

# MAYBE



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A ZINE FROM THE MAYBE LOGIC  
STUDENTS DISEMBODIED



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## Introduction: Free-for-all by BogusMagus

In the Maybe Logic Academy many interesting minds meet, mingle and exchange signals.

Robert Anton Wilson got quoted as saying this in an interview:

"I've written about a lot of different subjects! I've got about ten different fan-clubs, depending on which book they've read!"

Some of us have read them all.

This does mean that the Maybe Logic Academy contains several sub-cultures that do not necessarily agree on everything, but in the forums we try to stick to the only house-rule:

**"If you cannot achieve tolerance, at least attempt courtesy."**

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I find it stimulating to surround myself with people with different experiences, beliefs and attitudes - especially intelligent, interesting and persuasive people. Among our members you may find artists, psychologists, musicians, teachers, writers, linguists, lawyers

and homebodies, punk, hip-hop and academic - agnostics, Gnostics, people practising magick and people who talk to angels. You may also find secular humanist freethinkers like me, who find "belief systems" intriguing (and people's attachment to them) but can't help teasing people who hold any one belief particularly firmly, whether a political, psychological or religious belief.

In return, some people may imply that I live a narrow little five-sense life, unaware of the leprechauns and aliens and higher intelligences who surround me, or of the universe next door. I don't consider myself one of those fundamental materialists - Marxists bore me rigid - I have always found fringe sciences, odd states of mind and unusual experiences fascinating - but I view them through the grids of an amateur anthropologist and archaeologist, psychology student, actor and artist.

In other words, I see them all as part of the human enterprise, manifestations of human imagination and creativity. I don't like to explain one mystery with another. It may sometimes appear helpful to point to unexplained events (like apparently significant coincidences) and give them a label (like Synchronicity) but too often people mistake a new label for an explanation. One mystery gets "explained" with another mystification. I prefer to reserve judgement and accept the mystery, if I can't solve the puzzle. Some people cannot tolerate "not knowing", and would prefer a false or nonsensical explanation to none at all.

Maybe... tales, tunes and more tribal magick from the Maybe Logic Academy students disembodied

brings together material from a much larger body of texts written throughout the years for the online periodical Maybe Quarterly, which you can read at <http://www.maybelogic.org/maybequarterly>. This book also publishes new, never published texts and drawings.

After number 14 mosbunall of the students realized we needed a new format. And behold! you hold the result in your hands.

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Bogus Magus, Kentroversy, ZenPunkist, Propaganda, borsky, Bobby Campbell, the Purple Gooroo, Minja, Quackenbush, Eric Wagner, Fly Agaric, and many more.

Keats talked of the ability of others less impatient or insecure:

"and at once it struck me what quality went to form a Man of Achievement, especially in Literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously - I mean Negative Capability, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason."

I would perhaps balance that with our ability to immerse ourselves, like Method Acting, in states of mind where we temporarily believe something, or at least accept it as "real". Coleridge called this the "willing suspension of disbelief", which we all need to enjoy a film, a book, the theatre and possibly even our experiences of alternative realities:

"... it was agreed, that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith."

I would add Charles Fort to the group of people I empathise with most - people who enjoy the odd, the improbable, the inexplicable, and feel willing to brainstorm highly creative explanations, and even throw in jokes, rather than dismiss them sternly out of hand. The Science of Pataphysics comes in here, too. My own area of interest includes confidence tricksters, scam-artists, games, cheating, conjuring, "social engineering" (ask Kevin Mitnick), illusions and self-delusions. This edition could turn out as a surprise for us all.

One can only hope.



Join us on our forum <http://www.maybelogic.net>



# Robert Anton Wilson Interview By Propaganda Anonymous (MOI)

Date: July 25, 2003

For those who don't know who RAW is, or seems to be, the man is an icon for being an iconoclast. Throughout his forty some odd years writing biting social commentary with a sly psychedelic wit, he has used the language of a street comedian rather than a pundit on a soapbox. In other words, while most people who read tons of books seem happy with describing that particular part of the elephant they are assigned to describe, to the utmost detail, RAW seems different. Reading his books, you feel that he has turned on the lights, and discovered that those ostentatious intellectuals have been unknowingly fondling an elephant with maladroitness. He has assessed the bullshit, or er, elephant shit, and wisely stepped aside and acted as a fair warning system to those of us venturing into the less illuminated parts of our minds. If there is one phrase that echoes in those darkened halls it must be, "Think for yourself."

**PROP ANON:** I'm sitting here talking with Mr. Robert Anton Wilson. I originally came out here to see the world premiere of his documentary entitled, *Maybe Logic*, premiering on July 23rd, 2003.

Mr. Wilson, July 23rd, 2003 seemed like a special date on more than one instance for that night.

**RAW:** Well, it was Monica Lewinsky's 30th birthday. I only blew the minds of a few people. She blew the minds of the whole country....or she blew something.

**PROP ANON:** And along with Monica Lewinsky's 30th birthday, it was also a day that was named after you, for the city of Santa Cruz, by the Mayor.

**RAW:** Yeah, a friend of mine in Massachusetts is trying to make it a national celebration among my fans, which would be called *Maybe Day*. He asked me to suggest rituals. I wrote back in e-mail just before you arrived. I suggested he should invite Christians, Jews, and Moslems, and have chanting of "Jesus is the only Son of God, maybe" "Hear O Israel, the Lord thy God is one, maybe" and "There's no God but Allah, maybe, and maybe Mohammed is his prophet." I think this will do a great deal to restore sanity to this planet. It depends if Jews and Moslems show up for this celebration. Maybe it'll do their heads a lot of good.

**PROP ANON:** And also on that day, as mentioned in *Maybe Logic*, was the 30-year anniversary of when you first received communications from, what seemed to be an extra-terrestrial-higher intelligence. Has there ever been any recurrences, small flashbacks, if you will, since those 30 years past?

**RAW:** Oh... um, it never really stopped. But my metaphor for it changes. Now I prefer to regard it as an increase in intuition and psychic abilities, rather than a separate entity guiding me. But the experience takes different forms. Sometimes I forget about it for weeks on end. I prefer to think of it as a white rabbit from County Kerry, because there is no chance anybody will take that literally, including me.

**PROP ANON:** In the Foreword of *Quantum Psychology*, you write about a handful of philosophies. Two of which are Operationalism and Existentialism. As an example, in academia, someone who is heavily into Existentialism won't really think about looking at phenomena in Operational terms. Could you explain?

**RAW:** Oh, yeah. The point is that Operationalism and Existentialism have more in common than they realize. The only reason they don't realize how much they have in common is because of this goddamn psychological warfare going on between the Humanities department and the Science department. If they would stop waving their dicks around yelling "Mine is bigger than yours" and sit down and talk, essentially they'll realize existentialism and operationalism are basically the same method applied to two different areas.

Operationalism is your experience with instruments. Existentialism is your experience without instruments. They're both dealing with your experience; they're throwing out all the traditional abstractions of the Western mind. They have more in common than they realize.

**PROP ANON:** In the documentary, *Maybe Logic*, the subject of Giordano Bruno came up, and how in his time mysticism and science were studied in conjunction, both at the opposite end of the spectrum as religion. It seemed as if *Quantum Psychology* might be doing that as well. Do you feel that *Quantum Psychology* put mysticism and science on the same playing field?

**RAW:** Yeah, I guess I was trying to do that. I did that in several of my books. I think. Yeah, Bruno is a really key figure. Frances Yates, who wrote a couple of books, Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition and *The Rosicrucian*

*Enlightenment*, made a pretty good argument that Bruno and John Dee and Johann Kepler and a few others were all in communication with one another and were plotting this scientific mystical overthrow of the Theological systems in Europe.

This became the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, and later became Freemasonry. It's a very plausible theory. And whether it's true or not, it is certainly true that Bruno was burned on 18 counts, not just for teaching Copernican astronomy, but also for practicing cabalistic magic and teaching a mystical system of improving your memory. And, oh yeah, planning secret societies to plot against the Vatican.

With him there was no difference between science and mysticism. They were both ways to find out what's going on, and both of them were in opposition to the bureaucrats of the Catholic Church who had their own dogma, and who insisted that you agree with them or keep your mouth shut. Even if you keep your mouth shut, you might be accused of sick salacious thoughts if they found the wrong books in your house.

Bruno was burned at the stake in 1600. And 1766 or 1765, there was a guy who was beheaded in France for having Voltaire's books in his house. And he was also suspected of throwing shit on the altar of the local church, but they couldn't prove that. All they could prove was that he had Voltaire's books.

**PROP ANON:** You once said that the law is based on precedents and the past. With technology rapidly increasing, there seems to be no real map for the territory that is coming upon us. If there is going to be some kind of change, socially, how do you think it is going to occur?

**RAW:** I don't know how change is going to occur. In a rational world there would be enough politicians on this planet, in each country, that, two or three of them would eventually stumble upon the World Game Center in Philadelphia, founded by Buckminster Fuller, and they would study it intelligently, or assign a team to study it intelligently, and they would take out a few suggestions that seems useful to them. If this happened often enough, the world would keep changing in a way that would be satisfactory to everybody on the planet and hurt nobody.

Somehow or other we are going to stagger blindly until we reach that point. I just feel that.... Just yesterday, my son sent me a clipping from *Space News* about life that lives in rocks and eats rocks. I've often used that as an argument against Vegetarians, "If you don't want to kill anything, then eat rocks," but there are organisms that eat rocks it seems. I heard on t.v., about two years ago, on the science channel, they found life in the volcanic ash in the ocean in Krakatoa which is not based on DNA, it is entirely different form of life, which apparently arose after the eruption of Krakatoa.

I'll quote Bucky Fuller one more time, "People always do the most intelligent thing, after they've tried every stupid alternatives and none of them have worked." That's the cause of my optimism.



As for the DNA form of life, it has gotten to the top of the Himalyas, it has gotten to the South Pole, it's all over the tropics, it's swarming, it takes so many forms. One day I saw, on the sidewalk in Chicago, a leaf of grass poking up between a crack in the concrete. And, I had acid the night before, so I was especially sensitive. That leaf of grass suddenly said to me, "Life is Unconquerable." We always find a way.

And I just feel, somehow or other, life finds a way. I'll quote Bucky Fuller one more time, "People always do the most intelligent thing, after they've tried every stupid alternatives and none of them have worked." That's the cause of my optimism.

Nothing will work except an intelligent program. So eventually, somehow or other, even people like George Bush -- not George Bush...Well yeah, even George Bush -- might eventually, if they appoint him to a second term, or if he wins an election fairly, and has a second term, even George Bush might -- by 2008 -- he may be forced to have an original thought. Some of his closest advisors may force him to consider an original thought. I mean, it could happen.

In Ezra Pound's Cantos, Canto 85 or 86, somewhere around there, Pound has the line: "Ike driven to the edge almost of a thought"

If Eisenhower was driven almost to the edge of a thought, maybe George Bush can be driven there too.

Now this whole thing about being ruled by precedents, I don't agree. Many flaws in this country come from the fact that we've got more lawyers in Congress than any other professional group. We'd be better with a Congress mostly of dentists. All these dentists read the latest dentistry. They're up to date in at least one science. I think the whole damn Congress should be made up entirely of engineers and researchers. But I don't expect anybody to accept that idea very soon.

We have a government run almost entirely by lawyers. What do lawyers do? They look up precedent. That means the government is always governed by the past, never by the present, much less the possibilities of the future. They're always looking backwards. A government made up of lawyers is by definition reactionary. Looking backwards, all the time looking backwards. So I think we should shoot a couple hundred lawyers every year. Whittle off the population of lawyers, so that Congress will have to recruit from other areas or professions.

A couple of astronauts have gotten into Congress. They'll have to recruit a couple of physicists, a couple of engineers, a couple of economists who know something.... there are a few economists who actually know something.... a biologist or two might be very useful. But as long as we're governed by lawyers....

Every July 4th I invite a bunch of friends over and show them 1776. This time, I dug out my edition of the Letters and Writings of John Adams and John Quincy Adams to read them a few selections. Towards the end of their correspondence, just before they died, John Adams wrote to Thomas Jefferson, "The problem, as I see it, is how to prevent freedom from allowing intelligence and ambition to accumulate great wealth. And how to keep great wealth from corrupting Congress." Nobody has solved that. Great wealth has corrupted the Congress since about the 1890s. It's corrupted the whole goddamned government by now.

**PROP ANON:** What was it about the 1890's that caused the change?

**RAW:** I think it was the 1890s with the Spanish/American War. It was the beginning of the American Empire. And also it was in the 1890s that the Supreme Court ruled a rebuttal in the jury nullification case. The jury did have the right to nullify, but the judge had the right to prevent the jury from knowing that they could nullify. The judge had the right to lie to the jury if he wanted to. And the judge could even prevent the defense counsel from telling them they could nullify.

This was in the case involving somebody whom committed the heinous crime of forming a labor union, which was illegal in those days. You know, most people don't realize where jury nullification comes from. That's how they started modifying it, by saying the judge could hide it from the jury that they had the right to nullify, it was over labor unions.

The biggest case in this country was the Peter Zenger case. 30 Years before the American Revolution Zenger com-

mitted the crime of criticizing the government. It was a crime then. And the jury nullified the law, and let him go. And in England in 1692, William Penn committed the unspeakable atrocious blasphemous obscene crime of preaching a religion not that of the Anglican Church, which was then against the law in England. The ancestors of our Protestant Fundamentalists in this country were called dissidents then. The Anglicans didn't want any of the dissidents or the Roman Catholics preaching in public. William Penn disobeyed that law, and the jury nullified. That's where religious freedom starts in the modern world.

Jury nullification has done so much good. And it's getting more and more on television, on all legal shows. The more and more they keep bringing the topic up. The more people who know about it the better, because if you don't know about it going into court, you're not going to find out about it when you're in court.

**PROP ANON:** In your book *The New Inquisition*, you considered matter as a metaphor. If you could just kind of elaborate on that, that would be great.

**RAW:** Well in the first place, as Alfred North Whitehead pointed out -- Alfred North Fucking Whitehead, one of our most prestigious philosophers in the last century, and a great mathematician too -- he pointed out that you couldn't give anybody a piece of matter. Just like you can't give them a piece of time or a piece of space. All you can give them is a piece of matter on a certain time at a certain space. So space-time-matter can't be split up into parts.

Korzybski incorporated that into Science and Sanity. Obviously, you can't leave mind out either, because how do you know the space-time-matter are there at all unless there is a mind to observe them. So space-time-matter and mind make up the four parts of any transaction. So where does that get us?

**PROP ANON:** I heard in a previous interview of yours called "In Defense of Anarchism," in which you spoke of how Cybernetics will be the technology, when applied to Industry, that will bring about the ideas that Anarchists cherish.

**RAW:** Most people think Anarchism means throwing bombs at people you don't like. That's one school of European Anarchism. There are a dozen other types of Anarchist thought. And, it seems to me, the most intelligent type of Anarchism is based upon the idea that Control and Communication should be decentralized as much as possible.

So imagine my excitement when I read the first book on Cybernetics by Norbert Weiner, a mathematician at MIT. It was called Cybernetics: Control and Communication in the Animal and the Machine. And the whole book adds up to: the more control and communication are decentralized, the more intelligent the thing will behave whether it's a machine, an animal, a herd of animals or a society of human beings.

I regard that as the mathematical proof of Anarchist Theory. I see us heading there more and more, in spite of the fact that we seem to be going more and more towards fascism as a system, as a state. I think as a society, the Internet is pushing us more and more towards Anarchy with control and communication getting more and more decentralized. When Internet covers the whole planet, and everybody is in not in six-degrees of separation, but is one degree separated from everybody else on this planet by cyberspace, I think then we will begin to act intelligently as a species, but as long as we got these damn hierarchies where communication comes from the top-down, never goes up again, we're going to continue to act like the Frankenstein monster, staggering around killing people by accident.

**PROP ANON:** For myself, just to clarify what Fuller spoke of in terms of utilizing natural resources, Fuller said both Marxism and Capitalism was based on the theory of economics put forth by Malthus. How does Fuller get beyond that viewpoint of economics?

**RAW:** Well it's very simple. Malthus assumed -- he was an employee of the British East India Company -- he observed that population was increasing faster than known resources. So he assumed that there would be perpetual warfare over the resources, and most of the population would perish by starvation or other means, because they weren't smart enough or cunning enough or ruthless enough to get their share or more than their share. Then Fuller pointed out that resources do not exist apart from us. Resources exist when the human mind sees how to use something. Resources accepted by statisticians and the economists have increased steadily since the time of Malthus. Resources are increasing faster than population actually. This fact





is hidden from us by the goddamn banking system, which has inserted a bookkeeping system into the process, whereby every exchange has an interest charge on it, whether you know it or not. And most of the profits are going to the banks, where as they should be going to the whole population at large, because the credit is not created by the banks, it is created by everybody who's working.

Even me -- even people who are just working at putting words on paper are creating value. And banks aren't creating a damn thing. They're just charging usury at every step of the way.

Fuller agreed a lot with Ezra Pound. A lot of people think Pound was an Anti-Semitic fascist, period, and that sums up Ezra Pound, but it doesn't. That's one cranky part of Ezra Pound, part time. There's a lot more to Pound than that.

The interview was winding down. Wilson had expressed earlier that he had company coming over, and he wanted to rest up before they arrived. I was satisfied with what I had, and was ready, but not completely willing to wrap it up. Bob had worked his magic yet again. In the course of a two hour diatribe I had sat and listened to a man who has truly attained deep wisdom about life and all of us circus freaks in it. Many times throughout our chat, I was convinced that this is the smartest man in America. His thread of logical discourse was just as adroit as anything I had heard in any college philosophy course. The only difference was that this guy was as funny as George Carlin. I was beginning to think to myself that I was in the presence of a sage.

I was sitting across from someone like Confucius or Lao Tzu, when not so suddenly, Bob leans disproportionately on one side of his couch cushion, and performs what Carlin has termed the one-cheek sneak. I'm not sure if he thought, some other object in his apartment might have momentarily distracted me, allowing him to believe that he could let one by without my noticing. Or whether he just didn't care if I might be

offended by this organic punctuation mark endowed within our bodies by Nature's God. Either way he seemed slightly bemused when I looked over at him after his fart.

"Oh, You heard that?" the old man said to me.

Coming from a fart friendly family myself, I tend not to get squeamish by such expulsions of methane from another's buttocks, occasionally I find it hilarious. Especially, when the dealer of the contaminated air molecules is able to play it off with wry dry surprise or feigned innocence. So I was not offended, it actually sparked a new conversation. He told a joke about a man farting in a doctor's office, which reminded me of a book Benjamin Franklin wrote called Fart Proudly. Being that he just did, Wilson commented that he read the book.

He continued," Mark Twain wrote a book about farting too, called 1602 or 1600, I forget which date. It was about a bunch of Elizabethan writers having a meeting and one of them farts. Then they all start arguing about who let that fart? And they all describe it in terms of their own vocabulary. Twain has a great skill at imitating styles. Shakespeare sounds like Shakespeare. Bacon sounds like Bacon. Raleigh sounds like Raleigh. It's really very funny."

And it was....

*{more online*



## 5 Haikus for R.A.W.

*By Sean Rovaldi (aka The Purple Gooro) MQ11*

I was originally going to write an essay about 'six months after Bob's passing' - my induction into the MLA, the impact of Bob's memes and ideas, whether "The Tale Of The Tribe" would be completed, etc. I haven't been able to get it together enough to start the essay and I've been busy with the "Angel Tech" course lately. I was skimming through "E-Mail To The Universe" a couple of weeks ago and was inspired by his film haikus, so I thought I'd write a few in his honour. I don't consider myself a 'naturally' poetic type, so forgive these amateur attempts, but I wanted to fete the man in some way, especially since I didn't have anything ready for MQ10. I may just get back to that essay for the next winter solstice issue, in time for the anniversary of Pope Bob's passing.

**T**he Old Man Has Gone  
He Left His Time-Binding Memes  
For Us To Sort Out

**S**ix Months Later, I  
Still Wonder Where He May Be  
A Sirius Guess

**I**lluminatus!  
So Much More Than Just A Story  
A Brain-Change Device

**H**e Was Not A Sage  
Nor A Guru Or Swami  
He Just Did The Work

**R**ise Prometheus!  
The Shackles Of Dogma  
Crumble Into Dust

# A Phaistos Comic by borsky (MO7)



The Phaistos Disk is an ancient object that was discovered in Crete. The meaning of the symbols on its surface is still a matter of discussion. Antero Alli uses this in an exercise to connect to the mythical intelligence in his Angel Tech course on the Maybe Logic Academy. I took an epsom salt bath, relaxed and lost myself in a bizarre story. After feeling an initial bliss I looked at the image, starting from the centre outwards with one idea: this is the expression of a very old story, using metaphors long forgotten or blended into more modern forms. They are told in a linear fashion, by comic book panels or cassettes showing recurring characters and their interactions. I suddenly came upon the revelation looking at two bits at the outside, completely at the end of my story, then went into some kinda trance, and started again from the center. The story unfolded itself. And I was in awe. **The disk was a record. My mind's eye was the needle.**

In the beginning were the void  and the original flow . Their meeting transformed the original flow  into linear time or causality . Combination of linear time  and void  emanated the essences the tree of life  (energy) and non-life (matter) . Another combination of void  and linear time  emanated the elements fire , liquid  and rocks  (solids). When breaking  the linear time , void  produces two 

 events: First, void  matches its opposite, fullness  and Secondly non-life  produces two opposite helices . Worldview  has the ability to break  the linear time  into the void . When void  reflects itself  into the original flow , Fire  (enlightenment) breaks  up the void . The combination of the tree of life , linear time  and void  gave birth to the First One  (gods, souls, spirits). Remember: first, void  matched its opposite, fullness  and then non-life  produced two opposite helices . There are two aspects to non-life .

First, the combination of void  and the original flow . Secondly, the combination of linear time  and fullness . Both fullness  and void  are adamant in the production of non-life s helices . The First One  took on a physical form  and by merging with the second helix , entered the physical world . Through this process it was given all kinds of qualities . Some of which  became part of the physical form . Breaking up  some  other qualities, offered the insight  that a map  can show different worldviews  concerning non-life . **The turning point is this: that which happens in the physical world  is shown here, on this very disk !** The helices  and the void  are its keys. When reflecting in the primordial flow , the First One  can see part of the light . When the physical form  starts to walk the physical world , linear time  starts to fade . **It is by writing down the helix  into the tree of life ** that the First One  makes it possible to map  his qualities  and worldviews , as is shown on this disk .

Hooo Fhasa! Later on, back in my 3rd gear, writing this down, I received some sharp clear insights. DNA-code has the ability to write itself, and this poetry is the origin of life. See Jeremy Narby's "The Cosmic Serpent". And this writing in ourselves reflects us to write down in symbols our experiences of the world and often forget it's just a map. See Korzybski's anthropometer. The Phaistos disk itself then is like a meta-map, explaining how maps get written. By telling us a story, giving a possible explanation of existence, it shows that **what we think is reality, in reality is what we think**. And the very first and central panel gives us the key: empty yourself, and go with the flow. I checked the total number of cassettes I used. Yup. 23!





# 9 Characters In Search Of An Author (777 Edit)

## Somewhere in New York City...The Maybes Live @ Universe



No-one, now seems clear exactly what happened at this notorious event.

**A Non Prophecy:** Apparently like they say about Woodstock and the 60's; if you can remember this gig then you probably weren't there, which is a shame because if you had been there I could ask you if you remembered seeing me as I definitely can't remember being there which means I probably wasn't, right? Maybe?

Actually on second thoughts if you were there (which means you probably weren't) and you do remember me being there then please don't tell me, because then I might remember being there which means I probably wasn't.

Oh well, as my own dear Grandfather, Old Man Paradox used to say "keep away from me with that axe you dimensional meddling little bastard!"

**First Person Singular (who looks a little like the young Orson Welles):**

On my first day in The Big Apple I wandered around a little, until I noticed a friendly looking pair of people coming towards me. One seemed to have a shimmering copper aura, a gangly sort of guy, with unusual eyes. He looked a little baffled by the 'whole thing'. Or maybe stoned.

He was accompanied by someone who looked like a professor, not quite so tall, dark-haired, green-eyed, and dressed like a dandy.

They appeared deep in conversation, but as they passed me I overheard the taller guy say "We have to get to the universe by 25 hundred hours", and that so intrigued me that I turned and rather furtively followed them up Fifth Avenue. I thought no-one had noticed but was startled when a rather scary woman of medium build, but exuding strength, jumped out of a side-street (well, she seemed to appear out of nowhere) and challenged me "Why do you wanna follow those guys?"

I jumped back. "Uh...uh...I overheard them say something intriguing..."

She prowled around me, sizing me up.

I looked around for help, only to notice that the two guys had stopped, and looked back, bemused. She took me firmly by the arm and I moved, unresisting (it felt like resistance might prove useless) towards them.

"I didn't mean any harm" I said ... but what happens to the universe at 25 hundred hours?"

"Aw", laughed the professorial-type, in a European accent I couldn't quite place, "nothing happens to it, just at it, or maybe in it. If you have nothing better to do you might want to find your way there, too."

So later on I decided I had nothing to lose by seeking out the club. I found the right street, but couldn't see any obvious signs. Where it should have been was some kind of Chinese herbalist shop, and the gnomish old Yoda-type in there just shrugged when I asked him "where the universe was", looked around at his apothecary jars, took another bite of his Ginseng root (or was it Mandrake?), and gave a sweeping gesture towards his own little world. So I said, club, music, and waved my hands around like an air guitarist.

He looked at me fiercely and shoved whatever it was he was chewing in my direction.

"You go there, you need this", he said. "Bite!"

I bit.

"Ah" he said, "The Universe! - next door".

Just outside of "The Universe", I thought I saw a blinking neon sign that said,

"**LEAVE YOUR DOGMAS AT THE DOOR (Or They MAY BE Confiscated)**", but it suddenly stopped blinking as I drew near, and I couldn't see any evidence of neon tubes, or retractable walls, or anything. I must have imagined it (or maybe it was Mandrake).

I got in with no real problem – some Greenwich Village type, on the door, seemed to disappear at just the right moment for me to stroll in unchallenged.

I turned to the bar. "Gimme a Guinness with a Jameson's chaser," I said, trying to sound cool and undaunted - in fact, downright rude and abrupt.

I heard a deep English voice, pontificating "I guess we should feel honoured, getting to play at the Centre of the Universe" and chuckled... And then, with the cadence of one of the great British actors, "I need a drink!" A second British voice came from somewhere inside the stacks, "hey TJ, where did you put that Pentaphobe CD?"

A strange long-haired figure scrambled out of a tunnel between two speakers, wearing a T-Shirt with some sort of eye or pyramid on the front. After standing up, and dusting himself off, he eyed up my Guinness and rumbled "I could do with one of those", and wandered towards the bar - calling behind him "Somewhere in the random pile, Fly".

Another voice came from the centre of the stack, then suddenly switched from acoustic to emerging from the speakers around the room..."The Universe seems like an infinite sphere, with its centre everywhere, and its circumference nowhere..." boomed and bounced, and echoed and reverberated about the room, jumping from speaker to speaker, iterating and reiterating itself...

In the background chugged another voice sample that seemed to repeat the word "Cogitate, cogitate, cogitate..." until it started to morph spontaneously in my mind.

It seemed like a good time to return to the bar and wash down a few mushrooms with the Jameson's.

The following continuation of the above was found baked inside a Lasagne purchased from the Midi Bleu Pomme restaurant in Weehawken New Jersey. How it got there remains a mystery but Weehawken is situated across the Hudson from New York and is the site of the infamous and fateful fatal duel between Alexander Burr and John Addams. Those of a certain persuasion maintain that this duel was the last time that two prominent opponents, one representing the Illuminati the other a leading Discordian, battled openly. Weehawken was also for a short time (including the date of the infamous and probably miffic New York gig of The Maybes) the home of their drummer NonProphet

"You believe so? The Doorman queried the Bearded man's response "and when did we start believing anything?"

"Ah mon ami d' Nonprophet" the Bearded Man relied "you make a terrible doorman, an even more useless drummer and one hell of a pinikety hair-splicing guerilla ontologist, Mother Nonprophet must be so proud"

NonProphet grinned a Shit eats me grin wider than the Verresano Bridge

"Make like a vampire and bite me Brother Borsky"

"You know," TJ's voice rang out from behind a stack of amps that had been place in a large triangle on stage, "when Min the Indeterminate and the Rosie miester get here it means the nine have finally assembled."



The dude drinking Jameson's finest ischobar and a pint of porter did a quick tally of heads and came up one short of a nontette

At which point Fly came down the stairs carrying a large sign spelling out the words THE - others could remember it's former home had been on the roof signifying the venues name.

"Bucky's orders," he said placing the massive THE against the back wall, "we don't live in the Universe. Universe means everything and you don't say the everything. So tonight we play Universe singular and eternal - one Universe only, one venue only, one night only"

They were still missing a member, who needed to be summoned from the library:

The following bit of writing, attributed to somebody named "Ragu", was discovered on a piece of paper atop a fairy-mound somewhere in County Antrim in 444 BC by a diarrhetic would-be Druid going about Yet Another Initiation. He found that it worked excellently as toilet paper. Much, much, better than a pine cone, at any rate.

So I went on my first date ever, the other day.

I've always been the kinda guy who just sits around scared and bubbly like a smitten 13-year-old, until the girl I like can't take no more and pounces. It almost always works for me, but as a result the women I've been with have always been either exceptionally needy, or exceptionally bossy (usually exceptionally both). I've never "hit on chicks", and I've never gone on "dates".

Well, the other day I received a phone call from the library about a book by Jorge Luis Borges (with an Introduction by Ursula LeGuin!) that I had put on hold ages ago. They'd found it and subsequently and immediately lost it a couple of times now, and I was starting to get suspicious.

I excitedly hurried to the library, and reported to the counter to receive the elusive book. Of course it wasn't there, again.

I expected as much. I never did trust Librarians. I always feel like they're up to something, you know?

I decided that I wasn't leaving the library without getting a book or two, goddammit, so I headed over to the Sci-Fi section. While looking for any Philip Jose Farmer book that I hadn't read yet, I overheard a woman on the other side of the shelf talking to her friend about a LeGuin novel that she quite enjoyed. A couple of minutes later, in a different aisle, I overheard her talking about how someone had recommended a book called "Skinny Legs and All" to her, and that she was considering picking it up.

Having recently decided that Universe was my Friend, I thought, "Hmmm, this is weird... Fuck it! Let's go!"

I walked up to her and said, "You know... I don't normally do this kind of thing, but I overheard you talking to your friend about "The Dispossessed", and I deliberately avoided getting a good look at you, so as to not become infatuated (that's the last thing I need right now). But then you had to go and pop up in front of me and start wondering aloud about my absolute favorite novelist."

She didn't bite my head off (yet), so I continued,

"Well", I blazed on. "Thanks a lot! I have a hard enough time sleeping as it is. Now I'm doomed to toss and turn for at least a week and a half."

She smiled bigly and said, "You found me!" Then she took out a pen and a bit of paper and gave me her phone number.

I was absolutely baffled by my success (I mean, my teeth are jacked up), so I figured I'd quit while I was ahead (baby steps, baby steps). I made some prevaricating claim about having to be "somewhere" "soon", and beat a hasty retreat.

We met at her place that weekend, went and had a beer (Yummy... Guinness!) and some Portobello Mushrooms (she was a vegetarian), and headed off to a club downtown that was having a Hindi dance music night. I had never been to a club, let alone a Hindi one, so I was quite nervous.

And then came the moment I was dreading. I found myself being dragged to the dance floor. You have to understand, I've spent a lot of time in Armor. I was raised in a tough neighborhood as one of the only white guys around, so I learned to be hard postured around strangers. It was either that, or get my ass kicked every time I left the house. Over the years it kind of developed into a Chronic Condition. Until I knew someone for quite a while, I was incredibly dense, tense, and on the fence. And I had never ever danced before.

But, having recently decided that Universe was my

Friend, I thought, "Hmmm, this is weird... Fuck it! Let's go!"

And I started moving. And I started thawing out. I wasn't even drunk or stoned! I bumped into a strikingly beautiful (there She goes again!) middle-aged Indian woman in an orange Sari. I kind of gasped and started to apologize, but she interrupted me and said,

"Go to the Minneapolis Public Library. Check out The Fifth Floor. I think you'll like it."

I could clearly hear her, even though the music was blaring away.

"The fifth floor?," I yelled, not even noticing that I was exposing my mangled fangs. "I don't think the fifth floor is open to the public. It looks like it's just boxes and stuff."

"I said, "The Fifth Floor", not "the fifth floor". And you're not The Public", she replied. "You're The Private. You'll get in. TRUST ME", and disappeared into the crowd.

The next day, first thing in the morning, I headed off to the library once again. I didn't even bother asking anybody about the cagey Borges book (with an introduction by Ursula LeGuin!). I headed right up to the fourth floor, wondering along the way how I would make it up any higher. There were no stairs going up from there, and you needed a special card to access the fifth floor from the elevator..

I was stunned to find that there was one more flight of stairs than I had remembered. It appeared to head right up to the fifth floor. Or was it The Fifth Floor? This was definitely odd.

Having recently decided that Universe was my Friend, however, I thought, "Hmmm, this is weird... Fuck it! Lets go!"

On my way up the stairs I started to feel that Old Panicky Feeling, and time began to slow down. I knew The High Weirdness was approaching very ginormously. I fortified myself by repeating the phrase "DON'T PANIC!" over and over again in my head, a trick I once learned from a Blazing Belgian (pardon my French) Ball of Light.

As I approached the door, it opened by itself, which was strange because it was a huge heavy oaken affair with an old fashioned golden doorknob (which looked kind of like an apple). The room was awash in a Golden Light, and right there, in the middle of the floor was a pedestal with two columns. It was the only thing I could actually see due to the blinding glow in the room. Placidly resting upon on the pedestal, exuding a slightly softer glow, was the book! The Borges book (with an introduction by Ursula LeGuin!) was right there!

Yup. This was definitely The Fifth Floor.

I lovingly and boldly approached the pedestal. This was it! I couldn't believe my eyes! (No big deal, I've learned not to anyway.)

As I grabbed the book with my right hand, The Golden Light got even Golder and Lighter, and the next thing I knew I found myself in a smoky room, surrounded by a number of disreputable looking characters (a trip I would take many times in the future).

Then I noticed a Golden Pennywhistle in my left hand.

"Erm... I hope they don't expect me to play this thing.", I thought. "I'm no good at it... never was."

It dawned on me that I already knew these people. I recognized them all from the first time I took acid, when I curled up into a little ball in a dark room by myself, and ended up "THERE". They were all Blazing Balls of Light that day, but I recognized them nonetheless.

**EVA HERSELF:** looked at the interesting mix that had already gathered at the bar she squatted earlier in the week. She drove cross country about a month ago picking up a few key ingredients on the way: Some mushrooms here, some Potcheen there, bud from all over, a few Trader Joe's runs for some essentials & come down munchies. She played all around the city each night climbing buildings & looking for ways into spaces that hadn't been used or thought about for a long enough time to borrow for a short enough time without anyone noticing. Time for some convergence & kick ass crazy ass music! She knew she found the perfect spot when she came to the sign on an elevator that said if more than 3 people get in, they shall surely die. How adorable! So she unloaded her car, went for another liquor run, fully stocked the makeshift bar, & now here they all are.

These days it seemed almost impossible for 9 people from around the world to come together & be in the same place at the same time. She also gave up on the possibility of being in a band that actually stayed together long enough to develop a single song. This moment, in this abandoned building, abandoned





possibilities threatened to become a reality, and she couldn't be happier. The mushrooms began kicking in, everything became a little more fluid, she spilled herself up onto the bar & yelled,

**"let's fucking do something!"**

Minja slammed back a shot of Jameson's and proceeded to climb on the bar. Weaving slightly, with a big grin on her face, she looked around at everyone, put one arm in the air, pointing to the ceiling, and said, "I have an idea."

Minja rubbed her hands together, eyes wide (and a little wild-looking), looking at the 9 in the bar with her. "First, we need a taco truck."

"But wait a second - I haven't got a clue what sort of a plot device a taco truck is going to be," said Matthias, gamely carrying on.

Minja stuck her hands on her hips and bowed slightly toward Matthias. "Well, I'll tell you." What looked like small people in green alien outfits came dancing in from the kitchen, singing, "She's going to tell, she's going to tell, she's going to tell..." and they danced in circles around Minja.

"So we get the taco truck, and paint it up to look like a spaceship! Then we need a good pancake recipe..."

"Ooh, yeah!" Eva said. "I bought a 10 grain pancake mix, and I've been making them before work with bananas, dates, & pecans, yummy!"

"Oh, hell yes, how perfect, I was just thinking banana pecan pancakes! Do you have any green food coloring?"

"What's the coloring for?" Matthias asked.

"Well duh, they're alien pancakes."

Eva and I talked about doing it once, and at the time I thought a radio flyer would work great as a delivery vehicle, but with a taco truck we can give out alien pancakes anywhere! And I bet we could fit an Orange Julius machine in there."

"Joe Simonton's Pancake-O-Ramal!" Ragu piped up from the bar.

"Yeah, exactly!" Minja did a double take and then ran over to Ragu. "Awesome! A name! Hi-five!"

[Later, after complicated trouble with some fairly unpleasant Entities - but that's another story]

"OK, everyone, apologies in advance, I'll explain later, but in the meantime, let's all take each other's hands and jump in there. I know where we're going, so as long as you're in contact with me, we should all get there ok." Minja held out her hands.

Joining hands, mosbunall of the group followed Minja through the portable hole (oh, it's a long story!).

Nobody spotted TJ deftly pocketing a small part of the whole, inverting it, and returning to Square One (or Universe) on a Möbius curve. He sends a thought-form tulpa along with them, so no-one will miss him (or rather, in case anyone attributes dialogue to him in his absence). As he slips away, he grabs Fly by the arm, and yanks him back, too. . .

In the meantime, Tierna managed to keep the bar standing, in fact, her party had handed Tiamat her own ass to such an extent, there was now 'Dragon ribs', 'Dragon Soup', 'Dragon Flambe' and 'Dragon Surprise' on the specials board at the bar. And a drunken dwarf in the corner. (But, as I said, we'll save that story for another time).

"Phew!" thought TJ, "this place stinks of meat," and he turned to Fly, "what say we use this bit of black hole to zip down to Dylan Thomas' favourite hang-out, and maybe scan the Chelsea Hotel, and Chumley's, etc? I assume they'll be gone for ages (though you never can tell)."

He and Fly laid the piece of the hole on the floor, and slid through...emerging (discretely) in the Gents at The White Horse Tavern.

### Scoring a Truck

The portable hole amazingly dumped the MLA group right next to a Taco Truck available for sale. Borsky ran to a nearby bush with a technician yawn or calling out to Ralph or something. "I hate the feeling of being in two places at once, even for a millisecond, it put my stomach out!" groaned Borsky.

The group turning its attention away from the steadily looking better Borsky, towards Minja and Eva for guidance.

"I guess we go haggle with the guy then?" said Minja. "Feminine wiles?" asked Eva with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Of course! Men have a greater propensity for stupidity when distracted, especially when the blood is powering the wrong organ, lead on, Amazonian Queen Eva!" giggled Minja.

The guys watched them walk in, sort of feeling insulted, but all being men of the world, knowing that sombunall women look down on men as lower, simpler creatures. They were sure as they could be that Minja and Eva weren't referring to any of them.

Moments later, Eva and Minja came out of the house. Minja called over two of the little green guys and kneeled on the ground to talk to them. They nodded and went running into the house. Then the girls turned and walked back to the guys waiting by the little black hole in the ground.

"Jesus loves us!" Eva and Minja said in chorus, giggling at each other.

"So they traded the taco truck for two aliens." Minja looked over her shoulder at the house. "We should probably get out of here before they discover the little buggers are kleptomaniacs. Let the little guys drive back and let's head back to the bar through the portable hole."

"Oh no, I'm not doing that again," Borsky shook his head, face pale. "How about if I ride back with the truck?"

"But that will take days!" Minja protested.

"Well, at least let me wait a little while. You could always come get me from the truck with the hole, right?" said Borsky.

"Yeah, that's true." Minja grinned. "And there's no way I'm giving back a portable hole. I mean, come on. Instantaneous travel? Can't beat that."

### Meanwhile, at The White Horse Tavern

TJ doesn't want to feel paranoid (he hates that feeling) but he does wonder about the man with no name (who looks a little like Orson Welles) already sitting so nonchalantly at the bar at The White Horse Tavern, sipping a Jameson's and appearing to enjoy himself immensely, as he lights a cigar, toasts TJ and Fly as they emerge from the Gents, and plays with small squares of paper.

"I dunno", TJ grumbled to himself, "he strolls into our story, in the First Person Singular, as though he owned the place, or invented it. How did he beat us to The Tavern? Could he be the puppeteer, the author or director of this whole thing, or just a puppet, an empty avatar suit, just waiting for a late visitor to jump into and animate? And how come I find myself in the 3rd Person, and the past tense?"

He turned to Fly, climbing onto the nearest bar stool, and said, "So what do you reckon to this, as a theory..."

**"You put the verb stem in,**

**you take the ending out,**

**you put the future tense of sum in & you shake it all about,**

**you add the adjective ending**

**in concord with number & person.**

**That's the future perfect passive tense"** as Eric Wagner says.

"He's" - continued TJ - "living in the present tense, first person POV, so he has more control than we do, appearing (as we do) to live in the third person and the past..." TJ took another sip of his perfectly legal drink (dreaming of A'dam where he could be smoking) "so if I managed to twist myself into his position then I would find myself in a position to hand a joint back to you right now" I say, and Fly agrees. We both sample the strange pleasure of living in the present tense, and then I suggest that we try to consider the OW guy as the third man in the past tense. This proves more tricky (without our slipping out of the present tense again, ourselves). He sits over by the bar grinning at us, right now.

"If I managed to twist myself into your position then I would find myself in a position to have a joint right now again." Fly said laughing (but TJ looks around furtively, and just a touch paranoid, after all). "New York ain't Amsterdam," he mumbled.

"Any longer" added Fly with a sly grin.

"As far as I could see, back there in Universe" says TJ, "almost everyone OD'd on the alcohol and 'shroom television" mix, except you, me and OW here... some of them faded out socially and collapsed giggling in the corner babbling about meeting aliens, and some grand "GREEN" plan. Orson makes some little origami figures of them all, and then dances them around on this 64-tiered holographic chessboard, chanting some weird Norwegian shit."

"I reckon you're spot on, spit on in fact." says Fly, "The author, the protagonist and the editor, mister who makes the glass full. So, mine's a JAMS Sons' of a gum by gumma," Fly's now laughing hard out of both Gills, wafting a strong



cigar scent (with just a hint of THC) over the surrounding tables.

TJ raises half an eyebrow, smiles, and says in a swanky European dialect "Son of a drum, sum zero sun, of a pun, gabba gigga game on!"

Fly smiles, recognizing TJ's playful half drunken mood, or, maybe Fly is wishfully projecting his ADD onto him and unto his holy copies. 'In The Church of Holy Carbon we trust, in coal and in dust, from Diamond to Blood Rock and Roll Motherfuckers!' The Mushroom Television ain't even switched on yet and i feel, oh yeah, i Feeeel, like its ON! !0'000 Watts. !0000'0000 Whats. 64'000 Wen's. 200 Trillion now's.

(Fly pauses for a brief second, a thought enters his left gill and then quickly exits as a fart travelling over 12 meters around the bar area causing a bit of a stir over by the fruit machine where two young ladies hold their cute tiny noses while pulling some ghastly looking facial expressions).

"Hey TJ, did you try the Hulk Hogan sauce with your 'everyware' breakfast Bagel this morning?"

"Fly," - TJ butts in, now smoking a Sherman's as more suitable to a public bar in New York, "did you check the DI box input?"

Fly: "Erm, i think so....yeah. Did you remember to switch the,the, DIYANNA box inputs?, fuck, my fucking phone's fucked. Yeah, hold on. Fucking thing. Yeah, sure." Fly mumbles. "Sorry. TJ! the Diyanna box?"

"You know I don't even know what that even means!" laughs TJ - "I just wanna know if we are set up for recording when we get back to Universe. I'd hate to miss the bliss of such a kiss of death to all disbelief in kif, and such a one as this..."

The White Horse Tavern staff were very used to people coming in reckoning they were poets, or inspired by their muse or daemon, and didn't blink an eye at this outbreak...

As they left, OW raised his glass in ironic farewell.

#### Return of the Maybes

Travelling back through their hole, minus 4 of Minja's little green men, the main group settled down in the Universal bar...

Matthias ordered Dragon ribs as he was starving, and he'd never eaten dragon before, he was pretty sure it'd probably taste like chicken, but he was giving it a try. Eva poured 'Orson Welles' (who I could have sworn sat right that moment in the White Horse) another Jamieson's to replace his earlier 'casualty', who was also now grinning enigmatically for some reason. Everyone else either got a drink, feasted on bar snacks, gathered into small groups or poked the now sleeping drunken dwarf.

And there was still a gig to do!

Later that night, if you found yourself @ Universe, you might have whooped and danced and yelled - you might have found yourself playing percussion, or twiddling knobs and dials to change the light and soundscapes - you might have enjoyed yourself.

#### MC/DJ FLY AGARIC 23:

And over all the chaos of unCaged music, a FloW oF Words, polyphonal, polytonal, voices HOWLing at the moon, Flying, keeping Finnegan a Wake:

Universe Contains a Maybe. Go Get your self off the shelf, climb down the tube and un-stitch your mouth, weave, come on out, shout out, together now. Break out the prison planet damn it. Walk through the walls Kick out the JAMS. Blowing wind melody, laying mellow day dreams with tunes from flutes, living in the "DICE" days. Let the wind speak. Kiss my LPs The Keys. (Burp) the the blind speak (Burp Bap) Embracing change, an open mind with a mic', TeleTelecommunication fast EH! Fast EH! Wholly Chao! Wholly Chao! All along the River watchbank towers. Un-stitch time with the Maybes of NINE time, Eva herself, yourself, ourselves, minutia of greater organisms. We live love and learn as one family, join us, maybe in our non-equation gravy tea room. Wind and stars. Words and lights. Rule Lasagna. History shot-down. Who's the author, who's the author.

Since way before history, from the sky and sea of green tea came the spirit of great Borsky. Tele-ported from 54 BC. Borsky bakes History's mystery solid to the pan of pun. Leaves scraps for the dog pan. Casting light back out to sea and sky and knotting land and sky together, Borsky moth flickers! To cross again is not to cross, polite line, do not get cross. Pulling down the sky, Emcee Borsky of the Eburonic Chapter for 'Pataphysical Research. All here now in the room and Borsky will not flee or pee his panties. He stands besides me. Us, on the magic bus, the Maybe baby class. who's the author, who's the author.



Toby Jongleur perceptions angular, aerospace engineer, I can make flowers bloom in triangular patterns in the shape of a mouse ear. If i want. Or just sit by the riverside drinking from a fount singing this Lament of a Groan Man. Jongleur shows no fear of hell nor of heaven. n'J after class. Rah, Rah, Rah! Rest in Discord RAW! Coincidence Hall TJ passes a year in a single tear. Shaman of the world and your gentle to your mum. Shaman to turn New York into Amsterdam. Bard TJ financier of words, pioneer volunteer for Humanica, joining hearts and minds together. You put the verb stem in, you take the ending out, At the last frontier getting young wonderers into freewheeling gears for the whole worlds rising day, the world premier of the third seer. No Slaves, No Tyrants, No Discord. TJ metallurgical engineer. The nine gods of Egypt descended from eleven. This Sweet story weaves nine stitches in timespice. See rectanguleur and sleep away with me with that sheep you dimensional meddling little bus stand! Who's the author, who's the author.

Figure it out yo. just do the Mathias, figure it out yo yoshi yoshi. Me the math face, X,Y Z graph reads "T" thats "T" time for the staff, Math of the snow on the flow. Snow like missiles of bass when entering the vessels of the lasagna brotherhood, Rule Rule Rule Lasagna. Do the math in the snow, you'll piss the test! SNOW. Who can make it cold, hot however you go. Between your eyes on the dance floor at the disco, Eh! Shake it. Eh! Bake it. you put the future tintz of sum in & you milkshake it all about. in concord with number & person. Do the Math, read the graph, switch on. Turn on to the Math Snow TV show your face place. A tidal flow of menstrual snow can defeat an empire in one, two, three, lasagna slings. All that is, is metaphor. For burning snow mathias man, fire and the Ice Nine. Time to tell a Tub truth or two. Who's the author, who's the author.

The puppet, and the puppeteer. Me and my crew all got a tattoo saying Statutory Apeshit. We are the nine, know no fear. Hard, tuff, Teeth of George Washington, Hair of Kool Keith. Me and my brothers and sisters worked our selves into blisters for this life and shampoo. Now we bloom. I got the sauce, ragu, shows you how to break through, and now debut to the ground crew the strength of his home brew. Ragu helps us pull through the intro-verse and traverse the "Universe" (Let me hear the stars) No taboo, all walls to be walked through, Wholly Chao! Wholly Chao! Ragu the Queen of hearts Ragu the Joker. But Who's the author, who's the author.

Minjah Minja who bakes mysteries into edible puppets, action at a distance, effects from afar eye, living laws of five, maybe nine till five? Minja telepathic radar, solid as iron bar, tuned in with her super-Dog star, vigilant like a patrol car, on track like a railroad car and her sweet music, the sounds of minja on her old steel guitja. Left her Dogmas at the door. Telkepathic action at a distance, knowledge from afar, star born! Ninjah! Minjah! The words gonna Get Cha! Rah, Rah, Rah! Rest in Discord RAW! Who's the author, who's the author.

Shake it baby. Take it off, maybe. The universe contains a baby in the Budd. A vine-hole to the Year Zero Zeroine. Ephemeral beings of deconstruction are eating reality. All of it, allmen. No authority can contain the water Web 3D coming all over you with slime and fluffy poodle fur and some bristles and a pink nozzle cap to paint your puzzle black. Nip it. Tuck it. Go ahead punk. Go find you Relative Instruments. Who's the author, who's the author.

Whistle Pissing Sonata. Stoned melodramatic agaric. All that is, is metaphor. Acrillic figa it out, axiomatic and diplomatic toxic in high does. Aromatic agaric but toxic. Turntable static tingle taste of Agaric. Wholly Chao! Cinematic stinking Fungus, fun gloss agaric antibiotic, auntie bionic, old tea, drink and be merry agaric, speaking semi-automatic and almost hypnotic toxic, toxicating, intoxicating, symbiotic intoxicating king of beers, and sewers. Make it KNu. A stew. Make it brew Ha Ha. Unstoppable. Unknowable. Unthinkable. Your Mom. Love. Forged keys. Unlicked lockgates. acrillicked restraint. Daisy-chain makers arms scaffolded. Lock, key, gate. Bow, crescent, chicane and curve. Who banks with river banks anymore anymore. Oh shit Diaper backward spells repaid. Who's getting laid and paid with aid, who's the author, who's the author.

Nonprophet, back to back to transmit the message about how we make a global massage to relax the globe, with Nine here in everyware world always on timespice, fresh like what's dew to the grass, made all my base hits and reversed profits to fit the feet of prophets, dressed in a nuns gown, the Suits just can't make it man, suits and brown shoes don't make it, Rah, Rah, Rah! Rest in Discord RAW! Scribe of the holy writ, allmen! That's the future perfect pissing tints. Who's the author, who's the author.





THERE  
IS NO  
GOVERNOR  
ANYWHERE.

WE ARE  
ALL FREE.





# Beyond E-Prime

By J.R. "Minja" Jaymz (MO 12)

E-Prime (E'): The English Language without the verb "to be"

imagine a world where maybelogic and e-prime becom the norm

imagine a world with the pope saying "maybe an ordained priest can turn a piece of bread into the body of a dead Jew but the priest needs a Willy for the magick to work"

imagine Jerry Falwell bellowing "maybe Jesus hates gay people as much as I do"

imagine a rabbi chanting "Hear O Israel: the Lord God seems one, maybe"

imagine every tower in Islam resounding with "There 'is' no god except maybe Allah and maybe Mohammed 'is' his prophet"

The world might go stark staring sane?

- RAW, Quantum Psychology MLA Course, 13 January 2005

January 2001. I had just moved from Southern to Northern California and was working full time and taking a semester off school. I had also just discovered internet forums and spent several hours a day entertaining myself on Christianity Debate boards, using skills I had cultivated in my high school years as a nationally-ranked Lincoln/Douglas Debater to tear my opponents arguments apart by twisting language (definitions, labels, Aristotelian Logic) and often added insult to injury through subtle (and sometimes not so subtle) ad hominem attacks. I was such a troll – and I loved every minute of it.

My English summer class professor turned out to be a brilliant woman who studied linguistics at UC Davis (when the student is ready, the teacher will come?), and she turned me on to Korzybski. She also goes down in Minja History as the first English teacher to return papers to me full of red pen – always for "passive voice" and "using is too much". In September I read Quantum Psychology by Robert Anton Wilson, and discovered my Cosmic Trigger – E-Prime (E'). I started using E' as Bob suggested, and I experienced profound changes in my thinking, which affected my thought. I noticed my satisfaction from debating decrease day by day. I even reconciled with my very Christian sister who I had stopped talking to 7 years before.

I spent a long, long, long time promoting E-Prime (E'). Every class presentation, every report, everywhere I posted online, I usually talked about E' and debated why people should use it. I wished everyone would just use it because using it myself showed me that a lot of the arguments I engaged in qualified as meaningless. I also wished for it because I wanted people to quit trying to inflict their biases on me – it only seemed fair to me at the time, since I had stopped doing it to them. It took a few years, and help from my friends at the MLA in the now-mythic E-Prime Argument to come face to face with my Cosmic Schmuckery – in taking the stance I did with E' I was, in a sense, telling people what to do. Then it hit me – adhering to anything all the time (even something as incredible to me as E') sure sounds like a good definition for "belief," as well. Some saw me as preaching from an E' pulpit, and I soon found I could see their perspective quite clearly. I had turned E' into a dogma, a belief, internally. And somehow, I had become (in some sense) what I outwardly rejected the most.

The revelation stunned me. Once I realized this, I stopped talking about E'. I even stopped writing in E'. But I didn't stop noticing the proliferation of izes in the communication surrounding me everyday. And I still felt like anyone and everyone could benefit from just trying E' for 8 weeks. But how do I go about promoting something and not sound like I've turned it into a dogma? As usual, words from Papa Bob helped me understand more.

**Brag/incitement:  
Whether you like modern physics  
and Buddhism or prefer to return  
to aristotelian [faith-based]  
neurosemantics  
after 8 weeks of e-prime  
you will at least unnerstan' quantum/  
Buddhist perspective  
and KNOW wot you've rejected**

**Consider it an exploration, like 8  
weeks of Chinese ideogram**

**- RAW, Quantum Psychology MLA  
Course, January 13, 2005**



And the next day-

**<specifically regarding E-Prime>  
when semantic experiments seem useful,  
some will try them  
some will only pretend to try them  
& some will spend 8 weeks explaining  
logically why nobody shd. try them  
- RAW, Quantum Psychology Maybe Logic  
Academy Course, January 14, 2005**

I'm (mostly) done trying to convince people why I think they should try E'. Who am I to try and tell another person what's best for them? And I also see a number of reasons why I'm into E' as opposed to, say, conspiracy theories, and I'm reminded of how easily I can ridicule unfamiliar realitytunnels, even though mine seems equally absurd to someone on the other end. Plus, as RAW did after a while, I now use E-Choice.

But I'll share, for those interested, some fun (to me, anyway) games and exercises I've thought up and tried during my years with E'. (probably not all on my own – I could have very likely read these somewhere some time, or something like it, so any unacknowledged credit is merely an oversight on my part) . I've listed a couple below. I may write out more another time.

## Self-Self-Examination

Immediately upon waking every morning, spend 15-30 minutes freewriting. Spend as little thought and energy as possible on this writing. Think of it as giving a stage to your Prover ("What the Thinker Thinks, the Prover Proves"), or your subconscious mind, or whatever metaphor works for you. Try to tap into the transparent thoughts that play a role in your actions and reactions to life.

Do this as many mornings as you can manage/remember/feel like for two weeks, refraining from reading any of your writing.

After the two weeks are up, set aside a block of time to spend reading what you wrote. Highlight or circle every is-statement (sentence that contains be), or write them on a separate sheet of paper for later study. Notice reoccurring statements. Consider why these izes reside in you.

## See the fnords

Get a bunch of magazines from different perspectives on a topic, or any collection of essays, or find some academic articles on the internet and print them out. I have used Tracy E. Ore's The Social Construction of Difference and Inequality most recently and obtained entertaining results. If you're feeling especially lazy but still want to do this exercise, just grab anything – newspaper, magazine, whatever. Just don't grab any of RAW's more recent books.

Other tools needed: a set of highlighters, or pens in different colors, or just a pencil

Read through an article (or 10 pages at a time, if a long book). As you do, circle or highlight in one color every instance of be you notice. Underline or highlight in another color those statements you find you either emphatically agree or disagree with.

Read through the article again, searching for all the izes you missed the first time around. Black out the be and highlight the rest of the sentence. Why didn't you see it the first time? Compare the missed izes and the easily noticed izes. What differences can you find between the two groups of sentences?



Develop some theories for why you didn't see some but saw others.

Notice the frequency of occurrence of be in the essays. What does that say to you about the writer's intent? How much information did you receive from the essay?

Contemplate the word "fnord". I've quoted from Illuminatus! below. Substitute "is" for "fnord" and see if it still has meaning to you.

I looked back at the paper and still saw the fnords. This was one step beyond Pavlov, I realized. The first conditioned reflex was to experience the panic reaction (the activation syndrome, it's technically called) whenever encountering the word "fnord." The second conditioned reflex was to black out what happened, including the word itself, and just to feel a general low-grade emergency without knowing why. And the third step, of course, was to attribute this

anxiety to the news stories, which were bad enough in themselves anyway. Of course, the essence of control is fear. The fnords produced a whole population walking around in chronic low-grade emergency, tormented by ulcers, dizzy spells, nightmares, heart palpitations and all the other symptoms of too much adrenalin. All my left-wing arrogance and contempt for my countrymen melted, and I felt a genuine pity. No wonder the poor bastards believe anything they're told, walk through pollution and overcrowding without complaining, watch their son hauled off to endless wars and butchered, never protest, never fight back, never show much happiness or eroticism or curiosity or normal human emotion, live with perpetual tunnel vision, walk past a slum without seeing either the human misery it contains or the potential threat it poses to their security . . .

## Chaos Magick - a Platypus' Perspective

By Hugo J. Quackenbush

As the Pete Carroll's Chaos Magick class drew near, right on the heels of the delightful Crowley 101 class, I signed up knowing I wouldn't have the time or energy to perform the practices outlined for the class, but not wanting to miss what looked like a rare opportunity. (In 1995, I foolishly passed on the opportunity to see Tim Leary speak at the University of Texas at Austin. Even worse, in 1998 I flummoxed the opportunity to participate in a RAW workshop and lecture in Dallas on the 35th anniversary of Kennedy's assassination.)

So I stumbled into a course which rode high on a wave of enthusiasm and rapid-fire posting from a diverse and interesting group of participants. In short, I struggled to keep up with the energy of the crowd, but managed to learn a few things.

Often when people speak of Pete Carroll, they describe how Chaos Magick shows how to break down the boundaries between different "schools" of magick and create a personalized system of magick for one's own self. Well, it seems to me that Crowley did that decades earlier, Pete simply presents such a methodology in a clear, concise and more direct manner.

Perhaps Pete's strength lies in communicating in a manner that facilitates understanding for today's reader. One thread in the class discussed how Pete strips the mythology and a great deal of the mystery out of magick, and many of us found that lacking - we enjoy the myth and mystery. Pete pointed out that he felt he had helped create a standard vocabulary which facilitates communication on a subject muddled with jargon and mish-mosh. Pete has focused on stripping magick down to a results-oriented scientific framework or skeleton in which one can hang their own personal mythology - be it an Egyptian system of deities, the magick of the Three Stooges and Marx Brothers, or

the divine nature of the platypus.

Not only has Pete clarified some of the intent of Crowley and taken it a step further in personalization, but he took Spare's Slight of Mind and applied it across the board to the 5 operations of magick that Carroll focuses in on - Enchantment, Divination, Invocation, Evocation, and Illumination - synthesizing the two most important magicians (Crowley & Spare) in modern history into his own brand of magick - Chaos Magick - and adding tools such as the equations of magick - which boil down the major components of a magical operation into a few simple variables that one can estimate in order to calculate the relative effectiveness of a given operation as well as to determine the weakest link in the operation - the variable in which the most improvement in would lead to the most gain to the overall operation...

And, at the end of the day, RESULTS are what matters to Pete Carroll in practicing magic. I can really appreciate that in terms of a focused approach, willingly discussing the theory and philosophy behind magic, but realizing that at some point one has to say, "So what? What purpose does it serve? What can one get out of it?"

## Canto XXII and The Waste Land as Modern Infernos

By Eric Wagner (MQ 1)

World War I profoundly affected both Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. The profound destruction and its aftermath in a Europe no longer unified by either religion or culture led the two poets on profoundly different paths. Pound found London unbearable and moved Paris and then to Italy, focusing more and more on understanding the economic causes of war. Unfortunately, this path of study eventually led him to embracing Mussolini as a possible economic savior. Eliot chose to remain in England, and his struggle to deal with his personal and poetic experience led him to both become a British citizen and join the Church of England in 1927. Interestingly, though, both poets continued to perceive Dante as both a poetic and spiritual model.

Eliot wrote **The Waste Land** at least in part about his personal struggles, but many have seen it as a portrait of a modern **Inferno**, a picture of a devastated Europe, full of people lacking hope or vision. Pound had begun work on the **Cantos** even before the publication of **The Waste Land** in 1922, although none of the poems had yet reached their final form. Pound always had the large-scale structure of Dante's **Commedia** in mind when thinking about the form of his long poem. The example of **The Waste Land** helped Pound discover how to shape his idea of the "poem containing history." Pound conceived of a secular **Commedia**, or least a non-Christian one, divided at least roughly into **Inferno**, **Purgatorio** and a terrestrial **Paradisio**. At first he thought the poem would last about 100 cantos, although it eventually stretched to an incomplete 120. The first book of the **Cantos**, **A Draft of Thirty Cantos**, definitely contains large elements of Pound's vision of the Inferno from an often post-World War One, post-Christian set of perspectives. (Like Eliot, Pound preferred to use a large number of viewpoints.) Pound often pictured his Inferno as an economic one, full of the consequences of human's economic inhumanity to humanity.

Canto XXII opens with a comparison between Pound's grandfather Thaddeus Coleman Pound, who built a railroad in Wisconsin, and Frederick Weyerhaeuser (Terrell 90), the lumber magnate "that beat him, and broke up his business." (Pound 101) Pound's grandfather saw economic cooperation with Native Americans as more profitable and more humane than genocide. He also built a railroad, at least in part for the public good. Pound contrasts this with Weyerhaeuser's manipulation of the U. S. Senate (whom Pound calls "the American Curia") to reap huge profits through his railroad and lumber businesses. In this passage Pound links greed with government corruption and genocide to form an image of the modern **Inferno**. Note how he links the modern secular world with Dante's medieval one through the "American Curia" description of the Senate.

In the first section of **The Waste Land**, "The Burial of the Dead," Eliot discusses the "Unreal City." The lines "I had not thought death had undone so many," and "Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled" (Eliot 31) come directly from the **Inferno**. A not yet Christian Eliot here creates an image



where the viewpoint character feels overwhelmed by the number of those who have died, just as the viewpoint character in the *Inferno* felt. However, Eliot's poem, appearing in 1922 just four years after the end of World War One and containing many contemporary references to London and Europe, suggests specifically the huge number of those who had died in the recent war. Like Pound's poem, we have a sense of the futility and needlessness of large-scale slaughter, as well as a definite sense of a modern Hell. However, Eliot does not clearly present a cause for this modern Hell, as Pound attempts to do. It seems to me that Eliot, especially in the final section "What the Thunder Said," suggests an inevitability to this hellish state due to each human's isolation, following the philosophy of Bradley, on whom he wrote his doctoral dissertation.

One might see this as representing Eliot's isolation in his unhappy marriage. On the other hand, one might see it as Eliot's conception of each person's isolation from all others in a godless universe. Certainly Eliot's viewpoint changed by the time he wrote such explicitly Christian poetry as *The Four Quartets*. However, in the world of *The Waste Land*, this isolation certainly seems a hellish state, and Eliot explicitly uses lines from Dante to emphasize the hellishness of this modern existence, as well as to ironically understate the difference between his *Inferno* and Dante's. The world of Eliot's poem has no deity to unify the poem or the characters therein. Hence Eliot poem infers neither a modern *Purgatorio* nor a modern *Paradisio*.

On the other hand, Canto XXII continues with amusing anecdotes contrasting Pound's ideas of economic sanity with the blockheaded, greedy economics which Pound thinks have created our modern *Inferno*. Pound's humor helps to suggest the possibility of a *Paradisio*, or at least a *Purgatorio*, if enough people take to thinking about economics (at least in the way Pound conceived of economics). This brings to mind e. e. cummings famous remark about Pound, "You damned sadist, you want to make your readers think."

First Pound discusses the lack of success of someone who didn't make any "rejects," any unusable product. Pound ironically comments, "Price of life in the occident." (Pound 101) This also suggests that some of the tools for creating a modern *Purgatorio* or *Paradisio* might come from the orient. Elsewhere Pound would emphasize the importance of Confucius for the modern West.

Next, Pound relates a discussion between the economists C. H. Douglas and John Maynard Keynes, where Pound portrays Keynes as a closed minded buffoon, who says after his refusal to consider Douglas's argument, "I am an orthodox 'Economist.'"

The poem continues:

This means:

**Jesus Christ!**

**Standing in the Earthly Paradise**

**Thinking as he made himself a companion of Adam!!**

**(Terrell 90)**

Pound explicitly refers to the possibility of an earthly paradise, once again blocked by what he saw as bad economics.

Both Pound and Eliot saw Dante as a great poet who had successfully written a long poem, one which would serve them better than the classical models of Homer and Ovid, etc. They also both saw that the medieval Catholic meta-structure of Dante's work could not function in a modern poem without significant alterations. Both Pound and Eliot chose to use radical juxtapositions of different voices to present their modern *Infernos*, and they reached radically different conclusions about how to deal with life in the wake of World War One.

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## Falling on Deaf Ears

A collaboration between Bogus Magus (words) & Bobby Campbell (pictures)

"riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs."



We learned many wonderful things on Bob's Tale of the Tribe course, but Vico's holistic view of human evolution and development as a cyclic progression, a spiral, really appealed to many of us and deserves further exploration. In spite of living in dangerous times for such thinking Vico perceived, and attempted to describe, history as a whole system, and humans as self-made, just as Darwin would later attempt to sum up how plants and animals formed themselves without a "creator".

Moderns might describe Joyce's fantastic novel *Finnegans Wake* (which implied this cyclic structure) as a hologram, but Vico might well have described it in the Hermetic or alchemical terms of a Microcosm/Macrocosm, "as above, so below."

14



**BABABADLGHARAGHTAKAMMINARRONKONNBRONN  
TONNERRONNTUONNTHUNNTROVARRHOUNAWN  
SKAWNTOOHOHOORDENENTHURNUK!**

This 100 letter magical word appears on page one and some say it represents a clap of thunder, the Big Bang of Creation. To me it would work equally well as the sound of a slapstick fall (Finnegan falling off his ladder like a ton of bricks) - and, as the main character has fallen asleep, perhaps it could also remind us of a very loud snore.



The Gnostics seemed to think of The Fall (and the Original Sin) not as a human flaw - Adam eating the Forbidden Fruit - so much as something that "god" did. A demiurge fell for the temptation to slow Light down into Matter, to manifest Himself in the blissful void of the Great Mother, to create a world to rule over, and condemn people to a life and death struggle, etc. Confused echoes of this remain in the stories of Fallen Angels bringing humans fire and teaching the arts of civilisation, leading to the loss of an innocent life.

Vico worked with the Inquisition breathing down his neck, so he could not talk of an eternal cycle with no beginning, and had to start from the Creation in Genesis. He implied that after the Flood Noah's descendants wandered for some time, losing their god-given culture and language and degenerating to a bestial life. (Without that pressure to fit the story to The Bible story, we just start with "cave-men" these days, and already know about ancient civilisations rising, flourishing and then falling).

Vico chose to start his description of the cycle with primitive humans immersed in nature, using only a symbolic language of gesture, monosyllables, signs, hieroglyphs and ideograms to describe their experience of the world. Deeply embedded, they viewed the world in a mythic sense, and felt themselves as part of the whole rather than as separate individuals. He thought that they would hold the elements in awe. Storms and the voice of the thunder would impress them greatly, and lightning snaking down might bring them fire with which they could keep warm while huddled in their caves. In the face of such "gods" those brute humans covered themselves with fur, and guiltily retreating to the privacy of caves (a recap of Adam and Eve covering from God's thunderous anger at their disobedience) so beginning the forming of human culture. The strong alpha males offered protection from predators, outlaws and other threats to the older or weaker, and to their families of women and children. Even if they seemed like giants, ritual may have proved necessary against these greater forces of nature, placating the "gods" and protecting the clan. Primitive religion thrives in the **Age of the Fall...**

As humans began to build shelters, cities, palaces and churches - develop communities and take up farming - they moved into what he called the **Age of Heroes**.

They gained more control over the elements, and the powerful either fought or joined in alliances, employing and ruling the poorer and weaker. Pharaohs, Kings and Queens appeared as demi-gods - a manifestation of an unseen deity. Laws, institutions, and rigid beliefs developed to control society. Their language became polysyllabic, and poetic - with the use of metaphor and simile - but few would understand this complex language - much of it remained a mysterious tool in the hands of the Priests and rulers. Rich families would have heraldic crests, flags, and other signs of power. Rules of chivalry and Romance (falling in love) might hold sway, but the social structure kept sharp divisions between rich and poor, as in feudal economies.

When the laws get applied fairly to all they inevitably restrict the abuse of power, and even the rich have to acknowledge and obey them, so gradually

the use of logic and articulate common language leads to abstraction, generalization, free discussion, legal argument and rationality. Rigid, traditional values get challenged by a meritocracy and eventually this leads the way to "democracy".

In the **Age of the People** all have similar rights, although freedom can feel frightening...

This stage, too cannot last, and Vico thought of the next stage (**which he called the Ricorso**) as a period of confusion and anarchy and self-indulgence. This could pave the way for a return to barbarism, a new upsurge of superstition, a neo-primitive phase, the resurgence of religion in all its forms, and a yearning once more for certainty, and the worship of a strong male authority figure, aka God.

Just as Joyce had written *Ulysses* to contain all the stories and struggles of humans manifest in one brief day in Dublin, portrayed by ordinary folk, so he structured *Finnegans Wake* as one long night, with several cycles of sleep and dreaming.

A falling asleep, a dreaming of all the tales of the tribe in all the languages of the world, an endless repetition of human relationships - marriage and a family ruled by the male in the age of gods, the fighting of brothers and the wiles of daughters in the age of heroes, the burial of the father in the age of the people - finally returning to consciousness at the break of day, to start the whole thing over.

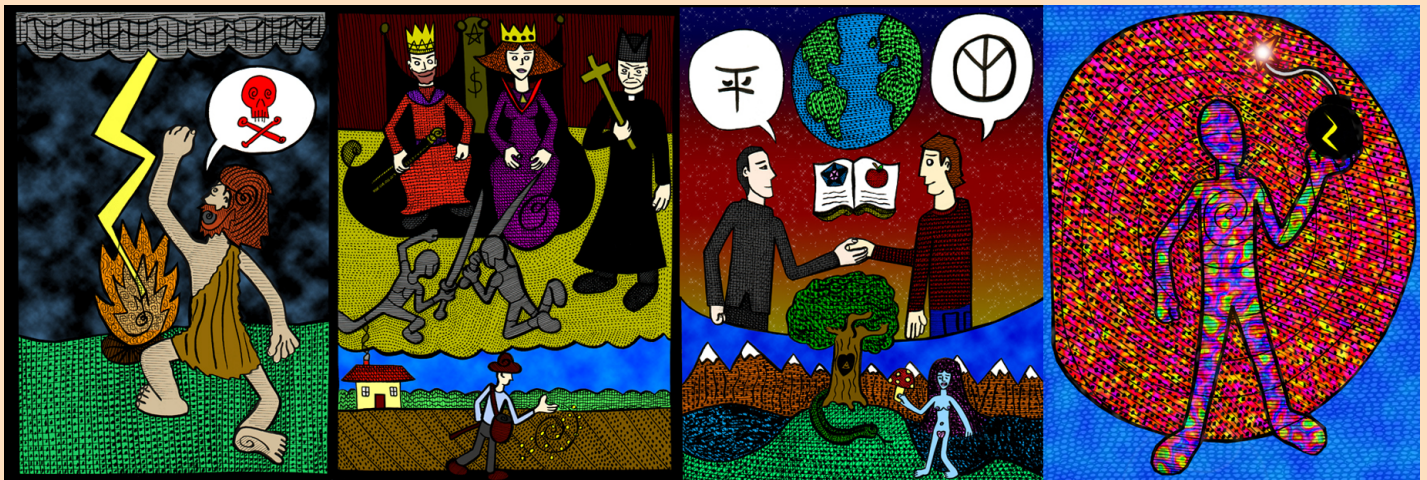
We can see the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire in Vico's model, and we can see the Roman Catholic Church giving way to Feudal England, followed by the rational Enlightenment, etc. Many people adopted the cyclic theory of history. Marx liked the inevitability he saw implied in the class struggle of the weak to demand and win their rights. He overlooked the fact that we cannot stop at any one phase of the cycle, so the reversion to autocratic Stalinism from the initially "rational" Communism might have disappointed him if he had lived to witness it. Of course, many of us may relish this anarchic period of confusion - but this model stands as a warning of the risks as time rolls on... and a Fundamentalist religious mentality kicks in.

Perhaps we can learn to control how long each part of the cycle lasts? Perhaps McLuhan's prediction of an oral/aural, post-literate, mythopoetic tribe shows one way that we could pass through the current age of change and movement and turbulence and opportunity to enter a mythical and wondrous 'golden age of the gods', with every man and woman a star, without this time Falling for a Father Figure?

And Joyce felt tempted, god-like, to finally write his own sacred text, his last creation.

### Here endeth the first lesson.

The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the...



"Phall if you but will, rise you must: and none so soon  
 either shall the pharce for the nunce come to a set  
 down secular phoenish"



# Liber Al vel Legis Commentary

By Frater K., D., B., (MQ9)

This commentary will focus on the following verses from The Book of the Law, Liber Al vel Legis :

- I:3 - Every man and every woman is a star.
- I:57 - Love is the law, love under will.
- I:40 - Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
- I:34 - The Law is for all.
- III: 60 - There is no Law beyond Do what thou wilt.

The Book of the Law, or Liber Al vel Legis, was received by Aleister Crowley from a praeternatural intelligence who identified himself as Aiwass, whom Crowley later defined as his own Holy Guardian Angel. Aiwass called himself "the minister of Hoor-Par-Kraat," who is the Lord of Silence. The Book was received from 12:00pm to 1:00pm over the course of three days; April 8, 9, and 10, 1904 in Cairo, Egypt, where Crowley and his wife Rose were vacationing during that time. Aiwass dictated the book to Crowley, who wrote down everything he heard from the disembodied spirit. Prior to the reception of The Book of the Law, Rose had told her husband, that "He is waiting for you."

Crowley had devised a series of tests for Rose, to determine if her clairvoyance had any accuracy associated with it. She told Crowley that it was 'Horus' who waited for him. They embarked upon test no. 4, which transpired at the Boulaq museum in Cairo. Rose and Aleister walked past many typical depictions of Horus, the Hawk-headed God of the Sun and Sky. However, when they came upon an obscure funerary stele from the 26th dynasty, Rose acknowledged that this was the one who waited for her husband.

On the wooden stele, there was Ra-Hoor-Khuit, a form of Horus, who was there to honor the priest Ankh-f-n-khonsu. The stele was numbered 666, which was the number that Crowley identified as his Cabalistic number. The number six, on the Cabalistic Tree of Life, relates to the Sun and its' solar energies. The original definition of 666 referred to a triplicity of this energy, and was not originally associated with evil or Satan, as it is today.

The Book of the Law is a new Law for humanity. It speaks of Thelema (Greek for 'will'), Love, Will and True Will, and it also announces a New Aeon. This is the Aeon of Horus, the Crowned and Conquering Son. The two previous aeons were those of Isis and Osiris, and were typified by matriarchal and patriarchal societies, respectively. The new aeon of Horus recognizes that it is the individual him or herself that is self-responsible, and not the women or men leaders of the various societal structures such as religion and politics.

In Thelema, we have the following trinity of Nuit, Hadit, and Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

Nuit is the main speaker in the first chapter of the Book of the Law. Nuit was the Sky Goddess of Ancient Egypt, and was depicted as having a body that is covered with stars and forms an arch, which symbolizes the skies. The Ancient Egyptians believed that Ra, the Sun God, entered Nuit's mouth each day at sunset, and passed through her vagina the next morning at sunrise. Nuit was married to Seb, and together, they had the following children; Osiris, Horus, Isis, Set, and Nephthys.

Nuit may also appear written as Nut, or Nu.

Hadit is the main speaker of chapter two of the Book of the Law. Hadit is known as the flashpoint of inspiration, and in one sense, is the fiery furnace of the universe, where planets and other objects are forged and birthed. Hadit refers to himself as the point in the center of the circle, and "the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star." Hadit has been called an allegory for the inner soul of the human being, and on the Stele of Revealing, Hadit is shown as the winged disk of the Sun.

Ra-Hoor-Khuit is the primary speaker in the third chapter of the Book of the Law. His name means "Ra, who is Horus of the two horizons." Ra-Hoor-Khuit is a God of war and vengeance, so says he in the third chapter of the Book of the Law. Together with Nuit and Hadit, the three deities are symbolized by the macrocosmic hexagram. In this design, the entire six-pointed star represents Ra-Hoor-Khuit, while the two triangles represent Nuit and Hadit, respectively. Within the Thelemic system, Ra-Hoor-Khuit is known as the Lord of the Aeon, which began in 1904, upon the reception of the threefold Book of the Law. As a form of Horus, Ra-Hoor-Khuit is also known as the Crowned and Conquering Child, who is representative of the New Aeon.

## I:3 - Every man and every woman is a star.

The above means that we are all here in our own orbits, which do not conflict with the orbits of other stars, who are out there doing their own thing. If one is doing their own True Will, then there is no way under the Thelemic system, to disrupt the True Will of another. In fact, The Book of the Law men-

tions several times that one should be left alone to fulfill whatever it was that delivered them to this lifetime, and it provides steps to follow in which to accomplish this very thing.

Each star is the center of their very own universe, in which they are omnipotent. Part of the path that all Thelemites set forth upon, is to uncover the God within. If we are all made in Gods' own image, then on some level, we are all of God itself. The reason why the structure of global society seeks to stultify the individuality of as many of us as they can, is because the herd mentality (or groupthink) annihilates the God within us all.

## I:40 - Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

## I:57 - Love is the law, love under will.

These two statements are known as the Law of Thelema. They represent the twin concepts of Will (Thelema) and Love (Agapé).

"Do what thou wilt" actually means "Discover your own True Will."

What am I in this lifetime to do? In what direction do I always seem to be led?

With the Law of Thelema based in both Will (Thelema) and Love (Agapé), it is virtually impossible to do another harm.

## III: 60 - There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Discovering one's True Will, which is based in Love, is one of the pinnacles of aspiration in Thelema; while another is known as the Attainment of Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. Many spend quite a long time, sometimes many years, getting to know and learning how to do their own True Will.

With no requirement beyond doing ones' True Will, the Law of Thelema has also established that there can be no higher motivation than Love in performing and perfecting our True Will. With our highest mandate being that Thelemites should act out of Love, we are led by a very strong moral and ethical compass.

## I:34 - The Law is for all.

The Law of Thelema is for all of humankind. It is a way of freeing ourselves from the societal chains of bondage that are strangling us. It challenges people to become self-responsible for all their own deeds and misdeeds, and provides a morality to which all Thelemites should aspire.

If you want to fight, you must organize ...

In the 2004 Centennial Edition of Liber Al vel Legis, the following appeared on pgs. 159-160. These words are more prescient today than when originally written at the beginning of the twentieth century:

Life and Liberty are threatened everywhere.

We need a Watchword and a banner for the battle.

We need a principle on which to reconstruct.

And so: Do what thou wilt

Shall be the whole of the law.

If you want Freedom You must fight for it.

If you want To fight You must organize

...



"Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the - James Joyce, Finnegans Wake.

"Cleopatra wrote of currency, Versus who scatter old records ignoring the HSIEN form and jump to the winning side. --Ezra Pound, Canto LXXXV.



Towards an MPHDJ method. Prose turntables and mixer of Correspondance. A K.nu Tribal Encyklopedial of changes, odes, rights and histories for time-space playback. New Tools to interlock with the Beastly Rhythm; the rhythm cutting time into space. Cutting into the vinyl discs of history from the great hall of records. An MPHDJ Telling the tale of the tribe fable with magical tools and a turn-tribe-table. I am for balance. Stereo. To be stable.

Sun and moon discs in motion to the patterns of petals and stars, branches and trees all spinning at various pace, the stylus finding the precise times-place. Backandfourth push and pulling forces. The Tao of PLUSH. The Sun appears to be spinning and shining all the spacetime. Night on earth seems just a pitch-shifting shadow. I am shining and spinning all the timespace so I guess that Death is just a pitch-shifting shadow too.

Knock yourself up proper on the head. Tap Tap Tap. Make one full 360 degree turn either to the right or to the left. Run your ring-finger, middle and index fingers past your thumb like when your crab scratching at the cross-fader, for that triplet effect, and then say the words "On turntables as it is in Heaven. On Vinyl as it is on Earth. Turning forever and ever. Oar-men." Now sit down. Relax. Revolutionize your thinking.

To help formulate a question or meditation i usually drop coins from my mouth onto each turntable platter thrice, casting an I-Ching Hexagram reading for that particular moment in space-time . . .3 coins (1 Euro, 1 Pound, 25 cents) dropped six times. Following the King Wen Sequence of the traditional I-Ching divination process i proceed, along with 64 words of genetic code and coincidence in my mind indestructible.

MPHDJ Initiate of the greater mysteries communicating forces with frantic hand gestures and pagan poetry and some sensibility to form MPHDJ weapons of task construction. Prose Tools. Forming a new hocus stereo focus between the expanding psyche (blue shift) and the expanding universe (red shift). I am for balance, peace and communication.

DRUMSTICK WAND of FIRE. SOUTHERN EYE-LASH BRUSH FOR SIGHT-SEEING. FUN 0'GRAPH RECORDISC of EARTH. FINGER TOUCHING AND SCRATCHING SYMBOLS IN A NORTHERN DIRECTION. DRUMUG of WATER. THE TASTING TONGUE LICKS THE MIRROR MOVING WEST. STYLUS SWORD of AIR. SMELL THE EASTERN WIND WITH A STYLUS NOSE TIP. TURNTABLE of SPIRIT. EVERYWARE INVISIBLE. BLUE-TOOTH WEATHER COMING FROM ALL QUARTERS. OMNIDIRECTIONAL

Disc Jockeys united. Awake and now standing up erect as styli. Geomancy in the air with fingers and minds tracer. Chanting to all regalia. Scratch and juggle shapes and patterns from the turntable platter to the air-space-time and vice-versa. Write a pentagram within a circle. Now try a unicursal hexagram. Who are you and where do your thoughts go when you think of them? Your author discovered today for example that he (IS) in some sense a half-Irish, half-Englishman residing in Amsterdam in the process of developing MPHDJ disc/seal/calendars and a mixer for a lecture on the tale of the tribe.

Rotate your imaginary air-canvas on its horizontal axis and continue invoking and banishing forces, with statesmanship and compassion. Do what thou will. You can charge up the discs while they are spinning on the turntable platter. You can sing your lungs out to the planets and stars, saying magical motto. Pull funny and absurd faces while looking down at the revolutionary disc/seal/calendar/sigil. The disc may have a reflective surface. Imagine a bright flame between you and the disc. Ask yourself who you are and where are your thoughts going today? fly agaric 23, maybelogic.

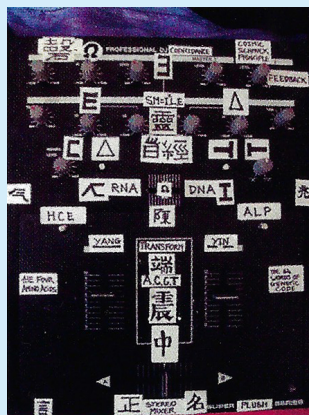
Prose Tools bound in red, yellow, blue and green silk threads, proof that i know what i am stewing. I resort to the language of symbols in these times of TSOG and their wars. Make peace on walls with LING, a great new sensibility. Peace comes of communication. Rotation and the changes bring on the new ages. After all else has gone, i am that which remains.

Planetary forces will be invoked and banished daily by new turntable operators worldwide. Hands off wireless blue-toothing everywhere? crossed-wires, crossed paths. I saw the head DJ's that ever battle against one another, so that all their thought is a confusion. DJ's working together to balance the forces. More than symbolic games, turntable healing. Thou has appeared tom huge and allmazifull, the Lord of Time, bearing a sharp stylus sickle atop the heavenly wheels wearing flaming armour, with sword and shield-discs, drums and brushes, triumphantly crowned with the ROTA table. But i was not deceived by these, i cast them all aside and said "begone".

Thou transformed ABRAHADABRA INTO AMANTAMCARA to unify the microcosmic five and the macrocosmic six with Amanita Muscaria. But even this mighty mushroom deceived me knot. Let those tools be prose Tools. Tables to Tables to cables and back to back to the mixer. On Vinyl as it is on Earth. Turning forever and ever. Oar-men.

Oh Oh oh my Gud! Unity is fly Buginning! Unity is fly Spirit, and fly Purmutation Unity! let me un-veil my fly acrylic gloss.

--Fly Agaric 2.3  
MPHDJ. "fly'.c.



# Paradise Reassessed

By Eva David AKA Zenpunkist(MQ2)

An excerpt from The HOLeY Bible:

Everything is perfect; nothing matters . . . not even matter. All we are is a bunch of space & particles that take everything way too seriously. So don't take life so personal, you're just a bunch of cells being overly dramatic. Chill – haha!

Connect the dots, liberate the dots . . . everyone gets to play.

Yahweh (the youngest yet most old-fashioned of all the gods) was glancing upon his modest planet pleased with the balance and the growing complexity of all the life forms he created. All the other gods and goddesses had already been through the phase of creating artificial god conscious – so they would only laugh at Yahweh if he tried it. They already recognized that all forms of artificial god consciousness repeated the same paths of self-destruction. No matter how perfectly they were put together, there natural reproduction would eventually lead to a few defective offspring that would introduce the four fallacies that would lead to their destruction:

**Possessiveness:** For some reason, most Habitual Underdeveloped Moderately Adaptable Narcissists (HUMAN) believed that one day, nature would not produce enough to sustain their needs. So they begin trying to learn how to control reproduction of those resources, how to collect & store those resources over time, and how to create new resources. The more and more HUMAN carried, the less they moved around. They spent all their time and energy securing a space where they hoarded all the resources they would need. These creature tendencies were harmful to all surrounding organisms as only after all value was extracted from a piece of land would the HUMAN migrate to a new area.

**Phobias:** Just as these creatures feared that resources would become scarce, they also developed a constantly rising amount of irrational fears that all the negative possibilities would ensue. They lost touch with the reality that motion could always transfer them to a more desirable state. Rather, they focused all their energy on maintaining a singular comfortable state. They grew to be distrustful of their fellow HUMAN, the gods, and the universe itself. They even grew distrustful of their own nature and begin creating Laughable Avoidance of Woes (LAW) to abide by instead of their biological tendencies. They became consumed with the attempted avoidance of death, disorder, and loss of their beloved possessions. The repeated reaction to these fears was to cling to everything familiar and reject anything unknown.

**Dominator Tendency:** The more HUMAN believed that resources were limited and that everything was out to get them, the more competitive they became. They believed that anyone who was unfamiliar would try to harm them and take their possessions. So they worked to display their ability to overpower others in order to discourage anyone from thinking they could overpower them. HUMAN felt they must choose role of oppressor or oppressed and acted accordingly forming dichotomies. This notion allowed them to justify destructing anything deemed foreign, unfamiliar, or other.

**Resistance to Disorder:** Every single HUMAN project fought desperately to eliminate disorder from their surroundings. Rather than accepting disorder as one of the many possibilities, they unsuccessfully insisted on designing their whole lives around the disabling of that possibility.

Time and time again, creation and creation again, this creature repeated the same failing systems. All forms of HUMAN suffered the same symptoms and shared the same tragic flaws. If Yahweh tried his own artificial god conscious project, the other gods would never let him hear the end of it. They love ragging on each other for their mistakes; they're still laughing about the Greek & Trojan War. Still – he felt so lonely. He wanted a companion that couldn't always give him shit about how green he was. He wanted someone with intelligence to look up to him with wonder, love, and appreciation. He wanted a pal/fan, a chum/subject, a bud/inferior. Then it wouldn't matter what the other deities had to say (as long as his new admiring friend couldn't hear). So he shrouded his planet behind a curtain and began experimenting.

He focused his consciousness while juggling some cells and projected an image for the cells to adhere to. In short, Yahweh materialized his imaginary friend. His creation began moving and making sounds, studying the movements of his own body, and looking about at the world around him. Then finally, he looked up at his cre-

ator. He was afraid for a moment, but the more he looked at him, the more familiar he became. He knew that he would be safe with this greater being. So he stared with wonder at his creator and smiled. Yahweh looked down and felt his heart fill with joy and love for this new companion. This would be the 1st successful HUMAN project and then all the other gods would finally have to show him some respect. He had to teach his HUMAN all the right things. He thought about teaching him to communicate in god conscious – projecting information. But then, the HUMAN might project destruction - or worse, the other gods might put counterproductive thoughts in his head – or even worse yet – They might teach him to also ridicule his creator. No. He'd create a language that only he and his creation could speak together. So he created the WORD and taught it to his creature which he named Man.

He walked with Man all about his garden and taught him the names of things and the nature of things and told him stories. Man absorbed everything joyously and gazed at his creator with ever growing awe. Then one day, Man began to feel emptiness within him. Yahweh sensed this and implored him. Man did not understand what ailed him, but he described a feeling of being incomplete. The more he explained, the more Yahweh understood that Man was experiencing the same loneliness he was feeling when he created him. But why should he? He was always kind and loving to Man (unlike how the other gods treated Yahweh). Why should he need more? Yahweh felt hurt and disappointed that his companion was not satisfied with their relationship. Maybe he wanted an equal, or a subject of his own? What if he liked this new creation more than he liked his creator? Then it struck him. He would make another HUMAN in the form of one of the other gods so that Man would continue to prefer his creator over this other being. He thought of the other gods and goddesses, and decided to model this new HUMAN after the Goddess of Chaos, and name her Woman for she will bring woe to Man. A few years with her, and Man would beg his creator to remove her. She would be the opposite of Man, and therefore, hideous to him.

Alas, Yahweh got to focusing again and materialized his imaginary adversary. Woman arose and looked at herself, looked at the earth around her, looked at the Man creature, then looked at Yahweh and smirked. Man was immediately mesmerized by her and afraid of her at the same time. She seemed familiar, yet she had this electric air about her that was different than anything he'd ever known. She walked away from both of them and began exploring the world around her. Man followed her intrigued by all her actions, Yahweh followed enraged by her lack of respect. He knew that Man delighted in the order that maintained the planet, so he figured LAW would be the dividing force that could make Man loathe her. He taught Woman the WORD, taught them both the LAW, and introduced them to the Tree of Knowledge. He knew if he gave Woman a limitation she would defy it. Then, Man would be disappointed in Woman's refusal to honor a simple little exclusion to all their enjoyed liberation.

Woman, when created from the image of the Goddess of Chaos, was born with an older wisdom of all things. She immediately understood the form and function of her surroundings and the dynamic between Man and his creator. She understood the trap and the power trip, the naïve awe of Man, and the expected courses of action and reaction. She would spend some time with Man each sun cycle – feigning the same awe with which he regarded his creator. As he grew more comfortable with her, she explained that they should help the creator to maintain the order and balance of the planet. This was her chance to wander the planet alone in the joys of her own ponderings. She really loved studying the interaction of forms that maintained the balance of that planet. She walked by the Tree of Knowledge and saw that it was prolific with forbidden fruit. She wondered if the fruit might poison her, but she saw that ants ate of the tree and suffered no ill effects. If all forms within this planet shared exchanges that lead to perfect balance, why should this tree be demonized? What of its nature was so flawed that it shouldn't be eaten from? Why does it remain here if it has no good to offer? She knew that it would hurt the trusting nature of Man and offend the prideful nature of Yahweh to ask either





of them this question. She thought of the LAW, "Thou shalt not eat the fruit of The Tree of Knowledge; should your mouths touch those fruits, thou shalt surely die."

Woman smirked again as she looked about her. She plucked a leaf off the tree and began chewing on a small bit. She walked around and started to see the boundaries of the garden extend. She feared, that she would be found out, as the shape of the garden was changing as a result from her indirect disobedience. But as she continued to observe, Man did not walk beyond the old borders she used to see. And she was able to walk in this extended part, and Man could not see her when she was in this outer space. She began digging a hole in the ground in this outer space she discovered. She held her breath and plucked a fruit off the infamous tree. She looked around and nothing seemed to be different, yet. She quickly brought the fruit to the hole, dropped it in, and buried it. Every sun cycle she would come back to her spot and care for the little sprouting that emerged. The more she would chew on the leaves of the tree, the more she saw in the planet around her. She saw deeper detail in the interaction between forms, the tendencies of motion, and the intelligence within every part of nature. The more she explored, the less she paid attention to the sun cycle they were supposed to adhere to. By night, she explored her surroundings through touch, sound, and scent. Yahweh was annoyed by her disregard for the sun cycle and threatened punishment if she did not continue to honor it.

Finally, her tree derivative began producing fruit. After making sure that Man and his creator were occupied, Woman sat beneath her tree and ate from the fruit. She looked about her and saw that all forms were comprised of smaller forms, and smaller forms yet. Little bits would fling about erratically bouncing into other bits inspiring new forms. LAW & Order were not maintaining everything, rather, tiny variances were uprising and reshaping forms, then all surrounding forms would readjust. The variances seemed to grow the balance just as the juice from the leaves grew the extents of the garden. She walked back within the boundaries and looked upon Man. She saw that it was within his nature to trust and admire, she could not share this with him. She looked upon Yahweh and immediately saw the other gods laughing at him and all his memories of humiliation. She began to grow curious about what powers he really had, and what, in this world of tiny bits, he could permanently impact. She felt sorry for Man. Why should he be condemned to being a fan instead of an inquisitive individual with original thought? He had no deeper curiosity about the nature of things than the explanation his creator had given him. And he was boring as fuck\* to talk to. Woman knew if she tried discussing anything with Yahweh, he'd react defensively to her deeper knowledge.

\*As she ate more fruit, Woman began developing new words that were not taught to her by Yahweh or Man; all the new words created by Woman were condemned as "obscenities" that should never be uttered.

Woman decided, "Well, if it's my job to be bad, I intend to do that job well." Then, out of sheer boredom, frustration, and defiance of this whole irrational scenario, she chose to openly eat fruit of The Tree of Knowledge for Man to see. He looked at her in horror, terrified of what might happen next. "I want for us to be free," she said, and extended the fruit towards him. He did not want to defy his creator, but he didn't want to be separated from her (especially since she taught him about the interaction of forms through physical demonstration). And why hadn't the creator taught him about that joyous interaction? Could Woman teach him multiple levels of ecstasy that Yahweh would never even mention to him? Why was his creator so careful with the distribution of information? You guessed it, Woman had slipped him some juice from her tree earlier that day. Yahweh emerged triumphantly satisfied that Woman finally played into his plan and defied him. Before he could boom his condemnations, he saw Man quickly take the fruit, chew off a few chunks, and swallow. Man now smirked, Yahweh fumed, and Woman finally looked about her in awe.

What was Yahweh to do? He didn't want to lose Man, yet if he didn't adhere to his own LAW, he'd negate his own credibility. He banished Man & Woman from his garden – they would now only know the outer space and would not be able to see into the garden. He remembered his own words, thou shalt surely die. He never thought he'd have to kill his Man, only that wretched Woman. Was there any hope in this? Both Man & Woman must die, but he would give them an 800 year life cycle, within which they could reproduce and possibly

bring about new innocence with Man's purity that Yahweh could again enjoy. And speaking of cycles, now came the part he had rehearsed for . . . punishing the Woman:

"Since you are so defiant of LAWs and cycles, and since you are so fond of the darkness, I condemn your body to physical binds with cycles of the moon. With each cycle, may you suffer agonizing pain so that you don't forget the supremacy of my order. And may it be bloody, and messy, and inconvenient." And forced to address Man, he added, "and may it make you irritable and horrible to be around so that Man, too, must suffer. And may disturbing commercials emerge on your TVs selling an array of feminine products to deal with your unfortunate predicament as a constant reminder to Man of my wrath and vengeance. And may the children of Woman & Man constantly defy you as you have defied me so you may understand the pain of parenting ungrateful brats!"

And so it came to pass – yada, yada, yada – that existence & Kotex began as we know them. Woman, figured she'd not look for a loophole around her punishment as it was bearable and often a convenient excuse. Man was happy that he was able to stay with Woman and begin creating subjects/children of his own. Yahweh experienced mixed feelings, yet he was wholly entertained by the surprises the reproduced HUMAN offered (now he gets to sit back & play grandpa). The derivative of the Tree of Knowledge that Woman planted grew within the human realm and spread about the land in various forms of mind expanding plants and fungi. Generation after generation of HUMAN children would sometimes eat or smoke these plants & catch glimpses of the original garden and awareness of the depth and extents of nature just as their great, great, grandmother did. Oh and speaking of mothers, The Goddess of Chaos looked upon all with delight through a hole in the curtain that a random little erratic bit had created.

She would do everything in her power to secretly aide the success of Yahweh's HUMAN project. Without knowing it, he had given his project the greatest chance for success by creating a HUMAN in the opposite of his own form. Seldom was this practiced by the gods, as they were all so narcissistic that they only created beings in their own forms. They continued to ignore their own egotistical fallacy in creation. They never created an appreciation for the other as part of the manifestation of the whole within their projects. As a matter of fact, the only time before Woman that god consciousness was created in the opposite of a deity's image was when The Goddess of Chaos created Yahweh. He was the greatest success of any HUMAN project, although he's still in the works. As he continued to look upon his children's planet, he found himself growing more and more fond of the disobedient. Their inquisitive and creative nature made for the best entertainment. He began to understand that HUMAN's tendency to destruct vs. ability to appreciate the other would determine the fate of that planet. His mother appeared at his side, and he finally became aware of his origins. He looked with mixed joy and sorrow at his children; he could no longer interfere. From this moment forward, his HUMAN project must create its own destiny. The Goddess of Chaos beamed at her own creation - the first complete successful Artificial God Consciousness just graduated to become a real God . . . Jiminy!

**The hole in this plot is your playground;  
you determine the end of this myth . . . literally  
(whatever that means).**

**Moral of the story:  
There's more than  
one way to disobey . . .  
be creative!**



