

DANCING WITH THE DEVIL

DANIEL PERRY

Dancing with the Devil

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For my daughter Emma, family and friends

Dancing with the Devil showcases a body of artwork produced as a consequence of psychosis induced madness in the UK and Scandinavia between the years 1997 and 2002. A frightening glimpse into darkness first witnessed in a Commonwealth and German War Grave in Sweden, this involuntary contact offers indication of a parallel and tormented world and tells of a subsequent true journey through Hell which was to last for several years.

Daniel Perry graduated from the Royal College of Art in the early nineties. Dancing with the Devil reflects what he went through in pictorial form, whilst in the asylums of three different countries, and beyond, in a series of work, of great power and insight.



Send a postcard to Heaven Digital Collage 2007,

A TORMENTING THOUGHT:
AS OF A CERTAIN POINT, HISTORY WAS NO LONGER REAL.
WITHOUT NOTICING IT, ALL MANKIND SUDDENLY LEFT
REALITY; EVERYTHING HAPPENING SINCE THEN WAS
SUPPOSEDLY NOT TRUE; BUT WE SUPPOSEDLY
DIDN'T NOTICE. OUR TASK WOULD NOW BE TO FIND THAT POINT,
AND AS LONG AS WE DIDN'T HAVE IT, WE WOULD BE FORCED TO
ABIDE IN OUR PRESENT DESTRUCTION.

ELIAS CANETTI (1978:69)



Psychiatrisches Institut
Zürich
CH-8000 Zürich, CH

Testimente, Digital Collage 2006



AV26, Adversity Part III, Digital Collage 2006

ÖVRE ENEBORGSVÄGEN 32 B

MARCH 1998

SWEDEN

One morning, early, about seven o'clock, there was a loud knock at my door. Ten minutes previously, I had been hurling various assorted bits of my furniture through the window. From three stories up, the back lawn outside looked like carnage. Not only were an arm chair and a television laying shattered on the grass, but also two five litre tins of white and blue paint cascaded around the place. It made the whole scene look like a "Rolf Harris on acid" and took months afterwards for the grass to grow back.

In came five Swedish policemen, four men and a woman, together with a large Alsatian. I just started shouting at them. I was off my head and furious. "If you want to talk to me, go and get Cain." I barked, refusing to speak Swedish. Cain was from Welwyn Garden City and the only person I would listen to at that point, he lived in the block opposite me. The police had already pre - emptied my request and at that point, Cain walked in through the open front door. As far as I was concerned Cain was my advocate. He was the closest thing I had in Sweden to a voice of reason, I always listened to Cain. The policemen stood motionless, not really knowing what to do, even the dog was staring at me in disbelief. "Well go and make Cain a f**king cup of tea then" I screamed at them whilst patting the dog politely on the head. I calmed down as soon as I saw Cain. I was as wild as any animal could have been at that point, and frightened. The sight of my mate Cain was the best thing I'd seen for a long time. I had been on a bit of an adventure the

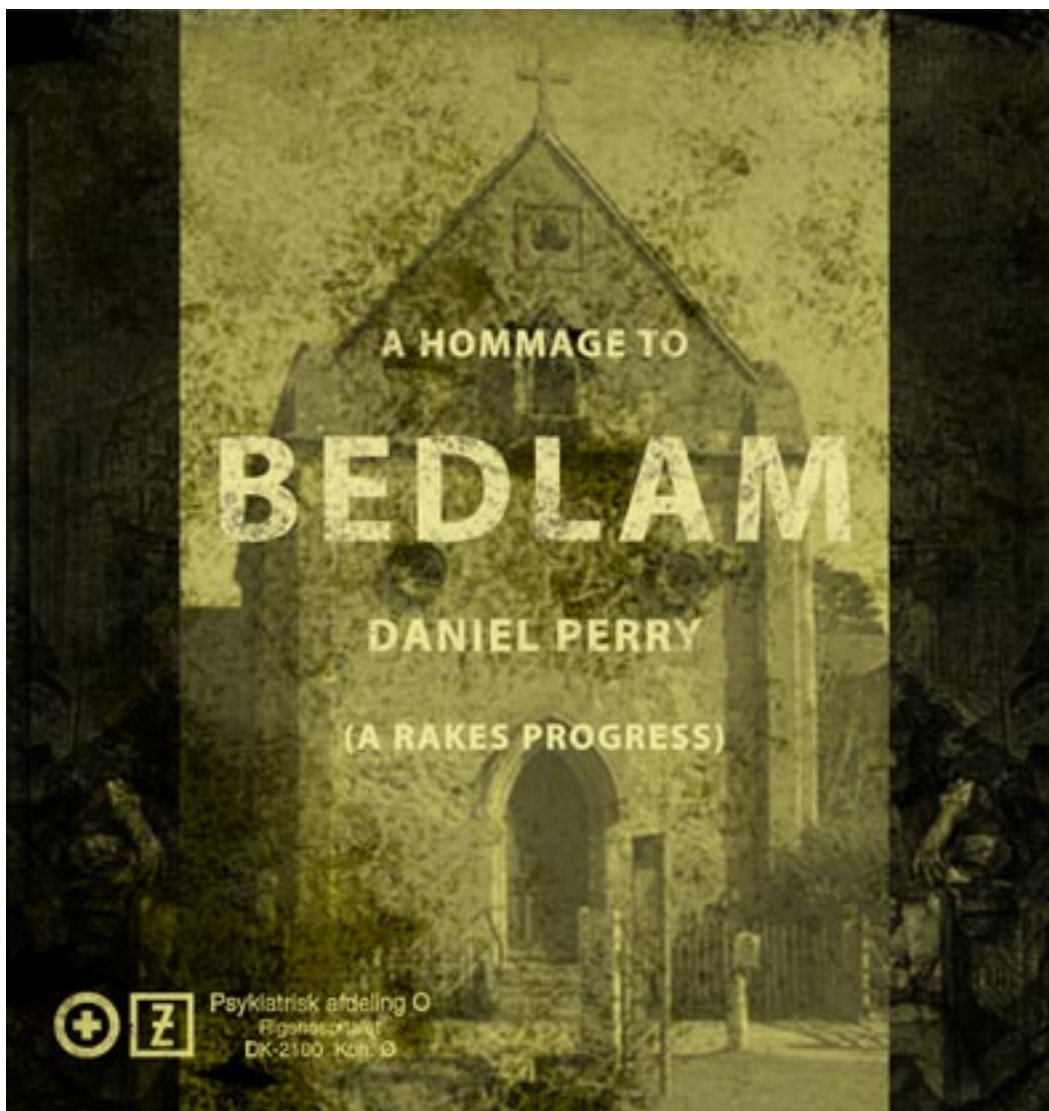
last couple of weeks and had become so "wired" I hadn't slept for five or six days and hadn't had any proper food it seemed for much longer than that.

The policemen took me down stairs and into a waiting van. I was driven out to Avdelning 26, on the outside of town, to come back down to earth. It's maximum security there, but to be quite honest, they had the best food I had ever eaten. My ribs were sticking out at this point, but because of them allowing me to put on a few pounds. I reckon they saved my life. I was going through an incredibly disturbing experience, a living, breathing nightmare being fully orchestrated within my mind. There was no escape, no getting away. I'd begun, "Dancing with the Devil," and only the forced injection of some extremely powerful drugs would now rid me of the bastard.

The following, chronicles my experiences and thoughts both before, during and after first being sectioned. It reveals the almanac art produced as a result of madness, and is seen through the parallel world of psychosis.



Kitchen, Övre Eneborgsvägen 32 B, Helsingborg 1997.



Section 26, Digital Collage 2006

INTO ASYLUM

The expression “meeting your maker” generally has connotations of good in western mythology, referring according to legend to the Pearly Gates and your name on a register. The revelation and realisation of a spiritual encounter has a profound effect on people who have come into contact with God. Personally, I met the Devil. All people have, in the mistaken belief of things, the hope that one day goodness and God will shine down on them. That, if they attend



Avdelning 26, D - O - G

enough, the sanctity of church will see them through as a collective voice, remote and removing them from the under class, and into a paradise not already in existence on earth. Personally, I am on the side of religion, in the sense of, “If you be good and retain positive thought, you will be at peace in your life and project that onto others.” Having al-

ways been interested, I wrote a piece in 1989 whilst at St. Martins, on “Marxism and Christianity in Russia since the Revolution.” As a consequence, later on in that year I was to paint a memorial to the last person killed escaping over the Wall in Berlin. I learned many things at this time through this particular study, The number of priests slaughtered by Stalin, for instance,

was beyond belief, but also cited as part of the brain washing of the masses was the decline of religion in the UK and the fact that so many churches were being made redundant through closure. Religion somehow it seemed had lost its way in the UK, according to the Russians, and the only way forward was towards nihilism. Funnily enough I began to think about that again last recently, whilst out for a walk with an old friend of mine “Paul the Taxi Driver.” We had been to a couple of pubs in Oxford, and were walking back home past the Radcliffe Camera, and all the beautiful architecture, when he commented on how beautiful the church was on that square. My response to his comment was born out of insight which came to me a few years earlier “out of the Viking,” that it was in fact “beautiful, but redundant.” On justifying my response I pointed out that the church was always the first and most prominent building to go up in the village for the following reasons:

(a) because it had to house and shelter all the workers and their families whilst the rest of the dwellings in the new village were being constructed, and

(b) it also had to be large enough to serve as a beacon so that people didn't get lost in the forest finding their way home.

Not only that, I thought, but the door was always open. Your assets, the church gold, the wealth needed to barter your building materials and labour were always guarded, they were there for the common good. “This is not the case today” I said. The church has become forbidden ground a sanctity only for those who run it. My last comment to Paul was,



Beacon over Denmark, Digital Collage 2006

“Why don’t they put all the bloody gold in a couple of museums and get the churches acting like community centres again. A bit of a jazz club for your OAP’s during certain times of the day, a thing for kids in the evening. That way, you might break down the barriers of religious intolerance and get diplomacy on a religious level working for a change, because the politicians can’t and aren’t doing the job on their own in this day and age.....tossers”

In a nether world created through reverse psychology and back - slang, to be polite is considered a punishable offence. When E-V-I-L became L-I-V-E for me, towards the end of 1997, into 1998, a journey started lasting four years which would see me being placed in the maximum security units of some of the toughest asylums of three different countries, Sweden, Denmark and the UK, pitted in a game of will, against the puppet masters, the power behind the figurehead. To put a foot wrong in this game would have meant instant “success” in the language of play, more correctly whispered as “failure” in the land of reverse psychology. To enter the fray on polite terms is instantly “rewarded”, in other words you are punished. The D-E-V-I-L, suddenly, L-I-V-E-D. Two became D-I-V-I-L, and as a consequence L-I-V-I-D. G-O-D turned to D-O-G, and as in such a scenario, the B-O-Y became a Y-O-B, In a sudden insane world, a Beserker.

Starting ground, the Commonwealth War Grave and Deutsche Kriegsgräber Helsingborg, Boxing Day 1997 with Camilla. This was the beginning of the story, which was to manifest itself fully in Stockholm a few months later. As I left the plot, I felt a sonic boom, a surge of energy, which coincided simultaneously with three crows flying over



Magdalene, Digital Collage 2007

head. It nearly knocked me sideways. That was the start of being driven insane; not through the power of internal voices, but through pure power, power that didn’t need to identify itself. A visit to a war grave, in a neutral country had offended the myth. In the affected world of Viking mythology as it transpired, I became possessed. Periodically over the next four years at given times, I had to prove my worth to survive. The Viking test is a tough obstacle. To earn the right to piss them off and get away with it, you have to prove your credentials. Their test: go it alone and take it on, the



AV26, Adversity Part II, Digital Collage 2006

the leader goes in first, like any nomad when visiting a new tribe. The horns on the helmet were up as a sign of diplomacy, but they weren't the pissy little horns you see in the story books, they were the antlers, the largest you had ever seen. If they were up this was a good sign, you do not go in to incarcerate your enemy by putting your head down and charging at him bull like, - not only would you not be able to see where you were going, you would also take up too much energy. A much better idea is to tilt the antlers forward and take him out that way. Not only do you create a good bit of distance from your foe, but with as little as a slight movement of your head, you could cut his throat.

Practicalities aside, what about the initiation? Well to put it succinctly, I had to go in alone and screaming. Divide and conquer. I had to take on towns, then countries, putting myself constantly in danger, It sounds far fetched but nevertheless true, having later been informed that on a level of extreme violence out of ten, I had come in at a nine. It was very unpleasant, but at the same time, the ultimate challenge. I was so driven with the idea of joining the army when I was a kid, I joined the Army Cadets at twelve, a year under the starting age. I loved it, but there was only one thing that stopped me from pursuing this idea further, that was the fact that the eyesight in my right eye was fading quickly to the point of near blindness and I am right handed, therefore absolutely useless at firing a gun, and so no good as a marksman. I wasn't bad at stripping a weapon and putting it back together in the dark. As I said, the whole experience now chronicled as "Dancing with the Devil" was a test of extreme will. The promise had to be there and shown, but I wasn't allowed



*Deutsche Kriegsgräber, Helsingborg, Sweden
January 2007*

to commit a crime, nor put one foot wrong - that would have been the end, but there were times when I was just past caring. While in Copenhagen in 2001 for instance, on being approached by a member of the local organised crime, the panzer situation was put to the test. In his best broken English and repeatedly spitting in my face, this chap just kept saying "you mother f**ker." I didn't give a shit, I just stared him out. I was at the point where I didn't care if I lived or died. The table we were sitting at was big and round, and at the back of the pub on a raised platform. I can't remember the name of the pub, but it was round the corner from the hotel we were staying at. I was helping design and build the English pub, "Gullivers" there at the time. The tirade from the chap's mouth finished after a couple of minutes, He seemed quite exasperated. Although he was convincing in what he had to say, I just felt blank. I didn't react or move a muscle. He could have been from anywhere, from the Ukraine to Yugoslavia, I don't know, there were all sorts of people operating in Scandinavia at that time. His power was

effective, although affected by limited vocabulary; the pub was crowded and he eventually got up to leave. This incident comes to mind because it exemplifies the idea of the Viking. Seated around the table to my left was a small non descript man with a white beard, whom I hardly even noticed. As the first chap was standing up and turning to leave on finishing his verbal abuse, the small man next to me pulled out one of those leather ID cards, like the ones they used to have in Kojak. He identified himself as “Danish Secret Police”, and that I felt was my cue. I stood up as the other chap was moving away and screamed as loud as I could:

“You can f**king take me out you wanker, I don’t give a shit, There are 65 million other c**ts behind me, just like me, deal with them.” That scream was loud and loaded, I had the oratory skills and ferocity of Hitler at that point, but the diplomacy of Churchill; remaining calm. That pub must have had about sixty people in it at this time, they all went silent and turned in my direction. What I said translated well into English, but was out of place on Danish ears. It did the bloody trick though, because he shot out of the pub as quickly as he could. I turned to the man on my left, said “Cheers mate” and got up and left. As I walked out of the pub, there was a car pulled up onto the pavement outside with four big guys leaning on it cross-armed, staring at me. I didn’t say a word, I knew when to shut up. I just gave the thumbs up, smiled and walked off around the corner, they couldn’t arrest me for that. Thank God they were there though, being under surveillance has distinct advantages sometimes for your own protection and this occasion was one of them.

Being paranoid is a state of mind I wouldn’t read-



AV 26 Vita Orm 2007

ily admit to, I just knew I was being watched. When you go crazy, run amok down dual carriageways and sneak on ferries between countries, you gain attention. It all became a bit of a game really. I ended up just blowing kisses at them most of the time and getting them to laugh. It would have been great to get them taking me to court on the fact that I blew a kiss at them, that would have been quite a classic. Surveillance has its down side though, and I knew I was being tagged a couple of months before this whole

episode came to light, just before I had met my then girlfriend Camilla, who was to share all the initial horrors with me, and stood by me at some very grave moments.

Prior to this, I had set up as a sole trader in Sweden working freelance doing mainly decorative sign writing in restaurants. At this time I had met Annette and we used to alternate visits between Malmö, a town sixty miles away, and Helsingborg, where I was living at the time. On one occasion, I went down to visit her for several days. I had just finished a job and had a holdall with all my equipment and power tools in, together with my work reference photos. It was too heavy to carry around, so I decided to put it in a locker at the railway station and go away for a few days, which was on a Tuesday. On my return on the Friday, I had arranged to meet Tim, another artist friend of mine, to go for a drink. (Tim has since died but made an article in The Sun at the time of his death by being buried in a "Tardis." He was pure first class). On meeting Tim, all was no right though, because when I went to the locker something strange had happened. Normally speaking, if you leave something in a locker for more than twenty four hours a surcharge is tallied according to the additional time you leave your belongings there. On this occasion the metre read zero, whereas all the other lockers showed various sums of money. When I went to put the key in the locker it didn't fit although the serial numbers matched. Tim thought it was odd, I just thought I'd been done over. This was confirmed when on getting the station manager to open the locker, it was empty. I had been under surveillance. I assume they thought I was couriering drugs or doing something else so they confiscated my stuff. For the first time in my life, I gave a shit.



AV 26 Almanac Digital Re - Collage 2007

I was devastated. My livelihood had just been taken away from me, the rug swept from under my feet, and years worth of photographic references used to get work, gone up in smoke without replacement. I always try to kick back and survive, but this was one of the lowest points of my life. I had abs

lutely nothing left at that point other than despair.

As indicated earlier, I didn't (and don't) go around under the paranoid delusion that I am being watched, but the incident with the locker just reinforced my suspicions. As a neutral country both in war and peace time, Sweden is not only a haven for legitimate political refugees and seekers of asylum, it also has a large quantity of people who just want to be lost and who have run away for various reasons. Situated at the neck of the Baltic and only three miles across the water from Helsingør and Denmark, Helsingborg by its proximity to mainland Europe, harboured all sorts of people. Not only was there a much publicised conflict going on between the Hells Angels and Banditos there at the time, there were groups, such as the Yugoslavians and Russians and various other groups including terrorists, such as the PKK, the Kurdish guerrillas. One of them took a pot shot at a friend of mine one day, and as I got in the passenger side of his car, a bullet hole in the windscreen was blocking my view. I didn't get involved though. The trouble is that being a foreigner you are generally associated, by proxy, as being implicated with the underworld, purely and simply by virtue of the fact that you are an outsider. It is true to say that there was and still is a lot of activity there, and you are aware of it purely because outsiders stick together in terms of solidarity when moving into new countries and communities, it's part of the integration process. Nevertheless people who lived outside the law aroused suspicion. My leaving my work stuff in a locker at a railway station, just gave S.A.P.O reason to suspect me, regardless of the fact that it almost destroyed me. The worst thing you can do to an artist is take his portfolio away from him, I just became their mark.



AV 26 AIZ 97 Digital Collage 2005

Finding work in Scandinavia had never been that easy, especially in the beginning when I couldn't speak the language. It got a bit silly really, when having two degrees, I was jealous of my mate "Sonic" because he had a washing up job and I couldn't get one. It was all a bit hand - to - mouth at various points around then. Having just split up with my daughter Emma and her mother Kristin, getting re- housed was a big problem. Living in a cellar which acted as my studio at that point solved this problem for five months although it was not easy living, being next to a large road, with all the traffic fumes.

I eventually managed to get a small, thirty quadrate metre apartment in Gula Kliniken (the yellow clinic), three blocks of flats, the known local ghetto, these were inhabited by not only drug addicts and other foreigners, but also most of my ex - pat mates, especially Cain who kept me out of trouble and was probably the only person I listened to. It was time to rebuild.

About this time, I met Martin Bush. I was sitting in the Jericho Tavern in Oxford on one of my trips home and came across him. I had a load of prints done for me through a gallery in London and was selling them to get some cash, Martin bought a couple. As an artist Martin is a great, larger than life character, who had started up the craze for chalkboards in the UK. He was doing the menu boards for the pub at the time of our meeting. This was the start of a friendship and working relationship, which meant us travelling the country throughout 1996 doing the boards for many a pub. This type of sign writing, didn't exist really in Scandinavia, and I had found a market to exploit. Armed with my newly acquired photographic references of work I had been doing in the summer, I went about setting up a new venture. Things went so well for the first few weeks, I could afford to get Martin over to do some work with me.

Going from strength to strength I began working and travelling in many areas of Sweden and Denmark continuing to do so until that fateful Friday when my references were taken stolen. Faced with huge bills, I eventually had no alternative but to throw in the towel. I was on the painful road of destitution again, I was about to become financially and spiritually bankrupt. a journey along the way, leaving me having to live on food vouchers, those bits of paper they gave to any refugees and asylum seekers here in the UK at one point.



AV 26 Bring on the Clowns (study) Digital Collage 2006



AV 26 Send a postcard to Hell, everything is fine down here, Oxford

CURSE

Out of all the “Anglos” in Sweden I knew, “Walter” from Milton Keynes” was a bit of an enigma. Well spoken and slightly other - worldly, he used to pop up once or twice a year “from the country” and into the Telegrafren in Helsingborg for a couple of pints. We would generally get chatting. Walter was a mine of information, some of which seemed to be a little too “classified” for the general ear. There was something interesting about Walter, all right, but it came as quite a shock to me when he acknowledged, reinforced and verified something which, a while earlier I felt on instinct whilst at the Cemetery on the edge of town in that Commonwealth War Grave.

Discussing the paranormal is something I tend to avoid. You have either seen ghosts or you haven't. Its cut and dry as far as I am concerned. It's a curse. When the ghost of a young boy carrying a club passed through my bed and into the wall one summers evening as an eight year old, I vowed that I would never let such things happen to me again. This was difficult, because as a family we have been prone to seeing ghosts at various points in time. The last time we collectively saw something was an apparition that went through my Aunt's house outside Aylesbury, shortly after my first experience. It went through the house opening and closing the doors before going outside and disappearing down a well in the garden. It was like a very small whirlwind. According to local legend, one of the previous owners of the house had fallen down the well and drowned.

Over the next couple of pints, I began to tell Walter of what I had just experienced prior to first going



AV 26 Grandmaster Two Digital re-collage 2005



Recto Series "Into Oblivion" (section)

into hospital. This is how he clarified my story:

At various points in time during the Second World War, there were allied missions flown from a small airfield in Norway, flying due south on a direct flight path to Berlin. This passed directly between Helsingborg in Sweden, and Helsingør in Denmark and it was at this point that accidents happened and lives were lost. Top secret according to Walter, these missions were flown at night. Two searchlights were set up, one on the Swedish side and one on the Danish, These acted as a navigational aid, guiding the pilots flying directly through the point that created the cross beam and onward to their mission. All fair and good you might assume. There was one consistent problem though, the cross beam was too low. The angle of ascent was wrong, and instead of clearing land as directed by the beam, the pilots were flying straight into the side of Halland Sås, a large hill to the north of Helsingborg, in what is a tragic waste. I can't remember the exact numbers, but there are British, Canadians and Australians buried in that grave yard just outside that town. Placed almost directly next to a German war grave, this had created a strong parallax, as I found out on my first visit with Camilla, culminating in that sonic boom of energy that ultimately sent me mad.

BACK TO THE BASTARD

It was during the summer of 1988 that I first mistakenly upset and caused the wrath of a demon. This marked me out as a target later on, and instigated what I would ultimately go through. Living Hell is being in a fire close to death and surviving. Post traumatic stress of that house fire in Islington in 1993 made me susceptible later on to any negative energy surfacing, It was only the intervention of Nick Waplington later



*Psychosis Drawing, Psychiatric Hospital,
Copenhagen, 2001*

on that morning in saving my life, meaning I could write this today. Unfortunately he lost a lot in that fire and wasn't insured, something I will always regret.

During that summer of '88, my then girlfriend Sue won an £800 travel Scholarship from London Weekend Television, which we used to travel to Egypt. She was primarily interested in the mythology of Egyptian art, I was interested in the geometry and mathematical relationships that went into the creation of it. This was a legacy left over from studying

civil engineering for a while after first leaving school.

In the six weeks we spent in Egypt, the geometry was amazing, but to be honest, after a couple of weeks in the Cairo Museum, it was doing my head in. We had to have a break, so headed out into Sinai, firstly to St. Catherine's Monastery to see the site of the Burning Bush and then on to the summit of Mount Sinai where we spent the night. We then went on to Dahab. On our return to Cairo suitably refreshed we headed south to Luxor, the Aswan Dam, and the Valley of the Kings and Queens. It was here that I had the most horrific nightmare I had ever experienced at that time.

Much talk has been made and written about the curse of the Pharaohs associated with the exploration made by Howard Carter in 1922 of Tutankhamun's Tomb and the sudden deaths of Lord Carnarvon and others. True or untrue, the myth that anyone disturbing the tomb of a Pharaoh will meet an untimely death has been well stated, One thing which struck me for example whilst thinking about this, was an incredibly strong chemical smell at the entrance of the Great Pyramid when one entered it. The Egyptians were amazingly sophisticated in accomplishing feats of engineering we couldn't even begin to mimic today. Had they invented an incredibly strong chemical and placed it around the entrance to tombs to guard against invaders which being so potent, you could still smell it thousands of years later? Just a thought that struck me at the time.

On the subject of the Great Pyramid, there are 2,500,000 two - tonne blocks of stone, so precisely cut you couldn't fit a razor blade between the joins.



AV 26 Grandmaster Three "Hindsight"

There is enough building material in that one structure alone to build a perimeter wall eight feet high around the entire border of France. Initial calculations estimated that it took 90,000 men twenty five years to

erect, if my memory serves me correctly. With these statistics and the distances from the quarries where the stones were mined, based on these calculations, a stone had to be in place every 90 seconds. Almost impossible, considering the heights needed to place the stones, the only plausible way that the Egyptians could have built the pyramids was by way of neutralising gravity, developing a form of levitation.

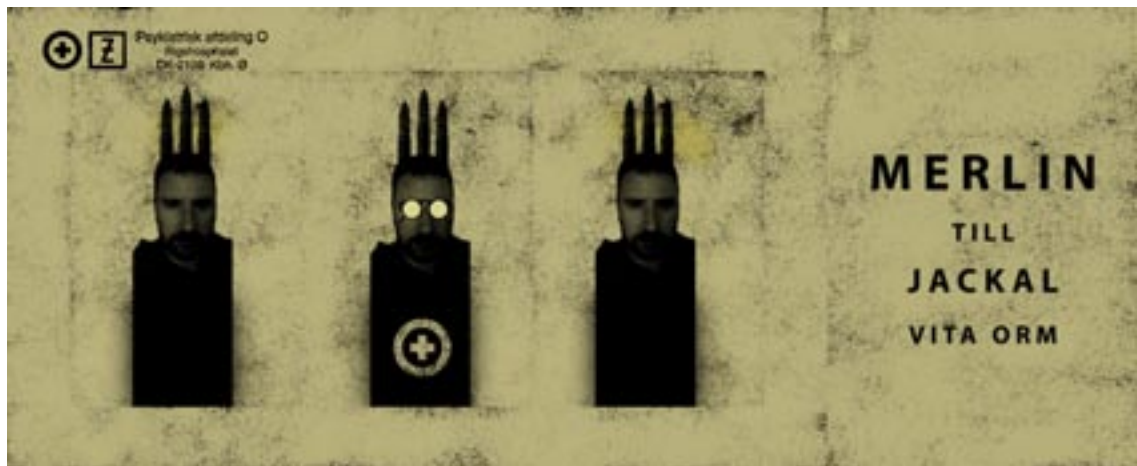
Whatever the myths and realities regarding the Egyptians, I'm not really knowledgeable enough to begin to speculate. My dream was vivid and came about as a result of one thing. During one of our many excursions out by bicycle to the Valley of the Kings, I was, one morning, in a tomb looking for something new to draw and record. This was when I came across something quite startling. Out of all the figures represented schematically in profile along the walls of the tomb, there was one very small but potent image facing towards me. That was of a demon. Thrilled at discovering something different to draw, I began to record the image. I then proceeded on with my day, thinking nothing of it until that evening.

It was so hot in Egypt in summer at that time, temperatures were easily reaching 52°C during the day, thus the need for blankets at night was minimal. As I got to sleep lying next to Sue, I was struck suddenly with the image of the demon above our bed, and Sue straddled on top of me repeatedly stabbing me in the back with incredible frenzy. Not easily scared by nightmares, this however frightened the life out of me, so vividly realistic was it. Without a second thought I immediately got up and raced to the sketchbook. Getting to the page of the image, I just ripped it out, got some matches and burnt it. That was the best solution I could think of, returning it back to the flames.

A few years later, my daughter Emma was merely eight months old when my next encounter with the flame came in Islington in 1993. With half a minute, a minute at most away from death in a room with barred windows, my life was saved by Nick Waplington. I was too weak to turn the latch on the front door. Thank God, Nick had the strength to open it. The smell, roar and heat of the flames is indescribable, enough though to say though, that, that day in Hartham Road, I really did go through the living embodiment of Hell, and managed only to get out with the help of Nick. A tragic accident in which all three of us could have died, unfortunately one he seems to blame me for which I neither admit of deny. I simply don't know, we were all off our heads and at the end of the day I am just thankful that Emma wasn't there, because she nearly was.



Testimente II Digital Collage 2006



AV 26 Return of the Viking Digital Collage 2007

DANCING WITH THE DEVIL

To get it straight, you simply don't f**k around with the Devil, he f**ks around with you. If he is feeling like a real bastard he'll introduce you to the wife, the Arch Bitch. If you want to know, the closest thing you will get to her around here is by checking out Wildenstein in New York. Old power, old money. Forget your figureheads and those who like to stand on podiums, this is backstage and behind the scenes, the real power, from real descent, pure f**king nastiness, purely bred. I met it a couple of times in conversation, I felt the pain, thank god only twice, it was enough to put me on a stretcher both times, into an ambulance, and straight up to hospital.

During the ritual I was put through after first contact with that graveyard in Helsingborg, I ended up one evening in my mate Little Darren's apartment, I lost count later of how many times I was sectioned. Little Darren was a good friend from London, who used to cut my hair. He had been living in Sweden for quite some time, but that evening on his sofa, he had never seen me in such agony, I was crying like a baby. Earlier, he had rescued me, after seeing me going berserk and charging at a queue of people outside the Tivoli with a bit of four by two in my hand. He caught up with me outside The Dubliner bare-chested demanding a T shirt from the bouncers; it was about minus eight that evening and cold. They had already refused me entry. This was a Friday or Saturday night, I don't remember. Monday afternoon prior to this, I had walked into that pub, borrowed a magic marker from behind the bar and proceeded into the gents toilets where I embarked on covering the whole toilet from floor to ceiling in anti republican graffiti. I didn't particularly want to do it, I had too, I



Commonwealth War Grave Helsingborg Sweden 2007

had no choice, it was as simple as that. I had rattled the cage and the cage was rattling me. Two days later I walked in to the pub again, out on another one. Word had got around about what I had done at this point and the tension was all too apparent. I had an Irish mate working behind the bar though, whom I later found out was a loyalist. He gave me a quick glass of water before suggesting for my own good that I made my exit. It was one of about seven or eight pubs I had managed to get banned from that week. I had gone berserk with so much pain, I was running at traffic screaming, You would have eas-

ily heard me on those streets from a few hundred yards if you had been around at that time; little surprise then that I wasn't exactly customer of the week.

Little Darren was with his girlfriend Anja. I was cold and confused and Darren could see that. I became quite lucid around people I knew though, it was the "turnips" I was upset with, not Darren. He was just in for a shock when I got back to his apartment. Like the proverbial hell fire, I let out a primal scream. As I sat on Little Darren's sofa, it came up through the cushion, entering my body through the left cheek of my backside. Shocked I let out a scream, it was unlike any pain I had ever experienced. Systematically and methodically, this pain slowly began travelling around my body, contaminating as it went. It was pencil lead thin, travelling against the flow of blood, going against the stream like a torpedo, unadulterated agony pure and simple. As God is my witness, testament lies with Darren and Anja. I begged them to call an ambulance. What seemed like half an hour passed as I desperately tried to push this object out of my body. I was hyper ventilating, almost passing out in agony, Crying like a baby, lost in the wilderness, never ever had that happened before, it was too systematic, too unworlly.

Finally the ambulance arrived. They wheeled in a stretcher and put me on it. I was winning though at this point and was in recovery. I put on a pair of dark sunglasses and thanked and apologised to Darren before leaving. Off my head time again, the ambulance seemed like a space ship. Up to A & E I went, though my calm was short lived, I was about to explode with rage again as I entered the hospital. My journey had been simmering and building up for



Avdelning 26 Out of Eden

some time now, and the ritual seemed to be going on for weeks. Seconds turned into minutes, minutes turned into hours, hours into days, days into weeks. I was so scared and wired, my instincts were now animal. I had regressed and my brain capacity had increased accordingly. All sorts of information was passing through me. I was like a funnel and voice box, the electro - magnetic energy almost making me like rubber in reflex. Quite bizarre how this happened really. I had been on a downer for ages since my stuff was stolen, and was pissing my friends right off accordingly. Whilst at Cain's place one evening with Dion and a couple of others, I was duly told to shut up with my moaning. One thing led to another. I was desperate to get home and so bet them all a 1000 Kronor, roughly £100 each, that I would shut up and not say a word for two weeks to anyone, not even Camilla whom I was living with, not a soul. Game on. I took a pad of paper and pen and went home.. This was quite something and a bit of a shock for Camilla

when I arrived at her place. After about half an hour of gesturing and writing on the pad that I was not speaking to her verbally on a bet, she was on the phone to Cain asking what the hell was wrong with me. Of course by this point I was on my way to going mad. The interesting aspect about writing down your conversations word for word as they occur is that you somehow improve your intellectual capacity. Many of you reading this will believe that the text in this document could be written slightly better; that the grammar and spelling might be a bit sloppy, simply that it could just be better. The truth is, that I am writing this on an ad hoc basis, pretty much as it happened without any real need to prove myself with the written word. I express myself through art, that is what I do best, I illustrate the book, not write the story - although this is pretty much as it happened in a succinct sort of way. I am a great believer in the power of the mis-spelt word, of mixing of languages and deliberate misspellings in context for example. As long as your word is your bond and you don't break it, then it doesn't matter how it is spelt at the end of the day. One of the great asset values of a work of art, is the fact that as a contract, it cannot be forged or broken unlike currency for instance, which is quite easily replicated.

I think I remained mute for almost four days. I don't know about myself but it was driving everyone else around me crazy. Sod it I thought, I am not speaking Swedish let alone English to anyone, I couldn't be bothered. It was a laugh, but I was crying inside. Slowly but surely I was losing my soul. One thing led to another, then another and it just didn't seem to stop. I became out of control and in a world I can only describe really as pass-



Put them back Cain January 2007

ing through the suicide barrier, the real twilight world.

Back to my outburst. The reason why I totally lost control on entering the hospital, having been stretchered there from Little Darren's was because on arriving at reception, I was faced with the security guard who had almost caused my demise the night before. It was too cold a time of the year really to be mucking around in Sweden, but that previous evening I had nearly died of hypothermia. I had been on the road for days it seemed, not sleeping and running wild, in the woods and all over, sneaking a number of times on and off the ferries over to Denmark. I couldn't find my passport at the

time, but it didn't seem to bother me. I had never done any real exercises except a march over Salisbury Plain as a twelve year old with rucksack and rifle in hand, but this one was a tough one for sure and I had big blisters on my feet. Anyway this particular night I lost all energy. I had to get home, it was too cold. I was in Palsjo Skog, the forest just outside town and home was about 5 km away. I started walking.

The general hospital in Helsingborg was only a couple of hundred yards from my house. By the time I got there I was on my last legs. To cut a long story short, I collapsed on the floor at the foot of the reception desk, but, instead of offering me at least a seat, let alone a cup of coffee, this f**king thug of a security guard simply picked me up and threw me back out of the door. I was almost delirious with pain. One thing saved me that night though and one thing alone, - it was a half brick. Driven right up onto the pavement outside the front door was a police car. With all my remaining strength, I picked up the brick and threatened to put it through the windscreen of the car. Consequently, of course, I got arrested, taken to the station and put in the cells for the night.

Funny night that night turned out to be strangely enough in the end. Although in a cell, my door was left open. After a couple of hours to recuperate and not getting any response from the buzzer, I decided to go and explore. Firstly I popped into the toilet next door, had a pee and put all the toilet paper and paper towels down the toilet. It was quite artistic in an anarchic sort of way, and important to regain some form of humour to see me through. This I found on my second excursion out of the cell. I sneaked out, down the corridor and under the charge desk. I



AIZ Retro Digital Collage 2007

dutifully filled out a load of crime sheets implicating all my mates on a load of fictitious crimes. The best one was implicating Cain on a bra and knicker stealing crime spree, one he still knows nothing about to this present day, unless of course he subsequently got arrested without my knowledge.

Back to the police cell, I then got the rest I very much needed. I don't know who the policeman was I met in the morning though, but he looked important. I think the lack of tea came into our conversation, needless to say, he got the same wrath as the security guard did the previous and following night, pure fury. I was at this point truly livid.

DANCING WITH THE DEVIL
AZRAEL SEQUENCE



AV 26 Azrael One Digital Collage 2007



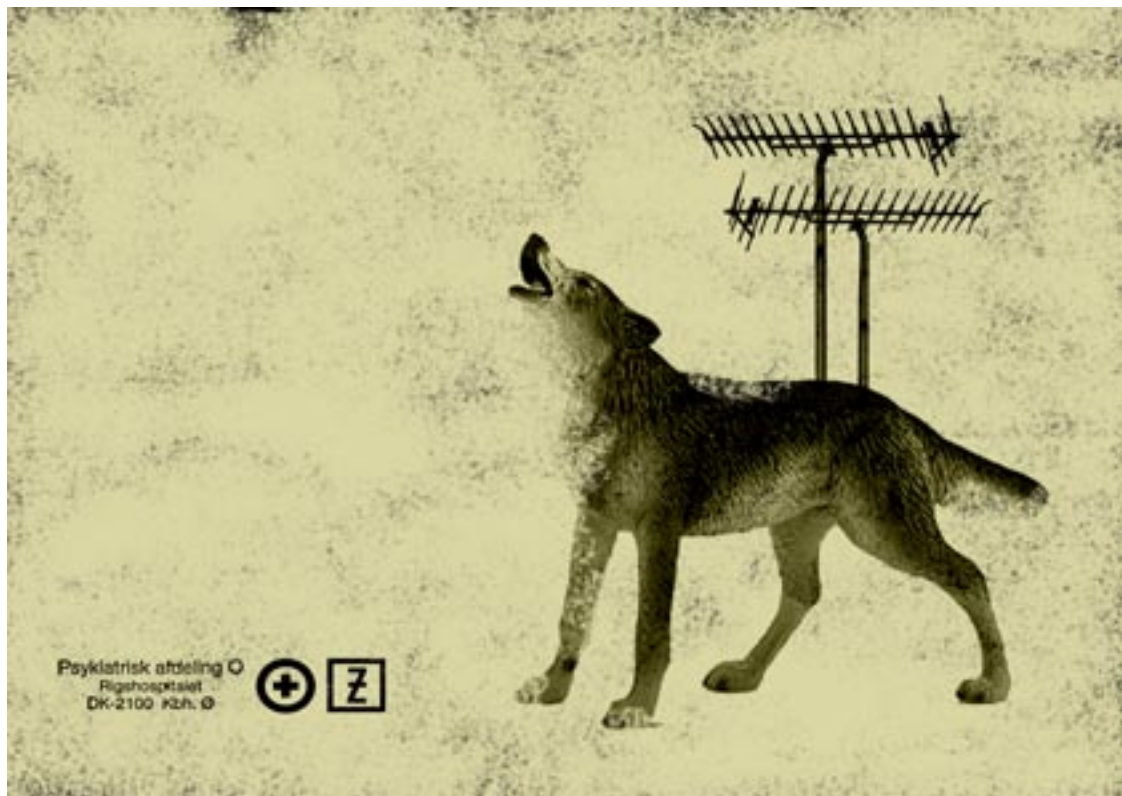
AV 26 Azrael Two Digital Collage 2007



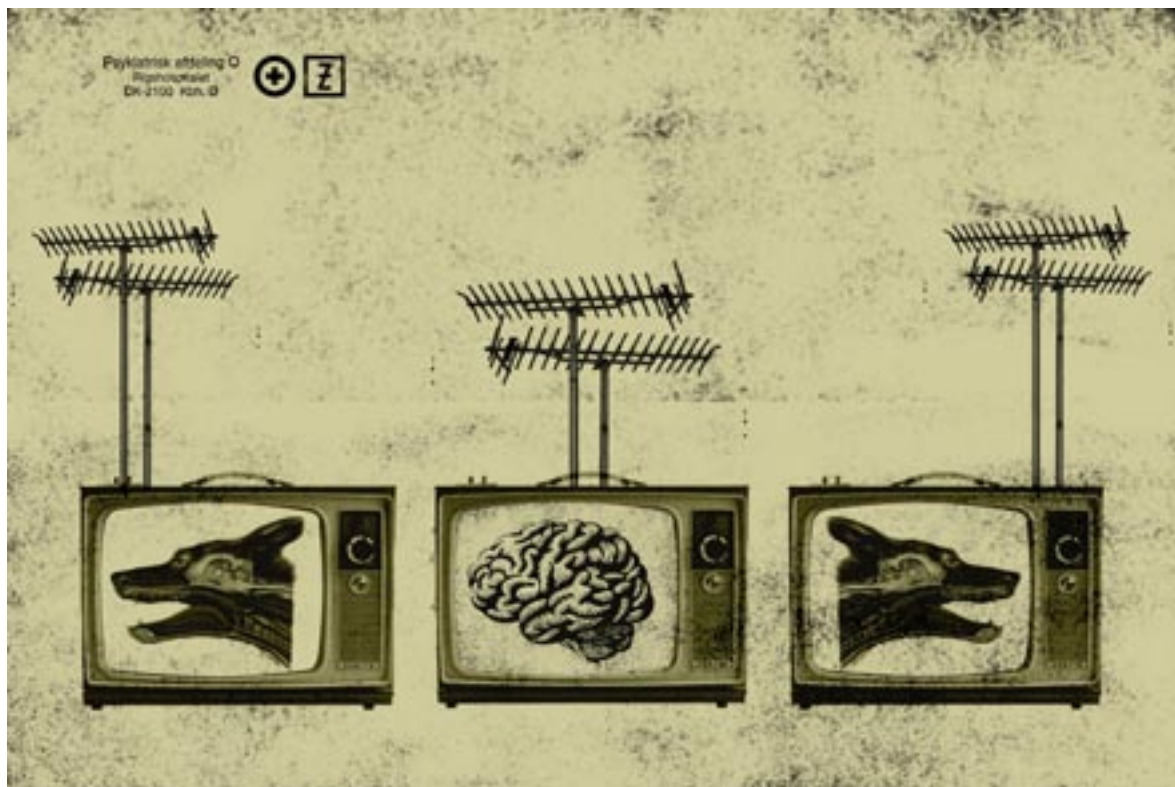
AV 26 Azrael Three Digital Collage 2007



AV 26 Beowulf Digital Collage 2007



AV 26 Beowulf Two Digital Collage 2007



AV 26 Osipov Digital Collage 2007



AV 26 With Paul Digital Collage 2007

STATES OF MADNESS

The Azrael Sequence refers to my first encounters in that graveyard with Camilla and the subsequent symbolism within that journey. This work was first shown outside the studio in Perm, Russia during June 2007. To show this work for the first time in Russia was poignant. One of my great great grand fathers was Osipov., Royal Physician to the former Tsar. I saw a CBS 60 minutes documentary whilst in Sweden in the early nineties, where a short clip from the Institute of Neurology in Moscow, showed an obsession the Communists had with collecting famous Russian brains. As the American journalist went on, first out came Lenin's brain, followed by Stalin's brain and then what appeared to be Osipov's brain. I would like to see the clip again to verify that I wasn't mis-hearing things and someone else such as Asimov was mentioned, but if it is true and that was Osipov's brain, then, I would have been the only one in our family to have seen him : the brain without a face; as no one has seen his photograph. Regardless of this, his daughter Natalia, met Thomas Spink towards the end of the nineteenth century and they married in Archangel in Siberia before coming to England.

Interesting man, Thomas Spink. Coming from Staithes in North Yorkshire, he left home and ran away to sea at the age of twelve. Years later he ended up owning two ships as I understand it and St. Katherines Docks in London. Leaving the deeds to the Docks in supposed safe keeping with a priest in Dale Houses in North Yorkshire, he ended up losing his ownership to the Docks due to their mysterious disappearance. St. Katherines Docks then passed into the hands of the then Government, the first docks of their kind to be owned so.



Desecrated Graves of Captain Thomas Spink and Natalia Osipov, Saltburn Cleveland 2007

This aside, his wife Natalia, once in England became so incensed with the way she felt that the British Royal Family treated the Romanov's that she refused to speak English for the rest of her life, in spite of being able to speak several languages.

Whilst in Russia and reiterating this story to the Russian media, I stated that, besides the fact that I have Russian blood in me, what was most poignant I thought was that in some way, I was taking Natalia back home to Russia. I made a Power Point presentation including the photographs of their vandalised graves, showing it along side the work I was showed in Perm. To return someone to their motherland is most

important. When faced with my problems in Sweden, the one thing keeping me going was the fact that I did not, under any circumstances want to be buried there.

Conscious and unconscious reality are difficult concepts to grasp. What is real or perceived to be real? Is the Shaman correct in summoning spirits any more than someone playing around with a ouiji board? Interesting questions, with no ready answers. Going mad, goes under many guises. In the grand scheme of things, the label best describing me goes under the category “Bi Polar Affective Disorder.” I personally think this term is misleading and slightly liberal middle class. When someone asks me what I am, I much prefer to be called a manic depressive. When stressed, I don’t sleep. When I don’t sleep for a while, I get sleep deprivation. When this happens I begin to slip into the world of conscious and unconscious reality. It opens the void for me into a place I am indicating at here in words and pictures. A world extremely painful for me to admit knowing about initially, “Dancing with the Devil” as a project began to surface in May 2005, after much soul searching. In most Western societies, it is perfectly acceptable to behave like a total idiot on a Friday or Saturday night whilst drunk. Shout and scream your head off on a Monday afternoon, walking around barefoot holding up traffic however, and you get arrested. This is the hypocrisy of society. That’s the life you are pushed into, a life of the third class citizen, one with the mantle of mental health strapped around your neck. Many people disowned me when I lost the plot, but my family luckily stuck by me. I placed myself in many uncompromising situations, especially as in essence, I am a private individual. For the preceding three years prior to 2005, there wasn’t a day spent without me cringing at something I had done, or the way I had behaved. It was a very



*Grave of Natalia with the inscription “Christ has risen”
in Russian Digital Collage 2007*

difficult time for me personally to come to terms with. I left England in 1991, initially for three days. I had two holdalls, one for art equipment, one for clothes. Eight years on, I was back in England with one suitcase, and at the mercy of the authorities.

The mental health system has been very good to me. My penultimate stay in hospital heralded a really nice bed and breakfast flat in an old Victorian house, in which I stayed for two years, before getting a another bedsit and finally moved to the place I am living in now. My life back then was as pitiful as me really. The turnaround came the day I stopped drinking, smoking and taking drugs. I smoked a lot of marijuana in my time, something I will never do again. The following reflects how it would feel, if you found yourself walking naked in a dream, one Saturday afternoon along the busiest shopping street in your town, unaware of the fact you had no clothes on. This is how one feels whilst going mad. This is “States of Madness, Recluse Variations.”

STATES OF MADNESS

RECLUSE VARIATIONS



States of Madness, Recluse Variation One



States of Madness, Recluse Variation Two



States of Madness, Recluse Variation Three



States of Madness, Recluse Variation Four



States of Madness, Recluse Variation Five



States of Madness, Recluse Variation Six



States of Madness, Recluse Variation Seven



States of Madness, Recluse Variation Eight



AV 26 Diabolos Digital Collage , 2005

PSYCHOSIS

As previously mentioned, there is a fine line between conscious and unconscious reality: a place where dreams mix with nightmares, a place where the lines between what is perceived and what is real become blurred. Whether what is experienced is credible or not is debatable, as is the question of sanity, regardless of mine, or yours. Myths and legends, visions and apparitions all transpire when boundaries are blurred. What occurred to me was deep and profound. Even writing this now, I still feel I cannot divulge everything about my experiences. It's as if I have almost taken a vow of silence in some respects, although being involved in this project has certainly helped me in my own personal healing process. I really was a spent force after going through the experiences outlined in this manuscript, producing it has been very instrumental in that healing process.

I am not a very religious person as previously stated, although I have participated in several religious acts. Apart from doing a pavement drawing of a Russian Icon outside St. Paul's Cathedral and being subsequently being told to move on by one of the priests there, the largest was being sent out to Berlin in 1989 to paint on that memorial on the Wall. That had a profound effect on me. Apart from this, I am quite pragmatic. I don't wish to promote myself as some form of visionary; and if asked, to be quite honest, I couldn't give a shit what star sign you are, it doesn't do anything for me. I only have my own disturbing experiences to go by, and can only share them with you accordingly. I will only do so however under a "what if" scenario, to leave the debate open.



*Psychosis Drawing, Psychiatric Hospital,
Copenhagen, 2001*

Whilst in Avdelning 26 in Sweden, and the State hospital in Copenhagen, I at last found sanctuary, the outside world had become a dangerous place. I began to produce many diagrams and sketches as a direct result of what was going through my mind. They formed a sort of almanac of various aspects of humanity, looking into areas as diverse as architecture and engineering, ecology, trade and commerce; mythology and global population growth, as well as a game of speed chess on a win win situation. It became a game of destruction: Bankrupt the world. Because of the constant stress I had been under, and the internalisation of my vocal process into the written

word, my brain had somehow become super charged. I was at times using almost full capacity; so fast were my reactions. I was not only physically extremely fast, I could also almost pre - empt conversation. I was and had been at my constant wits end against the Devil at this point, and forced to become very negative. Thankfully being in the safe environment of a secure unit lessened physical danger, apart from the threat from other patients, which I had to be on constant guard against. I now had time to think, rather than just react to situations. Under some extremely strong sedative medication, I began to come down to normal again.

They had quite an abundant library of books at Avdelning 26. It was in my opinion one of the best conceived designs, architecturally I had ever come across, not necessarily as a hospital unit, more like an office complex, where productivity could be increased many times. It even had an old peoples home next to it, which would have been perfect in terms of consultation. If the whole complex were set aside for research and development, for instance the older generation could feel useful in terms of the transfer of knowledge, continue to earn a wage, be near their families and be self governing. If it sounds like Utopia, the underside is a warning: Armageddon, 2010. I mentioned earlier in a what if scenario, not a definite: "What if the world were about to slip into a state of no return. No Hollywood crashes of thunder or parting of seas; just a silent slip into a point of balance of no return. A slow slide into a state of extinction, one final act of rape and plunder. I had this flashing through my mind in 1998, and again in 2001, it was driving me insane, but what could I do about it other than be put through the game wait-



Avdelning 26 Helsingborg Sweden

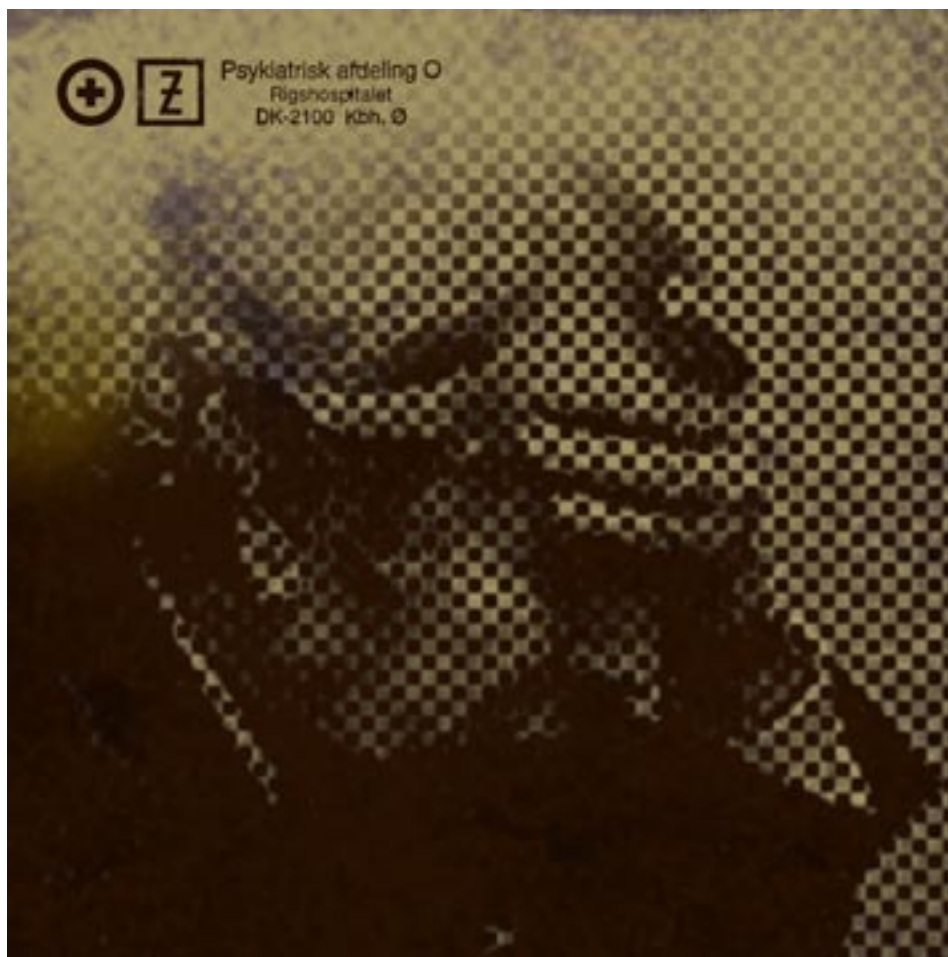
ing for me. Wrong time, wrong place. I must have produced almost 200 drawings whilst in hospital, roughly 100 in Sweden and the rest in Denmark and the UK. They were ancient drawings being funnelled through me from somewhere else, and totally unlike anything I would normally do. So disturbed by what I had drawn the first time round, I destroyed all of them, only later repeating them in a more diluted form. I still have them tucked away and would reproduce more here, if the space would allow. They remain some of the source materials for the rest of the work reproduced here.

It's a frightening thought, the idea of the end? Personally speaking I have had enough to last a lifetime, As a result, I have been on an almost constant media blackout for the last couple of years. I can hardly stomach listening to the radio, let alone watch television or read the newspaper. If I did, I would almost certainly cave in, especially in producing this artwork. There seems little joy left in this Garden of Eden, why be reminded of it?

STATIONS OF THE CROSS
DISCIPLES
STATES OF DESPAIR



Stations of the Cross Disciple One



Stations of the Cross Disciple Two



Stations of the Cross Disciple Three



Stations of the Cross Disciple Four



Stations of the Cross Disciple Five



Stations of the Cross Disciple Six



Stations of the Cross Disciple Seven



Stations of the Cross Disciple Eight



Stations of the Cross Disciple Nine



Stations of the Cross Disciple Ten



Stations of the Cross Disciple Eleven



Stations of the Cross Disciple Twelve



Send a postcard to Hell. Everything is fine down here
Radcliffe Camera, Oxford Digital Collage 2006

OUT WITH THE FAIRIES

Propaganda and world history are strange bed fellows. From a British point of view, the last great world event was the Second World War. Sweden as a neutral country during that war spun things in a different light. In their equivalent of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the period between 1939 and 1945 is punctuated with quaint pictures of people riding through meadows on horseback. Call me mad, but that's not how the British saw it. All things permitting though, Sweden is a very long and porous country, one that is easy to slip in and out of. We are lucky here in the UK, in that we are an island, one that is very difficult to invade, a natural fortress, with plenty of people to support it. Sweden has a population of only around 9 million and is predominantly forest, almost a losing battle in terms of invasion. I have known some Swedish soldiers in my time though and they are extremely professional. They were and are thus neutral for a reason, and my daughter is Swedish so I only have good things to say really.

I was very well looked after in Avdelning 26. There were however some very unpredictable people in there. Quite a few were "speed heads," who, by injecting amphetamines, made their behaviour unpredictable. I looked after myself by running around, doing press ups and almost backward handstands - anything to keep them away from me. Only one time though did someone take a swipe at me, and luckily I could feel it coming. It seemed as if so much electromagnetic energy was flowing through me that I dodged it quite easily. He was coming at me from behind, but for some reason I could still sense it. This incident apart, for the first time since I was a child, I felt free to explore subjects I hadn't looked



Self Portrait (Beowulf) Digital Collage 2006

into for years, and unexpected ones as well. I had a regime where I would play myself at speed chess on a win win basis, to sharpen up my intellect, then proceed to draw, paint and any other activity that came to mind. I only know one form of chess though and that is attack. I worked with a friend Calle, at a theatre called Röda Kvarn for a while, who was the Swedish under 16 champion. For the first two games I beat him, but subsequently I lost every time as he worked out my game. I haven't played chess since, not so much because I got beaten, more because I just got bored really easily.

My Grandmother believed in one thing quite adamantly. She thought the whole story of man landing on the moon was a Hollywood stunt, set up to fool us.

Makes a lot of sense really, and would save you a lot of money in the process. Just send another rocket up and stick a satellite in it. Quids in, I reckon, and would some what explain why Neil Armstrong has become a virtual recluse selling paintings of spacemen for a living. My brother Steve was clever enough to study Astronomy, whilst at college and could calculate the distances between planets. Fair enough, too complex for me, but as far as I am concerned, there is nothing up there of any value to us what so ever, so what is the point, other than for having communications satellites? People should look down in wonder at what is around their feet and not upwards into the abyss.

Whilst under psychosis, the difference between real and unreal is not clear. I mentioned the immense pain I was put under whilst with Darren. It was on Boxing Day of 2000 that the exact same thing happened to me again, in England. This time I was staying over at my mothers. The screaming I made frightened the life out of my family, I was running up and down the road outside the house barefoot to try and mask the pain. My mother called an ambulance and my brother took me to the John Radcliffe Hospital where I was calmed down by the most beautiful Glaswegian nurse I had ever come across. She was a true angel, one who came at just the right time. The police arrived eventually and I was taken down to the cells. I was subsequently sectioned and put into hospital again.

I met some of the most amazing people in hospital, some with true genius. Because of the stigma attached to the label of mental illness, they were almost left to rot without being heard. These are the very people we are brought up to be afraid of. Well, I can say hand on heart that some of the best people I have met and

known are manics and schizophrenics. Some say the voices they hear are the voices of their dead twins from a previous life. Others mention telepathy, Why not?

After living for a while in Brooklyn at the height of the “murder season” in New York in the early nine-ties, I can pretty much say I have become a good judge of character and have learned what to avoid. In other words I can spot someone dodgy quite easily. This isn't in most cases applicable to people I've met in hospital, not in the UK anyway. Spotting someone dodgy though led to my brush with the Danish Secret Police, so it is not always a good thing.

The story sort of goes like this:

I was ready to move out of England again in 2001 and was saving up £20 a week from unemployment benefit on just over £50. I had £200, before Martyn invited me to help build and design his pub in Copenhagen. Over - sleeping on this project was a problem because of the tight deadlines and long hours. There was nothing too it but to stop taking the medication; a recipe for disaster really, consequently making me more and more manic. Whilst going through this period I recognised that, we were almost constantly being watched by a group associated with a restaurant across the street. In terms of protection money this worried me for Martyn's sake. He had left his Swedish ID card behind the bar of a pub for instance, so firstly I made sure that he got that back. I then went over the road into the restaurant one evening with everyone else and proceeded to shadow punch the walls, making enough sound for it to be affective, all this and a bit of a song and dance. That got these boys on the phone to one and other, their phones we obviously tapped for good reason, and the rest is history as far as Danish Secret Police involvement is concerned.

OBERON CHRONICLES
THE DOOMSDAY CONSEQUENCE



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Shroud



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Secession



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Descent



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Announce



Oberon Chronicles Domsday Consequence Reflect



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Resonate



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Throne



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Abate



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Bitch Chair



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Squadron



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Phallus



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Prophecy



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Demigrate



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Portrait of God



Oberon Chronicles Doomsday Consequence Portrait of the Devil

STOCKHOLM

The night after the night we arrived in Stockholm in a bar in Södermalm, I asked Camilla to marry me. It was Valentines Day, 1998, barely a few months after we first met. We had travelled up for the opening of Moderna Museet. Moderna Museet was the main modern art museum in Stockholm and was directed by at the time by David Elliot. I worked for David many years prior to this at the Museum of Modern Art in Oxford and approached him for an invitation to the opening. This was in order to try and gain interest in a project I was devising at the time, a form of documentary about our group of “ex pats,” seeming to create a network around the various cities in Sweden. Colin Nutley as an Englishman is probably the most famous non Swedish film director in Scandinavia. I had written to him outlining ideas I had for the project, and very graciously got a hand written reply in less than 24 hours. Unfortunately, at that time he was too busy with other commitments. It was a shot in the dark going to that opening exhibition, a bit of a hiding to nothing but I had to take the risk. Probably the closest I got to anything was chatting to a french diplomat, who seemed interested at the time. The problem with all these types of conversation though is that alcohol is involved. The next day you are a distant memory, or one best forgotten.

If you believe in reincarnation or regression therapy then “you have been here before.” In terms of meeting an old soul, for me Camilla was and is the definitive article. She, more than anyone at the time knew and realised what I was going through, and stood by me, throughout my first initial visits to hospital. At the end of the day this is something I will always be grateful to her for.



Antithesis One Digital Collage 2005

There was a definite sense of magic that night. The air was crisp. Södermalm is a very beautiful area of Stockholm, which is definitely the most beautiful city I have visited to date. Something quite odd happened to me there though which was to trigger off the events that happened whilst we both left the graveyard. We had arrived in Stockholm late afternoon, early evening with little idea of where we were going to stay. We took a chance and found a beautiful floating hostel, known purely as “The Red

Boat” on Lake Mälaren, at the meeting of the Baltic. That boat is a very special boat and will always live vividly in my memory.

I don’t know the answer, but is it really possible to meet God? That first night we had been to some of the many wonderful bars in Södermalm, and eventually got back to the boat. Not feeling tired, we moved up to the front and went into a small room to sit down. As we entered the room, there was a middle aged man sitting at a table, his work surrounding him. He hardly looked up at us, or gave us a second glance let alone a greeting. He was busy, and nothing was going to disturb him. I had an overwhelming feeling of being in the presence of someone truly holy. This was God, pure and simple. He looked up but didn’t acknowledge us, he was busy. Camilla and I both sat down very quietly, not daring to move or say a word. We just stared at each other almost in shock. A few minutes later we quietly left the room. I wasn’t to see him again until the night I was first taken to hospital from Darren’s apartment. As I stood furiously screaming at that security guard in the reception that night, there was a door open into a room to the left of me. There was a mirror on the wall, and in the reflection was the man from the Red Boat; clear as day. He was standing there smiling at me.

The evening after the opening of Moderna Museet Camilla had accepted my proposal. We decided to again have a walk and explore around Södermalm, this time through the back streets. Although Camilla did accept my offer initially, we never went through with the idea of marriage, although we did stay together for quite a while afterwards, and still remain good friends. We were walking around and suddenly came across a raised walkway between



Union Digital Collage 2006

two sets of buildings. So amazing and beautiful was this setting, we decided to photograph one another. As we faced each other, she first took a photograph of me. I then proceeded to take a picture of her, I was about to release the shutter when I did something very strange. I pointed it up to the sky and let off the flash. There was no rain that evening, but there was a flash of fork lightning the second I pressed the button, as though I had beacons myself. Camilla’s picture came out although surrounded as me in mist - our Guardian Spirits according to her. I believe her.

RECTO SERIES
EPISODES INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS



Recto Series Episode One Carion Call



Recto Series Episode Two The Guardians tale



Recto Series Episode Three Almanac



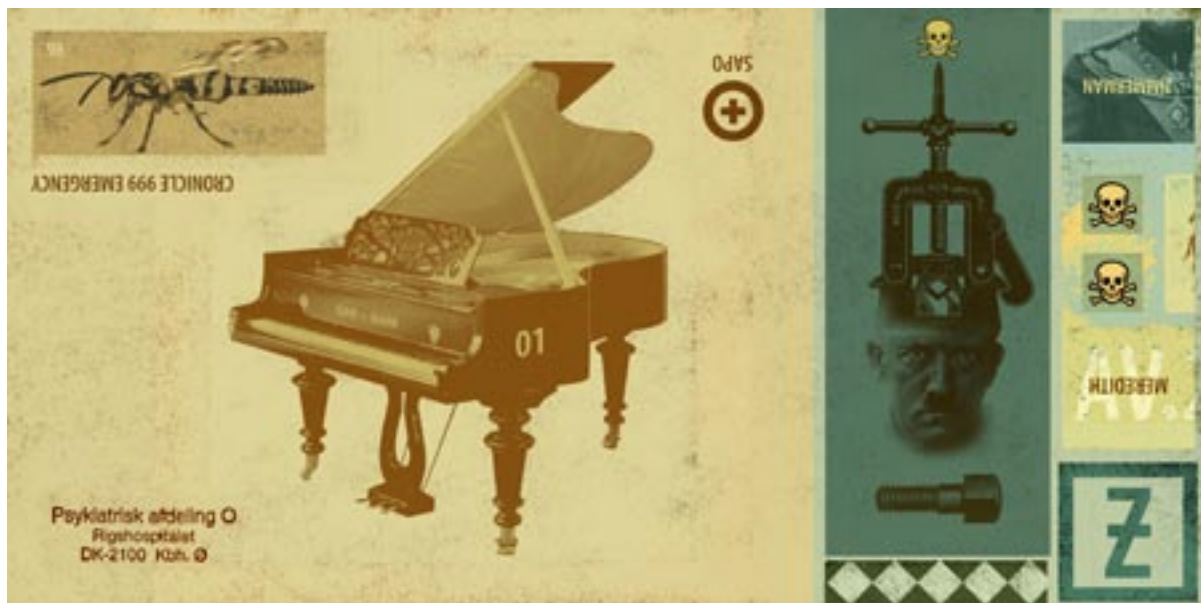
Recto Series Episode Four Journey to Stockholm



Recto Series Episode Five Blighty



Recto Series Episode Six Avdelning 26



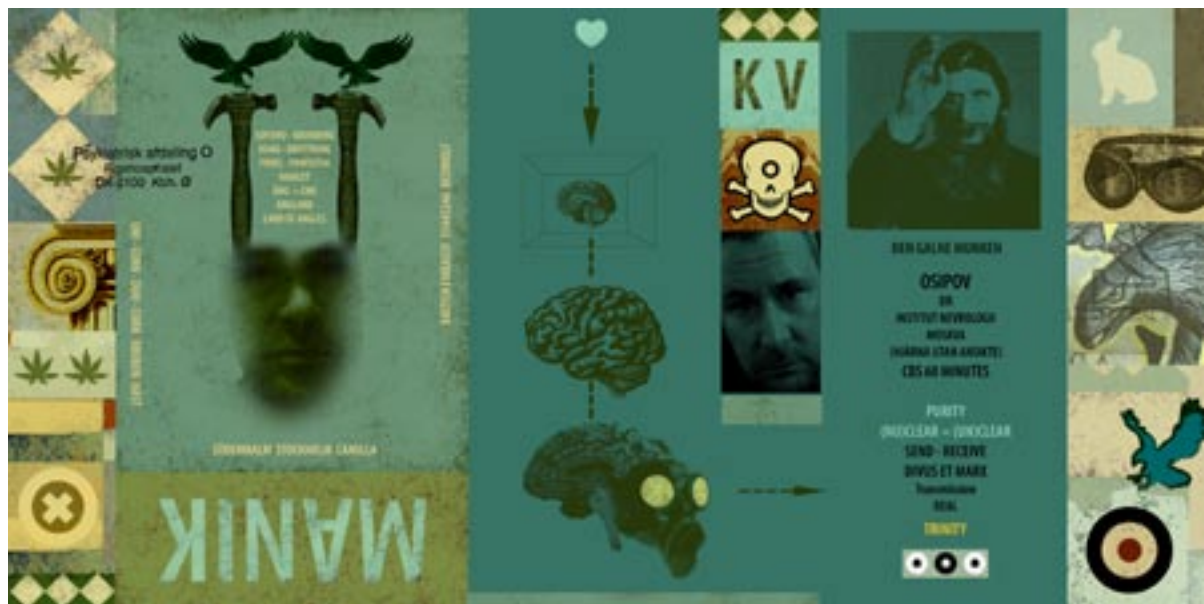
Recto Series Episode Seven Confrontation Copenhagen



Recto Series Episode Eight Proposition



Recto Series Episode Nine Negotiation



Recto Series Episode Ten You deal



Recto Series Episode Twelve Unicorn on a Unicycle



Recto Series Episode Thirteen Broker



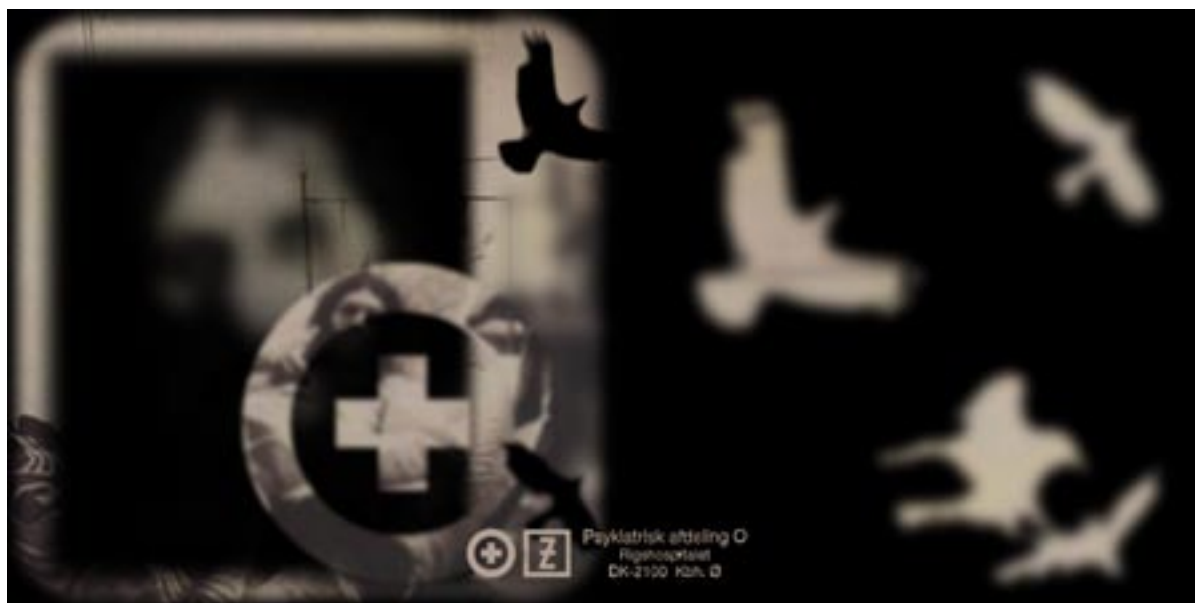
Recto Series Episode Fourteen S Hammar



Recto Series Episode Fifteen Betrayal



Recto Series Episode Sixteen Retribution



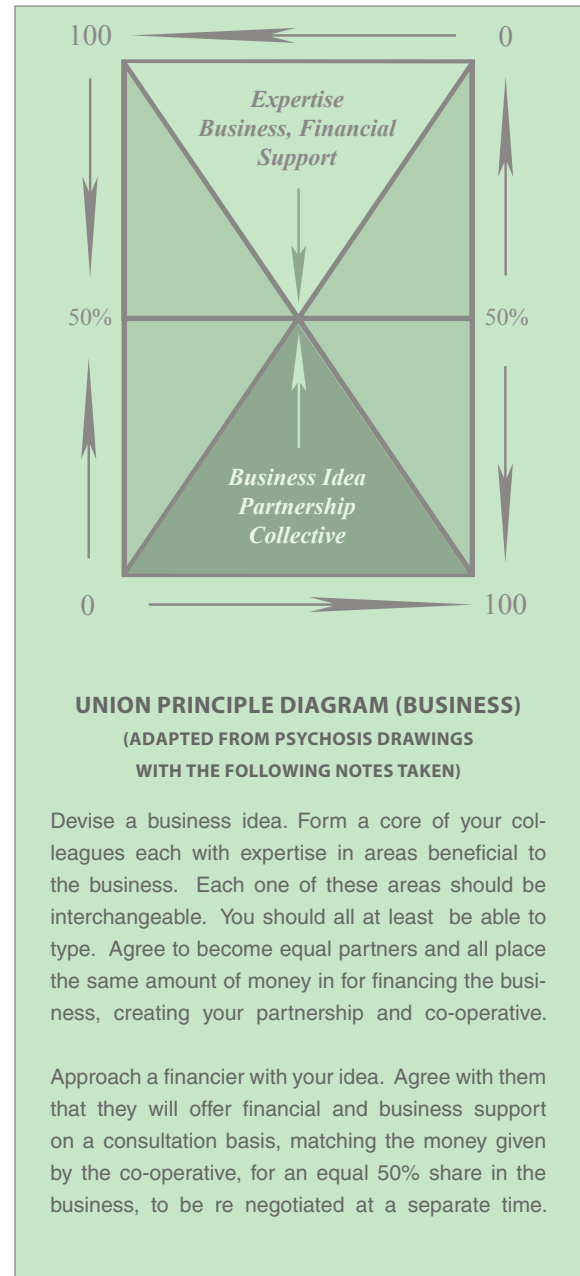
Recto Series Episode Seventeen Locust

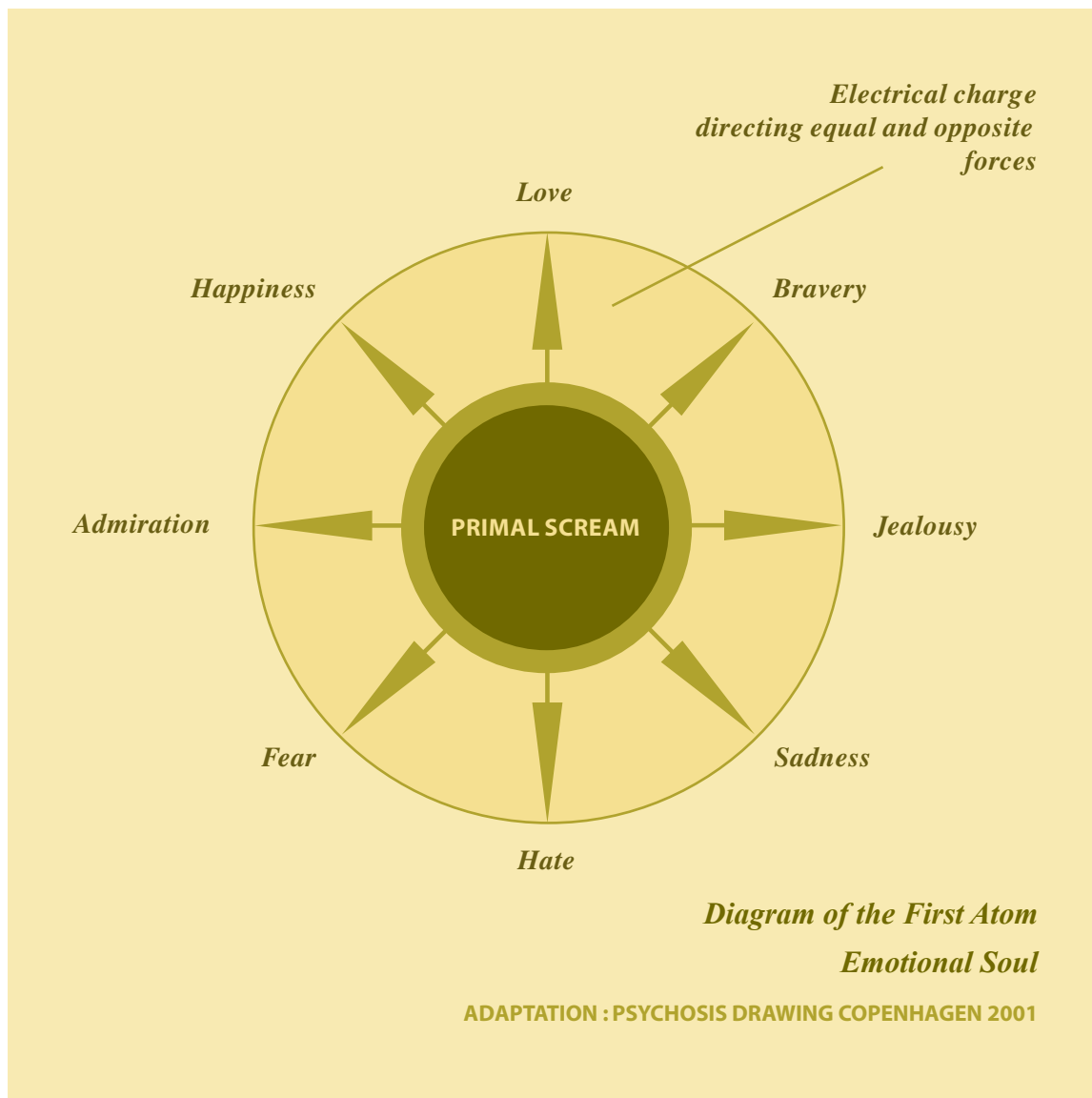
INSIDE A LOST MIND

The game of world destruction, was not just a game played out by myself and the powers that be whilst in Avedelning 26 in Sweden, it is played out by all of us every day, through lack of caring or understanding of what is around us. It is a game of Good and Evil, but it is not quite as clear cut as that.

I am by no means 100% pure, in fact I would go so far to say that there is a large part of me that is pure Evil. Between the two extremes though I prefer to remain neutral; on the tight rope separating the two forces. In a diagram of life this is the essence of soul, the primal scream. And in the case of the game, "Better the devil you know."

If you are going to play a game of life and death with the Devil, and with his feminine half for that matter, then you have to speak their language. If you believe the Christian religion was predominantly created by the male of the species, then maybe the immaculate conception should be re defined as masturbation in this case? In fact, maybe the whole notion of religion should be re examined? Dwelling on this for a moment, maybe speaking out of turn, and guilty of blasphemy, in my eyes, its a very bad mother, who sits swathed in numerous robes and garments whilst allowing her child to sit naked on her knee. Allow me one second for a bit of "Art Speak." Painted Renaissance masterpieces such as any of the Madonna and Child paintings, would have taken weeks if not months to create. Both mother and child would have to remain as still as possible, whilst painted, so not to worry if the child dies of cold in the meantime. This is not a case of someone being referred to social services for wilful neglect of their offspring, no this is





your standard depiction of the “Madonna and Child.” If this study were taken today in photographic form it would instantly be labelled child pornography. To allow myself a slight digression So who’s right then, you or Christianity? Forget the “Da Vinci Code.” for a moment, do you even know what you are looking at when you see a Madonna and Child? Don’t take it personally but most of you can’t even see beyond the “picture varnish.” You just marvel at the technique you call masterful because, in the scheme of things, the make up brush you are holding in comparison, wouldn’t even be big enough to dust your arse, let alone anything else. In fact that’s where you can stick your bloody Madonna and Child as far as I am concerned. How come for instance there are no “Me and my Mum” paintings of Jesus and Mary when they were both a bit older? Are you going to tell me they hadn’t invented photography at the time. Ever looked at a picture, or are you too busy dismissing art as an activity only taken up by people who cant do anything else? In which case solving the world’s problems through science, will probably lead to it’s ultimate destruction. Always looking down a microscope trying to understand an abstract pattern, unfortunately you probably cant appreciate an abstract painting. I reckon it would be really funny if it was discovered that Jesus was actually a girl through your Da Vinci Code, and that “she” was one of those bearded ladies you see in the circus; walking around with a spare pack of Daz Automatic under “her” tunic just in case, for that special occasion “she” had to pop into the launderette. What else to say but.....“What an effing result.....!”

Now, back to business.....So wrong time, wrong place. I had stumbled upon something in Sweden, almost ten years ago now which sent a rush of energy



Psychosis Drawing, Psychiatric Hospital, Copenhagen, 2001

soaking through me, almost knocking me sideways. I had just said a prayer for the service men from both sides in graves that were and are almost unknown. This opened me up as a conduit in me and I began to feel the energy from all the souls dead in there. They wanted desperately to go home to their families. only could through someone living, unfortunately at that time, that someone was me. The trickle didn’t stop, all of a sudden it seemed as if I was taking on the atoms of all the dead souls. I became a funnel, one that would be energised in Stockholm a few months later.

MASTER OF DISASTER

TAKING OVER THE ASYLUM

Enter the fray, jump into the ring? All I know was that with the amount of electro magnetic energy flowing through me, I was in for a few sleepless nights. That night on Valentine's Day in Stockholm, had me beacons the second I pointed that camera upwards and let off the flash. I had bought attention to myself and the game had begun, I had been "funnelled". Thank God I was not alone, and thank God I had on my side in some very powerful Guardians.

"Game on." World domination, Good over Evil, open plan, all subjects, you choose. Time scale: 1998 to 2010, We start, double or nothing, your rules, play all square, advantage you, we start, minus four, you plus two, sound fair? You deal."

$$-4^2 (-4x - 4) = +£16$$

$$+2^2 (+2x + 2) = +£4$$

Double or Nothing:

$$-16^2 (-16x - 16) = £256$$

$$+8^2 (+8x + 8) = £64$$

I don't know what you think and I'm no Einstein, but this game is loaded and this Devil's a bit of a pillock. No wonder he got angry and took it out on me, I was pissing on his fire. Didn't bother me at this point



Psychosis Drawing, Psychiatric Hospital, Copenhagen, 2001

though because I was under 24 hour observation, and had a guard outside my door. Not only that, I had pencils, paper and crayons and Wowie - it was all turning into a bit of a Blue Peter moment. I was like a pig in shit, so it was a question of "No hard feelings love, lets start again, same rules, your move."

I am not the most well informed when it comes to politics, economics and religion on any level, let alone on the world stage, but as I was now being invited to play "Bankrupt the World", in itself, a massive task, I had to sharpen up. I started playing chess and thinking up ideas. I had all the time, didn't know how long I would be kept in hospital and was also being well fed, so why not play the game?

"Flying the flag" and being patriotic is one thing; being xenophobic is another, something I am not. I was now representing the flag of my birth, but had returned to another homeland in Scandinavia to reinvestigate. The part of Sweden I was in used to be Danish. The very part from which initial explorations were made

over to the UK and beyond centuries before. In this context, not only part Russian, I was also part Viking. I was inspecting territory and looking for the “princess.” In this quest, not ten days before arriving in hospital, I had travelled down to Copenhagen to meet her. I walked past the sentry, and straight into the grounds of the Royal Palace. I went up to the back door, and promptly asked for and got a cup of tea. I then left to carry on with what I had to do, for I am part Danish, and this was the “mark of Dan.” I also have a Swedish daughter., som är Dansk från Skåne. Så är det och det spelar ingen roll om du litar på mig eller inte. In Swedish, I don’t have much more to say about than that really right now, other than there is a lot to be learned from Viking mythology, and there is a lot of Viking blood in the UK. There needs to be renegotiation between the tribes.

Sterling against the Deutschmark, lets keep the Dollar as a floater. My period of thinking had led me to examine the symbolism behind the Union Jack and what it represented in the beginning in terms of trade. Broken down in diagramatic form I began to see a universal application for the Union Jack, especially for that which represents, not only trade, but fair trade, a trait of Empire. In the scheme of things I decided to deal in culture and entertainment; the other side in the arms trade. The idea for us was to eventually trade in the majority of currencies through the re introduction of a barter system: to build up assets and encourage international diplomacy. The forfeit for this: the handing over of paper sterling in exchange for asset safe keeping. It was agreed that all trade of gold including Nazi Gold and Diamonds be dealt with by St. Katherine’s Docks in London through Thomas Spink and Spink the Jew-



*Currency Voucher (Ven) Self on Swedish Kronor
2005*

ellers - our Fabergé eggs as guarantee of word, in safe keeping through Osipov in Russia. Our game plan: “Evil,” allied with the Americans, we kept the Russians. Borses’ were to be re opened with cooperation in London, Berlin and Moscow. No more Weimar Republic.. Whilst the other side concentrated on building up arms, our side concentrated on diplomacy. Through instinct and gut reaction a strategy was devised.

In the area between Sweden and Denmark is an island called Ven. About the size of Lundy in the Bristol Channel, Ven is a very special place. This was to be the command centre for the enterprise, its “Pandora’s Box.”

Taking the Principle of Union diagram as a starting point, slight adjustment was made to form representation of an hour glass or egg timer. Ven was to act as the pivotal point between the two vessels, and the point of funnel, from one revenue stream to another.

Bought on lease from the Swedish Government, Ven would become an independent sovereign state, much like Liechtenstein, with the sole purpose of reducing

Fee to 35445146

GIZAH TO RIZLA

KRAUT TO TOMMY

KEISER TO KING

WEIMAR REPUBLIC RETURN

GIZAH IMPORT {A PG TIP}

RIZLA EXPORT

±0

BALI SHAG + EXPORT

ENGLAND DEUSCHLAND DANMARK

PARTY CODE VAN £1 = 14.26 SKR → 4.26 to government debt. World Bank

NAZI GOLD RETURN

FINANS 50% - 50%

LONDON - ASSETS ± 0 parity

BERLIN - FINANS + 4 pence - cost of Euro

DADA = ADAD = WIN WIN SITUATION

YOU HAVE TAYLORS WE HAVE WOODBINES

BAUHAUS

Psychosis Drawing, Psychiatric Hospital, Copenhagen, 2001

Swedish International Debt and bringing the currency into parity with Sterling. Not easy for sure but it seemed plausible at the time in the words of a madman. The in's and out's I only have an instinct about really. I don't plan a Degree in Economics to try and understand the theory. It's just a difficult one to comprehend really especially several years after the event.

"Two - Nil, game on, double or nothing, party time. Bring it on America, make it septic and return the Empire, Start trading: Osipov Spink, London."

Trading for the world had begun. I was shouting orders in my apartment at the wall to all the financial centres in the World. I was in a direct fight and communication with the Devil, you should have been there. The police certainly were quickly enough. This was, Iffley Road Oxford, I was to be placed in the Runis Unit that day, but we were still winning, what a rush!

Contrary to belief at this point, I hadn't heard any voices, I never have done throughout any of my experiences. It's a hard one to describe therefore from any angle, other than the feeling one has of immense power. I was picking up signal's and communication through impulse, a form of telepathy. It was almost as if I could anticipate the answers before the questions were asked, that is how active my brain had become. If we theoretically only use roughly 5% of our brain power, I was on about 92% at the time. Any higher and I would have exploded. It felt as exciting as winning the lottery, and on a double or nothing bet, I was the richest man in the world. For the fun of it, I would bankrupt myself and start again, I felt invincible and nothing could touch me. I had progressed a level

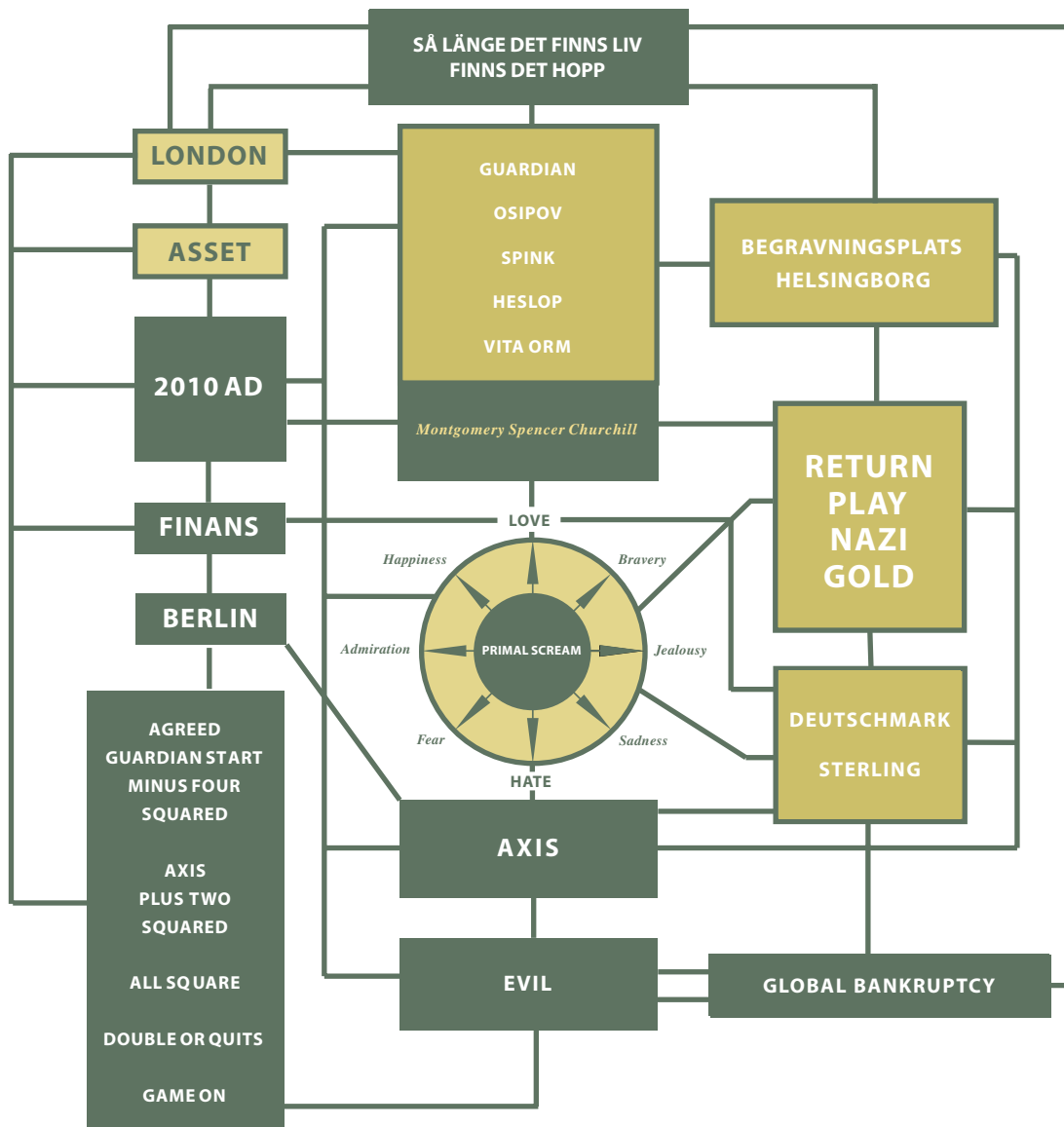


Emma Pengar 2005

this time, and had conquered the Devil in human form. I had been elevated and now it was the turn of the Robots. Forget the spacemen.

Plus or minus zero, that was the maxim associated with our game, thus keeping the world in balance. We also gave the "Evil" the "bonus" of us starting on a negative number. Our system hinged on the idea of buying out of date currency and using it as bartering "voucher" for some huge international party events. These being held each mid Summer's and mid Winters day.

Based on the ideas created by Live Aid in the eighties, the difference diplomatically was that instead of giving money to charity, the aim would promote strength and unity within Europe by bringing currency rates into line and thus unifying them and the countries together. Already done with the Euro, the time frame for this game was much earlier on, but the principle structure was the same. At the time of being participant in the game, the currency rates between Sterling and the Swedish kronor stood at about £1.00 = 14 Swedish Kronor. In real terms, this was about £1.00 = £1.40, a 40%



Funnel Diagram, Plan view, 1997 - 2002

deficit for our calculations, a simple swap around would ensure the start of the diplomatic process.

In the “Kingdom of Ven” we would trade in our own commodities associated with the idea of a cultural fest. There were a number of sections associated with the “team”, I was responsible for the trading in alcohol products in association with various alcohol producers under the label P.I.S. or PIS to the uninitiated. A predominantly Swedish Beer, this is based around the idea of “Pripps”, a Swedish Lager brand, and stands for PIS, with an RIP in the middle, simply a question of yes that’s right. This is a winner.

In Swedish law there is something called “Allemansrätt,” which roughly translates as “Every man’s right,” - the right to freely walk in nature. This means that you can legally camp anywhere throughout the country of Sweden. Based with this knowledge, it was proposed that mass tourism on a huge cultural level be introduced into Sweden, so as to help their national debt. A peaceful cultural invasion, under the label “Return of the Vikings,” creating third country involvement with Denmark.

Using all transport routes possible, ferries, ships, as well as budget airlines and other forms of transport, an armada would descend on Sweden through the authorities on Ven, from all corners of the UK, and all walks of life; the more the merrier the idea, in order to create the worlds largest party. If back to back and side to side you could fit the whole population of the world onto the Isle of Wight at one point, a 20km inclusion zone around Helsingborg seemed feasibly large enough to entertain a “Glastonbury” type event. Our task in this would be to act as a Bureau de Change. With the



*Currency Voucher Ven Self on Swedish Kronor
2005*

currency rates standing at £1.00 is equivalent to 14 Swedish Kronor, it is agreed for the purpose of the event, that people coming in from the UK would agree to pay £1.40 for the 10 Swedish Kronor voucher shown above; being used as redeemable currency during the duration of the event. Vouchers would then be collected and counted by the Swedish Authorities and handed back, and the surplus would be handed over to the Swedish Government, minus costs, and an agreed percentage profit for our organisation. This would then be replicated in the UK etc for Mid Winters and then across the European Union. In order to pay off quite a substantial old tax bill from Sweden recently, I sent the above “voucher” as down payment to the authorities there. In consequence I think my ideas have some way to go, which is probably the best way of looking at it for the present moment in time.

Trading skills, trading ideas, all the answers are out there. In my world we would ban the use of aluminium cans and adopt the policies they have in Denmark. All drinks are dispensed in glass bottles and every supermarket has a machine which accepts those

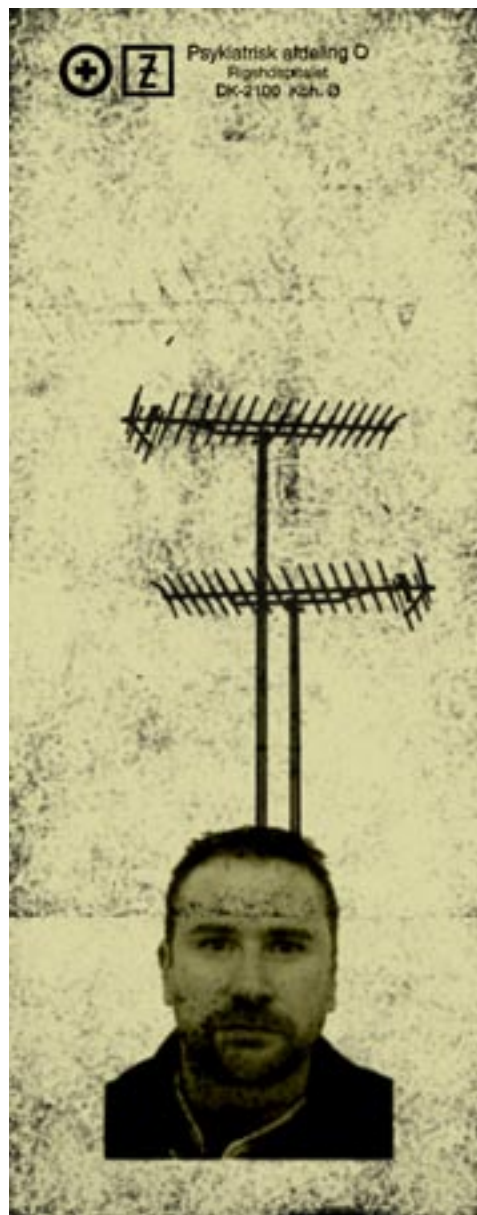
bottles. You simply place them through the machine, it gives you a receipt, with which you collect its cash value from a cashier; an easy way for children to make a bit of cash, as well as protecting the environment and keeping the streets clean.

In another world all contraception would be compulsory regardless of religious and political beliefs. With World population growth almost doubled in the last 50 or 60 years and set to hit 10 Billion within the next 40 years, how can we possibly sustain that growth without the total rape of the planet?

All sorts of ideas came to mind whilst on my Journey. From compulsory Park and Ride schemes where car parks would be surrounded by huge wind farms, to the equal trade off's between oil and water. Prices of commodities such as oil and water will change over time as will changes in global areas from where these commodities come. Possibly the most interesting idea to come out of this would be the redefining of producers of such goods and commodities through international licence. Brazil for instance is already the major producer of coffee, Afghanistan, morphine. Should and could Afghanistan be the provider of legalised clinical opiates, supplying hospitals worldwide; thus legalising an otherwise illegal trade, and build up their economy? Illegal dealers would cease to exist and addicts would be helped through the state at reduced rates, cutting costs by reducing drug related crime.

FRIENDLY FIRE

All well and good a vision of Utopia, but this was and is a game of Armageddon with real time scales, and real objectives. Not wanting to unduly scare



Funnel Digital Collage, 2006

anyone, but there is a prophecy. What you conceive as being Heaven and Hell will swap places and the essence of the so called “good” in society will be replaced with “bad,” re-establishing a status quo.

The game into insanity was heavily loaded against me, I was operating without budget and putting myself in grave danger through some of the actions I had to perform, something already briefly touched upon. My opposites were dealing in everything destructive, from nuclear weapons to suicide bombers, this had to be counteracted. In Viking mythology the leader goes first, not for a fight, but for negotiation in trade. My negotiation was with weapons, and there was only one way I could deal with “it”. I had to close their country down un armed. This is how it was proposed :

Let’s assume the venue is Sweden. I am negotiating cultural ideas with the powers that be. Now the powers that be at this point are the holders of the weapons and they are not willing to negotiate. I simply send back a directive authorising a phoney war with the instruction, to shut down the country that I was in, in this case Sweden:

COUNTRY CODE SWEDEN: 00 46
STOCKHOLM : 8
GOTHENBURG: 31
MALMÖ : 40
ADD A SIX OR SEVEN DIGIT NUMBER AT
RANDOM

Lets suppose I have a microphone embedded in a tooth cavity and semtex in my ear. These are connected to a remote control device, so I cannot put a word wrong.



*Martin Lee, Me and Monkey Harris say...
Weymouth 2002 Digital Collage 2006*

When the words “shut down Sweden” were said, that was a signal for a preconceived plan to take out the three largest cities in that country. Everyone available in the UK at that time would go to any public phone or otherwise and phone a random Swedish number, but not to include emergency numbers. Synchronized at precisely the right time and with enough people, this could cause quite considerable havoc in immobilizing communications systems there, thus shut down. However, in the context of our game plan, not only did it scare the “Evil”, it created a channel of communication where, if people politely said, “Hi, do you speak English?” then conversation might turn into possible friendship and maybe more. Not so sinister now, this could be a precursor to the World’s biggest “party.” which was previously mentioned and discussed.

It’s been pure Hell, A message from Warlords, an insight into insanity? Ten years in the planning, two and a half years in its execution, I hope you have enjoyed it as much as I hated going through it. It’s been pure Hell!



New Product Development : You're not wrong Monkey Harris 2005

TRIUMPH OVER ADVERSITY

I have always been pretty useless at football. To be honest I don't think you would have picked me for your team. A few years ago during the mid - nineties I was spending Christmas in Scandinavia and was really homesick; I hadn't had a Christmas in England for quite a few years. I became quite retrospective in my thinking and on the afternoon of Christmas Day decided to pop down to the studio to do a bit of work. On a jolly I decided to make my own Christmas present to myself, the one thing I would never lay my hands on. I started doing my own FA cups, not only that, I decided to have more of the buggers than Man Utd. In fact I will have a show at some point with the title: "More F.A. (F**k All) than Man Utd." As I said, I am useless at football, but I do like to hold on to a good idea.

I always cherished the idea of taking a couple of milk floats, one Co-op and one Unigate, and to have a race across Europe. Carl Brazier from Bermondsey was my hero as a kid, up there in the boxing at the time. I met him in a pub when he was working as a lorry driver about ten years ago together with Fred and Barney, a couple of other lorry drivers from the same area. I span the idea to them. If we could get the milk floats on the back of the lorries and over to Calais; the police would be none the wiser. We would then have the slowest getaway cars in Europe (15 m.p.h.); a bit of a party.

The serious side to this idea, as a gesture, is that the Milk Floats could have been laden with milk and taken to the kids in Sarajevo at the time. I knew a lot of Yugoslavians in Sweden and heard some horrific stories of what went on. Whilst in New



Installation view "Temple, Triumph over Adversity" 2006

York, I took huge rolls of paper out into the wasteland. I did rubbings of stolen car number plates and other bits of ephemera. I wanted to do the same and go into Sarajevo with a roll of such paper and do a rubbing of a zebra crossing. The only safe place to cross the road a zebra crossing, it would nevertheless resemble a useless, anonymous black and white bar code once framed and elevated on the vertical of a wall. but that is another story.

I thought I was onto a winner this year with my "Jugs," when I wrote to Peter Kenyon at Chelsea. I'd just had a show in Russia, and armed with Russian blood,

I thought I could at least tickle the tonsils of Roman Abranovich, one pauper to another and get a sale. No joy. They still have the rest of the season to decide though, whilst the price is always going up of course. Too late for Liverpool. I wrote a good letter to Mr. Moores last year up at Anfield, but they weren't having any of it either. Unlucky, the offer will only come round again the next time they win it. I reckon some of the players would have loved to see it on their walls at home.

As you know, It can be a bit of a roller coaster, going through life, but as we all know, the ups and downs are part of living. I have been very lucky to have had supportive people around me, when a lot understandably gave up on me. I couldn't and still can't reiterate my circumstances to a large degree. Someone said to me recently in conversation, that I should consider hypno-therapy. I just said, "I wouldn't recommend it"

The main thing for me right now is that I rebuild my life to the best of my abilities. Apart from family and friends, in a professional capacity I feel I must mention those whom have been a tremendous support to me. Firstly, there is Ainslie Aspery and all at Restore, the mental health re-habilitation project in Oxford. It was through Ainslie's expert guidance with using computers and help in getting the software I needed, that allowed me to regain my focus and give me a sense of purpose and direction every day. This was at a time when I felt totally lost, and my gratitude to him is immense. Through the help of Oxfordshire Business Enterprises, Fin Whyte stands out as someone who has been more than a mentor for me. It was with Fin's encouragement that I began to wake up everyday again with a tremendous sense of optimism. People like Fin are very rare and are a good reason why we

should extend the age of retirement, he's only 67.

Concerning work, I began sole-trading again in January 2005. I was on about 40 or 50 cigarettes a day and drank like a fish. Cutting these out enabled me to save up and buy the computer used here in the production of this book.

It's pretty bleak stuff this volume of work, and if I worked on it continuously it would probably put me in hospital again. To counteract this I have been working on several other more commercial ideas as projects over the last couple of years. The predominant one right now is a company idea, "Caramel Moon." So far this encompasses the idea of greeting cards. With the subtitle "For Love and Friendship" these cards are aimed at diplomacy, one thing I am a great believer in, especially on an international scale. "Caramel Moon" consists of around 150 different designs so far, verging on the feminine and pretty. I'm doing a market stall at the moment to see which ones are the sellers, before I ask Bryon at Harris Harrerra, another friend who has been of great support, to run me off a few thousand. Apart from this, the freelance work is ticking over quite nicely.

Another great friend is designer, John Wasden in Sweden, originally from Sheffield, John has passed me some plum freelance work over the last couple of years, some of which have been recently nominated for design prizes.

Things are looking up. I have much to thank Allie Butler for instance, in pushing this publication forward and for the exhibition that will go with it. I jokingly refer to it as "My next exhibition is at



Commonwealth War Grave, Helsingborg Sweden



Commonwealth War Grave Helsingborg Sweden January 2007

the last psychiatric hospital I was in” but it has a serious side. This is firstly in the launching of Caramel Moon, as a commercial project and secondly in showing work related to this catalogue.

Back in England after starting a new life, I went over to Sweden at the beginning of 2007 to visit Kristin and Emma, with Rachael and Sophie. It was a short visit of just a few days, but a much needed one nevertheless. We arrived really late, exhausted by the long journey, and as I lay trying to sleep that night, one thought kept coming up in my mind - I had to re-visit that graveyard. I hadn't been there for many years, but the time now seemed right to put things to rest. I felt strong enough to do this, but at the back of my mind, I was worried. As part of the “ritual,” getting there before day break was imperative.

The energy in that graveyard is centred around the birds, I came to realise. I decided long before then, that birds are our angels, and that when I die I want to come back as a bird.

Next to the graveyard is a crematorium and a lake. Around this lake three types of birds migrated every morning, Crows, Seagulls and Magpies. The crows used to congregate in a tree next to the lake. I woke at about 6.30 and decided to make the walk back to the cemetery. Sure enough as I approached the long road to the crematorium at day-break, there was a tree absolutely full of crows. In total I would say around thirty; the photograph opposite shows that detail, although I only had a camera on my mobile phone at that point so the quality isn't the best.

I felt a certain amount of trepidation about going into the cemetery itself. There is a lot of



Crow Tree Helsingborg Sweden January 2007

evil there, and it had affected me badly before. I had been driven back to that place at all times of the day and night during my “ritual” and had created quite a whirlwind. There was a music video at that time by the band Garbage which had summed up the situation quite well; the title of the song eludes me right now.

What I personally touched on first in Sweden was a mystery to me. In conclusion though there seems to be two types of power besides the classic good and evil - the old and the new. In the scheme of things I'd been dealing with the old. It is the old, that finances the wages for your Presidents and Prime Ministers, who can disappear as soon as they arrive. It was “old” money that financed Hitler into power for instance, after all he didn't finance the Third Reich initially with his pocket money. These were and are the Puppet Masters, those that are faceless and anonymous, those that are most dangerous. Avoid the puppet masters whenever possible if you can, they can mess with your head, without a doubt.



Avdelning 26 Triumph Digital Collage 2005