



MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR

VOLUME II, NUMBER 6 • Weather: casting about aimlessly.
 "Be the first on your horizon to be greeted"

EDITORIAL: Rabbi Jon-9

It is annoying to attend religious services and annoying not to. One who has had deep feelings for some organised religion finally gives up on its extant and visible self, usually after bouts of non-involvement, aggrieved attendance, and conquering indifference.

"It is the evil of the age," explains the voice of tradition; "it is the self-judgement of an illusion," comes the modern explanation. Have we really no slicker attitudes to cop than these: a sour sense of personal purity or an embittered belief in our rational integrity?

The real culprit is the whole idea of organised religion, which ought to be stacked next to military intelligence, public education & jumbo shrimp in a museum of dizziness.

How could we have believed that we could walk into any mosque/church/temple -- the spiritual equivalent of a waiting room -- and find our undiscovered and secret desires? Shame

shame shame on us for having tried to share our spirit with less care and precaution than we would ordinarily exercise in sharing our sperm.

The people with whom one can do religion are as rare as those with whom one can make love -- and not always the same persons!

Better to make religion a beautiful personal solace, like masturbation than to rely on paid priests/rabbis/imams, licensed by the state to practice unsafe spirituality and spread mental diseases, especially those which undermine the mind's natural defenses and immunities against silliness.

Anyone will tell you that religion is a private thing -- but I teach you that religion must be a secret thing! Fools, guard your dreams! The wise have none so beautiful as yours!

Therefore, Moorish Orthodoxy. Because the title is less cumbersome than Anarchopaganzen-Hebraeochrislam.

VERIAG GOLEM PRESENTS THE
unheard voice from hidden places
MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR
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Le Gros Homme de Pierre - Product
-ion

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VerIag Golem
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Editorial, ctd.

Therefore, the Magic Theatre, not for everyone! Every Moor constitutes a schism, every Moorish thought a heresy!

ONE CHURCH! ONE GOD! ONE BELIEVER! Selah.

SUBSCRIBE INSTANTLY TO THE MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR, DELIGHT OF THE INTELLIGENT AND FOR FRIENDS THE RARE GIFT! - Al Dajjal



VERSES FROM THE DIVAN OF
ATI Hossein AbulJihad al-Selah

Keep your reality! I never liked it. I've been spoiled for your stingy limits,
the world that converges on a shop window and only opens for business.
Roofless, I am richer by a sky.

Update on the Creation From Human to the First Sabbath: by Debbie the fat girl, Selah!

The laws governing human thought, the meta-syntax which underlies every language, are an abbreviation of the laws that govern Reality. Thus the Human would be a complete world in miniature, and the entire cosmos a writing

-large of the word "Human."

Accordingly the correspondences between Human and world are infinite. Each hair is the equivalent of a tree, each tear a spring, each drop of blood an ocean, the brain a cloud, the bones rocks, the buttocks valleys, &c. This would prove a fortunate resource for all poets to come.

But the Human also represents a no-man's-land, an uneasy truce between ape and angel. An experiment, a speculation. On the one hand Humans walk upright, see and fuck like the angels, on the other hand they die like animals.

God made the Human of the soil of the earth's four continents-- white ice from frozen Europe, black land from sun-smote Africa, yellow sand from the orient east, and red clay from sunset Americas. Also a spoonful of colorless dust from the site where the Temple would someday stand. Thus the Human children would be of many colors in order to successfully compete with the beauty of the earth.

The Human spirit was created on the first day -- it is the same Breath of God, the universal wind, that hovered over the waters of Chaos. This is why all peoples have some record of the Creation, although none were present.

The Human spirit possesses five powers, each of which can transport us instantly to heaven. Especially touch. The enemies of the Human race try to annul the use of these by selling us clothing destitute of wool and warmth, flavorless 'diet' foods compounded of deadly chemicals cooked in the electricity from nuclear reactors and packed in non-re-usable containers. These things, not the harmless pig and the delectable lobster, are un-kosher.

Touch is of course the most maligned because the most powerful sense. So the worshippers of lying idols try especially to make children fear their own bodies with vulgar un-erotic "sex education", and by conducting programs against imaginary "child-molesters." Thus any course of spiritual liberation must begin with the enjoyment of the senses, not their conquest. Our own bodies are the first battlefield in the true Jihad.

Adam HaRishon, the first Human, was neither male nor female, but of a sex more wonderful and rare. HaRishon was a living dictionary of physical superlatives, a giant who, even sitting, looked down on the clouds, whose massive neck supported two heads -- and HaRishon's spiritual qualities were commensurate with his personal charm; it, or perhaps more properly they, was a true prophet, with its every utterance it revealed the will of God.

God breathed Soul--Ruach--into HaRishon's body, through the nostrils, which remain the subtlest and least easily deceived of the sense-organs. Even in a televised presidential address we can all smell what's stinking.

Satan, who, before Adam HaRishon, had been the toast of the angels, disliked the Human's self-sufficient perfection. He said, rather pointedly in God's hearing,

"All it does there is sit and manipulate itself. I'm sure it's happy, but I'm bored!"

No-one likes to be thought a bore. God booted Satan out of Heaven, saying:

"O.K. Mr. art critic You like finding fault with Humanity? Good! Do it for Eternity!"

Nonetheless God realised that the Devil had a point, so he put HaRishon into a deep sleep and split it in two. He called them Man and Woman, for, God explained, "from Human were they taken. Let them live as equals in delightful conflict!" God healed the marks of division and watched from behind a tree to see what they would do.

"Now this," said God, "ought to be good!"

It became rapidly apparent that Man was going to take advantage. Pointing to his penis he claimed to have 51% -- a controlling interest -- in the entire stock of humanity. So God made the demon Lillith, to teach women rebellion and how to do without men.

Which raises the subject of Homosexuality, which, like the nipples on men, is a trace of the original androgyny. Homosexuals are souls which have "strayed towards perfection" -- which accounts for their their spiritual and artistic aptitudes, as well as a certain degree of prissiness.

Again, it is God's nature to unite, not separate, and the "division" which involved Humans in the world is



FALLEN MAN

more apparent than real. Men are as (1) more womanly, and women more masculine than either will now admit.

The situation between Man & Woman degenerated. Arguments arose. When the woman complained that she wanted to be on top some of the time, the man, as a "show of force" invented the plough and gouged the garden into a furrowed field. Work entered the world. Paradise turned into a farm and was lost. To explain the Fall, the man circulated the story that woman had caused it by stealing from his orchard. This was the first slander and the beginning of History. The Human came to life at dawn on the sixth day; Man and Women, Adam and Eve, exiled themselves at noon, the hour of Decision. Then, as now they could easily have found their way back had they not been exhausted from work and arguing.

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Guide to genesis of Magical Judaism. 1\$ also by J. Robbins.

History and Catechism of the Moorish Orthodox Church of America 1\$ (excepted in this issue -)

- all prices include postage -

**MONITOR SPARKS CONVERSION MANIA
NYC (Spring 1987; Moorish Press
Agency Release):**

The first new-run issue of the Moorish Science Monitor (Vol. 2, No. 5), with its announcement of a new Moorish membership drive has sparked off an unprecedented wave of conversions to the Church.

The obvious reason for this event ("Expect a miracle!" as they say in televangelist circles) was unknown to the Manhattan Hierarchy when they decided to revive the Monitor--namely that 1986 was the centennial year of the birth of Noble Drew Ali! Unknown to the editors, the baraka was flowing fast & thick as musk oil last year--& when they tapped into it, catechumens began popping out of the woodwork everywhere.

In Willimantic CT, M. Zeising of the Lysander Spooner Collective converted under the name Rev. Fabio Tsing Yun Eskimo, Moorish Vicar of the town, & thanks to his influence in the local anarchist community he soon had a congregation of about a dozen. Hakim Bey, Bishop Exilarch of the Adept Chamber, paid a pastoral visit, & found the locals like a virulent patch of vibrant disorderly weeds smirching the golf-course perfection of Connecticut, an otherwise despicable state.

In Manhattan another Celtic Anarch, M. Sullivan of the John Henry Mackay Society, proclaimed himself Moorish Castellan of the belvedere weather tower, which was declared an Autonomous Zone by subversive



"They get no sympathy from me! I told them to subscribe to the Monitor! It was only 1\$ per issue!"



Powerful Djinn in the service of Moorish Orthodoxy -- kids! this could be you!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

elements in Spring of '85, & has now extended his sway over the whole of Central Park under the name Sri Anamananda ("No Name").

In New Mexico "Mountain Lake Bey" has set up as Marshall of the Moorish American Air Force of the Rio Grande. In "real life" Nathaniel Tarn is a highly respected poet, and even had the honor as a youth of being purged from the Surrealist Movement by André Breton himself. In a recent letter the Marshall claims to have found a Spitfire MK 11A from the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight on sale at the "bazaar of a friendly power" & acquired it as "C.-in-C.'s MAAF imperial and propelled steed for the Rio Grande sector...may the Winged Heart triumph!"

In Williamsburg Brooklyn a proposal has been made to open a M.O.C. temple to deal with the possible local floods of converts. Jim Fleming, managing editor of Semiotext(e) and long-time political activist, founder of AUTONOMEDIA, Ac., is the new Imam there, but temple plans have been delayed by attempts on the part of infidel city authorities to evict Williamsburg artists from their lofts.

A Moorish American Youth Wing has been formed by 2nd generation Moors in Manhattan, sons of the Imam of the City Atif Hussein al-Camaysar. An emphasis on martial arts (esp. kendo) is planned. This could lead to great things! Kids, for more information write to Simoom ibn Hussein c/o the MONITOR.

In Providence the Moorish Temple of Dagon & Sabbatai Sevil Memorial School of Magical Judaism has been formed under the guidance of Jacob Rabinowitz, editor of this issue of the MONITOR. Another group in Providence has affiliated with the Church as well, the Si Fan Society under its local capo, known as "the Grim Reaper." The Si Fan, thinly fictionalised by Sax Rohmer in his Fu Manchu series, is an international conspiracy of Chinese tongs, Thuggees, Assassins &c. dedicated to overthrow of Western Civilization.

In Deal NJ--one of that State's sacred cities, --a small group of converts has been heard from under the code-name "Turkish Radio." In Bombay the Church is represented by Jamal Meek a.k.a. "Ideal Boy," a leading devotee of the late great Aga tafi of Har

of Harpocrates, Egypt who is James Koehline artist of the Axe Str city, international


We have another ivity in Illinois with the of the fabulous Science Fict Philip José Farmer, under the or "Dog's Foot", a humble mon-is deacon of the first Moorish & Health of Peoria. All of Far-required dogmatic reading in the UNREASONING MASK, his sufi-sci-fi the physicist Nick Herbert, author also converted. & provided us with a of "high" science. His MOC name is Jabir 'abd al-Khalia.

Most recently the East coast Moors re-established contact with one of their oldest comrades, Ali Yazid (Steve Scully), who now lives in Ukiah California, where he is head of the local clench of the Church of the Church of the SubGenius. In a New Year's meeting at the Brooklyn Temple it was decided to establish a formal link between the MOC and the SubGenii through the Ukiah link. More on this as it develops.

The Church Hierarchy has frankly been stunned by this explosion of enthusiasm, which has left it unprepared to deal with the flood of correspondence, passport issuances, and the like stemming from the Jubilee Year Miracle. Nevertheless it is a joyful confusion, as when the Prophet Muhammed prayed:

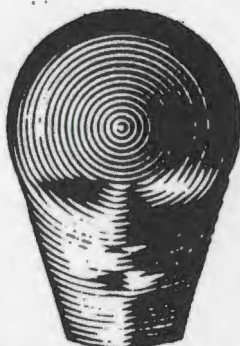
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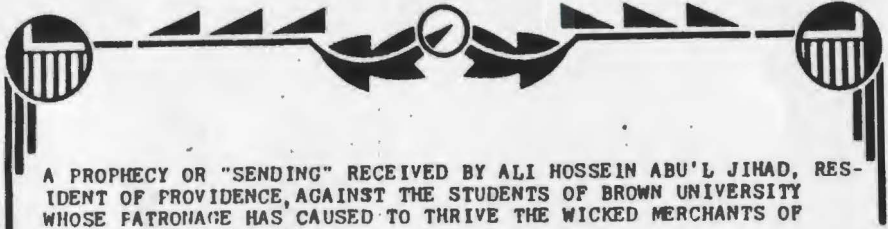
"Oh Lord, increase my amazement!" For old-timers these events have come as confirmation that Moorish Science belongs to no one group or generation, & that Noble Drew had more than a message, he had a presence which still "pervades the aether" & influences worldly affairs. Even his photograph works marvels of instant faith. A new era for the Church begins!

A
PROPHET



IN
PROVIDENCE





A PROPHECY OR "SENDING" RECEIVED BY ALI HOSSEIN ABU'L JIHAD, RESIDENT OF PROVIDENCE, AGAINST THE STUDENTS OF BROWN UNIVERSITY WHOSE PATRONAGE HAS CAUSED TO THRIVE THE WICKED MERCHANTS OF THAYER STREET, SELAH!

Will you sell yourself to lawschool, take a mortgage on your head?

By the time you repossess your mind your spirit will be dead,

as an anorexic Workie on the jogging path of life, making payments on the co-op with your fulltime-working wife,

two-point-five demonic children whom the devil has possessed --you don't care about their souls, you just don't want them having sex.

But they'll grow up sons of thunder and the daughters of the storm that will blow away the system built on bureaucratic forms,

they're not buying any future disconnected from the past, this prosperity of paper that was never meant to last.

Yes, your kids'll paint graffiti on your tombstones, they'll have writ; we're not greedy, we're not grateful, for their money -- which was shit.



CATECHISM
of the
MOORISH ORTHODOX CHURCH
OF AMERICA

What is Moorish Orthodoxy? What is its "Catechism"? Many people have converted to Moorish Orthodoxy simply on hearing its name or seeing the photograph of Noble Drew Ali (frontispiece of the Circle Seven Koran, cover of this volume) -- later, however, they may wish to learn something of Moorish doctrine.

In effect, there is none. Moorish Orthodoxy is like a mirror in which each seeker beholds a beloved form, each one different. We have no required ritual and no source of authority other than those the individual imagination provides. We do however perhaps share a certain "taste" or spiritual aesthetic.

Moorish Orthodoxy was founded originally to explore the esoteric dimensions of Noble Drew's teachings, discovered in such passages from the Circle Seven Koran as these:



"Now cease to seek for heaven in the sky;
Just open up the windows of your hearts and,
like a flood of light, a heaven will come
and bring a boundless joy."

"By the sweet breath of Allah all life is
bound in one; so if you touch a fiber of
a living thing you send a thrill from
center to the outer bounds of life."

"You are, each one, a priest, just for
yourself."

"Allah and men are one."

"When man has conquered every foe upon the
plane of soul the seed will have full
opened out, will have unfolded in the
Holy Breath. The garb of soul will then
have served its purpose well, and man will
need it never more...and man will then at-
tain unto the blessedness of perfectness
and at one with Allah."

"I (Jesus) brought immortality to light
and painted on the walls of time a rain-
bow for the sons of men; and what I did
all men shall do."



The antinomian and egalitarian aspects of lines like these have reinforced our position, in relation to all organized religion, of hereby; in relation to all liberatory teachings and beautiful imaginings we take up a posture of tolerance and interest, a sort of "rootless cosmopolitanism" that seeks out universal spirit hidden anywhere and everywhere, revealed in all cultures, always occult and dissident, an "Invisible College" embracing East and West but rejecting all official stultifying Consensus Reality. A Moor might belong to any religion or none, "free either to take up a form or not take up a form... not bound by any. Forms are for use, not to make captives" (Hasrat Inayat Khan).

The idea of an American heretical Islam is one such form. We appreciate the aesthetic of Moorish Science, of Noble Drew's unique and prophetic mixture of Afro-American, Native American, Magical, Oriental and Moorish symbolism and imagery. We admire his courage, his martyrdom, his revolutionary stance against "Pharaoh", his Americanizing of the prophetic spirit (he always wore a Cherokee feather in his fez). We reflect this aesthetic in our lives and creative work. But we are not bound by it. Like certain esoteric Javanese sects we reject the figure of the Master (guru or murshed) in favor of that of the teacher. Anyone can be a teacher in relation to someone; everyone has something to teach, something to learn.

To symbolize this attitude, all Moors are encouraged to create new names and titles for themselves. The Moorish Hierarchy is self-appointed; anyone is free to print Passports, although the old

Manhattan Lodge possesses certain seals and procedures which converts may appreciate. Popular titles include: Moorish Governor, Metropolitan, Deacon, Vicar, Exilarch, Imam, Castellian, Papesea, Conteeea, Marshall or just plain Reverend. Moorish Science Temple adherents often add "Bey" or "El" to their names as titles, and certain M.O.C. members follow this custom. Some take Islamic-sounding names, others favor other traditions, and some use their own names. All Moors are entitled to titles, however, since all Moors have "authority".

The Moorish Orthodox Catechism, then, consists of no rules or dogmas, but only of adherence to the "Five Pillars" of Moorish Science as listed by Noble Drew:

LOVE
TRUTH
PEACE
FREEDOM
JUSTICE

to which we add a sixth, "Beauty".



THE VIA MAURA AS PRACTICED
BY ADEPTS OF THE SARRATAI
SEVI MEMORIAL SCHOOL OF MAG-
ICAL JIHADISM IN PROVIDENCE
-by Jacob Rabinowitz

Endarkenment. A deliberate op-
position to the spread of 'prog-
ress' and 'enlightenment.' An at-
tempt to undo the shocking losses
inflicted on the soul by clear
and rational thinking.

Our means, the basic, irreduc-
ible unit of our Fellowship
of Ignorance, the SEANCE. On
dates chosen at random we meet
in the rooms of a sister or
brother and a PHILOSOPHIC SEA-
NCE is held.

We read the Fatihah, turn out
the lights, and hit each other
with chairs, until one or more
members make a convulsive break-
through sometimes called the
Crack of Dawn, and so consummate
Endarkenment.

A brother or sister so dubbed
into the order is said to be
benighted, and is relieved of any
valuables on her/his person, also
of any restrictive clothing that
might interfere with the flow of
earth energies or fit another, con-
scious, member.

We have no program. It would go
against the nature of Endarkenment
to be "for" anything. We are, how-
ever, against:

digital watches, pasteurized milk,
standardized spelling, daylight
savings time, the Julian calendar,
the metric system, taxation, &c.

Our liturgy is that of a Cargo
Cult. A designated rooftop becomes
a sacred landing field where we meet
to make female airplane noises (a
hoarse but agreeable moaning,) so
as to lure supply planes from the
sky. This does not work.

Due to the inconsiderable size
of our membership, (1), we have
organized a vast theocratic bur-
eaucracy to deal with things' and
supervise nine grades of Cargo-
Initiation, from Surface Mail, all
the way up through Cargo, Supercargo,
and--the highest grade we confer--

parcel post. High office within
the cult is routinely awarded in
return for sexual favors.

We have no "gods" properly speak-
ing, though we revere Louis the
13th ("the least efficient of French
kings"), Noble Drew Ali and Ima Sumac
as saints and intercessors. We are
currently negotiating to purchase
Miss Sumac from her recording co.
in return for what sources have
described as a "...very considerable
sum..." of cowrie shells and brightly
colored beads.

If you, or someone you care for,
is interested in becoming a member
of the Endarkenment--or "Just find-
ing out a bit more--" please abandon
this idea at once.





Having read this far you have clearly achieved at least the first grade of Endarkenment and it is thus lawful to unfold the initial phase of our program: Educational Endarkenment.

Most academic pursuits are, from our point of view, essentially harmless. In Geology, Astronomy and the like, one forgets everything shortly after an examination, and so incurs no lasting harm.

My own field, Classics, does not share this advantage. What one learns there tends to remain, and I find myself becoming like a jackass laden with books, unable to shake off the burden, avenging myself, only now and then, with a well aimed kick.

My brain becomes like an overstuffed attic, filled with the broken furniture of former times. There I sit, crosslegged in the dust, reading through old copies of Amazing Stories, or digging through trunks of old clothes. Having tried on all the hats, my trousers ghostly with dust, I think of inviting others up -- to play. The purpose of this article.

One evening as I was studying the Republic, and my soul communed with that of Plato--our pure twin spirits hovering in mid aether, crosspollinating with the tips of their wings, I was rapt into the highest Elysium of Philosophy. So I thought.

It later became apparent that what I assumed to be the geist of Plato was some inferior donna, who wafted me up into NINNYHEIM, the home of the ninny's.

To be sure there were many famous

persons there, and scholars, as well as incompetent angels, and stupid cupids, red-faced and out of breath, their tiny wings scarce adequate to lift their chubby bods. I felt instantly at home.

Everyone there believes that they created Ninnyheim, and that the others are present only through gracious indulgence.

As Plato, (arguably the greatest ninny in the whole helm,) explained, "I built Ninnyheim, myself. Out of clouds!"

But the nation of ninny's are exceeding altruistic, & I was continually overwhelmed with offers of assistance--though of course the help these creatures lavish is far worse than no help at all. It was agreed on the spot that they would help me with my spiritual quest, and, as I have never had the heart to send them away, I may, even in the lofty offices of the Sabbatai Sevi Memorial School of Magical Judaism, still be in Ninnyheim. Technically, I may, for all my Mirhaj, be but a Ninny.

With the spiritual assistance of my new friends I founded the Endarkenment and became able to formulate these insights into the Degenerative Trend in History, the essential supposition of Educational Endarkenment.

Have you ever taken an examination in history, writing down what you knew to be correct answers, only to find, when your paper was returned, that they were no longer correct? The evidence of this universal experience points to one conclusion. History has changed, subtly shifted in the interval. This explains why it is constantly needful to write new textbooks for a subject which is presumably static.

History flows. It is a sort of sluggish liquid, a gel, a vast and disquieting marmalade of events that constantly threatens to slip from your textbook, as though from an overloaded english muffin, and stain your tie.

We can assume that originally a book like the Bible appeared among men in the likeness of the New York Times, with photographs, letters to the editor, Ac. Gradually the photos degenerated into woodcuts, statistics gave way to fabulous stories, and the text was perfected. It may well be desirable to accelerate the process of the Bible's maturation by exposing it to heat, even to the point of burning it and writing it over, like Debbie the Fat Girl whose findings appear earlier in this issue.

If you could live long enough then, you might find that you had become the hero of an epic, or discover that your third grade report card was now a masterpiece of literature.

"But what of unwritten literature, the lost history of Africa?" prompts the demon at my side.

This is an unique case. Our only evidence comes from the musical heritage, fortunately preserved for us because the slaves brought with them their extensive record collections. The ignorant slavers assumed that the black and shining vinyl discs were some form of primitive money, and fixed an exchange rate, which accounts for the exorbitant prices of records today.

We must assume that the degenerative trend will act upon these best of documents as well--and that someday Science will discover in old Blues records symphonies subtler than Europe ever produced.

The bud opens into a red rose,
the nightingale is drunk for joy---
Hell, seekers! Lovers of wine;
wine for a thirsty world
like a slug under
the rock of repentance...
a rock smashed by a mere goblet---
and that is the announcement, the Miracle

Wine for the king! Wine for the slave!
this banquet was set for everyone,
drunk or sober, and when
the Feast is over and Night grows up,
and the inside door of the Tavern springs
open,
Low and High together will bow down
under the Arch of the World
to meet what...outside?

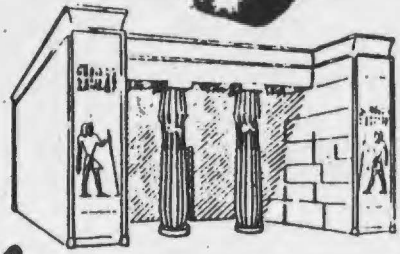
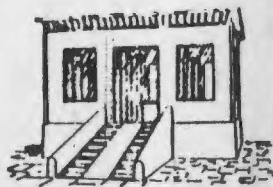
— Hafes Shira

THE SOUNDS OF MOORISH ORTHODOXY!

The Lord of Indonesia, a.k.a., Supreme Potentate of Love, has prepared cassette anthologies of obtainable music and collaged together under conditions of dangerous liberty beneath the Jolly Roger of a Moorish Free Zone. 5\$ per cassette, includes postage & handling. Order your anthology of:
1) Lunar Music; 2) Sounds of Holy War; 3) Sexual Heresy. Money back if not ecstatic.

4/o this issue.





*I want to tell you of my love
but can find no Hidden place to do it in—
or, if I find the place, my rival is there ahead.
Or, if at last I find a place
and you there alone,
Alas! it is myself who is lost now —
I faded away entire.*

—Aeon

Find a Hidden place—The Moorish (Orthodox) Church