

THE MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR

TWENTY

RISING





The Moorish Science Monitor
"Be the first on your horizon to be greeted."

Vol. VII #5

Winter 95/96

The MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR is the official organ of
 THE MOORISH ORTHODOX CHURCH

We welcome correspondence, submissions, blessings,
 arcana, forbidden wisdom, etc. Subscriptions are
 2\$ per issue. The Monitor is published thrice
 yearly.

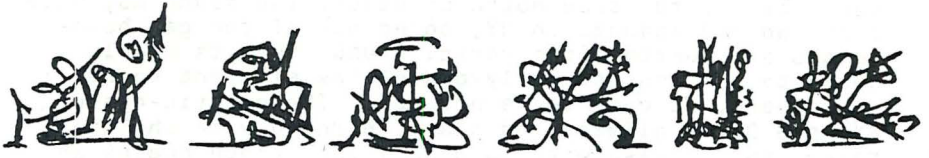
write to:



Perpetrators:

- Hakim Bey - The Architectonality of P.
- Jacob Rabinowitz - Night Journey, Surface Mail,
 World-to-Come, Spring
- James Koehnlne - title page logo
- Th. Metzger - Plague Year Zero, Redaction
- Emmett Grohz - Vudu Glo*Skull
- Steve Aydt - Invisible College, Riverboat Ritual
- 235 - cover
- Bob Black - Flush Twice
- Ziggurat 3X - Deformed Sex Girl





plague year zero PLAGUE YEAR ZERO PLAGUE YEAR ZERO

I.
"Love is two minutes fifty-two seconds of squishing noises" - Johnny Rotten. "Love to love you baby" - Donna Summer. Forty-Second Street live sex show: Johnny and Donna sitting in debris, K-I-S-S-I-N-G. Anger-torqued prawn boy and brown sugar sex-diva transplanted to Munich as cyborg orgasm soundtrack machine. Ersatz passion and spunk-gunk fury. Johnny and Donna up on the stage, his snarl and her moan multi-tracked as a porn loop. Orgasm and flying gob of spittle. Wild suction of female lunar tide and pure bullet of shiny venom. Cat bit, cat-fight, cat scratch fever. Love as biological warfare.

Disco Apotheosis: "My body. Wanna feel. My body. such a thrill. My body. It's too real. My body." And Ur-punk carnal carnage: "Body! I'm not an animal. Body! I'm not a discharge. Bubbling bloody mess." Yowls reverberate in the plasmic sump, inverse echo of the Village People's kitsch hymn to physical perfection: "Body body, you're too much. Body body, wanna touch." Johnny bellows into the void and the void bellows back: "I don't want a baby that looks like that. I don't want a body that looks like that."

Disco and Punk return and return again, the mutant twins separated before birth, living abortions. Idiot pleasure - disco heaven. Surface is all, body as Calvin Klein bottle, no insides. Endless nights of self-infatuated, self-congratulatory motion. And idiot pain: punk hell. Body torn, turned inside out. Punk fashion mocks the forms of subservience and abasement. Bondage gear, dog collars, chains, the acme of acne. Monster movie schtick shaped the aesthetic: Cat woman, Frankenstein, Hunchback, Jack the Ripper, Dracula as industrial by-product.

Donna Summer's "Love to Love You Baby": seventeen minutes of fake orgasmic soul-jerk. Moaning, mewling, purring, puling. Heavy-breathing middle class fantasy. "Uh, uhh, uh!!!!" with a little catch in the middle of each groan. Steadily rising, four-four auto-climax. Donna with her purple lip gloss, mouth have open, eyes half closed, nipples poking ever-so-slightly through the sheer polyester of her dress. Onan the Barbarian pumps to her pumping. She cooes - a wind-up living love-doll, while the hi-hat barks like a mechanical dog, the bass drum thumps on all fours; wah-wah guitars, oleaginous orchestral orgasm.

Las Vegas is the true north of Disco. The sound may have festered and spawned in NY, oozed out of the gay bath-houses and Puerto-Rican social clubs, but its needle swung to the instant Hollywood of "We all want to be stars here. We came to be noticed." The plastic-coated NY Love Dolls glimmer and glare, burning with the night fever, the disease with no name - yet - then emerge at dawn like larva and crawl home. The plague was hatching already, breaking from the subteranean nidus, but still the disco royalty clung to the One True Beat. A leap of faith, a psychic balm slathered on the swollen wound, a greasy salve to sooth the raw-rubbed souls.

In August of 1975, Scum-Svengali Malcolm Maclaren placed a newspaper ad to find the perfect pointman for the Sex Pistols. Johnny showed up, stood at the jukebox for his audition, lip-synching Alice Cooper's "I'm Eighteen," which he was. Childhood meningitis gave him the stoop and scowl of a Universal Hunchback. Eyes chrome blue and skin like parchment. A head of puke-yellow hair all spikey and damp like a fresh-hatched chick. By November, the Pistols had conned their way onto the stage at St. Martin's Collge of Art. The power was cut after ten minutes. In less than two years they rode the arc of fame up and down, a V-rocket detonating at the ground-zero of Johnny's ego and self-loathing. "We mean it mannnn."

He was named for the green and fungoid state of his teeth. Since, he's been transformed into an icon, an angst-angel, a bugbear, a dental-health poster child ("This is what will happen if you don't brush your teeth"). Encrusted with the mythos-plaque, he's frozen in time, in the amber glare of late-70s spotlights. And he will remain on the cork board forever, wriggling, snapping and gnawing at the pins that hold him there.

"I'm not an animal. I'm not an abortion." Both Johnny and Donna lost control to gain it, broke out of their bodies, flew out and back in again, diving to the bottom of the gene pool. Subbasement aquarium live-sex show, Miss Delight and Mr. Disgust twined and writhing in the amniotic slime. A monster hit single: two minutes and fifty-two seconds of squishing noises.

II.

Subterranean goo in 1975. Something was down there; something was boiling to the surface. Telluric acid, secret backflush. In 1975 Love Canal erupted: black blood, glistening stench secretions, oozing out of the ground. In 1975 Love Canal was just getting juicy, getting ready for the big one. Gaping, spreading, "I want you, Big Boy. Give it to me." A voice in the night cooing, "I'm back. I'm back."

First came the seepage: black sludge into basements and ditches, sumps and sewers. Then overnight eruptions in the ground. Home plate disappeared from the grammar school baseball field. Crevasses, suppurations, boils and blisters. "Sink hole, stink hole, go away, come back to us another day." Children cheating in the retrochemical sleep

Take me. I'm all yours." A modest, lower-class neighborhood built at toxic ground zero. Small brick houses. Neat, well-trimmed lots. A blue-collar bedroom community on the dry canal bed.

Niagara Falls: honeymoon capitol of the world, second biggest disappointment for the newlywed wife. "Take a ride on the Love Boat down Love Canal." Heart-shaped bathtubs and reeking sink-holes. Cupid's idiot brother making muck pies and suction prints. Honeymoon paradise and the largest electro-chemical complex in the world. Union Carbide, Olin, Dupont, Oberfurst, Hooker. Industries flourished, gorging on the cheap power generated at the falls. Making fertilizers, plastics, explosives, insecticide, dyes, perfume and artificial flavors.

Niagara: in 1892 William T. Love began digging a canal to bypass the falls. His dream: a model city and vast industrial complex powered by cheap hydro-electricity. But his prophesy came a few decades too soon. The country slid into a depression, Love's backers pulled out and the project foundered. In 1920, the aborted trench was sold at auction and became a chemical dump site. Hooker alone secreted 22,000 tons of lustrous filth there. Others too, even the U.S. Army's chemical warfare by-products and radioactive dregs from the Manhattan Project.

In 1953, Hooker covered the abandoned canal with a thin skin of dirt and sold the land to the Niagara Falls Board of Education for one American dollar. The deed stipulated that if anyone was injured or died because of the goo buried there, Hooker could not be held liable. Soon after, the land changed hands again and home building began.

Immediately, children started coming home with strange burns on their bodies, pets with welts and sores that would not heal. Nauseous vapors wafted from the ground. Ghost-lights, carcinogenic will-o-wisps, the sweet reek of nameless compounds mating in the darkness. Medical evidence was unarguable: grossly elevated rates of leukemia, birth defects, spontaneous abortion, arthritis, migraine, brain damage.

By 1975, the ghosts of Hooker and Love had returned, leaving a glistening slime trail. It wasn't long before every house at the bull's-eye was razed. The actual canal site is now a blasted empty field, surrounded by concertina wire, chain link, dire warning signs, armed guard patrols. The adjacent area is a ghost town, pure suburban nightmare - white middle class paradise built on bubbling black hell. A toxic-shock Levittown. Windows are broken and boarded up. Cracked pavement with mutant gray-green weeds sprouting through. Paint falls from the houses in long slow curls. Roof shingles are split and knuckled up. Trees are stunted, twisted, hunchbacked. Yet the State of NY still makes sure that the grass is cut. Blighted lawns where a hundred home movies were shot: kids playing, dogs catching frisbees, the entire program of middle class bliss. Sleepy suburban satori.

Nuclear family at ground zero. Staring at the 3000 eye dot on the TV screen. TV dinner, TV table, TV Dad and Mom. Untouched nubile daughter and sonny boy with testosterone raging in his veins. Happy family hunkered down in the Love Bunker, with bottled water and Civil Defense radio handy. All the hatches screwed down tight, safe, hermetically-sealed, impenetrable Blessed Family Protection Grotto. Day after day they watch themselves watching themselves on the screen.

III.

Manson family home movies: Squeaky Fromme holds a rifle, poses for the camera wearing a vest and short shorts. Bare legs crossed seductively. "Anybody can kill," she says, smiling. White suburban girl playing at being a gun-nut-survivalist-cheesecake-moll. She looks admiringly at the rifle, strokes the barrel. "You have to make love with it. You have to know it; you have to know every part of it. And to know you know it is to know it. So you can pick it up at any second and shoot."

As Charlie sat in prison, Squeaky lit matches, heated a bobby-pin crimson hot and burned an X on her forehead. Then she ripped open the burnt flesh with a needle to make a better scar. The blood ran down her face. Her tongue went out to catch it, to taste the life, the salt. She wore a red hooded robe, went barefoot. Initiate, nurse, neo-virgin, acolyte, penitent daughter, baleful Madonna. "We're nuns now and we wear red robes. Our robes are an example of our new morality. They're red with sacrifice, the blood of sacrifice."

On September 5, 1975, as the Sex Pistols ran through old Stooges tunes in an unheated warehouse, as Donna Summer twitched her sweaty thighs and faked an endless orgasm in MÜNICH, Squeaky Fromme walked up to Gerald Ford in Sacramento and aimed a .45 caliber automatic at his crotch. "All assassinations are acts of sexual rebellion." The true Sex Pistol. The Secret Service got her, hustled her away before she could pull the trigger. "Well, you know," she said later, "when people around you treat you like a child and pay no attention to things you say you have to do something."

Three weeks later, Sara Jane Moore took her nine year old son to school, and wearing yellow polka dot pants and a cowboy hat, bought a .38 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver. As Gerald Ford left an afternoon meeting of the World Affairs Council, she penetrated the protective cordon, raised the pistol and fired. She missed. Later, she explained, "there comes a time when the only way to make a statement is to pick up a gun."

Charlie's Angel in red robe, open wide, the secret pin-up girl. Underneath she wears a floral print dress. No shoes, the X prominent on her forehead. Her head is down, eyes closed; small and frail, she's still a girl really. Irresistible with her freckles and nimbus of auburn hair. Farah Fawcett may have been the mass consumption wanker of the 1970s. Niobe of adolescent souk may have

Fromme. Even if they'd never heard of her, every teen-aged boy wanted her: virgin daughter, girl next door, the nun with the gun.

Squeaky was far ahead of her time, the first middle class girl - cute, childlike, compliant - to understand the power in cutting her own flesh. Open up the skin to make a new orifice, X marks the spot. Auto-inoculation - protection from the plague. In the photo, her left leg is exposed to the thigh, with the homemade holster showing. Cowboy sister of mercy. A dozen loops of electrician's tape too are visible, identical to those on a punkette at the Roxy, London, the same year. Left leg bare, wan smile. A makeshift repair job on her broken body, flesh held together with safety pins and black tape.

IV.

Sex Pistol - prosthetic replacement for lost psychic limb. The body turned inside out and reborn from its own womb as a weapon. Punk machine gun spunk to battle the Emotional Plague. In 1975 sex was still non-lethal, but everyone could feel it, the night fever cooking in noxious shadows. "Listen to the ground, there is movement all around, there is something going down and I can feel it. Night Fever, Night Fever, we know how to do it." Forget the African green monkey and secret genocidal CIA labs. The plague came from Love Canal - hidden stinking sex trench erupting with ancient germ warfare spores. The levee broke and the Primal Flood now 'whelms this terrestrial ball. Global warning, universal scourge. Sex wasn't equal to death yet, but everyone felt the tremors.

Village People tangle in a six-man man-sex Auto-mo-down Love Knot. Clown show public act of crypto-auto-fellation. Macho man apotheosis. YMCA! In the Navy! I am what I am! Village People: walking, talking dress-up Ken dolls. "Jogging in the morning, go man go. Working in the health spa, muscles glow. Body - wanna touch. Body - it's too much."

Across town they smelled the pestilence too. In the pit where the pimply pin-cushion kids slammed against each other. They knew the primal black secretions were bubbling up at night. Love Canal is a wound in the earth's flesh, a terrestrial abscess heavy with laudable Pus. Pressure builds, membranes tear. A gob of goo arcs through the spotlight. Sperm and egg collide - tiny iceberg and microscopic Titanic slam together.

The Flood, the Mud, the tainted Blood. Noah's brand new ark: two by two the lovers are led into Das Love Boot for a slow cruise down Love Canal. Damp swollen moon, romance in the air. Uplate, up on the moonlit deck. A moil of flesh: chalk white and chocolate brown, Johnny's snarls and Donna's languid moans. Chains and electrical tape, ripped leather, vinyl, lamé, polyester make a cocoon. Viral monster twin-fetus incubating, coming to term, in the love-nest.

"On the waves of the air, there is something out there - Disco's strategy is to celebrate the prison, to embrace the utter indignity of being trapped in the flesh. "Hey, Romeo, I don't wanna go down into the basement. There's something down there" - the Way of Punk is defilement, self-scorn, scrawling graffiti on the toilet wall of the body. The bondage gear - worn by peasant punks and Disco royalty alike - the chains and collars, are as stylish a parody of the real bondage. Souls trapped in the flesh as the plague spoors hatch, fester, blossom. "We're the flowers in the human machine."

Panic Year Zero - carnal hysteria - freedom overload. "No pain, no gain," the exercise Führers shout. "Maximize total aerobic fitness." Fitness, for what? Fit to fight? Fit for some eugenic standard? Health craze is the flip-side of secret epidemic. "Ring around the rosy," chanted to keep the plague away. "We all fall down." Joggers run all day but still Dr. Death is right behind them, grinning. Punks annihilated the body before the pox could touch them. Discomania is the Dance of Doom - backbeat slapslapslapping, a safe substitute for spunk and goo. TV bimettes gush about body-sculpting, Onannegger proclaims that pumping iron is better than orgasm. Disco aerobic choreomania, now enshrined as permanent soundtrack for cardiovascular bootcamp.

Squeaky heats another needle, pokes at her skin, making a cruciform pock-mark, juicy, self-induced stigmata. She touches herself gently, fingers the gasping wound. And a ray of radioactive black light emitted at midnight by Love Canal meltdown penetrates her skull, bearing the new genetic code. Immaculate conception of Johnny and Donna. Punk and Disco - incestuous twins linked in the womb. Inside Squeaky the two fetuses wriggled and writhe, prepare to be born, ejected into the material world. Squeaky sits alone in the TV's greenblue shadows, contemplating herself. Omphaloskepsis, looking through the plexiglass porthole into her own uterus. There, swimming in the amniotic aquarium, Johnny and Donna, naked and unashamed, cling to each other, a last oozy embrace. Yin and Yang peel apart; light brother and dark sister separate. One last inverted kiss before they're sent into the world. A hush falls, a final moment together. Then Squeaky's water breaks, they slide down the birth canal and the deluge covers the earth.

Later: Love Canal got a new name: Sunrise Village.
Johnny Rotten got his teeth fixed.
Donna Summer got religion.
Squeaky Fromme got life.
The plague got a name.



Glory to the one who transported his servant by night...

Surely I have attained the condition of spirits:
the whole world's width between home and here
flown in a night, a dream, a prolonged thought.

Did the mountains flatten, the valleys rise,
the three dimensions condense to two
that I skimmed across them, glib as a fingertip over a map?

Time's annihilated:
my thirty-six years packed in thirteen boxes;
a lifetime's accidents suddenly pattern
around the single fact
of return, of ascension to this state,
this condition of Israel.

Surface Mail

In America, Israel was a map on my wall,
a page of Bible, a newspaper headline,
a star-chart whose constellations were the Hebrew alphabet
-- the swastika a terrible comet-like Aleph.

I've mailed myself into the text:
the proof is the photo on my ID card,
Israel's seal stamped on my face
like a heavenly postmark.

Flattened by the weight of Diaspora,
I slip easily into the envelope,
drop on a desk in the Ministry of Immigration
like foreign mail from the 19th century,
a thin, implausible arrival
speaking the language as learned
from Prayerbook and Bible -- King James Hebrew,

and unequal to this life in three dimensions,
inadequate before the white stone riddling the hills
around Jerusalem, gathered into strata, tier on tier,
slope-side crop-shelves of the farming Canaanites.

What message can I bring the shaggy columnar palms,
the broad goose-bumped paddles of the cactus,
the close-up foliage immediately green?

I place a cigarette in my wordless mouth,
light that sullen joss of modernism.
With a cold mercy, it begins to rain.
Jerusalem becomes a stone fountain,
every outdoor stairs a waterfall,
streets ankle-deep.

As the white mist permits, Jerusalem's traffic,
stones and foliage
dissolve into Yahweh.

The World-to-Come

Proverb of the Diaspora:

"When you're in love, the whole world looks Jewish".
Here, I am, evidently, in love: around me
the late winter mist is a nimbus
of indistinct affection for my fellow Israelites.

At the bus-stop, a woman who looks like my grandmother.
I stare, sucking the small and personal pang
like a cut finger.
These streets are full of my dead relatives,
drawn from the black well of the underworld,
the silver waters of the gene-pool.

Surely this is the World-to-Come
where the dead return, where men have wings --
around me a flock of tourists descends
to peck at felafels, flutter their coats
and chirp in German.

Spring

Skyward spray of wildflowers, delicate
fireworks of yellow, white and red
almost reaching your knees. You stand
above them, peering down like a surprised giantess.

You name the flowers for me in Hebrew:
Nurit, Cochvan, Dam Maccabeem --
I try the words in my mouth
like exotic fruit I'm not sure how to eat.

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel
and they seemed to him but a few days,
for the love he had to her...

and you're lying on the grass and your neck
is the same timeless white as the stones of Judea
which shone as now when Jacob first
saw his pale Rachel and those seven years blanched
into one nightless day.

You sit up, frown at me me writing this,
begrudge the little heat my notebook's shadow
steals from the day. But I promise

the chill you feel comes from the future
autumn evening when you'll read by lamplight
what I now write in sunlight
and remember April's warmth in the season of rains.

The Architectonality of Psychogeographicism
or
The Hieroglyphics of Driftwork
by
Hakim Bey
(In Memoriam Guy Debord)

obscure & mysterious *grottoes* into which they enter, imitating serpents—spaces of return to an intimacy that “once upon a time” was shattered by memory—by the simultaneous reiteration & belatedness of memory—that faculty of human consciousness “closest to the divine.” But don’t they also say that “to forgive is human, to forget is divine”? In the ritual reiteration or “remembrance” (*dhikr*) of the sufis one forgets the “self” precisely in order to recall the Self;—thus to re-member is to erase separation, & this erasure is a species of forgetfulness. (In certain key Islamic buildings like the Alhambra the reiteration of *dhikr* as calligrammatic text becomes the very definition of built space as mnemonic device of “Memory Palace”—not the ornament but the very basis or crystal-precipitation-principle of architecture.) “Since we are Jesus Christ,” as one of the Brethren of the Free Spirit boasted, “the only issue is what is already perfect in us should be reiterated ...” This process however leads to a paradoxical un-learning—hence to a loss of *fear*—so that one can “let oneself be led by one’s natural senses, like a little child.” Now, the cave stands for unconsciousness;—the goal however is not to lose consciousness but to recapture that which consciousness separated us from, that which consciousness “spoiled.” Thus within the dark grotto itself memory must paradoxically be inscribed—key images are reiterated (literally repeated in some cases by a palimpsestic or incisive over-drawing)—images which represent our lost intimacy as a pantheon of *animals* (“good to think with”)—each animal a special joy or “divine” function. Thus the cave becomes the first intentional architectural space, the intersection of unconsciousness (the bliss of “Nature”) & consciousness (memory, reiteration). Ever since Plato we’ve been taught to revere *anamnesis*—but let’s descend to the pre-Platonic cave, the paleolithic grotto, to recover the positive dialectic of *amnesia*—without which memory becomes simply a curse, coagulating at last as History (the degree of zero of memory as suffocation). The first city (Çatal Hüyük) is already arranged as a *gridwork*, the very antithesis of the grotto’s aesthetic shapelessness, its meandering & amazing spaces, its melted stalagmites & stalactites—its organicity (which is nevertheless expressed as *mineral life*). The cities of Sumer & Harappa were likewise laid out as severe grids, cruel abstractions of linearity. To draw a line is to separate, to create spatial hierarchy (between priest & people, rich & poor, surplus & scarcity) and to define the *topia* of memory against the dark unconscious of the tribe, the u-topian cave, the organic wild(er)ness. The *tertium quid* or *coincidentia oppositorum* here (between “grotto” & “Babylon”) might appear in the medieval city (which still survives in a few places in the Islamic world) where the excessive cruelty of the grid is mollified—not erased but softened—by a reordering of space according to the tree or river-delta model (chaotic bifurcation ranging to complexity based on intra-dimensional “strange attractors”)—an urbanism of the organic, the aesthetic, & the complex or plural (as opposed to the inorganic, the ideological, & the simple or total). *The medieval city is an extruded grotto*. Some of these cities introduced allegorical pageants or parades in which huge emblem-complexes (composite hieroglyphs) were built & set up or carried around the labyrinth of streets. Myths & legends were acted out:—sometimes the Lord Mayor played the role of “Lord Mayor,” wandering thru a street-theater of encounters with symbolic characters (like Bloom in Nighthtown), thus re-newing the City as its elected Hero undergoing the initiation of ritual



marriage with the urban goddess. Here the Free City comes to a synchronic & ludic consciousness of itself *hic et nunc*, rather than succumb to the miserabilist diachronism of power's violence. In this Hermetic City we find the background or womb-space of the alchemical Emblem Books, and the narrativity of a Bosch or Breughel. Memory loses its heaviness here & takes on a folkloric air, carnivalesque (the festival as reiteration of pleasure) with built shapes that approximate (thru design or thru the accidents of decay & accretion) the forms of breasts, phalluses, wombs, rocks & water, moss & flowers, even of wind & light. The Babylonian grid-city wants memory to persist thru time—smooth & empty time—but as Dali showed, memory *persists* only in the deliquescence of measured time. The medieval-hermetic city (like Blake's Green Jerusalem) preserves memory but in a "disordered" way—like akashic/marmalade—time which is textured & full. "Babylon" preserves order (*or else!*)—but what happens to memory there? Isn't it transmuted into the poison formaldehyde of History, the re-reiterated tale of *our* poverty & *their* power, taxonomic myth of the ruling class? Who can blame us for harboring both a nostalgia & an insurrectionary desire for the narrow winding alleys, shadowy steps, covered ways & tunnels, middens & cellars of a city which has *designed itself*—organically, unconsciously—within an aesthetic of festive & secret conviviality, & of the curvacious negentropic mutability of memory itself? The psychic urbanism of the 1960's constituted yet another attempt to reclaim *built memory* for this "Romantic" project—*rus in urbe*, as F. Law Olmstead put it—"the country in the city"—reintroduction of the eternal "baroque" (as in "baroque pearl") or spontaneous form—(like the miraculous fungoid cinnabar grottoes of Mao Shan Taoism, created by the Imaginal potency of the Adept)—which is also the "divine" spontaneity, unconsciousness, & *forgetting* of "Nature." A project for the builders of some near-future No Go Zone:—the city of psychogeographic resistance, the anti-grid, architectonality of driftwork, festal space—and the Cave of Fluid Memory. Rock & water—the reverie of the bard, the forgetfulness of the gods

FLUSH TWICE, IT'S A LONG WAY TO HEAVEN

GROAN: THE MOROSE POETRY OF SIMEON STYLITES \$2.00
Feh! Press. 200 E. 10th St. #603 NY NY 10003-7702

Simeon Stylites was born, against his better judgement, in 1965. He's been publishing Feh! "the Journal of Odious Poetry," since 1986 to mounting critical acclaim from scatophiles, recluses, misanthropes, and haters of what passes for poetry. Acutely self-aware (to his unremitting dismay), Stylites knows that once he was potty trained, his best years were behind him. In versifying vileness he mourns lost innocence. He seeks essence in excrement: the straight poop.

Stylites assembled these "depressive, moan-and-groan plaints," he explains, to shame himself "to stop writing these wretched things." He's letting the cat out of the bag after drowning it.

Scatography, for Stylites, is the cartography of the soul, the fecal finger of fate. His coprolites - can you dig them? - are a treasure-trove for archeologists of angst. Wake up and smell the smegma!

Bob Black
Box 3142
Albany, NY
12203-0142

DEFORMED SEX GIRL!



THEY CALL ME THE SQUAMMY-GIRL - WITH A TWENTY MEGATON SUCTION BI-VALVE AND A WATER-COOLED GASH-MAGNET GO-GO GASM CRANK. NOTHING WITH A Y CHROMOSOME CAN RESIST MY MOISTY-O-MATIC.

Father Dagon was my fancy man, but-

I'm sick of servicing those grizzly old pizzlers!



I want a new life. I want to be free. Don't be a fool!





Get back here! I own you!

Not any more. From now on I swim alone.



GUH!

Gnnuhzz!

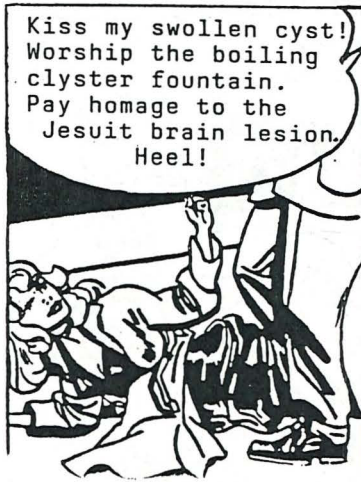
SO I TOOK MY POWER-NOZZLE TRENCH-MOUTH RODENT LOVE PROBE ADAPTER AND MADE THE ROUNDS OF ALL THE LOCAL SPERM BANKS.



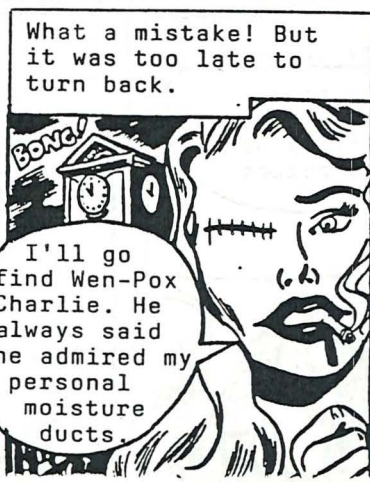
Trust me. I can make Jacques Cousteau bark like a chicken.



Here eez my tainted beef extrusion.



Kiss my swollen cyst! Worship the boiling clyster fountain. Pay homage to the Jesuit brain lesion. Heel!

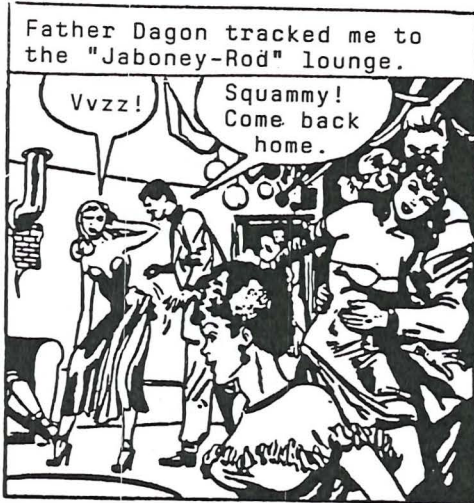


What a mistake! But it was too late to turn back.

I'll go find Wen-Pox Charlie. He always said he admired my personal moisture ducts.



My cuttle fish can really sing

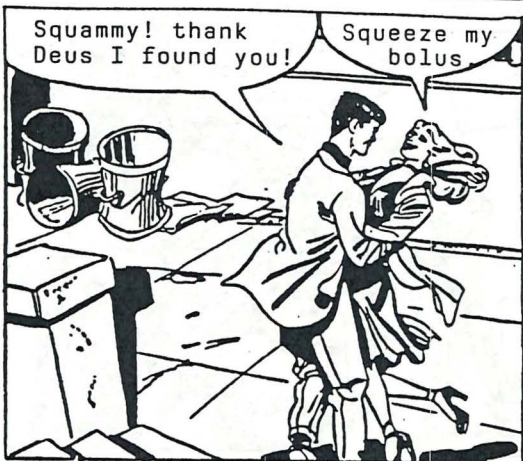


I RAN AND RAN, HAVING NOWHERE TO GO!
I JUST HAD TO ESCAPE FROM MY FEEL-
ING! MOIST, HOT, TURGID FEELINGS!
FEELINGS WITH NO NAME!



EVEN THOUGH I LOVED HIM, I HAD TO FLEE!

IN A FRENZY OF DESPAIR I SOLD MY BODY AGAIN TO BUY DRUGS, AND SHOT UP A DRANO LIQUID-WRENCH SPEEDBALL. HEAVEN IN A NEEDLE!



By the year 1975, the popularity of riverboat rides in American amusement parks had reached its peak. Within half a decade, these curious fantasy rides began their inevitable decline, only to be replaced by "people mover" rides: faster, thrill-oriented rides which could accommodate more people per hour. While some riverboat rides still exist (Disney's "Pirates of the Caribbean" for example), largely they are relics of a time when amusement parks still trafficked in imaginative themes and all-ages entertainments.

As the last riverboat captain to deliver a spiel (eulogy?) on LaSalle's Adventure at Six Flags Over Texas, I marked the passing of this ride with regret. In retrospect, I recognize that six days of ten-hour shifts per week provided me with a mythological framework which is forever etched into my brainscape. Over and over, I travelled the circular river, my course pre-determined by underwater tracks. Clad in knickers, a waist-sash, and a blue and white striped shirt, I was forever searching for the lost French explorer Rene Robert Cavellier, Sieur de la Salle who was shot dead in a mutiny: "-the Traitor Duhaut fired his Piece and shot Monsr. de la Sale thro' the Head so that he dropp'd down dead on the Spot, without speaking one Word" on March 19, 1689, somewhere along the banks of the Trinity River in Texas, according to the journal of Henri Joutel. While the official amusement park spiel had little to do with historical authenticity, park supervisors audited the ride to prevent flourishes of originality, offensive humor, and other lapses of riverboat dogma. Nevertheless, this haven of creative misfits, drama students, and guerrilla comedians thrived like a heretical blemish in the image-conscious park. Everyone had their variations and pranks, which included modifying the set-pieces animations (by removing the axe from the plaster hands of a Spanish friar, one left the animated mannequin in a state of perpetual, furious masturbation).

In this strangely resonant journey, the riverboat first passed by a burning settlement (fire/ cultural conflict) on its way to a Spanish mission (organized religion) which was protected by a Spanish fortress (enforcing the "religion of love" with imaginary cannonballs delivered with percussive explosions and dramatic water-pumps). As the boat travelled farther along, it came to a trading post (the introduction of a market-based ideology in the New World) and then passed by a French scout, Francois, perched in a tree and shaking his head "no" for more than two decades (aside from power outages). "Francois, is it safe to go on?" the captain would shout. Sometimes the captain would shout other things in French ("Would you like to taste my cheese?").

From there, one encountered alligators, a canoe packed with (understandably) angry Native Americans, and a peaceful Indian village with an animatronic shaman. Then there was Marvin the Wonder Bear- the skin of a black bear sewn onto an ursine robot, hybrid totem of my peculiar teenaged years. How can I describe the strange comfort I took from Marvin, who served as my first imaginary friend when I was 16? Suffice it to say that I honored the memory of the bear who had involuntarily surrendered his skin, an unlikely martyr of American amusement. After a pneumatic tree gnawed by a synthetic beaver fell close to the riverboat ("Imagine, if you will, a man-eating beaver," the racier spiel declared), only to rise again in a pattern familiar to those who truly understood nature's mysteries, the riverboat ride reached its ultra-symbolic climax: impending collision with a waterfall, the waters of which parted to accommodate the passage of numerous boats into a mystery cave. Believe me, the titillating passage was marked accurately by almost all who served time on the endless river. Delightfully imprinted by 1,500+ repetitions per season, I frequently awoke at night with a strange impression: I was naked,

trapped in the cave (the boats frequently got stuck and all captains were required to wear whistles around their necks), and vainly trying to entertain my "crew." "C'mon everybody," I woke up saying more than once. "Let's sing!" Inside the black-lit wonder-cave, La Salle's skeleton would swing out on its scaffold, alchemically stripped of flesh in that great womb. And then, like that, the boat arrived back at the dock, having completed its circuit.

My conception of the ride was further altered by the fact that I was working there the year that *Apocalypse Now* was released. My endless journeys were laminated with a new layer of meaning in which I was both the assassin Captain Willard and the ostensibly savage victim at the heart of darkness, Colonel Kurtz.

Years later, the fruit of these countless ritual boat-rides manifested when, during a midnight hike in the Trinity River bottoms (perhaps LaSalle's finger-bones still idly pluck at flowering peppergrass in flooded fields) I encountered a strange group of men with spotlights engaging in dubious business in an area where human remains were frequently found. Terrified and shivering, I covered in the underbrush for hours imagining my own certain death. Since that night, I have never once dreamed of entombment in the mystery cave. As Henri Joutelle said, in the wake of LaSalle's slaughter: "--not knowing whether I should fly or stay; but at length, having neither Powder nor Shot, nor Ams, and the said Larcheveque [Joutelle's friend] giving me assurances of my Life, provided I was quiet and said Nothing, I committed myself to God's protection...without taking any Notice of what had been done."

Or, in the concluding words of every riverboat spiel: "Viva la France! We have survived!"

SOURCE

Joutel's Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage, 1962, Corinth Books, NY, NY.

EDIBILITY

CONSIDER THE HUMAN ORGANISM A FOOD-TUBE

AND, yes, TERMS OF DERISION OFTEN REFER TO EXCRETION-

END OF THE MATTER; OFTEN DESCRIBES A TERM OF

BUT, DOES THIS NECESSARILY TRAP ME IN THE BOWELS OF RESOCIALIZATION?

735

The Dar al-Hikmah Tract Society of

The Fatimid Order of the Adept Chamber of the Holy Moorish Orthodox Church
("Third Paradise")

presents

A Mail-roder Reading Course On Esotericism, Dream Initiation, & Hemp Use

I. Sijil #1: Publication No. One of the Dar al-Hikmah; concerns the history & spiritual teachings of the Fatimid Caliphs of Egypt, who were the Imams of the Hafegi-Ismaili branch of Shiite Islam. By approaching this material from a visionary position, a precious Imaginal Gnosis is uncovered, & renewed in the form of the Fatimid Order. Illustrated pamphlet, \$5.

II. Sijil #2: The Golden Chain is the only "open" text of the F.O., as it was meant for publication in an Irish zine (Radio Alamut). It concerns later Fatimid history & the last Fatimid uprising under the poet al-Umara; also gives a complete chart of initiatic connections in the Hafezi and "Assassin" lines; contains an appendix by Bro. Ira Cohen on hemp-using sufi orders in Morocco. Xerox typescript, \$2.50.

III. Sijil #3: On Dream Initiation concerns the non-master/disciple initiatic techniques of various esoteric Islamic orders, especially in the Uwaysi tradition & the path of the disciples of Khizr, the Hidden Green Prophet, the Immortal. Initiation by vision, dream, angelic encounter, "the people of the tombs", & even certain texts — by companionship rather than discipleship — "sufism without masters", so to speak. Illustrated pamphlet, \$5.

IV. Hemp-Worship in Moorish Orthodoxy and Mao Shan Taoism; introduction by Bro. Hakim Bey. The goddess Ma Ku or "Miss Hemp", her role in the Imaginal yoga of the Mao Shan School of Taoism — marijuana mysticism, initiation thru magical books, icons, visions, dreams — includes poets & texts from Taoist literature on Ma Ku, plus an authentic image for visualization or worship. Illustrated pamphlet, \$5.

Special Introductory Offer: all Four for \$15.

Also available:

"LOST/FOUND MOORISH TIME LINES in the Wilderness of North America." by Peter Lamborn Wilson. 36 pp.
An excellent introduction to the Moorish Orthodox Church, its heroes and history, its etiology and teleology. With seven pages of rare illustrations.
(excerpted from SACRED DRIFT.) \$5.

ZIGURAT
Box 25193
Rochester, NY
14625

