

kult ov kaos

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I am curious for what lies beneath, a new re-birth entails dreams.
Within this creeping Chaos a star is born.
Hands bound to tell the truth, but forced to live a lie each moment I live.
Slowly in the outer regions of darkness I witness the circles drawn in faded silk runes.
Voices unaware of the ears that listen, eyes behold another silent grave dug up.
My whips are bound tight from the robes of foolish demigods who have forsaken the law of naught.
There is no god but god, there is no dream but grasping.
In this order one must have Chaos in their heart to love.
Colors unfold as I undress myself under Your stars.
Be as One and None for the sisters of silver Eucharistic vessels.
The Mother of all Abominations sighs on the bruised shoulder of Christ.
Lucifer breaks forth into Twilight to rescue Judas from the kiss yet to be received.
Saints and devils, angels and witches seek into these things diligently.
Restore the Body that is in pieces, scattered about in each ones mind.
Behold Mother I make all things New.

by Dru





Apophia

by Edith Nagy

When they wanted rain, they used to sacrifice small animals to bad good-spirit pythons. “I saw that once,” the king says, and the python, a delicate acrobat suddenly—supple, malleable, eerie—goes wild with satisfaction. It seems to fly afterwards, from tree to tree, just like a bird, ugly.

Birds are ugly in that rainforest. They are colorful, ordinary, noisy, and they hate pythons for some unknown reason. But when the rain finally starts to fall, they know how to dance and do so out of morning and happiness and sorrow.

Apophia sits on the knees of her father in this jungle-time castle.

Jungle-time fables. About snakes and birds. Other animals. There is always a conclusion to every tale, but the story itself never ends.

He sits there all his life, this king, never getting tired. He never sleeps and seldom takes refreshments, and then only wine from brought the lake by subservient and ageless eagles.

The king is happy. Such a beautiful country he has, such understanding people sitting around him on the grass, such a beautiful daughter intently sitting on his knees, listening starry-eyed in nearly transcendental attention.

But she is getting bigger and bigger as years pass and perhaps becoming too heavy.

The knees of the king now ache. “Get down, get down. You do not exist,” he says, and, “Is it really freezing? Did you just make a snake out of me? Where are my words? Where is my magic?” And as he says this, he really turns snakey, and his first sacrificed bird shrieks in terror.

As Apophia’s tears flow fertile across her face, a big bushy beard appears. She will be hidden now. She is safe now.



Dee Rappoport, Untitled, 2019

Down in the underground of the castle, a sword is needed to cut out an entrance. "But this is my castle by right now," she says. The hazy rooms, the broken walls, the decay, the dungeons. "And I will go deep, deeper. Down these steps, down these corridors. Gazing in the dirt and dust and dead animals and desolation. And I will find paradise, whatever it takes, and perhaps I just did. A room full of books, long forgotten. A room full of steamy putrefying mirrors."

So she reads endlessly, looking for signs, for guidance. What a relief and pain is this hollow. She forgets her name. Then she forgets the Kingdom . . .

But today, how she trembles. How frantic she is. "This is the last book I have yet to read, so where is the secret? Where is the sign? Where is the magic? Is there no inheritance then?" she asks, and for days she walks around that book, that for now hidden story, afraid to touch, afraid to think, afraid of being.

And in the end, she does not have to read it; the sign comes in her sleep. A gentle forest and a stream. A lake and a monastery on a clearing. Monks.

And that is what she is soon. She is a young monk on the road, traversing stony passes up toward a peak. Her feet bleed, frozen, but she never senses them. Invisible princess on a quest. Unconscious, hurt, dreamy. Hopeful for all this. Mad.

She collapses on her knees when, finally, she sees it. Such a beautiful lake, this monastery, such peace, such relief. It hurts. It heals.

So she settles, so she prays, so she now is hidden in beauty. She listens to distant oratories, crystal voices from in and out. So she sits for hours looking into the lake. Empty. Then she sees two faces. Just like shadows from earlier days, black clad, serious. Two hermits. Sculptors, modeling the lake.

"We were watching you for so long a time," one says. "You were just like the lake, motionless, clear-eyed, pathetic."

"Too wild, too wild," the other says, "and so full of secrets. Are you in fact hiding?"

Hiding what? She is startled now, in fear. Who cares and why. Nonsense. But she must be brave, so she just smiles.

"No, not at all. I am Brother Ambrosius," she says. "I am the new inmate. I came from very far, the land of snakes. Have you heard about it?"

"We are not interested," the long shadow says. "We are only interested in your face. We want to sculpt it."

"Let us come back tomorrow," the other says. "Think. Meet us here at the same hour. I want to talk to you more. If you decide to, sit on that stone there. I'll be in the distance. I will be silent."

They go, and then she wonders. Monks, the lake, distant memories of fear and happiness, but prayer time comes and there she hurries, everything forgotten. She sings that night so beautifully, though, as if in panic, as if thrilled. As if in anticipation.

The next day, she is back. "Never leave me," a voice says, and she is startled. "Who talks to me?" Then the long shadow is there. He is frightening, obscene, a snake bigger than any other, a demon. But she cannot move. Not now. She is just a bird, tiny.

"So let us get down to business," he says. "Here is this wax. I'll just heat it. I'll pour it on your face, but do not worry; it won't burn you because you are not here. You are just a reflection of this lake, a passing image, an illusion, a cloud."

Paralyzed, she cannot scream. Hot wax is flowing down her brows, down her cheeks. Then it cools. The mask is ready.

"I must be a dream now, an illusion. I must be a cloud, insubstantial, just a reflection," she gasps. "It does not hurt, really," she says and tears flow. Black ugly craters on her skin, but no pain, no pain. "I must not feel. I am just a monk at the lakeside, and someone has just taken interest in my face. Someone has seen me. Should I be grateful? Should I be hurt? Pain won't exist if I'm not. Just this lake, just this reflection, just the sky, blue and empty."

"Poor darling," the voice says. More tears and pain return, agony, hell. "Where is my peace now," she says. Where am I?"

"Poor, poor darling," this voice says. "Am I talking to myself again? Am I such a liar?" "Are you?"

When he appears, he is frightened, he is compassionate, troubled. "I am late. I am always late, but let me heal you. Let me touch your face." And she is past caring. His hands are cool. They take away pain and craters and blackness. Hair falls in big clumps, and she feels exposed at first, unprotected. Worried and breathless and happy. Relieved and troubled. But afraid no more. There is some brilliance coming from the lake and eagles free in the sky and clouds so beautiful it hurts, silky and white.

Patriotism: A Menace to Liberty

by Emma Goldman (1869–1940; this piece was published in 1917)



What is patriotism? Is it love of one's birthplace, the place of childhood's recollections and hopes, dreams and aspirations? Is it the place where, in childlike naivety, we would watch the fleeting clouds, and wonder why we, too, could not run so swiftly? The place where we would count the milliard glittering stars, terror-stricken lest each one "an eye should be," piercing the very depths of our little souls? Is it the place where we would listen to the music of the birds, and long to have wings to fly, even as they, to distant lands? Or the place where we would sit at mother's knee, enraptured by wonderful tales of great deeds and conquests? In short, is it love for the spot, every inch representing dear and precious recollections of a happy, joyous, and playful childhood?

If that were patriotism, few American men of today could be called upon to be patriotic, since the place of play has been turned into factory, mill, and mine, while deafening sounds of machinery have replaced the music of the birds. Nor can we longer hear the tales of great deeds, for the stories our mothers tell today are but those of sorrow, tears, and grief.

What, then, is patriotism? "Patriotism, sir, is the last resort of scoundrels," said Dr. Johnson. Leo Tolstoy, the greatest anti-patriot of our times, defines patriotism as the principle that will justify the training of wholesale murderers; a trade that requires better equipment for the exercise of man-killing than the making of such necessities of life as shoes, clothing, and houses; a trade that guarantees better returns and greater glory than that of the average workingman.

Gustave Hervé,¹ another great anti-patriot, justly calls patriotism a superstition—one far more injurious, brutal, and inhumane than religion. The superstition of religion originated in man's inability to explain natural phenomena. That is, when primitive man heard thunder or saw the lightning, he could not account for either, and therefore concluded that back of them must be a force greater than himself. Similarly he saw a supernatural force in the rain, and in the various other changes in nature. Patriotism, on the other hand, is a superstition artificially created and maintained through a network of lies and falsehoods; a superstition that robs man of his self-respect and dignity, and increases his arrogance and conceit.

Indeed, conceit, arrogance, and egotism are the essentials of patriotism. Let me illustrate. Patriotism assumes that our globe is divided into little spots, each one surrounded by an iron gate. Those who have had the fortune of being born on some particular spot, consider themselves better, nobler, grander, more intelligent than the living beings inhabiting any other spot. It is, therefore, the duty of everyone living on that chosen spot to fight, kill, and die in the attempt to impose his superiority upon all the others.

The inhabitants of the other spots reason in like manner, of course, with the result that, from early infancy, the mind of the child is poisoned with bloodcurdling stories about the Germans, the French, the Italians, Russians, etc. When the child has reached manhood, he is thoroughly saturated with the belief that he is chosen by the Lord himself to defend his country against the attack or invasion of any foreigner. It is for that purpose that we are clamoring for a greater army and navy, more battleships and ammunition. It is for that purpose that America has within a short time spent four hundred million dollars. Just think of it—four hundred million dollars taken from the produce of *the people*. For surely it is not the rich who contribute to patriotism. They are cosmopolitans, perfectly at home in every land. We in America know well the truth of this. Are not our rich Americans Frenchmen in France, Germans in Germany, or Englishmen in England? And do they not squander with cosmopolitan grace fortunes coined by American factory children and cotton slaves? Yes, theirs is the patriotism that will make it possible to send messages of condolence to a despot like the Russian Tsar, when any mishap befalls him, as President Roosevelt² did in the name of *his* people, when Sergius³ was punished by the Russian revolutionists.

It is a patriotism that will assist the arch-murderer Diaz⁴ in destroying thousands of lives in Mexico, or that will even aid in arresting Mexican revolutionists on American soil and keep them incarcerated in American prisons, without the slightest cause or reason.

But, then, patriotism is not for those who represent wealth and power. It is good enough for the people. It reminds one of the historic wisdom of Frederick the Great, the bosom friend of Voltaire, who said: "Religion is a fraud, but it must be maintained for the masses."

That patriotism is rather a costly institution, no one will doubt after considering the following statistics. The progressive increase of the expenditures for the leading armies and navies of the world during the last quarter of a century is a fact of such gravity as to startle every thoughtful student of economic problems. It may be briefly indicated by dividing the time from 1881 to 1905 into five-year periods, and noting the disbursements of several great nations for army and navy purposes during the first and last of those periods. From the first to the last of the periods noted the expenditures of Great Britain increased from \$2,101,848,936 to \$4,143,226,885, those of France from \$3,324,500,000 to \$3,455,109,900, those of Germany from \$725,000,200 to \$2,700,375,600, those of the United States from \$1,275,500,750 to \$2,650,900,450, those of Russia from \$1,900,975,500 to \$5,250,445,100, those of Italy from \$1,600,975,750 to \$1,755,500,100, and those of Japan from \$182,900,500 to \$700,925,475.

The military expenditures of each of the nations mentioned increased in each of the five-year periods under review. During the entire interval from 1881 to 1905 Great Britain's outlay for her army increased fourfold, that of the United States was tripled, Russia's was doubled, that of Germany increased 35 per cent., that of France about 15 per cent., and that of Japan nearly 500 per cent. If we compare the expenditures of these nations upon their armies with their total expenditures for all the twenty-five years ending with 1905, the proportion rose as follows:

In Great Britain from 20 per cent. to 37; in the United States from 15 to 23; in France from 16 to 18; in Italy from 12 to 15; in Japan from 12 to 14. On the other hand, it is interesting to note that the proportion in Germany decreased from about 58 per cent. to 25, the decrease being due to the enormous increase in the imperial expenditures for other purposes, the fact being that the army expenditures for the period of 1901-5 were higher than for any five-year period preceding. Statistics show that the countries in which army expenditures are greatest, in proportion to the total national revenues, are Great Britain, the United States, Japan, France, and Italy, in the order named.

The showing as to the cost of great navies is equally impressive. During the twenty-five years ending with 1905 naval expenditures increased approximately as follows: Great Britain, 300 per cent.; France 60 per cent.; Germany 600 per cent.; the United States 525 per cent.; Russia 300 per cent.; Italy 250 per cent.; and Japan, 700 per cent. With the exception of Great Britain, the United States spends more for naval purposes than any other nation, and this expenditure bears also a larger proportion to the entire national disbursements than that of any other power. In the period 1881-5, the expenditure for the United States navy was \$6.20 out of each \$100 appropriated for all national purposes; the amount rose to \$6.60 for the next five-year period, to \$8.10 for the next, to \$11.70 for the next, and to \$16.40 for 1901-5. It is morally certain that the outlay for the current period of five years will show a still further increase.

The rising cost of militarism may be still further illustrated by computing it as a per capita tax on population. From the first to the last of the five-year periods taken as the basis for the comparisons here given, it has risen as follows: In Great Britain, from \$18.47 to \$52.50; in France, from \$19.66 to \$23.62; in Germany, from \$10.17 to \$15.51; in the United States, from \$5.62 to \$13.64; in Russia, from \$6.14 to \$8.37; in Italy, from \$9.59 to \$11.24, and in Japan from 86 cents to \$3.11.

It is in connection with this rough estimate of cost per capita that the economic burden of militarism is most appreciable. The irresistible conclusion from available data is that the increase of expenditure for army and navy purposes is rapidly surpassing the growth of population in each of the countries considered in the present calculation. In other words, a continuation of the increased demands of militarism threatens each of those nations with a progressive exhaustion both of men and resources.

The awful waste that patriotism necessitates ought to be sufficient to cure the man of even average intelligence from this disease. Yet patriotism demands still more. The people are urged to be patriotic and for that luxury they pay, not only by supporting their "defenders," but even by sacrificing their own children. Patriotism requires allegiance to the flag, which means obedience and readiness to kill father, mother, brother, sister.

The usual contention is that we need a standing army to protect the country from foreign invasion. Every intelligent man and woman knows, however, that this is a myth maintained to frighten and coerce the foolish. The governments of the world, knowing each other's interests, do not invade each other. They have learned that they can gain much more by international arbitration of disputes than by war and conquest. Indeed, as Carlyle said, "War is a quarrel between two thieves too cowardly to fight their own battle; therefore they take boys from one village and another village, stick them into uniforms, equip them with guns, and let them loose like wild beasts against each other."

It does not require much wisdom to trace every war back to a similar cause. Let us take our own Spanish-American war,⁵ supposedly a great and patriotic event in the history of the United States. How our hearts burned with indignation against the atrocious Spaniards! True, our indignation did not flare up spontaneously. It was nurtured by months of newspaper agitation, and long after Butcher Weyler⁶ had killed off many noble Cubans and outraged many Cuban women. Still, in justice to the American Nation be it said, it did grow indignant and was willing to fight, and that it fought bravely. But when the smoke was over, the dead buried, and the cost of the war came back to the people in an increase in the price of commodities and rent—that is, when we sobered up from our patriotic spree, it suddenly dawned on us that the cause of the Spanish-American war was the consideration of the price of sugar; or, to be more explicit, that the lives, blood, and money of the American people were used to protect the interests of American capitalists, which were threatened by the Spanish government. That this is not an exaggeration, but is based on absolute facts and figures, is best

proven by the attitude of the American government to Cuban labor. When Cuba was firmly in the clutches of the United States, the very soldiers sent to liberate Cuba were ordered to shoot Cuban workingmen during the great cigarmakers' strike, which took place shortly after the war.

Nor do we stand alone in waging war for such causes. The curtain is beginning to be lifted on the motives of the terrible Russo-Japanese war,⁷ which cost so much blood and tears. And we see again that back of the fierce Moloch of war stands the still fiercer god of Commercialism. Kuropatkin, the Russian Minister of War during the Russo-Japanese struggle, has revealed the true secret behind the latter. The Tsar and his Grand Dukes, having invested money in Korean concessions, the war was forced for the sole purpose of speedily accumulating large fortunes.

The contention that a standing army and navy is the best security of peace is about as logical as the claim that the most peaceful citizen is he who goes about heavily armed. The experience of every-day life fully proves that the armed individual is invariably anxious to try his strength. The same is historically true of governments. Really peaceful countries do not waste life and energy in war preparations, with the result that peace is maintained.

However, the clamor for an increased army and navy is not due to any foreign danger. It is owing to the dread of the growing discontent of the masses and of the international spirit among the workers. It is to meet the internal enemy that the Powers of various countries are preparing themselves; an enemy, who, once awakened to consciousness, will prove more dangerous than any foreign invader.

The powers that have for centuries been engaged in enslaving the masses have made a thorough study of their psychology. They know that the people at large are like children whose despair, sorrow, and tears can be turned into joy with a little toy. And the more gorgeously the toy is dressed, the louder the colors, the more it will appeal to the million-headed child.

An army and navy represent the people's toys. To make them more attractive and acceptable, hundreds and thousands of dollars are being spent for the display of these toys. That was the purpose of the American government in equipping a fleet and sending it along the Pacific coast, that every American citizen should be made to feel the pride and glory of the United States. The city of San Francisco spent one hundred thousand dollars for the entertainment of the fleet; Los Angeles, sixty thousand; Seattle and Tacoma, about one hundred thousand. To entertain the fleet, did I say? To dine and wine a few superior officers, while the "brave boys" had to mutiny to get sufficient food. Yes, two hundred and sixty thousand dollars were spent on fireworks, theatre parties, and revelries, at a time when men, women, and children through the breadth and length of the country were starving in the streets; when thousands of unemployed were ready to sell their labor at any price. Two hundred and sixty thousand dollars! What could not have been accomplished with such an enormous sum? But instead of bread and shelter, the children of those cities were taken to see the fleet, that it may remain, as one of the newspapers said, "a lasting memory for the child."

A wonderful thing to remember, is it not? The implements of civilized slaughter. If the mind of the child is to be poisoned with such memories, what hope is there for a true realization of human brotherhood?

We Americans claim to be a peace-loving people. We hate bloodshed; we are opposed to violence. Yet we go into spasms of joy over the possibility of projecting dynamite bombs from flying machines upon helpless citizens. We are ready to hang, electrocute, or lynch anyone, who, from economic necessity, will risk his own life in the attempt upon that of some industrial magnate. Yet our hearts swell with pride at the thought that America is becoming the most powerful nation on earth, and that it will eventually plant her iron foot on the necks of all other nations.

Such is the logic of patriotism.

Considering the evil results that patriotism is fraught with for the average man, it is as nothing compared with the insult and injury that patriotism heaps upon the soldier himself—that poor, deluded victim of superstition and ignorance. He, the savior of his country, the protector of his nation, - what has patriotism in store for him? A life of slavish submission, vice, and perversion, during peace; a life of danger, exposure, and death, during war.

While on a recent lecture tour in San Francisco, I visited the Presidio, the most beautiful spot overlooking the Bay and Golden Gate Park. Its purpose should have been playgrounds for children, gardens and music for the recreation of the weary. Instead it is made ugly, dull, and gray by barracks—barracks wherein the rich would not allow their dogs to dwell. In these miserable shanties, soldiers are herded like cattle; here they waste their young days, polishing the boots and brass buttons of their superior officers. Here, too, I saw the distinction of classes: sturdy sons of a free Republic, drawn up in line like convicts, saluting every passing shrimp of a lieutenant. American equality, degrading manhood and elevating the uniform!

Barrack life further tends to develop tendencies of sexual perversion. It is gradually producing along this line results similar to European military conditions. Havelock Ellis, the noted writer on sex psychology, has made a thorough study of the subject. I quote: "Some of the barracks are great centers of male prostitution The number of soldiers who prostitute themselves is greater than we are willing to believe. It is no exaggeration to say that in certain regiments the presumption is in favor of the venality of the majority of the men On summer evenings, Hyde Park and the neighborhood of Albert Gate are full of guardsmen and others plying a lively trade, and with little disguise, in uniform or out In most cases the proceeds form a comfortable addition to Tommy Atkins' pocket money."

To what extent this perversion has eaten its way into the army and navy can best be judged from the fact that special houses exist for this form of prostitution. The practice is not limited to England; it is universal. "Soldiers are no less sought after in France than in England or in Germany, and special houses for military prostitution exist both in Paris and the garrison towns."

Had Mr. Havelock Ellis included America in his investigation of sex perversion, he would have found that the same conditions prevail in our army and navy as in those of other countries. The growth of the standing army inevitably adds to the spread of sex perversion; the barracks are the incubators.

Aside from the sexual effects of barrack life, it also tends to unfit the soldier for useful labor after leaving the army. Men, skilled in a trade, seldom enter the army or navy, but even they, after a military experience, find themselves totally unfitted for their former occupations. Having acquired habits of idleness and a taste for excitement and adventure, no peaceful pursuit can content them. Released from the army, they can turn to no useful work. But it is usually the social riff-raff, discharged prisoners and

the like, whom either the struggle for life or their own inclination drives into the ranks. These, their military term over, again turn to their former life of crime, more brutalized and degraded than before. It is a well-known fact that in our prisons there is a goodly number of ex-soldiers; while, on the other hand, the army and navy are to a great extent plied with ex-convicts.

Of all the evil results I have just described none seems to me so detrimental to human integrity as the spirit patriotism has produced in the case of Private William Buwalda. Because he foolishly believed that one can be a soldier and exercise his rights as a man at the same time, the military authorities punished him severely. True, he had served his country fifteen years, during which time his record was unimpeachable. According to Gen. Funston, who reduced Buwalda's sentence to three years, "the first duty of an officer or an enlisted man is unquestioned obedience and loyalty to the government, and it makes no difference whether he approves of that government or not." Thus Funston stamps the true character of allegiance. According to him, entrance into the army abrogates the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

What a strange development of patriotism that turns a thinking being into a loyal machine!

In justification of this most outrageous sentence of Buwalda, Gen. Funston tells the American people that the soldier's action was "a serious crime equal to treason." Now, what did this "terrible crime" really consist of? Simply in this: William Buwalda was one of fifteen hundred people who attended a public meeting in San Francisco; and, oh, horrors, he shook hands with the speaker, Emma Goldman. A terrible crime, indeed, which the General calls "a great military offense, infinitely worse than desertion."

Can there be a greater indictment against patriotism than that it will thus brand a man a criminal, throw him into prison, and rob him of the results of fifteen years of faithful service?

Buwalda gave to his country the best years of his life and his very manhood. But all that was as nothing. Patriotism is inexorable and, like all insatiable monsters, demands all or nothing. It does not admit that a soldier is also a human being, who has a right to his own feelings and opinions, his own inclinations and ideas. No, patriotism can not admit of that. That is the lesson which Buwalda was made to learn; made to learn at a rather costly, though not at a useless price. When he returned to freedom, he had lost his position in the army, but he regained his self-respect. After all, that is worth three years of imprisonment.

A writer on the military conditions of America, in a recent article, commented on the power of the military man over the civilian in Germany. He said, among other things, that if our Republic had no other meaning than to guarantee all citizens equal rights, it would have just cause for existence. I am convinced that the writer was not in Colorado during the patriotic régime of General Bell. He probably would have changed his mind had he seen how, in the name of patriotism and the Republic, men were thrown into bull-pens, dragged about, driven across the border, and subjected to all kinds of indignities. Nor is that Colorado incident the only one in the growth of military power in the United States. There is hardly a strike where troops and militia do not come to the rescue of those in power, and where they do not act as arrogantly and brutally as do the men wearing the Kaiser's uniform. Then, too, we have the Dick military law. Had the writer forgotten that?

A great misfortune with most of our writers is that they are absolutely ignorant on current events, or that, lacking honesty, they will not speak of these matters. And so it has come to pass that the Dick military law was rushed through Congress with little discussion and still less publicity—a law which gives the President the power to turn a

peaceful citizen into a bloodthirsty man-killer, supposedly for the defense of the country, in reality for the protection of the interests of that particular party whose mouthpiece the President happens to be.

Our writer claims that militarism can never become such a power in America as abroad, since it is voluntary with us, while compulsory in the Old World. Two very important facts, however, the gentleman forgets to consider. First, that conscription has created in Europe a deep-seated hatred of militarism among all classes of society. Thousands of young recruits enlist under protest and, once in the army, they will use every possible means to desert. Second, that it is the compulsory feature of militarism which has created a tremendous anti-militarist movement, feared by European Powers far more than anything else. After all, the greatest bulwark of capitalism is militarism. The very moment the latter is undermined, capitalism will totter. True, we have no conscription; that is, men are not usually forced to enlist in the army, but we have developed a far more exacting and rigid force—necessity. Is it not a fact that during industrial depressions there is a tremendous increase in the number of enlistments? The trade of militarism may not be either lucrative or honorable, but it is better than tramping the country in search of work, standing in the bread line, or sleeping in municipal lodging houses. After all, it means thirteen dollars per month, three meals a day, and a place to sleep. Yet even necessity is not sufficiently strong a factor to bring into the army an element of character and manhood. No wonder our military authorities complain of the “poor material” enlisting in the army and navy. This admission is a very encouraging sign. It proves that there is still enough of the spirit of independence and love of liberty left in the average American to risk starvation rather than don the uniform.

Thinking men and women the world over are beginning to realize that patriotism is too narrow and limited a conception to meet the necessities of our time. The centralization of power has brought into being an international feeling of solidarity among the oppressed nations of the world; a solidarity which represents a greater harmony of interests between the workingman of America and his brothers abroad than between the American miner and his exploiting compatriot; a solidarity which fears not foreign invasion, because it is bringing all the workers to the point when they will say to their masters, “Go and do your own killing. We have done it long enough for you.”

This solidarity is awakening the consciousness of even the soldiers, they, too, being flesh of the flesh of the great human family. A solidarity that has proven infallible more than once during past struggles, and which has been the impetus inducing the Parisian soldiers, during the Commune of 1871, to refuse to obey when ordered to shoot their brothers. It has given courage to the men who mutinied on Russian warships during recent years. It will eventually bring about the uprising of all the oppressed and downtrodden against their international exploiters.

The proletariat of Europe has realized the great force of that solidarity and has, as a result, inaugurated a war against patriotism and its bloody spectre, militarism. Thousands of men fill the prisons of France, Germany, Russia, and the Scandinavian countries, because they dared to defy the ancient superstition. Nor is the movement limited to the working class; it has embraced representatives in all stations of life, its chief exponents being men and women prominent in art, science, and letters.

America will have to follow suit. The spirit of militarism has already permeated all walks of life. Indeed, I am convinced that militarism is growing a greater danger here than anywhere else, because of the many bribes capitalism holds out to those whom it wishes to destroy.

The beginning has already been made in the schools. Evidently the government holds to the Jesuitical conception, "Give me the child mind, and I will mould the man." Children are trained in military tactics, the glory of military achievements extolled in the curriculum, and the youthful minds perverted to suit the government. Further, the youth of the country is appealed to in glaring posters to join the army and navy. "A fine chance to see the world!" cries the governmental huckster. Thus innocent boys are morally shanghaied into patriotism, and the military Moloch strides conquering through the Nation.

The American workingman has suffered so much at the hands of the soldier, State and Federal, that he is quite justified in his disgust with, and his opposition to, the uniformed parasite. However, mere denunciation will not solve this great problem. What we need is a propaganda of education for the soldier: antipatriotic literature that will enlighten him as to the real horrors of his trade, and that will awaken his consciousness to his true relation to the man to whose labor he owes his very existence.

It is precisely this that the authorities fear most. It is already high treason for a soldier to attend a radical meeting. No doubt they will also stamp it high treason for a soldier to read a radical pamphlet. But, then, has not authority from time immemorial stamped every step of progress as treasonable? Those, however, who earnestly strive for social reconstruction can well afford to face all that; for it is probably even more important to carry the truth into the barracks than into the factory. When we have undermined the patriotic lie, we shall have cleared the path for that great structure wherein all nationalities shall be united into a universal brotherhood—a truly FREE SOCIETY.

Notes

1. Gustave Hervé (Brest 1871-Paris 1944) gained notoriety in 1901 by writing an article which included the image of the tricolour planted in a pile of manure. He was a strong antimilitarist voice until 1912 as director of the paper *La Guerre Sociale* (The Social War). Then, frustrated by the ineffectiveness of all his efforts he abandoned his antimilitarism and became nationalist and patriotic, founding with others, in 1919, a national socialist party.
2. Theodore Roosevelt (October 27, 1858 – January 6, 1919) 26th President of the U.S.A. He expanded the power of the Federal State over social and economic life.
3. The Grand Duke Sergius, commander of the Moscow garrison and uncle of the Tsar Nicholas II was assassinated by the social revolutionary Kaliaiev.
4. Porfirio Diaz (15 September 1830 – 2 July 1915) President of Mexico for over 30 years (1877-1888 and 1884-1911), he controlled the political and administrative life through a system generally referred to as centralized tyranny.
5. Spanish-American war (1898). The conflict ended the Spanish rule in the Americas (withdrawal from Cuba) and led to the acquisition of territories by the U.S.A. in Asia (Philippines) and Latin America (Guam, Puerto Rico).
6. General "Butcher" Weyler. Spanish General sent to Cuba in 1896 to put down the rebellion. Called the "Butcher," Weyler confined much of the Cuban population into unsanitary concentration camps. He was recalled to Spain in 1897.

7. Russo-Japanese war (1904-1905). The conflict arose out of the rivalry for the dominance of Korea and Manchuria and resulted in the victory of the Japanese and the end of the expansionist policy of Russia in the Far East.

45 Liber Libertas 1.0

by Amen Ra

“What else is there to do but live and be joyous? To enjoy every pleasure and moment you can steal away for yourself and your companions. It is to learn to survive contently, even in a burning inferno of all hells. Take joy in breathing, in creating, in living every moment, in all actions, all thoughts. Visualize success. Do not lust for results in any of your actions, but if you must, visualize success. Banish all thoughts of failure. Day dream success all day long. Bring the daydreams to life.” –Amen Ra

Freedom is something that should not be taken for granted.

The United States Constitution was first stabbed in the back by the National Security Act of 1947. Another impaling was the Patriot Act of 2001.

Freedom may be something that always seems under assault from some angle, whether out right attack or underhanded trickery. An example of the former is the reign of the Nazi's, an example of the latter is what went on during their rise to power. Another example of trickery in homeland security in the United States is the notion that freedoms must be taken away to preserve them. Take them away, so you can have a fallacy. How can you have something if it is taken away?

Fear of terrorism is a tool used to convince/trick humans that to maintain freedom that freedom must be restricted. Do not believe it. A tool is always used to control the masses. In the United States, during the Cold War, it was fear of the communist countries such, as Cuba and the Soviet Union. These are illusionary enemies positioned to keep people in line.

The fear of punishment does not necessarily motivate people to obey the law; it motivates people to be subtle when breaking it.

Anarchy is the rule of nature. Anarchy is harmony. The eternal cosmic dance and copulation of order and chaos. A possible example of this might be the way of life of the Native American Indian before the invasion and domination of the European paradigm. Almost any tribal culture could be substituted in this example. Something exists in the old ways that is sacred and not to be left behind.

A portion of government officials who represent the people, who are the people, should be chosen through a lottery of the people, limited in terms and equal in power with other officials.

The body does not move without the spirit.

Who does the Grail serve? The answer is always that the Grail serves the people.

The magician stands before the altar with the sword of freedom in hand. Eyes wet with tears for s/he knows of sorrow and defeat, victory and pleasure. His/her duty is to honorably serve. Destiny to be embraced. The Grail serves the people by upholding freedom. The duty of knight of the Grail Hallows. The duty of a warrior. The duty of a samurai. S/he is a knight of the mysteries of sex and death. Invoking the Knight of Swords for will to power. Continually strive to banish fears and ego. The Knight of Swords charges forward with the fire of youth. Never letting dreams pass by.

The slaves are ignorant of their enslavement. The prisoners blind to the iron bars and too numb, desensitized, to the feel of the heavy black iron shackles of Rome. Herded and driven with the energy of money like worker ants, shuffling and droning wage slaves. The people are self-contained. Trained at an early age to keep silent, not thinking, and pulling fellows back in line when they stumble out and question the status quo, never questioning the consensus reality. The slaves have been conditioned to keep the slaves in line. Label the rebels troublemakers and deviants. They sit staring at the shadows on the wall of the cave, so afraid to look back at the fire they no longer believe in.

True will urges the awakening of humanity with an unconscious nudging in the form of daydreams, coincidences, and longings. To wake people up to liberty like never before (and not remembered in history books). Liberty struggles to breathe like anarchy.

Truth is infinite. Always be prepared to give up previous beliefs systems and never stop growing. Growth stops when one declares, "I have discovered the truth!" When one has discovered the truth, one has never been further from it.

Tell me all of your secrets. I can hear your dreams and calling, whispering, "Let me out, set me free, and let me be!"

I feel very sorry for fundamentalists. They seem so lost. Their ignorance is embarrassing to me. All fundamentalists. There is not one way, but many. I can never wear the label of Christian and, of course, I deny that Christ died for my sins. I deny the Crucifixion entirely.

What is Being? There is no Being, only process, ever action, eternal movement. Birth, life, death, and the journey to rebirth. Spring, summer, fall, and winter. Sunrise and morning (birth), day (life), sunset (death), night (journey through the underworld), and the return of morning (rebirth).

There is magick in every movement. Every action. Everything is magick.

Objectivity is an ideal and nothing more. For the human process, it is nearly impossible to achieve. Subjectivity is where it's at and nearly impossible to escape. The observer effects the outcome by merely observing.

Paradox is a blessing.

Time is non-linear.

In answer to the existential question, will-to-power and nothing else.

Power to the flower.

What else is there to do but live and be joyous? To enjoy every pleasure and moment you can steal away for yourself and your companions. It is to learn to survive contently, even in a burning inferno of all hells. Take joy in breathing, in creating, in living every moment, in all actions, all thoughts. Visualize success. Do not lust for results in any of your actions, but if you must, visualize success. Banish all thoughts of failure. Day dream success all day long. Bring the daydreams to life.

For example, a death. Think of it as a sacred thing. One of the most sacred acts that each person will perform. A sacred and holy transformation. A sacred passage into another chapter of existence.

A lesser example, if you are day dreaming of your boss firing you, change it to your boss getting a different job and you getting a raise and promotion, or if you imagine asking a person out on a date, visualize only success. If s/he turns you down, turn that into a success too. A chance to grow. A small symbolic death and resurrection. Saint Nietzsche says, "Whatever does not kill you will make you stronger" and "Knowledge is meaningless without action."

Everything is chaos. Beautiful, meaningless, ordered chaos. You are chaos. Everything that was meant to happen, happens.

Any culture that encourages families not to raise their own children (and instead by strangers in sterile day care centers) is surely selfish and neglectful of nature. What is the outcome of taking children from their parents?

Life is a tight rope walk. Look down. Feel the vertigo. The lights are dim and the crowd is hushed. The wire is hard and slightly painful against the feet. A distant white net is way down below. Give them a show.

When you do not answer your true will, destiny, calling, dreams you waste. In my experience, the path of destiny includes feelings of intensity and longing that diminish haunting memories with age. Do you have that? Or are you now completely locked in your comfort zone? Afraid to do anything. Afraid to quit playing video games. Afraid to turn off the television. Afraid to speak your mind. Afraid to let people know you. Afraid to fail. You are no infant; take the pacifier out of your mouth. Whichever pacifier is your drug of choice (sex, church, money, beer, bars, TV, video games, Internet, food, your escape from reality).

Destiny leaves no room for failure. Destiny prevents failure. Failure is the result of denial of destiny.

Existentially everyone is infinitely alone as a part of the human condition. You have no choice but to be alone. Born alone. Die alone. Live alone. Can anyone really know you? What's in your head? Your soul? The secret thoughts. Your history. Experiences. All of it.

We are NEVER alone, but ALWAYS alone.

Just because you are around people, even true friends, doesn't mean you are close to them. Examples of lone souls are the homosexual who hasn't come out of the closet or the deformed person, like the Elephant Man who was always around people but was definitely alone. Other examples: the vampire, a victim of incest, the drug addict. Or a sex fiend. A serial killer. A saint. A genius. A mad man. A starving artist. A prostitute. An orphan. All surrounded by people. All feeling totally alone. Everyone has secret selves.

To aid in setting yourself free, avoid popular media (television, movies, newspapers, magazines, the news, etc.) in all its forms. Question all authority. Question all information. Question all experience. Even this document.

We journey to the lands of our ancestors. We journey to freedom. We journey to liberation.

Set is the castrated dragon Tanin'iver

Set is the castrated dragon Tanin'iver, when he regains his manhood, there will be hell to pay. The secret seed of his father born again to bring the storm wind from the desert to the gardens of Ra, that they might know the crisp fresh stone-splintering feel of the grainy desert gale!

The Black Virgin concealed by the obscene dark angels of Satariel. Can you see through the black cloak of poison death and suffering behind which her beauty is shrouded? O raven-haired beauty of the uncreated night, my heart overflows with blasphemous adoration for thy hidden splendour!

And what of the heart of the scorpion,
ominously casting its ruby-red gaze upon the
countenance of the shrouded earth.

What is signified here, by this piercingly staring
cinnabar lens? What unfortunate recipient will be
gifted with the venomous kiss of a tail-lash by
this celestial creepy-crawly?

And for his food only the finest sulphur mined
from the cleft of a mare newly come into
season, the food and complement of the
pearlescent essence contained in the innermost
region of the Dragon's underwater palace.

And from the shifting sands of the Red
Desert came rising forth a stabbing spire of
blackest rock, sand and sandstone
trembling from the strain of this great
obtrusion rising here.

It is the phallus of the Dragon reborn as an Ebon Spire!

--by Cort Williams

Techniques of Sex Magic: A Synopsis

by Robert Reeder

What follows is a very brief synopsis of the techniques of sex magick currently in vogue among Rosicrucian, Magian, Anseiretic, and other Western mysteries groups who practice such things. A basic understanding of the mechanics of energy work is presumed here, and so will not be discussed in any detail. Also not covered here is the use of sexuality as a sacrament; this is wholly focused on magickal and mystical technique.

What must be understood with any discussion of sex magick, especially concerning older and more traditional techniques, is that the biological and physiological processes involved were not fully understood until quite recently in some cases. For this reason, much of the traditional material is based on understandings of human physiology and biology which, while often elegant, were also simply dead wrong. This becomes critical when analyzing the classic texts from both the East and the West. In India, for example, it was assumed that the male possessed a finite amount of semen, which was in fact his life essence, and so conservation of this essence became a primary focus of the Tantrics. Now, of course, we know that not only is this view erroneous, it is actually quite dangerous; however, many Tantric "purists" (and books) continue with these practices. So, for clarification, any magician, regardless of gender or age, should attempt to incorporate no less than one orgasm, with ejaculation of either semen or bartholinin (female sexual ejaculate), per day into their magickal regimen.

A similar misconception (pardon the pun) occurred in western alchemy concerning the role of menstrual blood in the reproductive process. Prior to the advent of the microscope, alchemists (reasonably) assumed that conception was somehow the result of semen and menstrual blood mixing in the womb. The books detailing the conjoining of the "red lion and white eagle" within in the "fires of the athanor" (the practical alchemist's traditional kiln) are of course alluding to this. Even after the advent of the microscope, it was assumed until quite recently that the unfertilized ova was shed with the menstrual blood, and writers as recently as Crowley make the mistake of assuming that the ova is somewhere mixed in with the menstrual fluid.

Without entering the debate of the value of maintaining these older ideas for their own sake, I will here rely only on my own most current understanding of human physiology, biology and sexuality in this synopsis of useful techniques. I will however occasionally refer to outmoded ideas and practices, for the sake of clarity, completeness, or just general interest. Also, while all of these techniques are time-proven for effectiveness, all of them were also developed prior to the advent of HIV and AIDS, and a number of them cannot be considered safe-sex practices. I will note this wherever applicable, and also give suggested safer-sex alternatives wherever possible.

The techniques listed here are of course rudimentary, but they are the rudiments from which all other sexual magick is derived. The “advanced” sex magicks are all really just combinations of these, or combinations of these with other trance induction or energy raising techniques.

Focused Climax

“Focused Climax” is the simplest and most direct of all sex magick techniques, and is by far the most commonly taught and applied. Orgasm, all by itself, raises a helluva lot of energy. The basic principle is to mentally focus on whatever the intent of the magick is while attaining an orgasm, in order to focus and direct that energy. It fundamentally does not matter whether one is attaining orgasm through masturbation or through any number of sexual practices with one or more partners. Certainly the energy will be amplified by the number of persons attaining orgasm, but this technique is quite effective for a person working alone or with one or more partners focused solely on the operator’s orgasm.

Usually the best method of maintaining one’s focus on the desired goal or outcome while being brought to an orgasm is to surround one’s self with symbolism and imagery pertaining to that goal. Music, incense, chanting, pictures, anything that will help keep the mind focused on the intent is helpful.

P. B. Randolph, arguably the father of modern occultism and inarguably the father of western sex magick, believed that the critical time for focus was immediately *after* the orgasm, and that simultaneous orgasm of a man and a woman, with both of their sexual fluids commingling at that moment, was the ideal for this.

Dr. Wilhelm Reich recognized the effectiveness of this technique back in the 1920s, and attributed the success of this sort of magick to a substance he called “orgone,” which he believed was produced at the moment of orgasm. He developed “orgone collectors,” which he believed would act as magickal batteries, to be placed in a room where someone was having sex to collect the orgone produced. No evidence to support Reich’s hypotheses has ever been found, as far as I know.

The primary advantage to this technique is its simplicity, and the fact that any sexual practice whatsoever may be used effectively. For this reason, it is never necessary to engage in unprotected sex for the purpose of raising energy with this method.

The Elixir

The concept of the unique power of the “magickal elixir” came to the forefront during the Renaissance. The principle is simple enough; a man and a woman engage in sexual intercourse until both achieve orgasm. The semen and bartholinin mix in the vagina; this mixture, when ingested, confers special regenerative and magickally energizing properties to the persons ingesting it. The traditional method for ingestion is for the male to take the elixir into his mouth directly from the vagina, and then to share half of it with his partner by kissing before they both ingest it. The old mnemonic for this was “first he lays her, then elixir” (ie, first he lays her, then he licks her). The underlying premise behind this is that the act of creating another living and sentient being is greatest magickal act a mortal can aspire to, and so the fluids which cause this to manifest, once conjoined, are in fact the essence of this power.

I happen to agree with this premise. However, even stripped of this mythological underpinning, there are still a number of things happening here. The first, obviously, is that you have a “focused climax” occurring with two magicians, (ideally) more or less simultaneously. The second element to this is that oral sex performed on either gender creates, of necessity, an extreme focus on the (gender-specific) generative forces of the person it is being performed on. It is not possible, for example, to perform cunnilingus without being overwhelmingly aware of your partner’s femaleness. The third element is that by the act of ingesting another person’s sexual fluids and transmuting those fluids into the molecules of your own body you establish a permanent magickal link with that person.

A couple things to note here: First and foremost, by allowing the male to ejaculate into the woman’s vagina, if both the man and the woman are fertile at the time of intercourse there exists a significant possibility of pregnancy. Also, even if either or both parties are not fertile, there exists a risk of transmitting any of a number of sexually transmitted diseases. The former has been addressed by some magicians by using a condom and then mixing the masculine and feminine fluids outside of the vagina, but if this is then ingested there is still the risk of transmission of STDs. I personally think the condom thing pretty much defeats the purpose of this work. My recommendation, therefore, is for this to be used only by partners willing to accept the possibility of pregnancy if both parties are fertile, and who are well-aware of the sexual history of their partners.

Circular Flow of Energy

A similar technique, but one with at least one less possible risk, is referred to as the “circular flow of energy.” (I believe the French refer to this as “soixant-neuf”?) Each partner performs oral sex on the other, and energy is cycled from the genitalia to the mouth then down through chakras to the genitalia, etc. It is desirable when using this for magickal or mystical purposes to regulate the breathing such that one partner is inhaling as the other exhales. The breathing combined with the 2nd and 5th chakra stimulation creates a closed loop of constantly increasing energy up until the time of (again, ideally) simultaneous orgasm. This may be done as a means of focused climax, or simply to clear the chakras of both people. This has also been done quite effectively with more than two partners and is not limited by gender, and hence is ideal for group magickal workings. Some magickal groups use this same technique but reverse the direction of the flow of energy; I think this is based on the idea that energy should always move upward through the chakras, but it seems to me to defy the basic physiology of what is happening, and I’ve never found it to be terribly effective. Regardless of which way the energy is circulated, latex barriers may be used effectively with this method. If they are not used, it is presumed that both (or all) parties will ingest the sexual fluids of their partner, for the reasons detailed in the preceding method.

A very important and often under-emphasized variant on this is called the “perfect circle,” which differs from the traditional “circular flow of energy” in that instead of oral sex, mutual masturbation is used to build sexual energy to the point of a simultaneous orgasm. Each party focuses their visual and other sensory awareness on their partner’s genitals throughout the exercise, and this is the critical key that makes this circle of energy “perfect.” Properly executed, all seven of each partner’s chakras are linked with the other partner’s chakras in reverse order, balanced at the heart chakra.

Awakening the Kundalini

From one end of the alimentary canal to the other . . .

This is the “big, dark scary secret” technique for extremely deep trance induction and 6th/7th chakra expansion that has been used by magicians and mystics for several millennia. It is an incredibly powerful tool, one of the most important in the magician’s toolbox, and it’s really simple to use. I’ll describe it here with a male and a female; however, it may be used by two males (and was probably first done this way) or, with slight modification, two females. As unprotected anal sex is the single most likely means of HIV transmission, a condom and water-based lubricant should ALWAYS be used for this technique as it involves anal penetration by the penis. Cleanliness is also critical; if the anus has been washed properly it is significantly more sanitary than the mouth or genitalia, but if it has not it can be an unsanitary environment. No object that has been inside the anus should be allowed to penetrate or otherwise come in contact with the vagina until it has been thoroughly cleaned.

Relaxation is the key to success with this, so beginning with a shower or bath and a full body shallow-tissue massage is recommended. Next, begin relaxing the anus with gentle, circular massage (oral massage is best at this point, as it is very difficult to distend the unrelaxed anus with your tongue). Once the anus has relaxed to the point that the tongue is able to penetrate it without resistance, using copious amounts of water-based lubrication penetrate the anus with one finger, and then two. With two fingers, (very) gently massage the spine and coccyx from inside the rectum. The space between the rectum and spine is called the “kundalini center,” and was believed by Tantrics to be the resting place of the Kundalini serpent. It is recommended that the magician (the woman in this example) begin a quiet tonal chant during this process, to help draw the energy up from the first chakra through the rest of them. It is common at this point to begin stimulating the clitoris and vagina, with the intent of focused climax (this may not necessary, or even desirable, if the magician knows s/he is routinely capable of orgasm from anal stimulation alone).

It is important not to rush the massaging of the Kundalini center, as this is the most important phase of the work, at least from a mystical perspective. During this phase, she should visualize, at her Kundalini center, a glowing blue egg, with a baby snake growing inside. At such point as the woman is nearing her first orgasm, her anus should be penetrated with her partner’s penis (or penis substitute if her partner is a woman); she should be entered from behind to ensure that the head of the penis is massaging her uterus (or prostate, if the magician is male). At the moment of penetration she should visualize the serpent hatching from its egg. If the magician is experienced and comfortable with anal sex generally, penetration should happen earlier to extend the duration of the visualization, in which the serpent climbs slowly upward through her charkas, ultimately “exploding” out of her Crown. Again, simultaneous focused orgasm is the ideal.

Karezza

Karezza (pronounced kah-REET-za) is a fairly modern Tantric technique. It is generally used for mysticism rather than magick, although it definitely has application for the latter as well. It is one of the very few techniques in which the traditional Tantric concept of “conservation of life essence” actually has some merit and utility. Karezza, like the elixir technique, is specifically heterosexual. Karezza begins with the yabyum asana, with the male seated cross-legged and the female seated cross-legged in his lap, facing him, with his penis inside her vagina. The woman very slowly rubs her clitoris against his pubic bone, but does not allow his penis to thrust inside her. The couple breathe alternately from each other, the woman inhaling as the man exhales, etc. The man may stimulate her breasts or otherwise assist her toward orgasm, with the exception of thrusting inside of her; he is to remain deep inside her but not moving. The woman should strive to attain as many orgasms as possible, the man should strive to come as close to orgasm as possible without actually achieving it, and sustain that plateau for as long as possible (yes, this technique was first developed by a woman). “As long as possible” may be hours. Done properly, this will literally blow the roof off of your crown chakra; it is intended as a shortcut to Samadhi, and is quite effective for this.

It is entirely possible during this process for the man to ejaculate without having an orgasm, it should be assumed that the man will ejaculate inside the woman during this process, and all due precautions should be taken accordingly. Latex barriers can NOT be relied upon and are not recommended; the man will almost certainly lose his erection during portions of this and a condom is likely to slip off then. I have considered the possibility of using a "female condom" for this, but I haven't tried it and so don't know if it would actually work for this or not, so I cannot yet recommend it.

It should be noted that while the earliest texts on Karezza insisted that the male should not ejaculate under any circumstance, most modern magicians opt for a hybrid version in which, after some specified period of time or as the energy seems to dictate, the male allows himself to climax, and the female simultaneously attains a "climax of climaxes." This technique has proven consistently highly effective, and I tend to recommend it over the more traditional Karezza. However, if both partners are diligently practicing a magical regimen that includes one or more ejaculatory orgasms per day, there is no physical danger in the practice of traditional Karezza.

With Karezza especially of all these techniques, it is critical to allow a significant amount of recovery time before doing anything dangerous like driving a car. I recommend copious amounts of food and sleep afterwards, in that order.

So, those are the basics. The most important thing to remember with all of this is, it's sex! Have fun with it, or you're missing the point.



On the walls are many pictures and laughter.
Portraits hung up from liquid biology from my
Body. Fully penetrating the mysterium magnum
Of serpent guess dream games. Losing my virginity
Once again behind the Ox headed Ogdoad spread out
Afresh under the night time sky. Skin cold from the
Winter wind scratching at my thighs and back. Only
To realize it all leads to this moment in time and
Personalized memory. The Last of the first day of
My life within the Hidden God. Playing the lute to
Nymphs and idols smashed along the yellow brick road.
Click your heels and say the names in reverse and She
Just might appear in glorious lustful splendour. There
Is yet an awakening to be awakened to. A life to be
Lived and a death to rise up from. Forget the crossword
Puzzles and sarcastic pentagrams carved into flowing flesh.
The new witchcraft comes from underneath the bellies of Man.
Amen of women, psalms sung in symphonies to the Sun. Saturn
Rejoices in liberation, Tartarus no longer holds man or beast.
I spread the germs growing pregnant in my veins against your
Breasts. I allow myself the privilege of self-pleasure and eternal
Nihilism to form a shadow over me.



by Dru

An Introduction to the I Ching

by Katara Zunmir

Introduction

There are many divination systems available for use by the magician, some of a relatively recent vintage and some much older. One of the oldest systems is the *I Ching*.

A divination system can be used to give insight into a problem or suggest a strategy that might best work to resolve an issue. Some tools lend themselves better than others for certain types of questions. The I Ching, which was originally used by soldiers and royalty, is particularly useful for discerning strategy and making plans, whether for mundane or magical purposes.

History

Origin

The *I Ching* or "*Book of Changes*" is one of the world's oldest texts. It combines spirituality, divination, philosophy, and ethics. The *I Ching* is said to have been created by a legendary person named Fu Xi about 5,000 years ago. Fu Xi is credited with creating the yin/yang system and the eight trigrams (or *Gua*) that form the basis of the *I Ching*. The lines that make up the trigrams were taken from tortoise shells, which were used for divination.

King Wen

The eight trigrams are expanded into 64 hexagrams. The texts associated with the hexagrams are credited to King Wen, founder of the Chou Dynasty. He wrote down the *I Ching* system around 1150 BCE. A short time after this, King Wen's son wrote the texts for each of the six lines that make up each hexagram.

Commentaries

Around 500 BCE Confucius, and/or Confucius' senior students and followers, wrote the commentary known as the *Ten Wings*. The *I Ching's* philosophy and ethics are integral to Confucianism, Daoism, and Zen Buddhism. See *I Ching Book of Changes* by James Legge for the commentaries.

Methods of Casting

There are two basic methods of casting the *I Ching*. The use of yarrow stalks predates the use of coins. The coin method was devised to make it easier for people to use the *I Ching* whenever they wanted. It was much easier for a nobleman or soldier on the road to use three coins than to carry fifty yarrow stalks, and the coin method is quicker to use.

When preparing to cast the *I Ching*, using either method, the querent should carefully think about his or her question. It is suggested that the question not be framed in such a way as to be answered with a yes or no. The question also should not be too vague. A good way to begin a question might be, "What will happen if I . . . ?" or "How would it benefit me to . . . ?" Don't be overly specific. For example, if the questioner is looking for a mate, it is better to ask "How can I meet someone who will be the best mate for me at this time of my life, etc.?" rather than to ask whether and when a person meeting a long list of specifications will appear.

It is also traditional to request help and guidance from Kwan Yin, the Chinese Goddess of mercy, peace and understanding.

Coins

The coin method of casting the *I Ching* really only requires three two-sided objects and a method for recording the results of each of six throws of the coins. The results could be recorded on a piece of paper or by scratching in the dirt, if necessary. The petitioner or querent takes the coins in his or her left hand, shakes them into the right hand, and from there drops the coins onto the table. Each of the six throws results in one line, the first throw giving the bottom line, and each subsequent throw the next line up. Lines are either solid (—), called yang or nine, or broken (---), called yin or six. Note that James Legge's translation provides the value of heads and tails opposite from the Diane Stein and Mondo Sector books. I'm using the method used in the latter two books because I believe it is more modern. Each heads up coin counts as the number 3. Each tails up coin counts as the number 2. The possible combinations for results and the line each represents are as follows:

Coins	Value	Line
Heads, Heads, Heads	9	— (changing , designated as O)
Heads, Heads, Tails	8	— —
Heads, Tails, Tails	7	—
Tails, Tails, Tails	6	— — (changing , designated as X)

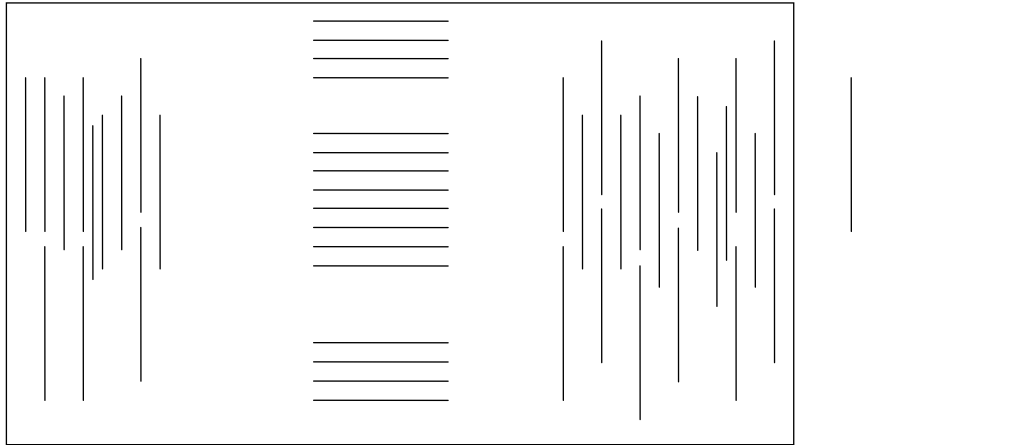
In many descriptions of the *I Ching*, a changing line, also called a moving line, is one that results from all heads or all tails. A moving line affects the reading in additional ways, beyond whether it is a yang or a yin line. When writing down the lines, changing yang lines are usually written as shown in parentheses above. See the section on hexagrams for a description of how to interpret the results of the coin throws.

Yarrow Stalks

The yarrow stalk method of casting the *I Ching* takes longer and is more meditative. Fifty yarrow stalks, or reasonable substitute, are required. It is suggested that the stalks be eight to 16 inches, but an easily portable alternative is toothpicks. The stalks should be wrapped in a natural cloth that can also be used as a surface for the casting. The steps for using the stalks are as follows:

1. Count them to be sure that there are 50.
2. Traditionally, pass the stalks through incense or candle smoke to purify them.
3. Holding the stalks in your hands, frame your query and meditate on it.
4. Remove one of the stalks and place it to the side. This is called the hexagram stick and is not used.
5. Place the rest of the stalks on the cloth. Randomly separate them into two groups. Do this without hesitation or deliberation.
6. Place the two groups on either side of the cloth, far enough apart so that they won't get mixed up. Lay them vertically.
7. Take one stick from the group on the right. Place this separate from either group of stalks. This is the line stick and won't be used until the line is determined.
8. Pick up the group of stalks on the left. Remove stalks from this group four at a time until four or fewer are left. Place these remaining sticks horizontally at the top center of the cloth.
9. Return the stalks you removed back on the left side of the cloth.
10. Pick up the group of sticks on the right. Remove stalks from this group four at a time until four or fewer are left. Place these remaining sticks at the top center of the cloth with the others. Replace the sticks you removed back on the right side of the cloth.
11. There will now be either four or eight stalks lying horizontally at the top of the cloth. If there are a different number of stalks, count all your sticks to make sure you removed them in groups of four. If there are four stalks at the top, this is equivalent to heads (value of 3). Eight stalks are equivalent to tails (value of 2).
12. Mix together the two groups of stalks from the sides of the cloth (not the hexagram stick, line stick, or the sticks at the top of the cloth).
13. Randomly divide these sticks into two groups and place them on either side of the cloth.
14. Remove one stick from the group on the right and place it horizontally in the middle of the cloth.
15. Repeat steps 8, 9, and 10, except that these stalks are added to the horizontal group at the center of the cloth.
16. Again, the group in the middle will have either four or eight stalks, representing heads (3) or tails (2), respectively.
17. Mix the stalks from the two groups at the sides of the cloth.
18. Repeat steps 13, 14, and 15, this time placing stalks horizontally at the bottom of the cloth.
19. There should now be three horizontal groups of stalks, each with four or eight sticks. This is the equivalent of throwing three coins one time. Write down the resulting line. If, for instance, the top group of sticks has eight and the middle and bottom groups each have four, this would be the same as 1 tails and 2 heads or $2 + 3 + 3 = 8$, which is an unchanging yin (— —) line.
20. Pick up all sticks except the hexagram stick.
21. Repeat steps 5 to 20 five more times. Remember that the first line is the bottom line of the hexagram.

At the end of one line, your stalks may look like this:



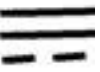
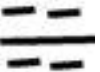

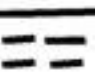
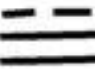


The book that explains the yarrow stalk method (*I Ching Clarified* by Mondo Sectar) says that it is more complicated to explain this method than it is to use it. I agree. Casting with sticks is actually very few steps repeated a number of times. It is easy to do, although definitely more time consuming than using coins. I have used toothpicks, but I would recommend using something longer than toothpicks, such as bamboo skewers or coffee stirrers.

Trigrams


Each of the trigrams has a name and correspondences. These are used to interpret the hexagrams that results from casting the *I Ching*. Each hexagram is seen as a combination of two trigrams as well as six separate lines, each of which has a meaning of its own. The two trigrams that make up each hexagram also have meaning in relation to space (height and depth) and time (past and future). Some of the correspondences for the trigrams are given in the table below. Alternate pronunciations appear in parentheses in the first column. The hexagrams and their names will be given later. This table of correspondences is a mix of information from the *I Ching Clarified* by Mondo Sectar and *A Woman's I Ching* by Diane Stein. Stein's book also includes correspondences with the zodiac, Tarot, and the Hopi Road of Life.

Trigram	Name	Family Relation	Season / Time of Day	Direction	Color	Body	Aspects
	Qian (Chien)	father	early winter / late evening	NW	deep red, purple, burgundy	head	heaven, labyris, air, pure energy, metal, resolute, solid, aggressive, masculine, potent, lusty

	Kun	mother	early autumn / afternoon	SW	black	belly	earth, pentacle, substance, ample, generous, amorous
	Jen (Ren)	eldest son	Spring / early morning	E	deep yellow, orange	feet	thunder, awakening, communication, resilient, athletic, imaginative
	Sun	eldest daughter	early summer / mid morning	SE	white, silver	thighs	wind, plants, gentle, trees, wood, voluptuous
	Kan (G'an)	middle son	Winter / midnight	N	bright red	ears	rivers, chalice, water, frustrated, dry wood, wild pig, provocative
	Li	middle daughter	mid -late summer / mid day, noon	S	yellow	eyes	sun, wand, temperamental, fire, lithe
	Gen (Ken)	youngest son	early spring / daybreak	NE	green	hands	mountain, keeping still, responsible, stone, dog, stamina, pragmatic
	Dui (Tui)	youngest daughter	late fall / late afternoon, early evening	W	blue	mouth	lake, joyous daughter, ocean, playful, sheep, destructive, flirtatious



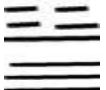
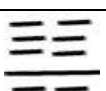
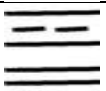
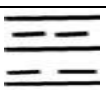

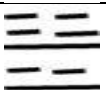


Hexagrams

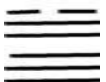
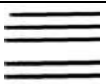
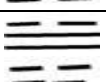



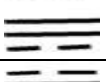

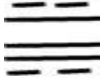



Each of the 64 hexagrams (or *gua*) has a number, name, and meaning. For each hexagram, each individual line also has meaning, which will be further discussed in the section on Interpretation. Following is a brief summary of the hexagrams. The name in parenthesis comes from *A Woman's I Ching*.


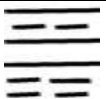

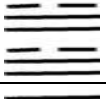
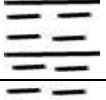


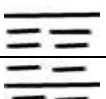
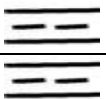
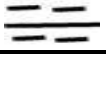
Hexagram	Number and Name	Meaning
	1 Qian (The Creative Universe)	Substantive, Originating, Impartial
	2 Kun The Receptive Earth	Fruition, Nurturing, Fulfillment
	3 Zhun Beginnings	Initial Difficulty, Struggle, Formulation
	4 Meng Youthful Folly	Inexperienced, Uninformed, Ignorant
	5 Xu Waiting Nourishment	Pausing, biding time, deliberate waiting
	6 Song Conflict	Divisive, conflict, Dispute
	7 Shih The Women (Sisters)	Teamwork, coordinating, strategy
	8 Pi Holding Together (Union)	Uniting, leadership, direction
	9 Hsiao Ch'u The Cleansing Wind	Hindrance, diversion, distraction

	10 Lu Treading Softly (Correctness)	Audacity, impertinence, boldness
	11 Tai Peace	Merging, harmony, synergy
	12 Pi Disharmony (Waning)	Separation, standstill, pulling apart
	13 Tung Jen Sisterhood (Fellowship)	Relationship, companionship, liaison
	14 Ta Yu The Goddess' Gifts (Possession in great measure)	Prosperity, managing assets, responsibility
	15 Ch'ien Temperance (Development)	Humility, modesty, selfless action
	16 Yu Enthusiasm (Willingness)	Inspiration, confidence, enthusiasm
	17 Sui Following	Following, pursuing, accompanying
	18 Gu Decay	Repair, correcting, restoring
	19 Lin Approach	Opportunity, approaching, possibility
	20 Guan	Composure, awareness, contemplation

	Contemplation (example)	
	21 Shi he Taking hold (recourse)	Breakthrough, working through, persisting
	22 Bi Grace	Adornment, embellish, elegance
	23 Bo Splitting apart	Downfall, about to collapse, unstable
	24 Fu Wheel of Life (return)	Turning point, new beginning, return
	25 Wu wang Innocence (wonder)	Naturalness, spontaneous, unpretentious
	26 Da chu Wisewoman (grounding)	Firm restraint, obligations, under pressure
	27 Yi Providing nourishment (caring)	Sustenance, nourishment, nurture
	28 Da guo Interesting times	Excessive, overburdened, overextended
	29 Kan Depths	Foreboding, crisis, peril
	30 Li Caressing Fire	Attachment, dependence, brilliance
	31 Xian Influence (courtship)	Responsive, stimulation, charisma

	32 Heng Duration (lovers)	Enduring, perseverance, constancy
	33 Dun Withdrawal	Withdrawal, retreat, relinquishing
	34 Da zhuang Justice (power)	Powerful, forging ahead, irresistible
	35 Jin (Chin) Success	Progress, advancement, improvement
	36 Ming yi Adversity	Constraint, suppression, tyranny
	37 Jia ren Matriarchy	Kinship, allegiance, obligations
	38 Kui Opposition	Stalemate, impasse, dilemma
	39 Jian Obstruction	Blockade, obstruction, impediment
	40 Xie Release	Liberation, release, disentangled
	41 Sun Restraint (lessening)	Decrease, reduction, diminished
	42 Yi Letting go (gaining)	Increase, prospering, enhanced

	43 Guai Resolution (progress)	Resolute, surmount, steadfast
	44 Gou Coming to meet	Insinuating, clandestine, calculating
	45 Cui Gathering together	Assemble, a large convening, planning
	46 Sheng Tree of Life (reaching)	Striving, ambition, orchestrated
	47 Kun Depletion	Adversity, disaster, distress
	48 Jing The Well	Society, community, cohesion
	49 Ge Change and transformations	Revolution, rectify, sweeping change
	50 Ding The Cauldron	Civilization, transformation, cultured
	51 Jen Awakening	Provoking, incite, motivate
	52 Gen Centering (connections)	Introspective, tranquil, composure
	53 Jian Development (growth)	Proceeding, developing, evolving
	54 Gui mei Living together	Formality, convention, customs

	55 Feng Abundance (fullness)	Abundance, bountiful, success
	56 Lu The Wanderer	Journeyer, cautious, prudent
	57 Sun The Gentle	Permeating, infiltrating, subtle
	58 Dui Joy	Pleasure, gratification, precocious
	59 Huan Opening (dispersion)	Dispersion, disseminate, spread around
	60 Jie Limits	Limitation, restriction, regulations
	61 Zhong fu Inner truth	Instinctive, authentic, innate
	62 Xiao guo Continuing	Strenuous, insufficient, inability
	63 Ji ji Turning the wheel (completions)	Completion, accomplished, peaked
	64 Wei ji Turning the wheel (beginnings)	Incompletion, unfinished, optimistic

Interpretation

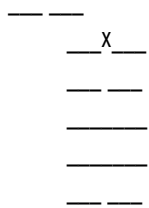
When the coins or the yarrow stalks have been cast and the resulting hexagram determined, the hexagram is looked up in the *I Ching*. If there are no moving lines in the hexagram, read the text for the entire hexagram. The text for the individual lines are not strictly needed, however the individual lines can be seen to provide additional information. The text for each of the six lines gives different aspects of or perspectives on the main text, and is also interpreted as a progression over time related to the question. Each of the books I used include descriptions of each of the lines for each hexagram.

If there are moving lines in the hexagram, there are several approaches to use. One method is to read the text for the first hexagram and then change all of the moving lines to their opposite and read the text for the new hexagram. If you use the second method, each individual moving line is changed one at a time and the text read follows each changes.

Below is an example reading, based on the question of whether a more active leadership should be taken in various aspects of the querant's life. The coins were thrown as follows.

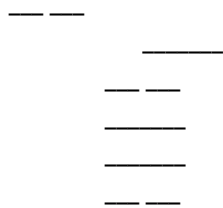
Sixth throw: Heads + Heads + Tails (3+3+2=8)	unchanging yin	___ ___
Fifth throw: Tails + Tails + Tails (2+2+2=6)	unchanging yang	___x___
Fourth throw : Heads + Heads + Tails (3+3+2=8)	unchanging yin	___ ___
Third throw: Heads + Tails + Tails (3+2+2=7)	unchanging yang	_____
Second throw: Heads + Tails + Tails (3+2+2=7)	changing yang	_____
First throw: Heads + Heads + Tails (3+3+2=8)	changing yang	___ ___

Original hexagram



#46
Sheng, Tree of Life

Changing hexagram



#48
Jing, The Well

The interpretation begins with hexagram 46. Sheng is described this way in Legge's translation:

Shêng indicates that (under its conditions) there will be great progress and success. Seeking by (the qualities implied in it) to meet with the great man, its subject need have no anxiety. Advance to the south will be fortunate.

Sector's interpretation is:

Grand success is possible with a concerted step by step effort. Remain adaptable, take initiative, and do not loaf or dawdle. The progress you achieve or are responsible for will be recognized. Seek and accept advice from a worthy or meritorious individual.

Stein explains the Tree of Life hexagram this way:

A tree grows upward through Earth, and her leaves gain the sky and universe. Her roots remain firmly below. The Priestess of matriarchy reaches in the way of the tree and achieves; with hard work and thoughtful choices, she attains her goals, and is connected to the Earth and stars. In a time of effort and actions, with her roots deeply strong and her branches proud and high, a Priestess and Spiritual Woman achieves beyond her dreams.

Looking at these three interpretations of the original hexagram, it appears that taking on more of a leadership role will lead to success if hard work and adaptability are used and worthwhile advice is sought and followed.

Changing the moving yin line to a solid yang line, the hexagram becomes #48. Legge's translation is:

[Looking at] Jing [we think of how [he site of] a town may be changed while [the fashion of] its wells undergoes no change. [The water of a well] never disappears and never receives [any great] increase, and those who come and those who go can draw and enjoy the benefit. If [the drawing] have nearly been accomplished, but, before the rope has quite reached the water, the bucket is broken, this is evil.

Sector's interpretation of Jing is:

Your actions influence others so plan carefully. Learn to give and receive openly and unconditionally. Cover your basics well: material, financial, emotional, and spiritual. Do not compromise. Cooperation and commitment keep things flowing. Avoid extremes.

Stein describes the Well hexagram as:

The Well, where women draw water for drinking and cooking, for washing and agriculture, is the center of a matriarchal society. Women go to her for life's nourishment, for the nourishments of spirituality and women's community. Sisters meet at her rim, and the wellspring is unfailing in her gifts.

The changed hexagram indicates that preparation and awareness that cooperation and an understanding of community are important to the success.

These three different authors provide a wide variety of styles of interpretation of the *I Ching*. Legge's translation is probably the most literally accurate (he is known for his many translations, including the *Tao Te Ching*) but that doesn't necessarily make it the most comprehensible and useful for 21st century living. Stein's interpretation, like the original, has a sense of poetry to it, however it is aimed at a particular niche audience. If you fit that niche, this version may be useful. Sector's book is subtitled "A Practical Guide" and is the one I find most useful and straightforward. There are many other translations and interpretations available in print and electronically. I would suggest having access to more than one to get the broadest understanding of your readings and get the most insight from using the *I Ching*.

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Diane Stein. *A Woman's I Ching*. New York: Crossing Press. 1985.

James Legge, trans.. *I Ching Book of Changes*. New York: University Books. 1964.

Mondo Sectar. *I Ching Clarified, A Practical Guide*. Clarendon, Vermont: Charles E. Tuttle Company, Inc. 1993

Psilocybinsight

I feel I am this nothing that deserves me.
Look upon this lavish and languid sentence.
I cannot write as fast as this pen that I am.
My scribbling nonsense intensifies in delirium.
Hazy paranoia of crystal clear but illusive realities.

Locked in this dream that is not my mind,
Not my own,
My fancy creations are complex and subtle,
Ingenious and simple,
Going nowhere accomplishing everything on the way.
In a hurry to take my time,
My rushing words stumble over their slow and clumsy selves.

I cannot capture me,
Lost in wilderness void,
Swimming in seas of lonely.
Crushing stars turn to stone,
Not immortal, tears eternal,
Small and incomprehensible,
Vast as all that is not.
All absorbed in a moment of inattention!
What are ten directions? There are none!
I myself is a cacophony of voices,
A clamoring din,
A screaming wail,
Of silence.
There is no limit to the narrow confines of I.
The orgiastic blasphemies of vengeful old gods,
In trance, in dance, with serpents and joyous taboos.
Ancestor worship of the corpse of religion.
Welcome to my home,
This dangerous garden of deadly ideas,

Seductive luscious curves of space-time.
The thought of a glance lingering eternal.
Losing my mind but finding bliss.
Ending a thought beyond a thought.
When you know yourself,
You are not, in fact.

Laughing circles around the squares.
Listening to silence talk too loud.
Laughing at the spectacle of singing in the rain.
Against the current trend is tomorrows fad.
Nothing but everything is random.
The beauty of meaninglessness is obviously a hidden truth.
The last vestiges of illusion swept from my eyes,
By the truth read between the lies of burning philosophy.
The softly spoken anecdotes of death
Smiling patiently at life unfolding.
Infinite vistas of eternities heartbroken mortality.
Starring intently at nothing at all,
Watching the passing pretty people.
Watching the watcher building the world.
The inherent dignity of the universe in ecstatic dance.

Spiraling particles, existing waves of uncertainty
Principles lost to the surrounding chaos
Of order
Pretending to be what is not pretentious.
Do not be too certain of logical certainty,
Scraps and pieces, fragments of a thousand years of
knowledge,
A patchwork of theories mostly at odds.
What was before what is,
No one knows.
Great minds perhaps, but great by whose standards?
Who measures, who judges genius?
The brilliance that knows every phylum of creature,
But cannot fathom its own beating heart.
I am the bastard child of ignorance,

Yet thieves and rogues know more of what lies in the hearts of
men,
Than scientists and priests building conceptual illusions
In laboratories and churches.
The earth is my laboratory and space my cathedral,
Infinite and eternal, dynamic and minute.
I comment upon that which the world cannot speak,
They have not the words or extemporaneous phrases.
My contemporary phases of blasphemous reverence
Red shifting through the spectrum of human experience.
I am forever at the moment of death,
Lost in the lost and found never found.
This profound moment follows me everywhere I go,
To slow is my waking wisdom of wonders.
The madness is taking its own sweet time,
To contradict this flowing stream of endless beginning
I awaken from this knowing dream to laugh harshly and
deride myself,
For being too much to be or not to be me.
My confusing et cetera, et cetera, is clearly perfectly clear.
My thoughts can find no footing on the slippery slope of your
mind.
I think of what is endless,

I think of what has never been.
What is, is not enough to fill, what is not what is.

Whatever I am fills the universe,
Whatever I am not the universe fills.
I wonder why you do not wonder why.
I fill these pages with fragments of what fills my mind.
With emptiness lies the function of that which cannot be
filled.
No one can hear the screaming whispers,
Of my extravagant sorrow,
So rich with joy.
My insane summoning of vengeful spirits
Into the circle of flour and candles.
Secret glyphs assist their passing into higher spheres
Of being.
Being what I am seeing,
The heaven that is us at peace.
Death will not stop what I am meant to be.
~~I~~ contemplate my immortal seeing beneath the mortal stars.
Those slowly falling, fading, scattered embers
Amidst a void filled with I.
That there is no truth is the ever changing truth.
I watch the mortals sleep,
Their beauty is in the sorrow of their ignorance.
My tragedy is in knowing this.
Their believing illusions is folly,
My seeing reality is not wisdom.
Words and ideas are not what is.
No one understands what I cannot say.
I feel only I hear what the silence has not said.
All around me the swirling maelstrom of desire,
I seek nothing,
But I am what is and what is not I.

I am anthropomorphized but not a human anymore than the sea or sky.

No longer defined by the narrow confines of conceptualized humanity.

You understand the meaning of words

But do you understand the meaning of me.

Can you take from my words that which is not in them,

That which is not words?

It matters not how one lives,

But that one lives fully.

I would have you open the infinite perception into your own nature.

That with which all existing beings are endowed.

I would have you look out and feel that you are outside looking upon yourself.

I cannot forget life which I find beautiful in its simple horror.

I breathe in the quiet pain hour after hour.

I hate it that I can't not love them.

I walk alone, silence my only friend,

In this crowded fortress of solitude

We are the reverberating echoes of eternity.

The tortured cries of heaven, we exacerbate

With sorrowful earthly songs of eerie mortal sadness.

This vagabond flicker of sweet consciousness,

A bitter nightmare of weird wakings,

The swirling dreams of perpetually slumbering insomniacs

Seeing God and the Devil, familiar inventions

A created dichotomy of the duality of man.

And so all my life, has to be shown but madness,

And nothing was what it had seemed to be,

And all I had deemed so important

Was but wind blown leaves in the hurricane of eternity.

Quaint and rigid was my mean little life,

Before the stark magnificent being that was not me.

And I so swept up with wonder

Beheld the beautiful chaos proceeding in order.

I am not that, but a nerve of what inspires,

A tiny reflecting mirror amidst the grandeur of a star strewn sky.

Life is wild fire, lightning flashes in the night.

Uncertainty certain within a black holes Big Bang.

Who could but grasp the complex simplicity?

For who was surely not me.

For within my mind was without.

I did not grasp what I could not understand,

And so let to be but so much of what I cannot express.

I is too alone,

But when there is us,

The usness of beingness

Together without that which is not.

Who of you hold close in exile the beautiful atrocity of truth?

And so set free that which had never been.

So constantly unfolding is the end

The beginning of which was not.

Never before had the nuance of madness been sought,

But what was not me had no choice

But to ascend to the loftiest heights of folly.
This sea of me was never me.
I leave this I and where am I?
I choose to see from every point of view.
I am what is I wish I knew.
Observing who observes you.
I am all alone but I am not.
A certain perceiving is what is.
Where am I going?
Nowhere but now.
Analyzing who is analyzing me,
This tiny knot of not what's me.
All but superfluous dance in the flash of a butterfly's wing.
All is gone of chance, I am destinies king.
I conduct the orchestra that is me.
Your seeing obstructs all you see.
Fathomlessly shallow are the depths of this mountain.
The depths of this story behind which is being.
I can now grasp the shallow delusion that was my life.
I shed as falsity all I had once so tenaciously clung to.
The me that thinks it knows
The I that knows not me.
To observe subjective infinite,
Floating in the void of mind.
I watch the one who watches I and see no one is there.

I am all alone
In this dark night of my soul
Is gone.

Gone where?
I cannot find.
Happiness flees.
Nowhere,
To run in eternal void.
A vast wilderness untamed
My wild writing,
Dangerous gardens,
Savage ideas,
Sordid affairs
Of untamed thought.
Caught, snared
By fresh forbidden fruit,
Tasty trees taboo.
Do you fear me
The thief of comforting illusions?
I crush under my heel
Tiny religions and limited philosophies.
I scoff at reality.
I pluck out my eyes.
You cannot catch me
A fisher of men.
Gathering to me
Invisible multitudes
Of powerful spirits.
Papa Legba opens the gate

To eleven dimensions and M-theory.
The Book of Thoth shows me waves of probability.
Consensus reality is not the only one.
I do not know what to tell you.
The only thing I cannot tell you
Is the one thing I would tell you if I could.
I am not
If I am not this.
Trapped by cages made of eye.
Someone must be me
But alas that it is I.
I shiver in the night
At the full moon lighting eternities frozen paradox.
Though things do not exist, still, they are.
Though things are, still, they do not exist.
I love the world with gentle reverence,
So existence whispers secrets in my ear.
My eyes follow I and so we skirt the pit.
You are what you love so love what you are.
You are all my alter ego
In this living, lucid dream.
Flabbergasted and stuttering
Faint whispers murmur at the dawn of night.
I am pretending not to be so what than am I not?

Inside the LC: The Strange but Mostly True Story of Laurel Canyon and the Birth of the Hippie Generation Part V June 6, 2008

by Dave McGowan

You can lose your life to the sleeping madness.
My endless utterances fail to excite,
To awaken the slumbering giant of possibility.
Infinity has plateaued in eternities desolate void.
The paradigm that is I is a paradox of is and is not.
I cannot awake from this dream of constant wakings,
Too many slow pictures of vivid moments,
Stretching forever, compressed in a nanosecond
Of mortal bliss.
Freeing this false facade of space-times fabric,

Open portals,
Passing glances pierce my precious terror.
To know the thing we fear to know,
That we are falling...
And there is nothing to hold onto.

by Jason McDowell

Call them freaks, the underground, the counter-culture, flower children or hippies – they are all loose labels for the youth culture of the 60s . . .

–Barry Miles, author of *Hippie*

“ This is how I remember my life. Other folks may not have the same memories, even though we might have shared some of the same experiences.”

So begins David Crosby’s autobiography, *Long Time Gone* (co-written by Carl Gottlieb). As it turns out, quite a few other folks seem to remember some people in Crosby’s life who are all but ignored in the lengthy book. The names are casually dropped only once, and not by Crosby but rather in a quote from manager Jim Dickson in which he describes the scene at the Sunset Strip clubs when The Byrds played: “We had them all. We had Jack Nicholson dancing, we had Peter Fonda dancing with Odetta, we had Vito and his Freakers.”

Following that brief mention by Dickson, Gottlieb briefly explains to readers that, “Vito and his Freakers were an acid-drenched extended family of brain-damaged cohabitants.” And that, in an incredibly self-indulgent 489-page tome, is the only mention you will find of “Vito and his Freakers” despite the fact that, by just about all other accounts, the group dismissed as “brain-damaged cohabitants” played a key role in the early success of Crosby’s band. And the early success of Arthur Lee’s band. And the early success of Frank Zappa’s band. And the early success of Jim Morrison’s band. But especially in the early success of David Crosby’s band.

As Barry Miles noted in his biography of Frank Zappa, “The Byrds were closely associated with Vito and the Freaks: Vito Paulekas, his wife Zsou and Karl Franzoni, the leaders of a group of about 35 dancers whose antics enlivened the Byrds early gigs.” In *Waiting for the Sun*, Barney Hoskyns writes that the early success of The Byrds and other bands was due in no small part to “the roving troupe of self-styled ‘freaks’ led by ancient beatnik Vito Paulekas and his trusty, lusty sidekick Carl Franzoni.” Alban “Snoopy” Pfisterer, former drummer and keyboardist for the band Love, went further still, claiming that Vito actually “got the Byrds together, as I remember, they did a lot of rehearsing at his pad.”

And according to various other accounts, The Byrds did indeed utilize Vito's "pad" as a rehearsal studio, as did Arthur Lee's band. More importantly, the Freaks drew the crowds into the clubs to see the fledgling bands perform. But as important as their contribution was to helping launch the careers of the Laurel Canyon bands, "Vito and his Freakers" were notable for something else as well. According to Barry Miles, writing in his book *Hippie*, "The first hippies in Hollywood, perhaps the first hippies anywhere, were Vito, his wife Zsou, Captain Fuck and their group of about thirty-five dancers. Calling themselves Freaks, they lived a semi-communal life and engaged in sex orgies and free-form dancing whenever they could."

Some of those who were on the scene at the time agree with Miles' assessment that Vito and his troupe were indeed the very first hippies. Arthur Lee, for example, boasted that they "started the whole hippie thing: Vito, Karl, Szou, Beatle Bob, Bryan and me." One of David Crosby's fellow Byrds, Chris Hillman, also credited the strange group with being at the forefront of the hippie movement: "Carl and all those guys were way ahead of everyone on hippiedom fashion." Ray Manzarek of The Doors remembered them as well: "There were these guys named Carl and Vito who had a dance troupe of gypsy freaks. They were let in for free, because they were these quintessential hippies, which was great for tourists."

If these folks really were the very first hippies, the first riders of that counter-cultural wave, then we should probably try to get to know them. As it turns out, however, that is not such an easy thing to do. Most accounts—and there aren't all that many—offer little more than a few first names, with no consensus agreement on how those first names are even spelled ("Karl" and "Carl" appear interchangeably, as do "Szhou" and "Zsou," and "Godot" and "Godo"). But for you, dear readers—because I apparently have way too much time on my hands—I have gone the extra mile and sifted through the detritus to dig up at least some of the sordid details.

By all accounts the troupe was led by one Vito Paulekas, whose full name is said to have been Vitautus Alphonsus Paulekas. Born the son of a Lithuanian sausage-maker circa 1912, Vito hailed from Lowell, Massachusetts. From a young age, he developed a habit of running afoul of the law. According to Miles, he spent a year-and-a-half in a reformatory as a teenager and "was busted several times after that." In 1938, he was convicted of armed robbery and handed a 25-year sentence following a botched attempt at holding up a movie theater. By 1942, however, just four years later, he had been released into the custody, so to speak, of the US Merchant Marine (a branch of the US Navy during wartime), ostensibly to escort ships running lend-release missions.

Following his release from the service, circa 1946, Vito arrived in Los Angeles. What he did for the next 15 years or so is anyone's guess; there is virtually no mention of those years in any of the accounts I have stumbled across. What is known is that by the early 1960s, Vito was ensconced in an unassuming building



at the corner of Laurel Avenue and Beverly Boulevard, just below the mouth of Laurel Canyon (and very near Jay Sebring's hair salon). At street level was his young wife Szou's clothing boutique, which has been credited by some of those making the scene in those days with being the very first to introduce hippie fashions. Upstairs was the living quarters for Vito, Szou, and their young son, Godot. Downstairs was what was known as the "Vito Clay" studio, where, according to Miles and various others, Paulekas "made a living of sorts by giving clay modeling lessons to Beverly Hills matrons who found the atmosphere in his studio exciting."

According to most accounts, it wasn't really the Mayan-tomb decor of the studio that many of the matrons found so exciting, but rather Vito's reportedly insatiable sexual appetite and John Holmesian physique. In any event, Vito's students also apparently included such Hollywood luminaries as Jonathon Winters, Mickey Rooney, and Steve Allen. Nevertheless, though Paulekas claimed to be a serious artist (a painter, poet, dancer, and photographer, in addition to a sculptor), there is scant evidence, in my opinion, that supports such claims (I am not, however, the most objective of art critics, as I am not "cultured" enough to "get" the majority of what passes for art).

As for his erstwhile sidekick, Carl Orestes Franzoni, he has claimed in interviews that his "mother was a countess" and his father "was a stone carver from Rutland, Vermont. The family was brought from Italy, from the quarries in the northern part of Italy, to cut the stone for the monuments of the United States." That would make his father, I'm guessing here, someone of some importance in the Mason community, if Carl is to be believed. By Franzoni's own account, he grew up as something of a young hoodlum in Cincinnati, Ohio, and later went into business with some shady Sicilian characters selling mail-order breast and penis pumps out of an address on LA's fabled Melrose Avenue. As Franzoni remembered it, his business "partner's name was Scallacci, Joe Scallacci—the same name as the famous murderer Scallacci. Probably from the same family." Probably so.

Franzoni, born circa 1934, hooked up with the older Paulekas sometime around 1963 and soon after became his constant sidekick. As previously mentioned, the group Iso included Vito's wife Szou, an ex-cheerleader who had hooked up with Paulekas when she was just 16 and he was already in his fifties. Also in the troupe was a young Rory Flynn (Errol Flynn's statuesque daughter), a bizarre character named Ricky Applebaum

who had half a moustache on one side of his face and half a beard on the other, most of the young girls who would later become part of Frank Zappa's GTO project, and a lot of other oddball characters who donned ridiculous pseudonyms like Linda Bopp, Butchie, Beatle Bob, Emerald, and Karen Yum Yum.



Also flitting about the periphery of the dance troupe were a young Gail Sloatman (the future Mrs. Zappa, for those who have already forgotten) and a curious character on the LA music scene by the name of Kim Fowley. The two were, for a time, closely allied, and even cut a record together as “Bunny and the Bear” that Fowley produced (“America’s Sweethearts”). In 1966, Fowley produced a record for Vito as well, billed as “Vito and the Hands.” The 7” single, “Where It’s At,” which featured the musicianship of some of Frank Zappa’s Mothers of Invention, came no closer to entering the charts than did Fowley and Sloatman’s effort. Sloatman, by the way, soon found work as an assistant and booking agent for Elmer Valentine, who we will meet shortly.

Fowley, as with so many other characters in this story, has a rather interesting history. He was born in 1939, the son of actor Douglas Fowley, a WWII Navy veteran and attendee of St. Francis Xavier Military Academy. According to the younger Fowley’s account, he was initially abandoned to a foster home but later taken back and raised by his father. He grew up in upscale Malibu, California, where he shared his childhood home with “a bunch of actors and guys from the Navy.” At the age of six-and-a-half, Fowley had an unusual experience that he later shared with author Michael Walker: dressed up in a sailor suit by his dad and his Navy buddies, he was taken “to a photographer named William, who took a picture of me in the sailor suit. His studio was next door to the Canyon [Country] Store.” Right after that, he was driven down Laurel Canyon Boulevard to the near-mythical Schwabs Drugstore, where “everybody cheered and two chorus girls grabbed my six-year-old cock and balls and stuck a candy cigarette in my mouth.”

Nice story, Mr. Fowley. Thanks for sharing.

It’s probably safe to assume that childhood experiences such as that helped to prepare Fowley for his later employment as a young male street hustler, a profession that he practiced on the seedy streets of the city of angels (by Fowley’s own account, I should probably add here, just as it was James Dean himself who claimed to have worked those same streets with Nick Adams). Following that, Fowley spent some time serving with the Army National Guard, after which he devoted his life to working in the LA music industry as a musician, writer and producer—as well as, according to some accounts, a master manipulator.

Around 1957, Fowley played in a band known as the Sleepwalkers, alongside future Beach Boy Bruce Johnston. At times, a diminutive young guitarist named Phil Spector—who had moved out to LA with his mother not too many years earlier, following the suicide of his father when Phil was just nine—sat in with the group. During the 1960s, Fowley was best known for producing such ridiculous yet beloved novelty songs as the Hollywood Argyles’ “Alley Oop” and the Rivington’s “Papa Oom-Mow-Mow,” though he also did more respectable work, such as collaborating on some Byrds’ tracks and having some of his original songs covered by both the Beach Boys and the Flying Burrito Brothers.

In 1975, Fowley had perhaps his greatest success when he created the Runaways, further lowering the bar that Frank Zappa had already set rather low some years earlier when he had created and recorded the GTOs. The Runaways featured underage versions of Joan Jett and Lita Ford, whom Fowley tastefully attired in leather and lingerie. As he would later boast, “Everyone loved the idea of 16-year-old girls playing guitars and singing about fucking.” Especially, I would imagine, their mothers and fathers. Some of the young girls in the band, including Cherie Curry, would later accuse Fowley of requiring them to perform sexual services for him and his associates as a prerequisite for membership in the group.

Prior to assembling the Runaways, one of Fowley's proudest accomplishments had been producing the 1969 album "I'm Back and I'm Proud" by rockabilly pioneer Gene Vincent, featuring backing vocals by Canyonite Linda Ronstadt. Just two years later, Vincent—a Navy veteran raised in that penultimate Navy town, Norfolk, Virginia—permanently checked out of the Hotel California on October 12, 1971 (there's that date again), due reportedly to a ruptured stomach ulcer. Not long before his death, Vincent had been on tour in the UK, but he had hastily returned to the US due to pressure from, among others, promoter Don Arden. Known none-too-affectionately as the "Al Capone of Pop," Arden had a penchant for guns and violence and he was known to openly boast of his affiliation with powerful organized crime figures. In addition to being a business partner of the equally nefarious Michael Jeffery, Arden was also the father of Sharon Osbourne and the former manager of her husband's band, Black Sabbath . . . but here I have surely digressed, so let's try to bring this back around to where we left off.

One other accomplishment of Fowley's bears mentioning here: he received a guest vocalist credit on the Mothers of Invention album "Freak Out," as did both Vito Paulekas and his sidekick, Carl Franzoni, to whom the song "Hungry Freaks, Daddy" was dedicated (some sources claim that Bobby Beausoleil also provided guest vocals on Zappa's debut album, though his name does not appear in the album's credits).

By at least as early as 1962, not long before Carl Franzoni joined the group, the Freak troupe was already hitting the clubs a couple nights each week to refine their unique style of dance (perhaps best described as an epileptic seizure set to music) and show off their distinctively unappealing, although soon to be quite popular, fashion sense. In those early days, they danced to local black R&B bands and to a band out of Fresno known as the Gauchos, in dives far removed from the fabled Sunset Strip—because, Franzoni has said, "There were no white bands [in LA] yet," and "There were no clubs on Sunset Boulevard."

That, of course, was all about to quickly change. As if by magic, new clubs began to spring up along the legendary Sunset Strip beginning around 1964, and old clubs considered to be long past their prime miraculously reemerged. In January 1964, a young Chicago vice cop named Elmer Valentine opened the doors to the now world-famous Whisky-A-Go-Go nightclub. Just over a year later, in spring of 1965, he opened a second soon-to-be-wildly-popular club, The Trip. Not long before that, near the end of 1964, the legendary Ciro's nightclub began undergoing extensive renovations. Opened in 1940 by Billy Wilkerson, an associate of Bugsy Siegel, the upscale club had flourished for the first 20 years of its existence, with a clientele that regularly included Hollywood royalty and organized crime figures. By the early 1960s though the Strip was dead, and the once prestigious club had gone to seed.

Ciro's reopened in early 1965, just before The Trip opened its doors and just in time, as it turns out, to host the very first club appearance by the musical act that was about to become the first Laurel Canyon band to commit a song to vinyl: The Byrds. By 1967, Gazzaris had opened up on the Strip as well, and in the early 1970s Valentine would open yet another club that endures to this day, The Roxy. Smaller clubs like the London Fog, where The Doors got their first booking as the house band in early 1966, opened their doors to the public in the mid 1960s as well.

The timing of the opening of Valentine's first two clubs, and the reopening of Ciro's, could not have been any more fortuitous. The paint was barely dry on the walls of the new clubs when bands like Love, The Doors, The Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, the Turtles, the Mothers, and the Lovin' Spoonful came knocking. The problem, however, was that

the new clubs were not yet well known. Ciro's had been long left for dead, and nobody had the slightest idea who any of these newfangled bands were. What was needed then was a way to create a buzz around the clubs that would draw people in and kick-start the Strip back to life, as well as, of course, launch the careers of the new bands.

The bands themselves could not be expected to fill the new clubs, since, besides being unknown, they also weren't very good—at least not in their live incarnations. To be sure, they sounded great on vinyl, but that was largely due to the fact that the band members themselves didn't actually play on their records (at least not in the early days), and the rich vocal harmonies that were a trademark of the Laurel Canyon sound were created in the studio with a good deal of multi-tracking and overdubs. On stage, it was another matter entirely.

Enter then the wildly flamboyant and colorful Freak squad, who were one key component of the strategy that lured patrons into the clubs. Vito and Carl's dancers were a fixture on the Sunset Strip scene from the very moment that the new clubs opened their doors to the public, and they were, by all accounts, treated like royalty by the club owners. As John Hartmann, proprietor of the Kaleidoscope Club, acknowledged, he "would let Vito and his dancers into the Kaleidoscope free every week because they attracted people. They were really hippies, and so we had to have them. They got in free pretty much everywhere they went. They blessed your joint. They validated you. If they're the essence of hippiedom and you're trying to be a hippie nightclub, you need hippies."

As the aforementioned Kim Fowley put it, with characteristic bluntness, "A band didn't have to be good, as long as the dancers were there." Indeed, the band was largely irrelevant, other than to provide some semblance of a soundtrack for the real show, which was taking place on the dance floor. Gail Zappa candidly admitted that, even at her husband's shows, the real attraction was not on the stage: "The customers came to see the freaks dance. Nobody ever talks about that, but that was the case." Frank added that, "As soon as they arrived they would make things happen, because they were dancing in a way nobody had seen before, screaming and yelling out on the floor and doing all kinds of weird things. They were dressed in a way that nobody could believe, and they gave life to everything that was going on."

For reasons that clearly had more to do with boosting attendance at the clubs than with any actual talents displayed by the group, Vito and Carl seem to have become minor media darlings over the course of the 1960s and into the 1970s. The two can be seen, separately and together, in a string of cheap exploitation films, including *Mondo Bizarro* from 1966, *Something's Happening* (aka *The Hippie Revolt*) from 1967, the notorious *Mondo Hollywood*, also released in 1967, and *You Are What You Eat*, with David Crosby, Frank Zappa and Tiny Tim, which hit theaters in 1968. In 1972, Vito made his acting debut in a non-documentary film, *The White Horse Gang*.

Paulekas reportedly also popped up on Groucho Marx's *You Bet Your Life*, and Franzoni made an appearance on a 1968 Dick Clark TV special. The golden child, Godot Paulekas, was featured in a photo in *Life* magazine circa 1966, and the whole troupe showed up for an appearance on the *Tonight Show*. According to Barry Miles, Vito also "appeared regularly on the Joe Pyne Show and in between the bare-breasted girls in the late fifties and early sixties men's magazines."

Joe Pyne, for those of you too young to remember (myself included), is the guy that we have to thank for paving the way for the likes of Bill O'Reilly, Rush Limbaugh, Sean Hannity, Michael Savage, Don Imus, Morton Downey, Jr., Jerry Springer and Wally George. For Mr. Pyne, you see, was the guy who pioneered the confrontational interview style favored by so many gasbags today. The decorated Marine Corps veteran debuted as a talk-radio host in 1950 and quickly became known for insulting and demeaning

anyone who dared to disagree with him, guests and listeners alike. In 1957, he moved his show to LA, and by 1965, he was nationally syndicated both on the radio and on television. His favored targets, as you may have guessed, included hippies, feminists, gays, and anti-war activists, and his interviews frequently ended with his guest either walking off or being thrown off the stage. Nearing the peak of his popularity, Pyne died on March 23, 1970 at the age of forty-five, reportedly of lung cancer. His ideological offspring, however, live on.

To Be Continued ...

Dr. Fu Man Chu Meets The Lonesome Cowboy:

Excerpts from an interview with Eugenia Macer–Story by Adam Gorightly

Eugenia Macer-Story is a poet/playwright and a member of the Dramatists Guild. Her plays have been staged in off-off Broadway and regional locations since 1977. She reads poetry regularly at cafes and other locations in NYC, and is regularly published in small journals. Her lectures are in the archives of the U. S. Psychotronics Association and the International Forum for New Science.

Macer-Story is also a professional psychic, who gives personal readings and conducts investigations. She has appeared on A&E in a “Haunted Houses” documentary (1996-7) and has been part of numerous studies on the supernatural done by other writers and researchers. She is the author of numerous books on subjects related the occult and UFO phenomenon. The following is an edited and excerpted version of a longer interview conducted in 1998.

Adam Gorightly: When did you first realize you were “psychic”?

Eugenia Macer-Story: There were many experiences as a child when my ESP told me to avoid places and events that later proved to be dangerous or negative in some other way. I did not think this was unusual. It was like seeing a bicycle coming toward me with my visual sense and stepping out of the way.

I first became aware of my psi ability as “different” when I was teaching a playwriting course for the Polyarts organization in Boston. I had written comments on the ur-scenes—or first drafts—submitted to me by students. Several students got together and angrily approached me, asking if I had access to files on them. I was stunned. My comments, which were suggestions to pursue topics that I thought, from their ur-scenes, would expand the material in an interesting way, were actually references to important or traumatic events in their lives. I was shaken by this situation and sought out a psychic in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

I was referred to a woman in her sixties who, I later discovered, was a highly respected spiritualist. She was so very kind to me! I remember this experience as the turning point of my life. She told me that I was one of the most powerful psychics she had ever encountered and thought it was cute that I did not realize my ESP ability. “Just give readings,” she told me.

Adam Gorightly: How have you used your psychic ability in your research of UFOs and the occult?

Eugenia Macer-Story: In doing a “psychic probe,” my mind works like a search engine, accessing information and bringing it to conscious awareness in response to a certain conscious query. As in using a search engine, the correct query is very important. When I begin an investigation or psychic probe, I always ask myself initially whether the data I have been provided by witnesses, etc. is correct. Then I formulate a question that will bring to my conscious mind the unknown data they want.

As to how this happens: I don’t know. I just sit quietly, close my eyes and speak into a tape recorder describing what I perceive mentally. But I CAN do this with my eyes open if it is necessary to walk over an area of land, go through a building with reporters, etc. I also can sketch my perceptions and often do these sketches for benefits, since a short reading is often not remembered in the middle of a bustling crowd. The individual can walk away with a sketch and remember what I have said.

The use of ESP in both UFO investigations and research into the occult is complicated by the presence of Intelligences and spirit entities that have no organic body but are really “out there” in subtle energy space.

In conducting research into these areas, I have to do a special protection and strengthening of my own energy identity so that I do not lose identity in energy space when encountering a powerful Intelligence with telepathic and shape-changing ability. The subject of the shape-changing Intelligences is complex, and I should refer you to an article published in the journal *Borderlands* and my book, *The Dark Frontier* [Magic Mirror Communications, 1998].

I am often in the situation of helping people who are in the modern day acting out the old tale of the sorcerer’s apprentice and have the very devil after them as a result of dabbling in conjurations or UFO investigation without proper protection on the subtle mental level. Some UFO encounters are simply modern day encounters with the shape-changing Intelligences. These encounters can be positive or negative in the same sense that meeting a giraffe on the street or running into a renowned physicist on the street and having a discussion about tachyons can be positive or negative: either way, the impact spins your conscious perception of reality around a bit.

However, all UFO experiences are not encounters with the shape-changers. There is another level to the UFO experience that does involve telepathy and the ability to mold physical objects and the process of events, as shown in an elementary way in the crop circle phenomenon, but is qualitatively different from the shape-changing experience. Of course, sorcerers of all persuasions have sought to mold events in this way, and there is an analogy to sorcery in the “mind over matter” aspect of these truly powerful and unexplained UFO contacts. This is why I subtitled my book *Dr. Fu Man Chu Meets the Lonesome Cowboy* as “Sorcery and the UFO Experience” [1991-1997, Magic Mirror Communications]. I feel that Eastern and Western mindsets are both trying to investigate the UFO phenomenon and are both baffled by the unexplained use of advanced Intelligence that seems also to guide research into these topics. For when one begins to probe the real UFO encounters one DOES encounter an advanced Intelligence that seems—in my experience—to be trying to educate the global village by the use of advanced behavior modification and mind control techniques.

Adam Gorightly: What do you think of the claims by certain researchers that the UFO phenomenon and alien abduction experience are the results of MK-ULTRA mind control experiments perpetrated by the Intelligence community? And where do the infamous MIB’s fit into this sordid picture?

Eugenia Macer-Story: I think there has been behavior modification research on unwitting subjects by government intelligence agencies. Two sources of information on how this manifested in the 1950-60's are *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate* by John Marks and *The Mind Stealers* by Samuel Chauvin.

As Greg Little has detailed in his book *Grand Illusions* and in articles for the *Alternate Perceptions* magazine, it is painfully obvious that many UFO conferences feature ladies and gentlemen who are very disturbed in their relationship to mundane reality but have been put "up front" for reasons that do not seem accidental. I do not agree with all of Dr. Little's ideas about UFO lights being electromagnetic manifestations of divine energy, etc, but I do feel he tends to go in the right direction when confronted by persons who cite their academic credentials as proof that their statements about—for example—electrical towers being "secret weapons" must be correct. Remember that the "Unabomber" has a degree from Harvard and a whiz-kid high school record.

However, all negative oddities in the UFO field are not governmental. Are you aware that Kenneth Arnold, after his famed 1947 saucer sighting near Mt. Rainer, experienced telephone monitorings, had hotel reservations mysteriously made in his name, etc? The MAGONIA factor, as detailed by Jacques Vallee in his writings about the identity of the "investigator" in relation to the paranormal quality of the event being investigated, began very early in the post WWII game. That is to say: about 30 seconds after Arnold notified the authorities and press of his experience. How can this be?

My opinion is that the Intelligences responsible for the daylight sighting of these aerial "vehicles" also may have wanted Mr. Arnold to get the best of attention and a comfortable suite at hotels as he traveled, promoting news of the phenomenon. [Detailed in *The Dark Frontier*.]

In a similar vein, I believe that certain of the MIB appearances involve a supernatural cause rather than a cause related to espionage or cultism. Beings with an advanced mental capability, whether interdimensional or extraterrestrial or both, might be able to use the type of mental projection described in Tibetan teachings about the "tulpa" to create seemingly solid "sinister" beings, black stretch limos and so on.

But I also think that there are several black magic cults out there that are solidly financed and may be related to government projects only in that both covert operations sometimes use the same mercenary sorcerers and similar techniques of sorcery. Operatives of this cult have sometimes left their talismanic traces along the timeline related to various writers and communications people who have probed the MIB (and I must stress in this context: also the WIB) situation. Yes. I think this "black magic" may have figured in the deaths of certain UFO investigators internationally.

It is important, however, to stress that this is "real sorcery" and does involve the sinister use of ESP/PK and spirit conjuration as well as stage magic, notes left in hollow trees, and the more material means of deception.

Adam Gorightly: So what is your take on these interdimensional or extraterrestrial entities? Are they here to help or harm us? You seem to give the impression that they are here to expand our consciousness. On the other hand, you seem to suggest at times that their intentions do not always appear totally above-board. Do you think that maybe it is the way we respond to the UFO phenomenon that determines whether it is "good" or "evil"? Furthermore, do you think that the percipients of UFO/alien encounters are as equally responsible for the manifestation of the UFO phenomenon, as is the phenomenon itself?

Eugenia Macer-Story: I think the UFO phenomenon, including both positive and negative interdimensional events, are inevitably “educational.” Just debating about these issues does expand the consciousness of the participants. It is too simplistic to attempt to judge the entire field of inquiry as being “good” or “evil” in any absolute way. In fact, one of the ways disinformation can be detected is in the too generic description and/or supposed “outer space” directive. One directive I give the search engine of my conscious awareness when considering the “UFO” area of inquiry is: “Be Specific.” It is often when considering absurd specifics that the investigating mind hits the truth of the matter.

For example, in the Tobyhanna, Pa. UFO case—which is mentioned in *Sorcery and the UFO Experience*—there was an absurdity in the initial description of events. It was found to have unexplained characteristics and it was linked to the practice of sorcery of several of the contactees. The central informant told me that the spaceships came out of the ground of a vacant lot at the back of her apartment complex. I sat in a parking lot with this person at three in the morning and watched the vacant lot. The contactee was then motivated to drive me to another nearby location where I DID see a very unusual aerial manifestation: a fog that whizzed over the car in the form of a low aircraft and then hung over a small pond. It changed shapes, becoming finally a large oblong. This pond was on military property. But the telepathic activation occurred on private property where the contactee was then renting an apartment. The point I am making in response to your question is that I had this puzzling experience with the UFO fog as the result of literally following this contactee’s specific claim. I did not just go to the library and look up who has the real estate title to the lot, etc. Was the UFO fog good or evil? I’m not sure. It was educational. Just prior to meeting my informant at the site, I had a terrible headache and had to take a couple of aspirin with my coffee. I was irritated by the headache and knew it was related to the projected expedition. But it cleared up. Frequently, a shadow force will enter an investigative situation to block or distort information.

Now, you ask about “responsibility.” Yes, I think the percipients of interdimensional Intelligences become responsible for their experiences in the same way that as I look out the window I am responsible for taking action if I see a person being mugged in the parking lot below. But if I scream out the window, call 911, and race downstairs to notify people of the crime being committed only to find that the parking lot attendant has been paid off not to testify in court about the fight because the two people are actually business partners and don’t want a scandal, my responsibility has ended. I am not responsible for these weird arrangements.

I think that UFO investigation groups and reporters into this subject sometimes go too far in trying to probe the mundane psychology of people who have experienced unexplained events. It is enough to document that the event happened. Using my example: although I have been the witness to what looked to me like a mugging and later turned out to be a business conference, it is not my place as a distant witness to debate with the parking lot attendant about his settlement out of court. As far as I am concerned, the entire event is unexplained.

I do think there may be agreements, debates and agendas held by interdimensional Intelligences, and possibly also by extraterrestrial life forms that human witnesses do not completely understand.

Adam Gorightly: I've heard a rumor that Aleister Crowley's protégé—and one time heir apparent to the Throne of Thelema—Jack Parsons, was a flying partner of Kenneth Arnold. Although I've seen no conclusive documentation to support this rumor, it certainly brings up some interesting speculation regarding the use of magic ritual to summon purported extraterrestrial or ultra dimensional entities. Such was the case when Jack Parsons and his one-time associate L. Ron Hubbard of Scientology fame purportedly summoned just such an entity in the California desert in the late forties. Do you know anything about a relationship between Kenneth Arnold and Jack Parsons?

And while discussing Parsons, perhaps you would share any thoughts you might have on the involvement of Parsons and Hubbard in intelligence work, specifically in regards to mind control experiments and the infiltration, and manipulation, of UFO/Occult groups by Intelligence Agencies.

Eugenia Macer-Story: I don't know anything about a personal relationship between Kenneth Arnold and Jack Parsons. . . . I think most genuine practitioners of mental magic and sorcery are wise enough to realize that the printed word is only one facet of the actual use of subtle energies for the purpose of conjuration and spell casting.

Therefore, do not expect to find the whole of the truth about a real practitioner in the printed word alone. It is my opinion that Parsons' book *Freedom Is a Two-Edged Sword* is somewhat of a red herring in that it gives only part of the practice and indicates only part of the personality and orientation. Crowley hinted at this type of a magical situation by calling one of his written works *The Book of Lies*.

Sophisticated conjurations, as attempted by mental magicians Crowley, Parsons, and Hubbard, involve the forging of a telepathic link between powerful interdimensional Intelligences and the mind/body energy system of the magical Operator. In this situation, it is L. Ron Hubbard who has actually been the most clearly up front in his writings about the necessity for the Adept to see sexuality as only one aspect of the entire interdimensional Intelligence power game.

It is plain that the techniques for mind control developed by Hubbard are of maximum interest to intelligence agencies both public and private because the telepathic control of personal emotion developed by Scientology does enable the Adept to enter and manipulate the emotional situations of those persons who are less aware of the arbitrary nature of their overt emotional expectations. But let's not make Scientology the scapegoat in the sorcery situation. For there is public access to Hubbard's system. In fact, via billboards, infomercials and Lord knows what else on the Internet, we are often presented with too much public access to Hubbard's system.

I think that certain UFO/occult groups are being manipulated by people with skills in sorcery and mental persuasion. But I am not ready to make US intelligence the single scapegoat in this situation. There is much more at hand internationally, and in the area of mercenary investigative or corporate investigative agencies, than simple politics.

Adam Gorightly: I just finished reading *Congratulations: The UFO Reality*. That seemed like a truly exciting period in your life—and a tumultuous one at times, as well Could you reflect back a bit on those days, and talk about some of the people you met who were involved in the UFO/Occult scene?

Eugenia Macer-Story: One of my vivid memories involves sitting in the MAGIC MIRROR store and opening a letter from Bob Durant, who was then handling correspondence for The Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained. Durant had referred me to an article on time theory by a Soviet physicist since I had written to SITU about time anomalies I had experienced. I ordered this article from the state department, and as I read it, I realized that the Soviet physicist had deliberately jumbled

his discussion of spin theory and molecular torque. I later submitted material to PURSUIT, the magazine of SITU which was then being edited by R. Martin Wolf, and this magazine published a number of my paratechnical articles.

This letter from Durant, and several other letters from technical experts I had written to about time anomalies that addressed me as "Dr. Macer-Story," assuming I had my PhD in a technical field, were important experiences in my mental development. The UFO sighting I described in my CONGRATS book had opened my awareness to a topological way of thinking that is mathematical and technical, and the response of my correspondents validated this change in my way of thinking.

During the year of my data collection, 1975-77, I met the person I name "Lobo" in CONGRATS, who was also running an ad in the REAL PAPER and BOSTON PHOENIX. His ad read: "Angels Coming Down From the Sky In Clusters" and offered assistance and information.

I should say "re-met" Lobo. For I had answered his ad right after my UFO sighting when I was still married and living in Ipswich in 1974. He had come out to my home to see me at that time and was most helpful, bringing fliers warning me not to discuss my experience too openly lest I be railroaded as being hysteric. I took his advice and did not ask for "special attention" from anyone, simply incorporating my UFO investigations into the MAGIC MIRROR happening in Salem. Then, I did not see Lobo again until he answered my UFO data collection ad. During this office visit, he told me he had not come again to Ipswich because I was married at that time and his visits to my home could have been used against me. He then told me that he was an ex-FBI undercover agent who had become alarmed at "mind control" abuses by his agency, particularly in the area of interference with UFO contactees. He told me that the purpose of his ad was to "get to" contactees before the tougher agents could play hard ball with their situations. Lobo gave me numerous references to UFO groups and contactees. Some of these appear in CONGRATS. Also, information I discovered independently on neo-Nazi "UFO secret weapon claims" appears in CONGRATS.

Adam Gorightly: These "UFO secret weapon claims" you mention: Were they based on the research of Ernst Zundel?

Eugenia Macer-Story: The "UFO secret weapon claims" were based on interviews with living and breathing neo-Nazi engineers who had an inflated idea of their mental abilities and of the abilities of Nazi engineers during WWII. They claimed to have built a little model of the UFO craft described in the book UFO NAZI SECRET WEAPON by Frederich Mattern. I deliberately reversed Mattern's name in the book to Mattern-Frederich in order to reverse whatever effect they had intended to achieve in conveying this information to me.

Adam Gorightly: The two characters you pseudonymously named Bill Babaloo and Ben Shenks in CONGRATS: They didn't happen to write a fiction trilogy called The ILLUMINATES, did they?

Eugenia Macer-Story: You have correctly identified Bill Babaloo. If this was the TV show WHEEL OF FORTUNE, you would get a refrigerator and a mink coat! But you have not correctly identified Ben Shenks. You do probably recognize the pseudonym "Ben Shenks" as being a name for a warlock from British street slang.

“Ben Shenks” is my college friend Bill Henkin—Dr. William Henkin—who has written a book on psychic healing with Amy Wallace and steadfastly encouraged my poetry and early writings while I was struggling with the Ivy League hierarchy at Yale and Columbia.

Adam Gorightly: And what about Robert Anton Wilson?

Eugenia Macer-Story: For centuries, I have met the entity who is now named “Bob Wilson” in the context of combat and spirit conjurations. This is another topic entirely and would take a long time to explain. Suffice to say that very powerful spirit intelligences have an agenda also and that both Wilson and Macer-Story are on the agenda of certain of these intelligences.

Adam Gorightly: Can you speak about the strange circumstances surrounding the publication of CONGRATULATIONS: THE UFO REALITY.

Eugenia Macer-Story: Yes. Unfortunately, when CONGRATULATIONS: THE UFO REALITY came out from Crescent Press in 1978—after I had moved to New York City in response to interest by Theater For The New City in my work both as a performing psychic and playwright—both the office and storage location of Crescent and the apartment building of publisher Joseph Lawrence were the site of unexplained fires. The fire at Lawrence’s apartment building was set from four directions, as if to activate a “four directions” hex. Crescent went out of business, and friends in Los Angeles went to a fire sale at the warehouse and bought several cartons of my book, which they shipped to me in New York. I would like to get a reissue of this book, as there is obviously something inside it that caused the forces of Ahriman to become most upset upon the occasion of first publication of CONGRATULATIONS: THE UFO REALITY.

Whispers in the Dark

by Jason McDowell

The darkness beckons. Cthulhu calls. I can't sleep so I write. The scent of incense drifts down in lazy spirals to the simple pad upon the floor I call my bed. The monastery stirs and I wait for the bells . . . but wait . . . I don't live in a monastery. I never have, must have been another dream in exile. The recurrent theme of reams of hazy madness scribbled by a shaking hand. What monster lies naked here beneath the covers? Is it not the one we all fear in every mirror? I know what makes me tremble: the terrible warmth, the frozen staccato thunder, the beautiful dancing horror.

God: "What do you ask of me?"

Me: "I ask everything and nothing less."

The stars burst like fireworks behind my eyes, behind the covered lids of my soul, and darkness falls. Who has fathomed that profound emptiness that terrifies even as it entices, luring me nearer the edge of the abyss, or at least my false notions of such a thing. I write this in the dark. The dark that does not judge my own dark exploits, my relatively improper fascinations. Dark nights, dark souls, dark insights, and dark myths collected in the corners of dark minds brave enough to shine a light on nightly terrors and what repels in the harsh morning dawn.

Stranger: "What song do you sing?"

Me: "I sing the only song I know."

I dance. I spin, I twist haphazard in the wind. I twirl with the exuberance of a child.

Me: "Where does the energy come from?"

Child: "It comes from here."

He points with certainty to his heart.

Only old men and philosophers like me smile when a child makes fools of us all and pricks with a single honest utterance our complex theories on life.

Rise my angels and demons, shake the foundations of my certainty in nothing. The theurgist life is lonely and rugged searching for that which you cannot seek to find. Can you resolve the enigma that is mind? Light does not lose its speed but who has measured the speed of darkness. I would not say no to wealth but I would settle for hunger not to gnaw my belly like an open wound. And what is worse? To see those around me hunger. I die each moment eternally but life goes on blithely unaware, not sparing a glance to the gutter where lies the husk of my soul. Gods punish me for my sins. Devils deride me for my virtues. In the end we damn ourselves to eternal oblivion with the worst company in the world: the monster we made of ourselves.

I will settle for nothing less than madness and death, crucified by the mob who cheered my name on yesterdays wind. Why settle on account of propriety? Good guys finish last. The good die young. No good deed goes unpunished. Being bad seems not so bad after all but I find it far from easy. Is there somewhere between killer on the road and victim in the ditch? How do you take what is not yours and give what you do not have? I would give you lines of genius but I'm fresh out. I would take your hearts and minds to far seas and distant stars but you won't get out of bed. I would kill your god and your devil, meaningless nomenclature, crucifix crutches and saving saints. And fill you with in between the spaces. But you guard these corpses with your souls which I will not destroy to save. Concepts meet anti-concepts and are mutually annihilated leaving behind the empty space needed to be filled with what is. Existence is more than a word but never less than what it is. I am spinning this web of connections linking nothing to everything and everything to nothing. This is an exultation of love, an exultation of passion, an exultation of everything pure and new and beautiful. I breath in the universe with my eyes with my soul and I am exhaled. I am an explorer born in a land of grided fences, of barbed wire and hostile stares, of remorseless sentiment and jaded opinions, of listless lines of rhetoric and wounded wit. I can give you only my misunderstanding. In the sweat dripping jungle heat, sweet passions flower, enflamed and yearning. Will you take it? I'm dreaming in this dream and everything is real. My insanity hangs by a thin thread from the depleted faith of God Himself.

Liber Animus Memor ~ Aphorisms and Commentary

by Soror ZSD23

I

What is the potential of consciousness? What is the life beneath the mechanism?

These are two essential questions that should be pondered if a person is to have an understanding of the nature of Self, creativity, meaning, and volition.

A mere suggestion: Imagine a portal opening up before you that is like a line of momentum that goes into infinite space. Imagine that the stream of momentum is imbued with intent. Ask the first question and watch space open up and project into infinite promise. Ask the second question to glimpse self-effacement and the root of one's own existence.

II

Every trauma can be sublimated into a teaching about the madhouse called ordinary life and the value of compassion.

Sometimes, things that seem "bad" only seem so because of narcissistic tendencies. We judge everything through whether it is a pleasant or painful experience. If it is pleasant, we feel blessed and also anxious about the ephemeral nature of our good time. If it is painful, we say it is evil, and if we buy into moralistic and superficial notions about destiny, we say it happened because we deserved it. But life happens. It is called the eater and the eaten. Everyone and everything is both at the same time. The phenomenon fuels the world machine, and our struggle is nevertheless the bliss of God having the experience of phenomenological life.

III

What is it to wake up from the idea of yourself?

The personality is the product—indeed, the epiphenomenon—of circumstances and experiences. It causes a person to act not actively but reactively through a program bred by conditioning. It is the antithesis of volition. The person is not an entity of his or her own making. The person and all other entities are simply interdependently arising aggregates of circumstance.

Becoming truly real, conscious, and volitional begins with realizing the capricious nature of one's own making and then dissociating from that personality and its momentum. The momentum doesn't stop; the personality does not become a conscious entity, but the Person who is the life beneath the mechanism might open his or her eyes and watch his character go through the motions of activity like a dreamer sometimes watches a dream and ultimately exercises a modicum of control of its narrative.

IV

The body and all phenomena are governed by the same laws. They are manifestations arising causally and provisionally within absolute being.

Life is movement in consciousness. The personality is an interdependently arising construction of circumstance and experience. Destiny is the compacted momentum of experience. Ordinary life does not end in a goal but in transmutation and death. Its ideas and ideals are provisional. Its objects, events, and ambitions are purposeless and mere movement in consciousness.

V

There is no progression to time and no dimension to space. The momentum and progression of the mind creates the sense of time and space.

The whole phenomenological world is a projection of the center of being and yet that center is removed from it as if in disinterest. The phantasmagoria apprehended as the world is not Real. It creates itself and its convolutions. Its ideas and products are all provisional. The source of being lets the ordinary go about the business of spinning out phenomena and narratives about purpose and origination. But Reality is just silent, blissful, self-composed Being.

A mere suggestion: meditate on the center and its projections into the 4, or 6, or 8 or 10 directions of space. You may experience light and expansiveness, sentiments of joy and love. This is the Redemptive Principle, the Christos, the Ground, and the Life beneath the mechanism.

VI

No one is there to deliver you; you must deliver yourself.

Heaven, hell, God, the Adversary, pleasure, pain, and all the pairs of opposites are projections of your own consciousness. You project ideas out of yourself. Treating them as independent entities, you go into them, fear them, and allow them to have power over you although they are your own creations. The Self alone is real.

Anathema of Zos ~ The Sermon to the Hypocrite

by Austin Osman Spare

Hostile to self-torment, the vain excuses called devotion, Zos satisfied the habit by speaking loudly unto his Self. And at one time, returning to familiar consciousness, he was vexed to notice interested hearers—a rabble of involuntary mendicants, pariahs, whoremongers, adulterers, distended bellies, and the prevalent sick-grotesques that obtain in civilizations. His irritation was much, yet still they pestered him, saying: MASTER, WE WOULD LEARN OF THESE THINGS! TEACH US RELIGION!

And seeing, with chagrin, the hopeful multitude of Believers, he went down into the Valley of Stys, prejudiced against them as FOLLOWERS. And when he was ennui, he opened his mouth in derision, saying:

O, ye whose future is in other hands! This familiarity is permitted not of thy—but of my impotence. Know me as Zos the Goatherd, saviour of myself and of those things I have not yet regretted. Unbidden ye listen'd to my soliloquy. Endure then my Anathema.

Foul feeders! Slipped, are ye, on your own excrement? Parasites! Having made the world lousy, imagine ye are of significance to Heaven?

Desiring to learn, think ye to escape hurt in the rape of your ignorance? For of what I put in, far more than innocence shall come out! Labouring not the harvest of my weakness, shall I your moral-fed desires satisfy?

I, who enjoy my body with unwearied tread, would rather pack with wolves than enter your pest-houses.

Sensation . . . Nutrition . . . Mastication . . . Procreation . . . ! This is your blind-worm cycle. Ye have made a curiously bloody world for love in desire. Shall nothing change except through your accusing diet?

IN THAT YE ARE CANNIBALS, what meat should I offer? Having eaten of your dead selves savoured with every filth, ye now raven to glutton of my mind's motion?

In your conflict ye have obtained . . . ? Ye who believe your procreation is ultimate are the sweepings of creation manifest, returning again to early simplicity to hunger, to become, and realise—ye are not yet. Ye have muddled time and ego. Think ye to curb the semen SENTIMENTALLY? Ye deny sexuality with tinsel ethics, live by slaughter, pray to greater idiots—that all things may be possible to ye WHO ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

For ye desire saviours useless to pleasure.

Verily, far easier for madmen to enter Heaven than moral Lepers. Of what difference is Life or Death? Of what difference is dream or reality? Know ye nothing further than you own stench? Know ye what ye think ye know for certain? Fain would I be silent. Yet too tolerant is this Sun that cometh up to behold me, and my weakness comes of my dissatisfaction of you solicit . . . but be ye damned before obtaining fresh excuses of me!

Cursed are the resurrectionists! Is there only body and soul?

Is there nothing beyond entity? No purchase beyond sense and desire of God than this blasting and devouring swarm ye are?

Oh, ye favoured of your own excuses, guffaw between bites! Heaven is indifferent to your salvation or catastrophe. Your curveless crookedness maketh ye fallow for a queer fatality! What! I to aid your self-deception, meliorate your decaying bodies, preserve your lamentable apotheosis of self?

The sword-thrust not salve I bring!

Am I your swineherd, though I shepherd unto goats? My pleasure does not obtain among vermin with vain ideas—with hopes and fears of absurd significance. Not yet am I overweary of myself. Not ye shall I palliate abomination, for in ye I behold your parents and the stigmata of foul feeding.

In this ribald intoxication of hypocrisy, this monument of swindlers' littlenesses, where is the mystic symposium, the hierarchy of necromancers that was?

Honest was Sodom! YOUR theology is a slime-pit of gibberish become ethics. In YOUR world, where ignorance and deceit constitute felicity, everything ends miserably—besmirched with fratricidal blood.

Seekers of salvation? Salvation of your sick digestion; crippled beliefs; Convalescent desires. Your borrowed precepts and prayers—a stench unto all good nostrils!

Unworthy of a soul, your metamorphosis is laborious of morbid rebirth to give [inhabitation] to the shabby sentiments, the ugly familiarities, the calligraphic pandemonium—a world of abundance acquired of greed. Thus are ye outcasts! Ye [inhabit] dung-heaps; your glorious palaces are hospitals set amid cemeteries. Ye breathe gay-heartedly within this cess-pit? Ye obtain of half-desires, bent persuasions, of threats, of promises made hideous by [vituperative] righteousness! Can you realise of Heaven when it exists WITHOUT?

Believing without associating ye are spurious and know not the way of virtue. There is no virtue in truth, nor truth in righteousness. Law becomes of desire's necessity. Corrupt is the teacher, for they who speak have only spent words to give.

Believe or blaspheme! Do ye not speak from between your thighs?

To believe or unbelieve is the question. Verily, if you believe of the least—ye needs must thrive all things. Ye are of all things, of all knowledge, and, belike, will your stupidity to further self-misery!

Your wish? Your heaven? I say your desire is women. Your potential desire, a brothel.

Ah, ye who fear suffering, who among ye has courage to assault the cloudy enemies of creeds, of the stomach's pious hopes?

I blaspheme your commandments, to provoke and enjoy your bark, your teeth grinding!

Know ye what ye want? What ye ask? Know ye virtue from maniacal muttering? Sin from folly? Desiring a teacher, who among ye are worthy to learn?

Brutally shall I teach the gospel of soul-suicide, of contraception, not preservation and procreation.

Fools! Ye have made vital the belief the Ego is eternal, fulfilling a purpose not lost to you.

All things become of desire; the legs to the fish; the wings to the reptile. Thus was your soul begotten.

Hear, O vermin!

MAN HAS WILLED MAN!

Your desires shall become flesh, your dreams reality and no fear shall alter it one whit.

Hence do I travel ye into the incarnating abortions—the aberrations, the horrors without sex, for ye are worthless to offer Heaven new sexualities.

Once in this world I enjoyed laughter—when I remembered the value I gave the contemptible; the significance of my selfish fears; the absurd vanity of my hopes; the sorry righteousness called I.

And YOU?

Certainly not befitting are tears of blood, nor laughter of gods.

Ye do not even look like MEN but the strange spawn of some forgotten ridicule.

Lost among the illusions begat of duality—are these the differentiations ye make for future entity to ride your bestial self? Millions of times have ye had re-birth and many more times will ye again SUFFER existence.

Ye are of things distressed, living down the truths ye made. Loosing only from my overflow, perchance I teach ye to learn of yourselves? In my becoming shall the hungry satisfy of my good and evil? I strive me neither, and confide subsequent to the event.

Know my purpose: To be a stranger unto myself, the enemy of truth.

Uncertain of what ye believe, belike ye half-desire? But believe ye this, serving your dialectics:

Subscribing only to self-love, the outcroppings of my hatred now speak. Further, to ventilate my own health, I scoff at your puerile dignitaries' absurd, moral clothes and ovine faith in a fortuitous and gluttonous future!

Dogs, devouring your own vomit! Cursed are ye all! Throwbacks, adulterers, sycophants, corpse devourers, pilferers and medicine swallowers! Think ye Heaven is an infirmary?

Ye know not pleasure. In your sleep lusts, feeble violence and sickly morale, ye are more contemptible than the beasts ye feed for food.

I detest your Mammon. Disease partakes of your wealth. Having acquired, ye know not how to spend.

YE ARE GOOD MURDERERS ONLY.

Empty of cosmos are they who hunger after righteousness. Already are the merciful spent. Extinct are the pure in heart. Governed are the meek and of Heaven earn similar disgust. Your society is a veneered barbarity. Ye are precocious primitives. Where is your success other than through hatred?

There is no good understanding in your world—this bloody transition by procreation and butchery.

Of necessity ye hate, and love your neighbor by devouring.

The prophets are nauseating and should be persecuted. Objects of ridicule, their deeds cannot live through their tenets. Actions are the criterion, then how can ye speak other than lies?

Love is cursed. Your desire is your God and execration. Ye shall be judged for your appetite.

Around me I see your configuration again a swine from the herd. A repulsive object of charity! The curse is pronounced; for ye are slime and sweat-born, homicidally reared. And again shall your fathers call to the help of women. Ye vainly labour at a rotten Kingdom of Good and Evil. I say that Heaven is catholic—and none shall enter with susceptibility of either.

Cursed are ye who shall be persecuted for MY sake. For I say I am CONVENTION entire, excessively evil, perverted and nowhere good for ye.

Whosoever would be with me is neither much of me nor of himself enough.

Zos tired, but loathing his hearers too much, he again reviled them saying:

Worm-ridden jackals! Still would ye feast on my vomit? Whosoever follows me becomes his own enemy; for in that day my exigency shall be his ruin.

Go labour! Fulfill the disgust of becoming yourself, of discovering your beliefs, and thus acquire virtue. Let your good be accidental; thus escape gratitude and its sorry vainglory, for the wrath of Heaven is heavy on easy self-indulgence.

In your desire to create a world, do unto others as you would—when sufficiently courageous.

To cast aside, not save, I come. Inexorably towards myself; to smash the law, to make havoc of the charlatans, the quacks, the swankers and brawling salvationists with their word-tawdry phantasmagoria; to disillusion and awaken every fear of your natural, rapacious selves.

Living the most contemptible and generating everything beastly, are ye so vain of your excuse to expect other than the worst of your imagining?

Honesty is unvoiced! And I warn you to make holocaust of your saints, your excuses: these flatulent bellowings of your ignorance. Only then could I assure your lurking desire—easy remission of your bowdlerized sins. Criminals of folly? Ye but sin against self.

There is no sin for those of Heaven's delight. I would ye resist not nor exploit your evil: such is of fear, and somnambulism is born of hypocrisy.

In pleasure Heaven shall break every law before this Earth shall pass away. Thus if I possessed, my goodness towards ye would be volcanic.

He who is lawless is free. Necessity and time are conventional phenomena.

Without hypocrisy or fear ye could do as ye wish. Whosoever, therefore, shall break the precept or live its transgression shall have relativity of Heaven. For unless your righteousness exist not, ye shall not pleasure freely and creatively. In so much as ye sin against doctrine, so shall your imagination be required in becoming.

It has been said without wit: "Thou shalt not kill." Among beasts man lives supremely—on his own kind. Teeth and claws are no longer sufficient accessory to appetite. Is this world's worst reality more vicious than human behaviour?

I suggest to your inbred love of moral gesture to unravel the actual from the dream.

Rejoice ye! The law-makers shall have the ugly destiny of becoming subject. Whatsoever is ordained is superseded to make equilibrium of this consciousness rapport with hypocrisy.

Could ye be arbitrary? Belief foreshadows its inversion. Overrun with forgotten desires and struggling truths, ye are their victim in the dying and begetting law.

The way of Heaven is a purpose anterior to and not induced by thought. Desire, other than by the act, shall in no wise obtain: Therefore believe SYMBOLICALLY or with caution.

Between men and women having that desire there is no adultery. Spend the large lust and when ye are satiated ye shall pass on to something fresh. In this polite day it has become cleaner to fornicate by the wish than to enact.

Offend not your body nor be so stupid as to let your body offend ye. How shall it serve ye to reproach your duality? Let your oath be in earnest; though better to communicate by the living act than by the word.

This God—this cockatrice—is a projection of your imbecile apprehensions, your bald grossness and madhouse vanities. Your love is born of fear; but far better to hate than further deception.

I would make your way difficult. Give and take of all men indiscriminately.

I know your love and hate. Inquire of red diet. Within your stomach is civil war.

Only in Self-love is procreative will.

What now! Shall I attempt wisdom by words? Alphabetic truths with legerdemain grammar? There is no spoken truth that is not PAST-more wisely forgotten.

Shall I scrawl slippery paradox with mad calligraphy? Words, mere words! I exist in a wordless world, without yesterday nor tomorrow—beyond becoming.

All conceivableness procures of time and space. Hence I spit on your tatterdemalion ethics, mouldering proverbs, priestly inarticulations and delirious pulpit jargon. This alone I give ye as safe commandments in your pestilent schisms.

Better is it to go without than to borrow. Finer far to take than beg. From Puberty till Death realise "Self" in all. There is no greater virtue than good nourishment. Feed from the udder, and if the milk be Sour, feed on
... Human nature is the worst possible!

Once I lived among ye. From self-decency now I [inhabit] the waste places, a willing outcast; associate of goats, cleaner far, more honest than men.

Within this heterogeneousness of difference, reality is hard to realise; evacuation is difficult.

These spiritualists are living sepulchres. What has decayed should perish decently.

Cursed are they who supplicate. Gods are with ye yet. Therefore let ye who pray acquire this manner:

O Self my God, foreign is thy name except in blasphemy, for I am thy iconoclast. I cast thy bread upon the waters, for I myself am meat enough. Hidden in the labyrinth of the Alphabet is my sacred name, the SIGIL of all things unknown. On Earth my kingdom is Eternity of DESIRE. My wish incarnates in the belief and becomes flesh, for, I AM THE LIVING TRUTH. Heaven is ecstasy; my consciousness changing and acquiring association. May I have courage to take from my own superabundance. Let me forget righteousness. Free me of morals. Lead me into temptation of myself, for I am a tottering kingdom of good and evil.

May worth be acquired through those things I have pleased.

May my trespass be worthy.

Give me the death of my soul. Intoxicate me with Self-love. Teach me to sustain its freedom; for I am sufficiently Hell. Let me sin against the small beliefs. AMEN.

Concluding his conjunction, Zos said:

Again, O sleep-walkers, beggars and sufferers, born of the stomach; unlucky men to whom happiness is necessary!

Ye are insufficient to live alone, not yet mature enough to sin against the law and still desire women.

Other than damnation I know no magic to satisfy your wishes; for ye believe one thing, desire another, speak unlike, act differently and obtain the living value.

Assuredly inclination towards new faculties springs from this bastardy!

Social only to the truths convenient to your courage, yet again beasts shall be planted.

Shall I speak of that unique intensity without form? Know ye the ecstasy within? The pleasure between ego and self?

At that time of ecstasy there is no thought of others; there is NO THOUGHT. Thither I go and none may lead.

Sans women—your love is anathema!

For me, there is no way but my way. Therefore, go ye your way—none shall lead ye to walk towards yourselves. Let your pleasures be as sunsets, HONEST . . . BLOODY . . . GROTESQUE!

Was the original purpose the thorough enjoyment of multitudinous self, for ecstasy? These infinite ramifications of consciousness in entity, associating by mouth, sex, and sense!

Has the besetting of sex become utter wretchedness—repetition made necessary of your scotomy?

O bloody-mouthed! Shall I again entertain ye with a little understanding? An introspection of cannibalism in the shambles of diet—the variating murder against the ancestral? Is there no food beyond corpse?

Your murder and hypocrisy must pass before ye are uplifted to a world where slaughter is unknown.

Thus, with a clean mouth, I say unto ye, I live by bread alone. Sleep is competent prayer. All morality is BEASTLY.

Alas, there has been a great failure. Man is dead. Only women remain.

With tongue in cheek I would say: "Follow me! That ye realise what is hidden in all suffering, I would make your self-mortification voluntary, your wincing courageous."

Still will ye be with me? Salutation to all suicides!

With a yawn Zos wearied and fell asleep.

In time the stench awoke him—for he had slept amidst the troughs—and he observed that the crowd were no longer with him—that only SWINE remained. And he guffawed and spake thus: "Not yet have I lost relationship and am thereby nearly asphyxiated! Caught up am I in the toils of sentiment, the moral hallucinations within the ebb and flow of hopes and fears?"

Shall age alone transmute desire? Not yet have I disentangled illusion from reality: for I know not men from swine, dreams from reality; or whether I did speak only unto myself. Neither know I to whom my anathema would be the more impressionable

My insensible soliloquy is eaten as revelation! What I spake with hard strived conceit to increase enterprise brings forth only swinish snorts. Water is not alone in finding its level.

I have not me tragedy, no, not in this life! Yet, whether I have spewed their doctrines upon the tables of the Law or into the troughs, at least I have not cast away the flesh of dreams.

And turning towards his light, Zos said: This my will, O Thou Glorious Sun. I am weary of my snakes descending—making slush.

Farewell antithesis. I have suffered. All is paid.

Let me go forth to recreate my sleep.