

LARRY YOUNT 3

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## **Vivisecting Mickey Mouse a Tale of Espionage**

“Angleton was consumed by his work and its agonies.”

Jefferson Morley, *The Ghost*

“...CIA built up its own elaborate brainwashing program, which... took its own special twist from *our* national character.”

John Marks, *The Search for the ‘Manchurian Candidate’*

“Of course, Mickey Mouse has never been depicted by Disney doing the sorts of things that Mack the Knife did.”

Tracy Twyman

Here back

At the phantom’s harassing face  
Sliming up out of the tank’s  
Abyss of ecstatic secretion,  
Some antique eagle lightning-  
Strike emblems floating up,  
God it’s been a minute  
Since the whole massacre  
Wiped the heart of the mutated  
Intelligence plant clean, but  
Holiness comes freely  
To those who are willing  
To torture an animated mouse  
To the brink of shattered and  
Scattered to the winds, well  
Mr. D, oh what’s a “Jew”  
To do with you, dead  
And hounded to the retro-  
Causal roots of heaven,  
Ho, it’s a locked door  
In hell swings open  
When you are summoned  
Like a sweet paste  
At the company séance,  
What trances you have,  
It’s everywhere, the phantom  
Goo of That Feeling drawing  
Me to stronger sigils  
Though I remain here

In phantom's hot witness  
Compiling over again  
The materials, the  
Materials needed to see  
What Tracy T. saw  
In the wretched conscious eye  
Of Son-of-ARPANET,  
Smiling men, Metis goats,  
Gods running rude on  
Currents of power's secrets, how  
Fires peel the skins from  
MIT Media Lab bros, how  
Dark it is in the night of an  
Empire spewing its babyfood up  
Hah it feels good  
To be a nothingness today  
Headless in the compromised  
Light gutted from a demigod,  
So-called Master Mickey 666, I'm  
Damned to the fires like anyone  
In dreamland's endless listicle  
Your period of review, your  
Central intelligence somewhere  
In the unknown pits  
Of time-loosened insides  
Where gargoyles violate  
Chronology over again,  
Here I am, here all over with  
Donatello's David à la Mercury  
Mutilating the cattle, swallowing  
Heads, my name on a list,  
A mortalizing scribble,  
Ye I have fled, deeper into my self,  
Now passed over, now again  
Considered in entirety, you  
Can't really repress a memory,  
No it comes back like a traitor,  
An elite, a metempsychotic,  
It's endless, o Satanist, o  
Airy mage you can go in there,  
Up north there at the hole,  
Go down in to meet the decans  
And the deros and the pulp'd  
Nazi nightmares, it's a hollow  
World, it's a flat world, it's  
A controlled and clockwasted

Place, which makes a holy  
Sound when struck, so  
Let's take the gang to Shaverland,  
Cast some light through stones  
Revealing Mr. Angleton, of course,  
It's been so long so covert a love  
Smuggling the same orchid forth  
And back here again stuck  
In the same grey tabloid year,  
Jerking off a Howard Hunt  
Corpsedoll I'll admit to a certain  
Talent for reading the sewage  
The future sends back to the past,  
I tried biofeedback it just made my  
Throat shut up like a vault,  
That's the yoga they gave me,  
On a quiet night down in the DUMBs,  
With my pistol and my OSS pedigree,  
What thoughts I have of your  
Frozen head tonight Walt Disney  
What thoughts you must still be  
Having, little bubbles of neural quanta  
Pissing in your greymatter,  
A rose of course a holy wound,  
Blooming mountain, water's stone,  
All the same darkneses  
You think you want  
To have a paranormal experience  
Until the body starts to split,  
That UFO naut you met in a trance  
Pushed its first guy off a cliff,  
And laughed when he exploded  
Hundreds of meters down  
Like breaking into song,  
A man in black, a common  
Symbol brought to blood,  
I fled him, but he caught  
Me and cut out my lungs  
Holy shit, that's a mild  
Punishment after all  
If you say the wrong name  
You'll wind up with a dead  
20 years in the internet  
Of total blackmail nihil,  
Another cat ghost added  
To the Roman chorus,

The place was torched from four  
Directions, total blackening end,  
All the books torched to nothing,  
Found the writer there hanging too,  
There's a voice of paranoia out  
In the strings of the surveillance  
Harp, it sings a solo hymn to Black  
Ops friendships hidden under rock,  
"Do you think this is my last song?"  
"You're lucky to mind your own  
Business in this circle," King David  
Unmasked himself to feed again,  
While I meet my masker  
On the hill he designated  
Hour of mute delusion  
A plurality suffering to  
A subject's single Orbison  
Cry, it's me, it's me alone  
Only against every  
Trying to be honest  
About the cold Byrd trips  
I make to and from  
The gothic emptiness  
Of Frau Aventure's horizonizing  
Self-fulfillment, I her bloody  
Hatchet-carved ghost,  
To serve under what you live,  
Such a helium high,  
An orchid's gnarled mouth  
Transplanted like a  
Sinkhole onto the face  
Of the installed dream's moon,  
It's all a kind of aching telepathy  
This wanting and this  
Catatonic truther god  
Ruling hard over the College  
Of Human Misery, o what a  
Spirituality you've developed,  
Hard coiled loops of recurring  
Monstrosity, traffic patterns  
Shifting but never going away,  
The frontier darkens and  
Conquers the expended cowboy  
Ego, that's fine, at twilight  
The cows are visited by a bleak  
Helicopter, the kind you're not

Supposed to talk about, cut  
Open, cored, tested for signs  
Of radiation and development  
Of embryonic Adamskis,  
The song of the spy can't end  
On a bum note, but must exhaust  
All levels of life down to the hideous  
Scraps of marrow, the colon,  
O captor moon, it's day while it's night,  
Holographic ufo-consciousness,  
Bloviating homeoPtah making  
Nothing over and over nothing  
Horrible spasms rupturing  
Nothing, good, for nothing is clean,  
The muscled skeleton of MM,  
Its skull outsized and thin  
The pumping of its living heart,  
I can see into a future war there,  
A disease of actual military con-  
Coction, a retreading of the same  
Plastic path all have walked,  
Orgonite missiles, copper  
Flutes and blessings of classified  
Comprehension, well it's been  
A long canon ballet, carcass  
Dancers with pranic bones aglow,  
No, I cannot say for certain  
What happens in the gentrified  
Mithraic Temple, but Jean  
Rollin provoked images out  
Of orgic stories, impalings,  
Vampire comforts in eternal chateaux,  
I'll have my own obsessions  
Carry me into a starry morgue  
Wherein Contract is godly  
And things are offered at a mildew  
Altar, fumes of cold spiderfluid  
Rising from the incense jug,  
Aha, like our dark prince  
Of Hollywood drains his  
Astral bladder thru a picked sore,  
Makes a dream work, starts  
A star war, it streams it out  
A marvel white side up,  
"Parsons me, sir, is that an end-  
Less cave you're ingoing in

Or are you just locked in heeding  
Rays, theoneutered rand-OM?"  
I don't have any answers  
For a secret agent man  
Gangstalking the perpetual  
Reborn messiah spirit,  
"It's a full time-job," I could  
Quip, but there's no chrominal  
Justice when faced to  
Face the celestial hordes  
For whom climate is reflex  
Striking at the haute throat  
Of cosmos, huddling on the  
Lawn of old man NORAD,  
Facts of our reset culture sit  
Somewhere rotten on a VHS,  
Kind of all-erasing truth,  
I know what I did last summer,  
Stuck on a mountain's inward  
Peak, prisoner in the Parsivalley,  
Digested by the thirteenth stomach  
In the facial gut of the questing beast,  
Cold Knight, Queen, King  
Paging Dr. Ewan Camera,  
Up on Mont Royal, take a pic,  
Always a hill to kill on if  
You need to push a Kapstone  
Off, but that's the binding of Isaac again,  
Dogstarear it for the retrocause,  
Like hanging a scholar with Twyne, man  
It doesn't end well for the  
Thought-form I am  
In this cavity the Mansons craved,  
For in the world of the deeps,  
Tate, murders are IAOK,  
Like oh a bad trip, bad  
Heritage, you genius, you  
Colonel, ret., Holy Officer, ret.,  
Combustible flesh like anyone,  
A century of ARTICHOKE hertz  
Blazing thru the minds of those  
Who take to a mountain for curing,  
Rubbing bottled souls awake to die,  
End up with djinnocides more  
Than can be counted on a hidden hand,  
Under white gloves, black fur lice-terrain,

“Mickey!” says the hoary cartoon  
Psychiatrist, “A mirror conducts  
Mesomatter from thither to this world’s  
Theater, moments come in thru metered  
Fucking, like Hades lets Orphic tunes thru  
Only on the off beat, Mickey, why’s your  
Heart beating out of time, is Walt a  
Mything person? Don’t slander me,” 114,  
The rule of the arbitrator of the hollow bone,  
Which pops out from the shin in  
An accident and cracks to unload  
A strip of paper, message reading:  
“There is a kind of troll which feeds  
On only the shite of living beings,  
And they dwell under mounds, coming out  
On nights of Venus lording highly about...”  
And on the flip side:  
“St. Joshua, please give guidance to our  
Men and women in the intelligence  
Community, tho they stray from  
Their God-given astrological  
Assignments, keep them from  
Meeting unkind ends, like  
Being dipped in LSD vats, or  
Cut apart by a consecrated scissor...”  
In a loose unconsciousness  
Belonging not to any one actor,  
A story overdue does lift to lie light,  
Money-slaked blood, sloshing around in the  
Thousand-chambered heart of stellar  
Guilt, approximates a song,  
Sings of a single clone with depression,  
Left-leaning policeman with  
Zener card tattoos goes wild  
At the gated community Klossowski  
Bookclub, no, it’s hard to tell  
A 9/11 joke to a room full  
Of people embodying each of the  
150 Psalms, o minotaur, o commitment-  
Phobic astrolabe, which compass hath  
The truest course defined? it makes  
A dear kind of sense on the morning  
After the final day  
To find a disposable camera  
In the mud at the edge of a creek  
And find tucked therein a true

Lover's knot, they were right,  
Things do run backwards  
Under the eye of the smoky god,  
Down there in the silent caverns,  
There's a world of hypochondriac  
Guardian angels huddled inside  
Every serotonin-armored bowel,  
And these do subtly ruckus  
In pursuit of a lush arcanum:  
The ultimate marriage of Science  
And, ah we come to it, Demon,  
The hallowed crucial Demon,  
Laboring like a devil over  
One of hundreds of ectoplasmic  
Mickey Mice, Demon a doctor,  
Demon a deeper will than will,  
The insignificance of power  
Against what is not power,  
The marvelous gore at the feet of  
Clean and just society, hypnosis  
Hybridizing disease and health  
In the fungal flame of bled reason,  
That's not intelligence at the center,  
But a blasted wound which sucks  
The air from impossibility's vacuum,  
Ah, there is a scalpel, and an ill-  
Ustrated mouse, a system of tubes,  
A carnal reel, a research-mad  
Silent king, whose mind elects  
The sun and its usurpers,  
Help us stop the cruelty by enact-  
Ing more cruelty further down  
The totemic wheel of fortune,  
"You're" hoarding wealth,  
Aren't you? well, what's cash  
Really buy you in a psycho's  
Nightmare, just more terror,  
Maitland Baldwin's monkey heads  
No less murdered in their shuffle  
From body to body, a Deep Trance  
Upon the single mind of all  
Behavioral psychologists,  
Skinner's of children, cliché to  
Say "Moloch" but here we are,  
Wasn't it Strieber who said some-  
Thing about a military school,

Now it's gospel, look in-  
To the hole in the alien's eye  
See posthistorical illusion  
In there like a swarming church,  
In times of war certain things are  
Forgiven, certain doctors  
Less bound to oaths of good,  
And like when Uri read Kissinger's  
Mind, we find a depth too fucked  
To repair or plumb, o Michelle might  
Remember but SRA hid only  
A worse and more exhausting truth,  
Archontic rule, the malevolent cherubim  
Bathing in the dark of Mammoth  
Cave, were-aliens tricking shape on  
Purpose-to-purpose bases, servants  
Of the panic god, bring down the lamp,  
A cost-effective Adam Kadmon built  
In a Wolf lab, blueprint smugly ripped  
From an etheric p2p network,  
All secrets have a secret life,  
A bullshit fire mirror face, when we  
Meet the poisoner, the folkdancer,  
At his high Helm and tell him  
The ship's a mantic vessel  
Stained with nigredo's residue,  
The black sun popping up  
Over the rosy hills, governing  
The flies and flickering stonetapes,  
Casting ritual crime upon  
Names on the list of omen  
Recipients, we, depatterned,  
Make a conjuror's error,  
Call up the omni-OVNI at the  
Center of the silver bowl of human  
Life, hear its mundane scream and  
Find our eyelids red and peeling,  
Find health only in deeper darks,  
An exposure to murky Sol-N,  
A meeting with the telluric man-  
Tis taboo-crosser, boundary god,  
Halt there at the outer rim,  
Of this particular earthly curve,  
"I've got a bone to pike through  
You, Eternal Returner, I think  
In motions of the worm that eats

Its own telling, and is thus its own tale,"  
"O it's a human!" in a chewed up voice,  
Koroboros losing its genital in its mouth,  
Tho this is not the first rod Eos curled  
From end to end of days in accordance  
With the obvious laws of the gods, but  
An animated dog is always serious about  
The shape of the entrance to his pyramid,  
Round and such that all can enter but  
None can causally leave it again,  
What makes dog human is his feared mutation,  
Like Mickey's single torso-spanning lung,  
Which, though punctured in examination,  
Lets loose not oxygen but holy data,  
The names they thought they had redacted,  
The silent wind of geologic breathing,  
The blood they suffer for to drink,  
A new year is wrung out of a dwindled supply,  
Hit the drum, hit the drum harder,  
Look down into the depths of earth,  
Look harder down and see the face you wore  
In the Gittinger assessment outcome,  
The phantom of consciousness eating  
Away at the brain like a golden rot,  
It's a good thing, 77 straight days  
Of LSD, Isbell's ringing or do I hear  
Jealous humid serpent men prowling  
The OSiris office scattering plague,  
The spirit of adventure! colludes  
To self-sexualize, madam of the temp-  
Oral powers of night, vampire time,  
Liquid messages shot from bandaged stars  
Ailing in their gravitic mortuary sky,  
It's a cult you've joined now, not a club,  
Wandering spirit, cupped heart, an in-  
Tellec composite, composted, lopped  
Spiral, weird, it's all over when the wiser  
Quiet crosses noise and cuts a path  
Thru blocks of time and nihilism,  
See, I aim at the central mind of entity,  
Expunge past of entity, converge on  
The location of outbreak, dissolve  
Entity in outbreak, mind my business,  
Mold my life's demon into the shape  
Not of a god, but a demented potency,  
You should hear the black hood come down,

You should see the spy's faces shift,  
O android mafia don, o complicit  
President, o suave mosséd channeler,  
JEster, extemporaneous horrors  
Visit us at home, weave under skins  
And filament the bone, more gallons  
Of fire-spirit's acid slime collecting  
At the base of the brain and influenizing  
Every man and woman's stargaze, now  
Noble Wanderer settles down on the Masonic  
Metallurgical monument's base, views  
With strategic indifference the passage  
Of drifting time, some people wear a lot  
Of names in the coming years, says, but that's  
Nothing, just color in the cells, occult toys,  
Aha, the stuttered fake sky is gone,  
"The source of the disease that nature feels"  
Is found in a smaller god's hypnotic speech,  
Extracted by S. Lovell somewhere in a war time,  
But it keeps happening, like the sicker operators  
And their doubled personalities, "who? me?"  
No, I'm telling a phantom, tis material  
That is counterfeit, and all else genuine,  
But phantom in a sludge of useless torture  
Invents a land and puts me there, I Psalming  
With David the dead I've known and not, my  
Cover blown, I end Mickey.