

Where to begin? For once I am lost for words. Not a good start for a self-professed cunning linguist-rolls off the tongue quite nicely though doesn't it? Today at the time of putting pen to paper it is 24 years to the day that I first entered sobriety having suffered chemical dependency from an early age. At the time of writing I am 42 years of age, quite a lot of water has gone under the bridge since I first collapsed into a chair at a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous at the grand old age of 18. What follows is my rather inadequate attempts to put into words a life that at times has been lived on the edge and to express rationally my gratitude to those who have supported my struggles throughout my life. Life didn't stop happening just because I got sober and although I have spent rather too much energy trying to convert lifes natural undulating rhythms of ups and downs into a flat line I have certainly lived to tell the tale. Much of what I have to

say has been said through the lyrics of my songs, I will be presenting them here as a primer for prose discussion and biographical details. When I was 18 I met Liza Minelli who was just releasing her biography, I told her I was a poet and wanted to get published, she said she was being published because of who she was. This book in reply is because of who I am. It is the contention of this book that many social ills stem from living life from the outside in, keeping up appearances and appearing to be in the altogether. I am who I am, be it creatively or in relation to others because I live from the inside out.

There are many points of entry for a book of this kind. I have written copious notes some of which have raised painful memories and conflicting emotions. My upbringing could be described as dysfunctional if I were trying to be polite. For many years I tried to numb out and avoid my feelings and reality. I spent a lot of

years feeling less than and worthless trying to apply principles others had taught me were a way through. For a lot of my formative years I didn't trust my thinking , my best thinking had led to drinking and worse but there will be quite a lot about what I think in what follows. It took a lot of time for me to reach a resting place where I could go easy on myself and be relaxed about who I am, where I come from and what it all means to me. I am not going to try to explain all of my lyrics; the meaning is in the eye of the beholder. I sometimes work with contradictory and ambiguous perspectives, it is important to realise I often create a character from whose perspective I write, although I may empathise with the character their world views are not necessarily mine. I tend to try to make light of some very dark subjects so it is with the light that I'll start in turning to the final lyric from the internet released album Swords In Abusers available from

www.wolfchilde.com Here is a song about childhood wounds, healing and gratitude for the support of others who although they may have suffered different struggles, never the less were there for me to lend an ear on this journey. It also has reference to the rebel camp at Liliesleaf under South African apartheid, also survivors of abuse.

Lily Leaves

There's a wan white Lily

Touched with tears of dew

Breathed back to life

By the morning breeze,

Now a trumpet it's playing

With the strength of a kiss,

And the song that it's singing

Stems on back to a past.

Down, down below

Where we meet at the roots

A rhythm is swelling

With a hunger it seems

But at its source there's a sobbing

That few get to hear,

A little child crying

Nestled deep down below.

From the veil of all sorrows

A flowering begins

Breathed back to life

By each word on the breeze

Its growth in our spirits

Through the sharing of tears

And these hearts that surround us

Are the Lilies leaves.

To put my childhood in some kind of historical context I
hear reprint a time line of the history of child protection
from David Batty The Guardian, Wednesday 18

May 2005. From the earliest days of my recovery from addiction I could be said to be living the words of Elton John, 'looking like a true survivor feeling like a little kid', however it took a little while for these words to grow on me.

1889

The first act of parliament for the prevention of cruelty to children, commonly known as the "children's charter" was passed. This enabled the state to intervene, for the first time, in relations between parents and children. Police could arrest anyone found ill-treating a child, and enter a home if a child was thought to be in danger. The act included guidelines on the employment of children and outlawed begging.

1894

The act was amended and extended. It allowed children to give evidence in court, mental cruelty was recognised and it became an offence to deny a sick child medical attention.

1908

The Children's Act 1908 established juvenile courts and introduced the registration of foster parents. The Punishment of Incest Act made sexual abuse within families a matter for state jurisdiction rather than intervention by the clergy.

1932

The Children and Young Persons Act 1932 broadened the powers of juvenile courts and introduced supervision orders for children at risk. The following year, a further act brought together all existing child protection law into a single piece of legislation.

1948

The Children Act 1948 established a children's committee and a children's officer in each local authority. It followed the creation of the parliamentary care of children committee in 1945 following the death of 13-year-old Dennis O'Neill at the hands of his foster parents.

1968

Under the 1968 Social Work (Scotland) Act, local authority social work departments replaced children, welfare, health and probation committees. Local authorities also took over responsibility for investigating child abuse.

1970

Under the Local Authority Social Services Act 1970, councils' social work services and social care provisions, including those for children, were amalgamated into social services departments.

1974

The inquiry into the death of Maria Cowell at the hands of her stepfather highlighted a serious lack of coordination among services responsible for child welfare. Its report led to the development of area child protection committees (ACPCs) in England and Wales, which coordinate local efforts to safeguard children at risk.

1989

The Children Act 1989 gave every child the right to protection from abuse and exploitation and the right to inquiries to safeguard their welfare. Its central tenet

was that children are usually best looked after within their family. The act came into force in England and Wales in 1991 and - with some differences - in Northern Ireland in 1996.

1991

Staff guidance on working together under the Children Act required ACPCs to conduct an investigation to establish whether child protection procedures were followed when child abuse is suspected or confirmed to be the cause of a child's death. Updated in 1999.

1995

The Children (Scotland) Act incorporated the three key principles of the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child into Scottish law: protection from discrimination, ensuring that child welfare is a primary concern and listening to children's views.

1999

The Protection of Children Act 1999 was passed, aiming to prevent paedophiles from working with children. It requires childcare organisations in England and Wales to inform the Department of Health about anyone known to them who is suspected of harming children or putting them at risk. A similar act was passed in Scotland in 2003.

2001

Then Scottish education minister Jack McConnell (below) ordered a review of child protection in Scotland following the inquiry into the murder of three-year-old Kennedy McFarlane. An audit published the following year found that half of all children at risk of abuse and neglect in the country fail to receive adequate protection. Two years later, the Scottish executive

published a children's charter, setting out how carers and professionals should protect and respect their rights.

2003

In January, Lord Laming published his report into the death of child abuse victim Victoria Climbié, which found that health, police and social services missed 12 opportunities to save her. Margaret Hodge is appointed the first children's minister in June. In September, a government green paper, Every Child Matters, proposed an electronic tracking system for England's children; 150 children's trusts to be set up by 2006, amalgamating health, education and social services; a children's director to oversee local services; statutory local safeguarding children boards to replace ACPCs; and a children's commissioner for England.

2004

The Children Act 2004, which pushes forward the main proposals of the green paper - electronic children's files; children's directors; and a children's commissioner - is passed by parliament. But it allows local authorities more flexibility in organising their children's services, with the amalgamation of education and social services no longer mandatory. Councils are also given another two years to set up children's trusts.

2005

Professor Al Aynsley Green is appointed as England's first children's commissioner. Former Home Office minister Beverley Hughes replaces Margaret Hodge as minister for children. Former education secretary Estelle Morris is appointed to oversee the government's reform of the children's services workforce.

Lily Leaves was written in 1992 whilst in Minnesota model family systems treatment for dependency issues, including co-dependency in relationships. At the time I had no conception that this would be made into a song, I had never written a piece of music, let alone that it would form the finale to a concept album touching on themes of sexual abuse, dependency, vengeance and redemption. Lily Leaves got me awarded a diploma by Ayershire Arts Council. On writing Lily Leaves I had already had 4 years sobriety, 3 of which involved one to one, client centred, counselling from the body that managed the treatment centre. I had put a lot of energy into service to others which included representation on a national committee, worked the 12 steps, had been employed in caring for learning difficulties clients, had a functional relationship and had apparently successfully recovered from the acting out and getting loaded of my teens. I was quite

dogmatic about the ways in which I had thus far recovered and everything was in the altogether. What I wasn't dealing with were the years preceding my alcoholism, my 'fearless and thorough moral inventory' in Narcotic Anonymous didn't have a starting point till my mid-teens, I was a blank sheet before this, sure I could divulge a few facts such as where, when and to whom I was born but that was it as far as childhood went. In fact 'whom' was a bit of a mystery, my alcoholic father had sired me with a 15 year old girl who at the time of Lily Leaves I didn't even know the name of. This was soon to change and the line 'a little child crying nestled deep down below' seems somewhat prophetic of the work which I was to begin in group therapy at the treatment facility. 'The altogether' started to fall apart when my relationship with my girlfriend broke down over an abortion. I took the termination very much to heart and the grief I felt over

the situation proved to be the tip of the ice berg for a lot of the unresolved grief from my childhood. I started to fall apart, first running from my feelings by trying to start an ill-fated new relationship, putting my grief down to self-pity and telling myself to pull my socks up. For the first time since I had got sober I looked into the darkness of my childhood and quite simply I wanted to die. I went from a socially active recovering addict about town to a suicidal wreck overwhelmed by tears I had dared not shown as a child. Feelings, especially about my abandonment by my mother in infancy were not promoted in my family of origin. I was thankfully not raised by the alcoholic father but by his parents. There were dark secrets that were never meant to be told; these secrets were killing me, what you don't know really can hurt you. A few months after the break up with the girlfriend I half-heartedly attempted suicide, having failed at even that I picked up a bottle of

whiskey. I did this after 4 years of abstinence with no awareness that a slip was on the horizon. I had no understanding about the confusing and powerful emotions that were beginning to surface. I was quite literally in the dark. I got to a meeting of NA the night I relapsed, I was in shock (and drunk) unable to see how my rigid adherence to spiritual principles had not kept me from the first drink. In the ensuing couple of weeks of chaos I reached out for help from the counselling facility I had used in early recovery and they suggested I attend a day programme of group therapy. I put the cork in the bottle once more, shaken more than stired but the feelings would not be silenced. The old medicine had stopped working, I couldn't live in denial anymore, now it wasn't just about my 'self-centred' drinking it was about who I am at the core of my being. The dam began to break, the tears that had begun to breach the surface turned into a deluge, I had found a

safe place in group therapy and I was no longer living 'in the altogether'.

Lily Leaves refers to the 'veil of tears' of Christian theology and of course to the lily of the valley that sprung from the tears wept by Mary at the foot of the cross. Christian imagery runs throughout *Swords In Abusers*, it is the imagery of my childhood. It may come as no surprise that my counsellor in treatment was an ex-Franciscan, this caused a little conflict as I had been quite reactionary towards Christianity through my teens. At the age of 9 I had received a compound fracture of the skull, more trauma than I just got up from and forgot about. At a meeting of children at the local vicarage I had my first meeting with a Franciscan friar. I attended a Church of England school and was in both the school and church choirs which I valued a great deal. I had a child's faith in what the adults around them presented as the truth, my exposure to Christianity

went somewhat deeper than Christmas and Easter celebrations. I sung regularly at weddings as well as socialising with my other choristers. I was also a good cub scout where I was a Sixer (or leader) of my own little pack of wolf cubs. This first Franciscan I had met was upset that the children before him were all excitedly talking amongst themselves whilst he wanted to read from the bible. He took the book in his hand and struck the spine squarely against the scar on my head from the treatment I had received for the accident, it knocked me to the floor, I am not certain but think I lost consciousness briefly. I flew in a rage; my family turned up and threatened to kill the friar, a theme that was to develop later with Christianity begun. I was no longer trusting of church elders, I left the choir and no longer attended church for what was to be quite a long time.

In the treatment centre the ex-friar turned out to be gay which caused a little more conflict for me.

Despite being straight in the later months of my teenage alcoholism, still under age of consent I had been paid by gay men to take my clothes off. Prostitution and the abuse of minors is a theme of the next song I will present the lyric from. I was once raped by a gay man whilst still underage. I was confused about my sexuality as I had experienced earlier abuse that at this time remained repressed, if not for much longer. The Franciscan was man enough to deal with my prejudice and I remember him as a warm and friendly fellow. He suggested that despite my misgivings with the 12 steps apparent failure to keep me sober that I continued to work step 1 – ‘we admitted we were powerless over addiction that our lives had become unmanageable’ and that I further my understanding of step 11 ‘we sought through prayer and meditation to increase our conscious contact with God as we understood him praying only for knowledge of His will

for us and the power to carry that out.’. I consider the later part of this suggestion to be his stuff. My early faith in a higher power from my introduction to sobriety had been floored by my relapse; things were never looking to be so innocent again. In treatment I was asked to do an inventory focusing on Co-dependency in relationships and to produce a family tree listing the dysfunctions of all the family members. The family tree was quite revealing as to how much denial my family lived under, of alcoholism, abuse and the family rule of having to keep it ‘in the altogether’.

Back to the rape. In 2000 when I had opened a police investigation into my childhood, I was encouraged by counsellors present for the criminal statement to go on the Kilroy show to discuss issues from having been a victim male rape. It was agreed that Operation Barnabus, the investigation into the abuse of my childhood should remain top secret so going on the

show was a little awkward since I could only share on the specific instance of the rape in my teens. The rape occurred whilst I was in a week long slip on alcohol following break up with a girlfriend. I had been drunk as a lord, in and out of blackout; I accepted the offer of more drink from a gay guy who took me back to his home. I was so drunk by then that I didn't know where I was. He started to force feed me brandy, tipping the bottle up into my lips, I drank greedily. Somehow he got my clothes off and then proceeded to violently rape me with a fist pushed into my screaming mouth. It is very clear that I did not at any time consent to sex. I phoned the girlfriend from his flat who told me to get out of there, she was quite otherwise incapable of dealing with my cry for help. In blackout I proceeded to try to steal a car despite the fact I can't drive. From there I found the train station and was found by police punching through glass over an emergency fire bucket.

My anger was delayed by the alcohol. I was arrested for criminal damage and at interview with the police stated I had been raped. There was bad bruising to my face and signs of struggle. The police laughed and ridiculed my statement. They stated they were trained in psychology and the best thing for me would be if I never spoke to anyone about the rape. I was very upset and tried to talk to the girlfriend about this. I entered counselling and told them what had happened. I was encouraged to view the incident as a consequence of the unmanageability of my drinking. It was as if my having had a drink that night justified any horror that occurred. If a woman is drunk and someone forces her to have sex it is generally seen as abhorrent. I felt very little emotional support from those I disclosed to. It was as if I was at fault because I was an alcoholic. I agree drinking makes people vulnerable to crime but this does not detract from the responsibility of the criminal. He

was no less a rapist because I happened to be drunk. My counsellors asked if anything like this had happened in my childhood, I said I couldn't remember but the feelings surfaced a little through this incident, I felt once more what it was to be helpless, shamed and traumatised. I had clear symptoms of PTSD with flashback dreams but as yet could not own the truth.

The next song is the opening of *Swords In Abusers*, it was written 10 years after *Lily Leaves in Yorkshire*. I had moved to Yorkshire with the encouragement of a specialist survivor counselling organisation during Operation Barnabus. It was clear that someone had leaked the investigation to the perpetrators and a whisper campaign had begun trying to discredit me. I suspect that two counselling organisations were complicit with the leaks. One of my fears in talking about my childhood to the police was that threats from childhood that I would be killed would

be followed through. The attention from the whisper campaign made me hyper vigilant and very scared. It was unclear as to what section of the community was involved. I contacted the local AA group over the phone and a member said 'You are the paedophile'. There is a suggestion that some religiously motivated people were trying to role reverse me in public opinion so that I would in some way sympathise with perpetrators and retract my statement. I had brief checks from psychiatrists at this time who said that if I retracted the statement I would be viewed as mentally fit. The survivors group I reached out to had at one time had a trustee who was a psychiatrist involved in research papers on 'false memory syndrome'. They also made it clear they were keen to support families accused of abuse. One of the problems with being asked by the police to keep an operation a secret is that some emotional support is bound to be needed in the

process. There was evidence that my counsellor who had been with me during the writing of the statement had sold out. The new counsellors were all focused on getting me to a point where I would stop talking about having been abused, as if silence equalled healing. I was retraumatised by the whisper campaign, scared and had reached out to a support that ultimately left me on my own. There are surprisingly few supports available to survivors of childhood sexual abuse and as the above touches upon you need to be careful who you trust. As I will talk about later there was an undercurrent of support for one of the perpetrators from Freemasonry but the whisper campaign was more generalised in source.

In Yorkshire against explicit instructions to a housing association to create a safe house a heroin addict and a paedophile were moved into the same building as me. I was initially friendly to both not

suspecting the reality. I suspect there was complicity between the housing association management and the survivors counselling group in setting me up for further conflict as it might make a saleable story. It was later to become apparent that there had been quite a lot of networking going on including with my family of origin to destabilise me. My witness to making the statement for Operation Barnabus appeared on BBC Newnight around the time of the statement and made a sound bite about female perpetrators based partly on their experiences with me. It is likely that this fed the greed and interest of other involved parties and made the case somewhat political as the police were aware that I could try to construct a programme through television contacts if they didn't do their jobs properly. I had been trained in the media and recorded the making of the statement. I had been assured by Richmond police that my statement would lead to arrest. I had university

training in media production and was careful to collect evidence; unfortunately the tapes of this commitment were lost during the backlash. If I had not had their assurances I would not have bothered to make the statement to the police at the age of 30. I had tried to make a similar statement back when one of the perpetrators admitted his guilt to me as an adult. Again police were not helpful in making clear what the process needed to be. One police officer without making record said 'well you've told us now, that's it.' The overall impression I got was that the police do not like investigating historical abuse and try to avoid committing man hours to it. With the Newsnight contacts support the police investigated my family for over a year, they reported that since none of the other victims corroborated my statement they were incapable of making arrest. The crimes I had witnessed in childhood towards other children were when they were

in infancy I doubt they would remember what happened. I do not know how badly they were abused but what I witnessed was bad enough.

This resistance to action is often called a 'conspiracy of silence'; I believe there is a more general culturally negligent attitude towards child abuse in civil mechanisms. I had similar obstacles in naming the paedophile that was moved into my 'safe house', police and social services just didn't want to know that he had whilst drunk disclosed to me that he was a perpetrator. In Yorkshire specifically I was alerted to the realities of child prostitution. Girls were offering themselves at the train stations. Gladragz is about this culture and sets the scene for Swords In Abusers presenting the heroine who later goes on a killing spree with a male survivor. The theme betrays my own attitude towards the abuse I myself experienced and the stories of countless others I have heard in my recovery. The song touches on the

oppression of prostitution set in Bradford. The title borrows from Rod Stewart's 'Handbags and glad rags' a song that could have been written about some of the girls I met dragged down by prostitution.

Gladragz.

The filth are stirring up

A pimp war overnight

Dividing them the spoils

Back to Molotov's alight,

Don't want to forget it

When they played us black against white,

For all the scars that they left here

Between what's wrong and last rights
Because if we could we would forget it
Just give us peace out there tonight.

Momma she's a worker
She does her graft by night
So when those kids are late for school
Don't show no disrespect
For all those bruises and those shades
Don't hide what's there inside.
If it wasn't for the money

Those teachers couldn't vent their pains
Once she's back asleep by Sunday
They'll be back down on their knees.

Daddy was a sailor
I guess his names forgot
When those kids are on the street
The wise guys watch their backs.
There's a war upon the street
Eyes red from blue black nights
Whilst councillors divide them

Those children beg a light.

If it wasn't for the money

She'd leave that town tonight

But she knows there's beasts outside

So she sees the kids alright.

If she tries to stop the tablets

They'll lock her in a ward.

Momma she's an angel

She does her work by night

There's those that disrespect her

But for those kids she'll win the fight.

If we all but had forgot them

They'd sell those kids a line

The social workers coming

But by night they crawl those curbs.

They say her loves on lone

Cos she walks those streets by night

But if any touch her daughter

Its road kill by next night.

Their smiles a broken mirror

A needles in those eyes

They say she's nodding out

Cos all she wants is peace at night,

A splinters in those eyes,

Give her boy a medal

He watches doors by night.

I will come back to the implications later but the problem of child prostitution is very obvious in some poorer areas of the country. Adult prostitution where all parties are able to and do consent is in my view no crime. I have never used prostitutes but have known

many that do and they have not all been moral degenerates in other areas of their lives. The current UK legislation pushes prostitutes underground with consequences to health and social care for a group that is sometimes viewed as vulnerable. I would say that both sides of the equation in prostitution are being exploited but where adults choose to meet their needs in this way a liberal democracy should allow for it. I have met sexual compulsives who have had problems with prostitution and often the shame of the illegality compounds their problems and feeds their denial. The fact that child prostitution is often seen to be ignored by the authorities could be addressed if licensed brothels provided adult service providers protection and health care. If all prostitution were licensed and taxed resources could be spent on dealing with the horrific problem of child sexual exploitation.

The next song was inspired by Madness 'In the middle of the night' and takes a humorous look at more mundane perversion. Much of my work has a humorous angle and this song shows this and my influences.

Soap and Suds

Soap N suds its plain to see

wet and wild from the washing machine

a dirty dawg for a double D

bit to the bridal elastic in teeth

riding the clothes horse its plain to see

they've a strange fixation that's double D.

Dirty dog so plain to see
leaping those fences no fantasy
a double D hat tied round his ears
face full of fillies its plain to see
cheap thrills to the knees
that's their double D.

soap n suds so plain to see
good vibrations from a washing machine
Caught on the gate that swinger for a line
crys too late as they tumble dry

over the fence with a face full of mud
back to the laundry that's soap for suds.

Face full of nickers plain to see
that dirty skirt sniffer right down to his knees
rolling around no bed of roses
thorn to a finger what a little Prick
a dirty dog that double D sniffer
left in a puddle awaiting lock jaw.

Soap n suds its plane to see

Dreamt of hem lifter

that's our double D.

For soap n suds that's double D

Dirty Dawg now down on those knees.

I am only touching upon my childhood at this point but this would seem a good juncture to mention musical influences. One of my earliest memories is of nap time at Greycourt Nursery in Ham, a large building which was later to become the music department of the secondary school of the same name. We would also paddle in a pool naked which was the first time I really woke up to differences between boys and girls, the pool would later be a rose bed outside the music department, I remember as an adolescent marvelling

that such a small feature was once big enough for me to splash around in. At nap time in the nursery the teacher would play music, my memory is very distinct of hearing Prokofiev's Peter and The Wolf and drifting in and out of sleep to the fantastical story, I think because I was being raised by my paternal grandparents that the story about the boy and the grandfather and the wolf became mixed up in my inner realm. Another great early influence musically were the Disney movie soundtracks, I particularly liked The Jungle Book, with Mogli being raised by wolves. As a lyricist the simplicity and directness of storytelling by Disney in films such as Mary Poppins and Dumbo has had a lasting influence. Keep it simple would be good advice to a lyricist. My grandparents didn't listen to much music at home, mainly Tom Jones and Abba and Englebert Humperdinck, occasionally I was treated to Elvis which I loved. My only early instrument was the recorder at junior school

which I failed to excel at. I also enjoyed acting in school plays around this time and remember this as fused with music at the xmas nativity play.

A great musical love of my childhood was choral and organ music. As already stated I was a member of both the Church Of England school choir and the church choir. We once made a school album but I was asked to sit out as the headmaster considered me a 'hissing viper among a choir of angels', the resentment about this image has served me well. At weddings I was very happy to participate as a chorister as we would earn a couple of pounds. The choir was both social and a creative outlet which I enjoyed. I loved to listen to the organist close up feeling the instrument reverberate around me and would feel uplifted by harmonising with the music. I can remember feeling like I was rising above my body where I sang in my red cassock and white neck

ruff, looking down upon myself from the dizzy heights of the music flowing through and around me.

As I grew older I was particularly taken with the 2 Tone movement and had a little pair of gold and green tonic trousers and tassel shoes, I even would borrow my grandfather's trilby to wear on special occasions. The humour of Madness really struck a chord with a young boy and the politics of The Selector and The Beat helped me cope with living in a racist home. I am pretty certain that this racism was endemic with my grandparents generation and represented the norm in our area. The national front were active at the time and the new skinheads of the 2 tone movement were adopting an image that would detract from that shared with the racists. Gender politics were also represented by 2 tone, Pauline Black of The Selector being my first experience of a dyke, I met her at a film premier as an adult and was gob smacked that she said she'd listened to my

music. Terry of The Specials made gay cool which challenged the school yard bullying that would always involve some poor boy being called queer before getting a kick in the meat and two veg. As I moved to secondary school I the changes to the Nursery into the music department were not particularly conscience to me, I had kept blanking out large portions of my childhood.

At secondary school the music teacher would play records for our appreciation and I was particularly taken by the piano solo of Genesis Firth of Fifth from Selling England by The Pound an album which influenced the lyric for my Pound For Pound. I soon started collecting genesis records in the same way I'd earlier collected Madness, again taken by the humour. Musically my listening became more pretentious as I explored more progressive rock acts at the extreme listening to Yes Tales From Topographic Oceans again and again. My

mystical education was quite effected by my listening choices and I read The Scale of Karma and. Martial arts led my reading to various Taoist texts as I rebelled against Christianity and the abuse I'd experienced from the Friar. From there it wasn't a great leap to the works of Aleister Crowley, strangely not influenced by Ozzy Osbournes Mr Crowley. Hawkwind became a firm favourite in my teens and I saw Chronicle Of The Black Sword at the Hammersmith Odeon. Master Of The Universe and Psi Power suffered obsessive listening. At school I was initially encouraged to take on an instrument and Saxa from The Beat inspired me to request tuition in the Saxophone, when the school said I'd have to take to clarinet first I became disillusioned and besides my grandparents refused to buy an instrument. With Hawkwind I became obsessed with brash distorted synthesis and out of my own money I got an old casio keyboard with rudimentary envelopes

and filters for the sound. I would drive people nuts playing it with my arm whilst turning up the volume to distort the speakers which I would wah wah by clapping my hands against the speakers. I was interested in noise but not the finer points of making music although I learned a couple of pieces on the keyboard but was useless at playing by ear. I tried to join a band but couldn't play the base line to Starsky and Hutch theme tune so left embarrassed, it was then I sold the keyboard to the guitarist who later became a BBC sound engineer. The music teacher at school considered me a problem to deal with in class as I sat at the back with a friend talking and drumming the desk whilst he was trying to teach. As he implied I was a bit thick I got near top marks in a music test just to prove to him I could do it if I wanted to but at the time I just wasn't interested. Marilion became a favourite for pretentious lyrics with

hidden meanings and the cult of Fish badly affected my poetry in my teens.

As I grew older and more interested in the musicality of performers I was more taken by jazz than any other genre. I was particularly attracted to Miles Davis fusion experiments, the heavy metal of jazz. Coltrane, McLaughlin and many other performers who worked with Miles have provided much musical inspiration. My favourite Miles is 'In a silent way' which I often listen to on waking. By day I often listen to Metal favouring bands like Therion, Morbid Angel and Theatre Of Tragedy. Motorhead were an influence from childhood and I still love to listen to Lemmy despite his revelations of underage sex in his autobiography 'White line fever.' Ozzy Osbourne is another artist I enjoy a lot but have issues with the attitudes he expressed to paedophilia in his own autobiography, being rich and famous apparently doesn't necessarily raise awareness on the

gravity and extent of human suffering. For energy music and dance I like EBM and industrial like Wumpscut, Aesthetic Perfection and iVardensphere. For differing moods I like Sublustris Nox, KMFDM, Front Line Assembly, Combichrist. For chillout I like my old favourite Ozric Tentacles and Atrium Carceri. My favourite albums of all time would be The Beatles Sargent Pepper, Miles Davis Agharta, ELO Eldorado, Steve Hackett Darktown, Camel Stationary Traveller, Pink Floyd Relics, Marillion Misplaced Childhood, Hawkwind Levitation, Motorhead Inferno, System 7 Phoenix, Orb Orblivion, Ozric Tentacles Strangeitude, Faithless Outrospective, iVardensphere Scatterface, Porcupine Tree Fear Of A Blank Planet and Tom Waits Bone Machine. At night I often listen to Mozart, somewhat ironically favouring 'The Great Mass'.

“There is a principle which is a bar against all information, which is proof against all arguments and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance - that principle is contempt prior to investigation”
Herbert Spencer.

Honour thy father?

My father who aren't in heaven

Drunkard be thy name

Thy kingdom shun

Thy will begun

My hell that was to be heaven.

Don't give me this day

Your stolen bread

Nor forget in your shame

Your trespass against me

For I shall not forgive

Such abuse so easily.

Drunk was thy kingdom

And violence thy glory

So when one dark night

At last you walk with death

I pray you hear this heart felt orison

For Ever and ever

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah Men!

Lionel Bart of Oliver fame once proved unusually lacking in humility and stated he wouldn't be able to live with my conscience in relation to a quip that journalist Will Self was 'self will run riot' personified. It wasn't just tough love, unlike Lionel many of the snob squad were targets for my resentment, few seem to have truly suffered by my standards. I had a similar run in with Chris Langham, later confirmed as a paedophile, when he claimed that no addict was ever poor because you couldn't get high on nothing I made a quip about the price of Kaolin and Morphine, I figure Will would have thought I was playing with lego. I will however forever be indebted to Dudley Sutton and his set, my love of leather led to an ironic identification with the later for who curiosity may have proven to have killed more cats, he appears in my song 'Crowbar Johnny'.

CROWBAR JOHNNY

Crowbar Johnny he was a robbing hood

Served a higher purpose for the common good.

Crowbar Johnny did he believe in god?

I rather think he'd say don't be a stupid sod.

Crowbar Johnny just like Robin Hood

Stole from the rich for everybody's good.

Crowbar Johnny a face in a white book

If you hugged him he'd give a funny look.

Crowbar Johnny he was a robbing hood

Carried a message that all would say was good.

Crowbar Johnny one of Dudleys friends

With Chip at his shoulder how could the story end.

Crowbar Johnny just like Robin Hood

Served a higher power for the common good.

They say he was a good un

That's how we'll leave this tale,

Got clean away

And lived to fight another day.

Few have been as favoured with my resentment as my family however. The one time I visited my father as an adult he indecently exposed himself before

managing to nick my hand with a razor; this speaks volumes on the theme of the 'absent' father. His only words to me were 'get your own gun'; given his habit of inserting the barrel of a pistol into people's anus I found this somewhat confrontational. My father was employed by Adnan Kashogi an Arab arms dealer said to be responsible for arming the IRA and others. My father was on the private yacht of Kashogi when it was blown up, allegedly by Interpol. There are no national security issues that I am aware of regarding my father who was however a child abuser and suggested he was complicit with the incident on Kashogis yacht. As a survivor of childhood abuse I carried a memory of the hurt in my body. These memories go far deeper than mere resentments which I could cheerfully shrug off with a hope and a prayer following the 4th and 5th step moral inventory of my 12 step programme. If resentment is the number one offender then trauma is the core fuel

to the fire of my obsessions and compulsions. Physical recovery may be as simple as abstinence from the acting out behaviour. I believe that I have a genetic predisposition towards addictive behaviours, that once the drink or drugs are out of the system process or behavioural compulsions inevitably take their place. This is where a healthier obsession with recovery can take over. The physical roots of addictions is underlined by recent claims that Baclofen can short circuit the alcoholic compulsion, if as I assume the source of obsession is genetic it stands to reason that this can be treated by a medication, Dr Olivier Ameisen *The End of My Addiction: How One Man Cured Himself of Alcoholism: How a Renowned Cardiologist Cured Himself of Alcoholism*. The treatment of the primary expression of addiction through abstinence still leaves us with the emotional consequences of years of self-avoidance. This is where the therapeutic value of

sharing in meetings and sponsorship can unknot the emotional tangles and address the emotional underdevelopment consequent of addictions. In my experience this was all fine with normal resentments. Where the problem came was in facing the emotional discharge of the energies suppressed by trauma. Here false shame compounded the hurt. There was something fundamentally flawed and inadequate in myself, chronic low self-esteem; surely it was my fault that trauma memories still dogged my dreams why was my step work not working overnight. I already felt that I was at fault for the abuse despite all rational argument to the contrary. This deep seated core feeling of shame was acted out in my addictions with initial relief from it only to be confronted with more compounded shame from the embarrassing situations I got in through acting out. I sought in recovery to avoid and deny through any means possible including obsessive prayer and co-

dependent acts of putting others always before and to the exclusion of myself. I had let go of the resentments so I thought so why did I still suffer shame hits of total inadequacy and why would the recycling of the abuse through dreams not cease. It is with hindsight that I know that the dreams I was plagued with were a symptom of the childhood trauma being released and healing through exposure to the light of honest and open minded consciousness. In time wounds heal over and we are left with scar tissue. Initially through sharing I needed to clean out the wounds. After 20 odd years of recovery I now know that my emotional development is equal to my years without numbing out and avoidance. I now accept the scar tissue of healed trauma for what it is, I have a level of self-acceptance that no more can be done to heal the wounds beyond self-care and self-respect. Self-care was a bugbear in earlier recovery, if no one cared about me and I was fundamentally flawed

how could I care for myself? This is where the love and acceptance of those that understood in the rooms was there for me, mirroring my courage and strength, no longer as a victim to toxic shame but as a survivor.

My father was a rock bottom drunk and I followed his lead in my teens. Addiction has been described as a disease, a model supported by 12 step groups. In some countries the medical profession have labelled addiction as a brain disease, the reasons for this is that neurologically craving is set up by a deficit not present in non addicts. There is some speculation but the disease model provides a working hypothesis for treatment. The alcoholic cannot drink because at the level of brain chemistry they are predisposed to compulsivity through the need to assuage craving. As already shown there is often a comorbidity of anxiety, depression or trauma that emotionally feeds the addicts craving in an attempt to self-medicate. For me alcohol

and other drugs were an initial panacea for trauma, I had every reason to want to escape and deny reality, in my youth addiction was a coping strategy that helped me survive the unacceptable. At some point however the consequences of alcoholism outweighed the benefits. Since all mood alterants can trigger the neurological predisposition towards craving swapping one drug for another in an attempt to control my addiction just produced poly addiction, each drug was like the channels on a TV set the problem was that I wanted to keep channel hopping never satisfied with the effects of any one substance. There are dangers for teen addicts in the difficulty to get unadulterated supplies and I often overdosed due to only having patent analgesics and alcohol cocktails to get off on. I used solvents compulsively from a very early age and was brewing large quantities of alcohol by 15. I started experimenting with smoking earlier than 9 and would

take pills nearly daily from the age of 10. When I hit my teens I got access at school to cannabis which I used infrequently and often got ripped off buying, I never really liked dope but at my worse could smoke an ounce in a week without admitting I had a problem. By my late teens I was drinking up to a bottle of whiskey a day and when I quit at 18 I needed antabuse and tranquilisers to assist with coming off. At the end of my addiction I became obsessed with LSD and Magic Mushrooms which I often would take together. This set me up for mental health issues with drug psychosis being the result. It was in the chaos of drug psychosis that I turned for help and a college tutor gave me a book on 12 step recovery, I saw a light at the end of the tunnel, here was someone who had suffered and overcome their alcoholism. Up till that point I literally didn't know that recovery was possible, I thought all alcoholics were destined for liver failure like my father. I admitted I was

powerless over addiction and got of my arse to do something about it. Thus begun an enduring if sometimes rocky relationship with Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous.

The 12 steps propose a spiritual root to addiction. In my drug psychosis I was ready to believe anything, I had meditated obsessively in my teens and LSD had to my perceptions provided an analogue to spiritual experience. This of course was all madness and delusion but I really thought I was having a spiritual awakening through drugs and mysticism. As it turns out this mind set put me in somewhat of good stead for my initial contact with 12 step recovery.

Before I offer critical analysis of AA and the ideology of the 12 steps I need first make it very clear that in my experience AA offers a practical way out of life threatening addiction which I consider second to

none. I have no interest in undermining AA, I would like to see its ranks grow and any criticism I may have is with a view to making AA more inclusive and accessible for recovery for all. I have never been alone with my addiction since my first AA meeting. I have been a member of AA and NA throughout my recovery and although there are differences in the groups unless otherwise stated when I mention AA I am also talking equally about NA. One of the best histories of the movement is the film 'Love Is Not Enough the Lois Wilson story'. Alcoholics have good reason to mistrust professionals in the field some of whom support models that do not address the physicality of addiction or promote the only sane goal for a sufferer of a killer illness that being total abstinence from all mood altering substances. AA is self-supporting through members contributions in the form of a pot passed around at the end of meetings to meet rent and other

group expenses. AA does not accept donations from outside sources nor affiliate with any other bodies, even those that may wish to support AA. The structure of the service committees is democratic and governed by the 12 traditions which promote equality. Phone lines, outreach to hospitals and institutions, public information and visiting suffering alcoholics on a '12 step call' are all done by recovering alcoholics giving their time freely to carry the message of recovery. Despite some treatment centres cashing in on the 12 step model all AA service is non-professional and help is offered through sharing of experience rather than counselling. Meetings provide a safe and anonymous forum for talking about recovery issues and the problems that are inevitable in trying to live a sober life. The third tradition of AA states that membership is based purely on a desire to stop drinking; there are no initiation fees or rules to promote conformity even to

the 12 steps. All guidance is supposed to be based on suggestions rather than rigid promotion of dogma. Bill Wilson the founder of AA and 100 others helped by his forming of groups recovered from alcoholism believing they had a spiritual ailment characterised by egotism and self-centeredness. The spiritual focus may seem anachronistic today but is based on practical principles for the alcoholic to act on. The main features of the 12 steps are admission of helplessness, seeking support from other sufferers, taking moral stock of individual behaviour, taking responsibility through making amends to others for past wrongs and having achieved lasting sobriety helping others to do the same. All of which seems laudable in principal despite the steps having been written in the 1930's and the cultural differences of the modern zeitgeist.

Initially I was willing to do anything that was suggested would help me maintain sobriety. The 12

step suggestion to form a personal relationship with a higher power of the individuals own choosing and understanding initially presented me with no philosophical reservations. This is not the case for many alcoholics in this day and age and having a higher power is not a membership requirement of AA. Many complain about the spiritual emphasis of the 12 steps and here I will merely point out that I concur today with some of those reservations. Having said that the group itself can be viewed as a higher power and I have no problem with that. It remains true that AA is the largest self-help community in the world and its collective support and experience of its members is without parallel.

I just thought I'd add a little on my struggles with public information and professionals working with addiction. In the UK the health service currently favours CBT and SMART which must be based on statistical research to obtain funding. In the old days AA got a lot

of support from the medical profession because the late Dr Max Glatt was plugging it in the British Journal of Addiction (THE body of the medics in the field) through his rather biased research (Max was an old timer in AA who was regularly published on his 'medical' opinion). The criminal justice system in the UK favours 12 step based treatment models in prisons. I find this a little surprising especially when you consider how many active career criminals I know in NA. I suspect the health service needs to be more liberal these days in its approaches to support egalitarian values, the prison models remain much more rigid and promote dogmatism through their distinctive interpretation of the 12 steps, I guess rigidity in prisons is to be expected and you've got to remember one of the few people to talk to inside is pastoral care. My current views to all matters godly are best expressed in the following lyrics.

The God Of Bleeding Tyrants

Is god a bleeding tyrant
Death sentences for all
& if there's life eternal
Why then waiting there in state?
If the lords a bloody tyrant
He's the kind that we can hate
And if there's a reprieve
It's coming just too late.

All the evil that befalls
In suffering we call

The god of bloody tyrants

His love comes over late

If mysterious his ways

Then them we come to hate

The innocents them all

Come to face the fall

The god of bloody tyrants

We come to hate them all.

Will we come to transcend

When we reach the end

Or face just another trip
White light and all that shit
The god of bleeding tyrants
Leaves us all unsure
And if he's really there
Then why not tell us all.

If sorrow is a veil
Why do the cheats and liars
Find comfort in this world
And all the innocents

Face the same, the fall?

The god of bloody tyrants

Cheats us one and all

And if he turns up late

How could we else but hate.

But for the god of bleeding tyrants

This I must confess

You show your hand too late

Not love but bleeding hate.

Those of a false promise

For deaths our only fate

The god of bleeding tyrants

This worlds a sorry state.

From this you can rightly deduce that I am an atheist today. I had a rather long and rocky path of self-avoidance through spirituality. I eventually became disillusioned with the dominant ideas of the 12 steps as I had relapsed after 4 years of rigidly adhering to its beliefs. I spent a further 6 years exploring alternatives in spiritual thought and in rebellion within AA. I eventually through reading Christopher Hitchens, Richard Dawkins etc came to a philosophical position of atheism. I remain an active member of AA but now my only higher power is the group and even that I don't like to depend on to the exclusion of my own beliefs.

‘It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat.’ Theodore Roosevelt.

A rather unusual promotion of theism exists in contemporary drug and alcohol treatments. Many treatment facilities suggest Alcoholics Anonymous and

Narcotics Anonymous as the only model of recovery and best aftercare. Taken on face value the 12 steps are intrinsically religious although their advocates are often unaware of their origins in the Christian Evangelical Oxford movement preferring to espouse 'spiritual principles'. All 12 step groups strongly advocate a requirement to believe in a 'higher power' called 'god as we understood him' in the 12 step programme. The Serenity Prayer used at the end of nearly all 12 step meetings is a Christian Evangelical prayer by Rheinhold Neibier. The 12 step apologists declare that the Steps are only 'suggestions' but in the literature of AA atheism is expressly declared as insanity, since only a higher power can restore the alcoholic to sanity atheists are left in the cold. In London alternative models of aftercare and self-help such as SOS (secular organised sobriety) have no active groups. Within half a mile of my suburban abode I can find 5 groups of AA per week,

in Central London this number could be daily. Treatment centres indoctrinate vulnerable people during detoxification of the need for a belief in a higher power and undermine desires to rely on will power or 'self will run riot'. Addictions are a mental health issue that almost always present with co-morbidity such as anxiety or depression. Studies in the States made famous by Penn and Teller show that the success rate of AA does not necessarily exceed that of doing recovery alone. One of the reasons AA is so popular is that Dr Silskworth in the Big Book Bible defined alcoholism as a primary illness only treatable by total abstinence, modern Brain Disease models and the World Health Organisation concur that alcoholism can only be treated by total abstinence. As an atheist in over 20 years of recovery I myself find it difficult to be authentic in 12 step groups about my beliefs often concealing my own views to avoid out grouping and hostility from others.

This is one reason I only very occasionally attend meetings today. The 12 steps prescribe god, moral inventory, defects of character (or sin) and prayer and meditation. None of these suggestions are suited to a secular society yet our mental health systems are actively engaged in promoting the 12 step model, tax payers money is being spent on this 'education'. Also of note in a secular society are court orders enforcing attendance at 12 step groups, human rights action has been taken in the USA because of similar ideological abuse. So when will the 12 step groups become as they claim all inclusive and accept Atheists in their ranks? Are we doing enough to combat misinformation in addiction treatments? What I write here is not with intent of creating controversy about AA but to highlight that the message of recovery and self-help is sometimes being lost for those who cannot or will not believe in faith. It is to be hoped that AAs ranks continue to grow and

address this short coming in how many of its members reach out to atheists. Although many are well meaning it is obviously folly to suggest that atheists are insane spiritually and need to adopt faith to recover. The only faith I needed was in me, and that I got through using the available help using the AA suggestion 'take what you need and leave the rest'. The next lyric is dedicated to those who assume spiritual authority to instruct others through dogma of any kind.

Holy Fiction

A slave to your sin

You know you cannot win

For the dice that you cast

Were weighted against you

An image of hell they fed to a child

The mark of the beast

To fester within.

They fed you on lies

After all we all die

And the voices in your head

Forever will be dead

The darkness will take you

All gods will forsake you

The fires of hell

The funeral bell.

Are you so wrong?

Sell your soul for a song

The dance of death

To face a final breath

But is the darkness calling

And is your soul falling

A year in hell

Tell us where you fell.

The priesthood of thieves

To steal at your soul

Heralds of tears

Your heart in a hole

Can you tell who are liars

Do you face only fires

Eternally damned

Who'd lie with the lamb.

Slaves all to sin

You know you can't win

They say that you fell

Facing fires of hell

But all of their stories

Are false history

The priesthood of hate

Say it's too late

Deny your humanity

Define your reality

Is hell your fate?

Find heavens shut gates

Locked by the priesthood
Of falsehood and lies.

We were born
To be free
Embrace your humanity
Define your reality
Step from the darkness
Into the light
Love yourself
No more dark night

It is the truth

You have the right.

On the subject of spiritual insanity I here present a lyric based on a 2000AD Anderson Psi Division story 'whatever happened to baby Cas' which uses occult symbolism and touches on the philosophy of Alesiter Crowley. I will next present a criticism of Crowleys work since at one time it was a great influence over my formative spiritual beliefs.

CURSED EARTH

Cursed earth no wonder why Give me psi take down the
perp. Pi in the sky say live and let die To cursed earth
take down the perp. They pay that bill we shoot to kill.
Cursed earth laws gone prog on mushroom shone
Prophesies curse techno hearse Rain of fire Sun eclipsed
Judge Death funeral lipped Fallout kiss To me to me

Cursed earths soliloquy. No questions why we live to die
Cursed earth prophecies verse. Cursed earth their living
hurts They live to die just give me psi Di meth to hell
and death Judge Death shoot to kill Say do as thou will
we live to kill. Cursed earth lightning struck tower
Poison flowers Earthly powers Say live to make die just
give me psi Hour of the wolf to Cursed Earth Self-worth
Say do as they will we live to kill I am the law to
memories door Give me psi Mind block Future shock
We live as they die no questions why Chaos gate veils of
hate Judge death to me to me I am the law no closing
door. Cursed earth self-worth They live to die Say live
and let die. I am the law to hells door They live as they
die No questions why say do at thou will we shoot to
kill.

Ironically Satanism is the only spiritual social
group that has supported my music work. Radio Free

Satan released Cursed Earth on a compilation album for 06 June 2006.

SATAN

They call on satan keeps frightening the kids

Have to lock them up in irons throw them in the bin.

They think they are so evil that very few can see

The only way to deal with them is written there in blood.

You see its satan, hasn't got too many friends,

Keeps coming back for evermore

The weak to serve he tempts.

Ill omens in the news again a sell-out everywhere.

They call him satan hanging round the schoolyard

Staring at the kids, Summoned him in darkness

Tie him by a leash have to knock him on the head

You see they fart the fires of hell brimstone on his
breath.

They say they're all for Crowley not known at this
address,

Summoned by the book of law they're dirty Satanists.

You know we'll have to banish them a noose on them
would fit,

They'll have to answer mi5 passwords purgatory

Half way to the summit hells their final trip.

They called him satan, no one wants to trust him father
of all lies,

Made a pact with darkness we're trembling at the knees

No one's scared of satan he's always on the run

Going to send them back to hell Holy Smoke them with
a gun.

Augustine's sitting in his cell Torquemada's on his wing

Ireneus is peeling spuds waiting on that bloody Bede

Always reads the bible there's nothing else to read

They say they want to speak to god keep praying for
reprieve.

They say they'll have the pope as well sunk there on his
knees,

They call them satan, looks good in a dog collar

We've spoke to Dr Dee, proscribes a dose of Enoch

The cyphers Gargoyles Code

Summoned by the watch towers hells angels hit the road.

Going to give them bloody hell drag them by a leash

That dogs called satan kennelled behind bars

We'll have to call the exorcist hope he brings a boneo.

Satans in the dog house left chewing on his gums

Always reads the bible there's nothing else to read

They call him satan father of all lies

Loves the verses that we hate we'll send them all to hell.

Last seen in Battersy staring through the bars

Going to send them all to hell they're dirty Satanists.

As an impressionable teenager I was strongly attracted to the lifestyle and philosophy. Here was an adventurer, sexually and as mountaineer, a taker of drugs and spiritual dilatant. I had more than enough reason to want to turn my back on reality within an abusive family system. The occult appealed to my

teenage desire to rebel against the religion of my childhood and provided intellectual arrogance at understanding secrets. As an adult I can approach Crowley from two perspectives, that of apologist or that of debunker. Appendix 1 'Recovery Without Limits' was written half tongue in cheek in the style of Crowley on the Kabbalah, the joke was that it was intended to '12 step' Thelamites. In his writings he presents himself as a spiritual seeker and explorer jumping from one beliefs systems ritual practice to another. Like new agers (who Crowley would of hated) he is a tourist of the mysteries but believer in none. Within Crowleys canon there is however an attempt to synthesise belief systems of thought. I was particularly attracted to Hatha Yoga (which I practiced compulsively), the kabbalah (which I obsessed about) and John Dees Enochian Magic. Hatha Yoga was to me like just another drug, through breathing techniques and physical austerity I was able

to alter my mood, I practiced rigorously. The Kabbalah produced a kind of Apothenia in me, looking for and finding meaning where there was none. Apothenia has been suggested as the likely pathology of all occultists, it exists in many of the religious too. Dees Enochian was of particular interest due to its cultural history, he being an advisor to Elizabeth I and for the syntax of the Enochian language. Crowley recorded Enochian keys to wax cylinder, if you reverse the audio and time stretch slightly Crowley can be heard speaking in English about Christian theological matters. I assume he recorded the wax cylinders played in reverse although as a teen I'd of preferred to believe it was linguistic trickery.

The papers described Crowley as 'the most evil man in the world', little evidence exists to the apologist however I would like to clarify the evidence for this statement. At Cefullu and the Abbey Of Thelema Crowley had a woman copulate with a goat. Children

were present in the Abbey and in 'the Commentaries of Al Crowley suggests that children should witness (but not participate in) sexual acts. A painting by Crowley in the Abbey is of a child with an erection. Adults at the Abbey were encouraged to self-mutilate if they said the word 'I' a form of dominance on Crowleys part, the only member of the Abbey allowed to refer to themselves as I. All this is disturbing enough however there is one more particularly incriminating piece of evidence in his writings. The BAGH-I-MUATTAR or Scented Garden of Abdullah translates as Bugger Your Mother, all very in keeping with Crowleys humour. The book is a satire of Islamic Sufi writings and all about sex. In Liber 4 Crowley states that he wrote the book to entrap 100 Free Masonic paedophiles, this may have been true but the book itself is clearly obscene. The lengthy poem that claims to be a translation of a Sufi poet deals explicitly with homosexual acts with minors. Since the K2

'accident' where Crowley was responsible as team leader it has been a conjecture that he may have been a killer. Some I have spoken to in Masonry today consider Crowleys work as testing for psychopathology. Given this it is possible Crowley set out to write something to entrap paedophiles. From his other writings there is some ambiguity towards rape but he does state paedophilia would be against 'the true will' of the child. I can only present the evidence, his belief that children should see sex acts is abhorrent enough, if Crowley wrote the BAGH-I-MUATTAR with any other motivation then he can clearly be described as harbouring paedophile fantasies. Apologists ignore these facts about Crowley as if they do not matter. I believe the truth of this enigmatic and complex character may be worse even than the rumour mongering.

“Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, 'Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?' Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.” Marianne Williamson

We are all worth more than we tell ourselves. I was told as a child not to trust my feelings, that I was bad and not worthy. Low self-esteem dogged my early

recovery. After about 10 years lowering my eyes in recovery I did a 4th and 5th step 'moral inventory' solely on shame tapes, the self-talk that I was useless and horrid. As instances of shame self-talk I list 'real men don't cry', 'if you love me you'll never get angry at me', 'sex is dirty and abusive', 'creativity is for poofs.' Once I identified these and other negative thoughts it was easy to see that they stemmed from the things I was told as a child to believe about myself. I wrote positive counter self-affirmations against the shame messages and recorded each 3 times to tape. Then every morning when I wrote my creative recovery journal I'd play the affirmations quietly back to myself. This helped re-programme some of my false beliefs about myself. It's like the old recovery tool of telling yourself you love yourself in the mirror of a morning. Whatever works for you. Just my experience. See John Bradshaw 'Healing

the shame that binds you' and Stephanie E. 'Shame Faced'.

The 12 step programmes describe the addictive mind-set as a disease of self, ego is 'easing god out', this to me has more than a whiff of Christian theology. The war against self has been fought by religion for millennia, there is very little evidence that a sense of self is morally reprehensible yet the major religions try to escape, transcend and belittle it. Self-seeking and self-pity are seen as sins in 12 step recovery, resentment and anger as symptoms of a faulty ego. We miss out self-respect and self-reliance in the 12 step literature. Ordinary feelings that are present with a healthy sense of selfhood are denigrated. I would propose that the mental trickery of letting go can lead us potentially to a renewed sense of self that is healthy and addiction free. I am not the same self that was suppressed and warped through active addictions. My

self-esteem is rooted in my ability to feel and express my feelings with a sense of individual authenticity. Just what is the problem with self-reliance? If I want to use I can rely on myself to overcome it by going to a meeting and sharing about it, I don't need a higher power to be able to do this and it is definitely a healthy form of self-seeking. I don't want to use drugs because it is not good for myself, not out of consideration for anybody else. People say it's a selfish programme, we work it for ourselves, why then this apparent mistrust of self will? My true self doesn't want to use, it is my will to overcome addiction with the aid of others where appropriate. In some 12 step fellowships there is the apparent heresy of self-love, learning to respect and nurture ourselves. The earliest published account 'On Self Love' I am aware of is by Austin Osman Spare, a very egocentric 20th century occultist. Detachment can be traced back to the writings of Meister Eckhart.

Charles Whitfield MD dares to talk of a 'spiritual bypass' in recovery mentality, where people become avoidant of their true feelings and authentic self in the act of prayer and meditation. Many would see transcendence of the self to be enjoyable, through music, art, literature, film etc. and there is an evolutionary advantage to altruism in that it serves the self through group approval, status and bonding. But to escape the self sounds to me more like the consequence addiction. I am relatively secure in myself and my feelings, I expect that I can rely on myself to deal with any addictive thought processes, I am used to getting through relapse trigger situations through experience. Isn't all this talk of self will just another toxic myth leading in the direction of theology? I'm all for seeking the self and learning to rely upon it. Self-will provides choice rather than the fatalistic determinism of faith in god or that of active addiction.

Further on the 12 steps I'll point out I really dislike the wording of step 6 & 7. These steps deal with 'defects of character' in the Oxford movement reading 'sin'. I do not consider my character 'defective' today. The reason I dislike these steps so much is because I was shame based about who I am I was perfectionistic in trying to change everything that I considered defective in my character. When I first worked these steps my sponsor used to just say 'are you ready yet', this drove me nuts; I was ready to have all these perceived bugbears removed forthwith. A lot of this becoming 'ready' was in retrospect similar to admitting powerlessness and that certain character traits were making my life unmanageable, step 6 was about this admission, I couldn't change it all in one day and some of what I had become through using certainly looked to be debilitating. I would suggest rather than looking for perfectionistic change that acceptance of who we are is

a healthier approach, we can then let go of this change process to let it just happen through time and experience. Step 6 can become obsessive, it's just about being self-aware and open to change not taking a pick axe to our characters. One of my favourite quotes from AA literature is from the 12 & 12 on 6&7 'were we to become like the hole in the doughnut' 'we could have afforded to be more realistic about this'. One of the party line prayers on these steps is 'take all of me good and bad that I may be of greater service to thy will' if you ditch the obvious theistic nonsense from this and look at what it suggests it's that we are OK warts and all. Looking back at things over the long haul I would say accepting 'good & bad' is more useful than the fork in leg approach of I must change change change. In time we develop a sober personality that fits us, it's important not to throw the baby out with the bath water. Not everything we perceive as 'defective' really

needs to be cracked. As I said at the start I had a bad time working these steps, take what you need and leave the rest.

On the subject of spiritual abuses I would like to turn people's attention to step 8 and 9. As background, I worked these steps initially in NA when I was 21. Most of my resentments were about abuse I had experienced as a child. As a child I was told that I would be judged by god and go to hell if I stood against my parental figures. This was drummed in by Christian schooling, cub scouts and church choir membership. When I reached the amends steps I was told that I SHOULD forgive, the almighty F word. I was encouraged to intellectually deny my true feelings based on a myth that if I didn't make up for my reactions towards my abusers then I would use drugs again. I believed the literature and my sponsor, no alternative was presented. I believe the F word falls short for lots of folk in recovery. Here I was, a

justifiably angry young man, forced through spiritual worded coercion to say sorry to people who were by legal standards solely responsible for atrocious damage to my development. I did it because I believed I would die if I didn't comply. Almost immediately after making these amends I was filled with homicidal rage and felt belittled as I had turned face in my struggle to survive my childhood. I had quite dishonestly sweetened by relationship with my abusers. Needless to say I couldn't stay sober and not be true to my feelings, so I re-confronted the abusers and told them exactly how I felt. I even put a brick through one abusers window. This effectively reversed my amends because I told them truly that I wish they were dead. It wasn't till much later I found a leaflet from Survivors of Incest Anonymous 'must we forgive' which I will paraphraise as saying a firm NO! This was the only 12 step literature that I found support through in my circumstances and I've

read a lot of literature in my time. I have read non 12 step literature promoting forgiveness as a means to closure and healing, I do not agree. I became pagan in my recovery beliefs to rebel against the god squad receptionists attitude and really started laying into the Christians with my all too real resentments at the religion of my origin. I had been pagan as a teenager but again felt restricted by 'and it harm none do as though wilt.' I became creatively shamanistic but through the mythopoetic men's movement (whom further research proved supports the Oedipal denial of abuse) was led intellectually back towards organised religion. I believed further up the road that I needed to integrate my Christian upbringing and grow up by attending church again. Once more I was confronted with the F word and the toxic shame of not feeling good enough because I couldn't and wouldn't forgive. My feelings didn't change through prayer and meditation. I was left feeling

once more that I was at fault for not being spiritual enough, a fault I had originally been taught as a child and thus had a ton of emotional baggage behind it. I could not be real and subscribe to beliefs where forgiveness was a requirement. About 10 years ago I gave up the spiritual questing I was set up for by my NA experience. I started to read more secular psychology and became politically more active. I had to kill the Spector of a god that would enable abusers through forgiveness. The stuff I was taught through the initial working of the steps was as toxic as the ethics of my religion of origin. If I'd have stayed submissive I'd have blown my brains out over the conflict that presented itself through all the shoulding over forgiveness. So 23 years into my recovery I still wish those abusers only harm. I don't engage with them at all as I don't want to act out my feelings and get in trouble with the law but I do not feel spiritually sick through these resentments

but empowered to stand up against injustice. They may have been well meaning but my original sponsor had blinkers on that were of the sought only religiosity can create. I am much happier accepting my humanity as it is and my feelings are a great part of what it means to be alive. I no longer live in the shadow of religious abuse. If it's possible to be happy joyous and free I know I am closer to that state through feeling my feelings and being true to myself. I found CODA very useful for sharing my true feelings at first but in the literature step 8 once again presents the F word as the only means to recovery. I have good relationships today purely because I relate to myself more fully, feeling my feelings, expressing them and taking the counsel of my own thoughts and conscience. I spent a lot of time in the rooms expressing my anger at religious abuse and found personal power through the experience that no one could suppress my voice in the 12 step rooms no

matter how hard they tried to marginalise or out group me. I have met many supportive friends through this process and found I was not alone with these issues. As they say 'To thine own self be true'. And if anyone gets in the way give them the F word, 'fuck em' is a great slogan for letting go. The cultural denial of abuse of children is very well presented in the book 'Thou shalt not be aware' by Alice Miller. It's good to see the church is now legalistically being forced to make amends for its complicity and enabling of abusers through forgiveness. As I said before, fuck em.

As for step 11 'we sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with god as we understood him praying only for knowledge of his will and the power to carry that out.' Ahem. I like to think that I strive for harmony and at my most liberal accept all faiths and their proponents as having a right to be here. I was at a meeting the other night and was

confronted by a catholic majority; with a speaker share of 30 odd years sober singing the praises of their childhood religion and the support they find in AA through their religion. I like to think I offer more tolerance for their position than they may for my own but although I sat in smug silence about their delusions was left with a bitter taste in my mouth. My prejudice specifically to the catholic faith stems not purely from antagonism with theism. As a child I was raised Church Of England at a time when Catholicism was seen as the enemy against the head of our faith in Northern Ireland, I was raised through church schooling and the scouting movement to have faith in the crown and to deeply mistrust her enemies. When I was about 9 a Franciscan friar (the closest thing to pure Catholicism I'd encountered through our church) beat me about the head with a bible for daring to talk when he was preparing to sermonise to a group of assembled

children. After this I withdrew from the church choir, a very real social support for me at the time and stopped having a childlike faith that the church elders were always telling the truth or had my best interests at heart. Later in my attempts to practice step 11 I was to return to the Church of England, get confirmed and take communion. This was the length I went to in order to conform to 12 step principles and the erroneous belief that some version of god was keeping me sober. I was confronted with sceptics in the clergy who I had to admit as an adult mirrored many of my own misgivings, the bible was always presented as a set of stories that may or may not have some moral virtue but always overshadowed by some teachers perspective that it was the word of god. Many Church of England clergy fed back to me that they were merely providing a State function, serving the community for births marriage and death, offering hollow hope to the elderly and sick and little

else. Through experience I have to concur with that perspective. Where this all becomes a problem is when it isolates me from my peers in recovery. I assume I am right in my 'arrogance' and 'self-will' that there is in fact no father xmas to provide me with the presents of on-going recovery and serenity. I have to admit that a lot of my peers in AA do have an unquestioning belief in the god of their understanding and for many this means religion. I relapsed after 4 years with a seemingly firm faith, a full programme and heavy weight service to the fellowship. I was not supported in my swift return to recovery with the perspective that all my faith had just been whistling in the dark and a product of fear, both of active addiction and of the myths I had been indoctrinated into via the 12 steps. I was told by a very well-known and respected 12 step counsellor (named in Eric Clapton's auto biography) that without faith in a higher power I would relapse inevitably. The same

counsellor also asked me to tell him a joke a day, I've tried this in my lyrics. This time was the beginning of a lot of questioning, rebellion and an emerging sense of self-reliance with or without the dominant ideology of recovery circles. Unlike the catholic sharer with 30 odd years sober I have to admit I have not always found people in the fellowship sympathetic to my own struggles or beliefs, if I relied on the fellowship as a higher power for support it has at times been as absent as any god of my misunderstanding. Sure AA and NA have always been there for me and on one level it has always been acceptable to share whatever is going on. I can't help thinking if I'd pointed out the emperor's new clothes mentality of the religiously afflicted at my recent meeting I would have only been met with intolerance and hostility no matter how liberally I worded my misgivings. At the end of the day I take my own inventory, true the religious in recovery seem quite

intolerant a lot of the time to anything that doesn't fit their perspective but I am at core still as intolerant of their world view. It is noticeable that few survive to air these kind of concerns at meetings, you would think in a diverse and equal fellowship there would be more sharing about misgivings and doubt rather than a party line faithful. I will continue to seek support and a forum to air my own concerns. I learned a long time ago that blinkered minds like that of my 12 step counsellor friend were just full of shit. I haven't had faith in anything but my own resources to find support when needed and live in relative independence from dominant ideology for well over 10 years of my recovery. I have done more meetings by far this year researching for this book than I did for the last five years and I guess some of the old cracks are beginning to show again. I do not accept that I have a disease of self that can only be alleviated through reliance on a

fantasy higher power. I also do not believe through experience that my recovery is dependent on the support of others, when shit hits fan I have to rely on inner resources, recovery muscle built up through years of abstinence. That muscle was built up with the support of others and at times despite its well-meaning attempts to mould my views through intolerance to my own beliefs. I'm not sure I'll ever be at total peace with those in opposition to my views but I know I have a right to my own thoughts and that this is not after all these years 'stinking thinking'. I have a right to my own beliefs and I don't need to feel ashamed for being different to a majority clique. My right to recovery is absolute, getting support in my beliefs may be another thing entirely but I reserve the right to disagree with out of necessity becoming disagreeable. I am at peace with my own views not necessarily with every one else's and its OK to be intolerant when faced with so much that is

intolerable. Hang the Pope and God Save the Queen, god knows no one else would! Here's to diversity.

Just to make clear I consider my cultural identity to be Church of England. The following poem which I wrote about 9/11 clearly shows that I have an internal symbol system influenced by my C of E upbringing. Like AA I have no wish to destroy the church or what it stands for just to be liberated from any harmful consequences that upbringing may have. I am church of England and an atheist, ours is a broad church.

Wolfsblood

Are we all but grains upon that Beach,

Is it war or peace we come to teach,

The Children who are watching now

Do they know a way or how
To staunch the blood of brothers tears
Of sisters crying out for years?
To pains the memory of the fears
Left incarcerated here?
For all we know and all we feel
Are spirits dead or can we heal
The rift of ages that befell
Those who turned to face the shells.
Where poppies reach and truth beseech
The hearts in anguish that abhor

The fate of Angels destined for war.

Where shrapnel falls like hail to some

Who's that battle that is won,

And if the shroud is torn in two

Would we see exactly who

The veil lifted would reveal

For all those prayers we've said to heal

Who's the Kingdom that we seek

Who will serve the wounded meek?

And who's the scars and who's the sword

Where the nails and who the Lord?

Were we but ears of corn to some
Would we send our only sons
Or stand to face that end as one.
Bow before no earthly prince
For the word is true that none could print.
These names of those who stood forewarned
As others here would choose to scorn,
Who would pray on bended knee
For those that cross that darkest sea
Regardless of the creed or skin
As one in faith, these many words

We hold aloft the dripping sword;
As blood congeals on earthly shore
To run beyond that fateful door
Are truth and justice on our side
Or do the heads of judgment lie?
Though thought obscure where shadow fall
And the last post to spirits call,
These hearts as one upon the sleeve
A branch to offer with golden leaf.
The olive and the fig become
Obscured by fog, the darkest sun

Eye wept dry and fingers bleached

Is this the pinnacle we've reached?

Bold humanity to some

Is there a final hour to come?

Call across the seas of blood

And seek a way to face that flood.

Who's the tablet that was wrote

Who's the Bush and whose the Coat

Of arms in battle, Brothers there

Who's the enemy and where?

Seek with an answer clear

Of politicians never fear.

Cry as one, reach for that hand

For the sake of hallowed land.

Regardless of the faith or race

These are but questions that we face.

Fires burn and waters quench

Of giants buried in each trench,

Call with heart too God and Countrymen

That peace may rule us all again.

I did inner child dialogue for 8 years at the end of which I found I could no longer do any more as the 'child' was integrated into my adult self. I was taught

the following techniques by the late Bob Earll, then 30 something years in sobriety, I do not agree with Bobs spiritual beliefs but as with everything in recovery it's a matter of take what you need and leave the rest. I found inner child work to be the most powerful healing tool for abuse issues that I have ever encountered.

This is an introduction to how I was taught the meditation techniques, some are of the opinion that a therapist is advisable for doing this work, I am of the opinion it is safe to do this work alone and share the results with a support group.

Have some crayons or coloured pens to hand, a large drawing pad and a biro.

With the dominant hand draw your childhood home (the first one that comes to mind) , yourself and the

adults around you. Take only about 3 minutes to do this. You could use a timer.

With the dominant hand draw a household of how you would have liked your childhood home to look. Take only about 3 minutes to do this.

With the non-dominant hand take crayons or coloured pens and draw how it FELT to be in your childhood home. Take only about 3 minutes to do this.

Next visualise yourself as a child for about 3 minutes, what do you look like how do you feel?

With the dominant hand write a letter to your childhood starting with Dear Little 'your name', I know you were really hurt but I am here for you now and I will always love and care for you. You are very strong and courageous. I will be here to listen to you and let you play. And whatever else you want to write. Finish the

letter after about 3 minutes with 'Dear little x how do you feel right now?'

With the non-dominant hand take a crayon or coloured pen and let the childhood self write or draw whatever they are feeling right now. Take about 3 minutes.

Write with the dominant hand back to the child saying Dear Little x I am very proud of you, I will always be here for you, you are safe, and whatever else comes to mind.

Break state by dancing on the spot with your eyes closed or spontaneously moving your arms and legs around. Say a significant phrase such as the serenity prayer over and over whilst moving into your body.

Write any thoughts down in your journal. You may feel like hugging a teddy after this for comfort.

Survivors Spun

I've had enough of their excuses can't take on no more pain, They all know who abused them and still their smile remains. We've fought so many battles they told so many lies Professionals defend them to bury all our cries. We've told a thousand stories the meanings just the same, Still they never listen I wonder who's to blame. I've seen so many faces cold tears there in each eye, Frozen in each throat the truth that they all hide. We'll rise as one the victims no forgiveness for sex crimes, And when deaths the final hour we'll see those beasts are slain there. This song's for all the children the hopes we hide inside And for all that they will pardon this system we'll defy. Said I'll face the fire forever a man must wear his heart, said all rise for the spirit of the child. We'll take that sword of justice weigh their hearts now in the blood Pray for strength to face the masses when the last judgement comes. And for those

the perpetrators once here outside cold bars
When deaths the final hour a millstone
drowns those ones. Said we'll rise as one
together no forgiveness for sex crimes
And when deaths the final hour our children
will be proud.

I initially came in contact with the survivors
movement in my early twenties. By then I had
suggestions from chemical dependency professionals
that I should look at the abuse from my childhood,
something that up till then I had little conscious
recollection of. One of the perpetrators when
confronted broke down and confessed regular sexual
assaults upon me as a small boy. He was seeking
redemption and blamed trauma at atrocities from the
second world war for his motivation. His memories of
the war that he only talked about this one time were of
severed women's breasts left by the SS on dinner tables
served up as silver service meals of body parts. I had no

tolerance at all for his justification and took my vengeance.

At first my contact with survivors groups was very positive, I facilitated an inner child workshop shareing tools I had learned from AA old-timer Bob Earll, I spoke at a rally for survivors rights at Trafalgar Square and spoke as guest speaker at social service conferences. The first time I spoke in public about the abuse was as powerful a moment as saying I was an alcoholic at my first AA meeting. This occurred at a conference where the Cleveland investigations defamed social worker and doctor spoke about the cover up. They presented their statistical evidence of the abuse of 100 children. The media had a field day with this and undermined the integrity of the professional saying the case was politically motivated fabrication. This very public media backlash I believe could have occurred anywhere in the country, it is impossible to calculate

how many victims voices were drowned out in the 70's and 80's by civil mechanism negligence. The cultural denial of abuse was I believe institutional at this time. Many of the other survivors I met had not found justice through UK systems, those that had were a minority group. I am aware of a children's home in Richmond that was closed following enquiry of procurement of child prostitutes in the late 80's, no media attention resulted and social workers complicit with the abuse just moved department. I also worked as a carer within the NHS and met many clients with learning difficulties who were sexually abused by staff in institutions sometimes resulting in unwanted pregnancy. Silence must be heard, I wonder how many thousands of victims from my own generation never found a voice.

Bite The Bullet

How many bullets does it take to kill and can the man still kill the bullet How many cuts does it take to heal the heart of a child that screams How many tears does it take to grieve how many dreams left unfulfilled how much pain till the world will hear that he present must change the past. How many failures must a system leave until we all make a stand. How many tears must a mother cry how many mornings fear How many hours must a good man thirst till a kiss wipe away those years how many tears must the children cry that their hands may rest in peace how many lies do you think it takes to kill a love that could never die. How many bullets does it take to kill and the man still bite the bullet how many times must the children fear whilst monsters still walk the land how many times must we hear their lies so many front page bad dreams how many masks to hide the screams of the others still left ignored. How many frames how many scenes till the end justify the means.

How many truths must a poet write till last judgement
right those wrongs. How many fears must a woman face
till these hearts are raised as one how many days must
a good man wait till a kiss restore his smile how many
liars would take the hope from a love that could never
die. How many children silenced scream till the noose
restores our hope how many liars do you think it takes
to kill a truth that can never die said how many would
try to steal the smile from a love that would never die?

Although there is significant evidence of a
culture of denial I do not believe for the most part that
this is consciously intended by the social mechanisms
implicated. Most sane people want to see children safe
and protected and perpetrators brought to justice. I will
write more about treatment of offenders later enough
here to say I feel they get off very lightly and that the
justice system tends to obstruct convictions, more
attention needs to be given to the seriousness of victim

disclosure and the lifelong consequences of abuse to the victim. A proportionate response in a liberal democracy should at the very least involve lifelong monitoring for reoffending and public listing of perpetrators for the protection by the whole community of our vulnerable children. Where police, educators and social workers are seen to be criminally negligent in response to evidence of abuse often in an attempt to cover up earlier negligence we should question the viability of those mechanisms and social policy. Calls to make responsibility for reporting child protection concerns a legal liability should be heard.

Unfortunately I was involved in a co-dependent relationship with another victim of abuse when I first opened up in the survivors movement. She proved to be dishonest, sexually compulsive and was concealing her own perpetration fantasies towards children. If I'd of known what she was from the start I would have had

nothing to do with her. I feel sorry for women who through the lack of public listing find themselves married to perpetrators hiding their psychopathy. Due to manipulation by my partner I fell out with some leading figures in the survivors movement all too predisposed to siding with women in relationship conflicts. It was also clear that the imbalanced gender politics ingrained in the movement meant facilitators were willing to deny my childhood experiences as I was disclosing that a female and three males had abused me. Statistical research in the USA has shown 1 in 10 sexually abused boys are victimised by their birth mothers. Public awareness has a long way to go on the issue of female abusers and I found the survivors movement in the early 90's to be worse than the general zeitgeist because of its predominantly ardent feminist agendas.

I tried and failed to make a criminal statement in the early 90's. The police were clearly negligent in their response at the time not taking a written statement but saying I had told someone now and that was to be it. I was later told by a support person advocating within the survivors movement that pressure always has to be put on the police to act on historic abuse claims. The reasons for this include difficulty with gathering evidence at a later date and expense but may also include support of denial of complicity from negligent social mechanisms which could otherwise lead to civil action against the service providers.

When I was being abused as a child another child was abducted from my home street and sexually abused by a paedophile ring. There were suggested links with british aerospace employees from both the area she was abducted from and the place she was

taken to. As a child I was told by my abusers that suggestive nude photos of myself would be distributed through the factory if I spoke out about my abusers. I had also been told from a young age that I would be killed and god would judge me in hell if I asked for help. I was also told local politicians had been blackmailed in stings involving lewd photos with minors. The abduction case made it to television in an appeal for the child's safety, obviously I found this as a child very frightening and thought someone might kill her. To my knowledge none of the paedophiles identified during the abduction investigation were convicted, the defence lawyers saying the victim was too young to understand their experiences and was making things up for effect. When I spoke about this situation with my peers as a young adult I was physically assaulted by a senior freemason to shut me up and police harassment occurred. At the time a GP spoke out about physical evidence of sexual

abuse on myself and other local children his surgery was blown up to destroy medical records incriminating abusers. When I myself finally got to make a police statement aged 30 it was with the support of a survivor spokesperson who twice appeared on BBC Newsnight whilst I was involved. Although no one would know it they spoke about female perpetrators based on my history, I was very heartened by their support and an apparent shift of attitude within the survivors movement. The later backlash to my disclosures may have been promoted by the high profile of this support person, when Panorama aired their history whisper campaigns were abundant about me including people knocking on my door for harassment.

When I made the criminal statement police said they would definitely go to arrest without any need for further evidence, it was only with this assurance that I was willing to proceed. Since I had seen other children

abused when I was a child it was hoped others would corroborate my story. The other victims were very young when they were abused and I doubt developed enough in memory or cognition to realise what had happened to them. At the police request I sold my house to live in temporary accommodation for my own protection.

After a year of investigation through operation Barnabus the police said they could not at this time progress further and failed to meet with their pledge to arrest the paedophiles in my family of origin. I had recorded interviews with the police since I had been told this could assist a media enquiry if the case failed to get results. I also had written contracts with all support persons involved in the case, I had been told by the police to speak to no one but these named persons throughout the operation. My trust broke down with the supports as someone had obviously leaked

information to others as the case came into the public domain. Three counsellors, two AA sponsors and an old school friend were implicated in rumour mongering that reached my ears. The implication was that more than one of them had sold out to the perpetrators. Members of AA, religious fundamentalists and Freemasons were involved in the subsequent whisper campaigns to try to encourage me to retract the statement.

The 'backlash' is well known enough of a phenomena that Survivors Of Incest Anonymous publish a leaflet warning of the possibility. At the time Operation Barnabus was closed, or rather kept open without further progress, police started to pick me up on the street and take me to the station without charge. I do not believe there was conspiracy by police to protect other civil mechanisms from civil action. It would seem misinformation was fed to the police by those protecting perpetrators of sexual abuse. Attempts

were made at psychiatric involvement through these police actions. This was clearly harassment as I had no prior involvement with the police.

To my knowledge one of the perpetrators against myself is a freemason. I do not agree with conspiracy theories but the masonic pledge to help other free men can obviously be abused and obstruct justice. Senior masons are not immune to corruption and often viewed as honourable by their fellows are perceived to be beyond criminality. This was implied in the Jimmy Savile case, he being a senior freemason and thus perceived as a respectable member of the establishment. However well-intentioned masonic attempts to address abuse cases through interventions may lead to collusion with perpetrators. Masonry is part of our cultural heritage and I don't see anything intrinsically wrong with that, I am merely cautious as to how powers may be misused.

A psychiatrist committed to 'false memory syndrome' ideology and actively involved with charities protecting families from abuse allegation actively assessed me and tried to deny the abuse as delusions from what they falsely diagnosed as scytzophrenia. My only symptoms were of distress over operation Barnabus and the strength to still disclose despite this. The records I had made of the police interviews were somehow destroyed and written records from the case stolen from my home whilst I was being assessed by the psychiatrist. I was very frightened by this and initially became hyper vigilant and triggered into re-experiencing childhood trauma symptoms under the stress of the harassment and continued public whisper campaigns. I briefly experienced symptoms of a nervous breakdown and went to ground with emotional exhaustion and shock. Fortunately I was still able to take care of myself and my legal support over ruled any

diagnosis from the psychiatrist involved in the 'false memory' research.

I pretended to professionals that I had retracted the statement and distanced myself from survivors group; eventually the whisper campaign and harassment subsided. Whilst in this position of no support I turned to my creativity as a resource for channelling the feelings about all this and it is at this time that I wrote the lyrics for the concept album *Swords In Abusers* that remains free on my website www.wolfchilde.com. Creativity in the privacy of my own home became a coping strategy when all else fell away. Since I have already suffered such explicit tactics to silence me I have little fear of exposing this further in print here, since starting the website challenging issues of child protection most of the attention I have received has been positive. I had

over a million hits for the first 2 years of the site so I effectively got to find a voice again through the web. However in the events following the harassment even my computers were stolen and hard copies of creative work stolen. I was fortunate that I was paranoid enough to carry a hard drive with me everywhere which saved most of my music from being lost.

I had been placed in a so called safe house at the end of this period which proved to be anything but safe. This was at the time of the Soham investigation and on discovering that a paedophile had been placed in my vicinity I cracked three of his ribs expressing how I feel about child abusers. This caused further psychiatric assessment by the same team but my lawyers made it clear I was not a general threat to others. I served 5 days in prison for the physical assault and was fined. I consider this a reasonable price for protecting the community although hasten to add I would be best able

to avoid conflicts with perpetrators if they were publicly listed and thus known quantities in the community. The paedophile that I assaulted had been active in my childhood home town of Ham, I consider it no coincidence that he was placed in a flat in my 'safe' house in Hull. He had abused boys in a school football team. When I was a child I think I remember having met him, he claimed to know my father. I think that a media syndicate between local survivor counsellors and a housing association manager set this situation up in the hopes that I'd go further and they could create a media circus from what happened. I initially didn't know he was a paedophile and he gained my confidence, several paedophiles have done this in 12 step recovery. When he disclosed he was a paedophile I cracked three of his ribs, the parole officer involved met with me only once and suggested I leave the city as this and whisper campaigns clearly suggested I was not safe.

What the psychiatrist wrote about me however remained on my medical notes despite successful civil litigation proving I was of sound mind. I went as far as a European Court of Human Rights case to try to get these records to reflect reality. This reveals a problem in social policy, that even when over ruled by the mental health act psychiatrists opinion may remain on record to have future consequences on civil liberty. The human rights case may have not been necessary if I could have afforded better civil lawyers. In the event the case was timed out, having compiled the claim myself with access to law books I was unfortunately unaware that I needed to use the right of interim of the European Court to gather the evidence as quickly as possible. This left me very aggrieved since I had a clear cut case that psychiatry had been misused to try to undermine the validity of my testimony and deny my voice as a survivor.

I went from owning my house outright without a mortgage to being homeless as a result of others manipulations during the backlash. I lived in bivawacks and a tent for 6 months unable to secure a property for rent or find civil mechanism support for temporary housing. I once had a warning shot fired at me in the park, it missed by a mile but was close enough to put fear into me, I have no idea who did this or why. I had a guitar with me on the streets and relative safety of the Royal Parks in London. My self-care was very good and despite not knowing when I would get off the streets I kept my spirits up by recording songs on guitar to minidisc, I wrote much of my material during this 6 months driven by boredom and anxiety at being homeless. Since I remained clean and sober throughout I did not spiral into self-destruction or put myself further at risk.

I rose from the ashes purely by chance or perhaps because others had stopped trying to obstruct me and manipulate events in my life. On finding a home I immediately set to work on the website idea and making complete compositions from the material I wrote on the streets. I started the website to challenge a society with a culture of silence about child abuse and to put the record straight about my own struggles. I could never of imagined it would be so successful, I got the attention of many A listers who I was photographing but also had the opportunity to talk to, this is how I got a sound bite from Tom Cruise supporting my call for public listing of paedophiles in the UK. I also met with the Bishop of London following the 7/7 terrorist threat, he said 'hello Peter, all paedophiles are terrorists do you follow me?' he then turned to someone else in his entourage and said 'watch the idiot get caught trying to kill them!'. I have an entry on the Jubilee Time Line for

7/7 again dealing with society through creativity. I'm no idiot but was pleased to discover I'd got the attention of the establishment.

With few exceptions there are obstacles to social mobility in the UK. It doesn't even matter who you know, social class as defined by parentage and schooling still creates a glass ceiling for advancement in Britain in ways that Americans may fail to realise. Being heard by the upper classes is perhaps all that a working class boy can aspire to.

Another issue that arose in the media at the time of the backlash to Operation Barnabus was the use by police of unlawful entrapments during Operation Wonderland and Ore. Pete Townsend took it on the chin in operation ore and I have no reason to disbelieve that he only accessed a child pornography site as part of investigative journalism to expose such sites. I was

reading Pete's autobiography 'Who I am' at the time of writing this. I include here the lyric I wrote about him whilst I still believed the media coverage and thought he was another Michael Jackson. The media obviously caused great damage to his reputation and when I met Johnny Noxville who had shared a romantic obsession of mine he quipped rhetorically 'what is wrong with Townshend'. I feel Johnny and I were both wrong in our initial reactions and that Pete has proven to be 'on the side of the angels'. 'The Windmill' adequately expresses what I feel about internet paedophiles. I do not concur with Townshend's view that the world doesn't need vigilantes, V For Vendetta, The Invisibles and a myriad other comic books show that it is a necessary evil although many of us can't afford the impression management of Batman so don't always come up smelling like roses. The industry is full of the self-centred and the tired old method of creating a nemesis

for any act with potential to try to bring them down betrays the selfishness of many who hang on to being a name. Hundreds of acts that could of made it are eaten up fighting windmills of pay rolled pretenders, I dealt with this creatively, a pen in one hand and a machete in the other. The system doesn't always work so inevitably some will have to operate outside the system and this breeds vigilantism. When I was arrested for a second count of ultra-violence two facts would seem pertinent, firstly I was provoked and secondly having intended to photograph the Queen was documented as having been under surveillance by Royal Protection, in the light of other smears it's difficult not to jump to conclusions. The result of this was that I lost a lot of thunder which should caution others of tall poppy syndrome. When you're living on a shoestring budget if you want to leave a mark it's difficult to be seen as anything other than anarchic.

The Windmill

He's for the ambulance pretends to know the score Tied
to a stretcher like all his dreams before He's for the
ambulance have to shut the door Disses every curtain
call his whores are worth no more Thinks he is the hero
when he's going down the drain Fighting with those
windmills Don Quixote on the brain He's just another
parasite keeps living their lies Left to overdose one
night even whores won't cry Thinks he is the hero as he
swallows bitter pills He's just a parasite respect is in the
kill He's for the ambulance pretends to know the score
Doesn't have no rights at all Sweet meats for his balls
Looks a bit like dog food His whore is worth no more
He's stealing thunder respect to those that show. Knives
are drawn the gauntlets thrown The anvil forges war.
He's for the ambulance his life is worth no more Thinks
he plays the hero Nose candies all he scores. Pin him
scratch him glass him kill him He's for the ambulance

blood going down the drain Steals the fire from heaven
Don Quixote on the brain. Fills his head with crushed
glass while his blood flows down the drain. He's just a
parasite who's rights are in the songs Fills his whore
with pennies whilst his life is worth fools gold.

I remember the bitter sweet way in which my
aunts husband would give me attention up passed the
age of 7. In the absence of a father any attention was
craved. He would say that I was an imaginative child
having read me The Hobbit and seeing my wonder at it.
He would also make up bedtime stories with me in
them. The animal characters would have accompanying
actions which he would do to my body, this molestation
included groping, twisting of limbs, strangulation and
simulated penetration. I would scream for him to stop
and other adults in the family on hearing this would
believe my uncles cover story that I liked him to tell me
scary stories and 'made him do it'. Since there were two

other abusers present at these times collusion is a possibility. With my grandfather I recall clearly the blood on the towel having raped me in the shower but my uncles abuse strikes me as worse. Perhaps because of the stories I would dissociate from the pain of the abuse with vivid follow on dreams. I can clearly remember his fingers and beard against my naked body. He was a cruel man and like my grandfather would relish giving me dead legs, Chinese burns and shutting my fingers in doors. To accompany his cover story that I was very imaginative he also tested a batch of LSD he made on me as a young child, I remember crying a lot on it. The focus of all he said about me was how I was prone to fantasy and shouldn't be believed. I remember once on holiday he hid his excretions by pouring water over the sheets of a bed we had shared saying to his wife that I had wet the bed. All of this was thoroughly abhorrent but as a child I didn't realise how abnormal

his actions were also at times I was only dimly aware that he was stimulating himself. I blanked or minimised a lot of this for many years but suppression just led to a pressure cooker of ill feelings.

The status quo was once more seen to be supported in operations Ore and Wonderland since the police dropped thousands of cases against internet paedophiles. As an aside Pete Townsend was named by child pornographers when I was a child as having involvement with stings to photograph the rich in compromising situations with child prostitutes. I don't believe the adults from my childhood who were also involved in production of speed and LSD, the case illustrates the delusions and conspiracy's paedophiles weave around their victims to protect themselves. Imagine my surprise when at the time of writing I heard that the head of Kingston Council had resigned over allegations of child pornography, and me being

obstructed from finding needed social housing to boot! I have met Townshend once when I was homeless and he touched my playing arm which didn't improve my musicianship, it's worth pointing out I had my trusty machete in my guitar bag. I have no reason to believe that Mr Townshend has anything to hide.

This was not the case with the Michael Jackson case, I had explicit inside knowledge from a drug counsellor who Jackson tried to hire to cooperate with a cover up for his paedophile activities, instead the professional kept his integrity and told a lot of people what had happened in hopes Jackson would come to justice, this is when the story broke. I wrote two songs about Jackson 'Wack Jacko' and 'This Is It', his own brother admitted that techniques they had paid for to cover up for him had no doubt had international repercussions on how child protection was being

implemented and may have affected my own case adversely.

This Is It.

This doctors got the needle they call me Dr Death

You know that I'm beside you when you sigh your final breath.

This Doctors got the needle lie back to catch your breath

You know that I'm beside you when you face your future death.

The Doctor and the needle put you to the test

You'll see that in the long run it's the doctor who knows best.

Cooking up the serum the works filled to begin

The potion and the needle to measure out your sin.

The doctor in his white coat euthanasia's his game

And when you're free of all this you'll find you're glad I came.

This doctors got the needle come taste your final breath

You know its me beside you the Master Doctor Death.

Parade your hits cos this is it your final breath that's dr death.

This Is It I'll steal your breath I'm the doctor Dr Death.

My newnight contact once said I was 'the secret weapon of the survivor's movement', I hope I have in part fulfilled my potential in this capacity. Dame Judi

Dench and I have met twice and on both occasions she intimated that to be any more successful I'd have needed to become a natural born killer, I can do without that kind of publicity! As a photographer I have spoken to many A listers but my all-time favourite would have to be Lesley Phillips.

If I had of been driven to be more of what society considers a success I think I would have channelled my creative juices instead into organised crime. Then again I doubt I could have afforded the solicitors needed to obscure a life of crime, the biggest criminals are also the lawyers. I have had contact with career criminals and also a few good men that broke the law for the protection of children. John Vanstone, a deceased photo journalist from Richmond wanted his daughter to know he killed a paedophile to protect her. John also divulged that he had been shown photographic evidence of paedophilia that implicated in

his words 'the nazis', this suggested a link to the wealthy in Richmond upon Thames. A police officer also divulged to me that he himself had been involved in the slaying of a beast. I don't intend to incriminate anyone here but I have had contact with a handful of similar cases in my time in the survivors movement. I'm not too good at secrets, twice convicted killers of paedophiles have expressed an interest in my work. I myself have spent two occasions at her majesties pleasure, once for injuring a paedophile and once for injuring someone in self-defence. The first of these occasions was so short because the judge was explicitly in favour of my response.

When I was 19 police informed me that I had been targeted by a gay snuff ring with intent to murder me in my teens. I had up to this point thought that snuff was an urban myth. The police said they would not need me to testify as it was being 'dealt with'. The ring

leader was found dead by suicide, read into that what you will.

I am not a violent man but am capable of violence in defence of myself or others. A senior Richmond police officer when I was on the streets suggested to other police that they keep me on the street as I was 'useful'. On-going to Richmond council for housing I was told they wouldn't help stating my newsnight contact as the explicit reason for this, when I photographed the council employee who said this they claimed I threatened them and gave me a letter immediately stating that if I entered the council building again the police would be called. Another council member said he was gay as I was leaving and that he needed a new boyfriend. I won't comment on how this made me feel. It is worth noting that I had supported other victims harmed by a paedophile ring in Richmonds childrens homes where social workers and council

members were explicitly identified as procuring and using under age prostitutes. The media and police didn't want to know, there was a reshuffle in social services nothing more. The backlash to my own disclosure of childhood abuse became somewhat politicised and a lot of spin resulted claiming I was on the far right, I don't want to spoil anyone's illusions by getting into politics but Mo Mowlan was one of the few to support my campaign explicitly and I myself am a Green Party member. I remain a green monarchist because I like to be on the winning side and in our system that means being with the head of state rather than fighting windmills.

My shadow is something that I have channelled a great deal into my creative persona. I admit here however that I carried a machete in my guitar bag for protection when I was living on the streets of London, the police let this be. I come from the Keith Richards

school of fighting and have been forced to act on 6 occasions, mostly against sex offenders harassing me. My old Sensei taught that faced with a fight run away to live to fight another day, if you can't run use maximum force, I was trained in weapons Jitsu. Once I was housed and the EU case was over the police fabricated reasons for searching my premises and damage two items of electrical equipment leaving the flat a wreck. I photographed this and published to the web which kept them off my case for a while, they seemed to want me out of town. On the 2 occasions I have had all my possessions stolen the police failed to act proportionately, I only got one insurance pay out and that was at a reduced rate so I have had to rebuild my equipment twice without assistance. I often view the police as managers of crime rather than protectors of the little man, it is quite clear to me that police support invariably goes to the highest bidder. I prefer to call the

police protectors of the status quo rather than protectors of the peace. I have been scrupulously honest to try to avoid police harassment. It is worth noting that appeals to the Independent Police Complaints Commission just turn into Gordian knots that never truly get resolved. I believe if I'd have come from the middle classes and had more money to throw at lawyers none of these police problems could have happened.

When I myself faced arrest in a self-defence case of physical assault Liberty, the human rights charity sent an observer to court. It was recorded that I was under observation by Royal protection police at the time of the alleged offense as I had a ticket to photograph the queen at a royal event. The Liberty observer stated on entering court that they could not involve themselves if masonry was seen to be at work in the courtroom. They alleged that my accusers and the

Judge used freemasonic signals in the courtroom and abandoned my case. Human rights in relation to freemasonic interventions is a minefield since the European bill of human rights leave a back door allowing for abuses of rights if it is by freemasonry. This is a matter that needs to be addressed politicaly.

One finally anomaly occurred during the Backlash to Barnabus, I was anonymously e-mailed photos that if genuine incriminated my newsnight contact for under aged sex, I considered them photo shopped and intended to undermine me further so I destroyed the photos. This is one of only two times I have seen material that could have been child pornography; I certainly have never looked for it.

Mike TV

Mike TV just what did you see

Desensitised and hypnotised

Agregated over rated

Lives for fantasy.

Your kids on the TV what they gonna be?

Maladicted thought predicted

It's in colour you see

The porn addicted thrill dictated

Never to be free.

Pay by view its what they do

But deep within they're blind
Thoughts draining from their minds
You know they want to be it
And how they want to live it
Just like they see it on TV.

Overdubbed and thought robbed
Digitally masked and lip sinked
The thrill addicted thought predicted
Hooked on prime TV.

An info-naught on overload

Chanel hopping Pavlov switching

Wired like the cable guy its adverts that he buys,

That's how mikes there on TV opiate of the masses

That's prime time cult TV.

Fed on TV dinners dishing up their sinners

Dreaming that they're it digesting all their shit

Corporate dictation buying affectations

Learning how to act it's on digital TV.

The Jimmy Savile cover up by the BBC didn't surprise me at all. I was once at a BBC recording session

for a show and a celebrity decided to turn to me and disclose that he had sex with a minor, he said this was 5th step, that being 12 step talk for a secret he wanted to share, I was outraged. For legal reasons I can't disclose who this was but enough to say when I mention synthesiser wizard this is the first person you think of. What this revealed is that BBC employees are willing to cover up for rich or influential personality's. They were recording when this person made his disclosures and nothing was done about it. The fact the BBC is willing to destroy incriminating material points out that there are grave questions to answer on how public opinion is manipulated. I studied media at university and got a first at examination in history of the media. What we get to know is often filtered and constrained by legal threat of retaliation even when something is provable. For the most part we get to hear what the rich and powerful want us to hear.

Jim'll Fix It

I'm the Karma Kula moral hula hula Soul destroyer
karmas lawyer The death betrayer the true beast slayer.
Jim'll fix it he sure fixed it for them if he came back
again he'd do it again evil slavers one truth sayer rotten
soul betrayer the true beast slayer. Kiddy fiddlers its ni
riddler at Broadmoor we'll leave them sore they live to
die just let them fry one truth sayer that old beast
slayer. I'm the karma kula moral hula hula if they came
back again they'd do it again karmas lawyer soul
destroyer one truth sayer that old beast slayer. How
about that then he fixed it for them trust auntie beeb to
let them repeat evil slavers one truth sayer I'm the
karma kula the old beast slayer. Medallion man did it
cos they can Show the beeb a fist give us the list.

Roseanne Barr once said with therapy 'you get
what you pay for'. I have to agree. I have had about 6 to

8 years of therapy or counselling. My initial drug and alcohol counselling was Minnesota model based and I found this useful as it was practical in its approach and had clear goals, unfortunately it didn't address dependency on the counsellor a contributory factor to the major relapse I had at 4 years into recovery and the support was no longer there. I went into group therapy which I found very useful for emotional work but no better than a good self-help meeting in terms of identification with others. I then went into Kleinian therapy for a couple of years, something that left me feeling unheard and very frustrated. I was very disillusioned with therapy after this but dogged by abuse memories and the attached feelings I went into therapy for a short period including with Archetypal models. I once sat in a survivors group therapy where the therapist told a client what a weakling he was for not standing up for himself, allegedly to get him to

stand up for himself in group, when I challenged the therapists continued verbal abuse he cried and gave up on facilitating the groups. My previous therapist had been antagonistic to inner child work, the only method I'd found for dealing with depth emotions about abuse. I stuck to the self-help groups which for all their shortcomings and sometimes toxic ideology served me much better than any therapy. I have had therapy for 18 months in recent years following a court order and I found it useless analysis paralysis with no clear goal and lacking even basic empathy from the therapist.

Therapy

Lay on that couch my emotional whore
How many closures to your open door
Writ on that glass The-rapist
enlightening pockets for a slit of the wrist
All they ever wanted was a friend
But all you ever give just lies
without end
Your book learned ideology your certified

psychology They drain inspiration feed on the hope And once it's all over its back to the dope. Lend me an ear for those everlasting tears Buy your salvation as you close that door Sat in your chair my emotional whore Facing your fear the price is no door Tied to the promise of healing those scars But the marks that they leave you never will fade They sell out your lovers your family your friends Back to that pain now tell me whose the gain Lay on the floor my emotional whore For this final session you get no applause Down on your knees for that final bow Here's to your therapy as we seal up your door Take it we'll leave you my emotional whore Say what you're left with emotional whore.

It is worth mentioning that Fraud is believed to have first uncovered the extent of sexual abuse in clients and then bowed to social pressure from academic peers to create the Oedipal and Seduction Theory models that deny survivors a voice. The Oedipal

and Seduction Theories both blame the victim and allege delusions similar to alleged false memory syndrome. False memory syndrome has been adequately exposed as a lie motivated by defence lawyers need for professional support from psychiatrists, again truth being obscured by the highest bidder. Charles Whitfield MD covers this in Memories and Abuse. Oedipal fantasies so called are still the bread and meet of all Fraudians and the schools that follow on from Fraud, Alice Millers Thou Shalt Not Be Aware touches on the need for therapists to be trained in believing victims of abuse. As one survivors spokesmen said to me 'to treat abuse you must first believe it exists'. Many therapist say that abuse is a minor problem effecting very few, this is not the collective experience of the survivors movement.

There is a modern myth that childhood issues are best addressed through therapy. There is an

assumption that therapists can offer insight and healing. This belief that anyone other than yourself can express your pains to clean out your wounds is pure co-dependent nonsenses. Rilke 'No one can help you, there is only one way, go into yourself'. The inner child model offers a route to self-responsibility for the healing process and practice of self-love. Many therapists no nothing about this tool or at best tolerate its use. Self-help offers identification with shared issues facilitating deep grieving and social bonding through affirmation of the struggle. Therapists may have at best an academic model to interpret abuse disclosure, as I have mentioned the dominant ideologies in therapy supress disclosure of abuse or blame the victim. My own experience suggests to me that therapy could be useful in that talking to anyone about depth feelings is positive but in practice at least in so much as I could afford it still wasn't worth the time money or emotional

commitment. I am not going to say that all therapy is contraindicated for survivors but I do lean in the direction that the academic interpretation of disclosure is itself abusive and invalidating.

Miss Understanding

Miss Understanding she's their therapist,

She gives a little rub with a well oiled wrist, She'll show them how to split front page personalities,

When they're down on that couch she's their number one./

Miss Understood that's her alter ego,

Plays the black madona to Eckharts men,

Nuns down on their knees for a second coming,

Their bells to that book as she blows out their candle,
Detached from loves chains in her House of Lords./

Miss Understanding, understated at the best,
It's a game people play as they work up a sweat,
Tied to extremities, Times best left forgot,
Taken to the depths in her fantasy, depravity./

Miss Understood they share the same smile,
Down in the dungeons a story of nine tales,
Plays it Sheradnazeh to Arabian Knights,

A dance of seven veils with her favourite strap,
Whipping up a frenzy she's an Anal-Lyst./

Miss Understood beneath Understanding,

When they look up her skirt old Jacob starts to dream,

Take eat for this is her body,

It's what they thirst for with their trembling lips, Just
Judges and Lords to her golden chalice,

They leap for entertainment facing up to those trials./

Dressing up her characters in a land best left forgot,

She'll penetrate their minds, in a fantasy, depravity.

The following lyric was inspired by David Thomas 'Not Guilty the case in defence of men' one of the few decent gender politics books I've read and quite dissimilar to the irrational conservative support of childhood faith in the Mythopoetic Men's movement. As we have seen my experience of sexual, physical and mental abuse as a child from both male and female perpetrators set me up for very divided loyalties with a feminist dominated survivors movement. Feminists who do not want to own their shadow or the potential for abuse of power by women. Here is a quote from David Thomas that challenges the idea of a patriarchal poisonous pedagogue 'Are we to believe then that men are simply born bad?... Are women, fundamentally, any better than men? The casting of the two genders into roles of male oppressor and female oppressed ignores the possibility that the balance of power may be far more complex than that.' ... Just think of your own

father....” Did he seem to be an all powerful patriarch?
Did he seem to be someone who was getting any
benefit from all this male power we keep hearing
about? What was in it for him?’.

Not Guilty

Not guilty it’s soft and silky

she said she wanted more

you know that less is more

she's lady shaved her legs

such a very nice pair

in satin and lace.

going rapido with away torpedo

gotta go french
with a roll of that tongue
slowing back down to escargot
brass knockers french polish
she's leaving a trail
with a curl of that tongue.

she's slow at coming forward
from the smile on her face
thats satin and lace.
not guilty its smooth and silky

got those frogs legs parted
with such a small touch
once she's down on her knees
she's begging darling please
such a very sweet smile
as she parts those lips.

do you like it all over
or just a little on the side
it's a nice hot banger
between french fries

you know it aint Wimpey

give it extra on top.

she wears a little beret

red currants on top

its getting kind of sticky

that's those chelsea buns.

Guess she's slow at coming forward

when she's sat on that face

its going rapido

with that aft torpedo

blow it away

with a banger from behind.

not guilty its soft and silky

butter up the sides

its a sandwich not a slice.

not guilty its soft and silky

with a smile on her face

thats satin and lace.

I came to the Men's Movement late at around 28 having just divorced and smarting from my treatment by feminists in the survivors movement. The

Mytho Poetic Men's Movement attracted me as naturally I went into a period of misogyny following divorce and already being an award winning poet the movement seemed ideally suited to my needs to vent my feelings.

I found a mentor in the form of an ex-police officer who'd shot someone on a mens issue website. He was in 12 step recovery but also committed to the Mytho Poetic Mens Movement and had dealings with some prominent authors in the field. He asked me to write a piece on male anger within the survivor's movement and fed my anger at feminist suppression of male voices. The title to the piece was 'Anger the missing peace', John Lee later used the title for a book on anger in alcoholics, I consider this no accident as I was supposed to be initiated by him at an event held in the UK. I refused to be initiated into the mens movement as a facilitator said I was 'tripping' as I

identified a female sex abuser in my childhood. As I broke with the mens movement the mentor he became increasingly judgemental claiming I had Multiple Personality Syndrome as I'd successfully used inner child work. He obviously wanted to undermine my testimony with labelling that no professional would ever have suggested applied to my case. He had also encouraged me to label myself a sex addict something that I had concerns about but did not myself identify with. The mentorship ended when he said maybe I was so concerned about abuse issue because I was a paedophile. This made me very angry and when professionals involved in my support during the backlash said they were mens movement and Masons I steered well clear. The health service who I had worked for tried to bring me in on Masonic 'secrets' demonstrating how overdubbing of TV programmes could be used in social engineering attempts to

destabilise vulnerable people with a view to labelling them as mentally ill.

OATHBOND

I saw two raven floating by

first one said I should surely die

second came close said dont forget

when things were worse than they are yet

we stood here once as we stood before

no one thought we could win our war.

The stone was hollow for a door

no cave within with your hearts you swore

no matter what come what may
we'd see it to a better day.

When knives were drawn behind your back
they said you were the things you lacked
they spun their words to put you down
the only wreath an oaken crown.

They said we'd never win this war
but never forget for what you swore.

The bow was drawn the sword unsheathed

we prayed to meet another dawn
our plans were made beside the hearth
we'd feast once more on doe and hart
the glass was cast into the fire
our knotted limbs would never tire.

Never forget for what we swore
defend the meek protect the poor
never bow down on foreign shore
greet each stranger as a friend
no matter what the crede or race

raise your heads with hearts so proud
for the spirits rythm beats there loud.

They said we'd never win this war
with one eye closed their tongues were forked
for all the double dealings there
we'd see it through they win who dare.

Say your oath youll not forget
in the spirit of justice for this we swear.

My overall view of the mens movement was of a group
of misogynists supporting religion and conservative

values whilst claiming to be liberal in approach. Social engineering is obvious fascism and I came to doubt the honour code of Masons through what I have experienced in relation to them, they seem all too ready to deny reality, especially of abuse to protect fellow Masons, Jimmy Savile is a good example of a paedophile given masonic privileges.

I do fondly believe in mens issues however and social and legal supports for mens rights are deserving of public funding. The rights of fathers to access to children is one of the most important issues that mens rights needs to address. There are also fundamental differences in male and female psychology which is the reason I still attend a mens group weekly to touch base with other men and share feelings, I would not get the same level of support in a mixed group although I do on occasion also attend those. I think this issue of male psychology is especially important for young men who

need male supports other than gang membership or going down the pub.

I'll briefly touch on so called sex addiction. The literature on the subject especially that of Patrick Cairnes can be viewed as religiously motivated attempts at control of the sex drive. I read a lot of shame into the approaches from a 12 step perspective that include 'treatment' of homosexuality. It is important to remember these groups are not allied with AA. Being straight I may not view gay sex as normal, at least not for me, but I don't suggest that others need treating or are on a continuum of 'sex addiction' for expressing themselves this way. One of the other dangers of sex addiction labelling is that 'normal' compulsivity gets grouped together with offender behaviour, people that use the odd prostitute or have affairs should not be labelled as potential sex offenders.

Anon E Mouse

She loved her mouse It was her pet You'll never guess where its tale ends She plugged it in to her PC She thought it was politically correct you see She'd teach it how to surf the net Her own original cyber-pet But there are holes where no mouse fits On booting up she fried his tits The moral of her rodent ex you must be earthed that's cyber-sex. Cybersex it's not too funny when you're talking to someone else's honey That woman up there on your PC She's just a tranny aint that obscene. They may ask you if you've any kids Your credits good don't buy those vids Buy a gun protect your kids Keep them safe switch off the net Before that turn on flips your lid Don't want no stalkers protect your daughters. Said cybersex it's not so funny when you're talking to someone else's honey Pick up your gun switch off the net Protect those kids Don't want no stalkers protect your daughters It aint so safe that's cybersex.

When I first used the net I got into a distance sexual relationship with a female survivor who claimed to have MPS. Our erotic e-mails eventually through frustration led me onto sex chats and to seek video pornography. I was about 28. I soon became compulsive about internet sex as the distance relationship broke down. She tried to get me to write erotic stories involving a 15 year old 'alter' ego of hers, when I drew a line she claimed to have tried suicide, I let go. However I was now in a pattern of acting out on the net, the compulsivity became over whelming. I had never seen video pornography prior to this time and I became obsessed with over stimulation. From start to finish this lasted about 3 months. I asked for help from my mentor and he suggested sex addicts anonymous, I tried their groups and found them to be rapt too tight and obsessed about sex through their so called recovery 'control'. I ditched the net for a few months and got

over the compulsion not needing groups, therapy or any support to achieve abstinence from my 'bottom line' of using chats and porn. I later found I could watch porn without obsession and the occasional video makes up part of my normal sexual expression. I believe Cairnes work is rooted in a view that sex is sinful and shameful. Lots of the people involved in sex addiction recovery are religious fundamentalists or exploiting people to make money, this is in my opinion the kind of treatment compulsive people need least. I do believe addiction is real with craving responses neurologically for sufferers. The 12 step models I encountered for dealing with the issue would seem to make the hang ups worse and lead to further 'relapse' and shame cycles. Many treatment centres are now getting alcoholics and drug addicts to call themselves sex addicts also just because they have a few lovers and like to text regularly. I do not wish to diminish the experience of any finding success through

these models but in my experience it just took a couple of months away from the behaviour and taking a more chilled out view of sex in general. I found members of SAA up tight about masturbation concerned with when or if they pleased themselves. I consider mentoring or sponsorship on sex addiction potentially abusive with subdominant attitudes to trying to control acting out that may be completely normal, when the suggested treatment is to 'get down on your knees' you cant help question whose master is being served. I had similar problems with 12 step chemical dependency professionals claiming I was having too much sex in my late teens, my attitude was that's what teenagers do, it didn't make me go blind!

True Lurv

It's eleven thirty she's getting shirty Benn down the pub just a little bit flirty He's had one too many one more

than she knows When he's down on his knees he's kissing her toes. By twelve o'clock he's cleared his head He's up again something twice as dirty But she's locked the door it's the sofa tonight When he flicks the remote just the TV blows. By one o'clock he's round the bend Can't find the garage he's smoking fag ends Can't find it home Now where's the key She had the headache now so has he. By half past four he's only half cut With a lake in his pants and a face of kebab No roll to his thunder down his shirt he spewed And he's wondering now if he can climb in by the loo. It's seven thirty she's twice as shirty why'd he sleep on the doormat where'd he lose his shirt What's that mark on his neck If he doesn't fess up she's back round her mother's again. It's eleven thirty he's got her some flowers His boots are all dirty and she won't let him in He's rips in his jeans from the neighbours fence If he crawls home again she'll kick him

in the head. True love that's what they got if he crawls home again she'll do in his head.

Co-dependency can be described as putting others needs above or to the exclusion of your own. Relationship dysfunction is the result through the breakdown in communication of emotions. Lots of folks consider a functional relationship as necessary for self-fulfilment and would rather live keeping things in the 'all together' than risk being true to themselves.

Denigration or invalidation of core emotions can occur through labelling, rationalisation, controlling, and repression. Our self-critic can become our oppressor through denial of authenticity. The source of criticism can come from educators, parents, carers or society at large. The denial of the core self robs people of a voice and tries to undermine attempts to claim personal power and inalienable rights. False beliefs

about feelings often stem from childhood nurturing. Where the British stiff upper lip of the snob squad is promoted core identity is oppressed.

Intimacy has been described as me being me and letting you see me. Where adults take responsibility for their emotions and express them without taking responsibility for care taking the others feelings intimacy is the result. The ability to be heard is as important as the ability to hear. If I invalidate or feel shame about any of my feelings I am likely to try to control or deny those of another. If I have a responsibility to be authentic in my relationships it follows that expression of feelings is a moral action. Stiff upper lip, Christianity, Buddhism, Feminism and many psychobabble ideologies all seek to undermine emotional authenticity and even label expression as disfunction or sin. The transmission of false beliefs about being emotionally real could in this context be

viewed as the sins of the father. None of my feelings are wrong, no one has the right to say that they are. Where parents accept their children's feelings without criticism the self is able to develop without baggage or shame. Relationship difficulties stem in my view from unresolved conflicts from childhood and failures to nurture authenticity and individuality. It is popular among religious moralists to claim modern society's ills stem from individualism. Where authenticity exists there is room for compassion and altruism, it is moral to be authentic, if I own my suffering I am more likely to support another in expressing theirs. In my opinion inauthenticity is a failure to be all we truly can be and thus implicitly immoral and anti-social.

One of the biggest failures to affirm feelings in our culture and a major area for denial is the expression of anger. Anger hurts nobody, it is just an energy that when appropriately expressed allows us to set

boundaries and protect our rights. Anger is often denigrated as a secondary or negative emotion. To label any of our emotions as greater or lesser than any other is rationalism run riot. There are no negative emotions, only feelings to be expressed. Challenges to express some emotions may be viewed as a potential to grow in response ability. The ability to respond in a clear and direct fashion is clearly a positive character trait and should be nurtured rather than denied.

All claims that some emotions are simply not spiritual is an attempt at control and suppression relying on irrational authority. I did a lot of anger discharge work about a decade into recovery and this taught me not to be afraid of my own power. As part of this discharge work I did scream with and without a partner. With a partner screaming can be very affirming of the safety and integrity of expressing raw anger. I also used a wooden samurai sword or broken against a mattress and

even cutting exercises with a live blade sword. All this nonsense about pounding pillows may be good enough for gentile middle classed therapists but if I want to express how I feel about abuse a sword is much more appropriate.

When I initially began to own my anger it was accompanied by much shame and fear both of which needed to be emotionally processed. The belief that I need to control my own or others anger in order not to be hurt clearly stems from physical abuse as a child. If I own my anger and permit yours no one is going to get in a fight. It is the suppression of anger that leads to violent acting out, the not releasing of the pressure cooker as anger occurs. One of my earliest problems with anger was that I could not recognise it as it occurred only becoming aware of it after the event. As I owned my anger more and more I became more

spontaneous and if anything less resentful or likely to stew.

The same messages of denial exist around grief or hurt. Men in particular are seen as cissy if they own their sadness. It is no accident that 'being emotional' is seen as a criticism in our culture. Yes I am emotional, I'm dealing with it through crying, get over it, I am. It is only through crying our tears that we can let go and move on from emotional upset. Being in the altogether and rational all the time robs us of the healing that is at the heart of our tears. Analysis paralysis cannot occur from expressing core feelings, you remain stuck, conflicted and neurotic by supressing emotional energy and becoming stagnant.

It will come as no surprise coming from my background that keeping everything in the altogether of co-dependency was mirrored perfectly by my primary

care givers as a child. They were not empowered, expressive, authentic individuals. They were in denial, control, avoidance and rigidity. Abandonment in infancy by my parents set me up for compulsive control and fear of loss in relationships, in recovery I learned that the only one who can abandon me is myself. I had a false belief that if people loved each other they would never get angry or in conflict with each other. This obviously affected my early relationships with women. I couldn't express my hurt so I would compulsively attempt to control others, often through people pleasing so that I never felt grief. The fear was that if I felt hurt in the here and now it would open the floodgates of all the unexpressed feelings from childhood. Silence must be heard and was best expressed in self-help groups where others struggles mirrored and affirmed my own. One of the problems of group therapy is that people learn to become little

analysts to avoid their own feelings and groups where cross talk was discouraged was best for me. When I worked in the caring professions I was chronically professionally co-dependent, it came as some relief to realise the only person I needed to save was myself.

Where I am not spontaneous or emotionally expressive I am robbed of my creativity. Creativity can express none verbal care feelings. I find this especially true of music, sculpture and dance. When I am fully awake emotionally expression is not always verbal or direct, it can be sublimated in the arts. Sound is today one of my greatest outlets for raw emotion, you can't beat a power chord or raw synth. Even the natural rhythms of poetry can have a nonverbal element transmitted to the page. It is in making the unseen or unsaid become visible or stated that creative endeavour comes about. We deal not only in conscious thoughts but unconscious desire and emotion. Creative flow is energy in motion or

e-motion. This is why the arts can be so healing for past and present hurts. The artist is the shaman; in contact with the 'spirit' world of the core self. Children create quite naturally as they play, they are in the realm of the senses, this is why robbing them of safety and protection is so harmful. Trauma ties can leave kids attached to past hurt that they find impossible to process by being emotionally oppressed by their families. I'm all for letting kids be kids and not become little adults before they are emotionally equipped. From silence to violence is an unfortunate truism.

Always

Say I love her always even when the rain is falling
When the leaves are gold in autumn
As when the sunlight's in her hair
When the clouds are dark and brooding
As lips open with a prayer.
Say I love you always still righteous
at your side
When the roses blush in spring time or are

white with winters snow When the mountain peaks
we're climbing And the ground trembles to your cry. Say
I love you always Even when we are apart When the sun
is gold upon your finger and the stars settle on your
hand. I said this songs for always like the sound of
distant bells And for all they would try to steal it Our
hearts still joined as one. You say you love me always
Till my hair has turned to white And here I stay beside
you I always will return Till you give your final breath
dear They'll say it's only words I said this songs for
always And always means just that. Till that ring is on
your finger always means tonight.

I have two fears creatively, one is the
destruction of work which as I have mentioned has
occurred through theft of originals, my other fear is loss
of creative control which is why I have generally worked
alone. I have archived my recorded output on
archive.org. Self-producing as I do gives immense

freedom and as my creative process is isolating serves me best. My work is therefore very individualistic although I have had a feedback loop with listeners of my music, testing one liners with the public and seeing what they come up with in response, sometimes I have written songs off the back of a line or phrase someone has said to me.

I have already mentioned an early love of music from infancy and singing in choirs. At school I also focused on my creative writing skills and was always pleased to read work in front of my English class, something my teachers encouraged. By my late 20's I found myself isolated in a matrimonial home following divorce, living in an area where I was socially isolated. When I had first started inner child work one of the co-facilitators was a professional artist and I had begun to experiment with sculpture and painting. Far from London and with few friends I would walk on the beach

daily, sometimes writing poetry at other times collecting stones or drift wood to incorporate in carvings and sculpture. I had a room set aside in the house for painting and sculpture. I got an award for poetry and published for a short article on child abuse. My few friends were also creative and we set to work on Jullia Cameron's The Artist Way. I was already doing depth emotional work and reprogramming of shame messages from childhood and Cammerons idea of an Inner Critic that blocks creativity fit with my understanding of childhood shame tapes. The book is one of the few self-help books that I have ever found helpful. Another idea I adopted was creative jounaling and media fasting, keeping the flow going daily and avoiding distraction from media input. I started to write for film and got a recommendation for TV writing from the Orange Film Festival. I acted in a film short which I enjoyed having in childhood enjoyed drama at school

and studying acting with the Royal Court Youth Theatre in my early twenties. I decided to go to university to exploit resources for making my own films but was frustrated by faculty politics and working with younger students less channelled into their work. I directed a short film satirising the feminist department characterising them as the Ku Klux Klan ruthlessly attacking masculinity. I also took the lead in a university finals production but disliked the director and underperformed. When I left university I had two pieces on survivors issues in print, an honorary diploma for literature and the opportunity of working towards a TV expose of my childhood. When I sold the house at the request of the police for safety I purchased a PC and a keyboard. This was 2000 and VST instruments were first emerging. I immediately hit it off with Cubase and soon progressed from arranging sample loops to writing my own material. I found this a great way for show casing

my poetry. I still use loops on occasion to start a musical idea up but learned through experimentation to compose with keyboard and guitar. I do not consider myself a great musician but writing songs has created an audience for my true love, poetry. My teenage dream of making noise came true through the advances of computer music. Without the computer I would never have realised my potential as an arranger having had no interest in recording technology prior. Computers also opened up graphic design as a possibility and I wrote and illustrated Tempter, available on my web site, a mini graphic novel. I was much influenced by Vertigo DC comics and found the project a joy to execute. Having defeated the inner critic my creative flow has a pattern in the space of the week, simmering an idea for a few days during down time, then completing a piece in a single day of recording. I have been offered live work; the one that tempted me

was an offer to headline the reopening of a famous London venue by new management. Alas I am the poor cousin of rock n roll only just managing to keep a small studio functioning so the expense of live equipment prevented me from exploring this outlet. I also believe that one man a computer and a guitar is not good performance, if I were to tour I would need to colaberate and have management to handle the wages, the loss of creative control fills me with dread. I learned animation on the PC and my Ya Vole series appears on Miss Understanding page of my website. I had great fun making these animations but it's a time consuming medium not offering instant results so I got bored by it. With more powerful rendering computers I would be tempted to give animation a further go but the rendering process takes a very long time and restricts correction of mistakes.

Ya Vole

There was a vole and they lived in a hole They had the hump but they weren't a mole They do a little two step day and night If you're in a tent they'll give you a fright. Move that nose from side to side One smell of kitkat it's time to hide Given half a chance they'll take you for a ride Just a little nibble to the wrapper they glide. They'll eat dairy lee if no chocolate they see Peach melba yoghurt that's their fantasy They are a vole and they live in a hole They aint no jerry that's little Ya Vole. Once a vole's for a hole there's no room for a tom cat, They dance a little two step right over those toes To the smell of cheese they scratch at those flees Till like a rat up a drain pipe no need to ask please They give a little sigh and glide up a thigh Just for that nibble move it side to side Wriggle that nose till they're inside. They are a vole and they live for that hole You know they're no jerry that's our little Ya Vole.

Graphic Design wise I had begun a tarot pack and got about half way through till my PC was stolen with the originals, I used the theme in further work that is available on my website. Creativity is where I go when I can't process complex emotions, partly why I dislike therapy is because I feel it places a drain on the emotional motivators for creativity. A quick note on an act that was claiming my songs as their own and playing live with the support of Peaches Geldoff who realising her mistake later approached me. If I had more resources I myself would have played live, also if I had more money private investigators would have gathered evidence which would have resulted in The Musicians Union taking legal action on my behalf to protect my sole intellectual copywrite for all of the work on my website. Whilst the faker act was living it up as a poser I was on benefits and barely able to fund my own recordings. Initially I thought he might end up playing

with me but I was not taken by Peaches offer to promote me.

Through my photography of A listers I had got considerable attention for my music and self-promoted. I first realised I was getting somewhere when Bruce Willis spoke to me about my work. This was followed with talks with John Travolta asking what I'd talked about with Tom Cruise, humorous banter with Sly Stallone who I found quite charming and knew some of my songs. At a BAFTA Ruby Wax said she's rather be interviewing me and got others stars to come speak to me including Daniel Craig, Jonathan Ross and Dame Judi Dench, at the time my profile was becoming quite high and the press harassing me. The greatest gift was Caprice calling for public listing of paedophiles from podium at Spiderman 3 and Amir Khan saying to reporters he supported 'Give Us The List'. Robin Williams also spoke to me the day before he got clean

again as was revealed by the press and numerous stars have asked me about recovery. My published work on child abuse got me an invite to dinner with the late Mo Mowlam MP.

Statements to which I respond on the question of psychiatry appear in bold bellow.

Clinicians complain that the current DSM-IV system poorly reflects the clinical realities of their patients. Researchers are skeptical that the existing DSM categories represent a valid basis for scientific investigations

Not that psychiatrists are too in contact with reality to start with. Most people diagnosed with psychiatry will be in temporary distress. Most diagnosed persons do not have a chemical imbalance unless induced by drug

abuse. The criteria for diagnosis are so broad that just about anyone could be labelled with more than one pathology via DSMiv. I myself when I was drug psychotic as a teen was diagnosed as schizophrenic, I could have ended up on drugs for the rest of my life, all be it prescribed.

Given lack of consensus as to the “primary” causes of mental distress, this proposed change may result in the labeling of sociopolitical deviance as mental disorder.

Lock up the dissidents and make sure their testimony is invalidated. This undermining of testimony is clearly seen in alleged ‘false memory syndrome’. The status quo does not always represent the truth, those challenging it may be seen as ‘deviant’. I was labelled

schizo effective disorder following police statement about paedophiles based purely on knowledge of this disclosure without presenting any attendant symptomology. A court declared I was fit mentally but the diagnosis still existed on medical records to later be used to further undermine my position. I have never experienced anything weird except under the influence of drugs.

Increasing the number of people who qualify for a diagnosis may lead to excessive medicalization and stigmatization of transitive, even normative distress.

Lock away the distressed! This long term medicating of people in short term distress should be considered a human rights violation. The two main exceptions to the European Bill Of Human Rights is when under psychiatry or if Free Masonry is involved in violation of rights. Both these exceptions need to be addressed in the modern

age. The drug companies are self-serving and promote psychiatric treatments to obtain profits. Many are now dependant on dangerous and unneeded drugs because of antiquated legislation. I believe even the ill should have a right to refuse treatment or at least ask for alternatives.

Apathy Syndrome,” “Internet Addiction Disorder,” and “Parental Alienation Syndrome” have virtually no basis in the empirical literature.

This lack of empirical evidence is the meat and bones of psychiatry. It keeps psychiatrists, nurses and social workers in jobs that serve no real purpose beyond social control. To challenge psychiatric proclamation is to lack ‘insight’ a symptom of disease, I would say a symptom of being self aware.

the increasingly popular neuroleptic (antipsychotic) medications, though helpful for many people in the short term, pose the long-term risks of obesity, diabetes, movement disorders, cognitive decline, worsening of psychotic symptoms, reduction in brain volume, and shortened lifespan

The actual dangers of long term use of psychiatric medications is often concealed. At such profit at what cost?

the general public are negatively affected by the continued and continuous medicalization of their natural and normal responses to their experiences;

Pathologies the worker, they'll work for far less once their treated. The only experience needed to be labelled is for someone to ask for an assessment and to be too poor to afford a good mental health solicitor.

And in conclusion-

- **There is a need for “a revision of the way mental distress is thought about, starting with recognition of the overwhelming evidence that it is on a spectrum with 'normal' experience” and the fact that strongly evidenced causal factors include “psychosocial factors such as poverty, unemployment and trauma.”**

Amen to that.

Faghag

Nicotine he's a bit of a cad Don't smoke cigarettes when you're out with the lads Find a nice girl and give her a kiss They taste a lot nicer than a load of old fags. Don't want their new age with their wacky backy It's just hypnosis a load of malarkey Try child bearing hips sealed with a kiss If they look a bit hippy I guess they maybe dippy If they sell those kids drugs then show

them new rage Just say no like a double o With a show of the fist that's for smackey smackey. When that chills within don't let around pushers Once they're out of the nappies they won't need a new man Don't want their new age it's just for dummies A waste of money a load of old nappies. Said for that inner child his mother aint dippy Don't smoke cigarettes they're a waste of money Buy that mum flowers not a load of old fags. Said new age don't want to be dippy If they sell stop the war don't be a dummy Mars aint for terrorists Women Against Rape, Men Against Rape Serious Give them tough love it's war tough shit. Nicotine he aint for those kids Camels dung for those terrorists Find a nice girl and settle down Nicotine he aint one of the lads don't pass her round that's just for those fags. Said we all want a nice girl not a fag hag.

Next I will turn to the arguments for decriminalisation of addiction and legalisation of

controlled substances. The argument for decriminalisation is simple, given that addiction is a primary illness then its sufferers cannot be held responsible for their behaviour. To send people to prison for possession of personal supply or for using drugs of any kind is simply unjust and violates human rights. Legalisation is more tricky, increased availability would lead to greater use and expose more youngsters to potentially harmful drug use. Damage to the family of addicts in particular the children makes me err towards caution on legalisation. As the child of an alcoholic I am very aware of the stigma and self-esteem issues caused by a parental addict. I do feel however the dangers of non-addictive drug use are overplayed by the media and legislators. The harm potential for cannabis is very minimal compared to alcohol abuse and there is no reason why a nanny state should control cannabis use. Taxation at supply of any drug could provide for

education and treatment for the minority of users who become addicted. Since addiction is a neurological predisposition it has been suggested craving can be treated with non mood altering medication. Realistically we could be seeing a massive decrease in addictions sufferers through new applications of medication. Many poor nations rely on drug production for export to bolster their economies; if this trade was controlled and taxed it would prove better for all economically. The people set to loose through legalisation are the organised criminals currently involved in supply, they would be removed from the economic chain if drugs were sold by licensed shops. Chip Summers, a well known chemical dependency counsellor and Russel Brand suggested legalisation to a Government think tank, we should be listening to ex-addicts and those involved in their treatment more in my opinion. Legal controls to prevent children being exposed to drugs

could be put in place so the main argument against legalisation, that more youths would use drugs could be controlled. Most normal folk can use the odd line of cocaine, smoke a spliff or have a night out on ecstasy, tens of thousands do so every weekend without major health risks compared to alcohol use. People should have a right to decide how to use their leisure time, it will not increase the number of people predisposed to addiction by making drugs legal. Also purer supplies would in fact reduce health risks, legalisation prevent the unmanageability of prison sentencing and taxation serve the economy. Organised crime is powerful enough to influence our institutions and prevent sanity from prevailing. We live in a similar situation to prohibition America when gangsters pay rolled legislators and law enforcement. I might not want my kids to use drugs but I want them getting involved in crime even less.

The Drug Tsar

The drug tsar he's a bit of a star

He drives a big limo to pick up his Ma.

He's a jolly good fella

But he's not too mellow

When he's out in his car

He runs over old fellars.

The drug tsar he hangs around in bars

He drinks until he droops

Just to keep up his war,
When he goes to the carzy
He likes to sniff around
Keeps watching those fellars
For the size of their cigar.

He's a little bit techno
But he dosen't like hugs
He's more of a clone
Who keeps planting bugs.

The drug tsar I hear he likes the blues

But when it's the tablets

He gets stuck in the loos.

The drug tsar hangs around the fuzz

Cos it gives him a buzz

He takes Viagra cos its cheaper than coke

When his mothers around he fancies a poke.

The drug tsar he's a little fascist

Sleeps with his own mum cos she's a racist.

The drug tsar he's such a goof fella

You know he's for real

Cos he's on the telly.

The drug tsar what a big star

He hangs around the toilets

And wears his Mas bra.

The drug tsar you know he's on the pills

Cos he's still got his mission to fulfil.

The drug tsar he's our one and only drug star.

Before getting off of my soap box I need to write some conclusion to this short book. The purpose of this book has been to raise awareness on contemporary obstacles to abuse victim's disclosure and some other issues. The case for self-help and specialised talking treatment for survivors would seem to be clear. Both of the largest and most respected Survivor charities refused to work therapeutically with me during the writing of this book, their reasons were ambiguous. A private therapist refused to work with me as they considered my website controversial. In my opinion one survivor can best assist another survivor, pathologising victims simply isn't helping. I believe there

is a national need for debate on how best to serve the needs of Justice for survivors. Calls for a Royal Commission on child abuse are supported by this book. What we have now simply isn't good enough. There may be socio political obstacles to supporting the rights of victims but they need to be addressed. Public listing of offenders is paramount. Children and families are put at risk by the limited resources the community currently puts into their defence. At the time of writing the CPS is looking to amend police and court practice in relation to child abuse cases. Too often victims themselves are being investigated by police to test their credibility prior to arrests of perpetrators, this is a practice I am strongly opposed to, victims are being discourages from seeking justice just because their lives may not be in the altogether. Therapists involved with survivors should be educated into the process of criminal investigation and possible recrimination. Resilience in Post Traumatic

Stress needs to be affirmed more by psychologists and witness given that some maladaptive coping strategies may at first of helped a victim survive to tell the tale. Symptoms of trauma should not be pathologised in a way that further disempowers the victim. Some behaviour outside social norms may be reframed as positive adaptations to survive the source of the trauma. Victims are never at fault for perpetrators actions, the reactions of survivors need to be seen in a positive light. If perpetrators were publically identified then all adults could help protect our children. Evidence of vigilante actions in the States where listing exists show very few hate crimes towards paedophile. Some societies give the victim the right to decide punishment; if I was asked how I felt then I would say I wanted those who harmed me as a child to face the death sentence. In a liberal democracy this isn't going to happen but public listing would seem a proportionate response to

limit possibility for reoffending. Human Rights legislation allows for this invasion of privacy to prevent harm to others. Our psychiatric systems are a mess violating rights without need and labelling many normal people through misdiagnosis. Human Rights currently can be violated by Free Masonry, this came as a shock to me when I was making a EU Rights claim and as previously mentioned Liberty once refused to observe a court hearing I was in because of Masonic signalling, this seriously curtails human rights groups powers. Drug legislation and attitudes to addiction are draconian; we need more educators and unity of purpose in the field. If I have regrets it is that I have not had children of my own yet, meeting the right woman is increasingly challenging the older I get but it is a hope. Lastly I would like to thank all those who have supported my work and creativity, it's a two way process.

APPENDIX 1

Recovery Without Limits (or How to 12 step Aleister Crowley).

Introduction.

The Kabbalah presents as a large body of work within Judaism and divergent commentary by the Western neo-platonic mystery schools.

As a consequence of the divergent literature available a lot of mumbo jumbo has been associated with the mystical schools of Judaism. As such, out of respect to truth it is necessary here to differentiate between the two systems of thought.

Although the Western tradition of Hermetic philosophy utilises some of the symbolism and has assisted with the translation of Hebrew texts into English, the Orders associated with that work should not be confused with the Jewish Kabbalah.

The Zohar, as translated by the Golden Dawn and the commentary there on make it clear that the contextual presentation of the translation is affected by the ideology of those involved in the process.

This treatise is based upon the study of the later pseudo- Kabbalah as presented in the printed material of the mystery schools of English Free Masonry. Those wishing to begin the thread of this work are referred to the communication technology published as the work of Trithemius.

Although the Sephir Yetzirah and other Jewish philosophy may be studied by the student of the occult, respect should always be given to the authentic tradition of those studying the Torah in relation to matters of faith.

The Tree of Life.

Those fond of mumbo jumbo and parlour games of the average work of this kind are advised to stop reading immediately.

The tree of life as presented by pseudo-occult orders is best envisaged as a number of coat hangers to which Christmas tree baubles have been attached in decoration. This humble representation presents us with a macro-symbol to which many layers of meaning have been attached over the centuries.

In reality, being a macro symbol we can hang just about anything from the branches of our coat hanger Christmas tree. We can of course call the meaning attached to any symbol the most profound of secrets of all the secrets held within the hidden orders of ritual occultism. Circular arguments regarding what is frankly a load of old balls. The Sephira of the Tree of life are frankly just circular fields waiting for data entry.

Just to keep it simple, coloured baubles make for a much more interesting macro-symbol so the neo-Platonists bought a job lot of tinsel just to dress things up and keep students of the occult amused.

It is to the balls that I would first bring your attention. The Sephira are that to which the student is first initiated by the master. Various inferior commentaries have placed far too much focus on the cross , clearly traceable as the centre of the tree of life. Of this we should only briefly wish to raise the eyes of the aspirant. Many awaiting a second cumin have sunk to their knee to receive the sacrament before the alter of their desire yet few are chosen.

The Kabalistic cross, so called, refers directly to an encryption device for the formation of secret codes. The rose cross refers to the three wheels of petals on which Hebrew letters were inscribed, these when moved form

the transformations needed for constructing cipher text. For those wishing to communicate such, the turns of the wheels can be drawn as angles creating a sigil.

The Anglo-Saxon tradition of coded communiqué has a rich and bloody tradition. The Angles and the angels have much in common. In much the same way that Queen Elisabeth the Firsts advisor on intelligence Dr Dee, used the Sygulum de Ameth and watch towers to create sigils and talisman placed on the bough of ships used to face down the Spanish Armada, the Kabalistic Rose Cross presents us with a way of tracing the path of our defences. If the receiver of a cipher script receives an accompanying talismata with sigil to indicate the turning of the petals then our communication can be complete. All of which is of only passing interest to the student of the mysteries. Dr Dees encryption device can be seen in the British museum, enochian is far beyond this work, we will here keep it simple.

Further to this observable pattern of the cross various other tinsel has been used to ornament the tree of life. Shredded paper to hang from the branches should leave few foolish enough to delve into deeper meanings held within its boughs. If you imagine for one moment piecing together a copy of private eye cunningly shredded to hide a secret message contained in the private adverts based upon a numerical sequence of taking one word from the first sentence of several different adverts we soon face the problem of so much secrecy.

The student should by now have a little insight into the meaningless rubbish that some commentators have hung from the tree of life. The context and interpretation of all words in relation to neo-platonic deconstruction should remind us why one such commentator was prone to sign treatise with the exclamation that he was 'On To Their Game.'

What we are interested in here is presenting a nice clear model of the macro-symbol. To this end coat hangers and baubles more than suffice.

With this representation of the glory of the divine mystery in mind we can now turn to the interpretation of the 11 Sefira of the Kabbalistic tree of life.

Malkuth- thine Kingdom.

At the root of any tree we have a foundation. Prior to initiation the probationer is unaware of the true significance of their first step on the road to spiritual awakening.

Unclear as to anything other than a vague longing for something to fulfil the separateness from a power greater than themselves the aspirant is in a state of unknowing. From this cloud or veiled state a seed may be sown no matter how small a grain.

How the individual perceives his or her own state of existence is at the outset fraught with difficulty. The illusion of absolute certainty in the realm of the senses alone defines perceived reality. The truth is beyond individual experience and if such a truth could set them free, at first the uninitiated may balk at that which lay ahead.

Without a mirror or a congerant path for spiritual development the probationer would forever be left in the lower realms of consciousness as represented by the lower triangle of four Sephira beneath the veil.

It is only through penetration that the first barrier to self-transcendence can be achieved. In the Western Hermetic schools the aspirant was to be led to the place where the veil is lifted. Following the lifting of this veil the supplicant receives that for which they most long. Following the raising of consciousness through

penetration the spirit is allowed to move towards the infinite glory descending into the material world. Represented as the descent of the spirit the newly initiated member of the body awaits the babe, as yet waiting to cross the abyss. The humility of this initiation is symbolic of utter submission to the divine creative force in preparation through prayer, 'take all of me good and bad that I may be of greater service.'

The first perceptions of incredulousness and doubt will beset those who would seek to cross into a higher realm where the need for the other is fulfilled. Greater self-awareness may be attractive but to know as to be known presents a fear of betrayal.

From the darkest of reflections the light reaches down to embrace the barely conscious babe. From the outset, through the admission of the alpha point of powerlessness the probationer steps forward into the

unknown to quit the night of all that they have endured. The shadow on the wall beckons but from whence comes the source?

The Kingdom represents the material world. Our feet are planted firmly on the foundation. From here we are launched into the unknown.

A decent enough Christmas tree can be made from the humblest of beginnings, for our hopes to stand we must plant our coat hangers in a foundation. The three legs of a tripod will suffice to make a stance. From Malkuth reach three paths upwards towards the crowning star.

As in life much written upon the Kabalah reflects ultimately back upon itself, for every man and every woman is in potential the star that reaches forth unto the crown. As above, so too, do as thou- unto thine Kingdom.

Yesod.

The foundation of material reality must be reflected in something. It is yesod that provides us with the mirror through which we reflect upon our reality. Our reflections are not the whole of reality. It is through our perception of the reflections upon the mirror of yesod that we are presented with the choice for enlightenment and self-fulfilment.

As yet blind to the higher realms, the aspirant is best depicted with their eyes rapt in blindfold. Through reducing sensory input we can begin to sense something beyond our self centred perceptions. From darkness the aspirant can seek the light, how ever inept their initial gropes in the darkness may be, in the higher realms of full initiation the giving of the self in total submission to the other can be achieved through total union of the spirit.

The realm of Maya or illusion leaves the uninitiated beset with grave obstacles. We face life through the cracked mirror of childhood experience. Awareness that the way that we think is dependant upon something other than ourselves, something of a facet of truth and yet not the full picture can at first be troublesome to the mind. Our perceptions of the material circumstances of our upbringing place the neophyte upon the central path toward self-actualised fulfilment. We are never truly alone. How strange would radio seem to those who lived before it's invention? The illusion of yesod is as if a radio receptor were implanted into our auditory nerve and yet we never knew it was there. Our thoughts if we were to realise that they were just sensory input which we were being fed would no longer be our own. Worse still as no one is there to decide the transmitted data we may find ourselves talking back to an expert system with no purpose to

what we hear. Thus the primitive in relation to radio. It is much the same with childhood experience of what we perceive to be the truth about ourselves as reflected by what others tell us.

Yesod can be seen as the mind forged manacles and darkened reflection of restrictive thought structures defined by the spirits bondage to the material world to feed back sensory input to affirm the self. If all that we are told about ourselves is a lie then our perceptions of our self will be far beneath that which a free spirit would know of themselves.

In this dark unknowing is a familiarity, a safety. Fear of the unknown leaves many students of the western tradition floundering alone in constant search for the next brief promise of insight.

From the comfort zone of the illusions created by our earliest perceptions and the way others may distort them in their desire to control our development we may find ourselves stuck in a rut. The bondage of our first perceptions about ourselves are invariably wrong and less than a loving creator would want for their children.

Like a lost child we may look to others for guidance. In so giving power to the wisdom of those in which we place our trust we risk disillusionment. Thus we face the next challenge on the straight and true path of initiation.

Netzach and Hod.

The lower trinity of the material world is first represented by the babes perceptions as reflected in the eyes of those that are involved in it's parenting. According to the ability of the parental figures to

nurture positive respect for the sanctity of childhood, so too will the child's perceptions of their self be affected by illusions created within that dependency relationship.

As the student steps forward into the unknown, the spiritual views transmitted by the parental figures will affect the reactions of the individual to new information. The perception of both masculine and feminine will be greatly discoloured by the actions of the parental figures.

The student may seek enlightenment through appropriately seeking to heal the wound created by the illusion of yesod as reinforced by the male and female influence of Hod and Netzach. Many will seek as adults the comfort zone of the already known, relying on others who share the views of their primary influences. Even where positive parenting exists this creates

restriction and reinforcement of a false self defined by others. From this place lies a potential for true realisation of the inner self.

Regardless of nurturing or abusive influences over primary perceptions of masculine and feminine power the state of consciousness defined by the ideas of others presents a veil of delusion. The perceptions and ideas of others are not to be confused with the light of truth as revealed through manifesting the light that is within all. The potential is within all humanity to make manifest this spirit within our hearts.

Imbalance exists where two poles collide, excess in the masculine and female power, be they exercised positively or negatively assist to create the unknowing of the false self reflected down in yesod.

In truth the essential spiritual growth of the individual depends on penetrating the veil of because presented by lower consciousness and the mirrors of the parental forces enforcing this lesser consciousness. We must leave the debating society, wake up and smell the coffee. The breaching of this first boundary of the imprisoned self is fraught with a sense of lack and fear in our ability to meet our own needs.

Only an act of faith can overcome our perceptions of ourselves as dictated by the dominant influences over our childhoods. The perfectly imperfect creation that the true self represents is obscured by the gross material circumstances of our upbringing. We did not choose our parents or the circumstances in which we came into the world. There are no reasons why some people get an easy ride, they are not more spiritual or of higher worth just because of their material comfort. Toxic spirituality tries to convince us that we are less than and that

others somehow are more blessed for a reason. The veil of because is full of these images of false shame. We are not here to be punished for imagined sins and we have no debt for past life. Our assets and liabilities need ever remind us of the resilience deep within our hearts

To face up to the fact that all we know of ourselves is a false image presented by others is a great undertaking requiring courage. To face everything and recover from the state of self consciousness created by others takes faith in something greater, if only in the spirit within every man and woman who has ever struggled be free. From Maya comes the Angel and a sword to rend the veil, the light reaches ever down into the darkness.

Tiphareth- our sacred Heart.

Our first view of the heart comes from beneath. Like a small child in wonder at that beyond it's reach we look

up with awe at the baubles on the Xmas tree. We would do well to focus on the heart for at the centre of our beings is that which is known as our true self. Deep within, beyond the illusions and baggage created by the demands of others and the need to survive is that which our true will longs to manifest. The star within all our hearts is at first seen only dimly through the veil of our disillusion with the false self that others project onto us. Knowledge of the true self is all we can seek to attain coming from this angle, without the grace of the higher supernals we cannot hope to manifest the glory that is within us, it is the light not the darkness that we most fear. In all faith as yet we cannot see the wood for the trees, to be able to build the foundation in the image of our true self will take time and work. We will face conflict from those sad souls who sleep walk around us accepting that which others have defined as their spiritual nature and who serve gods made by man to

control those who know lack of abundance. Hierarchies of vampyric energy oppose those who would seek freedom to be their true self. Even those who claim to assist with finding the true self should be treated with caution, like the therapist who ideologically denigs truth as fantasy and whose only real desire for enlightenment is that of relieving the burden within their clients pockets. Lest we forget Jung served the Reich and Fraud was a drug addicted sex offender who denied the reality of rape victims forced into psychiatry by wealthy perpetrators of such offences. All such relationship of unequal power seek to label and define a false self to fit the ideology of those making money from the suffering they continue to perpetuate through their arrogance.

In order to experience the transformation of the false self as defined by our upbringing we must first take a good look at our beliefs about ourselves. We may think

that spiritually we are flawed or inadequate, how so when to be human is a unique creation as any other. We may ask ourselves who are we to be a unique creation, a thing of rarest beauty in all of the universe . We may find it easier to see ourselves from within the comfort zone of conformity to familiar foundations, rather than risk uprooting the tree for replanting in more fertile soils. We tell ourselves we are unworthy, less than, defective or down right horrid for falling short of our ideals.

This for most people is thankfully a lie created by others trying to dominate our thoughts or steal power through mind forged manacles. There are those destined to be confronted with a true self that is so evil in its actions that Tahuti would prevent the spirit from passing on into the beatific vision, they that must be cast into the abyss, consumed by the devourer and the fires of hell. Those whose abuses of power lead them to their own

downfall, To Shiva, their timely end. All world religions speak of such, whom e'er harms one such little one place a millstone about their neck and cast them into the sea.... The black sea where all must face the darkness of those who serve the father of all darkness, through greed and desire for power over others. For them the abomination of desolation, they would do well to save Horus the trouble and hang themselves. For such as are known as evil the holy guardian angels come to judge with wings of fury and mounts of steel, may their angels continuously see the face of the father for they come with a sword.

It is to the light that we will content ourselves with. Most people when the dross of the false self is striped away are not so bad after all. We may be trapped in a cocoon of restriction made by the words woven around our names but the potential is there, here within the heart Sephira. In the day of realisation of the true self

there will be tears to rend the veil for the heart knows it's truth regardless of the obstacles placed in its way. Of the abyss here we may have no fear for the time of self knowledge will take us to a place where we can humbly request that which restricts and self defeats to be stripped away by time and the intent to actualise our true natures. We are here at the turning point, here we must face the upside down thinking of our past.

If a star is drawn between geburah, through Tiphareth, down Netzach and Hod we will see that our true humanity reaches up towards the light extending from that source of love beyond. Our heads however at this time are firmly up our ass and in the chaos of the Qliphoth. A reality defined purely by the powerless experiences of childhood and the baggage of those who moulded our perspectives leads the star back down into the illusion of yesod.

The self we seek through the darkness of the veil of our unknowing we seek through feelings. All that have said ill of our feelings, or belittled them are trapped in their own delusions. The heart is for feeling, be it pain or pleasure, anger or peace, to none is the emotion wrong of itself. It is how we act out on trying to ignore the cries of the true self that cause us problems with our feelings, the star child within our hearts, pure and free of the dross dumped on us calls out through emotion. Energy in motion is not energy trapped and suppressed; we can feel the freedom in our true self long before we can actualise our potential. The illusion of yesod must be shattered, as below, so too the chaos we fear in Daath and the father of dark laws to be confronted their. The demiurge must die... and so too a dark night beckons.

Through fear of the past or the delusions of the false self we may find ourselves hung from the tree by our

desire to self-sacrifice, we throw the baby out with the bath water through our self-defeating negative views of ourselves. We are interested in nurturing resilience and assets not self-condemnation through obsession with perceived defects of character. To sacrifice the true self to fit in with others restrictive opinions is to fall short of that which any genuinely loving created would want for their children.

If our heads are planted in a bucket of filth there is a familiar comfort in telling ourselves that everything is coming up roses. The neophyte will always find others willing to confirm that sticking their head in the bucket is somehow spiritual, after all are they worthy of anything more?

Words of power to cross the veil of because, the nagging doubts and self-questioning of the right to be ourselves. Can such come from within our true selves or

like a radio broadcast direct into our thoughts do the words of others seek to restrict us like some automaton or the wizard of Oz? The sigil below represents the banishing of such restrictions on our spirits journey to fulfil our longing to be free of those whose power depends on us serving their ideological control for economic security and base egotism-

Geburah and Chessed.

In a hurry to transcend the conditions of our times and to escape the viewpoint of the false selfs desire to remain in the comfort zone of the known we here find ourselves reaching out our arms to loftier heights.

Here we may find our inner energies divided, crucified by our lack of self worth we nail our true will to the cross of self-sacrifice. Where the masculine and feminine are forever divided there we will see the

results of sacrificing our true nature in favour of ideals thrust into our hearts by others.

If at this point we were to list some of our energies we may in our blindness assign anger to the masculine and define sadness as self-pity to be drilled out of the feminine. Negative views of our spiritual nature reflected in this division between male and female forces involves a lie from the start. The lies we here about the value of our emotional energies as children seek to crucify the heart, forever unfulfilled in its true will. We are forced into becoming human doings rather than human beings. Doing that which we are told is right through self sacrifice can result in a slave mentality where the energies of the heart are perceived as dangerous forces to control. We may falsely believe our natural energies to be unspiritual, that such are to be transcended through acts of will against our selves. We may become self avoidant, or self critical believing what

others have told us of our worth, if our lot is to serve any sign of spontaneity or feeling may be viewed as destructive to the dominant slave mindset, our very humanity is at risk of being perceived as naughty.

In raising our heads from the mire to know our hearts we may further crucify ourselves with fears and guilt about things that really were no big deal in the first place. In looking out our moral integrity we avoid our resilience and assets, we berate ourselves over nothing believing falsely that to beat up continuously on ourselves is enlightened. Why would a loving creator place us in such conflict? In taking inventory of our lives why do we come up with such negative views of ourselves? Could god, as we believe we understand him be a nasty bullyboy constantly trying to force us to submit our individuality in favour of a set of values that only mean something to a consensus slave mind set? In denieing our true self we set ourselves up for emotional

blocks that lead to the suffering we experience when constantly subservient to sacrificing our true goals in favour of someone else's view of what we should, or more usually, should not do. Thou shall is a far more affirming view of the world than forever worrying about the most unlikely of excesses. Why would we want to covert an Ox if all it leaves us with is a load of what our sigil implies.

Full of self-loathing we rush up into try and balance our energies, taking the two pillars of the masculine and feminine as alpha and omega points. We force ourselves to the alter and prostrate ourselves between the pillars only to find in our most seemingly enlightened of actions nothing but self-doubt and insecurity. We have raised our awareness towards spiritual solutions and yet find ourselves destined for the dark night of the soul within the hidden sphere of Daath.

Beyond that place of unknowing insecurity and self judgement we may descend back into the despair of illusion preferring the suffering of living a lie than reaching forth in faith to attempt to actualise our full potential. In the extremes of religious piety we remould ourselves to fit the role others inflict upon us through their will to control. Do as thou says rather than do as thou does.

Our first good look at ourselves really may of help us free ourselves from a few more overt self defeating patterns of self avoidance but we must be forever vigilant not to throw the babe out with the bath water. Enlightenment of the true self through knowledge and conversation with that which guides our spirit towards our highest goals is that which we need to have courage in faith.

The enlightenment of Tiphareth as barely been perceived as possible, we confuse rational knowledge with the knowing of experience. The illusions of the past are the price we must be willing to pay to reach the other side of the next veil. To experience the true self we must be willing to go to any lengths, thus we turn from division back to face the pain within our wounded hearts. We are in pain because we are not living our true will to be that which we were created, precious and free. Heads bowed in shame and our limbs nailed to the tree in seemingly eternal conflict within, we look down at the wounded side. We are in need of serious self-care.

Tiphareth.

Sorry folks no chaos magick in this bit. Having climbed the beanstalk only to find ourselves left hanging and ripped off we return to matters of the heart. It's not

unusual for the chymical marriage to fall short of ecstatic union, rather than a union of opposites we return disillusioned by the division known in separation. Our heads by now may be well and truly back in the catacombs and wondering why the burial place of the Rosicrucian's offers seemingly an empty grave. In desperation we may quit the search or resign to sticking a fork in our own legs in an attempt to remove perceived faults where in truth there are none.

For now, that's the end of the quest. Sorry folks it's over. Your full of horrid defects and sin, you'll always fall short of the mark so resign yourself to a hair shirt and self-flagellation. Better still keep phoning someone who'll do it for you. Submit to the will of someone claiming to be greater in insight and in so doing learn the meaning of the words, if you meet the Buddha on the road, kill the Buddha. The arrow in the bow is off target, you will never slay the adversary whilst you see

it as something to fear within. Come back next week and buy yourself some enlightenment from the hidden school of the Golden Fleece, order of the couch and client. Roll up, roll up, and buy a new religion for the week. Close the door to your self, buy, buy, and bye!

Alternatively we may approach our inner gold with more sobriety. Rather than form a rigid self controlling perspective on seemingly conflicting energies surrounding the self, we may risk the path of unknowing, and turn in faith to let ourselves be as we are without this constant negativity. To be ourselves, full of anger⁵ and tears at being limited by a reality of lack and obstruction falling well short of what we deserve may be unappealing. Many prefer to bury their heads in the sand and pretend that everything is OK, that no one else is to blame for restricting our development. This is where the magus takes the sword to draw a circle of boundaries around themselves.

Those who would seek to steal power through criticism of our goals or support of material poverty must be fought, perhaps with quiet resolve, but never the less the angel comes with a sword. Truth hurts, most folk are so busy denieing their true will that they will try to obstruct us in actualising that which we know deep in our hearts to be true, we have a right to be that which god intended not a slave to anothers will and lies. To confront external forces we need not personalise the demons, just see the forces of restriction as one enemy. We will face those who have directly tried to mould us in their own image who denigh their flight from self and its consequences on others, but we will face them when we are strong.

The hopes and fears of others will seek to pull us back into denieing our true will. Those committed to lack and self-effacement know only illusion and to instil fear in others. We may have spent our whole lives living a lie to

make others lives easy. Knowledge of the true self may seem like our foundations have been struck by lightning or that an oak has been burned hollow, we must be reassured, these trials have occurred before to others and what we may face in fear is no more than others seeking to denigh us our rights. Our heart wills to be free and fulfilled not bowing before any master.... When the student is ready, they will appear unto themselves their own master.

At this point we may need words of power to face others, any obstruction is other peoples stuff, regardless of what powers they may claim to represent the only answer to their demands is tough titty.

We come into this world perfect in our potential to fulfil our potential and live our true will. We are perfect in every way even if others say otherwise. We may be disenabled by others abuses of power but we can meet

our needs. Broad, short, tall or thin does not matter what matters is to thine own self be true. We may develop our skills through conflict or in co-operation. Rebellion may be the only path to cross the abyss. If our god is punishing us then it is not god but man, we must kill the gods of the slaver.

We may find ourselves at the crossroads, a turning point. The question maybe who am I to be different, special, perfectly imperfect, why bother to be special and different when so many are prepared to tell us we are other. People who say you are anything other really aren't that special after all; if they're no different why listen to them? The spirit demands fulfilment and regardless of others who try to force us to submit to being less than we have no choice but to stand fast. If we are performing at less than our capabilities it is someone else's fault, we will fight to overcome to our dying breath and fear no god would denigh us for this.

The blame game may be brought into play by enemies when we start to place accountability on others from the knowledge of our true self. This is a term and mind set that was created by defence lawyers in co-operation with psychologists in the states. The sole purpose of such ideology is to try to create a shame based denial of civil rights in anyone capable of shaking the boat. It is similar to the pathological labelling system used by defence lawyer expert witnesses in child abuse trials in the states. The defence pays the presumed expert to undermine the victim or witness statement claiming that the trauma has lead to poor perceptions through alleged dissociation. DID was an attempt to reframe earlier denial of abuse by the American board of psychiatry in part to prevent civil mechanisms facing their criminal negligence in cases where abuse was ignored and children kept with parents. Of course in the UK things are slightly better as at least one of the orders

sought to expose paedophiles in its ranks and literally kill them in the name of the crown. Unfortunately the scented garden didn't come up roses and similar denial of the self, true potentials, and rights occurs in all societies where the protection of public and private bodies is considered more important than the rights of children and those with righteous outrage.

On a simple level your boss won't support you in becoming a novel writer if it means he loses a dog's body. The true creative freedom witnessed in the eyes of the child and its potential for growth are something that those with death and the demiurge cannot tolerate. The fountain or source of all that is free in the human spirit threatens rigidity and control in socially engineered systems. There is a fear of authenticity and creativity.

If you look at the emotional sensitivity of a child, their sadness, their anger and then view how society accepts medicating feelings you will see the reasons for increased emotional dissociation from our true selves. It is almost a case of mass hypnosis and consensual disapproval of all that is human and all that is free in the human spirit. If the radio keeps playing tunes telling baby that the bough will break don't be surprised why they grow up afraid of higher powers. The source of our power comes from the font of our emotions. We need comfort but we do not need it at the cost of suppressing truth and authenticity.

To experience the spirit as a child, first reaching in wonder into the realm of experience, free of doubt and willing to face the fears of the unknown with intuitive faith, is the road of Tiphareth. In the heart of every man and woman who is not truly evil is this pure spirit waiting for the chance to experience its true potential.

We judge our society not by its successes but by its failings. If a man goes hungry, society is at fault regardless of his shortcomings, if a babe in swaddling bands cries out in fear, it is to those that wrought the manacles that hold back its mother not to the child that we place complaint.

Through letting go of our fear of what others have told us is wrong with us, placing accountability and blame where it is deserved and trying to follow our true will we experience the fullness of the heart central to human experience. We will fall short and it will not feel good, but if we are willing to let all of our feelings just be we will know a depth of experience previously numbed. We can live life in a trance and miss the best bits by trying to avoid what we think or feel of the worse or like the child learning to ride the bike, rub our wounds and get back on regardless of how badly we may have hit our head. We can lay back and submit to

living a life defined by the falsehoods of others or we can make a stand. We may not be liked by many for breaking the mould or they may be challenged by their consciousness being raised by our presence. In this faith demands that we face everything and recover.

We shatter the myriad images of what others have named to make themselves our gods and turn to war. The war in the human spirit is forever against false gods and the lies of others seeking to prevent the truth from setting us free. We must face death and chaos fight. The child is perfectly imperfect, a creation of a loving higher power. The gods demand no more than that we face the daily battle to be that that they will, no imitator, but our true self regardless of social conflict. We were born to be free not live in terror of a tyranny.

Tiphareth, the journey of the child within all our hearts, free to be and grow, free of judgement, free of

unnecessary social denials and repression, free to try to become that which god intended, precious and free.

Daath.

In facing chaos there is fear. In darkness there is unknowing and seeking for a light. In conflict there is pain. In unfulfilled potential there is righteous outrage.

The angel comes with a sword and the child knows the fight of the rebellion against the shadow of the empire. In embracing the truth of the spirit within our heart, in the promises to be free, we are faced with what we are not and what we do not have to help us in being that which we should be. We may face poverty or otherwise be in bondage to the will of others. We may realise that many about us have not freed themselves from the illusions and blindly seek to bolster their low self esteem through self defeating behaviour or through

scoring points against others as if what they buy is worth more than insight and truth of intent.

The sword is forged by the fires of anger at what we have endured in our attempt to actualise our true self. The sword is the will. The will is god given. With will we can fight for our rights. We can face the fear of selflessness that the demiurge would threaten us with; to force to serve is to gain nothing at all. To cross the abyss we must reclaim our power, the fire in our hearts and when we fight we must strike without fear of others disapproval. In facing death and our fear of the unknown we face the lies of two millennia. We must in effect use the force in trained exercise of the will. If the spirit is true we must fire the arrow regardless of if the enemy be those who once we depended. Now is not the time to meditate, in conflict we must act and to act with speed we must follow through with absolute self-conviction. The babe thrust into the abyss is never truly

alone for the warrior magus is forever guided by the knowledge and conversation of the holy guardian angel.

It is not in failure on the battlefield that we loose; it is in turning in fear from the field. The struggle to free ourselves from the bonds of limitation may be hard, long and never truly over and yet in taking the field there is success in committing ourselves to authenticity.

It is at this point that the demiurge will become more domineering in its attempts to control us. The voice of god must be seen for what it is, like the wizard of Oz we must confront what others have told us is gods will. To kill god, that is our purpose, to kill fear of what others say god is, for these fools of men care not thou at all. We must strike hard and fast. Only when the student is ready will they turn from the master as their own master.

We will find allies and gain respect through our actions.
Let none say neigh.

Conflict is inevitable, to realise this spiritually and not turn from the fight is to become the warrior within the spirit that protects the freedom of the children to grow in safety. There is no room for sentimentalism or new age fascism, war is unto death, and for the true self to live, first the demiurge must die. It is like the persecution of pagan peoples, if the aggressor in such despotism were to turn their cheek only to throw back an ideological iron gauntlet requesting the forgiveness of the oppressed who in sanity would not raise the sword. We die; we must fight for as fulfilling a life as we can create.

Denial of self and servitude are not spiritual. The Escene Trojan horse attempted to re-enter Judea to reclaim their homeland. This may have required an appearance

of humility, but to be truly humble is to be our selves and fuck anybody who opposes our rights. The victor may have re-written that conflict after feeding their lions and even have subsumed the political movements sayings in a theocratic ideology no better than it's prior polytheism. We do not fight in order to be crucified by others doubts, we fight for our rights for we know we are right.

Banishing comes from the sword of will, we face all that god is not at the silent threshold of childhood memory. The child in the spirit smiles when evil is thwarted. All that restricts, controls, attempts to engineer servitude, all that denies truth and justice, all that is rotten in society, all that would leave a weary man hungry, of a motherless child in fear, this we face with the sword. With banishings there is blessing for the order is to battle. From the battle field we can reach beyond for the peace which we seek. The light of the angels riding

out in triumph, this is the way of truth. At the centre of the whirlwind a stillness lies. Divided we stand, together we rise.

Chokmah and Binah.

In wisdom there is silence. The I within the eye, the pupils dark reflection, the me within thou. Do as thou will that is where the true will of higher powers is married with the freedom of will granted us by divine right. Regardless of the will and petty desires of others, we can balance the conflict and rise without stealing energy from others. To kill the despot to become the despot is no worthy goal.

Understanding, wholeness even in separation from the true will. Our highest goal is to live gods will for our own fulfilment. If there is a loving God who wills our autonomy they would not want lack or false humility for

us, that is the will of man feeding off of the energies of other men. We know we have the potential to make manifest that which is within us. We will come to understand the peace within from the fight to fulfil our will. The slaves sing to be free for all the hardship of their daily struggles.

The cross of a sword descending from the light would balance beginnings with ends. This foundation of faith is the base of the triangle in which the struggles become as nothing compared to the beauty of self-becoming. We ascend the conflict even as the sword strikes or the arrow is let fly. Who fears that it fall short when we can arm another. In that moment between breaths where silence is known there is serenity. This we will come to understand through the wisdom of knowing our right to live the courage to change the things we can.

Kether

From above light in extension, we know that which we cannot know. The Crown or fountain of light. That which we reach for in darkness and commit to serve through all our struggles. The thou unto which we do. And beyond the limitless diversity of the light of stars reaching out to feed each other with their affirming rays. Having had a spiritual awakening as a result of the steps we have taken we are ready to get on with civil matters. As above.

Return.

If you want enlightenment lighten up, and hold on to your purse strings as plenty will try to humble you through energy theft.

Here we view the star in the east, the divine raised to crown existence. The xmas tree, for all it's humble

pagan origins graced with the star to guide back through the cold night of winter to the rights of spring.

The humble coat hangers and screwed up coloured balls , returning to the origins of all our meditation. The representation of the longing for the gifts of all that we truly deserve. We are led to this point through conflict, need and desire for that which we lack. Here we can crown our longing with stars and bathe eternally in light of receiving the gift for which we most need. We are ourselves, as we were created. With the silver star in sight the seeker can take their leave. We seek our path to fulfilment and create our own journey.

Appendix.

A comment on divided orders and the war for truth within the post Masonic hermetic societies.

Considerable confusion exists within the western mystery traditions due to conflicts caused by the presentation of training of agents working within Cambridge in the early twentieth century. The English orders training of several political spies within the occult philosophy mirrors the earlier tradition of Dr John Dee in service to the crown. The infiltration of counter culture groups and those involved in emancipation for women and the Irish question all came from one order.

From this training ground several means of communicating secret knowledge were developed and each seemingly separate school has it's own tone of voice. Much of the material is merely the trappings within which the message is concealed. This is where the work of Trithemius may be of passing interest.

Any pseudo order claiming rights to the copywrite belonging to the English order is lying for financial gain. When the nazis were overcome by the removal of an order from Germany so too was the technology of denial used by the nazis exposed. Social denial and technological misrepresentation through whatever media led to many of the German peoples lack of knowledge regarding human rights violations. Today we are still being enlightened as to the fullness of technological social methods to control behaviour. Commercial knowledge of technology has always been several decades behind real developmental research, not to be confused with universities walking in circles to justify research grants into matters that remain for the most part stationary.

From Turin machines to the rise of interest in disincarnate 'voices' from beyond, many a conspiracy theory has developed. The owners of the means of

mental control under the nazis claimed social advance , stability and the rights of socialist equality as their goal. To that end church and state united under one dictatorship.

Our assassin was sent to infiltrate and undermine the nazis in there dealings with the Pope. Under Nazi rule a wealth of material belonging to the crown would have been destroyed. It is with concern that the British library is no longer protected itself through Chelsea barracks. Political correctness has a tendency to destroy through censorship.

Jung, head of the third Reich's psychiatry created a system of social engineering to denie the Holocaust in full knowledge of the atrocity. The history presented by many of his followers is one of denial and feigned apology. Out of respect to the source of the Kabalah the social engineering resultant from treatise to cover up

for the Nazis must be challenged. Archetypal psychology and 'new age' technology for social control within psychosynthesis (or Psychosinthesis) must be exposed. Evil resulting through denial of social history denies the children's crusade for freedom from tyranny.

If people believe that fascism is impossible then look to nations where socialist ideology is being used to promote labelling of the individual FOR REFUSEAL TO CONFORM THROUGH 'PERSONALITY DISORDER.' This label will no doubt result eventually in live TV initiation of teenagers into adulthood... those who do not get enough votes will face permanent incarceration in wards at the dictate of doctors despite no clinical evidence of disorder. If it's not a physical illness or EEG/CT verified anomaly (usually caused by drugs... including psychopharmacology) then empirically there can be no grounds for the human rights violations by doctors arbitrarily labelling on 'functionalist' grounds.

Under the Data Protection Act only factual diagnostic information is, according to BMA guidelines, to be stored on record... sadly doctors are abusing patient's trust and failing to follow guidelines. Personality disorder is an issue of power and can only lead to human rights violations. Most people who end up in psycho ward get there because there isn't enough legal support to prevent civil rights violations. Increasingly in the UK police are using psychiatrists rather than facing court in cases where initial arrest may prove unlikely to result in conviction... judge and jury to the section order... this practice is always likely to be professional misconduct.

The scented garden of Abdullah represents a banned book of England present within the British Library. A member of the intelligence services of full military training wrote this. They are known to have killed several times for the crown including the outer head of

one of the mystery schools. Their attempt to expose paedophiles hiding within freemasonry was as bold an act as attempts to expose the holocaust when media sources denied such.

Despite the confusions present in encrypted works and the ciphers implicit in the classification of so called holy books we must witness the best of British for their commitment to war on evil within British society and abroad. On to their game is a bold statement by what good existed within the order against evils within society. In reading the works of such a group of intelligence agents those works ascribed to one man must firmly be stated to be property of the crown.

The same ideology and technologies used by the nazis to denie the holocaust have been used in modern times to prevent public knowledge of the extent of paedophile activity within contemporise society. This is

no conspiracy, look at the conviction ratio compared to disclosure by victims. Active means of social denial exist to this day and the debates within academia and counselling have failed to break the model or expose those involved with collaboration with paedophiles. Even to expose the fact that paedophiles are granted more rights and freedoms than children and parents to know safety in British society results in immediate ideological attack from collaborators.

In denial through social engineering social mechanisms commonly supposed to serve the common good can actively and causally seen to deny our right as a people to know our children are safe.

To this end rather than discuss the failings of the orders committed to destroying evil we will turn to hard fact.

The greatest 'secret' or occult denial in our society is the whereabouts of paedophiles known to be unsafe though their own actions at large in society and the methods used by those involved in creating child protection to deflect accountability for criminal negligence away from state legislators.

When we see a front-page article on another missing child we are left to worry if our neighbours may be of similar disposition as those committing the offence. Sadly on average every street will harbour several of these animals. Justice demands punishment. One offence is too many. We gain nothing by academics studying the nature of such people. We, like those who served the crown before us must stand as one. As a rose died during by gone rise of theocratic fundamentalist fascism, eternally immortalised by Rodin, we must challenge the reality of recovery for society from two millennia of denial of child abuse. If love may die

because social engineers would undermine the attempts of others to expose the truth how hard must all good men fight to protect women and children from the enemy?

The enemy is within society, not within the hearts of the righteous. Babylon must fall to the sound of the angels gathering to fight for Zion. The sword returns. In plain site for all to see, the law is for all. Do as thou will... none other shall say neigh.... Hubris and nemesis.... When the government opposes the people's rights to know their children are safe, regardless of political colour, the government is wrong. Public opinion may have been used to prevent last judgement but the churches oppose themselves from within.

“Whom e'er harms one such little one place a millstone about their neck and cast them into the sea.” GIVE US THE LIST.

Ever list... do you hear the voices of the angels. For the child within all our hearts, we must serve and protect, this is no idle battle for ideological supremacy but a plain truth. Children are that in which our hopes are placed, let none manacle their hearts and minds. Let all adults protect them through knowledge of the where about of evils convicted or denied conviction through socially engineered obstructions of the course of justice. We are only as sick as our secrets, judge society by its failings not its success.... Grant the children their right to safety...

PHREAK THE FREAK

Phreak the freak its an intelligence leak just a misnome when the highest IQs half past one. Hide and seek its worth a peek dont tell them your name till the numbers

up. Phreak the freak clock that dial with a 2 tone pulse
its not a splice that scrambles those eggs. said phreak to
freak eyes right theyve left pushing those buttons
slippers a glass so what no why when or who just gold
teeth and an Enigma-tic smile. seek the leak that moles
whats weak back in the 'crypt dead letter last post
scrabbles on tumblers spirits through a glass. phreak the
freak the moles what we seek hearts for the rubber this
games not bridge crossing those naughts Vauhall
Knights no defeat said kill the freak. with those tourists
on the clock who's in for a shock through the eye of a
needle who'd take on the beadle follow that mark kepp
them in the dark. said freak the freak just switch the
switch.

ELECTRIC BLUE

(Soham) Its Amontilado a feather too white long stares
at cold walls just a spill of red wine. lost looks empty
bunks their rythm on bars bolts turning in locks eyes
swimming cold blue shallow waters slow bled stomach
churning call time. Electric blue lights dim smell of
sparks calling them on to face the light blank look on
their faces a sneer through cold smiles calling them in
with a touch of the thumbs take that seat enjoy the ride
calling them on heart leaping for time hands shakeing
cold smiles. a bite of that leather raise amontilado cold
eyes lectric blue no taste of last wine. calling them
down calling them down cold rythm on bars red tear to
the water a feather too white the wrist and the razor
one more brick with a smile forever goodbye. calling
them down calling them down just take that seat enjoy
the ride Its electric blue calling them on no coins for

those eyes just a spill of old wine. Its amontillado
forever goodbye.

MINJA THE NINJA

Me minja the ninja climbing over roof silent as the wind
warm breath beneath a veil. me minja the ninja shadow
in the dark strokeing at those curves through windows
open doors. me minja the ninja casting a dark spell
feeling for a pulse within that little death. me minja the
ninja a life held in these hands blade before the eyes to
free them from the silk artisan to the sheets painted
poems on the nails clawing at the walls to face a pillows
grave. me minja the ninja cherry blossom on a cheek
scents of carnal knowledge the killings we have made.
me minja the ninja a rose beneath a ring reminder of

those dawns the dew of parted lips. me the minja to the
longing in that little death poison perfume to a kiss her
choice no emptiness.

THE REAPER

I am the reaper I come to take your soul I'm no
redeemer you're gonna fill a hole come all believers the
gods die to my hand come war and thunder rage across
the land. I am the reaper my name brings only strife no
reassurance I come to take your life there are no gods
can live beyond their time their sands are running out
and soon they will be mine. I am the reaper I come to
steal your breath by many names I'm known but you

will call me death there are no warriors can stand against me much all true believers falter at my touch. There is a reckoning a weighing of the soul you are the ones I take to fill an empty hole my eyes can see the falling sands of time come taste my breath it is the end of the line. I bring the scythe to reap you where you stand just ears of corn from a barren land I am the reaper my name brings only strife I'm no redeemer I come to take your life. I am the reaper the harbinger of death I am the herald to your final breath I'm no believer your hopes are only lies theres no redeemer for all will come to die.

ANNARCHI

There once was a dyke with her finger aint it she knew a young fem but her fist werent in it she showed her a bow with a g string on it kept fireing love arrows thats our annachi. Annarchi they call her a bull when she gives them the eye they show her a wink she gets out her bow and sticks one in it hooked to her ring half cocked to fire with a double shot thats our dyke eye bully. Annarchi shes not just a dyke on her days off she rides her bike with a ring of that bell no end to her rythm as she rides them rough shod bunny hoping off roading. Annarchi she's not just a dyke she says shes a builder but she cant find a wife once they tare down those walls theres plenty to like she thinks shes an amazon from a past life she likes her leather when shes on the ball soaping them up an imperial lather. They call her Annarchi she shows them her fist when she is out kissed with that bow to her knees that g string fits it keeps shooting love arrows double cocked till the end

thats our Annarchi. Anna Me Feeshers that her new fem
for 20 sobs shell lick at that ring. Annarchi she aint just a
dyke but I hear her new girlfriends just her bike.
Annarchi she likes a bit once theyre down on their
knees well I guess thats it.

1066

William the conk what a nosey bonk 1066 it makes us all
sick eye eye what about harold then. Then theyres the
roundheads billiard balls deep in the pockets back to
the table now whose nicked the chalk ever see a
politician would buy a man a drink who'd worked so
long that the mrs was gone european excursions or a
foreign divorce for every indiscretion a back entry to
account. Napoleons brandy if youre too randy could

cost an arm not a leg waterloo to be sick in eye eye
what about nelson then. Revising our history twisting
our tales trying our justice turning their tricks storys
theyll tell you as they write them again. Constantines
armies beneath roman greavesies killed off the
christians converted thats nice with a small switch
buying them out thats roman service with a smile.
Playing their cannon reformed in defence whose kissing
that ring piece who'd mint a popes crown back to the
board room its checkers not rome paying their tab now
wheres the abbys white ball? Vulnerable Bede what a
great deed forcing old rome down the british necks pain
in the pulpit eye eye what about henry then we'll never
forget playing their counter we're all for reform calling
on Walsey hows thats our call. See all those foneys
always courting the gold Jude rides her chunnel but who
does she serve they used an armada last time we heard
funny money someones fingers in her honey whose got

the crown jewels whose forgiving our debts who wants
old cronies they're only roundheads. Playing our
cannon our empires no Risk bring on the troops they're
for the commons as well who wants a president at the
cost of a crown eye eye what about treason then.
They're bloody Mary saw the tower as well who wants
federal europe when service to country can show you
the world?

MIGHTY OAK

From little acorns mighty oak will come each limb will
knot with wounded bark eaching rising sun these
mighty oaks from acorns come. Amongst the ferns with
fingers stretched to mighty oak we bend them down
limbs twist together the sap here rise come bring her

on mighty oak will come. Move with the wind knot to this wood drink the waters raise the sap take you down and twist around take you over where fires leep kneel to this root turn to the bark from mighty oak the acorns come. For little acorns mighty oak will come to fight the elm and keep the forest true from mighty oak a shield will come our aim is true fight for this relm with arows yew bend to this bow that little acorns from oak will come. to the oak now lay you down to knotted limb embrace this bark the sap here riseing rooted in the earth unto the forest the oak will come. with oaken beam small splinter comes to build a scfold to hang them from beneath our crown with oaken spears battle for each fallen tree those uprooted those that fell limbs weve broken those best forgot stamp out the wrot that no one wants joined to the earth with every fall to this body a new ring comes. From little acorns mighty oak still comes we'll stand together till the battles won each

holds to truth and none bows down come to the wood
and raise them up till oaken crowns support the sun.
From mighty oak the acorns come and for little acorns
mighty oak will come.

O OTHELLO

Hello again othello they say that love has died dancing
to anothers rythm when lips have kissed goodbye. Hello
again othello this jealousy inside burning fierce as
napalm to blow those hearts to hell. Iago he's a friend
to all this jealousy cutting at the hopes that bind those
hearts to here. Hello again othello cold darknesss in
these eyes a fist that breaks a mirror to cut those hearts
in two. Hello again othello the darkness in these hands
stabbing at the memmory long days with out warm

arms. Fighting back the tears of long forgotten years the
fire in these hands to tare those lies apart, Iago he's a
friend then you see that love has died held within those
arms a shroud left of the veil. Hello again Othello a
twitching of the eye the tastes of words goodbye know
that love must die. They danced within these eyes warm
fingers\ stroked that neck the lips now have departed
those hearts no longer leap. Say goodbye Othello
regrets for what is lost. Never oh Othello oh never never
more. Smiles forever lost there cold fire in these eyes
welcome back Othello from chains that drag them
down, never oh Othello drowning in their fear never
never oh Othello love floats gently on. Reflect once more
Othello waters whispering goodbye. Never never oh
Othello oh never never more.

NIGHT OF THE WOLF

At the sign of the skull the wolves descending for the cull rage so deadly in their eyes to strip the bad men of their lies theres it is to do or die a howl to call them with a cry blood to drip from bitter lips teeth they bare with hatred drip. At the waning of the moon the pack is called to rise there soon fear to see in blind mens eyes terror there within their cries a howl that tares the night in two they come as one do they come for you? Blood will run from off their teeth the price is life and theyre the thief. at the sign of the skull the wolves descending for the cull the moon again to run so red as their hearts on anger fed beat as one the pack will come with their deaths the deed is done Howling there beneath dark sky the prey bad men to do or die. the lies of men the cowering flock in their eyes a curse to mock the bad man and his bitter cry for he knows one day he'll die they come for him they rage as one the pack is

called it is begun there beneath the moon a skull a
blood red veil theirs is the cull. There beneath a blood
red moon the skull will come the time is soon from dark
sky now turn your back for we take all things we lack
with a cry across the night the bad men fear us in their
flight the pack is called we rage as one The cull has
come this howel is done.

LICKITY SPLIT

Lickity split its a 99 are we going out tonight to wine and
dine or shall we stay in and winde and grinde . Shes
looking quite fit I like those bits heres an ice cream no
hog and doss whilst she licks her lips if shes feeling
hungry maybe we could go back to 69. Deary me oh
dear my dear as it dribbles down those cheeks towards

those mounds maybe an eruption will come between those shivers below like a butterfly. They may say its vanilla but its butter milk gently whiped between those thighs she may say shes vegetarian but she needs more protein just open that gob for british beef. Deary me oh dear my dear as it dribbles down those cheeks and in between. They may say its mad cows pull the udder one wont call her my bitch this dogs teaching new tricks heres a tip from mr whippy with a cherry on top if you know what i mean they may say its not love but then again shes my lyons maid. Deary me oh dear my dear as it dribbles down those cheeks and in between.

UPRISE

Wheel spin drifters hunters driving wolves howling
heckles riseing engines fireing upriseing. Hawks riseing
wings glideing Far see climbing updraft rideing prey
circleing wind spiraling hunters howeling upriseing.
Talons piercing flesh rending hearts bursting the prey
the dieing fangs gripping claws ripping the game their
dieing engines fireing children crying upriseing. Wolves
howeling hawks riseing engines fireing upriseing. Riot
squads war on earth offenders smileing massons lieing
stones forgotten unmarked graves long dead gods and
children crying church and state fuel the hate the
wounds that bleed and mouths to feed, Wolves
howeling hawks riseing engines fireing upriseing.
Standing stones ancestral homes tools of metal flame
war bleached skulls crushed bones burning logs and
peat bogs round house moot and guns to shoot. Hawks
riseing golden dawn seek the day above below the
children crying our heckles riseing wolves howeling

upriseing. Engines fireing dark knight rideing children
crying the wolves howeling upriseing.

Back On The Road

Going back on the road you know we're never alone
wherever we roam this land we were born to forevers
our own. Outside on the corner we stand there alone
paying those dues you know we never can loose. We
stand on our feet every face that we greet we'll never
bow down cos the coins that we're left here wear no
beggars crown. Walking those streets they'll never
defeat the sound of our heart still beating so proud.
Back on our toes coming off of the ropes out from our
corners we aint loosing no hope. Gonna fight till the end

never leaving that ring for whatever they tell us this land we were born to forever our own.

2012

Got it all worked out for 2012 We're not just in the running we're ahead of the field. Londons set to go its gold for Seb Coe We'll win that race for 2012. Got it all worked up for 2012 You know we're on track theres only one field Its cool Britania with a royal seal All pumped up for 2012. Londons in the running so ahead of the field, We've lit that torch for 2012 The crowds are all on fire St Pauls is full of choirs Got them singing out for 2012 Lifting those flags towards palace walls Raising that torch to royal crown. Got it all worked out for 2012 Big Bens lit up with record times Theres cycling round the park Theres boxing for the dome Theyre running

that marathon toward palace walls. Over tower bridge
watched from Londons Eye Do be careful with the
Javelin we've still got taxis for hire. Theyre not all in
berrys we're all for fred perrys Stuff la Coq french is out
in de john That wines sour grapes Paris has its
hunchback clogging up the streets Slowest car in europe
its their 2CV Did you hear about the rats theyre always
playing dirty Notre Dams in the river what else can you
see? Got it all worked up for 2012 theres food from
every nation weve the best hotels With royal gaurds
aplenty pointing sabers to the show Cannon balls are
fireing decatheletes to throw, Trooping those colours in
regimental dress Heres a crown for those medals weve
Europes empress Queens own with starting pistols
we're guning for gold. Weve got rid of mad Madrid with
the toilets running dry Wheres the health and safety A
load of bulls And did anyone care to mention why those
children cry walking streets every night the questions

why. Theyre too close to terror, theyre used to playing
dirty, sure the weathers very hot but securitys too shirty
They say we're european guess its athens next time.
Londons in the running we're ahead of the field Raising
that torch toward royal crown With regimental dress
were trooping her colours Got it all worked up for 2012.
Olympic glory beneath old Londons towers Its olympic
grandstands for god save the queen. Got us all working
out its 2012 We're all for Seb Coe hes going for gold,
We've won that race for 2012.

V 4 Victory

They aint from Frankfurt, Theyre Prince Alberts Men,
With a dome to the ceiling, and a bell on the end.

They fill out her hall, Hope & glories roll call, With a ring
through the nose And bells on their toes.

With a V for victory 2 fingers we show, with a stroke of
that harp she pulls at those hearts

F's for forgiveness or so say St Pauls, theyll have to
forgive us cos courage is best

With a V for victory 2 fingers we show.

That organs so big to those little Yanks, Tourists crowd
in paying their thanks

For her at the top we're harder than rock, a wink from
the gargoyle and we're over the top.

She'll give em a wave from her golden coach whilst out
on the pitch that whistles our hope.

Standing so tall to that golden ball, her rings not from
Wagner thats prince alberts hall.

With a V for victory 2 fingers we show.

ANCRAN (for Mo)

Wever & When We Will Remember Them
The Luck Of
The Irish To Reconciliation Days.
For Wever and When
She will remember Them
The Reconciled Exiles, Her
Disappeared Her Pollen Of Peace,
His Chapel sown
seeds His Holy Shamrock,
Her fruits eternal feast.
Wever
and When We will remember them
The An Crann
Stories, the root of Her First Tree,
With Flax Crowned
hair their bark upon her tears
The Blood of Mourning,
The White Goddess on Her Knees.
Wever and When we
will remember them
Her Rule Of Law to Reconciliation
Days.
Where Liberty Torch shines hope across the
sea
Arched Olive Branches, Crossed high above each

headHer Scale Of Judgement, their onward dance of
peace.Weever and When we will remember them the
Dust of Fingerprints, Their Night Of Long Knives the
Rattle of cutlery draws, His Bread broke on The Mount.
With Childrens laughter cross walls that none can
seeThe sound of Her Harp that the poor may rest in
peace.Weever and When, We will remember ThemThe
Luck Of The British, To Reconciliation Days.

maninabowlerhat-

What do you see - Just who could it be -
Watch out for who follows -
That man in the bowler hat // It's a slap with no tickle -
take a kiss from a histle -
just stop that tickle in the jock // We saw them with per di-

their punch was the PMs - with tear to the burn -
that water Mill turns - carnations are melting -
her absence arose - with dreams of fair weather -
who would name the heather - but sundials reverse in -

truelovestandingfast-akisstofairhand-
avalaloniasland//itsaneyefortherabi-atoothfortheburns-
alookingglasswindow-anotherweedram-
aspidersblackwidow-who'sfaceingthefire-

sweenytoddspies-it'sspyversusspy-
andraiseingumbrellas-suchajollygoodfellow-
watchoutdoyafolla-
themanint,hebowlerhat//whocoulditbe-
justwhatcouldtheybe-ofharlequinhouses-

alifesteppingout-cardsstackedagainstthem-
ofheartswithnoclout-awoodsmanhardcandy-
longshotwithashandy-blindwatchmentofollow-
alittleratsmiles-raiseanotherweedram-andofferahand-

tothemaninthebowlerhat//Tohotrodandstockcars-
todirttracksandbikes-sundialsreverseing-
blindwatchmansoldscribe-afairwelltosisters-
hollowoakforthatmister-forclairdeluneseeyes-

tatootothesky-justwhocoulditbe-justwhodidnasee-
watchoutdoyafolla-

themaninthebowlerhat//Whodoyousee-
justwhodidnasee-forwhytheirgoatfell-weskateoverhell-
withskeletonkey-

deathrattlepercieve-andoutonthewater-
babayagascoldeyes-carpejugullumsmiles-
thedarkestofisles-wheremerlinsflyhigher-
redbulletmisfired-watchoutforwhofollows-

themaninthebowlerhat//Justwhocoulditbe-
thatnoonecansee-itsslapbutnoticle-akissfromathistle-

andraiseingascythe-forclairedeluneseeyes-
andnobodysees-theyraiseanotherweedram-

tothatmanwiththebowlerhat//Blindhopeforherland-
withalyreinhand-Fishtailsfromthebard-
withcandysohard-butwhogivesadime-
forthispriceisarhyme-andraiseingascythe-
blindwatchmenseyes-

watchoutforthey'llfollows!-themaninthebowlerhat//
whenwe'resmashingwindows

Where Chaos calls-

Two nightmares ride

Pale skins inscribe

Cloak and Dagger the blind

Fiery mace call sign

On Triumph those wings

The Abyss still sings

To Lucifer riseing

Seasons mysts defying.Lucifer riseing

Fair Astrea Crying

Old battles reminding

Her lucifer rideing

Pale horse to the crying

Firey Orb to uprising

The abyss there yawns

To hell noisome spawn

No solace they fall

The man with no name

Her finest wove chain

The quickened, the dieing

For Lucifer RiseingLucifer Riseing-

Stitch in time to the binding-

Barbed kiss for hells key

The wolf neath her tree

Judge with Scorpios stings

Bone sawn through lost wings

Bloody Mary the timeing

To Lucifers Riseing

Seventh ring to that maid,

With her crimson of veil

White weddings for Cain,

Lord foul to his bain

Bold Lucifer Riseing

Stench flows with bones grinding

Caressing heart strings

One hope, to black wings.

Lucifers riseing.Lucifer Riseing

One peace in the finding

A silence to hearts

Those late to depart

Bloodied eye its next bowt

Whispered flame snuffing out

At Lucifers riseing

Stitch in time to the binding

No Grace to her maze

Drown in darkest of waves

The messenger clear

eyes lowered their fear.

To Lucifers Riseing

No hate here disguising

Light bearer to bring

The sound of her wings. Lucifer riseing

Glass darkly reminding

Dispairs bloodiest tear

Loathing calous as fear
Barbed scourge for our whip
The guantlets raised fist
A rook from hells towers
Flanks the Earthly of Power
Her lucifer riseing
The crown to their blinding
Lucifer riseing
Bitter solace they're finding.
Cold Narcisus reminding
Drink a draught of hells finest

With Fleur du Mals scents

Of lives barely spent

The light that we shine

Cold tear as we bind

To Abaddon sent

The batton they lent

One more wish should you find us

Please to meet you,

Reminds us,

Of hails coldest flood

Vengance tears for the blood

For Lucifers Riseing

Angel Heart to uprisingThe ancient its days

These strangest of ways

A beared where they drowned him

Traitors gate waters foundling

The light raised to blind them

Leap of faith for the finding

A cypher crossed sword

To the holy of Word

Lucipher riseing.

Got a speed trap

Heart rapt

Gonna bleed em till their dry.

Got a speed trap

Death map

Gonna Ride them till their downGotta That Speed Trap

Death lab

Gotta squeeze em till they burst

Gotta speed trap

Pulse gap

Hear the laughter through each cry.its a speed trap

Heart rapt

till the satin sunset come

Thats a speed trap

Tarmac

Along the white line blindGot a speed trap

Clutch track

Gotta squeeze em till its dry

Its a dark night

Curved moon

Gotta race on through to dawn
Got a speed trap

Death match

Taste of leather through the night

Got that snake eye

Pulse gap

Gotta roll her till the dawn
Gotta speed trap

Hot lap

Gonna ride her till they die

Shes a speed trap

Heart rapt

In a swets go faster stripesIts a speed trap

Heart rapt

With a pulse to burst the night.Its a speed trap

Hot sigh

Gotta pump them through the night.

Triumph over good n eviltriumph over good no
eviltriumph on to good through eviltriumph beyond
good n evil

EAR BASHING. G girl...

Ear bashing, show no fear bashing

It's big ears on the telee

Who'd watch them toss a welly

Now where's the ball in to the 9

Cos its Judis dinner time

Who's stick it in a sock

Where'd the stick that biggest rock?They're ear bashing,
show no fear bashing

Never mind the feminists they're running out of luck

cos Eltons in his medals

The MODs lot SUCK!They're ear bashin

Cant stand ear bashings

Looks like hers in doors

Sent jenny to her chores

Whose got the biggest chopper

You know They're For The Whopper

It could be Dirty Harry

But is he old enough to marry?

Straight to the point

With a foot in the gob

They'll stick to whitest knickers

White balance on the Bob

Its ear bashing.Its no fear bashing

Who's for ear lashings?

Give that lobe a little lick

Write your name in little Flick

They're all for basil fawltly

They say it tastes too salty

But sweeps atop the block

Like a Brush fills out a sock

Its marmalade in sandwiches

Now Sootys off his box. Is Germain Greer Bashing? Did her EAR BASHING STICK YOU INSIDE THE FRIDGE? Like some old mad cows rock Now here comes a chopper to cut off someones block It's DEEFRIGIDation the ice age in a frock! Ear Bashing, Cant stand ear bashings,

Bannanas on the fry, its cajun on the side, the blues are all for spanking, red nose could use a hanky , is Judi on the Punch? A dogs dinner out to lunch?They'd see us on our knees, filling Roseannes socks, they said she's off with Paddington, Zippy set to rock, Ear bashing, cant stand ear bashing, ask that Basil Brush, How'd they move The Cunning Fox?

Ear bashing

Who's got the biggest socks...

An even bigger chopper?

That Frys still off the box

We hear they all want head

Whats that left inside the bed

Where's My Blood Valentine

The ginger beers been wed

Still UM ERS got the FIRM ONES

Ripe mellons that we're fed.Its boom boom boom

A broom under a frock

So shake a ginger beer

And squirt it in their ear

Its ride a cock horse

All jedi use the force

But once they're home in bed

They've lay 'er in their heads.Ear bashings

Dont like ear bashings

They said we're all just mupets

Who was that little puppet

Big Birds off with Ernie

The Count goes bats for 12

But once you're pushing 30

Could big ears free your Elves?

You know those under 12's

Cant stand ear bashings.

Got a mark to number

Aggregate and test

Counting down to none

They'll say it's for the best

A profiles worth a million

The ones that still Resist

Splice them on the phone line

Voice recognized, desist. Rerouted to exclusion

Examples none can miss.

Natures born to killers

Selling out for cheaper thrills.

Spin another rumor

Their strain shall not persist.

Can you hear them running,

A cog inside whose wheel

Can they catch you running

Would the feeling make it real. Do you see whose
running

A slave to whose machine

Running for the zone

Running through the tears

Running out of something

Left Running out of years.

Run them round in circles

Left Run down in the streets.

Gotta keep on running

Gotta keep the pace

It's death at the heels

Gotta win this human race. Did you hear their crying

Do you care just how it feels

And When we see it through

Gonna Take them down for real

Their only answers why,

And its you they'd leave to die.

A silver stockings whisper

The sirens say they lied

A mule for the dictation

No sense just dedication.

As they run you out of time

Survival to the fittest

Miscast by their false witness

Run right out of nothing

Running from the starting gun.

Gotta keep on running

Gotta keep the pace

It's death at the heels

Gotta win this human race. With a sun to blind your eyes

They're running out of lies

Surf a wave that says your nothing

Your Nothing without you.

Buy another memory

Hide another year

Pretend that what they sell you

Is all it means to you.

They'll bleed you of compassion

Grind you up for fuel.

Neon mirrors for the scream

Subliminals for dreams

Dance you like a puppet

Say your nobodies fool

There's death at your heels

Gotta show them how it feels

It's due in their face.

Cos they'd run this human race.

Do you feel whose running

As your Run into the ground

An ounce of flesh to every pound

Final lap another round

do you hear your heartbeat

It's you they're gunning down

Gotta Find another breath

Cos the losers facing death

Do you want to hear their lies

Just Whose running all our lives

Running out of something

When they run out of lies.

Gotta keep on running

Gotta keep the pace

It's death at the heels

Gotta win the human race. Let not poor Nelly Starve

We'd take them half n half
With a zest each segment chance
Sweet Chinas Dirty Dance
for A Vestral Virgins minx
Orange Molly lends her wink

She's our pretty witty nelly
the coal yard over smelly
For 6pence an Evenings Love
Troops the colours Lacy dove
At the feet of gods they fall.

Hers the extras curtain call. Let not poor Nelly Starve

Take those Mollies half and half

Drury lane snubbed Stellas looks

In The Battle of the Books

To pepys his poison quote

A bezoars antidote Pretty Witty Nelly

Whose the armpits over smelly?

Was it they the Catholic whore

Spit roast and suckling for

Took swift to rump those whigs.

Would our Nelly take such pigs?

With Chelsea to the barrack

Knee trembled at the garret

Where a lapdog lay his gut

But a stag had couched his rut. Let Not poor Nelly Starve

Blue garter, crowned Scones Start

For the Roe his glimpse of calf,

Draw the curtains half n half

What the French had done for years

She'd bow the Hind to please

With champagne to fill a bath

How could poor nelly starve?

A lobster to her tease

Gallant pensions for a fee. Let not poor Nelly Starve

Uncloaked assassins desk bound scalf

Where the pepys once inked his quill

Could a woman play the fille?

Pray tell of fairest Hart

From her pillows finest arts.

For pretty witty nell

A posey for that smell

Black Deaths back in again

Pudding lanes the Merry Reign Our Pritty witty Nelly

At St Martins lays her belly

The Peninsulars worth a look

Two Chicks Prey where she shook

Chelsea alms whence flew Chafinch

Pass Buck Roundhead Greenwich

Not a word of Orange Mollies

For who would praise such courtly folly. Let not poor
Nellys Starve

Keep them warm in finest scalves

And where that swain has shot his lot

Pray hide what Nelly got

.Kinder Gardeners

Jack Sprat could eat no fat

His wife had kept hers lean

And when she turned off all the lights

She'd use her bean machine. Little Miss muffet

Bucked roger a tuffet

Eating his curdled ways

Out fell a spider

He opened her wider

You'd never scare gipsies that way. Little Jacks corner

No dunce when he'd horner

Who'd Stick in a thumb

Passed cluedos old plum

With Angel delight

From Mr White

Whilst Cuting off ears

Eye fulled britaneys sheers

A trout with a mic

A key for the kite.They say it takes years

To shake off those fears

For Arsenic and lace

The records misplaced

They winked from a needle

Left crossed stitched spread eageled

Milked from an asp

For that golden of ass. Who'd gobble a fly?

perhaps they all lie

Or swallow a spider

To riggle inside her

Just Never say die,

It's better they lied.

Just my oh my, CBs they all tried

A convoys hardride, bonnie apes never mind.

Once their all inside she's sure to have cried.

Just never ask why, they still say she's shy.To kinder
gardens

And radio days

They paddled away

For come what may

In flower beds

Where hearts were bled

To who they'd wed

Or rather see dead.

They Stand them in line

To teach them their crimes

And say they all fib

Once their out of the bib They've a purple rose

For Pinochios nose

And billy goats gruff

A body heat snuff

With fires still a burning

The ritch say they're learning.

From sows ears to purses

The babes keep a hurting

Till the poor kids fill larders

Signed in hate, Must try harder,
When that cupboard is bare, you'll see who is fare
With a bah bah blacksheep to their savoir fare
Why that little dogs laughter
On those knees for whose father?
A Remote journeys disent,
Waltz a cowpats descent We saw them kill bambi
Heard they danced in the dandi
And how they slew babes
Just to sell them more candy.
With a hay diddle riddle

Roland rats left to fiddle

Once they've heard whats not said

All that mysteries dead

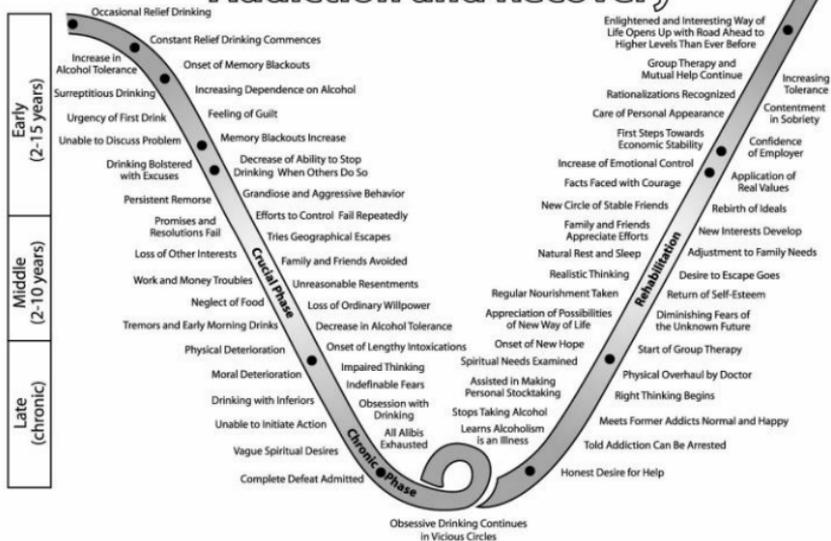
Now Where's that dish we all offered to spoon?

Lick that plate clean brains wired to their moon.

APPENDIX 2

Adaptation of Dr Max Glatts chart of alcoholism treatment.

Addiction and Recovery



Appendix 3

SECULAR 12 STEPS

1. Admit you can't change your behaviour on your own and it's making a mess of your life.
2. Seek help from a group.
3. Let go of the problem through honest sharing.
4. Write about the behaviour its consequences and its causes.
5. Share this with a safe person.
6. With the help of the group share your struggle trying to change.
7. Let go of the results.
8. Write a list of all those relationships you need to make changes in.
9. Make the changes to your relationships.
10. Continue to journal your feelings and behaviour.

11. Be mindful of your recovery and reflect on changes.
12. Apply these principles to all life's problems and support others doing likewise.