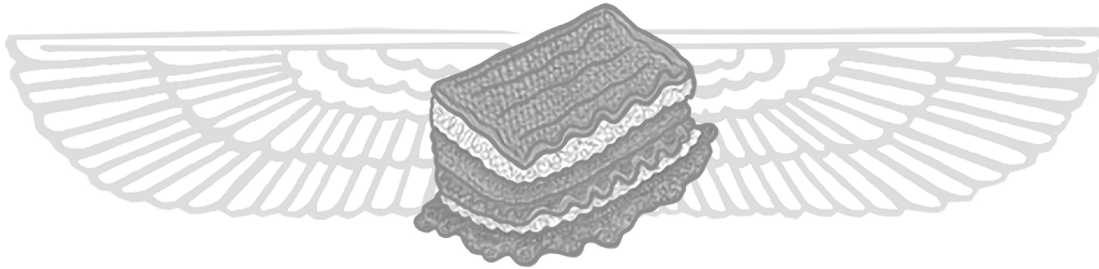


NEW TRAJECTORIES 2020



NEW TRAJECTORIES FOR FLYING LASAGNA



One of the [last bits of RAW Data](#) loosed upon the world was a simple request, imploring those of us remaining in this wondrous abyss of hallucinations to "keep the lasagna flying". A final wish with no shortage of interpretations, intentionally so, I would imagine.

At the time of his passing, it seemed somewhat unclear what form Robert Anton Wilson's legacy would take. It was obvious that his work had a profound impact on innumerable lives and systems of thought, but his stature amongst the mainstream canon didn't seem to reflect the enormity of his memetic contributions. Would his newfound physical absence transform into a higher form of cultural presence? Or would his unique brilliance fade into obscurity?

There was a group of us that had studied with him during his last few years, and we took it upon ourselves to try to elevate his memory, though we probably only levitated it slightly, but at least did so long enough for Tom Jackson's [RAWillumination.net](#) blog to come online and solidify a sturdy foundation. A constant and steady RAW signal beaming through the noise. A solid base that helped serve as a launch pad for high profile RAW influenced projects from brilliant creators such as John Higgs, Daisy Eris Campbell, Jesse Walker, Erik Davis, Adam Gorightly, and plenty more besides.

From there RAW's official presence triumphantly emerged via Christina & Rasa's [RAW Trust](#) & [Hilaritas Press](#), which has fully launched the RAW lasagna into orbit. Soon all 35+ of his books will be fully in print, with new definitive editions, audio adaptations, and even a TV show in the works. The job of securing RAW's legacy is in the best of all hands, and is, at least from my perspective, basically complete. So what now?

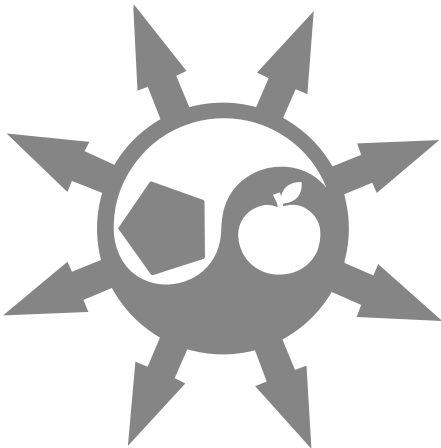
MAKE IT NEW!

One of my fav aspects of RAW's work is how he synthesized together so many different thinkers into his oeuvre, such that you weren't just getting 1 person's ideas, but rather a thoughtfully curated kaleidoscope of perspectives. Joyce, Pound, Leary, Crowley, Fuller, McLuhan, Burroughs, Lilly, Gurdjieff, Korzybski, Reich, Nietzsche, Watts, Carlin, etc, etc. As much as he was a unique thinker with a surplus of original ideas to share, he also plugged the reader into a labyrinthian network of other realities to explore.

I thought a fitting reflection of this aspect of RAW's work, in which there is a condensing of many inspirations into one artist, would be a decompression, an expansion from the one into the many that he inspired. MANY IN / MANY OUT.

New interpretations, new voices, new trajectories :)))

<3<3<3
bc





TODD
PURSE

SOMEWHERE AROUND SIRIUS A + B

Prickle-Prickle Confusion 58th, Yold 3139*

* July 23rd, 1973

M.I.N.D.

CHOOSE AVATAR

BEEP
BEEP

QUANTUM LINK
ESTABLISHED. SIGNAL
IS BOTH
SENDING AND RECEIVING.

* MASSIVE
INTERACTIVE
NOETIC
DEVICE

ASSIGNMENT

- ☒ ESTABLISH
HYPER-DIMENSIONAL
QUANTUM LINK WITH
DOMESTICATED PRIMATE
ROBERT ANTON WILSON.
- ☒ PLANT STARSEED
AND OBSERVE.

- ☒ REFLECT UPON THE LIFE
AND IDEAS OF THE SUBJECT.

- ☒ PROCESS RELEVANT INFORMATION
AND PRESENT FINDINGS.

Order of Dogon

How to Use Your Brain for Fun and for Profit

- Model agnosticism, maybe logic, synchronicities and humor
- Who is the master who makes the grass green?

SPECTACLE, TESTICLES,
BRANDY CIGARS.
YOU ARE ALL POPES... *

KEEP THE LASAGNA
FLYING - THE MGT.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW UNDERPANTS



BY BRENTON CLUTTERBUCK



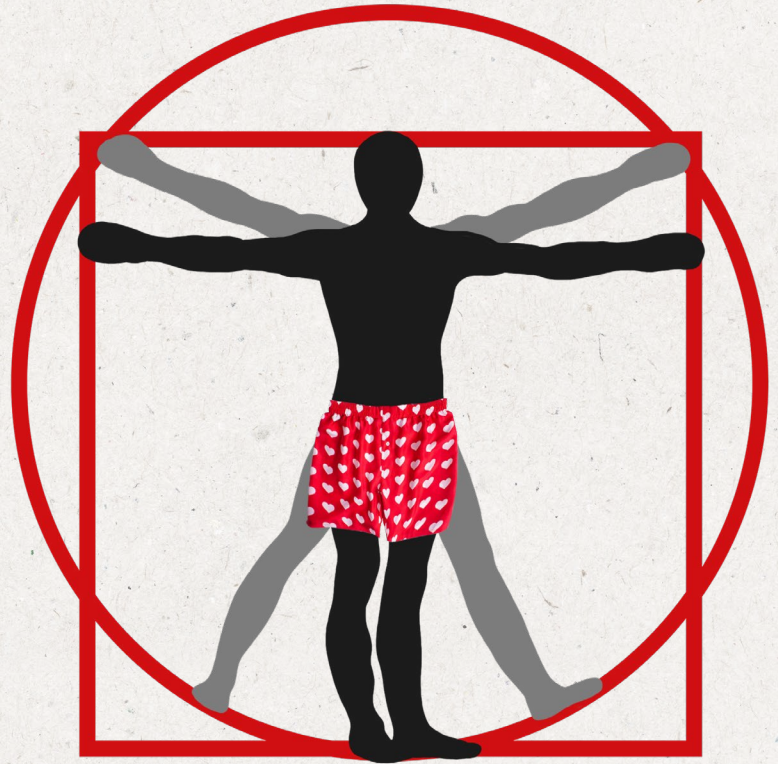
"Is," "is," "is"—the idiocy of the word haunts me. If it were abolished, human thought might begin to make sense. I don't know what anything "is"; I only know how it seems to me at this moment." – Robert Anton Wilson.

Let's talk about magic.

A young man wakes up. It's an important day, with a job interview and a hot date. He gets dressed and eats breakfast and heads out. He is going to absolutely demolish the challenges he meets today, all because he has a secret weapon; he is wearing his lucky underpants. And this, is magic.

Magic (sometimes spelled 'magick' to distinguish it from stage magic) is a term used to describe a certain model for interacting with the world. In short, we can think of it as the will imposed on the world: a series of techniques and strategies for making the universe bend itself towards our wants, needs and desires. When young Terry Cornelly puts on his lucky underpants, this is an example of magic; he is sending to the universe his desire for good luck and good fortune, and the universe indeed delivers.

I see a shiver of outrage from the audience – "That's not magic!" you say. "He didn't really get more lucky because of his underwear! They just made him feel more ready for the day! They made him confident, and his new confidence projected to the people he met, making them more likely to give him the job, or take him home for drinks!"



Dear reader, I will address this criticism. But first, another story.

Dr Botham Hinkenbottom is developing a drink. He adds a massive amount of sugar, and a strong hit of caffeine. He also adds a few drops of 'Fireweed', a herb rich in vitamin A; less than you'd find in an average vitamin. He calls this 'Brain Juice.'

Next, Dr Hinkenbottom begins to write copy. Fireweed, he writes, is a powerful herb, used by the people of freezing Siberia. Rich in vitamin A, fireweed will bring EXPLOSIVE fire and electricity to YOUR BRAIN! The POWER of fireweed

is contained in every ELECTIFYING sip of Dr Hickenbotham's mind-enhancing BRAIN JUICE! Whether passing a test, acing an interview, or just winning at life, BRAIN JUICE will set a SPARK amongst your brain cells, and wake up the BRAIN MACHINE to keep you at your best!

High School and college students around the world rejoice! Brain Juice quickly becomes a must have drink to slam down before a difficult test, or a nerve-wracking meeting. But does it really work? After all, the amount of Vitamin A, the brain vitamin, contained within is barely even enough to compare to a daily vitamin. Does it work? Students all across the world say yes! It makes them feel, sharper, smarter, brighter, more switched on! It makes them feel ready! So does it work?

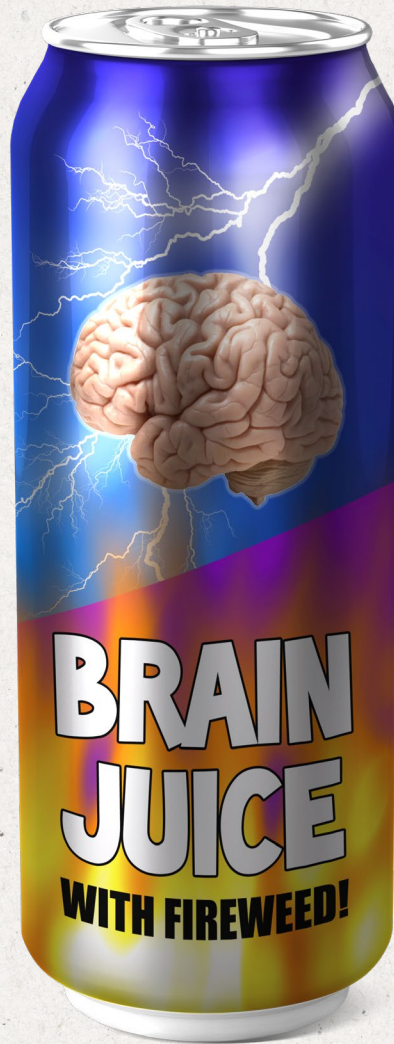
Energy drinks tend to contain three things: sugar, caffeine and 'magic dust', and the magic dust can really be anything, taurine, guarana, fireweed, as long as you can use it for marketing. The drink 'works' by creating a massive sugar hit, combined with a caffeine jolt. It then creates a special experience with everything else; the shape of the bottle, the colour of the liquid, the font, the copy, the texture,

that determines the experience the consumer will have, by manipulating their expectations, and their sense of what is happening.

So, in some sense, the drink is another type of lucky underpants. Sure, it has its roots in a certain truth, a slight energy jolt from a sugar/caffeine hit, but the greatest effects are more complex to explain. The drink invites consumers to imagine their brain as a machine, being woken up with some kind of blast of fire-associated energy, and the power of this imaginary scenario is great enough to boost confidence, sharpen focus. An unconscious awareness of some kind of indescribable fire based energy working overtime to keep the brain firing neurons around like ping-pong

balls, helps you to stare at a piece of paper and answer questions about algebra for two hours.

If we start to look for them, we see lucky underpants everywhere. A can of 'Brain Juice' is a lucky underpants that helps you focus on a test. What about make-up that gives you 'the confidence to be yourself'? Expensive jewellery



that doesn't look so different from an inexpensive alternative? A tattoo that holds the memory of a loved one? An offering to a friendly spirit? An important morning routine?

As much as some of us would love to consider ourselves hardened materialists, the fact is that human beings just aren't built as rational creatures. We interact with the world as a series of signs and symbols, and even when we accept that every seemingly spiritual or ineffable phenomenon holds a material truth, we still tend to interact with the phenomenon, not the truth. Coke still tastes better from a red can, no matter how much we tell ourselves that technically it's the same substance no matter where it is.

We are used to interacting with this world of symbols and unconscious ideas in a rational way – offering a logical

material explanation, then dealing with those explanations directly. However, there's another possible approach; instead of dissecting the strange and wonderful maze of ideas and symbols that float around the spirit realm of the unconscious, we can in fact engage directly with them. This is the process that some people refer to as 'magic'. Lucky underpants, brain enhancing soft drinks, touching wood, wearing make-up, even (in some sense) acts of prayer or worship, can all come under the umbrella of the magical world.

Dear reader, let's go deeper.

What if there was a pair of lucky underpants, so powerful, so widely accepted, so normal and unquestioned, that the wearing of these underpants simply became an ordinary part of our lives? A practice so common and ordinary that explanations of it tended to be 'post hoc' – that is to say, that wearing these underpants is so completely regarded as normal that people can offer justifications for it after they've made the choice to do it. The real motivations behind this behaviour are lost to time – it's just something everyone does.

Why shake hands? Why say 'bless you'? Why eat three meals a day? Why work 9-5? Why date a bunch of people then marry one? Why have a boss? Why have a mobile phone? Of course you can explain all these things – the human brain after all likes to consider itself logical, and can always offer an explanation – but are those explanations really things you've



thought about before making a choice, or are they post hoc explanations of choices that were made unconsciously, deep under the surface of your mind? If you really want to see lucky underpants in play though, it's time to talk about economics.

Sometimes, everyone gets a good feeling about a business. Then they like to buy parts of it. Then, they get a bad feeling. Then they sell parts of it. We like to call this 'sentiment' because that sounds smart and logical, and also helps to frame economics as sophisticated

process, off limits to all but the educated few. But we could also call it magic – after all, what else could you call it when masses of people, unconsciously directed by the spirit world of ideas, have a

feeling so powerful it revaluates the financial value of a whole company – not because it makes any more or less of its products, not because it has gained or lost customers, not because it has grown or shrunk – but because they simply 'felt' that it was not as valuable today as it was yesterday.

And so it is with money as a whole; inherently worthless in its physical form, it develops an agreed upon value through the moves and developments of the spirit realm of the market. Like Dr Hinkenbottom's Brain Juice, the

power of money does have its roots in a material reality – there are certain laws of mathematics, and of 'real value' (a material need for bread, for example, might justifiably attribute value to a bakery) that cannot be disregarded. But like the energy drink, a great deal of the function and nature of money comes not from this material basis, but from the spirit realm of ideas, from representation, conception, ideas, thoughts, expectations and so on. And many of these ideas are so deeply ingrained that we see them now as immovable laws of economics, as

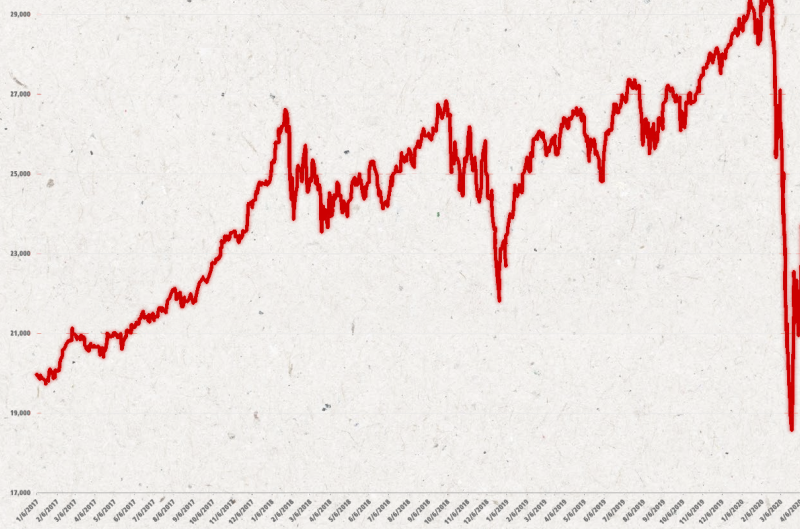
undeniable as gravity.

On the whole, what we look at as economics is made of a small handful of material truths, built on by generations of ideas, assumptions and expectations,

each of which is painted the colour of truth and attached as though immovable, to the great structure of Economic Truth, a structure so tall and mighty that nothing but an earthquake of material change could shake loose the assumptions from the absolutes.

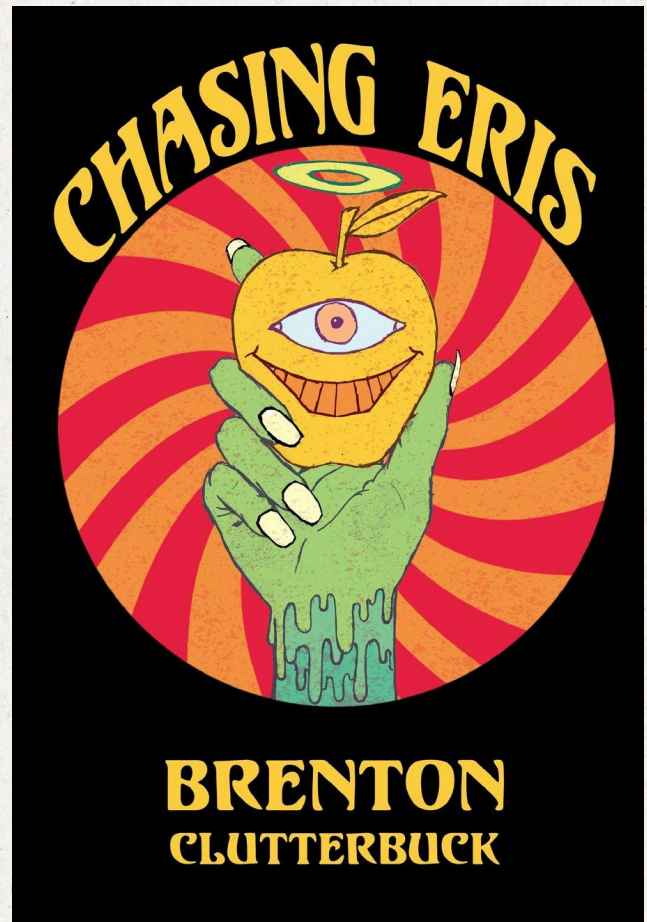
That earthquake has arrived.

For the sake of your attention span dear reader, I will not here attempt to propagandize you in detail about what I believe this earthquake has revealed; suffice to say that my personal



questioning is focussed on the inherent value of Capitalism as a system; the logic of building power structures that help individuals gain extraordinary wealth by owning things, while others gain meagre wealth through working; and our conception of paid work-in-a-traditional-sense as the backbone of our society.

The magic that holds the world together is fast fading. The elastic band that holds up the lucky underpants of our economic assumptions has well and truly snapped. The magicians and wizards who traditionally held the magic wands are fading into their twilight, and the question must be asked; are we willing to simply tolerate the power of a doddering old sorcerer with a limp, barely sparking wand? Or do we have the courage to generate new magic?



[Check out Brenton Clutterbuck's astounding
Discordian Holy Book CHASING ERIS!](#)



THIS
PHENOMENON
OF INSTABILITY
IS REALLY THE WAY
THAT EVERY LIVING
ORGANISM -

SOCIETIES,
HUMAN PRIMATES,
CHEMICAL
SOLUTIONS, ETC.-

SHAKES ITSELF,
AS IT WERE, BY
MYOCLONISMS
OR SIMILAR
CONVULSIONS

INTO NEW
COMBINATIONS
AND PERMUTATIONS
FOR HIGHER AND
NEW LEVELS OF
DEVELOPMENT.

ISRAEL
REGARDIE
FROM HIS
INTRO TO
PROMETHEUS
RISING

777



A NEW DECLARATION

As a small gesture and contribution to the Black Lives Matter Movement and the IMPACT of the coronavirus pandemic on artists, I'm sharing music art and creativity with the goal of amplifying and supporting black brown ethnic music and voices.

On July 4th, [radiofreeamsterdam](#) hosted 24 hours of media programming, including [John Sinclair Radio Show's](#) and the New Declaration shows feat. very special selections of exclusive material kindly sent to me.

Intending to lead the way, I purchased music via Bandcamp for the shows.

—[Steve The Fly](#)

PLEASE SHOW SUPPORT FOR THESE ARTISTS – SEE LINKS

[JAIR ROHM](#)

[PARKER WELLS](#)

[CREATURE \(REBELMATIC\)](#)

[DEBORAH CHARLES](#)

[SUNRU CARTER](#)

[LORD BEEFINGTON](#)

[SANDHYA SANJANA](#)

[JUICE ONE TWO SIX](#)

[DADDY FREDDY](#)

[NZ](#)

[KAI ECKHARDT](#)

[CAROLE BEAUSANT](#)

[CRAIG EASLEY](#)

[JUICE ALEEM](#)

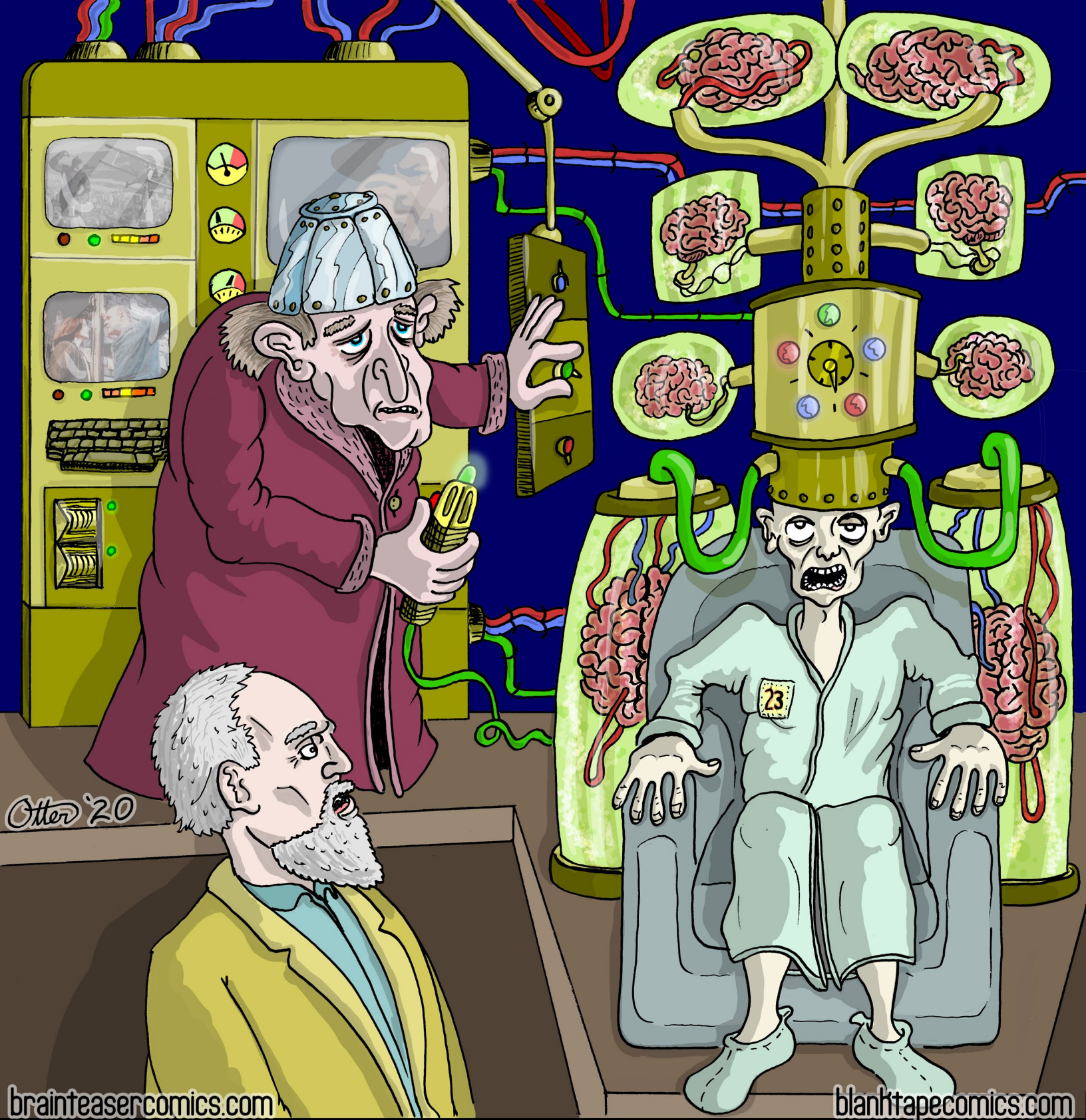
[LAITH AL SAADI](#)

[RAS TARIQ](#)

[LESLIE LOPEZ](#)

[ORIGINAL SYNA](#)

[CALEB SELAH](#)



Both Bob and Subject 23 grew increasingly concerned that Dr. Calossum lacked any understanding, at all, of the 8 Circuit Model of Consciousness.

THE DOGON AGE OF MUSIC

BY ERIC WAGNER

And if, in whatever sense, Dogon A.D. marks the beginning of a Dogon age of music, in which the unity of sounds, their roots, and their potentiating energy are stressed, Julius Hemphill will play a decisive part in the developing culture of that age.

– Robert Palmer, notes to Dogon A.D., recorded February, 1972

We're in science fiction now.

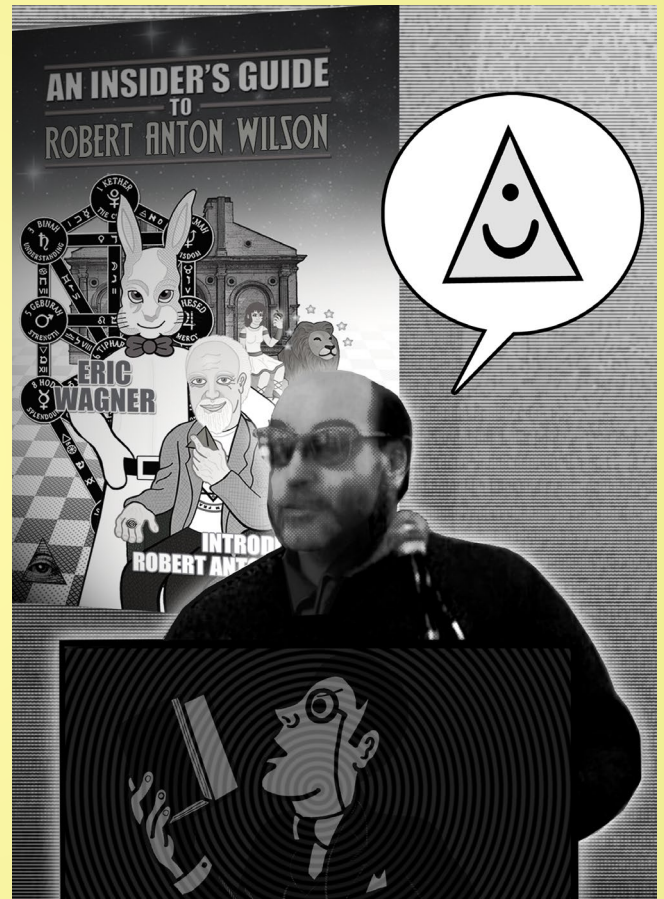
– Allen Ginsberg

I think sometime after 1955 rock music became the dominant paradigm of music in our world or at least in the western world. A few years ago I heard Trevor Noah say that rap had become the dominant form of music in our culture. At first I disagreed with him, but I have come to agree with him. I had lived all my life in a world dominated by rock music, so I didn't notice the shift. In the last few years I have asked my high school and community college classes what they consider the dominant form of music in our culture. Most say rap or hip hop. A few say pop or R & B or even country, but hip hop seems to have emerged on top.

Comparing the audience responses to Elton John and Eminem at the 2020 Oscars, it seemed clear that hip hop centered the musical world of this mostly under fifty celebrity audience.

Artur Schnabel commented that in the nineteenth century brides in Germany typically received a piano as a wedding gift. In the early twentieth century brides typically received a car instead. In 1950 most American homes had a piano. Popular music in America seemed largely piano based until rock music when it became guitar based. In the 1980's synthesizers and sequencers became much less expensive, and drum machines dominated popular music. I remember watching the Grammy's in the late eighties, and all of the performers except Prince used a drum machine. Many artists today build music on computers from the ground up. This process seems very foreign to many of my contemporaries.

Now, I know that avant garde jazz like the music of Julius Hemphill has not played a major role in the evolution of hip hop, but I love Palmer's phrase "the Dogon age of music".



Eric Wagner, author of [*An Insider's Guide to Robert Anton Wilson*](#)

Earlier forms of music created mainly by black people, such as jazz and rhythm and blues/rock and roll created much more wealth for white people than they did for black people. Rap has proved different. Although white artists have participated in and benefitted from rap music, it remains dominated by black artists, and many black owned record labels have helped shape the music. James Joyce described writing *Finnegans Wake* as drilling through a mountain from two sides and hoping the paths would meet in the middle. I suspect the two paths will not fully meet in this essay, but I will continue digging nonetheless. Tupac mapped out a history of Great Black Music in “Thugz Mansion” showing the continuity between jazz, R&B and hip hop.

Timeline (all quotes and much of this information from
“The History of Hip-Hop: 1925 to Now”)

February, 1972

Julius Hemphill records
Dogon A.D.

1972

Mumbo Jumbo by
Ishmael Reed
released.

1973

“DJ Kool Herc deejays his
first block party.”
Gravity’s Rainbow by
Thomas Pynchon released

July 23, 1973

Robert Anton Wilson begins
odd Sirius experiences.
Wilson would later learn
of the Dogon people’s
knowledge of the Sirius system.

1974

“After seeing DJ Kool Herc
perform at block parties,
Grandmaster Cas, Grandmaster
Flash, and Afrika Bambaataa
start playing at parties all
over the Bronx neighborhoods.”

1979

“Rapper’s Delight” by the
Sugarhill Gang released.

1982

“The Message” by Grandmaster Flash
and the Furious 5 released. I remember
hearing this song all over the place
when I visited New York that August.
I heard Julius Hemphill with poet K.
Curtis Lyle open for Billy Bang’s Bang
Gang at the Public Theater on that
trip. One song featured Lyle chanting
“Rapture is the Rupture we are looking
for” while Hemphill played his silver
alto.

1984

“Michael Jackson does the
Moonwalk at the Grammys.”

1986

Run-DMC with Stephen Tyler and Joe
Perry release “Walk This Way”. With
this song rap reaches a large white
audience. My cousins loved this song.

1988

Straight Outta Compton by N.W.A.
released. This album, along with
recordings by 2 Live Crew, the
Ghetto Boys and others, mark a
major change in our culture in terms
of censorship. Swear words occurred
rarely in earlier hip hop and rock
recordings. Now explicit lyrics have
become commonplace. Romantic

love dominated poetry in our culture from the troubadours in the twelfth century up until the 1980's. The music of Frank Sinatra, the Temptations and the Beatles mostly focused on romantic love with occasional coded sexual references. One mark of the current paradigm seems an acceptance of sexual frankness.

***"frankness as never before,
disillusions as never told in
the old days, hysterias,
trench confessions, laughter
out of dead bellies."***

– Ezra Pound,
"Hugh Selwyn Mauberlay",
describing the response
to World War I.

1988

Yo! MTV Raps premiers.

September 24, 1991

Nirvana releases Nevermind. At this point it seems to me rock remains the dominant paradigm of our culture. That changes sometime between 1991 and the present.

1992

Body Count releases "Cop Killer" with lyrics by band member Ice T. President George H. W. Bush publicly denounces the song. Ice T has played a cop on Law and Order: Special Victims Unit since 2000.

April 2, 1995

Julius Hemphill dies.

September 7, 1995

Tupac Shakur murdered.

March 9, 1997

The Notorious B.I.G. shot and killed.

2009 - present

Rap music generates more revenue than any other form of music.

In 2016, shortly following the election of Donald Trump, a TV special aired for the opening of the new Smithsonian African American History Museum. Common, Doug E. Fresh and Chuck D recited poems by Langston Hughes, Rakim, Chuck D, Common, and Grandmaster Mellie Mel. I found it interesting to see President Obama sitting in the balcony chanting "Fight the power" along with the rest of the audience.

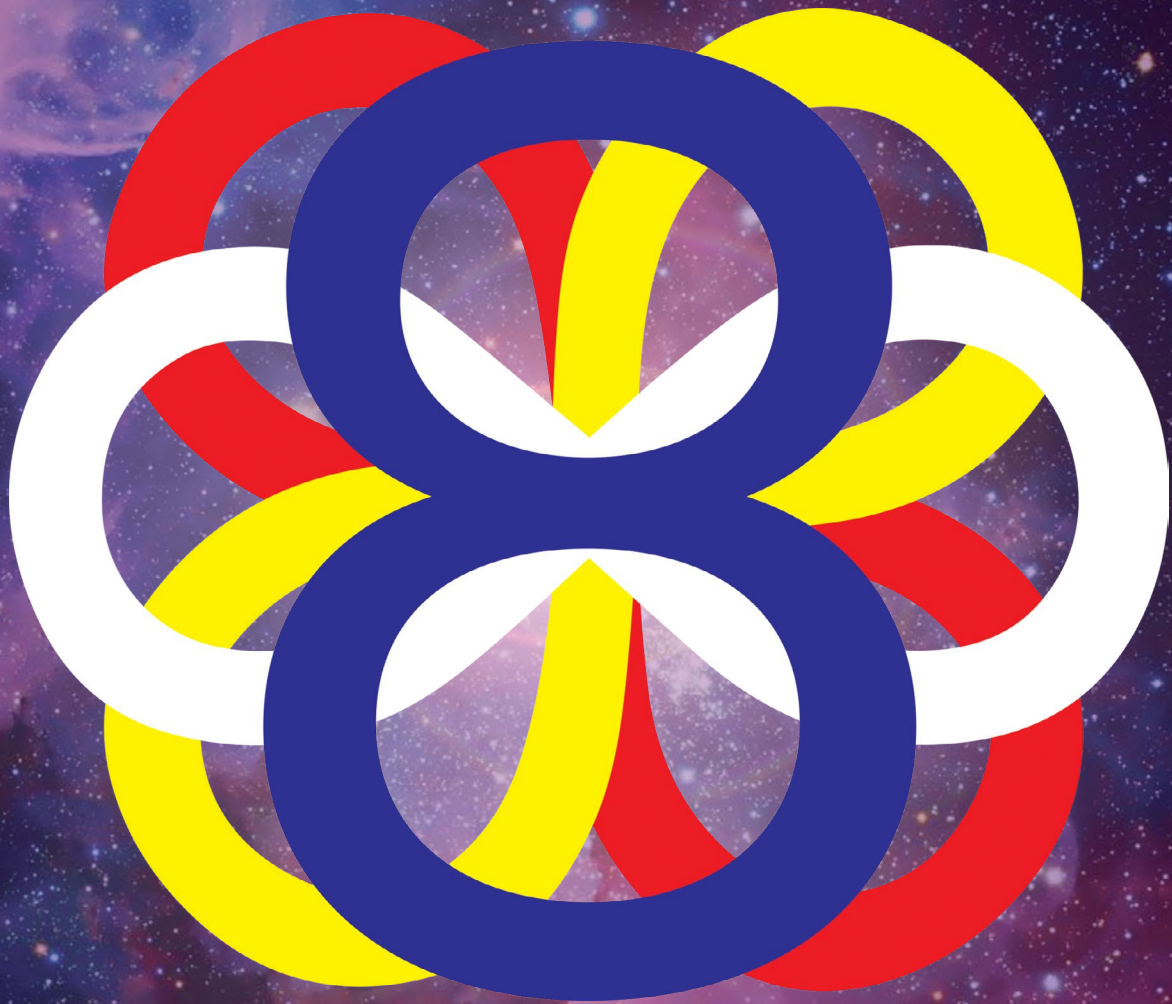
**"Read more.
Learn more.
Change the
globe."
- Nas**

Thanks to my friend Rob Robinson who has contributed greatly to my hip hop education.



TODD
PURSE

FREUD, JUNG, AND A PLATYPUS GET AN MRI



revisiting the Eight-Circuit Model of Consciousness
quick hits from neuroscience and psychology
by Mike Gathers, platypus emeritus

[CLICK HERE TO DOWNLOAD!](#)



DEEP SCRATCH



Tales And Turntables by Steve Fly



IN AMSTERDAM, DJ PLUSH HAS STUMBLED ON NEW TECHNIQUES FOR MIXING. AFTER A FAILED MUSIC CAREER AND TWO VIOLENT ATTACKS, ONE LEAVING HIS EQUIPMENT SMASHED, THE OTHER HIS FACE, HE SEEKS HEALING. SUPPORTED BY HIS FRIENDS MAX AND PERCY, THEY FORM TRB, BLENDING TURNTABLISM, LITERATURE AND MAGICK. THEY'RE PROMPTLY PULLED, HANDS-FIRST INTO AN UNFINISHED SPELL FROM A DEAD WIZARD, THE TALE OF THE TRIBE.

AS TRB INNOVATE THEIR SKILLS, OUTSIDE, A SURGE OF POPULISM SWEEPS EUROPE TO CHALLENGE THEIR VISION AND PURPOSE, IS IT CONTRIBUTING TO THE STRUGGLE, HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE WORKS LIKE THIS ARE OUTLAWED? TRB INVOKE DESIGN-FICTIONS VIA TURNTABLES, VISIT THE 1936 OLYMPIC GAMES, RECORDING STUDIOS AND VR/AR LABS IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT ALGORITHM.

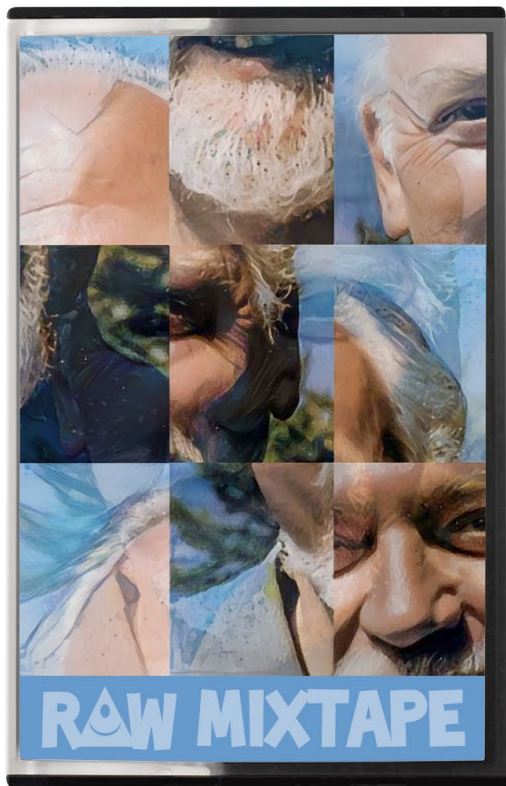
DEEP SCRATCH IS BLACK SCIENCE-FICTION, TURNTABLE PROSE TO PULL DOWN WALLS DIVIDING MUSIC AND LITERATURE. IN A DEEP FAKE SIMULATION, WE REQUIRE DJS TO SPIN THE WHOLE TRUTH. SHORT STORIES WITHIN STORIES, ALBUMS WITHIN ALBUMS: TRANS-MEDIA STORYTELLING, SERIALIZED ACROSS PLATFORMS.

SERIALIZED THROUGH THE REMAINDER OF 2020, AND BEYOND. STAY TUNED. SUBSCRIBE TO [DEEPCATCH.NET](https://deepscratch.net) AND SUPPORT [STEVE FLY AT PATREON](https://www.patreon.com/stevefly) FOR EXCLUSIVE UNRELEASED AUDIO AND PRE-RELEASED CHAPTERS.

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CHAPTER ONE – NEEDLE DROPS**

RAWAGI

**CLICK HERE TO READ
STEVE FLY'S PROPOSAL FOR
A ROBERT ANTON WILSON
ARTIFICIAL GENERAL INTELLIGENCE**



“INTERACTING
PROCESSING IS
ALL I TUNE IN”



**CLICK HERE TO SPIN
THE RAW MIXTAPE!**



**ONLY
MAYBE
ARTS LAB**

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FIND THE OTHERS!**

A TRIPTYCH OF SONNETS

 BY PIPZI WILLIAMS 

***This world is fire : before twelve angry men
Sits Joan of Arc, today she wears blue jeans,
A Brian Jonestown Massacre T, then
A sensible cardie. What it all means
Remains beyond men with heads full of pins
(The angels having all waltzed off from France...
Could you conceive angels committing sins?
In form of young women, there's every chance.)
Needles of light at ends of dark tunnels!
Of course, their God supported His Highness
Against the English, stuffed to the gunnels
With tumescent grace. But No Vaginas.
Natural heresy! Let's vent some ire!
Get out the matches, boys! This world is fire.***

***This world is fire : the material facts
Of Emperor Norton The First ascend
To glory. It's 1906. No axe
Prevents the flames, to ash we commend
His scrip, and we note with interest how
These bits and bobs became most bountiful
(‘social capital’, the term is now,
The truths of the man unaccountable.)
Pioneer of cashless economy,
The flames advance to turn your modest crap
To smoke. Value of loot. Titles. We see
Ephemeratisation bridge a gap
Between past and future, events transpire,
A gas pipeline erupts. This world is fire.***

**This world is fire : a black balaclava
Blocks out all identity politics,
Eye-and-pyramid tattoo, they'd rather
Be a Hudson than a Lance Corporal Hicks
And yet, cocktail in hand, line of fnords
In front and behind signs Old Bob, writ large,
And more, nameless, faceless, texting towards
A free future. Sur le péné, la page!
The Uffizi hangs the Birth of Venus,
And pigs are storming a bowling alley,
Too late, too late. God's mislaid his penis,
Bowling balls are hatching, there to sally
Forth a newly-minted goddess; admire
The throw, the arc, the flame. This world is fire.**

NOTE ON A BOBWILSONIAN RESEARCH PROJECT

BY TED HAND

ted.hand@gmail.com or [@t3dy on Twitter](https://twitter.com/t3dy)



One of these days I'm hoping to write a whole book about RAW on magic. Reading Cosmic Trigger in college basically transformed me into a magical researcher and practitioner. And the academic world has shamefully neglected Old Bob's importance and influence in this regard. But I had a terrible time in grad school and don't think the academic world is the best place to actually accomplish such a project, so I'm going the independent scholar route and it's going to be awhile before I have the chops and the time. It came as a great relief that Erik Davis has blazed the trail by doing a PhD on RAW, PKD and McKenna and it occurred to me recently that I might narrow the scope of my project to talk about one dimension of the magical tradition which informed these guys, what we call "Hermeticism."

In the academic world, "Hermeticism" as a topic finally gained respectability in a large degree due to the work of Frances Yates, who

it turns out all three of my guys read. In this note I'm going to lay out a few of my findings on how Yates' concept of Hermeticism was an influence, and pitch y'all on where I'd like to see future research directed. All three had an arguably decisive encounter with the so-called Hermetic tradition and as we will see, they each took that illumination in different directions.

Bob Wilson drops the name of "Francis" [sic] Yates in *The Cosmic Trigger*. On page 131 of the New Falcon edition we read:

'In our last meeting at Vacaville Prison, I told Tim Leary, "Giordano Bruno, the first philosopher in history to suggest that there were Higher Intelligences in this galaxy, used Tantric Yoga."

"Yeah, I know," he said.

"Oh, I asked, "you've read Francis Yates' *Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition*?"

"No," he said. "It was obvious from Bruno's own writings. Sex-magic is *always* the first of the Secrets."

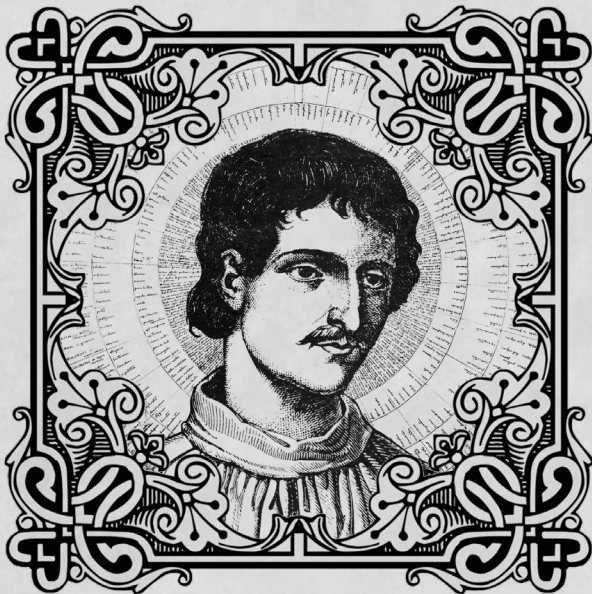
From the misspelling of her name we might infer that Wilson wasn't too deep a reader of Yates, and his characterization of Bruno is pretty far from the character we encounter in her controversial, pioneering study. I don't remember reading any claims in Yates about higher intelligence or Tantric Yoga. However, as I'll get to in a moment, no less an authority than the eminent Chicago School historian of magic Ioan Couliano has addressed the possibility that Bruno was referring to sexual magic. But Yates' Bruno and her Hermetic Tradition does resonate with Wilson's ideas in a number of ways. Yates theorized that the Hermetic tradition played more

of a role in the history of science than has been hitherto acknowledged in scholarship. Wilson in a similar fashion was trying to recover a secret tradition of Hermeticism, most successfully (imho) in his Historical Illuminatus novels. This is indeed how I was sold on the idea of devoting my intellectual career to the recovery of early modern magic.

Couliano (whose life ended in a bizarre, honest to God assassination plot full of absurdity and worthy of a Wilson novel--see the book by Ted Anton) discussed the "erotic magic" of Bruno (as well as other big names of Renaissance Magic such as Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola) in his classic study *Eros and Magic in the Renaissance*. But Couliano concludes that Bruno was not hinting at a specific practice of "Tantric" sex magic as Leary surmised. According to Couliano, one might think based on Bruno's writing that "the practice of coitus reservatus was not foreign to Bruno's magic" (p.99) Although he acknowledges that Bruno spoke very briefly and left a lot of room for interpretation, Couliano concludes that "What Bruno wishes to say has no connection with the practices of coitus reservatus: he simply recommends that the manipulator be continent and, at the same time, ardently desire the subject. (p.101) Bruno was interested, in Couliano's view, in a more general theory of how desire and seduction play a role in the universal "bonds" that the master of magic manipulates.

Bruno's *De vinculis* "Ejaculation of semen releases the bonds, whereas its retention strengthens them. He who wishes to enchain is obliged to develop the same emotions as he who must be bound. This is why, when we are overheated at banquets or after banquets, Cupid invades us..." (Couliano p.100)

Wilson is not so circumspect as Couliano, not writing for the censorious gatekeepers of academia. As many an academic in today's world of a revived interest in esotericism will allow



after a few drinks, Wilson was not wrong to point out that magical traditions were flying under the radar of the Inquisition, and perhaps being kept secret for other reasons, so it is very difficult to rule out magical practices being behind the miles and miles of pages of magical theory produced in the Renaissance by these careful esoterics. Frances Yates herself has a bad rap among the more serious academics because she jumped to the kind of wild conclusions that Wilson and Leary often found obvious. And although in public scholars of magic have to say that she has been superseded, many will allow if you catch them at the right party that Yates was right to look for a hidden Hermetic Tradition beyond what scrupulous historical scholarship can prove.

Without getting to much further tangled into the weeds of historiography, I think that Wilson will be vindicated in a similar fashion. He was stoned out of his gourd and made a few mistakes as an interpreter of Renaissance Magic, but he was also brilliant and original in discovering so many useful things about it. The Hermetic Tradition becomes a key to Cosmic Trigger:

'It occurred to me that I finally had the secret of the Illuminati. They were not the fantasy of right-wing paranoids. "The Illuminati" was one of the names of an underground mystical

movement using sexual yoga in the Western world. The veils of obscurity and mystery around such figures as Giordano Bruno, John Dee, Cagliostro, the original Rosicrucians (17th century), Crowley himself, and various other key figures in the “conspiracy,” had nothing to do with politics or plots to take over the world. It was a screen to protect them from persecution by the Holy Inquisition in earlier centuries and from puritanical policing in our time.’ (Wilson p.70)

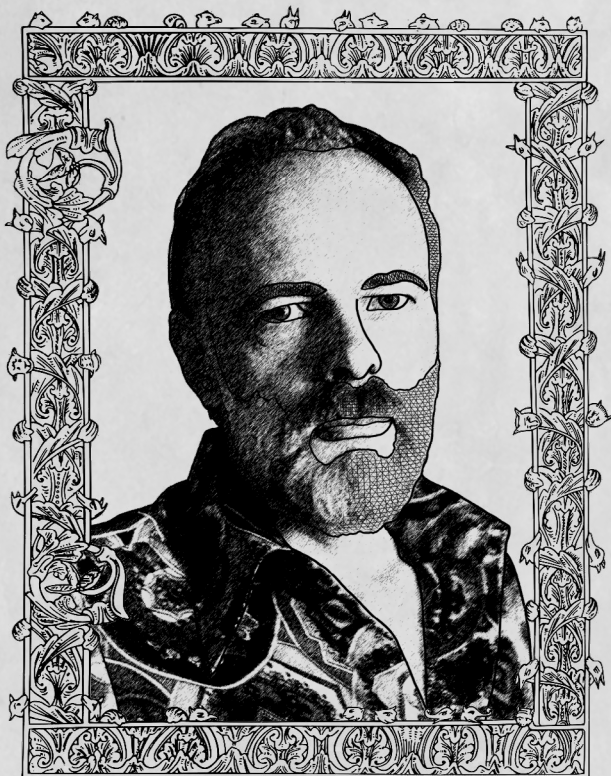
Along with Frances Yates, I think the argument can be made that Wilson played a huge role in the creation of our contemporary concept of what “hermetic” magic even means. And he pulled that off by showing how the magic worked, just as Yates pulled off her scholarly coup by pointing out why magic is interesting to historians of ideas. Wilson modeled for us how to be a hermetic practitioner, and whether or not he gets the history right, we can’t deny that the practices he digs up are working for us, and on us, as we read his books.

Wilson engaged with many thinkers but I think Erik Davis was on to something when he decided to write his weird studies PhD on Wilson and his colleagues Terence McKenna and Philip K. Dick. And I can say that reading about McKenna and Dick in Wilson’s books were key moments in setting me on my own path. Understanding what Wilson saw in their projects can go a long way toward explaining what the guy was doing with magic. And it turns out the Hermeticism specifically of Frances Yates played an important role for both thinkers, although this hasn’t received nearly enough attention (I’m not going to go so far as to say I’m confident this information is going to blow your minds, but I hope I’ve made a case for taking a more serious look...).

McKenna gave a workshop on Frances Yates and had a bunch of heads read Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition. We’ve got hours and hours of recordings of the talks he gave. This is an article about Wilson so I’ll just give a quick sketch and leave you to go do your own digging. What I believe was key to McKenna was the concept of the “Rosicrucian Enlightenment” in Yates (which is the title of her next most important book), which McKenna used as a metaphor for the kind of psychedelic community he wanted to see come into being. My favorite moment in the talks is when McKenna speculates about Rene Descartes running through the alchemist Michael Maier during an invasion which found these 17th thinkers on opposite sides, and after which Maier was never heard. This is a literalizing of the figurative: Descartes representing the mechanistic and rationalistic worldview that destroyed the more holistic and vitalistic alchemical worldview. Couliano wrote of a Renaissance culture of the phantasmic being annihilated by the Protestant ethic of iconoclasm and grim work. The Conspiracy stole all the Slack, to put it in a more modern idiom. “Culture is not your friend” according to McKenna, and like Wilson on the New Inquisition McKenna worked to recover the magic that is still possible despite our disenchanted modern worldview. This moment of the “Rosicrucian Enlightenment” changed the course of culture but we can still go back and see what avenues remained before the cataclysm of disenchantment.

Phil Dick was onto this as well, but it terrified him. He wrote in his 9,000 Exegesis that he was afraid he had destroyed Christianity by discovering the secret magical tradition. In his last novels the Valis trilogy the Hermetic Tradition plays an important role, especially in the first book Valis in which Giordano Bruno and the “hermetic alchemists” (see the appendix, Tractates Cryptica Scriptura) are part of the backstory,





having been a secret tradition that searched for the “entity made of information” throughout the history of magic. Dick experimented with Rosicrucian practices that he obtained by responding to the AMORC ads in pulps, and gives detailed accounts of his visionary experiences. One time he had a “Kabbalistic” vision of numbers transforming into letters in a sort of visual demonstration of the Logos (which was also an important idea to McKenna who said that reality is made of code).

At this point I get to make like PKD and inject myself as a character into my own story. Reading Valis and wondering about where Dick got the idea of these hermetic alchemists, which I think he’s doing a brilliant and original job of synthesizing, prodded me to wonder whether Dick had read Yates. The other important book of Frances Yates, *The Art of Memory*, plays a key role here. Yates saw that Giordano Bruno built his magic on the classical ancient Greek art of memory (memorizing a speech by visualizing a palace, walking through in your head and associating the lines of the speech with

the different rooms and their contents) which was in turn used by medieval monks for spiritual purposes. The magician is able to have a vision of the divine because he imprints the entire universe into his art of memory, which might be vaguely familiar to readers of Valis (this is an article about Wilson so I’m not going to spoil it) and long story short, I thought this must be due to the influence of Yates. But I hadn’t yet found the smoking gun, which came from Erik Davis who after hearing an early version of all this emailed Pamela Jackson, editor of *The Exegesis* and the only human at that point who had read the whole damn thing twice. Turns out she had spotted a mention of Dick borrowing *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment* from a friend, I’m guessing Jeter. Somebody should probably ask him about it but I’ve been hesitant to bug him (or Tim Powers) about it as I hear he’s tired of being asked about Dick’s weird religious crap.

So what is the takeaway from all this? Each of these guys had an encounter with the Hermetic tradition which I’m prepared to argue was formative on their own projects, and influential on the reception of Hermeticism in the larger occulture. What needs to happen next is a more careful study of what they were reading and how they interpreted it, as well as how they put this inspiration into practice through their work and creativity, not to mention whatever esoteric visionary practices and experiences we can ascribe to them. What are they doing with the Hermetic Tradition in their books and talks. How did they revive or transform the magic? Wilson’s recovery of the Hermetic Tradition was heavily informed by his interest in Aleister Crowley (who I’ll note in passing made Michael Maier a thelemic saint) and the Golden Dawn tradition, whereas McKenna and Dick were digging further back into the early modern magical thinkers and their ancient sources. But the influence of Hermeticism on the work of these three guys is just the tip of the iceberg when we turn to consider their influence on the occulture that would flower in the generation coming after them. Dick’s popularization of Gnosticism is just starting to get some academic press (see for example the excellent scholarly anthology *The Gnostic World* in which he makes it onto a page or two on contemporary Gnosticism) but Wilson’s popularization of Hermeticism is worthy of at least a few PhD dissertations, perhaps at the Amsterdam school of Western Esotericism, or at Jeff Kripal’s conclave in Houston.



EWIGE SCHLANGENKRAFT



BY GREGORY ARNOTT



“Fear is failure and the forerunner of failure.” Sir John reminded himself again. Where are you going? The East? What do you seek? The Light.

Magic isn't something easily boiled down into a polite definition; as I have said elsewhere, I find Crowley's old canard about “change in accordance with one's will” to be a bit overblown and unsatisfactory. It is a small wonder that I identify so easily with characters like Wilson's Sir John Babcock, (S) Moore's Kit Morely, (A) Moore's Mina Murray, or Castaneda's Carlos; a schmuck for whom initiation is a never-ending game of blind's man bluff. Eventually, I think you just learn to like it; it's terribly fun being wrong so often and giving yourself over to existential uncertainty. Kind of like the thrill in the pit of your stomach when you're pushed overboard by your scheming bitch of a wife. You just learn to ride it. Pure folly, after all, is the key to true initiation.

It is a fearful world that we inhabit. Consider the human animal; we are not particularly fast or inclined to prodigious strength, our nails are not strong enough for defense and while *some* of our teeth are made to tear flesh our jaw strength is laughable. Our bodies, after millenia of domestication, are easily susceptible to exposure and are not accustomed to endurance. We hive together for common purpose and to mitigate our weaknesses. Along with the strength of community it could be said the one thing that humanity has going for us is our fantastic imagination. Imagination is the mother of Innovation which gives us Tools. Tools which allowed us to traverse vast continents, across seas, and eventually the very skies. Tools which allowed us to bash the other animals and assert our dominance. Tools that allow us to communicate beyond the grave and provide memory to save the countless apes that came before us from oblivion.

And yet, the fear remains; writing in 1973, Wilson began his magical essay [“Serpent Power”](#) with these words: “This is not an article. It is an escape kit. All earth is (as Ginsberg predicted in *Howl*, 1957) an Armed Madhouse. Nixon still bombs & bugs & burgles & the U.S. government is definitely armed and dangerous. The only way out is straight UP: we must grow.” In the near half-century that has transposed since the publication of this article in the *Chicago Seed*, has life seemed to have grown any more sane?

Uncertainty (somehow) still remains and the jury is still out on whether “growing” means being insufferably above-it-all, tragically connected to the woes of humanity and the planet, or just acting goofy enough to make it through this spinning psych ward without having another inmate bounce you. While Wilson wrote “Serpent Power” during what might be described as the “dark days” of the Nixonian counter-revolution, he was still riding abreast of his own rapidly metastasizing experiment with magic, psychedelics, and consciousness change. He was still on the verge of writing about his starry-eyed predictions for rapid advancements in his beloved Life Extension and Space Exploration. God made us to SMI2LE. Today, while it does seem that psychedelics are making a cautious comeback into respectability, magic has become more monetized and loopy than ever and it doesn't seem like any of us are going to be bouncing on the balls of our feet at 120 or living in Lagrangeian satellite cities. The culture war grinds on making grizzled, jaded psychic veterans out of many of us. The political situation speaks for itself.

Like any religious fanatic, I'm inclined to believe that people just don't *try* or *believe* hard enough. There're plenty of reasons to be scared shitless by everything that is going on, but there're also plenty of models of survivability that anyone with a functioning



imagination can embrace and enjoy. If one examines the Vodou religion of Haiti, one finds the most compelling argument for religion's existence on the record. If one considers the milquetoast broken spirituality of the so-called West, spirituality doesn't cut that impressive of a figure.

Consider the serpent. Perhaps it was because our ancestors recognized their physical weakness that humanity focused its earliest (surviving) artistic endeavors to fangirling over the animal kingdom. As RAW recounts from a plethora of lurid, occasionally completely fictional, sources in “Serpent Power” the human religious imagination has been pretty fixated on snakes. We just can't get enough of those wiggly little fucks. The ophidian energy is present in all religions, after all, and the serpent is indelibly linked to knowledge, usually forbidden or dangerous knowledge. From shamanistic sketches of a magician waving serpents in either hand to the fabled maniacs of my homeland that dance and handle serpents while “speaking in tongues” to current Magus of the Aeon Alan Moore's serpent staff, the snake is indelibly linked with the practice of magic. Perhaps one reason we admire the serpent



so much is that it represents life in its most capricious and emotionless state. While we are of course now aware that the rattle of the rattlesnake or the raising of the hamadryad's hood is a warning to stay away rather than an invitation to fight, it must have seemed as if these beings moved coldly and precisely throughout life, unbothered by most events and dreadfully dangerous when roused. Imagine the shock of stepping on a viper; you weren't doing anything, just trying to farm, and now poison is coursing through your veins. The serpent became a symbol of the unfeeling random force of life itself. The serpent power that Wilson talks about in the eponymous article is the basis for an experiential technique based, according to the author, on a Sufi exercise. It is concerned with harnessing oneself upon the undulations of Life. (According to *this* author it is clearly a variation upon Israel Regardie's "middle pillar exercise," by way of Francis King's *Tantra: The Way of Action* which is quoted in the original article.)

Up the chakras the serpent goes, where it stops nobody knows. Anyone who has watched *Maybe Logic* knows the script for this exercise. Beginning with Manipura say "There." Onto Anahata, "Is." Vissudi, this should hurt, "No." And finally Ajna/Sahasrara "God." RAW instructs you should really *grok* this; "that there is no God, not in the exoteric Christian or philosophical sense, a being

of "external" sense-experience like a whale or a NASA rocket or the man named Spiro Agnew. Nowhere, no how, no such God." Feel the serpent energy rise in your body to a blinding light along with the cold assurance that there is Life but there is no God.

My brother has a terrible drinking problem, and when he drinks he sees snakes everywhere. I am taking this mongoose to drive away the snakes.

Consider the mongoose. Some of us will have read about Kipling's Rikki-Tikki-Tavi and his valiant war against the cobras Nag and Nagaina in grade school. I can still remember my enthusiasm for the brave little mongoose and loved learning about the actual creature. How would humans have felt the first time to see the cobra, the coldly-alloof-unless-moved-to-violence king of the creatures, challenged by the furry little fuck. Presumably, humanity would have felt some sort of biological kinship towards the mongoose that it couldn't for the serpent. It must have been quite the paradigm shift.

Wilson continues to say that after you have really grokked Creation without a Creator, that the consciousness should be moved from the left breast saying "Except" to the right breast saying "God." Wilson instructs: "Imagine: there is a God, but not in the area of experience where you normally look,



no, in a different direction, inward and downward.” Later, in *Cosmic Trigger*, Wilson recounts his practice of the “Sufi heart chakra exercise” at some length. Developing the ritual from “Serpent Power,” Wilson adds that during the utterance of “Except God” and the induced reverie that should accompany it, one is supposed to open their heart and force themselves to love everything, especially that which you hate.

A practice like this helps make the situation clear: we have no idea what is going on. The world, at a glance, isn’t doing too hot. Yet the human animal is still left with plenty of unknown variables and inspirations; and maybe we’re not always looking in the right place. In 1973 Wilson penned the article framing the Sufi heart-chakra exercise as a way to turn on, tune in, drop out- quite literally since the second step included using the exercise to contact the imprisoned Dr. Leary and introduced one of his first summations of the eight-circuit model. By ‘76 it had become a lifeline as Wilson lived in squalor and uncertainty, the escape kit had become medicine. In 2003 Wilson was showing signs of age as he serenely recounted the exercise and murmured what could be considered his final magical motto: *dove sta memoria*.



Humanity can look out at life and see a fearful hellscape, feeling like a dormouse caught up in the hands of an unfeeling and uncomprehending universe. But that's just one way of looking at it.

I'm sorry, but aren't those snakes imaginary?

The magical view of life is something a bit more daring: refusing to give in to the overwhelming sense of helplessness that seems to come part and parcel with this world, and instead insisting that one can change it, bit by bit, blow by blow, by hook and by crook and make this mess something much, much better. Or at least more enjoyable. Look to the East! The sun rises.

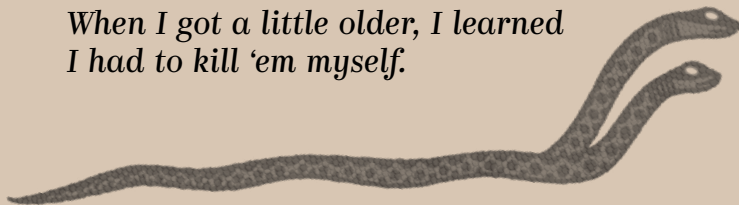
Of course, but this is an imaginary mongoose.

Humanity's capacity for imagination can divest life of its wonder and inherit worth or it may raise our consciousness up to where if there isn't a kind and compassionate God then it will damned well take the role over. Magic is living life and reckoning with the fear that is implicit in a chaotic world that you can't hope to understand in your lifetime but doing it in a way that has seemingly been our first recourse. Envelop yourself in imagination, admire the slithering scenery of the improbability of existence, and be ready to strike and dance when the time comes. Fear is failure and the forerunner of failure.

Everybody who's read the Jungle Book knows that Rikki Tikki Tavi is a mongoose who kills snakes.

When I was a young man, I was led to believe there were organizations that would kill my snakes for me: i.e. The Church. i.e. The Government. i.e. School.

When I got a little older, I learned I had to kill 'em myself.



ROBERT ANTON WILSON'S QUEST TO TURN ON THE WORLD

BY A STUDENT



In a jailhouse interview, Timothy Leary responded to a question asking if he was trying to change the world with his activities in the 1960s: “Yes, we were trying to change the world. We knew the odds were against us, but we had a sense of humor about it.” For his efforts, Leary got rewarded with trumped up drug charges resulting in enforced retreats in multiple jails and prisons. He lived for months on the run as a fugitive before getting illegally kidnapped in Afghanistan by the U.S. authorities who placed him in solitary confinement next to Charlie Manson in Folsom Prison. Richard Nixon had named him the most dangerous man in America. His compadre in the conspiracy of Higher Intelligence, Robert Anton Wilson, took a less public, more low-key approach to the same mission. In spite of facing significant social challenges by going against the grain of economic slavery and following his own vision, Wilson managed to not get burned at the stake, locked up, or vilified in the tabloid press like several of his predecessors. He knew how to keep silent and the necessity of that for effective communication. The Greek God Harpocrates, pictured as a babe on a lotus flower, forefinger to lips in the gesture of silence, represents the god of protection.

I am not aware of Robert Anton Wilson ever directly expressing an intention to transform the world. He did carry a life-long interest and transmission of the work presented by Aleister Crowley while distancing himself from Crowley’s personal philosophies:

“It is this synthesis of Eastern and Western occult traditions with modern scientific method that is probably Crowley’s major achievement. His notorious anti-Christian philosophy – a blend of Nietzsche Supermanism and anarcho-fascist Darwinism – is quite distinct from his methodology. Whether you like that philosophy or not (and the Libertarian does not), you can still use the methodology of research Crowley devised” (Cosmic Trigger I, p. 70 Hilaritas Press).

Later in the book, he tells the story of meeting a clown in the park named Parcifal doing Sufi exercises as part of his routine. Parcifal accurately predicts that RAW will soon find his son whom he’s looking for. RAW later looks up his name: “By Cabalah, Parcifal = 418 = ‘The Great Work Accomplished,’ i.e. the total awakening of all humanity” (CT I p. 102). This appears to be Wilson’s unique interpretation of the Great Work, I’ve not encountered it elsewhere in quite that formulation. Also, I have no idea how he arrived at Parcifal = 418, he must have used a creative method of alternate spelling (Parsifal?), or he had a reason for misrepresenting it. Please email me if anyone has the answer to this riddle.

A few pages later while discussing the Cabala of The Book of the Law he returns to 418:

“The second major number in the book is 418, which, ‘coincidentally’ is the number of Crowley’s home in Inverness, Scotland. Its standard cabalistic meaning is ‘the Great Work accomplished,’ or the Illumination of all humanity.” Crowley has a lot to say about 418 in Sepher Sephiroth, this number has the most extensive entry in the whole book, but nowhere does he say it indicates the “Illumination of all humanity,” though that certainly makes a valid conclusion, RAW’s conclusion. He continues:

“Crowley interpreted this to mean that his mission was not to illuminate a few, as other gurus have done and are doing, but to set in motion occult forces which would result in the illumination of all, by the end of this century;



418 is also the number of ‘Parcifal,’ the Sufi whose life so oddly intersected mine in that mad summer of 1973” (CT I, p. 111)

I’ve been reading Crowley and the secondary literature consistently for many years without encountering that interpretation RAW attributes to him. Recall that 40 pages earlier, he distanced himself from Crowley’s philosophies while aligning himself to his methodology. One of those methods includes playing fast and loose with facts in order to transmit a particular piece of Intelligence.

Boleskine, the name of the house Crowley owned near Inverness adds to 418. Though subtle, RAW deliberately calls it the number of Crowley’s home without referring to it by name. He then connects it with the Sufis, in particular, someone doing Sufi exercises in the park. 418 also = “Servans misericordiam” which translates as “keeping kindness,” or “keeping compassion.” The root of the second syllable of the second word, “cordi” = heart. Boleskine, now in preservation and restoration after multiple fires

ravaged it, lies very near to the geographical center of the Scottish Highlands.

Cosmic Trigger I appeared relatively early in Wilson's literary career. We find similar sentiments expressed in the last novel he wrote, *Nature's God*. This note from Sigismundo's *Wilderness Journal* sounds like it might be autobiographical:

"I ran away from the Priory because I cannot waste time being an Emperor. I have more important work to do. I want to become the concert master for future evolution" (NG, p. 128, Hilaritas Press)

Later, Sigismundo explains the intentions of the "Free Builders" to the indigenous shaman who seems both his friend and enemy:

"They wished to cure not just suffering individuals but the entire suffering race of humanity. It was their aim to help all humans walk through the gate of the four quarters and become like gods." (NG, p. 161).

* * * * *



From his work, it appears that Robert Anton Wilson's efforts toward illuminating humanity consisted of showing people how they could turn themselves on, how they could proceed towards transforming their lives into whatever they desired; how they could move in and out of different ideological spaces, increase their intelligence, and live longer, not only physically, but vitally. In the field of voluntary evolution, he showed a remarkable talent for transferring and transforming technology from a variety of sources, taking information and methods, integrating them with his own practices, strategies, and experimentation to eventually communicate them back out from the understanding of personal experience personally experienced. The legacy of his philosophical research gave the world *Maybe Logic* and *Model Agnosticism*, approaches to making sense of life forever associated with his name, explained well elsewhere, only as far away as an internet search engine. His tinkering with and ceaseless trumpeting of the 8 Circuit Model of Consciousness, originally conceived by the good Doctor Leary, remains his most extroverted and recurring example of broadcasting a set of tools for conscious change.

Like the jazz guru bandleader Sun Ra (see the documentary, *A Joyful Noise*) whose name they both shared, RAW valorized the Unknown. His excursions outside the domains of the norm and into new territories sometimes led to startling events and conclusions far outside acceptable scientific consensual realities. Rather than invalidating them, or reducing them to a psychological or sociological profile, he appeared ok with ultimately remaining agnostic about the nature of these discoveries. His skepticism seems as legendary as his willingness to stay open to any possibility.

* * * * *

The technology I have personally benefited the most from RAW is magick. Magick is spelled with a "k" to distinguish itself from stage magic and illusions although both of those can help with magick. It's also forever associated with Aleister Crowley who revitalized that spelling. Crowley based his magick on the Golden Dawn

while significantly modifying and expanding it. Crowley's most significant accomplishments don't appear to be his not inconsiderable mystical and magical attainments, but rather his ability to communicate the methods and schema where you can do that for yourself, or in his words, produce Christs. RAW based his magick on Crowley's while significantly modifying and expanding it in his way. I've come to understand Crowley through RAW and to get a better grasp of RAW through his understanding of Crowley.

Significant magickal instruction appears in every single book I've ever read by Wilson, particularly in his fiction where you'll find it usually coded, though he helps the attentive reader crack the code. In the spirit of pearls before swine, he doesn't seem interested in freely giving out esoteric data, rather he makes the reader, the student, work to discover and realize it for themselves. This appears one intention behind Guerilla Ontology, or Operation Mindfuck: feed the system with blatantly false information, then less blatantly, dubious information that may or may not be true in order to get the reader to think for themselves, not blindly accept everything or anything the Author/Teacher says without question. Balanced skepticism seems the first order of business in a career of magick. When RAW taught Crowley 101 online in 2005, during the 101st anniversary of the reception of The Book of the Law, the first essay he assigned for study was The Soldier and the Hunchback, Crowley's dialectic between certitude, as represented by the Soldier (!) and doubt from the Hunchback (?).

For the past several years, RawIllumination.org has often hosted weekly discussion groups usually featuring one of Wilson's books. By reading a tiny chunk, this weekly voyage through a small portion of his literary world enables the iso-magnification of the text to reveal more of the depth of his transmission than you might get from reading straight through without feedback and analysis. His books seem ideal for reading slowly and contemplatively and makes for a great deal of fun for people like myself who love to solve literary puzzles and who love to learn.

Much of the magick in his fiction remains to get discovered. I comment extensively in the group discussions only limited by available time; I perceive much more than I can comment on and I miss a lot that other people notice. Since I see much more now than in past readings, I can reasonably expect additional didactic tracks currently unknown to me to come up with further study in the future.

RAW is my first and primary teacher of magick. Through him I met E.J. Gold whom I've learned a lot from indirectly, mostly by example. Like Crowley and RAW, Gold uses guerilla ontology, communicates on multiple levels and has fluency with Qabalah. One of the first things Gold told me is that 50% of what he says about the Work is a lie. That makes it a 50/50 chance that the figure of 50% is a lie if you accept the statement as true. Sometimes it seems a much higher number. Gold and RAW were friends. There are a couple of sets of recorded talks they did together at a 4th Way Convention in 1980 in San Francisco. Gold once told me that he and RAW were in the same School together.

Circa 2003 or 2004 Gold suggested that I reread The Golden Apple, the second book of the Illuminatus!



Trilogy. I decided to read the whole thing and experienced new strata of previously opaque Qabalistic imagery open up. When that finished, I received a strong intuitive sign from the environment to go on, so I continued with Schrodinger's Cat. That coincided with an intense period of my life that felt like going through Chapel Perilous while also producing a jazz record in Paris. I experienced so many synchronicities with events toward the end of the book and events in my daily life that it felt like I was living inside the novel, or the novel had jumped outside its pages to encompass my entire world. It's hard to describe, definitely reset some neural wiring and increased my respect for the power of the word.

Lon Milo Duquette is a teacher who played an invaluable role in my education, initially with his book,

The Magick of Thelema, now called The Magick of Aleister Crowley, A Handbook of Rituals of Thelema. The title speaks for itself. In one of his books, Duquette calls RAW his hero.



I have held a great affinity for the writings of Crowley since I first read the Equinox and the Confessions at the age of 22. It took a long time and the help of the above to fully penetrate his presentation and I'm still learning. RAW's communication of magick bypasses Thelemic administration and a lot of the formalisms, generally getting to the heart of the matter while adding his own twists. The process of understanding the magick in Wilson's writings seems similar to the process called the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. Both cases require a feedback loop between subject and object. You read his writings, they can inspire a change of some kind, new habits, new experiments, new attitudes that make you a little smarter, funnier, and more sensitive to a greater range of energy. You read or reread more of his writings and comprehend significantly more, leading to different changes; the process of growth. With the HGA, it seems the creation or discovery of a spiritual guide through exercising intuition. Like both RAW's fiction and nonfiction, the HGA communicates often

through Qabalah. One can learn to establish lines of communication with whatever that is by studying RAW. Synchronicities appear key to this type of communication. Information can be received through coincidences. You can learn about yourself through observing how you interpret them.

I will go so far as to say that RAW forged a link with the Secret Chiefs for anyone making the effort ... just making the effort! of understanding his books from the perspective of magick.

As an adept, RAW knew how to invoke. Meaning he knew how to draw into his writings Intelligence beyond his own personal knowledge. I asked him about the Secret Chiefs and he told me "they are a useful metaphor." I infer from this response that he used this metaphor to some advantage. I've also found it a useful metaphor. It once got me into a personal message dialogue with Kenneth Grant less than a year before he died.

The spiritual path seems a construction, as given in the contemporary iteration of the tradition RAW speaks from. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law, can mean figure it out for yourself, forge and follow the path you create; follow your bliss as Joseph Campbell suggests. Take what you find and use

it the best you can. Improvise, if you don't have a wand, use your finger or a stick of incense. Magick, the way RAW presented it, doesn't have a rigid, proper, formal way of doing things. You are free to improvise. Magick defines itself as a Science and Art, some seem to overlook the latter, some overlook both. RAW emphasized and balanced the two. In Cosmic Trigger I he quotes Nietzsche as saying, "we are all greater artists than we realize" (p. 28). Nietzsche didn't exactly say that, or maybe we read different translations? In what I saw, Nietzsche implies this without the clarity RAW artistically transforms his words into.

Immediately following this quote we find a brilliant statement about magick, one very accurate and true in my experience:

"Learning to remember the invisible donkey who carries us about — the self-programmer — is the first step in awakening from conditioned, mechanical consciousness to true, objective consciousness. Whether or not there are fairies, elves, and extra-terrestrials hiding behind every bush, awakening reveals that the universe is full of invisible intelligence. It is very hard for us to learn to contact that intelligence without clothing it in projected humanoid forms" CT I, p. 28)

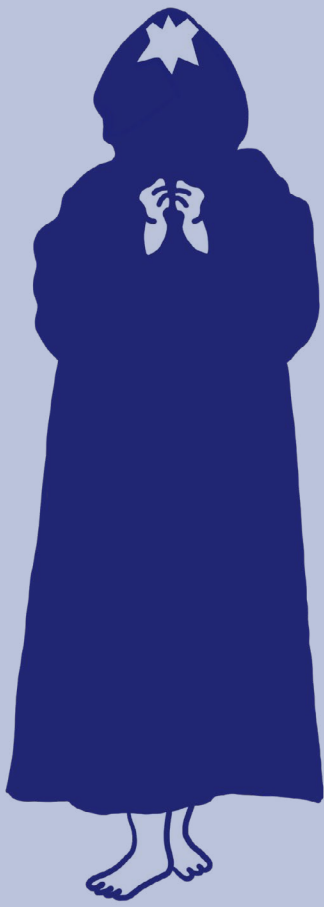
The spiritual path appears an eclectic construction to the scientific and artistic traveler. In Cosmic Trigger I, Wilson provides a great deal of raw material, hints, formulas, programs and suggestions for initiating the construction of this path; actually, in many of his books. "Bildung supra building" as Joyce puns in Finnegans Wake. The 8 Circuit model provides a framework to hang your soul on with enough information, particularly, in The Game of Life, to build a super highway to the stars, metaphorically speaking. Different types of people get drawn to different materials and methods. There's something for everyone. Model agnosticism allows the freedom to pick and choose.

Crowley's system seems opens source code



— he allows variation, improvisation and experimentation. He emphasizes the creative, artistic side in his chapter, The Circle from Magick Book 4: "... the scope of any (wo)man's work depends upon their own original genius." The focus of his system gets quickly revealed in Liber E., the first set of exercises in The Equinox: "6. The experimenter is encouraged to use his own intelligence, and to not rely upon other person or persons, however distinguished, even among ourselves." That seems a reiteration of the intention behind RAW's use of Guerilla Ontology.

The kind of magick most often found in Wilson's books is theurgic, which he once defined as magick intended to raise consciousness. Thaumaturgic magick, magick intended to change the environment appears less common and seems usually done in the service of theurgic magick, of raising consciousness. We find thaumaturgic magick in the manifesting quarters exercise, the first exercise in Prometheus Rising. I have found the training of attention to visualize in that way very useful for manifesting parking spaces in crowded cities. I got the idea to try this after ex-Merry Prankster



Mountain Girl said she always calls upon the Parking Angel to find her a spot and it works.

Robert Anton Wilson's final novel, *Nature's God* contains an extensive, quantity unknown, treasure trove of both coded and uncoded magickal information. It begins bluntly with a quote from Nietzsche: "The world itself is the will to power — and nothing else! And you yourself are the will to power — and nothing else!" Power in the sense of the power to do, the power to act, not simply react, the power to create; not power over others. This connects to the True Will of the Thelemites and to the self-programmer in the quote above. It takes Will to awaken at will. Will and intention seem both keys to magick.

The awakened individual seems turned on from an electrical point of view, like a light switch. To turn on the world, provide the tools, methods, motivations, mysteries, maps and philosophies for each individual to turn themselves on as thou wilt, along with significant doses of humorous entertainment to help the medicine go down.

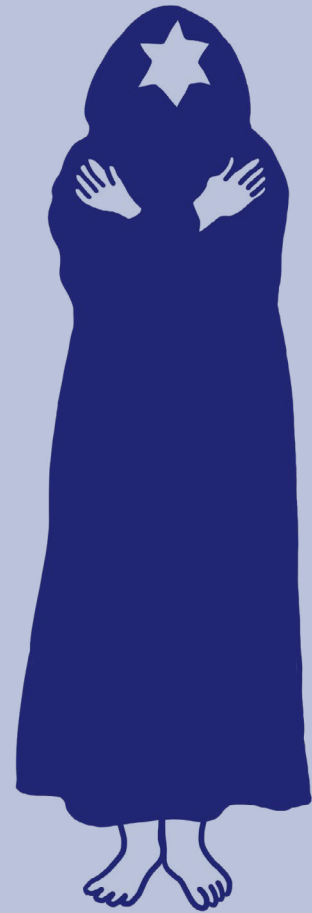
The proof of the pudding, speaking mathematically of course, is in the eating of it. RAW, a product of his work, exemplifies genius ... in the original Latin sense of the word, from the verb *gignere* – to give birth, to bring forth. This will likely sound politically incorrect, but I recognize Robert Anton Wilson as a spiritual Master. This doesn't mean he was a perfect human being (an oxymoron if ever I heard one), or a Saint or a Guru or that he never got annoyed with people. Crowley was a spiritual Master who completely sucked at relationships. It means, among other things, that he had an ability for specialized communication, he could, in the words of the Sufis, transmit *baraka*. I know this from direct experience, [I wrote a blog about it.](#)

It confirmed for me that this could happen over the internet. *Baraka* can be found in his written materials, but it has to get unlocked. More evidence of adeptship can be found in the prognosticating Intelligences he conjures into his books. Wilson has talked about a scene in *Illuminatus!* similar in content to the Jonestown massacre that occurred a few years later. I found it more startling to find the gematria of the historical graffiti that appears all over a chapter in *The Widow's Son* adds to a number equivalent to the word "crown." The King of Spain makes his one and only appearance in the *Historical Illuminatus Chronicles* at the beginning of this chapter in relation to the graffiti hence "corona," the Spanish word for crown. No prediction of a virus, but the plague becomes part of the set elsewhere. The graffiti represents an early meme meant to disarm the Pope whenever he sees it as it predicts the timing of his death. RAW introduces Thomas Paine near the close of *The Widow's Son* and makes a pun with the closing words which I interpreted as learning to deal with pain cheerfully; I pointed out other allusions to strategies for dealing with pain in those closing pages. We read that maybe a week or two before the lockdown due to the corona virus. Our society has gone through a great deal of collective pain ever since, it has yet to let up in any significant way and might be getting worse.

In Nature's God, Sigismundo Celine on a retreat in the 18th Century American wilderness, makes the offhand prediction: "By 2020, autokinotons may even fly to the moon" (NG p. 127 Hilaritas Press). By very simple Qabalistic computation: "By 2020 = $b(2) + 20 + 20 = 42$. According to Crowley: "This number 42 is the Great Number of the Curse ... This number is said to be all hotch-potch and accursed" (The Book of Lies p. 95). This gives an accurate assessment of the current year. The terribleness of 42 gets elaborated upon elsewhere, but we hardly need to read more when we can just look at what goes on right now outside our windows and on our networks. We're living it. The notarikon, the addition of the initials, in the second phrase = 110 which might suggest the final secret of the Illuminati to anyone who looks up 110 in Sepher Sephiroth found in the back of Crowley's Qabalah dictionary, 777. It radiates RAW's optimism as we travel through the current cultural Chapel Perilous. This interpretation seems more plausible than a lot of the ones I've seen attempting to read Nostradamus' quatrains into historical events.

Chapter 38 from The Book of Lies might be where RAW derived the interpretation of the Great Work as illuminating all humanity. One of the most straightforward and informative books on magic is The Tree of Life by Israel Regardie. RAW and Regardie corresponded. Regardie wrote an introduction to Prometheus Rising.

In the words of the Master: "I can say this so simply in music, but when I try to say it in words only paradox and nonsense approximate to what I mean" (NG p. 133). I'll then close with a musical suggestion. I don't know how much RAW appreciated The Beatles but he and Shea did put a Yellow Submarine in Illuminatus! Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band Reprise into A Day in the Life.



"We're Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band we hope you have enjoyed the show ..."

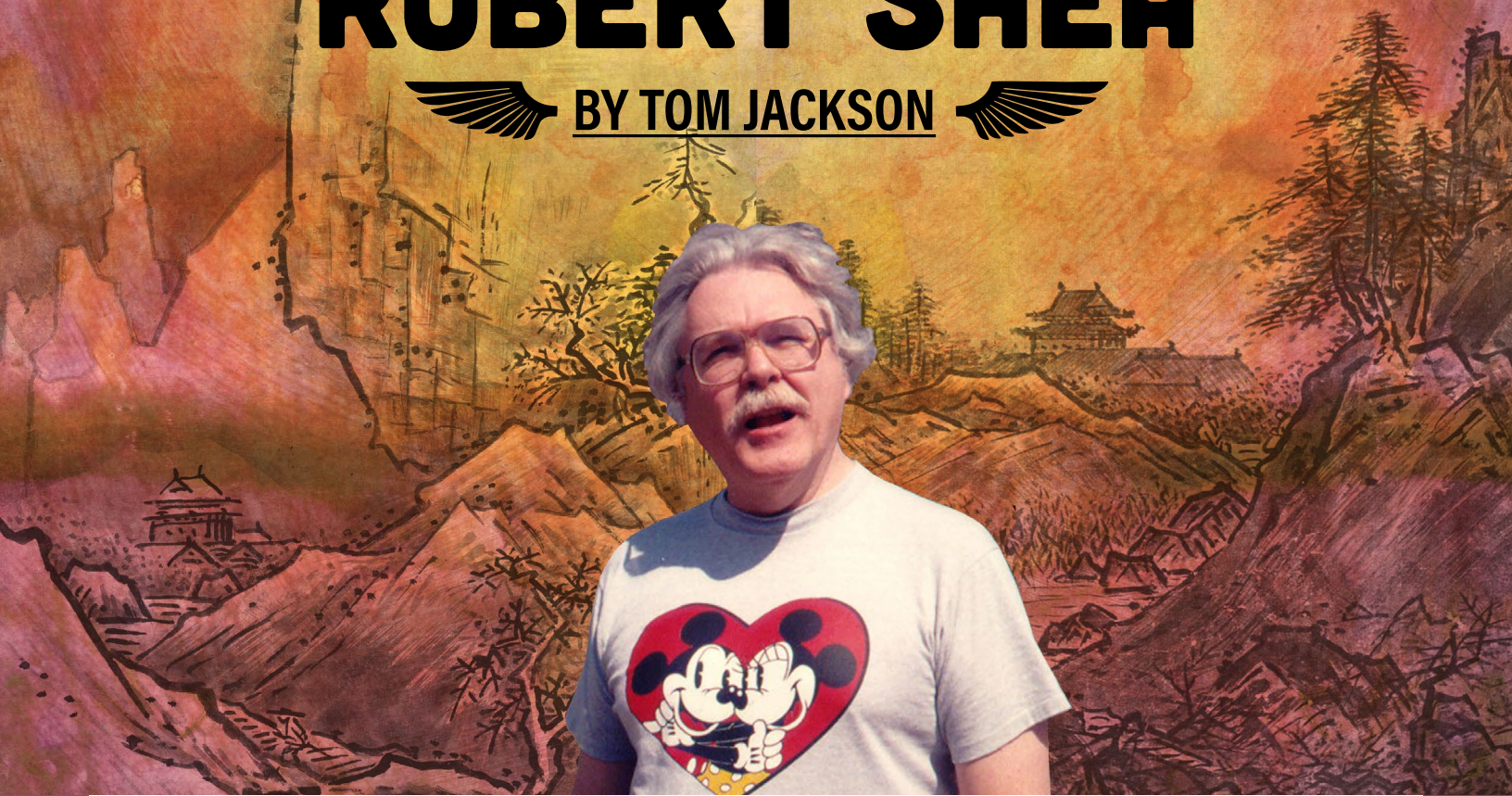
..." A crowd of people turned away, but I just had to look, having read the book I'd love to turrnnnnnn yooooouuu on."



- OZ FRITZ

DON'T OVERLOOK ROBERT SHEA

BY TOM JACKSON



I've been doing daily posts to my RAWillumination.net blog for about ten years now, and all of my items seem related in one way or another to Robert Anton Wilson, at least inside my head. So my credentials as a RAW fan seem pretty solid at this point.

But when Bobby Campbell asked me to contribute to his Maybe Day journal, I decided to take the opportunity to ask anyone who chances to read this not to overlook Robert Shea, Wilson's friend and *Illuminatus!* collaborator. I like Robert Shea's writing, too, and I like Shea as a person. In some ways, Shea is easier for me to relate to than Wilson. I'm not a literary genius who has mastered quantum mechanics, several varieties of modern philosophy and the codes behind *Finnegans Wake*. I'm a science fiction fan -- and Robert Shea, was, too. He went to science fiction conventions, just as I do. Robert Shea was an active member of the Libertarian Futurist Society, the group that gives out the Prometheus Award; I'm active in the same group. (I never met RAW, but I met Shea once, at a Worldcon in Boston, probably my biggest "meeting an author" thrill.)

When [I interviewed Mike Shea](#), Shea's son and literary executor, maintainer of the [Bobshea.net website](http://Bobshea.net), he described his father at home this way:

"He was a huge fan of Buck Rogers comics and when he found out they were all being reprinted, he went out to a comic book shop on Clark Street. He wouldn't read them all at once. He knew they were a treasure to be doled out over long years."

“Like most authors, he read all the time. He loved his routines. After writing over a long day he’d sit back in our living room in a big chair and read whatever book struck his fancy. I remember seeing the racy cover of *Friday* by Heinlein and even Robert Jordan’s *Eye of the World* in his hand. I only remember those because of how the covers of them struck me.”

I read *Friday*, too. I think pretty much every science fiction fan did when it came out. Buck Rogers was before my time, but I can relate; Jack Vance novels are my own comfort food. Wilson seems like a mentor, a teacher; Shea seems more like a friend.

If you want to get to know my friend Robert Shea, I would suggest trying one or more of his novels.

My favorite is *All Things Are Lights*, and it also was the favorite of Shea’s widow, the late Patricia Monaghan ([quite the author herself](#)). It’s a historical novel, about a troubadour and knight named Roland, and his adventures in 13th century France -- he finds himself in a crusade against the Cathars, and later in Saint Louis’ crusade in Egypt, although he opposes both actions. *All Things Are Lights* is a very different novel from *Illuminatus!* -- it’s a very straightforward structure, with a clear beginning, middle and end. And unlike RAW’s “*Historical Illuminatus*” novels, it does not have any characters who seem to be ancestors of the characters in *Illuminatus!*

But I have referred to *All Things Are Lights* as a “thematic prequel” to *Illuminatus!* It features secret societies -- the Templars



and the Cathars -- and many of the topics mentioned in *Illuminatus!* also come up in Shea’s novel, including the Freemasons, Tantric sex, a rather agnostic attitude toward religions and governments, Gnosticism, paganism and the Assassins. Even the title comes from a phrase from Scotus Erigena, also quoted in *Illuminatus!*, “All things that are, are lights.”

As I was working on this piece, I suddenly discovered that a long interview with Shea is publicly available in Science Fiction Review No. 56, Fall 1985, posted at the Internet Archive. And in that interview, Shea also drew attention to resemblances between *All Things Are Lights* and *Illuminatus!*. Apparently referring to the Saracen novels, he said, “My hero belongs to an order of warrior monks whose resemblance to the Illuminati is



not coincidental and whose teachings suggest many of the ideas about mysticism, philosophy and politics expressed in *Illuminatus!* There are similar threads connecting *All Things Are Lights* with *Illuminatus!*” In fact, I also very much liked the two novels of The Saracen series, *Land of the Infidel* and *The Holy War*. It has two main characters, a Moslem warrior on a secret mission to Catholic Italy (the “land of the infidel” referred to in the first book) and a Christian knight, Simon de Gobingnon, who is the son of Roland, the protagonist of *All Things Are Lights*. So the Saracen novels are something of a sequel to *All Things Are Lights*.

Because Mike Shea has released his father’s books under the Creative Commons license, you can read them for free. *All Things Are Lights* is [available as a download at the Internet Archive](#), including epub and mobi files. The two “Saracen” novels [are at Project Gutenberg](#).

I should also point out the big role Robert Shea played in launching Robert Anton Wilson’s literary career. If you are a Wilson fan, you have to be a Shea fan, too.

Obviously, *Illuminatus!* was the breakthrough book that made everything happen for RAW. It’s not much of an exaggeration to point out that all of RAW’s subsequent novels resemble the fiction portion of *Illuminatus!*, while all of the nonfiction works resemble the appendices.

The two Playboy editors would go out for a drink every payday, and it was on one such occasion that Shea, joking but not-joking, suggested writing a novel based on all the conspiracy theories sent in by people writing to the magazine.

As I also have detailed in an article on my blog, it was Robert Shea who obtained the book contract for Wilson and himself to write *Illuminatus!*, from Bob Abel, an old friend of Shea’s from the publishing world. (Abel also had been a sidekick of Paul Krassner’s at “*The Realist*”). Maybe a writer as talented as RAW would have found another way to break through, and we’d all know who he was, anyway. Still, *Illuminatus!* seems like a pivotal moment. It certainly felt that way to Wilson, who quit his full-time job despite having a family to support and resolved to work full time as a writer.

You can also get to know Shea a little better by reading some of the anarchist fanzines he put out.

[No Governor #1](#)

[No Governor #2](#)

[No Governor #3](#)

[No Governor #4](#)

[No Governor #5](#)

[No Governor #6 & #7](#)

[No Governor #8](#)

[No Governor #9](#)

[No Governor #10](#)

[No Governor #11](#)



He released 11 issues of the zine, “No Governor.” I obtained PDFs from the Labadie Collection at the University of Michigan Library, and again with Mike Shea’s permission, they are available to everyone. You can get them from my [website](#) or from [bobshea.net](#).

And for more on Shea, please see also the “Robert Shea Resouces” links on the right side of my website, [RAWillumination.net](#).

un-
lock
your
mind



JAKE
GIDDENS

LINGUISTICS AND GENDER THEORY

✎ BY JAKE GIDDENS ✎

Many people today, particularly the younger generations, have a good understanding of gender. But for those who find themselves confused at the traditional gender norms being challenged, perhaps this insight from linguistics can help.

This basic concept is, as Alfred Korzybski, the father of general semantics, famously put it, "the map is not the territory." Meaning the models humans make of the world (primarily through language) are not the actual world itself. Alan Watts preferred to phrase it this way: "The dinner is not the menu." Leonard Cohen expressed it as, "there is the word butterfly and the butterfly. If you confuse the two then people have the right to laugh at you."

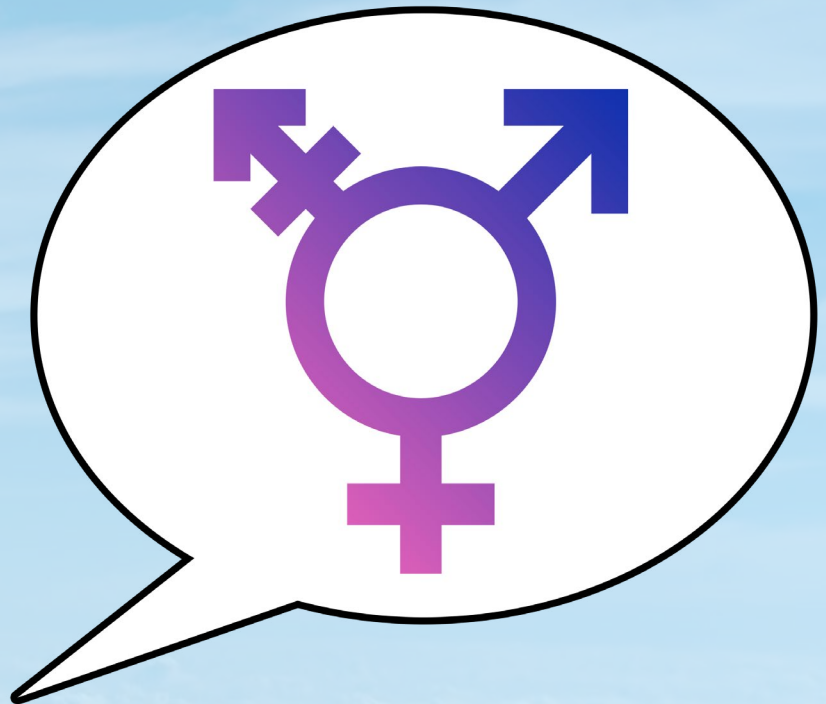
Is this making sense?
Can you see where this is going?

Words are not things. Ok, simple enough. But what does that mean when we use the word "boy"? Or the word "girl"? What is feminine, what is masculine? They are simply mental constructs. What's masculine is an abstraction that differs from culture to culture and from mind to mind. In the same way what you call a "man" is a mental construction. A "man" is not defined by biology, sociology, nor is it even in this sense, as gender theorist Judy Butler has said, a performative role. It's a word, and as a word, it's a mental abstraction that remains constant regardless of biology, social interaction, etc.

Linguist Noam Chomsky uses fairy tales to illustrate this point. When read a fairy tale, a young child understands that if the protagonist Jack is turned into a donkey, or a camel, or a pumpkin, he's always Jack. Regardless of the physical transformations, the constant abstraction - the essence - that makes Jack Jack remains. This is the logic of language. A peek behind the curtain at how language works.

To see this is to see through the whole sham of gender. There is no way to be a "real" man or to be a "real" woman because you can only aspire to be a real abstraction! It can be a particular and rigid personal mental abstraction - one reinforced by society - but still just a mere specter. The spook of gender.

And so, if you have trouble understanding others who don't fit into your own model of gender, remember... gender is just a semantic spook.





JAKE
GIDDENS

**"AS FAR AS THE LAWS OF MATHEMATICS REFER TO
REALITY, THEY ARE NOT CERTAIN; AND AS FAR AS THEY
ARE CERTAIN, THEY DO NOT REFER TO REALITY."
- ALBERT EINSTEIN**



TODD
PURSE



SHAINA SAEED



ATLAS SELLMAN

REALITY TUNNELS



BY DOCTOR RICHARD WATERLOO



From the Higher Mind of Timothy Leary, we have been gifted the notion of a Reality Tunnel, the idea that each of us are living within our own perception of the world. Robert Anton Wilson's *Prometheus Rising* provided a more relatable explanation of how our perception effects our reality, specifically our language and beliefs. In this piece, I'd like to expand upon this idea and bring it into 21st Century awareness, applying the idea of a self-constructed reality tunnel to our medium of the day, information. By understanding that the information we receive creates our perception of a "real" and "true-enough" reality, we can engineer perceptions by managing the type and amount of information we consume.

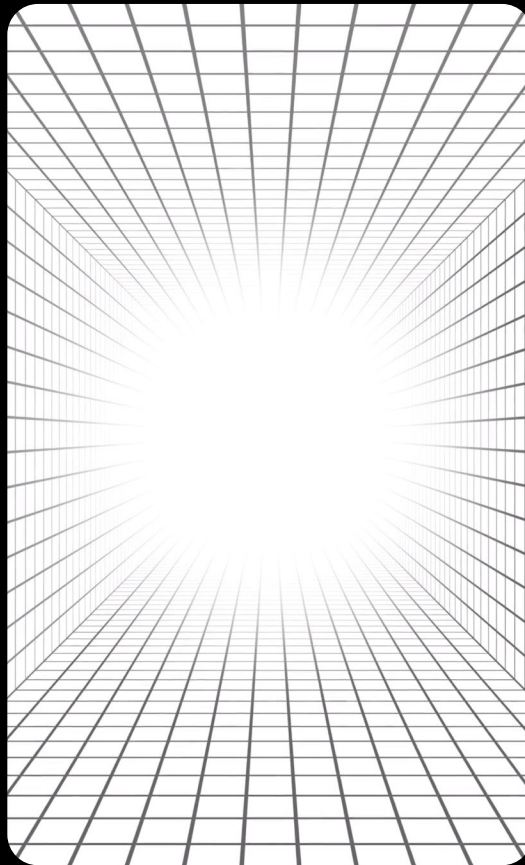
We first acknowledge 2 maybe-truths:

Information makes up each of our realities. From the stories you were told as a child, to the DNA which programs your stomach cells, to the default mode network of neuropathways in your brain, to your identity which pushes you toward one preference over another, to the natural laws of the physical universe, there is a code which

underlies all of reality. That code - and all of the bits in our perception - can be understood as information: 1's and 0's that create the layer of particles (or bits) we piece together and know as reality. As our digital realities on phones and computers become more like

our seemingly-analog physical reality, we relate more with the idea that our reality is made of information - whether it is or not. This places us somewhere inside of a simulation more than a reality, where information is the medium we use to create our opinions, judgments, reactions, intentions, and our mental and emergent physical realities. For the purposes of this article, and for the sake of a good mindfuck, I will be writing within the assumption that all of reality is best described as a simulation.

Our bodies are information-processors. Through our five senses, we receive information which travels through our nervous system to create a map of reality made of interconnecting neurons (the Human Connectome). When your feet get too close to a fireplace, your body receives that information, refers it to what is already known about reality ("Hot feet = Hurt feet. Move feet away"), sends commands to the body (Move



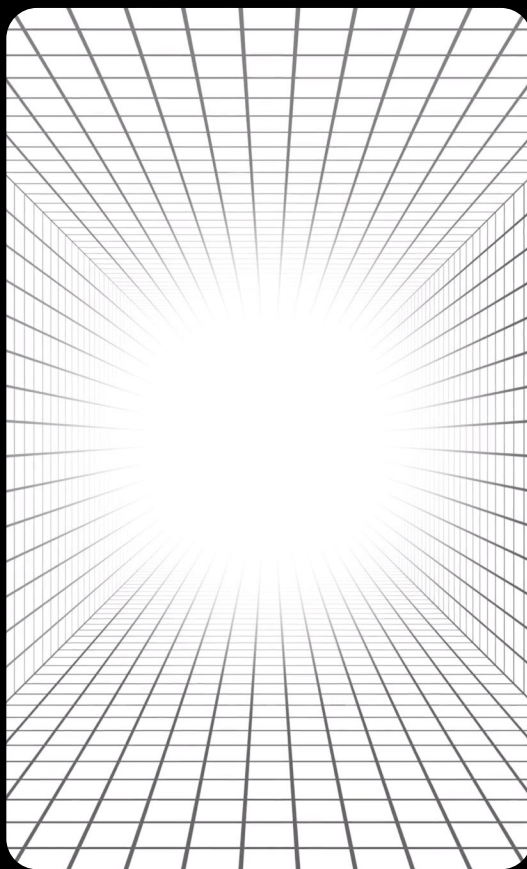
feet!), and the body responds by moving the feet. This is the process of receiving, evaluating, and transmitting, and it is done in every moment of our existence.

When we cut off our senses to reality (in a float tank, with ketamine, during a near death experience, or at death), we feel as if another reality is occurring - something "out there" or "in there", establishing a baseline of experience when (or if) we have returned to this reality. The system which extends from the sense organs through the spinal cord to the brain is the sole processor of our knowable reality. One cannot perceive outside this information-processing system and call it "real" in the same way. Memories, intentions, ideas, Aristotelean logic, and all other immeasurable knowns are real, but not something we can weigh and measure. When we think in this way, RAW's idea of a neurological reality tunnel comes into more detail.

From those two maybe-truths, we can examine the maybe-process of how our realities are created from "top" to "bottom." That is, from a large set of information available within the simulation, we abstract our sensed perception of the world through our senses. From the set of information collected by our senses, we create a definition of what things are through

our language, abstracting a new set of information. And from our language, we abstract context through a story and a relationship to the world. Each iteration of abstraction contains a smaller set of information, but more interconnected.

Here, I'd like to present four layers of a reality tunnel, through which all information is processed, each layer a rough interpretation of the previous.



Information

If what we are in a simulation, then beyond our senses is more information imperceivable to us. As RAW laid out with his comic in Prometheus Rising of the five blind men, each sense is limited to its abilities. And if all senses make up a perception of moment, it is logical to conclude that each moment is limited and there is something beyond. We can know that there are gamma rays without being able to experience them directly. A sheep dog with 220

million olfactory cells can detect more smells than our 5 million.

Beyond what we can perceive, we can know that there is more information available within this simulation. We can know this because we learn, increasing the amount of information stored and available for reference. A Mandelbrot Set fractalling off into infinity is an example of a growing set of information - edges, points, and connections increasing

the amount of information within the set. In quantum physics, this layer of Information would be described as the quantum field of waves and possibilities, from which our particles collapse and our seemingly-physical realities emerge. However, in this model, our body limits our perception of what is vast and unavailable. Simply: From something far greater and more complex than we can perceive or ponder lies a layer of reality and our perception emerges from it.

Direct Experience

From a layer of the unknowable, we receive information limited by our nervous system, creating our sensed perception. As if the information has been constricted by the nervous system's programmed limits, we receive sensation - color, sound, touch, scent, and taste. We call this our reality, though it is an abstraction of what is inconceivable and unavailable. In Zen, this is the sound of the gong and the whack of the stick on the head. In deep meditation, this layer is beyond the words and symbols used to describe it. Terence McKenna called it the "felt presence of the immediate experience." It is from our senses that we create our perception of reality. From that direct perception, we create the next layer, further constricting our reality tunnel.

Language

As information is the substrate

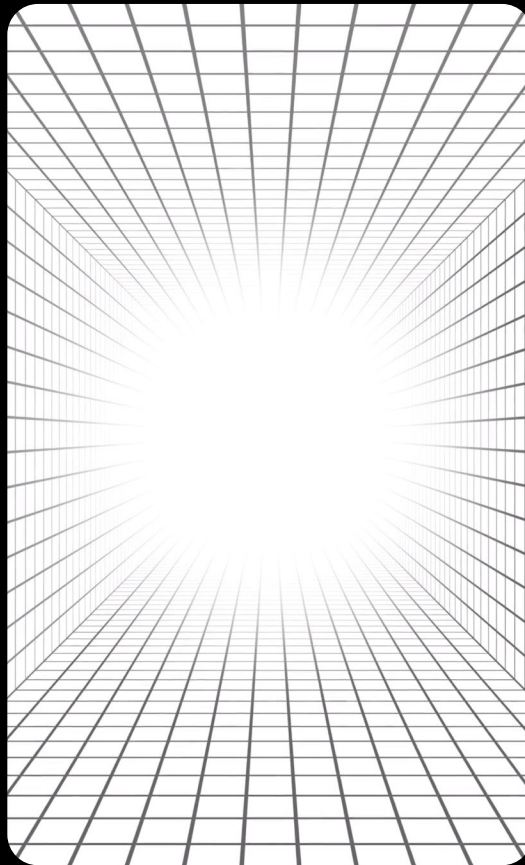
of this simulated reality, then the language we use to share our personal experience of direct perception is the communication code we use. RAW took us down this rabbit hole using the ideas of Alfred Korzybski which declared that "the map is not the territory," meaning, the words we use to describe reality create a pseudo-reality we call reality. When, in closer-truth, it is an interpretation of the world we experience and not the full experience we are having.

This everlasting occurrence has a significant impact on our world-view: If the way we describe things is constricted by our language, then the information we receive about the world - philosophy, politics, history, identity, spirituality - is limited to the words we use to create worlds. And with many people living in worlds of words, we can see how ones perception of the world can be altered by words and the way we declare our truths. Shortly, our

worlds and experiences which are described by words are creations limited by the tools (languages and symbols) used to create them.

Narrative & Context

To create relation and context of something beyond our senses, we use our definitions of what things are to identify within something, be it a person, event, or area. This context is best



understood through the stories we tell ourselves about reality.

We position ourselves within a life story amongst other life stories. Nations exist from their origin story, cultural identities, and promises of greater futures, creating a being it uses to identify within the other storied cultures of the world. America, in the story of Reality, has a different character type than Russia or Denmark. In other cultural narratives, the character of America is viewed as something wildly different than the way Americans view the character of America.

From the narratives we receive about the world, we create our perception of it. When our mothers tell us of stories about their ancestors' hardships and blessings, we relate within that narrative. When our teachers explain to us the government-sanctioned Story of America and disregard Howard Zinn's A People's History of the United States, we relate to that story. And within those social stories, our personal identities are created in kind.

The stories that we tell ourselves and the ones received by our nervous systems create this fourth and final layer of a reality tunnel, our storied context within it. And here is where we will be spending the rest of our time together.

So what?

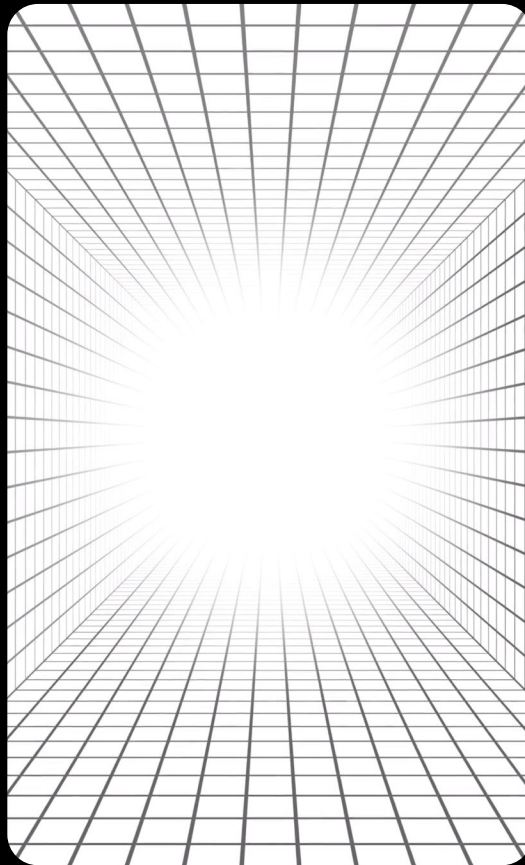
Let's relate this to our current social situations: Our social stories (wherever you may get them) have become more projection and narrative than reporting and event-logging. "News" headlines are accompanied with editorial phrases. Commands of "BREAKING NEWS" order our eyes and ears to report for duty to accept the next shocking truth. Bold, red letters emphasize the most shocking of the tales. Truths that are

not within the accepted belief system and narrative go unreported. It's as if someone studied propaganda techniques and magick, then weaponized them to manufacture reality and alter mindsets.

Look around and you'll find a DrudgeReport, New York Times, Trump Twitter Feed, and BBC which aggregates news to perform a perceptual trick on the consumer of information: From within a certain set of truths, we provide news which supports our

underlying belief system; a consensus reality tunnel is created. The events and editorial provided to the consumer create a story available which is different from the others. If you spend a month watching only InfoWars, you're going to have a different perception of the world than if you spend a month only viewing MSNBC.

This is the problem we currently



face as information-processors: Each provider of consensus reality (a news source) sways minds in a direction for a purpose, meaning that all information consumed is tainted, skewed toward an end: move people to rally, vote, purchase, cancel, stay tuned, etc. If this is the case, then we have entered a period of post-truth, from which we do not know our way out. There is no grounding, only the fall into an existential abyss. What is true? Whatever you believe is true.

To quell such personal unease, I'd like to replace the word "problem" with "opportunity." We have an opportunity to influence the information we receive about our social reality. In this fourth layer of the reality tunnel - the stories we believe about the world and ourselves - we can use the same tactics as the propagandists and those who present us with a "new normal." Just as we can control which foods our digestive system processes, effecting our physical health, we can manage the information our neurological system processes, effecting our mental health.

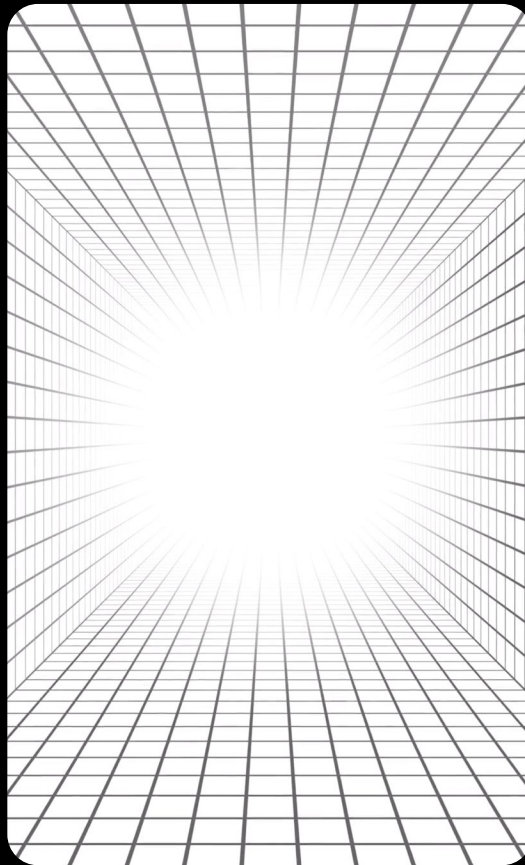
If we have a mechanism which filters information to create our idea of the world, then we can use it to understand the world as we wish to see it. Here, I propose three methods of controlling perception through

the management of information consumption, mainly set within the fourth, most abstracted layer of our reality tunnel, our social and personal narratives and our context (identity) within it.

Create Your Own Reality Tunnel

1. Turn on. By scooting around the Internet to consume a variety of consensus realities, you can diversify your perception about the world. It's like 21st century traveling without traveling. You are limited by the languages you can read, so you may want to learn others to get a broader picture of what is happening, but to explore beyond your own belief system (B.S.) is to selfexamine and grow as a thinking person. Remember, the maps are not the territories. Perhaps from this perspective of the consensus-reality-traveler, one can become content with the many conflicting opinions and belief systems our world has to offer.

2. Tune in. We can, like Douglas Rushkoff proclaims, "only talk about futures [we] want to see come true" and choose the narratives that we want to believe are true. With intention, we can decide what kind of perception we want to have of the world and only live within news feeds which support that view. If you enjoy believing in a worldview which



champions a president here to save the day from a deep state conspiracy, you can sit your eyeballs in front of the Qanon 8chan boards, abstaining from "fake news." If you want the experience of an informed neoliberal, you can keep your radio dial set to NPR, filtering out rightwing propaganda. We can call this weaponized cognitive dissonance and confirmation bias - intentional tunnel-vision.

3. Drop

Out. What if we could let the world story continue without giving it our attention? Monks live in happy solitude knowing that something is happening in the world "out there," but it is not their game. Our third option is to take a note from Gene Youngblood and secede from the broadcast, purposely ignoring all constructed realities, enjoy birdsong, and relate with others outside of whatever shock-story is making headlines.

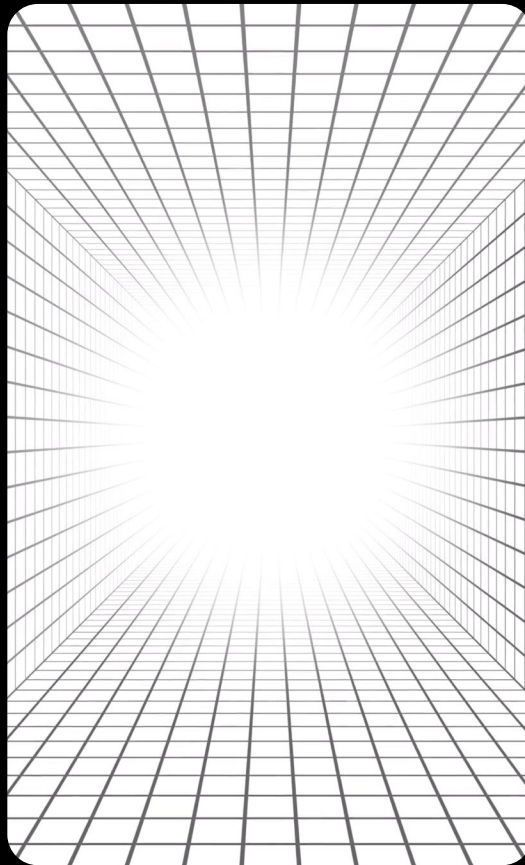
If the futures and realities that we create are emergent from the information we consume, then we can only create from within our current set of information. As Buckminster Fuller said, "You never change things by fighting the existing reality. To change something, build a new model that makes the existing model obsolete." By opting out of the social networks, daily news blasts, and conversations about the latest

outrage, we can manage our sanity and clarity within a consensus reality selling insanity. Our emergent futures will be without the problems inherent in the present systems.

Conclusion

Using RAW and Leary's idea of a reality tunnel is more applicable today than ever before: We can unfriend, unlike, unsubscribe, and unidentify as easily as we order goodies from Amazon. We have the power to step back and ask ourselves, What perception do I want to have? and act in relation to that intention. We can more easily choose what information our bodies receive (direct experience), attending events that serve your purpose and abstaining from locations which don't. We can choose which words we use to describe ourselves and reality (language), emergent from them creating a real-enough perception of the world. We can tune into - or willfully ignore - the social stories (narrative) which provides us with the identities we wish to have.

It is from the notion of reality tunnels we can begin to witness our own experience and the information which creates it. If we have free will, then we can use intention to shape which perceptions we wish to have within our short experience here.



SYMBOLIC Distortion



TODD
PURSE

MAYBE POETRY?

Agnostic poems that celebrate the unknown :-)

✎ BY EVA DAVID ✎

Bored BABALON

I think I may need me a Boatman
I need to sail for a while
Buddha, he had him a Boatman
And Jesus got to sail for some time

I don't pretend to be a Buddha or Jesus
No, I'm something a whole lot more divine
I could knock both those Two on their asses
With this Pussy and Perspective of mine

I've been shoved out of just enough spaces
To end up at just the right time

So watch me ride
Watch me ride
The beast that you devised
Watched me ride.

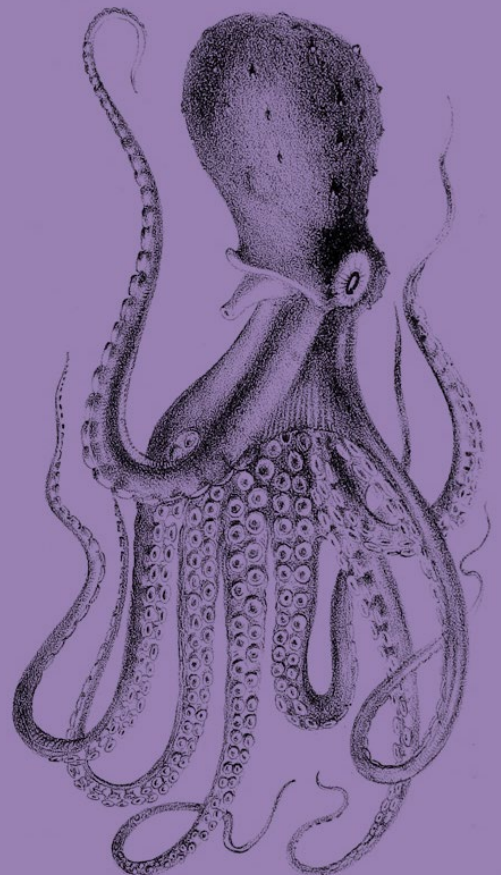
I know this all sounds arrogant
I know it sounds self-absorbed
But what kind of behavior were you expecting
From a good-old Babylonian Whore?

Creators?

Maybe we have a creator or three
No telling how few or many they may be
They could be as careless and fallible as you or me
Or more precise and deliberate than our eyes could see
Many claim to have arrived at a certainty
About who created us and how he'd like us to be
I prefer to live in devout ponderance of the mystery
While trying to please whoever may have imagined me
For it pleases me to be part of whatever this is
And to have the ability to wonder as I take it all in

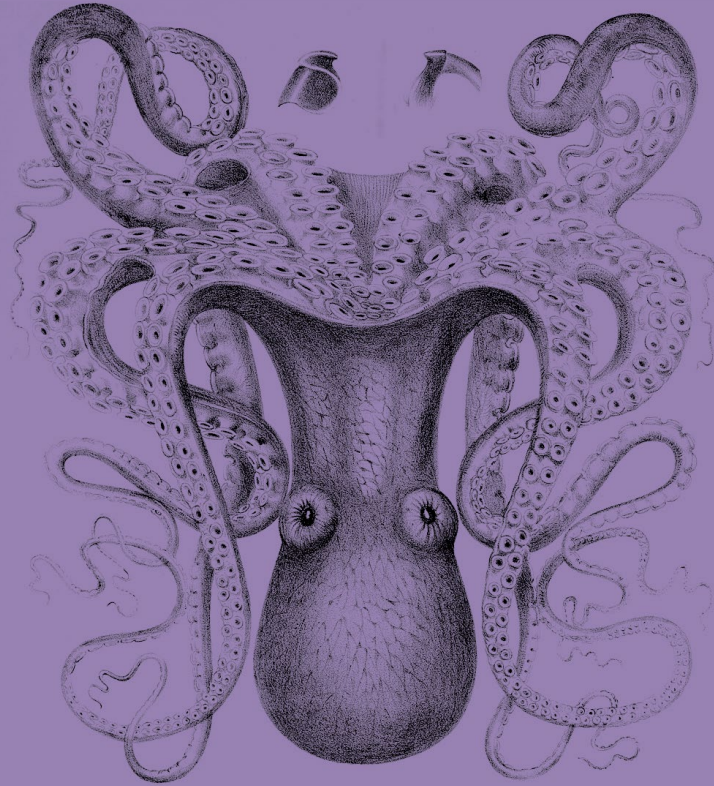
Lines?

Time & space are curved, I guess
And so, I think, is thought
When aiming for linear thinking
Any divergent thought is fought
But if all lines move in curves
Why not just let every thought free
Right around all of existence
Back to where it's supposed to be
The speed with which we pursue
Everything we do or don't desire
Determines the shape & size & look
Of our lifetime choices spire
So going all the way around
Can be quicker than coming back
I guess I'll patiently enjoy the view
While getting my life on track.



Chemistry

If I happened to be a noble gas,
What other elements might I amass?
What could excite my outer valence shell
Enough to think, ah fuck it, what the hell?
Dipole, & shake a few electrons out
Make room for a bond I could do without?
What temporary compound could I make
That's worth amping up my energy state?
While so drawn into my own nucleus,
Would I form endohedral complexes?
When singularly content and balanced,
Mixing in with me would prove a challenge.
Some element could want in just enough
To crash into my core with all its love
Shocking scientists throughout time & space
And bringing a smile to my poor mom's face!



Solve for f

If #2 is poo, and #1 is pee
What number might a fart then be?
It certainly can't be called a zero
When it's really quite an excretory hero

Each person toots half a liter to two per day
Cows fart out over 1/3 of Earth's excess methane
Only 1% stink due to hydrogen sulfide
20 times a day, we let all the others slide

But oh the ones that stink,
think of what they can do!
Molecules linger in the atmosphere, though diffuse
Or if enclosed in a space that is super small,
Condense into liquid dripping down the wall,

They can even lodge into a smeller's memory:
They're more a variable approaching infinity!



ROBERT ANTON WILSON AND ORSON WELLES.

✎ BY Nick Helweg-Larsen ✎

“Judge not, lest ye bore the audience.”

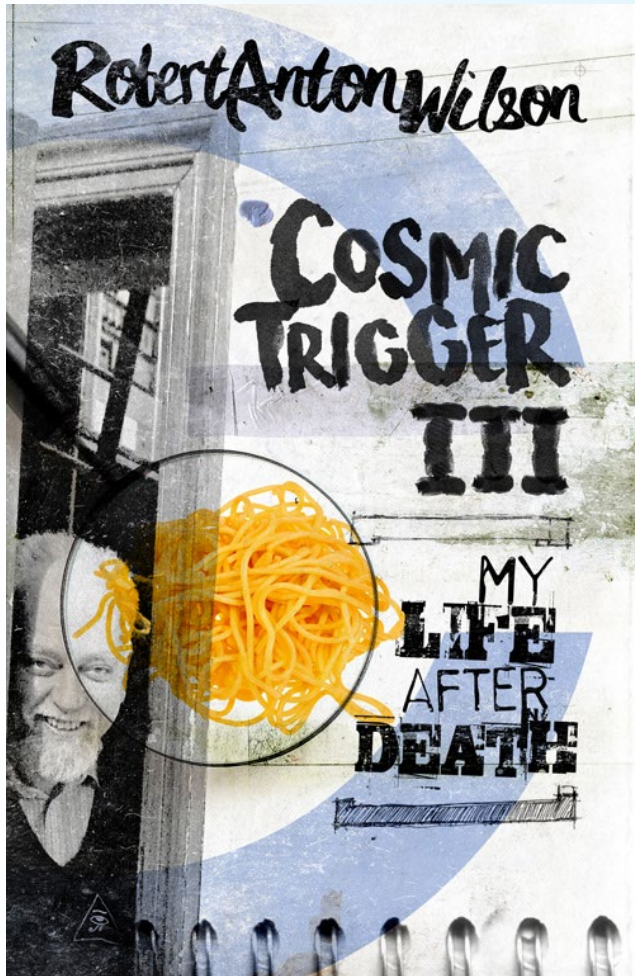
– Orson Welles in the book *This Is Orson Welles*.

I thought it would be interesting to look through RAWs writings to see when and where he writes and talks about Orson Welles (actor, director, writer and producer, 1915-1985); and how his writing or views about Welles may have changed throughout Bob’s life.

References to Welles pop up throughout most of his work, and the myriad Pookah-hole is there for anyone to search. However, for an overview, the most explicit mentions appear to be in **Cosmic Trigger III**, and **Everything is Under Control**.

In [Cosmic Trigger III](#) (1995), He acknowledges Welles (amongst a few others) as having played a major role

in shaping and inspiring that book.



At one point, he also lists Orson Welles two greatest movies, as *Citizen Kane* (1941), and *F For Fake* (1973).

With the publication of **Everything is Under Control** with Miriam Joan Hill (1998) there are specific entries on: Elmyr, F for Fake, and Orson Welles.

In his book [Email to the Universe](#) (2005) we meet Olga the Ostrich of The Guns and Dope Party.

Among the manifesto we also hear about Olga’s role alongside Orson Welles in the film *The Southern Star* (1969).

At the end of **TSOG: The Thing That Ate The Constitution** (2002), Wilson leaves us a tantalising and brief view of how Orson Welles would have played a part in his future “The Tale of The Tribe.” Including him in a list of 10 people who all influenced his way of “thinking”.

8:08 8'O'CLOCK

**MIND THE
MINUTES
OF BOB!**

**FOR
THEY ARE
MANY AND
FULL OF
SLACK!**

**IT'S
8:08
SOME
WHERE!**



INTO THE NOID

BY BOBBY CAMPBELL



"Avoid the Noid! He ruins pizzas!"

– Marge Simpson, *The Simpsons*

"'Para' from Latin, meaning 'beside' and 'noid,' some sort of pizza demon."

– Jack Donaghy, *30 Rock*

"In the buginning was the woid."

– James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*

The mediasphere of the 1980's was haunted by a demonic claymation trickster god, The Noid, who was obsessed with ruining piping hot, fresh pizza pies, often utilizing Rube Goldberg and/or Wile E. Coyote-esque machinations, in his always unsuccessful attempts to destroy the deliciousness of Domino's pizza, and it's noble promise to be delivered in 30 minutes or less. For a marketing mascot from a fast food pizza chain, the character of The Noid caught on in a disproportionately big way, with the catchphrase of the campaign **"Avoid the Noid!"** resonating prodigiously through pop culture, remaining memetically active even today.



One person who was not charmed by The Noid's bizarre commercial antics was Kenneth Lamar Noid, a 22 year old from Albany, Georgia, who mistook



Domino's campaign against The Noid as a personal slight against him. Noid was convinced that the Domino's company owner at the time, Tom S. Monaghan, was personally insulting and attacking him through the use of the obnoxious character of the same name, and telling people to avoid him, also believing that Monaghan "comes in his apartment and looks around."

Laboring under this unfortunate delusion, on January 30th 1989, Kenneth Lamar Noid entered a Domino's Pizza in Chamblee, Georgia with a .357-caliber Magnum revolver. Holding two employees hostage, Noid ordered them to call Monaghan at the Domino's Headquarters in Ann Arbor, Michigan and tell him his

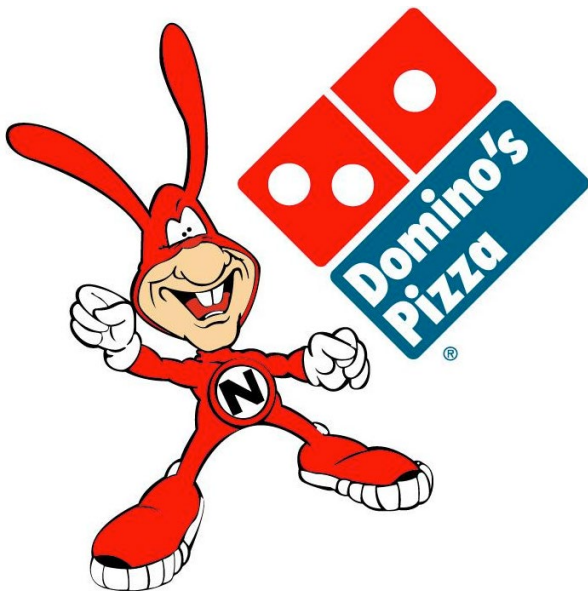
demands, specifically, he wanted \$100,000 and a getaway vehicle.

Now this wouldn't be a proper Discordian drama without some degree of conflicting conjecture. In some versions of the story it's reported that he requested a white limousine, while in others it's a helicopter, and still others it's a private plane, in any case, we know he wanted an extravagant means of escape. There are similar small variances from article to article describing these events, but the overall gist of the story remains essentially the same.

When police arrived on the scene they attempted to negotiate an exchange for the release of one of the hostages, at which point Kenneth demanded something extremely peculiar, a copy of *The Widow's Son*, the second book in Robert Anton Wilson's *Historical Illuminatus Chronicles*. When the police actually did indeed produce a copy of the book, KLM went back on his promise, and the ordeal continued.

All told the stand-off lasted for 5 intensely fraught hours, with Noid firing 2 warning gunshots into the ceiling and floor, and spiraling in and out of rationality. Ultimately, Kenneth's stand off with the police would be foiled by the very same Domino's pizza that undid all of The Noid's schemes. Kenneth had ordered the captive Domino's employees to make him a pizza, and while he was momentarily distracted with his meal, the hostages were able to escape, and KLN surrendered shortly thereafter.

When asked for comment on the incident with Kenneth Lamar Noid, police chief Reed Miller famously quipped, "he's paranoid." When this story went national, the late 80's version of viral, similar wordplay jokes dominated the headlines, and constituted the extent of the coverage's depth. The incident was essentially played for a quick cheap laugh and life moved on.



Domino's hostages couldn't avoid the 'Noid' this time

Associated Press

CHAMBLEE, Ga. — A man named Noid, apparently upset about the like-named character in Domino's Pizza commercials, held two hostages at gunpoint nearly five hours Monday in a bungled holdup at a Domino's outlet, police said.

Two shots were fired by the gunman, who was taken into custody around 5 p.m., but no one was injured, police said.

Kenneth Lamar Noid, 22, of Albany was "having an ongoing feud in his mind with the owner of Domino's Pizza about the 'noid' commercials," said Sgt. Mark Bender, a police detective. "Apparently, he thinks they're aimed at him."

The advertisements urge customers to buy pizza from

Domino's in order to avoid a "noid," an animated, caped gremlin who, the ad says, turns pizzas cold and makes the cheese stick to the box.

"He (the gunman) turned his back for a minute and one ran out the door," an officer said. "The second one then ran for the door, and fortunately he was not shot at."

Miller said the man wanted \$100,000 and an unidentified library book in return for the hostages' release. He said the man acted irrationally at times, making it difficult for police to communicate with him.

Noid was being charged with kidnapping, aggravated assault and theft by extortion in connection with the hostage-taking incident.

As Gen X nostalgia started kicking in and people reached back to the Noid as a sentimental cultural touchstone, there came to be several remembrances of The Noid that cited this incident as the reason the ad campaign was retired, which, according to this well sourced [Studio 360 podcast](#), is apparently untrue. The Noid character was so popular that Domino's avoided removing him as their mascot after the incident, and he persisted for another 5 years, eventually being retired for entirely practical reasons unrelated to KLN.

Tragically, Kenneth Lamar Noid continued to struggle with his mental health, and would end up taking his own life on February 23rd, 1995, at the age of 28, in Tallahassee, Florida.

For most people this is the end of

the story, but for me it's pretty much just the beginning. I came upon this story from a very different angle, as I wasn't so much interested in Domino's Pizza or their bizarre mascot, I was interested in the book.

Why did Kenneth Lamar Noid ask the police to get him a copy of *The Widow's Son*?

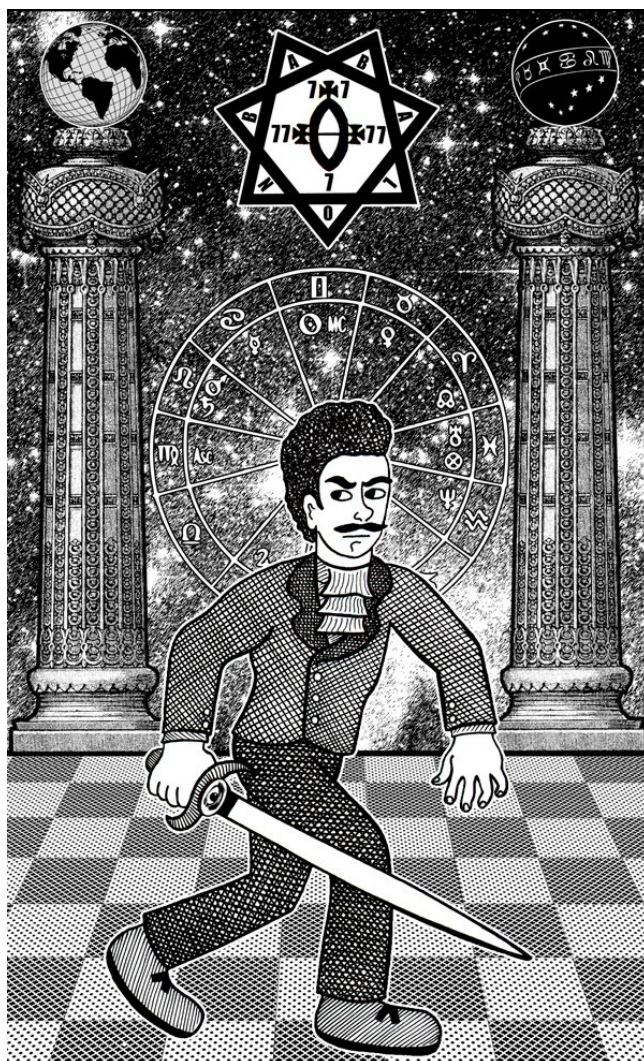
For context, I only ever stumbled upon this story because I'd been hired to create cover art and chapter illustrations for a new edition of *The Widow's Son*, and was researching past incarnations of the book, looking to see if there were any aesthetic elements worth keeping from past editions. TBH when I first encountered the story it only struck me as a novel bit of trivia, a mere pop culture curiosity, but several years later when the book switched publishers, this time to the RAW estate's *Hilaritas Press* imprint, and I was once again tasked with drawing new chapter illustrations for *The Widow's Son*, upon revisitation, the tragedy of Kenneth Lamar Noid struck a deeply resonating chord with me.

Why did he ask for that book?

None of the other takes on this story have bothered to ask that question with any degree of seriousness, because really they're just there for the Domino's Pizza of it all, and *The Widow's Son* is an insignificant detail.

In fact, some accounts don't even name the book, only referring to it generally as a science fiction novel or an unnamed library book

It seems like a lot of people think of mental illness as this purely chaotic & random state of mind, completely untethered from meaning, and that KLN would have just as likely asked for a rubber ducky as that book, and so why wonder about the book? Though obviously I have a vested interest in wondering about *The Widow's Son*, and that's certainly why it stands out to me, whereas the mainstream coverage could just make an "Avoid the Noid" joke and move on.





I tend to think of mental illness as a state of mind overwhelmed with meaning, but meaning of a personal/subjective nature, constructed using beliefs from outside of consensus reality. When done intentionally this can create art, but when done unintentionally this can create disaster.

Obviously if Kenneth got the money and the getaway vehicle he could just buy the book for himself, so asking for it probably served some other purpose than just materially possessing the book.

Was it a symbolic gesture?

Was he perhaps attempting to communicate the Masonic signal of distress?

"O Lord, my God! is there no help for the widow's son?"

Did he think there was a real Illuminati out there that he could contact through this twisted publicity stunt?

Or maybe was he subconsciously trying to save himself from his own mania by referencing something that had provided him comfort from his delusions?

After all he asked for a book with such pertinent passages as:

"to believe that there is a gigantic conspiracy against you is the illness that drove Antonio to suicide."

- Robert Anton Wilson, *The Widow's Son*

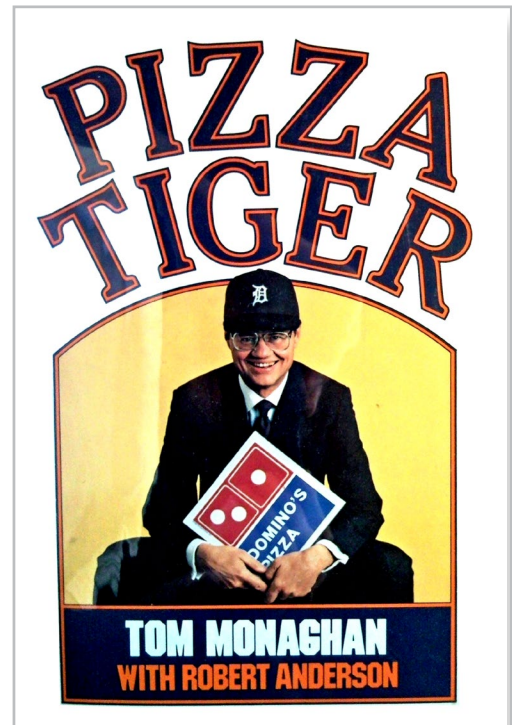


Kenneth definitely did believe there was a gigantic conspiracy against him, and it did indeed, sadly, drive him to suicide.

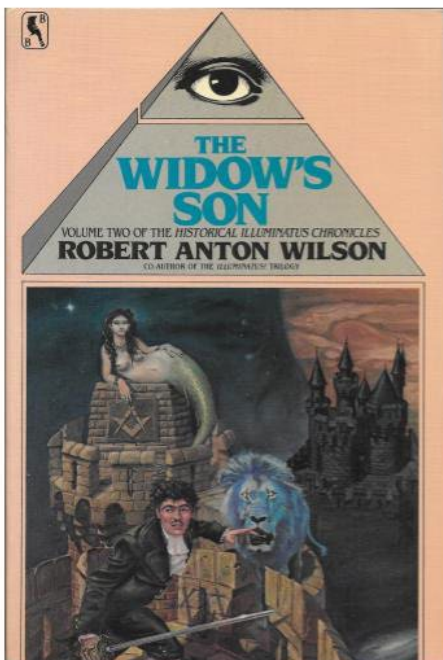
It's thematically interesting, given the content of *The Widow's Son*, that Kenneth made Domino's Pizza and Detroit Tigers owner Tom S. Monaghan his antagonist within this paranoid fantasy.

Monaghan is, or at least was, a member of Opus Dei, famous fictional Illuminati villains, and a few years after the Noid incident there was a movement to boycott Domino's because of Monaghan's *alleged* connections to an *alleged* Christian cult called *The Word of God*.

I'm sure IRL Monaghan is a fine and upstanding citizen, but a cynical read of his curriculum vitae very easily yields just the type of character who would be tormenting the titular Widow's Son from the shadows. Did Kenneth know this? When The Noid commercials started airing did he research their source, and by unfortunate coincidence, think he'd become ensnared in a Wilsonian conspiracy plot?



A quick glance at Kenneth Lamar Noid's mugshot and the cover of *The Widow's Son*, most likely the very edition that was delivered to him by the police, is maybe somewhat illuminating:



Kenneth Lamar Noid would appear to be the spitting image of Sigismundo Celine, the hero of *The Widow's Son*, and the *Historical Illuminatus Chronicles*.

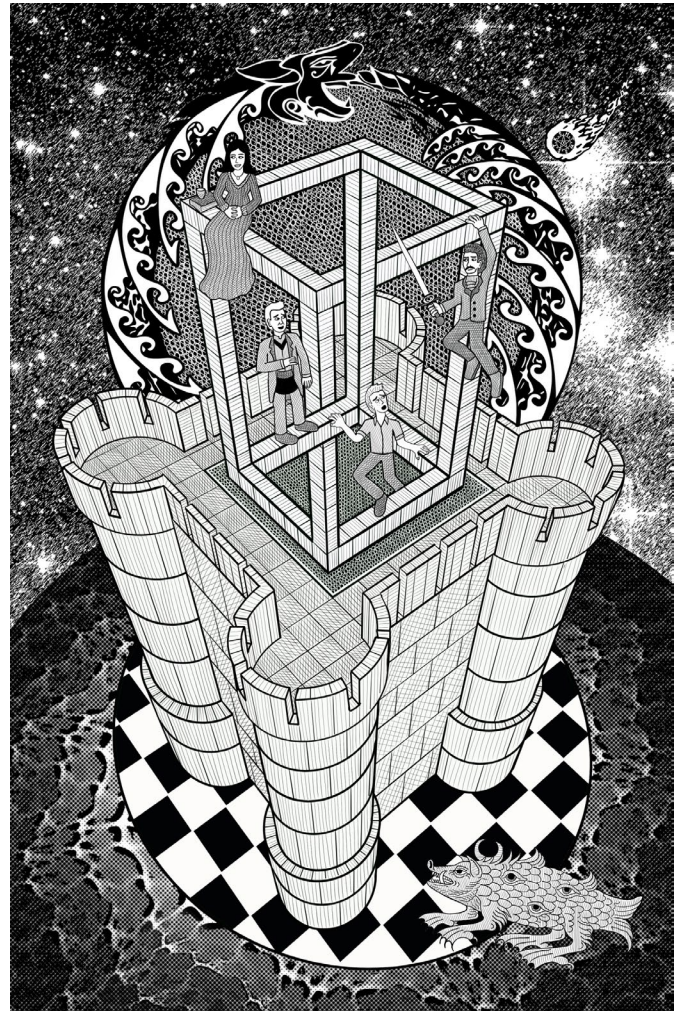
When I was the same age as Kenneth was during the Noid incident, I also very strongly identified with Sigismundo Celine, and felt like his adventures were, in some sense, an extension of my own wildly weird life.

Actually it's not that uncommon for fans of Robert Anton Wilson to feel a strong connection to the fictional worlds he created, and to experience a dissolution of boundaries between the real and unreal, usually manifesting as uncanny synchronicities. Though typically the RAW mindfuck comes along with the insight that, for the most part, these uncanny experiences are created by your own imagination using selective attention to highlight specific details out of the plenum of sensory data. With, of course, just enough uncertainty about this to maintain a worldview that is open to mystery and new possibilities.

It was probably easier for me to thread this needle of nuance than it was for Kenneth, because when I found myself as a 22 year old enveloped in the adventures of Sigismundo Celine, it was because I was studying the first book of the series with Robert Anton Wilson himself, during one of his online workshops.

I was lucky enough to form a rapport with RAW during this period, and if I had trouble discerning reality from fantasy, I could simply ask him for help. In fact, I basically did! I took the opportunity afforded me to ask RAW the biggest question I could think of, I asked him about Choronzon.

I'm going to oversimplify for the sake of brevity, but basically there is an experience that many spiritual seekers



endure called 'The Dark Night of the Soul.' In Buddhism it's called Dukkha, the first noble truth, the realization that, in some sense, all life is comprised of suffering. Transpersonal psychologists call it the primal repression, millennial psychonauts call it ego death, and Aleister Crowley personified it as a mighty demon called Choronzon.

I was not a spiritual seeker by any stretch of the imagination, but by the random chance of serendipity, I found myself having had a dark night of the soul just the same.

Here I am as this weird young artist with access to the wisest oldest man around, and so I ask him about the biggest, baddest, existential void imaginable.

RAW responds to my question about Choronzon by sending me 60 pages of his research material on the Pooka.



Scene from the 1950 film *Harvey*, based on Mary Chase's 1944 play of the same name, about a man whose best friend is a Pooka named Harvey – a 6' 3.5" invisible rabbit.

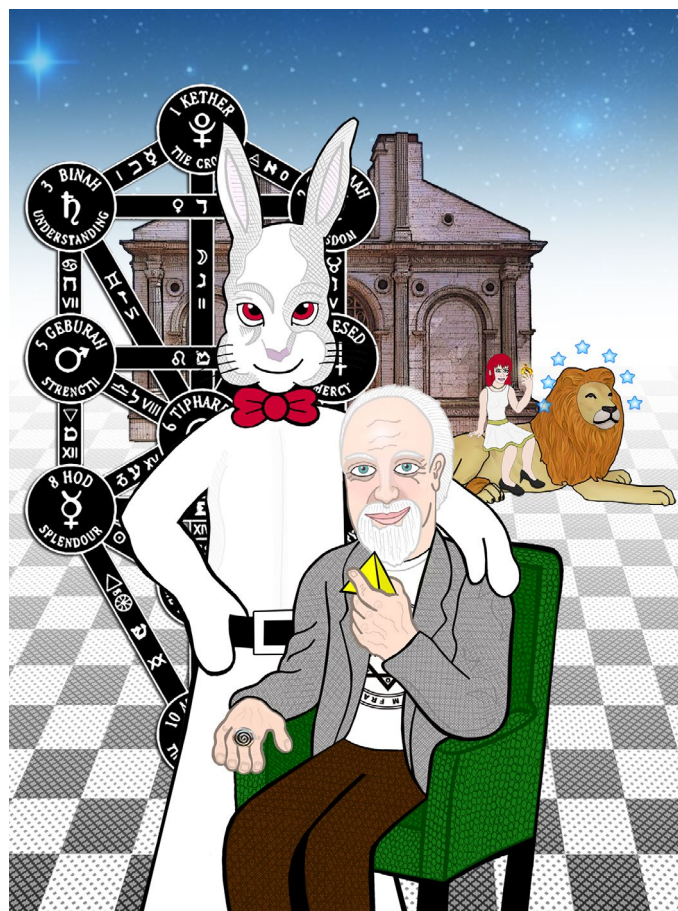
"P-O-O-K-A - Pooka - from old Celtic mythology - a fairy spirit in animal form - always very large. The pooka appears here and there - now and then - to this one and that one - a benign but mischievous creature - very fond of rumpots, crackpots, and how are you, Mr. Wilson?"

Bringer of both good and bad fortune, these mythic shapeshifting nature spirits are mischevous fairy tricksters.

RAW's extensive notes focused mainly on the Pooka in its various rabbit incarnations, which isn't necessarily it's primary form, but was certainly the version he was most interested in, and the one he impressed upon me.

"According to some damn book I lost (sorry!) Osiris really means Divine Hare" - RAW

This was the brilliance of Mr. Wilson as a teacher. I had been following Crowley's lead and conceptualizing what was basically an experience of divine mystery as an attack by a supernatural demon. Even though I



knew I was employing a metaphor in this characterization, it still influenced my internalization of the event. By nudging me to recontextualize this experience in more whimsical terms, RAW helped to release me from the significantly negative emotional baggage of that symbolism. I thanked him for this realignment by jokingly taunting the now vanquished Choronzon, and RAW replied:

**"Cause and effect/noun and verb/actor and act
only exist in SOME languages...
Can't find any of 'em in nonverbal world."**

He then gave me an epiphany triggering riddle that I gladly pay forward :)))

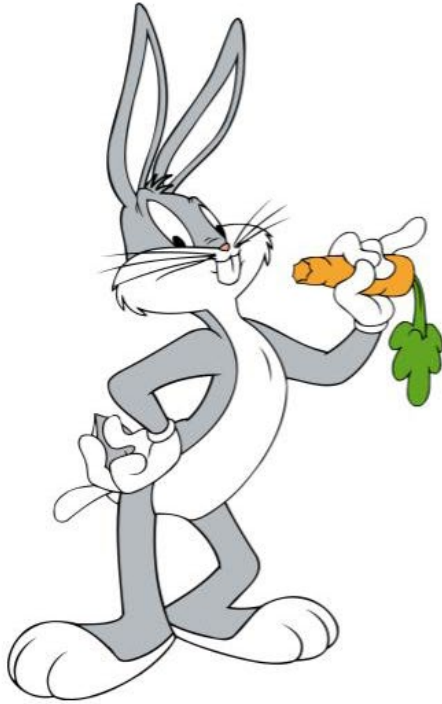
"How can you tell the dancer from the dance?"

Okay! So it would appear to be time for us to properly descend down the rabbit hole, because now we have to deal with the fact that
The Noid is pretty obviously a Pooka.



I've learned from studying James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* to always dig into the etymology of the keywords I'm working with, and sure enough, in the Vepsian language, the word "noid" translates to sorcerer, wizard, witch, and/or fairy.

The dual nature of The Pooka is well established within its folklore, capable of manifesting with either beneficial or menacing intentions, as either a jocular familiar spirit or as a devious corrupting influence. Bugs Bunny and Frank the Bunny (from the film *Donnie Darko*) constitute a fair representation of the Pooka's trickster extremes, Easter Bunny & Bunny Man, Br'er Rabbit & Sexy Beast.



RAW encouraged me to think of my shadow as a Holy Guardian Angel, an invisible rabbit from County Kerry, a silly optimistic metaphor, a **pronoid** fantasy, rather than the **paranoid** one Kenneth was stuck with. Ultimately, I think the reason why he asked for *that book* was because he hoped it could save him somehow, and the reason why that haunts me is because it *did* somehow save me.

In *The Widow's Son*, after Sigismundo's schizophrenic cousin Antonio commits suicide by drowning, Siggie continues the search for him beyond the point of reason, diving down, again and again and again, into the cold dark waters, hoping to miraculously find Antonio in time to save his life, to no avail. My deep dive here is even more futile than Siggie's, and I'm not sure what good I hoped would come of it, but I know I needed The Noid story to be more than a dumb joke, and I know I needed to acknowledge the other side of my coin, Kenneth Lamar Noid, *DOVE STA MEMORIA*.



& FRIENDS :)))

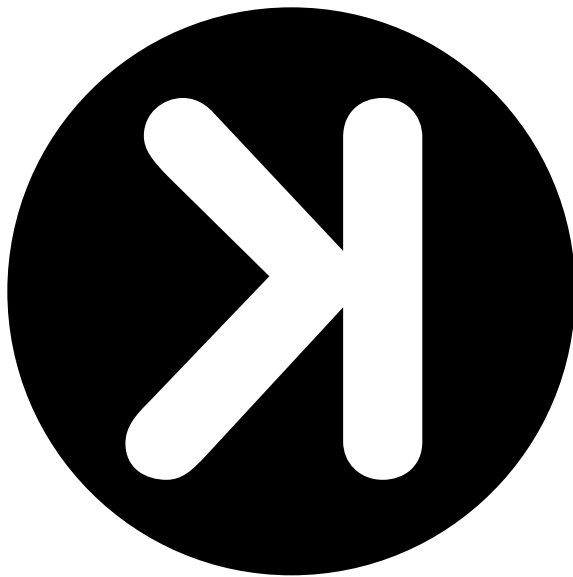
@WEIRDOVERSE #1.0



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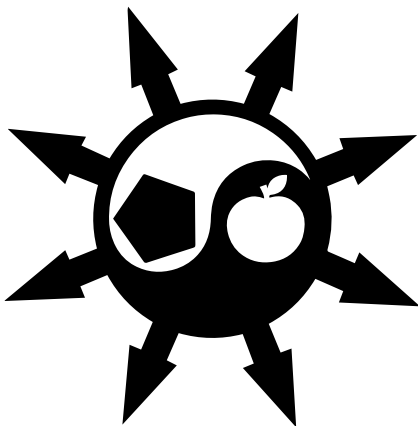
PAPAL B.S. 777

**BE IT PUBLICALLY KNOWN THAT
The Discordian Jubilee is yet upon us!**

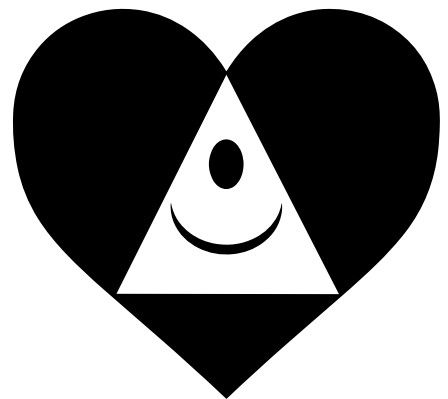


**ALL YOUR
DEBTS ARE
FORGIVEN**

**Congratulations! Your reality has
qualified for an economic upgrade!
YOU WILL EXPERIENCE EQUAL ACCESS
TO ABUNDANCE EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY**



**GLORIA
DISCORDIA!
POPE BOB
DCCLXXVII**
WEIRDOVERSE.COM



RAW CURRENCY

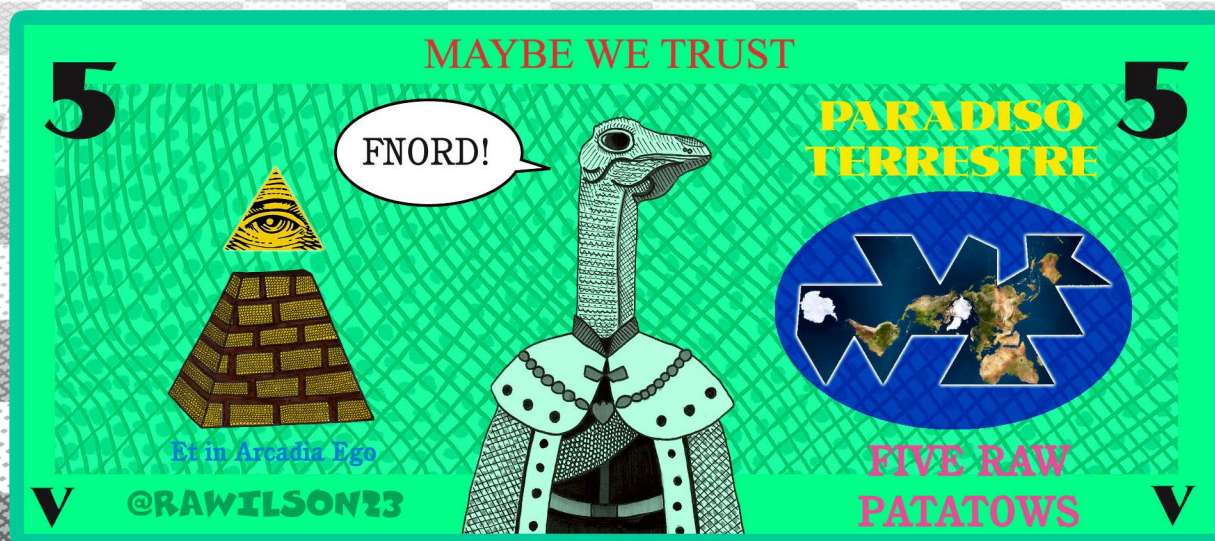
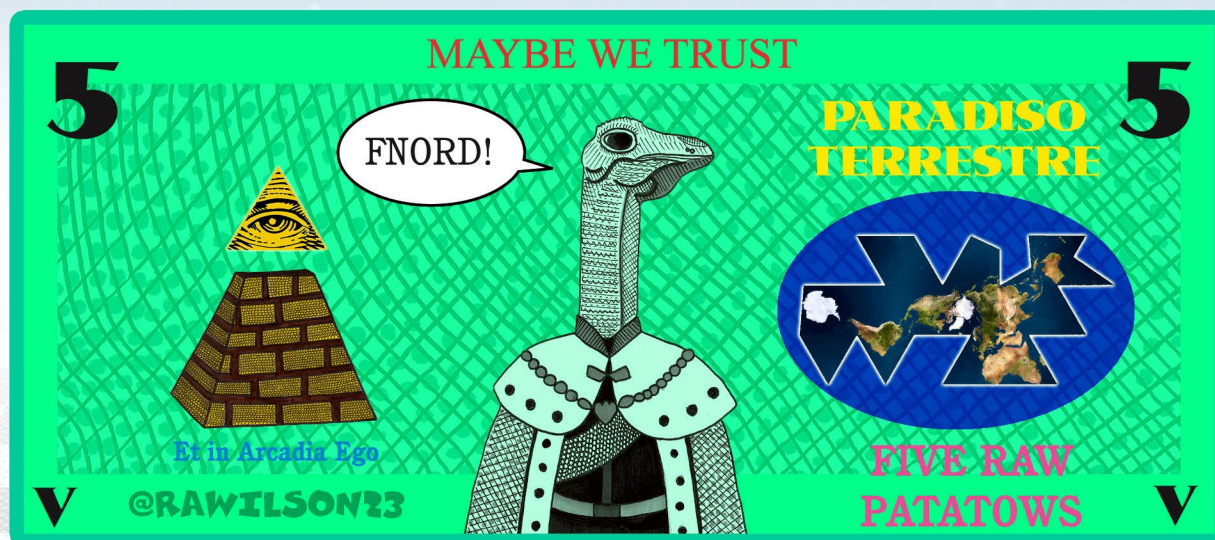
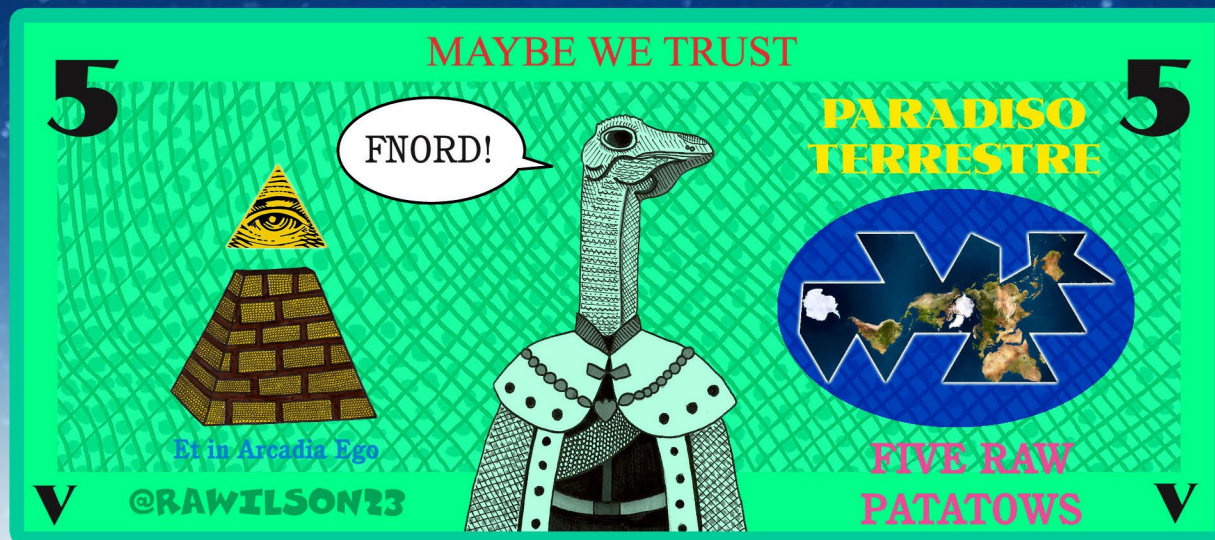
"MONEY, AFTER ALL, IS AN ABSTRACT ARTIFACT, LIKE LANGUAGE --
MERELY SYMBOLIZED BY THE PAPER OR COIN OR WHATEVER."

- ROBERT ANTON WILSON



"MY POSITION IS BASED ON THE DENIAL THAT MONEY
STORES WEALTH. I THINK IT'S A SEMANTIC HALLUCINATION,
THE VERBAL EQUIVALENT OF AN OPTICAL ILLUSION, TO SPEAK
AT ALL OF MONEY CONTAINING OR STORING WEALTH."

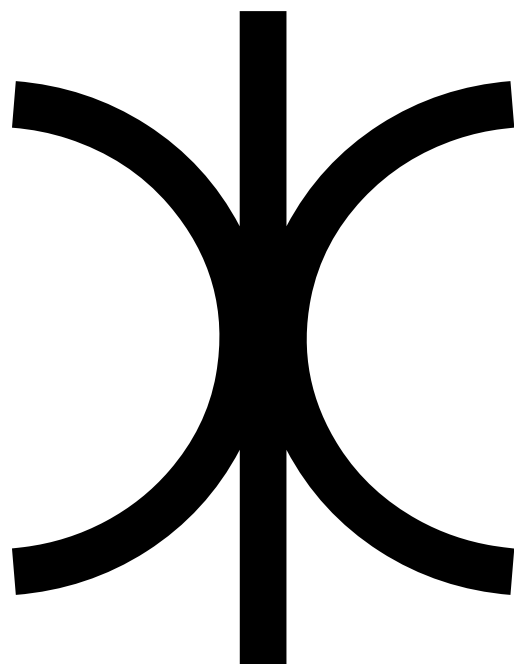
- ROBERT ANTON WILSON



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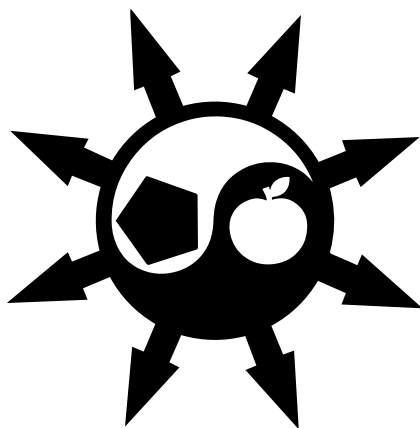
PAPAL B.S. 777

BE IT PUBLICALLY KNOWN THAT
The Discordian apotheosis is yet upon us!

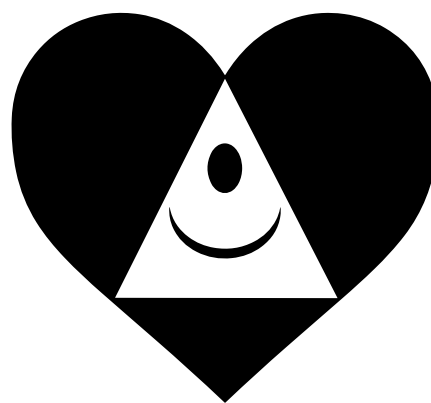


**YOU ARE
NOW
A GOD!**

**Congratulations! Your reality has
qualified for an ontological upgrade!**
**YOU WILL EXPERIENCE INTERDEPENDENT
DIVINE AGENCY EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY**



**GLORIA
DISCORDIA!**
**POPE BOB
DCCLXXVII**
WEIRDOVERSE.COM



WHAT
ARE YOU
THE GOD
OF?

WHOSOEVER BEARS THIS CARD
IS A GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED

~ GOD ~



So please treat them nicely
GOOD FOREVER



Genuine and authorized by The HOUSE of SAINTS of ERIS

Every single person, place, and thing is a genuine and authorized God
Reproduce and distribute these cards freely • thefreeverse.org • #GLORIADISCORDIA



CELEBRATE THE LIVES AND IDEAS OF ROBERT ANTON WILSON!

MAYBE DAY

**JULY 23RD,
2020**

**A VIRTUAL
MAYBE LOGICAL
EXTRAVAGANZA!**



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