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BIG-KROOK'S



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THE  
DEFAMATION OF  
*FRATER MAK*

THE  
MAJESTICK  
PIPE

SYSTEM!



HenDerSOn PuBLishErZ pReSentZ

MaAckNAZTiE

by robert a henderson

**THE DEFAMATION  
FRATER  
MAK.**

# The defamation of frater mak

PIPE 11.

MAACKNAZTIE.

O

Thickology is still only thickology.

This is the first kard of the tarot order it repz the letter A, punnishment pain and suffuring, are the most important features here, is that its number is zero,

and is equal to nowt, the badness of the mad fool, the wagger, the absent school boy, and the loser, within the whole system, now the red nose of mak is on the back of the mps spiraling patterns of infinite space, zero, a ever expanding universe, spirallateing inturning movements, I have eight children as a result of this revelusional reproduction, of my essence I look after my family, cooking and cleaning, doing all my responsibilitys and dutyies are taken care of, my picture has me blowing a raspberrie, only in fvn times, for the kidz, the reason why I do all this house work is

because my partner sharon venables is ill and disabled so it aint because im gay or something, these girly aspects are my resposibilitys,

**OO**

my mum and her spirit controls the rediculum of this activity, this care assistant position, is what in this world makes me more than nothing, but when the jobs done its back to nothing again, my mum and stepdad have always maintained this, I am nothing, this mad idea of lifting me up and dropping me down, there is this idea that im something more than nothing but its always the same, as soon as the quick fleeting time is over, then put down as nowt again, and the english system punnish's nothing too,

**OOO**

my whole life is a equation of zero plus 1 - 1 , = 0 every time, nothing from nothing leaves nothing,

**TETRAGRAMATON**

The mps tarot kard deck, is the nu world tree of good and bad knowledge, and my name is cognate with this tree, robert andrew henderson, my mum and dad, had

**two children my sister and me, I came after my sister, who is older than me, in order for you to understand my mps tarot you'll have to listen a bit to my brief hiztory,**

**starting with my mother, she was a only child, also born out of wedlock, ( the original bastard child), an independent woman my mother and father, were not brother or sister, and were not inherent to marrige, the relationship was played by right conquest, my dad colin henderson was a compleat stranger to my mother, befor they met, and when they did meet he was the best man, and she chose him, as her suiter, this is the way its done in england, when they married, he took her as his wife, and took her way from her parents into their own flat in chorlton cum hardy, where they made a home and became a mother and father, and learnt to grow, as the older part of the family died off, eventually, this method ensures the virility and capacity of the new father and mother, to be, the dad with his new bride, having been found the best man for the job, in england this is inclusive to being in work, and having money, and the looks mostly tall dark and handsome, strutting around town, like a peacock, entering to social competition, in a continuous social community, another sexual rite or**

fractum to this image, of a man in spiritual england is the moody, look, which go's down well, and is worn over the handsome looks, which is used to give the prospectus girl - woman, something to bargain with their god she pretending to save the fathers soul as they lift themselves up into the new posture as mother and father, this is all camoflarge, this is formulatic foundation of all relationships, here in england, my dad would play the fool, and swoon, the spirits of my mum, to attract her to him, she sees the fool with pity and laughter, pleading inside herself to save ,love and care for her husband. The backdrop of his foolish spirit was that his family especisly his dad,my grandad, was sneering at him because he wanted him to go into the royal navy, but my dad went awol, and wouldent do what his family wanted him to do, this caused a rift, and set apart my dad, from his dad, which meant that my dad despeately flung his love at my mother, with a genuine need for shelter from the storm, this division creates the gaps in the mps deck, by which we all suffer with asthema, and loss of breath, the vacuum buckets takeing our breath out of our lungs, my father was fallen, and this was a serious bussiness, too his family, as like my mother they all believed in the religious bible, and the teachings of jesus christ, as their teacher of law and order, so they judged him down and out forever. The trick in this english sexual relationship, was arranged by the spirit that in order to save himself he only had one chance to give two children, to the

world perfectly, one girl and one boy, but the problem was that these children were damned, the girl with physical illness, and the boy with mental illness, the interior curse was against blood, as we were not part of the familys inner circle, we were not royal blood, we were blood royale, the devils children, this tention came from my dads curse, but that do'sent let my mother of the hook, as far as any royal inbreeding went in england it certainly changed here, in this relationship complex, cast out as the oppostitual damned as in our familys, this trouble was pushed very far, outta limits, my dad was a drinking gambler, with the eye for sex, I think my grandad(a police man), tought him the qabbalic numbers, as the cards and betting, early on, as when he died I received these numbers in the form of the 56 playing cards, ( the minor arkana) as my inheritance, and its my mum who has in her possesion the 22 major arkana, which I received the golden precepts from her, in me these two decks are combined in my own pack, the mps tarot deck, the madjeztick pipe system.

**QUESTION; HOW DID THIS HAPPEN, ?.**

**Innocence is a six, six, six, folded name**

This is a bit simple, my dad rebel'ed against his parents, and my mother did too in her own ways, more passive, the social climate, was a modern drive away

from the old order, of the victorian age, the love flung towards my mum, was a violent serge of confused and complex spirits, that needed a place to be, the whole relationship was sexually violent. Enforceing the future like a gangster, my dad was judged by the elder spirituals, around him they watch his movements as he had just come out of wormwood scrubs, for his krimez of womanizeing, boozeing while awol in the royal navy, so when he came out he desperately serged forwards into my mothers life, shoveing and pushing, forceing by any chicanery, possible to establish himself, as the right man for the job, hopeing to shake off the curse, of the past, and yet this all failed, at first sight, he appeared in control of his life, like a so called real man, ( thanks corrina,angie,lucy.) tall, dark and handsome, and a bright middle class prospect, hidden in his hand, all bluff, and tricks though, me and my sister, got born, but my mother, who was extreamely spoilt by her stepdad, was in this relationship and never satisfied, with all this, which defeated, the cause, of my dads, she changed in all, her ways, my mum went into another time completely, they split up, eventually divorced, my mum became for awhile both mum and dad for me and my sister, ( sharon), we all lived, at kepal road in a one bedroom flat, while my gin soaked mum, worked nites in a gay nite club, at chorlton, as a barmaid, our life became vulgarized, in chorlton cum hardy, manchester, my dad failed to rise up from his fallen position, and so my mum failed him.

**ENTER STEPDAD.  
Colin bell.**

**Confronted with this thoughly damnedable, situation, he was compelled, because of his KARD, in this deck as hirophantic preist, thats the one that tells the secrets, too the lower grades, "WELL", he tells the story and drings it down, even further, completely settling the symbols in hell, by telling lies to his own company of people, about how he came in to my mums life like a knight in shining armour, too save our family from destruction, of hell, that my mum and dad had fallen into, telling his tale's lieing, so, instead of it all being about our qabbalistic hero the zero, as the card truly is, he makes it an evil kard bad, perpatrateing his debuggig tale to his crowd of initiated drunken partners, and anyone eles who can profit or benefit from his lie, which he can pull into his sick web of deceit, so such a truth of the fool kard never sees the light of day, bastardized toonz.**

**In the truthfull case of this fool kard there are several distinct meanings, historicly important , bits not noted or told by my stepdads lies, these must be made known here, as to understand the missing goodness of this bad tale, if this is not done then the mps tarot deck,( or any tarot deck,) will not be understood properly, or used properly, which really**

infruout this silly and foolish life, has been sadness and punishment, just for being me, being made to suffer for being born as this kard, by all the other players,kardz in the deck, who think themselves to be something or someone more than zero, all egotized and supremely empiricly insane, in this game none can ever love or understand a loser like me as money is the biggest, form of their worship.

WHY THE NU JERUSALAM DONT NEED ANU SVPAMAK



No one wants to go out with a pauper, a dolely, as a youth I would want something or other and dream my self someone other than what I am, but now ive come to this tarot arkana, readings upon my kard I find myself trapped in the loser poverty forever, there is no svnshine where I am, im reading aleister crowleys tarot deck and being taught the equinox of the new age, with a new god resideing on the throne, but in my real life Im controled and governed by christian worshippers who have secretly let themselves into the tarot society, to destroy it and its symbols, these are the ones that punnish me and hald me down, till the end of time, these are the ancient religian causeing the nitemare wrote in here, there evil afterlife and resurection lie's, incarnational nitemare, their god , dosent love this fool, my sex,drugs and rock,n roll, life style, to the devil I was sent, by my parents, and the system, into the same hell I was born in, punnishments, yet my priority number one is too DO WHAT, I WANT, and this is why im the loser the punnished boi, with my rights and libertys restricted, and blocked, injunctioned, in the fool kard of the other decks up to the fool of the thoth tarot, there are discussions that the fool is the christ of the tarot, athe saviour massiah of the sacred order, of the illuminatii but, in my deck the fool enjoys no such privilege , this is considered by my parents and peers and other players seen as just madness, this whole symbol is

ignored and betrayed, because of the danger of the issue, they all resort, to interperate this kard as all negative and bad qualitys as expressed by my stepdad the preist, and they bannish the whole symbol very far away from themselves, into this hell, that you as my reader finds me, abused and neglected, hated and scorned, I write this ledger only because, I cannot sleep, and nothing to do at all after all my dutys, no one can help me the monarks, the preist the government, the military, the police, the coucellers social workers, and all the class's of players, are against this fool, right now, they all agree on one thing that im totally insane, and the very pressence of my spiritual life makes everthing very difficult for me, I carnt think or breath, in this claustrophobic hatred, and the resort to beating me physicly and mentally, these kards people dont like or respect me the class me as a lunitick, they DO not believe that my deck, is the last tree of good and bad knowledge, for the new age, to them im just weird and wrong, and the treat me very cruelly, they will not entertain any notion, of freindliness. Whats in question here is weather im reponsible, enough to be a father and are always deviseing ways to inter-fear with me and my family, sneaking behind my back, asking questions of my children about what go on inside our home, attempting any trick to dam me more and more, a saviour is needed but it will only be their old god the way things are right now I dont stand a chance, a

group of spiritualists descended upon me six years back and I suffer thrombosis, as a result of their curses, in favour of their god, they accused me of stealing the tarot, and said that I could not be a candidate for mksayha, as I was just an ordinary man and not divine just mad, this fact is true I am just a man my mother and father's address and voting details are in the system, I'm born and raised in Manchester, the madchesta mktella, educated at their schools all this is common knowledge, this proves I'm not superhuman, certainly not a candidate for saviour of the planet, because I'm human, and not svpa, alien, or angelic, or spiritual, and at the very least accusation, my mother is and was not a virgin, when she met my dad, (slag,) and my dad was an alcoholic drunk, not a divine god, or even a symbol resembling a god, that all this about the fool is lies and phantasy, many arguments, many accusations, I've been locked up in their police cells for arguing against them, another point of theirs was that I'm not supernatural, but just natural, and there for not a god, sez the governing bodies that lord over me this day and on wards, that includes just about everyone with a massive superstition developed by the catholic pope, what he would think and say and do, they huddle together in spite of me in everyway, Mr Crowley teaches that they should represent their foolish saviour properly, as in the gnostic mysteries, but the oto, and fraternal saturnis won't even accept this man as their fool, holding out for nobody, I can't

even think of the AA, or any other rosycrucian, fellowship pack, ever likeing or allowing me at all, I have to suppose they dont, and I stay out of their way, unless im visited by the secret service,mi5,6 or cia or some other dept, and punnished even more, for ever beleiveing that im this fool, empowered with this magick tarotick powa, the people on the internet definitely dont agree with me, at all, they with their fantastick phycic power would know if I was right or not, and would know of my existance, because they would be wise and graded enough to know, they say,?, pagan neo wikka witch's, spiritualist dont want to know me, at all, foretune tellers dont know or care , about me artist, pyhcic's, druids, catholicks, and all other religians, murderously dont wanna know me, so lets not consider the harlequin as saviour any more this is a nothing method of stupidity, which ive trancended to escape punnishment, sex pitys me, love pretends to comfort me, but its all christainity try to save to punnish me over and over again, love has left me never too return again, love denide the big L, assures that my first sons mother tried to have me stabbed, I destroyed my second love, stoned and drunk amounst lots of girls like a loser fool that I am, girls only use me for the child benefit money, the english judges fall on their side, love is dead, as useury, and the shear deprivation, which dwells in my love, results in me shagging into boredom, the love of the foolish god is not their at all, so I could not find any shelter

here, love proved to be a lie, with my girlfreind lucy marsh we just had sex all the time but no children, just worship of the cunt, excessive copy's of my dads kind of love, after lucy all my other girls had gone my life was in silent darkness, I was here in life, but treated like I didnt exist, I never sign on for dole, living of friends and takeing lsd,weed,andwizz, I was worshipping the pagan goddess, of midnight magic, her witchcraft, till I moved into my one bedroom flat seven floors up in a block of flats, in wythenshawe, the walls were pink the floor was pink, I thought I had a chance at life, I met sharon venables, I convinced her that I was gonna be someone special, yet this has turned out to be bulshit, like the contrivences my dad conjoured too my mum, I thought myself that I was gonna be a great tarot reader, a grand master of sorts, which would save me from my great depression, sharon had five kids all boys, as we bashed and beaten our wild eggs in oue phycosis of a relationship, I even believed in the spirits of the tarot, as the secret cheifs that I was gonna be famous and rich, in this anoarchistic times of sex and drugs and rock n roll, this occult madness, and violence infruout contorted khaotic destruction, played out as a mad pyhco drama of a fucking loser kind, id destroyed my last family in my herculean debauchey, I idley thought things were gonna be different here, but thing were not, this is what the crocodile stands for in my kard the reptillian breed of satans seed, and me the stupid fool with no

idea of the ancient trouble following in my future, me the kid of the deck, wagging school, and and the crap from the cats beastly spirits in my future to come, the thelemic willance of my inheritance,

**DO WHAT THOU WILT  
SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.**

My school bag contains my kardz, my book of follyz and amusing annoying inheritance, which at that time was not in my possession as it is to day, and according to the old order guard, never will be mine, ever, they call my deck, A PACK OF LIES, and their god jehovnah the old man in the sky, judges me for my follis, my sinfull ways, judgeing and punnishing me with his helping angels, sending me to hell, which funny enough is where I found my deck of kardz, my inheritance, thus sez this fool.

**ROBERT ANDREW HENDERSON, AKA, MAACKNAZTIE.**

It would NOT be stupid to consider, or even that it would be very convenient to treat these two names as one, that is me, MAACKNAZTIE, the name of the mps fool who has the devils little hornz, and is the ultimate expression, of them anywhere through out the tarot society, and as wrote here previously has been animated in pieces, as in the other 21 major tarots, condemned as not the massiah, ?, but a very naughty

boi,naught = zero, o, my mother who is the first to put me down, and hand me over to these tarotic freemasons, and sent me to the high preist, of the mps, my dad to receive these arkane secrets, to inherit when I was twenty one my dads minor arkana, it wasent long after that that my dad died, in this kard though is the very close expression of the true nature of maacknaztie, a demi-god, of hell, the magick and the mysticism, is all drug enduced, but as it is right now, im sober, my dad delivered me to my mum, and my mum delivered me to the planets earth, in the komik manual flipp book that comes with this deck of kardz, is the kazam lightening flash that represents my birth, my story is in the mps tarots, and as I sit outside them they are a direct result of my interior complexity, wrongly interperated as madness or schzoid, this is actually my art and craft, my madness is a result of the situations that lead to the createion of these pics not the other way round, my mps are the pipes, the vines, of my tree of lifes ancestry branching infruout the inter-diamentional time and space continuum, the pipes of the devil mak, pipeing in fear and panic, in drunken debauchery, violateing every rule and creed ever created by the old order, my constant companion the mad cat pranceing in freewill, around the spaces,the violence represents the crocodile, which is mak, as a monster raveing mad on revenge, and hatred for the other players, and me rideing into the system on a ass/eesment center, penal reform code,

and penalty for being absent from school, returning too madchezta drunk on lsd, trippin off my massick head, magnitude is my girlfreinds nuitly surrounding the wreath me reading and telling my 4 toonz to the people on the partyline, over time the whole image degrades into nothingness, when madchezta was enjoying the hacienda, 24 hour party people, I enjoyed a small rise, as maacknaztie which was when I knew for the first time, I was the tarot fool, completely dickheaded, getting away with tellin the 4 toonz to the people, spiritualized ecxtasy, but the old guard, times twelve brothers and sisters brought that to a screeching halt, but now their was or is any dought that maacknaztie is the devil, born and developed because of the sexual union of my dad and mum, extraordinaliy defiled and deformed and crass, the origins of my name and meanings which here and now has been explained, thoughly, as a dad, a son, a fool, an object of laughter, and abuse, for the followers of my stepdad the hierophant, these accuse me directly as the antichrist, and devil, worshiping fool, and dismiss, me entirely because im completely wild and mad, ive been put down beneath the universal sky, as the sky godz spit upon my head, anointing me as the satanic devil,

### SUMMATION

I have attempted too seperate myself from, the others in the pack, here, so as to explain, I, hope, fully what I wanted to say even the truth of the stepdads or preists

back stabbing should appeal to the intuitive sense, before the bully gods whip the truth from you, taking away the truth of this fools symbol, and all its meanings, all these other trumps think they are better than me, each number, higher than mine, so I hope you study and read my kardz, with the fools cap on, and come over to the new world order, as in the character of the initiate into the mps, proper, because, truthfull unless ive allowed it you aint really supposed to know this adepts secret knowledge, in my past it was seen as natural for my stepdad and the others to dicredit me into this artist, but the mess im in now, is caused by the sabotage and spiritual ambush suppressing any attempt to rise, but remember, science will move the old order from the religious jehovah and his rules, which they have set down here in my relationship which is supposed to be nothing is actually inter-related with the other ten kardz, in a streight/curved destiny of hatefull game, becoming encircled hopefully unified in the knowledge of the here and the now, so that the players, may see the dealer, dealing the kardz, summing the totals with some clear'r idea and last judgements createing uneasy guilt, the design of the present fool kard named maacknaztie, persumes all that ive said the fool, secretly wealthy the inherent devil symbolized by his horns and held in his hand is his staff, which represents order, the order of the mps with the top crowned and equally named dikhead, or secretly

ipissimus, over my shoulder is my bag that contains the mps as my inheritant fruits of life, the mps which is the tree of good and bad luck, of destiny and fate, the cap which im wearing represents the knowlege of the past, present, and future, or symbolizeing that im the brother of yesterday, today, and tommorrow, the tella of time, 4 toonz told by me from the fruit of my drunken expression, namely my mps tarot deck, whos backs are eternal spirals of the red nose of mak, multi-inter-diamentional-infoldments of pockets in time and space, a 3D space time continuum infruout a tubal pipeline, and me manifesting from nothing to something, which is still this zero hour god of nowt, also this spiral whorl , the red nose the secret nature of robert a henderson, the mak clown aka maacknaztie the manifester of the deck of my mother and fathers gift, too me, transformed by me into the madjeztick pipe system, aka the nu world order, a ancestral tree of knowledge, the whole system of world wide freemasonry, symbolized by the cat containing the true meaning of legion, of the ancient gods of thoth symbolized by the crocodile, and the reptile of our wisdoms origin, of our mkaatian subtextual 4 toonz told, and in the center of the world is me mak, as the cosmik saviour the mkassiah jeztaz khriztaz of the madjeztickpipe system,

**H.R.M**  
**HIZZ ROYALE MADJEZTIE**  
**MAACKNAZTIE**  
**H.R.M.MK.I.H.O.O.H.O.M.P.S.O.OO.OOO.**  
**This is the true meanings of this card.**



