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ESTENE
(Walloon; bewildered)
Soyons realistes, exigeons l’impossible.
Let us be realists, let us insist on the impossible.
Che Guevara

Words by Adam Henry Carrière

I’m a birth certificate,
wealthy with baroque lies,
filled with strange grottoes of semi-fact;

I’m a Roman,
moneyed with temporal grace,
yet unwashed with novel sin;

I’m a poet.
I hear dialects of ink no one else seems to,
seeing blank-books no one else cares to.

I’m a postcard.
I build castles in the air hidden from other’s maps,
imagining autographs of faces seeing me disbelieve them.

I’m an invisibility.
I’ve drifted apart inside a closed space,
both pieces alone in a teeming city;

I’m a Diaspora,
an illiterate lost in a library,
a child adrift in an opaque text;

I’m a pedophile,
tongue-tied with names fallen silent,
the choreographer of bodies unavailable;

I’m a criminal.
I took a breakfast waltz among my dead,
and wept behind the mist and damp;

I’m a homosexual.
A palimpsest on unfashionable weather
I am at home, very much at home.
Here, have a tie-dye on those stripes, just a touch of white trash black on those flaming Hawaiian flowers; and, oh, if you insist, we can do the toe-to-collar, go-away black. Fun trio, kiss kiss. Ah, yes, don’t forget the masses! Baa, baa, little breeder sheep! Too scaredy-cat to get a grip under all of those comforters, piled in little penile institutions.

Despite the suffering succotash, dear, the purple-headed headache, the hard-won heartache, every blasted throb a 9-to-5 retail job.

How do you dull a dullard’s pain? Why, cellular self-help! Active life-stylingly extinguished in swimming, icy sugars, mojo breakfast of champions, squinted through the blurred fashion statement waiting for our wedding morphine to take hold before the happy girlfriend-at-a-distance holiday season ring and jingle those bitches into fast lemonade, fresh-squeezed gaiety, replete with sour seeds to spit at the pointed mutt nose of your local mid-level manager.

Ashanti leprechauns, witchcraft masters of the National Weather Service, smile and know. Flanked at their side by flowers, flames, and palms they greet retreat with benevolent pity, uptight laughter and clownish self-esteem fool them with each hungry swallowing of fine island nectar dispensed to the braying thirst of upright hankering. It did its blow-up, bang-up job without fear of being fired from our soused thighs in our spilled spent or our wet eyes.
loose ladies and phony gentlemen,
street urchins, barflies, hustlers -
friends of the revolution

in a sea of grammatical pedagogy
the affective domain of collegiate rhetoric
bushed smiles and red-eyed stares reclusively exchanged

travel plans laid, down
two, endure the plight of the accidental tourist
a trial, a poor footnote to being laced with one-hitters
shopping for football jerseys, driving to the lonely bus stop
unwashed, ill-fitting backwoods stepchildren truly at home

vacuous phone calls ring in the ears
the aroma of thick chicken soup from the homeless mission
staining the worn jeans
thrown to the elevator floor
    serving the career ladies
distant, purchaseable heat
swallowing for fellow tenants
beer drunk
playing pool for switch blades

when the composition is payable,
handshakes, smiles, and meek innocence fail
even from the street, honor is due

in the Armistice Day mists,
twisted wire branches separate the dim gray up above

from the flowing reds and oranges,
the clenched hands probing for the other
among the gravel and passing taxis,
drinking and crying in a nerve-wracking silence
before the absent landlord’s fireplace

stoned
running away
machine guns and swords
pictures of rock cities and suburbs,
the agitation of emotion’s wilderness

pain hidden in the anthology :
    music
    acid
    cordite
    spit

muzzling :
    running away from running away

in the spin of an awkward dinner’s progress,
hear tell of a deviant lakeside resort town
a transient sleeping in the nearby woods
wanting to volunteer to be a passing camper’s toy du jour

days
weeks
who can tell?

morphine’s haze eases the smell of the hot dog stand
sex and drugs sold to local tourists
mustard and relish
a summer of oblivion
great storytelling back in the city

the elevators and swimming pool might listen
FADING AT THE TOUCH OF LANGUAGE

Words by Derek Horton

Not 1967 and the summer of love, but 1959, ‘the year everything changed’, and a long hot summer in Birmingham according to Met Office records. That was the year of my first psychedelic experience and the year of my earliest memory. I was three years old. It was hot and I had measles. I was medicated and delirious. My bed had been made up downstairs so my mother could keep an eye on me during my fitful daytime sleeping. My earliest memory is of the curtains in this room. They had an all-over paisley pattern. In my delirium I was moving, swirling, and I was drawn into them as if I was tumbling through space surrounded by bright and rotating three-dimensional forms.

Asides like this one will intentionally fragment and disturb straightforward reading, as well as referencing this text’s sources of multiply appropriated words. Such fragmentation and disturbance are both a relevant metaphor and reflective of my process of thinking and writing. The asides are separated out in such a way that they can be ignored to allow a ‘straight-through’ reading of the main text. Fred Kaplan’s book, 1959, The Year Everything Changed, makes a case for the significance of 1959 as a year of scientific breakthroughs (the microchip, the pill, a search for extraterrestrial life, a new theory of nuclear war); new art forms (free jazz, the beginning of Modern, the New Journalism, previously censored books, art “happenings”); and political events that shaped the 1960s (the emergence of Castro and Malcolm X, personalised superpower motivations of the addict and the individual psychedelic experience of the user foreshadow work in the 1960s regarding LSD. From Charles Baudelaire, Les Paradis Artificiels, 1860, a book about the state of being under the influence of opium and hashish. Baudelaire describes the effects of these drugs and argues that they could theoretically aid mankind in reaching an ‘ideal’ world. The text was influenced by Thomas de Quincey’s Confessions of an Opium Eater (1821), and Baudelaire’s analysis of the motivations of the addict and the individual psychedelic experience of the user foreshadow work that emerged in the 1960s regarding LSD.

Artificial paradises, magnificent constructions of light, glorious and splendid visions, cascades of liquid gold.

From Charles Baudelaire, Les Paradis Artificiels, 1860, a book about the state of being under the influence of opium and hashish. Baudelaire describes the effects of these drugs and argues that they could theoretically aid mankind in reaching an ‘ideal’ world. The text was influenced by Thomas de Quincey’s Confessions of an Opium Eater (1821), and Baudelaire’s analysis of the motivations of the addict and the individual psychedelic experience of the user foreshadow work that emerged in the 1960s regarding LSD.

Something strange, ineluctable, in chains of images, long-submerged memories appear. Space can expand, the ground tilt steeply, atmospheric sensations occur; vapour, an opaque heaviness of the air. Colours grow brighter, more luminous; objects more beautiful, or else lumpy and threatening. A continual alternation of dreaming and waking states, a constant and finally exhausting oscillation between totally different worlds of consciousness. What we are on the verge of talking about seems infinitely beautiful, or else lump

I solved the secret of the universe last night, but this morning I forgot what it was.

I imagined I saw a plastic universe, changeable, full of wondrous chance, an elastic sky, a sun that suddenly is missing or remains fixed or changes its shape.

Objects, as well as the shape of my associates in the laboratory, appeared to undergo optical change... fantastic pictures of extraordinary plasticity and intensive colour seemed to surge towards me.


Maharishi — what have you done? You made a fool of everyone.

The opening line of a sarcastic song about Maharishi Mahesh Yogi that John Lennon wrote in 1968, not long after the Beatles abruptly left the Maharishi’s ashram in Rishikesh, India, and declared themselves no longer his spiritual disciples. The other Beatles, particularly George Harrison, argued that despite their disagreements with the Maharishi, his work demanded respect, and the song was unfair and possibly libellous. Hence Lennon changed the song’s title, and the references to the Maharishi in its lyrics, to ‘Sex-Scorde’, the form in which it can be heard on The Beatles, more often known as The White Album.

I have never promised nor discussed, let alone did I try to invent, any of the following: Invisible magic paint; a force field surrounding a building with coloured air; wallpaper that could plug into a stereophonic sound system; a force field around Ringo Starr’s drums to isolate their sound; a house that could hover in the air suspended on an invisible beam; a flying saucer made from the V12 engines of George Harrison’s Ferrari and John Lennon’s Rolls Royce; an artificial sun to hover over Baker Street and light up the gala opening of the Apple Boutique on 4th December 1967. Furthermore, I deny any suggestion that I promised the Beatles in the presence of Liliane Lijn that I could levitate them using electro-magnetism and make them disappear.

This is a sequence of extracts from Walter Benjamin’s accounts of his drug experiments, undertaken with Ernst Bloch, Jean Selz and others in Berlin, Marseilles and Ibiza between 1927 and 1934, drawn from Benjamin’s notebooks, letters and his essay ‘Hashish’ in Marseilles. This is a sequence of extracts from Walter Benjamin’s accounts of his drug experiments, undertaken with Ernst Bloch, Jean Selz and others in Berlin, Marseilles and Ibiza between 1927 and 1934, drawn from Benjamin’s notebooks, letters and his essay ‘Hashish’ in Marseilles.
Yet I beheld a city of ten thousand angry streets, and giant buildings fingered the sky; from a thousand throats the giant screams. A hundred trash-cans tumble, lids and litters across the sidewalks, a siren goes hooting past, and all is chaos. ... My mind was in a state of confusion, of whirling distractions and distortions and intensely vivid non-sequiturs. ... The first rays of the sun gild the fairy palms; smoke of incense swirls round dragons writhing on each royal robe — they seem to float among the clouds.

From Michael Hollingshead’s description of his first LSD experience in The Psychedelic Library. He describes how, in 1960, he received a small package containing one gram of acid that he had arranged to be mailed from Switzerland by Albert Hofmann, whom he had first heard of from Aldous Huxley who had recently also been experimenting with the effects of LSD. Hollingshead had no difficulty obtaining the drug, having asked an English doctor friend to write the order on a New York hospital interrim saying that he needed it as a control drug for a series of bone marrow experiments. Eagerly I unwrapped the package. The acid was in a small dark jar and in appearance looked a bit like malted milk powder. My problem was how to convert the loose powder into a more manageable form. One gram would make 500 individual doses and I was obviously going to need to measure it out in some way. I decided to randomise it by mixing it into a stiff paste made from icing sugar. I cleared the kitchen table and set to work. First I poured some distilled water into a bowl, and then mixed in the LSD. When all the acid had dissolved, I added confectioner’s sugar until the mixture was a thick paste. I then transferred my ‘divine concoction’, spooned by labourious spoon, into a siren-ounce mayonnaise jar. One teaspoon ought to contain around 300 milligrams of a gram, sufficient for a pretty intense night-to-ten-hour session. I had, like all good chefs, been tasting the preparation during its making with my finger, but I was somewhat unprepared for what was to follow. I rented at that time an apartment on West 4th Street near the corner of MacDougal Street and Washington Square, a large rambling place-with-a roof garden from which to observe the life of the Village and the concrete towers of Manhattan. I moved on to the roof and sat up there and began to observe. I beheld a city of 10,000 angry streets.

Hollingshead was responsible for introducing Timothy Leary to LSD (along with, reputedly, William Burroughs, Roman Polanski, Allen Ginsberg, Storm Thorgerson, Mia Farrow, Donovan, Keith Richards, Bob Dylan, Peter Llurca, Charles Mingus, Saul Steinberg, Alan Watts, The Beatles (and others)). Leary’s entire Harvard Psychedelic Project was conducted by means of the contents of the magic mayonnaise jar.


I might get burned up by the sun but I had my fun. I’ve been crushed by tumbling tide, and my soul has been psychodelicised.

From the lyrics of The Chambers Brothers’ ‘Time Has Come Today’ by Joe and Willie Chambers, 1968, one of the first songs by black US soul musicians to define the genre of psychedelic soul or black psychedelia.

Strobe lights flashing from sun up to sun down. No such thing as time, incense in the air, peace signs painted everywhere. I guarantee you this place will blow your mind. You might see anybody there. Bearskin rugs, tails and minks, it don’t really matter what you wear. Take off your shoes, sit on the floor, join in and be what you want to be. People walkin’ round reciting poetry, screaming guitars and a thousand coloured lights, you can have your fortune told, you can learn the meaning of soul. Come in and take a look at your mind – I’m talking about the psychedelic shack, that’s where it’s at.

From the lyrics of The Temptations’ ‘Psychedelic Shack’ by Barrett Strong and Norman J. Whitfield, 1968, another classic of psychedelic soul.

Georges Bataille would have been at home in the psychedelic shack. The use of psychoactive drugs renders the body, the mind, and the individual entirely useless for productive activity. Turn on, tune in, drop out.

The counterculture-era phrase popularised by Timothy Leary, allegedly first used in 1967 when Leary spoke at The Human Be-In, a gathering of 30,000 hippies in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.

Bataille critiqued an emphasis on functional modes of being and viewed absolute non-functionality as true religious existence, as sacred.

At its core, you have to understand that this is not an intellectual exercise. It is experiential. It is, and I’m almost embarrassed to say it, religious. But it is more than religious. It is exhilarating. It shows us that the human brain possesses infinite potentialities. It can operate in space-time dimensions that we never dreamed even existed.


For Bataille the sacred state is one where the self is indistinguishable from the other and existence is whole, continuous, and immanent, like “water in water”.


The states of ecstasy and transcendence that psychedelic drugs produce confront, by their uselessness, capitalist paradigms of efficiency, productivity, and enterprise. Modern society emphasises the importance of the individual, independent ‘self’, a necessity for the capitalist system’s dependence on competition. Most experiences with psychoactive drugs involve the sensation of a complete loss of this individual identity, and consequently a further transgression of the social and the political order under
capitalism. ‘Time is money’, the capitalist narrative tells us. Withdrawing from the sphere of time, psychoactive drug users transgress what Bataille thought of as the profane aspects of productively oriented social structures, venturing into the realm of the sacred, away from the controlling norms of capitalist society and into The Temptations’ psychedelic shack. But …

... it all had the muffled, overlit, queasy erotic gloom of Vertigo, with something in the grain of the daylight air a constant reminder that the drowsy dreamtime we occupied was sleepwalking to a bad end.

BLACK LIGHT IV
Words by Glen Armstrong

A Day-Glo zodiac hangs on the wall,
and little blue people
make love in the dark.
As of this hanging we value
bodies that spark
under novelty lighting.
As of this flip of the switch
impossible objects
line up for impossible names.
Imagine the sound of one clap
handing. Imagine the halo
of energy surrounding your own finger
handing off its purple
to M. C. Escher, a Gemini.

BLACK LIGHT XVIII
Words by Glen Armstrong

To project an image of the sky
within the confines of a movie
theater is to admit a kind of defeat,
a joyless prayer for rain.
Consider how the cowboy
drops acid and becomes
the entire western. The genre
is no longer big enough
for him and his Day-Glo
rubber duck. All of the sudden
the west was won by wild public
fucking, and no one remembers
if this or the version with small
skies and modesty is the revision.
The burden falls not
on organization but impulse.
Soft numbers re-flower the physical
world. Who doesn’t love
the idea of a turtle’s head?
Credentials, like protective shells,
interfere with breathing.
Between the overkill of youth
riots and the weak pulse
of virtual life, the farmer
takes a psychedelic wife.
The hallucinated cheese
leaves its preternatural yellow,
no longer inconceivable, no longer alone.
What follows is a transcript of a conversation I had several years ago now with my former college tutor, Professor W..., who recorded it on a tape-recorder and, years later, had a secretary type up. (In those days there was no way of backing up onto an external hard drive. Those words would have then meant only how and where you had parked your car.) Further, the current reader may well wonder why I withhold the Professor’s name. The answer is: he did not want it mentioned. And his daughter (a pianist with astonishing technique, evinced as much in her performance of Chopin’s Polonaises as in Satie’s Gnossiennes) handed me the typescript only on that express condition. On that point she was quite persistent. Naturally I conceded. I know the reader will disapprove. It will leave him or her sceptical about why I wanted to publish it at all. Worse still, my admittedly feeble concession flouts all the conventions of academic enquiry which needs not just an œuvre but also a name to explain it. Just think, the by now sceptical reader might say, suppose Max Brod had destroyed Kafka’s Nachlaß, his literary remains, as he wished, we would not grasp so well how narratives suspend the laws of reality. Publishing anonymously extracts from this typescript enables the reader to judge it on its merits: its author’s name is immaterial. For Professor W... anonymity rather helped resolve a personal intellectual crisis, – a crisis worth explaining.

He belonged to a now defunct academic type. Though widely read and deeply erudite, he published relatively little at a time when it was not yet mandatory to have a doctorate to gain an academic position or to attract piles of grant cash to retain it. Now he would have been shunted into early retirement; then he was just relocated to a smaller room. His door was always open, he was always assisting tutors and students alike in clarifying their ideas. As one of them informed me: he may not have been familiar with their specialized field of work, but he knew what questions to ask.

One of his most noteworthy works was – amongst others – the slim monograph, Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim (1791-1803) and the Anacreontic Tradition in Germany, an attempt in the late 1960s, to re-evaluate this poetic discourse of inebriated hedonism long before the academic mainstream got round to it. (The book is now almost unobtainable, not even available from second-hand booksellers or in university libraries: it was never required reading for students.) But he was equally at home with Romanticism. He had in his files an unpublished, lucid essay on ‘Caspar David Friedrich: The Beautiful Representation of the Sublime’; he was fascinated by the conflict between the world of oneiric fantasy and philistine reality in the works of E.T.A. Hoffmann (1776-1822), particularly in Tomcat Murr, initially the subject of a keynote address for a conference on the Humanities at a university in North Dakota.

Finally, remember that I am presenting the transcript of a tape-recording. However, not having that recording I can’t vouch for its accuracy. That it is inaccurate is clear: some names have been misspelled (which I have corrected). Further, the text has a certain polish uncharacteristic of Professor W...’s conversation style. I don’t blame the secretary for that. A diligent worker, she often complains about having to correct linguistic inaccuracies in the documents she deals with. A further warning: this extract from the typescript begins abruptly. Strangely, I have no recollection of the preceding issue (some pages must be missing):

Reading that, I was confounded. Fichte sees the ‘absolute ego’ as actually producing the world. He projects the self as a world-creating capacity. At that point I realized it was all a misconception. What world does this world-creating capacity of the absolute ego create? The world as it is now, this shabby,
philistine world, a swindler’s swindled world... [Reader, be warned: Professor W...’s expression could become intemperate once he became intellectually agitated.] His own ego could foresee five phases in history that would lead the human species to liberation. And in which phase would be ours now? The middle one. All that just to be in the middle, to be the middle! I ask you! At least the materialists, such as Marx, knew the world had to be changed. Except for him the mind had no independence, embodied as it is in the prevailing conflicted socio-economic circumstances... oh damn! [Professor W... in his animation has just knocked over a cup of tea precariously balanced on the arm of his chair.] You see, as I was saying, these liberating theories offer only constriction. What a mess, what a mess. Ah, Moira is coming to clear it up. Thanks, dear. Don’t fuss... The self is hostage to socio-economic conditions; at the same time, boosted to absolute, it produces only what is. What we are meant to admire as a source of total cognitive possibility actually ends up in mental confinement...

Do you see what I mean? Do you grasp the implications? You seem bewildered...

Look, my point is, if the absolute ego is so powerful why can’t it realize, by that I mean actually make real, what we dream of, what would be a better world. Actually, be sure to edit out that phrase in the typescript: once it is used by a Harvard historian of the Enlightenment, it becomes useless for a Bangladeshi factory worker. More than that, why can’t it make the ego, be it absolute or personal, feel better about itself? And then I realized all this idealism, all this philosophical theory, so many castles — no, thought-penitentiaries — in the air, is being generated by a brain evolved to erase virtually any thought, any value, any experience not conducive to survival. If you want to expand this at the editing stage on the typescript, go to Huxley’s Doors of Perception. You’ve read that surely? Everything we value as knowledge or truth and arduously pursued derives not from brilliant intellectual inspiration, but rather from mental perspiration. We call it ‘expertise’, ‘formidable scholarship’ though the brain is operating on a fraction of its creative capacity, like some old jalopy on the motorway out to break the speed-limit without shifting out of second gear. [Understandably such similes might irritate the reader. Prof. W... admired Musil’s The Man without Qualities where similes are said to arise from the ‘logic of the soul’ that links mental images just as in dreams.]

... That insight sabotaged my life’s work, ironically now towards the end of my days: all that hitherto unused intellectual capacity untapped and now bound to be wasted; the Romantic “omnipotent” absolute ego a total fraud. Worse still, it had been staring me in the face all the while I wandered off into the question of the intentionality of consciousness in James, Bergson, Husserl, and so on...

Do you remember the graduate seminar I conducted on Hermann Hesse back in 1968 comparing shifting perspectives in the imaginary kaleidoscopic ‘Magic Theatre’ that concludes Steppenwolf with those articulating the narrative structure of The Journey to the East. At one stage a student turned up with a paper on the Upanishads and insisted on holding forth on their mind-expanding teachings. Who was it now? It couldn’t have been you. [It was me!]...

[...]

As I was saying – care for a brandy? a whisky? – as I was saying... It gets dark earlier now. Have we got enough light?... What was I saying? ...

No matter... – Of course, I blame Galton, Nietzsche, Wells. But they were misguided. Their problem was the inadequacy of the human, also a rejection of that inflated nineteenth-century idealism centred on “Man”. Their solution? Well, you could breed a “fitter” human being, with “better” genes, – eugenics. Or, on the basis of Darwin’s discoveries, you could conjecture the evolution of homo sapiens into an existentially more resilient “overman”. Or you could pump the human high on technology, put it in a time-machine to stake out the future, or give it an accelerator to exist faster. No wonder notions like these arise if only a small part of the brain is in gear! ...

But perhaps they suggest something else... This is my point... [he leaned towards me, the personification of persistence] The human, being inadequate, is constantly in need of compensations, supplements, to make life tolerable. Ok, food for biological survival; but supplements to block out the dark, yawning void of life self-conscious human inadequacy reveals...

[Here he sipped his brandy and replaced the glass carefully on a nearby low table.]

Huxley censured this technologically or genetically modified re-vamp of the human, as in Brave New World or in After Many a Summer, for example. He would surely reject a post-human future when every citizen would have a private supply of tranquillizers to cope with this thoroughly apprehensive culture. His solution was simpler. Find a way to unlock that “unused” part of the mind. It could be done by itself, as the works of artisitic and musical genius reveal. But even genius fears for its adequacy. Genius and altered mental states are two sides of the same coin. Think of Hölderlin or Schumann or the whole aesthetic category, raw art. And most people aren’t geniuses! So mescalin became the key to aesthetically augmented experience...

[Here he stopped, sipped his brandy, took a deep breath, and spoke in a melodramatic, hushed voice.]

This is why my name mustn’t be disclosed. This thought-experiment will convince my colleagues I’m loopy...
Huxley likens his psychedelic experiences to religious mysticism. But why? Why identify this reality-supplement with a reality – albeit augmented – already available. I would rather know what Meister Eckhart would see if he took mescaline. Why tie this experience to mysticism already achievable when the point of the psychedelic drug is something extra?...

Then I look at psychedelic art: on the one hand surrealistic, chromatically vibrant, fluid, and labyrinthine; on the other, geometrically patterned, enticing, mesmerizing. But then these artefacts are tied back to art, a familiar category however unfamiliar its content (so to speak). But this cognitive habit of conceiving anything new in terms of what already obtains in fact means capitulating to the very mental routines the psychedelic experience was meant to overcome.

... Do you see what I mean? You look bewildered. You don’t see the implications.

... Let me explain: suppose an extra-terrestrial landed on Earth. It might notice that everywhere there are boards, sheets of paper, screens, “books” with symbols on them, different types of symbols (i.e. what we call Roman, Cyrillic, Greek, Chinese, Thai, Sanskrit, Gujarati, etc., etc.) How wonderful, it might say to itself, to live in a world so artistically, so beautifully decorated by these myriad paper-chains of graphic art! What deep existential need demands such aesthetic profusion? So when we look at psychedelic art, we wonder how to read it. Suppose what we see is a script, a language. How do we know it isn’t? How do you know it isn’t? The psychedelic experience suggests the presence of a stranger in the mind attempting to communicate through its art with his or her companions in other people’s minds. But the art obeys its own grammar – its own ‘grammar of consciousness’ (as Husserl said). No wonder it is inscrutable to our routine minds. No wonder, therefore, that in this mundane world running on reduced mental capacity we cannot contact that captivating stranger. I mean what is his or her art, or actually script, trying to tell us...

That’s not all. The important point is, you see...

Here the transcript stops. Perhaps the secretary ran out of time. Evidently she typed up only some pages. But I don’t blame her. Perhaps she found it boring to listen to an aging academic ruminating on implausibilities. One of her friends told me (in confidence) she was ‘something of a party-girl’ regularly seen with her rowdy friends in the sophisticated cocktail-bar, Bacchanalia...
The Keeper and the Phenomena ...

I was born in late February 1955 ...

Consequently and anecdotally I might have been ten years old for most of 1965 ...

To the best of my knowledge I do not use psychedelic drugs ...

Nevertheless I experience hallucinations ...

From time to time I am The Keeper of and contributor to The Fictional Museum of Drawing. The walls of the galleries are hung with fabulistic pseudo-visionary works. Any disturbances (visual or otherwise) in the catalogue or claims for altered consciousness are scrutinised by The Keeper.

The Keeper claims that the hallucinations mature over the course of a few minutes. They move with his eyes. When they occur he has a blind spot, a scotoma, in the centre of his vision. He feels unsteady. The scotoma enlarges and is surrounded by zigzag and undulating coloured lines escorted by the occasional scintillation as it transverses his field of vision.

On such occasions he habitually and separately closes each eye. He notes that he can see it regardless and again when both eyes are closed.

He now thinks of it as a harmless electrical storm in and around the museum’s galleries that resolves itself as a phenomenon in no more than half an hour.

However the aura of vein-like contours makes it awkward for him to focus on any of the images, real or imaginary, near or far away.

The Museum Council reports that it may be an ocular migraine and that any attention to the spasms in the blood vessels of the walls of the galleries will be subject to funding.

Words by Phil Sawdon
Cross each other,
find each other, leave each other,
intersect and diverge.

We travel
through the stinging wind
and dunes of nothing
everything at stake.

How do we sing
with our throats on fire
and our skin burning?

These skins are our songs.
Let’s sing through every pore
and use
the pain for kindling.
THROUGH TIME

after my late friend Heather Anne Welch’s painting, “The Release”

Words by Jennifer Bradpiece

There’s a euphoria that settles over the room of the dead after a long dying. Potent as any poison, though you can’t seek it out. Infused with the blur of vivid deliriums—no sleep and less rest— you must tune into it. Like the language of leaves, you can channel its frequency to dial in, to ride on the waves which give you a strength; spreading wide like an unexpected smile, like arms growing round enough to hold others in. There’s an ecstasy that spreads like wings which carries the self clean over the caves. There’s a map of self receding behind you a vortex of wind billowing what’s left of you forward through that last harrowing mile. Until you are molecules, a confetti finale, a star system expanding, a soft chill in a quiet room. There’s a porthole in the hollow of bones where the marrow swirls: dizzy, geometric, electric. Constructs are torn at like carrion by vultures those ravenous morticians that tear meat from the rib that cages the heart that pumps the blood when creatures are carnal. There’s elation in the self receding. The backlit impermanence of this created world where planets implode and the weight of each social system turn to ash on the pyre. But you can’t seek it out. You must stay and bear witness; finding its frequency carrying it with you, exploring the underworld with an agency Persephone was not often attributed in tales. There’s a release at the end of this porthole, though it is pain to pass through, a secret buried in the space. The secret is a whisper: we are blind to the vortexes surrounding us daily, or we sense them and turn away. Next time you see one, bend into it, holding the hands of your dead. When you can breathe to ten, step through. Next time you think you are stuck, realize there’s never just one here and we may follow our dead in their final euphoria, to our nightmares which are portholes to that only way out is through. We can create what we need to survive if we follow the waves. The impossible is pain and pain is a porthole and there’s a euphoria on the other side and you can see it out and then through once it’s in you. It’s like the dark stars in the city skies. The ones you can’t see but you know are there.
We find each other
by getting lost.
To keep something safe,
give it to a thief.
A rock that anchors
might be a space ship.
Poison is sometimes medicine.
The poisoner knows
precisely because
she allows herself
to remain uncertain.
Fumble around
in darkness
because
light often drowns
the wiry veins
of what we need
to find:
The margin of failure
may be where
each dreamt thing
lights up:
The space where we sense
another's skin
brush up beside us
in the vast Alone.
ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?
Psychedelic Rock and the synesthetic revolution of arts

Words by Camilla Aisa

“...My eyes are listening to some sounds that I think just might be springtime
With daffodils between my toes I'm laughing at their whim
And somewhere in my mind there is a painting box
I have every colour there, it's true”

The Incredible String Band, *Painting Box* (1967)

A further step back to begin. In 1827 the late-romantic philosopher Trahndorff wrote about the contingency of music, dance, mimic art and “the art of the sound of the word” merging in one compelling entity. Some twenty years later, Wagner pointed to the theatre as a possible place where that magical synthesis could happen. And now back into the almost-present: mid-1960s. There are people conjuring a total revolution; they are - one could say - Wagner’s heirs, peers even, but Wagner’s lovers would most certainly disagree and protest. Never mind. These unacknowledged peers have probably never heard of Trahndorff, and probably never will. Gesamtkunstwerk, Trahndorff called it. Art branches and art forms coming together. The psychedelic masterminds of the 1960s don’t name it at all. Art branches and art forms exploring each other: it’s just...happening.

Sound into line
Note into colour
Sing the vision
Let a concept play

In the mid 1960s people involved in rock music cease to be merely musicians, teen idols and glossy stars. They opt for an old and intricate concept instead: they start imagining, presenting themselves as artists. Psychedelic rock is at the very center of this metamorphosis; after all, its most beloved Muses - hallucinogenic drugs - vehemently encourage a frame of mind that is creatively adverse to any form of categorization. They make sensorial and interpersonal boundaries much more flexible, inspiring multifaceted experiences with an holistic disposition. Artists of the psychedelic era are all-round creative beings who enjoy dabbling in different art expressions, constantly avoiding being labeled. The ideal starting point for such statements is the LP cover. As of the Sixties, the art of album covers has a not-so-long but quite illustrious history already: think of those beautiful illustrations that the likes of Alex Steinweiss and David Stone Martin created for 1940s records (especially jazz ones), helping to implement sales in the process. But with the 1950s - and with the explosion of rock and roll - the standards have changed; popular music calls for popular faces, and LP covers prefer recognizable close-ups, or even movie stills, in order to easily capture the attention of their young audiences. Vinyl packaging then becomes the first battleground for the psychedelic revolution and its claims. It starts almost as a whisper, with *Rubber Soul* and a subtly stretched portrait of the Beatles, the ultimate pop stars; the title of the album is presented in groovy lettering, but the absence of the band’s name speaks even louder. What an outrage for brand-obsessed pop music industry. Three years later the Beatles would subvert the very concept of album cover altogether: the *White Album* unveils its own statement in the form of baffling...
silence. Between the two, a few seasons and almost the entire history of covers:
their validation in the realm of visual arts - Warhol makes an icon out of The Velvet Underground & Nico and Pop colleagues Peter Blake and Jann Haworth orchestrate the magnus opus of the era, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band - and, above all, the much yearned syncretism of images and sound. LP covers are now encapsulating the very experience of the music they wrap - suggesting its meandering, guiding its vision. In part thanks to The Beatles - whose wild (and often expensive) artistic experimentations with covers, initially mistrusted by music-industry "professionals", soon prove their efficacy -, many musicians are now allowed to take control of the design of their productions. When they're not, labels still have to appeal to an audience that has reached a certain level of aesthetic mindfulness: lettering stands out intricate and captivating, images can't help but emulate lysergic delights. It's hard to listen to You're Gonna Miss Me without falling into the kaleidoscopic vortex that makes the 13th Floor Elevators' debut cover unmistakable. Likewise, it seems impossible to detach The Fool's colourful The 5000 Spirits or the Layers of the Onion from the Incredible String Band's whimsical compositions. 360 degrees psychedelic adventures call for 360 degrees artists: just when cover art's renewed mission starts to come true, one of its most beloved and indicative milestones (The Beatles' 1966 masterpiece Revolver) is tellingly designed by Klaus Voormann, equally renowned and celebrated as a visual artist and a musician.

The philosophization of craft
Rediscovery of the head
Come on in and do your thing
Outlaws and kooks for democracy

Asking Blake and Haworth to conceive a new piece of art for a Beatles cover means more than wrapping memorable music with memorable images. It means allowing millions of music enthusiasts to own a Pop Art favourite. Not a postcard of it, available among innumerable others in the anonymous bookshop of a museum. No, the artwork as it has been intended: 12.375 inches square, reproduced in millions of copies through the years. The Counterculture's democratic vocation bursts open with the sharing of art. Any of art's branches must be open to everybody; similarly, the psychedelic revolution want people's lives to be filled with art. Daily, extensively: easily accessible aesthetics must be the new norm. Psychedelic music manages to refine its growing ambitions while protecting proud pop roots. Art rock and experimental rock are born under the aegis of the huge, all-embracing psychedelic name. Experimental, but never labyrinthine. Literate, but never cliquey. Take the Grateful Dead's second LP, Anthem of the Sun: it opens with That's it for the Other One, a piece that showcases the influence of avant-garde music and free jazz over bassist Phil Lesh and keyboardist Tom Constanten, and lyrically references the Beat canon while mixing concert performance with experimental studio elements. On side B, just a couple of songs later, awaits Alligator: it's yet another dimension, that of singer Ron "Pigpen" McKernan's raw blues sensitivity - the legacy of jug bands encountering the eager appetite of psychedelic rock. It's a longing for contamination that embraces every possible aspect of art and life. Psychedelic colours start invading streets and homes. Design collective Binder, Edwards & Vaughan paints a 1960 Buick convertible (immortalized on the Kinks' Sunny Afternoon EP cover), The Fool shocks Baker Street with a groovy and short-lived mural created for the Apple Boutique, Peter Max displays his latest creations not in museums but on the subway - "March 30. Fifty million people will see art in transit", says one of Max's artworks.
Projected fantasy
Looks even better in reality
She stepped into frame and screamed,
"Would you help a wave out?"

Sometimes it all starts with a fortunate coincidence. Seymour Locks, pioneer in experiments with light and art, happens to be in the right place at the right time: early 1960s, teaching at San Francisco's State College, whose campus has just been moved near Haight Ashbury, the future Bethlehem of psychedelia. Some of Locks' students start spreading the word; in L.A., they catch the interest of art student Elias Romero, who later becomes one of the seminal harbingers of light show art - his friend Bill Ham a key figure in the ultimate fusion of light shows and rock concerts. With the psychedelic Renaissance of the Haight light, sound and movement merge into a new art form that takes abstract expressionism to an unexpected, hypnotic level. A 'normal' San Francisco Friday night would then look like this: July 22nd 1966, at Chet Helms' Avalon Ballroom. Jefferson Airplane and Great Society play while Bill Ham floods the dancehall with liquid projections: light combines with music, through contamination and intuition, in a swirling pigmented improvisation. Sometimes visionary filmmaker Ben Van Meter would capture some wriggling cavorting in one of the San Francisco dances; next week, the dancers - not an just audience, but an integral part of the rock event - would see their filmed selves on the walls, superimposed in mesmerizing triple exposure magic.

How do you encapsulate the experience of such indefinable, multisensory events? You either give up - "oh, to really understand what a psychedelic rock show is, you have to be there!" - or try, take an old art form in your frantic hands and subvert it altogether. The result is so explosive that by 1967 even the media are taking notice: "Suddenly posters are the national hangup. They serve as low-cost paintings, do-it-yourself wallpaper, comic Valentines or propaganda for...Batman and rye bread" comments Life, while Newsweek highlights that "enough collegians and hippies agree with teenagers to make posters the hottest new display objects since antiwar buttons". Novelist Herbert Gold draws an interesting genealogy: "Poster is son of button, big brother of bumper sticker, weird indoor cousin of the billboard, teeny-bopper daughter of the painting, city-slicker cousin of the print". For psychedelic revolutionaries poster art is the ideal messenger to effectively spread the new ideas coming from San Francisco or London around the globe. The psychedelic poster art renaissance transfigures its own means: posters - historically meant to give out information, as unequivocal as possible - are now favouring confusion, with unreadable lettering and overwhelming colours. The image will speak for itself, functioning as a vivid, striking photograph of psychedelic consciousness, with confusion working as a vital component of the message. Transcendence is finally allowed to triumph over slogans - ironically, in the context of art's most commercial form. Even the industrial nature of posters is somehow challenged: traditionally intended for unlimited reproduction - where every piece is guaranteed to look exactly the same -, the renewed poster recounts unique experiences in the most unique way; with the development of the split fountain technique, for example, each poster is given a coloring that is objectively individual and unrepeatable. Something similar happens in the art of tie-dye, the ancient technique that enjoys an outstanding resurgence in the hippie 1960s. The unpredictability that lies at the very center of the technique appeals to the psychedelicized mind’s pursuit of wonder. Tie-dye is, at the same time, within everyone's reach (calling for enjoyable home experimentations - quickly ready to be worn and function, just like posters, as personal manifestos) and stimulating for artists. One of them, Courtenay Pollock, elevates it to an authentic art form, making use of cloth as proper canvas. He produces clothing, mandalas, trippy speaker fronts and backdrops, most notably for the Grateful Dead. At live shows you can notice Jerry Garcia turning his back to the audience and looking into one of Pollock’s thrilling backdrops - he starts playing a solo, inspired by the colours and shapes concealed in the gigantic mandala, itself created to the sound of music.

It's psychedelic synesthesia at work, once again.

REFERENCES


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One night I saw your dead Mother
Summer of love

August 1967: During the first four days of the month, a depression moves from the Atlantic across Scotland to the North Sea. It is rather cool over most of the United Kingdom during these four days, with occasional rain giving way to thundery showers and long sunny periods on the 4th. (Monthly Weather Report of the Meteorological Office, Volume 84 Number 8).

I am born in Glasgow on that 4th August 1967.

Mix up the 1967 Summer of Love and it sounds like Are You Heart Pepper’s Lonely Piper Club Band at the Gates of Dawn Experienced and feels like The 13th Strawberry Monkees Airplane Alarm Clock Boxtops, but it takes me 13 years to be bitten by the psychedelic bug when fellow pupil Graeme Ainslie (RIP) starts bringing weird records to music class: Velvet Underground, The 13th Floor Elevators, The Doors, The Teardrop Explodes, The Fall, The Cure and Echo & The Bunnymen.

I can draw, so he lends me these records to copy the sleeves and I sneak a listen to each and every one. They aren’t singing about our grey east end of Glasgow but instead The Slide Machine, The End or Villiers Terrace, times and spaces that exist only in their addled minds. I don’t do the LSD, dope, magic mushrooms or pass-out games of the times but through the primal fanzines of Lindsay Hutton in grey Grangemouth followed by the visceral trippy recommendations of Edwin Pouncey aka Savage Pencil in Sounds, I get The Paisley Underground infection instead. As the Singh Twins exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool notes, shawls from the Kashmir and Punjab regions of India were exported to Europe from the 18th century. They typically had a teardrop-shaped motif known as an ambi, from the Punjabi word for mango and in Britain this is known as the paisley pattern, as the town of Paisley in Scotland was an important centre for shawl production.

The Paisley Underground was a new set of American West Coast guitar-driven psychedelic bands that conjured up Andrew Wyeth’s ‘Christina’s World’ or Wim Wenders’ ‘Paris, Texas’. They were delicate and summery but with glimpses of teardrops and killers: Green on Red, Long Ryders, Rain Parade, Bangles, Fuzztones, Plasticland, The Last, Three O’Clock, Clay Allison and my particular favourite The Dream Syndicate, whose name connects us with La Monte Young and The Theatre of Eternal Music. I would go to the town of Paisley in the grey rain to watch St. Mirren Football Club in their rigid black & white vertical stripes while listening to the Paisley Underground singing of endless hot summers in wet impressionistic Monet colours. It wasn’t about the weather.
PsychedeliaSmith

... I might mention that Arthur Brown and myself will be appearing at Middle Earth tonight. I shall be wearing my latest rather daring ensemble of hand-laminated rice paper which I had whipped up over the weekend. (John Peel, Top Gear, BBC Radio, 1st October 1967).

Delia Smith: And how do you cook the brown rice?
Kate Bush: It's very easy, really, you just boil it in water with salt.

Sat on the sofas in our Fine Art studio in 2018 waiting for a tutorial student, I watch an unfolding set of highly saturated video images on the wall screen. I ask a tutor who has made these and then start to meet the two responsible, Marie Collier (https://tinyurl.com/yvznspwv) and KT-LI. We discuss psychedelia and I purchase the ‘Monster’ (1998) 12” by PsychedeliaSmith for them to respond to through a series of videos from which we take these stills.

They delve into old Delia Smith cooking shows and create nonsensical baking programmes. KT-LI’s amateur cable TV presenters - Benn Archer as Benn Boil and Joe Brennan as Joe Jumba - are trapped inside the machine and we yank the colours up to stained glass levels as the video transitions swipe from scene to scene: Welcome back to this week’s episode of two big strawberries and a pot of grapes! Join Benn Boil and Joe Jumba as they show how they really take the slice. They’ll show you how to make a baker’s perfect treat. A piece of cake they say. They’ll show you how you CAN take the cake AND eat it! But watch out - too many slices might make you feel strange. Watch out for the full episode here - https://tinyurl.com/y88f69a

Monster: Your friend has gone for a lie down and you’re alone in your front room. The walls are melting. You’re in your parents’ house and it doesn’t feel like home. Kate Bush is pounding on the speakers, and you like the way the drums sound. You need a glass of water so you go into the kitchen. There’s a Delia Smith cookbook lying on the table – every home has one. Delia is looking straight at you, taunting you with her sweet, happy smile. Delia is so out of place in your world right now, so unwelcome, or is it you who’s out of place and unwelcome? Delia and Kate Bush are going to take you on a trip you’ll never forget!

Marie’s Delia becomes possessed by her innocent brown rice cooking guest Kate who places her pink hands against our screens, enticing us inside while pleading to be released from her trip. Watching the videos and flicking the online pages, our eyeballmarbles see everything in constant flux and transition, a key element of psychedelia - https://tinyurl.com/yaogvekl

Fantastic Voyage

Inland Taipan shared The Beauty Witch’s event.
22 November 2017
Hey pals, we don’t stop.
Playing AATMA tonight with some psychedelic fuzz from Sundays & Cybele and Silver Vials. Message us for cheaplist xoxo

The final act of ‘Ice Cream for Crows’, John Hyatt’s extraordinary Captain Berlheart-inspired event in the north Liverpool Docks, is Manchester band Inland Taipan featuring Aisling Davis and two Manchester Metropolitan University art (history) students, drummer Thomas Walmsley and bassist Bryony Dawson. It’s so cold inside the warehouse - ice cream cold – that Bryony keeps her coat on. The Winter of Love. They don’t sing of freezing November Liverpool but of West / America / inside / tomorrow / heaven / fire / or maybe the blues? Hear for yourself, courtesy of Jelly Universe Productions - https://tinyurl.com/y88f69a

John and Aisling aka Inland Taipan aka Thalia Styx collaborate on ‘The Psychedelic Adventure of Clean Machine’ inspired by the movie ‘Fantastic Voyage’ (1966) starring Raquel Welch and Donald Pleasence. The film is about a scientist who is dying of a blood clot and his only chance for survival is for five scientist colleagues to be miniaturized in a ship called the Proteus and injected into his bloodstream. The only hope for the body of art is to be injected by the serum that is John and Thalia’s eight-page pseudo psychedelic comic-book, as psychedelia is the adventure inside the machine, the soft machine, inside the machinehead, the transitionhead, inside the head head Head HEAD.

Head

Fifty years ago, The Monkees release ‘Head’, the psychedelic film unlike any other pop band film and the subject of Dr Peter Mills brilliant book ‘The Monkees, Head, and the 60s’ (2016). Scripted by Jack Nicholson and Bob Rafelson and with cameos from Dennis Hopper, Frank Zappa and Toni Basil, ‘Head’ is an angry collage of anti-war, anti-corporation and anti-fame vignettes. Peter uses it within his film theory lectures each year at Leeds Beckett University and photographer Ceri Oakes captured a particular Autumnal screening at the Hyde Park Picture House in Leeds, while for this text, Peter invited four graduates to reflect back on their first ever viewing of the film:

... within minutes the film was infiltrating our space. Just utter madness. Prior to this I thought maybe the film would offer some solace from the previous 20 minutes of trepidation, instead, it came with the same uncertainty, but I wasn’t necessarily disheartened by this. I was dealt with a highly-charged barrage of wacky, unsystematic yet completely absorbing scenes. Saying that, every time I felt like I had a grip of the film, I was transported back to a state of confusion. As there were a few occasions I lost focus and peered to see others’ reactions, looking for social cues as to how to perceive this film. But it was the undying energy of
it that helped me re-engage. Equally, having the prior knowledge of The Monkees as a band, trying anything to resist the mould that they were managed under, the film gives you a new found perspective. Yes, ‘Head’ defies unity and succession, it offers no reason into the narrative structure, but does that mean you shouldn’t watch it? Not even. (Marina Haigh)

… my experience of watching ‘Head’ for the first time was very much like that of those who watched it back in 1968. It was a disclosure of The Monkees, a revelation, an introduction to the ‘real’ Davy, Micky, Michael and Peter. As the opening theme song (‘Porpoise Song’) suggests, the film is about waving goodbye to the ‘old’ Monkees and the band finding the freedom to express their authentic selves, ‘Wanting to feel, to know what is real’. ‘Ditty Diego - War Chant’ pokes fun at the theme song for their 1966-68 fabricated, false and only-for-profit TV show: ‘Hey hey we’re The Monkees, we’ve said it all before. The money’s in, we’re made of tin, we’re here to give you more’. The soundtrack, also named ‘Head’, sees them make a similar musical transition to The Beatles, from pop-rock to harder rock, inserting psychedelic elements like the sitar, but The Monkees did so FASTER, in a desperate attempt to shed their undesired image by force. (Gemma Rayner)

… it was essentially 1 hour and 26 minutes of an intense LSD trip. They took LSD in the sixties, right? But really, after Peter’s brief introduction of the film and the dimming of the lights, nothing could have prepared me for the whirlwind of images that would bore themselves into my retinas. With its purposeful lack of narrative both linear and cyclical, scenes range from The Monkees playing the role of dandruff for a shampoo advert - an allegory for the film’s title? - followed by being sucked into the dusty belly of a Hoover. Michael Nesmith picks up the remnants of a cigarette and exclaims “whoa…not one of your standard brands!” which aptly summarizes ‘Head’s humorous and playful style. In another scene which alludes to corporate America’s relationship with sixties youth culture, a cameo from Frank Zappa depicts him telling Davy Jones after a dance sequence to ‘Daddy’s Song’, “you should spend more time on it, on your music, because the youth of America depends on you to show the way.” (Francesca Scott)

The strangeness of this movie is demonstrated in the first 5 minutes, whereby the lead singer of the band Micky Dolenz commits suicide by jumping off a bridge – all the while the theme for the movie ‘Porpoise Song’ plays to accompany his slow decline towards the mermaid ridden depths below. The movie appears to be laced with metaphors and riddles, though getting the answer to these riddles can be somewhat of a speculative task. As a metaphor of my own, you could almost say that Micky’s suicide was the symbolic destruction of the band’s image. Not only did the movie crash at the box office but the popularity of The Monkees also saw a decline in the post-‘Head’ era. The detachment from their Hollywood image may have cost them their careers, but it also gives the movie a sort of tragically genuine feel. You can empathise with the desire to escape the tight chokehold of their curated image. (Daniel Kirby)
Summer of RIP

After The Paisley Underground, The Summers and Winters of Love continued onto cassette, minidisc, mp3, streams, festivals and back to vinyl: The Brian Jonestown Massacre, The Jesus & Mary Chain, Cocteau Twins, The Cramps, Creation Records, Psychic TV, La Revolución de Emiliano Zapata, Boo Radleys, Ride, Acid House, Sgt. Pepper exhibitions at Bluecoat in Liverpool, Mazzy Star, Husker Dü, Tricky, Primal Scream, The Liverpool International Festival of Psychedelia, Stone Roses, Malcolm Lowry, Cavalier Song, Spiritualized, Portishead head head, Radiohead head head, EX-EASTER ISLAND HEAD HEAD HEAD ...

Graeme Ainslie's funeral will be at Daldowie Crematorium on Saturday 31st Jan 2015 at 12pm. Thanks for the memories and the music via facebook. When I work out soundcloud I will upload a playlist. Love to you all and remember when the going gets weird the weird turn pro.

Browsing through Graeme’s Facebook photos, a digital life beyond his own, he kept up the vinyl frontier, from Sgt. Pepper to the Bunnymen to Mesquite to Ibrox to YEAH YEAH YEAHS eyeballs to Irn Bru placed on RAY + JULIE. All these images now sit as pixels inside Facebook’s Luleå data center in northern Sweden just 70 miles south of the Arctic Circle, crushed into increasingly small corners by the 350m new photographs per day that have been added since his death, meaning 402,150,000,000 at the time of writing and millions more as you read this. His reality starts my interest in psychedelia. It’s cold in the Node Pole. Winter averages -20C (-4F). Freezing air from outside is pumped into the building and acts as a natural coolant, with hot air generated by the servers circulating out, but somewhere in there sits the first seeds of a Summer of Love which was never ever about the heat head heat head HEAD HEAD HEAD.

RIPsyche.
KT-LI
john hyatt
and
inland taipan
Anti-social media
stimulus  → respond

WWW.STIMULUSRESPOND.COM