



H e N D e R S O n

publishrz presentz

MAACKNAZTIEZ

Book Of
THE
MADJEZTICK PIPE SYSTEM,
TAROT KARD DECK

FREE

MJ,MK,1

TOON
4
TELLA



MaAckNAZTiE

*THE
BÔÔK OF*

MAACKNAZTIEZ

*MADJEZTICK PIPE
SYSTEM TAROT
KARD DECK*



The theory of the majestic pipe system tarot kard deck.

One

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**(The hermetic order of the golden dawn, + the
cypher doctrine and the silver star, AA.)**

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PART THREE

1. **NOMINION.**

(PLUS 2, POSTERS,)

NOMINIION.



NOTICE

I have the key in my right hand, I robert andrew henderson.

R.a.h. Aka, = maacknaztie, = tarot god = jezta khriztaz.

H.R.M. Hizz royale madjezty maacknaztie,

mj,mk,i.h.o.o.h.o.m.p.s.0.00.000.11.

Cheiftain of the madjeztick pipe system.

GENESIS, OF THE TAROT DECK ORDER, OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

**The knights templar takes the tora, = accient and accepted
=freemasonry, = the hermetic order of the golden dawn, = AA
the silver star, = the m.p.s.**

THE MAGIC NUMBER

**These fuckin bastards have me trapped,
isolated, in a caniverous hell
england,
hanging between the murder and theif,
this tarot is forbidden,
without obedience
to mak,
curses upon the one who think otherwize,
you decide?,
take this book and the poison wrote here,
It will make you suffer,
but you will give your all,
for the kingdom of the mps tarot.**

MAACKNaSTIE

THE DOGMAKTIK RITES OF THE M.P.S.

**THE MADJEZTICK PIPE SYSTEM TAROT
KARD DECK,**

THE OPENING OF THE MEGA ELID.

MAKZ TRANSMISSION,)

AIN

I AM GOD.

I AM, I am maacknaztie, im the head of the illuminated order, I.h.o.h.o.m.p.s, the madjeztick pipe system, H.R.M. Kourt jeztyr, of this our holy divination, hello, and welcome.

AIN SOPH

IM MAACKNAZTIE THE chief OF THE MADJEZTIC PIPE SYSTEM, who is ? = 0. 00. 000. = THE MKAATIAN THE ALIAN, SVPAMAK, SVPAMK, BOZZ, TO THIS MOST RIGHT AND PROPER AND MOST PERFECT KRAFT.

AIN SOPH AUR.

I AM.

Mak, o.h.o. I.h.o.0,oo.000. Of the lodge of the divination, im the divinationz 4 toon tella. This m.p.s. Deck is mine, the tale is mine, I am mak, I am within the zodiak, of this rota, cheifs of cheifs, mk 000, mkaatian amoungst you, livein in the inlayz of our inter spacial gallatic kozmik multiversal system, I and time are one so above so below, joined astro kid, of the madjickal anu generation, digital hero, of the new

aeon, the holi,- svn,- daity, who is mak, I HAVE THE KEY IN MY HAND,

MAACKNaSTIE

START

GINNEL.

ONE.

1 - 10

My 4 toonz are four, my dole, my kanez, my mvgz, my weed, = 4 = toonz, these are mine, these are my ippizimak. My kether, my all, these are one, in value and ace for the initiated 4 =

1. dole = kash.
2. Kanez, = health,
3. mvgz, = luv,
4. weed, = work.

Oh how poor these are in their ones

**PIPE.
ELEVEN.
11, = MAACKNAZTIE.**

I am maacknaztie, the great fuck all, = 0, = zero, = eleven, =jeztaz khriztaz, truly a rite naughty bastard, of the evval generation, lost in time and space, to the pipelinez, of my own, makein, in a galactik, map of the multiverse, my m.p.s, = the tree of life, owned by mak, made by mak, made in britain, for the worlds new world order, I hold this in my hand, Im the star in the magick circle, of the pipe system, the lite bearer, the bringer, of the 4 toonz, which, is gnosis, for you, to find out. I am naughty, naughty, naughty, 000, zero, zero, zero, m = 0, a = 0 k = 0, im nowt, mr fuck all the nowhere man, yet in the pipe Im the chosen one, the lite, the rose and mkroix, the serpent, and the square, the cornerstone, im jeztaz khriztaz, mk,o, mk, mak, makka, yet ever and always the fool, always zero, ha ha, the laird of the divine lodge, in this nu aeonic nitemare set a drift, lost forever, a not that which, I am, ? Pizzled, in the degree, I have fallen, into, the systematical, decimal, doctrine, will this mad nite, ever, end, how easy the answer, from those, who could not love mak, and when we shuffle where do we go.

PIPE.

TWELVE.

12, = KELVIN BELL.

He is my brother, he is not quite, naught, but, most definitely he is one, he is a master footballer, and gamesman, a most excellent worker, mason, in his own way, these 4 toonz money comes easy to him, through zealous determination and the will to make maoney, this natural talent for game, and competition, are truly, his thing, a obedient craftsman, a tricky candidate, for magicianisms, sleight of hand, is passed into a triple kard trick, as the ball disapears infru, the triple cups only to appear, by this most illuminated hand of glory, mastery and control, of the time, has he, nuff said.

PIPE.

THIRTEEN.

13, = SHARON BELL.

She is my sister, what? Could I say, she keeps herself to her self, a private secret life, like the high preistess, a hidden gem, in the mystickal artz of the moon, shes suffered with illness, since she was a child, and the moontime tide washs over with care, she has spent most of her life in hospitals, and childrens care homes, lost in the silence, of a ward, kewed in bed ridden, lines, all fru her childhood, until adulthood, yet still her illnesss persist the witchcraft, of the nitely moon, illuminate down the mysterious, illusions of the mater, decay, horrid realitys, down and out cast the

evolutional spirits of an ancient exodus, lost in time and space, trapped in a body, of maatian cellular, cubicz, rotten in the earthy crap, unstoppable, self willed preistess of the alter, bad rythmic flow eternal silent gereations.

GINNEL.

TWO.

9 - 2

Peacefull shaggin dominateing change, H ere in these sepheiratick alien, numbers, are my stability, my order, my control, my tella, my authority, and 4 toonz, my all, and my nothing, as the sephical changes, are but fun, never had enough, ever manageing control with no money, its not easy and thats the alienz for ya, the toonz are but the magic, and soon fades away, so many a relationship lost in the poverty of my bed, the rose hangs on the law gone are the days ever fadeing away, ever manifesting, 4 toonz of mak, summated as mk ultra, mk.o.

Beneath the abyss

PIPE.

FOURTEEN.

14,= WENDY BELL.

She is my mum, mother, wendy bell wife of my father colin henderson, and colin bell, Now here is kaos,

lower, these pipez down beneath the abyss as well as a unatempted try to rise, by the non,- purpose of the empress power, illuminated illusionz, are here in kard number 14, she disapeared into the toonz magic, turning her kard, in to emptyness, we spring into the nite sky, divorced from my dad colin henderson, and poured us all into the dark river of the nu aeon, infru hell with our new dad colin bell, into the common poor, we go faceing a concrete reality, the bonds of tyme, down we pour, from a 1960s degenerate reality, into the belly of the beast, eyes wide shut, tripping in merrily with the lady of the nite, the dancing queen, of the rite, of her downwards spiral, ever onwards, poured into the vortex of inter diamental inner space, namely the natural selection, boxed into firmental catchesims and she clutching the luciferian, life, in the age, of our underota caper, the unnamed adventure of setting up homes, and sitting their until ypou die, the inner most cause, of the dinner time bell, rules the vortexture, as the preist of hell, and I her child receives the sacrement of all the ordeal and the punnishment, which is the pact/ deal, made in the living tripp of the underworld, towards god the eyes turn inward, in the bright lite of the eternal, shining down the order from some distant hand, drawn on the person that gos down that long curved line, destined upon the dayz she gave birth to me for, from a love generation, who all were mad hippys, crazy for khrizt konciousness, a child of darkness born in the great sea of diristion, kaos rolls afar, the vastness of tyme, and space excells a fantastick destiny which is certainly massive, in a monumental effigy, of the holy lord, far from, that door kvmz noman a god a reflected image, of the mankunian mksiah, a dancein nova, of svpalife, a lite so

bright that diturbs all around it, now a curse settles the appologie for crap, zero simplified as a fuckin idiot chekered ghost motionz across the temples monistic watch, this boy trippz the lite fantastic all in vain, is but the shadows of fama joy and pain.

PIPE.

FIFTEEN.

15, = COLIN HENDERSON.

He is my solitary dad switch from the middle order, falls with shame into the lower class, drunken in the kaos of a maddening crowd, beneath always beneath, the abbyss covers his empty love lost into the rose, of nobody, embarressed and named and shamed by an admiral navvie, wendy bell his only love looks towards the next betta man, from the masonic brigade of popery, all is lost all is gone no family, no job, bannished, to our gambolling giro heaven, drink ignored, adulterate, yet ever we await, his return, yet no svn shines, on a heathen, horizen, now the next man steps in and takes over, Oh we dance to a solem satanic race oh what could we do to make this acceptable to a christian god hell bent on our destruction, violence met with violence, we shall endure and keep the king of hearts concealed.

**PIPE.
SIXTEEN.
16, = COLIN BELL.**

A FREEMANS DIK.

He is my step dad, how could I write this pipe and still come out at the end alright, maby,!!!!, the most difficult script I have to write, here is the enemy, and any who follow the heirophantic nitemare, but before I begin I must set the contract, if I die, he dies, and all his followers, for the crime of the sacred high treason, may the noose tighten, as a reminder of the task and ordeal, of the hiram magic a most high and madjeztick ordeal indeed, and the mighty laird of our mystickal art, of which I am the chief, of all this, its a pity that bastards forget that fact, to easily, and to regular !, I must remind the readers of the opening of the elid, re read this is the nature of this pope/dope, stupidity, dosent begin to explain “ how can anyone play his own game and lead a mass of people towards fuck all,” and still stand as a good man, when no ones the true apithany of the blind leading the blind, sheep hurdled into his bluff, his lack of god, = jelousy, attracts the phyco - homo - sex - ian, mad men, monks, huddled around a holy game of poker, the 14th pipe go dark, as wendy bell blinks out, with the troubles of my dad, and then this mad bastard, tricks his way infru the 14th and 28th pipe trippin the manick baccean dance, fru the tunnels of our god spitting and farting, his trumping spirit all over the green table, how this man has come close to death as the protecters the aliens set above the holy deck, have been

resurrected by my own anger, oh how I wish this che was removed from the order, yet sobriety requires a more stable approuce, now for a word about the wanten followers those ares likers following the crowned preist, of fuck all, go follow follower, moking shit heads, his spirit has taken away all those that ever got close to me, my relationships my children, and brainwashed them to hate me, offering himself in one shape or form, as a re-placment yet this is but a 2nd rate offerin, beneath the abbyss, this spite full greedy, man, has turned, there words agaist, the ippissimaz, in favour for his lower badge, now lost until the end, when the angel/alienz of khriztaz, shall destroy this planet and their existance, in favour of living in the abode of our heavenly lord, follow the leader, until the end, when fuck all, shall come flyin from the sky, and destroy those lying cheating murdering bastards, of this earth, the seat of lucifer given over to the nu prince of peace, that gives freedom, DEATH, all hail the day of his comeing, fear him, whisleing his holy name, worship his holy kraft, and just forget about the 2nd architex poseing its self as a religion here on earth, now he has all except this divine key, the key of it all, fear the day the key turns the lock, when maks reign shall come here upon this deceptive earth, this conglobulated, ammalgumateted, instituteions, poseing their lesser degrees, you beneath hear me roar luciferz above you, and thats it you beneath the abbyss shall surely die, by all that I am you all pay the piper, and I the pipe, dont forget my name lest I come upon you, sure then you shall die, fallen in the pit, what a fuckin rotter, im angry, im kaos, they nare the city of death, im lite and life, DEAL, you should know this that satan rules this earth, as I write this heiophantic maniak crys in hate for me wringing his hands for my death, beware any who follow him for sure the gaurdians of the universe

cause will not stand for any crime committed against the kefer
god of our holy order, the contract to the membership is with
satan not the mad teachers who prostitute my sacred art for
their own selfish gains, beware those who ignore these
words, as the alien curse is I die you die, is the curse for
those who cross my path, let there be lite, this from your
master, who is robert henderson, maacknaztie,

GINNEL.

THREE.

8 - 3.

Graft, help, abundance, sorrow, binaheipic magistrates, lined
and kewed, for all, to judge the world, and watch, the secret
word nailed to the box, of this most sublime and perfect
kraft, and hidden pics of secret hands which offer
abundance, of dreams, come true, cheering the sadness, of
depression with false hope made by oppression, bloodletting
magic deceivers, hopping round the sanctum, of their evil
hate for this world, the holy trinity in one word, yet sadness
covers the bounty of there suspicious rites, judgement
crafted by the lofty temples, satelite orbitals, swirling in time
and space, watchers watching waiting, preying on the
downtrodden, feasting the the sparce bones of the poor, with
the trinity rite crafted by magi, of false grades holding the
rule by three which is the everlasting lost word of the
deceptive and unwize, wishin in the christmas box at the
bottom of the tree,

PIPE.
SEVENTEEN.
17, = THE LIERZ
(OR THE BROTHERS,,, THE LOVERS.)

5,0 klock I came home from school, my stepdad was in the dineing room, talking secretly with my brother, id been waggin school so I passed them paying no attension, I releivently went up stairs, to change from my shool uniform,then I returned downstairs, to the dineing room, where they were still secretly talking, I joined them, they were talking cheerily, and happyily , talking about a game called beat the kkklock, which my stepdad claimed his friend ex navy man called dave had told him about it, they were planning to play this game, we agreed to play it seemed harmless enough, but, “ er! Said my step dad lets not let our little brother play first, er” why dont you try first, yeh ok said I , I the candidate prepared the initiation began, the hall extended, the table was brought out to the middle of the room, the table/alter, was a refashioned beer barrel,/zodiak, into the temple we wnt I was tied to the barrel and told the rules were that I had 5 minuates to escape, tied and bound, I squirmed around the floor trying to escape to no avail, I finaly escaped but was quickly retied and told I mdid it wrong, the spirit turned dark, sinister, bound tied and truslled up on the sacrificial alter, no means of escape, the trick cast, I was asked the question.

**PIPE.
EIGHTEEN.
18, = THE GAME.**

“WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN,” school I replied, EH, WRONG, answer, the kane smashed down across my back and shatered there and then, the question was asked again, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? Shool said, wrong fuckin answer, as the belt strapped across my back, WHERE HAVE YOU FUCKING BEEN?, SCHOOL WRONG ANSWER??. as the wire flex slices like a razor across my back, whipping into my flesh with every crack across my back, whipping into my flesh the beast crys for the truth whipping whipping, into some divine madness, violently whipping and whipping, slice after slice, whip after whip, the frenzy the madness as he whipped my round the room round and round the square at his pleasure, whipp whipp, we tripp tripp, in the ceremony of beat the kkklock.

**GINNEL.
FOUR.
7 - 4.**

power, proud, colin sat like a toad on a trail mof slime, compleation requires a rest, as whipping can make the toturer very tired in deed, truce for a momment , this is a deceptive kard, the truce is shite, the reverse of all that is good, is hidden in the unconcious woods.

PIPE.
NINETEEN.
19, = THE DISIPLINE.

Sat proud upon his chair my stepdad took a break from his labours, he called my brother into the room and ordered a cup of tea, he rolled himself a cig, he opened the sun news paper and read for a while while I stayed nbound and tied to the barrel, upon the floor, in agony and pain, the game was in half time, like a bloated frog, on his pedistool, of shite, flicking his sun newspaper, like a joyest mason, sipping his tea in smug contentment, with his snake tounge, lapping at the cream of his exagerated judgements, empty, contorted and perverted ideals, suddenly belching himself important, he sat I begged, and begged, I promiced the world if he would let me gobut he didint, I begged he sat, I pleaded there was no luck, he sat.

PIPE.
TWENTY.
20, = THE HOUDINI BOY.

This is the nick name the svn newspaper named me when they ran this story, the return of the game beat the kkklock, he stood to his feet, and the whipping began again the frenzy grew enormous as he whipped and tortured around the room, on and on the game went, this was his deal with my mum, to disipline me in favor of my father, this he did to win her love, and zealously, he whipped with all his might,for 3

quarters of nan hour, with wire flex in hand whipp, whipp, whipp.

PIPE.

TWENTY ONE.

21, = BEAT THE KKKLOCK.

The candidate was prepared, for initiation, by a hidden word (the lie,) I was the fool established for initiation, tied and bound, to the barrel which represented time,zodiak, = the hand of fate, the five kard trick, he whipped me round the time in the square room, made ready for the punishment, all following in suit to the disipline and punnishment, the higher beating abuseing the lower, down around the klock antiklockwize snake wize in a royale diquise, lieing massive double edge words, the dealer sat in nocturnal delight, laughing at the trick mof the law to enjoy the pleasure of violence, and play just like in a game, a game of im betta than you are, as they beat and prey and violently kill for dinner time at the table of god, cowerdly doing the zombie dance in the will of gods stupidity, an eternal madness, bound and gagged, to the rim of the wheel of 4 toonz, life, love, liberty, all lies in the heaven and hell comic joke, of a galactic multiversal nitemare.eventually to sleep.

GINNEL.

FIVE.

6 – 5.

Desperate, worrying, struggling, in this contested strife,
disappointed by the punishment of my unlucky number, and
these evil people sit in hypocritical, slagging, me off as a lazy
wagger, useless good for nothing, zero, right or wrong
because I didnt do what they said or wanted they tied me and
beat me cos this is the way of the world in which I live in,
bein beaten round the room, squared to there disipline, their
mental disipline, evil corporal gymnasts aspireing to some
abusement code, for the reward of gods love, these
sephiroths, the punishment seeps infru the pipe the
enterance the shame, THE CRIME.

PIPE.

TWENTY TWO.

22, = THE LAW.

Dis-perate lust, is the way of these snakes in the love of oue
babylonian bitch, lusting love, calls them to the point, lust
for life, the spiritual delite, all pigs, grunting at the troth in
the sty, the present leads them in, the spirit falls to the love
of it all, two headed reptillion, lined in a merovinian,
ancestry, reeling of the tree, familys spread across the world,
snake wize in royale robes, fleshy deamoans, all liers, cheats

deceivers, and bastards, each taking the hands dealt, by the dealer, each madly, in love with each others ideals for the love of colleges and money, they fall in conniving lives all over the planet, to me, ever to me, the voice of our lord, singing the toonz, in further limits, of the pipez, to me, over the vacume secums, to an empty soul, grasping in the dark, where birth cvms to the image, of their reality, is everything, or anything hap hazordly, making enough for the pigs, there is no you or I in these snakez eyes, so I wander untamed spaces, not on the same page I on mine them on theirs stuck together colleagues alert to the fall where they pounce for the kill, here now then at least is my truth, I carry their plastic christ, im not fond of this kard at all, I had been free of that punnishment, for some time, being whipped and beaten, when the game was over I was made to strip for my brother to show off the whip marks to warn what will happen to naughty boys, this brainwashed idiot, believed in this christian order so much that he was prepared to bring absolute pain, yet this man is nothing more than a tool for the pope and church, and phyco - sexual punnishments, that makes him do it for her who ehoes throughout civiliation, which includes, us all, all the time the law with its beastly ten heads, were set somewhere, other than here, the day he punnished me, he did it for the law of god, and the love of my mother. When one friday evening, decened upon us again, my fated wakeing, I was wagging school again, as useual, and as you can see the punnishment and the time spent of school because of my injueies, meant nothing, I being the adeptii of the tarot, " fuck all to hell", curse them who hate our sacred art, so I was late comeing home as the time ran away having no watch, I had to change back in to my uniform, I hid in the ginnel by the side of our house, I saw

him, walking past, the ginnel so I held my breath and watched him go by, I knew he was looking for me I knew he found me out, I went home and pulled the patio door behind me, I thought I heard the door catch unlock itself as I shut the door, I went in and my mum was making tea, frying chips, and now it was the mothers spirit in union, with these, unkempt, spirits, and there christian school teachings they had illused them selves to believe, as she shook the chips he lead me, to the phone, where he proceeded to ring the mrs greenwood who had grassed me to him, he got her to repeat the whole sorry tale to him, while I was gloriously, placed before him, as she sang her little tale of woe, passing over the important bits, he would then proceed to kick like a raving nutter, at my shins, with his 1970s john wayne boots, his cowboy boots dented slid and cut my shins, I looked around my for escape while he was kicking and hitting me with a cooking ladle on my skull, I noticed a collection of beer mugs, which I thought to smash over his head, I saw the beer barrel, which I was bound gagged and tied to a month before, reminding me of the savage torture, experienced then, I remembered the back patio door, and I thought the catch was off, so I made a run for it, I ran for the door held out my hand to push it open, but! , it was not open it had locked behind me it was a full glass patio door, and I ran right through it, smashing into the garden patio, I ran to the back of the garden, he ran after me shouting that he would have me locked up, I retorted, “ fuck off you fat cunt,” and my two fingers signified the same, I ran off, into the streets, I didnt know that I was covered in blood, my only concern was to go to my girlfriends house, but her parents had banned me weeks before, cos I was smoking in their house, so I went and knocked at her friends door instead, I

knocked at her door hoping she would go round to my girlfreinds house, (trudie,), but when she opened the door she was over come with shock as she look at me she went, immediately for her mum, her mothers look of horror made he help me immediately I was told to enter the house, there was a mirror besides the door, thats when I got to see myself, the glass of the door had cut my head and arms and wrist rivers of blood were streaming down my face, in the excitement I had not noticed, I looked like carrie, covered in blood, so her mother took me to macclsfeild hospital, the docters called the police, she told the police all that had happened, I followed their lead, but I was not responsible for grassing my stepdad, the police took me to the police station in wilmslow.

PIPE.

TWENTY THREE.

23, = THE PUN,(k),ISHD BOY.

We summated at the police station, and their scribes too statements of all that had been going, on, and wrote down the full testimonie of the beat the kkklock game, when my stepdad turned up at the station he thought, he had come to collect me, the office buzzer went, and I could hear them talking, “RIGHT WHERE IS HE...” said my stepdad, ah, mr bell, come with us, and the immediately locked him up, they charged him and held him in rizly remand center, for statements and court.

Andinfru the holy pipe system, the gods judges us all

calling us inward and outwards, one for high, and one for low.

PIPE.

TWENTY FOUR.

24, = THE JOLLY REAPER.

Here, I am happy little bastard, weilding the law, my statements, my rites, child abuse, and me reaping upon my family, happy little jolly reaper, harvesting the profits while the police and the court take the bag, reap, reap, reap, with my army of pigs, reaping while all the losers hate my reaping, I smug in my content, my jolly little victory over child abuse and the enemy brought to pay, we wait, for the courts, to present the case befor the magister templii.

GINNEL.

SIX.

5 – 6

Happy little success of mine, you would think, a great victory over child abuse, yes!, one up for all abuse victims yeh?, well no, I was the bastard here, being beaten, they all remembered, and gave thanx to god that the judges fell in favour of them, at their pleasure they, found agaist me as I was the naughty little bastard who was wagging their christian, school, I was the naughty one they were with god ,god was with them, not me, these fucking masons fucked me, let never forget that. My momment, ha, wat a joke.

PIPE.
TWENTY FIVE.
25, = THE SOCIAL WORKER.

There she is gossipy evil social worker, with me there was two actually, one to deceive my second initiation into the further developments of beat the kkklock, one at the end of the systematic initiation, these lying scabby whores of hell, poured in the cracks in the ceiling departmentalized heads of the beast who is god, falling angels down into our lives paid busy bodys, harvesting the rapture, of their magic sin created for no other purpose than to hurt and spite, and these preying dogs of hell saw a price in me tattooed on my forehead the number of a naughty little boy by which they might profit, to help feed their own family, eating on the rotten corpses of the risen dead, the sinfull conjurations, prancing out side our heads, these feeding leachs pariciteing on the misery of innocents while the beast chief head judes gorgeing the blood stained sins all round the room while these worms creep in and suckle on the mothers bleeding teat, waiting in shadows for a lucky break, sara franks that fat bitch social worker, saw a prime opportunity, to be paid, in the hand in kind, playing both sides like a proper horrid socio path, she moved on me with the precistion of a succobus, twisting and turning, her goddess witchcraft, using the secret gestures of her masonic masters, spelling her controlling manipulateions, crafty, parnoid eyes watching, finding out anything to bring me to their further punnishments, for wagging their evil christian school and

disobaying there lord god jesus christ, so they in hidden spirits, connived, prepareing to pounce, hoodwinking me in spells of ambush, heres how she did it, straight like an arrow to the heart of the matter, vain gories evil people are these, beware never befreind one if you are truly of us, sara franks my social worker with her craft of appearing before us, like a friend convinced me very nicely, to go into voluntary care, so she got me to destroy myself, I like a fool voluteared, she said that it was for my own protection, from my evil stepdad, hoodwinked and stabbed in the back, she made of with her wages, and pat bates came into the picture when it was time for my second social worker, was not any better as these fuckers only listen to whats wrote by themslves, each one of these creaturs are a collective conciousness, these double headed snake bitches, dreesed in their god uniform, systematic kiss ares, class risers, there evil pretences, and nods and wink gestures, a seething couldren, of brewing witches, a curse to them and their famililys to hell and death.

PIPE.

TWENTY SIX.

26, = THE NAUGHTY BOI.

Who so worships me shall not regret it, here I am in my pride the very image which they made of me, and passed unconsciously amoungst themselves, to profit by, slagging me of as the badone, the evil little bastard, they would conjour their spells and only agree to call me the devil, when it profited them in there christian hatred for lucifer, I am then, baphomet the devil, lvcifer, appollo, the dragon, the snake

upon the holy tree of life which is not kabbalah but mine the m.p.s. To hell they sent me to sir aleister crowley they condemed to him, they refuse to recognize the best side of this, more christian religious hatred is their trick, they dont like the devil, but this book you read is wrote by me, its my curse you dear reader should worry about, I am satan, this is my m.p.s my inhertitance.

GINNEL.

SEVEN.

4 - 7.

Here is my failiure id be their god, if they were not all souls of jesus, of which they are, to this lieing god, who beat the crusaders, and murdered, many a witch these fucking quvering christ men seek their refuse, yet keeping a brave face on things, as I stand outside the kindom of god, in the reign of jesus christ, a damp valour, dropping into their evil conniveing bebauchery, these mon/key bastards weak and futile fools, under the spell of christ, lieing little bastards, shine out their dim, wickedness, of their evil hatefull murderous god, big mouthed littlemen spit philophantic, crap, all over the world in the name of christos, bloody heresey tossers.

**PIPE.
TWENTY SEVEN.
27, = 14 FODEN WALK.**

T his is our house in colshawe farm, wilmslow, where this abuse took place, while this was happening the local and national newspapers ran the story of the houdini boys punishment, the colshawe farm council with their two faced hypocrisy, frew the rest of the family out of the house dicreatly and moved them in to a house in wythenshawe manchester, one cold and frosty thursday morning, my social worker came to pick me up and take me into care, the dragon had decended down that day, down and around the pipes devouring all destroying all in one month, I was the first to go, as the radio played vienna, this means nothing to me.

**PIPE.
TWENTY EIGHT.
28,= THE SYSTEM.**

The song played, over the air waves on that cold long drive to crewe, the social workers car drove, me off to care, as she put it for my own good, and protection, as she poured us into the senteced time of their lock and key system, the dragon falls from her pouring, but this time this crafty cow had me pouring my self into the belly of the beast, the stars fell that day, the govermental council proliferating into hell, none

cared a crap, as the old snake makes its self up, from their tree systems, we went into the system, traveling on their pixie dust, as the angles of stars abade with us, the tree opens to her will, and in we go, they lovein it making a wage from their new found genie in the bottle, these fucking illuminated bums.

(THE VEIL OF THE PARAKETH)

SAME AS ABOVE SO AS BELOW

These pennywise, profiteers prudently, negotiating me my soul into their hallalujah castle, floating down the river of eternal unhappyness, in eternal kaos, in the grip of their snake, these perverted shitheads, awiftly craftily, drown me in their river of lost souls, a deppressed sanctuary, of oppressive indolent, malignant, investures, of true money making scams, the whole system, is beat the clock, and this lot trumping the whole table, inerfering in others lives for their own gains, looking through the bins of people for anything they could profit by snitching is rewarded, and a way of riseing up their social ladder, eating others lives for the price of sin, trump, trump, trump, all the way to gods eternal glories, to sin smugly triumphantly how great they are, gods eternal poker game. May they all come to hate themselves and their god.

PIPE.
TWENTY NINE.
29, = THE ASSESMENT CENTER.

My days poured into volunary care was for six weeks, but now it was draging on, and turned into nine months, the beast showing its heads, one by one, I locked up bored angry and ignored, being constantly watch, and judged and repoted on, and assessed, which is where they decided to keep me in care by their judgement and money grabbing demonic ideas, processed infru their systematical sepheirific, used and abused, each time the subject was raised by me why was it that I was kept locked up the vicious nasty demonic faces would contort, BECAUSE YOUR A NAUGHTY BOY AND YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE TO SCHOOL, time twisted infru a pack of greedy liers, who constantly justified themselfe why they were doing a good job for jesus, I escaped from this dungeon three times during my time there, by now I had become a fervent glue sniffer enjoying the escapeism from reality into the ether, reality was a LIE, I had to settle into this lock up as the return ing beatings were getting harder and harder, I settled down and became a long termmer, which entitled me to a privilege of being given a job, with the caretaker, and became something of the house cock, every thursday, with don the caretaker I had to clean out the heating pipes, which my me covered in soot, I worked hard at the different tasks which were set for me by don, every day at eleven o clock we would stop for tea and toast which was nice, don was blind and thats why every trusted lad was given a chance to help

don he was alright, there was no trouble here, and working for the caretaker, I was allowed to be exempt from the centers activities, which were an exercise program called mat which was nothing more than an excuse for beating each other, the cons the screw, on karate mats in the gym, I had to go into the girls wing to change light bulbs and clean radiator spillage, I had lots of girlfriends here during my time which I won't go into but they were great, this went on until the day came for me to leave.

PIPE.

THIRTY.

30, = THE KIDZ HOME.

HIGHLEA, CHILDRENS HOME, this place was too young for me, but I was happy to get out of the constant assessments, lock up, this childrens home was in Wythenshawe Manchester the power that be decided to move me closer to my parents house, to resume our family relations even though my stepdad would not let me in, anyway they took me and their wages continued, I entered here with my image looking good, the place was full of girls, and boys, it was like the lock up but the ages varied, my attitude to the system, hadn't changed in I went, and the time dragged on, and on no assessments, I was just expected to continue, school until I was let out, the boring pipes ever rolled by, this time was actually bad for me, I did not, I could not settle, I had a girlfriend there called Angie, who seemed on my side, but she proved not, I couldn't stand it there in the kidz home, I

violently argued about the fact that I was literally being conned, as I entered volutary, I wanted to leave voluntary but I wasnt allowed, it all fell on deaf ears, I wouldnt work at school, which frustrated my peers, the social worker even arranged for me to work with the school caretaker instead of working, but that became intolerable for the headmistress,so she expelled me after I refused to take my mod parker off in art class, I ran up a dept of crimes there at school beating up teachers, refuseing lessons, the history teacher would smug me out as a non enity, historys a lie anyway, revolveing in this matrix, of spite and shite, my social worker got me some jobs out side school because I was told if I was to return to school I would be charged with tresspassing, I worked for two weeks with a butcher, but I walked out, prefering freedom, I worked at ingersoll rand in the shipping dept for six weeks till school ended, then I went to engineering college, which I flunct, but didnt leave as I received money for doing nothing, I had a scooter cos I was a mod, so I spent time learning and rideing my scooter, the kidz home thought this was alright as it seemed to calm me down, but it didnt, I learnt everything about the scooter, by my self, I learnt to ride it last, by accident having push started it after fixing it, it shot off with a mighty verooooomm...with me holding on for life, run by the side of it I had to jump on it and ride it or let go and reck it which I didnt want to do, one day the whole kids home went on holiday for a week, I didnt want to go, so I stayed behind with a assistant called danny tuay, who became in later years the head of the national childrens home society, saturday came one day before the return of the others, fat danny and colin were on shift together, they hated me theyd been watching me and my scooter, with envey, so danny had said that I had to get rid of my scooter, just like

that right out of the blue, a row started danny was just getting at my goat trying for trouble, I stormed of to gatley, were the local mods would hang out with the rockers drinking in their bike club colours, this day it seemed that anyone and everyone was out that day I entered with no money, but stayed all day, and nite drinking with them, this was the day the jam, anounced they were splitting up, I drank my self stupid, I was pissed, eleven o clock kicking out time came, I returned to the childrens home, the argument was not over theyd been waiting all day for it, they kept banging on and on.. about how they were gonna get rid of my scooter, we were sat in the office, and the argument raised up the levels, I grabbed a hammer that was lay on the side of the table, and smash it into the floorboards banging and smashing a giant hole into the floor, I turned and smashed the mirror, to the side of me, and ripped into a chair, then I headed for the door, I ran into the hall and proceeded to smash away at each door that had been shut and locked, danny and colin in their fat useless, way tried to diarm me by holding my arms round the back of my head, but I head butted danny in the face with the back of my head colin flapping around in front of us had the great idea of opening the front door and pushing me out of it, so I ran round the first floor of the building and smashed my hands into every window that they had, blood was gushing from my arms, as I headed of for the car park where I attacked the individual cars, and motor bikes which were under their cannopy, I head butted the window that was there, to the games room, then I went over to the flat onsite that angie lived in, and knocked on the door, blood gushing from various cut in my body, she went off her head and ran to the front door of the kids home she was kicking and screaming for them to open

the door, but they wouldnt, like covereds they hid behind it, I continued to smash the kids home to pieces, then I grabbed my scooter, and ran with it lifting it and throwing it down the green, this might sound absurd, not so the scooter bounced on the curb, which enabled me to appear like I threw it, I ran off myself then into the center of the green, but the loss of blood meant that I fainted, thats when danny and colin let themselves out, and took me to the hospital for stichs, all this time I carnt help thinking I was stitched up here, the next day they got the police and prepared a place in a new lock up called rose hill in northenden, I would go easily though and eventually was lifted from the middle of the football pitch by a gang of coppers, and of we went.

GINNEL.

NINE.

2 - 9.

This became a flatline, I was too sore, and covered in stiches, there was no violence here, I was locked up all day long and bored to rotten pieces, my hands were bound up in bandages, the powers that be, shuffled themselves here and never told the authoritys that they started the fight, the people at rose hill went out of their way to find me a better placement, as they all agreed secretly to the indifernces me and touy, had, the time passed slowly, and in the exorcise yard I learnt to place chess, I gained from here in better circumstances, my health, and strengh, grew better, I became silently happy, and the depressed cruelty of the previous time, in the kids home disapeared, cheated by these sods and trapped in one

position, but thats the way it is by these zelatorial sods, the rose of this world.

PIPE.
THIRTY ONE.
31, = THE HOZTAL.

MORVILLE HOUSE. Here was the new placement supriseingly enough it was sprung on me over night, this place was a working boys hostel, with my own room and key, I was allowed out when and where I liked, the front door was always open, we all had our own keys, it was cool, the lads here were annoying, I was allowed my scooter, I was given a little garage, too work from, angie, who was older than me by two years was in college, and still in the kids home that I just left the day I came out of rose hill, philip the staff who picked me up took me back to the kids home to collect me things, while we were there phil had to go and sign my release forms and things, while me and angie went of to have sex in her bed room, which was a memorial adventure, phil took me back, to morville house and settled me in, I was enjoying morville house, I hadnt seen or heard from angie since that day on her bed, of freedom, then one day she turned up with gifts of cigs and sweets, and smiles and tits, then she told me that she was pregnant, from the day we got together, so we agreed to be together and started to make plans for the future, outside of care, the morville assesments reports on this situation, were full of this new predicament, so they moved me in to one of their bedsits where they prepare lads for the outside world, me and angie looked

forward to the future of our new baby and living together when angie was finally released from the kids home, malkvf looming, the future getting closer, still one day in my bedsit another lad called rob, who lived upstairs in his own bedsit convinced me to help him to steal, t,v,s and videos from the business mans flats which surrounded us where we were situated, the day came for the planned robbery, we entered the block of flats we planned the robbery, we were in the building when the police showed up because the builders over the road had called then, came and chased us down wilberham road, caught and arrested, up before the judge, angie was nine months pregnant by then, so I was released to be present at the birth, but rob went down, as it wasn't his first robbery, we all went our separate ways me and angie quietly and soon moved into a new cottage flat at 102 calvecroft road, peel hall wythenshawe.

GINNEL.

TEN.

1 - 10.

Wealth was fucked up, by the oppression in the battle for satisfaction, malkuth, lost by the neo fighters, of the new world order, and me and angie, lost to the concrete world, adrift on the dole, and jobless, unlucky, was my destined fate.

PIPE.
THIRTY TWO.
32, = MADCHEZTA

THE dancing SEPHEIROPH

Now and still here I am, like at the beginning so here at the end, I am in the center of the world, I mak = robert andrew henderson/bell, me and angie did not last very long together, angie the first angel of the world, the first order of spring, lays itself down three times, around the zodiak wheel, plays itself, over six weeks entered into a new hell, with a new girlfreind, as I fall across into this second order, of the tree, plays itself, around my world crossing, from the top right, down to the bottom left, and summer corrina came in, we got together, and set up a home she was pregnant with my second baby, the new home was 18 barncroft gardens, in this relationship I began bodybuilding, which went on for seven years, then I met my third angelik autuum leading me to the winter of my real discontent, rotateing under the wheel, with a rise to lucy marsh (heifer,) these five played down, another three zodiaks, counting across, completely, a really loveing time, my div, crosses, over to the upper left top corner, riseing steadily, into winter, with the judgements of julie, carrying me up, into that time, slowly riseing with its rabbit hole, and I mediumizeing, dis-carnate spirits, in the new age movement, reading tarot kardz, at nite, on the manchester phone lines, riseing steadily, till we finished, by the bad judgements, of the devil, cards that I was involved in, I

moved from there back into the center of the world again, and entered for the second time craft masonry, passing in the pillars of the freemasonry, in my holy naught, and entered once again, upon my own path, of black and white squares, need in one hand and the tarot in the other, I walked down the manchester streets, into the corn exchange where in the dark crevices of the corner of the old book shop mr aleister crowley sat rested upon the shelf id sit sneaking a reading of his book as I couldnt afford to buy them, this was magick, this was the devil, this was satan that which I had sought in all of this crap that had happened in my life and things which I didnt think to put in here, onward by a combined link, of one girl after another, leading in, a nu pagan wkkian revival, the path was opened, the alien in the sky pointed the way, and I secretly huddling my kardz as my one and only treasure out of all this shit in sloped of to a new flat seven stories up in the sky, 69 simons court, and in that one room bedsit box, I spent a whizz full hashish, lsd magick tarot time of it my mind transformed as my old life revolved around me, the manchester rain falls, while the great beast and I transcend the crap of this world, I moved from my flat, with one of those girls, sharon lee venables, where since then ive continually abided with the aleister crowley thoth tarot deck, for twenty odd years or so, studying these tarots to be able to produce this deck of mine, this is my accumulated knowledge, of the teachings of alexander edward crowley, the name I gave my deck was the m.p.s. THE MADJEZTICK PIPE SYSTEM TAROT KARD DECK, to this hour, I am sat, in my position writing, reading studying, im still here in hell waiting dis contented, with my world, and universe around, outside nme and within me, the echo, of the order, blinks, out my death, I sit awaiting the oblivion,

and emptiness, I was truly born in life's sufferances of
complete and utter boredom, tattooing itself, upon my core,
the reign rains hard upon my body, with its sepheirical
absurdity, the nonsense, of the government and the idiots,
who believe anything of this world, too be good, life is ever
the real sorrow, to this hour, I have, no clue of these words
wrote here which are only formed to show what kind of fool I
am, reflecting the devil in me, considered by christians new
agers to be lost and confused, and wrong, in my choise of
masters, of this lowly of crafts, people hate the devil and the
pope and queen hate the devils book thew tarot, thats pretty
much a good enough reason why they hated me, im mak, I
will wait at my table, with my mps, in front of me, and hope
impaciently for a beter future, hoping for some good luck,
instead of all this crap, people play towards me, ive been
locked up cast out beaten and abused, put in care homes
liberty and good luck denied me by jesus because of my tarot
deck, yet after all this the tarot has been my compandium
and friend, may the holy gaurdian alien, lam/aiwass, bring
me luck upon my journey to the grave, here is my horror,
infru the pipez of mk, ive told you everything I think I could
tell, except, the first true rules of this deck and game. DO
WHAT YOU WANT. Nuff said, my miserably depressed and
satanically hated bastard of this tree of my life, ever evolve,
in the new aeon, unto the next, let the svn shine here eternal
and forever,

robert andrew henderson.

The end.



