *artiste*. Listen to me! The mouth opens in a mute dichotomy and it rivals a masque, or possibly a fossil found in a Northern quarry. You know the one that hastens to James Hinton's judgement, if pursuant to his analysis of pain. And it has to do with a missing link, an exercise in evolutionary palaeontology, where a hybrid is uncovered. It enforces a closure between fishes and mammals — via a

crocodile. Isn't it 395 million years old? Necessarily so, since a dark shadow creeps o'er the jaw-line or reach, and it becomes absorbed in a rebarbative gesture. It's much like those chap books bound in sand-paper by Stewart Home... namely, the one's advocating an art strike. Irrespective of a suave nihilism, our Scarecrow throws himself sideways or aslant, at once gymnastically or viz. an Arthur Bliss ballet. He screams to the sound of an unlit blitz, whilst testing the water, moving to the side or ringing an unseen Khitian bell. It reverberated avec a splendid finality, much like an Eastern offerant sounding: OMMM! Likewise, a spear or spike – held up by our Longinius – can seek out a reptilian torso that's raised like an Olympus... in a withering glow. For Beady Eyed has taken hold of Trevor Ravenscroft's or James Herbert's limb, or is it spear-head? Whereupon in a chiaroscuro'd tint, even a sandy pebble mixed with grey, he swings his weapon after a clap of doom. Look out, lizard man, a devotee of darkness seeks your guts! Cannot a saurian eye, even a Ganymede, pass through life seeking love and finding only a stone? It speaks (surely enough) of a petrifaction just below the surface – hence its crystalline lozenge, reminding one of J.G. Ballard's *The Crystal World*.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINE: (109)

Whilst – in a rival vortex – a Scarecrow pursues Dramabu, a child-victim and a throng o' zombies. Might they be a reluctant purchase (on the back lot) of George Romero's? In stead of which, a chasm opens up bestride the admissibility of these trees, and the woods were cut into a cleft. It surrendered to a sudden drop or scree, and a magenta'd divide rose up behind Beady Eyed. He – sporting a club in his right-glove – bounced along a cliff's walkway... even though he can barely make out Dramabu's chanting in the spray.

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Nonetheless, this Scarecrow – or refugee from an M.R. James story – begins to assess his fellows. Already now, the figurines of Human Toast, Dramabu and Boo Wilson have spied his pin-hole

camera (no matter how invisible). Yet Cranium Biter (Dye) still has to flunk the test... and this already hints at the dim mask of a Klavern. It rises up within its deft folds – if only to counter-act the impression of a late piece by Phillipe Guston. Also, the mouth remains discernible - at once inside a triangular hood or canopy. At any rate, Cranium Biter's eyes were invisible under a cerecloth; and these prove to be reminiscent of Alfred Noves' Midnight Express. Wasn't it true, though, that this Mengele of the unconscious walked with you in dreams? Moving on slightly, our Scarecrow came to think about another character: Dog-Eared Spittoon. (We imagine him to be free of Human Toast, at this juncture). Hear, Hear! For a dark side of the moon registers itself within a square - particularly one that's cast in plywood. A diaphanous widow's fanfare or cloth shimmers to one side – by dint of a silent film's completion. Nor may we obscure the red lettering, composed in Times New Roman, and hinting at a bloodied scrawl. It betokens the following psycho-babble or graffiti: defeat-psycho-nuisance-bomb the suburbs-apocalypse culture-the Trickster or Tarot deck number one. Finitude. Surely it indicates a mattoid's stream of consciousness (?); at a moment where Chap Rusk's plaint echoes in the woods. It's a verbal feast of fools!

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TEN: (110)

Aslant of one dominion too many, though, Human Toast occupies a room in our manse *a la* Ann Radclyffe. A car passes by in the distance and it's a dark, sleek torpedo that slashes via droplets of water. Further to this, a scratch of divine lines – pursuant to one of Ralph Steadman's brushes – elongates its spin. Why did our recusant pilot it in his memory, however? Most evidently, it had nothing to do with a rare painting that's stowed aboard. Similarly, he gazes out at the moon's awakening; the latter liable to breach 'one' afore another... even in reversed mirrors. A parallax view intervenes roundabout, and it suggests the glinting of an orb amid squares. Might these embody a childhood game like 'Battleships' played for real? In the

foreground, Chap Rusk's inner vision looks at you. It belabours a gibbet ahead of the sky's amplitude – while his visage betrays an estranged whisper. Could it be made up from reinforced NHS spectacles, circa. the nineteen fifties, and without Alan Bennet? No frisson is intended here, since the delinquency of a nerd seems spectral, imprecise, locked down, impassive or pudgy. Do you wish to reprise Parsons, the party loyalist, in *Nineteen Eighty* Four? Let's think again: quod two figures dance at the end of time... or in silhouette in relation to a sweeping window. They are staring out at the heavens in terms of a sapphire's quake – may it embody (really) a Rothko in blue? Anyway, a voice illuminates Human Toast from without. He says: "A delicate asteroid which refuses cheese can't make up for lost time. Nor shall it indicate - scorpionically - the watery depths of a feminine sally. What it really does is to bridge the gap or concourse, and to explain why the denizens of this pile are linked by a painting. It transfigures through a metamorphosis, you see".

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-ELEVEN: (111)

Quickly now, we speed towards the recess button on our Olympus VN-4100, and it lets out a squawk. Whilst Stonehenge veers away from our grasp or tournament, and the edge of Cranium Biter (Dye's) vestments flips o'er. Isn't it troubled by wind? Simultaneously, a brazier's flame leaps out and besports its cauldron, albeit in a rage. At the rear of our nemesis, though, one of this cathedral's many blocks or granite squares glimmers... and it shines *avec* mustard's glow. A blustering whirligig continues to spin like a top *a la* Duchamp, and Wiltshire's environs register no *Vis Maoris*.

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All of a sudden (and at right angles to the above) Beady Eyed Tremblake announces a crack of doom, primarily by taking up a rod. It proves to be dynamite – much like the nitro-glycerine which two Frenchmen traverse the dunes with, in *Wages of Fear*. For, in a sentinel's comfort, our Scarecrow swings a pillar; and it was a shaft of emptiness, wrath, forgetting, plenitude or even

revelation. Again, such a stick exists in relation to a criss-cross or parallelism of squares (in sapphire), and these break up Gawain & his Green Knight. In what way? Why, quod this reptile – Chap Rusk (Roughage) – lumbers into view, reminiscent of Godzilla in a Japanese horror film, and pricked by a spear. Might Schnitke's oratorio about Nagasaki be pounding in the background? Anyway, the saurian back-brain, (as it acts in concord with Arthur Koestler's mid-wife toad), looks down. And it spies a staff or possibly a Viking's dart in its innards... May this embody, uncertainly, the centurion's perspective at Golgotha? At a moment where an adventurer pierced the Christ's side in order to alleviate suffering, to drain water, and to (alternately) quench thirst using vinegar... the latter inundates a sponge. It was held up by Roman legionaries using a pointed weapon, and their noncommissioned officer happens to be Longinius.

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Listen now, since Beady Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler are in lively converse. "In a Mediaeval mystery play", opines the Scarecrow, "a large belching furnace lies at the stage's side. It indicates – somewhat furiously – a reptilian mouth 'neath the Proscenium... and it can also be taken to be an enormous anus or flame-duct. Could this deconstruct Butz's spectre of Auschwitz-Birkenau?" "You intend to open the dust jacket or vellum of Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*?", breathes Strawberry Wobbler heavily. "Most mightily...", a hurdy-gurdy man responds. He's a ragamuffin afore one's Fate.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWELVE: (112)

Meanwhile, our Scarecrow continues his quest, and it takes him into a wilderness or adrift of a cliff. First of all, Beady Eyed approaches with a club in his hand... and the residue of a sunken skull lies around him. It apportions a canopy to the gloom or straddles a borderline, even if aware of an up-ended cranium on the outside. A pink line of gas carries its ether out beyond a headland, as a rag-man gazes on pursuant to new raptures. Now, somewhat distantly, Dramabu waves his arms about in a

dervish's relish, Boo Wilson stands bow-legged, and the Zombies make sport. They have bedded down in a hemi-cycle or linkage, so as to imprison a Mummy's poniard. Its icy – and yet crystalline – blade comes across as frozen, transported or claret in colour. An object curdles the ground... could it be a childish imprint of Strawberry Wobbler?

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Adrift of a haberdashery of pain, though, one item mounts the stage. It has to encompass a bogle's passage or Ouija board especially if Homo Ludens strives to bring down a house of cards. (Note: the following ginger-bread men have been eaten – Human Toast, Cranium Biter [Dye], Boo Wilson, Dramabu and Dog-Eared Spittoon). Yet Queen Rat remains alive/alive-o, in that her simulacrum hints at hop-scotch, if delivered on Gothic black. When – accompanying her adventure playground – one notices porcelain squares, themselves drifting to fat. Any lettering involved was round, feminine, arch, treacly and unforgiving. It involves an over-emphasis, graphologically, as well as a criminal uncertainty o'er identity. Might this absolve her from reading Durenmatt's theses about existence? No matter; since Sarban's House of Dolls hints at the unrefined or cloacal in nature. It's at once rouge, plummy, o'er-ripe, dissolute, immature, Dolls' Hospital-like (in Reading), and falsely seductive. (Despite this, there's no evidence that Grandma Moses had scanned Raoul Vanegiem's Book of Pleasures). No Sir...

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTEEN: (113)

Further afield, Human Toast subsists in an isolated cube like Horst Bienek's experimental novel, *The Cell*. He wouldn't be aware of Thomas Hood's *The Ballad of Eugene Aram*, even though Cain's lore pulls at Durer's root. Nonetheless, Human T. has to understand morality's fury or cusp; and it all revolves around a red spectre... possibly some imaginary bullet-holes. These exist in a classical painting by Caravaggio or Jarman; and this was despite those fires in the night: what with witches' chanting. They are sullen or leathery over one's voice. Again, a

bloodied art-work – scored or covered in bullet-muffs – links these characters apiece. (This is whether we were speaking of Queen Rat, Human Toast, Dog-Eared Spittoon or Boo Wilson). For Art remains the last mystery or final frontier; as well as a medley of circumcision. Might an indecisive mind know that creativity is love and life re-kindles death?

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Anyway, Human Toast dwells on a disembodied phantom or ghost... and it circumscribes his two-facedness. This was a capacity to enjoy multiplicity – perhaps a dismemberment o' parts. Against it, the linearity of glaucous glass, namely seagreen incorruptibility *a la* Carlyle, bodied forth. It rounded a circling flesh; as the moon reflects back light in azure's firmament. Whilst, around the fringes, an array of playing cards were lifted or built up, in that they form a castle. Each lies betwixt the twain and slides into those gaps – whereupon a man might gibber or hum. Most assuredly, these Waddington extras compute one's noise, if only to break afore Roark's architecture. And they lie in a pronounced way, so as to fillet a cancer in red meat (affixed to yellow).

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FOURTEEN: (114)

Circumambient to plenty, a drama in Wiltshire's fields was reaching its climax. For the floating pleasure of so many nocturnes is resumed; and these were cloven-hoofed or rainy in the dawn. To explain it more lucidly: Cranium Biter (Dye) eddies to a post like a will-o'-the-wisp or a flibbertigibbet. And it betokens the sleighting of a reptile's tail, even a grinding of bloods in a sand-box. Look here: our charge re-interprets the Martians – themselves dressed in motley; i.e., red and white (perchance), plus green faces. All of this took place in Gerry Anderson's *UFO*. Nonetheless, he flits o'er smashed obelisks, in relation to grainy sand-stone or banks, and via a circular disc of alabaster. An altar of basalt, covered *avec* flame, takes charge of Tarkovsky's vision... and Beady Eyed Tremblake stands pointing at Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed*. Strawberry Wobbler,

for her part, fills a gap next to his order of battle or armour, and a wider tabernacle sweeps around. It goes many a mile in order to fulfil one of John Cowper Powys' walks, in the 'fifties, on aboriginally Cymric ground. Must it always be photographed in black-and-white?

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Contrariwise, a musical accompaniment intervenes here, and it must refresh Alfred Schnitke's Faustus Cantata in 1983. The sound bellows up from aslant these menhirs or pillars, and it whistles Dixie (possibly on methadone) to a screaming skull. Oh my yes, this anti-Bach choral ends in susurration - or a circularity, even an obelisk. What can we call it, but a negative threnody gathering pace and leading to a climax? A moment of transgression (this), where a lissom, hot, distilled and serpentine voice reaches for Faust's soul. Such a diction estimates a thousand asps come alive! Truly, it was A Snake's Pass in Bram Stoker's sense! --- It's a portmanteau offerant, then, wherein a trans-gender or transsexual Satan asks the question. (Or 'it' demands more, one might say). Whereas the female song can be likened to Amy Winehouse on Acid, per se, and this was raised to an operatic level... In such a course, our saraband sounds rich, androgynous, copper-head feminine, (like), striated. Ashkenazic. It fills the auditorium – whether around Stonehenge or not – with a genuine auric Satanism... To whit: this proves to understand its theogony as a doxa which is religious, genuine, destructive and ludic (a la Hesiod). Could it be interpreted as a mission back to black? Or mayhap, the principle of chaos builds up odi et amo, so as to combine opposites and avoid stasis. (Our Scarecrow or Beady Eyed Tremblake has thought long and hard about this).

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTEEN: (115)

On a parallel tram-line, however, our Scarecrow nears his playlet or backbone. And it soon takes him to the edge of a benighted kingdom... that is: one which rumbles o'er the verge of a snowfilled 'scarp. Most definitely, a rock-strewn valley fills the cavern beyond; and it wants the wash or greyness of such a tundra. Again, a large or winding tree (covered in Spanish moss) elongates itself to one side of the vale... so as to provide leverage to a scene drawn from Greek tragedy. All at once we notice the following; and this has to do with a sweeping belt of iced-water, at once finely-compacted or dense. A pink tinge (perforce) can be seen throughout this bevy o' likeness; or may this be the icing on a cake of some particular latitude? Nor can we forget those dots or figurines who run up amidships... Might it prove to be reminiscent of William Henley (in Robert Louis Stevenson's diction) who modelled Long John Silver on him? Further to this, an Airfix figure called Dramabu holds sway with arms outstretched. In front of a skeleton the child lies pinioned together avec Boo Wilson standing foursquare or knife-in-hand. A burst of zombies (to continue the piece) are sat like students in a row. May they embody a Comus rout or wrecking crew? This takes after Ed McBain's plot-line, as regards an attack upon a police precinct in New York's chaotic summer of '77.

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Still and all, the inner circuits of his fellows continue to flit afore Beady Eyed Tremblake's mind. This involves his own nature as well as Chap Rusk (Roughage's) mortal visage. To be frank, it spins a coin against a diaphanous screen, next to a redundant circuit, whose voltaic constancy's linked to its amp. Against this, the Scarecrow's own template provides the bewilderment of a crow, amid taped enclosures, let alone a blackmailer's *patina* o' the real.

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Beady Eyed Tremblake gets closer to an Aztec's exercise in live sacrifice.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTEEN: (116)

Momentarily, our manse lies pinioned in the trees – no matter how disinterestedly. Whereas Boo Wilson, the Mummy, drinks from a brandy-cup at the mansion's start... in that he sits on those steps amid griffins. Do you detect a life behind mullioned

windows? For our splatter-gun knows its retrieval, as a lone individual walks up towards a portico. He carries an attaché case, even though a surrounding mist suffuses the spring. Meanwhile, the green foliage – at once russet in its cut – becalms a granite façade with white-bordered windows. (The wood was clean and new, you see, even though a syllabus lay on an ex-asylum's floor. Its colour proves to be blue). Boo Wilson unlocks a heavy portal, and a balustrade moves aside, so as to reveal a hallway which reverberates. Listen to Patrick Magee's whisper, why don't you? Since a Victorian affidavit, imprisoned in glass, filters a Stygian gloom o'er the door. Our Mummy stands in the doorway motionless, atop a tainted glow, and its character's azure... Could it be a masquerade? It shambles towards an elongation or form, at least in Boris Karloff's memoriam. May this be the promised land; or some other clarion? In any event, an eight-foot tall 'bandage' looks on, as if to answer bondage's call in sapphire or lintel. Yet, mastering this, a cry rips from our living mummy (Boo Wilson), and it typifies an open mouth. It exists as a phantasy (to be sure); and these vocal chords show off a redundancy... possibly a sieve. Surely our oblate refers to a locution, a palette, that intones a rival's drift? Most especially, if we recognise a Baconian call – it signifies Cranium Biter (Dye's) presence... And a creature's teeth, like the avenue of a broken skull, surrounds Boo. They indicate what Wyndham Lewis - in Paleface – called immeasurability, even excess. No wonder it's a G-factor IQ which burns!

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTEEN: (117)

Nonetheless, our Elisabethan tragedy at Stonehenge is reaching a crisis, and Strawberry Wobbler's face appears to be unscathed. To a neutral observer, it comes across as unfathomed, slightly bereft and liable to be tearful. Her eyes were wide-open and shining – almost after an exercise in *Thunderbirds*' Lady Penelope. Also, the rain or dew continues to pelt down, and it runs off her exposed cleavage in rivulets. And likewise, a bangle

has occasion to jangle around her wrist; as she attempts to cover her face with it (momentarily).

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To be sure, a staff in the reptile's guts cleaves apace, and it dances in transgressive ecstasy or shock. Do you see it in a glass darkly? For it penetrates the whole amid a fleshy burden – itself tungsten risen – and it flops as regards a squared enclosure. These multiply themselves away with the stars; as they lock into an embrasure or engage in gladiatorial combat. Sure enough, our Spear of Destiny *a la* James Herbert or Adolf Hitler, becomes a glyph, a momentary template, or is otherwise risible over its steel innards. Moreover, the penetration of this living gristle, *a la* an alligator steak in Florida's everglades, causes one to topple like a dinosaur toy. It immediately falls to the side and spins about contrariwise, so as to burden us with Savitri Devi's *Impeachment of Man*. Yet we remain unbowed or without shame, and this narrows the causation of an unlikely Odin on the world's ash. May Cranium Biter (Dye) be dying, thus?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTEEN: (118)

By a parallel drum, Dramabu rants at his occasional hides and these seek out sundry vastations... never mind losses. In a George A. Romero curlew (so to say) an expanse of Zuvembies kneels on upturned snow; whilst a babe lies prone afore a Mummy. He stands agape with a tooth or blade – rather like a giant spider. Might it be a poniard's aught? Still now, the snow comes encrusted over this destiny or by dint of one escarpment most rare, and it's trimmed in pink. Listen on...

DRAMABU: "Heed, O cretins, the license of each lust! For in the words of an old pulp magazine of yesteryear, like H.P. Lovecraft's Weird Tales, he lives and strikes – no grave may hold him! Hurrah! Certainly, now that a former interloper into our Wickerman ceremony has been slain, no-one can gainsay the proportionately, like crenellated rites up, These rise stimulate Bill Hopkins' Hostile battlements... to SO as

Temperatures (an unwritten play). Does one throw the dice in an acknowledged backgammon? Moreover, we must apportion blame without bile, my zombies! Quod those who escape such tonsils shall feed upon the flesh, in a manner reminiscent of Albert Jarry's Messalina. Yet again, this avoidance cannot fulfil the bloodshed of lost intrigues, even if they lead to the estimation of a white panther on the floor. You carrion here [he addresses our Thunder-heads], why don't you rip out the throats of those avec inappropriate Tarots? Let's examine this, my rabblement! Since a thin cadaver, at once sinewy or wondrous, emerges from a half-opened grave. It reprises the circumstances of sin, don't you think? Most definitely, if we continue to dwell on it as a maggot of ill repute which crawls from under the tundra, so as to illustrate an incapacity, a cranial lurch, a prehistoric fish (even). A heavy Christian cross – possibly a Celtic one – stands outside the way... doubtless to imprison some raptures. Whilst in an ossuary's far distance, my dead ones, some other gammadions and headstones transfix a night's pallor. Might we carry a great book (albeit of blasphemy) into the dark or under our many arms? We are multiple or legion, do you hear? And none of us comes to exorcise a corpse – by no means. Our wrecking crew – or havoc of the Headmen - is just to de-exorcise aplenty, to render an Animism and readjust the fates. Hear me, slaves--- a car of wonder awaits us outside Time, death's synonym". With this Gnostic splay, Dramabu's or Chap Rusk (Roughage's) voice fades into the wind. It hints at sepulchral rays as yet unborn.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETEEN: (119)

Our Nostradamus reading refuses to come unstuck, though, even when we return to the mansion on Headtaker's hill... Or, if one appends other names, the brownstone on Briar's Copse or Satan's hillock. Look out now: for in an upstairs room two derelicts or drug addicts lie on a sordid sofa. The television drones on with childrens' programmes, like *Sesame Street*, all on its own – despite the fact that the screen is fuzzy, lined and occasionally indistinct. Whereupon and upon a neighbouring

table, amid much detritus, we observe the paraphernalia of drugtaking... that is to say, we essay a stack of matches, empty Swan Vesta boxes, the odd plastic cup, a pipe for smoking heroin, cast off silver foil, ampoules, one plate covered by brown flakes, and a pipette containing noxious liquid. The junkies or drug fiends concerned were called Perry's Fizz and Split-mouth Reindeer. To describe it: the entire cell took on the affidavit of an ochre'd dungeon - one which was bare of all adornment save a resentment's regret. Nothing else really matters, you see. Given this, a comedy of errors has taken its due fix or toll, and Baselitz, together with his upside-down images on the cover of Burroughs' Junky, steals any show. Whereas the spark-plugs of this overhead radiator, or such conductive pipes, exist above us; and they carry necessary fuels across concrete walkways. Similarly, the sheer nexus of this balustrade, a la le Corbusier's finish, leads to the perfection of this tarmac known only to Man. By any standards, the light bursts from a cellular construct or bay, and it streams via an aperture's direction. Again now, the futile offerings of this sheen understands nought of Banksy's dotage, do you see? Whilst our lead pipettes pass o'er stone armatures - even Hamilton's runic sculptures devoted to an SS man. Yet, by dint of these planar gulfs, a spotlight illumines one shaft; and it struggles to afford any comfort for addiction. Can anyone spot the graffiti which is smeared aslant these murals? It reads: lovelessness, maximum burn, escape it all, no one in, absence of care, zombies, land of the dead. After all, you have to be weak and swinish enough (aside of anything else) to take illicit drugs ---.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY: (120)

Simultaneously, we must return to Stonehenge at our drama's climax... For haven't Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Dramabu co-authored this last play by Racine? Yes indeed, since Cranium Biter (Dye) floats avidly over our two compatriots, Beady-Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler. 'He' appears to be bloated by a prior triumph – and is it one's imagination or hasn't a

mushrooming occurred? For one notices a happenstance or grace and favour... not least a spherical affidavit. May this interpret a lit-up cone — much after Hieronymous Bosch's angels in a funnel? Maybe, and yet Cranium Biter's arms were open in an expansive void. Again, the Scarecrow manifests his fist — almost to cauterise the other in a silent gesture. And a pedestal, shrine or altar exists beneath us; it embodies the solidity of an Etruscan bench. Reverse-wise, and radiating out beyond its calm, we catch a glimpse of Strawberry Wobbler. She has her head buried in both hands and seems to be weeping copiously. Let it be... given the absence of Cordelia's breath on an exposed glass, held in Lear's hand, and helpless afore Edmund.

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Further afield, and in Strawberry Wobbler's fancy, another parallel diet festers to an end. Listen to my clarion or Arthur Rank's drummer! Since the shaft - or Spear of Longinius enters a saurian hide, in the manner of one of Michelangelo's later or unfinished pieces. In this statuary, and in a way that vaguely touches on Elisabeth Frink, such a loadstar seeks to emerge from its womb... albeit one that floats in space. A wrestling occurs and two green arms open before sublimity. Might this be the consequence of limited blue squares themselves adopting a rapid eye movement, in accordance with a mercury thermometer, and even in daylight? Yessss, one opens one's limbs so as to release an inner Agon or discordance. Surely it betokens the opposite of Stockhausen's *Light*, an anti-opera? For, like Attis on the pine, Christ atop a cedar or Odin abreast of an ash, the saviour breaks out from a macquette at Liverpool cathedral. Soon we notice that the Green Man submits to pressure or articulates a loop – one which bursts from a Scarecrow's hand. Didn't Wyndham Lewis, in the Apes of God, label it *death-the-drummer*?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-ONE: (121)

He told how murders walk the earth Beneath the curse of Cain

--- Thomas Hood

Somewhat needlessly, the Scarecrow (Beady Eyed Tremblake) decides to rescue a girl from Fate's maw. Yes again, in that moment of resolve a lasting emanation occurs, and it doubles back on itself like Jerzy Kosinski's Pin-Ball. Touché! In any event, and at this very instant, our rag-man sends a spirit or loa abroad, et it proves to be Strawberry Wobbler's... albeit in an adult gaze. Can a mystical scarecrow - or evidence of some divinity against decay - control these Elementals at will? (Especially if they relate to his wife's later anima). Against this, a wasteground or tundra spares its access, and on the other side of one crater a child lies prone. It proves to be the familiar – or Brown Jenkin manqué – of Dramabu, a veritable lion's son. He/ 'it', most definitely, skulks around at the back of a wrestling pitch... one that's been sanctified by the sprinkling of salt (hitherto). Avaunt this, Chap Rusk (Roughage) adopts the mantra of so many finds – and it has to do with a polystyrene coat-tail, worn about the midriff, or illustrating a skeleton. Them bones; them bones (in the old Rag-time zeal) they're besported with a dispassionate ukase... the latter worthy of J.G. Ballard's The Drowned World. Dramabu comes across as momentarily hunched or somewhat of a crawler - rather like Lon Chaney or Charles Laughton in Victor Hugo's part. Doesn't Quasimodo, in the mind's eye, circle like green protoplasm in a device that resembles a spinning dryer? Let it rest apace: since a few zombies stare away using an ominous silence or a Brillo-pad envy. While above our infant – and with a great knife – stood a Mummy, the multiple-bandaged answer to Anne Rice. His name is Boo Wilson and he towers over proceedings. He affects a graven aspect, looks eight-foot tall and wrestles with a sinuous grasp. It seems to implement a cross betwixt Leni Riefenstahl's

Olympia and the disabled or 'special' games. Not half... quod the cleaver gleams in a raddled sun, as Wobbler's esprit des corps leaps between two nodal points on a broken circuit. You see, and superintended by a stick-man, it hopes to defeat Gresham's law by driving out the bad using its converse. Does a transmigration await (?), even if from adult to child...

With crimson clouds afore their eyes
And flames a'girt the brain

--- Thomas Hood

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-TWO: (122)

Meanwhile, and back in a mansion of many parts, our gaze flits to another flat or apartment. It belongs to Human Toast or Dog-Eared Spittoon, insofar as these two entities share the same space. Could it even be a matter of co-ordinates? Let's guess again, my friends, since his pyromania lights up slabs of colour between distaff eddies – and these seem to click back and forth, diachronically. Needless to say, an in-betweener festoons this darkness or Grimoire. And he tips up the flame in his cigarette lighter in order to stare at an effulgence - even the profound burning of a thousand haystacks. At such a gesture agin' Seneca's *Thyestes*, we notice his distended retina or orb, and it looks out at a spectrum of gas-jets walking towards one. Now and again, though, a silence intrudes into a Wickerman's entertainment... doesn't it testify to an eldritch smudge? Again, these vats or reservoirs are over-turned, so as to illumine a distant radiance which sees a Guy Fawkes broiling at their heart. It disappears within a holocaust of flame or such a sacrifice – if given over to the Moloch of these better days. Moreover, and akin to a mattoid's dreams, a likely pressure on this void assesses its circumference. For the moon stares down via opaque glass, at once heavily mullioned, and occasionally it suits a face held in blue. It is Janus-sided, (you see), or half carved out of identity's rim; and it betokens a Louisiana half-face. Might this add to the range of freaks, misfits, outsiders, apaches et al who gather in

our incendiary's mind? And his scarred mask – when appended to the red – partakes of Lombroso's *Criminal Man*. Also, it registers two friends in a schizoid delusion; one was a clown; the other an ebon head or Raglan's balaclava. This indicates the wearing of a hood – to black out the eyes – even within a skimask. Could it refuse to apportion blame between two split-personalities, Dog-Eared Spittoon and Human Toast?

For blood has left upon each soul Its ever-lasting stain.

--- Thomas Hood

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-THREE: (123)

Whereas – if we return to Stonehenge on Wiltshire's peat – then the Furies are gathering roundabout. Didn't Ezra Pound declare Wyndham Lewis to be pursued by these wrathful muses? In our three-act drama, perforce, a Scarecrow waves his tatty fist at a sprite, and this is a bogle which pirouettes above. A lurid sun intervenes and its spiral bids a taut frame, if only to provide a white dwarf from collapsing. Whilst – next to an alabaster pitch – Strawberry Wobbler weeps with a head in her hands. Doesn't the following exchange take place?

Beady Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow): "Curse thee, demon! For no Manichean sub-text can allow this offering. Your presence tries to teach dualism in its putrescence, but, in actuality, one codex deserves the other's mortification. It subscribes to its pathway away from the light---."

Cranium Biter (Dye)/Dramabu/Chap Rusk (Roughage): "By no means, my answer to a haunted vagrant in the dark! *Quod*, in order to hide such parchments, we must fillet the flesh off these bones. A murrain upon these feuds unless they lead to evolution... dost thou impart a new remembrance? Can't you summon up an expectancy; the like of which sees a rag-man lose Longinius' Spear. It breaks under some compulsion; or mayhap

its embrace. The shaft then occludes its severance and it flees backwards in a green musculature, or by dint of some pounding limbs. These then swirl, whisk or blow onwards – like a fluttering whirl-wind – so as to catapult it into a world of shattered glass. Whereupon such serried squares, in sapphire, explode in the manner of cosmic flares... and each shard carries with it a deconstructive aplomb."

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "It signals a lizard-man's death."

Cranium Biter: "So you say!"

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-FOUR: (124)

Above all else, a spectral form enters into Boo Wilson's skeleton, and it peers over as a blue-rinsed ghost or spleen. Doubtlessly, the spirit pertains to a thousand tatty-bogles – and it kindles a risen *anima* from Strawberry Wobbler. Its deportment happens to be frozen, unconstrained, chthonian, idealised and sapphire tinted. May this spook look to Josef Thorak's sculpture? Any guide-posts are certainly maturing, as the Mummy's knife heads down towards the child. A tulwar (or a rare Eastern dagger with an ivory hilt) seems to be the weapon of choice... and it moves parabolically or in an arc. Woe betide any who seek to stay its bloody descent!

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Further afield, Boo Wilson notices an impediment of forgotten silver, and it looks out at the world via some lead-lined windows. It frames the compact of a moon; the glistening disc of which travels microscopically within a halo of ultramarine. Forsooth, he holds up his bandaged arms in complacent ecstasy, and at the room's far end a castle made from playing cards is observed. They embody a fragile unity; insofar as the sun streaks amid their poster-paint tints of red-and-blue. Surely this gives lustre to Waddington's pyramid?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-FIVE: (125)

What has Queen Rat been up to? Well, she stares up at a transfixed Madonna within her room, and it draws attention to itself (unostentatiously). Begorrah, doesn't its arrival hint at Mel Gibson's Edge of Darkness? On any slate, the observant note many items – one of which is a hand-print on wood. It seems to render physical, even bark-like, an impress of the crone's face – at once lined, criss-crossed, spent, zig-zagging or Geologic. Further, a photograph of her is spied in a niche or hide-away... might it embody, as a very young woman, a picture of Strawberry Wobbler? Whatever can the ol' trout be thinking of? One's never entirely sure... yet her son stands at the bottom of some carpeted stairs. They are white-washed, flaxen or reminiscent of a 'Forties musical – perhaps one of those arching stairwells in a hotel. He ascends these stone levels gingerly holding a tray, and a few rudimentary foods were collected on it. They travelled on two cylindrical plates. Whilst the boy in question was either five or six years of age, and his identity could be manifold... but perhaps it's a childish Chap Rusk (Roughage). Moreover, the manse within which he conveys these vitals proves lighter, more expansive and open to drenched portals. You can observe its mesmerising drift o'er its lintels; what with a testimony to brick and heavy, Victorian windows. Surely now, it must be a less dismal version of the House on Headtaker's, Satan's hill or Briar's Copse? Oh yes... The child knocks afore entry and approaches the recliner avec his fuel. Whereupon Queen Rat (for her part) lies propped up on a restive divan – it consists of a dimpled cushion (even the merest equivalent of a velvet bay). This boy, Chap Rusk's, shadow rises up the bed in a mock-silhouette... and finds itself refracted a la a prism on a purple hanging. He insistently asks her whether she has eaten during the last four hours or not, but all she has eyes for are the jigsaw pieces spread across the bedding. To be sure: this jagged or fractured image is a cross betwixt super-realist painting and abstraction. Queen Rat pores over it, yet the image testifies to the

eyes' resilience – in that it's Caravaggio's *Giuditta che taglia la teste a Oloferne* (1597-1600) as a cut-up by Byron Gysin.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-SIX: (126)

Most perpendicularly - and at Stonehenge's bounty - the following drama ensues. A few moments ago (my masters) a scarecrow has berated a demon – namely, Cranium Biter (Dye). Had our stick-man sought out a new visage, if only to slash it down later on? Likewise, words passed aslant lips of busted clay, even those rattling bones on iron bed-steads... the latter contained in M.R. James' stories. (Those ditties of Absalom necessitate growth, in other words. Whilst the topos of Arthur Machen, William Hope Hodgson, Basil Copper, Oliver Onions and William F. Harvey all meld - within tissues o' fire!) Certainly, and in response to Beady Eyed Tremblake's words, a bolt of lightning zig-zags down from Heaven. It comes as an onrushing fireball or human torch, and such sheets cap energy or offer up a superfluity. No-one knows why one of Zeus' barbs strikes now, but a condenser cell tips out o'er the trickster or devil. It convulses each reptilian limb – contained, as it is, within imaginary lapis lazuli. And Cranium Biter, masked as Dramabu or Chap Rusk, undergoes the electrocution of a thousand names... Understandably, the inner cranium was seen outside of some Blue, and it passes out a current that's astride of a rictus... the former composed from bone. Above all, a skeletal ridge seethes with voltaic juices – and it's arguably in the form of an electronic rain. Most especially, if this auto-da-fe accords with those wires which hang down from the ceiling... in order to establish a delicacy, a Turneresque swirl, or the texture of coarsely milled paper. It's artistic in its presentation of watercolour, washes or chalk - don't you know? To think of this, a crude electrical cell exists afore you and various nodal points, covered in paint, hum or buzz on its vertices. These whisper the following: a cosmic death has occurred via a shower of electrons... Yet, as a vigorous response, our Scarecrow protects Strawberry Wobbler with his arms – while Cranium Biter goes

up in flames like a rag-doll. He's immolated after a Guy Fawkes' fashion. "NNNNOOOO", its saurian croak registers in alarm. Won't it be over soon?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-SEVEN: (127)

Via one purport in five, the dagger stops in its downward plunge. Above all, a talismanic offering or fire surrounds its blade, and it waxes beryl-like in its philtre. Heed it not, my children! Since the hands are stayed --- in a necessary hammer-blow --- that's redolent of dwarves working at a smithy. This non-Odinic example of the Three Graces grows apace, and it's stilled or expires short. Again, the infant's serene face (fast asleep) looks up at an arrested poniard... and might this weather-vane have to do with Strawberry Wobbler? Remember: her spirit (or throwforward) has claimed Boo Wilson's heart; at least enough to halt a Mummy's lustmorden. Further to our point, an imbroglio of bandages (or cerecloth extras) has shambled to the conclusion of a middling gait... thence to shudderingly slow. Given this perplexity, Dramabu utters an urgent appeal, and his limbs are spread-eagled in a pitiless arc or tic. He represents, at such an instant, a hominid in a skeleton-suit who's come to life as death's lord or loa. Whereupon we note that his cranium is white, skulllike or calcified in milk – while the body wears about it Gray's Anatomy or von Hagens' plastinates. (Heed it, a skeleton-man fires a machine-gun on the cover of an A5 chapbook. It's drawn from memory and suits a DC Thompson comic... or childhood reverie. Put it down.) All of a sudden, Dramabu calls out in a shrill or blunt witness:~

"Clear the advantage of your blunted souls. The knife of ingratitude must not be stayed from such infantile flesh. Play it again, my killing fields of yore, in that no-one may sacrifice a tendentious gloat. It does not counsel a supreme exercise in despair – nor can one deny a Gnostic speculation. For, as in Dennis Wheatley's romances, the devil or Sammael controls the earth from a vantage-point of Hell... and Wyndham Lewis'

interpretation of the divine, in *The Human Age*, exists afar off. Let *The Devil Ride Out*, in other words – and do not stint vengeance's fingers! My step-son in gore, Boo Wilson, unpackages a sarcophagus' witness or boon, and leverages out one's blood-'n'-bone! Forget to desist yonder blade, carven like a jade axe from Kent a mere six thousand years ago... Slay the mite with its sanctification or steel, I command you! *Quod* no entity, as Jane Carlyle once averred, can stop speaking in tongues – if confronting a Thermidorean reaction".

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The *sabretache*less dagger still refuses to move.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-EIGHT: (128)

Askance of all else, one witnesses a return to the house on Headtaker's hill It limits its obedience to silence – never mind its onslaught. And the Scarecrow, Beady Eyed Tremblake, sits alone amid files or papers... all of which relate to an investigation o'er murdered toys. Do they embody the cut-up origins of so many teddy-bears in gas-masks, dough-boys, titanium wonders or jack-in-the-boxes? Between them, they evince the possibility of a smiling zeal - just as pink melons climb up a nursery's walls. To one side of our ragamuffin, a plasma screen blared away on a neighbouring mural, and it depicts a Latino soap-opera... You know, it's one of those popular dramas that's loud, Tabasco-like, over-the-top, lurid or Fuseli-(ish). Mightn't it be the expectation of a lourdaud or farouche? Against this, two figures were grasping each other in a clinch – or a romantic tryst a la Mills & Boon. One figure is quite clearly Beady Eyed Tremblake minus a stick-man's costume; the other was Strawberry Wobbler. She's presented glamorously and happens to be wearing a little black-dress. The hackneyed dialogue runs as follows:

Beady-Eyed Tremblake: "The worst has yet to be, Strawberry, in that Cranium Biter (Dye's) forbidden our love. It's like mechanised mince-meat in some tram-lines..."

Strawberry Wobbler: "Why, oh why, Beady, tell me more; let me in on vice's secret. Yes---".

Beady-Eyed: "It's due to the fact that you're an android, Wobbler!"

Strawberry: "AAAAHHHHH!" [she screams].

Then she runs away down various ducts, pressure-hoses or ramps; the latter looming up as le Corbusier's imps. Don't they go on forever, if demarcated by arrows, and burrowing deep into Briar's Copse? Or can it be Satan's Hill? In any event, a toy plastic beetle – whether reminiscent of Richard Marsh or a boy's 'nasty' – tumbles out of a closet. It momentarily stuns Strawberry Wobbler and knocks her to the ground... although a scarab signifies rebirth.

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The television has been turned off, however, by the time a genuine damsel enters one's abode. It's Strawberry Wobbler.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-NINE: (129)

Way out of harm's way at Stonehenge, on Wiltshire's grassy mounds, a lightning burst has struck down Cranium Biter (Dye). It inundated him with a violent apparition – the former coursing around his physique like a Vorticist image. By this principle, it seethed, ran through aught, sparkled or coruscated... and its galvanic agency felled a daemon *la bas*. With a scream or misapprehension – Cranium Biter was hurled towards a plinth, the latter beneath his feet. An Etruscan look-alike (it proved to be); whereupon his corse rested via some invertebrate steam. A cloud of gas surrounded the body's broil or let loose a mephitic ease. Moreover, the backdrop to his whelp or sacrifice envelops its legend – in that the surplice has burnt off. Do you rekindle Lewis' *The Monk* out of habit? Anyway, in expiration four faces have collapsed into one: the first is the ghoul's; the second Dramabu's skull; the third a rubbery mask to keep mortality at

bay; the fourth was Chap Rusk (Roughage). His semblance seems to be human or *Homo Sapien* – demonstrably so. Yet, in actuality, it initially formed a spheroid or perfect oval; with just the eyes, mouth or eyes. These appeared to be blurred or pink lines, albeit in parallel, and on a yellow billiard ball. Neither Beady Eyed Tremblake nor Strawberry Wobbler bothered to check whether, after a lull, Chap Rusk's features return. Also, an attendant mist or sea fret – even at some distance in land – seeps around such megaliths. Doesn't it enliven a post-vampirism... should Dion Fortune's abstract kind come a'begging? Against its coils one suggests some vapour, a trail of smoke, mizzen, brackish incense or a Whitby haze. Almost imperceptibly, a Scarecrow intertwines his gloved fingers with those of Strawberry Wobbler. May one detect their corn-dolly's fix (?); given an origin in mustard(y) straw.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY: (130)

To re-cap: we've noticed that Dramabu is attempting to sacrifice a child to the *loa* or spirit of death. Furthermore, an instant of transgression occurs at this speed, and a grey lantern or sweep surrounds its proscenium arch. Again, the Scarecrow stands in Dramabu's field of vision – albeit like one of those telescopes on Brighton's sands. He has a tattered hat, a dusty scarf, hay-rick feet, a burst waist-coat, and the manner of one of Thomas Hardy's yokels. Each stringy arm was momentarily folded over the other one. Do you spy yonder carrion on our stage? Why, Dramabu waxes beside his skeletal self, even as an undertone to Macbeth's soliloquies. 'Wwwwwwhhhhhhhaat!', he shouts aloud. 'How can you have returned to torment me, Guy Fawkes?' In saying this, our cranial lurcher swivels his skull to the side, and it violently slants one way after a doll's-eye. Might it reallocate one of those marbles in the sluice-gates of a Victorian doll? Certainly, Dramabu's visage indicates a cretinous spasm, commodity, yawn or catalepsy. It may even go so far as to lead the side-cars in a fun fair, possibly a freak show, which travelled from town to town in the dawn days. Doesn't one reminisce

about those pump-action devices (?); let alone steam turbines, engines, dials or graves. Many a machine (also) featured a monkey on stilts – held aloft on a metal stick – and liable to revolve like a jack-in-apes. Both Beady Eyed Tremblake and Dramabu dwelt on a penny in the slot that earnt oblivion... didn't it provide an escapist vehicle? (Note: it's only the Doctor Fredric Werthams of this world, in his *Seduction of the Innocent*, who misunderstand it).

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Nonetheless, Dramabu's mind's-eye flicked up to reveal a Lycra figure, on a pole, and yet running in order to get nowhere. It senses a mutability as it scorches down a corridor – if only to cascade in a livid glow. This chooses to reflect our athlete on a glassy floor, and it shimmers, translucently, as Chap Rusk (Roughage). He's naked from the waist and wears a laurel wreath... but, in the background, a Scarecrow makes hay using a gigantic scythe. And the rag-man was a mystagogue of peace – even in frenzy, as he threshes or thrashes down a wheat-field. It consists of nothing save heads on stalks that wax black in the sun. Are they skulls instead? Briefly, and without circumspection, Dramabu knows the meaning of these love-machines in an Essex boudoir

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-ONE: (131)

We make a brief return to the manse on Satan's Hill (therein)... and Strawberry Wobbler enters. She is stark naked or otherwise resplendent in flesh, and an alabaster coolness fixes a limit. Yet, au contraire, might it signal the opposite or a heat beyond starvation? It's bound to know about slender amplitudes, even the apostrophe to such golden globes. Further, an invisible tambourine exists in a gloved mitten... or one that's likewise covered in sequins. Could these denote a cascade of gems, like a water-fall, when seen in Seurat's light? Surely, this embodies the following: beryl, amethyst, cornelian, ormolu, ruby, sapphire, emerald, carnelian, onyx, lapis lazuli, mother of pearl, topaz, cat's-eye, zirconium, a diamond in the rough, platinum, nacreous

dots, jade, polished silver and gold (rolled). Similarly, her dulcet form entreats or bears witness – especially in silhouette. And Strawberry Wobbler intones a bikinied effigy, spot-lighted and tanned, that writhes on inlaid marble. It possesses a green sheen or tinge, as well as a connexion to gold chains around her wrists and ankles. These were eminently breakable.

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Whereas the Scarecrow or Beady Eyed Tremblake – for his part - refuses to be drawn. In imagination, the crow-marker gazes into an inner space or duct - namely, one which is concentrated on Thanatos more than Eros. It delineates the cover of Iain Sinclair's Whitechapel, Scarlet Tracings by Richard Parent. May it be an example of Scottish expressionism late in the day? Wherein a deep red, such as an identikit crimson, covers over the pullulations of dead women. Many of them are buried under towers or bridges, in a manner reminiscent of child art. (A tendency which owes much to Hans Prinzhorn's The Art of the Insane or Dubuffet's Art Brut). Needless to say, a ribbed mastiff howls at the moon, at once gibbous in a bloody sky... whilst in the centre stands a witch-finder general. He personifies an imaginary text such as Eckermann's Voodooism and the Negroid Religions. What does a fantasy version of Cranium Biter (Dye) look like? Why, it has to do with a war-painted or tribal *coda*, as evinced by Spenser St. John or Fennimore Cooper. Let it ride out on a skeletal horse; and the leanness of this supple body, after an artist's manikin, glistens in an ochre'd pallor under a gory moon. Isn't it blood-speckled atop a Mephisto's stethoscope?

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Beady Eyed Tremblake, our tatterdemalion of Paul Nash's fields, continues to dwell on this vista. He/'it' seems oblivious to what Moss Side would call a *blue moon*.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-TWO: (132)

Let us return to Stonehenge, though, for a final time... and this has to do with a priceless *denouement*. In a moment's jobbery, the twin figures of a Scarecrow (Beady Eyed Tremblake) and Strawberry Wobbler walk into some rain. It falls or capers with a minor *frisson*, and hulking stones stand to be revealed at a crypt's back. Doesn't it haunt such procedures or disregard them? Yes again, these megaliths limn against the gloom and shine, as well as festooning arts as various as Arps, Moores or Hepworths. Our two figures cater to Tiresius' beat – where, in the wasteland of Thebes, the blind prophesy o'er a looming darkness. Whilst, at a dais' centre, a naked corse lies on a blunt pedestal, and it shines like the cupola of so much loss. Various flames flicker and gust across the pinnacle... in a manner that accords with a death of the School of Economic Science.

Strawberry Wobbler: "Did we fail him?"

Beady Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow): "Not in the slightest, Strawberry, since his dualism suffers from an imminent defeat. It's always necessary, when dealing with the Manichean, to go right to the flux. Or is it lux/crux? In any event, the refusal to combine constructive and destructive strains in one quilt necessitates awe. It will embrace defeat – somewhat necessarily. You see, Anton LaVey's *Satanist Bible* cannot prosper unless it is connected to Thomas Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. Above all, the nude are in no fit state to advance a philosophy of clothes".

His companion, Strawberry Wobbler, doesn't reply to his eloquence, as one trajectory closes its red doors. Thus, an inner landscape or furrow – belonging to Tremblake and Chap Rusk – falls sheer. Isn't it our imagination; or has the precipitation ceased at one in the morning?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-THREE: (133)

Regardless of a longueur, the battle between Beady Eyed Tremblake, Dramabu and Boo Wilson continues. For, once upon a time, a Mummy bends down or stoops low – primarily so as to garner one's aim. In advance of which, the poniard flashes athwart a desert; and it besports an ivory handle. (Note: this affidavit, drawn from a pulpster's tale by Robert E. Howard, shoots like an arrow). It traverses the loam in double-time – albeit within a basin of parched grass that apes sand. Dramabu, for his token, stands at a circumference's margin; if only to be stilled in his skeleton costume. Isn't there, when one dwells upon it, a touch of Truman Capote's Breakfast at Tiffany's here? Never mind: since the witch-doctor's stick twitches in a mitten, and it articulates a goat's head on Acid. Or at least, it's by way of a ferrule! Next to this death's cargo, however, one observes a dissolute companion, Beady Eyed Tremblake. He – convulsed by lud heat – looks across at Boo Wilson; and the one is bandaged, hoary, tissue-thin or minimal. While the other contrives to be M.R. James-like; hatted, village-fete smitten, moth-eaten, bitten, arbitrary and bucolic. It [the Scarecrow] elucidates a sadic or rural cast worthy of T.F. Powys' Mister Weston's Good Wine.

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Yet, in Dramabu's inner conceit, a voodoo reality emerges afore him... and a lone runner pounds a corridor. Once again, his form emerges via a short-circuit --- and its atmosphere shades some pink into magenta. An observant eye catches a dissimulation (also), and it reflects a sapphire tinge on glass... or radials. Look out now: for a white globule or moon exists in a far distance, and it's segmented by squares. Do you itemise those mullioned windows in the house on Briar's Copse or Satan's hill? Still, two unknown figures converse in lumbago, and these were examples drawn from lucid dreaming. *Quod*, in Haitian voodoo, who is to specify the phantasies of those living corses: the Zombies? To speak sincerely, our twin figurines were a black-balaclava'd psychopath [minus a face] and a decadent clown. The former

must be Dramabu's negative side, namely Life; whilst the latter is a character who awaits an introduction: Tatum's Clown

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-FOUR: (134)

Via a Gothic manse on Headtaker's hill – wonder of wonders – a provocative Strawberry Wobbler leans on dust. She seems to abrogate some motes, even if they're contained within a mullion'd catch-penny. Let it ride out with a skeleton on a horse or rocking-chair; and it stands at the stairs' top amid haunts. Aren't you aware of one of those spooky stories by D.H. Lawrence? Necessarily so, since our *artiste* craves support, reperformance, a silhouette, music-hall numbers, and a flickering blue-light over the stage-door. It seeps out towards an amber coif; dedicated, as it is, to breasts, blandishments, formal perfection and split-skirts.

Beady Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow): "A deliberation upon toy-murder leaves one ill-disposed to *Eros...* never mind those precise Masonic infusions. These were garnered (between-times) from Iain Sinclair's occult text, *Lud Heat*. Similarly, this cut-up technique – involving toys – and spliced from William S. Burroughs' *Interzone...* why, it devastates children's' TV. Surely you can imagine a neutron bomb exploding on *Sesame Street* and eviscerating those Muppets? They are torn apart, destroyed, rendered dehiscent or discombobulated. Further, what nihilism takes steps to annihilate this *crèche* (?); given its multi-ethnic compost."

Strawberry Wobbler: "Don't you believe that love conquers all, in concert with the *Beatles*' anthem? Yes, a padded bra, solvent to red, or otherwise cupped with adoration... aren't these miasmic? Against it, the curvature of those thighs (as contained in J.G. Ballard's *Crash*) was bronzed or lissom. Mightn't frayed denim or serge capture its day (?); especially when hot-pants serve as a fixative. Listen to me, Beady-Eyed: the belt-buckle out front shines under artificial light, and it illuminates a zip... the

teeth of which are serrated emblems. They have begun to unpick or tease out an N-gauge track, given what exists inside. Can't you feel its downward pressure? Pant...pant!"

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-FIVE: (135)

Our Voodoo mystery or dramaturgy leers on, and it's like a toycar that drives into a skid. Must it always deal with a text that comports Animism – if only at one remove? (Most definitely, the animation of Lothrop Stoddard's Revolution in San Domingo comes to mind). For a sharp knife passes by Dramabu's costume or skeleton, and this ghost-train has an intake of breath. It – the blade hurled by Boo Wilson – almost pricks the outermost surfeit of Chap Rusk's sarcophagus. (Most abundantly, if this proves to be a living armour, you understand?) This dead-man walking is momentarily startled, and a crop of discontinuity watches his passage. Why does the Mummy, Boo Wilson, miss with his beamer or strike? None really knows, but it doubtlessly has to do avec his corse's weakness. Mummification – after all – must still the heart beat or lead to reduced blood pressure. Mightn't the young boy pharaoh, Tutankhamen, have died from malaria? In any event, the inner guidance of a Scarecrow's aim slacks off, or it seems insufficient... although Dramabu was momentarily stunned. It takes him an instant to respond.

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Now then, Dramabu must be caught dreaming at such an hour, and a stripling has to pound a corridor or its vaults. These reverberate with the patter of his feet; at once unshod, mesmeric, horse-like or hurdy-gurdy in aspect. Again, two figures affect consternation at his approach – and their forms are a black head plus a clown. Certainly, a tambourine at the circus is Tatum's imp; whereas an ebon mask (Clive Barker in a balaclava) litters a Scarecrow's brow. Isn't he describing Cranium Biter (Dye)? Moreover, the circus *artiste's* eye-brows are arched, even coruscated, and off-set by a darksome visage. All of this was set (regardless) against latticed windows of a deep blue; and such ultramarine contrasts with a spheroid moon. The Nubian runner,

clad in little more than a loin clout, may well incarnate Dog-Eared Spittoon or Human Toast. He shouts out or aloud: "the Scarecrow is destroying everything. He belabours it with an axe and casts around him like a doomsday. It's Ragnorak or the End of the Gods (with the world's best wishes…) AAAAAEEEEIIHH(!), in the child's nursery rhyme, everything falls down. It cannot hold!"

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-SIX: (136)

Avaunt thee, our Scarecrow and his consort are deep in conversation. It belabours its 'atomisation' under the sun.

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "What we can't understand is the motivation of those who lie behind the door. Yes indeed, a mad pitch might alight at this bloodied significance. I'm trying to carry on an investigation into the smashing up of toys (after all). Most assertively, a cuckoo clock bursts out abreast of its noise, and it chimes, whirrs or pops at Midnight's hour. Could it reimburse William F. Harvey's story S---o (?), where each figurine or dolls' house menagerie comes to grief. They are buried and burnt at a scraggy garden's end – something after the fact of L.P. Hartley's *The Go-Between*. And herein, a plastic blob bursts its bounds, only to become disconfigured or lacking in an eye adventure. Momentarily, springs out from physiognomy, and it latches onto a spring or some coiled wisp. Unanswerably, the destruction of homunculi (dolls) slides into a genocide or Shoah. It re-interprets, thereby, those 'politically correct' sculptures by the Chapman brothers... in the form of Airfix dolls or soldiers broiling in a pit. Likewise, this churning o' figurines – in their multiplicity – merges with Flemish art. Do not, in such circumstances, these manikins tip over, glide, flip, engage in radial downpours or slope down like scree? A geological term (this); it helps them to be buried amid a slurry or its hominid *residuum*. Finally, those loose cadavers are bound to rain tiny sticks o'er sulphurous pits! Quod an upturned dust-bin has been unfurled up ahead, and it traverses the air so as to

drown us in a thousand dreams. May it sprinkle around our domes sundry rubbish (?); or even a ponderous zoology... the like of which sees miniature humans as insects. They coalesce in swarms like *Drosophilae* or abundant fruit-fly. Perhaps Ernst Junger was right – when he suggests that it's all too easy to dismiss *Homo Stultus*. Most especially, if this occurs in a totalitarian text like *The Worker*..."

Strawberry Wobbler: "By way of an indirect response, what has your mother to do with all of this?" (A silence intervenes which is merely crossed by a yelping in the night-time; such as that made by lynxes, badgers, hyenas, foxes, coyotes, minks, stoats, weasels, wild cats or wolverines).

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-SEVEN: (137)

Meanwhile, our retinue of characters - Boo Wilson, Dramabu, Beady Eyed Tremblake, a tiny Strawberry Wobbler, the Zuvembies $et \, al$ – are still jousting. They make up their divisions at even-tide, even if they are to escape into new riches or wonders. Most adventurously, a fixed or static camera - when viewing these events from above – sees them via Syberberg's lens. What do we infer by this? Well, each character is reduced to an Airfix model or a Briton's toy-soldier, in that a wax-painted figurine has a green base. It was metallic in its resin or dye. In truth, a rag-man stands solemnly afoot, while alongside 'him' a Mummy veers off by forty degrees or so. Nor can this stop other developments, such as the Scarecrow's spirit, nimbus, Anima or loa. It leaves Boo Wilson and hurtles back to its owner; when, to one side, a childish version of Strawberry Wobbler's staked out. By contrast, Dramabu or Cranium Biter (Dye) exists in the foreground... and he wears a skeleton-suit. Don't forget, inter alia, that the persona of Chap Rusk (Roughage) exists 'neath the lot... as T.S. Eliot once remarked. Given this, our Death-lord holds aloft a vanishing magic[k] staff, and it glows, supernally, with or without a mystic charge. Whereupon, and immediately in front, a crowd of Zuvembies (Zombies) wander in a stupor...

since they are dead, keening, and yet alive. They hold their arms or fists up like fatal pugilists; and does one recall that both Conan Doyle and Bernard Shaw admired a *noble art*? Consequently, each of the corpse's sockets is empty or without retinal business. Nonetheless, their leader – the *hombre* in black who has a skeleton painted on his livery – recovers from a close shave. Surely we remember the Renaissance dagger which passed by? Anyway, our Death's-head or orb shouts: "Seize him! Bind him! Show him no mercy in his effrontery, my Zuvembies!" He is pointing at Beady Eyed Tremblake throughout.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-EIGHT: (138)

If we return to our manse, mon ami, then Strawberry Wobbler and Beady-Eyed Tremblake are hard at work. Indubitably, a young Scarecrow stares at blood over the paint, and it exists in terms of a scattered prize. Could it ennoble one of Jackson Pollack's early works such as Naked Man with Knife (1942)? Or, alternatively, might this hint at Patricia Highsmith's fascinating fascism – to adapt Susan Sontag? Tumultuously, straw mittens were held together afore a face; or in a mute aporia of prayer or renunciation. Again, the abiding colour for Tamurlane the Great by Christopher Marlowe is red, and it captures a crimson loss. An outreach of the damned (it veritably is) and Beady Eyed wanders in a house on Satan's hill. He wears a white shroud or the 'witness' of so many silences – and our rag-man attempts to feed on redemption. (Almost suddenly, we notice a scarlet marking o'er his hat, and it sifts the notation of Cage, Varese, Nono, Dollapicolo and Henze). Let it rest: since its abutment, amid a darksome quarter, finds an ally in a dog's shadow. May this be Cerberus who guards the underworld's entrance? But alternately, it's an American bulldog – a massive and lock-jaw breed that contains a vicious eddy, even if not built for fighting. Still and all, Beady Eyed Tremblake passes along in a diaphanous twitter, with a see-through form, and halo'd a la Michelangelo. Behind his aspect, a reddish panel or shutter feeds in... and all of this has been occasioned by the utterance of one

word. It had been spoken by Strawberry Wobbler; it read 'Mother'

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-NINE: (139)

Pursuant to our Battle Royal – the zuvembies move forward like caterpillars on acid and their advance is staggered. It manufactures many semblances or flibbertigibbets, and this rabble, in Poe's words, tilts aft. They are stiff-limbed, corseriven, agued, plaster boarded, immature, ripe and Comus donned. Won't this indicate a masque which seizes its day on those dusty plains? Furthermore, their bald, clammy heads evince a thousand billiard-balls; whilst their fungoid status relieves a Dalek's insides. (After all, every school-boy reminisces about a chapbook called *Planet of the Daleks* by Terence Dix). Similarly, six mountebanks or mugwumps were discernible, and their grievances involved an inverted painting... such as those by Georg Baselitz. On they came, devoid of aught save a target, and they cascaded like automata or freak shows. Quod the incunabula of a negative circus hint at an almanac – or a dark travelogue of in-breeding. This embroiders on Houdini (as explicated by H.P. Lovecraft), Archaos, Vermin from the Sewers in Catalan, von Hagens, Doc Madness, 'Mister Miracle' and the Circus of Horrors. Listen to our residue – why don't you (?); in that a phalanx of zombies steers towards Beady Eyed like a mist, and he grasps a stave in his right hand. Meanwhile, our carrion army stumbles to its goal, and its 'mechanisation' speaks to those funfairs of yesteryear. These were variants on Angela Carter's Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffmann, and they were penny-slot items that opened up new vistas. Each one of them - as an advantage – contained toy skeletons, moving monkeys, painted metal squares in grey & green, as well as gauze. Whereas we're most likely to find them in Essex or out in an abandoned Cabinet of Dr Caligari; the latter wilting under a glass box. All you had to do was press a penny and listen to the whirring clanks or buzzes, as this pre-Analog technology kicks in. It relies on a 'twenties fixative (you see); especially if Death winds up its

reflexes so as to act *a la* a cannon-ball. Yet, as George Romero's apes gather, one item becomes evident; and this must be the return of the Scarecrow's *loa* from Boo Wilson. It hovers on the very rim of inexistence... do you credit it? For Strawberry Wobbler's blue spirit curdles across this wasteland with a graven mouth. It's long and distended.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY: (140)

But, in all honesty, Beady Eyed Tremblake's inner drama dwells on a monstrous mother. She existed way back in his childhood and went by the name of Bob-cat Jenkin. For, across an age's truth, her son had been transformed into a Scarecrow out of sadness and martyrdom. Why so? Quod she insisted on making a bonfire or pyre out of his play-things – no matter how regularly. In turn, and from a psychiatrist's point of view, he found it difficult to 'enjoy' Strawberry Wobbler – by dint of an inability to project desire beyond a child's "idealism". This was due to an absence of toys or soldiers, and we must mention George Speaight's History of the Toy-Theatre in Britain (here). Moreover, this character took her name from the witch's familiar in H.P. Lovecraft's tales - by the name of Brown Jenkin. Doubtlessly though, this matriarch was a she-hulk or Grendel's mom; the like of which bulks large in an infant's glass. Certainly, her frame waxes massive, mock-Herculean, spendthrift, ragged and hag-like. It looms over a minor stick-man (also); in terms of a spent pedigree or Dorset ooser. (Note: the former proves to be a coven's relic from the West country; at once stylised in its Satanism. Might it intone some left-occultism after Jules Michelet's History of Witchcraft?) By any notion, Bob-cat Jenkin provides a teeming obesity or indent, and she hints at Will Self's the fat controller. Let it be – since an imaginary bi-polarity seeks an outlet which isn't there, and it discloses a wrestler called Big Mummy. (Wasn't there a 'seventies icon, an artiste or exponent of tag, even Greco-Roman bouts... called Big Daddy?) Somewhat nonchalantly, a teen rag-doll is prised within a mammoth grasp; only to escape its clutches by sleight of hand. In

such a scenario, then, the insects of a rare or holy madness fall – and they are the scarabs that lie undefeated in Bram Stoker's *The Jewel of the Seven Stars*. (Even Richard Marsh's *The Beetle* can lend a hand). And, in a welter of sighs, the nails of a new unforgiveness might matter, and they exist next to grey stone or under gauze. Whereas, adjacent to such expressive cloth, a slithering shadow (Beady Eyed) pronounces on destiny. "Is it over?", asks a sibilant Strawberry Wobbler.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-ONE: (141)

Against this touch, a phalanx of zombies foregather. They orate about a Skull-face and others, to use the title of fictions by Robert E. Howard, and their faces evince a mute pallor. Still, these misshapen 'squats' move forward - if only to add a delinquency to Lombroso's sense of steel. One is almost reminded, irrespective of belles lettres, about Conan Doyle's The Blanched Soldier... where a warrior on the veldt sleeps in a leper's bed. He does so inadvertently and awakes to a hazard's nightmare. Wasn't there a crazed homunculus or little man, with brown or leathery hands, who drags him off a pallet? All the while our malformation, avec a bloated head, babbles in Afrikaans. (Didn't Sir Arthur write the conflict's Official History from the British side?) In any event, this wrecking crew swivels in nonchalance, or limbers up to a parallel strangeness. They are definitely man-things – even swamps on the move – and their russet skins stand out amid mauve veins. The bodies are glabrous (needless to say); their clothes were rags; and their toothless mouths gaped under lidless eyes. (Each and every one of which lacked a pupil – as we might remark). Nonetheless, Beady Eyed Tremblake sends Strawberry Wobbler's spirit or *loa* abroad, and it shimmers transparently. It encodes a sapphire's whisper or gossamer, and the ghost comes relieved by a feminine mouth. (In overall effect, one of Steve Ditko's panels was achieved). Again, a Scarecrow's papier-mâché or graphite cranium, under a strawhat's boater, remains becalmed. Doesn't Farmer Jones' effigy stop dead-centre or in its tracks?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-TWO: (142)

As an aftermath of previous memories or lucidities, two characters converse. They were Strawberry Wobbler and Beady Eyed Tremblake. Let's look at this again: since a tonsured hoon or witch-doctor, in Richard Parent's imagination, sharpens his knives against the moon: and they're red-plus-yellow in pigment.

Strawberry Wobbler: "Behold! Where are the alms of forgiveness' ukase? *Quod* a Freudian pall hangs over your mother's *largesse*. It rats on its own deliberation (you see), if only to break up forgotten beacons or rusks. Quite clearly, this case of the broken or delinquent toys has capsized all else, and it's taken over your life. Might we evoke Otto Weininger's *Sex and Character*, since the volume flew off prior to a suicide?"

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "Are we free to define it as a pang or an indifferent squall?"

Strawberry Wobbler: "Not necessarily..."

Again and all, the phantasm or lucidity of Dramabu continues, and it grows like a cactus in Zane Grey's desert. Let it rip: and a Scarecrow is going berserk in some deluded gloom, and it capers to perfection amid pointillism. The axe or halberd rises and descends – much after an invitation to a Viking's funeral a la the Hebrides. A medley of pipes or units, many of them up in the ceiling, collapse or were brought down. Moreover, the clothman's shadow traverses gateways between life and death. An instrument of frenzy – itself covered with chips or paint-dust – knocks out a window-pane. It happens to be an axe. It recognises its sides and snaps off small particles of wood-block... never mind marble. Most appreciably, a dullish grey-to-green pallor fills the space, and it transfixes a weapon's arc as it falls. Do you notice any levitation? For, all of a sudden, our double-headed ax(e) was thrown down and cascaded across the floor. A reddish or bloody tinge clings to its sheen; the likelihood of which forces a comparison... in that it comes to rest atop two feet. In all honesty, neither of them is harmed or torn, but two high-strapped shoes are worn in Chap Rusk (Roughage's) fancy. Furthermore, they belong to Strawberry Wobbler, and she stares down nonchalantly at a Visigoth's mantle (or weapon) hurled afore her. She knows that a halbert rests adjacent to one's toes; yet all a girl can do is to raise an eye-brow. Don't you realise whether the gesture's arch or not? Strawberry Wobbler waits for a Scarecrow's speech – as if such an utterance will stain Beckett's silence. (Note: Theodore Adorno dedicated *Aesthetic Theory* to Samuel Beckett, even though one of his effigies drags a tool across the stones. It labours to articulate one farmyard sound, do you hear?)

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-THREE: (143)

Abreast of plenty, a scene in a charnel house with Zuvembies portends. Now then, this comus rout or Wrecking crew edges closer, and they deliberate without anxiety... given their corpsedom. A grease-paint clings to them and it enjoins Justice inc(.), a face's plasticity or travelogue, together avec a rubberman's spin. Could such unction please a clown's sadness (?), as he sits alone. Nor are we oblivious to those bulbs around the mirror... yet a Scarecrow intends to give battle. He holds up a wooden stave like a primordial hero; if only to batten on rotting tongues without heed. Likewise, the rag-man's back is arched, curved, expectant, athletic and percussive – all of it in relation to Leni Riefenstahl's *Olympia*. Still, a swirl exists in the sky above, and the chiaroscuro of its dye favours unborn worlds. May they encode those alternate dimensions in a Steve Ditko panel? Or, by chance, shall they cater to the Outsider art of Louden, McQuirk, Willsher or Morey? Let's speak easy now: since Strawberry Wobbler's spirit or anima risks the fray. It proves to be diaphanous and azure - as well as obscure. Slowly, oh so slowly... this *loa* descends on one particular shambler who's distinctive. What can such a hulking corse really address? Well, our coffer without walls has thrown out an offerant... after a fashion. Doesn't it streak across literary generations (?); and relive, in its decomposition, passages from Henri Barbusse's *L'Enfer (Hell)*. Needless to say, these brigands ramp around like a negative *Captain Pugwash*. Whilst a good five of them, all told, gibber or twist; and they besport an Ensor painting replete with masks. One howls – at once ovoid or becalmed – while another raises a limb in mute surrender. Isn't it the loneliness of post-vampirism (?); as in Richard Matheson's *I am Legend*. By any account, these crustaceans refuse any pity whatsoever... and their shamelessness redeems them.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-FOUR: (144)

In the house on Headtaker's hill, however, two figures put down flak or level up Brian Clemens' verve. They are Strawberry Wobbler and Beady Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow). Whereupon a dun-coloured ochre or semblance hints at the room, and it defies a Renaissance painting by Giotto. Might one brown study lead to a smouldering taper too far? Its blatancy notates a caustic soda.

Strawberry Wobbler: "Let's be clear now! The axe has landed at my feet in a secluded chamber... the like of which numbs its transference. Wherein a grey period sublimates gloom or gore, and you speak to me. 'I have freed you from a partial perspective', you announce, 'and all you need to do is to crawl out of one pit towards Armageddon. For, in Umberto Eco's novel The Name of the Rose, the sounding of the last trumpet leads to a final collapse – in accord with the Revelations of St. John the Divine. Don't you determine these sunderings? As a result, you may lift up a fragranced mitten and waft it about'. To which I reply, 'won't you play a board game with us? It involves a fine jigsaw in a battered old cardboard box'. [I hold it up to the light so you can look at it]. 'The piece is a deft series or set that consists of a classic painting, namely Caravaggio's Giuditta che taglia la testa a Oloferne... Furthermore, our pillar of 'political incorrectness' embraces deconstruction or a naming of parts – hence the division of the image into a hundred shards. Again, an immediacy – which is attendant on beheading – stands around us, and we see the mute female slayer, the old crone and a bloodied Samson. Can't you participate in our tourney or are you afraid of intimacy?' 'Not exactly', you demur. 'Hasn't your namesake come to claim back the severed head; or, by Jingo, shall we contrive to end your misery *tout court*? Anything else is fictitious – even in its plague, sickness, ague, latent catalepsy or drooling madness. What did you mean by an unsanctimonious love (?), if it's not to treat of decapitation as a cipher for fellatio. Unanswerably then, to complete a jigsaw is to blow out the lights on *Saw 4*, a film for adolescents in relation to a serrated face, even at meal-times'."

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "Have you finished, cheri?"

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-FIVE: (145)

Meanwhile, a Scarecrow gets ready to repel all borders on a cover drawn from the pulp magazines. Isn't it reminiscent of the series known as *Doc Savage*? By any damage, our hay-rick man stands alone and in a way that's prepared to resist Frank Miller's 300. He brandishes a wooden javelin or pile in one hand, as if to contribute to a jousting tournament, Scott's Ivanhoe or Lancelot in Malory. Look again: since the Zuvembies come on two by two - at once ill-fated and weary, or like stick-insects. Above all, their number squats down upon the ground, as if to wrest massiveness from Romero's rushes. Each and every one of them, in these circumstances, paws the loam without fitfulness or awe. Whereas their lidless sockets reflect an absent sun, so as to enliven a man-thing's corse – no matter how lividly. Surely the mountebanks of old have to step aside (?); at least as regards this Grimoire or its music hall logic. Never mind all else: quod these charnel housers are fractures, iotas, speeding electrons, dead beats or denizens of Kathy Acker's Algiers. Against this, our beatniks cancel out their shadows or silhouettes - rather after a sinister mage in Dennis Wheatley's The Devil Rides Out. Let's

foreground such a problem, why don't you? For the zombies' mouths gape, toothlessly, over absent gruel; and they become studies in tissue-paper, *kitsch*, wanton indulgence or rheum. Most certainly, any colour scheme involves yellow, pink-to-purple, ultramarine and a suffused flesh tone. Closer and closer our brood edges – may it disclose an Ollendorffian beggarhood? It, a collective or compress o' the living-dead, forms Nature's redoubt agin' decay – even as 'they' exemplify it. No doubt their flabby or glabrous hides are green, fungoid, Spanish-moss laden, tensile, ropey or fibrous. Likewise, a hint of a demoniacal or Cheshire cat grin flourishes in a toothy gob... *a la* the 'confidence man' in Herman Melville's last novel. Quite unexpectedly, a cry rings out in this glade of emerald or dankness, and it calls a halt. 'STOP!', it booms out imperiously. Beady Eyed Tremblake can only react positively, if we acknowledge who it is. It has to be Boo Wilson.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-SIX: (146)

Now then, our characters recognise each other's existence... yet only sparingly. Quod both Beady Eyed Tremblake Strawberry Wobbler have fallen silent. They subsist in a brown study or disclosure, and perhaps one takes a leaf from James Hinton's book on pain. Most forcibly – and as a homage to the above – they communicate without words. First of all, there is an attempt to complete a jigsaw of sundry pieces, and it's drawn from Caravaggio's picture. Can't one salutary grasp be thrown or twisted, so as to be cast from hand-to-hand? For, in a manner that's not completely discernible amid misty dreams, Dog-Eared Spittoon or Human Toast has joined them. Do you remember that half of his visage is eaten away, spendthrift, liable to segregate a lion, or brandish a gargoyle? Above all else, it differentiates the target over so many lunar phases, and these find their contrast in mullion'd windows. They were light blue or heavy (to shallow) in their spectroscopic analysis... let it be seen! Since the bottom of the jar's aspect, when concave in *lieu*, seems to refract the sun in a gloomy way. Our Louisiana half-face glowers down at an irregular piece of jigsaw; at once gym-crack, paste-board, balsa and painted over... Doesn't it cheat the parsimony of the whole? By any reckoning, our schizoid runner tosses up the fatal piece, so as to transfix it in an Osram bulb's glow or halo. Nought was left to chance (you see) as the final item fitted in, albeit to 'liberate' the maiden who cut off a head in Caravaggio's diction. (Note: we are not even going to concern ourselves with Derek Jarman's version in Latin). As Dog-Eared Spittoon or Human Toast, a pyromaniac, tried to fit the final visualisation in place... why, a nude and a Scarecrow gaze on! Aren't they waiting for aught? Presumably, this relates to Caravaggio's vision of a maiden (distaff), the blade, some rustled linen, and a crone who opens wide the sack.

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Strawberry Wobbler knows (residually) that decapitation waxes subliminal about two items: castration and fellatio.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-SEVEN: (147)

Again, my fellows, a dramaturgy cascades on a Haitian plane. Where did we leave it last? Ah, I recall, the smoky discharge of this raiment's left the tent... and amid such swirling eddies or mists a voice barks out. It sounds like the watchman who commences *Macbeth's* second act – yet withal, a clean tincture summons it. Did Hugh MacDiarmid, the Scots English or Lellands poet, not essay it: (?)

Shades o(') the Sun-king no(') yet risen Are sleepin(') in a corner on the straw.

Still, the Mummy's voice proves to be clear and strong, even if residually reduced to a croak. Whereas his features were visceral, alive-o (albeit in death), ribbed, frayed, unbuttoned, semi-skeletal and wizened. The jaw hung limply and either socket was without a pupil, as he sought to articulate the deftness of a hanging jar. By any misadventure, a bandaged physiognomy clings to abstract modernism – possibly the hint of nostrils, a snout or some teeth. All of it is caught out by lintel which examines spare capacity, in

terms of a cranium, and that's drawn from a surgeon's museum. (Note: the Royal College of Surgeons enjoys a secret *pabulum* in Kensington, south London. Doubtless also, the skull of the Marquis de Sade – when severed after death – was retained for Phrenology's exams. Didn't Elisabeth Lutyens write the music for Hammer's film, *The Skull*?)

Boo Wilson: "Yes, my friendly Scarecrow, your *loa* – inhabited by Strawberry Wobbler – has enlivened me. It causes me to hear a susurration or renewal; even in one's tides of strength. Let it be! *Quod* the forces of miscegenation, entropy or splicing give vent to H.P. Lovecraft's *The Shadow Over Innesmouth*. Might this be an exercise in fusion? Nonetheless, any renewed fibre or vim in these bandages must be the harbinger of a cause. At any rate, a revived *vox populi* from Anne Rice convinces me, and a Mummy takes up his pallet in order to walk. Mayhap, this galvanism, *a la* Lavoisier or Tesla, indicates Mary Shelley's new Prometheus (Frankenstein) on Lake Geneva. It definitely plucks up the gumption to save my daughter from Dramabu."

PART ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-EIGHT: (148)

A return bout subsists, no doubt, in the House on Headtaker's hill... wherein two nose-dive over perfection. It is quite obvious that Strawberry Wobbler and Beady Eyed Tremblake are moving apart now. Given this, various primitive figures who were dressed in pink flesh, caterwaul in a circle. Such denizens were nude, clothed only in loin clouts, and ready to capture doves or sea-gulls that floated around them. In one brief instant they're gone. What replaces them happens to be a secret hand-print drawn from our Louisiana Half-Face... otherwise known as Human Toast or Dog-Eared Spittoon. He walks within an alcove of the damned – and it cascades around him like a lozenge or an abbey's filtering mote. Still, and in concord with monastic life, illumined cone transports Dog-Eared, dimensionally speaking. Our toasted humanoid then finds himself in a restricted compass or space - rather after a black-painted stairwell. (A factor that yields to vibes of yore; in a way which animated an old holiday home. It was called Buda, existed down on the Kent coast looking out to France, and the Carswells owned it). Dog-Eared gazes across – somewhat longingly – at the jigsaw pattern of Caravaggio's painting, Giuditta che taglia la testa a Oloferne (1597-1600). The stripling had been working on it feverishly a few moments before. Yet now, this jugged spittoon understands its futility, and casts the entire puzzle to the floor... plus a snarl. Don't his imprecations lead to the following indent (?): 'Look yonder at the sky or its sacrifice... and prepare to dispatch Apocalypse Culture. Who cares for you anyway? And, all questions of a toy-murderer aside, these are cardboard slices o' oblivion. They're caked with irrelevance (to be sure). Likewise, I'm called upon to shatter such cardings, especially if they signify a vision of Onan. Mustn't Caravaggio's sweep – when broken into shards - tilt in Ollendorff's direction o'er a Medusean complex? It relates to a necessary beheading/selfabuse.'

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Beady Eyed Tremblake and Strawberry Wobbler just stare at one another without speaking.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-NINE: (149)

Necessarily so, given a crushing blow that Beady Eyed Tremblake metes out... it ricochets in its course. Don't you realise whether a Scarecrow administers it with a club? Again, a piece of wood swings in a tremulous arc, and it achieves take-off via its acceleration or velocity. The bludgeon impales the zombie – as to a nicety – and he caroms backwards, mouth open, in order to quiver aplenty. Might he embody a distaff's jelly? By any dice's throw, other Zuvembies reach out athwart goose-flesh, so as to avoid Kosinski's *Pin-ball*. Further, a scurrying limit has to be set to such limbs; themselves laid out on the undertaker's slab. Aren't their tissues fibrous, semi-cloacal, pitted, encamped, ribbed or spongy? (And didn't the eighteenth century composer, Thomas Arne, practice the violin amid sarcophagi?) Look at this: in that Dramabu, the master to a zombic host, stands behind them

with planted feet. He adopts a heroic pose — like in the silent cinema of yesteryear. Whereas, in the foreground of such disclosure, we observe Boo Wilson in a stance of admonition or warning. 'Heed me, in this Devil's business!', he asserts tellingly. 'Similarly, I urge you to dispense with your bone-claw or club, my friend. *Quod* — using such a bitter staff — you resemble Tiresius smiting in a fog or on a wasteland's beach. These Zuvembies are the helpless 'victims' of the charnel house — heed them not! Surely now, you consider these painted birds to lack plumage? In all evidence, they're Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* — a communist plaint — when crossed with a *Twilight Zone* episode. But, I beg you, explode your wrath correctly and turn it on Dramabu, the master of voodoo ceremony. He is the puppet-mage here... not these poor, dead, soulless waifs. Strike while your iron's hot!'

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY: (150)

Circumstantially – my brethren – the figures of a Scarecrow and his mistress reconnoitre a *darker* side.

Beady Eyed Temblake: "The purpose of this text is to provide a template for dreaming. It requires a structure, you see? And, within an infinite wisdom, a Gothic romance by Dennis Wheatley apportions no blame whatsoever. This has to do with novels such as To the Devil - a Daughter, They Used Dark Forces, The Ka of Gifford Hillary and The Haunting of Toby Jugg. Remember now: these 'black magic' mysteries sought to build the scaffolding for a funeral pyre. Their essence lay in an architectural motif – one which provided a toy-theatre's sense-uround, to use Montague Summers' ore. Most definitely, a roster of horror fills our ready pages. Aren't they undefiled? Whereas the following roisterers do battle with fate: a Mummy, (Boo Wilson), a Skeleton-man, (Dramabu or Chap Rusk [Roughage]), zombies, a half-face (Human Toast or Dog-Eared Spittoon), a Grendel's mother (Bob-cat Jenkin) and a Demon (Cranium Biter [Dye]). This isn't even to mention you (a Vamp) and me (a

Scarecrow). But all of this prepares a future sacrifice – at a time where adult projection becomes futile due to an auto-da-fe. It's constructed from toys without Elias Canetti, the Nobel laureate, and don't these muppet killings pave the way? By any account, it all stokes up the furnace for a necessary calming, immolation, cremation or purgation by fire. It readies the account vis-à-vis a looming *Holocaust* – one which relies on a scape-goat's doctrine. Never mind Mephistopheles in Goethe's Faust; since the real point was a dramatic emetic or vastation. Above all, a thaumaturge - like Cranium Biter (Dye) - shall unfold his charges in a fiery maw. They will disappear up a proverbial chimney, so as to provision those industrial kilns in Soilant Green. What say you? No revisionism needs to take the field on behalf of the defence, my dear, quod any visitation from without cleanses as it flits. Do you remember H.P. Lovecraft's science fiction story, The Colour Out of Space? It speaks to the same source (assertively so). Strawberry---?"

Strawberry Wobbler: "Do you acknowledge your problem?"

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "No."

Strawberry Wobbler: "You're afraid of intimacy."

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-ONE: (151)

Besides which aplomb – my collected horrors – a balloon goes up amidst zombies. Do tell! For the Zuvembies' mindlessness, their very ferocity, overwhelms Beady Eyed Tremblake. A Scarecrow slips on a straw mat or hide, and he goes down 'neath these blows. As an accountant to his charges – our corses stumble around him in their own darkness (if only to leverage out convexity). Indeed, such dead-men pass out on the ground... after the savagery of their enclosure. It is a Brechtian tableau in a way... i.e., one that leaves a mother's courage to a wolf's barking. (No sympathy for the Berlin Ensemble can breathe, however, since we recognise minimalism, a tramp's festering,

dented bowlers and cruelty). Won't you re-energise a goat's head? At the heart of this jamboree, though, we note a more noble figurine. This is the living mummy, Boo Wilson, who's wrapped in lintel (so apportioned) and speaks thus:

Boo Wilson: "Heed me, denizens of Hell! Won't it be a fitful device to enslave us all? *Quod*, like the Batman villain Clayface, a mad actor traduces those very boards, and he comes across with russet grease-paint, a magenta cloak and a Thespian laugh. Truly, the theatre proves to be a slippery ground for morals. Let's face it, Dramabu preaches against modernity and in favour of tradition, *a la* Evola, and yet he lusts only for power. Doesn't he really hanker after wealth and influence at a table to which he's denied? We know his namesake Chap Rusk (Roughage) all too well; and isn't it evidenced by a zombic phalanx? Hasn't this death-lord reanimated them accordingly (?), so as to achieve mastery using his slaves. Behold!"

An all-in wrestling brawl or tag match goes on underneath his words.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-TWO: (152)

Back in the manse on Satan's Hill (sic) Strawberry Wobbler's about to bow out or dry her eyes. She turns for one last time and surveys the scene. Yet in an abandonment of forgetfulness or tone, one is liable to frustrate the proper glare. *Quod*, my friends, a golden coiffure mixes a night's calmness, together with the fruitiness of the lips. They are covered with gloss or the gore of a thousand insects. Don't you realise that such hides or boulders can be boiled down to make a lacquer? It's a companion-piece to Maurice de Maeterlinck's *Life of Bees*. Yes again, and up above, the one discernible eye was treacly, viscid, turbid and lightly poached. It had little to do with one of Eve's crab-apples which were sour to the taste and nestled at a tree's roots. All of a sudden, a viewer becomes aware of an eye-brow's symmetry – even those girders, in Frank O'Connor's painting, which lay at

right angles. It caparisoned the Rand corporation's unease... as the male dwells, objectively, on a naked shoulder. It fails to be transfixed by amber. Look at this rum-tumbler... at least once a teak door has opened sleekly and silently behind a wood's perpendicular. We shall find a grave for its troubles (do not fear).

Strawberry Wobbler: "Goodbye, Beady... I'm afraid to say that intimacy doesn't come into it."

A Scarecrow (Beady Eyed Tremblake): "So much for a means or a measuring jar of fate. One mistake deserves a game of Hangman to keep up its resolve (and no egg-race). My poor fool is dead – yet liveth! A break in one's direction always portends changes in the map of Weird(*). [*Note: this refers to the Nordic perception of destiny]. Yet perhaps a weight has been lifted from my shoulders... concurrently. In Albert Camus' *Myth of Sisyphus* – by the by – a muscular Greek (*a la* Blake's ganymedes) should roll a boulder endlessly up hill. It is grey, rough and pitted. But, by dint of a narrower interpretation, Sisyphus lies prone or asleep in a coffer. He's afore the rock and dreams of its like. Might he be dead? Press on – Straw man – the reaper of a field of corn loses no time in allying himself with a Scarecrow. Am I not Farmer Jones' attack dog?"

PART ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-THREE: (153)

Zombiedom's cliff-hanger sweeps all afore it... Now then, we left our tag-bout in a delirium where Boo Wilson challenges it from a watery tilt. Superficially, at any rate, his resume lurks to the side or keens: and it's calm, benighted, bloodshot, 'lost in pieces', Stoic or bleary. May it test the resource of those sallow lids which are retinaless? Needless to say, the Mummy's profile hints at Tom Reamy's Blind Voices; a novel centring on a circus or freak show in Kansas (circa. 1923). The entire effect – or narrow silhouette – evinces a skate's diet that's been hacked about... It seems pumice-laden, 'under pressure', blanched, taken from one side and clipped after Edgar Wallace's diction. Whilst

tufted eye-brows lie across a bloater-fish – namely, one which accords with a reality that's slipped, bony, ribbed, pursed, diaphanous or giddy. Boo Wilson, expressively and with gnarled digits, has been talking all along.

Boo Wilson: "My dear Scarecrow, I beseech you... Why don't you observe this ready caucus? Since he plans new devilment in terms of a battle-axe, or a wine-press that's devoid of plums. Comprehend this, and it has to do with a skeletal rib-cage (plus a longitudinal cranium) which rears at source. Isn't Dramabu just containing an ossuary's multiplicity (?); or, quite possibly, a gateway or linkage between dimensions. In short, he was an in-Betweener... no matter how flawed. And hence he happened to have a body made from quilt, but actually it consisted of stars, orbs or moons. These danced like Holst's *Planets* or Bliss' War of the Worlds, and this meant a Wyndham Lewis 'cosmicism' in lieu of any fracturing. (Note: the text America and Cosmic Man finds a blue beige pool-table... it exists herein). Examine Chap Rusk (Roughage) closely, quod he/'it' attempts to sacrifice an infantile Strawberry Wobbler to four close winds. She lies prone on the loam and pinioned between staves. Let its rind pass on --- "

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-FOUR: (154)

Meantime, Beady Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage) have resumed their hunt for a murderer of toys. May it involve Cheshire Workshops' *Museum of Amusements*, Burwardsley, near Chester? It certainly fits the locale; given its Edwardian novelties, haunted house, Gypsy fortune teller, Dr. Guillotine, working fairground... as well as the creepy goings on inside *The Spiritualist Room*. Da! De! Da! The two detectives walk throughout a lair, an amphitheatre, even a dun-coloured installation... and it's a template that originates from Goldsmith's college. A new victim has been discovered (you see), although, all of a sudden, a landlord's been introduced. He gives every impression of being a clown (sic) and his name's

Tatum's Clown. His features are blanched (most unaccustomedly), covered in grease-paint, and relate to the wilderness of a chair, no matter how unergonomic. A grey pallor covers all evidences – even though a poster-paint abundance may accompany his words.

Tatum's Clown: "HEY! Whaddya think your doin(')? Too many o' your muppets been clownin(') around downstairs. They almost took the door off its hinges. It's expensive equipment, you know? Teak – like valuable, eh? Who's going to reimburse me for any damage to the appurtenances? There's no socialism here, my fine gentlemen, I'm up to my ruff in private enterprise."

The two officers continued to stare at our apparition via a nonchalant disdain.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-FIVE: (155)

At the going down of the noon-time sun, however, we shall remember them... Or not? In any event, and at a distance from our accustomed graves, Dramabu seeks to lash out aplenty. A smart hillock, or transitive semblance, fades into the distance against an ochre sky which is streaked with pink. Nonetheless, the ground or tundra between our flashing nodes was pitted, sandy, scree-like or mildewed. (It represented a third premium in terms of the geologic). Whereas our Death-lord, dressed in a tungsten suit with a skeleton painted upon it, stood o'er the babe. He means to sacrifice her to the cult of oblivion — you understand? Immediately his magic staff reveals itself to be a sword-stick, the goat's-head or skull detaches, and a dagger emerges. It proves to be a poniard *avec* a silvery-blue blade; the latter hovers over the child plus a titanium sliver. Might the misanthrope let out a wolfish cry or smart?

Boo Wilson (in the guise of an animate Zombie) flailed his arms about. Each and every finger [thus] is contained within a

gossamer's lintel, even bandages clotted by iodine. Surely it's a hopeless task to rescue Strawberry Wobbler?

Boo Wilson: "Behold... Chap Rusk/Dramabu foreshortens his days through slaying and rest. He hopes – by eviscerating the toddler – to raise more power in accordance with *lustmordern*. To whit: the manikin's pseudo-satanism grows exponentially. Soon it will seek to block out the stars, the moon, an asteroid belt beyond, and even a milky way. But, in one import or hex, I have to condemn your rifling. 'How so?', you ask. Well, it must have to do with being sucked into a brawl avec *canaille*... especially when they're lifeless, tortured, drone-like or the serfs in Ernst Junger's *Heliopolis*. May this redact from his right-wing totalitarian codex, *The Worker*? Hear me, O Gods!"

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-SIX: (156)

We find a Clown's face afore us in a growing aftermath of days. Listen to our cry, why don't you? Since a whistle-stop tour of the *Museum of Amusements* in Burwardsley, Cheshire, comes to mind. For this 'all weather' attraction reveals a laughing sailor to be in residence; never mind an early 1900's novelty piece such as a Rag *artiste*. He's a Vaudeville number called Tatum's Clown – what with false, lustreless eyes and a mirthless grin. Under these terms... a funny-man lies dormant over April's traces. Beady Eyed Tremblake interviews him now --- irrespective of aught. And a dead-man's outline can only lurch forwards as a Feast of Fools. Most certainly, the landlord slumps askew in an unergonomic chair, made of black plastic or resin, and he's defeated

Beady Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow and law enforcement officer): "Citizen... doyen of the cards! Any damage to your property can receive a bursary or cash nexus. It will be paid out by the City. But now, we are investigating the mutilation of a set of toys... these were those bears, at once happy or cuboid, who were prematurely knifed. Might the booth of Punch & Judy not

intervene, in terms of a miscellany of those masks, *a la* Ensor, who glare? Could it limit Michael Byrom's man-trap (?), in that such figurines fill up sarcophagi. Won't they be the Policeman, Pope Joan, the Crocodile, Jack Ketch and a few militarists? What of the victim, Tatum's offal?"

Tatum's Clown: "I know, expect and salivate nothing. Such art-manikins or junipers (in a penny arcade) spend their brief lives in hives. Isn't it a paraphrase of Edgar Allan Poe's vampire story, *Berenice*? In any event, this unfortunate *Vision On* or clay-piece never left his computer screen."

'The internet!', explode the two officers simultaneously. Now both Chap Rusk (Roughage) and the Scarecrow believe they have unearthed a clue which'll crack the case. *Quod* isn't it obvious – all of our scorched play-school, together with their Caravaggio or Labisse, must have met on-line? Each one is tied to the other – whether perpetrator or carrion – by the world wide web. Face it...

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-SEVEN: (157)

Athwart one's lubbery, a Scarecrow grapples with a zombic crew... and these man-things hope to drag him down into moss. Surely it chooses the lichen of a sepulchre, even those *loved dead* in H.P. Lovecraft's story? Again, a stick-man wearing a boater – whether as thin as a rake or not – clobbers a corse. He hits him o'er the cranium using a giant beef-bone... one which happened to be handy. Doesn't this exemplify *King Pest*, a yarn of malady by Edgar Allan Poe? In this rigmarole, the cadaver is brained or split, and when covered in gore he falls loamwards. Whereas other wee beasties, tatty boggles, sprites and liberty-gibbets (sic) scoop up the Egg-nog. They do so to continue a fight *avec* Beady Eyed Tremblake. For example, one Zuvembie attempts to twist off his straw-head; whilst another carrion grapples around his waist. May he turn out to be a hate monger or a mage's imp? By whatever thaumaturgy – indeed – can a corn-dolly rip out their

eyes and tongues, eviscerate them, tear off their limbs or disembowel them? You may well ask (?), since Boo Wilson stands adjacently and in a hectoring mode.

Boo Wilson: "Heed my cries or negative alms! Nothing will come from aught – as Lear once intimated. Hadn't pre-senility radicalised him out of all conscience? Yes, yes – Farmer Giles' friend – why do you continue to batter this poor dross? Such peons, in a B. Traven extra, are hardly even alive, alive-o. I am ashamed of you, Guy Fawkes, in that you've succumbed to fighting Dramabu's sub-men. In truth, the necromancer's minions won't reach you – especially if your *inner powers* are brought to bear. Chap Rusk (Roughage) shall be cast down, unceremoniously, and a gnashing of teeth must follow. Do you comprehend it?"

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-EIGHT: (158)

Our pseudo-policemen, Beady Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage), are hot on the trail. The game is afoot! For our two agents enter the teddy bear's apartment via Sesame's door – i.e., one which opens, Cerberus-like, in order to extinguish darkness. Momentarily, they stand on the apex looking in, and, all told, they remember Fay Pomerance's painting The Sixth Gate of Hell (1945). It depicts an androgynous Lucifer, greenish in hue, who supports Lilith on 'his' shoulders as she attempts to seduce a dying man... or, more accurately, a spirit. Various folds, curlicues, sheets or prompts --- perhaps some winding-sheets (?) --- continue to billow about. They provide a cumulus or dry-ice mist for our denizens (Beady Eyed and Chap Rusk). Again, and as in Colin Wilson's The Rise and Fall of the Angry Young Men, these two pause on the threshold. 'Wait!', enunciates Chap Rusk (Roughage), 'has this perimeter been cleared for prints?' The Scarecrow nods in acquiescence and they proceed inside. One element which they discover immediately is a home page on the toy's computer - it shouts out in terms of a Museum of Amusements, Chester way. Likewise, a penny arcade such as this

features an Edwardian clown, circa. the aftermath of the Boer War. He laughs his skull off – again and again – and this was irrespective of grease paint, Glock's cover-all, a Pueblo's mores or Gerry Cottel. Why don't you look at this? Quod a blue quivering light indicates a Gnosis or revelation; even an occult sigil which generates awe. Both an M.R. James ragamuffin (plus a skeleton-man) stand amid the residue of our plasma's glow... then. It flickers on and off, even stroboscopically, so as to illumine every recess. And on the personal computer one detects Judith Beheads Holofernes (1597-1600), by Caravaggio. An image that shows a ripe sword, the pineapple of severance (the cranial lurch), Judith's skill or effrontery, and the swivelling eyes of a crone. Might she satisfy a witch's desire for a marine's pillow? Yet the evidence was stark and naked; each one of these vintage novelties or Toys were members of an appreciation society on Facebook. A sect or fan-club (this) that had to do with an adoration of Giuditta che taglia la testa a Oloferne in the National Gallery of Ancient Art, the Barberini Palace, Rome.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-NINE: (159)

Avaunt thee! The Battle Royal between a rag-man and Dramabu's wrecking crew continues. It also indicates the affidavit of so many worms. In the midst of which, however, a Mummy curdles balefully, and Boo Wilson places bandaged hands on either cheek. Does he re-interpret Munch's *The Scream*? Yet never mind, since a primal infusion extols doubt or a year zero. Similarly, our Boris Karloff's sockets are empty of those pupils that enthuse; while a mouth gapes open. (One is certain to notice whether a long tongue intrudes on a Mediaeval gargoyle. If so, it doubtless indicates a blasphemy against the divine word). At this instant of transference – no matter how quickly – Boo Wilson speaks of a revelation.

Boo Wilson: "I have to say, Beady Eyed, whether or no one feels a gathering of Power. Didn't Nietzsche once declare – 'not me, not me, but the wind which blows through me?' All of a sprite,

and to spot or cap an Ace of Clubs, I discern a puissance growing within me... if not a refutation of Beckett's diatribe in *Krapp's Last Tape*. A literary fakery will then be suborned, (you see), and no obfuscation dims those lamps in sundry recesses. Hear me! Such drapes or hangings are cast aside, and an ape-man in a red cape emerges briefly. Yet the energy within my circuit reaches out across Death – even the tomb-stone envisaged by Dramabu. It's a question of twilight. I sense now, by way of an elucidation, that the young Strawberry Wobbler may be saved at my expense... or via a sacrifice of my returned life. In short, mummification shall give way to Galton's eugenesis or its progressive creep."

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Almost immediately, our lint-covered hulk begins to disintegrate or fall down... and this was due to an internal pressure.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY: (160)

A Scarecrow – at once gaunt and skeletal – returns to the House on Headtaker's Hill. Its frontispiece or portico veers toward granite, and it imposes an Augustan calmness. A few heavily mullioned windows twinkle with their lights, albeit behind heavy blinds. Still, the manse on Briar's Copse or Satan's hill looks massive, taut, rectangular, neo-classical and impressive. (No imperial eagle adorns it – yet it wouldn't be out of place). Some trees or misspent bracken haunts the outside; if only to provide skeletal limbs & ebon tendrils... especially when viewed perspectivally. Likewise, the brick-work transposes on a grey façade, and this ramifies avec those steps leading up to it. A brief mist swirls around our tatterdemalion's feet... and 'he' couldn't help wondering: what is it like in day-time? Why, the answer was surprisingly different or mute; and this has to do with the sun pouring in, illuminating the steps. While the branches above were covered in shimmering emerald or buds; the result of which was optimism, alchemy and well-being. Beady Eyed Tremblake opened the exterior door, under a shimmering or patterned glass, and he proves oblivious to a blue cry. It happens to be a scream

that's silent, etheric, unheard of or falsely representational. Yet his ears aren't set afire under a tatty Farmer's hat. Slowly, oh so slowly – Beady Eyed climbs the internal stairwell towards the keep or lodge which he shares with Strawberry Wobbler. It's upstairs and deep within the brownstone. Nonetheless, our straw man was more than ever aware of the mansion's alive, alive-o quality... this Buda or storeyed edifice lives, (you see). It possesses an essence or Animist echo, rather after Egdon heath's character in Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native*. Does your séance re-live the haunted hotel in Stephen King's *Shining*? Whereby only the building's negative energy or condenser charge impacts on you: as it stores up Octave Mirbeau's *Garden of the Supplicants*. Without undue thought (sic) a rag-man ascends to the next floor.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-ONE: (161)

Meanwhile, and in a rival's realm, a spirit hurtles on towards a criss-crossed child. She is benumbed and exists as a younger version of Strawberry Wobbler... albeit in slumber. Her cranium (when seen in profile) was sideways on, after a silhouette's fashion from the nineteenth century. Didn't H.P. Lovecraft have one cut for amusement? Also, the girl's limbs were pinioned or kid-like, as a sacred circle's observed from the air. It takes the form of a magical boundary, rounded in aspect, that illustrates Aleister Crowley's Vindication of Nietzsche. Nonetheless, an empty pipe or sabretache may be spotted, and this housed Dramabu's dagger. In the manner of a sword-stick, my friends, it's fallen away... primarily to aspire to a poniard in Chap Rusk's mitten. This ivory-handled blade glints under a receding sun... and, by the by, our skeleton-man approximates to Damien Hirst. (Note: these were medicinal sculptures - made from resin which put the plastic into Gunter von Hagens' Plastinates. Thus, all such colossi of Rhodes betoken those anatomical drawings from Gray's Anatomy. Do you see?) Bizarrely, Dramabu acts in slow motion or like an animated flick-pad... as used in early cartoons. This proved a type of stop-go photography or film, and it reminds us (all too easily) of silent cinema... such as a classic, say, with Lon Chaney in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Still, our death's-head appears brittle, spendthrift, needy, X-ray scannered, Dalton Trumbo-esque or axed. Do you reminisce about Rembrandt's post-mortem? In turn, could this investigate Poe's *The Man Who Was Used Up*?

PART ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-TWO: (162)

Against this envy, a stick-man or Scarecrow travels across an imagined grave-yard. He [Beady Eyed Tremblake] lifts the veil or illusion in Hindi or Indo-Aryan Simultaneously, this country-side waif makes his way up a winding stair; the latter running next to a limited rail. It shines or glimmers (metallically) in one's innermost gloom. Moreover, as an intimation of Polanski's Ghost, our crow-beater passes next to Dog-Eared Spittoon, skulking in a corner. He's smoking a black cigar or reefer – of Bulgarian extraction – and this's irrespective of one of the landlord's signs. It read DO NOT SMOKE; FINE TO PAY. Beady Eyed moved on, nonchalantly, and noticed that Queen Rat's brown door was closing too quickly, as if she'd been waiting. But what for, exactly? (True enough, his pupilless or cloth eyes swiftly scanned her departure). There remains an enervation in the air, however - even for a madhouse like the manse on Satan's hill. At first you can delude yourself into thinking it's Spittoon's Diary of a Drug-Fiend or Reefer Madness. Yet no longer... since Beady Eyed realises what's coming round t'corner, in that the building's Demon's about. He/'it's' abroad: and it repositions Ray Bradbury's By the Pricking of my Thumb, Something Evil This Way Comes. Wasn't this sprite or rogue in the house a poltergeist, even its Essence? May we refer to it as a concretisation? Anyway, such a creatoid has a name: it was Cranium Biter [Dye].

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-THREE: (163)

In our purview of sacrifice, O Reader, a climax is occurring. It betokens the rage of a new indifference (to be sure). Against it, a

spirit or *loa* descends on a reef – it's been abandoned to fortitude or lies prone. Isn't the doll or girl, Strawberry Wobbler in her youth, oblivious to all extras? Most definitely, she's asleep, dulcet, rarefied or commingled avec an innocent calm. Yet no expectant cherub lurks here, since her adult's penumbra softens the pitch. It serves as a transubstantiation; i.e., one that's cast forward by a Scarecrow (Beady Eyed Tremblake). For, oblivious to Dramabu, this anima rising softens the blow... if only to fix on a 'feminist' painting. An image of yesteryear (this was) that depicts an ochre spectre, Lady Macbeth-like, which lifts up. (Nota bene: a head is certainly bent sideways - after John Webster's diction – and its focus waxes Pineal, inwards. Henry Miller's wrong here, at any rate, and it's less the cosmological eve than Billie Whitelaw in *The Omen*. She plays a witch, you understand). But what of our skeleton-man, Dramabu? Quod he exists afore the wench and raises a knife roofwards, albeit to align the sun's rays on its blade. Hear me! His cranium lies open or reeking, like a Francis Bacon triptych, and both eyes were agog over Richard Cavendish's The Black Arts. Still, a poniard's frozen in its descent (microscopically) and Chap Rusk's musculature ripples o'er its suit. May the actor be worthy of his hire, whether playing Thomas Kyd or no, and minus a prompt? To be honest, the gestures of Anton LaVey and Jayne Mansfield come to mind... even though a skeleton glimmers. It takes after the Voodoo scenery, plus its contortions or gymnastics, in Ian Fleming's Live and Let Die. A mountebank's draw or manipulation, bodily, is part of Dramabu's impress. And one should never forget a Pictish primitivism a la Robert Erwin Howard... Touché!

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-FOUR: (164)

Begorrah, a tidal wind sweeps over a lilting soul... in that Beady Eyed Tremblake proceeds up a stair-well. It subsists deep inside the House on Headtaker's Hill, Briar's Copse or Satan's mound (depending). Further, our Scarecrow marches inwards or apart, minus his quarry, and he's spindly, ruffed, gauntleted &

conically-hatted. Doesn't his body taper groundwards like an effigy? In this village travesty, it records the momentum of T.F. Powys or Farmer Jones. A grey sheen – possibly concreted in its adventure - illumines an arable land o' stones. Whereas (in a close-up diction) our crow-hatter looks askance, magisterial, vaguely mystical or wan. It sets the pattern on an admixture of oil, even to the effect that the eyes are mittens. They were ways into the unconscious; at once matted over, congealed, thickly painted in impasto, and reminiscent of Corot (physically) or Ensor (meaningfully). Atop it all - my friends - a witch's hat rears over one's mask or sack... isn't it a tale of Guy Fawkes, piled with faggots, and awaiting the torch? Anyway, the doubling of identity politics (itself enclosed) seeks an outlet. Maybe it will follow after Buffet's Pieta (?); if contained in a hold-all, shawl or 'Big Snob' bag. Yet another figure arrests our attention, in that as he walks Beady Eyed Tremblake is surrounded by Cranium Biter (Dye), a demon. But unlike those in Wyndham Lewis' Malign Fiesta – it proves to be astral or spectral. (For now... that is). In alignment, though, our Labisse-extra flatters to deceive primarily over a toothy gradation. Let us be free of it! Quod Cranium Biter envelops our figurine, locks it in invisible chains, and suffuses the ether. The whole flapdoodle alternates into twisted fingers under an iron-ring, as well as another fist studded like a mace. It's a gauntlet or mailed-glove rather than an iron maiden per se. Whereupon the Beast's body, after a gorgon or Leviathan, ventilates a Cyclopean awe. Can it combine the spasmodic rush of late Michelangelo avec Epstein's mass? Wasn't the latter praised by Ezra Pound? In turn, a tapered set of molars, in gloom, are offset in a vortex of chiaroscuro or kaos... And these were contrasted by Fuseli's loom, in Knowles' re-do, which limbers as a gigantic Satyr atop the sky. Finally, Beady Eved slots a tiny Yale key into the apartment's lock. Its dimensions are vaguely silly given the door's scale, yet a ragman senses Strawberry Wobbler within.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-FIVE: (165)

Back at our Voodoo sacrifice, children, a diamond or hilt is about to descend. It shall accord with an old Lancastrian maxim; namely, that truth was a knife passing through meat. What goes on here, my lovelies? Since the passage of death veers afore one's ears, and it supervenes as a Temple, a shattering entity. Hear me! The dagger's downward plunge definitely plucks awe – like a Khitian bell. It also animates a freeze-frame, a reverse conspectus of mirrors, or so much hope. Could they communicate via wires and tubes (?) with each one containing a glass juncture. This device led a process of images avec a prism at every turn. In all likelihood, an ebon glove grasped the tulwar. Whilst, behind our Hitchcock's Vertigo, a beady eye broods in Dramabu's skull – can we conceive it to be insane? It certainly looks distracted. In any event, one digit, marble or compass glares on... and it's rather akin to a staring villain in a Doc Savage pulp. Similarly, the limbs are dressed in a skeletal armature; when, all of a sudden, two infantile arms rise up. They burst their bounds (somewhat involuntarily) and halt a Deathlord's defile. Let it be so! Now then, such sticks were pink, grew out of the ground, ecologically speaking, and belonged to a child. Her name proved to be Strawberry Wobbler – even though the strength that animated her crackled apace. It connected, like bacon sizzling in the pan, to an adult variant or strain... i.e., the one projected outwards into her by Beady Eyed Tremblake. Do we sense the inner motivation of Varney the Vampyre by James Malcolm Rymer? In conclusion, such an effort let loose emerald hangings, themselves braided using gold tassels. At the heart of them lies the corpse of a loyal servant, Chap Rusk (Roughage), who lay pinioned to a glassy grin. This mirthless rictus stretched from ear to ear, in terms of a clown, whose head was bent back. It [the cranium] stays behind a shoulder. Let's say it's an electronic warning to you – within Ultramarine's vistas – so as to calibrate sparks. These provide an affordable demise, if only to pronounce a final syllable in ancient Greek. Won't you deign to hear it?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-SIX: (166)

Akin to such gestures, the following scenario unfolds... and it's reminiscent of Montague Summers' toy-theatre. For a brief period of days has passed and Strawberry Wobbler's returned. She stands, semi-nakedly and wearing a see-through dress, afore a lead-lined window. The girl's hair looks disordered a la Peter Blatty's The Exorcist, and a diaphanous seamstress sculpts, unlike Anthony Caro, via deep-blue squares. The wooden frame is up or half disclosed... and maybe it denotes one of those bays in Camden town? It actually strays onto Briar's copse with its bushes (strewn) and empty bracken. She sways and eddies afore the aperture – together with leaves and papers, blown by gusts of wind, which swirl about. Her hair cascades after a beetle's camouflage or tumult; whereas the strumpet swoons, ecstatically, après one of Duchamp's tops. (Aren't these books published by Spinning Top Club?) On any account, Strawberry's intoxication hints at a diabolical taint or relay, and it's one that redacts Strauss' Salome. Wherein the feyness of the dance - at once cloying, rubiate and Onanistic - hints at untold pleasures astride a green door. Might this also indicate the mosaics of a forbidden city, loaded to dusk, and serpentine in its agency? The atmosphere is properly sultry, perfumed, dense, Beresford Eganlike, even roiling. It betokens a sleazy management – if not a beauty besporting her curves, elementally, in front of some bedizened air. Let a Sadeian compass intrude; mayhap an Ollendorffian beggary... and it skates on thin ice o'er fire. An investigation of *Philosophy in the Boudoir* looms (doubtlessly) as a Scarecrow moves quickly to shut a casement. Beady Eyed Tremblake approaches it now.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-SEVEN: (167)

Why don't we return to our Voodoo *auto-da-fe* or carousal? Well(!), it so happens that the child's arm grasps Dramabu's fist – at once naked in its transference. And the poniard, glistening in its gloom, becomes stilted, transfixed, 'stuck' or peppered. It's reached a position of *stasis* in its downward drive; and wasn't

there an art movement called the Stuckists? Most demonstrably, and unbeknown to Chap Rusk, the child's strength was assisted by an adult Strawberry Wobbler. Hadn't the Scarecrow, fighting yonder, cast this feminine Anima in a babe's direction? Still, Dramabu looks startled by this ill-grace, and, in such a moment, he appears less a *daemon* than a man in a rubber-suit... i.e., one avec a white skeleton affixed. Might it take after Kent's blanched horse carven in chalk? Again, the element of the theatrical which hides behind black magic looms clear - it loosens its tongue. (Note: by such a tea-leaf, all of Aleister Crowley's groups had a thespian edge - whether the Golden Dawn, the Order Templi Orientis, Silver Star, etc... Isn't Crowleyanity a negative thespianism, then?) Further, a Death-lord shrieks out: "What is happening? This sacrificial imp forces back a mitten with the strength of ten men. Can I [a demi-god] be in the presence of one of Tom Reamy's strong-men? Shall such musculature, contained in Crowley's Tarot, rip directories apart afore one? Yes... wherein does this helpless dolly harbour her cunning or puissance? It hardly transpires against a campaign of toy-murder in a rival dimension". At a relative instant or prior positioning, Strawberry Wobbler gazes up from an affray. No matter how brutally or abruptly, and like in Wyndham Lewis' Tyro, it records an antiquarian 'phone. It was made from a heavy or ebon bakelite, and it rang on without answering. Beady Eyed Tremblake picks up an imaginary receiver from its cradle. "Yes...?", he asks.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-EIGHT: (168)

Yet our return to a dwelling on Headtaker's hill is self-evident. Herein, the winsome or vampish behaviour of Strawberry W. grows apace; and it roils afore a breeze. It's excited, enervated, spendthrift, lax, tousled or pulled through a bush backwards. Doesn't it hint at the sub-plot in *Uncle Silas* by le Fanu? But, irrespective of abandonment, Strawberry Wobbler tilts at a reptilian foray; whereby *eros* and the devilish combine. Her tresses, perchance, are on fire & cascade in terms of a limitless

sluice... is the dance's rite Bacchanalian, Greek, or otherwise random? Still, Beady Eyed Tremblake has crossed over and slammed the window down. There was a rapid snick or SSSHHUNK(!) as it closes for an instant on white-washed wood. Momentarily abashed, Strawberry Wobbler stands there reflectively; yet the strumpet's gaze smoulders on a ripe pyre. May it be faggoty, louche, risen, 'heavy', lugubrious (softly), prone to a glottal-stop, or Marlene Dietrich-like? It certainly (and in female eroticism's limbo) seems to slow everything down... so you can hear the micro-organism's breeding in the rear. Quite literally, Wobbler's eyes are distracted, leaden, miscued, parallax riven or possessed. And she asks: 'Are you Beady Eyed Tremblake?' 'Well, of course I must be', replies a Scarecrow without benefit of any fractuals. When, by virtue of a retort, Strawberry Wobbler's diaphanous gown drops from her naked form. It slides sheer or slips asunder to reveal an alabaster statue cast by Donatello. Likewise, and with her dishevelled hair o'er her breasts, she raises both hands uppermost. The sexually provocative nails are extended or too long, and her nature's ravening. A definite excess of blood or choleric fills Strawberry's cheeks; and it betokens a conclusion to A Dialogue between a Priest & a Dying Man. This was prior to the entry of nymphets (plus four); and Wobbler's nudity pleads its pornographic intent... like a Cranach picture. In Joan Collins' terms, she utters the following words: 'We shall entrap you every night, darling, in the ecstasy of our lusts. Aren't they limitless, amoral, or even without a corrective bromide?'

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-NINE: (169)

Furthermore, a straw-man's head looks up from a Battle Royal, and it limits phosphorous' expectancy. (Wasn't this at the heart of a Tree of Life's depiction [?], and didn't Wyndham Lewis' section, *Holocausts*, in *Tarr* prefigure it?) Needless to say, Beady Eyed Tremblake watches from afar – as two shadows or silhouettes wrestle on a cliff's edge. They belong to a kindergarten's Strawberry Wobbler and Dramabu, the Death-

lord. Likewise, this Voodoo minion in a skeleton-suit still carries his magic staff... albeit avec a goat's skull attached. He waves such a poniard, derived from an Arian sword-stick, around his head. The Scarecrow thrusts three zombies from him and they collapse like Somerset's skittles. Dramabu is quite literally mastering this girl Friday now, who, despite an adult's possession, won't be 'denied' forever. All of a sudden, the crows' rest decides to act by firing those nearby Zuvembies using a flame's touch. A Scarecrow can be easily turned into a glowing taper – so why not reverse it? In this instance, a magical oarsman - or traverser of his own Styx - makes use of a mystic incandescence. It spills from his gloved and Corn-dolly's hands; and it illustrates an auto-da-fe or human torch. Could it signify, inter alia, a desperado drawn from a vignette by Sax Rohmer who fires himself anew? He stuffs a flaming brazier into his mouth and Greek Fire pours from every orifice... prior to hurling a manikin from a casement. Might it be a cliff-top such as Beachy Head? By any reckoning, our Scarecrow's occult pandemonium reaches skywards in the form a bluish glow. It dimly illustrates a thousand Bunsen burners of yesteryear. Yet, suggestively, a danger lurks here – since this galvanism has the power to burn Beady Eyed Tremblake to a cinder.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY: (170)

Finally, one returns to a burlesque show in an upstairs' apartment... it's a habitation shared by Strawberry Wobbler and Co. (Note: it's certainly not *Stalky & Co* by Kipling). Never mind, since Strawberry W. dances afore her Guy Fawkes, and this hippodrome's not illumined – but darkened. Beady Eyed Tremblake stands to one side or in a corner, and does he turn the rim of his conical hat about? Might it be in embarrassment...? Possibly, yet Strawberry jigs around in a cavalcade, but not Alexander Howard's. Our *artiste*, who gyrates to an invisible tambourine, throws her blonde coif about like Lady Ga Ga or such minxes. Furthermore, she interprets – by dint of a facile movement – Liza Minelli's role in *Cabaret*. Do you reminisce

about Weimar's decadence and what followed it? Assuredly, the works of Stekel, Nordau, Berg, Krafft-Ebing, Maslow (at a later date) and Weininger leave our starlet cold. But nonetheless, an intimacy grows up - even within a pattern of estrangement. Likewise, a stroboscopic filter casts a spell, challenges the light or leaves a trail. It elaborates a build-up of phosphorous (magnesium oxide) and each spectral impress teases a dot. A sigil or sign which rends the veil – in ancient Greek – then opens a screaming mouth or nostril, and it's patterned to blue. Moreover, the sweeping of this surd (in magenta) causes some live-wires to crackle; it bolts them to an Ohm's embrasure or voltaic imp. Won't you release its revels or Dionysiac wont, O wanton? Dance - dance - dance, my lovely, along the tram-lines of Powell's The Red Shoes. Let's see: she wears virtually no stitch in this seduction; and yet a reddish bodice, of taffeta and lace, lifts off. It has escaped from Ann Summer's catalogue - if only to adorn her front. Yes, and in response to Richardson's Clarissa, no ruination needs to be enforced by drugs. It's already rained on our parade. 'Do you adore a rubiate disclosure, or a gory bodice?', she sibilates. 'Oh my yes', replies a corn-doll (male) in a trance.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-ONE: (171)

A final part of three sticks (or a crucifixion) comes of age. Above all else, our Scarecrow throws himself forwards like a racing-car driver, and he shoots ahead. It's almost comic (to be fair), yet made serious by the surrounding zombies. These were blinded in a cataract of flame, and in such a holocaust or *shoah* (sic) they burn akin to wicker-men. Aren't they some surrounding objects of utility? Wherein, and adjacent to an image from Robert W. Chambers' *The Yellow Sign et al*, a pyramid shimmers to its occupant. It lingers at the bottom of an empty stair, going downwards, if only to escape Pyramidology by a finger-tip. Enough, I say! For a creature sits cross-legged in a wasteland of ochre, and it recalls Levi-Strauss' icons or primitive art. It smacks of the Chaldean, even the pre-Cycladic, in its lustre o'er

a stick-man's retinue or crew. Surely now, our totem embodies a fetish, but never a hypostatisation. And again, weren't these images pored over by Henry Moore, in his student days, at the British Museum? Nonetheless, Beady Eyed Tremblake soon forgets them in his take on General Petraeus' surge. He flitted, zig-zagged or caromed vis-à-vis a flash (you see), even a dash of quick-silver. Might it be mercury's counsel? To be sure: his knees or lower limbs pumped a la a flibbertigibbet, as a tatterdemalion morphs into Jack Turpin. (Note: he was a notorious highwayman). Whereupon five of the Zuvembies left in our rag-man's wake burst into flames, and they smoulder on a disillusioned pyre. Each one of these living dead – in other words - perishes a second time, albeit by fiat. As a pertinent fact, their grey, rectilinear, shoulder-tensed and glabrous forms broil. Or, au contraire, they twist and turn as brackish Plastinates; at once turning to charcoal under such heat. It definitely tests Joule's notions to destruction... amid a stream of vapour that rises from corses who are aflame. Let them extinguish yonder ardour, my friends, as Dante's Inferno meets post-industrialism! And the colours captured by a cracked prism are: virulent yellow, pink, cobalt, a cerulean glow, deep ruby, magenta shading into pain, and the keepsake of B.S. Johnson's lists. Never mind - since Lucien Freud can't double-flip McGill's postcards with a penny, in that both depict still lives made from flesh. Now it's on fire over an imaginary griddle or butane frolic... Why don't you look around?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-TWO: (172)

We return, somewhat heavily, to the mansion on Headtaker's hill. Doesn't the odd bright spark call it Briar's Copse or Satan's spinney? Never trust such limitations — *quod* Cranium Biter (Dye) is abroad. He/'it', the demon of the place, traverses its gloomy corridors without pity. Let's watch anon for another seething fit... no matter how distempered! In one rival cell, deep at a manse's heart, we sense the configuration of two opium Heads. They are Perry's Fizz and Split-mouth Reindeer.

Moreover, in their filthy cubicle, one detects the inner logic of Aleister Crowley's book about addiction, The Diary of a Drug Fiend. It depicts a descent into morphine (heroin) dependence... whereas such a regression invokes loss, a deadening to feeling, even nullity. Forget Max Stirner's notion of creative nothingness - here we sport a phenomenological gap or peak. Doesn't it curl back from Heidegger's Dasein or being-in-being? It's such a globe's very converse (to be sure). Again, it teases with a jargon of in-authenticity – to re-jig Adorno's quip. Yet, in Crowley's variant on reefer madness, the work's prose style becomes more complex as cold turkey beckons. Do you hear (?) - substance abuse is based on addictiveness (genetically) and personal weakness. Nonetheless, in our Pinteresque daub or cell, Cranium Biter (Dye) sits betwixt the junkies. His sallow eyes, razor teeth and pterodactyl forearms muscle in between our couple... if they bother to acknowledge it. All three of them loaf on a sordid and stained sofa – what with addictive 'tropes', ampoules, needles, dirty plates and tin foil roundabout. At one point – by way of a laxative drawn from Mantegna - Cranium Biter, the devil, reaches out in welcome: primarily so as to endorse Baselitz's inverse runs in paint. Wasn't this an affordable cover, deliriously, to William S. Burroughs' Junky? Our female of the species, Split-mouth Reindeer, looks out at his prehistoric teeth which take after an ancient fish. He/'it' encodes a science museum's smattering without James Hinton's guiding hand. Inevitably, a part of her wants to run, shout and scream - but, when push comes to shove, she can't be bothered. A warm, tepid, opiate mugg fills her veins and nothing else really signifies. It's ssssoooo nice in here!

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-THREE: (173)

Let's deal with one item now – for if we encompass Zombiedom, like in a Bradley R. Smith tale, then we must address *The Wendigo*. And this wasn't just an Algernon Blackwood riff. No, since the Red Indian myth gilds autophagy, psychopathia and a brave cast out from his tribe. For Beady Eyed Tremblake (a

Scarecrow) motors across the sand in Dramabu's pursuit. He wrestles with a child, animated by adult wiles, as they both teeter on a cliff's edge. Certainly, the impact of their greyness suits the dawn or flit; and it willows to a burnished awe. A granite stone out-crop, at once feverish in its cusp, grows in a pyramidal tone. He [a rag-man] flatters to deceive... as his heels reverberate in abandoned light. They ricochet from the linoleum or outstretched loam, particularly if a figurine lurks nearby in a buckler. He wields a halbert (a double-headed axe) afore the dawn. Yet still our straw-doll races down a corridor of sound, and it liberates a negative illumination akin to silver. This swirls around a purple haze – basically pinkish – only to silhouette itself in a running space. Don't we notice, inter alia, a whistle under Tatum Clown's breath? Nonetheless, this Viking weapon rises and falls; & it responds to a destructive enchantment. My, how Beady Eyed traverses the gap between himself and a skeleton-man who wrestles avec a child. Yes, the stage is set for his private thoughts, as the Scarecrow thinks to himself: 'Strawberry Wobbler's anima infuses the tot. It envelops a belated paucity. But – in all honesty – Dramabu's masculinity will win the day, if I am not to intervene on a child's watch'.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-FOUR: (174)

The civility of the House on Headtaker's hill is broken... let it ride or writhe in front of us. *Quod* the mansion's demonic quatrain blisters on, and it sort of represents William Byrd's music reversed. Our Louisiana half-face, Human Toast or Dog-Eared Spittoon, moves within a cell's aperture... and he's dubious over its dimensions. Won't such a fractual prove to be discontinuous, in terms of a parallax view? In any event, the duncoloured set waxes Pinteresque; what with the confused medley of lost lives. These take after a *Caretaker's* keeping and involve detritus, old fridges, ripped linoleum and a sour brown ash. Gradually – or over time – Cranium Biter (Dye) appears in a swirling chiaroscuro or mist. Furthermore, this creature's acidity seems toothsome, slit-eyed, Fu Manchu-like, grasping and

poisonous (even as ivy). Let's see: in that Cranium Biter surrounds him with invisible chains. He had thought about doing wrong, but now the moment of transgression's passed by. Yesss, we notice its customary gesture or counterfeit, and yet Fuseli's spectrum continues to bear fruit... albeit a crab-apple's pox. Seemingly then, our Choronzon without personality negates; since a persona evinces one positive charge. Above all, this creatoid flits as a bat who screams (in silence) in order to see, and 'it' wheels within a red mapping. The arch nature of the house's construction, like the universe, can't be guessed from the outside... although a plan exists. It takes the form of an architectural drawing by Jeremy Bentham - the upshot of which leads to Panopticon, his idealised prison. Might screws or bits tie into this affordable wood (?); i.e., the rough texture of it lies low and paws avec grief. Even now, my two-faced freak, such tools of the building trade leave behind them a crushed idealism. It speaks of J.G. Ballard's Crash without the perversion. Yet, beneath his outstretched fingers, this circus exhibit stares wildly - at once stoat-like, myopic, purblind, beady, Alcatraz riven and exhausted (morally speaking).

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-FIVE: (175)

Ceteris Paribus, and on a Voodoo island, a Scarecrow acts to save a child's life. For, in all efficacy, our rag-'n'-bone lands a blow... so as to propel a man in a skeleton-suit over the cliff's edge. He (Dramabu) finds himself deflected – at least in terms of a pin-ball ricocheting in a machine. May this reflect Jerzy Kosinski's text, Pin-Ball? By any reckoning, a calcium stick is reflexive about anatomy, and it moves to recommend those illustrations from Gray's tome. A locus of the spirit passes (if you will), and one fist causes a shearing off at harvest time. Listen to this... since a mountain rises avec magenta's distaff, and, rivalling it, a chalky lip sprouts great distances below. Further, a scream occurs, 'Aaaaiieeeee!', as Chap Rusk (Roughage) tips o'er and travels down as a corpse. He moves vertically in accordance with a horizontal lilt. Likewise, the folly

of a ground floor opens afore him... and it professes to abandon a schema. This geologic section reveals a trope from Vision On – i.e., a series of (')scarps, crenellations, boulders, even menhirs. And these were diagrammatic, loose, free flowing – if not unlike the graphic play of Klimt or Hockney. It rushes up to meet you, programmatically, in terms of the Punch & Judy backdrop to Clown Joey's fall. Whilst our crow-hunter (perennially) reaches out so as to rescue an infant Strawberry Wobbler... Avaunt thee! Her leap can only be arrested by innocent hands of straw... isn't it so? Whereas Dramabu trips over in a negative circus dip primarily to leaven a deadly cusp. By way of his descent, the leverage of Steve Ditko remains in place, as regards physiology. It definitely plays a part a la a Death-lord's gymnastics. Also, we note the circumvention of his staff or wand - as, minus its poniard, the empty sabretache clatters onto the rocks. (Might we presume this ending to reverse Zane Grey's logic in The Riders of the Purple Sage?) --- If we remember the Goat's skull, on a negative anvil, which exists at one percussive end or ferrule. It chooses to die rather than outface the dawn of Choronzon's longing... whether ruddy, yellow-to-scarlet, misty, ochre, fiery and Hellish. Doesn't a daemonic head in a purple helmet or cap, Viz. Hugh Walpole's exemplum, meld into its furnace from Soilant Green? Thou hast said it!

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-SIX: (176)

Yet, despite the complexity, we haven't moved from a *Louisiana Half-face's* cubicle. It subsists on one of the upper storeys in the manse on Headtaker's hill, Satan's mound or Briar's copse. Within which a 'louisiana half-face' carouses over an appropriate trap or plea. He seems to be driving along within negativism – or such sounds as embody it. A token or unforgiving witness seeks a sly outcome, whether a feast of fools or no. In fact, Human Toast or Dog-eared Spittoon opened his eyes wide to celebrate folly – the like of which depicted figures on an alchemical or Renaissance trapeze. Similarly, the walls of glass that surround a brain were blue, mullioned, heavy, parallax-laden and sense-u-

round. In aspect, then, they enhanced a Tarot's special case; wherein we note the pineal eye cast abroad... together with a Latinate time-piece. To be sure: a prism shimmered at the heart of this snake devouring its tail - and it indicates one true Masonism. (Note: the legacy of Nesta H. Webster begins to unravel here, since a viper's penance won't adopt skinning). By the by, it must have to do with those cardings lying about which typify Caravaggio's Judith Beheads Holofernes. Truly, it prefigures the Robert E. Howard story The God in the Bowl. Yet, if thoughtfully decried, one substitution may take place. This involves a barrenness or birth-defect (i.e. an envy) that leads to a thaumaturge's awe... and Cranium Biter (Dye) materialises apace. He/'it' sets up a steam or trip-hammer, and the daemon lurches over such prey. It [our variant on Klingsor] comes mottled and brown hued – if only to wrap its baser extremities in regulation garb. This adjudicator, in relation to expenses, sees an entry into governments which refuse to carry an ID card. Likewise, the American landscape which D. H. Lawrence utilises is canny, quick-witted, empty and NEW. It resides in a restless park, bay area or storage depot – and our puppet elongates his mouth in order to rescue this. Whereupon the chains wrap around a black-and-white minstrelsy, and they're unafraid of Virginia Woolf's affidavit. To recap now: we notice that the Twin Towers lie in flames akin to mercy; whereas a distant, apocalyptic vision creates a stir. "What of your needs?", expectorates Cranium Biter. "I don't know – I am sure(!)", replies Bram Stoker's *The* Lair of the White Worm. Let it be said, since a network of lower manacles have a distinct weight attached, given their partiality. But evil dust may sliver around Cranium Biter's recesses, so as to palliate our disposal.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-SEVEN: (177)

At another level, O Voodoo fans, a part of this dramaturgy is over. For Beady Eyed Tremblake's (a Scarecrow's) blow has caused Dramabu to fly off a cliff... and thence illustrate Citipati, the Buddhist god of the dead, when depicted as a skeleton's live-

wire. To be sure: the man-god's corpse lies crumpled a la a mountain's scree – that is to say, those pebbles of existence which disfigure aught. A turquoise boulder covers the rufous abstract of his days, and these teeter at an oblivion's Gate... if only to remain unrumpled. Could it demarcate a script by John Mortimer prior to his blindness? At any rate, a vapour trail limits the heavens, as a match-stick man holds a sleeping babe in his arms. Let's limit it to this, why don't you? Whilst, by a windward's lee, one factor stands out and this was Dramabu the a priori lord of death. His body has slid further down a mountain-side or spike, and it looks like a rag-doll by the close. Never mind: since we must examine a perforated suit; the exit of which might have been scripted by Brian Clemens in The Avengers. When viewed upside-down, however, Dramabu's finale kindles to one glove puppet too far... after Cruikshank's engravings about Punch & Judy. May they luxuriate in Scaramouch's demise (?) – Doctor Johnson believed so. At any rate, the latter's livery is torn and ragged, or split in its tender mercies. While the white, bony skeleton painted on this black satin waxes criss-crossed, broken, tramp-like, ragamuffin or tatty. A longitudinal rift cleft his shanks – albeit when parcelled agin(') this Ben Nevis. Finally, an array of insects from Marais or Maeterlinck attends his demise... and they're flying beetles, locusts, dragon-flies, hornets, anopheles, nits and ephemerids, et al.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-EIGHT: (178)

To return to the House on Headtaker's hill, however, is to embrace death's wrath... Nonetheless, a mortal Scarecrow or rag-man – as scripted by M.R. James – dreams of wayward ampoules late at night. Doesn't such a mishap intone those plotters in Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudon*? (They all met under an apothecary's crocodile or a bell-tower's shadow – irrespective of Ken Russell's rushes). To be fair: the haunted dilemma of this manse fills any sleeper with dread... given its red-bricked, eighteenth century *largesse*. Again, in such a

posture, our town-house takes on the specificity of Broadmoor, given its proximity to Crowthorne's reek. Whilst the sky above bellows under a nascent storm (sic) our Shaw Corner or scarlet rig, a la William Morriss', furnishes a bourgeois load. It towers over a perforated gate whose iron pillars were set into the ground (foursquare). They appeared to be galvanised, buck-toothed, heavily wrought and akin to the portal at Stoke Newington's Victorian graveyard. Yes indeed... this stone-mass waxes scorbutic, bronze coned, alluvial or beholden to a sand-trapeze. No nummulitic limestone cheats our gaze or denies the horizon – insofar as the property's front looks isometric. By such a contrast, this urban mansion seems bereft, unseemly, half-closed, lidless, rimless & without grandeur. Solemnly then, we confront the spectacle of an Eye (without Georges Bataille) and in order to close off one orb, contained, as it was, in a mirror. Had Jack Vetruvian taken to painting it? Who knows? Yet this gabled cloister or ancestral pile, avec two wings spluttering from a squat block, seems tenebrous. It partakes of Conan Doyle's The Copper Beeches or a related ganglion... in that one asylum can't foster art brut by itself. Similarly, the trick of a half-closed cornea limits Bedlamites - as it closes inwards, turning on its residue, and illustrating Arthur Seaton's Aunt in Walter de la Mere's tale. Finally, Beady Eyed Tremblake wrestles alone in his cell, momentarily without Strawberry Wobbler, and he's prone to seeing blood seep up from the floor-boards. These 'facts' render Madame Blavatsky's The Secret Doctrine worthless, even condescending, if we take psycho-geography into account. It posits a new Vincennes for de Sade – once Oxtiern, a picaresque play, has been discarded. Haven't we decided to limit this séance's effects?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY-NINE: (179)

To re-cap, a reverberation rang out as Dramabu pitches downwards, and his loin-cloth breaks upon the cliffs. Wasn't it the tributary of a wasp – if lost in silver – and limned against the moon? Look on it with interest – for a tattered cranium lies aft; at

once broken, bleeding or bereft. It was caked over by a magnificent conclusion... even at an instant where the sun, itself violently red, takes off the bluff beneath.

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All of a sudden, (now), those zombies roundabout begin to fall, smash down, keel over or come apart at the seams. Truly, they had feasted upon the remainders of so much felt-padding or down. What can we say about it (?), save that an inextricable bond or link has been frayed. For an umbilical cord or parasite – seemingly graven in its time – feeds off its young in the manner of Goya's painting. Do you remember H.P. Lovecraft's story *The* Hound (?), wherein this Iberian master has a secret box of canvases no-one can see? Furthermore, these Zuvembies drain down to a compost of old Brillo pads, morsels, raddled biscuits and sundry offal bags. Finally, they crumple in a heap to one side of our drama – albeit with a retinue of gestures, open mouths, inebriate gaps and sicknesses. Soon they are either gone or defeated; even arranged like toast in a way that's dusty, calcified or chalky. *Quod* these off-white sediments (most understandably) refuse to rise from this loam and they quibble after a dying worm, rather ungraciously.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY: (180)

Meanwhile, the House on Headtaker's hill possesses one lonely occupant, and it's a Scarecrow called Beady Eyed Tremblake who dwells in Stygia. Every so often – and within a meditation about darkness – he sought out a mirror, an hour-glass or a mirage effect. Moreover, its translucence cast afore him a gloomy dungeon – and this was never mind a proximity to six rampant teeth, each one pterodactyl-like. In turn, these were the molars of Cranium Biter (Dye) which gleamed under some flashlight eyes, the latter orange or adjacent to a silent beam. Why don't you repeat it again, my friend (?)... in that the residue of such a tension fillets its age, and it transfigures a curlicue ---possibly a *brazen-head* or its relief. This serves to unbalance the whole project and causes it to grieve... *quod* a definite fear is

rising in the mansion on Briar's Copse or Satan's hill. Again and all, a muffled roar was heard within these dank walls; especially when the former surveys what John Bean called *Many Shades of Black*. For, after the inflexion of an epigraph used by Stephen King, Friedrich Nietzsche once declared: *if you stare long enough into the abyss, it will gaze back at you*.

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Needless to say, Cranium Biter (Dye's) presence self-actualises; and it becomes three-dimensional, formally let loose or an exercise in fasting. It is compartmentalised (in other words). When we bear in mind that Beady Eyed Tremblake, our rag-man, hardly moves a muscle throughout this ordeal. It's as if he welcomes a coming oblivion or repast, and, rather dimly, he begins to ascertain the truth. Doesn't this relate to an aperture or hole (?); one that exists in a prehistoric fish's mouth, and it festers o'er the ebon – whilst breeding upon indistinct planes. (Note: these were treasures or fossils which festoon cases in the Natural History Museum, south Kensington). Whereas a semblant carcass grows out, swivels, mushrooms and waxes gigantic... & it also gathers pace, perchance, over some etiolated limbs. These happen to be reminiscent of a modernist painting by Paul Wunderlich; together with an atomic skeleton. It proves to be riven by Ralph Steadman's lines; and don't they lurch towards Hiroshima to be born? Do you remember John Hershey's account? Never mind: since a Durer imprint carouses amid these shadows, if only to facilitate a cloud that drifts above avec legs. Such appendages must be stalks which implode like dentures – irrespective of any Pineal eye on the forehead – and they leave the world to its misfortune.

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But what is really signified here? Because Cranium Biter (Dye) has its origins, *en passant*, in those rebel angels who mated with Men in ages past... as explicated by the King James Bible in 1611. Nor can we put off a malefic day until sunrise or treat it like an old cloak – most assuredly, given Cranium Biter's minus sign. Whatever could this be other than a negative proclivity?

Surely now, it transposes on a miasma that draws the malevolent towards it from divers regions; and these constellate, thereafter, so as to afford a revelation. It goes by the following name: *a scapegoat*.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-ONE: (181)

Whereupon, and back in a minstrel's booth or Voodoo box, a hurdy-gurdy man cranks out his tune on the ice. Similarly, isn't this a morbidity drawn from the German repertoire? In any event, the spirit or anima of Strawberry Wobbler takes flight, and its adult proclivity aims low. By any miscarriage of justice, per se, a sensibility (or consensus) leaves the child – so as to renew her acquaintance with a kindergarten. Might her logic embody one of Hans Belmer's dolls; or possibly a macabre tale like *Miriam* by Truman Capote? To be sure: our scarecrow, Beady Eyed Tremblake, watches this transmigration of souls equanimity. Doesn't it proceed from a hand's stain, at once collected on a window, or freely silhouetted? Certainly, this wasn't an eighteenth century detour, but a plea for help above the storm. Against it, a symbolism a la Bob Kane spells trouble, and the detour of such a resource leavens its sand. Nor may Andy Warhol intrude here, since the roughness of any script (on bark) encourages silence. Won't our effigy's corn-dolly and circus count against speed?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-TWO: (182)

Percussively, the *scorpio rising* of Cranium Biter (Dye) becomes apparent, and it fills the ether around our mansion. The night swirls blackly or casts shadows of Vim, in the manner of a dwelling from Gothic fiction. In turn, a line faces the screen midway between its branches... and these serve to deepen any sepia tints *measure for measure*. Are you sure? Unassailably, the daemon is bloated, freed up, gastric, Pod casting and limitless in its titanic rig. It floats above Beady Eyed Tremblake who finds himself a solitary in his own bed – without the companionship of Strawberry Wobbler. Does an eagle-man's claw reach out – no

matter how sullenly - in order to crush a straw head? By any stretch of the imagination, a nineteenth century or heavy oak beam passes behind our corn-dolly's hat... & it serves as a bedstead. Nonetheless, a malevolent shadow streams across the lintel or its under clothes... and these saturate the drama. Whereas the extended corse of Cranium Biter (Dye) stretches out... rather like an exercise in Christology, or a Cimabue crucifix. Do you note the Bondsmanship here? Quod this figurine (so contended) seeks to master a space, albeit between dimensions, and then re-appear as one of W.A. Giger's horror images. Truly, such flexions look awesome or callisthenic, and they float about a la a cross between Pumping Iron + Rosemary's Baby. By any intrigue, a vision from a Josef Thorak sculpture rears up, and it chooses to revel in Blake's musculature... particularly as it relates to the soul of a flea. Needless to say, Cranium Biter (Dye) was magnificently toned, Grecian, dappled in Olympian light, mastodonic. Imperial and bluish. Don't you make a connexion linking ultramarine to Arno Breker? In conclusion, a pointed cape wrestles about his brow or cusp, and - in full view of a prostrate Scarecrow – a series of chains bursts from his mid-riff. They were made from the most expensive platinum. Furthermore, in a gruff aside like a drum within a tent, the Creature's begun to speak or croak.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-THREE: (183)

Our phantasm begets a conclusion, and yet it surprises at the last. For another character has joined our fray... one who doesn't interpret the murderer Eugene Aram *a la* Bulwer Lytton, but rather his echo. Again, what serves us here is the example of Greek tragedy; where a chorus intervenes, cathartically, with a voice of its own. Surprisingly, it takes the form of a double act or siamese twin, by the name of Goober Peas. (Didn't Bulwer Lytton pen a proem using this title?) In appearance, this exercise in Victor Hugo's *The Man Who Laughed* took on an *Alice in Wonderland* aspect... especially in the breach. What do these terrible twins look like or evince? Well(!), each one exists in a

gigantic egg-cup, after the similitude of Humpty-Dumpty prior to his fall. Moreover, the post-structuralism – nay, Derridean myopia – of this egg-head was there for all to see. Yet, in reality, our Tweedle-Dee or Tweedle-Dum are dressed in grey smocks, rather in the mode of a nineteenth century painter. Whilst, atop a crown's pincer-movement, one notices two pasty-faced shells. Truly - both of them were white, blanched, riven, alabaster strewn, unengaged and topped by metallic helmets. Also, thin columns of wire or spirals of electrical cable form a connexion betwixt 'em. One of the two adopts a friendly demeanour; while the other proves to be difficult, hostile, cussed and odious. 'Do you think you've really succeeded, footling trump?', demands our contrary. 'What he means is – er – how would you conclude Strawberry Wobbler's dream?', conciliates a rival dome. 'I'll be honest with you', Beady Eyed Tremblake replies, 'and this has to do avec casting a mock-Tarot card on the soil. It must definitely enjoy an image on its reverse... and, after Wyndham Lewis' Mrs. Duke's Million or Kahn & Company, we recognise it. Isn't it a compressed reproduction of Caravaggio's Judith Beheads Holofernes?' By contrast, the more benign of our two freaks (Goober Peas) holds the infant Strawberry Wobbler in one paw. Could this be restricted to his body's right-side a la Colin Wilson's occult? And a Scarecrow, straw-hatted but without the bow-tie, dwells on the past. He knows {accompanied by his Chorus} that two items are true: (1), Dramabu, the death-lord, is no more; and (2), Strawberry Wobbler's fantasy or crystal-ball gazing is over.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-FOUR: (184)

Meantime, and anterior to a Mage's keep, one particular hound goes abroad. It bears the name or antelope skull (no matter how rarefied) of Cranium Biter [Dye]. In a residence, our giant (Cranium Biter) purrs in a trance... and these words were spread out over his limbs' sovereignty. It embodies the Renaissance or is Mantegna-like. Do you care? For this spectacle or titanic gesture may cascade down the ropes – so as to limit any chains

which flow from his innards. Above such an edifice (or its sand-stone) we notice one of Blake's torsos; as those muscle-men, when addicted to a Grecian godhood, bring in the bacon. This takes place after a period – at once guttural in its rest – during which Beady Eyed assesses H.P. Lovecraft's *A Whisperer in Darkness*. Surely now, a d(a)emonic entity or thaumaturge, Cranium Biter, is speaking to whomsoever in a diction that says – what? Well(!), it must sound like a corn-crake or the last of the bitterns, down Devon way, which alight on stone tors. Each one of them, therefore, utters a cascade of profanity – since its *locus* is in a rival dimension. Might it be accompanied by drums after midnight, in a dark tent that congratulates its nadir? Let's listen in, my friends---.

Cranium Biter (Dye): "The murder of these toys which you've been 'investigating' fills us with a silent rage. Do they grieve us to the hilt(?); after spent Teddy-bears or Gollies? Quod they live, betimes, in a nursery that stands higgledy-piggledy or seems full of pink stars... Likewise, this blood cries to us from the pasture; rather like Abel's gore if Cain sheds it of old. Forsooth, why does your vision trouble us (?) – when it's fretted, frayed, besotted, spendthrift and emblematic of wicker-men. Aren't they examples matter how dormant or thinned out? of lichens... no Furthermore, a last beacon rises from a light-house out on the and it's been painted with red-and-white stripes. Moreover, this adventurer reveals a bulk or stack who walks beside you - albeit after a wrestler from the 'seventies such as Big Daddy. Yet, in this case, it proves to be feminised, dulcet; even harpooned or grown to bilious proportions. Might this be an index of flares made from tungsten... themselves unfamiliar? Certainly, our example of Grendel's Mother looks aphid-like, massive, gruesome, stagnant and non-vinegary. It's altogether distilled. Finally, can we diagnose her with an affliction like elephantiasis – after Galton's ambit? It definitely seems to be so. Yet why do we concentrate on it (?) – most evidently, after a post-script crafted by Robert Bloch. This occurs in a story called Return to the Sabbat. All we can utter – by way of an answer – is that his Mom delivers up a behemoth, a whale, a gargantuan or its leviathan. It speaks to the reality of Grendel's Mother if she lies in a putrescent pool – i.e., when she's held in by black lilies, dankness, bacteria, midges and green convexity. Watch your step!

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-FIVE: (185)

It is the morning after the night before, and, in all honesty, our two detectives approach a negative portal. These were Beady Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage). The corridor outside was mildly insolvent – at least if pieced together – and it isn't really wanton or ill at ease. Nor does it exist anywhere other than a police station. Indeed, the apparatus of its walls subsists afore them, as they march in to face the music. Could it be legendary? Moreover, this process took the form of a dissembling card – i.e., one which had been thrown on the floor by their Commander. (Note: in this example, our Scarecrow takes off a metal abstract... even an American ditty. May it embody Rowolt's robot-woman in Fritz Lang's Metropolis?) Anyway, an art-card'll only be cast aside if it's Caravaggio's painting – and their consul, Imperial Wizard, eyed it cautiously. What does our Klansman look like (?); particularly after the doxa of D.W. Griffith's Birth of a Nation in 1915. Well(!), the approach to this is much travelled: in that the unicorn of one resemblance intones a stray polyp. To begin with: a vizor clamps the being's face in relation to a dalliance or false expectancy. It frustrates its own urge - if you will, if only to beam out some lustrous or glazed blue-eyes. Whereupon - and atop any headgear – a pyramid rises aloft... & it does so in order to cheat a grave or its mausoleum (no matter how correctly). Also, we see that prior to this milking a strand of ochre alternates via a triangular beat. Can a stream or its articulation mimic the day, even in its convexity? Yet Imperial Wizard addresses them atop a tube, a device or its fissure... & doesn't this recall a mage's mirror in Robert E. Howard's story, Rogues in the House?

A Klavern precedes our gaze: "I possess news which leads to an age's distress, my coyotes. For no wolverine may effectively spy a murder of toys if he leaves his prints unguarded. *Quod* in bursting into yonder room, so as to reconnoitre the 'net, you left some rare spore! What you didn't compute was that the play-area lay undusted for prints – and it proved to be an unprotected zone. (Similarly, it took after *Interzone* by the Strugatsky brothers... both of whom were Russian physicists and identical twins. They wrote science fiction together). Anyway, I am relieving you of this case – and your replacement shall be Goober Peas. You've met before?", he enquired glibly.

+

For their part, these soldiers of fortune mute their chattering – rather like characters in a Hammond Innes' thriller. Forsooth, noone wants to relapse from an egg-shell... especially given the retention of such cups. Moreover, one of these freaks twitters on: 'They've failed us both – let 'em drag a beheaded carcass in the dust'. 'I don't know about any imbroglio', murmurs Goober Peas' rival... even his skimmed pelt. 'It strikes me as unfortunate'.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-SIX: (186)

As a consequence, two figures salute a dawn which exists beyond Murnau's *Faust*. It crowds out any available screen – if you like – and the example of an Archangel stands afore them. Each one moves in a world of salient lustre, albeit so as to fix on the transport of helium tropes. By any standard, Beady Eyed Tremblake and Chap Rusk (Roughage) walk underground, or in advance of le Corbusier's boxes. Likewise, we examine them in a corridor or its booth – especially when we have some grill or mesh at the end. Both of these manikins understand – in their distinct ways – that one end-point's been reached... and it involves flipping a coin. These two colleagues face one another within a grotto... or might it be a medley, a haphazard interchange, across V-shaped roofs? Don't they cascade away into stillness or so much desire? While – by dint of some loose

architecture – several trees are observed *out there*. They take up the space of some rot or preserves, so as to lead the way into an English labyrinth, even a Ha! Ha! Again, our puppets exchange a verbal volley or two...

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "We have been relieved by sundry temptations... and, at one level, our careers are over. They spin out of control or pass into a regulated vortex. This is what happens. In fact, it was useless to run down the cinema steps and offer a 'view halloa!'"

Chap Rusk (Roughage): "Do you think so?"

A Scarecrow's maiden aunt replies: "Most definitely, since any appeal to reason brings forth monsters, a la Goya's or C.P. Snow's example. For we are on the Odessa steps (you see) and there's often a hint of darkness - even a lit candelabra. It manifests Dante's Fifth Canto of Hell, and by Apollo, there's no love! A figurine seeks out the eyes of what issues towards it; and such a creature owns a very large head. It appears to be fleshless, emaciated, glaucous or sickly. Do you recognise Murnau's subtitle for *Nosferatu* in 1922 – i.e., a symphony of ghouls? Any such visage presses on us relentlessly - inter alia - and this is particularly so if it belongs to a child... albeit under a Scarecrow's mask. Nor need we to wallow in sentimentality, irrespective of Edgar Wallace's crispness. But do you run, after Lorenz's rats-in-mazes, so as to clean out these ducts or fissures? It definitely speaks to a Halloween pumpkin's self-regard. Thereafter, a silence intrudes – some pearls run through a pistol's trigger (per se) – and a gun fires. Also, this process examines some of the credits from film noir, as evidenced by Boris Karloff in Dick Tracy's Gruesome... or Lee Van Cleef in Kansas City Confidential. Ouod no aware bogle or djinn leaves a red-eye amid leathery skin, especially given Virillo's pace or speed. BANG, BANG (!); it proceeds in the night-time."

Chap Rusk: "Must this conclude a pact or lead to its finale?"

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "It testifies to this."

The two of them shake hands afore leaving our antechamber forever-more. Surely it recalls a scene from John Cowper Powys' *Porius* or *Owen Glendower* – if filtered via a Turner prize video?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-SEVEN: (187)

Do you detect the word FINIS or its onset? Since, by any criterion, the Mummy known as Boo Wilson lies outside the house's portal – what with its Gothic arch or numbness. Similarly, the windows are alive avec a deep glow... at once mullioned, lead-lined, 'fifties NHS specs (like) and stained-inthe-glass. Does the dullness of this façade take off, by dint of its scorbutic brick, the fiery quality of Aries' flame? Needless to say, in a higher apartment we find the two drug-addicts, Perry's Fizz and Split-mouth Reindeer, cowering on a shabby sofa. One of them is trying to pin-point a vein in the other's arm, primarily so as to inject morphia main-line. Yet all is a haze or fugg, and unlike Jack Kevorkian's death syringe, the needle misses its target by a mile. For these decadents or dead-beats were swooning in a cloacal haze; at once Rothko-dissembling, tres beaten, unsponsored or coffer awaiting. Quod, contrary to progressive ideology, drugs don't liberate but enslave... and they batten on weakness a la a fly on Georges Bataille's blue-lips. Whilst Denton Welch's 'underground velvet' celebrates the sordid – as it undercuts it by negative dialectic. Anyway, Cranium Biter (Dye) flits around our junkie twosome, as they evaporate into Aleister Crowley's Diary of a Drug-Fiend. What might we call them (?); methadone-heads... yes, it's quite possible: as a d(a)emon writhes around these mushrooming spores. For 'its' part, Cranium Biter elongates one's chained exposure - only to slide meaningfully, in scaled light, as a copperhead does. (Note: a Copperhead is the most poisonous snake in North America. It also refers, historically, to Northern

collaborators with the Confederacy). Whereupon we note its cranial lurch, cruel or slit-eyes, blackened skull and protruding tongue. This must be a horror novel – surely?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-EIGHT: (188)

Finally, one comes to terms with Queen Rat who skulks behind her door, even by a secret fiat. Why don't you let it alone? Since - in a baleful or unreflexive wave - the Madonna gazes down on her from an exalted height. May it find itself illumined by a mauve glow within (?); the latter powered by some batterycharger. By contrast, and in an adjoining cubicle, our designated split-face shaves in a lop-sided mirror... it possesses a latticed back. Moreover, our Louisiana Half-face must attend to his needs gingerly, whether his name happens to be Dog-Eared Spittoon or Human Toast. Likewise, our Janus knows the remit of the Tower (a Tarot card which depicts destruction) and his acidic depths rock the 'Green'. Look at this: quod a dual visage, no matter how Manichean, must be careful if a razor is applied... and it has to do with Stewart Home's pamphlets about an artstrike. Weren't they splenetic and rebarbative (?); by virtue of being bound in sandpaper. Never mind... because Human Toast gazes on those blank squares that lace his eye-lids. They slit under an available nose or wire, you see. Nonetheless, who can forget that Dog-Eared Spittoon was a pyromaniac or fire-starter? In turn, this lackey affects one forgotten drum - like John Wayne's The Three Musketeers in 1933 – and twin oblongs of red dance aloft. They are polkadot-like or redolent of off-centre Rothkos; whilst a devil swirls around him. This thaumaturge croaks at the bottom of a billowing tent, as drums pound on, and thunder cracks overhead. It galvanises the Heavens so as to treat us to a downpour. Yet Cranium Biter (Dye) insinuates himself around Human Toast, so as to cajole him into a Ronson's usage. Might it intone Francis Harrison's illustrations more nakedly? Besides which... the illumination of one of these spit-fires (cigarette lighters) must excuse us from the burden of thinking. Let it alone, my friends, since a rubiate cluster impregnates this

swirl – and it frees the ghoulish via a ripped enclosure. Seemingly then, Cranium Biter exists like a fossil called *Icaronycteris* when encased in concrete. He can also be in two places at once; in that his toothy grin sheers off several millimetres aslant the junkies next door. They're in an implacably different world all right... but maybe not for much longer.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-NINE: (189)

Avaunt thee, a key element in our modern Greek tragedy approaches... and it has to do with a brief visit to the eternal mother. For earlier on, in his colloquia avec Chap Rusk (Roughage), a Scarecrow had bitten a straw-lip or suppressed it. Also, hadn't a former detective whispered to himself 'it'll soon be over' (?), during his arraignment by Imperial Wizard. The Siamese twins known as Goober Peas look on... and don't they realise that Erich von Stroheim uses freaks? Meanwhile, a Scarecrow moves towards an old crone in the folks' home... Can't it be true, passim. Samuel Beckett, that they're born over a grave -i.e., a cry, a scream prior to darkness, then it's all over? Why not? Since she sits there quietly, in a manner reminiscent of Madame Defargue, or a Red bonnet under one's guillotine. A buzzer lets out its drone and the door, on a catch, opens to admit one son. 'Hello, mother', he remarks in an empty-minded way. While she spins arabesques in the air – and might this involve a spinning wheel (imaginatively)? In any event, this set encourages us to recall A Woman in Green - a modern Sherlockiana. It certainly depicts a con-artist or trull, despite her beauty, who's aligned with a psychopathic doctor. He cuts off fingers using a scalpel, if only to arrange a surgical warning. To look at, though, his Mom's wizened, Hecate-blossoming, pruned, softly drawn or beyond Botox's help. Let it all come to pass... when we name her Bob-cat Jenkin

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY: (190)

Seemingly, one looks on the outcast demonology of hate... despite those illustrations for the Book of Psalms by Frank C. Pape. Nevertheless, our Scarecrow gazes out with baleful lips of straw, in a way which confronts Grendel's Mother. For Bob-cat Jenkin has shrunk from her former massiveness – albeit in terms of one's gait. She walks along in an indolent way, and, in turn, a reptilian deliverance lies awake within. Why don't you take it from me (?), in that one red fist dashes out like an arm. Also, it relies on the speed of a wrestler's moves, even if these won't fully compensate us. Do what thy will shall be the whole of the Law (Crowley said); yet a Matron remains silent. As often occurs in later life, a generational shift means that the scion had greater strength. By any stretch, a rag-man in a conical hat takes his mother's coat and throws it on the floor rather like the *detritus* in a Howard Brenton play. (Note: this dealt with the serial killer, Christie, in north Kensington. How many of you are aware that he served as a reserve projectionist at the Electric cinema, Notting Hill Gate? He was unafraid of the bombing during the Blackouts, you see. Never mind: since Brenton makes him rise, masked up, from a heap of rubbish in an enclosure). Whilst matriarch and son address each other thus:

Bob-cat Jenkin: "I am pleased to see you – son of mine!"

Beady Eyed Tremblake (a carrion crow): "The feeling cannot be reciprocated at this time. For, like a monstrous Bessy in those Mummers' plays of yore, one recalls a battle betwixt Beowulf and Grendel's sack. Let it alone – my masters! *Quod* no-one enters into a joust under the water quite as lightly as this. Likewise, an unknown bard from the eighth century tells of a steaming pool or ebon broth. It contained a great variety of eels, two-headed silver-backs, crocodiles (as in Punch & Judy), salamanders, wriggling nether-beasties, sword-fish and the like. In truth, a worm Ouroborous may also feature. And the hero – Beowulf – plunges into the lagoon in order to confront a crone or

Woman-kind's third face. He carries a broadsword in his massive fist or gauntlet, and the hilt was finely carved. It came wrapped in gilt."

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-ONE: (191) Bob-cat Jenkin: "Your ingratitude saddens me, O child of

darkness!"

A Guy Fawkes (Beady Eyed Tremblake): "A penny for one's thoughts! Quod, in spite of all, a metronomic hand is about to chop – and it's rather like a disembodied mitten, even though it belongs to you. Why mother, your arm has been reduced in scale, so as to measure a cronedom's pall or wax proportionate to your new face. May it bear on it a shadow of an inner self or tin, and could this ape what Max Stirner called a creative nothingness? Again, the skin on your cranium's been redacted – primarily so as to fit a skull held in aspic, calcified by milk, and prone to a Murder in Mesopotamia. (Note: this latter was a crime fiction by Agatha Christie). To further it, the features revealed are chipped, blanch(')d, tonsured, eyeless or socketless, without a nose, dentally skew-whiff and ash grey. It is a death's head to end all other SS runes, even though Prussian or northern arms marched to war with similar totems a la Blucher. Let it pass: since an ochre background cascades into blood-red under our very noses. Mother, are you listening to my rage?"

[And, as if to prove the point, he reaches out in order to grasp his mother's mask. Momentarily, she appears to be much younger in aspect; while, from another side, the Scarecrow's mantle's dropped from one's shoulders to reveal a stripling. He's blond, in the early years of his third decade, dressed all in black velvet, and looks like a ventriloquist or music-hall performer. All of an instant, Beowulf's *hauntered mere* parts and shows us a morbid Kali; at once retinal, gaping, androgynous, fervid or reminiscent of a female Vaughan Williams... We are speaking about the last gasp of one's years, of course! Nonetheless, in the way of a mind

that presses on 180 degrees, the image of Strawberry Wobbler impacts on Beady Eyed's mirror. But this time it masquerades under a distinct wax; in that her hair was straightened, a large broach adorns her throat, and gigantic eyes fill their cavities. Indeed, the whitened spaces are almost completely used up, an adder writhes in a gloved hand, and two vampiric teeth pop out of a mouth at either end. They were stained by a dark-red colour. Above all else, a Scarecrow's grimace supervenes; and it's taut, onion-like, vaguely hysterical, roped off, rufous, coarse-fibred or under a pyramidal hat. It floats in its serenity prior to disappearing].

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-TWO: (192)

An elderly madam called Bob-cat Jenkin: "My son, cease your diatribe and listen to me! For won't it embody an illustration drawn from Poe's Tell-Tale Heart, engraved by Henry Clarke and docketed by Mary Evans' picture library? Oh yes, indeed, since your scream of recognition releases a mental fugg – if only to stare at Arabesque hangings. They were of the deepest scarlet and hung down in an eastern or orientalist hue. It came to be wrapped up with blood on a pallet – whether bubbling or no – and this skewered to one side of a bed-stead covered in rheum. May one construe it to be like Buda, a holiday-home from childhood, with a Circus Flavius painting on a rear wall? To be honest: it was so heavy that it had to be held in place by chains... the latter wound round a stanchion. But still, a lustmorden's stream moves agape – and its colours were mauve, turquoise, magenta, ebon, 'Ribena' (sic), haemoglobin aft or Imperial. Likewise, a triangular lamp took up space under a foot, and it revealed a corpse to be abed."

A Scarecrow known as Beady Eyed Tremblake: "You are wrong, ma mere, and you also forget other desiderata. It involves dead or dismembered Toys. By any stretch, though, the image or objective correlative that you seek waxes akimbo, and it takes another tint. It delivers a version of *The Yellow Sign* by Robert

W. Chambers and it lures us down to an underground vault... one that's made from sandstone. Such an ossuary captures ochre brick-dust, chiaroscuro and the vermilion or obsidian clutches of J.G. Ballard's drifts. Whilst, amid the wreckage of loss, a Being shimmers in photographic relay. It represents (perforce) one of Edward Muybridge's moving images or slides, by which a heathen doll japes, gapes, 'rapes', apes, reaves or weeps. What's its tone or feel — do you ask? Why, it happens to be mute, simplistic, stick-man riveted, aboriginal or Cycladic. Yessir, even if a witch's familiar or poppet bobs up... you recognise yourself, mother? Anyway, its eyes were in-bred holes, while the mouth was little more than a slit, a bread-box's tray. Such a manikin shimmered in earthy heat---."

Bob-cat Jenkin: "To what end?"

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "Now we await its transcription."

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-THREE: (193)

A rag-and-bone Man's last judgement: "Listen to any witness, my Matriarch! For we are in a hellish rest-house where events occur on multiple levels. By any luck, we'll be free of it by eventide – but for the moment there's nothing but a struggle! Again, I ask you to sympathise with the following magic camera or *Grotesque Theatre* – to use Thomas Ligotti's *corpus*. Whereupon we visualise a scene in which I sit, Imperially, on a basalt throne. It dominates a surrounding amphitheatre that's carvern from yellow; whilst two guards, both heavily armed, wrestle with a lithe tigress. She happens to embody the verve of Strawberry Wobbler, but, in fact, the female's a nubile variant on my mother. Her hair is askew or demonstrative; and her features are flushed with passionate intensity. My own deportment, on the other hand, is sly, heavy, menacing, slow, turbid, firmly jowled and lugubrious. I raise a gauntleted fist, metaphorically, against the livid quality of her feminine intensity --- it was a donnee or the emotive truthfulness of Womankind, (you see). Nonetheless,

I soon grow tired, irritated or bored *avec* her 'plaints... and I summon my champions to have the Madam removed. The vixen struggles mightily in their grasp as she's led away. Mightn't those sentries in question help me to remember von Stroheim's freaks, the Siamese twins Goober Peas? I rise stiffly from my dais to converse with another subaltern, Chap Rusk (Roughage), before I'm at peace o'er such a destiny. Thereafter, mother, the visionary transport fades..."

Bob-cat Jenkin: "It is just as well!"

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-FOUR: (194)

To finish, these characters engage in the dialogue or verbal bouts typical of a *soap opera*.

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "You denied me, Mother dearest, and my opportunity for an Art Strike was severed at the wrist. Doesn't this betray Stewart Home's flatulence or nihilism? It certainly doesn't disallow the Outsider art of David Tibet, for example. I indict you, Mommy, for denying my needs! Yes again, I fold my hands across my chest as a quick rectitude. Your off-spring was reduced to rags through your ingratitude... what say you? Quod my present Guy Fawkes mumblings, or rumblings of discontent, have to do with urchins who peddle 'im around. They pass back and forth o' the book-dealers' market, specialising in Victoriana, on Farringdon Road. It exists every Saturday morning (to be sure). Yet 'I' missed the boat; I never enjoyed the chance to be a normal sprog. Instead, my litmus test flunked its final exam - turning both red and blue under the influence. I wasn't allowed to develop (you see), save for this wretch or Tom o' Bedlam who capers afore these curtains. My fate internalises that of the victim who's scalded alive, as a trembling Guy, in C.A. Cooper's horror story, Bonfire. (Note: these moral DVDs expired away to yellow paper in those anthologies by van Thal). Nonetheless, a Wickerman was I irrespective of whether Death in June, Sol Invictus or C93

engaged in irredentist anthems. I accuse you o' shamelessness like Zola or Barbusse hitherto."

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY FIVE: (195)

Bob-cat Jenkin: "I refute your juxtaposition of events, my baggy and ragged son! For didn't I really creep into the child's or tot's play-pen prior to slaughter? Moreover – and pregnant to our impress - my fist carried a carving knife or poniard within its maw. A warrior's weapon (this), I swung it about in the twilight and heard its razor's edge whistle. Indeed, the keenness of its frenzy lay at the gates of Tobe Hooper's Texas Chain-saw Massacre, and such a scimitar may slice through a hair in the dark. I proceeded to test the blade's edge against my thumb most comforting. You slept on soundlessly (or obliviously) in your cot, and this romper-room was adorned with pink pillows, pouffes, tubs of ice-cream, lime wall-paper, triangles or circles avec 'Smiley' faces... I crept closer to your stertorous breathing in the crib, and I found myself tackled (then) by two policemen or officials. A Dummy or two-faced artichoke, named Goober Peas, swayed back and forwards like a metronome. He subsisted throughout the drama - like a stage-witness or dumb-waiter (if human). Don't you recall the helpless, even open-handed gestures, of a male figurine in Samuel Beckett's Not I? By any redoubt, the two officious nobodies who prevented my infanticide were dressed in Klan uniforms. Their faces, however, were disclosed and Chap Rusk (Roughage) or Imperial Wizard peeps out. Each one crosses D.W. Griffiths' Birth of a Nation (1915) with a Dominican's head-gear. A Hispanic inquisition leers from the experiments of Dr Alexander Kennedy, a behaviourist's rats-in-mazes. No more: since these footlings prevented a liquidation o' rag-'n'-bones. You survived; you throve; you refused to die! I couldn't void you; albeit if tempted to a Scarecrow's raiment throughout. A mother's vindication of Kronos bred itself apace; when a sickness of Giants refuses to abscond. 'Nuff said---."

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-SIX: (196)

Beady Eyed Tremblake (a Scarecrow who's escaped from Farmer Jones' fields): "Listen to me, Mother most fair! A brief Victorian doll, held in by Toby Clarke's and Dominika Skwara's photo, holds me captive. It delineates a stained theatre – at once porcelain clean – and yet tissue-paper thin in its index. Whilst its palimpsest or skin waxes green, dulcet, clean, rilled, slightly ribbed, egg-shell like or full. Why do I raise this? Perforce, it has to do with a manikin's eye or cornea, and it's sinister, congealed, spot-on, beady, marble issued... even eldritch. Might such a minute ball obey its duct or sluice (?) – namely, the mechanism within a doll's head. And it causes a pin-ball, a la Kosinski's fraud, to revolve along a swivelling dial. (Didn't Nancy Cunard run a modernist journal called *The Dial*?) Anyway, this children's toy limits an Inferno's prospect, and isn't one to dwell on a dramatic painting by Wyndham Lewis? You know the item where some dull, grey bodies broil in heat under a flame or spurt - it's tungsten loaded and reddened! AGAIN, WE RETURN, MA, TO THE ITEM OF THE TOYS!"

His mother, fearing the worst, clutches at her breast. "Why, my spiritual *Watt* or *Murphy*, *a la* Samuel Beckett, what ails thee?", opines his ready mid-wife. "What do you mean by this hermetic speech? I grant yo---."

A Scarecrow (for a sun-god) cuts her short: "Enough and behold, the local constabulary have been investigating a murder of TOYS, wig-wams, jigsaws, Action Men, sad wriggling clowns and sundry toy-box extras. But I (it is) WHO'S BEEN KILLING THEM! I even led the homicide squad a merry dance over some dusted prints."

"YET WHY, Why, why(?)", screamed a Matriarch. "Tell me, as a bird wrenched out of life in one's hand falls to the loam. Do you hear?"

"It's probably", enjoined a tatterdemalion, "because I was denied a regular childhood and reduced to a threadbare exit. Didn't I then become a companion-piece to a life of rags? Most certainly... you made a bon-fire of my playthings, such as those extras in a Punch and Judy kit, and I couldn't progress. Moreover, a holocaust o' dolls imbibes William F. Harvey's story, Jim Crow, with an added resonance... in that a Doll's Hospital upstairs, from a shop in Reading, clears a childhood's pitch. Further: these figurines or ripped agendas, when put together, resemble the higgledy-piggledy match-making of Professor X. The following glove puppets were all there – albeit mashed together in imagination. They are Punch, Judy, Baby, Policeman, Hobby Horse, Toby Dog, Blackman, Hangman (Jack Ketch), Clown Joey, Scaramouch, Doctor, Minister, Devil, Skeleton, Crocodile/Dragon, Pretty Polly, Bottler and Beadle. Let it all end up in the Chapmans' vision of Hades; what with thousands of Airfix miniatures or soldiers (bloated in size) and a hidden lore. They incarnate a consciousness; they are Moon-childs of Aleister Crowley's set... And yet they're lashed, bashed, smashed, discombobulated, avec rival limbs circling, or ill-fitting, on other Bodies. Could this be a veritable Shoah of dolls (?); reminiscent of Sarban's house of moppets and hissing under a witch's hex. It definitely elides into Thomas Ligotti's *The Red Tower* as a synonym for the Castle on the Hill"

"NNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO!", yells Mama Grunge.

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-SEVEN: (197)

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "Thou hast said it, progenitor! For I turned into a Scarecrow as a result of sadness and martyrdom. Why so, you may ask? Well, it had much to do with an impurity of noise, in that you – a deluded Mrs. Rochester in Jean Rhys – set about my TOYS. It was yon who made a bonfire or pyre of such play-things (most exquisitely). Isn't anyone familiar with

Thomas Ligotti's story, The Clown Puppet, where a deluded manikin announces death in a pharmacist's back-room? He does so as part of L.S. Lowry's ventures – involving those stick-men, painted on the latrines of so many White planes, out by Salford's quays. Look at this: a roseate or golden glow clusters around our gargoyle, and it registers alive, alive-o under some red-andyellow awnings. These indicate the faded gentility, brocade, searust and tattered amusements of yore. They're representative of Sheppey on the North Kent coast – even Coney Island. Don't they unfurl the tents at a pier's end (?); rather like Commedia delle'arte without the strings. Quod those marionettes down below are smashed up, trashed, constrained, soldered, routinely ruined or consigned to History's 'bin'. Might they consist of a moustachioed Doctor, avec white ruffs, together with broken noses, teeth, blossoming Pinocchios and Beady-eyed fingers? Such are goggle-eyed beams who alight as Crocodiles, what with their ventriloquist's mouths snapping back and forth. Since, as with Lucien Freud's still-lifes, all of this lifeless posing tends in one direction. It refutes Mathew Smith's apples on a plate – and it resiles from Butz, Steiglitz, Baron, Berg, Rassinier, Devi, Faurisson, Graf, Walendy, Rudolf, Montagno, et al. And it definitely moves forward as a Moloch; as Holocaust art... Do you detect Finkelstein's gorge rising? Nonetheless, these Songs of a Dead Dreamer (so to say), all compare themselves to a battering-ram of TOYS. Wherein Poussin's Massacre of the Innocents is reduced to one visage, Mama, in which a Bedlam of Victorian curiosities grinds on. All of these mechanisms are rendered unholy, messy, or mixed through: like the insides of Humpty-Dumpty (in postlapsarian mode). Whereupon Punch's cap-and-bell penetrates a Crocodile's mouth; Clown Joey's harlequin tugs at Scaramouch's neck; the Beadle leads Jack Ketch up to his scaffold; the Skeleton plays the Baby as if it were a trombone; and the entire red-and-yellow canopy falls on its Professor. All is topsy-turvy (you see); and it retraces those destructive steps, in accord with a medieval tarot of the Tower, and akin to William S. Burroughs' texts. This began with your

actions, continued via my 'Son of Sam' rages, and ended in a hecatomb OF TOYS. I merely obeyed what criminologists or sociologists call the 'cycle of violence' theory."

"BUT WWWWWHHHHHY?", leveraged out his Mother.

"That's relatively easy", opines a Scarecrow, "it had to with cussedness, bitterness, a dog in the manger attitude and a revenge on Life. In truth, the thought of striking was always in me! If the magic of a toy-box is denied me – no-one else must enjoy the privilege of Angela Carter's *Magic Toy-Shop*. Surely it must become a little boutique of horrors?"

PART ONE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-EIGHT: (198)

Beady Eyed Tremblake avec an unkempt visage... might a straw-hat escape censure? In any event, a Scarecrow awaits the call: "Begorrah! I fell upon these toys for divers reasons, but essentially due to an alienation from the darkness within. Yes indeed, a cut-up rhapsody of these figurines emerges – albeit one that's far removed from Byron Gysin's 'Method'. Again, I moved in for the kill with a bread-knife, and I remember its blade entertaining gilt or ormolu round the sides. Let it pass: since the mask of a Doll limits action, and may it relate to Sarban's decadent House of Dolls? Likewise, the skin or fibre of such Anglo-Saxon poetry seems verdant, Gilman thin, acted upon, beset or reminiscent of Evola's ridden tiger. Similarly, I chose to forgo looking into a black eye – it was ebon in its pitch, licensed, marble-like, Queen(y) and redolent of Quentin Crisp. Remember: I met these triple-heads, quavers, teddies, Roland the Egg-man, Triangles, Rupert Bear in The Daily Express and the Incredible Hulk off the internet. They all responded to a page on Facebook, the social networking site, and this was devoted to Caravaggio... in particular his painting Judith Beheads Holofernes. None of them survived my flashing blade (you see). And such a nightmare takes up a redaction of Julius Evola's paintings, in Dadaist vein, from the early 'twenties. To be certain, the latter's

Metaphysics of Sex and Metaphysics of War soon meld. They combine in the viewer's mind (somewhat telepathically) and they intone a cybernetic Laura Croft avec breasts unfurled. Such inducements merge Tank Girl, Pamella Anderson, Lady Penelope, Trine Michelson and a female astronaut. (May a science fiction version of Jane Fonda – at once kitted out in body-armour – suffice?) Never mind, and from psychiatry's point of view, I found it difficult to 'enjoy' Strawberry Wobbler accordingly. Ceteris paribus, I couldn't project adult desire a 'childish' idealism. Moreover, this consciousness or stasis afflicted me... and it led to suspended animation, even moral death. This is why the image of beheading, in Caravaggio's Giuditta che taglia la testa a Oloferne, becomes important... in that it denudes a complex castration. Aren't we able to see it rise, as a serpent, with a gold or Hellenistic face-mask above a curtain? It proved to be ornate or brocaded – prior to its beheading via a broadsword. Wouldn't it be licit to mention George Speaight's History of the Tovtheatre in Britain here?

PART ONE HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-NINE: (199)

At this juncture (my friends) his mother tried to get away. She definitely picked up her petticoats and ran... but Beady Eyed Tremblake responds instantly. In all conscience, this finality encodes many an end or its curtain, and the conclusion to Robert E. Howard's *Rogues in the House* looms. For, irrespective of all, a rag-man raises a stool so as to stop her departure, yet she continues on with loping strides. The action was almost too swift for the naked eye... even though Beady Eyed hurled a wooden contraption. It reverberated, softened, seemed to shift in flight or tilt, and steered itself to a necessary rest. This left it perched dangerously on his mother's temple – whereby, under such an impact, Bob-cat Jenkin lay silently within a circle of liquid. Such a stickiness seems to be black in colour and it increased outwards exponentially. Somewhat casually, Beady Eyed rumoured to himself, 'so her blood proved to be eldritch all along'. By the

way, our Straw-hat or Farmer Jones' talisman is momentarily stunned by these events. They certainly bring home to him an insouciance, a brooked witness or gasp, and even a tragic stillness. This proves to be both insistent and semi-heroic. Also, and beneath his breath, one notates the following...: 'what have I done?', he mumbles slowly. Suddenly, and without surfeit or remit, a dark mass envelops him from the floor... and it definitely harks back to the figure of Mephistopheles poisoning a town. (Note: this event takes place in Murnau's Faust, somewhat later). Still, a gas or mephitic odour escapes willy-nilly, and it has to do avec the vampire in 'Salem's Lot. Wasn't his name Barlow via the Marsten House?) Possibly... yet the ubiquitous figure of the demon Cranium Biter (Dye) wraps himself around our ragamuffin. Simultaneously, this Worzel Gummidge flowers into a face by Bacon, Balthus, Buffet and Sutherland. It rises to the task of a magnificent lustre - if only to fall back disobligingly. And, amidst a radiating swirl, one crepitation issues forth... it barks out instructions between serrated teeth (never mind blazing orange eyes). "You did what you could, my servant", 'it' responded in a metallic whisper. Couldn't it be heard from miles away? Quod a chain, reminiscent of Savitri Devi's pet cobra, winds its way (bronze link-to-link) ahead o' time. What may it portend? A pall or shadow falls over half a Scarecrow's head - even though he's not yet a Louisiana Half-Face!

PART TWO HUNDRED: (200)

Yet Joseph Clagg's barking or gibbering images need not concern us, and they're white forms reversed out on black. In short order, the daemonic entity Cranium Biter (Dye) wraps his prey in a gnarled fist; and such a claw looks to be long, elongated, gnarled, hidden, pinched or 'salty'. It also reaches out to the nimbus of Steve Ditko's grave, even the *numina* which lurked in those images of *Doctor Strange*. Still further, this armature seems frazzled or metallic; and it suffers (instantaneously) from elephantiasis... or what appears to be so.

Certain items of steel – at once triangular, cone-like or nodular – break out on the surface of one's armoured trunk. A chain (that's been mentioned hitherto) also rippled around vis-à-vis a boa constrictor, in a manner reminiscent of 'Doctor Who' in Countdown. Herein, a pepper-pot instrument is wound around an astronaut using tape, and it bespoke mummification or a live burial. A sarcophagus was already present, do you see? Anyway, Cranium Biter (Dye) looks on – amidst this rugby tackle – and his teeth chafed at the expectancy of play. Whereas those orbs glowed like naked coals; the references to which scalded Pilate's hands. Weren't they altogether given over to a Grimoire or a negative party piece? As a consequence, we are free to gaze upon a filmic background that's unfazed, and it's a dirty concrete wall (quite plausibly). Could it reconnoitre those shapes, efflorescent cancers, tubular bells, loofahs or sponges, and stray attachments - partly longitudinal - that disfigure it? These, in turn, were emblematic of paintings by Rothko, van Velde, Asger Jorn, Nicholson, Klee and Miro. While, irrespective of all this, Cranium Biter (Dye) has begun to speak in a lowish register or Hertz. It begins to sound akin to what follows: "Goodnight, my child, have no fear... The taste for revenge is strongest amongst a stranger's atoms. Do not be tempted into a rival abyss – for it's VERY HOT WHERE WE'RE GOING!" All our aforementioned Scarecrow, Beady Eyed Tremblake, can reply was: "UUUgh! What's the meaning of this, huh? I don't know (really). Whatever can happen over this mark or watch? I reckon it'll be a matter of Pollini's Night – a mixture of scatology, the demotic, American sickness, North Korean *chutzpah* and communist brain-washing".

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-ONE: (201)

After a little bit of heavy or stertorous breathing (*a la* re-birthing or a séance), Cranium Biter begins its spiel.

Cranium Biter (Dye): "Listen to me, behold my wisdom and experience a livid involution... or the opposite of evolution. You are in Hell (possibly Sammael's junction) and even a purgatorial

lustre or its Limbo. May Wyndham Lewis' illisible Childermass have a role to play? Anyway, the history of the House on Headtaker's hill or Briar's copse reverberates away. It certainly echoes electronically (a la Stockhausen) in terms of his Occult muzak. Do not despair... since, if one remembers Genesis 6, then there was a war in Heaven whose aftermath proved to be uncertain. It took place at the very beginning and those who'd been excluded left a firmament... these were Belial's minions. Didn't they mate with mortal women - according to some Scriptures? Let's face it: a bifurcation has arrived or contrived to soar o'er burnt toadstools and bracken. These were ebon, parched, rough, sour grassed or black in colour. A sweet-pea or narrative (in Salvatore Rosa's tints) originates here. And – at its veritable heart - one observes a human bat which flies against the moon. Its limbs wax vertiginous, unbusted, higher to lower mammalian, sinewy or Blakean. Moreover, a decided velocity indicates the Beast - and it overshoots, manufactures a Limehouse golem a la Peter Ackroyd, or moves like a shark ascending (once shot). Do you notice? Quod the form at the centre of those gliding wings was human; it just strove to darken the aspect of such plus-fours. Don't you find it licit to point out that our Manse rested on Satan's crop... amongst other names?"

Again, Madam Blavatsky's *Lucifer* (not a magazine this time) brooded on the fortune which had overtaken him. In aspect, his body and torso avows the lead of Arno Breker or Josef Thorak; in that such a depilation contrasts with those green tongues, lips and wings. Might this be a darksome Nemedian chronicle? Nonetheless, the background to his distemper can be fashioned, and it rejects John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Why so? Well, it basically averrs a brownish mass, sky, pink-streaked dawn or aplomb. Yes indeed, any anxiety felt prior to day-break can be replaced, due to a lowering cumulus. It also meant that a red-tipped ocean splits before its cream, especially when the sun sets amid a refulgent orange splurge. Turner – eat your heart out! Yet Satan became careless, on reflection, and one of his sub-angels or

demons managed to escape from Hades... & came to earth. Lo! But whereunto should it hide other than a dwelling on Briar's Copse, Head-taker's Hill or Mephisto's tor? Most certainly: in that Cranium Biter (Dye) hovers here a millennium ago, if only to merge in, delicately, with those shaven tree-trunks. They proved to be eldritch saplings swaying in the wind (or rye grass) above an aforementioned mound. And, all in all, the density o' the dark – in terms of its changeling status – speaks of Algernon Blackwood's *The Man Who Loved Trees*. By any dint, Cranium Biter's teeth pulsate (luminously) amidst this broken scene; and Thomas Ligotti may call it *the shadow, the darkness*.

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-TWO: (202)

"Furthermore, and in past aeons, I remained here with a festering hatred... possibly for either a shading in the light or the dark. May it explore an unabridged edition in 1959 (from Calcutta) of Savitri Devi's The Lightning and the Sun? To close upon it: various Red Men, natives, Indians or aboriginals were decimated - as regards a factotum. Could it possibly indicate the text Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee? Not really: since those Peckinpah moments, spotted in blood, came to nought amidst Longfellow's tributary. As the corpses mounted afore a House's creation – we recognise those stately troopers, avec bow-legs, and red conicalhelmets or brass. Likewise, this amphitheatre - with its mausoleum Gothic from the early nineteenth century - led to a new misery. Most especially, if we take on board the Manse's use as an asylum - in a manner that links it to the ol' tumbledown in Dracula. A maniac called Renfield tries to take up residence inside, don't you know? Anyway, we've negotiated a new route march... i.e., one which provides some Zyklon B to delouse those winding columns. Meanwhile, the House on Headtaker's Hill recognises its asylum status; and it's heavy, mullioned, friez(e)d up, mock-angry, Corinthian, even though it lacks A God in the Bowl. Its proportions were different (to be sure); yet the building's outer appurtenances remind us of:

'And the Lord saith unto Satan: Behold, all that he hath is in thy power...'

Book of Job, Verse Twelve

Again, a clue lies in our dwelling's visitation, and it must be considered a brick frontage on a closed or hidden eye. One has much the same impression of the Victorian block at Broadmoor. It's situated in Crowthorne, Berkshire, but what really arrests one's attention is the frozen quality – namely, its Doll's-house mania *a la* M.R. James. This inflexion crowns its own challenge – if only to haunt a porcelain doll's face which floats above. Mayhap it's half a visage in honour of H.P. Lovecraft? Consequently, this folly on Strawberry Hill leaves us cold... and it's latent, steam-turbine generated, old, muggy, covered in fog, futuristic – even Fritz Lang's baby! Oh yes, let's rely on Cranium Biter (Dye) to reveal all."

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-THREE: (203)

"Still", averrs the Daemon, "we need to consider a mad-house's existence earlier in the last century. It doubtless evades Hilaire Belloc's fury – at least by a process of disregard. For the House on Headtaker's hill once doubled as Antonin Artaud's theatre of cruelty (most definitely). Can't it be treated as a tributary of the movement? In any event, various lycanthropes, psychos, schizoids, human-animals, etc..., all move in a brown study. It typifies Samuel Beckett's Murphy; primarily as one configures schizophrenics who refuse to play chess. Why so? Well, basically quod to take another piece, whether White or Black, is to communicate with a rival on the board's retro. Look at this: the sunlight streams into an inner zone, reminiscent of van Gogh's portrait of a prison-yard, and depicting ghosts. May they be Ibsen's? But, in actuality, they were stick-men who moved in a torment of lost souls... while Cranium Biter (Dye) infused this institution. When seen from the outside (therefore) the da(e)mon's very mantra hovered inside its brick-work... and the heavy Gothic frontage betrays its own teeth. These chompers or vampiric stalactites belong to Cranium

Biter in such a way as to be inter-penetrative. They festoon the ether roundabout the building's frontage."

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-FOUR: (204)

As a latent posture, the demon hunkered down amidst some finger-prints. Aren't you aware that no two sigils are the same? They began with a Gallic system of classification, but now they make up a mounted extra in Art's name. Each one comes to be sepia tinted or reserved... whereas Cranium Biter (Dye) hoves to. What could be said to characterise his mask? Why, it belabours a bitterness that triumphs o'er freedom – and its molars were clenched, eyes slit, cheek-bones skeletal or rift, and skin texture leathery. Doesn't it deliver a pterodactyl's rhombus (?) once cleansed by a milk-bath. In any event, and congruent to a new legend, our crow-man has begun to talk.

Cranium Biter (Dye): "You forget the logic of Dante's Divine Comedy, my victim. It always has a purposive arc, Beady Eyed. Listen to my husbandry: you should dissolve all hope in Memling's 'Pits'. Nor may Charles Maturin's Melmoth the Wanderer have been composed on laudanum (necessarily). Let's give it a blow-by-blow account: since I exist to bring home prey to a ritual sacrifice! Yes indeed, there is nothing accidental in this life; and it all enjoins a metaphysical objectivism. I have been placed here (in other words) in order to bring about a wickerman's advent. Do you see? It means that Heaven and Hell have combined to smooth the way for me - contrary to Barbusse's doxa. Nothing must interfere with this pseudo-religious urge, in that it's all been ordained. Yeeessssss... the victims were chosen, but not at random, and they're more like an experiment where iron filings gather over a magnet. All in all, the characters in this Mediaeval mystery play foregather here anent the House on Headtaker's Hill. Might one stoop to call it (also) Satan's crop or Briar's Copse, by the by? Nonetheless, yourself (a Scarecrow called Beady Eyed Tremblake), a Vamp, a Mummy, Siamese twins, a living Skeleton or Lord of Death, a half or Two-face

(grinning from ear-to-ear), a Zombic mob, several Hecates or witches, one pyromaniac, even a Witch-finder general in Chap Rusk (Roughage), are all gathered herein. It's a collocation of Head Men – don't you perceive it? Each one is a drifter, a loner, an outsider or an indigent scape-grace. All of them seem to be dwelling on the putrescence of Baudelaire's Flowers of Evil. Indeed, our multiple Guys or Chap-sticks are gathered roundabout the pyre – prior to an inevitable destruction. Immolation is the name of the game therein. Doesn't it prefigure the letter-writing of Henry Miller and John Cowper Powys, for example? In any case, I usher in the doctrine of the scape-goat with a clawed maw - and won't these forms broil like the Chapmans' toy-soldiers? Gaze upon this, man of straw, and understand why I've been sent to earth... It's for a reason – i.e., to act as an In-betweener, a balance, equipoise or Charon. I shall proceed, as in Bocklin's painting, to carry damnation's quarry across a river. Whether it happens to be a Styx or an Acheron won't matter. You will eventually comprehend, my moral slave! For – rather like a Styros who stands on Life's matrix – I rip off a mask of unKnowing. And I do so, in the manner of a Zane Grey Western, once a cauldron's been kindled."

Beady Eyed Tremblake (broken and gulping): "What eventuates now?"

Cranium Biter (Dye): "Nothing will come of nothing – speak again. Don't you recall a scene between Monarch and daughter in *King Lear*?"

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-FIVE: (205)

Between-times, my lovelies, the broken figurine of a cloth-doll (once born) swoons afore a da(e)monic *alter ego*, Cranium Biter (Dye). Might it choose to embody Jim Thompson's *The Killer Inside*? By any reckoning, the entity's talons flick out – as if deciding on which card to throw away at Goren's *Bridge*. Needless to say, the face elongates in a cranial lurch; thence

living up to the creature's name or crash-out. In turn, its lower dentures swoon and spill – after the affectation of a pin-hole camera, 'What the Butler Saw!' or Francis Bacon. Why don't you leave it alone now? Since this shape-shifting indicates a reptilian awe, or quite possibly one of those Gothic paintings by Redon or Rops. A prehistoric fish-egg seems to be relevant here (if at all) and one's reminded of a pike's jaws in English fresh water. Again and again, they were prehensile, tonsilled, unforgiven, wrapt up wide as an aperture or tip, and deadly. Wasn't Ted Hughes correct to label them as miniature sharks? By and large, though, such a trick-mirror led to a blow-out or a skid across the pond's surface... wherein The Creature from the Black Lagoon emerges. It definitely has a B-movie written all over it; and its travail fixes a Fish-face or a wide open/revolving disc. Do you remember the half-features over Whateley's brother (?);--- i.e., they were a mess or pottage of tubes and wires (otherwise). This reveals a nemesis that's drawn from an H.P. Lovecraft tale. No-one else applies fixative to this art-work in transition save Sammael - with or without Georges Duthuit's involvement.

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-SIX: (206)

Beady Eyed Tremblake: "What will happen to her broken and blustering form?"

<<<As he says this, he glances across at Bob-cat Jenkin's prone or laborious whelp. It lies on its back and helps itself to a lumbering ceiling. Certainly, his gargantuan mother has seen better days or hours than these.>>>

"Do not fear", reassures Cranium Biter (Dye), "no such leprosy as this may be catching between-times. Furthermore, Bob-cat's distress is the oblivion of a new certainty. It catches no rump or *residuum* other than Heathcote Williams' *The Speakers*. Yet no glabrous puffin, or middle-aged version of Richard Allen's skins, can let fly. Similarly, she might be prone upon a reeking floor...

but this was temporary. Don't you detect an inner logic to her name, my Scarecrow? Consult Peter Straub's edition of H.P. Lovecraft, in vellum or leather, and you'll find a witch's familiar with a man's face. It took the title of Brown Jenkin and scurried around skirting boards in four dimensions. Wait a moment: since your mother will be passing into Hades with you shortly. What belongs to Lucifer must be returned to him - at least in one sense. I, and I alone, am the emissary of a new awakening. This travels along the gasp of its own surround - only to lead you back towards a Hellish mouth. Wasn't it a gaping orifice that lurked at the edge of a stage (?) in Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor* Faustus. Again, you mustn't be afraid, Beady Eyed, quod you will share a future with her in the underworld. Won't you then be a Grendel's mother plus a ragamuffin forever? Dear me, if we judge it aright, Bob-cat embodies a magical dragon by Kokei, the Japanese artist. This illustrates, amid a Shintoist shimmer, the princess Kiyo as a dragon who madly pursues the monk Anchin with amorous intent. Can't she burn the bell at a 'salvation temple', as depicted in Noh or Kabuki drama, and in a way that celebrates an Axis or hammer of the Right? We await our quest's outcome..."

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-SEVEN: (207)

Meanwhile, our *Louisiana Half-face* – Human Toast or Dog-Eared Spittoon – reckons on nought save a cell's illusion. Truly, he/'it' is part and parcel of the *Kali yuga* or age of gloom. Necessarily so, since our two-head dwells on purpose, immolation and its absence. His entire bearing (you see) manufactures a dualism, or the swinging polarity of Greek theatre: whether beholden to Sophocles or Aristophanes. Yet Zarathustra's asymmetry isn't enough – as Nietzsche realised. Perhaps there can be a break-out from the Brothers Grimm here (?), and it portends to an end or finitude. It has been speculated about (hitherto) in the early pages of Savitri Devi's *The Lightning and the Sun*. For, amidst Apollyon, one summons the following: either uniformity or a principle of diversity, at once

ferrous in its discipline. (Note: the core of this equilibrium, witnessed by drawing *Iron Man* in childhood, is difference. It was a semiotic which relates, implacably, to Mankind's racial hierarchy. A Tree of Life this proves to be; the inverse of its stick happens to be Death. As a teacher said long ago: *he who has ears to hear; let him hear...*)

+

Alas, Human Toast gazes at the rinse of his glands, and this means a tin of paraffin. It proves to be turned on its side and comes made of a light metal... weren't its colours a mixture of red-cum-white? The manufacturer's colophon or trade-mark looks like a lightning flash; and it re-invents the comic character Shazam! Didn't he display Zeus' fork? Nonetheless, our pyromaniac plays with the lighter in his benighted hand. This device becomes illumined (thereby) and it hovers over a blur... or its shattered implications. Soon even our split-visage or Janus forgets his environment; i.e., one that, Quentin Crisp-like, seems circumscribed by a studio flat. Can't you spy its sordidness and odour (?); given the fuel with which a matrix's splattered. Gradually, the torch in Louisiana's mitten glows brighter still – and finally the building, a manse on Satan's hill, becomes enervated. An igneous abstract careers on or bites, and, all of a sudden, a yellow/ochre tide begins to unfold. It overlaps avec the serendipity of such courses; as we commence a funereal pyre or a rejoinder to James Hinton. Moreover, this isn't a twilight of the gods – more a scalding (prismically) of these nerds.

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-EIGHT: (208)

To illustrate it: the entire mansion is now regularly ablaze. And a steady entrance to this portico was obscured by a golden lotus; it showered petals of death (aslant) from embedded buds. These were ancient Greek offerings, similar to those in the British Museum, and they opened on the heads of our cast-list. Don't you know that those the Gods intend to destroy – they first make mad? Again, the livid ochre of this torch consumes aught, and it swirls like a kaleidoscope of sparks. May it denote a Catharine

wheel spinning on a crisp, November day? Avaunt thee, the mist of such a blast rises up rival storeys, and these dim some lamps in its casements. Soon a transfiguring fire - alive and yet unfocused – swarms up the manse's side. For, rather akin to the hotel in Stephen King's The Shining, a building is expiring or slowly beginning to combust. All of an instant, a gust of pomegranates shimmers across its façade; and the heavily mullioned exterior starts to die or fade. Isn't it really congealed, faceless, fired in its mortar, (possibly reduced to a kiln), and wrapt in its imaginary bandages? These – after the lintel of Boo Wilson – are already ignited. Quod, if we think about it, the entire farrago or cul-de-sac recalls an M.R. James story named Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad! In it, lifeless sheets were animated by a gust which causes 'em to rear up – they then adopt a mummified existence. It's galvanic (you see); yet already the lineaments of a lit sarcophagus're already out. They're smouldering, brackish, circumscribed by myrrh's absence, frazzled, drooping, cascading-to-oblivion or bereft. Might a singe only occur at the border? Or, in all honesty, shall a misty Turkish bath a la the Emperor Tiberius pass afore a House of ill omen? It genuflects (in steam) across from a Georgian edifice; at once crumbling, angled to a gradient (in heat), broiling and heaving Viz(.) a pudding. Let it go...

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-NINE: (209)

Whilst, above this Adams' family abode, the monumental figure of Cranium Biter (Dye) glimmers like the pox. Most definitely, 'it' embodies the gigantic sculpture of Josef Thorak, Marc Quinn and Anthony Gormley. (Note: the former German professor gave secular Turkey, post its nationalist revolution, a new landscape. It consisted of a non-Mohammedean art. He also obtained political asylum there after 1945). Still, a Titan clears these glyphs – no matter how available they are to a tent's drumming. This occurs in a lonely clearing, with lightning flashing overhead, and a croak is heard deep inside it. No-one really wanted to approach its awning... wasn't it deeply tied, anyway? Likewise, the body

of Cranium Biter (Dye) suffuses the manse; and his torso (or square rib-cage) looms out of this Georgian pile on Headtaker's hill. Could it, in its Baroque splendour, re-interpret Hugh Walpole's mansion on Strawberry tor? Nonetheless, our entire villa was suffused with flame, charcoal, spent dust, rising gas or cobalt, and the livid smell of kerosene. Might it embody the rancid odour of Jim Thompson's The Killer Inside? Leave it alone now... since a freeze-frame depicts a limpid ochre or chiaroscuro, and it limps over to brown or Giotto's dawn. Similarly, any such Renaissance tincture provides an envelope – even a translucent mist through which to see. Isn't it falling (?), or mayhap the statues of Mantega can be set aside by fire. (Note: this Master's paintings were three-dimensional in aspect, and yet they are delineated flatly). Whereupon we can register a fuzziness or wheeze, and a red oblong takes up the strain... it mounts under a limbering sky or prism. Whilst the sun (for its part) mulcts a fraction, possibly a capture a la Sheridan le Fanu's dark glass. Won't the scene insist on a scarlet environment, when witnessed by an ebon column, and entangled in sand? This opaqueness can shatter if heated, yet persons still gesture, mutely, in their Ballad of Reading Gaol. Surely now, they needn't slay what they love? In the case of a Louisiana Halfface, however, we notice that a holocaust lurks around our Human Toast. He fades afore the burning of this affidavit, (you see). Thus, a scream enters into this partiality and it shows off its knowledge of Buffet - particularly as regards his Pieta. May it kneel with the partiality of a Sicilian stick-dance – if set aflame?

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-TEN: (210)

Still, we find ourselves beholden to Bradley R. Smith's latest opus, *A Personal History of Moral Decay*. Since a collapsing pit needs a mouth over its silence; and this manse drowns in Greek Fire on every side. It circulates in a will-o'-the-wisp manner – at once roaring blindly, changeful, *kaos* magician related, twinned and summoning up vertigo. Above all, such an orifice kindles memories of Francis Bacon's heads, in broken light, and fading

behind a curtain. They exist 'neath an existential bulb - while endeavouring to navigate their teeth... the like of which fade, circle, ricochet or pin-ball. May we also discover the partiality of Buffet whose lines are drawn from cave-painting? These images, pursuant to clowns, are thickly etched in black cords a la Gilray or even comic-book art. Won't they stimulate the artifice of an ignited glow? It – in terms of conditioning – can be seen in those hard-edged jets or flares... i.e., this is the sort of bilge or poison burnt off, as methane, atop a swamp's loam. Again, gust after gust of explosive wrath sheets across the mansion; and it occasions a fluidity in its structures. All of an instant, glass from those heavy, lead-lined windows bursts up and shatters *outwards*. Moreover, the great orifice of Cranium Biter (Dye) lingers long in the memory - so as to provide a companion-piece, now impressionistic. Look at this: quod our gabled exterior is about to explode... especially given the hot air building up inside it. Likewise, the odd heavy beam collapses internally or cross-ways, and this provides an added fuel for what comes after. Why don't you play it again? For - when all's said and done - the skullhead that laughs atop a gate is devilish, and it fits in with the impasto of an artist's knife. A heavy use of paint (this was), so as to reveal the work of Auerbach, Gilman, Whistler, Sickert, mock-Leger, non-Sutherland, Turner, de Kooning and Beryl Cook (not really). Finally, one of Kokei's images from Japan comes aboard and it's The Fire Brigade (1910).

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-ELEVEN: (211)

To follow our tale to a bitter end – however – we notice a grand inferno which buckles all to nought. May Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* seriously take issue with aught? Further, the nature of Cranium Biter (Dye) – a Grendel's mother if ever there was one – superintends his victims. For, rather like a painting by Giacometti, two heads are disentangled from a manger. It is heading towards damnation. These twin craniums were severed by flame (pictorially speaking) and they're both howling like a Bacon pope... *a la* Velasquez. Whilst sundry chains envelop a

darkening brood, and such 'Masks' embrace a furnace – after the strangeness of Robert Aickman's quandary. (Note: one thinks of the latter's collected stories, in a slip-case, and put out by a Gothic publisher. The colour coding was a deep claret... albeit with an Edwardian motif upon its sheath. It memorialised the art of Beresford Egan or Audrey Beardsley, and revealed a face slipping off to expose an ebon shade beneath. May it abide by a balaclava that's black in hue, apropos Clive Barker, or even a 'thirties pulp?) By any token, these Siamese twins (by default) were Beady Eyed Tremblake and Bob-cat Jenkin. They both – an aberrant crow~stalker and his deviant mother - caterwaul their way into an everlasting furnace. When, above a necessary climb, Cranium Biter (Dye) looks sepulchral, dark, turgid, unreflexive, shadowy and threatening. Moreover, his mouth seems to be elongated a la a prehistoric fish in the Natural History Museum. He speaks thus:

Cranium Biter (Dye): "Do not fear, my lovelies! You are nearly at your destination at the bottom of those nine moving stairwells. Do you recognise the intimation of Piccadilly Circus? Yet it steams or broils without Acheron's reach. Cerberus, a three-headed Great Dane or its equivalent, waits to greet you. No-one requires beach ware in summer. Don't be afraid, my hated pets, you're almost there!"

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-TWELVE: (212)

Do you remember those eccentrics holding sandwich boards? They declared that the end of the world is nigh... well, *now it might be!* Since the two junkies, Perry's Fizz and Split-mouth Reindeer, successively close the last page of Aleister Crowley's *Diary of a Drug-Fiend.* You see, both of them are spoken for – by way of destruction. And a warmish, fuzzy feeling refuses to leave 'em; it relinquishes nothing and passes a peace pipe. Again, a Tarot card known as the Tower seems relevant here; and it waxes lyrical, 'scarlet heron', a trump, Pineal or luxuriant in its fire-storm. Whereas the old-witch Queen Rat, in a neighbouring

cubicle, smears lip-stick around her mouth. Has she sensed the nearness of a pit; and won't this embroider a clownish imprecation? It certainly speaks well of those twin clowns, made famous by Bernard Buffet, and adorning many a wall. But – nearest to some melting bricks – Cranium Biter (Dye) discovers the Mummy, Boo Wilson. He/'it' offers a cracked smile amid blue or wrapped lintel; the like of which invites him to put his bandaged and maimed hand in twain. The Da(e)mon, Cranium Biter, takes it and leads him into a cremation's colour theory. Soon they were dissolved in a red-to-yellow mist. All this immensely tall *dead-man-walking* can say is 'thank you' over and over. Our Hell's-spawn doesn't audibly reply.

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-THIRTEEN: (213)

"I am the Sacrifice; I am the Oblation." – *Bhagavad–Gita* IX Verse 16.

Now then, our *Inferno* has the temerity to alight on all and none. First of all, it grasps hold of a Scarecrow (Beady Eyed Tremblake) and the flames cause his cotton vestments to steam. They boil, fall in upon themselves, rupture and seethe. Likewise, this corn~dolly comes matted (at a pitch) afore its expiration. Immediately – and like in a silent film – Beady Eyed Tremblake collapses in on himself. Soon it's all over... save for some bales of straw smouldering on the ground. Whilst, on another part of the same set, we sense an auto-da-fe involving Human Toast or Dog-Eared Spittoon. Aren't they interchangeable? Also, doesn't their fate cast a pall over a Professor, a sinologist, who's burnt alive at Canetti's denouement? This happens as his Nobel Prize winning novel concludes. Anyway, our Louisiana Half-Face (Human Toast or Dog-Eared Spittoon) draws a faggot or spool from the pyre. All of a sudden – and in a mad-cap gesture – Dog-Eared thrusts the burning taper into his mouth; if only to see his head surrounded by an aureole. It configures a demented extra... as at the end of a *House of Hammer* horror-film. Suddenly, and

with long or Pythonesque strides, he jogs to an open window and hurls his form out. It's totally afire. This does for Louisiana Halfface, Human Toast or Dog-Eared Spittoon (most explicitly). Needless to say, one character's fate can be seen in another's, in that Perry's Fizz launches himself across the ground. Maybe it takes place in a longitudinal room described by Thomas Carlyle in The French Revolution? To understand it: he runs or laves as a human torch – both in the sense of a Marvel Comics' figure and a whirling tarantella. (Note: The Human Torch, so to say, precedes Marvel and its two antecedents: Hercules and Atlas. He actually goes back to the Golden Age of American graphicnovels in the 'thirties). Further, Perry's Fizz weaves in and out of the ether, arms outstretched, afore he crashes beyond a wall. This causes him to topple over, jugs akimbo, and yet they're strangely pumping within a maelstrom. Mightn't they reinforce their speed with the caught slow-motion of photography? Or can those lines around such flaming limbs belong to Bernard Buffet?) Take it from here: since the twinned pins and legs of Goober Peas, a pair of the conjoined, flip about. They whirl like spinning tops, (severally) – yet each one sports a candle at its end. May such an adventure indicate a fiery or hooked cross (?) - that is, a gammadion which perpetuates motion. It speaks of a spluttering gas-lamp, filament or Bunsen-burner. Until their respective blades cart-wheel to such an extent that the head whizzes off. One observes its explosion after a Cronenberg film or an early Hulk comic, featuring Tyrannus. Surely it goes SPLAT within the context of a living combustion? But various other custodians are marching towards the Styx as well!

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-FOURTEEN: (214)

Listen to this – since the House on Headtaker's Hill, Briar's Copse or Satan's barrow blows up. It is literally like the hotel at the end of Stephen King's *The Shining*. Nonetheless, each of our marionettes or puppets perishes one by one. By way of an example, the grease-paint on Tatum's Clown is peeling off due to the heat. One observes a multiplicity of his mouths, reddened lips

and doleful orbs... He was becoming multiple and two-faced (you see); that is, at least prior to putting an ornamental pistol in his mouth. He pulls the trigger. The back of his head flies off and a loon's brains meet Kafka's The Stoker - he literally shovels a brain-pan. It's all lit-up. To continue our destructive panjandrum: this manse, as its beams and struts fall in on itself, displaces yonder energy. Moreover, such a plenitude of sparks build up and adopt a conic shape - in other words, they pursue a triangular dishonour. This takes the format of Imperial Wizard's pyramidal head-gear in the night. Again, we note a formula where Queen Rat and Bob-cat Jenkin double up – aren't they one and the same? Initially, a trickle of fire winds its way round 'em - in a way that's reminiscent of *Tom and Jerry*. Suddenly, two bulky packages fall through the floor, and, as a consequence, a susurration of steam rushes upwards. It's reminiscent (for all the world) of Thomas Eddison's silent film Frankenstein in 1910. Auteurs will be the first to inform you of its length: ten minutes. Likewise, the twin dolls of Chap Rusk (Roughage) and Dramabu both have detachable limbs – much like artists' manikins. Let's face it: a dollop of flame lands upon each and they stagger about as living torches... amid buttresses, balustrades, murals, friezes, portals, etc... All of these are detached via suburban ash. Basically, Dramabu's living skeleton or helmet comes off, possibly to reveal a rubber-mask, prior to Chap Rusk's dehiscence. His face is raked off (you remark). Yet the smooth oval of its resolution remains aft – what with declensions for the mouth and eyes. Don't they belabour under Steve Ditko's pop art? Needless to say, a mask of Strawberry Wobbler's beauty lies tied to a post by a tarred rope. It seems to be brackish, stained or tarnished by the heat. Despite this... an example of funk art takes over here (from the 'sixties and 'seventies) and it has to do with Death of a Hippy. Won't Split-mouth Reindeer come to a sticky end (?), what with the following scenario or playlet. For Boo Wilson, the Mummy, stands before Cranium Biter (Dye) and the junky's half-burnt corse. 'Let me put her out of the creatoid's misery', refrains our bandaged-man. He carries a halbert (or double-headed axe) in his lintel'd hand... presumably for an option such as this. 'Wait!', cries Cranium Biter in a stern voice, 'don't you observe that the girl's tears are not due to grief – but odium? Hatred animates these tear ducts (you see) and this emotion can be fused like stained-glass, so as to create beautiful patterns. It's profound, Boo, rather after a moth drawn to the candle that'll extinguish it. Do you see? Odi et Amo, in Catallus' diction, although such emotions are Hegelian. They negate any possible negation, in other words'. In any event, Split-mouth soon expires of poisonous gas that emanates from the sofa. Whilst an Egyptian Mummy cannot serve in a world of phosphorescent insects. He tries to survive, momentarily, by holding off sparks using a buckler which has been taken from a bracket. This was found on a heavy, granite wall avec deep indentations in terms of its flags... even mortar. Unfathomably, a flaming arrow-head bores through a floor, whether from its ceiling to the door, so as to pinion a Mummy. So trapped, 'he' soon unravels amidst a great, fiery roll which devours him in short order, and it occasions a bonfire on a Spring day. Summarily then, his limbs are severed mid this scalding pit, embrasure, delinquency, charnel house or Bret Easton Ellis cover. It delineates an American Psycho in terms of Durkheim's anomie or suicide. Finally, his twitching plastinate comes to a rest astride an ossuary, and it unfurls Schwarzkogler's immolation. Might this be the Assault on Culture about which Stewart Home spoke? (Note: he proves to be a nihilistic 'communist' - don't forget). All in all, Strawberry Wobbler's face bears a rip-tide and its mouth elongates... perhaps after vaudeville or a Brechtian clown. Can't it signify a feminine version of Buffet's sad Glocks (?), albeit prior to being cast into a fiery skip. Soon the entire House is a ruinous catalogue of match-ends. These cut through the brick-dust of defeat in order to erect a new Moloch.

PART TWO HUNDRED-AND-FIFTEEN: (215)

In conclusion, the House on Headtaker's Hill has been devastated by an infernal din. It speaks to one's God in the Bowl without mercy, and, in all honesty, it presages a blow vis-à-vis truth & memory. Won't Rudolf's Castle Hill Publications come to play a role here? By any token, the structures of this mansion were reduced to an ash-cloud over time... and doesn't it presage John Hershey's Hiroshima? Most evidently, an eldritch Rothko belts out the braces herein; and it's billowing, grey, rough, asphyxiated or torpid. Moreover, the inner treacle of its form seems to quicken – even congeal. For example, how can we fail to notice those sticks – or false entries – that make of themselves a wrecked tooth-pick or broken bracken? Variously so... and once engulfed by a firestorm which has burnt itself out, a few blackened redoubts body forth. They are the relics of relics (if you will). Whilst, all around you, an ebon gulf subsists or defines, and it subscribes to a deadened posture. This is one that makes the most of a sensory deprivation chamber (otherwise raised to the sky) and it willows to a casket of so much space. Do you see? Still, the occasional flash-back, even photographic negative, can be discerned amid this annihilation... and it looks like Dramabu's Zombies. Vaguely or briefly, they broil within such an incinerator – even if the furnace is effectively out. Sure enough, a tableau of greyness reminds us of Armageddon's garden. Necessarily, this casts afore it a reminiscence of lost selves or ghosts... especially as it relates to authors who insist on memory's transition. Mightn't they include the following practitioners of Paul de Mann's Blindness and Insight? These pundits or night owls were Chomsky, Thion, Steiglitz, Butz, Samning, Walendy, Berg, Faurisson, Baron, Rudolf, Maslow, Rassinier, Zundel, Devi, Harwood, Hoggan, Barnes, Rothbard, Graf, Leuchter, Irving and Hoffmann's exegesis on Stalinist gore. Above this charred manse, however, we notice a faded picture of Cranium Biter (Dye). Like the daemon Choronzon (sic) he's faded to ash or a break-dance, and the image gradually disappears. It disembodies a Khazar trope, an exemplum drawn

from C.A. Cooper's *Bonfire*, or thousands of the Chapmans' Airfix soldiery in a smelter. Sooner or later one recognises whether James Herbert's *The Rats* broke this way and that, as a horde, amid extinguished flame. The mirror-effect of Cranium Biter (Dye) has entirely gone now, and don't we remember a line from the *Bhagavad-Gita*? 'No-one recognises me when I came in mortal guise' (IX Verse 11). Momentarily – and abreast of this dead-zone or ruin – a configuration begins to emerge. It seems to be strangely abstract, percussive and not altogether there. Anyway, a darksome lightning distils from ebonite slabs, and these constellate under a gibbous amulet. It's a flash-gun. Can it be what the researcher Goodrick-Clarke calls a *black sun*?

NOTES:

- 1) Future plot developments \rightarrow in the Stonehenge dream \rightarrow Cranium Biter (Dye's) visage comes away \rightarrow and it leaves Dramabu's rubber suit or costume \rightarrow yet it's burnt off the body, revealing Chap Rusk (Roughage). He's exhausted, maybe dead.
- 2) In one's final story-board or *manga* → Beady-Eyed Tremblake's monstrous mother is knocked out (like on a fairground or a Punch & Judy booth). Yet she reveals the truth; namely, that her son has turned into a Scarecrow out of sadness and martyrdom. Why? *Quod* she made a bon-fire or pyre of his play-things... In turn, and from psychiatry's point of view, he finds it difficult to 'enjoy' Strawberry Wobbler by dint of being unable to project desire beyond a child's "idealism". This is due to an absence of toys. We must mention George Speaight's *History of the Toy-Theatre* in Britain (here)...

Other plotting devices \rightarrow therein lies an odyssey.