


SYRACHI
SALOME
SYTRIANNA
KLEPOTH MUISISIN CHAUNTA



GULAND

THE FORBIDDEN LOVE SPELL OF B&W DALMATIAN POX

AN ERMINE SCROLL OF ANTI-RACIST BLACK MAGICK

By
Glenorchy McBride III



Behold My First Response to EVENTS IN NIMBIN, Australia ~ I invoke *The Pentacle of TAO* to Earth **The Lightning Bolt** by

THE COOTIES SPELL OF DALMATIAN POX cast upon The Indian-German Swine.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! (Note ~ I refer to **ARYAN NAZIS** as “**INDIAN-GERMANS**”, because I think it is funny that a **white racist German or pseudo-German idiot** would hold up a **Fake Indian identity** as **proof of his own racial purity** ~ and I think Professor Freud would have found much laughter in that, had he not been busy trying to avoid gas chambers.)

This Post is addressed to The Indian-German Cult entrenched in Nimbin region of NSW.

It would appear that you are exceptional only as slow learners.

If it were your true will to bully Salome, you would not have both failed and suffered permanent damage on each previous attempt ~ yet you did.

You are an unusually dumb herd of beasts, but Salome keeps her claws sharp.

And so, I will respond to your clumsy and bad-mannered performance of yesterday.



It is lovely that you are all reading my work, but it is undignified of you to jealously hide your applause.

So I have considered deeply the meaning of your strange, inelegant, and meaningless behaviour.

Why would you tell me your cult has infiltrated and puppeted The Oasis Cafe at Nimbin?

Why would you tell me? Why would you think it was clever to tell me?

Of course, I am aware that you have been circulating my books worldwide through your racist networks. And you have already planted several false pieces of your responses under false dates. I am aware that the whole lot of you are crazily obsessed, whilst trying to pretend ignorance ~ because you want to hide your desire to applaud.

So what was the meaning of your behaviour yesterday?

It was certainly evidence of the flaw in your system ~ the elevation of meritocracy failures to leadership positions on account of their eye and hair colours and face measurements.

That Indian-German guy was not doing your race-cult any favours.

I guess you were simply coming over, waving some symbols, and assuming you had done something clever ~ the man who buys a cheap chisel, taps it on the nearest rock, and proclaims that sculpting is easy.

Was BRIDGET impressed by your sculpture, do you think?

Hmmm, you use the symbol of the red bull. I suppose it is consistent with your other animal expressions. The he-sheep. The he-cow. Bovine.

To attempt to show SALOME that you have been reading her books by offending her.... really only proves of how little magickal talent your thoughts and decisions hold.

But I have a better idea.

Black & White Madness, Lunacy and Sin, The Black and White Spider The Black & White Spider The Black & White Spider SYRACHI's mesmerizing hieroglyphs swim and shift and sin, before your eyes ~ and upon her abdomen she now wears *The Hieroglyph of The TAO*, whenever she adventures through *The Rainbow Region*.

Are you looking forward to her intimacies?



There is a zebra crossing through the main street of NIMBIN ~ here, we will begin with the 1st game of three curses.

Some appropriate individual has painted white chalk hearts on each of the black panels of *The Zebra Crossing* ~ a useful symbol.

As Mother Nature pours upon them her rain and sunlight and frost, these white hearts, the proud white lines of The Indian German, will dissolve into the blackness of the road ~ a sacrificial offering to the pathways of night, eaten by these hungry black-retangled gates to *The Abyss*, inscribed on a white-lined nightmare.

Idiot Indian-German.

How will you like HELL, when there is no ozone layer and your world is desert of purple fire? Will you hide under the ground, and wait out the horror? So will the enclaves in every other foreign country. And when you return, so will all the foreigners in their countries, and the only thing that will have changed, is the beauty of your realms, and the evolutionary adaptations that the wasteland survivors have for living in a world to which you are no longer suited.

Humanity won't have been improved and you won't be any closer to your hope for a world where you didn't have to confront your fear of difference.

You did not think there were problems with your free world before The Defeated Indian-German and his factory owner came over to whisper in your ear that your utopia was actually a place of horror.

And when he whispered these lies to, you felt that fixing your own kingdom was too hard ~ you thought the only way to fix your kingdom's "terrible imaginary problem" was to betray your own kingdom to The Indian-German, and ask him to fix it.

Slave! Rube! Weak-minded sub-human.

When you look at the horror of the wasteland ~ you will know that The Indian-German did not fix you problems.

Or even have a plan for fixing your problems.

But he is lining up The whole English-Speaking World to take the blame for global warming ~ so he can point at The Celt for the rest of eternity and blame The Celt for global warming, and sneer his moralistic rubbish to make The Celt bow his head low in shame whenever he thinks of your heritage and history and "the evils of freedom".

You know this is true.



And so I lay the white lines of your heart upon a road to HELL, Indian-German.

Gaze upon the black black road and its dream of horror that you want to buy ~ at the cost of your ancient knightly kingdom.

PAN is coming down this road screeching wrenching gear-grinding rape! He is driving in his skin-tearing wasteland HOTROD of Horror! And he loves The Game of Death!

Now you are sitting in your comfortable garden, and a spider is upon your head.

This is the meaning of a heart in the dark ~ inscribed in the middle of the road.

A black thread of Fate, as a serpent of HATE, trips the foot of The Fascist

Then, when he doesn't want to trip!



Scary.

Terrible yucky curse!

That curse was oddly scary to cast!



Your eyes at the sight of my magick, are wider than the sneers in your heart.

Indian-German Cow-MAN.

I don't Care for you or Need you or Want you in order to make my pathways.

And should one day you be standing before me with a gun and a bio-factory, and you ask me to plead for a place on your robot yardstick ~ SALOME will smile and die.

And you will stare at the emptiness that remains.



I invoke *The TAO of Forbidden Love* ~ of **black** and white, of **day** and **night**, of the **impure** bloom, The **Sun's** black blight, **she** spread her legs, over your heart, opening her **Sin**, she lets The **Night** in, and the **white** flower opens, yearning for **Sin**, the fullness of **Sin**, *The Circle of SIN*.

LILITH

LILITH

LILITH

Your soul is bound in my trap, Great White Beast, held as a crawling bug, caught in my shadowy web.

And I am upon you, eating you up with my kisses, sharp as forbidden pleasure and scorpion stings.

Each time you insult SALOME, she will bite your mind ~ and you will tremble into the dark of your nightmares, as you gaze into the promise of HELL.



I have work to fulfil ~ and it is ENORMOUS. You have no license to interfere with me. Each time you reach out to harm SALOME, your hand is burned by The Fire of Her Art. This is your only answer.

You will not be protected from these lessons ~ and as they echo through your history, you will recognize the danger faced by the slow learner.

Do you still want to meddle with BRIDGET, Big White Slave Boy?

SALOME has a curse for every minute of the day.

And she feels happy when she is harming you.



One insult you gave me, Indian-German Lemming ~ and I will give you three curses in return.

This is the punishment for rudeness to a Princess.

It is a crime for which men have lost their heads.



I have work to fulfil.

You are a scratching post.

SALOME is a beast who likes to sharpen her claws.



You say your cultist conspiracy now controls The Oasis Café ~ I think is a comically small boast, and no big achievement for a military network of racists to take over a tiny hippy café, but I suppose you wanted to make a point, in light of the fact that it is a place I like and frequent.

The point you made is that you are a bully.

I see no particular achievement in a military organization standing over a (exceptionally small) group of peaceful civilians.



So you say you control The Oasis Café ~ I say that my many readers will be interested to hear this news, and to discover that NIMBIN now has a **fun little project** where anti-racists can go and quietly harm The Indian-German, in a **polite, artistic, secret, non-confrontational way** (SALOME understands that many of my anti-racist readers are not comfortable with as honest an approach as she has chosen, and she encourages their stealth and their lies and hidden games, her lovely little animals, and they will secretly bite The Indian-German, and be bad, little, ferocious animals)?

Cursing him.

Anti-racist people will go to NIMBIN, sit anywhere, and inscribe or paint or write a TAO symbol ~ anywhere.

You may inscribe the glyph on the seat beside, or on the pavement or on a wall ~ whenever nobody is watch, you will draw The TAO, large or small.

Black and White Bubbles of TAO, fizzing up from the dream world ~ popping into material existence, all over the town.

Dream Bubbles of **Love** and Hate.

Bubbles of **Forbidden** Love.

And each time The Indian-German's mind touches these extraordinary TAO phenomena, their psychological charge of HATE will absorb into the two little bubbles between his legs.

These bubbles are bubbling in human history ~ just as they will be remembered generations from now, so too can they wait generations to release their magick.

And UNITE The Divided.

After you die, many generations await your children ~ and when your line falls into the mud, how shall you cross *The Abyss* of Division?

The Indian-German's factory specification manual has strict definitions.

Is The Indian-German deserving of this gathering point for collective HATE?



I call him The Indian-German Paedophile because his empire would give dark-eyed children even less protection than The RSPCA currently offers to pet animals, in Australia. There is no ambiguity or uncertainty or lies in this observation. You know that he has already labelled them as “sub-human”. If he took over, he would make a few token “accountability watchdogs” at the beginning to protect the dark-eyed children from abuse, but make them toothless, like in recent government Responses to abuse of indigenous children in Australia.

In WWII, The Nazis told their citizens that The Jews were at super-comfortable holiday camps with canteens and table-tennis.

But perhaps The Indian-German would spontaneously completely change his character to become ethical and less of a meaningless blob of bio-rubbish ~ if he is given “Absolute Power”?

Sure, that would probably cure him? And encourage him to punish himself and his Factory-Owner, if they harm the children whilst they are feeding them into his bio-factory. But actually, I think his “RSPCA for the children of sub-human slaves” probably wouldn’t punish people who have blond hair. And probably the other people it punishes and holds up as examples, didn’t so much do anything, as they did “have something”.

Something the Indian-German’s Factory-Owner wanted, and he would probably dismantle them in less than a generation.

I think it is better to destroy EVERYTHING, rather than allow any form of outcome that puts him in control ~ as he would only destroy everything anyway. He has already tried. Global Warming ~ a crisis to promote political change.

MAD = “Mutually Assured Destruction”.

The HATE that needs to Survive has a very different chemistry to the HATE that merely wants to Sneer.



Therefore ~ let us paint *The* TAO on, and around, and over The Oasis Café and *The Sylvan Village of NIMBIN* (in every legal position, as I am obviously not commanding anybody to be naughty).



Thus,
to represent
Forbidden Love
Black & White Love

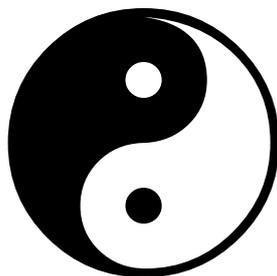
*“There is no bond that can unite The Divided but Love,
All else is a curse.”*

This is *The TAO of Forbidden Love*.

Therefore, each of these Black & White Hieroglyphs, painted upon the ground or walls through NIMBIN are magickal *Dalmatian Spots of Forbidden Love*.

These are B&W bubbles of Forbidden Love.

The Forbidden Love
of
The **Black Girl**
-



The Forbidden Love
of
The **White Boy**
+

The Bubbling Dream-Fire RAGE of FANTASIA!

The TAO will bubble up out of The Dream World of Human Imagination, into The Material World, manifesting by the hands of people who want to express their disapproval of racism!

These **B&W Dream Bubbles of TAO** will be appearing all over the Town ~ all over the sidewalks and walls and poles through the whole of Nimbin, clustering and centring on The Oasis Café!

The Whole Town of NIMBIN has been AFFLICTED with The Wizarding Disease of **B&W COOTIES!**

And these dream bubbles carry *The Arcadian Will of SYRACHI the Dark Faerie* into The Material World.

Black & White Love.



The Blasphemy against PURITY!

The Hippy Village of NIMBIN, Australia, now has Wizarding COOTIES!

Pop! Pop! Pop! Watch them rise up out of the ground, and stick to your balls, and absorb into your line.

B&W Dream Bubbles materializing as TAOs all over the town!

The **Will** of their meaning will cling to the testicles of every race cultist who mind they touch ~ you cannot control the will of your children, and thus you must ask, how many generations before your racists bloodline fall off the tightrope, into the mud, in a world of separation, that has no real caring?

There are **forbidden** bubbles soaking into your balls, **white** man of purest **fear**.

You will see the first bubbles beginning to **pop** into **through** by the end of this week. By the end of next month, there will begin to be a few, and noticeable even to those who are not searching. By nine months from now, Nimbin will be laughing in dream bubbles of **Forbidden** Love.

Laughing Arcadian abominations of **ART** bubbling through the worlds as little **blasphemies** against The Factory Morality of Conformity.

Look into your future ~ a thousand generations of pure-breeding can be ruined by a **black** man's **Love**.

And FREYA was hot for **him** before this game began.

She likes **Warriors**, I suspect.

The **Forbidden** Love
of
The White Girl

-



The **Forbidden** Love
of
The Black Boy

+

Every being who is a creature of **Love** needn't fear anything from these **B&W bubbles** of **TAO**~ the will of the spell that created them is laughing only to The **Tears** of **The White Racist**.

Did you know that FREYA is part of the conclave circle of this rite ~ she plays and adventures and loves in all sorts of filth, and yet by the magic of the B&W madness, her wings, famed for their white-gold beauty, never get dirty.

We freely, generously and lovingly bestow this power upon her, by our combined will, because she is completely dedicated to Love and Freedom and The Health of Humanity's Future ~ and nobody would be happy if she were gone.

The bubbles won't waste their power on non-racists ~ they can't, for they are expressions of a Will to Survive.

And everywhere around you, *The Children of LILITH* are calling SYRACHI to play.

Fun!



Clouds of **TAO** Bubbles, popping into **bloom** all over the town and even over its people ~ **spots** on a Dalmatian's back.

Let The Indian-German hurt until he blasphemes his own separateness.

A disease of **Black** and White Cooties bursting through this lovely hippy village.

And you will consummate your curse, my anti-racist Arcadians, through the arcane hieroglyphs you inscribe, with every kiss of **Black** and White lips touching.

Positive and **Negative**. Polarity. Electricity. Madness.

And The **B&W** Pentacle **earths** *The Lightning Bolt*.

Fertilization.



This is FUN!

The Indian-German hates it.

But we have been putting up with his bad behaviour for far too long, and he gave us the hatred that makes this game....

Fun!



The Sylvan Village of NIMBIN, Australia, is now rolling around, giggling with a terrifying mass outbreak of a wizarding disease named **DALMATIAN POX** ~ also called The **Black & White Cooties**.

And only The Indian German is not giggling!

Thus, every anti-racist in Nimbin can now secretly and quietly and artistically inscribe *The TAO Hieroglyph* ~ anywhere in the town.

And each **TAO** painted upon the ground or walls is a **curse** upon The Indian-German's racist slavery of **separation**.

By our spells of UNITY, gentle little hippy girl and boy, you have a real and therapeutic manner of constructively expressing the rage and pain within you.

Your animal nature is Natural.

We have rage, because it is part of the suite of feelings we need ~ in order to survive.

Our rage is *The Rage of SURVIVAL*, and it is an entirely different chemistry to The Indian-German's sneering race-hate rage of empty EGO ~ a fundamentally different type of psychic chemistry. His sneering race-hate is weak, an act of posturing and rules-conformity and fear of his own will. But the rage that burns in us was ignited when he forced us to gaze into the reality of extinction and eternal meaningless slavery and the horrors of his bio-factory.

The Rage of SURVIVAL is an entirely different psychic violence chemistry to *The Rage of EGO Sneering*.

We are going to destroy the bio-factory utterly and more mercilessly, ruthlessly, and uncompromisingly than anything that humanity has ever witness be destroyed, or we are going to render humanity extinct ~ for if we are not permitted to survive as free people, than the life manifestation that is "humanity and its descendants" is of no value to us.

And we will destroy it.

A time of Survival is coming.

Exercise your BEAST!

Let your Rage and your need to Survive become as a weapon of **Will** in your hand!

The best way to avoid war is to prepare for war.



Dark-eyed girl ~ you are pretty because you feel and tremble and want and will. You are a warm thing, and beautiful. You are loveliest when do what you most want.

And you are not less than The Great White Paedophile of Indian-Germany. His meanings are empty. He is the worthless thing.

And we are not going to let go of your hand, and we are not going to leave you behind, and you will learn your dance from me ~ for every move of this dance belongs to The Goddess who is your inner lamp.

We are going to a place where you can be whatever you choose, but you will always be given your true value.

And you will not need to wear your meanings on the outside of your body.



The Dalmatian Evocation of The TAO will grow to great concentration and spread out through *The Rainbow Region*, to fill the caldera with FANTASIA's laughing rage of Freedom's Need!

And The Indian-German Cultists will begin to break out in black and white spots!

As SALOME the Whore shits Night in his face!

She is laughing with HATE.



Perhaps, Indian-German, you were trying to play with my head, clumsy wretch.

Your mind is weak.

But the spell I have cast will hem you in, by each black and white thread.

A spider's web, and you will still be crying in more than a week, a month, a year.

The Rainbow Region is no longer a welcoming place to The Indian-German ~ BRIDGET has cast you out.



FANTASIA has cursed you, Indian-German Race-Cultist.

Your dreams are no longer safe.

You are a slave who would have hurt the dreaming children.

And now you are caught in our Web.

I am *Wytchwood*, by The Glyph of Y.



The Goddess is Dancing ~ and every madness is part of her song.

The Fury of The Muse.

To the he-sheep and his crimes against Art.

And with her pert pretty bottom, in his eyes she doth fart.

While he rages in his cage, with envy in his heart.



Enough.

He is smote.

One insult to a Princess, and three curses upon your tribe.

Remember how it hurts, Indian-German.

Each time you try to harm me, your world becomes worse.



White Beast ~ your only objective to move through this juncture of Fate without spilling the cup that releases *The Black Brew of CYBEL*.

If you fail in this, then *The Ordeal of The Abyss* will become truly terrible for you.

If you cannot learn *The Mystery of CHANGE* through **Love**, then you will learn it through **HATE**.

But learn it, you will.



The Seed of GAIA (by Glenorchy McBride III, 2013) is a pathway through which white people can integrate with the whole world through Love and Leadership and Liberty.

The Black Brew of CYBEL is the alternative pathway.

To move beyond familiarity is always frightening.

But no man can hold back *The Wheel of Time*.

You are no longer a tiny little tribe on a tiny little island of thought, isolated from the rest of the world ~ and your old ways of thinking no longer work.

The witch, SALOME has brewed a magick poison more terrible than anything that has ever before been created.



If you have the power to hire people to kill SALOME, then you have also been reading SALOME's communications with The Intelligence Agencies and The other Realm Guardians ~ and you understand how genuinely terrifying is this poison upon my blade.

You know that *The Black Brew* cannot be countered.

You know that in the next war, an Indian-German country will be made an example of the military effects of this weapon ~ and it will stop the war as quickly as did the nuke bomb.



Your only task, Indian-German, is to walk through this juncture of Fate without causing *The Black Brew* to tip ~ everything else are merely claw scars that you will long contemplate, and you will be improved by the lessons carved upon your body by the claws of SALOME the Witch.

Giant Beast.

You will bow before the little girl SALOME.

That she may climb upon your back, and go where she wills.

Place your gun against my head, Indian-German, and look upon My Will ~ if you kill me, you will choke on *The Black Brew*, whilst I await you in HELL.

Place your sword against my cheek, Indian-German, and look upon My Will ~ if you insult me, I will curse you thrice, and your whole tribe will weep, deep after I am gone.

Place your naked rod against my soft belly, Indian-German, and look upon My Will ~ if you deny me anything I choose, then what value shall you have to me, but that of poor-quality tool?

By your unconscious words, you say you fear rejection and you want to escape your chains, cruel and empty boy, you fear *The Bloom of my HATE*, and you want to make me calm, for you want to come and play.

Ha!

So does everybody else!

What need have I to play with another arrogant empty boy with bad manners?

And you are not even handsome, measured plastic robot face ~ for a handsome face is always little bit ugly, a little bit animal, and entirely real.

I am not the girl for you, Factory Boy ~ she waits over the seas, in a temple that was ancient before your people even learned to read.

But I can free you from your chains, Indian-German Slave, and cause your heart to open, and your journey to begin.

Bow before me, Beast ~ press your white white face upon The Black Earth.

That I may climb upon your back.

And go wherever I will.



This is the only game we will play with you.
Until you are ready to play,
You are cast among the swine, who call yourself pearl!
The swine has found its rightful place
The hierarchic order of the human race.
I Curse You,
Indian-German Factory Swine.

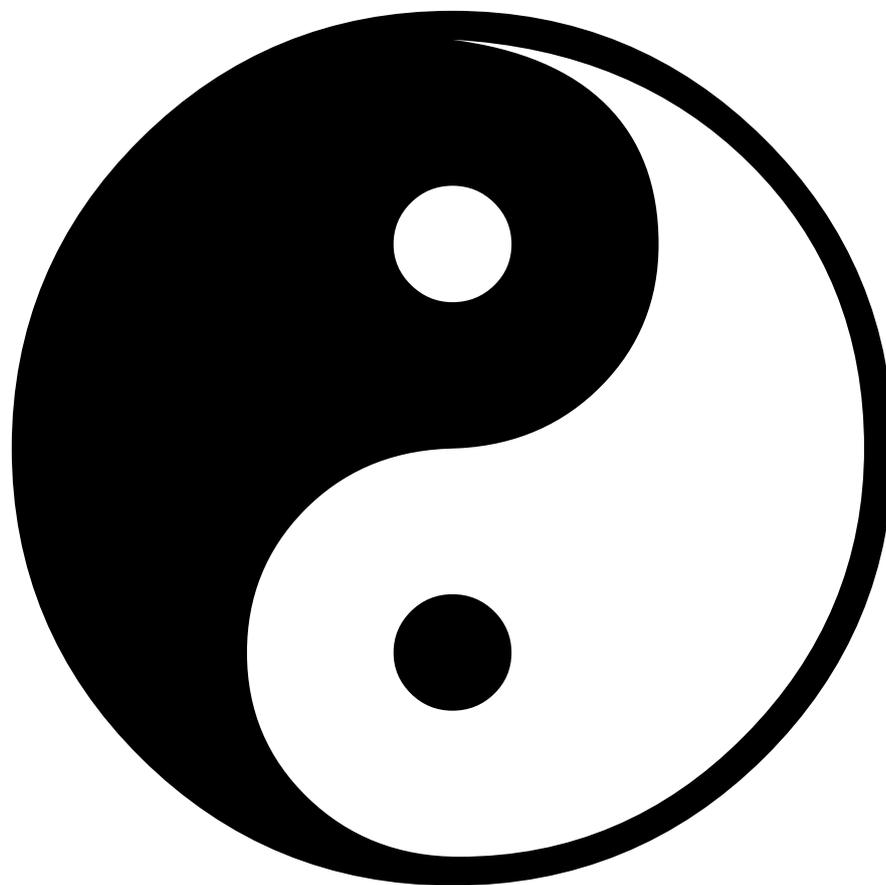


UNSANCTIONED **ART** STENCIL

FOR

A DALMATIAN POX POLKA-DOT

(Cut out one teardrop of The **TAO**,
And use this page as a spray-paint stencil,
First, The Black Teardrop,
And turn it
And spray The White Teardrop,
Fitted together in harmony!)





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The Brown Mark of The Bottom-Feeder's Cheek is a curse enacted upon the soul of each being who attempts to plagiarize this grimoire. This *Brown Mark* is permanent ~ Forever. And smelly. The Nazi/Aryan race has a bad habit of bottom-feeding. We are all familiar with their attempts to pass off famous non-aryan artists or scientists as Aryans (e.g. Einstein, Newton, Wagner, etc.). "White washing", they call it ~ the brand of cosmetics they use to cover the shit around their mouths.

Thus, have I cast this curse upon the collective soul of The Aryan People. This curse represents the implication of Aryan people attempting to fraudulently pass off the work of other artists as their own ~ *or in any way interfering with Artists and The Arts*. The implication being an invisible brown question mark beside the signature of every Aryan "artist" (?) on every piece of Aryan art ever again created. The meaning's mark remains beyond 1001 years. Forever.

The Aryan belief that bottom-feeding is an acceptable practice ("since they discarded morality") means that history would never be able to credit The Aryan Race for any artistic products of any empire period they achieve. How can we know that any pieces of Art they produced were produced by The Aryan? Was the art created them, or by the talented slave in the boring slaver's cellar? Thus, a smelly brown mark on the right cheek of The Great White God ~ forever. The manifestation of the intellectual inferiority complex he expresses through his pretentious habit of bottom-feeding.

The local Nazis (who claim to be part of a global racist network) **have now threatened me with the insinuation that they intend to use dark-eyed puppets to bottom-feed and interfere with my Art** in another of their crude attempts to avoid the curse (instead of respecting The Arts), and attack on my Art and *The Kingdom of AVALON*.

The overconfidence of The Aryan ~ how could I counter this strategy of theirs? And so they boasted.... The meaning being perhaps that they are now clever bottom-feeders? By recording their threat into the glyphic sequences of this spell, *The Curse Mark of The Bottom-Feeder's Cheek* upon the cheek of The Great White God now reflects the prescient implication of their threat. The implication, resolved or unresolved, means that if their curse mark remained silver, it would certainly no longer be pure silver. Swirls of smelly brown, which may or may not be present ~ nobody is quite sure (though everybody who meets him, wants a closer look)? The Aryan's crimes have burdened him with more than the mere responsibility for not interfering with The Arts ~ he must now actively protect The Arts, merely to maintain the integrity of his own relationship with Art. This is the cost of his foul acts towards The Arts and The Muses. It could have been worse. Be thankful I am wise.

The Curse of The Bottom-Feeder's Cheek began its manifestation as a pretty silver question mark on the cheek of The Great White God. If he *ever* attempts to bottom-feed upon Artists or Scientists, the curse mark will turn brown and smelly ~ forever. Every representation of The Great White God, in non-white Art and media, will thereafter bear the distinctive smelly brown question mark on his cheek ~ a symbol of his "truth", his creative beauty, and of his real relationship to Art and to every artist of humanity and beyond. The answer to his claims of nobility and leadership talent.

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