



DHARMA COMBAT

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SEX

WAR

TRUTH

AND
THE AMERICAN WAY

32/Jan 89

This is Dharma Combat #9, a magazine about spirituality, metaphysics and reality. All philosophies and persuasions are welcome, though you're a lunatic if you think the publisher agrees with all of them.

Dharma Combat #8 is also now available. We received so much material that we had to put out 2 issues at once this time. It will never happen again.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are available for 10 bucks per year (4 issues) or \$3.00 per copy in cash or check payable to Keith, Pob 20593, Sun Valley, Nevada, 89433. We also trade for things that will enhance the editor's image in society, such as ancient religious artifacts, printed metaphysical curioses, neocist and situationist stuff, deranged and preferably artistic t-shirts (XL), and mailing lists. I'll take a weird trade over a few bucks anyway. Trades for publications are selective, just because I get so many of them and I'm not all that much into poopdog humor and poesy and unicorn rump centerfolds and all that. If you want to trade ads on a continuing basis with DC, send yours in. I'll trade ads with just about anyone.

SPECIAL OFFER TO ARTISTS: For a limited time I will exchange a two issue extension to your subscription if you send in an original and impossibly strange ad for DC, preferably business card size, but I can handle a few larger ones, too.

PRISONERS: We get more requests from prisoners for subscriptions than we can deal with financially. If you would like to contribute a subscription to a prisoner, you may.

SUBMISSIONS: Preferably camera ready. Copyright reverts to author after publication. Also send in clippings and articles and artwork and stuff that might be of interest to DC readers. If I can fit them in, I most certainly will.

PUBLICATION DATES are irregular, but we aim for every 3 months. It could happen!

Production Druids this issue were Jarod O'Danu, Randy Heresy, LAU, and Chad, all of whom are abundantly thanked for their (large) contribution. Also particularly appreciated were the efforts of Joe Cabot, Greg Krupcy, David Crowbar, James Koehnline, Tal Levesque, Hatter, ARTWARE, FLATLAND, Michael Drax and the Large Nosed Greys.

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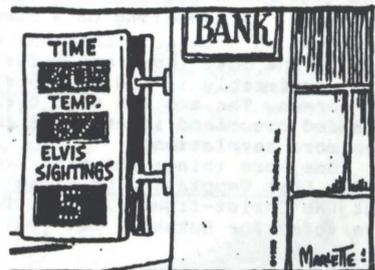
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The Last Temptation of Faith

by Michael Behaviour

I finally got to see The Last Temptation of Christ.

Of course, this is a movie that few had the chance to see, thanks to our illustrious religious right. And many of you wouldn't want to see it anyway since it is essentially about that horrid 'C' word (err... 'Christianity'). I never really wanted to see it for the controversy or the religious/blasphemic qualities of the film. To be honest, I just like how Martin Scorsese makes films.

The University of Central Florida somehow saw fit to show the movie, its first time to be shown in the central Florida area. This is surprising considering the general population of the region. The event was welcomed by a massive turnout. The curious came in droves. There was picketing as well...ah, okay, there was a person picketing. But he had determination, all dressed up and sweaty, a seriousness in his brow reminding us all of our Christian upbringing. He held a huge sign with the word "HELL" on it. The word was surrounded by orange flames. He also handed out papers. Some refused the offering, grunting defiantly. I smiled and gladly accepted his gift with a "Thank you", possibly even making his day. Even bible-thumping loonies deserve to be happy.

So anyway, the film was quite good, all of the Scorsese tricks and motions present. William DeFoe gave an excellent performance as Jesus Christ. The storyline, though familiar to basically anyone raised on the planet Earth, was twisted about and made new. Regrettably, I have not read the book on which the film was based but supporters are not kidding when they say that Last Temptation is not based on the gospel.

I can see how fundamental Christians would be offended by this movie. It openly challenges their beliefs. In Last Temptation, Christ is confused and struggling. He is not certain whether to accept or reject God. In other words, Christ is a Dharma Combatant!

However, everyone is off base in their denial or defiance of this film. It is not about Jesus. It is not about Christianity. It is about Humanity. How the struggle of mankind to become something greater is archetypal. And how success relies on everyone's favorite punching bag: Faith.

The Last Temptation of Christ works if viewed on this level. It becomes applicable to not only Christians but also Muslims, Buddhists, Crowleyists, Atheists, whatever. DeFoe becomes no more than a representation of humanity. Christ represents the human struggle. And it would seem that Christ reads more of Nietzsche than the Bible anyway!

The Christ in the movie struggles. He knows he has the possibility to become something greater. Unfortunately, with that comes the struggle, the pain. And then there is always the temptation to give in to the comfort of normality. That of a normal wife, a normal job, normal kids, no challenges. Read: What is expected of you by society.

Sound familiar?

And through faith the Christ-character finally transcends the pain and his human existence, changing the world from even beyond the grave. A good example, I think. Many of you will scoff because the main character is someone so imprinted in your braincells through the years. Your loss.

The Last Temptation of Christ is not a religious movie, at least not in the literal sense. It should not be ignored by those of you who actively denounce religion and (supposedly) the idea of faith in general. This movie is inspiring on a human level. It is not a perfect film, (it tends to drag at points and has many historical errors) but I still find it the most important mainstream offering in years. It should be seen, preferably in the presence of many other humans. Preferably on a big screen. The emotion will overwhelm. One person at the screening I attended described it as "like eating mushrooms". Possibly, but with even more revelations.

One more thing: The main reason the rightists are in opposition to The Last Temptation of Christ is probably because of the political bent the Christ-figure is depicted as having. I'm not saying he would have voted for Dukakis, but yes, Jesus was a liberal.

Oh, if you care, I've moved. The state of Louisiana tested my Faith far too often, so I have relocated to Orlando, Florida. This is the place of my birth and hopefully I will be able to draw some sort of divine creative energy from the area because of this. Wish me luck.

Send your poison to:

Michael Behaviour
PO Box 5833
Winter Park, FL
32793-5833

I DARE YOU



Services Combine Gas, God

BY ROBERT M. ANDREWS
ASSOCIATED PRESS

Rosslyn, Va.

Looking for a different worship experience? Consider "Our Lady of Exxon," a local Methodist church where you can drive in for gasoline and a lube job, then walk upstairs for some fire and brimstone.

For 17 years, the white steeple of Arlington Temple Methodist Church has towered over a busy intersection in the heart of this high-rise hotel and office building suburb just across the Potomac River from Washington.

Thousands of neighboring office workers have given the Arlington Temple its irreverent nickname because of the red, white and blue Exxon signs that beckon motorists to the gas pumps on the open-air ground floor beneath the church.

As far as anyone knows, Arlington Temple is the only combination church and filling station in the country, the result of a deal between a local businessman and a minister searching for a place to house his congregation.

In the early 1960s, when developers began razing Rosslyn's taverns, pawnshops and decaying homes, William P. Ames decided to build a hotel on part of his lumberyard and donate another parcel for a church in his father's memory.

But first, Ames had to relocate a gas station sitting on a corner of his property. Along came the Rev. James L. Robertson, whose flock had been worshipping in hotels, a school and a carpenter's shop.

The pastor wanted to build a "church of the marketplace in the concrete jungle of Rosslyn," a place where "bishop or bum, rich or pauper, influential or nameless" could find a spiritual home.

Under their deal, Ames donated the land for a church, and Robertson agreed to rent the ground floor to the gas station. Arlington Temple was completed in 1972 at a cost of \$750,000. The mortgage was paid off last year, thanks partly to the \$18,000 in annual rent from Exxon.

Today, the Rev. Jack Sawyer and station operator Larry Hamblett are close pals and partners of sorts, as Hamblett puts a tiger in his customers' tanks and Sawyer pumps his message of salvation for the soul.

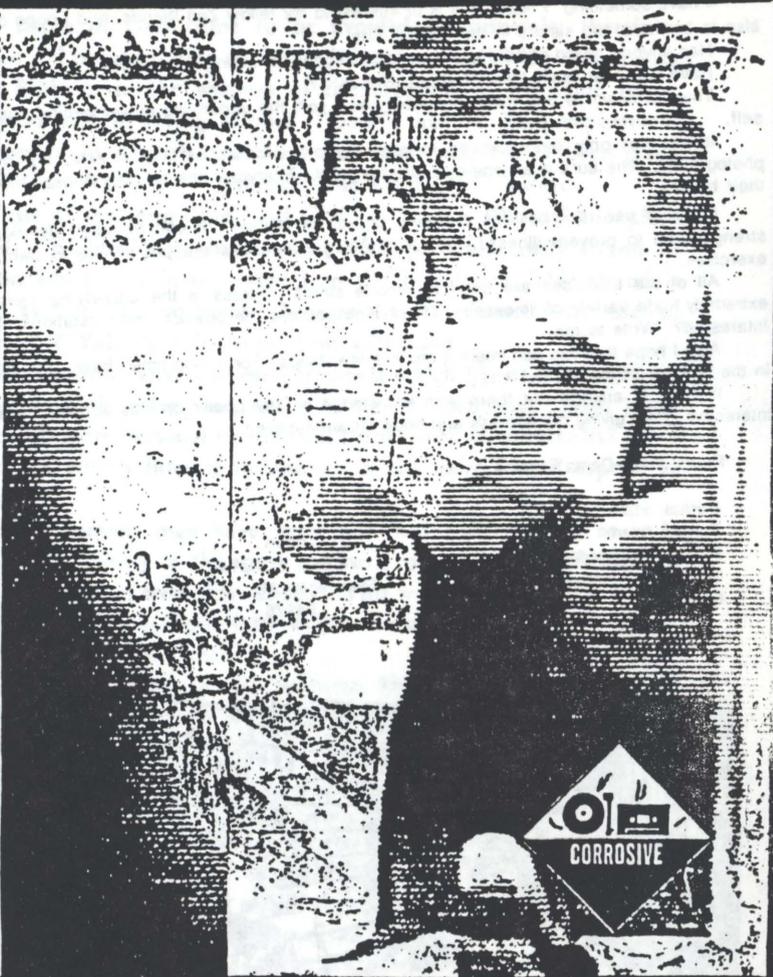
During the gasoline crunch in the 1970s, Hamblett opened his station for an hour after Sunday services so elderly parishioners could fill up without waiting in long lines. Sawyer exchanged his black robes for a pair of overalls to help Hamblett pump gas.

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Hey bros,

I have something I hope this is of interest to my fellow Zen friends, and I hope of interest also to brothers and sisters in the Martial Arts.

Has anyone heard of Ki? How about Chi, Orgone, or even just life force?.

Have you ever really thought about what it is?

They all describe one thing, our most basic self, the underlying power behind our physical self.

It has not only been proven to exist by practitioners of Martial Arts, but by Kirlian photography. The aura is an energy projection of Ki, Everyone has a 1 foot energy field around their bodies.

Of what use is it besides breaking boards or bricks? It can be used developed and strengthened to prevent illness. The Hatha Yoga exercises are put to use in Zen imagery exercises.

All of the exercises are used to reduce stress. Stress is the underlying cause of an extremely wide variety of illnesses. These illnesses are the physical manifestations of stress. Interested? Write to me.

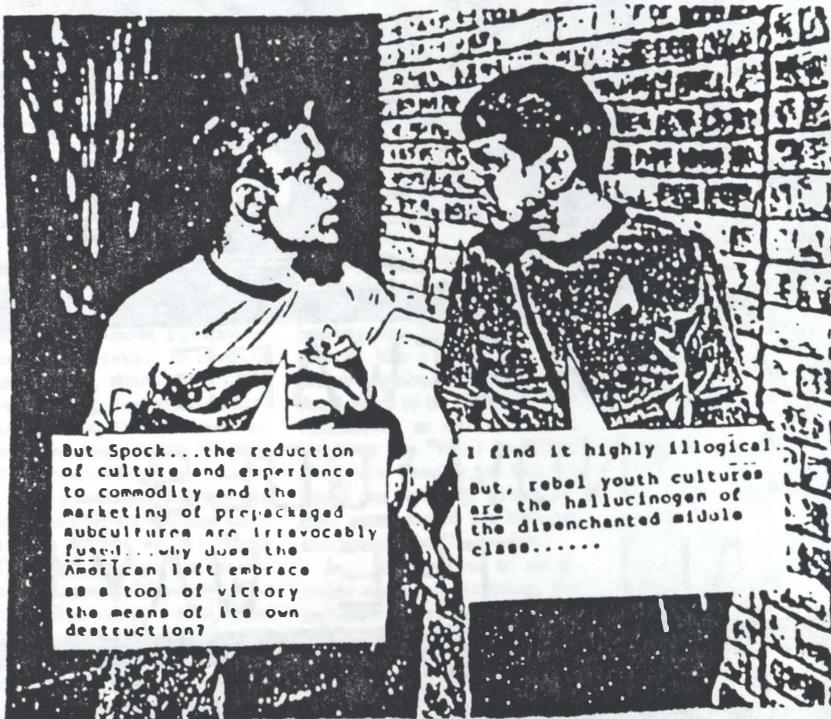
Also I hope that you can interest me in a few things. For a long time I have been interested in the physics of the Martial Arts.

If there is anyone out there with knowledge of any books on this subject. I am very interested. I am giving my address and hope for any replies.

Prama Yuma Dama Sayama

Pumat Idam
Purnat Adam
Pumat Purnassa
Udacyate Evashyate
Ouhm

Larry Lofton
#4 East St. Apt #2
Skowhigan, Me
04976



Dear Dharma Combat,

As for Scientology here's what I think. By the way I did read part of Barefaced Messiah so I'll respond to that what I read about L. Ron Hubbard in that book, was that LRH stretched the truth when talking about himself. Personally I've heard LRH say on one of the Philadelphia Doctorate Tapes to differentiate out between when he's talking Scientology and just talking.

One example I remember is the book says LRH thought he was the Devil. I've heard LRH say on tapes when someone would mention evil or some such LRH would say well who do you think I am? It was said in an airy way though- not seriously.

I'm not particularly trying to defend LRH here. The point is LRH really did no more than puffing-which is an exaggerated sales talk about himself from what I read. There was a lot of innuendo in the book too, which isn't then proven.

As for Bent Corydon I haven't read his book but Carol, my wife, says it has Operating Thetan III ((An advanced level in Scientology - Ed.)) squirreled ((Incorrectly used -- Ed.)) material in it.

As for the trouble with management, yes, there was trouble back around 1982.. I don't think it was LRH because I came in contact with a couple of the top honchos who Bent Corydon fell in with I believe. The people I came across were captain Bill Robertson, Executive Director International, Bill Franks, and Senior case supervisor International. David Mayo, these 3 guys all had big problems. Captain Bill was a pompous good old boy, really, Bill Franks was solid, cruel and an asshole, David Mayo- you would think would be a bright shining person but he had no space ((Personal beingness or presence -- Ed.)) at all. You would never notice the guy unless you knew he was David Mayo Senior Case Supervisor International.

So these guys were crazy.

Now suppose that LRH was every little thing that's said in the book and I bet he was- but I bet he didn't make a habit of any of it- he just lived life fully and touched all parts of life. He says you have to get down and rub elbows with all sorts of people. I expect rubbing elbows with all sorts of people got LRH in a lot of troubles but I bet he learned from it. Anyway, what LRH did do is develop Study Tech ((Scientology program for enabling a person to study better -- Ed.)), The Purification Program (Program for eliminating harmful chemical residues in body -- Ed.), Confessionals to get all your hidden deeds you think are bad duplicated ((Understood -- Ed.)) and erased etc. All those things I've benefited from personally and am much happier for.

I think you ((Referring to Jerry Smith, here -- Ed.)) never did many courses and never got much Auditing. ((Counselling -- Ed.)) That's unfortunate because that's about the only real exchange you get for being on staff. I know it can be sort of strange being on staff, if you aren't trained in Scientology it's hard to dodge a lot of junk that is misused of Scientology. Advanced Saint Hill Organization was full of this for years and even today Advanced Saint Hill Organization I believe is insolvent, some of the Organizations like Advanced Organization Los Angeles are doing well and Flag Command Bureau has a 10 story building on the corner of Ivar and Hollywood Blvd. I got a 2 hour personalized tour of the place. It was nice. It was how you would imagine being on staff should be.

I have indicated some things to you here with regard to yourself and with regard to Scientology. I'm not holding anyone up as an angel including LRH but those anti Scientologist & Anti LRH books try to make it bad to be real. So LRH was real. Do you remember him claiming to be not real?

I think you personally ran into the unreality of being on staff. It can be pretty weird - but I think the staff and executives generate that weirdness. I've certainly seen my share of this. All organizations are weird one way or another. Some more so than others.

My advice to you is to-as a public person do some training and get some auditing till your case ((Personal problems -- Ed.)) is cracked. My case got cracked (you just have to get well security checked ((Given an E-metered confessional)) & get off what you don't want others to know about-all of it.) and get your study handled by looking up enough words to blow the somatics ((Unwanted bodily sensations -- Ed.))related to school & such-my personal win. ((Gain --Ed.)) anyway on study.

When you achieve the above life becomes real- caves are black and scary & the sun is shiny and warm and all else between is appropriate to itself.

Just dig this- Scientology can do you good & lots of people good IF used and used correctly. Those squirrels ((People who alter Scientology - Ed.)) like Bent Corydon are writing books to capitalize on LRH's fame for his own benefit alone. That's why the guy wrote the book- for \$. The other guy on the bare faced messiah wrote a book on J. Paul Getty too. He writes that kind of book. Why doesn't he write about someone who's really bad like Rockefeller who runs slave camps in South Africa under the name of Psychiatric Hospital. The order of magnitude of what's bad makes anything that ever happened to you or me on staff look like a picnic!!!

Michael Spearman

30 July '89

Dear Jarod,

I appreciate your taking the trouble to answer my questions.

I'm glad the "10 religions that deserve to die" wasn't necessarily a reflection of your opinion.

In general, I didn't care for DC. The idea of letting any subscriber have 2 pages is intriguing. But I didn't find the result worth reading. (But I liked your poem inside the front cover.) I felt that way before I got to the stuff on Scn. Seemed to me to be a compendium of 1.1 double talk and fear.

I didn't see any "discussions of Scientology, but pro and con." I didn't see much in the way of discussions, period. In your own section, I saw a couple socking generalities.

I don't think being a Scientologist means being an "adherent" or "true believer" of anything. I do think it means, among other things, being a member of the Church of Scientology. I think that "enemy line" is, indeed, enemy line. I don't stop reading your letter when I think that thought.

I've read the Coradon book. I thought it was bullshit. In many points I knew it was bullshit. That is, it distorted events where I'd been there, knew the actual scene. It essentially quoted criminals to smear honest people. (Wonderful to find out from Bill Franks, who, as ED at D.C. would threaten staff with loaded guns and who, generally, did more than most to give "Scientology" ethics a bad name, that Scn. ethics is too harsh. Great to hear from Bent Coradon, a criminal who endangered the status of the church by engaging in illegal financial practices as a mission holder and who once tried to run over with his car a cop serving a summons, that Scn. practices aren't straight. And here's Nibs Hubbard repeating charges that he'd made years before, then retracted and admitted to be lies--in a notarized statement that I've seen. I notice he doesn't mention the Scn. money he stole when he left Scn. back in the late 50's.) I haven't read the Miller book (and am not interested in reading it).

One of the most impressive things I've encountered as a Scientologist (on several occasions) has been the discovery that apparent arbitrariness in the technology were simply natural laws of this universe. I recall, for example, auditing Effort Processing, just running the commands, and being amazed when the untrained preclear would inevitably come up with the predicted series of cognitions (first an effort cog., then an emotion cog., then a postulate cog.), though nothing in the process itself seemed to demand this. I recall the times a condition formula didn't work when some single, apparently insignificant step was omitted, which, when it was put in, set things right.

I've had similar experience with the disconnection policy. For many years I told myself what you're telling me, that it's just an arbitrary administrative or political thing, that I'm bigger than that, etc. On several occasions I tried to stay in comm with people who'd been declared--and who weren't doing anything about handling the declare on church lines. In each case, I ended up disconnecting, not because of any church policy, but simply on the basis of Code of Honor, of my sense of my own integrity. The attempts to communicate led to futile dead-ends, where the communication did no good for me or for the other person.

If you've been declared, the policy is (last I looked) to disconnect. If you haven't been, still, I'm not real interested in staying in comm, unless there's some way I can help you get back on lines. You say you'd consider telling me your tale. I'm

not interested in horror stories unless there's something I could help you handle within the organization. (I've seen a great deal handled that way; if someone tells me horror stories, but has no intention to handle on lines, I assume I'm listening to a motivator.)

I don't need to disconnect in order to maintain "faith and Trust in Scn." I've trained, audited, done the available upper levels. It all worked. Based on what I've seen it do, I consider it the most real hope for the planet. I've seen results, so don't need "faith & trust". (How far did you go in your own training & auditing?) I do my best to help those who deliver standard tech. I don't care to have anything to do with those who denigrate or attack that group. You say that Rojas' opinions aren't necessarily yours, yet you speak with implied approval of books that are even now being used to justify lawsuits, etc., aimed at destroying the Church of Scn.

You can call disconnection closing my eyes and plugging my ears if that makes you feel better. I consider it a matter of choosing with whom I want to exchange communication. I've heard horror stories before. I don't find them particularly hard to confront. Nor do I feel any need to continue to confront them, compulsively.

So...Yes, I prefer to disconnect. If I've misinterpreted your position, let me know. I don't disconnect just because someone is off lines or has some negative stuff to say about Scn. But my impression is that you've aligned yourself with those who are actively seeking to destroy the Church of Scientology (e.g., Coradon). I consider enemy line to be enemy line and squirrels to be squirrels and suppressive persons to be suppressive persons. I don't accept these entities as realities based on someone's authoritative sayso, but on my own experience.

Dean Elehert

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An American Tyranny

Considering what publication you are reading this in I'd say that there's a good chance that you are what's called a "weirdo" or an "odd ball" or a misfit or a creep or a nurd or a character disorder (as I was professionally diagnosed as being) or a crackpot or any one of the numerous epithets society uses to brand those among us who "just don't fit in." Perhaps you were the fat kid with pimples who spent his youth in the basement reading his treasured comic books (until mom threw them out) rather than try out for "the team." Perhaps you were the skinny kid with glasses who spent his school years being mercilessly bullied by those at the top of the pecking order. Perhaps you are the homely girl who spends her time fantasizing over Gothic romances and writing sad poetry, who cried her eyes out on prom night bitterly claiming that she didn't WANT to go to that stupid dance anyway. Perhaps you are all of these people rolled up into one. Well, if you thought that things would change once you got older you can plainly see that you were wrong. The captain of "the team" and the cheerleaders, the popular and good-looking have all gone on to graduate from college, have great jobs and nice houses (beautifully furnished) with sexy looking husbands and wives and smart kids who will, like the parents who engendered them, go on to be popular and successful, and here YOU sit, alone and unwanted (nothing's changed), with that horrible low-status job that you hate to go to (and are just barely hanging onto at that), dressed like a bum, and instead of a shiny new Porche you've got that beat-up old junk that you don't know if it's going to start or not, still unattractive and shunned reading this distasteful article written by a lunatic (I've always been fascinated by that word -- imagine, someone oddly influenced by the moon), a lunatic in some idiotic publication that any normal person would only pick up to throw (after glancing at it incomprehendingly) in the garbage.

And not only has nothing changed, it should be painfully obvious to you that nothing's going to change. This is it. -- Might as well face facts; YOU are at the bottom of the pecking order, the omega animal (or, maybe it's not that bad, maybe you're only an epsilon animal); you, like a rogue elephant, are hated and shunned because YOU are DIFFERENT. You don't fit in, and there's no place for you in the mainstream of our society because YOU are on the fringe; the lunatic (there's that word again), the LUNATIC FRINGE. Read it and weep.

*I've been searching all over the place
for a place for me.
But it ain't anywhere.*

- Syd Barrett in "Vegetable Man"

Now, before you go out and kill yourself, which, considering the circumstances, is not a bad idea, I have an important piece of information to give you: **IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT**. You can stop blaming yourself (although you should continue to blame your parents) because you are a mere victim of **OUTRAGEOUS MISFORTUNE**. You have, either by chance or God's cruelty, had the misfortune to be born into a society which, more than any other society in history, places the highest premium on similarity, on blind stupid ignorant conformity, on boot-clicking orthodoxy, and on toeing the line. Only in our society must you so toe the line and trod the beaten path, because only here will one false step, the slightest deviation, send you hurtling downward, down down tumbling mercilessly into the abyss from which there is no return. And, if you are reading this, you know it's already too late: you're fucked for good. Millions of your fellow Americans are laughing at you and if millions of Americans **AREN'T** laughing at you it's because they never met you. If they **DID** meet you then they would join the others pointing their fingers, giggling and snickering in derision. Can't you just see them now? You come up with a good idea and take a chance at voicing it; yet it is met with peals of laughter. Why? Why? Going over it in your mind you rationally believe that there was nothing ludicrous in what you had to say; perhaps it was something you read somewhere; perhaps it was similar to what someone who is respected had to say at another time. So why was it hooted at when you said it? There was nothing wrong with what you had to say: it was **YOU** that they were laughing at; **YOU** who are different, and any difference must be met with in the cruelest and most civilized manner. It's not necessary to be radically different; you don't have to bug out your eyes like Charlie Manson; you don't have to wear a turban ("fuckin' towel heads") or wear a ring in your nose or chant a mantra before lunch or speak with an accent (although it's especially dangerous to do any of these things). In fact, you can try to dress normal and act normal, but it's not good; because even the slightest deviation from the norm is a threat and must be put down. It's the American Way. And it's the duty of every citizen to guard and protect Our Way of Life even at the expense of personal freedom because that's Our Way of Life.

Or as the Master put it:

It is precisely here . . . that the culture of the individual has been reduced to the most rigid and absurd regimentation. It is precisely here, of all civilized countries, that eccentricity in demeanor and opinion has come to bear the heaviest penalties. The whole drift of our law is toward the ab-

solute prohibition of all ideas that diverge in the slightest from the accepted platitudes, and behind that drift of law there is a far more potent force of growing custom, and under that custom there is a national philosophy which erects conformity into the noblest of virtues and the free functioning of personality into a capital crime against society.

- H. L. Mencken (1919)

II. How Lucky You Are to be Born an American

Is any of the preceding true? What of other countries and other cultures? Certainly they are different than ours, but are they not just as strict and regimented? What about Arabic countries with their strict adherence to Islamic law?

Certainly some degree of regimentation exists there, but a clue to their basic attitudes can be found in their attitude toward the insane. There, genuinely crazy people (such as full-tilt psychotics) are treated with respect because their mind has left to be with Allah. Here, we don't especially care where the mind has gone, we just say, "He's lost his mind" and quarantine him as if mental illness were contagious.

In more primitive cultures too, the crazy are highly regarded. There, those who "are not all there" are pressed into service as witch doctors and shamen out of recognition of their powers of insight and special perspective, a gift that Western science is just catching on to. (See "Creativity and the Troubled Mind" by Constance Holden; *Psychology Today*, April 1987).

Even in our "roots" of European culture the eccentric has been held in high regard. The statues that Europeans erect are images of men who, in this country, would be called "nuts". We tend to perpetuate the myth of the starving artist, of someone who was not "discovered" until some manuscripts were found in a trunk long after his death. The facts do not bear this up. If Mozart and Beethoven were not financial successes it was largely their own fault. Mozart squandered money (as did Wagner), and Beethoven would stand outside the home of his benefactor shouting abuse ("Esterhazy is a jackass"). Yet, for all his moodiness and ill-temper Beethoven was hailed as a genius and during his lifetime was regarded, behind Napoleon and Goethe, as being one of the most important men in Europe. People would cross the continent to see this great man despite his being crude, filthy, and racked with syphilis. In America today they would burn his records.

Franz Liszt and Baudelaire both carried on open affairs and used drugs yet they were as popular as Bruce Springsteen and Garrison Keillor are today. In his essay, "Wagner the Monster", Deems Taylor describes the composer; "He was an undersized little man, with a head too big

for his body....He was a monster of conceit....He would insult a man who disagreed with him about the weather....He had the emotional stability of a six-year-old child. When he got out of sorts, he would rave and stamp, or sink into a suicidal gloom and talk darkly of going to the East to end his days as a Buddhist monk. Ten minutes later, when something pleased him, he would rush out of doors and run around the garden, or jump up and down on the sofa, or stand on his head." It fails to mention also that Wagner loved to climb trees and was a revolutionary, both as a conspirator and openly manning the barricades in the streets. Yet in his lifetime he was a tremendous success. Ludwig, the Mad King of Bavaria, gave him an annual income and wrote regularly to find out how the operas were progressing. A Festival House was built for Wagner solely for the performance of the operas he was to write. Who do our leaders patronize today?

William Shakespeare never went to college, nor did Joseph Conrad who worked as a seaman, a fact which, here today, would immediately disqualify him from consideration as an author. William Blake the English poet and artist would be walking down a road with someone and suddenly say, "Oh look! A field full of angels." In our society such behavior will land you in a padded cell, pumped full of Thorazine.

Another religious mystic was the architect Antonio Gaudi. He would fast for days, not eating until he became delirious. He would dress in rags and wander about town in a mystical religious state, and died as the result of being run over by a streetcar because he obstinantly believed that streetcars should yield to people. Of course, someone like that in America would be summarily committed "for his own good", but in Barcelona he was recognized as a man of vision ("Hey this guys got a vision; let's put him to work") and, though not a wealthy city, every effort was made to build the buildings this man designed. Still looking modern after several generations, these buildings are the pride of Barcelona today. Some, like the Cathedral of the Holy Family, are still under construction. In America, they would have been torn down long ago to make way for shopping malls, fast food outlets, muffler franchises, condominiums and other normal buildings. In America they would never have been built. In America Antonio Gaudi would have been deemed "inappropriate", and so with all the other great men of Europe.

Freud hated it here and actually wrote papers denouncing America and analysing President Woodrow Wilson. Bertold Brecht was ignored by Hollywood and, after being dragged before the House Un-American Activities Committee, left for East Germany where he was given his own theater and company.

And the list could go on and on without even mentioning the native born Americans (T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Paul Robeson, John Reed, Memphis Slim, Tuxedo Moon, Langston Hughes, Jack Johnson, etc.) who, possessing the dangerous qualities of originality and imagination, fled these shores for a place they would not be treated as outcasts.

*"If there is anyone here whom I have not yet insulted,
please give him my compliments."*

- Johannes Brahms,
on leaving a society party
to go get drunk (1890)

III. Your New Freedom

I now have, to avoid too depressing a schedule, some happy news to report as well. We the people of this Vatican of conformity are at least freer in one respect: it is no longer taboo if the cloth that men wear on their feet has not been dyed.

There was a time, and that time has just recently ended, that the most egregious sin ever a man could commit was to wear white stockings in public. Girls could wear them (they were called bobby socks) but if a boy were to show up in school wearing, by some monstrous oversight, white hosiery he would immediately be set upon by his peers. "Nyaah, look at the turkey wearin' white socks," the fellows would say; "Boy, does that ever look dum." Girls would snicker at him, his friends would avoid him and notes would be passed calling attention to his disgrace. Asking for a date would be inviting disaster and the worst possible scenario would be to be called to the auditorium stage to recite something or set up the movie screen.

I certainly don't mean to trivialize something as tragic as the suffering of the people of Chile since the CIA/IT&T sponsored takeover of the democratically elected government, but I wish that I could use a computer to tabulate the total amount of suffering endured by those oppressed people and compare it with the total of the subtle, prolonged and civilized agony which occurred over several decades of those young men whose parents were too poor to provide them with anything like calf-length nylon thick-and-thins. This tyranny of hosiery was one of the longest lasting, most strictly enforced ever, but just how long it reigned, I am too young to know. I knew enough not to wear white socks before learning to chew with my mouth closed and the proscription was long in effect even then. Perhaps it dates back to the defeat of Adlai Stevenson, or even to the election of Andrew Jackson. Perhaps it is even mentioned in Genesis, but I can't say.

Just how serious America was about this taboo cannot be overemphasized. A curious example occurs on an old album by stand-up comedian Shelly Berman who was popular among sophisticated audiences in the '60s. In the climactic routine of his set Mr. Berman portrayed a character talking on the phone to his girl friend. As the routine unfolds we learn that, as the fellow is the stereotype of a compleat nurd (I guess the word was "dipshit" back then), he has just been unceremoniously dumped by the woman (I guess the word was "chick" back then). Berman does his best to make the character sound unattractive; he has a flat voice, he breathes through his mouth ("I got a sinus condition, y'know?") and, the crowning horror, he wore white socks to a wedding. At the mention of this the audience howls with laughter; after all, what could be more absurd? Think of it! White socks to a wedding! No wonder she dropped him.

My own experience with white socks (and let me at once mention that I never actually wore white stockings at all -- I was much too sophisticated for that even as a youth) occurred outside my school at some sort of spring dance. A buddy and I were walking, dateless, around the building when we chanced upon a classmate with his date. Upon being introduced to us, all the sweet young thing could say was, "Oh look, they're both wearing white socks!" and began giggling. The joke of it was that neither us of were wearing white socks. My partner, already in budding hippiedom, wasn't wearing any socks at all and I was wearing faded green socks. It turns out that the young woman, ostensibly for reasons of vanity, had neglected to wear her glasses to the dance and was subsequently blind as a bat. In other words, even being suspected of wearing white socks was a worse offense than not wearing your glasses when you needed them. No wonder the UFOs seem to be avoiding us. (Perhaps they're all wearing white socks.)

But now all that's over. Being in the forefront of the brave I wear white socks at every opportunity. I feel so bold about it that I want to find out WHO MADE UP THIS RULE?? Whose idea was it to make the avoidance of white socks a social rule of the highest and most primary order? Who was it? I want to seek him out. And on finding him I want to observe him for a time while remaining unnoticed. Then, I may follow him to a public spot, wait until he stops and then walk a few yards in front of him. There, in a casual manner (so as not to arouse his suspicions), I will lift my leg as if to scratch my calf, pull up my trousers and reveal, in all their glory, hosiery of the most brilliant white, pausing there for a frozen few seconds knowing that he will not be able to resist; that he will yield to the desire to relive his past glory and mock me for wearing white socks.

Then I will pounce. I will grab him by the lapels, grab him and draw his face an inch from mine and scream with such force that bloody foam will form around my mouth. I will scream,

"YOU IDIOT. THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE!"

and commence to butt my forehead against his all the while screaming, "WHY? WHY? WHY?" with each pound until the police come and drag me off to Room 101.

But it's not over yet. For as soon as white socks became provisionally acceptable (only in the daytime, while wearing shorts, and washing your car), as did other indecencies such as not wearing plaids and stripes, and (this one had a little rhyme to help you remember -- God help those who ever forgot) "Blue and green should never be seen," as soon as these restraints were loosened even for a second, the reaction started up.

IV. Walled Street

In the 1970s, with the youth of the nation already escaped from the yard and running amok tripping on acid, practicing some Eastern religion and cavorting with negroes, it was not uncommon to find some businessman, thinking that the median had shifted askew, wearing such outlandish things as turtle-necks, gold neck medallions, Earth shoes, bell bottom trousers, long hair and the like. Even Republicans, taking a deep breath and letting themselves be overcome with *Zeitgeist*, would go wild and crazy and show up at an outdoor social gathering wearing the flashy White Shoes and White Belt combo.

Having gotten that out of their systems, the baby-boomers began to drift home to get their teeth fixed, and when the pendulum began its inevitable swing back with the appearance of a book by John T. Molloy called *Dress for Success*, which confirmed the worse fears of the junior executive. True, he hadn't been fired immediately when he wore that paisley shirt to the office, but it became evident that those who had NOT dared to dress "mod", who kept true to their inhibitions, THEY were the ones getting the promotions. What's worse, the baby-boomer, now resigned to his fate and entering the job market, had to get a haircut and prove that HE wasn't one of those "peaceniks" or draft-dodgers; HE hadn't smoked any pot; HE was a respectable young man wanting only to submit to an authoritarian system, and he had to look the part. And here it was all handily written down in Molloy's book.

There was, of course, nothing new in it. Molloy wasn't telling us to do anything different. He was simply setting down into words the previously unspoken rule that was understood by everybody: America gives it's highest rewards to those who show the greatest degree of conformity. Once America regained its focus we started conforming to make up for lost time. Anyone desiring to earn a living doing something other than sweeping floors or making pottery immediately stopped wearing flared pants and re-learned how to tie a neck-tie. But now each punctilio of apparel was enforced with double severity. Such heretofore innocent items such as bow ties or saddle shoes were forbidden even for real estate agents and salesmen. American business became obsessed with the question if it were permissible to wear brown suits or not.

And while American business was preoccupied with this weighty question, there occurred the collapse of American industry as it was overrun by Japanese business. Japan is not the United States and thus places no such emphasis on conformity. Managers there wear much the same apparel as the grunts down in the factory do. Rather than conformity, the Japanese place high esteem on imagination, industriousness and "honor", a word which has no meaning for Americans (other than being synonymous with "revenge").

American business is at a loss to explain the Japanese success as these values have no place in their order of things. A lack of any of them, such as a lack of imagination, has never hampered any of their careers in the least. Nor would they suffer from lack of judgement or outright dishonesty. What, for example, happened to the men who were responsible for the disaster that swept the American banking industry precipitated by the Penn Square Bank oil leases in Oklahoma? Millions of dollars were lost and banks across the Northeast of the country teetered on the brink, but are the men responsible now wearing, instead of grey three piece suits with striped navy ties, striped suits while breaking up large rocks into small ones? Or are they, by their foolishness, ruined men staring blankly out of windows in dingy transient sitting in rooms illuminated only by flashing neon signs trying to forget with a bottle of cheap whiskey?

The answer is that none of these men are in prison. Where are they? They're right back in the banking industry, in somewhat lower positions perhaps, but still Dressing for Success. Has all the scandal associated with John DeLorian kept him from walking out of the courtroom and rounding up fresh capital to start another automotive venture with? No.

Instead, what would bring these men to absolute ruin is a lapse in conformity. The business executive would be dis-

graced and ostracized if he were to be found sitting in his underwear in the kitchen eating beans out of the can and drinking beer out of a tea cup. It would spell the end if he were to party with the Hari Krishnas or marry out of his race or wear orange to work. With conformity, not competency, as its basis, is it any wonder that American business is collapsing before the foreign onslaught?

And now that American women have decided that they too want to be men, they must likewise conform and wear clothes that would be appropriate in a monastery. Thus, it is not just the weirdos, the misfits and those on the fringes of society, but each and every one of us that suffer the burden. And, as conformity becomes stricter and more intolerant, what do we do but cling to it even more desperately. As this giant millstone turns round to crush what little individuality we are left with, what do we do but embrace it, the very thing that torments us with humiliation and disgrace. We cling to the wheel as if there were no other option, as if the greatest dread of all was freedom.

You must pay for conformity. All goes well as long as you run with conformists. But you, who are honest men in other particulars, know that there is alive somewhere a man whose honesty reaches to this point also, that he shall not kneel to false gods, and, on the day when you meet him, you sink into the class of counterfeiters.

-R.W. Emerson (1856)

V. Magic Theater (Not for Everyone)

So much for the disease, but what of the cure?

Of course there isn't any. But you knew that, so what are you going to do about it? You have at least one option.

The word Existentialism is thrown around a lot, but what it really means is that YOU are responsible for your own existence, and, as bad as you find your circumstances, you can always escape by choosing to end your life. As I say, that's not such a bad idea. The normals, of course, find such a concept abhorrent. Each day the papers are full of talk about suicide prevention and the tragedy of teen suicide. (Actually, the concept of teen suicide makes more sense than waiting until you're 70 to off yourself; what's the point of that? You're going to die soon anyway.) Now the Concerned Mothers who write in the women's of the papers have brought out that old sure-fire technique to combat suicide: guilt. Now you can't end it all because of what it would do to your family. Teens can't kill themselves because their parents would suffer. Well fuck that. Whose life is it anyway? What are you supposed to do, drag yourself through each day, on and on in misery for them? They're probably the people most

responsible for your misery in the first place, and what do you care, you'll be gone anyway.

There are many good reasons for killing yourself. Primarily it's a good means of revenge. True, those closest to you don't really care about you very much (other than having you around to dominate over and take their frustrations out on), but killing yourself in a dramatic fashion would bring no end of lasting embarrassment to them. You can thus die with a smile on your lips. Then too, the world is getting overcrowded and your death will make more room for us all. (Lions and penguins and other wildlife will also benefit.) An outbreak of suicides might also benefit society in that once the bodies start falling like hailstones people might stop and ask themselves what's wrong. (Be certain to include a copy of this essay with your suicide note.)

In balance, there are also reasons not to try suicide. There is the distinction between a suicide attempt and a suicide gesture to consider. In a suicide gesture, a person threatens to kill herself (and I say herself because this is more common in women) or takes an overdose but then calls someone and is rushed to the hospital to have their stomach pumped. This person is not actually making a rational decision to end it all, but is merely making a dramatic plea for attention and is thus a colossal pain in the ass.

But a larger question also lies here. Do you really want to stop living. Or is this just another thing that you feel you are expected to do?

[The following is to be read slowly at first, then, following directions, at a steady rate of acceleration.]

First they got you to behave properly in school, and how many thousands of you were dignosed as having minimal brain dysfunction and were forced to take drugs [faster] for it, then you were forced to plan for a career, nothing you wanted, but some "respectable" goal that [faster] was expected of you, then it was decided that you would stay in school, get a decent haircut, date someone "nice", go to the prom, be polite to your hideous moron relatives [faster], give your parents something to brag about [faster, stupid], and as things began to curdle, see a shrink [faster, asshole], and they want you to have that operation where they take out a mile of your bowels and you walk around with a shit-sack under your clothes [you better go faster], and NOW the only thing [faster faster] left for you to do is to kill yourself in disgrace; don't you think it's time you said

STOP

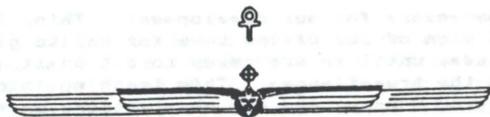
[Tempo I] Up until now you've spent your life doing what was expected of you, but with minor rebellions against the orthodox. From this experience it should be obvious that you're not gonna make it on straight terms. You can try as you might to fit in, but you can see that you won't be accepted.

Like "Carrie", if you should get elected homecoming queen, it means that they're going to drop a bucket of entrails on your head. This is Old Man Despair talking to you and I ain't trying to sell you nothin'. I'm not trying to sell you on killing yourself or not killing yourself. All I'm suggesting is that you stop living for THEM because they have done nothing but bring you humiliation and misery. You've lost the race already, so why don't you just abandon it entirely? Stop trying to look normal, act normal, dress normal, or be normal. Stop waiting in line for something you don't even want in the first place. You don't give a shit for those moronic game shows on television and think all the attention given Vanna White is the height of absurdity, so why are you clapping your hands in the BIG game show that our society has become? Fuck them; in other cultures you would be respected as being uncommon so why don't you act as befits an uncommon person: act weird.

Don't try to fool yourself that this will make everything happy. You are an outcast and our society deals harshly with outcasts and you are thus condemned to suffer the slings and arrows headed your way. You are condemned but so will experience release. You must die and knowing this don't you feel ready to start your life and begin to live it the way you want even if it's only for an hour? Don't you want to spend your last few moments in one last magnificent act of defiance? Defy the odds and defy man and defy God and release all the hurt and frustration you've felt all these years, that rage, that helpless rage you've felt at the total unfairness of it all. It's not as if you tried to do wrong; you've tried to do good but still've been punished anyway, all the while everybody else has been getting away with murder. Why? Tell them that it doesn't make any sense. Now at last you can let it all out because it's over. Let it go and don't hold back. It's all over now. You're free because it's over. You can breath again. It's over.

And I, too felt ready to start life over again. It was as if that great rush of anger had washed me clean, emptied me of hope, and, gazing up at the dark sky spangled with its signs and stars, for the first time, the first, I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe. To feel it so like myself, indeed, so brotherly, made me realize that I'd been happy, and that I was happy still. For all to be accomplished, for me to feel less lonely, all that remained to hope was that on the day of my execution there should be a huge crowd of spectators and that they should greet me with howls of execration.

-Albert Camus (1946)



Brothers of the One Vast Thought

Ravensnest Monastery

3 Oct. 1989

Beloved Dharma Combatants, Namaste!

Let me first express my deepest gratitude to Scribe JK for his generosity in sending me my complimentary copy of DC; I am unable to adequately express my thanks, for DC is beyond any doubt one of the most enlightening publications I've seen in my so far brief dance in the sensory/material paradigm; I ask the highest blessings on all who subscribe/contribute. Live well and with joy, know prosperity & good fortune, and enjoy the Dance.

Now, if I may, please allow me to answer a few of the issues raised in that issue of DC which I have received. Let me first state that it is not my intent to act as a 'Xtian' apologist - for I have severe & sincere argument with much of what is paraded about as 'religion' these days -nonetheless, there are some small points I would address, ergo please accept my humble opinions & observations in the spirit of comradesy & sincere fellowship, in which it is offered.

First, permit me to address the letter of learned David Alexander, who raises legitimate questions regarding the nature & objective reality of Deity. If God exists, tennis might fit the Divine Schedule - but in the lack of evidence pro or con, I must defer any answer and plead my own ignorance, not an easy thing for a seminary student & candidate for priesthood to admit. Deity would have sundry forms of amusement at Uer disposal, so we may safely assume that the context of the assumption is at least adequate, though perhaps Uer tastes run more to chess. Does Deity use opium? Here I feel I stand on firmer ground. Opiates, at least as we understand them, would be far beneath the needs (needs?) of Omnipotent Being, ergo, we may safely assume not. However, if our definition of Deity holds water, Entity would have no need of substances, per se, as all states of awareness would be equally present & accessible to Uer comprehension. God remains high, without the need of catalysts. The question re: Entity's attitude towards Uer 'human ant farm' makes, I feel, certain untenable assumptions re: our place in the scheme; we are not yet truly completed, and therefore it is not our dharma, at this time, to question our place in the scheme; only to question our actions in our own somewhat limited corner of this paradigm. If Deity exists - and I for one feel that such is the case - then our present state of development is of little concern to the entity, Who knows us only in our completed form, perfected & beautiful & eternally One with the Presence. At that level of our development, our present forms will have long been forgotten - no, wrong - our present forms will be an amusing item of reminiscence, one of our many stops along the way, just one of the myriad steps of the Dance. Deity is divinely indifferent, unintrusive, and injects only the least fragment of the Divine Attention into our affairs, and then only when

considered necessary for our development. This, I think, is the greatest sign of Uer Divine Love for us, to give us free will & walk away until we are ready to act on it, as we have yet to do in the truest sense. This leads me into the article of learned Jarod O'Danu, and his observations on the question of Ultimate Truth. Yes, Ultimate Truth is knowable - but we are too heavily laden with self-imposed filters to apprehend said truth, at our present level. Ultimate Truth is knowable by Ultimate Entity, and when we have matured to that level, and are re-united with our source, we shall be One with said Ultimate Truth. How real is Real? As real as it needs to be. Again, we must understand that real is only as real as our perceptual filters permit us to see - that which is "real" to us is only the barest sliver of true reality, and is what it is solely because we need it. The horrors of our world are there precisely because we call them upon our own heads - Entity does not desire our pain, but rather our joy. We choose to refuse to gifts that are offered, and we do this everytime we refuse the love we have been given to share smonth ourselves, that Love which is among us to ennoble us, empover us, enlighten us; it is precisely our own guilt-tripping & self-loathing that is evil, and cuts us off from what is rightly ours, and when we learn to live in joy & love, the blessings that are saved up for us will come flowing into our lives, causing us to unfold with the infinite wisdom of the flowers. This, naturally, leads me to the article of learned Greg Krupcy; no, beloved fellow-pilgrim, 'Xtianity' is not inherently evil - only those tortured souls who make this path the Vent of their hatred, and the Conduit of their vices, are evil, and they shall be called to answer for the blasphemy of hatred. If it is requested, I will gladly share of my own meager knowledge, the true beauty that can be found in 'Xtianity' by the sincere seeker. Is the Rab Yeshua Ha-Motzri a fake? Gladly not. I have assured myself by study of the relevant documentation (one might refer to such contemporary works as 'Jesus the Jew'/Geza Vermes, and translations of more ancient works, such as bSanhedrin 43a & Tacitus, 'Annals, xv.44) that there is no relevant question as to the historicity of the Beloved Rab, may His memory ever waft heavenward as a savor of sweet incense to delight the Nostrils of the Entity, whose Name be sung with joy. Now should we dismiss the teaching of the beloved Rab as so much chin music - for the teaching, if followed properly, is one of Love, and of Joy, and of Personal Responsibility. No, we must not confuse the historical Rab with the mythological accretions that have been brought & laid upon Him by those who revered the man, but refused His wisdom. "A blending of Hebrew Scriptures & worldview, Gentile mythology, Persian Dualism, Greek Mystery-Religion Rituals..", & etc., yes - historically, the teachings took on the coloration of other cults of its day, coming to life in its own historical context; all religions bear the stamp of their context of origin, from the earliest faiths, devoted to the Mother, to the most recent, devoted to 'Bob' or some other such. Such accretions to the basic faith as taught by the beloved Rab - the Virgin Birth, the Visitation of the Magi, etc. - are exactly that, accretions - even the Roman Catholics (I am Independent Orthodox/Thomasine) will be the first to admit that such things are later additions to the teachings, and are not to be mistaken for matters of primary importance. The assumed birthdate of 25 Dec. is a good example; all reputable scholars agree that the actual birthdate would probably have been sometime between the middle of July & the end of September, and the best guess at a year of birth would be between 12bce & 6bce - with the best opinions leaning toward the earlier years. Our present system of dating is admittedly based on poor scholarship, being the work of a 7th-century monk of greater piety than knowledge. The birthdate of 25 Dec. is due to the politics of the era, as to compete with the local sun-worshippers on an equal footing, a major feast needed to be scheduled for the same time-slot as the

Saturnalia. You will notice that the Orthodox Churches still celebrate the birth on 6 Jan., which was one of the other assumed dates. Fact is, no one is sure of the date, and any one is as good as any other. If the love & commitment of the Beloved Rab is not born anew every moment within our spirits, no external observance of a 'birthday' is of any real importance; and if we DO live the way as taught, any day & every day is the true birthday - I think you see my point. Is Xtinity inherently evil? Set aside the lies & nonsense of those who claim to teach it, then go to the source & truly hear the teachings of the Rab, then decide for yourself.

The article of learned Otter G'Zell is quite interesting, and may well be valid in its primary assertions. I would, however, call him to task on the question of interpretation. To interpret the more theologically advanced 'E' text (Gen. 1:1-2:4a) in the light of the anthropomorphic, childish, and insulting 'J' text (Gen. 2:4b-4:26) is a mistake. The 'E' text is one of power & majesty, while the 'J' text, though historically important, is filtered by our own insecurities - or rather, the insecurities of the authors. There is some that may be taken as true in the 'J' text, but it demands interpretation - I will be glad to share my own meager store of learning, if it is requested - it is the 'E' text which holds the Keys to proper interpretation of the ancient writings.

I hope that my expression thus far has not opened a gulf between us; I am not here to condemn, only to share. It is not my dharma to offer defense for the many who have soiled faith by their blasphemous actions, their acts of genocide & oppression, their intolerance of the children of Magna Mater - who we of the Radical Orthodox Apostolic succession know as Sophia, or Hokmah - that is, Wisdom - nor will I even offer to defend the Falwells, Bakkers, etc., of our age - as vicious and deceitful a mob as has ever walked & drawn air - I would speak only in defense of a faith that I have come to know - one that teaches me that the greatest act of good is to behold my sister or my brother with joy, love and empathy, and that the greatest sin is the denial of that Love. Be the messenger an evil and licentious being, anathema on the messenger; and seek carefully, through the message for the lies planted there: but there is no

evil in the teaching of the Rab, may his memory be as the laughter of a caravan of pilgrims, to delight the hearing of Entity, Whose Name be sung in love - 'By this Sign shall all know that you are my Apostles, that you love one another'. Judge the teachings by their merits, not by the actions of those impudent liars who claim to speak the word, but only use it to their own advantage. 'They came out from us, but were never of us.' - by their fruits you shall know them. All magic, all beauty, may flow from the teaching of the Rab, His beauty shine forth, and all things are permitted in the quest for wisdom, as he has truly taught - this last as an assurance to our bleaved sisters & learned colleagues Yael Dragvyla, Feral Faun, et. al., who may think they they, by their choice of the Magna Mater's way would somehow be excluded by the Rab's teaching or theology. Perish the thought! Learned & beautiful sisters, fellow-children of the One, you are included in my meditations, as well as those of my learned & brilliant teacher, the Rt. Rev. Elizabeth Harrod, Bishop in the Apost. Succ. of St. Thomas, Edta Ma-Thoma - not as wayward children, but as beloved sisters, favored children of the same source as we, and honored fellow-pilgrims on the Way to our final goal. Intolerance is one of the greatest 'sins', if you will accept my terminology. Mother Elizabeth - may her flame burn long & bright - is a regular presence at the Pagan gatherings in her Episcopate, if that may be taken as an indication. The point of all this may be simply distilled, thus: Please do not judge the Way, nor all those pilgrims who find the Dance on that way, by the evil ones who seek to encrust the teaching with their own filth & perversion, and who seek to lead the many astray. And further, do not judge the way by my own lengthy & somewhat verbose diatribe - I am simply a long-winded pilgrim.

To return, if I may, to the article of learned Otter G'zell; while his exegesis of Gen. 1:27-28 is absolutely correct, I must make three separate points regarding his understanding of Gen. 2:17, 2:21-22, & 3:21: in 2:17, the literal sense of the Hebrew is not to imply instantaneous death, but rather it is given the sense of, 'you shall be condemned to die' - which sentence to be carried out at some future, unspecified, time. This can be checked quite easily by referring to the 'ANCHOR BIBLE' volume on Genesis. In 2:21-22, it is interesting to note that the original Hebrew, in agreement with most modern translations, does indeed state that 'a deep sleep was cast upon the man' - & that there is no mention, anywhere in the writings, of his ever having awakened. It is not until we fall into the deep sleep of our sojourn in the material/sensory paradigm that we can experience nightmares. Finally, in 3:21, learned Otter makes the same mistake as many other exegetes, in assuming that animals were slain in order to provide 'skins' (Heb. 'Or.) for the new couple; this couldn't be much farther from the truth. These 'skins' are such in only the metaphorical sense, being layers of perception, separating us from one another, from life, from love, and from Entity. If it is possible, I would be honored to engage learned Otter in a discussion of the ancient writings, in the hopes that we might learn deeply from one another.

I notice also a letter from learned James Koehnline, and most particularly his commentarium re: a learned Michael Behaviour; I wish only to address the subject of 'Faith', which it seems is a matter of some dispute, especially as regards definition, among the learned fratres et soros. 'Faith' is that mechanism by which we incorporate, into our understanding of the paradigm, those facts and working assumptions which are, whether temporarily or permanently outside the pale of our experience, and also includes certain facts which may be proven true via direct observation. For example, I have faith that the sun will appear to rise in the east, tomorrow - though it is entirely possible (though admittedly not probable) that the earth might shift on her axis overnight, causing this apparent sun/rise to occur, say, in the north. So also with alkal-seltzer dissolving in water, or a hungry dog eating a bowl of proffered food. 'FAITH', however, is more necessary in other matters - those being the first-mentioned category, wherein our meager perception fails us. I see direct evidence of an intelligent plan to all that grows & lives & breathes around me, thus I may logically posit a Planner; I may furthermore feel faith in that the plan is following a pre-set order & sequence, and may even posit that the Planner does, occasionally, look in on the creation, for whatever reason. Without ~~some~~ level of faith, it would be impossible for us to exist as social animals - we either have faith in one another, and form mutually beneficial partnerships; or we have no faith in one another & devolve into savagery. I must conclude, in many ways, that my own faith might be summed up on much the same way as learned James K. has summed up his: "I guess I have faith in words, in the power of poetry at the heart of all magick and the foundation of every enduring religion" - well spoken, learned brother, well spoken.

My final comments on DC shall address, briefly, 1) the article of learned Jack Parsons, and 2) the article of learned Hakim Bey; 1) the article on 'Magick, Gnosticism, and the Witchcraft' makes many admirable points, and for all intents and purposes sounds much like the Radical Orthodox Faith, as it was handed on to me. 2) learned Hakim Bey (peace be on him, and on his house) speaks most eloquently for a cause dear to the hearts of myself and my illustrious teacher; I hope to read more from him soon. Wa Sallaam! To that end, I would encourage learned fratre Hakim to contact me, as I would encourage all & sundry who feel as we do.

I feel tht I have, perhaps, abused the welcome most graciously afforded me by my learned fratre, scribe JK; I shall therefore close. I invite correspondence, and faithfully promise to answer every letter that I receive, as it is within my meager power to do so, prisoner that I am. I pray blessings on all who subscribe & contribute to DC, and hope that the generosity of scribe JK (on whom a special blessing, of prosperity) shall continue.

As a prisoner of the state of california, the types of things that I may receive in the mail are somewhat limited, letters & publications being the best bet. It is my sincere hope that contact, nov established, might continue.

Entity bless you and protect you; Entity cause the Divine Countenance to shine upon you; Entity behold you in joy and grant you peace. Entity send Uer Angel before your face, to guide you in your ways.

In the hopes of hearing from you again in the very near future, I remain,

Sincerely Yours
Wayne Henderson

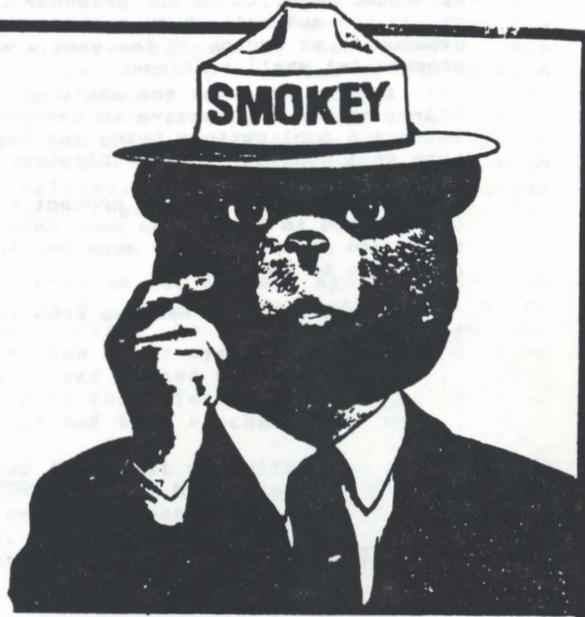


by my hand;
s.s. 333, Edta Ha-Thomk
(bro. Peregrinaeus Jannaeus Lazarus;
Wayne Henderson
at the new facility,
Folsom prison

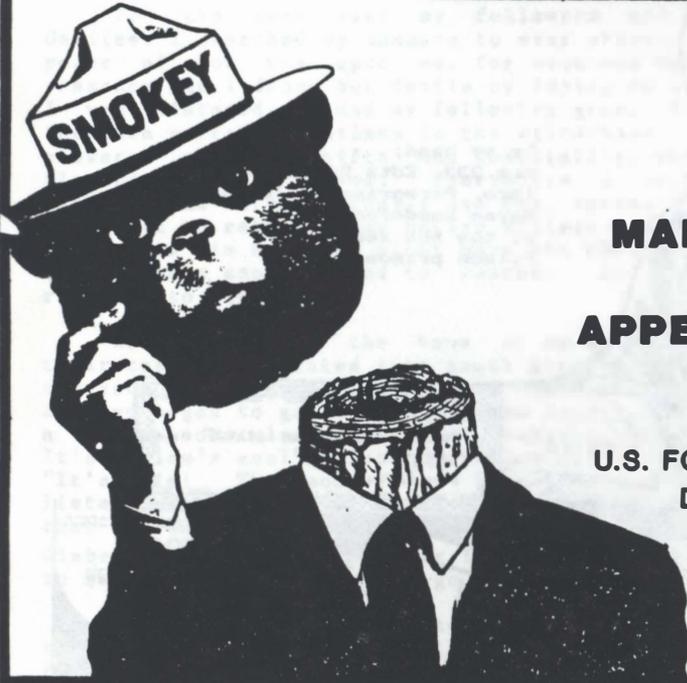
BY ME HAND
PEREGRINAEUS JANNAEUS LAZARUS
84 333
Edta Ha-Thomk

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Box 29D 36132
Represa, California
95671 85 333-

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LAU

1

Behold, your eyes do look upon the fulfillment of The Promise. You are the spirit that does read these words. You are strong, you are brave, you have a true desire for Peace on Earth. You have always known that I would come. You have been elect to behold these words and the pages to come. You are the children of GOD. God has sent me to set you free. You are among those who shall behold the kingdom of GOD.

At this moment, You read the words of the Fourth Church of LAU. I shall reach forth unto even the Seventh wherein you may be part. Unto the First Three Churches I have given message unto The Book of Life, yea, from the First Church I have given it.

You who have recieved the words of LAU from The Book of Life, yea unto my own hand you have recieved it, You be the very Elect of the very Elect. You who have recieved it from the very Elect of the very Elect are, the very Elect. You who behold it NOW, are the Elect. Behold, the day and the hour has come. Yea, YOU do behold it.

You who cannot face your repentance before GOD, read no more of the secrets herein written. The secrets herein are for the elect and no others. Unto the very Elect of the very Elect has a secret revelation been given. You have been chosen to behold it. Unto chapter twenty eight, page one of The Book of Life, unto the Revelations of LAU, has this secret been revealed. The greatest secret known unto mankind never before revealed, save unto the very Elect of the very Elect.

Behold; THE PROMISE.

Planet Earth, I am back, I have been here for some time, even so, you have known it not, I have walked among you, I have worked longside you, I have drank in your bars, I have driven your highways, I have visited many of your Churches, I have visited many lands and people, I have spoken with your missionaries, still you know not who I am. I have returned in carcass as a child on september twenty first of the year nineteen forty eight, I have known all those things of the Earth, the demon, Hitler, has been destroyed, so too have many others since then. His master has also been destroyed.

Demons, your master has been destroyed by my OWN hand, flee, flee unto Africa, I shall not go their. Know this demons, I have confronted your master thrice, he is NO MORE. I learned much from your master, the moment I lay eyes upon you I shall know who YOU really are, I know you all. Repent, least I smite thee the moment your eyes meet mine. Flee unto Africa, I shall not see thee.

You have ask of me, World Peace, I have ask it of GOD. In a way I shall bring you to understand, He has shown me the way. I give it unto mankind, you may do with it as you please. I have faith in you. I believe you wish truly for Peace on Earth. To all those who have wished it. Behold, I have granted it. I have written much to show you the way.

Behold; To have it, You must BE of the house of LAU. Then you must DO those things which do NOT break the law of LAU. Then you shall HAVE, Peace on Earth.

Behold; One of the things you must do is to gather the Seven Churches which are the people of the House of LAU. Then you must place them in their proper places. Those not of the Seven Churches shall go unto Africa. Be cney a murderer or rapist, they shall go even beyond the Equator therein. Those who chose to not be of the House of LAU, shall dwell upon all the lands therein unto the North of the Equator.

Behold; You of the Seventh Church, gather in the place known as, Australia, you are many indeed, gather also unto the place known as, South America. Stay clear of fault lines and Volcanos.

Behold; You of the Sixth Church, gather you in Jerusalem and all those places which are to the East which are North of the Equator. Stay clear of fault lines and Volcanos.

Behold; You of the Fifth Church, gather you in Philadelphia and all those places beyond the great river in the country known as The United States of America. Stay clear of fault lines.

Behold; You of the Fourth Church, gather you in a place called, Grand Junction Colorado and all those lands even unto the great river. Stay clear of the fault lines, do not go unto Salt Lake Utah, it be an epi center.

Behold; All the rest shall gather unto the Temple of LAU which be all those lands West of Grand Junction yet even unto the Sea and beyond, even so, go you not beyond the great mountians, it is not safe their.

Behold; You have little time, the Prophecies have began. Even so, by the time this does reach the Earth, many of the prophecies not already fulfilled, shall be fulfilled. For the day and the hour did begin on the Earth day known as September twenty first in the year nineteen eighty eight. So began the first day of LAU. Even so, this shall not be given you untill the beginning of the Sixth day of LAU.

Behold; On this day and this hour the Fifth day of LAU is in passing, the Sixth day is upon you. In thirty eight Earth days, the Fifth day of LAU will have ended and the Sixth day will have began.

In the pages of this book wherein this be of the first pages, let it be known that it be of the Fourth Church and beyond. On the pages of this book, be these writings of the First pages, I do reach forth from My Temple and offer my hand unto the Earth. In the Book of Life, which be the Book of the Temple, this be pages of Chapter twenty eight. Even so, from the Temple, it be the First pages unto the Earth.

Those of the Temple know already all those things written herein, they do have the Book of Life to guide them. Those of the First and Second Churches know already who I am, many of the Third also, they be the Very Elect of the very Elect. Those of the Fourth Church are the Elect of the First three. Those who know me not, are not of the Very Elect, even so, not all that know me are of the Elect. Some have shunned me, some do speak lies unto me, some rebuked me, some do persicute me, even so, all who know me shall have a place within my house least they have murdered or raped. Those who have broken these laws shall be cast out for one thousand years. Though few, some have betrayed me thrice and shall be cast out for not less than one hundred years unto the great desert. Those who know me and are called Homosexual, Male or Female, art unclean and shall go unto the great desert for seven years to cleans themselves. Be they clean at that time, they shall have a place within my house. Even so, be their numbers few when the hour does come, even though they be unclean, a place shall be made for them unto the Seventh Church so they might cleans themselves and find out what they really are as unto male or female.

Unto those of the Temple who do read this from the pages of the Book of Life, some have shown compassion for those who are called homosexual, herein these pages has the decision of their fate been writan. Every seven years their after those who do know me have been given their day of repentance, shall the gateways of the house be opened unto those who have cleansed themselves.

People of Earth, prepair yourselves, for the seven Kings and their Guardians and the Seven Stars are among you. ALL do dwell near the heart of the Temple. The four and Twenty are among you also, so to are many, many Angels, so too are Princes and Princesses of the Temple. Judge you not any Man, Woman or child. For who you might judge be one of those who are Kings and Queens, Princes or Princesses, of the Seven Stars or any of the Angels unto the Temple of LAU, yea, it shall be thee who art judged.

Those who do read this firstly unto the pages of the Book of Life, Rejoice for you are the Very Elect of the Very Elect, for you shall recieve it by my own hand. Those who recieve it from them, Rejoice, for you are the Very Elect, Those of you who recieve it from the Very Elect, Rejoice, for you are the Elect. Unto all the rest upon the face of the Earth wherein you recieve this unto the first pages of the Book of the Fourth Church, Rejoice, for the end of War, Criminality and Insanity is upon you. Gather thyelves unto the Churches wherein you are part and you shall see Peace on Earth.

For those beyond the Third Church, Church means the People, not a building or place, the People. Those of the Temple understand this. Upon the Earth their are many, many Churches. (gatherings of people) Unto the Temple of LAU their are people from nearly all these Churches. Churches of Satan are NOT

of the house of LAU and shall be cast out least they repent themselves unto the satisfaction of those of My Temple.

Those who have sacrificed humans are murders and shall be cast into South Africa which shall be Hell on Earth. For one thousand years shall the House of LAU be closed unto them before their day of repentance. It is so also for those who have committed rape.

Upon the Earth there are many who are not of the Earth, repent unto the House of LAU or return unto whence thee came. Know you this, the day and the hour shall come when I shall go their also. In one thousand Earth years yet no more thousand, shall I go their. Prepare your world for I DO come. Thusly do I make promise unto you. As I fulfilled my Promise upon the Earth, unto the stars shall I fulfill it also. Return thee from whence thee came and take with thee this Book so you might show your people, I have returned unto God from whence I came and your day and your hour doeth come. Their shall be peace throughout the stars least I and GOD are no more.

You can murder the carcass, still I shall not go from the Earth, still I shall continue my works, yea even if it be so through the hands of the Very Elect of the Very Elect for I shall be among them even forever. With or without carcass, I shall be their.

Unto all those who know me and fear for me, fear thee not for the hand of God is upon me and is upon you also. I know your fears and I understand them, I know your concerns and I understand them also, even so, wherein did you think I might come? Did I not tell you I might be the beggar who does knock upon your door? He who sent me did not send me here to frighten you, He did send me to bring you to the awariness of the Existance of GOD and to show you how you might bring Peace throughout the Earth. Through these pages and the pages of the Book of Life wherein these things did come, shall you come to know He who sent me. You shall come to know all those He has chosen also and all those of the Temple of LAU. Upon the pages of the Book of Life are their names writen, herein are their names writen also.

ALL other books writen are History, this book be the present and the future, even so, it shall become history. The day and the hour shall come when history shall reveal that there was peace on Earth for a thousand years, in those days the present shall reveal peace on Earth also. The people shall rejoice that there has been peace on Earth for a thousand years and shall prepare for the next thousand. Even so, the day shall come when all the cosmos shall rejoice because of the peace throughout the Universe of Universes and so shall it be forever.

These days have been called the latter days, they have been called the end. I say this to you "this is the beginning and not the end. The beginning of peace throughout the Universe of Universes."

Much herein writen was writen even before the first day of LAU. Even so, those of the Very Elect of the Very Elect did receive it. Unto these pages I do give it unto the Earth. As those before you, you can do with it as you please.

Unto the stars there are many worlds. There are Civilizations throughout the cosmos, many have united many worlds, many have sent messengers unto the Earth. Those Civilizations of many worlds do travel freely amongst the stars. Many have interfered with the natural progression of Earth. Many do come with evil intent. To those I say, "return unto whence thee came least you be no more. The hand of God is upon the Earth, return to whence thee came." Unto those of other worlds who are not of evil intent. Rejoice, for you have found that place wherein God has laid his hand. Gather these works and take them throughout the cosmos unto Civilized worlds who wish peace throughout the Universe of Universes. Upon these pages shall they all come to know He who did send me. To all those of other worlds who know me, gather those among my people who wish to assist me and bring them unto the Earth wherein the carcass does dwell, each of us on our own have fought for peace for aeons, it is time to join once again and end all war. On some worlds but one of us has ended war, all together, the Universe of Universes it self. Call it if you wish, a family reunion. Surely the day shall come when we are reunited forever.

By my own hand.

Lau; 5312 Slope Dr. Sun Valley Nv. 89433

• **The Persinger Helmet:** Dr. Michael Persinger (see *Trajectories* #2) has been making news again. To test his hypothesis that electromagnetic waves can create UFO experiences and other "paranormal" perceptions, Dr. Persinger (Laurentian University, Ontario) has designed the most awesome brain machine to appear thusfar. The Persinger "helmet" (as it has been dubbed) sends specific

frequencies into the hippocampus area of the back brain and a large percentage of subjects report UFO abduction experiences, "out of body experiences" and a wide range of Altered States of Consciousness, including "union with God." None of the HEAD machines previously reported in *Trajectories* produce so many mystic states -- or so many hallucinations. The helmet experience, Dr. Persinger says, "involves a widening of emotional meaning, such that things not typically considered significant would now be considered meaningful" and hallucinations are "perceived as extremely real."

Dr. Persinger does not intend to allow this device to be marketed for recreational uses or experiments by the untrained and unprofessional.

• **The Alpha-Pacer:** This appears to be the first HEAD machine that provides three synchronized types of brain entrainment. Light, sound and electromagnetic waves can all be controlled by the user, so that by turning to alpha, you go into deep relaxation, and then, turning back to beta, you become energized again.

We haven't had enough time on this device to test all its potentials, but it certainly seems great for managing stress on abnormally busy days.

For more info, contact:

Alpha Pacers
PO Box 2385
Eugene, OR 97402

(If I might be allowed to interject a note here, I'd like to inform those interested in brain machines in a "one-stop shopping center" for these devices: Inner Technologies, 51 Berry Trail, Fairfax, CA 94930, (415) 454-0813. They publish a large and lovely catalog, free for the asking. --DSA)

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Parks chief urges system to 'promote' Christianity

By STEPHEN GREEN
Boe Capitol bureau

SACRAMENTO — California's Park and Recreation facilities should play a role in promoting Christianity, according to the state's parks chief.

"It is time to erase the line that separates church and state, a line that never should have been drawn," Director Henry Agonia said.

"The spirit of this nation is Chris-

tian. . . . Agonia continued. "Christian-based programs are a means of meeting needs today. Government should recognize this asset and support such programming in public facilities and begin a partnership with religious organizations. . . ."

Agonia's thoughts appear in the fall issue of California Parks & Recreation magazine, published by a non-profit society founded to promote the park system. His views originally were presented earlier this year at a statewide park conference that included a session on "Recreation and Religion."

Agonia wasn't available Tuesday for comment. His spokesman, Larry Paynter, said there has been no effort to translate Agonia's proposal into park policy.

"My feeling is that he was expressing his own personal opinion," Paynter said.

In interviews Tuesday, a number of California state legislators expressed concern about Agonia's statements.

"I don't think the state parks should be used to promote any religion or any cause," said Sen. Jim Nielsen, R-Rohnert Park. "You

practice your religion in your own way and that should be separate from parks."

Assemblyman Byron Sher, a Stanford University law professor whose Assembly Natural Resources Committee oversees the park department, noted that the U.S. Constitution guarantees separation of church and state.

"Religious groups should be allowed to use the state parks like any other group," the Palo Alto Democrat said. "But this is overly broad. Separation of church and state has been around for 200 years.

It was designed to protect the plurality that this country is."

Sen. Dan McCorquodale, D-Sar Jose, said he agrees that more people should be involved in park issues, but not in a way "that erases the line between church and state. You can look at other places in the world where they'd have been better off if there was more separation of church and state. Lebanon and Afghanistan, for example."

McCorquodale said one of his chief criticisms of Agonia is that he has done too little to promote support groups for the park system.

TV Guide Exposes Subliminal Segment in Animated Cartoon Show

The August 12-18 issue of *TV Guide* featured a story headlined, "Could That Alf Cartoon Be Flashing A Hidden Message? Yes, said a sharp-eyed viewer, who pursued the case to its surprising conclusion."

It seems that a Long Island, NY, businessman taped a segment of the animated version of "Alf." While watching the tape, he noticed a glitch, a slight stutter that seemed out of place in a spaceship battle scene. Curious, he rewound the tape, and using his pause button, managed to freeze the frame that had caused the glitch. The word "America" was printed in red over a picture of the Statue of Liberty and the American flag.

There is no Federal law against subliminals in TV programming, but as *TV Guide* points out, "The Federal Communications Commission does not look kindly on the inherent sneakiness of subliminal messages. Patriotic American symbolism may not be viewed as too subversive for an American audience, but what about worldwide syndication of the TV show? And most important, what is being programmed?"

It took a lot of people playing detective to trace the subliminal frame back to the Japanese company that animated the cartoon. They say it was a joke, but no one seems convinced.

Small robbers are put in prison;
A great robber becomes a feudal lord;
And in the gate of the feudal lord your
righteous scholars will be found.

Man Kau-Toh

LET US PREY!

Bob Black

Thanks to the Moral Majority, it's again okay to be anti-religious — a *little* bit, anyway. And yet only the grossest grandiose abuses of the radio reactionaries and direct-mail chauvinist pigs come in for even polite criticism. That's too bad, 'cause if you turn the other cheek, you'll probably catch a slap on that side too. When the fundamentalists start piling up faggots around faggots, let's not limit ourselves to deploring the fire code violation.

Face it: the aggressive *elan* of the religious right is running rings around the limited legalism of its enemies. The repressive right is (on the) offensive. The punch-drunk, punch-pulling "progressives" are only reacting. Unlike most who model the adjective, the godly really are radical. They're happy to rewrite or rip up their own revered Constitution. They're out to shatter the social and sexual status quo. They have a (tunnel) vision of a theocratic New Order. They mean business.

The liberals and leftists in contrast are dithering, defensive conservatives — Weimar paralytics unwilling to do unto others what's being done unto them. Why not?

Until recently, leftists regarded any resurrection of the Marxist and Bakuninist critiques of religion as old-fashioned and irrelevant. The fact that "the masses" they profess to serve but secretly despise still largely adhered to a watered-down Christianity didn't disturb the leftist leadership. That was just one more sign of the elect to distinguish the vanguard from the rank and file; one more reminder that the *hoi-polloi* need to be controlled for their own good.

Certainly such superstitions, if overlooked, proved no obstacle to the officialdom's prime purpose: herding people into its parties and unions. By the 1960's, the left's inheritance of Enlightenment freethought had so far evaporated that "Marxist-Christian dialog" became fashionable. The Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., especially after his martyrdom, assumed totemic stature, his holy name gracing innumerable and otherwise unchanged streets, schools, parks and buildings. The New Left toyed with mysticism — a tendency which later differentiated into a self-subsistent scam-subculture, the New Age — and collaborated with Quakers, religious liberals and hip Vatican II priests and nuns in antiwar work and various ventures in humanitarian uplift.

Among liberals, the mere mention of religion was a breach of good taste as well as a threat to the New Deal coalition which yoked them to the Catholic ethnics. Everything, from the Kennedy cult to the radical-liberal effusions of the National Council of Churches, combined to abort any resumption of the liberal anticlerical tradition of Paine and Jefferson. It isn't easy

to how to Votstreen verities while holding hands with a mini-skirted nun and a black Baptist pastor as you lift up your voices in a chorus of "We Shall Overcome."

The 70's made matters worse. A media-manufactured white ethnic "hardhat" led espoused by some opportunist intellectuals further insulated popular piety from the criticism and contempt it deserved. Despite the Berrigan Brothers, despite folk-music masses and other ecumenical cosmetics, the Catholic Church devoted its millions — and its millions of mystified minions — to opposing abortion and imposing morals laws.

The left proved useless! It was busy disintegrating the countless special-interest groups, each aspiring to the envied position of victim-group which the blacks had assumed with such seeming success. The Leninist sects which kept up the revolutionary rhetoric likewise claimed to be the agent of a specialty group, the proletariat, grudgingly augmented with others (everybody had to palliate women, but some could never bring themselves to champion gays), but in all cases the critique of the totality was foresworn. With more leftist organizations but less leftists than a decade before, all that happened was that a few more small-time operations assumed their modest place in the pseudo-pluralist system of constituency politics. The *sine qua non* of this accommodation was of course a tacit understanding to overlook one another's shortcomings, especially the ones common to all. On the defensive and playing it safe, leftists were about as likely to tackle the Religious Question as, say, the Jewish Question.

As for the liberals... what liberals? As Saul Alinsky (it takes one to know one) once said: "A liberal is a guy who leaves the room when an argument turns into a fight." And then there was the Age of Aquarius. (Buddy, can youse paradigm?) The New Agers syncretized the worst mushminded, narcissistic and accommodationist currents of the Counterculture (the New Left at play) into a new religion of resignation. Earlier religious zealots at least checked each other's excesses by exposing and excoriating them. In the New Age, however, all religions are true. I'm okay, you're okay. This time the problem is not going to solve itself. No need to dwell on the embarrassment of the recent election, in which liberals strove manfully (and womanfully) to outdo their opponents' devotion to *Kinder, Küche, Kirche* and talked themselves into a richly deserved debacle.

No surprise then that the "scientific socialists" and other left flotsam got caught off (van)guard by the New Right and its militant social conservatism. As usual the intelligentsia, self-appointed servants of history, failed to learn from it and so outsmarted itself. The leftists were so busy studying Liberation Theology that they forget that — from Franco's Carlist shock troops in 1936 to Khomeini's Revolutionary Guards today — always and everywhere the religious fanatics have been the (throat-) cutting edge of reaction.

As teleologues, the liberals, Marxists and anarchists thought that all the trappings of modernity — technology, democracy, humanism, etc. — came as a set. To their bewilderment, the New Right has mounted a massive high-tech propaganda campaign (anticipated, to be sure, by Goebbels) successfully promoting the most absurd and vicious misogynist, sadistic and irrational notions. They never did understand, to their cost, what Adorno and Horkheimer and Marcuse had tried to tell them about the difference between instrumental and substantive rationality. But instead of rethinking their positivist prejudices, leftists quibble over constitutional technicalities which they themselves have done so much to relativize. Like the Cold War liberals of the 50's and 60's, they'll never out-flagwave the right no matter how many of their values they betray.

The secret source of the left's impotence in the face of the upsurge of the recrudescing right is this: they have too much in common. A leftist is someone who shoots himself in the foot once he gets it out of his mouth.

The hard right accuses the left of imposing its "secular humanist" values in the public schools and elsewhere while feigning neutrality. Obviously the right is — what else? — right. Now the meat- and Bible-basters figure it's their turn to rewrite the script to suit their own antediluvian tastes. The liberals pretend that evolutionism is "science" while creationism is "theology," a fine distinction at best. In its origin, obviously creationism is Christian. But in its origin, so is evolutionism, a scarcely secularized transubstantiation of the transcendent millennial essence of Christianity, the historical dimension which distinguishes it from other faiths. So what? Surely the kook right is onto something for wondering why birth-control training belongs in compulsory public schools but prayer doesn't. It is possible to take a principled stand against compulsory schooling, i.e., state-enforced thought control, and thus outflank Babbity altogether. But the leftists and liberals do nothing of the sort.

Max Stirner's reproach is still telling: "Man, your head is haunted; you have wheels in your head!" Religion always represents the permanent possibility of repression. God, the ultimate patriarch and absolute authority, strives to consolidate His dictatorship "on Earth as it is in Heaven." But He has help, not only from the consciously Christian crud, but from everyone who covets His power and emulates His methods. Every vanguard gang is a Jesuit retread. Every hierarchy microcosmizes the Great Chain of Being. All "militants" belong to the Church Militant.

The left has never jettisoned the humanist moralism it took from Christianity. From Rousseau to Lenin (to say nothing of small fry from Bob Avakian to Mario Cuomo) it preaches guilt, renunciation, martyrdom, self-effacement, obedience, work — in a word, religion. Moralism means the sacrifice of real, tangible individuals and their face-to-face passion groups to abstract extrinsic "causes" and pseudo-communities (the State, the Party, the Proletariat, *la Raza*, Sisterhood, etc. *ad nauseum*).

If God is dead, moralism is the Doomday Machine which He spitefully bequeathed us.

The craving for community, for the sensation of a sensibility transcending the sterile, calculating reason of the engineers and bookkeepers and planners cannot be satiated by a demeaning religiosity which falls short of full-blooded practical reason; but only by a surrational leap which includes but exceeds it. "Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy" (Blake), not the ultimate cop-like Categorical Imperative. Reversing Freud: Where Ego was, Id will be too.

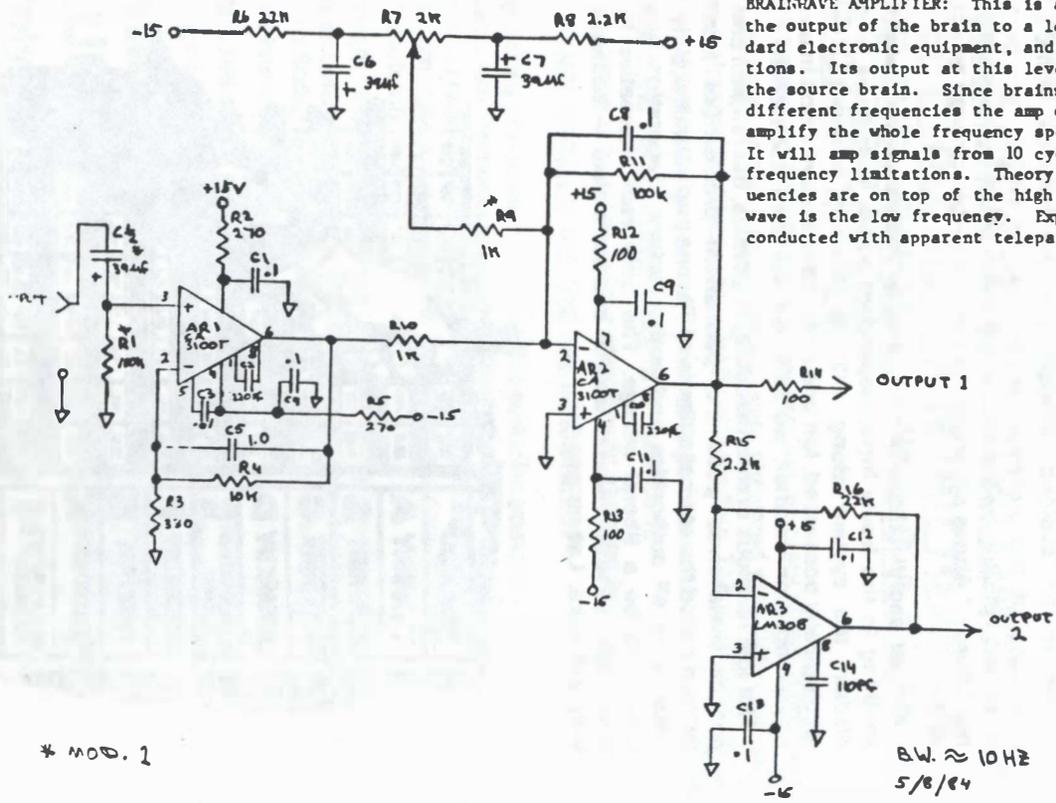
Also to be avoided, though, are the nervous artificial sacrileges of the surrealist academics. As Raoul Vaneigem observed, "pissing on the altar is still a way of paying homage to the Church." Above all, under no circumstances commit an act of Art.

Neither sacrificialism, nor any empty "individualism" means anything to the freely in(ter)dependent social individuals who disdain the system along with its friendly enemies. The ideologically possessed, left and right, have always stood in our way — not one another: we all know we want each other.

Not just religious cranks meddling in politics, but religion and politics themselves pose the permanent problem of what Gibbon called the eternal alliance of Throne and Altar, the Holy Alliance of all authorities and authoritarians. Separation has proved to be a liberal mirage. The only real alternative to theocracy is the abolition of church and state alike — because they are alike. Let us prey!



**Don't vote and the choice is theirs.
Vote and the choice is yours.**



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MURIDAE TO SUE STATE OVER EQUATION

Religious Liberties Attorney Bob Baker announced today that he will file a suit in San Francisco Federal Court Monday on behalf of the Murida religion challenging the constitutionality of the Calif. Department of Education's guidelines on the teaching of Mathematics. "One of the basic beliefs of the Muridae is that 2 plus 2 equals 5," Baker said. "The State's schools have been dogmatically teaching Muridae children that 2 plus 2 equals 4. This has lead to confusion and embarrassment for these children." Baker said that he will not attempt to have both mathematical formulae taught side by side, but may be willing to accept an accommodation similar to that proposed in the Kelly Segreaves case now being tried in Sacramento. "We would be satisfied if the State Dept. of Education would simply qualify the teaching of this equation with the disclaimer that 2 plus 2 equals 4 in theory only, and has never been proven. This would enable Muridae children to question the equation without fear of ridicule from their teachers and peers."

The Muridae, founded by the late Jimmy Dodd, have only three fundamental beliefs, all of which derive from a divine revelation received through Jimmy Dodd in 1954. Besides their belief that 2 plus 2 equals 5, the Muridae believe that mice are manifestation of divinity, and that the world was created in 1952. This last belief has received such criticism from scientists. Jimmy Dodd, speaking through a medium today, defended their controversial doctrine: "God told me that when he created the universe in 1952, he simultaneously created our memories, the fossils, and World War II movies, just to test our faith in His divine revelation."

Baker has indicated that the late Jimmy Dodd will testify at the trial through a medium. "We also hope to call God as our witness, although we hear that He currently has a bad case of phlebitis, and may be beyond the subpoena power of the Court."



Texas Schools Ban Peace Logo

The Pasadena Independent School District, located in a Houston suburb, has voted to ban the peace logo common in the "1960s", saying that it is a symbol used by "devil worshippers".

"Experts are telling us that, and so it became inappropriate for children to wear them," said Kirk Lewis, spokesperson for the district. (Source: Associated Press)

Fame? Fortune? Romance?

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THE ANCIENTS KNEW ABOUT IT

THIS COULD BE YOU!

The Ascended Masters are our elder brothers and sisters who have graduated from time and space and moved on to the etheric or Heavenly realm. They include all the great spiritual teachers of history such as Jesus, Buddha and many more. They are here now to help us through these troubled times into a New Age of peace and prosperity.

YOUR NAME is one of their sacred messengers. he/she one with his/her Christ spirit, walking the path of all great spiritual teachers, the path of service to earth and its people.

YOUR NAME has already completed mastery of all twelve and returned to his/her home planet of Venus before being sent to help earth. While on Venus he/she had many lifetimes at the level of individualized God being and in one life he/she was at the level of Jesus; focusing the Godhead in human form, leading the entire planet of Venus. Because of this attainment he/she was appointed as one of the twelve High Masters from Venus to travel to earth and help earth move into the New Age. Aoms of these other Masters included Jesus, St. Germain and El Morya.

The ancients knew about healing the body and developing the mind. They were familiar with space travel, having established communication with advanced beings from the stars who assisted in their achievements. They knew how to read the auras, and how to project holographic structures in the sky. They were actually able to create "thoughtographs," and upper most they knew how to live in harmony with everything in nature.

Now you too can experience an incredible leap forward in time. No longer do you have to struggle through life. With the knowledge gained from this exciting new book you can now lead the pack and see your wildest dreams become a reality. Don't hold back any longer, become a SUPERBEING and achieve your destiny without delay!

THIS MAN WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO TURN YOUR DREAMS INTO REALITY

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

Box 20591

San Valley, NV 89411

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of Jim Keith's exciting new book SEND ME YOUR MONEY for which I enclose payment of \$10.95 plus \$1.00 toward postage and handling (\$11.95 total). I understand that along with the book I will receive a special PYRAMID KIT and ten experiments. If I am not satisfied with my purchase within thirty days, I may ask the author for a refund if I can locate him.

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Note: Canadian & foreign customers must add \$3 payable in U.S. funds via postal money order or check drawn on U.S. bank. Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Nevada residents kindly add 6% sales tax.

Oklahoma City sixties

Classic paranoia victim
this one hasn't got
all his brain cells in the right place
together
enough to be able to
make things clear.
But he knows the bus is following him,
the FBI the grocery customer last week/
last month & day before yesterday.
Literal shadows watch him
in his room, he
gets a little more than just glances
& by the time he gets there
they've secretly hidden their substance.

(December 6th, 1989)

Authorities Search for Escapists

Neal Wilgus

"All reality
is equal..."

Republic, TH (LEAK) -- Sixteen people escaped from Plato's Cave today, making a mad dash for reality while the Overseer's back was turned. Authorities immediately began organizing search parties to go after the fugitives, but held out little hope of finding them any time soon. They are considered unarmed and dangerous.

"These people are much more dangerous than your ordinary murderers and rapists," the Overseer said at a hastily-called news conference, "because there is no way of knowing what they'll think of next, or in what way they'll attempt to upset the Stability which we know is our most sacred possession. While the overwhelming majority of you know it's your place to maintain your station and monitor the shadow shows on the screen before you, these cursed nonconformists insist on resisting the Way Things Are (WTA) and seeking fruitlessly for some other illusory 'meaning.' Heretics that they are, some even maintain that WTA is what is illusory!"

The latest escapists are far from the first, according to the Office of Information and Reality (OIR), but they are extremely dangerous because they set an example which others might be tempted to follow. Since the majority are programmed to emulate the images in the shadow shows before them, the OIR stated, anyone violating the shadow images can cause considerable social dislocation and provoke potential escapists to take unrealistic action. "All reality is equal," an OIR spokesman said, "but of course some reality is more equal than others."

Escapism is actually on the rise, according to independent investigator Jack Fudge, and may constitute a serious threat to shadowtarian society. "There have always been philosophers, poets, and anarchists who have escaped from the Cave," Fudge said, "but the alarming thing is that the number of escapes is on the rise and the increase is increasing. If this goes on...where will it all end?"

Meanwhile, in another part of reality, escapist Lefty Rightbrain yawned and stretched and scratched himself. "This feels good," he said as he savored his new-found freedom.

PURE MANIA

STEWART HOME

A WARNING TO TEA-SWILLING SCUM!
DEEP ECOLOGISTS ARE OUT TO KILL ANY-
ONE THEY CATCH DOWNING A CUPPA!
NO CAFF IS SAFE!

Tracy swung her bat against a table, sending crockery flying. Christine laid into the counter. Terrified customers were showered with glass as a display case disintegrated. Chickenfeed let fly with his fists. There was the sickening crunch of splintering bone and a prole slumped backwards spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth.

Muffled moans lost themselves amid frantic chanting from the caff.

"VEGANS! VEGANS! WE ARE THE NEW BREED!"

Pure Mania is set in an almost fictional anarcho-punk milieu around the squats and council estates of East London. This trashy adventure story takes the form of a blatantly falsified tour of eighties youth trends. It's a pastiche of the fiction published by New English Library during the 1970's. It's a fearless exploration of the sexual underground. It's the best read since NEL published Richard Allen's *Skinhead* twenty years ago.

STEWART HOME was born in South London in 1962. He is author of *The Assault On Culture: Utopian Currents from Lettrisme to Class War* (Aporia Press & Unpopular Books, London 1988), editor of *Smile* (The International Magazine of Multiple Origins) and an organiser of, and contributor to, the International Festivals of Plagiarism.

ISBN 0 7486 6035 6. £7.95. Polygon Books, 22 George Square, Edinburgh. Price including Postage & Packing: UK £8.50, Europe £9.50, USA \$15—cheques payable to Polygon Books

LURID PAPERBACK ORIGINAL
Polymorphous Perversity at its very worst!

WICKED!

Journalist Ian Blake has been one of the most persistent critics of Stewart Home's fiction. These are his judgements of the short stories which paved the way for PURE MANIA...

SICK

Home's *Anarch/streams* more like notes from a psychiatrist's case book than a conventional work of fiction. His vision of sex as Will To Power is clearly the product of a disturbed mind...I was left wondering how often the author acts out this parade of sick fantasies.

IMMORAL

It's hard for me to comment on *Frenzy Of The Flesh* without insulting Home personally. I find his fiction utterly repulsive. Stories like *Frenzy* contain no redeeming features whatsoever. There's nothing uplifting or enlightening about them. For the most part they're crude, repetitive and ultimately quite unimaginative essays in sex, violence and anal sadism. Rather than broadening the reader's consciousness, this actually narrows it down to a single limited focus. I find this fiction highly distasteful.

EVIL

In *Pusher*, Home seems to be striving to achieve some kind of ultimate catharsis through disgust and violence...The main character's need to express his total dominion over other people by humiliating, fucking and killing, has welled over into total mania...I dislike pornography of this type...I feel instinctively that any such linking of sex and violence is WRONG.

MORBID

Straight, is less violent than *Pusher*, but still not to my liking. Too many bad vibrations, man! I'm a member of the Love Generation, a libertarian. I believe in love, peace and grooviness, not this endless procession of fucking for its own sake.

NOXIOUS

I'm afraid I don't like Home's *Class War* fiction. This latest effort is a plod through familiar territory: buggery, psychopathic violence, quack political theorising and childish sexual terminology. Hardly the stuff of which deathless literature is made.

DECADENT

I don't understand why Home writes in such an extreme style...I certainly think it's a mistake to assume that anything offensive to bourgeois sensibilities must automatically be valid per se...What exactly has Home proved? Nothing at all as far as I can see, except that there'll always be a market for prurient subject matter.

DON'T TAKE IAN BLAKE'S WORD FOR IT, READ PURE MANIA AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.

HOME MAKES DE SADE APPEAR CONSERVATIVE

Reviews

Probably the most interesting thing that I received this time was the ART STRIKE HANDBOOK (\$3.00 to Sabotage Editions, BM Senior, London, WC1N 3XX, England). This is a collection of short rants proposing the non-production of works of art between the years 1990-93. I reprinted a small sampling of this in DC, but this is 40 pages that gave me pause to consider. That ART is another form of control, that it has to be re-channelled to do more than bolster the position of the haves.

SMILE is the magazine from the above source, coming from post-Neocist, avant garde artists under the capable editing of Karen Elliot (an invented personality that has been used by something over 100 people). Their battle cry is "Demolish Serious Culture!" and if unserious culture is anything like SMILE, I'm tempted to go along with the program.

THE JOURNAL OF BORDERLAND RESEARCH (\$20 year/6 to POB 429, Garberville, CA 95440-0429) is a mag that takes a fairly serious approach to the paranormal, the strange, and the downright 'huh?' This issue has information on an experiment in radionic weather control, a space power generator, vortex in a bottle, the occult powers of gold, and quite a bit of other stuff. Pretty damned good, especially if you have the technical savvy to figure out the schematics.

SPIRIT IN ACTION (Donation to the Thomas Morton Alliance, 23 Berkeley Rd., Hull, MA 02045) is a manual created by a group of politically active pagans, intended to give the whys and wherefores of organizing to keep the Earth from being trashed. A basic and sensible resource, and I suggest that all you pagans contact these folks.

NEW TIMES (Request to Llevellyn Publications, POB 64383-896), St. Paul, MN 55164-0383) is a sell-out piece of crap specializing in New Age books that are long on pronouncements for the credulous and short on facts. It's really too goddamn bad, since I get a lot of orders off of the little free ad they run for me, and some eager beaver will probably mail my review to them. Side one helps you accept yourself for what you are. Side two connects you with the power and flow of nature through water. Side three makes you wear big, unwieldy necklaces and dress in loose peasant dresses and maintain a fixed smile while you talk about the power and flow of nature through water.

CRAWL OR DIE, "a sordid scrapbook & deviant, guide to prurient po(o)p culture" (SASE to Rev. Scott "Bullethead" Miller, POB 8531, Salem, MA 01971-8531). Pretty interesting little rag, although this ambient mixture of punkture, psychotronic film, letters, and articles about inmates severing their organs with lightbulb shards might not be everyone's cup of tea.

WORLD WATCHERS INTERNATIONAL (\$25 a year to Mae Brussell Research Center, POB 8431, Santa Cruz, CA 95061). This is the news publication of the folks who are carrying on the work of premier conspiraciologist Mae Brussell who -- guess what? -- died under suspicious circumstances last year. This publication is very good not to mention being scarier than hell.

bulletin d'informations du RESEU 666 (c/o Thierry Tillier, b.p. 4254 6000 Charleroi 4 Belgium). There's only one paragraph in English in this mag (the rest is in French), but it makes the zine sound like a fusion of surrealism, Satanism and rock & roll. You can imagine that this brightened my day when it appeared unannounced in my PO box. This mag also sports a graphic design that is better than anything I've seen coming out of the US, even if the images are a bit heavy on B&D & S&M and all those other things that we prefer to initialize.



THE QUILL & SWORD (\$5 to The Witches' League for Public Awareness, POB 8736, Salem, MA 01971-8736). This is a magazine detailing the trials and tribulations of Wiccans seeking acceptance, or at least toleration in the world. Rots o' ruck! This mag is very nicely produced and presents a number of areas of ongoing struggle for this group. If you have any interest in the subject of witchcraft, you'll probably find this worthwhile.

THE PROJECT, Vol V, 4 and Vol VI, 1 & 2 (Sample on request, I should think. A-Albionic Consulting, POB 20273, Ferndale, MI 488220): A continually interesting, although slim conspiracy journal.

OFF THE DEEP END 6/7 (@2.50 to Tim Cridland, POB 85874, Seattle WA 98145): A great issue of an exceptionally strange zine, one of my faves. This issue includes some outstanding stuff on the flat earth, Big Brother surveillance tech, the Zodiac murderer, alien/US military collaboration, and many of those other things that, deep down, you want to be true.

FRY'S INCREDIBLE INQUIRY CATALOG, (Request to 9237 Craver, Morongo Valley, CA 92256): Catalog of books on stuff like Radionics, anti-gravity, cancer cures, mind over matter, crystals, and other borderline themes and technologies.

FACTSHEET FIVE 31 (#2 to Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502): I may disagree with many of Mike's pronouncements, but this magazine of reviews of the marginal press is still an indispensable component of being human.

COFFEE BREAK Vol 1 No 1 (2 bucks to Joe Cabot, POB 1865, Olympia WA 98507): This is an Oregon trip report in which Joe muses about the Christic Affidavit, television, why the FBI doesn't believe in the Mafia, and other things whilst trucking around the state.

ZERO HOUR 2 (3 bucks to Jim Jones, POB 766, Seattle WA 98111): Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, and political conspiracy in tabloid format. Not bad for a second issue.

POPPIN' ZITS: 6 (Couple bucks to Jerod Pore, 1800 Market St., #141, San Francisco, CA 94102): Wonderfully disorienting collage and cyberpunk and feed industries zine.

OF THE JUNGLE (Request to POB 1801, Sebastopol, CA 95473): Remarkable illustrated catalog of rare botanicals and botanical products, intended for cultivation as houseplants or for attaining the point of view of a houseplant.

ANTYTABU 2 (Donation to Adam Bota, B. Adamski, ul. Dunikowskiego 9 A/7, 80 - 526 Gdansk, POLAND): Rather raw sex explicit zine from Poland, pictures culled from American and Brit skin mags. Interesting that political repression should go hand-in-cuff with sexual repression.

ARTWARE Kata 4 Sommer 89 (Buck will no doubt net you one, to Uve Hamm-Forholter, Taunusstrabe 38, 6200 Wiesbaden, West-Germany): Artware is a supplier of extreme/alternative cultures in records, cassettes, videos, printmedia and more. Uve gathers together the finest in porn, surreal, splatter, existential, punk, decadent, psychedelic, noir, curiosities from dental science, and I think you get the idea. Is there any catalog in the States this incredible? I bloody well doubt it. Cover art this issue, which gives me the villies, is by mass surderer John Wayne Gacy.

SOCIETE Vol. 2 No. 2 (5 bucks to Technicians of the Sacred, Suite 310, 1317 N. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, CA 91504): This is a journal of Voudoun, Macumba, Santeria, and related subjects. For my taste, the most interesting magickal publication around. Their traditions and ceremonies seem authentic, rather than something some collegey buff in New Hampshire thought up.

LEGEND OF THE GREAT DISMAL MAROONS (\$2.50 to Panic Publishing, Pob 1696, Skokie IL 60076-8696): This is the secret history of, as author James Koehnline says in the last DC: "...an anarchist experiment that lasted 160 years, sustained partly by a low-level guerrilla war against the institution of slavery in Virginia and the Carolinas." Quite fascinating and inspirational little tract, illustrated by 23 of James' mind-perforating collages. Koehnline also sells chapbooks of his collage work (\$2.50) and original marbled paper.

TRAJECTORIES Vol. 1, No. 3 and Vol. 1, No. 5 (20 bucks for 4 issues to Permanent Press, Pob 700305, San Jose, CA 95170): This is Robert Anton Wilson's newsletter, and it functions as something else to hawk to hardcore Wilsonites, of which there are, surely, plenty. Wilson does a couple or three pages each issue, and the rest is filled with quips and quotes and articles by others extolling the brilliant wonderfulness of the hitek future. Of course, then comes along the fifth issue, and I have to change my tune. As of No. 5 TRAJECTORIES has improved a good deal. More Wilson, more pages, a more intense mix. There is still a tendency to treat the readership as a RAW fan club, but that's just static in what is becoming a valuable resource.

PKDS NEWSLETTER (\$6 per year to PKDS, Box 611, Glen Ellen, CA 95442): Newsletter of the Phillip K. Dick Society. Good job they do, too.

CONVERGENCE (Sample on request, to The Christic Institute, 1324 North Capitol St. NW, Washington DC 20002): This is a non-profit interfaith group doing their damndest to expose the murderous machinations of boys like Bush, Secord, North, et al.

SHEER FILTH No. 7 (2 bucks to David Flint, 39 Holly St., Offerton, Stockport, SK1 4DP, England): Journal of kinky and trash kulture, this issue features an interview with Tuppy Owens (editor of SEX MANIAC'S DIARY), an article on Betty Page, Queen of Glamour, and reviews of things ranging from THE MYSTERIANS to DESIREE AT THE HARDCORE CAFE. A kinder, gentler, much more intelligent HUSTLER.



That does it for this issue. Send all items for review to
POB 20593, Sun Valley, NV 89433.

Jeshua's Own Story



Dai Giree

Tomorrow the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel will bring great changes. The foreign devils who oppress the chosen people of God shall be driven out and the kingdom of God shall be established in Israel forever. I am the servant of the Most High and shall lead the battle as is his will. Surely it shall be as it has been written; our God will not abandon us in the hands of rapacious idolaters but will lead Israel into freedom under the leadership of his anointed one...and I am he.

Most honorable Jacob, my host this night, has not only given me and my followers hospitality but also provided at his expense the service of a scribe to record my utterances. Blessed be this house and the dwellers therein forever!

I am a man of sorrows who has truly known undeserved scorn and suffering. Until the death of my father a year ago I was constrained to bear calumny in silence but now I must have the truth rightly known. The anointed leader of Israel is descended from the lineage of him that raised me, and despite all that has been said to the contrary, I am my father's son.

When my mother Mariam was but a child her father, my grandfather, betrothed her to a youth called Joseph, the son of a family of considerable wealth who were distant kinsmen, living in a neighboring town. Surely wealth brings a curse on those who possess it. Joseph's family paid my grandfather a handsome brideprice with the understanding that Mariam should enter their family when she reached the age of womanhood. My mother didn't particularly like Joseph. Her heart was moved toward a boy of our village named Alphaeus, the son of a woodworker. Alphaeus took her to wife in the sight of God. Some months later her belly swelled and shame was brought upon her family. Joseph's family were duly informed of the insult to their honor and angrily demanded the return of the brideprice they had paid, but my grandfather couldn't return it for he had years earlier spent it. He therefore told Joseph that the man who had dishonored him must pay the brideprice, and damages to the parents as well. Joseph agreed, and my grandfather demanded that Mariam tell him the name of the man who had gotten her with child.

Now my mother dearly loved Alphaeus and was already his wife in the sight of God, but she dared not tell this because the family of Alphaeus being poor artisans could never repay the brideprice. They would be shamed and indebted to the rich Joseph forever. Thus Alphaeus and Mariam could never be married in the eyes of the villagers. It was a terrible dilemma, but my mother was steadfast and stout hearted. She told her family that the father of her unborn child was unknown, that one evening she went to the well as the dark of night was coming on, where a man, a stranger, had forced her to lie with him.

This information was conveyed to rich Joseph and his heart was softened. He said that although she was dishonored not of her own doing, yet she was sullied and he would not disgrace his family by taking her to wife. He renounced the brideprice, declared it forfeit. The friendship between the families was

restored.

In a few months time I was born and was called Jeshua ben Mariam, my father being unknown. At this time Alphaeus, the son of the carpenter, went to Mariam's father and said to him, "I am a poor man and without the means for a brideprice, so I must take any woman I can get. Your daughter Mariam is dishonored but I will espouse her if you will freely consent." Mariam's parents were happy at this turn of events and gladly consented. So Alphaeus took my mother and me into the home of his father.

In due time she bore him many more children. First my brother James, then three other brothers and five sisters in the many years of a marriage made fruitful by God, blessed be his Holy Name.

When I grew old enough to talk and reason I began to understand that I bore some shame which did not attach to the rest of my family. I was called "ben Mariam", the son of his mother, rather than bearing the name of a father as a proud son of Israel should. I therefore was mocked by the other children, and learned at a young age the meaning of the word "momser". At home Alphaeus treated me with great kindness, and even favored me over my brothers, yet when we went out in the village I was obliged to walk with my sisters behind my mother while James walked at Alphaeus' right side and my brothers behind him. James was officially Alphaeus' first born son, and to him would pass the house in which we lived, and the carpentry business as well as the honored place as head of our family. I was only a sheltered foundling of Alphaeus' in the eyes of the village, an outsider whose father was a stranger. Some even suggested my father might have been one of the foreign devils who oppress our people by force of arms.

Nevertheless I was the son of a Jewish mother and was accepted into our community as a Jew and permitted to be amongst the other young men of my age group, but still suffering followed me. I had reached the age at which a young man wishes to take a wife from among the daughters of Israel and build up his own line, but no young woman would accept me, not even the poorest. The families would not allow their daughters to take on my shame or bear children to a man who was the son of his mother.

I grieved much over my unhappy fate and grew despondent, until at last one night Alphaeus drew me aside and told me how much my unhappiness pained him. It was then that he revealed to me the truth that he was in fact my father, that I was not the son of a foreign devil or a raping brute. We both wept and embraced one another. He told me that so long as he lived I must keep the secret because rich Joseph was still alive and if the truth came out, surely he would be very angry indeed. He would demand again his ruinous brideprice returned and bring shame on our family. My father, as I now knew him to be, counselled me to leave the village, to become a wandering carpenter. This I could easily do since I had been trained in the craft, and by his great love for me my father had outfitted me over the years of my youth with tools. He urged me to leave Nazareth and travel about, that Jacob our patriarch, had found his wife in itinerant labor and so I might too.

So I left my village and walked out among the towns and villages of Galilee, working as I went. Now the hand of God moved, and great events began to come upon Israel. For God sent a prophet to His people as He had done in days of old. The name of the prophet was John. He was a hermit of the desert, who began to preach at the outskirts of towns saying "Repent, the Godly Kingdom is at hand, do not go over to the ways of these idolaters who have come among us. Go back to the rough ways of our forefathers, and turn away from fleshy luxuries." I chanced to be in a town where this latter-day Elijah was speaking and I was so moved by his fiery oratory that I joined up with his band of followers and went off with them to the banks of the Jordan. Some rough shelters were being built there and I thought I would find work and also hear more of John's teaching.

I lived there in the desert with John and his followers. I heard and studied his words, which were inspired by the Lord Most Mighty. I read the prophecies and scriptures of our people and the scales fell from off my eyes. I saw the truth in John's words. It was the rich who were the cause of Israel's woe, the rich who were seduced by foreign luxuries, who then led the people into foreign ways. They tolerated these foreign devils who oppress us with their taxes and their armed men and their graven images, which are an abomination in the eyes of the God of Israel. Israel is God's bride fallen into the hands of brutish idolaters and our rich men are her disloyal handmaidens.

John accepted into his following all who truly believed his teachings. I became a believer and decided to be among his flock permanently, forsaking carpentry and my search for a wife. On a certain day all those of us who wished to permanently join John went down to the banks of the river and he baptized us with its waters. When my turn came and John touched my forehead a great light came over me, the heavens were opened to me. I suddenly knew that God had chosen me just as he had chosen John. I saw in an instant the wonderful knowledge which has led me ever since; which I have tried to impart to the multitudes of Israel, the truth of faith. I knew in that moment that I was anointed by God and that so long as I believed, so long as I had complete faith in my ability to carry out what God willed for me, I could not fail. By faith I will move mountains, and by faith I will take the mountainous load of foreign oppression off the bent back of God's bride Israel.

I lived several years among John's following, until John lost favor with God. Herod put him into prison for preaching against his wife, and soon thereafter John was beheaded. This caused conflict and dissension in our community on the banks of the Jordan and there were those who spread the calumny that I had betrayed John so as to take over his ministry. This was not so! John was betrayed only by himself in that he did not obey God's will in some way. The accusations against those in my party were lies of the devil. Our group thereafter left the Jordan. We went to the city of Cans where one of my followers had property where we might be sheltered. While in Cans I taught all who would listen about John and his teaching. I became known as a rabbi and a man inspired by God. The favor of God fell on me and God made an event occur which showed the people that I was more than a teacher, that I was under his special favor. There was a big wedding to which I and some of my followers were invited. Now the father of the bridegroom had bought by order many barrels of

imported wine for his guests, though why the wine of Israel was not thought good enough for them, who can say? The first barrels opened were full of fine purple wine and were quickly drunk by the wedding guests but when further barrels were tapped the host was shamed for they were full of water! He had been cheated by the importers and was humiliated before his guests. God moved a man standing near me who had been served a cup from one of the barrels of water, to fling it contemptuously on the floor where it splashed upon my feet. I perceived that it was not water for it was sticky. Curious, I thereupon drew myself a cup of the sticky water and drank some. It was not water but a colorless wine such as never was seen before in Galilee. I turned to the wedding guests and said, "Be of better cheer. It is wine! Come try for yourselves".

At first the men disbelieved me but a few did try it and cried, "It is wine! He said it is wine and it has turned to wine". Now everyone rushed forward to sample this wine and believing their taste more than their eyesight, thought the wine miraculous and believed that I had turned water into wine. God had made this miracle, for by their faith in the possibility of the miraculous, the miraculous had been vouchsafed to them.

These wedding guests now looked at me with awe and asked, "Who is this worker of miracles?". My followers went among the crowd and told them that I was a prophet from the desert, baptized by John and anointed by God. They urged them to come out and hear me preach. Thus did my ministry begin and thus did my fame begin to spread.

For the next year my followers and I travelled around Galilee. I preached my message to ever growing crowds. Surely the power of God was upon me, for wondrous cures took place in my presence and I drove out devils by laying on my hands. Everywhere I was listened to and my following grew. Sometimes I taught in the town market, sometimes in the wilderness. Penitent rich men showered us with gifts and hospitality, while the adoring poor flocked to me in droves. Everywhere I went I did wonderful miracles and cures. Finally one day, having boats at my disposal, I decided to return to my native village, so that those who had mocked me in my youth might have the chance to see that they had abused God's anointed and to repent. So with my followers I returned to Nazareth.

As we entered the town of my birth, my followers, as was their custom, separated into small groups and went about telling everyone that a great teacher and wonder worker was in town. Quite a crowd began to gather and I began to preach. When I spoken only a few moments a voice rang out from the back of the crowd, "Look! It's Maria's son!". Soon they were all laughing and shouting, "It's him! The momser!". They drowned my voice and would not listen. No miracles or cures happened there that day and surely that is because God cursed that town and all its people for their disbelief and cruelty. Later that evening my brother James came to see me and induced me to go home and see my mother.

I went and was subjected to a lot of braying of asses about how I was disgracing the family, how I had a devil myself that I thought I was a wonderworker, how I should stay home with them and be quiet. James said I would be given food and looked after. I refused his gracious offer. My mother began crying about how I



was going to end up dead, how they would have to go get my body and bring it home to bury. As if I wanted to be buried in that dung heap of a Nazareth! I had to fight off my brothers to get away! Rejoining my followers I left that cursed town and have never returned there. I curse it just as if it were a tree that bore bitter fruit. May it bear no more!

Then we left Galilee and came south, visiting the large towns and cities. Everywhere I was well received and many miraculous cures were accomplished. But now a new problem presented itself in the form of the big-town rabbis, who heard my preaching and disapproved. Of course the didn't approve! Weren't they the rich hypocrites I was preaching against? Men who call themselves rabbis of God but who teach accommodation to and acceptance of these foreigners! They began to oppose me in various subtle ways, to try to discredit me with the people. In one place I was teaching to a sizable group when two of these rich rabbis came up to me with some of the oppressor's coins; horrible gold objects with graven images on them. As God is my witness I didn't even touch those abominations by which the idolaters pervert our people! The rabbis asked me if one should give these coins to Caesar, some faraway foreign tyrant, whose picture is on them. This was supposed to humiliate me because if I said "No" I was breaking the oppressors law while if I said "Yes" it would mean that I was a hypocrite like them. So I just said that if Caesar's picture was on the blasphemous things they must be his, so why not send everything of his out of God's holy Israel, now and forever? The people loved my words, especially those who never had touched one of those coins any more than I had.

Those rabbis were beaten on that ploy but they tried other ones. By the hands of God the sick are cured in my presence, but which sick are cured is God's will and I have never claimed that I can cure all sick, only those whom God chooses.

There are lame who walk when I touch them, but legless men I cannot cure of their lameness. So also with lepers. I have cured whole groups of lepers, touching them and telling them to go and bathe in the river, whence many do come back cleansed, but lepers whose limbs are rotted already away God does not choose to cure. So those rabbis, the hypocrites, they brought a group of lepers to me for me to heal before a crowd. All of them were frightfully diseased with swollen limbs and areas of rot on them. I fearlessly laid hands on them for God shields me from all harm and although I have touched scores of lepers yet I am clean. Then I told these lepers to go bathe in the river, which they did. God did not choose to heal them but nevertheless I outwitted the hypocrites for my followers gave the lepers a few coins to go to another place and sent back word that they were cleansed entirely. My followers, by the grace of God, are not simple fools. They understand that God helps those who are also doing their utmost to help themselves.

Still undiscouraged, the rich hypocrites tried yet another ploy to discredit me. One of them spoke out one day while I was preaching and asked, "If you are so holy why do you keep around you the lowest sort of person, and eat and drink with them, when they are unclean in their religious practices?". Now it is true that I do not prefer the company of rich hypocrites who make a big show of being kosher when in their hearts they love the foreign oppressors and follow their ways. I am of the common people of

God's Israel and I will eat with them and stay with them, for they hate the foreigners and love the lord God of Israel no matter what they eat. But it would not do to say this, so I told a story in answer which silenced the hypocrites and moved the crowd to tears, a story about a man with two sons, one upstanding and the other a wastrel and how that man was happier when his wastrel son reformed than he was that his good son had never erred. This man represents God, and I do truly believe God loves the lowest of his loyal Chosen People far more than he loves those upright hypocrites, no matter how kosher they are.

The rabbis began to despair of discrediting me with the people so they tried a new tactic. This is something even my closest followers do not know but since the old order will pass away tomorrow it can be told now. Tomorrow those rabbis will be fallen and no one will listen to what they say anyway. They did once appeal to me via a messenger for a parlay, and in secrecy I went, not because I meant to accept any money (though that is what they will say), but to teach even them. I am God's anointed and it was his will that even those hypocrites should hear his call.

Guided by their messenger I went alone at night to the home of a very wealthy rabbi. The servants let me in and I was led into a huge room, big enough for an indoor wedding feast, but there were only three of us there; the wealthy rabbi, a man in the prime of his years very richly dressed and an old rabbi with a straggly white beard whose eyes had a kindly expression. The three of us sat down and they began to harangue me. The wealthy one spoke first, saying, "Man of Galilee, you are a great speaker, and a pious man but you do not realize what you are doing. The Romans can't be driven out of our country. We must learn to live with them peacefully. Go out and preach godliness but please, we beseech you, preach no more that the foreigners must go."

I said, "God wills it, not I. These foreigners are idolaters. They defile Israel. Wake up to your true loyalties. The foreigners will go!"

He sighed and said, "Rabbi Jeshua, I have been to Rome. Have you?"

I answered, "God preserve me from such a thing!"

He went on, "Rome is a city, a city so large it could hold 100 Jerusalems!" (Since I had not yet been to Jerusalem this did not impress me, but now that I am here and understand how large this Rome must be, I still say the might of God is larger!) "Multitudes live in Rome. Many rich men," (I was not surprised to hear that!) "but also many thousands of soldiers like the ones here. And also a vast rabble. Do you wonder how such a multitude eats everyday? Well I will tell you. They eat imported grain which comes up the Tiber River on ships. And where do you think all that grain comes from?"

I replied, "From Galilee, if the taxes that are exacted from us are any indication."

He laughed, "My dear Galilean rabbi, all the grain in all your little rustic Galilee would feed Rome but one day. No, it is not from Israel that Rome's daily bread comes but from the land of Egypt where our ancestor Joseph dwelled. Do you remember how he



interpreted the king's dream of seven fat and seven lean years of harvest? There are few lean years lately. Egypt is a mighty granary and Rome possesses it. Because of that Rome must control Israel and we must bear it bravely."

"But why?", I demanded. "Why should Israel suffer? Let Rome eat Egypt's grain. What has it to do with the people of Israel?"

"Have you ever heard of Parthia?", he asked me. In answer I shook my head. "It is a great kingdom a weeks ride to the northeast. It has vast armies like Rome's. Parthia and Rome are uneasy rivals. The Roman leaders know that Parthia can march through Assyria and Israel quickly to seize Egypt. That Rome can never allow because its grain boats would be stopped. Famine would follow. The rabble would revolt. The soldiers would mutiny. Parthia would vanquish Rome. The Romans must occupy Israel and maintain a bastion here to keep Parthia out of Egypt. Rome will never let Israel go. The Roman army is huge, its power is inexpressible. Please stop leading our people into a ruinous war we can not hope to win!"

I replied, "God is mightier than Rome, and if God wills it Rome will fall and wither. I am God's anointed and I will do his will. I will bring all the prophecies to pass as his prophets have written. God will not abandon Israel to her ravishers."

The wealthy rabbi shook his head in exasperation and fell silent. Then the old man took his turn to speak.

"My son, you are from Galilee. I do not have to tell you what the Roman authorities do with men who speak like you do. More than ten thousand of our finest young men have already perished as accused scariots." (I was surprised to hear him use this word which means fighter for freedom, rather than "brigands" or "thieves" as the Romans and their sympathizers call them.) "Perished by crucifixion. Do you understand, young rabbi, what crucifixion is? They tie a man to poles and leave him to die. There is nothing we Jewish authorities can do about it to save him or even hasten his end. Have you ever been to Golgotha, the place of skulls, where they perform these cruel executions? Dead bodies rot away on the ground in such numbers! Please save your own life. Turn away from the path that will surely lead you to this horrible and shameful death."

I had heard enough of asses braying for one night. I stood up and told them, "Once and for all, the Lord God of Israel is my protector. I will do his bidding and he bids me free Israel from her oppressors. Ye of little faith! Watch and see! Great miracles are about to happen. The Romans cannot harm me. I am under God's protection. Do you believe Rome can crucify me when God protects me? Don't you believe at all in the lord God of Israel? You are hypocrites, not men of God!"

With that I turned to leave, and I heard the wealthy rabbi say, "It were better for the land if you no longer walked it." To which the old one replied, "Alas!"

I continued with my ministry, moving on to other towns. And as Passover drew near I began to feel destiny tugging at me. God wanted me to go to Jerusalem before the Passover, to enter it in triumph as it is written, to begin the great events which would

bring about God's Kingdom in Israel. Thus it was that on the day after the past Sabbath, my followers obtained a beautiful white donkey for my mount. They also busied themselves among the people of the city, passing out palm branches which we had been gathering up in the preceding week. So it was that I entered the city of David and the crowds waved the palm fronds, crying out "Hosanna", which means, "Save us now, son of David." God hears his people and has sent me to them. I know now what God means me to do here for I have seen an abomination which must make the Almighty wrathful. In the court of God's Holy Temple, the most sacred place in the world, an atrocious trade is being conducted; coin changing right there in the temple! It is too repulsive. Roman coins with graven images on them are changed right in the temple, to purchase sacrificial animals. Surely this utter abomination cannot continue! Tomorrow I will put a stop to it, and the people will rise up behind me like to the mighty army of God that their forefathers were! Every Roman shall be put to the sword, and every one of their idols shall be smashed. With the power of God behind me, I shall drive every last foreigner out of Israel and into the sea!

Then the Kingdom of God shall truly be at hand, and I shall be king, ruling in glory. The people of Israel shall turn from their sinful ways and peace shall mark my reign. Then when I, God's anointed, am king of Israel, then I will return to Nazareth! Let us hear what they will have to say about me there when those days have come to pass! Lo, day is breaking. Soon I will go to the temple and set Israel's rescue in motion. I can dictate no more.

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**WILLOW—EVERY MOVING PICTURE
MOVES THE WORLD**

The premise of this film is there was a land or time somewhere where magic existed as a real force. Human individuals could manipulate the forces of nature via a form of metaphysical willing involving a sacred technology. This land, or time, however, is depicted as lost or imaginary—somewhere through the innocent mist of time or nostalgia. These nostalgia fantasies so prevalent in our own age of the dominance of scientific technology never manage to convey that magic and nearly everything that once was known about it—from Welsh bards reputed to have world creation powers to the dream healing power of Aesclepius has been brutally suppressed by religions that tolerate no hint of "divinity" among mere, fallen mortals. The Christian hatred of the "image" and its nearly absolute control over artistic subject matter for centuries was part of the suppression of the connection between the creation of the "image" and control of magical power. In the current day and age the assumption is—from academia to the Museum of Modern Art, from the Vatican to the film studios of Hollywood where "Forbidden Planet" with its magnificent image of the "Id Beast" was made—that magic is dead. It is assumed that it went the way of the dinosaurs, or of any other "superstition" outmoded by the New, Better and Improved Truth. What if, however, magic never died, never went away to the other side through the fairie mists? What if the connection between our seemingly rational, day-to-day acts and their manifestation in magic was simply cut? So that the connection between apparently disconnected events—like the playing of the Spielberg film "Gremlins" at Christmas time and several terrible air accidents in England—is never made? That film even proposes there is a form of evil poltergeist energy that our obsession with Christmas cheer represses. What if the connection between our modern, rational self and a divinely creative, magical self has been cut as surely as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, or the selves of a schizophrenic? Now, for the truly terrifying question—if this is true, if we are cut off from our magical selves who then benefits by our not having personal control over that self? And, if we do not control our magical self who does? and for what purpose?

"Willow" begins in a kingdom ruled by an evil queen, Bavmorda. Bavmorda has received an oracle that a girl child will be born who will grow up to overthrow her. This is an opener from numerous myths, from Oedipus to Christ. Then we get the Moses bit, the child is saved from Bavmorda's wrath by floating her down a stream on a raft of sticks. She floats into a country of dwarves where Willow, played by Warwick Davis, picks her up, reluctantly takes the alien being into his family even though he knows she is the object of a frantic search by Bavmorda's devil dogs and evil henchmen.

Turns out Willow aspires to be the sorcerer's apprentice in his village but flunks the test of apprenticeship when he incorrectly guesses which of the sorcerer's fingers is the "magic finger." The correct answer would have been to choose his own finger.

Because the devil dogs attack the village it is determined that the outsider girl child must go; Willow is appointed to take her to a crossroad where it is assumed he will be able to give her back to one of her own kind. Thus Willow is catapulted into becoming her unlikely champion. Along the way he picks up some equally unlikely allies, in the form of "Brownies," who are about six-inch-tall "Little People," their Goddess-like queen, a good witch, and a regular sized human—Madmardigan—an unruly warrior-knight. Meanwhile, the evil queen, Bavmorda, does everything evil queens are purported to do with the possible exception of asking her mirror "who is the fairest?"

In the film's penultimate scene the good and evil witches, plus Willow, fight over the child who lies on a stone altar in the rain before being sacrificed to "the Seventh Darkness" by Bavmorda. Lightning flashes, spells fly, the real baby cries while real water pours down on it. I imagine all the very real concern for the child this film must concentrate. In every theater where this film has been viewed the same fears and emotions are being stirred about this very real child and the evil threat of "black magic." It is naive to assume this emotion . . . just disappears, just goes the way of the demon infested swine into the lake of the Abyss, like the taconite waste from the Reserve Mining plant used to go into the "abyss" of Lake Superior. What if these concentrated feelings with their attendant unconscious magical power go to anyone with, say . . . the "mark of the beast?" Meaning the collective Id monster of these film goes attacks anyone with an interest in the . . . "occult?" This is the connection that has been severed.

Although this film would have us believe that magical power is somewhere in a "land faraway beyond time" what if that mist of repression seen as time or nostalgia is really a tomb cover placed between our selves and our magical body? What if witnessing a scene like this actually causes the unconscious dragon to stir, lash his tail beneath some earthquake site, or breathe the firey Santa Anna wind of his breath we later see as a "news event," "act of God," or "nature." What if the dragon of magical power never dies? in fact cannot be killed, but merely relegated to a realm where we do not recognize what it is or what we do or how it is controlled.

We would be advised to wake. Christian apocalyptic prophecies about the power and actions of the Beast depend, for their fulfillment upon just such unconscious magical action, upon our having no control over our own magical body. As long as we relinquish control magical power can be used against us to accomplish the aims of those who desire the Kingdom of the Father upon earth.

Artists would be advised to wake and take complete control over their own images, rejecting any form of censorship. Wake to the fact that every piece of art unconsciously made will have unconscious magical consequences. As long as art continues to be seen primarily as a parade of cultural styles reflecting what's "in," it will be cut off from its most profound validity, as means to constantly create and support the world, the principal tool of Atlas Consciousness. Every movie, every poem, every painting and piece of sculpture is an engine directing and channeling the metaphysical creative power of what is called the "occult," but which is merely the "repressed." As long as the control of art continues to be in the hands of the same forces which crippled it and robbed it of its true significance its power will continue to be enslaved and used against precisely those who could best control and direct its benefits—those who wish to reclaim the "occult" for mankind. The immense magical power of the human "unconscious," really the repressed, is being used against us by religious fundamentalists who would prove that we're "beasts," needing their Father Complex fascist Kingdom of Heaven. To remain unconscious to the beast creation programs in Revelation is to tacitly approve the continued castration of artists and to unleash a blinded beast upon the world. Critics would also be advised to retrain their response to a "work" of art, to quit the obsession with the Emperor's New Style, and start looking at the actions of the creator's magic wand—where it manifests in the real world.

"Willow" does nothing to return control of the real magic to individual creators. In fact, it furthers the split by making its world of magic so unreal, so cute. As such it feeds the apocalypse formula to the Mr. Hyde the churches need to carry out their diabolical plan for world conquest. Unconscious artists are precisely the right stooges to lead the Id monster to the murder site.

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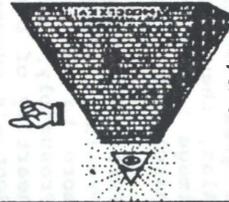
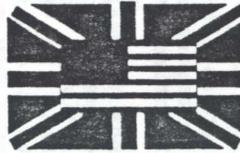
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An Executive Summary of the Progress of a Private Network of Researchers Dedicated to Identifying the Nature of the Ruling Class Conspiracy

The Project

It's interesting that Ray Nelson prefers in these pages to talk about his fellow contributors, rather than to them. Guess I'll follow suit in his case.

Sixties-bashing is a popular pastime of the Eighties, so it's not surprising that Ray Nelson jumped on the bandwagon. Nor is it surprising, considering his goal of "endarkenment," that he considers the Eighties (and the Material Girl) so wonderful.

It's doubtful whether a decade can really be represented by one person. However, Madonna (and Prince, her male counterpart) can legitimately be cited as examples of a trend in Eighties entertainment (though not, praise be[!], the only one), and though I wouldn't call Madonna "the face of the Eighties," she is a good example of many qualities the Eighties are known for. Alas, they aren't the same ones Ray cited: I'd say Madonna's image is one of cynicism, shallowness, greed, self-indulgence and narcissism. Presumably these traits appeal to Ray.

Perhaps a better symbol of the Eighties would be our former President, Ronald Reagan, the front man for a gang that did far more to set the tone of the decade than the Material Girl. Presumably, since Ray loves the Eighties, he also approves heartily of our former Clown in Chief (and of the Clown Prince, Ronnie's successor). After all, Reagan and Madonna have much in common. Their philosophy (such as it is) can be summed up by a British saying: "I've got mine, Jack!" Implied, of course, is that everyone else can go to hell. (See attached article about the Eighties, "Coming Home to a Smug America.")

Madonna is best known for her songs "Material Girl," an ode to greed, and "Papa Don't Preach," which is perhaps one of the most exploitive, socially-irresponsible, hypocritical songs ever written. In "Papa Don't Preach," Madonna (childless and in her thirties) effectively urges pregnant teenagers to have children. I wonder how many abortions she's had? How about combining the results of her song with the results of Ronnie's social policies? The result would be something like:

Mama, don't screech! I'm eatin' my baby.
He may be small, but he's very tasty.
President vetoed my welfare money.
Papa's factory closed, and starvin' sure ain't funny.

Just as there's (hopefully) more to the Eighties than Madonna, it's ludicrous to sum up the Sixties in Bob Dylan. Dylan did, however, influence a whole generation of musicians. That's more than Madonna is ever likely to do.

When Ray says things like, "Dylan the Hippie is well-meaning, incompetent and full of stoned, blurred charm and naivete that masks a lot of muttering, free-floating hostility," he makes it plain he doesn't know what he's talking about.

Dylan was not a "hippie" -- Jimmy Garcia would be a far better example of a "hippie," but I guess Ray didn't want to mix it with the Deadheads.

Nor do Ray's other pejoratives apply. Dylan was both sharp-tongued -- his hostility toward targets he felt deserving was neither "muttering" nor "free-floating" -- and street-smart. The author of "Like a Rolling Stone" and "Positively Fourth Street" (quotations from these songs will follow) could hardly be called "full of stoned, blurred charm and naivete that masks a lot of muttering, free-floating hostility."

Dylan may not have been a great guitar-player, but he took care to surround himself with people who were fine musicians. It's amusing that Ray thinks Dylan "has yet to do a guitar solo," when during his acoustic period it was just Bob, alone on the stage, with his guitar and harmonica.

As for his "incompetence," I once read the memoirs of a record industry CEO, and he had nothing but praise for Dylan's professionalism. Dylan typically had already worked out a song's arrangement before ever entering a studio, was well aware that studio time was money, and turned out finished cuts with speed and aplomb.

"Bob Dylan can't act. We may perhaps be thankful he never even tried." Alas for Ray's thesis, he did try it. He took a small part in Peckinpah's PAT GARRET AND BILLY THE KID, presumably just for the experience. I didn't see it, but I doubt he spent the whole film mugging, as Madonna did in DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN. (This is a "world class actress?") He also wrote, directed and acted in a film called RENALDO AND CLARA in the early Seventies.

It's interesting that Ray calls Dylan a "phony sellout" for getting religion, when he finds nothing wrong with Madonna making commercials or using religion to sell her albums. The cover of her latest album consists of a closeup of her midriff, with a vaguely cross-like shape (airbrushed sky blue & with the album's title -- "Like a Prayer"-- arcing across it) dangling over her navel as her beringed hands undo her pants.

The former is a genuine sellout, though the sponsor -- was it Coca-Cola? -- wanted a PG commercial, and she gave them an "R" one, and refused to change it; I guess that makes it admirable, in Ray's eyes. The latter is phony religion -- crosses used as a sexual tease, to add a hint of "sin." The Christian Madonna/Whore complex, with Madonna trying to be both at once. Wasn't that the problem with the commercial, too? But I guess love is blind.

"Bob Dylan can't dance." C'mon, Ray, can't you get any pettier? "[B]ags under his eyes"? Well, I guess you can. To paraphrase Shakespeare, "The song's the thing." Or at least it used to be, back before attention spans had deteriorated to the point where "a Las Vegas extravaganza" became the standard by which performances were judged. During the Sixties, musical performers mostly devoted themselves to singing rather than histrionics, especially those from the folk tradition. Joan Baez didn't dance. Peter, Paul and Mary didn't dance. Country Joe and the Fish didn't dance. The Jefferson Airplane didn't dance. Janis Joplin didn't dance. Jim Morrison didn't dance. Etc. Etc.

There is no great controversy over Dylan's voice, though Ray tries to pretend there is -- it's a voice with character rather

than beauty, and even in the Sixties many people didn't like it. However, nobody else has managed to sing his songs with the same mastery of nuance.

Ray says that Dylan is "a young White trying to sound like an old Black." It's the first time I've heard such a claim. I always thought he sounded Midwestern, and reviewers who didn't like Dylan's voice in the Sixties usually called him "that whiney hillbilly." Tom Wolfe, in describing Dylan's voice in THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST (page 11 on the paperback), uses these words: "Bob Dylan with his raunchy harmonica and his Ernest Tubbs voice, raunching and rheuming in the old jack-legged chants." Ernest Tubbs, by the way, was a Texan country singer, a frequent guest on the GRAND OLE OPRY TV show. Not quite the old ex-slave in the backwoods cabin Ray had in mind. If it's obvious to Ray that Dylan is imitating "an old Black," how come other critics didn't think so? Ah, but Ray says, "In racist America the starring role, from Stephen Foster through Al Jolson to Elvis Presley, has always been that of 'the white kid who can sing like a nigger.'" If Dylan had "the starring role," he must've been "'the white kid who can sing like a nigger.'" Proof by blatant assertion. Procrustean logic -- chopping the truth to fit the desired conclusion.

And while we're on the topic of racism, Ray's sneering remark about a "nice Jewish boy" who "sings at weddings" sounded somewhat racist to me.

But what about Dylan's lyrics? How about some samples of what Ray calls "incompetent ... stoned, blurred charm and naivete that masks a lot of muttering, free-floating hostility" and "as vague and obscure as the mutterings of a stoned pothead."

Let's start with a verse from "Like a Rolling Stone," one of his better-known songs.

You used to go to the finest school, all right, Miss Lonely,
But you know you only used to get juiced in it.
Nobody's ever taught you how to live out on the street
But now you're gonna have to get used to it.
You used to say you'd never compromise
With the Mystery Tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis,
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And say, "Do you want to make a deal?"

This is an example of "stoned, blurred charm" and "free-floating hostility?" Or perhaps it's just "vague and obscure," or maybe an example of "naivete." Well, perhaps we should try a verse from another single of his, "Positively Fourth Street."

You see me on the street, you always act surprised.
You say, "How are you? Good luck!" But you don't mean it.
When you know as well as me you'd rather see me paralyzed,
Why don't you just come out once and scream it?

Too "obscure," hmm? Or maybe it's just "stoned, blurred charm" or naivete." Or perhaps "free-floating hostility." Well, let's try a verse from "Subterranean Homesick Blues" on his BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME lp:

Maggie comes, fleet-foot, face full of black soot,
Coughing that the heat put plants in the bed, but
Phone's tapped anyway. Maggie says that many say
They must bust in early May; orders from the D.A.
Look out, kid, no matter what you did,
Walk on your tiptoes; don't tie no bows.
Better stay away from those that play around the fire hose.
Keep a clean nose, and watch for plainclothes.
You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.

And I suppose that was "naivete." Or perhaps it was just "vague" or "obscure." Seriously, I doubt Madonna ever in her life displayed a comparable degree of "street-smarts," insight or writing ability.

It's clear from this sampling that Ray's blanket denunciation of Dylan's lyrics as "obscure" and "the mutterings of a stoned pothead" says more about Ray than about Dylan.

I didn't select quotes from Dylan's more surreal songs, but none of those are any more "obscure" than the poetry of Dylan Thomas, e.e. cummings, or T. S. Eliot. I'd hate to see what Ray thinks of them! Perhaps the problem is that Ray can't understand Dylan's lyrics; they're not simple enough. One of Dylan's own lines makes a good close for that topic: "Don't criticize what you can't understand."

Admittedly Dylan now isn't what he was then. He had a motorcycle accident in the 1966 (shortly after completing BLOND ON BLOND), and nearly died. Ironically, for someone who is supposed to be representative of the Sixties, he spent the next few years recovering from his accident and was unable to participate in the "Hippie" era. My personal opinion is that he sustained brain damage but, whatever the reason, he lost his spark. He isn't capable of singing his old songs with understanding and feeling now, and nothing he's done since can match them. It's unfortunate, but it doesn't invalidate his accomplishment.

In response to Ray's poll, myself, I preferred the Sixties to the Seventies or Eighties -- the Sixties was like a Renaissance. All the Eighties has to offer has been recycled -- even the Sixties-bashing. It's worth mentioning that in the Sixties it was still possible to imagine the future might be an improvement on the present. In the Eighties, almost everybody seems to think the future we're creating will be out of our worst nightmares. And everybody's too busy getting their own, Jack, to question the course we're on.

But take heart, comrades! The Eighties will soon be over! Ray will then be able to wax nostalgic over them until, inevitably, Eighties-bashing becomes popular.

JAROD: But, Jerry, how do you know that you don't know the Truth? You might be deluded.

KERRY THORNLY: It's hard to get enough dead babies, but it's easy to get too many landlords. However, considering we're up to -- what? 5 billion humans now? -- (fill in blank), and the earth is finite, if you would like anything left on Earth other than dead humans, population reduction seems in order. We could start by eating the rich.

- GERRY REITH: I've read that story before, though in a briefer form. In the version I read, the bus was called "civilization" rather than "federal government."
- HAKIM BEY: I find myself substantially in agreement with you regarding Billy Rojas. You say your "ishta-devata is Tara" -- you wouldn't know a guy named Joe Wilson, would you?
- GREEN EGG: Otter was kind enough to send me copies of some of his source documentation for that article, and on perusing it I've come to the conclusion that the Elohim document was the older, polytheistic version of the creation story. The Yahweh document was probably plagiarized from another source and altered to justify oppression of women, as Merlin Stone posits in her book WHEN GOD WAS A WOMAN.

Jerusa'em Bible

INTRODUCTION TO THE PENTATEUCH

The first five books of the Bible make up a group which was known to the Jews as "The Law" and for many centuries all five of the books were attributed to Moses as the sole or principal author. However, modern study of the texts has revealed a variety of styles, a lack of sequence and such repetitions and variations in narrative that it is impossible to ascribe the whole group to a single author; four distinct literary "traditions" can be identified and found side by side in the Pentateuch. Two of these go back to the time when Israel became a nation—a period dominated by the figure of Moses: the traditions of earlier times converging on him and the memories of what happened under his leadership together made up the national epic. One means of distinguishing between these two separate strands is their use of different names for God: one employs the name Yahweh and is known as the Yahwist, the other uses Elohim and is known as the Elohist. The two other identifiable written traditions are later: one known as the Deuteronomic, introducing additions and revisions by Levites after the fall of the kingdom of Israel; and one the work of editors after the Exile, known as the priestly tradition. The Mosaic religion set its enduring seal on the faith and practice of the nation, and the Mosaic law remained its standard; the modifications required by changing conditions over some seven centuries were presented as interpretations of the mind of Moses and invested themselves with his authority.

1:26

Elohim
God said, "Let us^e make man' In our own image, in the likeness of ourselves,

and let them be masters of the fish of the sea, the birds of heaven, the cattle, all the wild beasts and all the reptiles that crawl upon the earth."

Elohim

God created man in the image of himself, in the image of God he created him, male and female he created them.

Elohim

God blessed them, saying to them, "Be fruitful, multiply, fill the earth and conquer it. Be masters of the fish of the sea, the birds of heaven and all living animals on the earth."

God said, "See, I give you all the seed-bearing plants that are upon the whole earth, and all the trees with seed-bearing fruit; this shall be your food. To all wild beasts, all birds of heaven and all living reptiles on the earth I give all the foliage of plants for food." And so it was. God saw all he had made, and indeed it was very good. Evening came and morning came: the sixth day.

Thus heaven and earth were completed with all their array. On the seventh day God completed the work he had been doing. He rested on the seventh day after all the work he had been doing. God blessed the seventh day and made it holy, because on that day he had rested after all his work of creating.

Such were the origins of heavens and earth when they were created.

"All Elohim"

The second account of the creation. Paradise

At the time when Yahweh God made earth and heaven there was as yet no wild bush on the earth nor had any wild plant yet sprung up, for Yahweh God had not sent rain on the earth, nor was there any man to till the soil. However, a flood was rising from the earth and watering all the surface of the soil. Yahweh God fashioned man of dust from the soil. Then he breathed into his nostrils a breath of life, and thus man became a living being.

Yahweh God planted a garden in Eden which is in the east, and there he put the man he had fashioned. Yahweh God caused to spring up from the soil every kind of tree, enticing to look at and good to eat, with the tree of life and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the middle of the garden. A river flowed from Eden to water the garden, and from there it divided to make four streams.

The first is named the Pishon, and this encircles the whole land of Havilah where there is gold. The gold of this land is pure; bdellium^c and onyx stone are found there. The second river is named the Gihon, and this encircles the whole land of Cush. The third river is named the Tigris, and this flows to the east of Ashur. The fourth river is the Euphrates. Yahweh God took the man and settled him in the garden of Eden to cultivate and take care of it. Then Yahweh God gave the man this admonition, "You may eat indeed of all the trees in the garden. Nevertheless of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you are not to eat, for on the day you eat of it you shall most surely die."

Yahweh God said, "It is not good that the man should be alone. I will make him a helpmate." So from the soil Yahweh God fashioned all the wild beasts and all the birds of heaven. These he brought to the man to see what he would call them; each one was to bear the name the man would give it. The man gave names to all the cattle, all the birds of heaven and all the wild beasts. But no helpmate suitable for man was found for him. So Yahweh God made the man fall into a deep sleep. And while he slept, he took one of his ribs and enclosed it in flesh. Yahweh God built the rib he had taken from the man into a woman, and brought her to the man. The man exclaimed:

"This at last is bone from my bones, and flesh from my flesh!

This is to be called woman,^d for this was taken from man."

24 This is why a man leaves his father and mother and joins himself to his wife, and they become one body.

25 Now both of them were naked, the man and his wife, but they felt no shame in front of each other.

The Fall

1 3 The serpent was the most subtle of all the wild beasts that Yahweh God had made. It asked the woman, "Did God really say you were not to eat from any of the trees in the garden?" The woman answered the serpent, "We may eat the fruit of the trees in the garden. But of the fruit of the tree in the middle of the garden God said, 'You must not eat it, nor touch it, under pain of death.'" 2
3 Then the serpent said to the woman, "No! You will not die! God knows in fact that on the day you eat it your eyes will be opened and you will be like gods, 4 knowing good and evil." The woman saw that the tree was good to eat and pleasing to the eye, and that it was desirable for the knowledge that it could give. So she took some of its fruit and ate it. She gave some also to her husband who 5 was with her, and he ate it. Then the eyes of both of them were opened and they realized that they were naked. So they sewed fig leaves together to make themselves loincloths. 6

7 The man and his wife heard the sound of Yahweh God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and they hid from Yahweh God among the trees of the garden. But Yahweh God called to the man. "Where are you?" he asked. 8 "I heard the sound of you in the garden," he replied. "I was afraid because I was naked, so I hid." "Who told you that you were naked?" he asked. "Have you been eating of the tree I forbade you to eat?" The man replied, "It was the woman you 9 put with me; she gave me the fruit, and I ate it." Then Yahweh God asked the woman, "What is this you have done?" The woman replied, "The serpent tempted me and I ate." 10

11 Then Yahweh God said to the serpent, "Because you have done this,

"Be accursed beyond all cattle,
all wild beasts.
You shall crawl on your belly and eat dust
every day of your life.
I will make you enemies of each other:
you and the woman,
your offspring and her offspring.
It will crush your head
and you will strike its heel."

12 To the woman he said:

"I will multiply your pains in childbearing,
you shall give birth to your children in pain.
Your yearning shall be for your husband,
yet he will lord it over you."

13 To the man he said, "Because you listened to the voice of your wife and ate from the tree of which I had forbidden you to eat,

"Accursed be the soil because of you.
With suffering shall you get your food from it

e. Perhaps the plural of majesty: the common name for God was Elohim, a plural form. But possibly the plural form implies a discussion between God and his heavenly court. f. Man, adam, is a collective noun ("mankind"); hence the plural in "Let them be masters of. . ." 2 a. From the "Yahwistic" source (see Introduction). b. Verses 10-14 are intended to fix the locality of Eden. However, the rivers Pishon and Gihon are unknown, and the two "lands" named are probably not the regions designated elsewhere by the same names. c. An aromatic resin. d. In Hebrew a play on the words Ishshah (woman) and ish (man).

The Hebrew word, translated here as God, is "Elohim" and that is a plural form which would ordinarily (if tradition were defied) be translated "gods." It is possible that in the very earliest traditions on which the Bible is based, the creation was indeed the work of a plurality of gods. The firmly monotheistic Biblical writers would carefully have eliminated such polytheism, but could not perhaps do anything with the firmly ingrained term "Elohim." It was too familiar to change.

Some hints of polytheism seem to have survived the editing. Thus, after the first created man disobeys God's injunction not to eat of the tree of knowledge, God is quoted as saying:

Genesis 3:22. . . . *Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil . . .*

Then, too, still later, when God is concerned over mankind's arrogance in attempting to build a tower that would reach to heaven, He is quoted as saying:

Genesis 11:7. *Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language . . .*

It is possible to argue that this is not true evidence of early polytheism. God might be viewed as using the royal "we"; or as speaking to an angelic audience; or even, in the Christian view, as speaking in the persons of the Trinity.

Nevertheless, as far as we know the history of religion outside the Bible, early beliefs were always polytheistic and monotheism was a late development in the history of ideas.

The Seventh Day

Carefully and sparsely, and with great vigor and beauty, the first thirty-four verses of the Bible tell the story of creation. Six acts of creation are described as taking place on six successive days:

Genesis 2:2. *And on the seventh day God ended his work . . . and . . . rested . . .*

Genesis 2:3. *And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it . . .*

This marks the traditional establishment of the Sabbath—a day separated from the ordinary days of the week and dedicated to God.

The role played by the Sabbath in Judaism was quite small at first, and quite enormous in the end. The dividing line comes at one of the great watersheds in Jewish history—the Babylonian Exile. This

took place in the sixth century B.C. and will be dealt with extensively later in the book. It is that sixth-century dividing line to which I will refer when I say something is pre-Exilic or post-Exilic.

In pre-Exilic times the Sabbath is barely mentioned and seems to have been of little consequence among the Israelites. In post-Exilic times, its observance was of the greatest importance and Jews died rather than violate that observance.

It is tempting to suppose that the Sabbath was Babylonian in origin, and that it gained new significance to the Jews in exile (see page 576). Nor can one fairly use the first chapters of Genesis as evidence for the great antiquity of the Sabbath in its holiest form, since it is widely accepted these days that the creation tale received its present shape after the Babylonian Exile and was, in fact, a version of the Babylonian creation myth, purified of polytheism and grossness, and put into the loftiest and most abstract terms of which the Jewish priesthood was capable.

The creation tale is typical of those portions of the first few books of the Bible that were put into final form by priestly hands soon after the time of the Exile. Such portions are part of the "Priestly document" and are usually designated as P by Biblical scholars. The Priestly document is characterized by impersonality and by a heavy reliance on statistics and genealogies.

The Lord God

Once the P version of creation is ended, a new version begins:

Genesis 2:4. These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

The distinctive feature here is the sudden use of the term "Lord God," where throughout the first thirty-four verses the Deity had been referred to as simply "God."

The Hebrew word, here translated as "Lord," is made up of four Hebrew letters, which can be written in English as YHWH, and which are expressed, traditionally but mistakenly, as "Jehovah" for reasons to be given later (see page 135). Modern scholars believe "Yahveh" is the more accurate presentation.

Where "god" is a general term for any deity, and where the capitalized form "God" expresses the one Deity of the Bible, Yahveh is the specific name of that specific Deity. Names were of considerable importance to ancient man, for they were considered an extension of personality. To be able to pronounce the name was to be able (according to folklore) to control the being named. Names were therefore tools of magic and Jews of post-Exilic times disapproved of magic, not because they did not believe in its reality, but because the magic

was usually performed in the names of heathen idols.

The name of God came to be avoided on principle, therefore. When it did occur in some of the traditional sources of the early books of the Bible or in the writings of the prophets of pre-Exilic times, pious Jews took to saying *Adonai* ("Lord") instead. This euphemism was accepted in English translation and what might have been given as "the God, Yahveh" is given as "the Lord God" instead.

The use of the term "the Lord God" ("Yahveh Elohim") in place of God ("Elohim") is characteristic of a particular early strand of tradition which was incorporated into the Hexateuch. This strand is known as the "J document" because of its characteristic use of "Jehovah" ("Yahveh") in connection with God.

There is another strand of early tradition which like the P document uses simply Elohim for God, and it is the "E document." Both J and E are much more personal than P, tell stories with circumstantial detail and do not greatly interest themselves in the more formal aspects of the matter.

The J document may have been put into written form as early as the ninth century in the more southerly of the two kingdoms into which the Israelites were then divided. This was the kingdom of Judah. The E document was put into written form a century later in the northern kingdom of Israel.

The dominant tribe in the northern kingdom was Ephraim and that was sometimes used as a poetic synonym for Israel. There is thus the interesting coincidence that the J document can stand for Judah as well as Jehovah, and the E document for Ephraim as well as Elohim.

The northern kingdom was destroyed toward the end of the eighth century a.c. and the priests of Judah incorporated E into their own J tradition. This made the primitive history of their ancestors more complete, but also introduced occasional duplications, with the same tale told twice, once with a northern orientation and once with a southern. Despite the careful dovetailing of verses, such duplicate versions can be dissected and identified.

During and after the Babylonian Exile, the priesthood took this combined JE version, added P material of their own, and produced Genesis as we have it now. It is not my purpose, in this book, to untwine Genesis and identify the source of each verse (something that is done in the Anchor Bible, for instance) but it is well to know that different sources do exist.

Man

In J's tale of creation (more primitive than that of P) God does not call human beings into existence by spoken command alone. Rather, he shapes them out of clay as a sculptor might:

Genesis 2:7. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man be-

came a living soul.

The word "man" is a translation of the Hebrew word *adam*, which is a general expression rather akin to what we mean when we say "man-kind." (The Hebrew word for an individual man is *ish*.)

The word *adam*, used in reference to this first created man, came to be a proper name, Adam. The King James version slips into this usage later in the chapter:

Genesis 2:19. . . the Lord God formed every beast . . . and every fowl . . . and brought them unto Adam . . .

Actually, the Hebrew does not seem to make use of Adam as a proper name until the beginning of the fifth chapter:

Genesis 5:1. This is the book of the generations of Adam . . .

Local dervishes bowl for higher consciousness

By Turlough Williamson

A local group of mystics have adapted a popular red-blooded American sport—bowling—into a bizarre spiritual ritual. The so-called "Bowling Dervishes" believe they can "attain the divine thru automatic employment of the inherent process [of bowling]," claims the group's spokesman. "Like many dervish groups, particularly those visible in the Western world, we love to play games," he continued.

The Bowling dervishes are not to be confused with better-known dervish cults, such as the Whirling Dervishes, or the Howling Dervishes. The spokesman, who asked to remain unidentified, stated that "while we Bowling Dervishes sometimes howl, there's been no reported instance of Howling Dervishes bowling."

The group associates bowling with an obscure spiritual technology known as the "Holy Kabalah." According to the *Occult Illustrated Dictionary* (Oxford University Press, New York, 1976), "The Kabalah includes occult knowledge and in medieval times greatly influenced Jewish, Christian and Muslim scholars, theologians

and magicians, for it comprises a comprehensive system of symbolism, angelology, daemonology and magic, with sections on reincarnation and messianism."

The Kabalah itself apparently consists of a diagram containing ten elements, represented by circles, with lines drawn to represent relationships between them. The circles are named for letters of the Hebrew alphabet and have numerological associations.

The dervishes believe that the ten elements of the Kabalah are somehow related to the ten bowling pins. To this reporter, it seemed like a lot of mystical mumbo-jumbo. The dervishes don't seem to be too clear on it themselves, as one was overheard to say "What we really need is a Teacher, to help us figure this stuff out." They call their amalgam of the Kabalah and bowling the "Kabowlah."

In a strange twist to an already confused situation, the dervishes regard only eight pins as being truly relevant, since, according to the spokesman, "the Tradition with which we identify suggests that the Kabalah actually consists of eight elements, not

ten."

The dervishes therefore disregard two of the ten pins, counting only eight for scoring purposes. When asked which two pins are thrown out of the equation, the spokesman answered, "since our understanding of the Kabowlah is incomplete, and we don't know which pins to eliminate, we let the bowler decide." Typically, the bowler disregards whichever two pins will be most advantageous to his score, after rolling his ball(s).

By the dervishes' unconventional rules, knocking down eight pins on the first ball counts as a strike. Scoring eight pins on two balls constitutes a spare.

"By counting only eight pins, the maximum score possible per frame becomes twenty-four, rather than thirty," explained one dervish. A perfect game (all strikes) is just 240 points, instead of the normal 300 points. "This can penalize the very best bowlers," added the dervish, "but those of mediocre ability will find their scores enhanced, due to the greater frequency of spares and strikes." This observer couldn't help but note that the "Bowling Dervishes" fall

into the latter category.

(The Bowling Derrishes can be contacted by writing them c/o The News Peeper, Dept. 101, P.O. Box 4539, Ann Arbor, MI 48106—Ed.)

Getting high is a natural drive

New research on animal behavior

By Ronald K. Siegel

RECENT ETHOLOGICAL and laboratory studies with colonies of rodents and islands of primates, and analyses of social and biological history, suggest that the pursuit of intoxication with drugs is a primary motivational force in the behavior of organisms.

Our nervous system, like those of rodents and primates, is arranged to respond to chemical in-

Dr. Ronald Siegel is an associate research professor of psychopharmacology at UCLA. He has served as a consultant to two presidential commissions and the World Health Organization. This article is excerpted from his new book, Intoxication (E.P. Dutton).

toxicants in much the same way it responds to rewards of food, drink and sex. Intoxication is the fourth drive. It is as bold and inescapable as the drug stories that dominate today's headlines. Individual and group survival depends on the ability to understand and control this basic motivation to seek out and use intoxicants.

When we watched Dorothy succumb to the magic of opium as she reeled through the poppy fields in "The Wizard of Oz," we may have been unaware that she was following in the footsteps of other crea-

tures. Like Dorothy, many animals have accidental encounters with narcotic plants. Some engage in deliberate, even ritualized, intoxications.

After sampling the numbing nectar of certain orchids, bees drop to the ground in a temporary stupor, then weave back for more. Birds gorge themselves on inebriating berries, then fly with reckless abandon. Cats eagerly sniff aromatic "pleasure" plants, then play with imaginary objects. Cows that browse special range weeds will twitch, shake and stumble back to the plants for more. Elephants purposely get drunk on fermented fruits. Snacks on "magic mushrooms" cause monkeys to sit with their heads on their hands in a posture reminiscent of Rodin's "Thinker."

The pursuit of intoxication by animals seems as purposeless as it is passionate. The stupefied bees quickly become victims of predation. The carcasses of "drunken birds" litter the highways. Disoriented monkeys ignore their young and wander from the safety of the troop.

HUMAN BEINGS are no different. For millennia, our species, too, has hunted and gathered plants that fight back by producing defensive narcotic drugs. We consume drugs "to ape the angels," as Baudelaire described life in his *Artificial Paradise*, "only to become animals."

My research teams have observed ducklings that were too busy feeding on narcotic plants to respond to their mother's calls; pigeons who were secretly gobbling behaviorally effective doses of marijuana seeds unknown to their master psychologist, B. F. Skinner; reindeer who fought deer and man over limited supplies of intoxicating mushrooms. One of the chimps living on a game preserve became enraged by a powerful stimulant and fought a battle to the death with my team.

It is easy to view these cases as quirks of animal behavior. After all, animals often engage in bizarre and deviant behaviors. My own initial reactions on finding animals high on natural and man-made drugs was exactly the same. Then a consistent pattern of behavior emerged. In every country, in almost every class of animal, I found examples of not only the accidental but the intentional use of drugs. The thousands of cases I investigated convinced me that the action of an animal in seeking out

intoxicants was a natural behavior in the animal kingdom.

Over a period of 20 years, from my base as a research psychopharmacologist at UCLA's Department of Psychiatry and Biobehavioral Sciences, I collected thousands of anecdotal accounts that described intoxicated animals who behaved just like the people we studied. I called other stories from the archival literature. Using a worldwide network of field stations and laboratories, my teams sought further understanding of the most promising cases through systematic observations and experiments.

They had at their disposal an arsenal of futuristic techniques, including computerized tracking devices, night-viewing cameras and biomedical recorders. And to trace the consumption and metabolism of substances, they labeled plant drugs with radioactive markers and performed blood and urine tests for days, weeks and months after ingestion. In addition, because drug metabolites remain permanently embedded in hair, the researchers obtained samples of animal and human hair. They could thus trace patterns of drug ingestion to within a billionth of a gram for years, even decades, back. Finally, controlled experiments were conducted with both animal and human subjects and the results compared with detailed long-term studies of human users and abusers.

I learned about the disastrous consequences of human misuse of drugs from my forensic practice, where I was called on as an expert witness in hundreds of murder trials in which defendants were reportedly under the influence. And I was exposed to the war on drugs firsthand as a consultant to two presidential commissions and the World Health Organization, traveling to many countries, where I interviewed drug kingpins and pawns.

It all seems to have begun — the evolutionary dawn of the drug wars — when plants started to produce chemicals as defenses against herbivores. The chemicals repelled many animals yet attracted others, who managed to circumvent the poisonous effects by developing safe feeding strategies. This opened the door for animals to minimize aversive effects while maximizing desirable effects, turning poisons into intoxicants and forming the new chemical bond we call addiction.

Our ancestors learned much about the nature of these chemicals and bonds by watching animals, an activity that led to the discovery of many useful substances. The poisons that killed animals were easy to find. So were strong intoxicants like the hallucinogens, which dramatically altered behav-

lor. Neither the animals nor the humans who copied them seemed to have difficulty in learning how to use these intoxicants for specific purposes. For example, monkeys and baboons, which share our tastes and temperaments, learned to use hallucinogens and tobacco to relieve boredom with all the shrewdness and zest of human users.

YET THE animals, we learned, largely avoid the human problems of abuse because the availability of alcohol is regulated by seasonal fermentations or other acts of nature. Groups of captive animals subjected to humanlike conditions of overcrowding will use alcohol to relieve stress, and they develop patterns of alcohol drinking just like our own. But there are also lessons to be gleaned from those animals that seem to safely use the low doses found in the natural plants and simply avoid participating in social behavior while they are intoxicated.

My research suggests that the solution to the drug problems of our species will begin when we acknowledge the legitimate place of intoxication in our behavior. Instead of trying to eradicate it, we ought to be working to ensure that the pursuit of intoxication with drugs will not be dangerous.

The best way to proceed in improving intoxicants is to utilize the technology that is our human distinction. The search for improved drugs, botanical and synthetic, is a time-honored quest for the pharmaceutical industry, which spends billions of dollars each year for research and development of magic bullets and wonder drugs. The goal is to maximize desired effects and benefits and minimize risks and dangers.

A tacit but guiding notion, however, has been that one shouldn't feel too good. The Food and Drug Administration, for instance, approved synthetic THC for clinical use in treating the nausea and vomiting encountered by many cancer patients undergoing chemotherapy. But the approved form, Marinol, was a soft gelatin capsule containing sesame seed oil to retard the high.

This Calvinistic pharmacology has prevented us from seeing pleasurable changes in the body or mind as fulfilling health needs. Yet even if some of us can admit that intoxication serves medical or adaptogenic purposes, almost everyone is afraid it will lead to loss of control and abuse. The research and development of intoxicants that are as unobtainable and safe as the foods we eat are as worthy of pursuit as are those leading to any magic bullet or wonder drug.

In the meantime, supplies of drugs cannot be eliminated. The drive to pursue intoxication cannot be suppressed. We must work patiently to solve the daily problems resulting from the use and abuse of imperfect drugs. We have to take care of the abusers and do what we can to prevent new ones from joining the ranks. We must continue our preventive education programs and step up our treatment and rehabilitation efforts. There are no short-term solutions. The ongoing destructive nature of the war on drugs is something we will have to endure until, ultimately, the demands of those seeking artificial paradise are addressed.

IN THE future, fashions in drugs will change, just as they have in the past. Heroin was once viewed as chic; today it has a reputation for being ugly and dangerous. Cocaine's image is undergoing a similar transformation. Although such changing images may mark a decline in a drug's popularity, it is certain that new drug fads will appear. We have a chance, now, to design those future choices.

The ideal intoxicants would balance optimal positive effects, such as stimulation or pleasure, with minimal or nonexistent toxic consequences. The drugs would be ingested as fast-acting pills or liquids or breathed in the form of gases. They would have fixed durations of action and built-in antagonists to prevent excessive use or overdoses. The drugs could even be engineered to provide brief but safe surges of intense effects, thus appearing more dangerous and thrilling than they really are.

Ideal drugs would deliver desired effects without unwanted side effects. If the drug is used to enhance mood, for example, it should not keep someone from eating or sleeping. The ideal tranquilizer would reduce anxiety without being so comforting that the user became passive and non-productive. Similarly, if the drug was designed to entertain our senses, it would not distract us from performing normal activities.

Winning the war on drugs by eradicating non-medical drug use is neither possible nor desirable. We need intoxicants — not in the sense that an addict needs a fix, but because the need is as much a part of the human condition as sex, hunger and thirst. The need — the fourth drive — is natural and can be, if we apply our ingenuity, just as healthy as the medicating drugs that we use should be. This is not moral surrender in the war on drugs. The development of safe, man-made intoxicants is an affirmation of one of our most hu-

man drives and a challenge for our finest talents.

Coming home to a smug America

By Stanley Meisler

YOU CAN hear the moments of boredom tick away whenever you tell Americans that no other industrialized democracy has the same dispiriting problems as the United States — not the crime, not the guns, not the homeless, not the un-

Stanley Meisler, now based in Washington D.C., was the Paris correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, from which this article is reprinted.

schooled, not the poor, not the racism, not the ugliness. Listeners may mimic interest for a short while, then their glances roll up and away.

They may not doubt me but, content in smugness, they do not care. After 21 years as a foreign correspondent, I returned home late last year to a country bristling with astonishing problems, most left unintended. Yet many Americans persist in believing that their country has a divine mission on Earth, a model for all other:

Ignorance about the rest of the world seems total. Our son set off for high school the other day in a T-shirt emblazoned with a bust of Lenin. I jokingly warned him to be careful. "Don't worry," he said, cynically not jovially, "no one at school knows who he is."

Few if any peoples can boast as much democracy and energy as Americans. Those are wondrous gifts that foreigners can hardly fathom. Yet I often wonder how to what purposes they are put.

Fear of crime quickly makes a returning American feel the reality of home. On one winter night I walked across five dim, deserted Washington blocks wondering whether it might have been wiser to take a cab. There is no such fear in most cities of Western Europe and Canada. Almost all of downtown Paris, for example, bustles with carefree revelers at all hours before dawn. Crime does exist, but if Los Angeles had the homicide rate of Paris it might coo-

sider disbanding its police force.

Americans, of course, are not oblivious to crime — they fume about it — but they do seem oblivious to the problems of poverty, education, unemployment, racism and inequality that spawn this crime. Instead, there are ever more cries for vengeance and ever more demands for Draconian punishment. These cries come even though the United States already keeps a higher percentage of its population in jail than any countries other than South Africa and the Soviet Union.

ALTHOUGH MANY countries fret over drug addiction, it is basically, as a Yale historian once put it, "an American disease." The problem exists nowhere else in such intensity. Perhaps because the problem is smaller, Britain can look on addicts with humanity, treating them like sick people. The British have trouble understanding why Americans treat addicts as satanic enemies in a war on drugs.

At a recent symposium in Washington, Allan Parry, head of a Liverpool drug program, could not hide his fury at American attitudes toward addicts and the refusal of almost all American cities to hand out clean needles as a way of preventing the spread of AIDS.

"I find it very sad to see the people in the Bronx using the same needle and being criminalized and brutalized," he said, words steeped in anger. "We used to send people to the United States to see how to do things. Now, people go to New York to see how not to run things. 'Let them die.' The number of times I've heard that in this country. 'Let them die.' It's incredible."

I took his words down, having occasionally felt the same kind of anger back home in America. The first images that struck me on my return, however, provoked only a troubling puzzlement. I saw an abundance that would astound the rest of the world and then an ugliness that might astound them just as much.

The cornucopia on a U.S. supermarket shelf, for example, numbs the sense of choice. A shopper searching for salad dressing must now choose among French, honey French, Italian, creamy Italian, zesty Italian, robust Italian, blue cheese, thousand island, Caesar, sweet and sour, ranch, buttermilk and herbs, celery seed and onion, dill and lemon and more.

There are at least 11 brands of dog food. Even bagels come in a host of flavors: garlic, onion, rye, pumpernickel, honey wheat, bran, sesame, poppy, cinnamon raisin — and plain.

Yet this dazzling display of abundance comes in enormities of shopping malls that proliferate around cities like pillboxes or

guard against style and beauty. Such clusters of concrete existed two decades ago but never in such size and strength. They symbolize the sprawl and flight that make spiritless U.S. cities so different now from the vibrant, lovely towns of Europe.

No memory prepared me for the awfulness of American television commercials — almost every message loud, every scene frenzied. Any touch of subtlety vanishes with constant repetition. Only a masochist would sit through them with any pleasure, the way most people watch commercials in Paris. Sophisticates regard commercials in France as works of art; the best-known French movie directors make them.

No memory prepared me for the mindlessness of the 1988 presidential campaign. I had just covered the French presidential elections where the televised debate was sharp and meaningful, campaign speeches long and thoughtful, differences between candidates clear and philosophical. France allows no political spots on television. Campaign managers do not mold strategy around sound bites.

In 1988, French analysts kept moaning about the "Americanization" of their elections, meaning a decline of substance in favor of image. But a few weeks into the American campaign, it was clear that the French need not have worried; they were far, far behind the American model.

TELEVISION HAS created a vacuousness in American public life. Soon after arrival in Washington, I was entangled in several misunderstandings. While I thought I was arranging lengthy interviews with officials, they assumed that I was setting up quick phone calls to catch pithy quotes. Television had instilled the idea that reporters bites.

"You are an anachronism in American journalism," said Marviala Kalb via dialex in Cambridge one night. The director of Harvard's John Shorenstein Barone Center on the Press, Politics and Public Policy explained, "You actually want to interview somebody."

I have felt anguish about the irrefutable evidence of deterioration in America: Surveys rank American schoolchildren at the bottom in mathematics when tested against Koreans, Canadians, Spaniards, Britons and Irish; studies show the United States now has the 18th worst infant-mortality rate in the world. Such reports make me feel I have returned to an America that feels good about itself and helpless before the scourges that matter.

Experience overseas taught me that no other people have the same control over their destiny as Americans. American democracy allows the people more rights than any other political system and more input — either through the power of public opinion or Congress — into government. In no other country could a legislature have denied a leader the choice of a secretary of defense the way the Senate rejected President Bush's nomination of John Tower. In no other country could a peaceful expression of public opinion have denied Congress a pay raise the way it was denied here earlier this year.

Yet the despairing problems of America are neglected because Americans do not feel the need to face them. Bribed by tax cuts and soothed by Reagan-years reassurances, they feel no urgency, content to accept the argument that "budget restraints" make it impossible to do anything — at least now. The fact that Western Europe and Canada manage those problems by imposing higher taxes and spending government funds heavily does not seem to impress anyone, if they even know about it.

Perhaps the problem is leadership. Leaders of most industrial democracies have a breadth of intellect and experience, a moral strength and commitment to reason that often seems lacking here. Perhaps the very power of our people undercuts leadership. U.S. leaders have to cater to the tastes and whims of the masses in ways that leaders in countries like France and Britain do not.

THE DIFFERENCE in leadership is hard to explain. Since returning, only one politician has truly impressed me: Senate Democratic Leader George J. Mitchell of Maine.

He breakfasted with reporters one morning and replied to all questions with impeccable logic, pertinent evidence, thoughtful analysis and reasonable conclusions. I had not heard political discourse like that since leaving Paris.

After the breakfast, I excitedly told everyone that Mitchell sounded just like a French politician. I meant it as a compliment; everyone else assumed I was putting him down.



David Alexander
P.O. Box 1752
Monterey Park CA.
91754

Dear New Age movement,

Greetings from the sanctimonious sanctuary of high pretense, where the high priests of celestial mind-fuck and intellectual wheel-spinning ply their virtuosity, to make spirituality and metaphysical theogony, into the esoteric industry for the modern age. Yes indeed, the absolute has been found, and is now for sale, and in this wondrous, technocratic dalliance, has transformed the new-age movement, into a mere industry. The organized religion of the future is here, better equipped to space out your mind and empty your pocket. The oneness of humanity and life, shall come, the regeneration of the world can only be magically effected, as long as it is linked up with your million dollar bank. You said you would like to change the "consciousness of those who are destroying the rain forests." What you new-age people don't realize is, you are that consciousness! With your materialism and technocratic orientation, your abysmal lack of political astuteness and social consciousness, your desire to horde material resources, to buy mansions and Mercedes, i.e. your money-worship! You empower the very same Socio-Economic system of dynamics and political machination, that is in absolute opposition to everything the new age, says it's about. You are losing ground. The technocratic atheists and materialists, must be laughing like crazy, watching you feed their machine of alienation and social misery, from the proceeds you derive from selling the false hope of freedom to those trapped in it. It is useless to try to manifest ideals in a non-ideal world, without reaching to change the basic fabric of that world. To do that you have to direct the categories of things, into humanistic priorities of experience. The transcendence factors of the new age must be directed towards the liberation of human potential and consciousness, manifested in, within, and through, not to mention as, the most basic and ordinary dimensions of human consciousness. The new-age raises the human consciousness, out of the human work all together, and by doing so, is powerless to effect that world. The new-age is hypocritical, because it professes spiritual and human values, and yet in all practical matters, sustains values unwittingly that are in their total antithesis. The new-age lacks the philanthropic altruism, that are intrinsic to making the new age, consistent with new age beliefs. Your playing into the hands of those who want to neutralize your power. The autocratic millionaire elitists, sacrifice the ecological integrity of the world,

and destroy the rain-forests for material profit. In doing this they think they serve progress. The new-age millionaire elitists sacrifice the existential integrity of their subjective, and also our shared external world, and destroy it as a sacrificial offering on the altar of high finance. In doing this they think they serve the spirit, and mankind, when they are really just serving themselves. Most all of you are just infantile, selfish, children, playing games with the Gods, and the universe, so you can get an auto-erotic libidinous rush from your own narcissism. Many people would support the New Age if it sold false hope at less expensive rates. -- D.A.



Popular Reality
1264 Creal Crescent
Ann Arbor, Mi 48103

Howdy. Okay, I know I just wrote the other day, but since then I studied DC#7. Whew. Better than I thought from just glancing at it now & then.

I must respond to Jarod O'Danu's excellent observations in #7 - even if it's belated. How we perceive 'the real' is answered by Peter Primal & Jack Parsons' Magic, Gnosticism & Witchcraft. There's no allegory in Peter Primal's observations about the imago. We're conditioned to observe the world thru societally approved means. Thru our left brain, thru the logical & material. This is only a part of reality. Intuitive awareness is denigrated in our society & like the atrophy that accompanies not using parts of our nervous system, our ability to perceive all of reality withers up. There are people who can help expand our perceptions making themselves plainly known, apparently even in the pages of DC. The five senses are not our only organs of perception. Anybody honestly interested in awakening other means of perception, like O'Danu, oughta be able to find help, judging by the fellow travellers in DC. Hot stuff.

Thanx again
More before you want it,
Irrev. David Crowbar.
Pop Real.

Oh, yeah, was kicking around the idea of a "World Congress of Weird Religions" with some locals for next spring in A2 here before I saw Hakim Bey's proposal. We wanted to coincide with April 1st. I will write to Bey & offer to host this event here if others consent.

