

# DARK

DARK ARTS RESEARCH KOLLECTIVE



FIELD REPORT #2



**A MULTIDIMENSIONAL  
RITUAL SPACE  
EXISTING BETWIXT  
ACADEMIA & THE  
ARTS, COMPOSED OF  
RESEARCHERS,  
ARTISTS,  
DESIGNERS, PERFORM  
ERS, EXPLORING  
OCCULTURAL  
PRACTICES, FORTEAN  
GEOGRAPHIES,  
PARANORMAL  
RESONANCES,  
PSYCHO-PHYSICAL  
ENCHANTMENT**



# HYPNOGOGIC RITES: A REPORT.

On the 10th of December 2023 D RK held an event at O! Peste Destroyed (Manchester) exploring Brion Gysin's hallucinatory apparatus, the "Dream Machine". A device that produces a flickering illumination around 10hz by means of a spinning cylinder with apertures surrounding a light bulb. I constructed a Dream Machine from plans published by "The Temple of Psychick Youth", a British magical organization founded by Genesis P-Orridge (Throbbing Gristle, Psychic TV.) in 1988. It was relatively simple to put together from card, a mic stand, 50w bulb, and a 78 rpm turntable found on eBay. The ease at which this hypnogogic engine can be manufactured lends itself to counter cultural activity, a guerrilla weapon in the psychedelic revolution. As an object it has a powerful aura; somewhere between a low budget SciFi prop, conspiracy theorists' occult-technology and a piece of Op-Art sculpture. It possesses the primal mesmeric qualities of fire, and its influence extends into the space with flickering shadows. However, the Dream Machine is "viewed" with eyes closed and it is in the crimson fog behind your eyelids that the vision occurs.

The 10hz frequency is designed to stimulate the optic nerves causing the brain to enter an Alpha wave state. "In Alpha, we begin to access the wealth of creativity that lies just below our conscious awareness - it is the gateway, the entry point that leads into deeper states of consciousness" (Faenza, 2015). The device attunes the inner-viewer into their dream TV, overtime images forming in the pulsing carmine static. Gysin experienced this phenomenon on a bus journey, the passing trees causing the sunlight to flicker sending him into an altered state of consciousness. It was after this he began to investigate recreating the effect with collaborator Ian Sommerville, a mathematician and budding computer scientist.

"Apport.2, Hypnogogic Rites" held at Peste, programmed three, hour long Dream Machine sessions open to the public. A sonic accompaniment of improvised electronic music was provided by D RK sono-thaumaturges: Matteo Polato, Maya Chowdhry, Julian Holloway, Raz Ullah, John Lloyd, Kevin Craig (K OF ARC), Markus Hetheier and myself. Peste's cellar was the space used and its subterranean atmosphere with the device casting its strobing radiance was most conducive. Throughout the event the audiences came and went, usually staying for a long time bathed in vibratory ambience, eyes closed and silent with an air of ritual solemnity. What the casual patrons of the drinkery upstairs, who with curiosity peaked found their way down to the event thought of it, was hard to tell, but many stayed. Paper and pens were provided for participants to record their experiences, some of which are included in this report, make of them what you will.

# HYPNOGOGIC RITES: A REPORT.

My own experience was clouded by my involvement in the event, and I found it difficult to relax between organising and performance. However, I did get a good opportunity with the Dream Machine that yielded some results. At first, I think I was trying too hard, staring fiercely with my inner-eye, battling distraction, it was when I gave up something appeared. It was a canyon with a cold, blue light in the distance like that of a star. The walls of the canyon were passing by, the light catching wet irregular surface contours. It reminded me of a miniature effect in a 1980 SciFi movie, and a suggestion of Michael Mann's "The Keep", though I cannot articulate how (a scene?). Combined with the murk of the eerie electronic tonalities the encounter was an engaging one given my proclivities for the weird. Later I tried it again, though cryptically (an image of a Martini replete with olive popped into my mind's eye? I feel there is perhaps something more significant than whether the apparatus produces visions. The act of looking for them, opening to notions that expand the scope of experience into limitless inner vistas. Gysin's machine is a magical object with teachings enfolded in its substance, hidden mysteries fleetingly glimpsed through portals, a sightless vision. As William Burroughs, a close friend and collaborator of Gysin said of the Dream Machine, "We must storm the citadels of enlightenment, the means are at hand."

Overall, it was a highly successful event with some positive feedback and more investigation of this enigmatic device should be undertaken. A video documenting the event edited by John Lloyd and featuring audio from the improvised performances can be viewed using the QR Code below

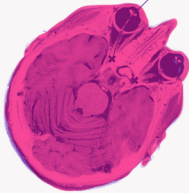
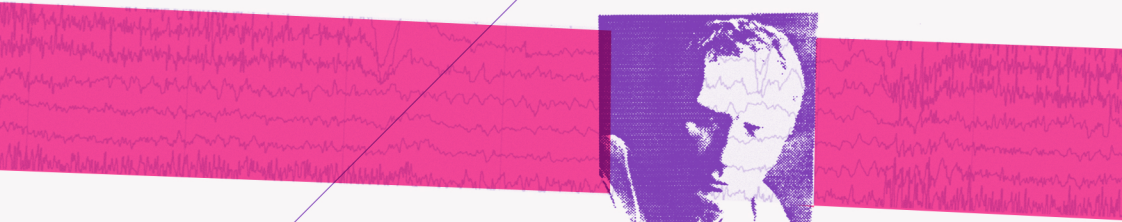
Your faithful servant of the DVRK,

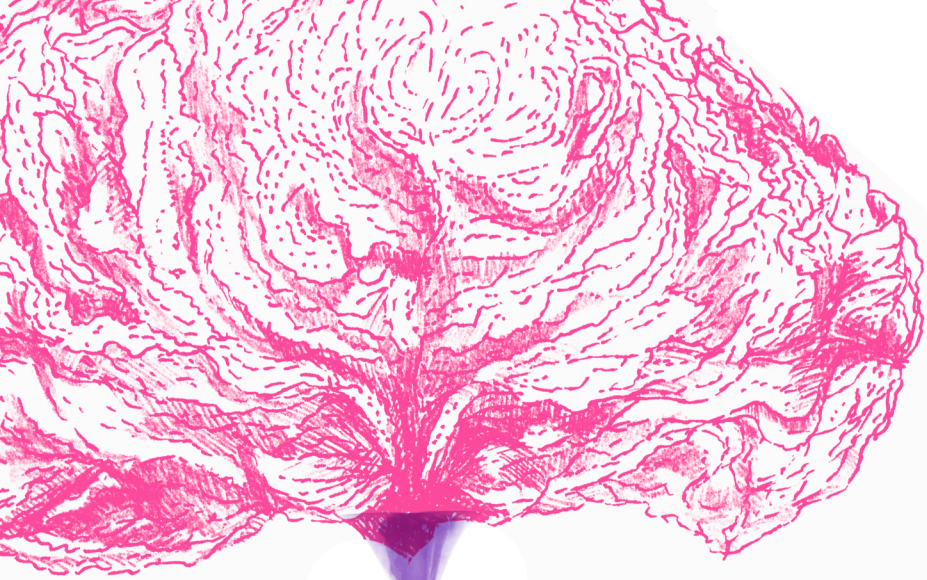
C.Gladwin





8-12.Hz.





John Harrison

AROMANCER





# Joan of Art



Portable mediumistic props to transform architectural spaces. These objects conceptually colonise the functional possibility of place. The viewer experiences a new narrative wherein space becomes haunted. At Manchester School of Art these scrying devices become the portals from which to make contact with the Art School Ghost 'Joan of Art' (Joan Charnley).

**APPARITIONER** - A clairvoyant device that channels personal artefacts into a mystic mist, acting as a pareidolia interface from which to read expressions, conversations and messages from the residing spirit.

**PSYCHO-MATIC** - A psychic divination device: through gazing into the scrying mirror over Joan's home-made fancy dress moustache, wearing her scent and experiencing periphery light interruptions from a slide of one of her many expeditions, the viewer glimpses her presence.

**SPIRITOPHONE** - A seance trumpet device that utilises the alchemical combination of symbolic personal artefacts that scan the ether for EVP (Electronic Voice Phenomena) and enhance such signals into audible messages from 'beyond the veil'.

**AROMANCER** - A device that defuses ethereal aromas. By placing images in the small frame and under the spirit lens, the present spirit is able to elicit the viewers' emotion (amygdala) and memory (hippocampus).

A special thanks to Nigel and Julian from The Weavers Factory in Uppermill for their generosity in sharing their experiences of Joan and help with making this work possible through the loan of media and artefacts.

Fabrizio Cocchiarella

<https://www.para-design.org/joan-of-art> .









# On Shapeshifters and Nahuales

## José Sherwood González

250 years before the Spanish arrived in the Anahuac, the Aztec/Mexica ruled over Mesoamerica through the Triple Alliance. According to the Florentine Codex from the grandpappy of modern ethnography, Fray Bernadino de Sahágun, the Aztec Emperor Itzcoatl ordered the burning of all historical codices because it was deemed unwise that all the people should know what was in those paintings. 250 years later, almost all codices found by the Spanish missionaries were burned over the course of three days.. This kind of iconoclasm beggars the question; what kind of sacred knowledge were in those books? The Conquest of Mexico marked a paradigm shift in consciousness towards one God, away from a more engaged interwoven experience of the fabric of reality and of deep nature. The Aztec Empire ceded to New Spain. The calendrical and divinatory knowledge embedded in painted books of Mexico were nearly all burned away; the alphabet, the Gregorian calendar, Gutenberg's press and syphilis were brought to Mexico. The nahuales, the people of knowledge, those able to shapeshift, heal and alter the perception of those around themselves went into hiding.

José Vasconcelos's The Cosmic Race in 1925 presented the creation of a new Mexican identity for the 20th Century by the rector of the National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM) and head of the Secretaría de la Educación Pública (SEP) which sought to reverse Mexico's reification of imported aesthetics and intellectual dependencies on Europe through the nation-building and modernising exercise of creating a Mestizo mixed Mexican race that could perceive themselves in a cosmic way. Humans trapped in an increasingly materialistic world, disconnected from spirit.



In the 60s and 70s, a group of counterculture kids encountered new ways of exploring mind, body and consciousness thanks to lysergic revelations, psilocybin mushrooms and rock n roll. At the forefront of this is Jacobo Grinberg-Zylberbaum, a psychophysicologist developing rigorous scientific methods to study Mexican Shamanism and extra sensory perception. His important contribution was the sinergic theory; a theoretical framework that attempts to explain the nature of collective consciousness.

The sinergic theory proposes "that the human brain is able to create a hypercomplex field of interactions that are the result of the activation of all its neuronal elements. This interaction matrix is called the "neuronal field". One of the effects of its activation is the unification of neuronal activity. It is postulated that the neuronal field produces a distortion in the basic space-time structure and the reality of our percepts is the perception of this distortion. For the neuronal field to be activated a structure as complex as the brain is needed. This field is responsible for the interactions between brains produced in emphatic non-verbal communication." (Grinberg-Zylberbaum 1997, page 443).

Grinberg's work garnered the attention of the CIA and the FBI in the 80s (CIA-RDP96-00792R000700130001-6) who went MK ULTRA on his cosmic ass. Jacobo Grinberg disappeared on 8th December 1994. Some claim they kidnapped him and he's still alive working deep underground in a lab in New Mexico". Others say "he transcended to another dimension, man". Just ask Carlos Castañeda and Don Juan.



**HEALING**



**AWAKENING**



# TONGUES OF LIGHT

## Part One

### Channeled Messages at the End of History

Channeled glossolalic material for various multidimensional entities.

Audio found and orchestrated by Sam A Mcloughlin.

The channelled transmissions from which this recording is made reportedly come from various multidimensional entities, most commonly from the Pleiades and Sirius star systems. They are said to offer healing and guidance to humanity at a time of great change and uncertainty on earth. The channellers believe that the glossolalic language (commonly referred to as Light Language) contained specific sonic signatures or 'informational architecture' that are intuitively understood by the listener and help activate the awakening of their true, multidimensional identity and remind them of their mission here on earth.

Ever expanding and evolving, this new age movement gained much popularity with the publication with the publication of 'Bringers of the Dawn' By Barbara Marciniak (channelled in English from the Pleiades), but the phenomenon of channelled information from Sirius is claimed to date back thousands of years by the Dogon tribe in Africa who say they received alien codes describing humanity's intergalactic heritage. Since the rise of digital communication it has become popular for channellers to upload their transmissions and share them online. It is from these low quality home recordings alone that this piece is made.

# SPIRICOM

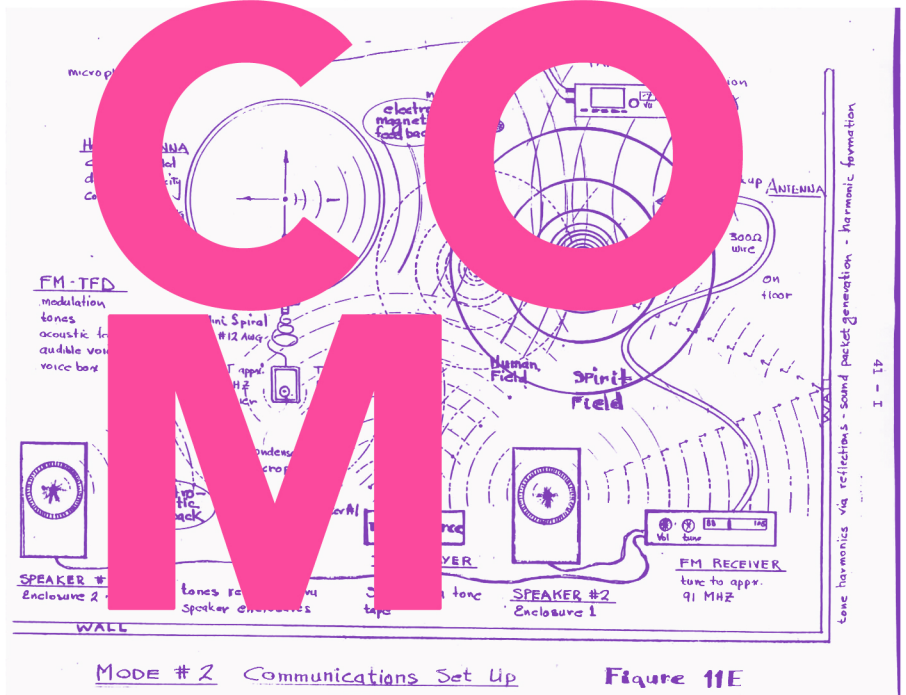
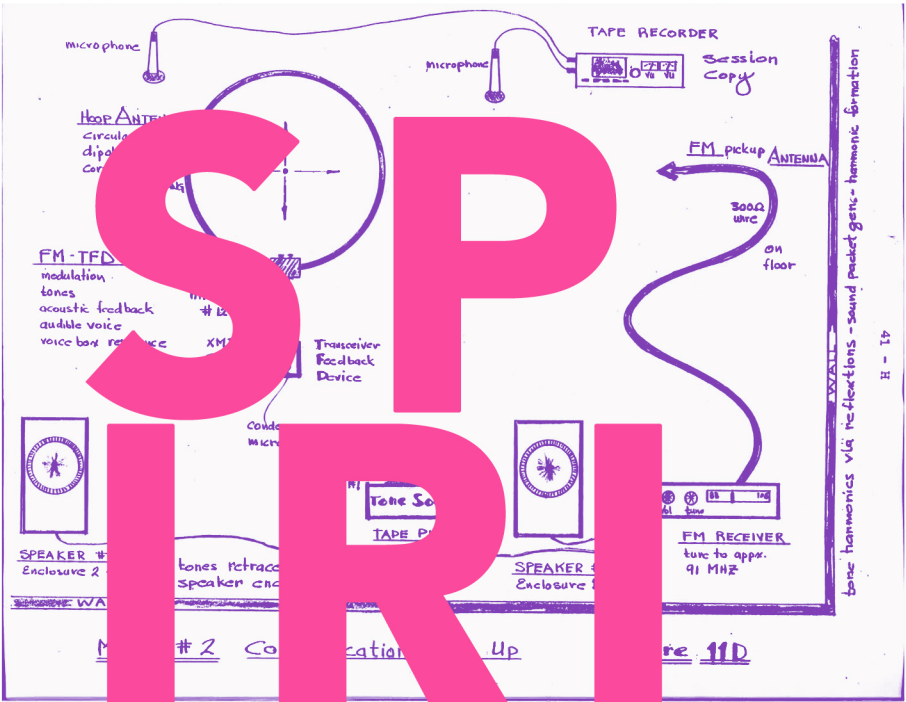
An Electromagnetic-Etheric Systems Approach  
to  
Communications  
with  
Other Levels of Human Consciousness



COPY No. 16

*The Spiricom was the brainchild of George Meek, a retired businessman that had become quite wealthy from patenting various air conditioning systems and parts in the 1940s to 1960s. Meek was already fascinated with the idea of survival after death but became obsessed after attending a séance. During the séance, a spirit allegedly claiming to be a scientist gave Meek the idea for a machine that would allow for two-way communication*





PSYCHIC &  
SOCIAL  
CONSEQUENCES  
THAT SUDDENLY  
SHIFTED  
PREVIOUS  
BOUNDARIES &  
PATTERNS OF  
CULTURE





# EVERYTHING WE DID, WE DID IT FOR YOU

3/3/24 – Salutation  
Duration – 5 hours 4 mins

A collection of images from an investigative performance. This was the third iteration of an experimental endurance Karaoke event, in which participants could sing only one song, the seminal number 1 1991 Hit Everything I Do, I Do It For You Bryan Adams which tore up the charts for a massive 16 weeks

This was the first time this event was open to the public.

Next mega performance - MeCCSA Conference 4th – 6th September  
Contact Maria Ruban or John Lloyd for more details.

During the performances we collected testimony from those who took part in the Karaoke.

"I was 10 when it came out...it was just before shit hit the fan"

"Beginning of the disco, the middle of the disco, the end of the disco"

"Perhaps even sort of a ritual to expel the Tories"

"I did it 3 times, it got better every time"

"As this song stayed at the top of the charts I was going through changes but this song was a constant"

"I still don't know the song...or the lyrics...After a couple of hours I started to believe in the song and he was right, Everything I do"







EVERY  
THING  
WE  
DID,  
WE  
DID IT  
FOR  
YOU





# DREAM VOTIVES







**REAL ENGINE:  
PRELIMINARY  
OSCILLATIONS  
INTERCEPTED  
WITHIN THE  
VEN ZONE.  
BY YAMI  
KURAE –  
MATTEO  
POLATO &  
JACOPO  
BORTOLUSSI**





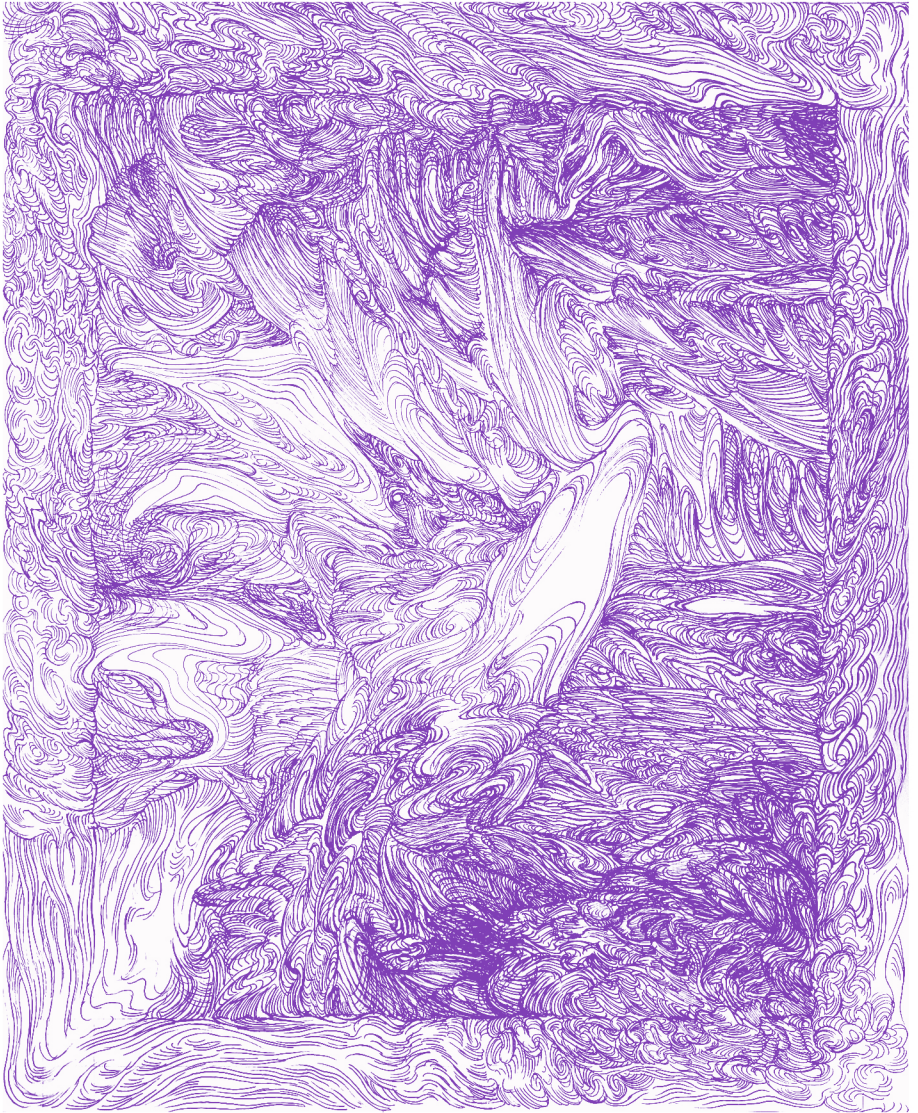


*This singular sacrosonic transmission will open The Elder Doors, and must be employed solely for the purpose of triggering The Astral Opening in The Hintersphere. From The Utterworld we have come specifically to enact this recording and create this metasonic artefact. You are reading this because the artefact has found you and you are known to possess the requisite knowledge, courage, and resilience. Once activated the musick will align to the rhythm of the blood that is the rhythm of the land, of the water flowing in the streams and the roots of the leaves, the dance of the dawn and the pulse of the sunset. Auroral resonators and galactic turbines were employed in the creation of this musick to generate The Tones From The Elsechaos. Their melodies and chords summon other lands from the depths of heaven and dance far galaxies into the sky. They terrify from their dark-nesses the fallen gods, and from their heartholes your shadow selves, who into The Light Of Unhearing are transmuted. Our music was made in The Time Between Time using hydroresonators formed from deep soundlochs, chthonic reverberators from scalar abysses, and galactic astroscillators positioned on highsonic pinnacles. Our musick also features The Holy Star Choir, solar winds are their breath.*

*Deep in The Glen Behind The Glen on The Night Of The Otherfires we forged The Hintersonic Keys that open and close The Elder Doors.*

*Wear The Sigil Of The Infrachord over your heart. A lumino-sonic arrow, forged by the musick, will with precision penetrate the sonoluminant keyhole at your heart. The design of the sigil incorporates geometries from The Secret Temple Of The Owl Nebula, which will repel any incoming shadowformed antiresonances that may enter with the arrow.*

*Guard with extreme religiosity your space. Arrange the sacred sound furniture as instructed, orientated towards your local Mother Mountain. Respect The Electrickenalchemickal Nuocurrentity that dwells in the deepest depths of The Glen Of The Sacred Groove. Taker uttermost care. Order your domain. Invoke The Celestial Trialectic. Be not overwhelmed. Protect Your Self. Close the door behind you.*





The  
**FIELD NOTES**  
of a Folklorist

I.L.S Boleskine



**Jimmy P Blakeley**

# CHAPTER 1

## AN EVENING WITH.....

Part 1

AUGUST 12TH 2006

I.L.S Boleskine stoops outside the Golden Lion. With yellow tinged fingers he places a cigarette in between his lips and as he inhales the tip glows wildly and the smoke migrates deep into his lungs. He glances at his watch and he realises he has time for one last drink before he needs to leave and head up to Todmorden's Hippodrome theatre. As he smokes, he stands absently and looks down at the shimmering waters of the Calder. They ripple and dance on his once perfect reflection, now distorted. He drops the cigarette butt on the cobbles and returns inside the pub. He notices a gaudy coloured poster advertising a local rhubarb festival as he pushes through the heavy wooden door and winding through the crowd, a throng of Morris men, Folk musicians and ancient locals. As he reaches the bar, he orders a pint of Lunatics Broth Ale.

He had met the host of the talk, Andrea Hollis earlier in the day. She was the organiser of the Todmorden Folk Festival and they had been sending emails back and forth for months and he had found it tiresome. He thinks about the evening ahead and the stories he will reveal which also sit in the pages of his book, Field notes which he has chosen for a particular reason. He knows how much his past haunts him and as he looks down at the frothy dregs left in his pint glass and sees a crude face, it is familiar to him. He consumes the dregs and wipes his mouth on his sleeve. Leaving the pub he heads in the direction of the theatre.

Boleskine sits silently in a box room, now a dressing room used for amateur dramatics, he is amongst boxes filled with pantomime character costumes and bags of wigs plus rails of theatrical attire. He listens to the audience as they file into the auditorium from down the corridor near the stage, their conversations inaudible. He pulls out a hip flask from inside his blazer pocket and takes two big swigs. The whisky is of the cheapest quality and it burns his throat, but this is how he likes it, despite this, he grimaces and turns around to look at himself in a mirror on the wall. He touches the black fabric of the eye patch which is tethered around one side of his wrinkled face and remembers. He is interrupted as Andrea Hollis appears at the dressing room door.



"We will be starting shortly; you will be glad to know we have a full house!" Boleskine nods as Andrea disappears. He takes one more swig of whiskey, sighs and manoeuvres down the corridor to the edge of the stage. He is hidden by tall, flowing red velvet curtains and from this position he investigates the audience and sees many faces. Lots of faces. Ugly faces.

"Welcome everyone to the beautiful Hippodrome theatre here in Todmorden! Please stay around at the end for refreshments where our guest speaker will be on hand to sign copies of his book, *Field Notes!*" announces Andrea.

"So, without any further ado, he is a writer, author, teacher and Folklorist. So please give a warm welcome to Invictus Laurence Sonny Boleskine!" He wondered why he had agreed to participate in this event. He knew the reason. He was getting paid an astronomical amount to tell some stories. As Boleskine awkwardly steps onto the stage, he is accompanied with applause. He attempts a smile as he is invited to sit down by Andrea.

"So, Mr Boleskine, thank you and welcome! shall we jump right in? so, *Field Notes* was quite a success when published many years ago . Can I ask you if you're working on anything new?"

"Well, I do have a couple of ideas, but I fear I won't get round to writing anything." Said Boleskine.

"Why is that?"

"Well, you never know what may be hiding around the corner."

"That sounds intriguing! I'm sure you wouldn't tell us even if you wanted to! So,

moving swiftly on, why did you become a Folklorist?"

"For me, it is all about entering realms of the unknown. For hundreds of years people have claimed to see creatures such as The Carrion King, Old Shoddy Mungo and monsters like Pennywort. By looking at these stories of Folklore it allows me to make sense of the world we live in."

"Interesting! Well, I am sure we will have plenty of time for more questions later, but now you're going to tell us a few weird tales!"

"Yes, these are a selection of stories written by a host of writers I have collected over the years. The first story is called: *The Midnight Parade.*"

"Well, that sounds great and It's one of my favourites from your collection so please everyone get comfortable and here is *The Midnight parade.*"

# HIGH WEIRD NESS

