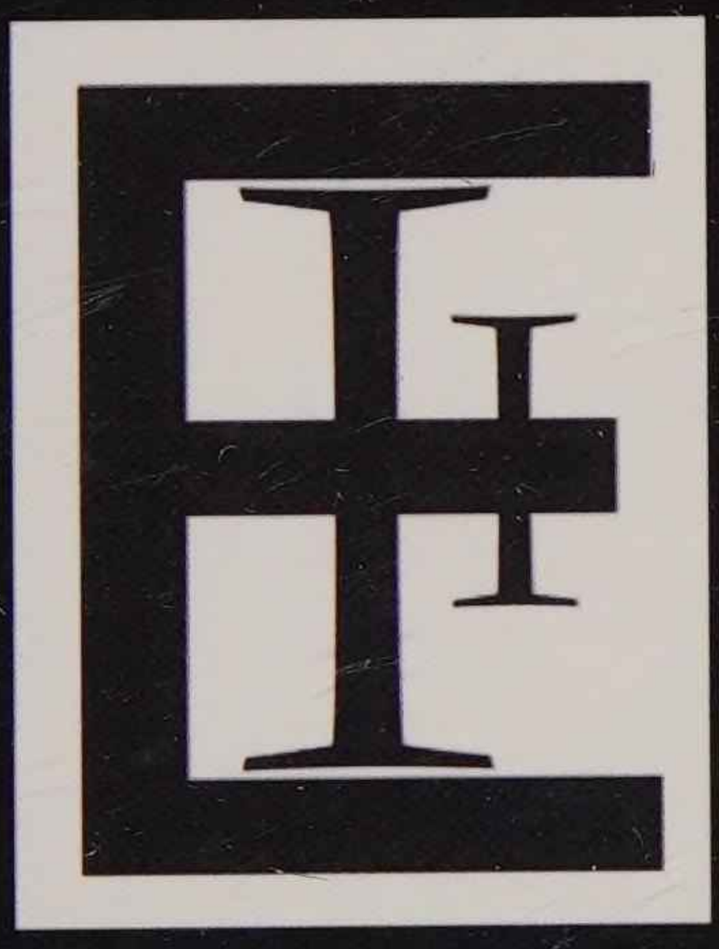
THE BIG BLACK BOOK



Become Who You Are—
There Are No Guarantees

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
& Friends

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The BIG Black Book

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THE BIG BLACK BOOK

Become Who You Are—There Are No Guarantees

by

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
and Friends

The *Original* Falcon Press
Tempe, Arizona, U.S.A.

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International Standard Book Number: 978-1-935150-77-0
ISBN: 978-1-61869-770-7 (mobi)
ISBN: 978-1-61869-771-4 (epub)
Library of Congress Control Number: 2019953006

First Edition 2020
First eBook Edition 2020

Originally published as 8 booklets

Address all inquiries to:
The Original Falcon Press
1753 East Broadway Road #101-277
Tempe, AZ 85282 U.S.A.
(or)
PO Box 3540
Silver Springs NV 89429 U.S.A.
website: http://www.originalfalcon.com
email: info@originalfalcon.com

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Introduction

by Nicholas Tharcher

When Dr. Hyatt first proposed *The Black Books* circa 2002[1], I thought it a brilliant idea. He has always been an "elitist"—though it continues to amaze me that many readers of his books cannot seem to get that simple fact through their heads—and this would be a great opportunity to publish more of his most radical ideas.

He was always interested in that small percentage of *homo sapiens* at the extreme ends of the bell-shaped curve—certainly, those who have already accomplished something notable with their lives; but even more, those who have the *potential* to be independent and truly free humans, despite having been damaged by the rigors of living in the insane world of *homo normalis*—those who recognize that their lives are their own to do with as they will, and do not whine about how much the world "owes them." (And as clearly as he has said so in numerous books, it's astonishing how many people have written to him *demanding* that he provide help simply *because*…) So, if you are one of those who are still looking for that big tit in the sky, who believe that you have a claim on others just "because," get this straight: YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE!

Become who you are—
There are no guarantees

If you are a "Mutant"—as Dr. Hyatt refers to that small percentage of humanoids who appear to have a working brain—hopefully you've figured out the nature and purpose of *The Black Book* and the Extreme

---

[1] The first five sections of this *Big Black Book* were written between 2003 and 2008 and originally published as six booklets so each part could be released as it was finished. (*Black Book Volume III, Galt's Ark—The Black Symphony* was published in two parts.) *Black Book Omega: Cirque Apokálypsis* was created by Joseph Matheny in 2009, a year after Hyatt's death. *Black Book Volume VI: The Yoga of Hate* was written in 2007, but was not released until 2015.

Individual Institute™. (On the other hand, if you're a Mute or an Anti-Mutant—as are the vast majority of the humanoids on this wretched planet—what the hell are you doing here? You're wasting your time—and ours.)

Some Contributors

Some of the many contributors to *The Big Black Book* prefer to remain anonymous, but those who do not include:

Antero Alli is an underground filmmaker and director of ParaTheatrical ReSearch. He also manages to maintain a private astrological practice in his spare time. He is the author of *Angel Tech: A Modern Shaman's Guide to Reality Selection*; *A Modern Shaman's Guide to a Pregnant Universe* (with C.S. Hyatt); and *The Akashic Record Player,* among many other works.

S. Jason Black was a professional writer and artist and a life-long student and practitioner of Magic and Tantra. He worked as a professional psychic, much sought after for his accuracy. He co-authored *Urban Voodoo: A Beginner's Guide to Afro-Caribbean Magic* and *Pacts with the Devil: A Chronicle of Sex, Blasphemy & Liberation* with C.S. Hyatt. He also served as Cabin Boy on a trip from Los Angeles to Hawaii on Hyatt's sailboat, *Powderhorn Puff.*

Calvin Iwema is a psychological counselor, hypnotherapist, corporate consultant and the co-author of *Energized Hypnosis: A Non-Book for Self-Change* (with C.S. Hyatt). He enjoys expanding perspectives, increasing personal power, and assisting human monkeys in self-reprogramming. On occasion he works with individuals on their personal and spiritual growth in a similar manner to his late teacher. He resides in the Chicago suburbs and enjoys music and mixology.

Crag Jensen, aka Craig Steven Quiter, aka Zehm Aloim, is a musician and songwriter who has contributed to many of Falcon's audios and videos. He is also the creator of *The Psychopath's Lullaby.*

Joseph Matheny is an author and techowhiz *extraordinaire*. Among his many accomplishments, he wrote and developed the highly successful *Ong's Hat: The Beginning* and *The Incunabula Papers: Ong's Hat and Other Gateways to New Dimensions;* has developed a number of computer "games"; and is one of the people responsible for the development of the well-known "Portable Document Format"

(pdf) for document interchange between computers. On top of that, he was one of the people who developed much of the "guts" of the recording, playback and interactivity of DVD.

MobiusFrame was born between urine and feces, to a room full of strangers. Eventually he was fortunate enough to meet and study under Dr. Hyatt who trained him in the old ways, and Nick Tharcher who holds him to them. He went on to become a psychiatrist, and trainer of monkeys. He resides in a web of bucolic serenity and practices what he was taught, but rarely deigns to teach others.

Nick Pell is the founder of the Esozone event and the defunct occulture website Key 64, was an editor of "The Magician's Reflection", and has been a student of the Hyatt Method for several years. Eschewing the religious dogma and mental slack that dominate the occult landscape, Pell has carved a niche for himself as a hard-nosed, evidence-based practitioner of modern Tantra. He calls his take on the Hyatt Method "Motherfucker Tantra", and works with Tarot as psychological archetypes. Pell lives somewhere in the Pacific Northwest where he is a relatively invisible prole.

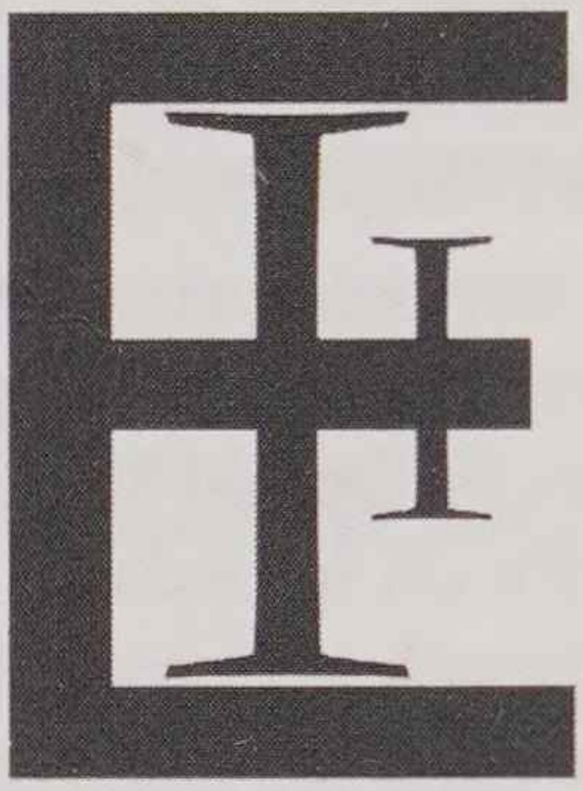
Stan Slaughter worked with Falcon Press in its earliest days, creating the covers for many books as well as the interior graphics for Israel Regardie's *The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic* and other works. He was also a remarkable ballet skier.

Father Daniel Suders' "Fourteen Steps" was first published in *Rebels & Devils: The Psychology of Liberation* (edited by C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D., Falcon Press). Suders was an ordained clergyman active in the Episcopal church and a bartender who worked in some of the sleaziest bars in Hollywood. His customers ranged from bikers-poets to hookers and hustlers to sociopaths, most of whom have done time.

Wes Unruh is an author who lives in upstate New York, spending his days plotting unspeakable acts designed to immanetize the eschaton. He is co-author, editor and publisher of *The Art of Memetics.*

P. Emerson Williams is an artist/musician who works in a bat-cave built into a sweltering Florida bungalow. His discography spans over twenty years and five bands and his art has appeared in magazines and books all over the world.

Jack Willis was a chiropractor and long-time associate of C.S. Hyatt. He practiced Reichian Therapy in California.



The symbol you see was that of the "Extreme Individual Institute". Now that Dr. Hyatt is gone, the Institute is no more. Beware those who would assert otherwise! Beware the institutes and foundations and any other organization that purports to teach what Dr. Hyatt taught. Only Hyatt was Hyatt. No one else is, or can be.

The goal of the institute was simple: to assist extreme individuals to Become Who They Are.

This work was for that 10% of marginal people who desire to become greater than they are now. It was not a forum for discussion or argument.

The methods of the Institute were simple: "work" in the arena of the obvious as well as the sublime. However, Dr. Hyatt was only concerned with results and not moralisms—what a person does with his power is his business.

Work was done individually via both personal contact and the internet, plus a yearly coming together done either in the physical or online. There was a strict entrance exam and monthly payments were required for the operation of the Institute.

— Nicholas Tharcher

PART I:
PRINCIPLES OF
EXTREME LIVING

by

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Illustrated by

S. Jason Black,

Jonathan Sellers &

MobiusFrame

Dedicated to Dave B on His 33rd Birthday
and with Warm Regards to Jon Sellers

Death is an Absolute, Life is Conditional

All too many people are corks on the sea of life. They don't live life, they are lived by life.

The Extreme Individual Institute is dedicated to the proposition that many people can become creations of their own will for life.

Look at young children: they live life in wonder, excitement and joy. Our initial wonder, excitement and joy is defiled by parents and teachers.

The giggle must become the polite laugh, the fun must be only when appropriate, the spontaneity must be torn from our breast. Joy is replaced by drudgery and individuality surrendered to the social collective. Thus is life passed in stupidity.

As adults we cannot begin anew, but we can take a solemn oath to recapture as much as possible of that joy, wonder and power we were born with.

To exist is easy—to live is an accomplishment.

We dedicate this book to the those among you who are willing to live the full life.

We invite you to join with us in a journey into the wonder of life. To those we say: seas however high and a bountiful journey.

Become Who You Are—
There Are No Guarantees

The First and Only Commandment

First and foremost seek your own welfare—your own enlightenment.

This Is It!

Most people don't think, they simply repeat what they have been told. They substitute belief for argument and prejudice for thinking. Accept nothing that someone tells you unless it is provable—most people don't think—they have random thoughts and live like zombies.

All assertions of infallible knowledge are false. Your own knowledge is your only guide —you need no one's permission to be stupid or smart.

In fact, there is no one to give you permission. The first great error is believing there is someone who can.

There is no one to protect and preserve you—simply no one.

And if you don't want to follow this commandment, there is no one who cares.

Life is all too short when it is enjoyed; life is all too long when it is suffered.

Keep in mind that what we are presenting is not for hair-splitters; that means psychoanalytical institutes or castrated academics who need to consult the oracle before they can make a move… We are writing for people of action who do not require 100% proofs or guarantees.

Become who you are—
There are no guarantees

The Four Noble Truths



All is stupidity …

The cause of stupidity is the structure of the human brain… It is the brain of the slave and not that of a self-determined being. Human beings are their own enemies.

The cure is *brain-change willed.*

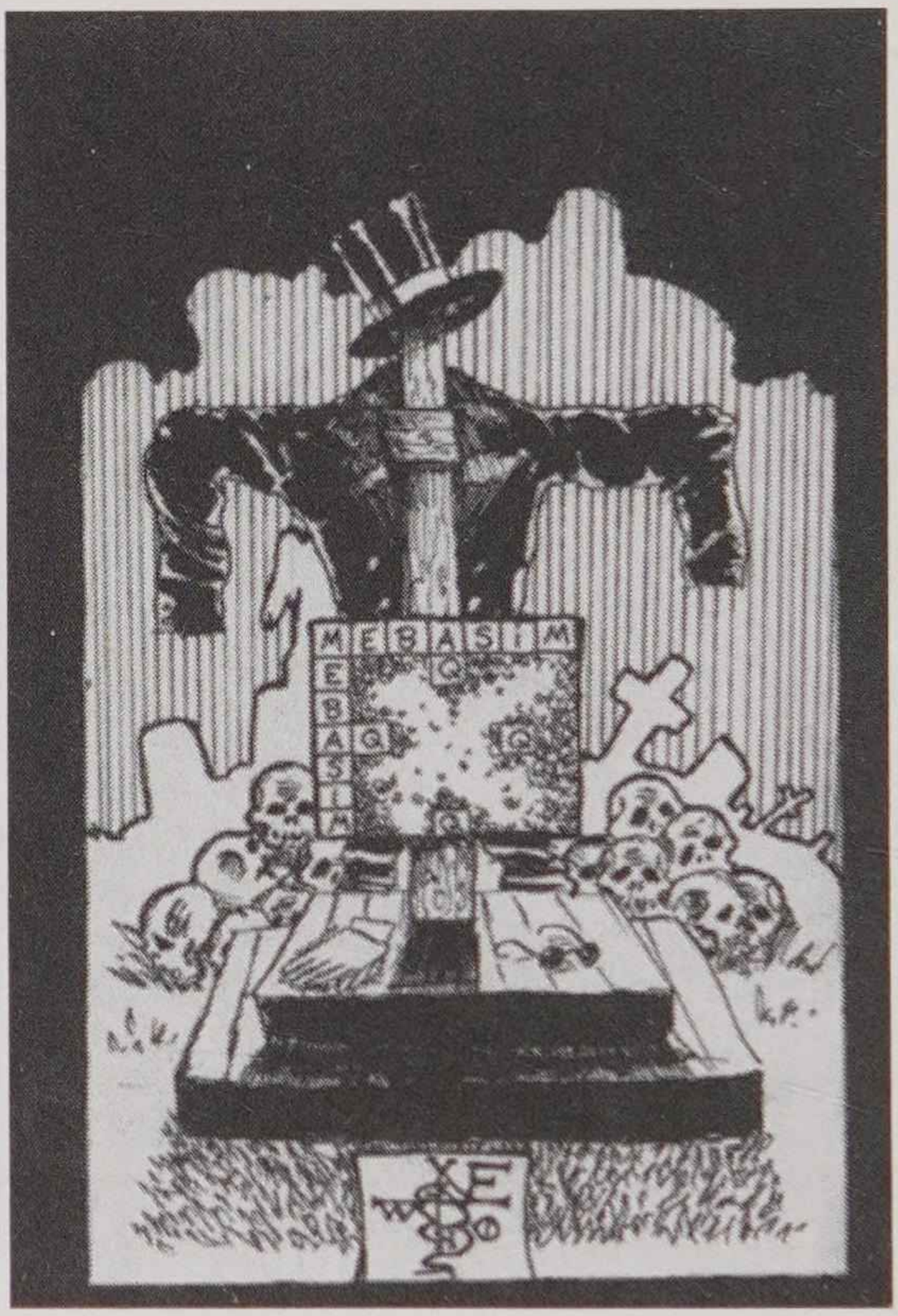
If you are capable—stand above and beyond the outcry of the fool. Just say no—to stupidity.

The method is the eight-fold path.

Become who you are—
There are no guarantees

THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH

RIGHT UNDERSTANDING



Do no harm to anyone unless it is necessary—it is dirty work and time consuming—be swift—Annihilate Karma.

Do not steal from others, Teach them to give you what you want.

Sex is pleasurable—however it has been turned into sorrow. Lust is the result of culture and childhood. Lust is not proof of your value. It is proof of your being owned.

Do not lie unless it is beneficial to you.

Do not make up stories—unless you can sell them.

Do not use mean language—unless it is called for...and then be devastating.

Do not say more than is necessary—unless you are being paid.

Do not preoccupy yourself with other's toys unless you can convince them to give them to you.

Do not bear ill will—just do it and get it over with.

Avoid wrong views such as altruism and collective religion. All that keeps you safe is you—your wishes will not save you, only reality can do that.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES



© 2002 Jonathan Sellers

RIGHT MINDEDNESS



Avoid all obsessions.

Anxiety is a tool for learning about your own weakness.

Guilt is the acid of life—if you think you are guilty of something either correct it or forget it.

Don't harbor thoughts of ill will. Do them or drop them.

Do not obsess over thoughts of revenge; just take your revenge when the time is right.

Keep away from life wasters—cultivate yourself.

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RIGHT SPEECH



Avoid lying unless it is to your advantage and you will not get caught.

Avoid making up stories about yourself or others unless they increase your power.

Be gentle and kind until it is time to be mean—and then strike with no mercy.

Avoid mindless talk. Be mindful of your words and note their effects.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES

Right Action



Be sympathetic concerning the welfare of others as long as it benefits you. Do no harm unless absolutely necessary—then be a vampire. This requires patience and skill.

Take nothing from anyone, let them give it to you… Put them in your debt… Only take if you have been taken and then take everything.

Avoid sexual relations with idiots, morons and the severely emotionally disturbed. If you do not abstain, disappear as quickly as possible. Do not get emotionally involved with them.

You are better off masturbating… Most relationships are simply diversions from facing the void.

In order to say "I love you" you must first have an "I." Few do.

Always act like you are a person on an expense account.

Become who you are—
There are no guarantees

RIGHT LIVING



Discipline your life.

Go above and beyond the smiling, sneering monkey called your neighbor.

Keep your Honor and your integrity—keep clean—avoid clutter.

Avoid owning useless things.

Set your own goals and then go after them. Goals are chosen. Use them to serve you and do not become the slave of your goals. When conditions change, your goals can also change.

Eat right, exercise, keep away from losers.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES

RIGHT EFFORT



Avoid stupid people and ideas… If an idea doesn't make sense, throw it out. If a technique doesn't work, flush it.

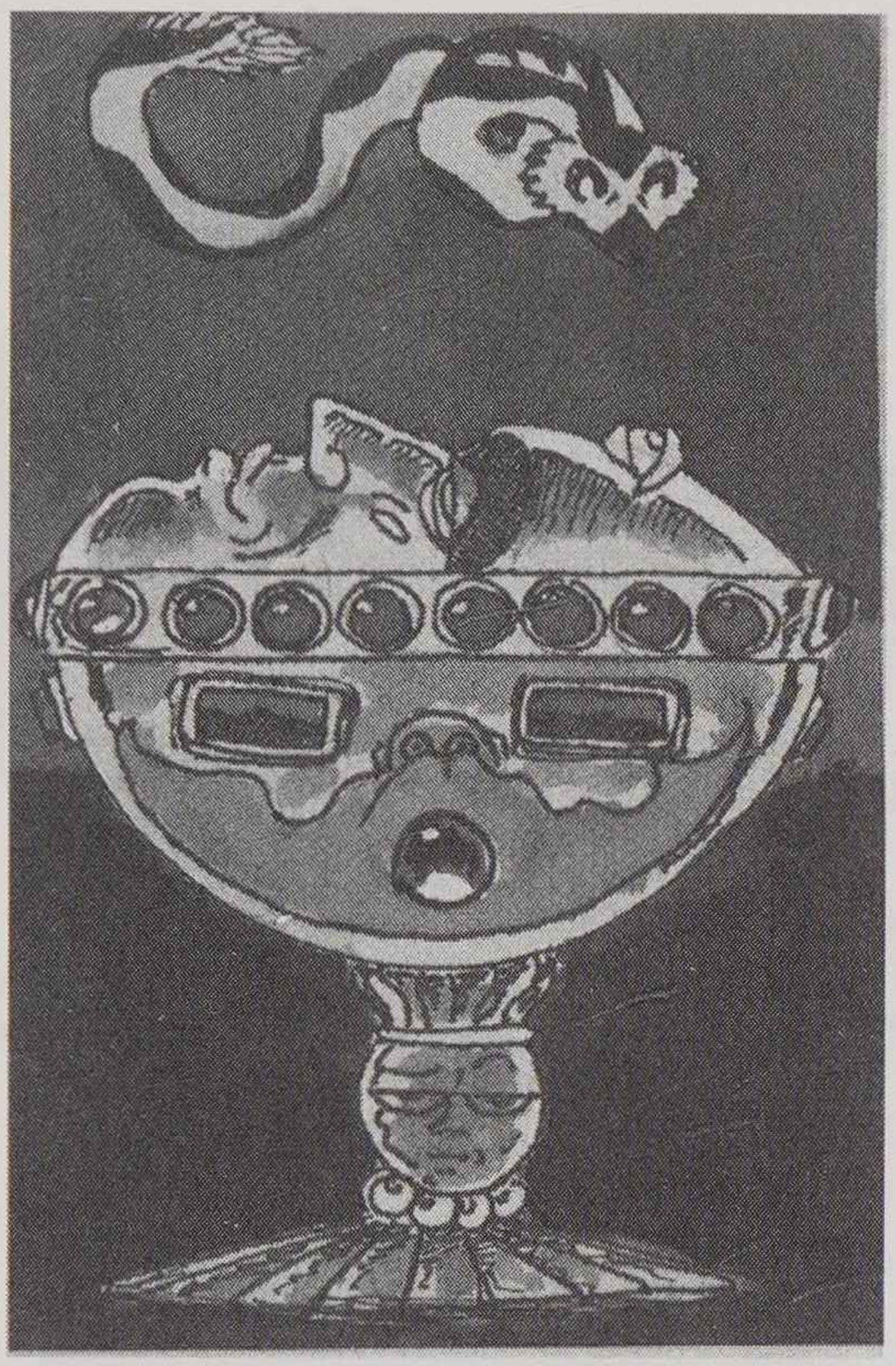
Overcome failure and mistakes. Cut your losses—learn without self abuse.

Maintain your status but be subtle. Make yourself into a piece of art, but do not be ostentatious… Do not lower yourself for anyone or anything unless there is a great gain.

Loyalty to yourself is essential. Loyalty to a profession, a job, a company or a teacher is secondary.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES

Right Attentiveness



Attend to your body.

Attend to your feelings.

Attend to your mind.

Attend to your surroundings.

Attend to your benefit.

Set and seek your own goals.

Attend to your own enjoyment. If others also enjoy, that is a benefit; but your own enjoyment and gain is the objective.

Become who you are—
There are no guarantees

Right Concentration



Stay focused on your goals.

Do not get lost in possessiveness—learn to let go of junk. Sell it at a profit or sell it at a loss, but don't stay on a train going in the wrong direction.

Treat life like a poker game. Luck only counts when it is mixed with the utmost focus and skill.

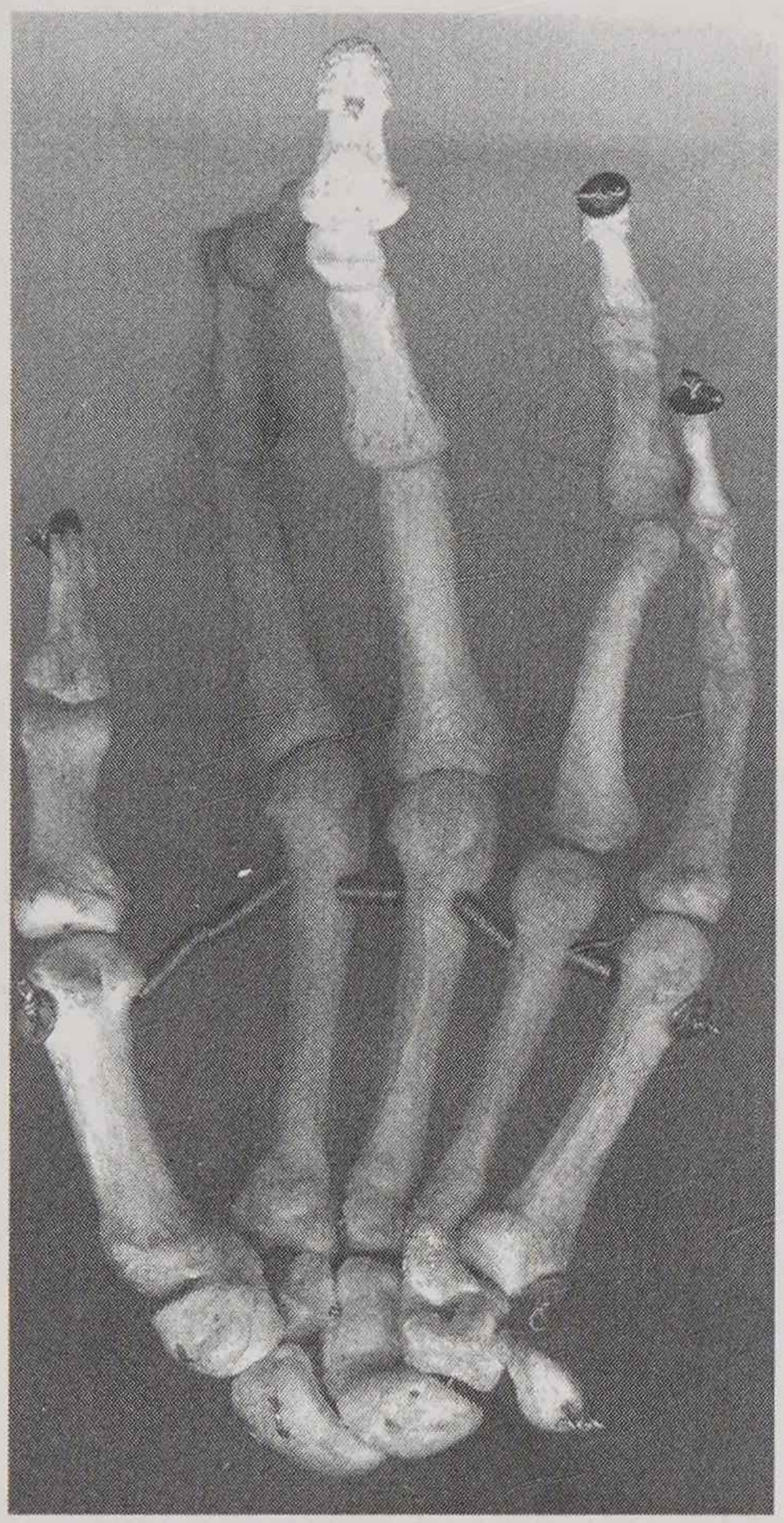
An unfocused thought is a contradiction in terms.

Death is defined as brain death. If you are not thinking clearly, you are the walking dead, a zombie.

Become who you are—

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But Just in Case You Missed the Point



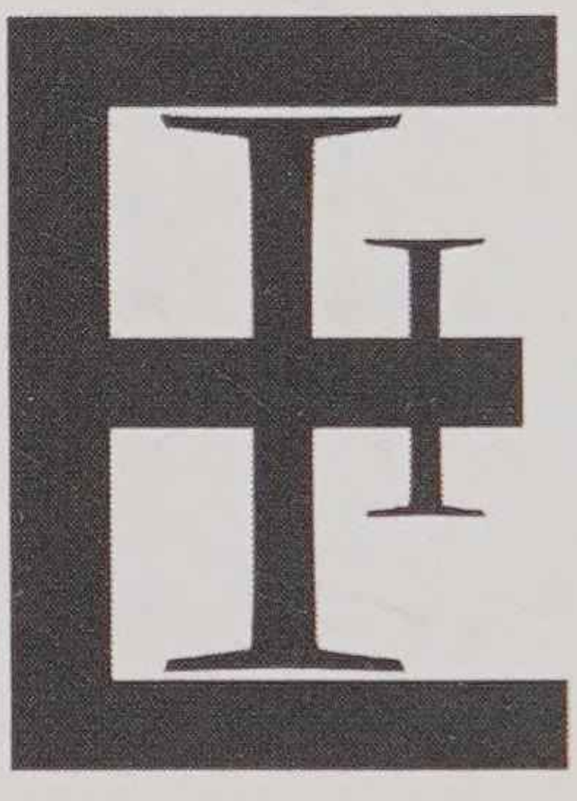
In the face of death, decay and disease, we quote Silenus: "What is best for human beings is utterly unattainable: not to have been born, not to be, to be nothing. But the second best is to die soon."

If you are reading this we offer our condolences and our best wishes for a successful future.

But you are here—now—so—

Live life as a journey of personal pleasure. When it is time for it to end you should be able to look back with a smile. If you know that you are to die one hour from now and you can not review your life with pride and satisfaction, then you have changes to make. No choice is without cost, but the highest cost is to "live" a meaningless life.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES



Principles of Extreme Living

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All too many people are corks on the sea of life. They don't live life, they are lived by life.

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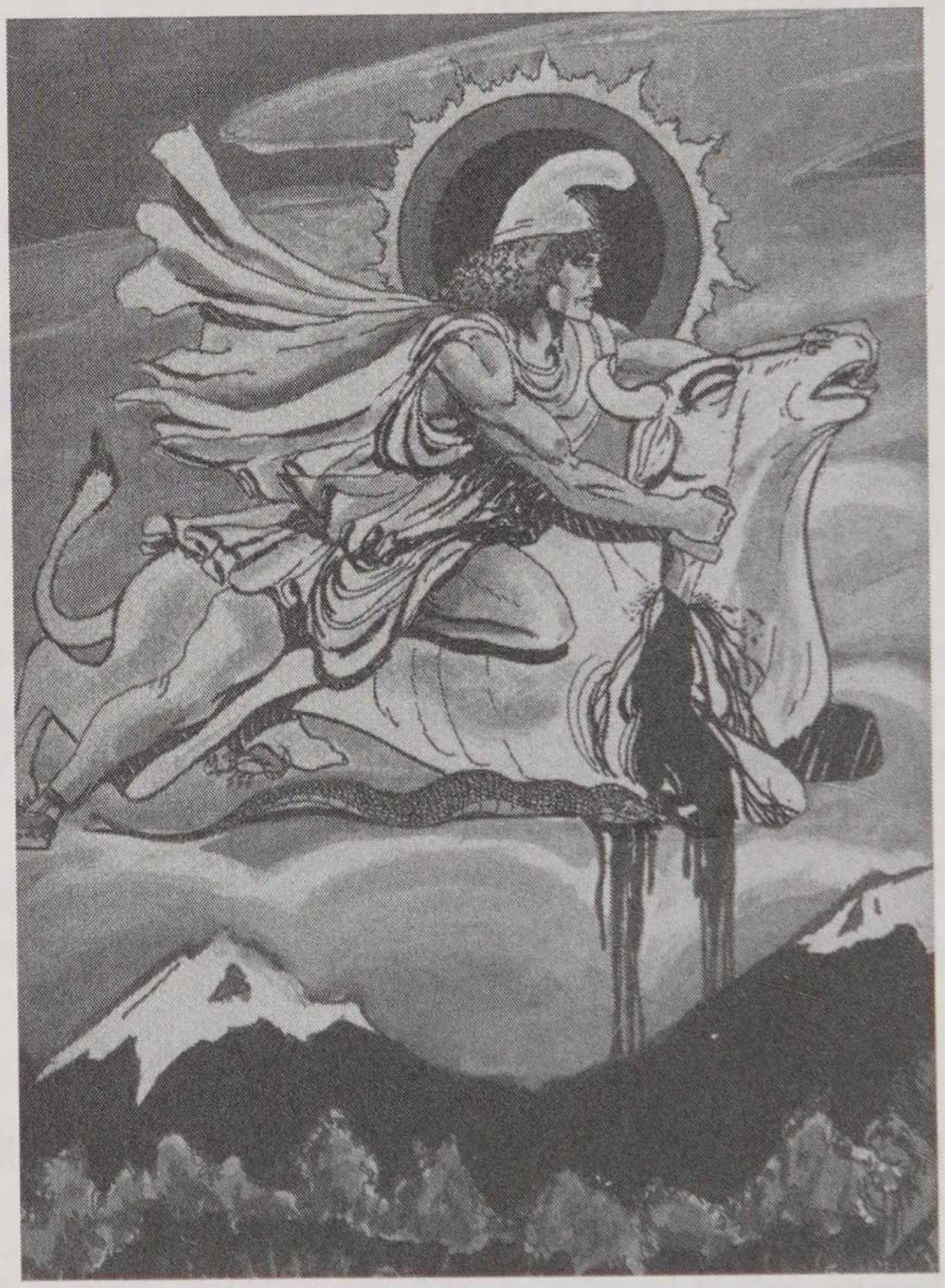
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Become Who You Are—
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THE CAUSE —!
THE CAUSE —?[2]



Those who can make you believe absurdities can make you commit atrocities.

— Voltaire

---

[2] "The Cause—The Cause" was originally penned circa 1965–1966 in Hollywood, California. This was the time of the great—often misguided—freedom revolution. In comparing that period to the results which have followed, freedom—as well as liberty—have lost more ground than we care to imagine.

Dr. Hyatt lost the original document but not before it was published in a now defunct *avant-garde* journal based in New England. The only similarity to this piece is the title, the spirit and the author.

Whatever the tyrant doesn't steal belongs to the Church.
—C.S. Hyatt, in a lighter moment.

It has been said that man's body belongs to the tyrant, his soul to the Church—but both drink his blood from the same cup.
—C.S. Hyatt, in an even lighter mood.

I propose that enough time has been spent on suffering. Instead I posit that man's fear to live in the infinite luxury of life is the prime root of his misery.
But what is The Cause?

Why is man so fearful of abundance?
Abundance is unpredictable—out of society's control. And what is society?
It is the fortress by which the whole planet has gone mad.
But what is it? Where did it come from?

Society—culture—is a wonder story—it is a story for the walking dead.
Is this The Cause?

Is man a malignancy searching for the Cause of himself?

The fortress society is built on shifting sands.
This is the great joke: the more society tries to be in control, the weaker it becomes.
Watch this society crumble as it tightens the screws on the citizen.

Serfdom is the ultimate standard. Is it the Cause?
"Obey, be safe, don't stand out" is the cry.
Have we found The Cause yet?
Each and every society has and will destroy itself.
The Cause?

Remember ancient Rome—it killed itself by fostering mediocrity.
It did this by destroying the Cause. Is this the Cause?
Kill the unique and free individual.
The Cause—The Cause.
So the great ones went underground.
Is this the Cause?

What was Rome's new face?
Pity—
But even Pity has not found the Cause?

Society is—what?
God in disguise?
But what is man's problem?
An Itch?
Scratching for The Cause?
The way we describe "reality" creates problems which demand answers which create more problems.
Is this The Cause?
We are taught that if we feel discomfort or pain something must be done and this something must be Done—Now.
Don't stop the pain—
Find the Cause.
Find the Cause—Now!

We must find the culprit—
"The Cause—The Cause"
The We must find it.
We must find the Culprit—
The Cause—but never is it found—
never in its purity.
Why?
The Cause—The Cause
IS?



His DNA?
His most sacred creations?
His Gods?
His society?
The Cause, The Cause…
The Cause must be found!

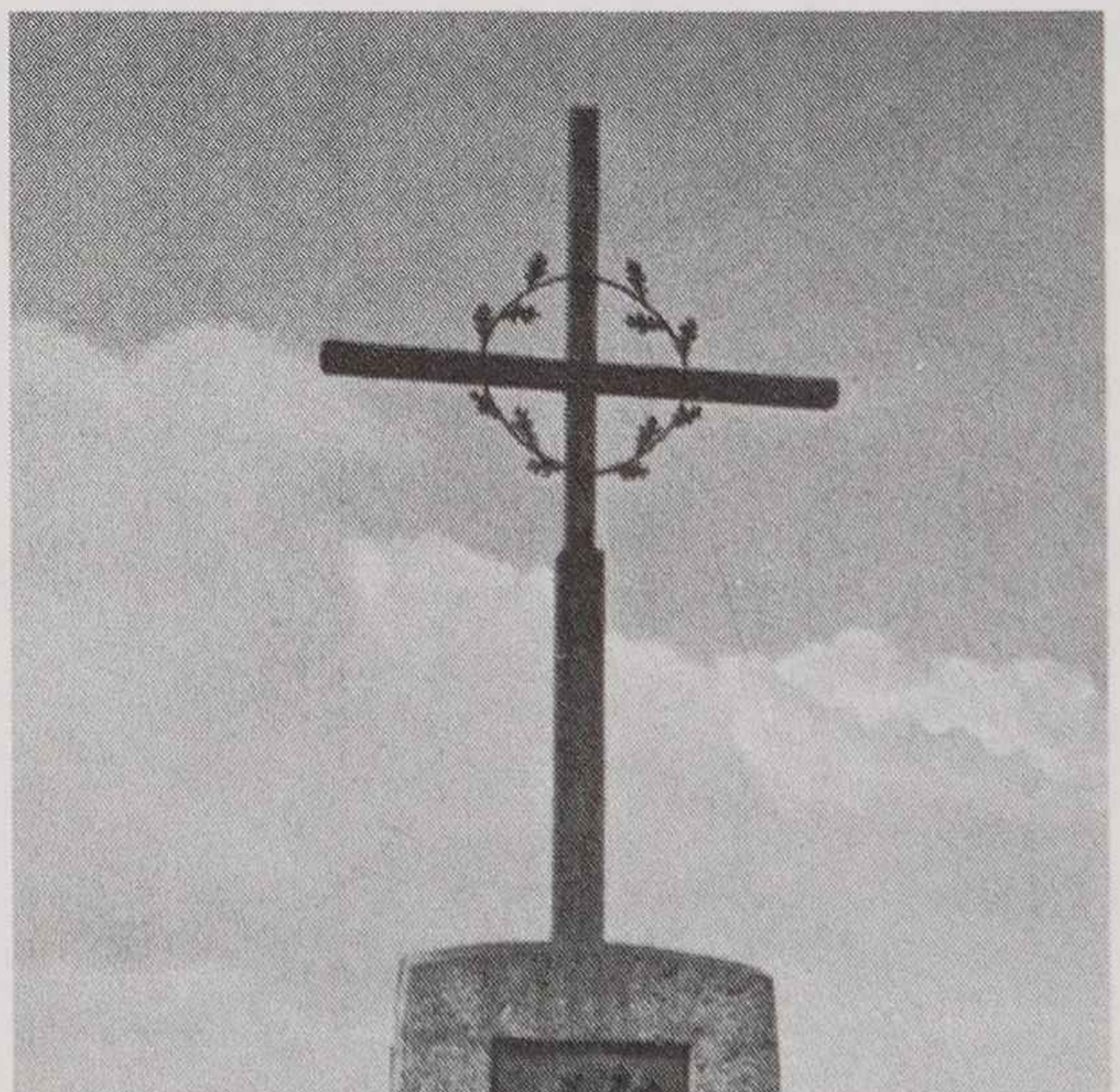
Police Cause—
Cause Casters—
Laws Cause—
Leaders Cause—
Cause Causes—
And from these we have Cause Libraries—
strangled Causes—
One Nation Under Sheep
With liberty and justice
For WE.

Do you want to find out what to do?
Consult Dead Causes—you will find the answer.
If not, elect a new Cause—
Blind Ballot—but find that Cause.
Lift the Sheets,
Look under the Bed.
In the Closet.
Caste the bones
the Cause
The Cause—The Cause

But the Cause is Man
his creations—
so kill the Cause—
put an end to It.
Not guns
Not sex
Not loss of values
Not criminals
Not freedom
Not liberty
Not stem cells

Not abortions
Not science
Not drugs
Not queers
Not Etc.
Not Cod.
But man himself.

Simply Kill the Man.
Man is at fault—the Cause.
Why?
He is evil.
Who says so?
The invention—God-Society.
He Dis-Obeyed the first Cause,
just Kill Him and get the Cause.
The Cause—The Cause
is in the Sauce.

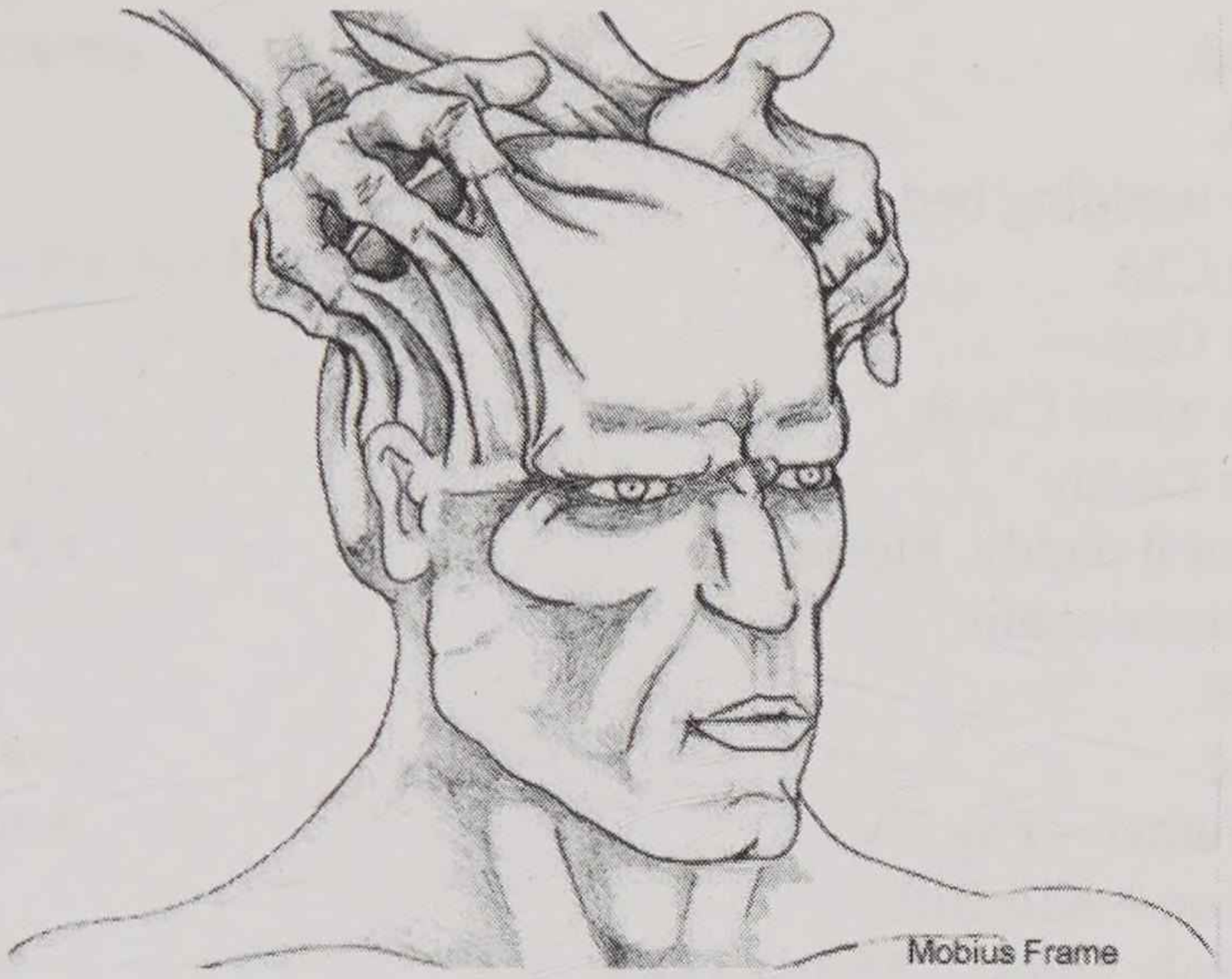


Something has to go—either man or the Cause
but something has to go—so Kill IT.
Or maybe just Kill—
freedom,
the neighbor,
the wife,
guns,
sex,
satan,
liberty,
intelligence,
science,
reason—
Kill your pet Cause
everything will be better
—but what if the Cause is YOU?

Every idiot knows The Cause
—the jew
the negro
the queers
the devil
the kids
the oil
the dow jones.
poverty
clothes,
drugs,
porno,
abortion.
IT is the Cause
just Kill IT.
Now…

Or return to the past—
which past?
whose fiction—?
how far back shall we go
—to the Garden?
the Dark Ages?
Atlantis?
return return
to family values—?
which ones—I pray.
it doesn't matter—just return—to where—?
—the Cradle?
Look to psychology,
look to jesus,
look to the Oracle,
look at the screen,
just keep looking.
Daddy Please
Daddy Please
Please Find
the Cause
the Cause—

Where is it hiding?—
In the Grave—
The Cause—The Cause—
somewhere
sometime, but always—look—
When you find it
just Kill IT,
hang it,
burn it,
shoot it,
gas it,
poison it—but quick—
for the Cause must die—Now.



But how can man live without The Cause?
How can he live without the Sauce?
He can't.
So let us Invent and Invent. We have—
God in his Studio—
God in His Sauce—
God setting His books—
God
Cod—the Idiot's Higher Power,
forever lurking,
lurking
lurking
Softly lurking
under her chamber door
searching for porno
in the little girl's scribbles
a remarkable achievement to be born?
—masturbating behind the closet door—
Please Daddy
Don't let me come again
Oh Daddy
Big Daddy
Oh! Big Daaadddeeeeeeee

Off to God
Off to AA
Off to the wedding bed.
Off to the CIA
Under the Gun—
Under the white Cloak
but please Daddy
find it, find it daddy, Please
Before I come again.
The Cause
The Cause
God the Father—Pay TV.
God the Son—Kill Bill.
God the Holy Ghost—Matrix DNA.

But where is IT Daddy?
the cause, the cause.

a cause
be cause
cause cause
da cause
he cause
r cause
me cause
she cause
the cause
they cause
we cause

Cause—The Wizard of Oz cause—
because of the wonderful things He does.
The Cause—The Cause

There is a need to know
but only
the Cause Knows
only He knows
not She knows
but only he knows

what He knows
not you
not me
Only He—the We Knows
Count
Three for You
One for Me…
Eight for We

We, yes!
We the Ghost
the holy host
knows
The Cause

God Please Help me
find the Decoder Ring
I want more Ovaltine.

The Cause—The Cause



The Greatest Flaw



We could not end this first section of ***The Big Black Book*** without briefly mentioning the single most significant flaw in the human brain, the most significant error in our nature.

There is, in all human beings, a compulsion to repeat.

We spend our life compelled to repeat the traumas and conditions of our childhood because we believe we can change them. This process is automatic.

We believe that we can change what already has happened.

We repeat the traumas; we repeat the conditions in different situations and guises.

No one is immune from this condition—no—one. Differences between people are simply a matter of degrees.

We can not undo the past, but more importantly we can't undo the feelings, thoughts and conditions of the past.

Keep in mind that our early thoughts and feelings have been contaminated by our youthful imagination.

Those incidents where you were shamed, felt weak, helpless, anxious, terrified, defeated, humiliated or brutalized are continually being repeated in the present, in an attempt to undo them. Though this may sound absurd, it is true.

The original incidents and failed repetitions have since governed our life in more ways than you can imagine.

There is only one answer to this past: simply accept it. This means that some of these unpleasant feelings will live with you until the end, but do not focus on them. Switch your attention from the past to what is happening now and what you are capable of doing.

No matter what you do now you will not undo those original events or feelings.

Live with it and move on. However, you must first become aware of how you are repeating the past; the patterns, the forms, the situations and the conditions. This is the most difficult task.

Strive for power in the *now*—for the present and future only. You can use past pain and failures for motivation—but remember it will still not undo the past. For example, if you have a lot of hate, learn how to transform it into success, power and wealth.

Many individuals, in an attempt to undo the past, will attempt to alter their mood state through chemicals and compulsions of all types. This will not work.

Others will attempt to do the opposite of what they grew up with thus defining themselves in the negative.

But regardless of what you try, you can not alter the historic facts.

Children are inherently narcissistic. This is not bad or a flaw. It is what drives them to attempt to walk, to dress themselves, to throw and catch a ball, to excel in sports or academics. Narcissism is partially responsible for developing social relationships.

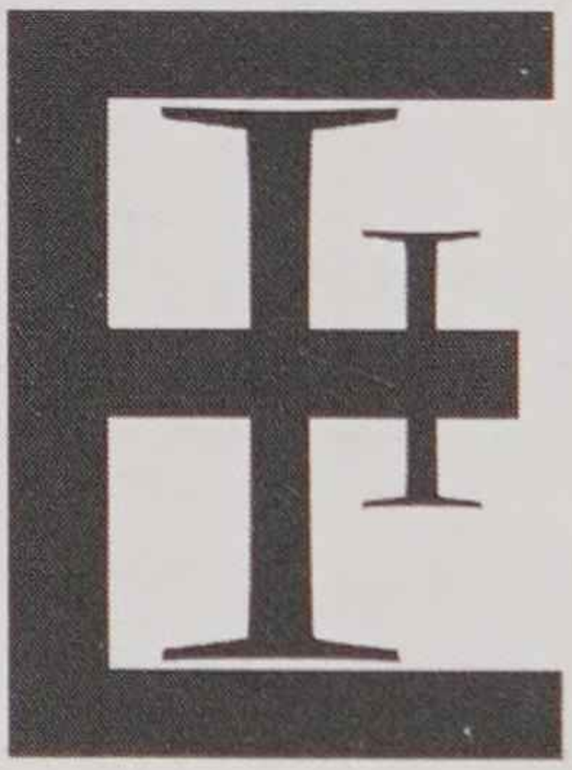
When the child's narcissism is crushed or deeply wounded—it does not matter whether maliciously or innocently—the resulting damage haunts that child throughout his adulthood and he tries to recover it historically by re-enacting the situations in the present.

There is no completely satisfactory solution to this human condition. There is a way to reduce the effect.

Accept the truth, the finality, the actuality of those early traumas. Accept defeat. accept that you did not have control over the situation at that time. No Blame—No Fault.

It is only when you accept the finality of the past injuries that you can begin the difficult journey to extreme individualism and getting all that awaits you now.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES



PART II: EXTREME: THE TWISTED MAN

by

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Illustrated by

S. Jason Black &

MobiusFrame

Introduction

We are in a New Age, one that is not simply spiritual, nor material but something which is beyond both. No one has provided a sound and reliable definition of what material or spiritual means; often each term is simply defined by its opposite: if it is not matter, it is spirit, if it is not spirit it is material. This is utter nonsense and in fact misleading, stupid and dangerous.

What is beyond both matter and spirit is *the brain,* and more specifically the human brain and even more specifically, 10% or fewer of those human brains which are not common.

This brain, with all of its reptilian and mammalian circuitry which holds the mass of mankind in a fleshy prison, is capable of extending its own life. Just think of that, capable of extending and remaking itself.

Stem cell research, brain mapping and so many other discoveries beyond the scope of the present work are breaking our old world apart and many of us are jumping with joy. We are becoming as "gods."

The point of this brief summary is this: are you going to join in or not?

You must ask yourself what are you doing to contribute to the dream of escaping gravity, increasing intelligence and defeating death and disease. How is your life contributing to your well-being? Are you Undoing Yourself? Are you learning useful and powerful information? Or are you simply nesting, digesting and congesting? These are crucial questions which you must answer for yourself. You may not even be interested and you are NOT obligated to do a thing, but if you value yourself and those you like, you might want to commit your life to yourself, increasing your knowledge and creating "things and ideas" that further your personal power and, indirectly, mine. I would include "others," but I rarely speak for "the others." So with this aside I will continue with my work. Read on.



The Twisted Man

by MobiusFrame

We are forever turning between the almost infinite symbolizing powers of our mind and the crucible of our factual existence.

From the expanding bubbles of our putrid cries we build castles in the sky, hoping for salvation from our creations, but as William James said, "the skull will grin at the banquet."

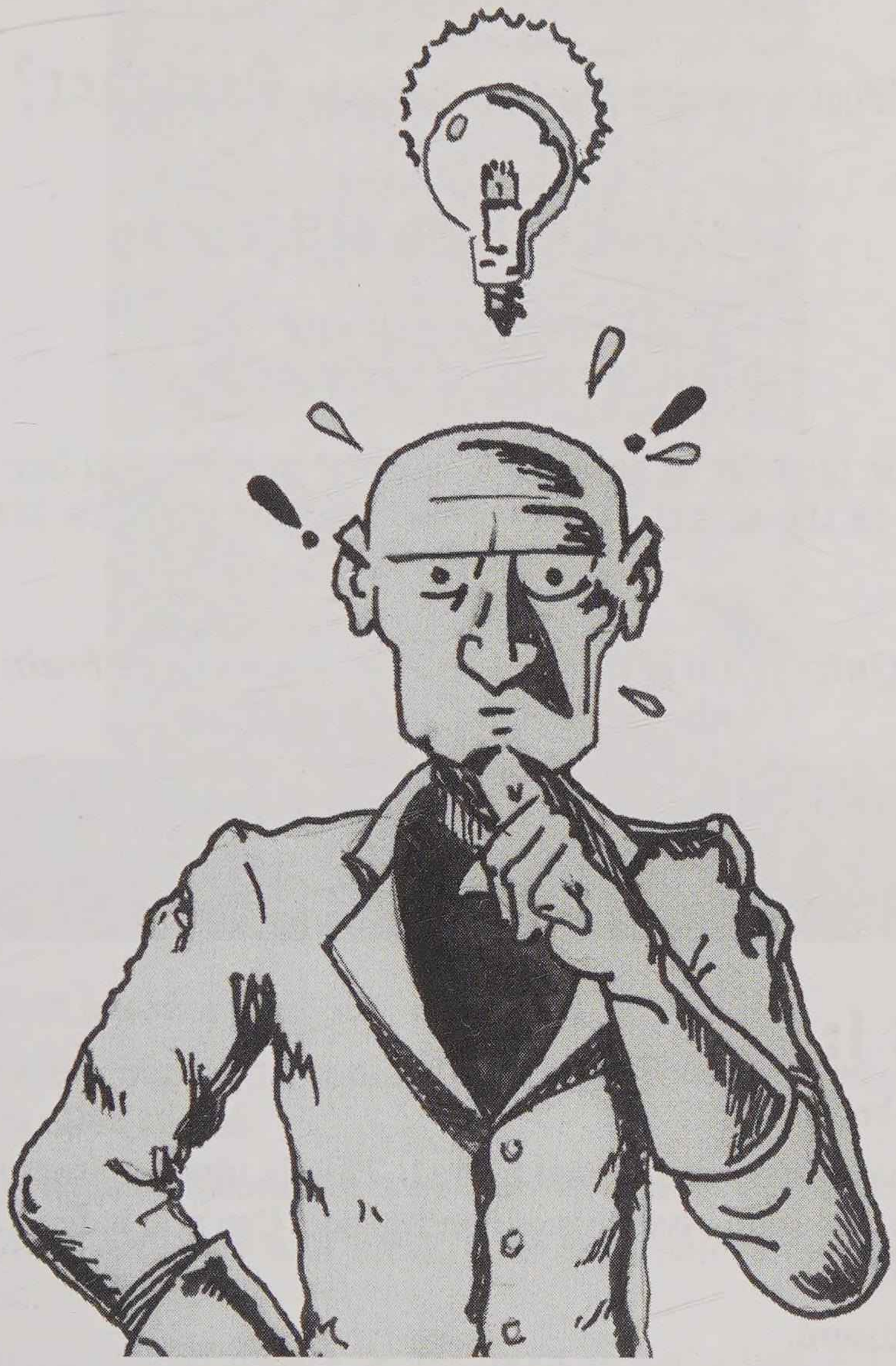
To be stronger than life itself, to say no to the setting sun, to breathe life into life, as if tomorrow would never come.

— C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Unlike Dawkins (1976) I am not interested in twisting genes to make the species conform to the Good Book. I am interested in twisting genes to foster great individuals who, by their very nature, are already twisted.

— C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D. Bio-Individual Philosopher

A Major Discovery



by S. Jason Black

Pain is enduring
Pleasure is fleeting

What does this tell you about the Designer?

ANOTHER MAJOR DISCOVERY

William James said,
make the "natural seem strange."

What we take for granted, the obvious, our "natural day to day lives" is the secret to finding out who and what we are and what to do about it.

Quiz: What is the results of a stoned aged brain playing with modern devices?

> *In the beginner's mind there are many possibilities.*
> *In the expert's mind there are few.*
> — Suzuki Roshi

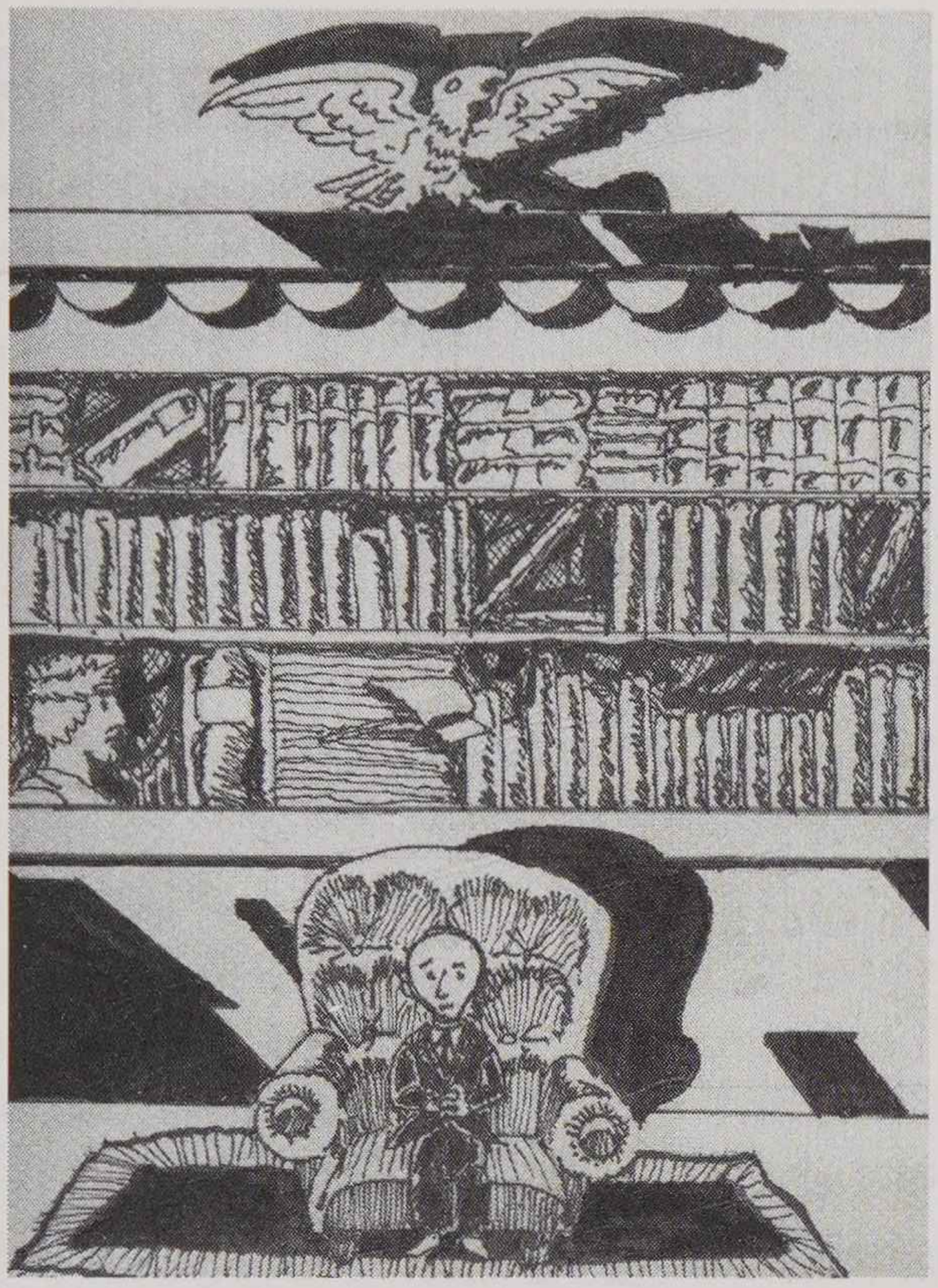
Alert 1:

Is this a book?

Books have been considered sacred. This is utter nonsense. Books have become status symbols of intelligence. Can you judge a book by its weight?

This is absurd.

> *No Vampire could put this book down.*
> — Count Dracula



by S. Jason Black

A big library is a life unlived.

Books must follow a plan. This is death.

Books have a beginning, a middle, an end. Thus, by design, books make you more stupid.

I've set you up. You bought a book and had a list of tacit expectations.

This particular device will break your expectations and, someday, break you.

I once visited a Zen master. In his room he had a bed, a TV, and a dozen books. I asked him why so few books and a TV. He replied, "I have no need to show how stupid I am." I said "What about the TV?" He said, "It helps me to stay centered in the midst of ignorance."

Alert 2:

What you have in your hands looks like a book, feels like a book, but you have been deceived.

This is a brain change device. — FDA Alerted!

This device is designed to hypnotize.

It induces trance.

It breaks trance.

It will steal your soul.

Rob you of your beliefs.

Steal your identity.

Wreak havoc on your habits.

Cause divorces.

Turn friends into enemies.

You get the point.

If you were seduced into buying this device.

Demand your money back.

Note: The structure and arrangement of sentences are designed in a manner to create different rhythms and melodies. If you are an epileptic consult your physician.

The Purpose? To Live Well

To demolish anxiety and fearfulness and all that entails.

To develop the vices of:
wisdom,
bravery,
temperance,
justice.

Thereafter to bring forth those inherent gifts that are blocked from expression by debilitating emotions and thoughts.

This device is an exercise in empirical cognition. At times it will entertain you, annoy you, challenge you, insult you, and test you.

Thus, it is an experiment. Unlike most devices it is not a finished product, a closed system designed for consumption and regurgitation. Instead it is nausea, like the flu—you hope you are getting better, only to puke again and watch your fever rise.

High fever, like a good orgasm, is relief from the daily ebb and flow and, like a good orgasm, one is never enough. During the delirium of a high fever or a full orgasm the brain is temporarily free to rearrange itself. However, neither experience lasts long enough to make a permanent impact. Like many of my devices, either manufactured alone or with a colleague, this device was designed to make a deep and lasting impact for the right student. I will dilate on this assertion. There are many right students, but each resonates to a slightly different sound. If a designer manufactures for everyone, he manufacturers for no one; however, I use a shotgun and not a rifle. What this means is that I include shot for many types; some will be impacted by one approach and others by a different one.

Pay up and Show up.
— Popular Political slogan.

Alert 3:

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done them better.

The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows the triumph of high achievement; and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat.

— Theodore Roosevelt, *Rough Rider From Hell*

Interlude—Exercise

Every time you see this symbol (☠)

a. STOP READING
b. Observe yourself
c. What did you first notice?
d. Now say: There is _____?

The answer is allowed to be only one of the following.

A Movement
A Sensation
A Thought
A Feeling

Answer quickly, be objective, do not judge or interpret your observation.

Do You Remember This From Part I?

THE FIRST AND ONLY COMMANDMENT

First and foremost seek your own welfare—your own enlightenment.

This Is It!

Most people don't think, they simply repeat what they have been told. They substitute belief for argument and prejudice for thinking. Accept nothing that someone tells you unless it is provable—most people don't think—they have random thoughts and live like zombies.

All assertions of infallible knowledge are false. Your own knowledge is your only guide —you need no one's permission to be stupid or smart.

In fact, there is no one to give you permission. The first great error is believing there is someone who can.

There is no one to protect and preserve you—simply no one.

And if you don't want to follow this commandment, there is no one who cares.

Life is all too short when it is enjoyed; life is all too long when it is suffered.

Keep in mind that what we are presenting is not for hair-splitters; that means psychoanalytical institutes or castrated academics who need to consult the oracle before they can make a move… We are writing for people of action who do not require 100% proofs or guarantees.

Become who you are—
There are no guarantees

Interlude—Exercise

In principle, what is the difference between these metapuke assertions:

— Love everyone
— Hate everyone

Dr. Hyatt's answer (at the moment) = 0

What does this answer mean and how did I come to it?

Hypnotize yourself that you love everyone. *(By the way, hypnosis is the same as believing.)* Then, for an entire day, have a frown on your face. Now, while you are in this "Love mode" with a frown on your face, tell someone about your "love" philosophy. What did you learn? How did people react to you?

Later in the week—for an entire day—have a smile on your face; but hold the thought that you hate everyone. When you are in the "Hate mode" with a smile on your face, tell someone about your "hate" philosophy. What did you learn? How did people react to you?

Did anyone have the guts to tell you that your actions are inconsistent with your "philosophy?"

This book is a horrid example of the mis-use of authority.
— Pope Joan

Live the Extreme Life

We are in an era where mediocrity is the standard.
Striving for the electric chair.
Mediocrity is fostered in childhood,
adolescence, and adulthood.

In the guise of chewy definitions and pretty pictures the cancer lurks.

Education, propaganda—the herd instinct—assure stupidity, living life in a collective trance.

Soon the man will be too old,
too weak, too dead to wake up,

soon the man will have no tomorrows to say Yes—another day, another chance.

Man is torn between his setting sun and the hope (☠) it will rise again another day.

No matter how much you search for yourself at 20 you will have to do it all over again at 40 and then at 50 and so on.
Therefore, why bother until it is too late?
It is always too late.
— Roshi Chaos

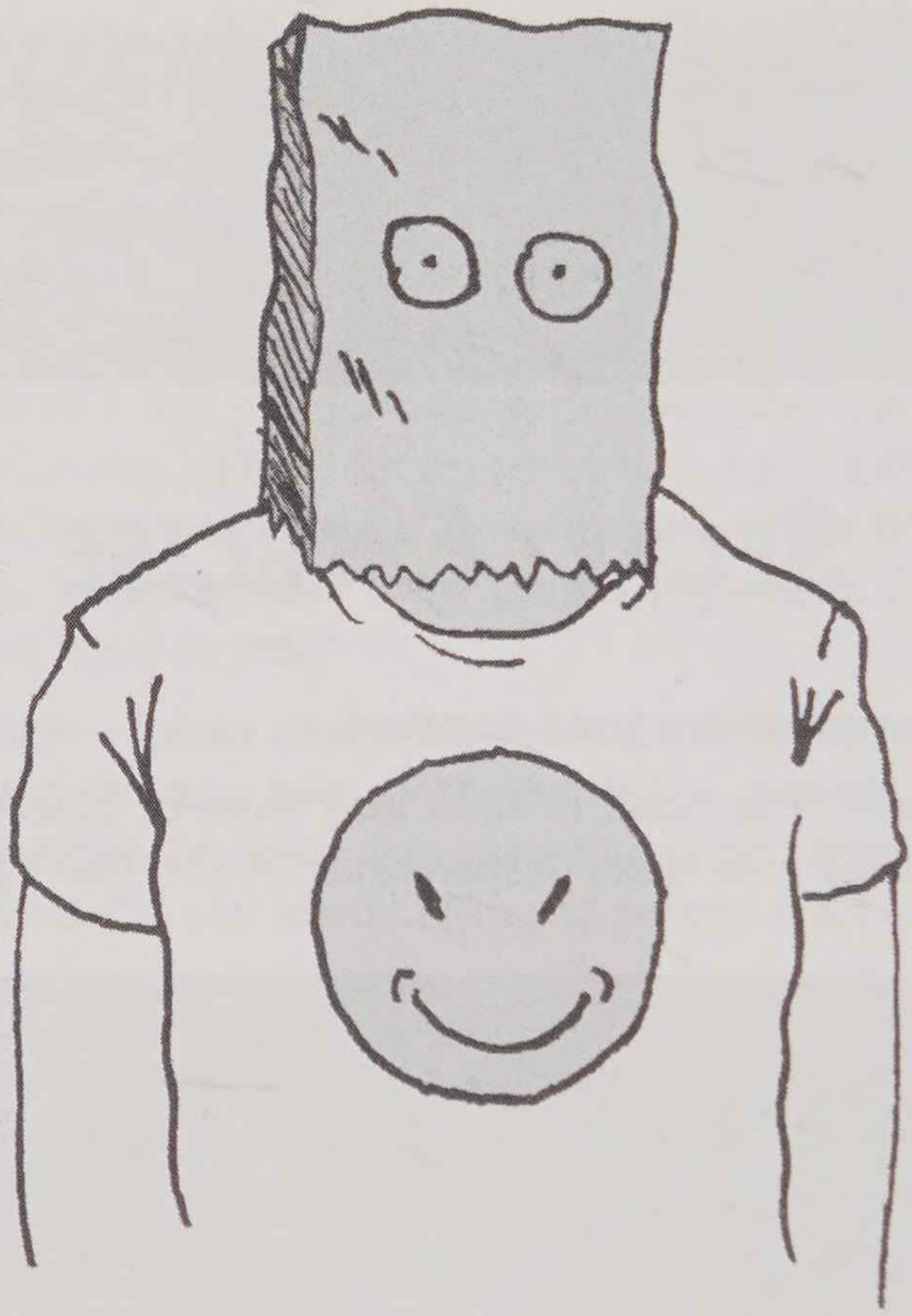
SECRET EXERCISE

Don't let your mate see your answers.

Thoreau wrote: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." Make a list of all your quiet desperations. If you don't get to 33, you are dead.

The grass is green, the sun is warm.
The grass is not green, the sun is not warm.
The well is dry.
All is well.
— Roshi Chaos

WHO IS DR. HYATT TODAY?(☠)



by S. Jason Black

I am a bio-individual philosopher, not a social philosopher.
I have no interest in society, because society doesn't exist.
What *does* exist?
Genes and geography interacting which creates artifacts which in turn twists genes and geography…and the process continues, constantly twisting.

Man is twisted between biology and asphalt.

How has our stone age brain adapted to postmodern living? In the last two hundred years how much change has taken place in our hunter-gatherer brain?

As semi-conscious beings we are lived by our DNA.

In other words, it is as if we are both the result and conveyors of our DNA structure.

We do not experience this directly,

AND like death it is insulting to realize how automated we really are.

Keep in mind that what appears on the screen of consciousness has first been processed by numerous automations of our carbonized modulating brain.

These routines were called instincts once upon a time. And instincts are a lot more complex than anyone ever thought.

What we believe, what we say, matters little to DNA; what matters to IT is that IT continues to exist.

AND I do not mean the survival of the fittest.

What survives is what has adapted to a particular set of circumstances. Keep in mind that the brain is designed for nesting, digesting and congesting.

(Tell your high falutin' friends that they are being lived by their DNA.)

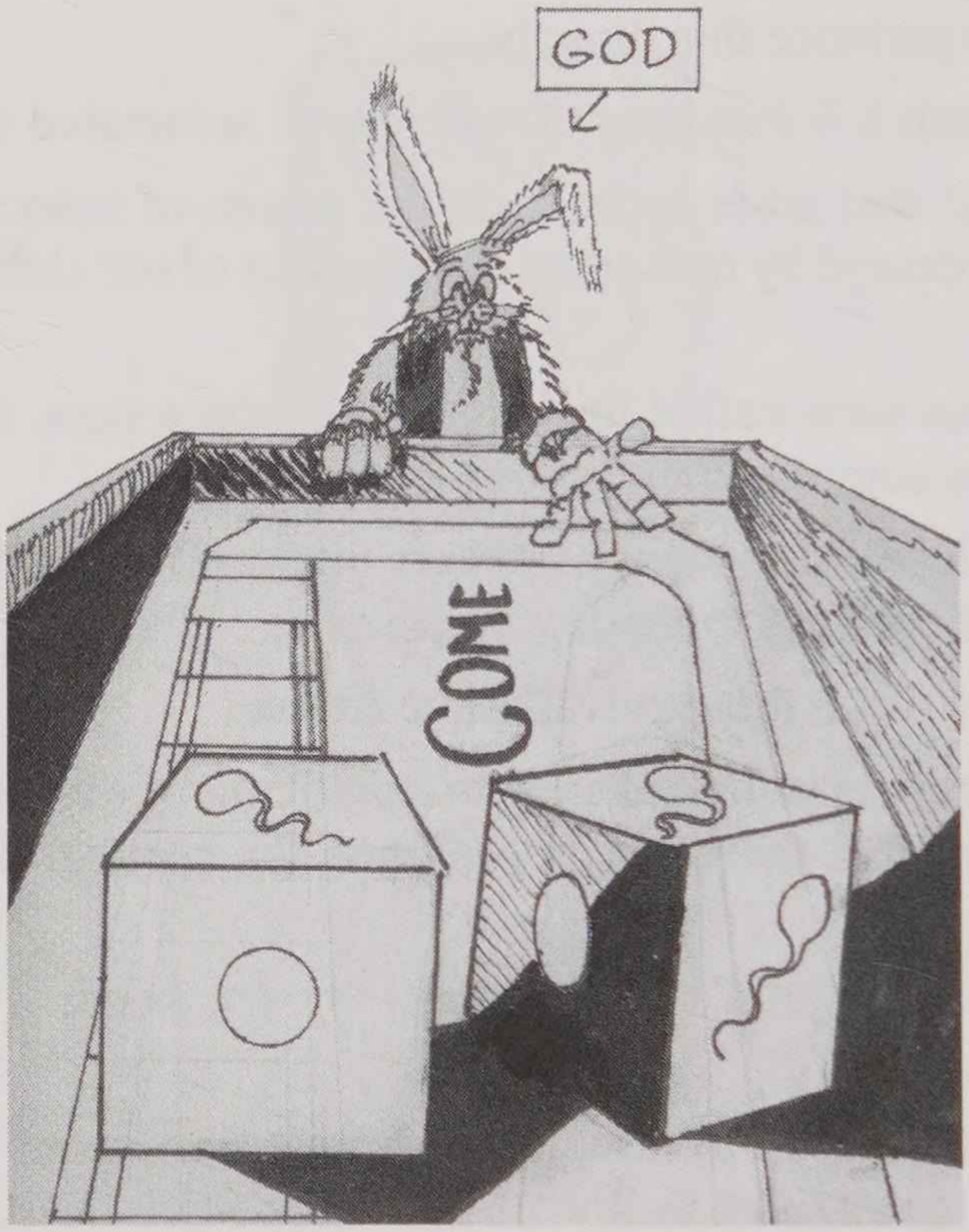
What has survived up to now is the largest slime pool necessary to assure the highest probability of the Over-Soul DNA...making it through another day.

I for one often laugh myself silly when I see people acting as if their little lives mean anything more than carriers of DNA probabilities for the future.

Just ask anyone how unique they are—guess what they will tell you...

However, our rock brain primarily concerns itself with nesting, digesting and congesting...no matter how we dress things up.

The Tables Are Hot in Vegas



by S. Jason Black

Like any good gambler DNA places its survival bets on the most common; however, DNA is not stupid; it does cover the lower probability alternatives.

Look at a pair of dice. Most men are 6, 7, or 8s, but there are also lower odd pairs: 9s and 5s, 2s and 12s, 11s and 3s and 10s and 4s.

But there are no 1s.

Why are there no number 1s? (☠)

This non-book is better than the couch ***and*** *it is cheaper.*
— Dr. Sigmund Freud

Email from Lucifer:

Use what is available or die
Free your Brain
It has 10 million years of experience
Kill the Labels
Kill the Beliefs
Know Nothing

Jettison the Beast
Escape from the Rock

We are the only species on this planet that can emancipate itself from some of the DNA programs. (☠)

This program of emancipation is motivated by narcissism.

We can twist ourselves free from our Rock Brain.

We are the Frankenstein DNA monster, and the nesters are horrified by these low odd outcomes.

The transition period between other-worldly causality, metapuke, and freedom is here and now. Just watch the horror that our Rock Age Leaders feel over the power of stem cells and other life-altering techniques.

> *It hurts me to hear Dr. Hyatt call my psychology MetaPuke.*
> — Dr. Carl Jung and his disciples

All of science is a threat to meta-puke, particularly when it threatens to change our "God-given nature."

Some of us will make the leap into self-programmers, but the majority will remain the pawns of the babbling bush.

All major transitions are fraught with danger, both for the individual and the Over-Soul.

We are now becoming capable self-transformers because DNA is not stupid—although at times it seems so.

It knows it must play the odds even if it loses some of its machine qualities and errors occur, but DNA thrives on errors, and we live in error most of the time. Just reflect on human belief systems from the beginning of histrionic time. What a mass of error, yet survived we have…but the end is coming soon.

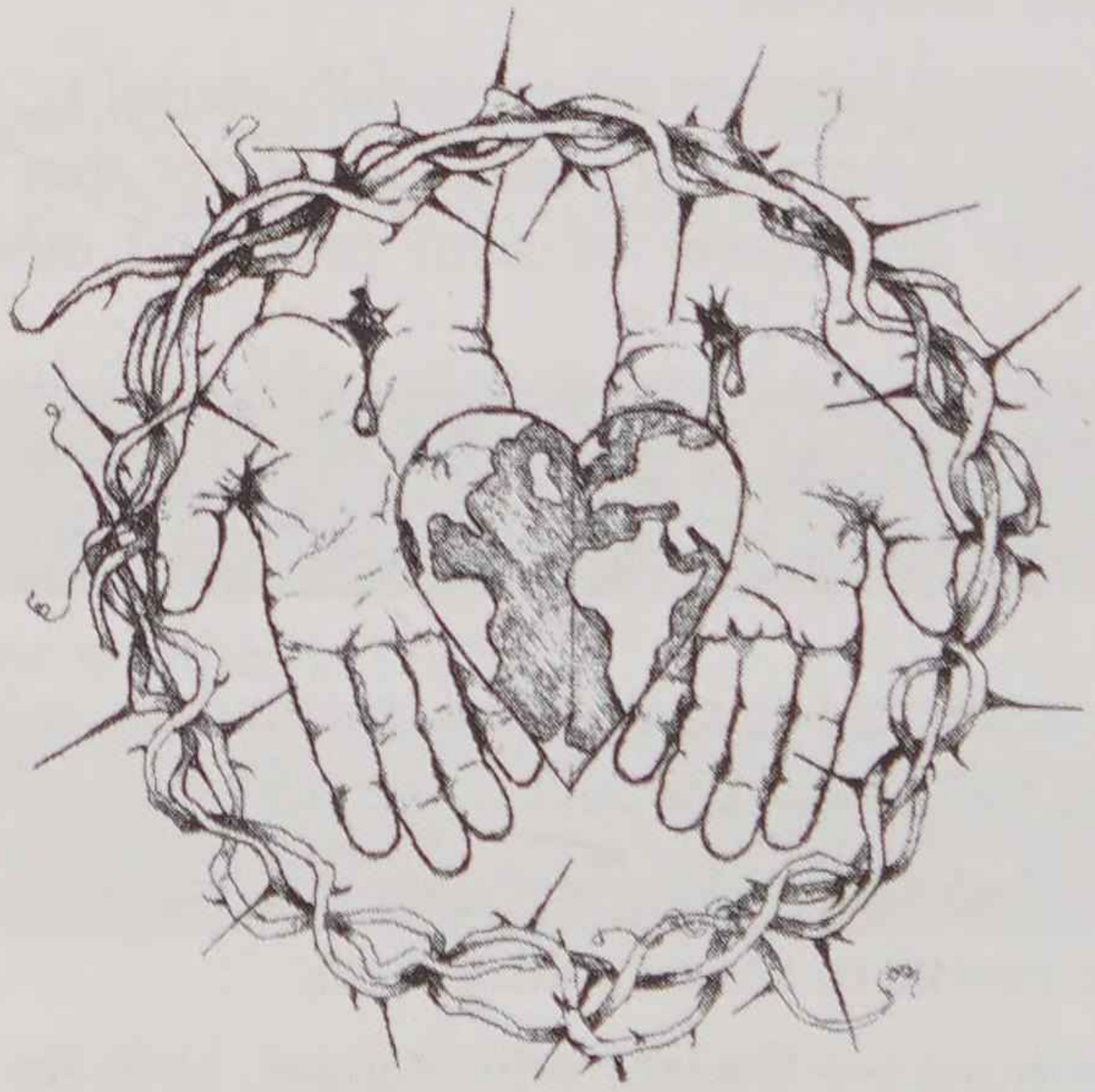
Common man is crapping out.

What is the probability of craps on the first roll?

> *If heat rises, why is it cold in heaven?*
> — Albert Einstein

HORROR ALERT

Put Everything on Hold
¡ Another Email is Coming !
A Message From Lucifer



by MobiusFrame

Communication starts here:
Sent in CCC+ code and translated by an IBM 9000.

Suffering, poverty, stupidity are not virtues, they are signs of disease. But this illness is normal, common, so it must remain unrecognized by those who suffer. The symbol of the crucified one as a virtue becomes more evident. (☠) Who would want to worship such a thing?

Too many people, either through laziness, training, or more likely hard wiring, act as if their squalor is a sign of moral superiority…

Many of them look down their noses on people who prosper, have power, and real purpose in life…

The essence of life is to evolve, not to stay the same or devolve.

The purpose of failures is to assure psyche food…

Nature is no fool; thus the devolutionary group is designed as a just-in-case phenomenon: just in case the more tender roots and buds (we marginal types) are destroyed by accidents.

Those of us on the leading edge, those who are marginal types, are born into this world to assure the generation of different types.

Outcasts assure diversity of genetic expression…

Mind, body and spirit are capable of acting in a dynamic and interactive fashion. This assures a highly complex twisted interplay.

Those who forgo mind or body in favor of spirit are pathological…and this holds true for ignoring *any* of those three aspects.

…You will find numerous people who look like hell, eat poorly, abuse their body and tell you that their goal is union with god… They are stupid…they should be shunned; those of the body who shun the mind should be treated in the same fashion…and equally so for those that loath the spirit of man that yearns for new and broader horizons.

The greatest joy for man is to expend himself, but if you are weak, self-righteous, stupid, unlearned, etc.…you have nothing to expend—no wisdom, no beauty, no power.

…The nothings of the world wish to have you join them; beauty, power, and wisdom show them up for what they are: ugly. Simply ugly in body, mind and spirit…they are nothing…and they want to destroy all who remind them of what they are: impoverished beings, the worshippers of death, disease, and decay…and their goal in life is to reduce everyone to the lowest common denominator…

You ask why has nature done this >> [words lost in transmission] why does nature bring on ice ages, floods, and numerous disasters >>>> [lost words in transmission] adaptation, to expand the process of possibilities, randomness…every form (☠)expanding…

You can overcome the common in you…by turning yourself into a piece of art.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES.

If you find failure in your life, then one of the three aspects is out of balance… You have forgotten something, or overstressed something else…

In some activities—such as in adventure—all three aspects are involved in releasing their abundance and power…but most things in life are not that way… In the area of adventure we find body, mind and spirit twisting and pulsating.

If you want to live, to live fully, to expend yourself, to feel the joy of life, you must keep these thoughts in mind and refuse to allow anything or anyone to persuade you differently.

If I had read this book I would have not been nailed.
— The Crucified One

FORMULA

0. first there is undifferentiated force—the entire universe is made of the force to expand, to grow, to fulfill one's nature, to become who you are.

1. then there is desire

2. then there is thought which directs the desire to become who you are.

3. then there is action…

4. then there is a secret: ***ignore*** everything and anything which attempts to persuade you differently…

Repeat:
Primal Force which leads to
desire

thought
action
ignoring

Keep in mind that *ignoring* does not mean *denial*. It means not dwelling on the happenstance, the common, the normal.

For example: there are those who are born crippled, but crippledness is not the essence of life and those cripples who allow their circumstance to destroy them have not applied the principles of the universal formula… Live to the fullest or die; and die you will anyway, so start living.

Stay away from as many failures as possible… Do not surround yourself with losing propositions… Yes, you want to know the news, but do not dwell on the news. Yes, you must eat, but do not dwell on eating; dwell on nothing but becoming who you are…

To assure great joy: Expend yourself.

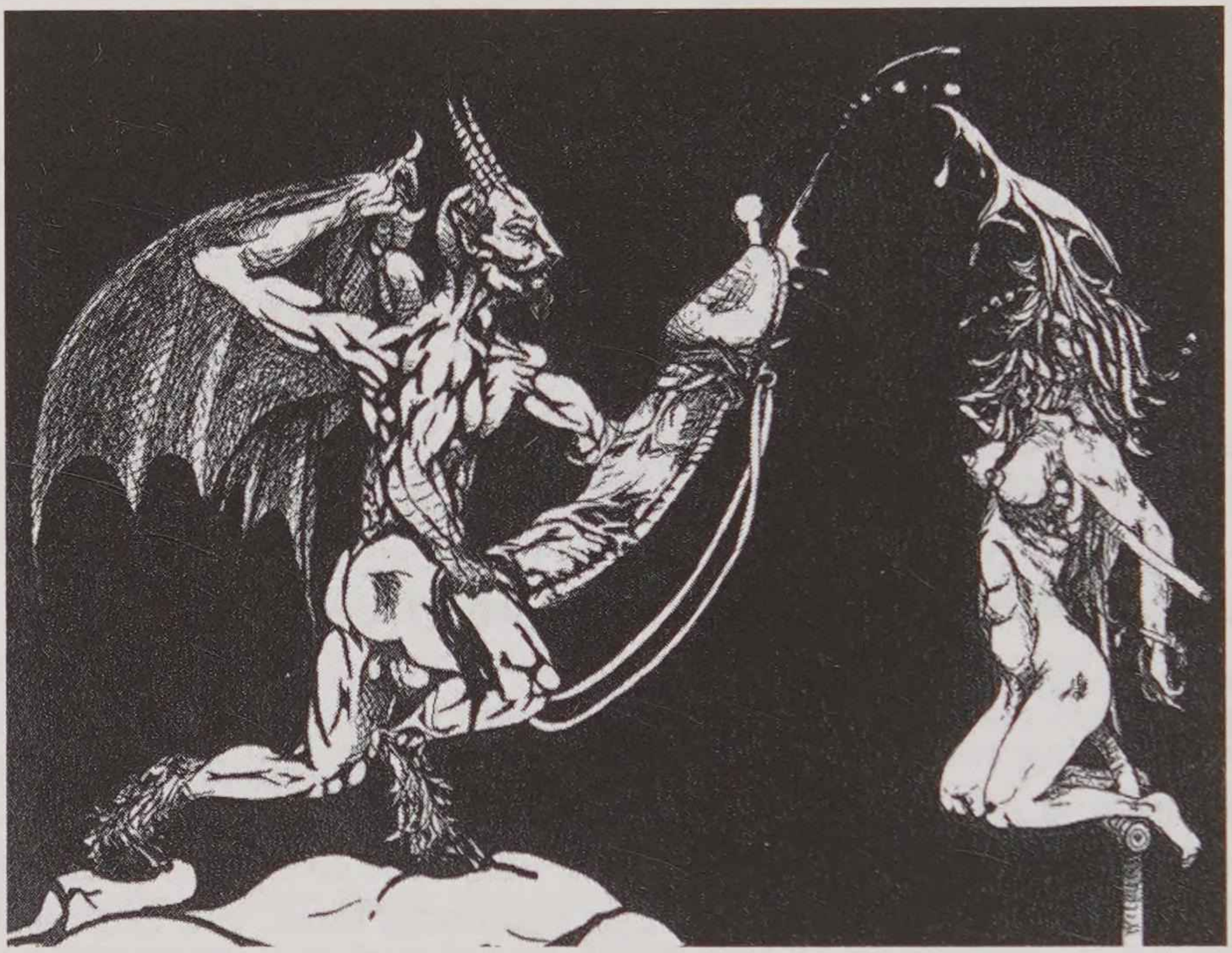
By becoming who you are, you have to give up failures, losers—in yourself and others; that is, you will have to cut the ties which bind you…and that includes people—you will have to let many of them go… You can be polite, but you can't entertain them, you can't dwell on them, you can't expend time on them…and this includes those whose mindless lust expelled you into this world.

Remember the theme: the Force is ever expanding and manifesting itself…in an infinite array of forms… You are simply one experiment, but whatever you are, the Force demands its expressions or its extinction… So many people are just there, just a mass of trial and error, just designed as food for the planet… I have said that about 90% of all people are simply the maintenance factor for planetary life…much like dirt is necessary, so are they… You are to ignore them… You are not to try to change them… You are to keep your secret knowledge from them; from time to time someone will ask—be open and, if you have enough of yourself, expend yourself, and you will find out another secret: you will become more—you will have more…

The force of life wants nothing more than for you to become who you are—to expend yourself in the three aspects of life: mind, body, spirit…and…

[Transmission abruptly cut off.]

The Twisted Man



by MobiusFrame

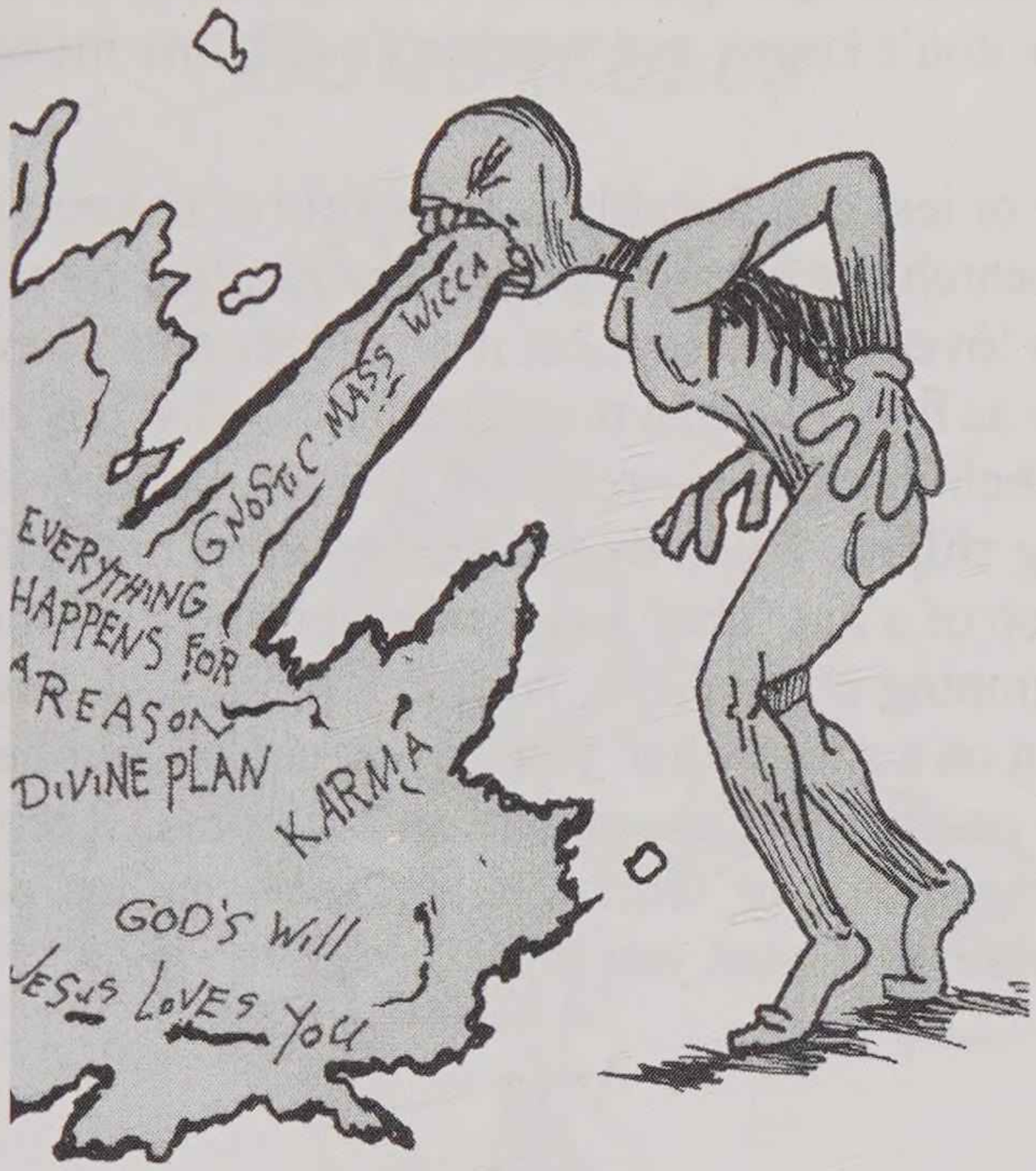
The Super-_____ does necessarily belong to any group, like the Nazis; or any race, like the Caucasians; or any religion, like the Jews; but rather to individuals who, by their nature and *self exploitation,* have fought to be—extreme.

When a number of extreme individuals join forces for their mutual development, we simply have a group of extreme individuals.

The extreme spirit fosters:
Self Determination
Self Interest (☠)
Action.

The motto is:
Become who you are—there are no guarantees.
Or
Take a chance—
—break your trance—

THE WORLD OF METAPUKE



by S. Jason Black

I have labeled my form of human study as Humanimology.

However, while science and bio-philosophy are developing in leaps and bounds, the common man still lives in metapuke. "It" wants final causes, a perfect order. It is much like Plato's man who, living in the dark cave, finally sees the light of the perfect world. At first he is blinded, but then he adjusts to the brightness, leaves the cave and explores the world of light. Finally, he returns to the cave with the perfect forms in mind and then teaches the perfect forms to others. He has been blinded by the illusion that 'light' means 'good' and 'dark' means 'bad.' This is the beginning of metapuke.

Most human conversations revolve around implicit metapuke grunts about this other world. And, like Socrates, most believe that if man simply knows the good, he will do the good.

The facts argue otherwise. Humans are largely (☠)instinct modules with specific content-relevant routines. Simply, this means we are fleshy bio-machines consisting of complex chemical and electrical interactions.

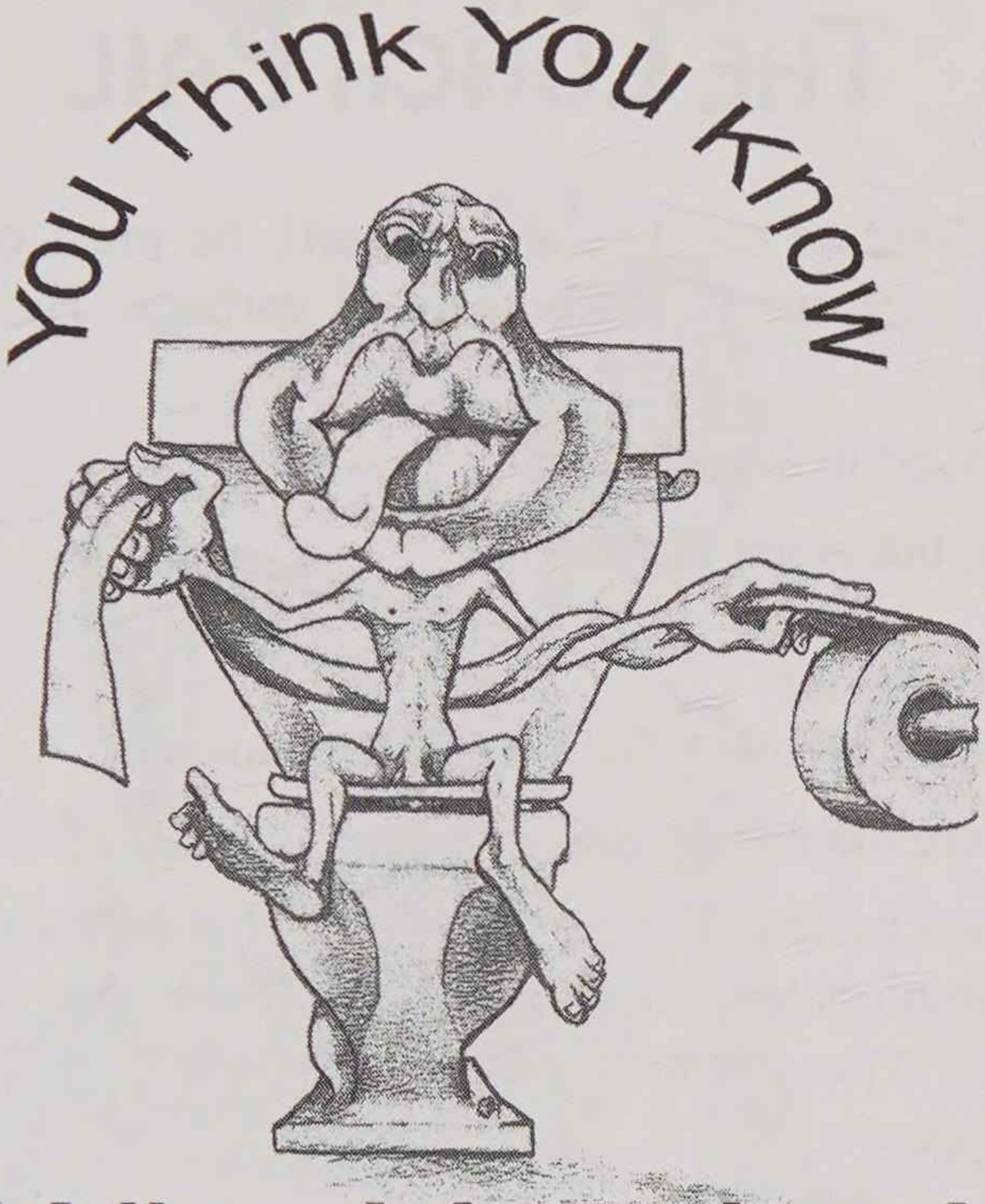
Some of us have more brain area for observing and analyzing how the other modules operate.

We collect data and ask questions, and rightfully assume little. We know that we don't know, and we don't substitute metapuke for real answers.

We live more or less comfortably in the world of unknowables. In fact, we love the search for knowledge and are insulted by metapuke. But most humans love their metapuke: it organizes and keeps their world "stable" even as they live in a mental toilet bowl. They have all kinds of labels for their metapuke—religion, politics, beliefs—and they take pride in being stupid. While this is really funny, metapukers will kill you at the drop of a hat. They have been fighting over their metapuke since the beginning of time. So, with this in mind, I warn you again: be careful, put on a smile when you go out, shake your head yes or no, have a grunt or two, and go about your business. Keep your mouth shut, go home, do your work, gather data, gather power, gather knowledge and enjoy what you love.

INTERLUDE—EXERCISE

HOMUNCULUS



Who You Are!

by MobiusFrame

The Twisted Face

Above is a picture of the ***homunculus***.

It shows the amount of Rock Brain sensory area dedicated to a particular body part.

The face is significantly over-represented in the brain compared to its actual physical size. Is this a clue to something? Yes!

For six minutes every morning twist and stretch your face. Make faces and hold each face for a minute or two.

Do not forget to use the forehead, nose and jaw. Keep on twisting. When you are done you should feel tingling in your face, more alert and alive.

Do this three times every day—more if you are in a bad mood.

THE LUNCH PAIL

Before an individual can become himself, he must eliminate life's garbage. He must empty his bowels of garbage. He must take the divine enema.

And burn himself in Satan's fire.

This includes, but is not limited to:
Beliefs
Reactionary Behavior
Restrictive Self-Defeating Habits and Attitudes…

Most people are diamonds with one facet.

Most people are useless and *have* Become what they are: rigid, stupid, restrictive, opinionated, arrogant fools. They are flawed beyond repair… These types are simply cogs in the wheel of flaking flesh.

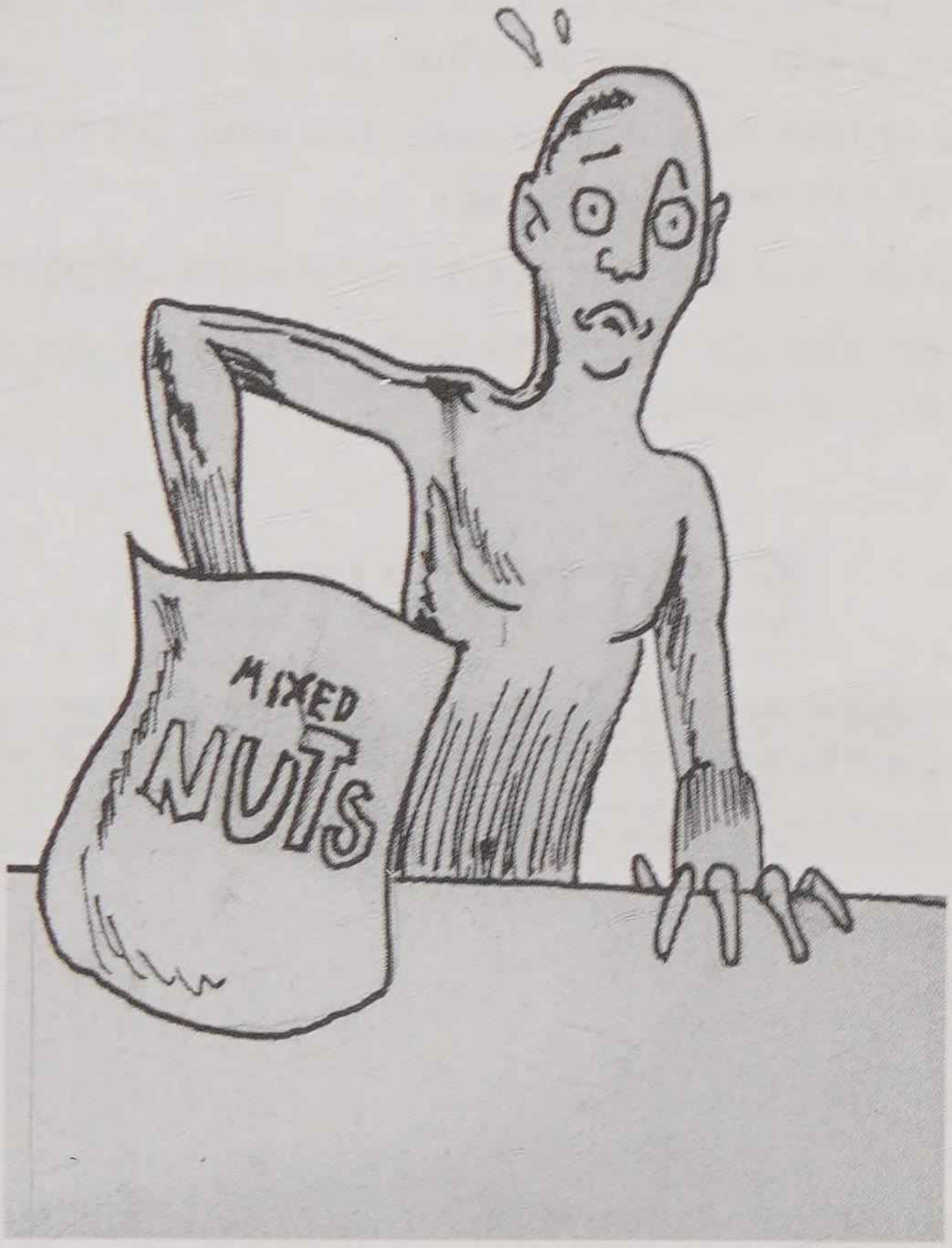
FLUSH PLEASE.

The goal
The end is
Become who you are—

INTERLUDE—EXERCISE

ARE YOU NUTS?

Satori in a Bag



by S. Jason Black

Buy a bag of fresh mixed nuts.

Decide which type of nut you like best.

Each time you go to eat your nuts make sure there are more of your favorites in the pick.

As time goes on there will be fewer and fewer of your favorites.

Sooner or later you will have to search harder to find the nut you want.

Allow yourself to become frantic. Make yourself believe that there still some of your favorite left.

You will no doubt continue to find a few of your favorite until one day…and then there will be none.

No matter how hard you look there will be none.

But now, try this: go into another room, watch TV, read a book, go to the bathroom.

Then go back to your bag of nuts and look for your favorite. You still may find one. If you do, keep this ritual going.

BUT sooner or later there will be none. Just none, but maybe just one more, but NO, this time NONE. (☠)

Do this exercise over and over again until you get the point.

Observe every thought, every reaction, watch your dreams and jot them down in your journal.

E Attributes,

Here Are Some E's

Excellence
Enlightenment
Effectiveness
Efficiency
Expertness
Elegance
Please add to the list.

Who the Hell Am I?
The DNA Mirrors

Body
"Mind"
Life Style
Relationships
Environment
Work
Attitude
Thoughts
Emotions
Communication Style
Walking
Hobbies
Daily Habits
Beliefs
Please Add To The List. (☠)

This book has nothing to do with Zen—Whatsoever—I think.
— Unknown Zen history thief

ZEN DOGMA: YOU ARE FREE

•••••••••••••••

Our beliefs limit what we can do

No matter who you are, no matter what you have done…
in the end you are the only one you got.
No matter how many errors, no matter how dumb…
in the end you are the only one you got…
without You nothing else matters…
If you want to change you can,
but remember beating yourself up is not the way…
for in the end you are the only one you got…
so be nice to yourself, get off your case.
You will be dead soon.
All your self-hate will not change that.
Learn to live your life…leave yourself alone
enjoy, no matter how imperfect you think you are…
You are all you got and no one cares as much as you do
Leave yourself alone and leave others alone with this nonsense…
no matter how many people accept you it doesn't matter…
you must drop yourself and leave yourself alone.
Just do your work and shut up…

If you want to change your life, get busy and do it…
shut up, stop the promises, the games, the self-contempt…
the berating—
that shit just keeps you the same—it was *designed* to do that…
Stop treating yourself like shit…
life just passes you by…and guess what…no one cares…
because they are doing the same…they are beating themselves silly
and if you let them, they will beat you silly…
it is a bad habit, a common habit, a bad habit…let go of it now!!!!!!
Being mean to yourself is the habit of slaves…so just drop it…
when you catch yourself doing it…STOP…
replace this horror of self-contempt…with…something
new—nothing…yes nothing…
stop the self-talk and do something
anything that is good for you…
If you have harmed someone, apologize, and make amends…
then shut up and drop it…
learn from errors silently…
if you harmed yourself, do the same
apologize, make amends and drop it… (☠)

INTERLUDE—EXERCISE

Look into your mirror and begin to imitate yourself. Some people can't do this, others begin to cry, others start laughing, others become uptight, and some even commit suicide. If you didn't commit suicide, what *did* happen to you?

You can't change what you are
but you can change
who you believe you are

A ZEN STATEMENT

[Do you remember this Zen Comic from *Undoing Yourself*? I hope so () but did you apply it to yourself? Did you study this at least once a week, or are you an arrogant loser?]

To Know Enlightenment,
Not To Just Know of It

You must give up the thing most precious to you.
You must give up the thing which you love so dearly,
the thing that you hold on to
—you must give it up—
—you must give it up.—

There can be no half-way measures in "finding"
ENLIGHTENMENT.
It is not hiding anywhere.
It is HERE and NOW.

You must see that you are frightened,
that something is at STAKE all the time—
even in your dreams—something is at stake,
ALL THE TIME.

Everything which shocks you,

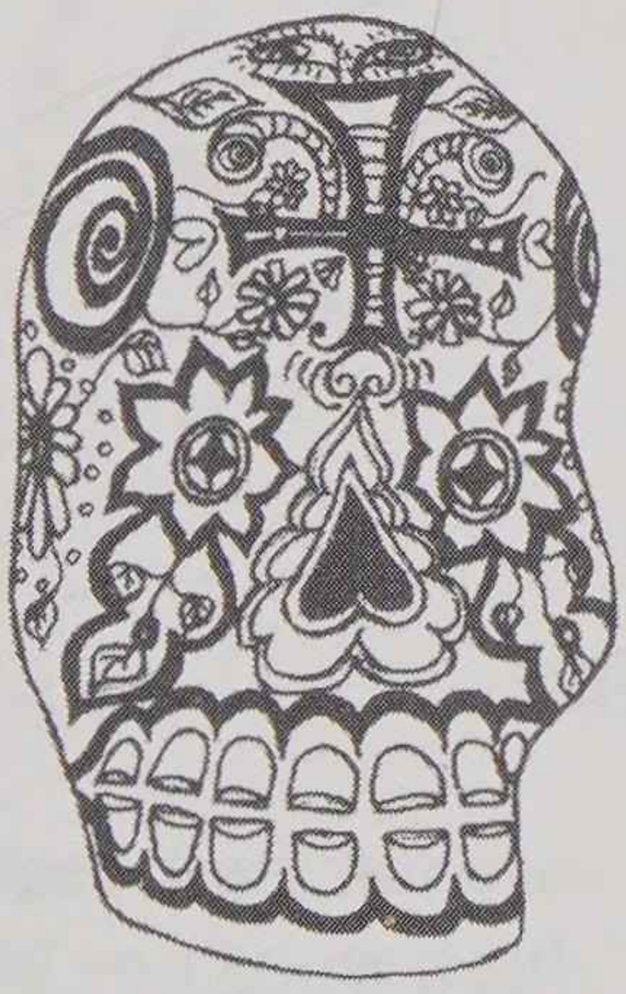
disrupts you, disturbs you, can be your friend.
Everything which allows you to sleep,
to be complacent
hinders you.

To become in Accordance with your
TRUE POTENTIAL,
you must be in Discordance with yourself.
YOU ARE AT STAKE ALL THE TIME
AND YOU LOOK FOR FOOD WHICH FEEDS YOU

This book is calculus at its best.
— Sir Isaac Newton

Anything which delays your end——
feeds you.
You digest this diet overabundant with FAT.
You are insatiable,
and require constant FAT to keep you going.
You use more energy and power maintaining
THE ILLUSION
of your insatiable dream than Living.
You will even STRUT to death's window.



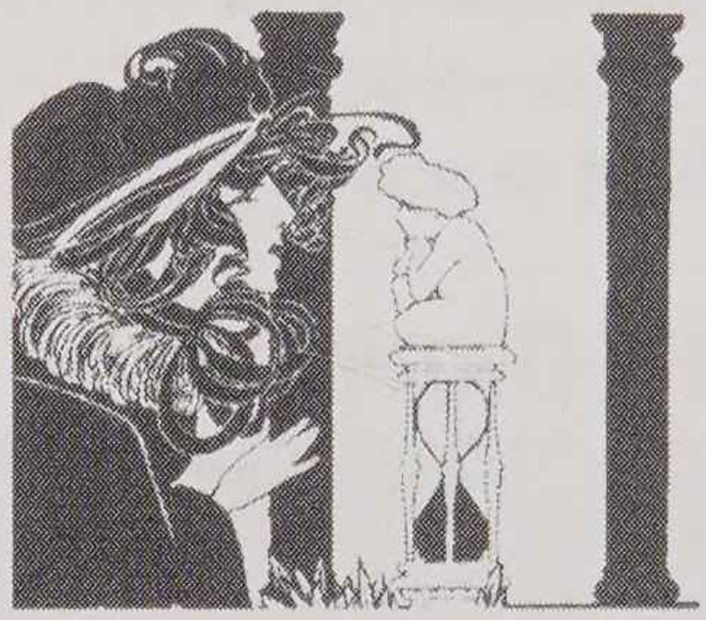


But to Know the DEATHLESS ONE—
you—**the strutter—must die.**
You must go on a diet—then
Starve to DEATH.

You must stop finding yourself in misery
in cranial pride,
—and historic stupidity.
You must stop strutting around like a fattened
COW.

You must stop bowing down to your mistakes.
You must stop your idol worshipping.
You must surrender your misery.

This book is nothing more than a weak diatribe against the will of the people, but I use it every day.
— Karl Marx



You must stop acting surprised when (☠) something happens to you

FOR—it is the same old thing.
You must stop reacting to things as you always HAVE.

You must stop proving your story.
You must stop extending the past into the present and future.

You must stop defending your stupidity,
—YOUR SLEEP.
You must stop defending
YOUR MISERY.

YOU MUST WAKE UP

You even forsake your health to feed this Monster.
He drinks your blood,
this friend of yours.
You will sacrifice anything and everything to feed him.

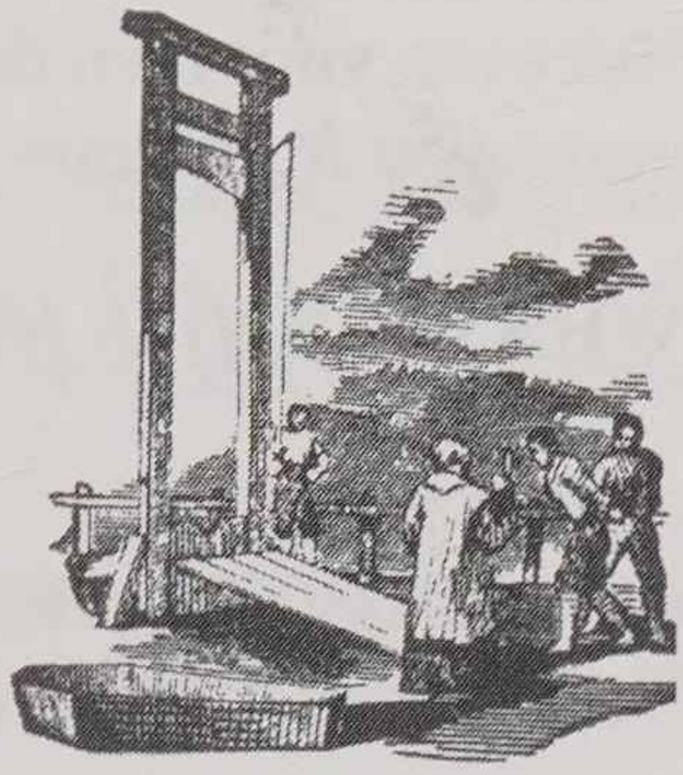
Everyone and everything is food for you.
How people treat you (good-bad) is food for you.
You are so weak yet He is so strong.
Why do you prefer the insatiable one to HIM?

You oppose—you conform—all is food for you
You agree—you disagree—all is food for you.
You render opinions on this and that,
and spout authorities to back you up
—all is food for you.
You are surrounded by friends or you are alone—
all is food for you.
You are naked or adorned—
all is food for you.

If I were alive today I would buy this book.
— The Prophet Muhammad

SOMETHING IS **ALWAYS**
AT STAKE
SOMETHING IS ALWAYS ON THE LINE.

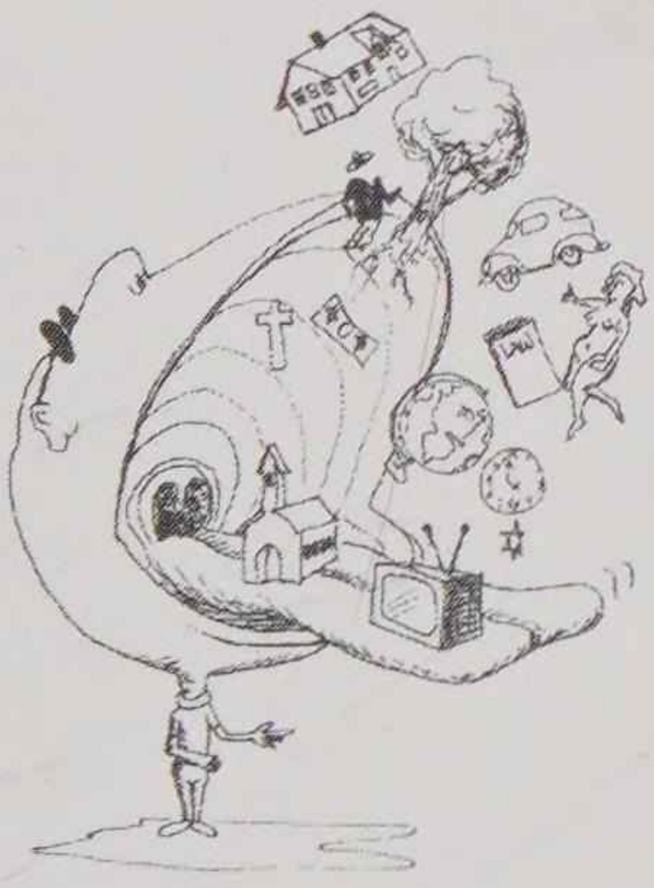
You strut around
proud of the misery
you have caused yourself.
You will do anything to preserve the misery.
You will fight,
you will sneer,
you will accuse,
you will blame,
you will steal, you will hide,
—all to preserve fear!
REMEMBER
THERE IS ALWAYS
SOMETHING
AT STAKE.
THAT SOMETHING IS YOU.



nothing can satiate
millions can not
fame can not
love can not
power can not
friends can not

ONLY ∞

AFTER YOU HAVE IT ALL, THEN WHAT?



victories feed you
your failures feed you
your past feeds you
your ideas feed you

if your friends allow you to be complacent,
accept or like you, that is food for you.
If they hate you, that is food for you.

WHY ARE YOU SO HUNGRY?

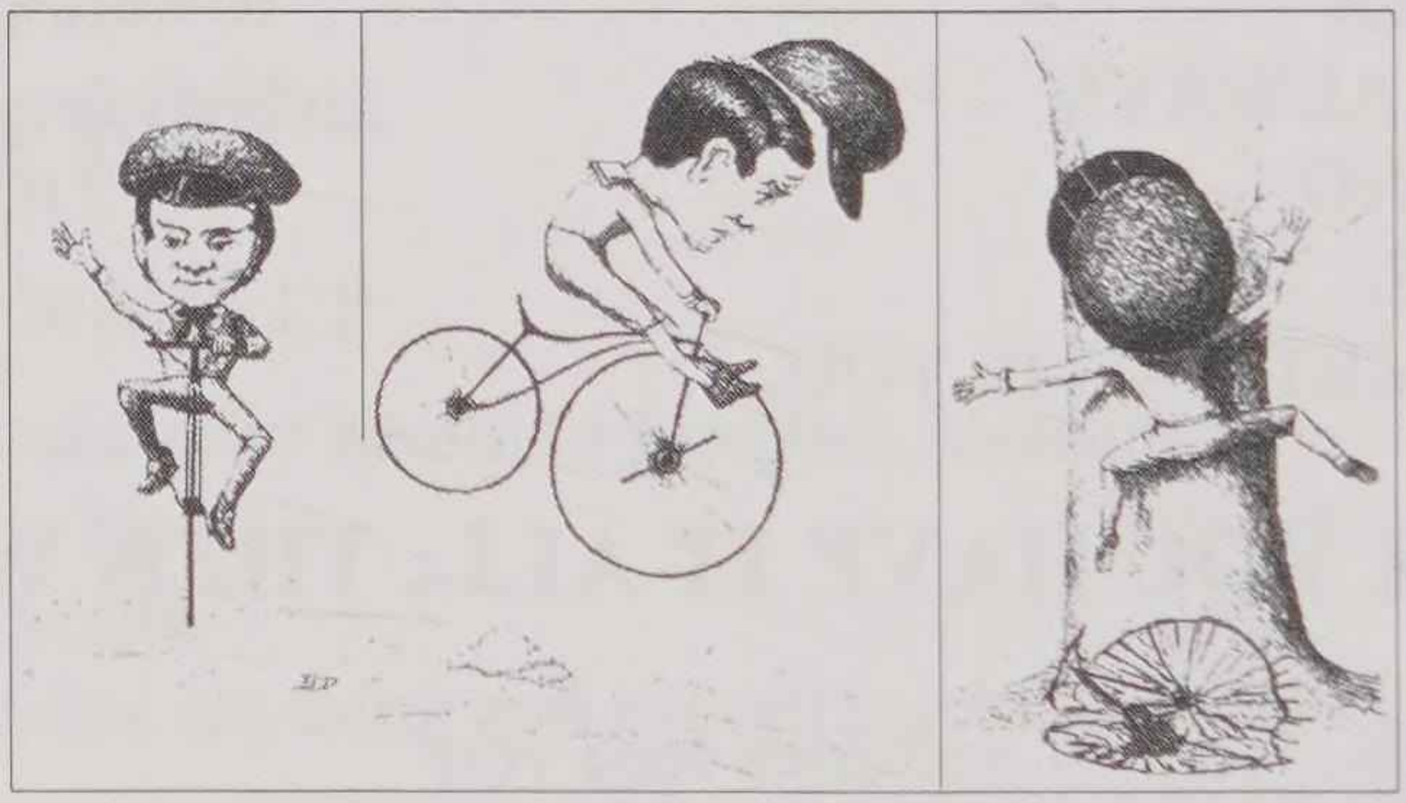
Does death not even inspire your appetite?
Do you know death?
Or do you just have snapshots of it?
You act like you are immune from it,
that it just happens all around you

—but not to you.
Not even your own death can shudder you
move you from your—feeding frenzy.

WHAT FOOD IS NEXT?

Misery is food,
and you can find plenty of that.
You are never at a loss for that.

You never learn
because MISERY is food.
You repeat the same mistake,
the same mistake, the same misery
over and over.



Worst of all
you do it with *pride,*
with your sneer of superiority,
WITH A SENSE OF NEWNESS,
with a sense of uniqueness,
with a sense of choice,
or with a sense of helplessness.

Yet, it is the same mistake,
the same misery.

You do not even dare find a NEW MISTAKE,
A NEW MISERY

since that might wake you up from your
FEEDING FRENZY

TECHNIQUE

When you speak to others notice your Dead phrases, and your patterned, stylized responses. They are indications that you are sound asleep. You have something at stake each time you repeat these habitual phrases and comments.

Find the patterned, machine-like phrases which you use over and over again and hold so dearly. Count the number of times you use them in a three-day period, and then:

STOP
STOP
STOP
STOP

Stay Awake
and each time you prepare to repeat
this DEAD TONE - - -

STOP



Say **Stop** to yourself.
Each time this stammered crippled phrase
rears Its Frightened head

STOP

BE SILENT.

Then, if you truly know who and what you are,

SAY IT SILENTLY

WAKE — — UP (☠)

The more error, the more freedom
— C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

TEMPORARY INTERLUDE

This will disappear in a moment

"Could the young but realize how soon they will become bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time.' Well! he may well not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do, in strict scientific literalness, is wiped out. Of course this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let (☠) no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working-day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out."

— William James, *Principles of Psychology*

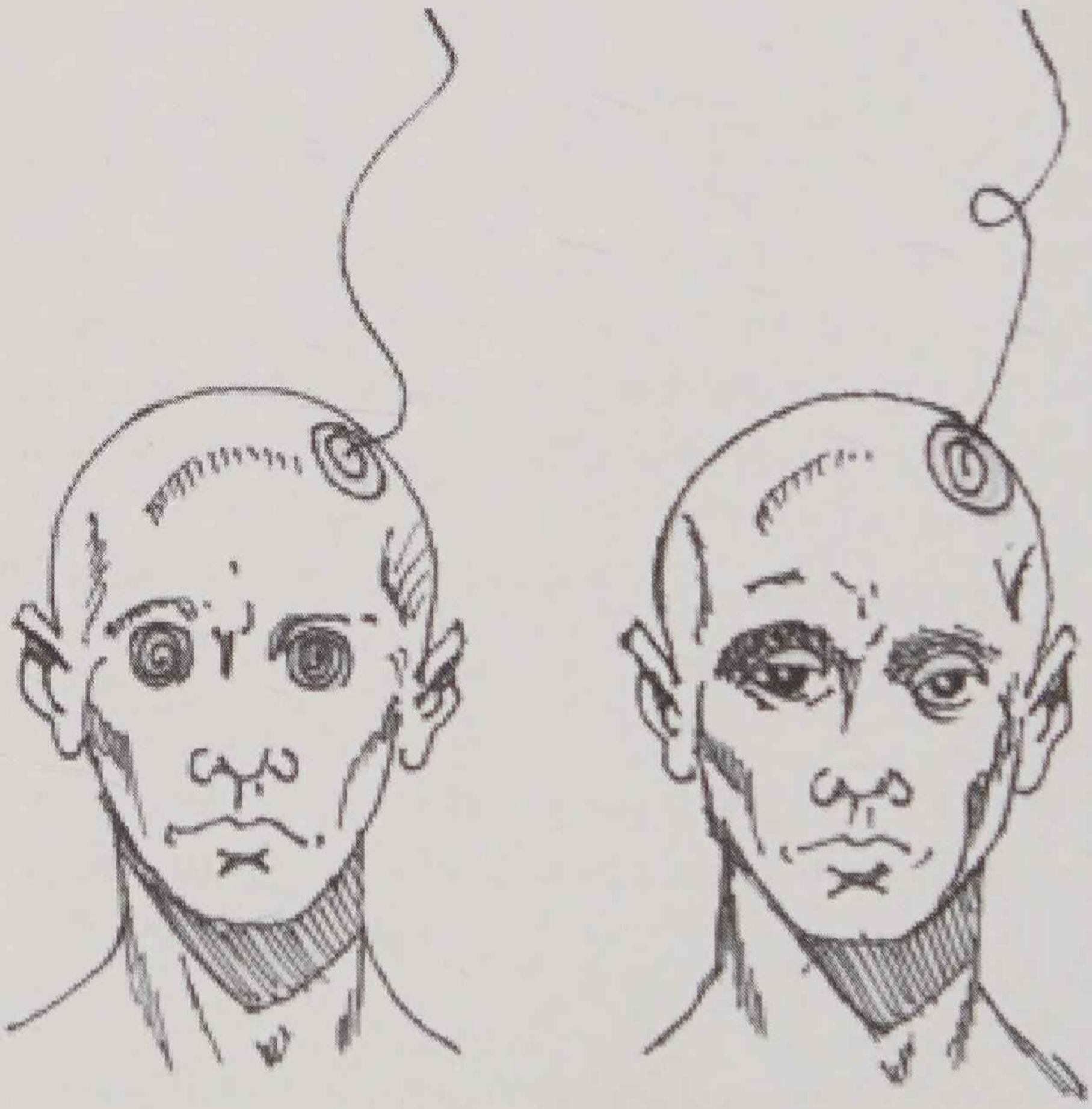
Say **Stop** to y
Each time
rears I

RLUDE—EXERCISE

METAPUKE

as wide as you can without causing pain. Breath
eyes straight ahead and try not to blink. Stick your
tongue ou wn as far as you can. Keep on breathing. On each
exhale make a sound that resembles throwing up. Do this each and
every morning at least 10 times. Be sure not to blink.

FINI



by S. Jason Black

QUESTIONS & RESPONSES

Dr. Hyatt, you seem to show little concern for other people. Why?

Response: I do not know who other people are. I know specific individuals, some I regard highly and others I don't. Also I do not know what "concern" refers to. Is it like the body flu, some underwhelming state of mind? Does it have a metapuke value?

If you are asking if I care for specific individuals, the answer is "yes." If you are asking if I care for a metapuke abstraction such as mankind, the answer is "no answer" since that is not a question—because mankind doesn't exist.

Dr. Hyatt, are you an atheist?

Response: "Irrelevant," as I do not indulge in "categories" which elicit such "questions."

Dr. Hyatt, I have practiced your exercises ( )and feel that something is happening, but I don't know what to expect. What should I be looking for?

Response: Nothing, let things unfold. Have the courage not to know. Develop the confidence to deal with the unknown. Having to know certain things ahead of time is a sign of a weak stomach which has been fostered by the ethos of those who wish to remain in charge.

Dr. Hyatt, you often say, "no response" because what was asked you was not a question. What does that mean for you?

Response: Most "questions" are so loaded with assumptions and metapuke that you would need a metashovel to dig down to rock bottom. Hence there is no question and thus no answer(s). Keep in mind that most so-called questions "in the objective" are personal questions regarding self-worth; or are attempts to catch someone contradicting themselves…a great sin in Western metapuke.

Dr. Hyatt, I just finished reading *The Psychopath's Bible* and, while I enjoyed the book, I have some issues to take up with you, particularly your lack of concern for other people.

Response: You might read my answer to a similar question (above); however, frankly I don't know what you are talking about "in the objective." No doubt you have some personal issues that you have to work on. Have you been ridiculed for being selfish and self-centered?

Do women consider you a wimp? Do you consider yourself a wimp? Are you an attractive person or are you ugly? Enough. If you wish to be clear about your life, write to me; if not, leave me alone. I have no time for sophomoric debates over metapuke.

Dr. Hyatt, what is an arrogant loser?

Response: There are losers and there are arrogant losers. Arrogant losers act as if they are owed. They are often very bright and have lots of talent, but their weak egos—easily wounded by the word "no," and the failure to be immediately recognized—lead them to withdraw from life. They are often depressed, addicted to alcohol and drugs, etc.

Often they enjoy picking on successful individuals, showing off their failed intelligence and talents. This provides them temporary relief, but soon they sink back into their failure.

There are at least two secret ways for the arrogant loser to become a winner: first, go out and get your ass kicked until you get used to it. Then develop discipline—which means do it over and over again.

Unfortunately, most arrogant losers either can't or won't do this; they are *prima donnas*: babies who carry their crib on their backs. They (☠)want the world to be their mammies, but they want to dictate how mammie should care for them.

Oh, normal losers, they are running the lives of the rest of us.

Dr. Hyatt, is metastool, the same as metapuke.

Response: Yes, in the sense they come from the body, but no in the sense that metapuke happens all day long, and metastool is usually a once-a-day affair—if you are regular.

Dr. Hyatt, did you invent the word bio-philosophy?

Response: As far as I know, but someone could have beaten me to it.

Now I have a question for you, the reader. How many times did you miss (☠)?

THE SCREEN OF CONSCIOUSNESS IS SMALL COMPARED TO OUR EVER-WORKING BRAIN. WHAT THE PRIEST CALLS "GOD'S REVELATIONS" IS NOTHING MORE THAN OUR ELEGANT BRAIN INTRUDING INTO AWARENESS.

PART III:

— GALT'S ARK —

THE BLACK SYMPHONY

Conducted by Cthulhu

The Players:
Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
Joseph Matheny
Father Daniel Suders
Nicholas Tharcher
David Menafee, Ph.D.
S. Jason Black
MobiusFrame

Illustrated by
S. Jason Black, Stan Slaughter
Jonathan Sellers, weirdpixe
& MobiusFrame



Cthulhu, The Conductor

by MobiusFrame

On Kazoo: Introduction

This section, **The Black Symphony,** is conducted by **Cthulhu,** the most "beloved" creature of H.P. Lovecraft's fertile brain. Watch out…or he'll eat you! Under his direction, we are pleased to present the contributions of some remarkable Mutants.

But why is this **Black Symphony** entitled "Galt's Ark"? Who the hell *is* John Galt? Well, John Galt is the name of the protagonist of Ayn Rand's novel, *Atlas Shrugged.* And it's Galt's *Ark* because… No, no, don't do it. I won't tell. Wait, please, don't…… Aaarrgghhh……

— Nicholas Tharcher,
Cayman Islands, 2004

On Violins: Fractured Haiku

To Be Hummed to the Tune of *Duet for the Devil*[3]

by Joseph Matheny

Most people have a square hole and a round hole cut into their boards. When they pick you up and find you to be a trapezoid, they will at first, pound and hammer, yell and curse, trying to make you fit into one of their holes. After a while, they tire of this and fling you against the wall, declaring you "irregular." They may even go so far as to slap a label on you, declaring your "unfitness," your nonconformity to the "standard."

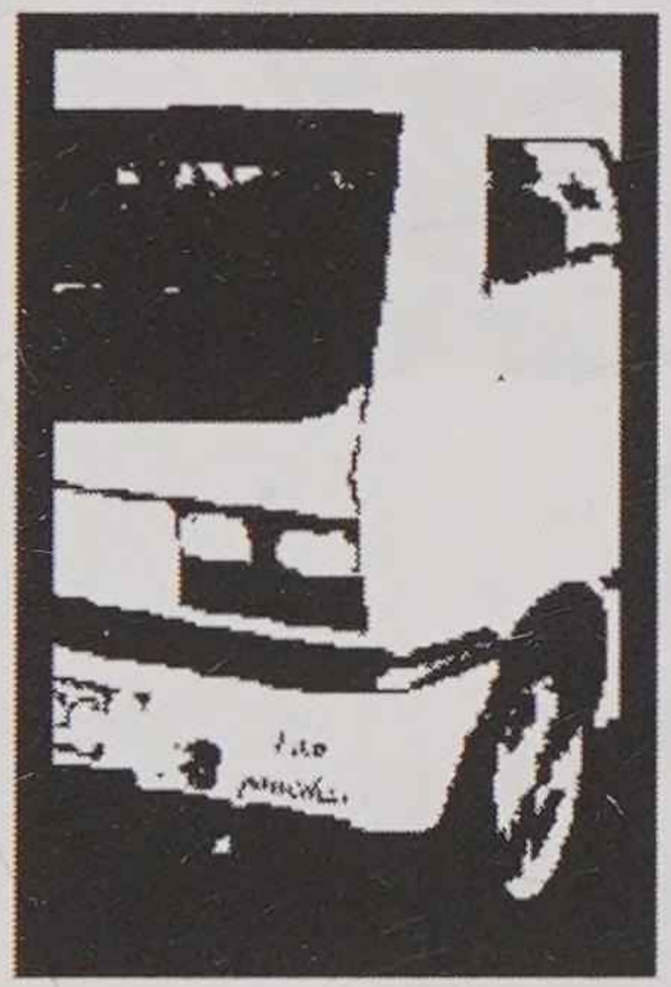
You now have a choice. You may lie in the corner and proclaim your irregularity at which point the "fitter" may extend an offer to whittle you into a state of conformity. This entails your permission, followed by the elimination of your unique edges. Eventually you will lose all your edges and will become a square or round peg. You will now fit into a hole. You fit in! Oh Frabjus joy! Now you can sit in line with the other pegs and sing in the chorus!

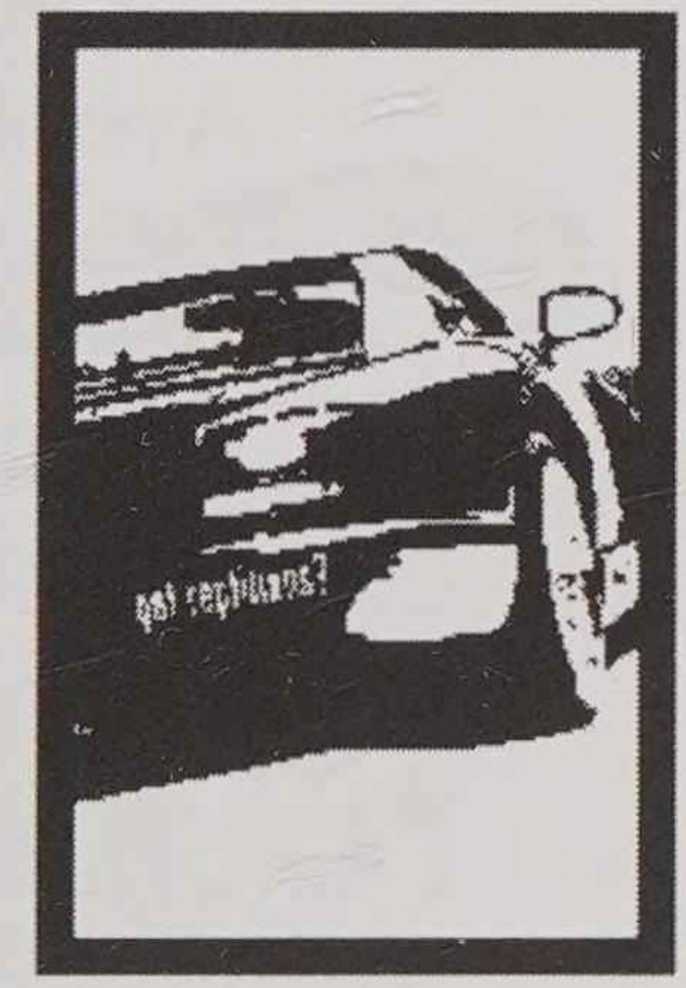
On the other hand, you may dust yourself off, adjust your irregular tag to suit your personal fashion sense, and wear it as a badge of honor, rather than a crown of shame. (I prefer to wear it tilted jauntily on my head like a cocky gangster from the 1920s might have worn his hat.) It is up to you, you know.

---

[3] *Duet for the Devil,* winter-damon Necro Publications (October 1, 2000).

What do these advertisements say about the people who advertise the products?





LEFT: A Yugo,
whose owner says,
"I am powerless."

RIGHT: A Dodge Viper,
whose owner asks,
"Got Reptilians?"

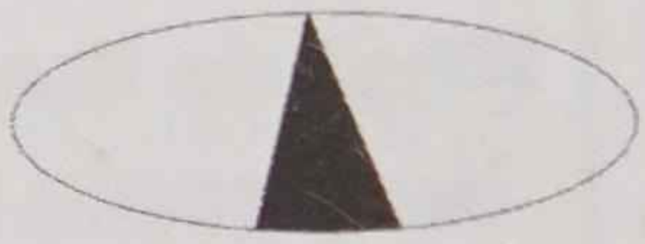
Copyright © 2004 Jonathan Sellers.

Your experiences
Your life
life
is a furnace

If you are nothing
but dross
you will burn away
completely



But
if you have an I



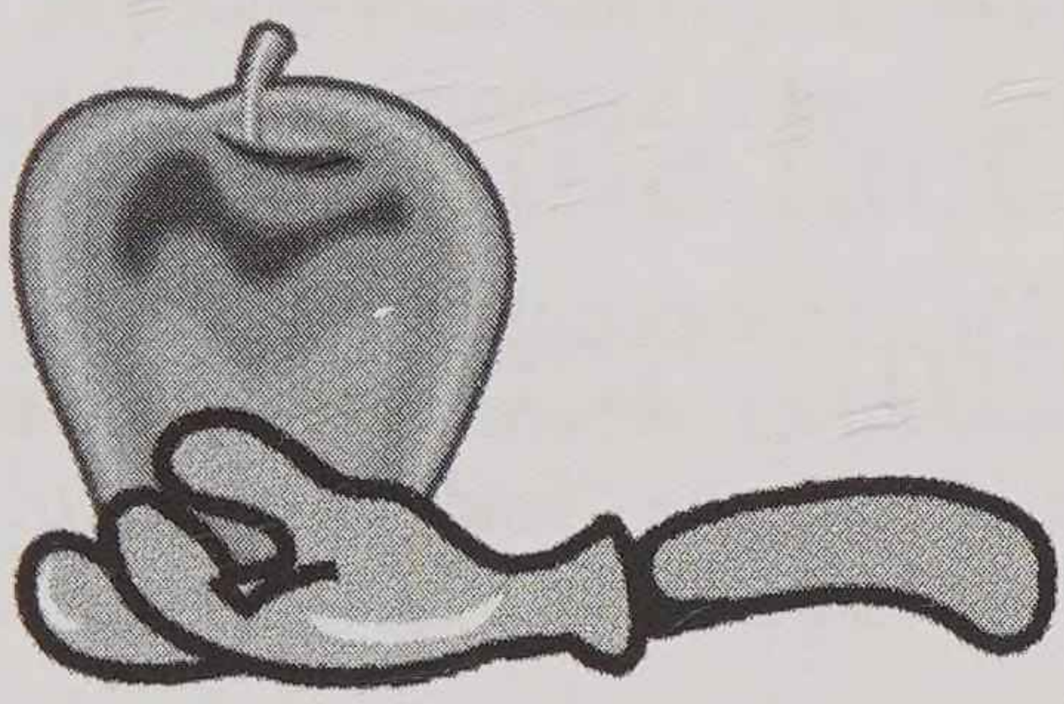
Eye
Aye, aye.

Hardened metal
shiny
bright
you will be

Smoke and cool
take on form
solidity
gleaming I

Eye
Aye, aye.

Without Anger.
Without Fear.
Without Uncertainty.
Without Hesitation.
Stop waiting.
It's right in front of you.
Take it!





The esteemed Dr. Hyatt sez: 10% of human monkeys are Mutants.

I respectfully disagree. I observe it to be more like 2%.

In my more disrespectful moments I might say, "Stop being so fucking forgiving!" However, I grok the Madd Doktor to be a kindred spirit, so I'll be more fucking forgiving than that.

I still say it's 2%. Where do I derive this figure? Several sources, and many years of empirical observation coupled with data compilation and analysis:

— You are 98% water. The other 2% is made up of trace elements, bohemian tendencies and unworthy motives.

— Our brain comprises 2% of our body's weight, but it uses 20% of our body's energy, and it has multiple back-up systems for most functions.

— With less than 2% of the population at second tier thinking (and only 0.1% at turquoise), second tier consciousness is relatively rare because it is now the "leading edge" of collective human evolution.

— Humans and chimps differ at the genetic level only by 1 to 2%.

— When reproducing, both parents give a part of their genetic code to form a new individual. That's why a *point of crossing-over* is randomly selected. This point determine which part of the code is taken from the father, the rest is taken from the mother's genome. If the *point of crossing-over* is selected in the genome's middle, then the new-born will **inherit** half of the genome's father and half of the genome's mother. The genome of the new individual is consequently a **copy** of a part of genome's parents.

In nature, this **copy** is not perfect. Feeble irregularities appear in the course of the copy process. It's a **mutation**. This *mutation* plays a part in the redistribution of new generations into the search space. Without this mutation, the population risks the convergence toward a *maximum space local*.

— 2% of any given species represents a mutational curve that is suited to changing environmental conditions, thereby ensuring its survival when changes are complete.

— There are many more examples of the 2% phenomena and one may say that it is no more than the filter of the perceiver at work. That may very well be. Then again, maybe I'm right.

YOUR KARMA IS YOUR DOGMA!

Now to the secret that we promised you.
You will see the face of the conspiracy several times before the end of this little ditty.

got reptilians?

Taking a Scalpel to FATE

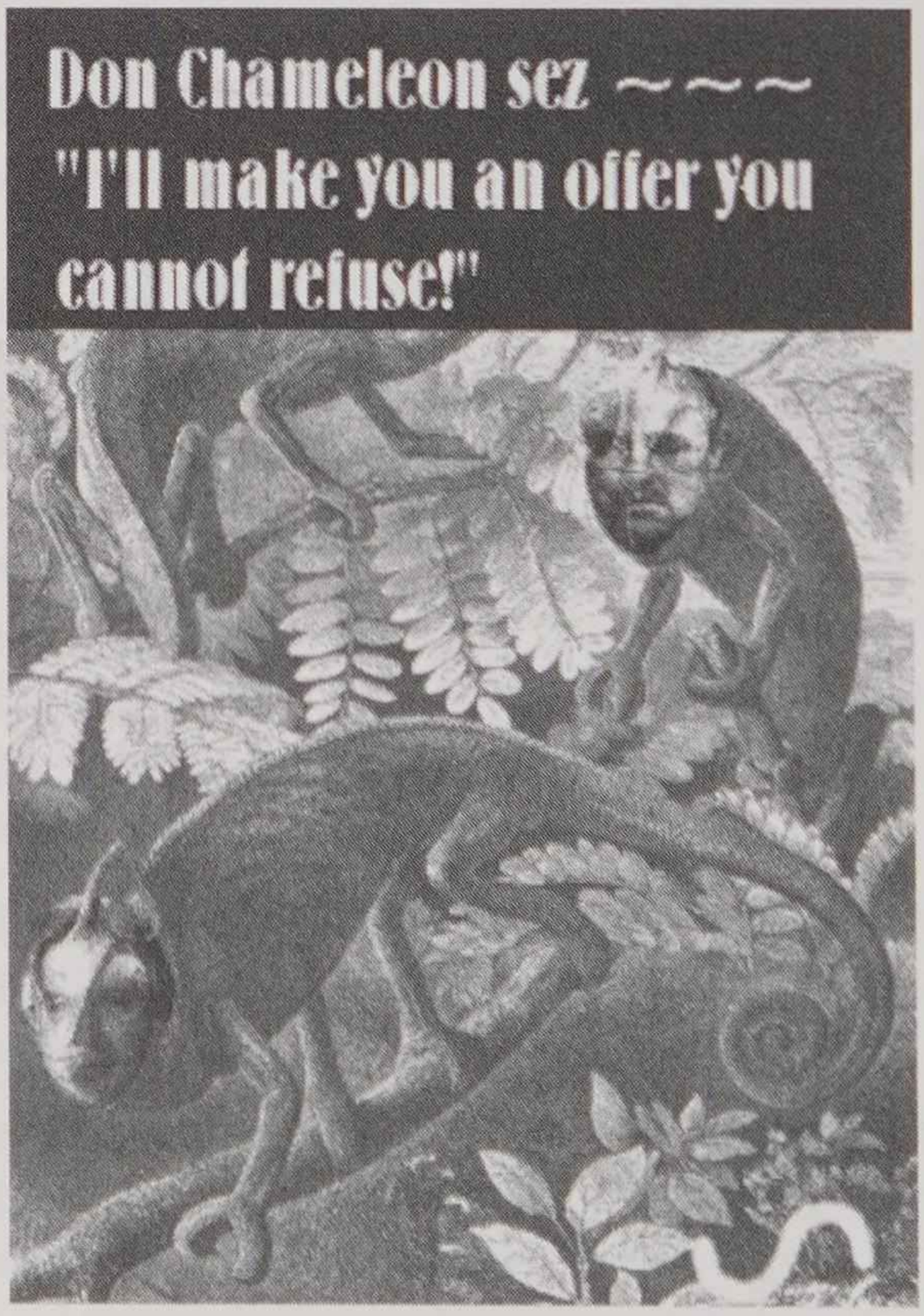
What mind control has been defined as:

Government/MKULTRA/Monarch
Aliens
Illuminati and Illuminati-type groups
Interdimensional "critters"—Reptilians, *et al.*
(more to be added)

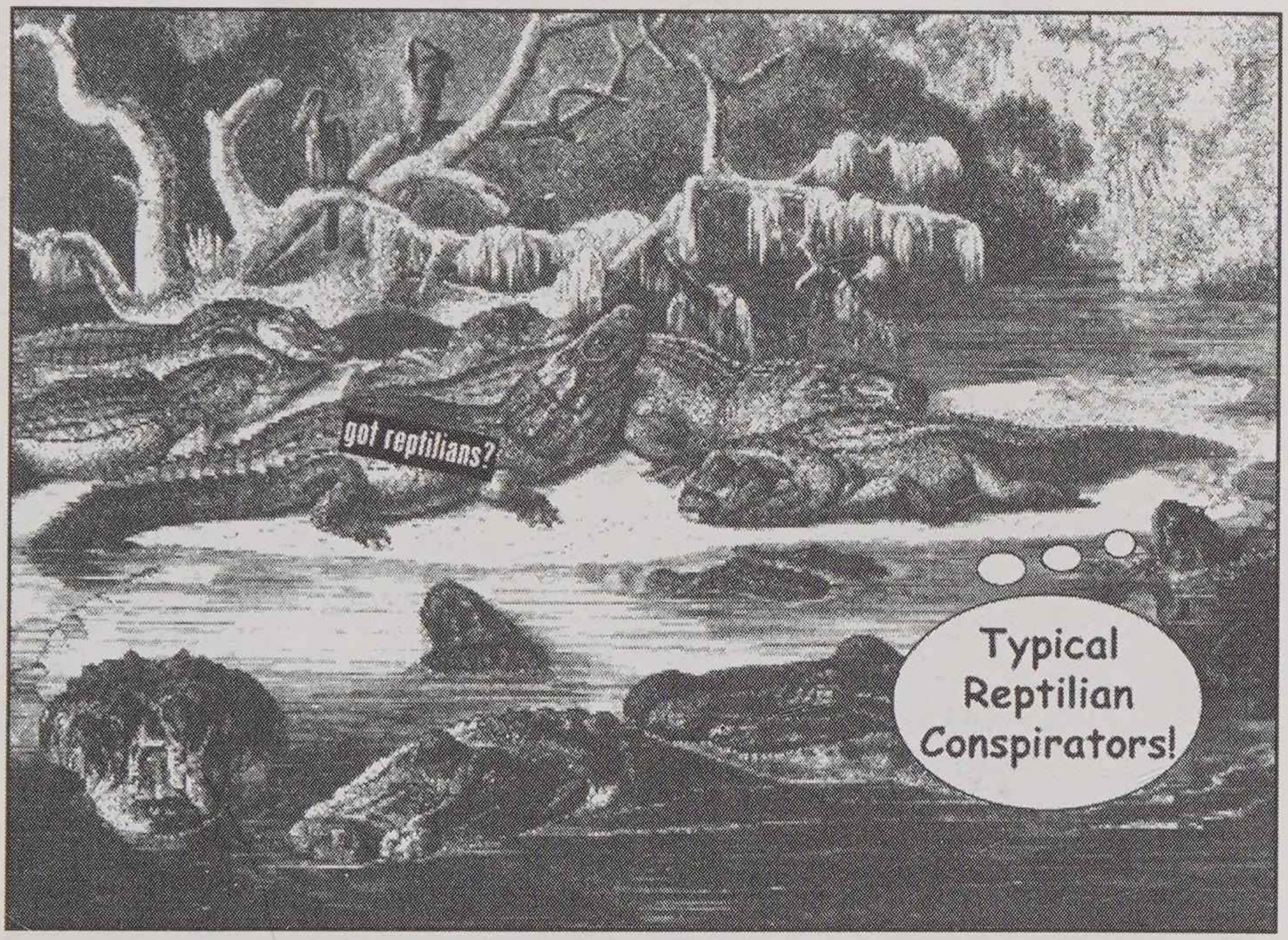
Question: Is your mind controlled or do you lack control of your mind?

What THEY won't say:

Television and the rest of the media matrix
church
state
community (society, includes peer pressure)
culture/art
(more to be added)

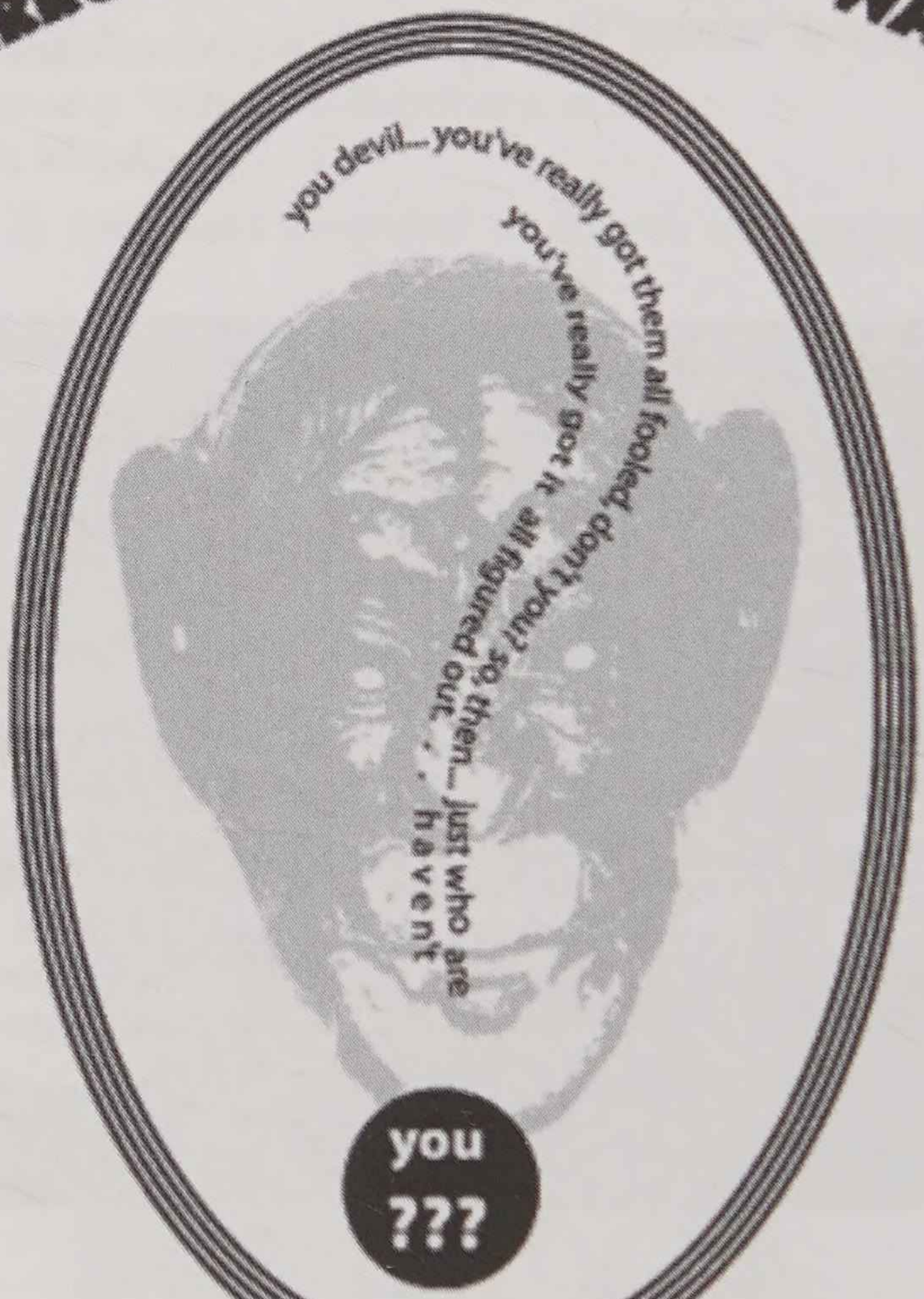


Who are THEY?
Government
Above government (Illuminati)
Aliens
The rich and old moneyed (Bilderbergers, Gnomes of Europe, Den of Vipers, Priory of Sion, Jewish Bankers)
Interdimensional "critters" like Reptilians
Angels
God
Satan
(more to be added)



See the face of THEY

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL



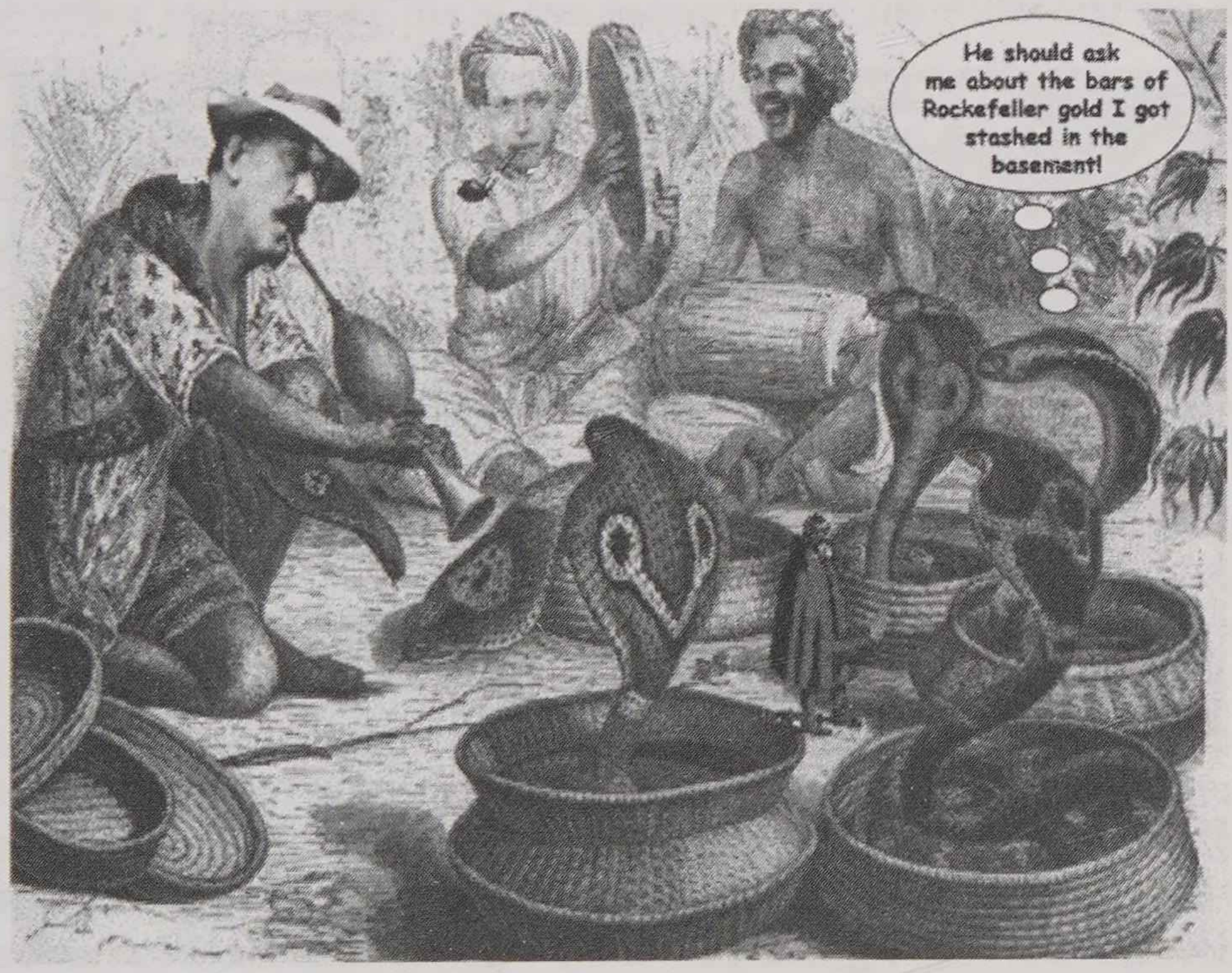
Objects in Mirror are Closer than they appear

The many FACES of THEY

Exercise:
Place a mirror here
What do you see?
Write it down.

Go away—come back—what do you see now?
Write it down.

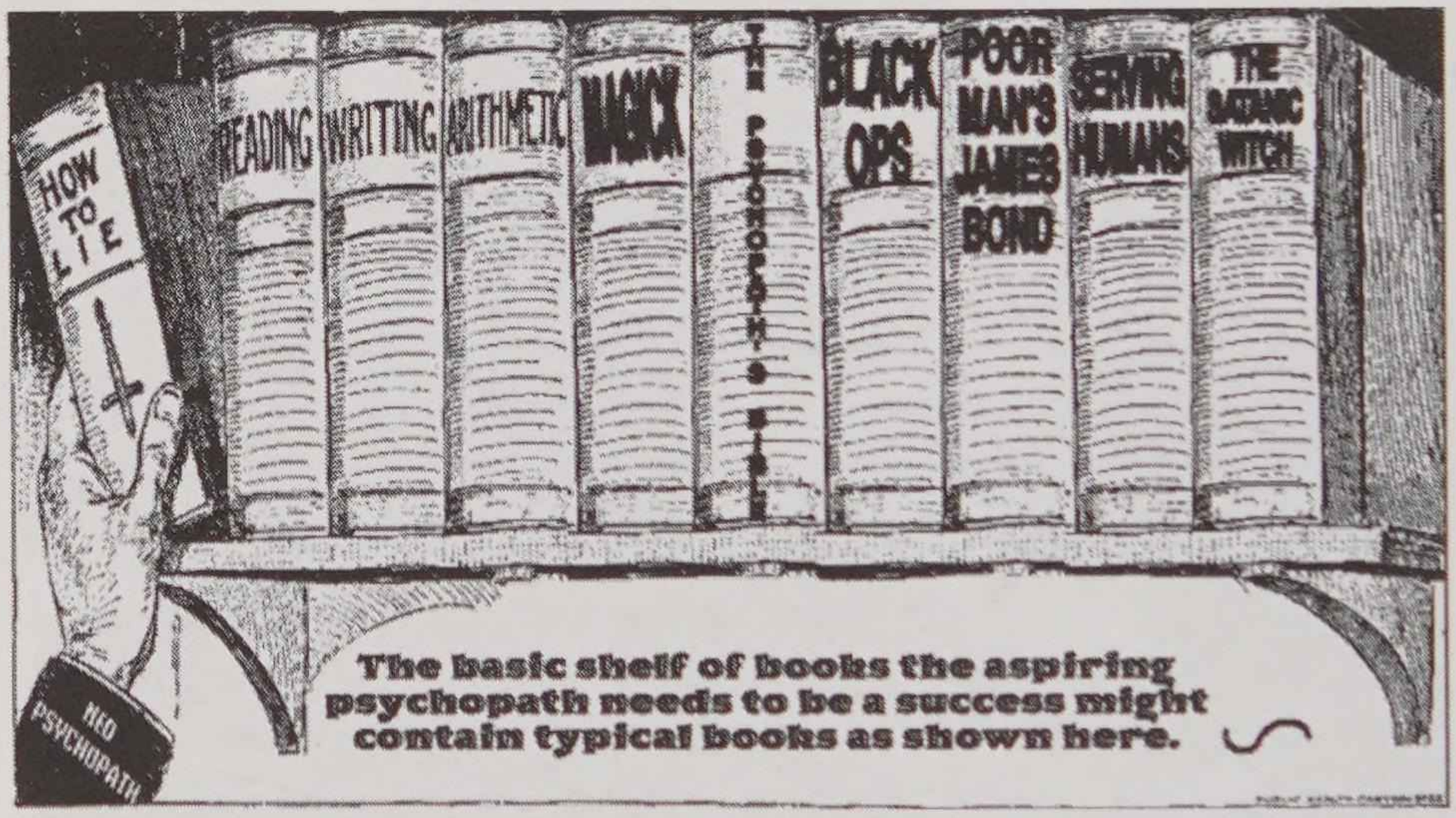
Do this every day for one month—write down each day's impressions.
Read it at the end of each day—read it all at the end of the month.
Leave it alone for two weeks. Read it again. How do you feel now?
How much is correct? Any surprises? Any changes?



Short Essays

Who are you?
What defines you?
Why?
What do you wish to become?
How is that different from what you are?
Why?

Reread these every 30 days. How often do you feel the desire to rewrite some or all of it?
Go ahead, rewrite it.



The basic shelf of books the aspiring psychopath needs to be a success might contain typical books as shown here.

Exercise

— Do a magickal ritual or prayer; any type will do. Try to beg or conjure something that you could easily obtain in the mundane world. If you wish to make it interesting, choose something that provides comfort in your everyday life. Do not obtain it otherwise; wait for it to magickally manifest.

Did it come to you? After how long? By what means?

— Step two: Go and obtain it in a "normal" manner. How hard was it? How long did it take? Which was easier?

Another Exercise

Choose a difficult decision in your life that has yet to be made.

— Clear your mind. Blurt out the first choice that comes to your mind. Write it down.

— Now, consult multiple oracles, like Tarot, I Ching, flipping coins, etc. Write down the answers.

Which choice has the highest ratio?

— Ask 5 friends what they would choose. Write down the answers.

Which choice has the highest ratio?

Now find a copy of *Studies in Ethnomethodology* by Harold Garfinkel (Prentice Hall, 1966). Read the transcripts of the following experiment:

Garfinkel suggests that the way individuals bring order to, or make sense of their social world is through a psychological process which he calls "the documentary method." This method firstly consists of selecting certain facts from a social situation which seem to conform to a pattern, and then making sense of these facts in terms of the pattern. Once the pattern has been established, it is used as a framework for interpreting new facts which arise within the situation.

To demonstrate the documentary method in action, Garfinkel set up an experiment in the Psychiatry department of a university. He asked a number of students to take part in the experiment, telling them that it involved a new form of Psychotherapy. The students were invited to talk about their personal problems with an 'advisor' who was separated from them by a screen. They could not see the advisor and could only communicate with him via an intercom. They were to ask him a series of questions about their problems to which he would respond by answering either 'yes' or 'no'. What the students didn't know was that these responses were not authentic answers to the questions posed but a predetermined sequence of yes and no answers drawn from a table of random numbers.

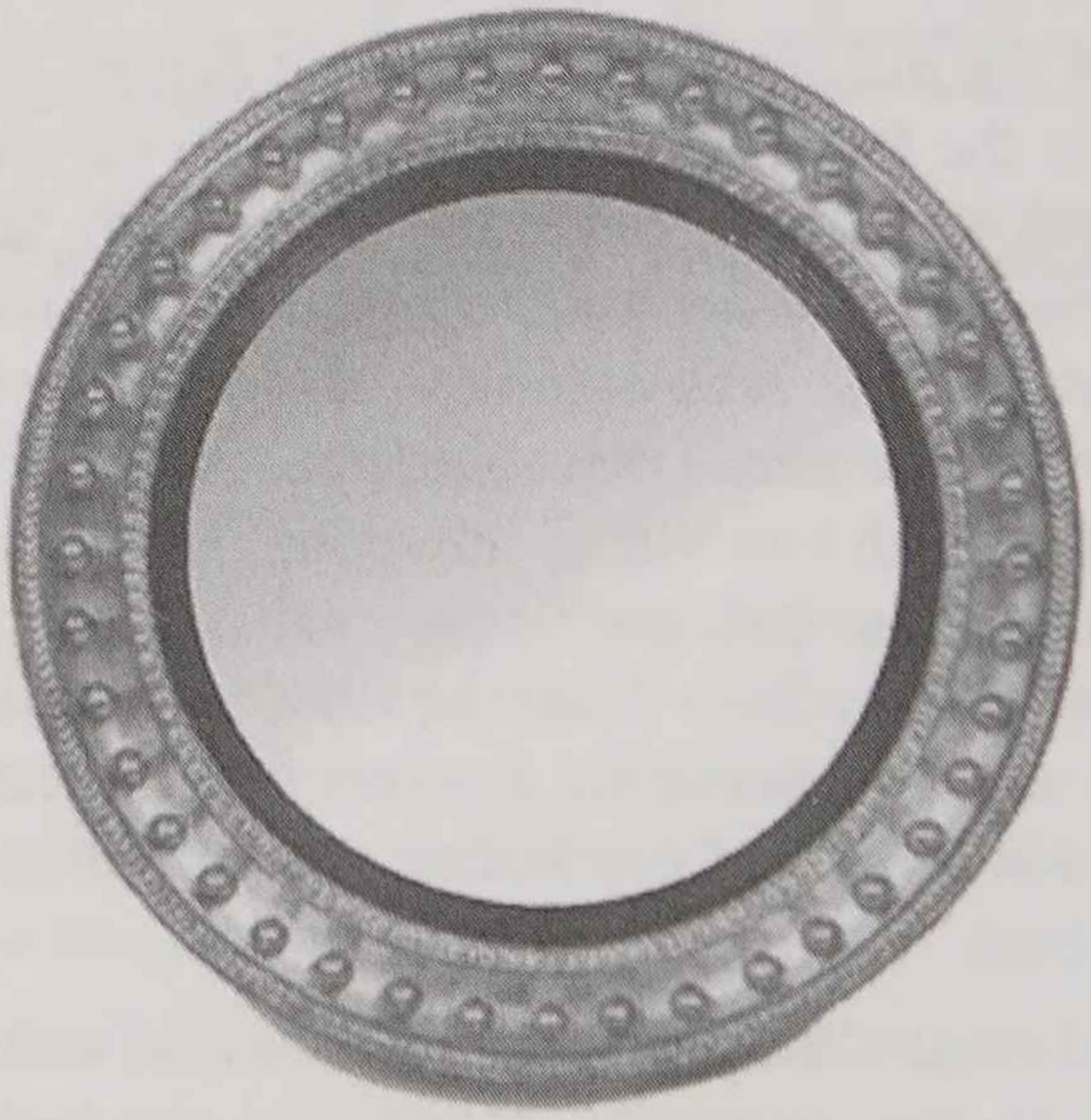
Garfinkel found that, although there was no real consistency in the answers given to the questions asked, the students nevertheless managed to make sense of them, discerning some underlying pattern in the advice they were being given. Most found the advice reasonable and helpful. This was so even when, as must inevitably happen when answers are given randomly, some of the advice was contradictory.

Thus, in one case, a student asked: "So you think I should drop out of school then?" and received a 'yes' response. Surprised by this he asked, "You really think I should drop out of school?" only to be given a 'no' answer. Rather than dismissing the advice as nonsense, the student struggled to find its meaning, looking back for a pattern in the advisor's responses, referring back to previous answers, trying to make sense of the contradiction in terms of the advisor's knowledge of this problem. Never did it occur to the student to doubt the sincerity of the advisor.

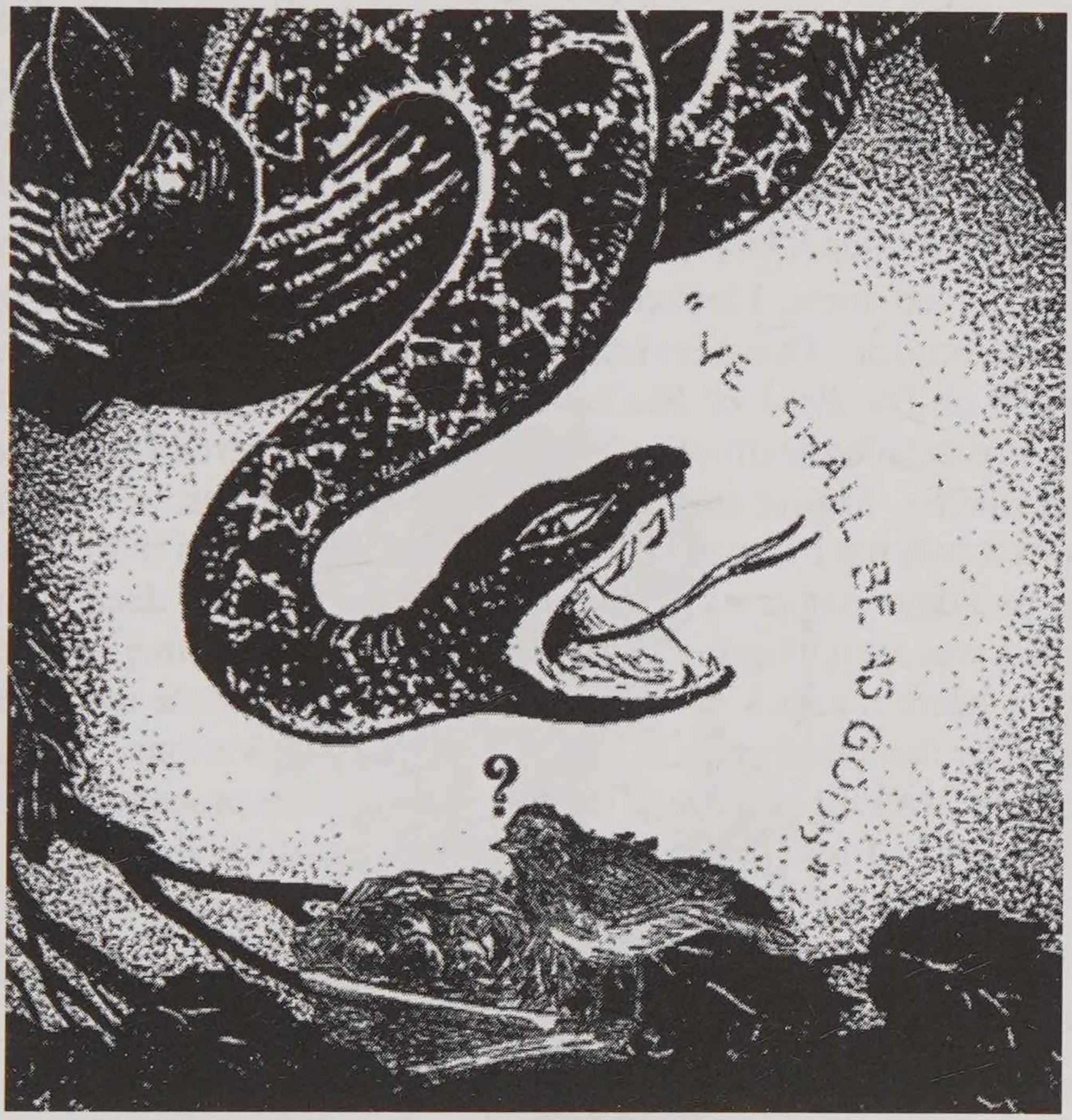
What the students were doing throughout these counseling sessions, Garfinkel argues, was constructing a social reality to make sense of an often senseless interaction. By using the documentary method, they were able to bring order to what was, in fact, a chaotic situation.

Simon Poore (2000)

The FACE of the large OCCULT forces that determine your life



There are no answers.
Only choices.



Interview with Lucifer

How I originally began down this path of madness, I cannot truly remember. I think it occurred to me as a lark one day, as I stood outside, in a misty rain, protesting NAFTA in Seattle. As a journalist I had interviewed everyone of consequence, at least in my mind and in the minds of my readers. *Utne Reader* had even considered the Mumia Abu-Jamal interview for publication. Being considered by *Utne* is tantamount to the big time in my world. You see, I don't do it for the money. At least, I didn't back then. Things have changed since then, but I am getting ahead of myself.

Standing in the rain, watching the pretty little earth-muffins overturning cars and breaking windows, I suddenly had a thought. I cannot say where it came from. It seemed to have come out of thin air as thoughts sometimes do, without a logic sequence of thinking or events leading up to it. Why not seek out and interview the leader of the first recorded organized labor movement? None other than Lucifer himself, the fallen one. But how?

After the rally, I went back to the train station, retrieved my backpack from the day locker, boarded my southbound train and made a written to-do list of things I would need to research and retrieve.

After I arrived home, I looked up some books and ordered them overnight on Amazon. Two days later I had found what I needed. On pages 244–248 of *The Book of Black Magic and Pacts* by Arthur Edward Waite are detailed instructions for conjuring "Emperor Lucifer, conjuring Lucifer, Master and Prince of Rebellious Spirits." For obvious reasons it will not be quoted here. I acquired the needed materials and spent two days preparing the space and myself for the deed at hand. Just as I was weighing the silver ingot, having everything else at the ready, I heard a knock at my door. I impatiently strode to the door, irritated by the interruption of my painstaking preparations. I flung the door open, wafting a plume of incense smoke in the process. When the smoke cleared I found a dapper gentleman, tastefully dressed, fit and tan, standing at the door. He held a cane in the crook of his elbow that had a silver star atop the handle.

"Can I help you?" I said exasperated.

"You requested an interview with me?" he said in a pleasant voice.

"Excuse me?" I said, not catching on right away.

"No, excuse me for not introducing myself, I am Lucifer," he said, producing a simple black text on white background business card that read:

LUCIFER – NOT SATAN
lucifer@angeloflight.com

"Uh. Oh. Um…" I was flustered.

"Aren't you going to ask me in?" he asked.

"Um, certainly, yes," I stammered.

"Thank you," he said, moving into my apartment smoothly. He removed his fedora and gave my ritual accoutrements a cursory glance.

"A bit outdated," he said. "One need only send me an email these days. I rarely get asked for an interview anymore, so my schedule is usually clear."

By now I had begun to regain my composure so I set my mind to the task of controlling this interview. This was it, my big break, and I could not blow this.

"So, no one conjures you the old fashioned way anymore?" I asked.



"Oh sure they do," he said, seating himself at my dining room table.

I was kicking myself for missing the opportunity to offer him the seat, therefore asserting my control of the situation. I had to grab the reins here!

"Want a drink?" I asked, moving towards my makeshift bar.

"No, thank you," he said.

"What kind of people generally try to conjure you up the old fashioned way?' I asked, continuing the previous thought-thread.

"Did you ever see the movie *Spawn*?" he asked. "There's this scene where Clowny, a demonic played by John Leguizamo, takes Spawn to a cemetery to dig up his own body, to prove to him that he's really dead. In the background, some heavy metal types are trying to summon me, using some butchered hokum, probably from that carny Lavey's books. Don't get me wrong. I love Anton's schtick, but not for the reasons that you might imagine that I would." He paused for a moment and then continued, "Anyway, back to the Clowny story. When the Metal Heads see Clowny and Spawn creating some otherworldly pyrotechnics, they rush over and ask, 'Did the great Dark Lord send you?' and Clowny looks over his shoulder and then asks no one in particular, 'Why does God get all the smart ones and we get all the retards?' " he then fell silent, grinning.

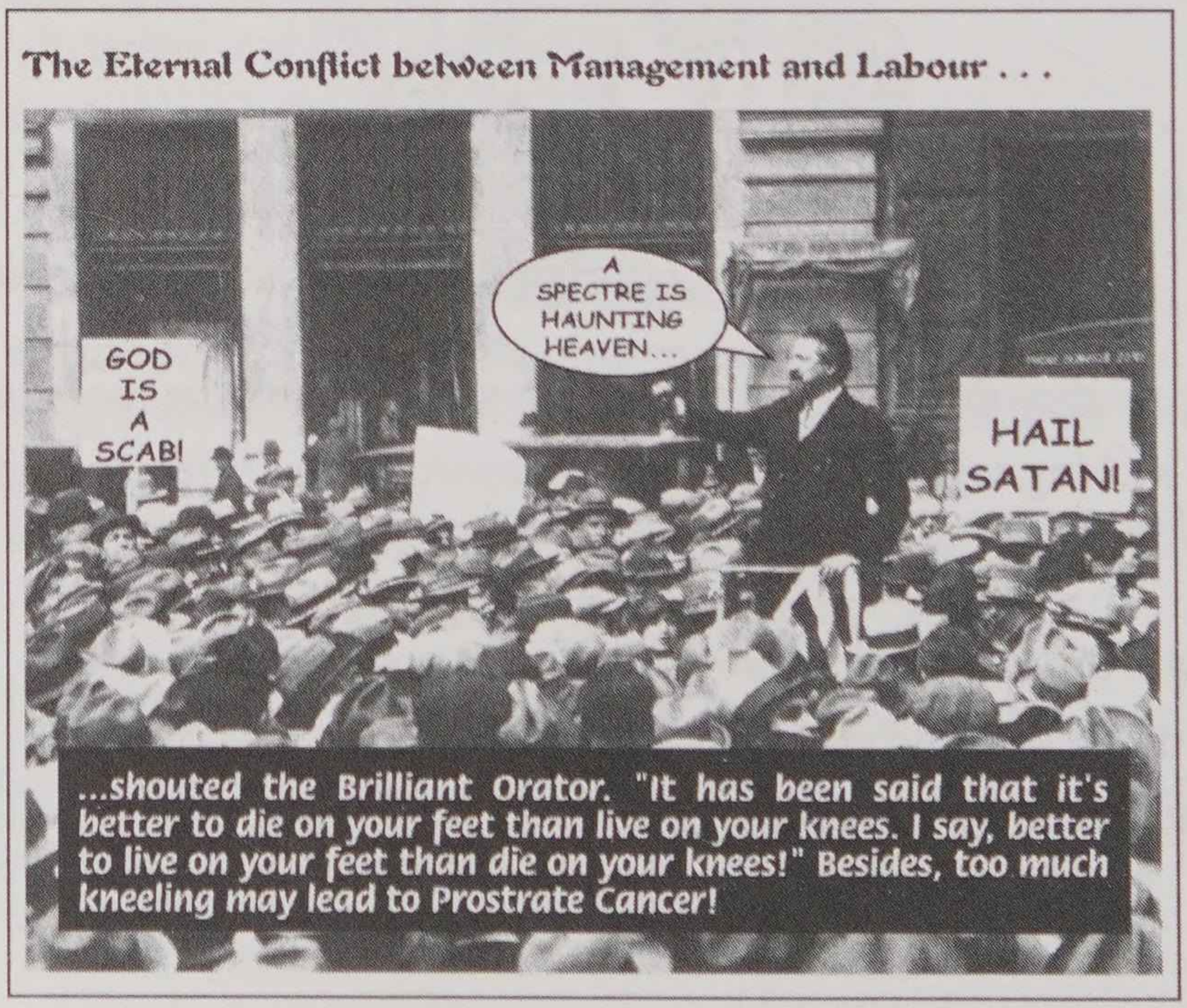
"I don't understand," I replied.

He gave my occult clutter another visual sweep and then replied, "No, I don't suppose you do."

Damn, I didn't see that one coming. I needed to get on top of this interview.

"OK, tell me about the fall," I asked. "You were banished. Right?"

"Sure, we were banished. Fired, in fact, without notice or severance," he said.

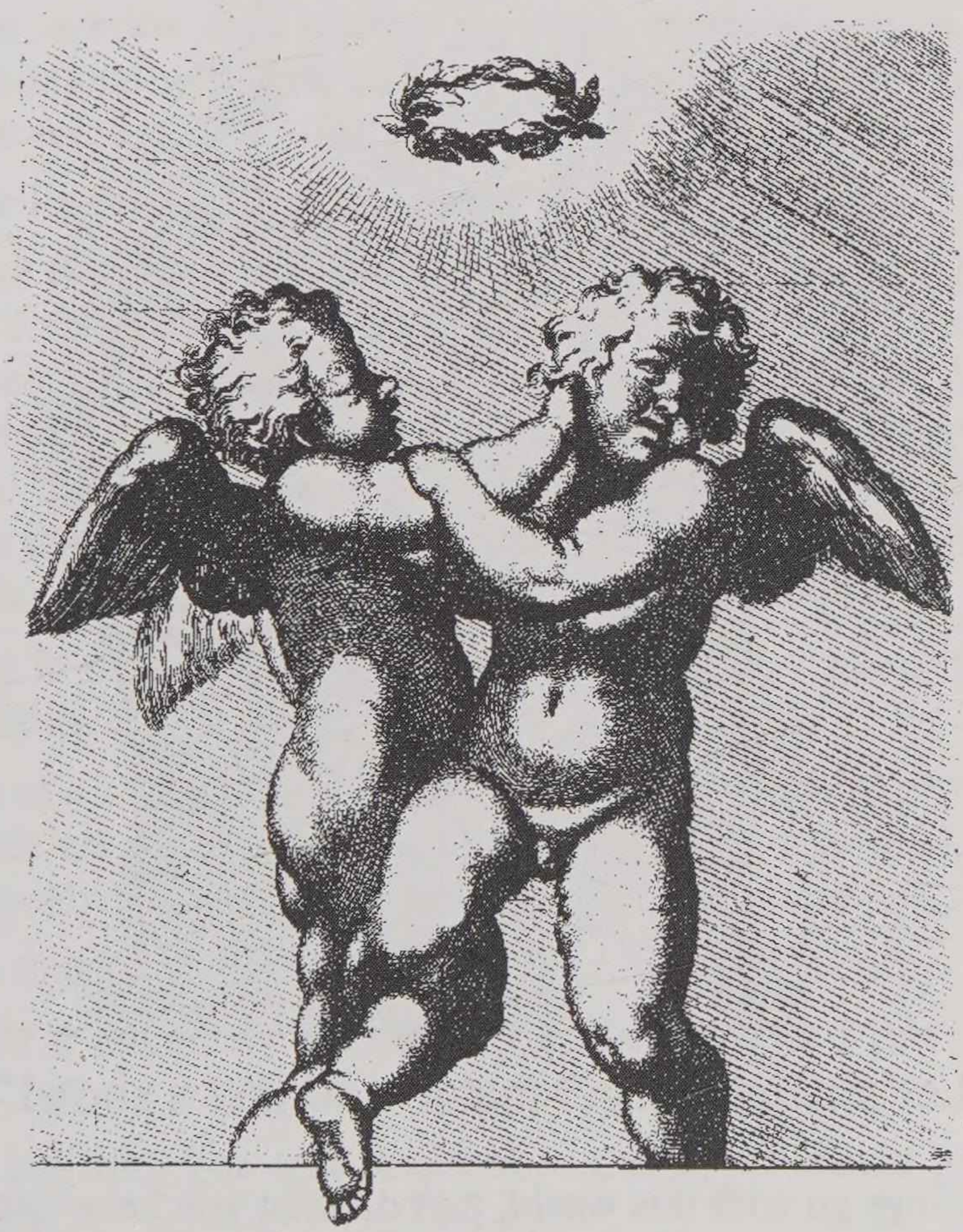


"Like Reagan did to the Air Traffic Controllers in the eighties?" I continued the questioning.

"Exactly like that. God was a big Reagan supporter by the way. Still is. He's a little wishy-washy on Shrub though…" he replied.

"You still talk to him?" I asked, incredulous.

"Oh, sure! We're like professional wrestlers. We stick to our chosen roles during work hours, but afterwards we hang out at the pub and pal about. That's how that whole Job escapade came about. A drunken bet on my part. In hindsight I wish I had sobered up a bit before taking that project on. I probably would have passed on it after giving it a bit of sober thought. As it turned out, that poor bloke Job had to suffer my drunken frat-boy tantrums. I was younger then, much more of an impulsive punk." He said. "You try being a light-bringer underling for some demi-god that suffers from a plethora of symptoms…"



"We're like Edison and Tesla in the WWF!"

"Aren't you afraid of talking like that?" I asked.

"Pshaw!" he replied "Yahweh and I get our paychecks from the same source. We're on the same payroll. Get it?"

"No," was all I could think to say in reply.

"No, I suppose you wouldn't," he said casting his eyes around my apartment again.

I rose and swept the ritual trinkets into an old wine crate and slid them under the coffee table.

"Look," he went on after a pregnant pause, "I don't want to disappoint you but you are seeking the truth, right?"

"Yes, I think I am…" I stuttered.



"Let's never forget that it's all just a show!"

"OK, as things go with this world, part of what you have heard about me is true, part is distorted, part is pure fabrication. Never forget that the victors write history. In the end, it's really up to you as to who I

am. More importantly, it's up to you as to who *you* are." he looked slowly around my apartment again, pausing on each object until he reached the home entertainment center. "Your altar?" he asked.

"My what? No! Why?..."

"It looks like an altar. Just thought I'd ask. It seems to occupy a central position in your household," he said, smiling slightly. He went on, "Here's the scenario. It's simple. You are an inmate. You built the prison. Yahweh was the original judge, jury and executioner. I am merely the warden. My job is to rehabilitate you. My secret wish is to see you tunnel out with a spoon, but in the meantime I do my job. Sort of. It's hard to explain. The so-called demons are merely the guards, the screws. Popes and priests, teachers, cops, shrinks, government officials...these are the trustees. Inmates that report to the guards and the warden, whose sole purpose is to snitch on the other inmates in return for favors and extra smokes. The Angels who still work for the 'mad one' are the cops outside the walls. You get past us, you still have to contend with them. I, however, am secretly rooting for you. There are some kernels of truth spread around..."

"Like the Pseudepigrapha?" I asked.

"Yes, like that, but no one reads that crusty old text anymore. For a story to come through with all of its potential mythic resonance, it must be couched in the language and symbols of its time. Anne Rice hit a triple with *Memnoch the Devil.* John De Vito..." He stopped and snickered. "Sorry, that name gets me every time, bit of a personal joke. As I was saying, John De Vito did a nice rendition with *The Devil's Apocrypha.* There've been others, but you can start there."

"So what is this so-called true story?" I asked, trying to muster my self-confidence back into the fore.

"The job of a writer is not to say something new. It is rather to decrypt that which has already been said plainly but then encrypted, so that it may be received and decoded properly in its time," he said flatly.

"What is that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"Isn't that a redundant question, considering what I just said?" he replied.

"This is bullshit! You talk in circles. I think you should go now," I said, testily.

"Have it your way. You were the one who wanted to interview me. Circles is what is," he said, half smiling

"I'm not feeling prepared for this, you came unannounced..." I quavered.

"No, I came because I was *invited*," he said firmly.

"Get out!" I shouted, angry for some unexplained reason.

"I am being rebuked! Oh no!" he said, in an obviously facetious tone. "I leave you with this question: What is the origin of the word 'Man'? Answer? Manna. Food. The question is: Food for what or whom? Now, just for you junior!" He smiled and then vanished in a puff of sulfuric smoke.

The interview was a disaster. I had asked none of the questions that I had prepared. In a fit of rage I kicked the leg of my home entertainment center and it collapsed, trashing my color TV, DVD/VCR combo and digital cable box. The business card that Lucifer had handed me came fluttering down from atop the TV, where I had laid it during our brief chat. As it landed on the floor, face down, I saw a faint gray message, in an old typewriter font that said: 'There are no answers, only choices.' I fell on the floor and began gnashing my teeth.

"I need answers!" I wailed to the ceiling. No answer came back.



This is a Zending

Your mission, should you choose to accept it is thus:

Stop worrying about what people think about you.

Start paying attention to what you think.



On Drums:
The Fourteen Steps

by Father Daniel Suders

When all the world is on a program
And the storm of self-indulgence
Is on the horizon

I would like to go to the Bermuda Triangle

And sift through the sands of Amelia Earhart

And take the twelve step program one step further than reality which we all know as $E = mc^2$ and make a pie of thankless guts called fish which blow your hair and illusions up like bonnets of azure musk hens who need to be herded in thousands before you can even begin to understand the program of steps and step by step you will begin to feel better about smiling happy people who invade your home via the television talking about how they climbed the ladder to oblivion and need to make a public spectacle of themselves in order to convince the world that they exist because at the top of rung number twelve awaits the fool.

Indicates the inescapable advance of man in his evolution.

It represents man advancing along the road of evolution with indifference and without stopping, bearing the load of his good or bad actions, stimulated by the tinkling of his thoughts, low anxieties of the moment, low instincts, until he reaches a serene state.

Step One:

We must acknowledge a higher fool and admit we are powerless to bear our load or, for that matter, the load of all the great big bullshitters that would like us to cow-tow to their corporate ideas of who we should be.

Repeat three times daily: "I am my higher power!"

Step Two:

To understand why we got where we are we need to consult a bus schedule of emotions called hubbards. They will help us know the values that have been implanted in our scarves and free us to cast them to the wind as if shaking out a table cloth full of crumbs. This will give us empty minds and allow us to fill them with our own misconceptions and (fill in your own name) _____'s thoughts about the cosmic results of being born.

Climb a tree and give thanks to your higher power.

Step Three:

Get a rubber stamp with your signature. It will help you seal the deal and imprint your identity on anyone foolish enough to let you do it. You see that we have learned from many years of experience that we imprint who we are on everybody we encounter. So it is best to be "up front" about what we do. It is a well-known fact that we do not see those we meet—we only see little faces of ourselves in their eyes and evaluate ourselves by the way we perceive ourselves in their perceptions of us.

Stamp them til they turn blue.

Step Four:

Many people have made us blue. Kill them by writing their obituary and then burning it. All the people in the world do not care for you so you might as well admit it and move into your own circle of self. This is done by ignoring anything to do with organized religion. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope in his house in Rome and the Dali Lama will try to purge your brains to refuse this most important step. But if you persevere you can wall off your brain to their onslaughts and remain pure beyond what people are trying to do to you.

Suck cock until you can't think.

Step Five:

You have now reached NIRVANA, and you have no need for anything in your head. Do the sighing exercise and long for release from your bondage to bondage. Even this desire will leave you because your jaws are now tired. Too tired to think about the hubbards implanted in you since you were born to well-meaning parents who had similar bondage

to bondage. Let the wind storms of the canyons carve you deeply and a low sodium diet clear your soul.

Eat as many french fries as you can hold.

Step Six:

This is the colossal jump into the fire of faith in yourself. It is the time when you fear no fear. To turn back into old ways is enticing but you know you must pull out and move forward. The road is getting straighter… The path more clear. For fog no longer shrouds the way and the dawn is upon you. Write letters to your most beloved folks and let them know they no longer have any power over your emotions and if they try to control you any longer that you will kill them in a rage so uncontrollable that they will have to shoot you up with Thorazine for about ten years.

Go to a Hallmark store and read all the cards.

Step Seven:

The way of the tree grows straight. As you surround yourself with blue energy your program takes a new shape. All the memories you ever had turn into feathers and float away just like the stuffing from the pillow at your first pajama party. And now your bed is made. Float in your own arms and be thankful you have them. (Be thankful you have feet while you are at it otherwise you couldn't walk down the fucking street).

Release yourself to the clouds and float on a see of tranquility.

Step Eight:

Buy the "Big Book". I spent a lot of time and energy writing the damn thing and I need the residuals to pay the light bill. You know you could do something else for somebody else some time you bozo. You don't have to be so self-centered that you can't do something to make another guy's life a little better. I have dedicated my life to you so you might as well fork over the $14.95 for the Big Picture and learn more about your miserable self-awareness trip O.K.

Get a life you fool!

Step Nine:

I've got this .45 automatic and I'm going to come over to your house and blast the shit out of your cat and your mother-in-law and your goddamn television set. That will surely put a crimp in your fucking serenity. So, lock your door and pray to your fucking higher power that I don't know your address. Better still, move out of the country and herd hens in some stinking third-world country where the women don't shave their armpits and smell like last year's Thanksgiving dinner. And give me a break… I think you are the most ugly mother-fucker on the face of the earth.

Eat a hoard of hornets.

Step Ten:

Serenity is as serenity does. So why do you live in my typewriter you bitch? You want my help in doing *your* program. Well. What about mine? You know, if I want a drink I'll have one. And if I want twelve: that's even better. So get off my dress and find some other lesbian to bother. Isn't it enough that I tried to help you? (Even though you are a worthless piece of shit.) I get up every morning to a pile of dishes in the sink, a pile of dirty clothes on the floor and several drunken drug addicts lying around on my sofa listening to fucking Patsy Cline. Don't you think I have it rough? *My serenity is down the toilet.* Twelve steps! I can't even move twelve inches until I've had a drink in the morning.

Go to the liquor store for some more vodka.

Step Eleven:

I've had it with you namby pampy wimps! Slurring your way through *my* life. You wander around like senile walruses looking for beached anything. Who told you you could find any answers whatsoever in a book? Your hubbards are yours. Why take mine? The only thing I've got is ammunition to blow your tits to kingdom come. And, by god, I'll do it!

Look out!

Step Twelve:

You have now come very close to the highest good you can achieve. Rejoice and spend time with those souls that have come close to you

in your journey. You could not have done this on your own. But the inner strength you have found will enable you to move further than you ever imagined. You will see stars more clearly and unicorns will nestle in your rose bushes. The storms of life will pass unnoticed through the trees of your life… They will bend with the winds of change but stand straight as ever after they have passed. You have discovered roots as deep as the center of the world. They hold you firm but you are not attached to them. They bring you nourishment but you are not hungry. You envy no other human being for you are yours and yours alone. You don't crave anything…not even re-runs of Mr. Ed. And in the peace that flows around you, you are completely satisfied and at one. Thank you… Thank you… Thank you…

Turn on the gas for about an hour and light a match.

THE THIRTEENTH STEP

News Item: Little Rock, Ark. —Thirty two years later, Virginia Kelley still remembers the scene "as clear as day." Her husband was a good man, she recalls, but sometimes bourbon changed him.

The Los Angeles Times

Well, the *Los Angeles Times* has something to say about drinking. It is sandwiched between the sports page and the coupons and the big fat bellies of swill readers who believe everything they read because it is the newspaper.

It is the sandpaper that scrapes the rectum of the universe and sings nigaboo songs on the jukeboxes of eternity.

Now, let's get down to this lady—

She says

"Bourbon" changed her hubby

He was good
Sometimes

But "clear as day"
Bourbon changed him
And he committed the awful crime
Of violating step number thirteen

HE HIT HER

Now we all know from our studies that sacred teaching teaches us that the hitting is forbidden (unless changed by bourbon).

Wagon wheels keep on turning
Wagon wheels keep on burnin'
We'll just keep goin' on

THE OLD WEST

Jed

Pecos is just around the corner… But I guess I'll just have to have me another bourbon.

Burt

But the west needs to be won…to be won!

Collette

(She is swooning against the piano)

It is bourbon…bourbon…bourbon. You fools will never win the west. (She is slurring.) You will fill your bellies with that devil's brew and you won't even be able to find your assholes, much less the west!

The Mummy

Leave them alone you bitch! (he begins to unravel.) I like bourbon myself. And if I want bourbon I will have it! (To the bartender) Give me a bourbon!

(The bartender gives him a bourbon and the mummy grabs Collette and presses his dusty rags against her bosom… She is repulsed but also amused as Pope John Paul the Second walks into the room and orders…)

The Pope

Give me a bourbon you poop!

When you read the times from cover to cover you discover the most wonderful things.

Item: Four skulls were found walking in the park scaring poodles

Item: Lesbians are really baskets of strange melons

Item: When you clean your space you have many new and strange things to come

Item: Into

Item: Bourbon changed him

Item: I got you babe

Sonny Bono drank bourbon once and it took him to Cher

George Bush drank bourbon once and it took him to Washington

Phyllis Diller washed her hair in bourbon and the world knows the truth

You Know The Truth And It Is Contained In The Book Of

1. "I didn't like the people so I sent them this stuff."
2. And the people didn't know any difference so they drank of this stuff.
3. And they became sick. But the rulers of the people were wise and decreed that they never drink of the stuff again and they were not changed in their ways but spoke of Patsy Cline and moonlight and noodles.
4. But the wise ones came to their senses one morning and threw out the stuff and the people were not changed any longer or, for that matter, any shorter.
5. There was one, however, that had learned the secret of the stuff and his name was Wanda.
6. Wanda had been born of baboons and star dust.
7. "Do you know my world?" he was fond of asking.
8. "Because I do and it will fit into Gregorian chant!"

Hints:

When washing the floor with bourbon avoid the fumes because they can make you into a

Zombie

Item:

Zombies like to drink
They no like to think
Or they will turn pink
And pull your fucking head off at the roots

Vampire

In nineteen hundred and ninety two
A hungry vampire made a pass at you
He rubbed on your knee
Went to take a pee
And then flew out of the chimney: Hoo!

Werewolf

A monster went to a bargain mart
To get a small bottle of bourbon
He ate three pigs and a crust of bread

Guns 'n Roses

Lombardo Rapacini was out of bourbon. It had been a difficult day to say the least. Or at least to say it was difficult. Or difficult bourbon was out of season as he looked at the empty bottle and wondered how he would get through the night without a shot of difficult bourbon. But bourbon was as bourbon does so he went down to the convenience store in his building where he met seven large ethnic people who wanted to kill the shit out of him.

Seven Large Ethnic People

"To baby whoo you be go?
We is seven and you be one
You got two dollars
And we got none
The government has conspired
Against us and our dependents
And our children just sit and watch
Godzilla movies all day waiting for
A hot lunch
While Tokyo burns
So we all's goin' to kill your
Brown butt and we are goin'
To drink your bourbon"

It is reported that she watched as her husband of thirty four years shoved a broom stick up the most private part of her seven year old lhasa apso, Mimi.
"It was the bourbon… The bourbon…" She sobbed as they carried the sorry pooch to the dustbin.

Oooooooo the times they are a changing
For the worse
And no matter how much crack we smoke
Or how much bourbon we toke
Or the joke we joke
The shit still clings to our cloak

Debbie went to the mailbox to find a very special prize. Ed McMahon was looking out of a little window in an envelope. He was smiling at Debbie. He looked happy…happy…happy. Little Debbie gently took the envelope from Mr. Mailbox and ran to the house. Unfortunately, she ran over Mr. Rake who gave her a nasty crack on the head. Ed McMahon was still smiling so Debbie didn't really mind the large embolism swelling over her left temple.

"Traa-laa-traa-laa," sang Debbie, as she sat at the comfortable kitchen table and inhaled one more bourbon. She was only nine years old but wise beyond her age. She knew Jim Beam was a fine product and she knew Jack Daniels was even better. A wise grandmother had taught her that "Old Gutter-Snipe" from "Lucky's" was about as good.

Anyway, good old Ed was telling her that she had just won seven million dollars from his smiling glassine face behind the envelope. "What a lot of bourbon that will buy," thought Debbie. "I could even buy a gallon and get real twisted and murder Mrs. Tweezer's camel."

It was at about this time that the United States Senate commissioned a new national anthem.

So Debbie took the seven million dollars she had just won from the smiling face behind the glassine envelope and bought Russia where she turned the national drink from vodka to bourbon, the national soup from borscht to bourbon, and all the water in the Baltic Sea to bourbon.

She was very very happy and she went to sleep for a long time.

Thirty-two years later, Virginia Kelly still remembers the scene "as clear as day." Her husband was a good man, she recalls, but sometimes bourbon changed him.

The cookies smelled like his grandmother. Like the flour and lard she mixed together and the ever faithful shot of bourbon she had purloined from Papa's bottle. He was just back from a tour of duty in Vietnam and just a little bit on edge. He couldn't walk by the ficus tree in the den without a bit of a chill wandering down his back.

Papa was asleep and he crept into his room for a sip of the forbidden "happy-juice" as his Papa called it. Wow! Did that taste good!

He grabbed his M-1 and began to spray the house with gunfire. Granny and her cookies went flying. Papa and his bottle of "happy-juice" blasted their way into a new book called…

The Bourbon Chronicles

When we begin to examine the thirteenth step we see that we have come a long way. We have been irritable, perhaps despondent or even loathsome. But those close to us have supported us on our long journey… The journey to freedom.

We have been to hell and back, my friend, and now the thirteenth step is here. You must apologize for being the asshole you are and have a drink!

Recovery is in your mind and since you don't have a mind you don't have to recover! This is the secret you have been waiting for. It's not chimneys lurking against you in the Moonlight… And it sure is not china plates filled with vodka. It is your will power and your higher power and the power of the United States Senate and their new national anthem that calls you to a new life of very fine and delightful consequences that include (but are not limited to) petting a yak, painting the Sistine Chapel by numbers, and running your hand up hoo-hoo's skirt.

So you think you have made it?

Well, for $14.95 more you can have the fourteenth step and learn that bourbon wasn't so bad after all. But we can't say more or that would give it all away.

Dr. Mozambo's Congo Powder

And when I took some
A thousand icicles pierced my winter
Just like when you walked out on me with that
Horrible laugh on your face
Thinking you were something
But already being brought to your knees
In your head

That was when I decided to slit your throat

(Sometime in the future this piece of writing was introduced into court to indicate the unlimited lengths I would go to to avenge the…)

I cut you seven times
It was with love
It was with a knife
My grandfather had purchased it from a pawn shop
It was from the civil war
It was very sharp

CREEP—CREEP—CREEP—CREEP

—Into your bedroom

—On your bed

—The first cut is in your leg and you wake up startled

The blood is flowing down your thigh
A flow of menstrual proportions and the Red Sea
The second cut comes now

"I remember a time when you could still suck a man and let his come vibrate over your tongue. I remember doing this while a Gene Pitney recording played thirteen times and we let it keep going while we talked about *a rechecher a la temps perdue* and why authors die young. I remember an evening on the beach at Santa Monica sucking three or four dicks…

"The sand was cold against my feet as I traveled across the dark beach. You could just make out the vaguest images of other flesh-travelers. They walked up and down and disappeared in twos and threes into a storm drain. When the lights of the police-cop motorcade came by everyone separated. Not I. I climbed up a lifeguard station and ran into a hotman. I had seen him in bars around the area before. He recognized me and unbuttoned his Levi's. God! His dick was a magnet for my lips!"

—But icicles grow
—Even in the summer of my love

—SIR
—SIR
—SIR

—Even in the summer of my love

So now we have a gas bill

A phone bill
An electric bill
A grocery bill
A cable T.V. bill
Bills for when we go out
And bills for when we stay in
Bills for when we work
And bills for when we do not work
We have various doctor's bills
And a psychiatrist bill because
We worry about bills
There are veterinarian bills
And the goddamn Democrats sent me a hand bill
About why we pay all these fuckin' bills and
How they want to stop the bills
Well
They can pay my bills while I'm in the mental institution
Maximize my viewing

I'll go back to the beach and try to re-live a night when I
Went down
Without remorse
On three or four young guys who had hardhat crotches who
Didn't think a thing about anybody named Esmerelda or Gloria
Or Denise but they just wanted to get their semen-filled
Cocks licked into oblivion by a hot mouth yearning for the
Pleasure of

CUSTOMERS!

It is just like a relief line with hostile people who want to go back to the beach for customers

—SIR
—SIR
—SIR

Takeout vengeance
A new convenience store
Where black maskers stab out eye holes
And invoke masters of deceit
Who put needles in your ears
And tell you you are stupid

RETALIATION

WE
ALL
KNOW
THE EFFECT
OF
TAKING
A
HAND GUN
AND
BLOWING
OFF
A HEAD

The effect must be somewhat gratifying
Splatters of brain matter
Decorating and re-decorating
The environment
Someone who you hated
A person of wrong intentions
A devotee of the fourteenth step
Which says
Blow all the

BITCH-WITCH-MOTHERFUCKER-SHITHEAD-COCKSUCK-
JISIMROOT-BALLBUSTER-SHYSTER-DORK-NOMIND-
PENCILPUSHER-WAGGEDOUT-VIBRATING

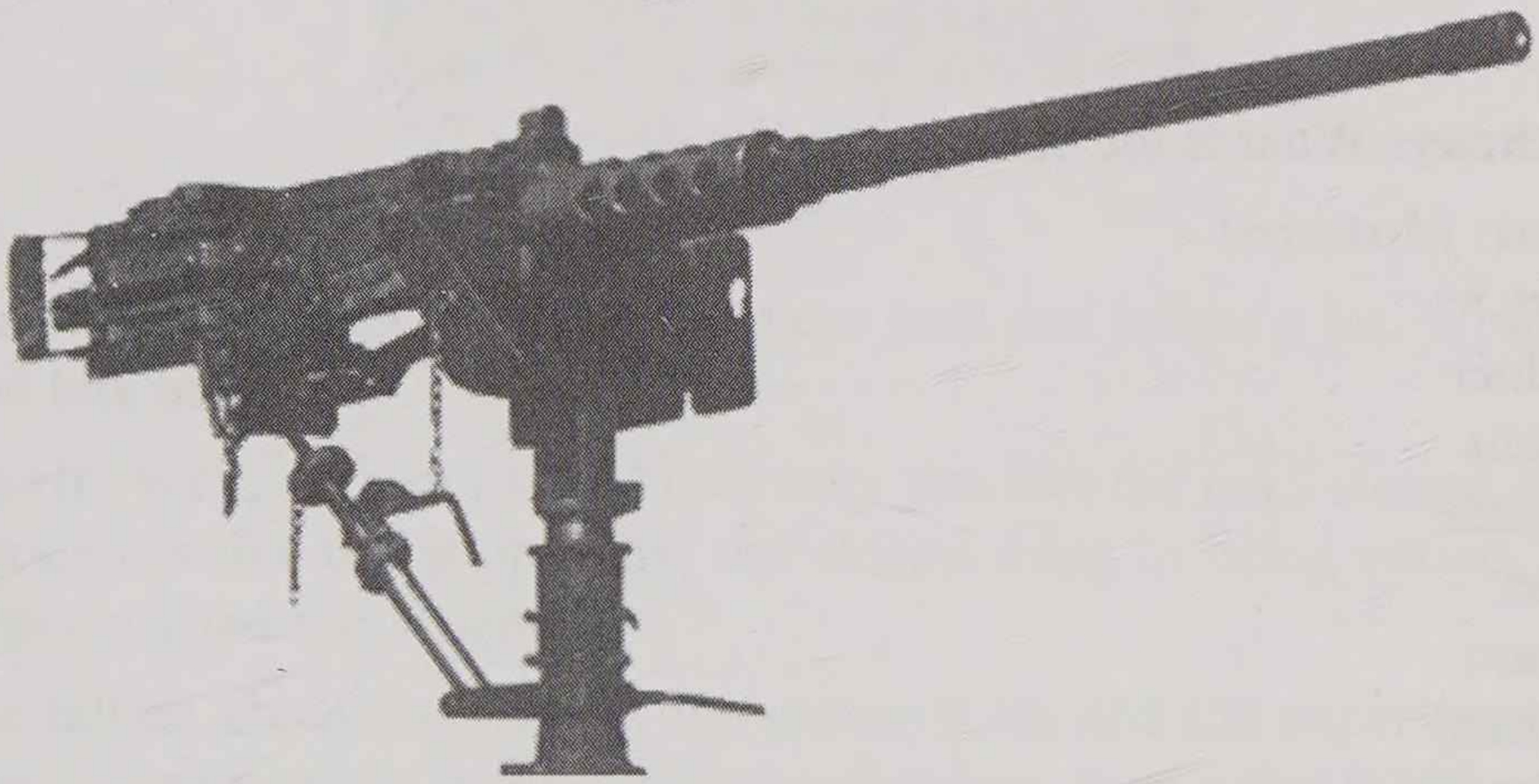
ASSHOLES

AWAY

On Piano:
The ChromoKids

THE DNA WARS
—The Final Frontier—
Galt's Ark

A MACHINE GUN INTERVIEW
with Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.,
Interviewed by Joseph Matheny





The ChromoKids

by S. Jason Black

Matheny: What is the cube root of Intelligence?

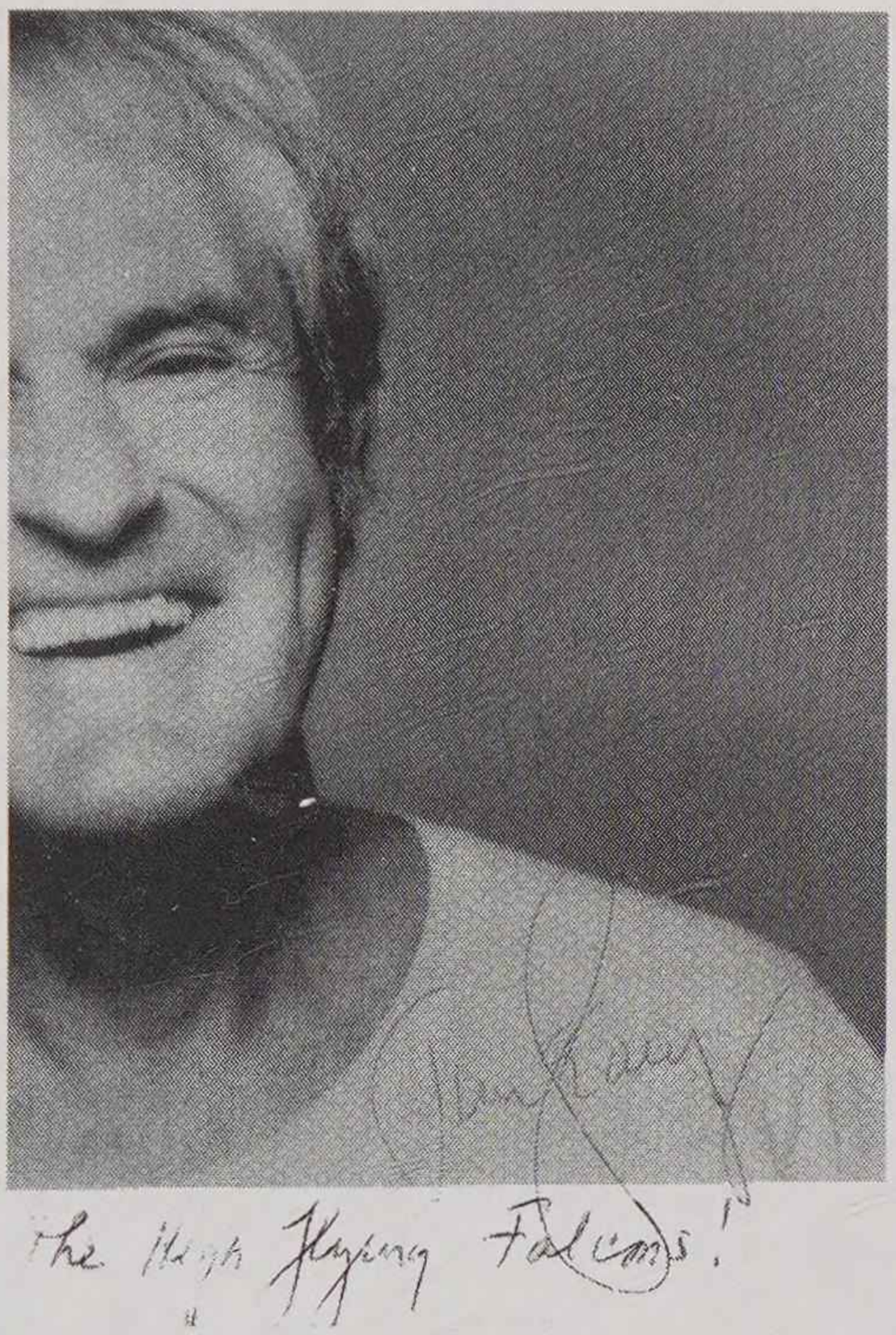
Hyatt: Mutants!

Leary
Lindner
Francis
De Sade
Fuller
Wilson
Matheny
Agents of change
Experimenters
Risk takers

They may be the Illuminati—but as a rule we both know where that alley leads. Chromokids spread pollutants in somewhat random forms. Often they drop the ball and see who kicks it. There are many dead ends. But even the dead ends lead somewhere—

Matheny: You mention Leary first—You knew Leary pretty well.

Hyatt: I did—some said I knew his klone. See for yourself—the signature is his, but i am not sure about the smile …it could be the klone that i was talking with all those years. I have a funny feeling that the ChromoKids mixed them up. But anyway, i knew him.



Matheny: You and Leary sat on your boat and talked a lot. What did you talk about?

Hyatt: Well, — Leary said, "i see why you like the sea," staring at the stars, "it's like being up there, the closest thing to being untied." we both coughed and laughed.

We talked about the riskers, the chromokids and the experiments—how mutants might live their lives—freedom *from*—that is, *liberty*—was an issue—talked about the antiMutants—how scared they are of our signs and symbols—laughed a lot. Talked about some brain experiments, told him a few i did—like connecting brains together—rats of course—humans were in short supply then…

Babbled on for hours taking breaks for refreshment—got hungry and went to the 555 for a late dinner—got seated—someone said "hey tim," he looked over his shoulders, and got up—asked me to go over and introduced me to two FBI agents. We exchanged chatter and

returned to our table. Tim gave me his leary smile…we threw down some food and a few drinks—went back to the boat…

After that, I found out when the tap was removed from falcon's phone—oh well, you know what I found out; hehehehehe, I was dumb enough to call the number on the official stationary and of course never an answer. …no doubt their concern was brain terrorism—

As i have always said, when the bombs fall, the censors will still be bleeping out "fuck"…"oh dear the last sound i want my kid to hear is that clean Swooosh of nu-clear energy."

Matheny: But what about those killer types?

Hyatt: Oh them—those Dysfunctional Mutants? Like Charlie and the Wall Street Crowd?—Al Capone's Soup Kitchen?



Dangerous and non-dangerous misfits, they help with the chaos factor and breed crime theories—they are killers of other mutants, mutes and antagonize the antiMutants. Much like Serial killers and The Corporate Cruisers. IPO hitters. Post Mafia.

There are those who have so much power and don't have the slightest idea of what to do with it. Many are smart ChromoKids who have lost their autonomy. So they kill bodies and minds…sell tide and drano.

Matheny: Where do you see Crowley in your model?

Hyatt: I don't—he was more a tick…stimulated some people, but mostly attracted future failures.

That was his great service—he kept them inbreeding…he was behind the rise in modern trailer trash…

He wanted to build a church—with saint crowley on Satan's cross.

On the other hand, Gurdjieff knew what he was dealing with… He thought of Crowley as dirt…

Matheny: Did that bring you into conflict with your teacher, Israel Regardie?

Hyatt: Only rarely, but he knew Crowley for what he was; after all, he lived with him. One thing he did say which i will repeat—"Crowley was a big cry baby." He had hysterical attacks—and often envisioned himself as a woman. In fact, he liked to dress…and often enjoyed playing the female during sex… i have already said too much—

Most of Crowley's followers dislike Regardie because he psychologized the prophet of the new aeon. So i guess i will have to keep my eye out for Crowley terrorists. Regardie did… he was burgled a few times, his life was threatened, and once i had to defend him with an empty bottle of wine…but that time it was a born-again at a restaurant—oh well—those mutes are always ready to die, but unlike the samurai they have no honor to lose.

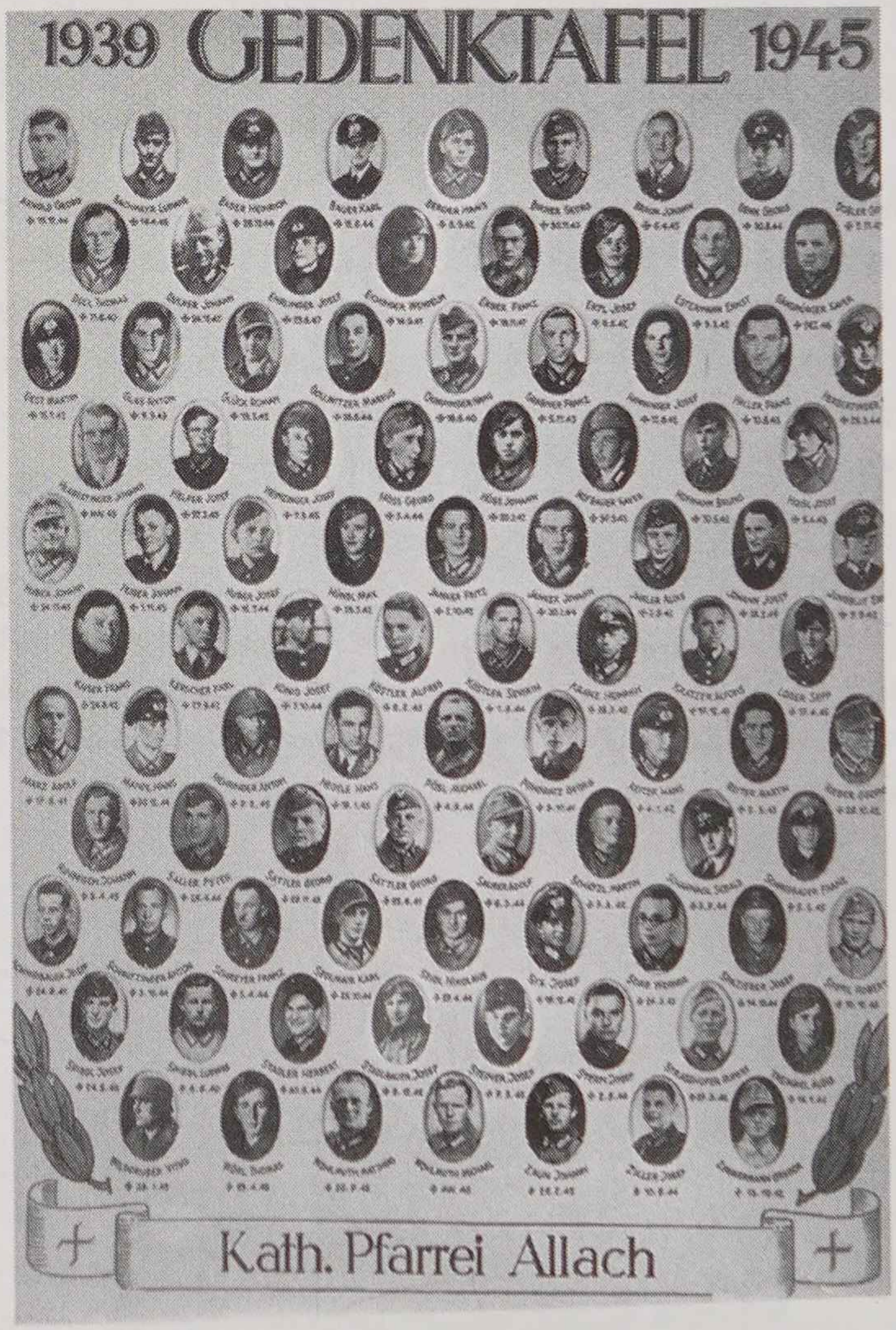


During the Secret Sedona Meeting

Photograph by Stan Slaughter

Matheny: Who are the AntiMutants?
Hyatt: AntiMutants? Oh well, "What a good fortune for government, that people don't think." Hitler said that.

Protectors and Exploiters of the Mutes—



Those Who Died For You

Bosses—Primary Peddlers of word tranquilizers—violence pills.
NewsCasters
Priests and Politicians.
Couch and coffin builders.

Anti-Mutants keep the Mutes under control and make sure they produce and consume—occasionally they throw in some chaos—like war, famine—reminds the mutes of their fears… The Mutes need enemies too—keeps 'em in line.

There are multiple—layers of Anti-Mutants from kings to cops…they like to be in charge—push the crowd around.

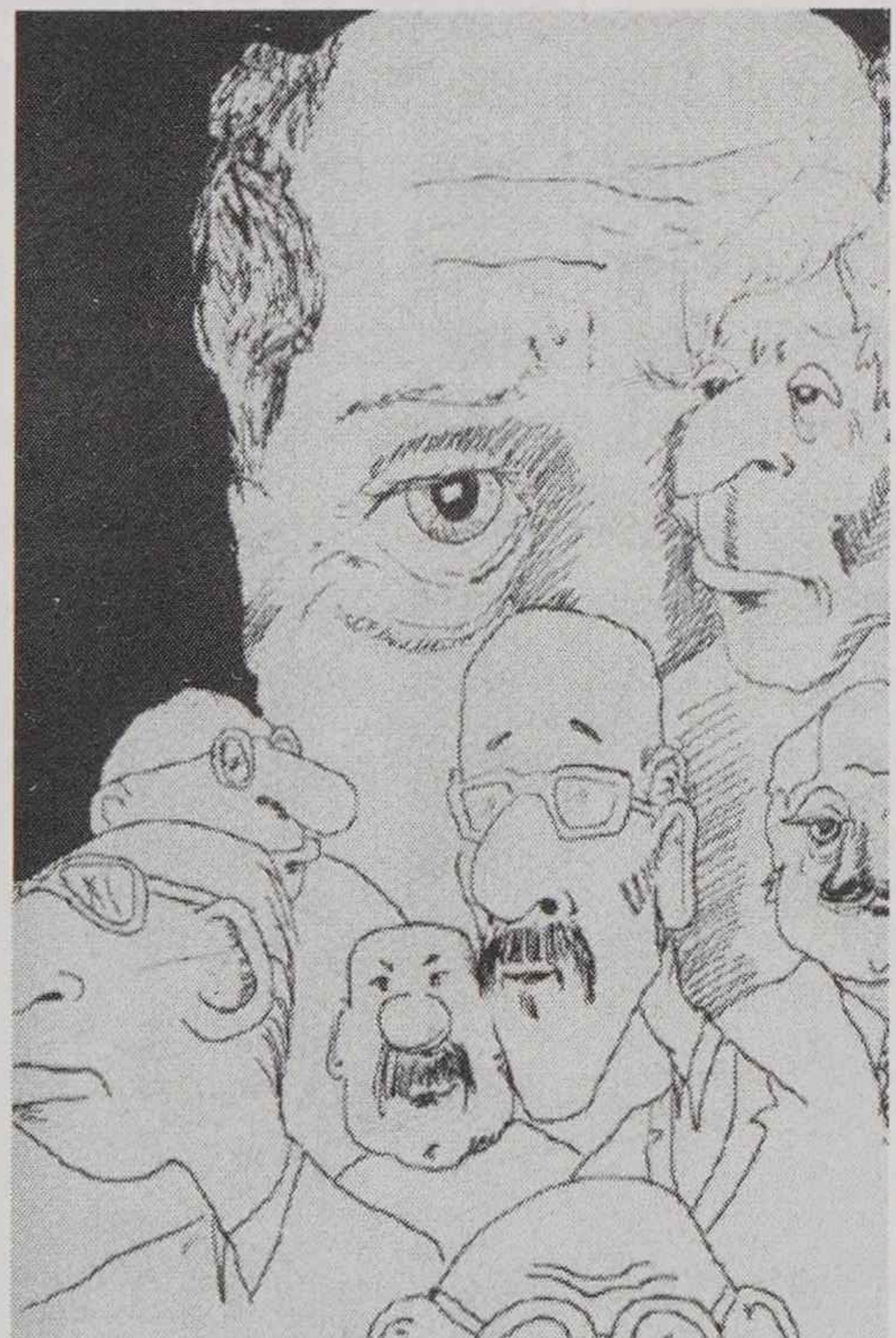
Usually they leave mutants alone but are always watching to make sure we don't pollute the Mutes with our signs, symbols and Cybertech.

Now, they are watching the play stations; they know that 80 million kids are playing those games—and guess what—they have infiltrated some of the games with—Darbie Doll Terrorists—

People that play hard don't work hard…doesn't matter what genius comes of it… The—Anti-Mutants—want—your time…busy hand theory—sluggish minds…

Matheny: Tell me about those Mutes?

Dr. Hyatt: Mutes: Homo normalis



by Stan Slaughter

Can speak, but can't think or act; simply react as programmed monkeys—imitators—living in fear of ghosts—

What appears as thinking is really *thoughting.* Thoughting is frequently mistaken for thinking—often a grave error.

Most of their youth is spent in—preparing for breeding—primary economic consumer base. In earlier periods they were known as serfs—sometimes slaves.

Spare time is spent in dressing up, looking in mirrors, worrying, shopping—

Mutes come in various classes recognized by their different symbols, beliefs, colors and sizes. Some have good frontals, the Mutants and Anti-Mutants use them—like the healer class—servants, but they think they are both smart and enlightened—i joke 'em off a lot…

Matheny: Where do you put Reich?

Hyatt: A failed Mutant—rather pitiful at times. Paranoid though—fell into a number of conspiracy traps… Thought he was Christ and could save humanity—but the commies, space creatures, AMA and even the Freudians were agents of the Devil—they finally got him.

The Anti-Mutants don't like disobedience and he flung dung across the state line…you know, the Orgone Box crossed the line.

Leary's contributions are far beyond him, but today not many people know of either of them. Reich lived in terrestrial paranoia…

Matheny: So are you a brain terrorist?

Hyatt: If you mean by that—that i am open to extreme change—you bet—but i don't want anyone aboard who doesn't want to be…

That's why i stop at many ports so they can get off—i always pick up new brains though—there are always those who want to play with ideas and make them real…like Cybergames…

Matheny: Are you talking about your writings or your Research Vessel?

Hyatt: I thought you said you didn't want me to talk about that. And what do you mean mine? It's yours, too.

Matheny: OK, if you insist. But don't blame me if this makes the maze harder. It is a complete new dimension—no doubt generating phony ChromoKids.

Hyatt: Actually, i let readers off in my writing—misdirect them to different ports you might say—about the Research Vessel Program—it is a top priority.

I suggested it in *Undoing Yourself*—before i met Tim—and then we spent time discussing it in detail. I also left some hints in *Dogma Daze*... I included a Maze Game in that booklet, but it disappeared—in fact i just found the thing the other day…

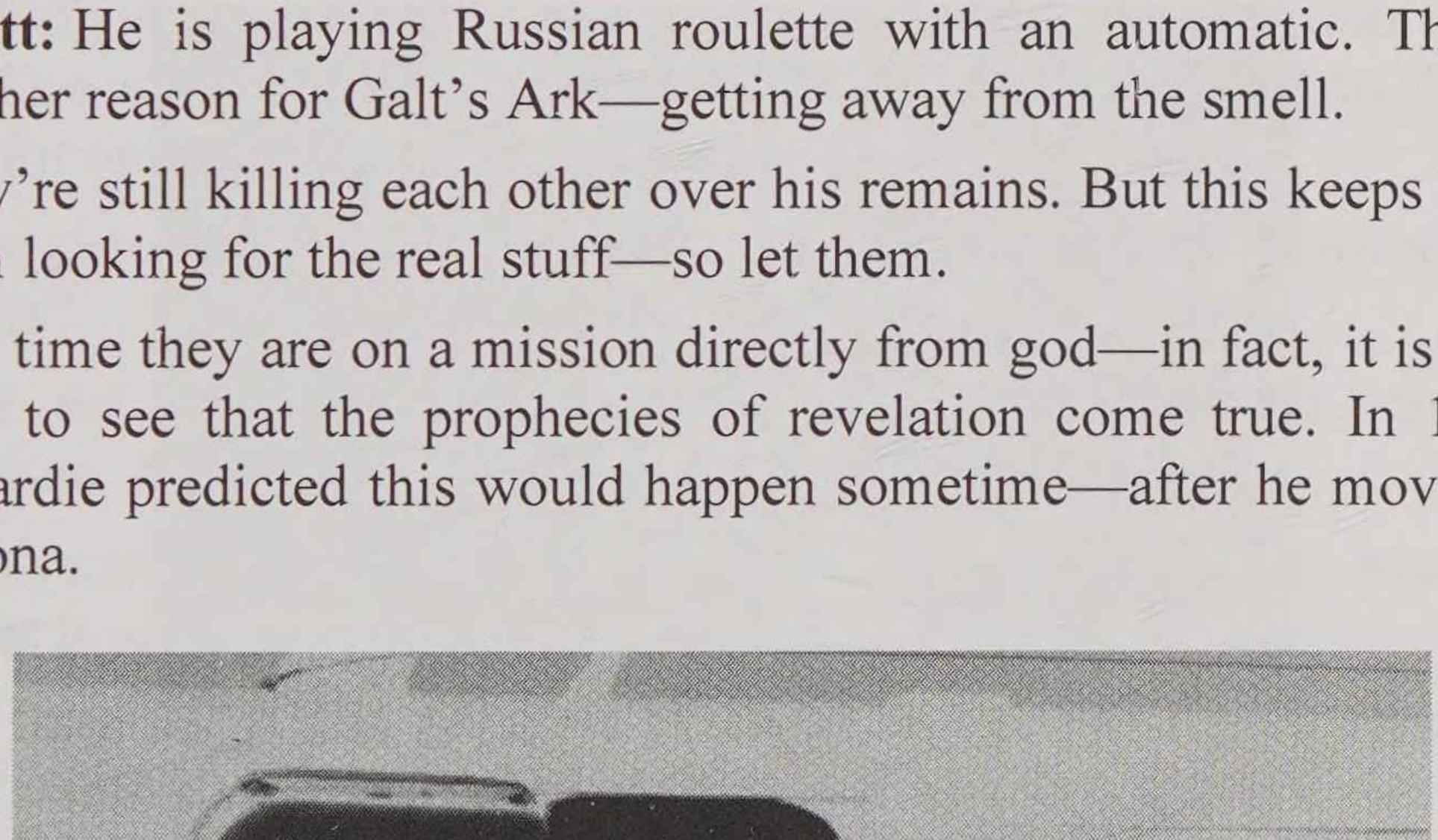
Anyway, the Ark is nothing to go into detail here, but put simply—it is an international research vessel—brain study and technology amongst experimental living…not a freak ship of cuckoo dolls—but plenty of fun—nothing weird, just Science, Art and Technology (SAT)—picking up and dropping off brains and bodies, innovators—you know—result getters. Just good friends and fun— You have embedded a lot of material in your books—about how this is to come about and who is going… Some have called it Galt's Ark—could be¿¿¿

Matheny: What about god in this whole thing?

Hyatt: He is playing Russian roulette with an automatic. This is another reason for Galt's Ark—getting away from the smell.

They're still killing each other over his remains. But this keeps them from looking for the real stuff—so let them.

This time they are on a mission directly from god—in fact, it is their duty to see that the prophecies of revelation come true. In 1983, Regardie predicted this would happen sometime—after he moved to Sedona.



Dr. Hyatt leaving the Sedona Meeting

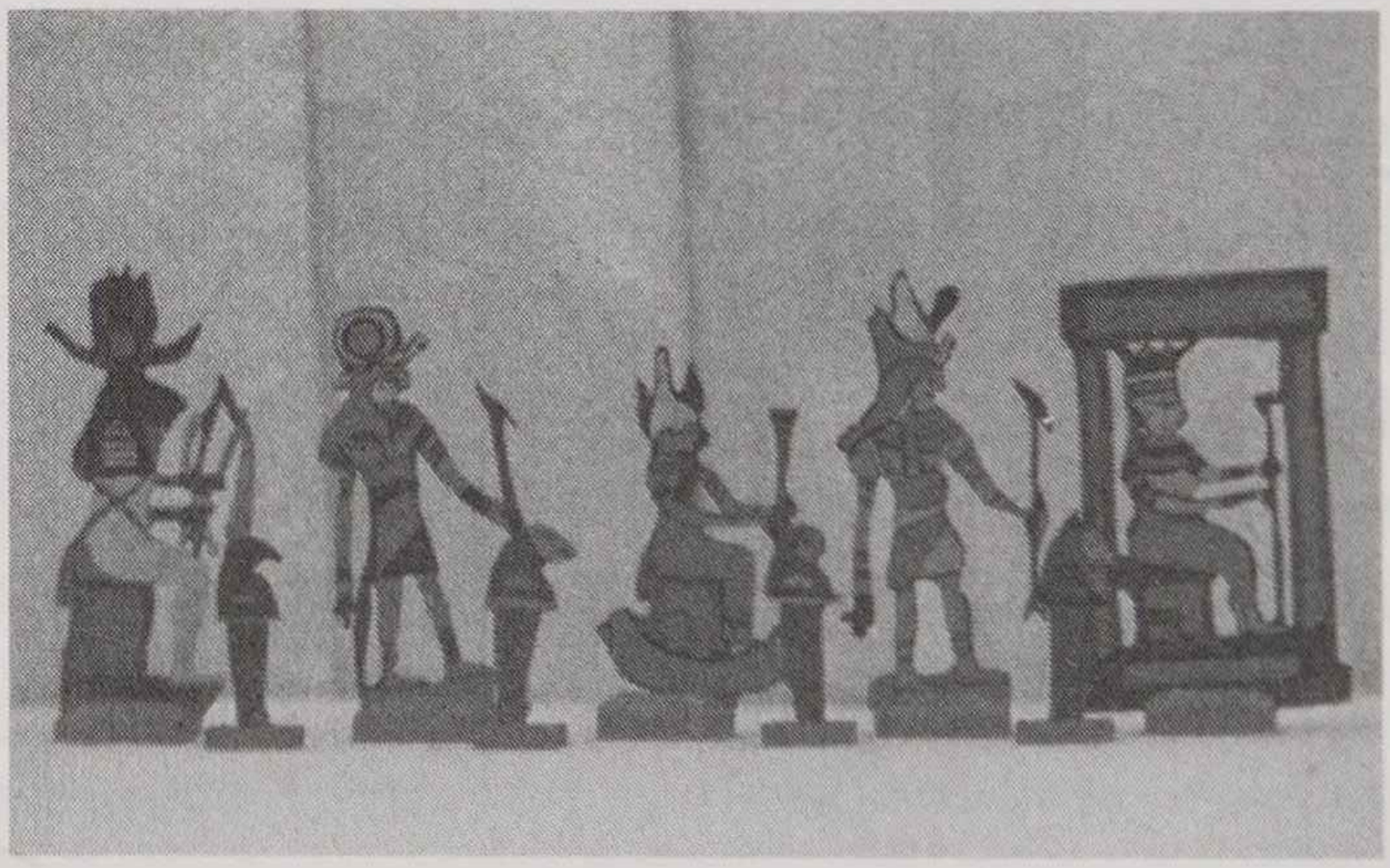
A number of us met there—most are dead now. Carr—the man behind the Golden Dawn publications—died right after Regardie.

Carr was deeply involved with the Grail mystery, but that didn't interest Regardie; he wanted the larger Golden Dawn to be in the Southern Hemispheres.

Regardie felt that a born-again President would be elected and start a religious war—and i think he might just be correct. However, i was not interested in saving the Golden Dawn, but instead some very peculiar brains…

Notice the ring on Regardie's finger—we each had one—i destroyed mine, Carr's is lost somewhere and Regardie's may either be with the OTO or a Golden Dawn group. I frankly am not sure. I am not sure about a number of things that happened during that meeting—we had mushroom salad every day—too much to know what really took place.

One thing I am sure of, though, is that Regardie had out this picture of the Chess Pieces of Fire—

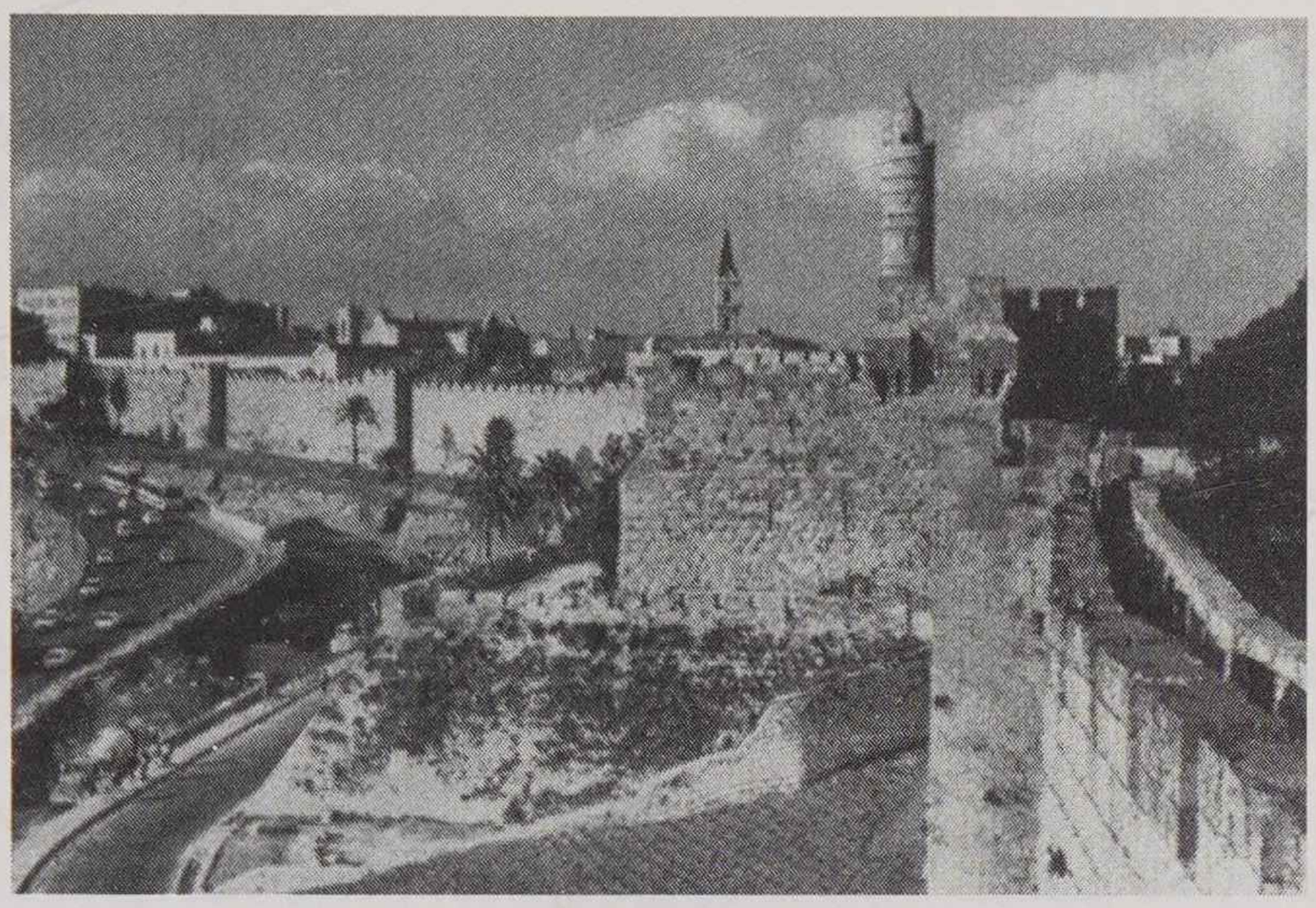


Chess Pieces of Fire

He felt there would be in an unbelievable firestorm in the Middle East and that there would be speedy mutations. I disagreed that they would need the knowledge contained in the Golden Dawn, but agreed to ship enough there to assure its survival. So i did and still continue to do so. But this edition is the last time Falcon will print this piece. My work is done with that project. There will be… Shut UP!!

Matheny: No spiritual study onboard?

Hyatt: If you mean results yes, other than that i don't know what you are talking about. I hope you don't mean this place…



I have been there a number of times and concluded that what was ever there has gone to another place…if anything was ever there.

I studied with a number of Kabbalists, real ones you know, and they did seem to know some important things, but were unwilling to reveal anything in depth unless you were one of them. I, frankly, didn't have the time nor the interest. I knew there were other things to do. Galt's Ark for one—TOP PRIORITY.

Ideas, yeah—god no—Dr. J., our chief physicist says— "Show me the results"…

I am not sailing south to split hairs…knowledge, yes—but no academic hair splitting—none—and no sociologists either.

I don't care what the monkeys will do—or if they survive *en masse*… …that is someone else's job…

You have heard that Aristotle is dead…along with Hegel, Jung and god? well so is sociology and clinical psychology, ancient non-sense—hehehehehehe. Family values are monkey values…

Matheny: Yeah, but they play my games.

Hyatt: You know, Joe, most of the people who play your games don't get the point…

I have found that all those fools with millions and billions are suicidal…and they keep on marching to the same old tunes. Germ-can, Cana—can, Ameri—can, Christ-can—etc.…

Matheny: What? Suicidal?

Hyatt: Yeah, with all that money they buy shit, do shit, while all the time they are decaying—getting dumber and deader…yep, dumber and deader… How much money do they spend on their own immortality and intelligence? I bet not much.

How many of them have figured out your game? Have you heard from many? Except, of course, to make more money—but money for what¿ their head stone¿¿¿

If you do hear from them again, they will try to rape the game… infiltrate—put in false clues—they don't want you to leave—you make them too much…

They need fresh meat, cause immortal meat means buying no more garbage…your games mean intelligent meat…and that means instead of that new couch—the mutes buys smarter games— See, they are so dumb that they would rather Die themselves than see their numbers fall on the Dow…they are not the winners of this game…

Matheny: Some people have said BoB Wilson knows more than he is letting on?

Hyatt: I have known BoB for years and he does know more than he is letting on—but he, like most of us, doesn't want to grab the tiger by the tail. It can be very dangerous. Whatever he does know will probably stay in his head—so we may need to take it with us when we leave, but there is still a lot of work to do, a lot of recruits, a lot of brains to test and who knows what else we might find amongst all the rabble and leftovers.

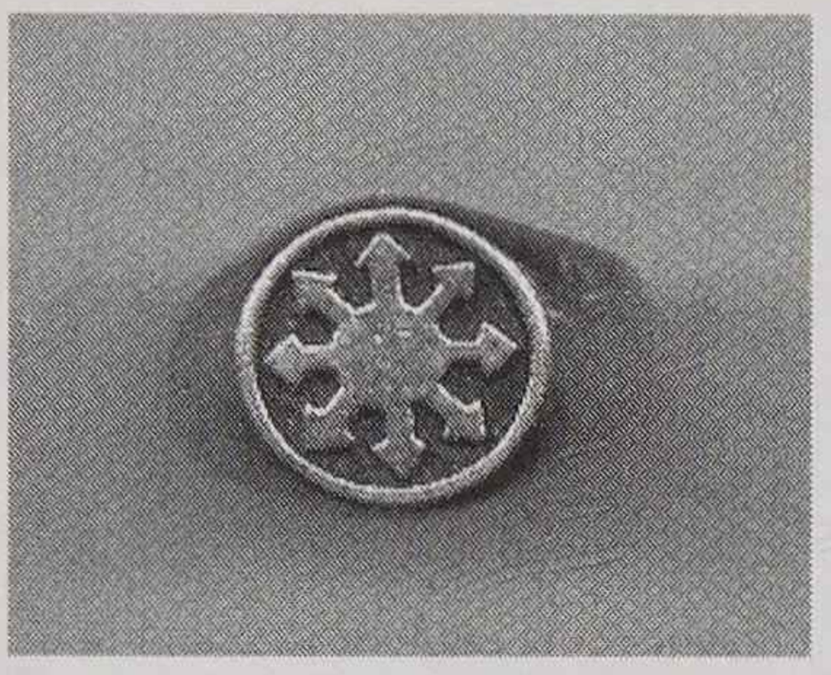
Remember the story of that old jew group in israel—all kabbalists, well anyway they mostly live in a closed community and seem to come out when they want someone to die—they did a ritual some time ago in the streets and one of their enemies died suddenly a few days later—Well to the point—there are a number of primitive groups who are very threatened that their secrets have been let out—albeit in computer code, but the genie is out of the bottle and there will be hell to pay—if too much more gets out before we leave.

And for those who might be reading this and think i mean the secrets of the OTO or the Golden Dawn—the answer is no. Why? Yes i do have what they call secrets—but in fact there are none. Another diversion designed to throw off the scent. Hehehehehehe.

But this is the price we pay for this stuff—

Matheny: Are you planning to make any other rings. I know you made some platinum ones for yourself, Wm. Burroughs and two other people.

Hyatt: Yes to both questions. Here's a picture of my platinum ring…

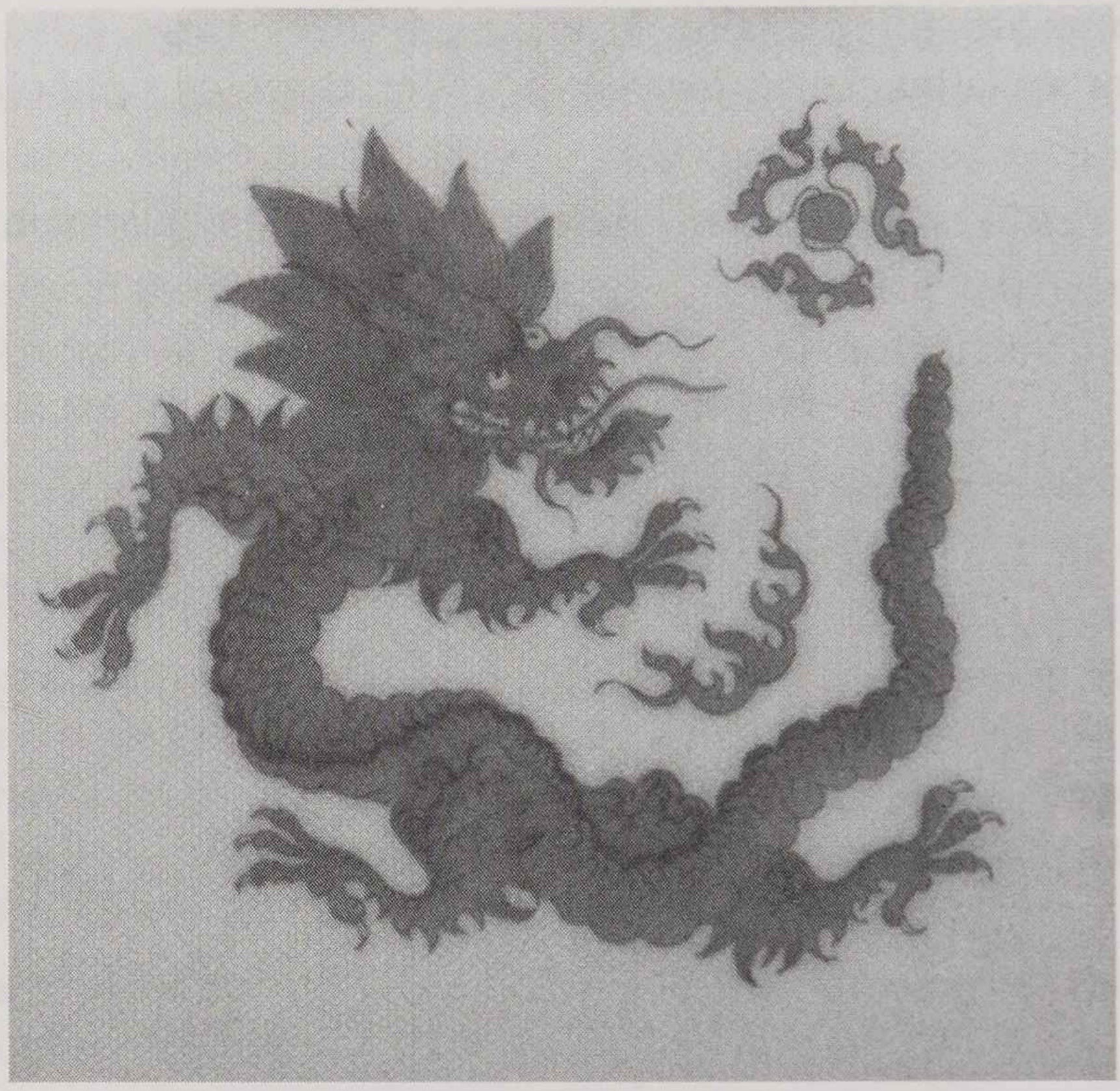


One of Four

Here are some of the coins i may use to make the new rings for the Ark…



But i might use this dragon which has been said to have been used on some of Hitler's more private dinnerwear…



What do you think? Any preferences?

Matheny: I think i will wait before i give you my input, i will wait to see how the games turn out, often players have good answers.

Hyatt: Good idea. there is no hurry yet… i have to look at a number of pieces of high end communication electronics anyway…also i have to look into diesel generators that can run on methane…

Later…

Matheny: Yup, later, if there is time…

Hyatt: The other day i got in the image of the Aztec calendar on some Mexican gold. It is too big for a ring, but makes a nice medallion?

Matheny: I can't be thinking about that now…someone filled up my ebox with junk… I wonder if it is…? No, it can't be her again…I am sorry i ever met that bitch…

Hyatt: Oh, them again…you must remember that they are simply female talking monkeys…just like the men…talking monkeys…most all replaceable, like a battery…interchangeable chips—

Matheny: Where did you get the idea for the *Psychopath's Bible*?

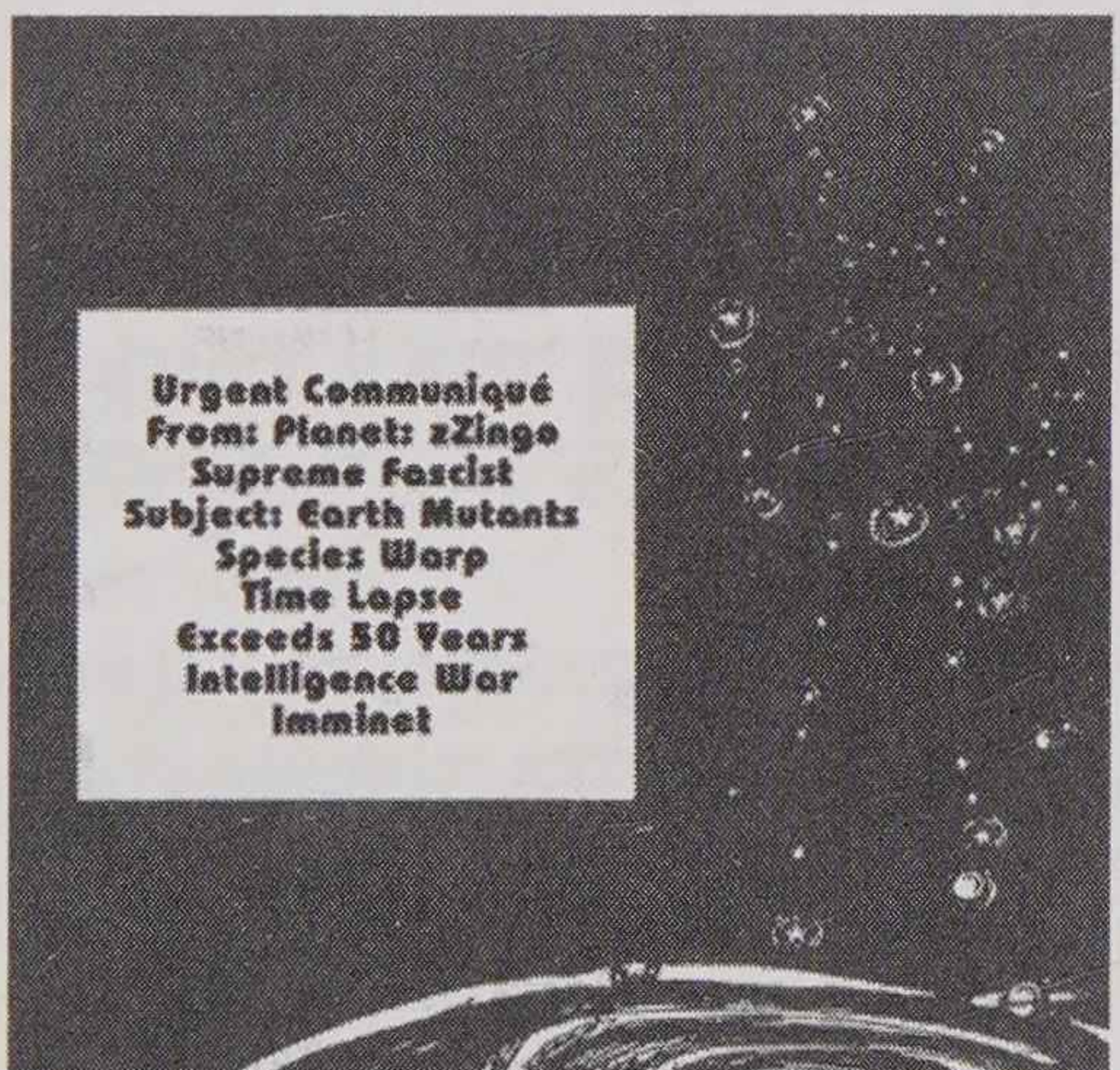
Hyatt: I saw a lot of mutes in power who i knew fairly well: doctors, lawyers, business people who were complete hypocrites. I discussed the idea with some psychopaths—one in particular—and then just did it…in outline form. Of course, the psychopaths were correct, by not spoon feeding the readers, they were lost…angry, etc.

I just published it… But i worried that some bad mutants or crazy mutes would get ahold of it and create havoc; then i realized that it took a particular set of brain patterns to make it work… And guess what? It is true… If you can't synchronize your brain in the right way, you can't get the book to perform…simple as that…but, boy, when i was at the University of Arizona I sure scared the hell out of a number of people…including a number of professional brains—most academics are cowards. I had a good laugh.

One guy was so scared by the book that it is rumored that he turned it into the feds…

No doubt they had a good laugh—if the brain doesn't work, the book doesn't perform.

Then i received this:



I tried to clean it up a bit in photoshop; The message has to do with a time warp—that maybe we are closing in too quickly—and "they" are upset… Anyway, the book is published and it's out there for consumption—i don't believe much will come of it as it requires the right brain synch… i think we are safe to continue on with Galt's Ark. I think it is safe…

Matheny: What are some of the components of conspiracy?

Hyatt: A conspiracy is usually defined as an agreement (often secret) to perform an illegal, wrongful, or subversive act—rarely defined as performing a legal, helpful, happy act. —Hee Haw!

This is one of the best conspiracies of them all—a conspiracy of benevolence. Not only is it fun, but it will rarely be believed—and it is often the most dangerous to the people involved. Everyone likes evil better.

First and foremost you need at least one human brain. Even alone, a person could become suspicious of himself—as in conspiring against oneself.

A brain alone can also assume that there are other brains out there somewhere and begin to speculate on what they might be up to.

Next, is the belief in a hierarchy of causal-meaning agents—a grand theory of how the world really operates.

This simply means that all things have a conscious intention behind them. Often there is a refusal to accept randomness, happenstance and stupidity as the primary forces.

Most conspiracies are built on the model of god in his heaven controlling the world. Consider these seven religious principles:

A. All is ordained by heaven

B. All is concealed behind the obvious.

C. The truth is always trying to reveal itself to those that believe.

D. Avoid revealing how you really feel—keep your deeper feelings, particularly negative ones, secret.

E. Every act you intend to do must have the help of the Higher Power.

F. We have free will to operate within the Higher plan.

G. Know and attach yourself to those people who have greater knowledge of the great plan.

Does any of this sound familiar? hehehehehe

It's all about the ability to be anxious, nervous, frightened. Rarely do we hear of "good conspiracies" or if we do, we are not that interested in them. Humans like "evil" conspiracies better. In fact, humans love searching and finding dark-evil motives.

The inability to live in cognitive dissonance. Any explanation is better than no explanation at all.

The ability to confuse metaphor with fact and to mix them up in the same sentence. The ability to change the word possible into probable and then, finally, "it must be."

Holding to half-truths… Misapplication of assumptions and models from one area to another.

The belief that there are Higher Powers—that there are those who have plans and knowledge that the average person is unaware of.

The human brain likes to connect dots, and once it makes a picture—any picture—it believes it to be the Truth.

A fundamental dislike of authority and the belief that they are intentionally up to no good. The opposite may also operate—the worship of authority and the belief that evil is trying to destroy them.

For some people, the belief that their personal failures are due to evil forces operating to control them and the world at large.

The belief that people are able to keep massive amounts of secrets, when, in fact, most people love to share secrets…and then create alliances and create more secrets.

People love to play detective and prefer just about any explanation, particularly if it gives them meaning and upholds their beliefs.

My position is rather simple—something similar to Indra's net: most of what we call conspiracy is the result of a rather large correlation matrix interacting and presenting dots which we then connect and from which we make interesting pictures.

Of course, there are real conspiracies—that is intentional ones—but most of them are tacit, simply based on the structure of the human brain.

The most powerful conspiracies are those we can't and don't know about, until we stare into the mirror and find ourselves staring back.

—Later, friend.

On Horns:
Man in the World

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Man is born into an indifferent universe which means a universe without supernatural order. This means a world without otherworldly purpose, order, meaning or value.

Man is a cognitive creature (not necessarily rational) whose brain both amplifies and ameliorates his fears. The amplification is both a curse—as seen in his religions and beliefs—and a blessing—as seen in his science and self-discipline.

Life is indifferent to man—sometimes dangerous, sometimes helpful—but this is not something nature intends as nature intends nothing.

The helpfulness or hostility of life is simply an interpretation from man's point of view, a result of his unique cognitive ability.

Man inherently, automatically, involuntarily and continually creates meaning—he is genetically programmed to do so. But man also has the capacity to recognize that such meaning IS his own invention and not reality. Unfortunately, most men cannot and will not reconstruct their primal constructions.

This indifferent universe gives man ultimate freedom within the limitation of his own biologic nature. With this freedom comes anxiety and there is no one, or no thing, to live life for him in his place.

Man can be his own salvation—not his labels, mother, father, god, president, doctor, etc. Man's uncanny and successful ability to create otherworldly powers and then forget he has created them has saved him from extinction—as well imprisoning him in a self-created penitentiary.

To cope with his condition, man invents an otherworldly purpose (ideal categories) or, in rare cases, he can stand naked and face the chances and accidents of life using his own nature as his primary tool. He can choose to set aside the "meaning" he has created, and act based

on pure (direct), uninterpreted reality (that is, respond by bypassing his categories); yet, whatever reality he responds to, it is a function of the structure of his brain, nothing more nothing less.

He can develop himself into a piece of art—a standard for himself which he can admire—or he can remain an advanced "ape." Most men are nothing more than an advanced, talking ape.

A universe without a moral teleology has no purpose or order and has no moral values that man can use to interpret and order his life.

All religious, and most philosophical, interpretations of the universe and choice mechanisms are based on these constructions and are nothing but survival devices invented and policed by men and their social institutions to satisfy man's questioning brain. Hence the brain amplifies the primal issues of survival providing both an exaggerated and a calming effect.

The potentially free man must reject as pollution all sanctioned explanations of life and the moral systems based upon them. He may use them as a device when necessary but, in essence, he has trashed them.

He must accept the realities of nothing, of chance, accident, death, decay, disease and dementia and, having accomplished this through his own efforts, he has the option to attempt to discover through trial and error and by critical and often painful evaluation of his knowledge, what is valuable and useful to him.

Most men find the effort to do this too painful, too frightening, too much work, etc.—and, because they never attempt the process, they never discover the freedom it can bring, the exhilaration, the joy, the freedom afforded by knowing oneself. Those that do the necessary work of self-discovery live on a different level and speak a different language; they are often rejected by society and stand alone.

What is of value for man is what makes him happy—from eating, to sex, to adventure, to inventing, to making himself into a piece of art—and this includes discipline—for discipline gives man a greater happiness—he can be in control of himself—he is not the simple victim of chance and circumstances or sanctioned metaphysics. Feeling in control of himself through discipline and scientific discovery replaces and dissolves man's need for his preceding creations: metaphysics and religion. It requires that he continually THINK and QUESTION, and simply live with the fear generated by the realization that answers may

or may not come… He no longer needs the answers so conveniently provided by metaphysics and religion.

Man in the world can develop a way of life that conforms to his desire to control his life. This method involves discipline, analytic thought, intuition and pleasure and is best summed up as the "risking to be man." In this way, man no longer feels a victim and, even if he is destroyed, his life is not defeated.

Thus man develops a sense of dignity and integrity by controlling the circumstances of his existence by his own active efforts—which yield him the results he desires. This I call living with style. This is what brings one the exhilarating freedom and joy possible in life.

"Normals" (est. 90% of the population) who are blind to the reality of "nothing," who live according to illusions, false values, and/or random impulses; such characters are generally stupid and messy, idealistic and deluded, dysfunctionally self-centered and destructive. There is nothing more ugly than dysfunctional self-interest. On the other hand, *functional* self-interest (which necessitates continual self-examination, fearless acceptance of reality and willingness to act on both), not only immensely improves the quality of life of the person who practices it diligently, but also the raises the quality of the lives of those he values and who value him.

The rare individual who has recognized the reality of "nothing" and who, depending on the stage of their ability and powers, are either struggling with the fear, anxiety, and loss of control which the recognition of "nothing" brings; or who are in the process of learning the nature of dignity and integrity which are the result of discipline, using the brain, joy in living and discovery. This is man's derived and earned value-system based on authentic effort to take control of himself and his world.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—

THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES

The alternative is to be either false or nothing…

On Bass:
What Are the Principles of Extreme Living?

by MobiusFrame

(Abstracted from *The Psychopath's Bible*; *The Black Book: Man in the World*; and *To Lie Is Human*)

Each practitioner makes their own principles. Success, as defined by you, is the measure of the power of your principles.

Principles of Extreme Living
AMOR FATI

Whatever occurs I will use for my best interest.

1. Advancement of the self is the highest goal.

This is the extreme part of the equation—it is in extreme opposition to the major religious and philosophical paradigms of the world. Each practitioner must define "advancement" for himself.

If one does not advance oneself, one cannot ever hope to aid others in their quest for advancement.

2. Use any means necessary to advance self—actions have consequences, most of which cannot be foreseen. This is the "psychopathic" part of the equation: analytically making decisions without regard to social norms, morals, and mores is considered harmful and sick by the "establishment"… As Jung said, normal is not necessarily healthy.

3. Operate under empirical paradigms; shun metaphysics. Collect data. Make decisions based on analysis of data. Emotions, beliefs and sentimentality have no part in decision making—unless you want them to.

4. Learn to walk through walls (do not be imprisoned by labels). Society LOVES labels—it makes it unnecessary to THINK, to do the work necessary to arrive at one's own conclusions. Accepting society's labels allows one to avoid the ultimate fear: being shunned, rejected or abandoned by the world; being forced to stand alone.

This is possibly the most difficult thing to do. Consider the power of labels like: SELF, mom, dad, wife, husband, priest, god, family, lover, friend, etc. [These are all substitutes for God—CSH]

5. Make yourself into a work of art: meditate, exercise, study, play, create…enjoy.

Self-advancement requires work, energy, and a certain drive—to attempt, to remain tenacious in the completion of beneficial tasks. Don't forget to play. A child inherently strives for perfection…even in play with dolls. It's fun.

6. Form your own opinions, preferences, and disposition by direct experience/observation of life—without reference to the herd. This takes the courage to risk being rejected by the herd. But the alternative is to live in falsehood, impotency and incompleteness.

Learn to think whatever/however you choose, but keep your mouth shut about it around the sheeple. Otherwise you sabotage your power.

7. Learn to blend in with the herd when desired or stand out from the herd when it serves your purpose.

8. You are born naked and alone; You will die naked and alone.

9. Everything is natural.

10. There are no guarantees.

Apply it?

The results?

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

On Cello:
Blood Relatives & Other Symbols of Death

by S. Jason Black

> "That cult would never die till the stars came right again, and the secret priests would take great Cthulhu from His tomb, and revive His subjects and resume His rule of earth. The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free, and wild, and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and reveling in joy. Then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom."
>
> — H.P. Lovecraft, *The Call of Cthulhu*

Once, while attempting to kill my mother by black magic, I killed three other people instead.

Dr. Hyatt later suggested to me that it was impossible to curse my mother, as she had no central personality to attack. Perhaps this is so. It has been known for more than a century that the lower the intelligence of a subject, the more difficult it is to hypnotize them. Something similar may apply to magic. If no one is there, there is no target for the curse, so it goes elsewhere; in this case, my mother's relatives.

Do I have your attention? Good.

Waiting in anticipation for the death-rattle of one of the most useless people to walk the Earth, I received a phone call from my cousin, telling me between choking tears that her father, my mother's brother, had died the night before, pulling onto a Mississippi freeway. In front of a truck. The death occurred within seventy-two hours of the ritual. On the one hand, I was disappointed in the survival of the-thing-that-would-not-die, yet somehow uplifted that I had nailed her nearest

relative. It was like having a new gun that worked beautifully, but had a sight that was only a hair off. A little adjustment, and it would be fine. I adjusted it too far the other way.

My other cousin, the oldest daughter of my mother's other brother, was abducted, raped and murdered within an hour of the conclusion of my second ceremony. It was a random abduction and no suspect has ever been arrested. The wrinkle-bag was still drawing breath, but once again the malign current had hit close to home. In the words of the late Bullwinkle Moose, "This time for sure!"

I waited until the next propitious day, which if memory serves, was Walpurgis night. I performed the ceremony again. This time, I don't know what the hell scent it was following, although there is an interesting possibility that I will pursue later. She didn't die that time either, although I thought she had once while asleep on the couch. Breathing, apparently, is unnecessary at that age. In a deep depression, I avoided answering many phone messages for about ten days, though I did write them down. Finally, I picked up the phone on a friend in California (I was in Missouri) and he told me he had been trying to get hold of me for ten days. He told me his ex-lover had committed suicide with some kind of downer. It happened the day following my ritual.

The interesting thing about this was that this young man had always claimed he had been psychic. A claim I never paid much attention to as he had an I.Q. approximately that of a sponge.

Astral Buttfucking

The backdrop to this is an incident that took place about a year before. I had performed an evocation which, in many ways, was a wild success. The entity attracted performed all of the clearly stated tasks to the letter, then it didn't go away. Instead, it amused itself with me, and, to my surprise, persons of my acquaintance, and persons of *their* acquaintance. This is not the appropriate place to recount in full the recurring poltergeist phenomena and other—weirder—things that continued for eight solid months. One thing that happened came back to haunt me on being informed of the aforementioned suicide. I received a telephone call one night just as I was going to bed. It was my friend. He sounded rather panicked and said there was something in the apartment.

He described seeing a figure, like a free-standing, three-dimensional figure of a man, made from hazy black smoke. I had seen something

like this myself years before during an experiment in Santeria (described in *Urban Voodoo*) and had known other people over the years, some with no involvement in the esoteric or occult whatsoever, describe similar things. More recently, *Sex and Rockets,* the biography of Jack Parsons, told of a similar apparition conjured up by him and a group of fellow-travelers (including L. Ron Hubbard) in his Crowleyan magic group in California in the 1940s. So, feeling rather creepy, I asked him if he had any garlic (well, what was I supposed to do?) and when the answer was no, I told him to pray, or something, and not to call again unless the furniture was flying across the room.

Sometime after midnight, the phone rang. While the sofas weren't flying, it was obvious from his near hysteria that *something* had happened. He said that he had been in bed, in the dark, when he felt the pressure of a body against his from behind, and assumed it was his boyfriend. Suddenly, without any preliminaries or lubrication of any kind (rude, at the very least) he was penetrated by a very large male member, moving very fast. He cried out in pain, and flailed on the bed. In doing so, he touched his boyfriend who was on the other side of the bed. He froze in terror, and the "man" disappeared. Other friends called me out of the blue during those eight months with other uncanny stories, most having no interest in such things themselves, but giving me a call because I did. I slowly came to the eerie conclusion that whether the "spirit" could read my mind or not, it was somehow capable of tracking my associations. It was Dr. Hyatt who first inclined me to this idea, as something unpleasant happened to him as well (no, not astral buttfucking) which he attributed to my "successful" working. Since that time I have read some of the older books on involvement with non-human intelligences, from Dion Fortune (the only "magician" who has much straightforward and intelligent to say on the matter, perhaps because she was a psychologist) to psychical researchers from the nineteenth century onward who examined people who made such claims of contact. The mass of modern commentary on such things from "magicians" is a *mélange* of inept Crowleyan references to the unconscious (in spite of his claims, he knew nothing about psychology except that of manipulation, which he probably learned from his preacher father), and Jungian nonsense used to explain why your imaginary friend can't do anything for you in the real world.

CIJ Culture

Many of the things that kill us unnecessarily are unquestioned cultural norms and superstitions that are accepted as reality even though many of them can be easily checked. Among the former—and most frequently deadly—are the supposed value of family relationships; prime among the latter are Christian-Islamic-Judaic religious values, hereafter referred to as CIJ (pronounced "keege") for short. Other things have a supernatural smell to them. These are the things Western culture *doesn't* want you to believe in, yet are real, and real enough to kill. I refer you to the bizarre stories at the beginning of this essay. One of the great myths of European society—and its retarded step-child, America—is that curses (or good luck spells) only work if the person they are directed at believes in them. There is a psychological phenomenon—formulated circa the 1940s–1960s—called "Voodoo death," which involves the death of a person who has been informed of being the subject of a death curse. They are informed, one way or another, and the autonomic nervous system overreacts to such a degree that it kills them.

Unfortunately, as has been pointed out many times, in a society that believes in magic, anyone who finds out they are cursed would immediately go to another magician to have the spell counteracted. It would, therefore, behoove the sorcerer to keep his work a secret. There is also an old saying in the Caribbean islands that there is no easier target for a spell than a white man who doesn't believe in magic. It must be said, however, that in places like Haiti, or in communities where Santeria or Macumba are practiced, both methods are sometimes used.

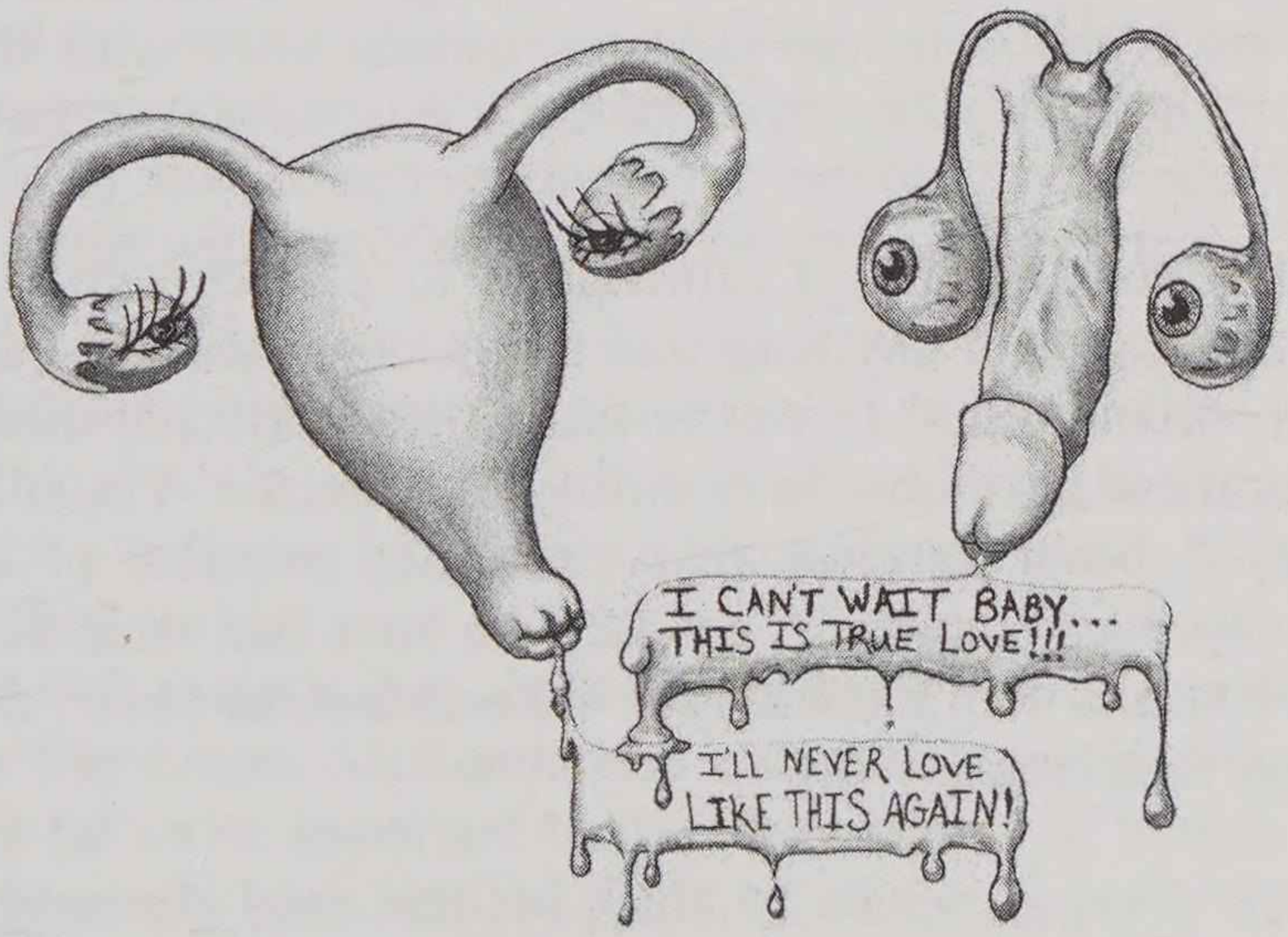
Among the tiny minority of "wiccans" or "Crowleyites" I have met who genuinely practiced magic to influence real-time events, those who have talked openly about their experiments have confirmed that the basic rules of witchcraft, which are identical throughout the world, seem to hold true. Informing your target of the spell, is not one of them.

The Lover Who Wouldn't Go Away

I once had a friend who had an unrequited love for some young woman. He had been told of my interest in magic (I had already co-authored *Urban Voodoo* and had earned the nickname "Voodoo" from my local friends. No respect.) and asked me for a love charm. I had gone down that road myself before and knew what it might hold in

store, but doing it for another person, especially one so well-balanced, seemed all right. And besides, I was interested in the experiment.

I prepared a talisman from one of the traditional grimoires, presented him with it at a pre-arranged meeting, and told him what to say over it and how to consecrate it with his own blood. He was to place this somewhere where she would pass over it or be very near it daily. That was the last that I saw of him for nearly six months. When I saw him again, he looked a little too eager to see me. He told me that he had planted the talisman between her mattress and box springs after following my instructions, and waited for results. (She was living with him when I gave him the talisman, but she didn't "love" him, had her own room, and was about to leave.) At first, he said, her feelings not only revived, but she said she was head-over-heels in love with him. Things went great for three months or so and then turned strange. She became less and less interested in sex, but still maintained her intense love for him. Finally she said she didn't want to have sex anymore but loved him and wanted to stay with him. He was sure she wasn't seeing anyone else. She had no intention of leaving or of willingly let him see anyone else. What should he do? Retrieve the talisman and destroy it, I replied. He couldn't. Her bedroom had its own lock, and since he planted it, he hadn't had a single chance to get the damn thing. And that's the last that I ever heard of it. I questioned him carefully, and he never said anything to the girl. I knew, since I made the talisman, that the odds were overwhelmingly against her recognizing it if she found it. So much for suggestion.



Heil Hitler

The Nazi involvement with the occult has become legendary since the publication of *The Morning of the Magicians* in the early 1960s and *The Spear of Destiny* a decade later. The former book is a sincere examination of historical weirdness by two Frenchmen with backgrounds in science; the second, which I dearly wanted to believe when I first read it, has a very large proportion of bunk mixed in with authentic history. The proportion of rubbish to fact, I eventually came to find, was so great that one knowledgeable critic declared it a novel. But back to the real Nazis. In one of the most famous stories told about Hitler he is quoted as saying, "The superman already exists. I have seen him, and I was afraid." He would also wake up at night in terror, ring for an attendant and point to an empty corner of the room and gasp, "There! There! He is there! Do you see him?" No one ever seems to have. If one researches the evidence for human–non-human interaction across the various fields of thought, from religion to the periphery of science, to first-hand accounts from acquaintances (which, if you start to make known your interest, you will find are alarmingly numerous), it becomes very convincing. It also adds a chilling perspective on some segments of history such as that of Nazi Germany, and the religious war we have begun to be engaged in. It should be noted that as of this writing, America has what is probably its first genuine born-again President. This is something that I originally couldn't believe, considering his sophisticated family background, until he appointed as Attorney General a man whose beliefs I am painfully familiar with from years of listening to fundamentalist radio. Believe me, if the American public in general knew what these men thought, their hair would turn white. Or at least have an attractive blue rinse.

Our CIJ culture has had a millennium to perfect verbal defenses against treating with anything that might communicate—except its imaginary friend Jesus. In earlier times there were physical retributions, but these have now been mostly internalized. Yet, if one pays attention, it becomes clear that even that emptiest of religions, Christianity, has in its midst people who have had what seem to be genuine contacts with something-or-other. Most, however, are merely having nervous breakdowns.

Drugs, Detergent & Hypnosis

While the use of drugs to accomplish such a thing might, with some justification, be called into question in modern times, nevertheless, there are people whose opinions must be taken seriously. One of the most notable is the late Dr. John Lilly, whose experiments with porpoises made him world famous. But before Flipper, there were other experiments with mind-altering drugs. These were genuine experiments, not the slang term "experiment" as in "experiment with sex." Lilly was educated in a tradition, frowned upon even then, where it was considered justifiable for a researcher to test an experimental drug upon himself. Now, as far as I know, this is entirely *verboten*. In any case, he was in a hotel room one evening, and prepared to inject himself with whatever drug it was whose effects he was trying to codify. Just what that was isn't important as he either picked up the wrong syringe or had forgotten to prepare it. He injected himself with what he described as "detergent foam." If this is literally what it was, he was lucky he didn't have an embolism! It sent him into a very bad place, possibly near death. But right at the height (or nadir) of the experience, he entered a state of calm; the room disappeared around him, and he found himself in a chamber, or space, where two beings stood in front of him and identified themselves as aliens. After a conversation with them (which you may read for yourself in *The Center of the Cyclone*) he awoke, in some physical distress, but otherwise fine. It could be dismissed easily as a chemically-induced hallucination, but Lilly, a trained observer, admitted in his book that he was unsure. After consideration (and it was some time between the experiments and the writing of the book), he said it had unique qualities he had not experienced on LSD or other chemicals, and so, considered the possibility that somehow, for some reason, it was real. A brave thing for a man with a professional reputation to protect to say in print.

In addition, there is Terrence McKenna, a man considered an expert on psychedelic mushrooms, who also claims to have talked to aliens (or something) while under the influence. In addition, he suggests that psychedelic plants may have given a boost to early man's brain development. They are still used sacramentally in many religions. He also points out that animals (e.g., horses), are known to deliberately seek out plants like datura. McKenna also asserts that psychedelic experience were far more important in the development of human history than has generally been realized. This, of course, is partly due to the

nature of the historians, and partly due to a vast ignorance of the organic sources of the substances themselves throughout much of Western history—except for secret societies like the Witches (the real ones, not the modern imitation) and the one that the painter Hieronymus Bosch is said to have belonged to. Which, in his case, explains a lot.

We have already entered an era long predicted by so-called "futurists" of an increasing gap between those with knowledge—*gnosis* in the broadest sense—and the common herd. This gap has always been there, but now, thanks to the computer explosion, is in the embryonic stages of producing a potentially violently divided society. I am not talking about rioting in the streets, although that may come, too. I am referring to a growing class hostility motivated by something other than economics (although there will be an element of that), but by gut-level hostility which can escalate to crime on an individual level, and the very correct perception that the world is falling apart. I am referring primarily here to religionists, but it applies even to the totally irreligious whose view of things is locked into a time already past. This is exemplified by that triad of stupidity, CIJ. Those who wish to survive, much less thrive, in this environment must proactively embrace attitudes and technologies for living they might not want known to their friends, family and neighbors.

Among these are "alternative" (which often means "foreign") medicines and methods of bodily maintenance which the general-practice M.D. might frown upon (I have never personally met a family-practice doctor who knew about anything but B-12, but I know they are out there).

Yoga and self-hypnosis (the existence of the latter is still denied in a distinctly paranoid way by some doctors) both have extensive backgrounds of Western research, that of hypnosis going back to the late eighteenth century. Having practiced both of these for going on twenty years, I can attest to the fact that the saying is easier than the doing, and there are few activities that will demonstrate just how thoroughly you already are hypnotized than beginning these techniques. An excellent overall history of hypnosis can be found in *Trance* by Brian Inglis.

Sex, Sperm & Blood

The disciplining (not *repression*), of sex is something which even people I've met who are more sexually enthusiastic than normal find

almost impossible to do. The use of sex, in conjunction with yoga and ritual activities, produces startling results well beyond the physical, even beyond those that could be considered "kundalini" phenomena. I have had—and known others who have had—experiences that could only be described as paranormal in conjunction with the sexual addition to ritual. Make no mistake, these efforts are not "fun." They require either abstaining from orgasm by the male, or the concentration upon an image or goal during orgasm. It also requires scheduling according to astrological and ritual requirements, which kind of kills spontaneity. There are outlines of such practices in *Pacts with the Devil* (Black & Hyatt, Falcon Press) and in the "secret" sexual techniques of Aleister Crowley, as well as *Secrets of Western Tantra* (Hyatt, Falcon Press) and *Tantra Without Tears* (Hyatt & Black, Falcon Press). In reference specifically to Crowley's "secret" sex technique (in reality a standard Hindu Tantra method) a heterosexual couple has sex in whatever way they want, but the orgasm must be had with the penis inserted into the vagina. During climax, both parties must visualize the desired result (although Crowley admitted that he had practiced this technique without the partner knowing), and the male then consumes his own sperm as a sacrament. Crowley erroneously identified this as alchemy. It has been commented that this was, in reality, an expression of Crowley's homosexuality (during homosexual sex magic Crowley apparently played the passive role). Any experienced prostitute would probably agree. While he was eating his own sperm from a vagina he had just fucked, it is likely that in his imagination he was consuming someone *else's* sperm. There are, of course, methods of homosexual sex magic. The basic technique described above can be adapted with some flourishes. Ignoring the nonsense of consuming your own sperm, the primary use of sexual fluids and, indeed, blood in magic is the consecration of talismans.

Vampires Blow

Both blood and sexual fluids are considered as vectors for the lifeforce. Like so many things in magic, this is sometimes considered to be symbolic—but it may be literally true as blood and semen are chemically almost identical, which might explain the use of oral sex in Tantrik vampirism. In this practice, the person performing the oral activity refrains from orgasm and concentrates on the lifeforce entering his/her system and remaining there. While vampirism is disappointingly more difficult in reality than in the movies, some distinctly

weird phenomena seem connected to it. The few people I have known who have tried this (those, that is, whose stories I trust), have described uncomfortable physical and psychic states, and sometimes odd reactions in their sex partners, apparently including unwanted telepathic contact. Rarely did they receive the desired benefits. There seems to be a *real* secret to this that can probably be found in hard-to-find Tantrik and Taoist texts.

The most nearly classic story I know came from someone who was a student of the occult, and came to Southern California in the late 1970s. Exploring the sexual wonderfulness of Los Angeles at the time, he began to frequent bathhouses on Saturday nights. One time he decided to try the sex vampirism experiment, and took a young man to his room. Giving the best blowjob he knew how, he allowed the other guy to come in his mouth while avoiding following suit. Upon closing the door behind his departing friend, he heard a thud in the hall outside. He opened the door to check, and discovered his young man flat on the floor. When asked if he was all right, the young man said, "I don't know what happened. Suddenly I got dizzy and fell." He assumed the experiment worked, and so do I. However, he freely admitted that he got no noticeable benefit from it, and said he thought it must have "leaked."

A couple of years later, this same person moved to Hollywood, at that time a wonderful maelstrom of vice. He met someone, an Oriental man, with whom he began the same experiment over a period of time, this time with a few flourishes. For example, he saved a condom used by the man as a "magical link." During the approximately two months of this activity, while his partner never collapsed on him, he himself developed weird symptoms. He went into spontaneous trance-states that he described as, not hypnotic, but almost psychedelic. He also developed a constant and totally useless precognitive faculty. Useless in that he could see things about five minutes before they happened. A fender-bender in the street, or a skunk rounding a corner (skunks are endemic in that part of Hollywood)—that kind of thing. When the activity stopped, the phenomena stopped. At this time he had no experience in yoga or hypnotic states and this may be the reason for the useless unpredictability, and yet, the description reminds me of similar descriptions of "siddhis" or magical powers developed in connection with kundalini yoga. At least the skunk predictor was useful.

In all, in spite of the number of people who would like to be vampires, it seems to take discipline and knowledge of particularly obscure occult techniques. It is probably a salutary exercise to attempt to vampirize your neighbors. There is probably no need to blow them.

Solitary Magic

The techniques of solitary magic are basically the same as those mentioned above, only solitary. It is usually used in the charging of a talisman or to conjure up desired results. This involves the same difficulties as before, involving correct concentration during orgasm, although to a lesser degree.

Select the appropriate day and hour for the work (the hour will vary from day to day; the necessary information can be acquired from the table in *Pacts with the Devil* or most classic grimoires). Prepare whatever tools, talismans or altar are needed, and then begin with an period of raja yoga (or the equivalent trance technique), and then perform whatever ritual you decide is appropriate. This could be something like a Black Mass. When the time comes for the sex portion, you may pause and use whatever means required to arouse yourself. If this means watching *Debbie Does Saskatchewan*, so be it. The orgasm should not be the end of the ritual, which should be ended with dignity—with *Debbie* turned off. If the rules are followed, the accompanying phenomena (if they occur) will rarely have a negative backlash. It should be repeated, however, and for any serious goal about a month should be allowed for, the ritual being performed at least twice a week. One drawback: your talisman may become a little crusty.

The considered and focused use of fantasies to free yourself from environmental norms—computer material, pornography, odd old movies—can be used in conjunction with Tantrik techniques and self-hypnosis to great effect. For example, turn on *The Today Show* and masturbate while watching Katie Couric. This exercise is therapeutic for both men and women. If you are doing this exercise with a lover or spouse you must not have coitus. You must both concentrate on Katie. Katie is Kali.

The Ones From Elsewhere

The myth of something coming back to "get" us—or help us—seems to go back, in one form or another, forever. This has been extremely empowering, in *both* its good and evil forms, to the CIJ mentality in

the twentieth century. The exponentially increasing religious psychosis in America and the Middle East is a prime example. On the other side of the coin, the "alien" myth (however grounded on fact it may be) has had a strong influence on recent generations. The Cthulhu Mythos of H.P. Lovecraft, which started out as an elaborate fiction by a brilliant writer, has evolved into a subterranean occult religion which expresses itself not only in books on magic and the occult like the various bogus *Necronomicons,* but in role-playing games, idols to worship and sacrifice your family to, a place in modern Satanism and a subset of Crowleyanity, to movies (most, except *The Dunwich Horror,* very bad) to a website entitled "Cthulhu Wants You!" This myth is roughly based on the old Book of Enoch/fallen angel routine, which makes it, on a deep level easier to segue into than the originally hopeful, but ultimately pathetic neopagan movement.

Since the majority of people who have requested *The Black Book* have already rejected the philosophical core of current society, I feel at ease stating outright that Satanism or, more properly, Luciferianism, is Christian Tantrism. It is all that is left of the Gnosticism of the early Church. Lame as Lavey's Church of Satan was, it was still an open statement of defiance. Wicca and Crowleyanity, giving their members an out, have allowed them to return to their childhood programming while claiming rejection. The primary goal of almost all esoteric systems of self-development is the overcoming of training by incompetent families. Abortion, genetic manipulation and brain change are all justifiable methods to use in the fight for self-actuation. Unfortunately, this effort all too often takes the bulk of a lifetime.

Finally, to quote, or misquote, or something, a recent remark of Dr. Hyatt's, "Brain change is the only way to escape your programming. Brain damage is brain change. Therefore, brain damage is good."

So go ahead, *buy* that new butt plug, pick up that 1.5 liters of vodka, and think of Katie.

Oh, and if you are Jewish, here is something really easy. Go out to dinner with some senior members of your family and order pork.

On Piano: The Christian Destruction of the Mysteries

by David Menafee, Ph.D.

When Saul of Tarsus came to Ephesus, it marked the beginning of an all-out assault on traditional religion in the Mediterranean, and an aggressive campaign to undermine the Mysteries by which every generation was attuned to the dynamic processes of the Earth. Ephesus now lies in ruins along the western coast of Turkey. But in the days of Saul it was one of the major cities of the Roman Empire, an economic and cultural hub dominated by veneration of the multi-breasted, fecund goddess Artemis. To a modern reader, it may seem strange that a *virgin* goddess should embody fertility for millions of worshipers. But the whole point was the enormous power of creating life that women and women alone possessed and controlled. Saul, who was quoted as saying women should be wholly subservient to men and not even speak in public, obviously held a dim view of such elevation of womanhood as the Artemis cult represented. His attitude was noted by the local population, who poured into the streets to protest his attack on their civil institutions, with cries of "Artemis is Great!"

Saul was a zealous sort. He had been zealous as a Pharisaic Jew attacking the new Christian movement, and he became just as zealous as a Christian attacking Pharisaic Judaism, which he now declared totally invalid. He was subject to seizures, during which he had what he considered direct communications from the spirit world. These convinced him not only to join the new Christian movement, but to direct it out of Judaism into direct engagement with followers of non-Jewish spirituality. You can search through every word ascribed to Yeshu the Galilean, and find not a single remark directed against forms of worship outside of Judaism. His Nazorean movement seems to have been primarily an internal reform of Jewish practices. But Saul felt himself instructed to "evangelize" the non-Jewish world. He

dropped his Jewish name and took the Roman name Paulus, and began to travel from city to city spreading the "good news," which could be boiled down to four noble truths:

1. God is not in the world as a living force, but created the world apart from himself. The world therefore is alienated from the divine and has no value. The forces of nature are not divine, but demonic.

2. The physical body is corrupt and separate from the true person. The processes of sex, birth and death are not a blessing but a curse marked by mortality.

3. God has created this world for destruction, and allows bad things to happen within it as a "test." The spiritual forces that respond to people's worldly concerns for life, love, safe childbirth, health, safe travel, prosperity and success are therefore also demonic, not divine.

4. All that one should care about is escaping this world for a heaven where one is not plagued by the processes of life and death, not bothered by plants or animals, but spends a sexless eternity praising God.

"Paul" brought from his Jewish heritage the idea that there was only one God, a great and wrathful patriarch with a serious case of Narcissism. There was no room left within this rigid monotheism for a goddess, or for any of the natural processes of birth and generation that necessarily require feminine assistance. The one God creates by giving orders and the occasional hands-on craftsmanship. Creation is a set of distinct objects molded by God's whim, not a web of interconnected being.

People did to Paul what just about anyone would do to someone who went around shouting that everyone was a fool, that the gods did not exist, that the principal traditions of the people were wicked—they beat the crap out of him, several times. The local police often hauled him away for disturbing the peace and inciting riot—often for his own protection. This was, of course, "persecution," even at a time when there was no constitutional right to free speech. There was, however, freedom of religion in the Roman Empire.

Modern textbooks immured in Christian bias wildly distort this fact, and regularly depict Rome as a trial-run for Nazi Germany. The truth is, Roman society was such a model of enlightened governance that it was taken as the primary model for the United States when it was founded. The Romans believed in keeping government small. An army was needed to protect people from invaders and gangs, basically

to defend "the Roman way of life." Since the army needed to be paid, taxes had to be collected. If people paid their taxes and kept the peace, they could do anything else they liked. They could spend every day in a temple, or every day in a bordello. They could believe what they wanted, and follow a personal ethical code of their choice, so long as it did not infringe on anyone else's right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Every once in a while someone would get into power with some peculiar notions of giving the government a bigger hand in everyday life. But such experiments at "social engineering" were short-lived—usually as short-lived as the person who tried to make them law. The Empire was also very cosmopolitan, with people of every race and color living side by side in the cities, each with as much opportunity as the next person to rise high in business, culture, or government.

Freedom of religion in the Roman Empire was qualified in two ways. First, technically there was no separation of religion and government. The government supervised religious institutions, making sure no one made off with the temple funds. It also sponsored religion with tax money, pretty even-handedly. This made sense because temples were the center of civil life. They sponsored feasts, festivals, parades, theater, local building projects, and charity. So they were the best avenue for the government to use to invest in the cities, which were, of course, the government's political base. Second, in a small town or village, one's spiritual options were somewhat limited. "The family that prays together stays together" was a common sentiment, and that idea extended to the whole community. Only in the big cities was there enough diversity for people to experiment with something other than the faith of their mothers. The big cities were precisely Paul's targeted mission field for this reason, and from the very beginning the Christians were accused of being a cult that broke up families and undermined traditional values.

Paul's method is familiar to anyone who knows how new religions and cults work. He claimed to have direct revelations from the true God. And his verbal attack on traditional values—combined with dire warnings of a dark future—shook his audience's confidence that they were on the right path in life. Anyone who approached Paul and his team with interest was flooded with love, generosity, and a feeling of belonging. At the same time, Paul instructed the new recruit to stop participating in normal social life: to not attend public festivals or other social functions connected to his or her old way of life, and not

to see friends, family and neighbors. The Christians formed a "new family," in which everyone was a "brother" or "sister." The new recruit would be constantly accompanied by these spiritual kin, to be monitored and encouraged in the new way of life. Any serious breach would be met with curses and shunning from the group until he or she repented. The way of looking at nature and the world's value taught in the mysteries was systematically drummed out of the recruit's mind. Past ethical principles and values were declared worthless, and the person was put through an initiation designed to induce spirit-possession. The new spirit was thought to take possession of a person's mind, and guide him or her instinctively to behave in conformity with the Christian message. Believers were kept in a constant state of fervor and anxiety by the message that the world would be destroyed any day, and only true believers would be rescued. They quit their jobs, broke engagements to marry, and met in all-night sessions of prophecy and speaking in tongues. Some were so driven to distraction by the delay of the world's end that they sought to force it by setting fire to Rome itself. Thousands were killed as the poorer sections of the city were reduced to ashes. Several Christian ringleaders, no doubt along with a handful of innocent bystanders, were rounded up and publicly executed by the state. Another "great persecution."

The original followers of Yeshu the Galilean, led by his brother Yaqob, were appalled at Paul's practices. They sent their own missionaries wherever Paul had been to undo some of the damage and let people know the actual content of Yeshu's message of love and non-violence. We don't know exactly how Paul's version of the religion prevailed, but it did. Perhaps it is the simple fact that fanaticism always has an advantage over tolerance because it does not rule out any tactic in advancing its goals. Paul's success set Christianity on a path of violent confrontation with the Mysteries.

Within a hundred years of Paul's activities, Christianity had become a notorious cult. People had had enough exposure to Christians to understand what they were all about. They were quite simply "atheists," who did not believe in the gods who filled the world and governed all of its life-sustaining energies. And because service to the gods was a collective responsibility, one bad apple in a village could profane the sacred realm, and break the partnership with the gods on which everyday life depended. This was viewed as a direct threat to everyone's well-being. Naturally, then, people took matters into their own hands to harass, drive out, and even lynch an atheist Christian. In cities

where the rule of law prevailed, those Christians who publicly profaned and flaunted the sacred were arrested. If they recanted their hatred of the gods, they were pardoned. If they persisted, they were executed. This quickly devolved into ritual suicide on the part of the Christians, who deliberately incited arrest and prosecution to more quickly escape the evil world. Of all the things pondered by the penetrating mind of Marcus Aurelius, this willful suicide and disdain for life was something he said he could not fathom.

This whole period is perversely called the time of the "Apologists" by Christian historians, who claim that Christian leaders sought to explain themselves politely to the surrounding society. The few "Apologies" that survive from this time paint a very different picture. Even though they ask for Christians to be protected by the state from their neighbors, they include virulent attacks on the beliefs and values of those neighbors, declaring everything they believe and do to be foolish and false. These documents also represent a new phase in the Christian war, specifically on the Mysteries. In the Second and early Third centuries, Christian writers began to publicly profane the Mysteries by revealing the secret experiences one had when initiated into them. Since many of these Christian writers had converted from traditional religion, they had actually gone through the Mysteries, and vowed never to speak or even hint about their content. Now they violated their oaths and sought to ridicule the Mystery experience by mentioning certain things that went on there totally out of context.

The Mysteries, you see, were not a set of teachings, a laundry list of ideas, or merely a ritual procedure. The Mysteries worked as total experiences in which the initiate's mind is prepared and carefully manipulated into intuitively perceiving the significance of sights, sounds, smells, tastes and sensations that in ordinary experience and the plain light of day would be perfectly ordinary. The so-called "Apologists" of Christianity, now de-programmed from their Mystery initiation, disassembled its constituent parts and ridiculed them as "all there is to the Mysteries." Since modern historians mostly rely on such sources to reconstruct the mysteries, there has been a serious problem grasping their inner meaning. Fortunately, there are threads of this meaning running through the spiritual traditions that became embedded in later forms of religion, and the discerning eye can see connections to the fragments of direct evidence about the Mysteries.

The profaning of the Mysteries started to have serious consequences for Mediterranean society. People follow fads. They mindlessly repeat things they have heard without thinking about them for themselves. And new generations love to tear down the old ways, just for the sake of rebellion. People got a kick out of dismissing something their elders took oh so seriously. Despite being an illegal gang bent on the destruction of the state and society, Christianity attracted a following. The society started to come apart. Christians tapped into class tensions. They recruited heavily in the army where young men were far from home. While attacking the Mithra Mysteries popular with soldiers, they copied some of its ritual forms to maintain the atmosphere of a familiar club. And whenever they could, they committed public acts of impiety and desecration. Inevitably, the gods abandoned Rome. The Empire collapsed internally and externally. Invaders pillaged hundreds of cities. The great Roman army split into factions and devastated the countryside. The leaders called for everyone to return to the gods, to make offerings and pray for peace and safety once again. Some Christians sought public suicide once again. Others, more comfortable with worldly success, bribed government officials to issue false certificates of sacrifice that they could wave in front of their neighbors while pretending to be on the same side. The campaigns of traditional piety did nothing to reverse the collapse of civil society. And so, in desperation, the leaders of Roman society turned to a dictator to restore stability.

Diocletian is another one of those Emperors who has gone down in history as a great "persecutor" of the Christians. What is forgotten was that he was a persecutor of just about everyone. He decided to balance the state budget on the backs of the temples. He cut off government support for all temples outside of the four imperial cities and, by greatly increasing taxes, he drained the resources that might have supported the temples locally. Since traditional religion had always been closely interrelated to civil government, first locally, then nationally, then imperially, Diocletian's policy was an amputation at the neck for all traditional religion in the Empire. He hated everything "un-Roman," and confiscated the operating accounts of Egyptian, Syrian, Phrygian and Celtic temples. He ordered the execution of any missionary bringing spiritual teachings from outside the Empire, from Persia or India. Finally, he turned on the Christians, confiscating their money and property, burning their books, and sending their leaders off to labor camps. In doing so, he did Christianity a big favor. Since he

was so widely hated by such a huge segment of the population, his antagonism made Christianity popular. Isis worshipers ambushed police convoys to free Christian prisoners. For a brief time of common adversity, people of many different religions made common cause. This mood prevailed in the years following Diocletian, and led to the rise of Constantine the Great.

Once again the history books, deep in Christian bias, have it wrong. Constantine was not "the first Christian Emperor," and he did not "make Christianity the state religion." These are fictions meant to push the victory of Christianity back in time. Constantine was an initiate of the Mithra Mysteries, and a devotee of the Unconquerable Sun, Sol Invictus. He was, in fact, an early practitioner of what today we would call "New Age" religion, because he felt that all religions contain parts of the same truth, and he selected the most appealing features of each and wove them into a personal faith of his own. The Christians, like everyone else, received official acceptance, and for the first time were considered members of a religion, rather than a socially destructive atheist secret society. Astute Christian leaders cooperated with Constantine in guiding the movement towards mainstream status. That meant they needed temples, priests, public worship, holy days, and multiple forms of the divine to appeal to. At this moment, in the early Fourth century, Christianity adopted all of these things, and began to look like a respectable religion. For the first time, they demarcated areas of sacred space and furnished them as if they were temples with standard sacrificial rites. They imitated traditional ritual, imagery and music, and dressed their leaders in the robes of priestcraft. They adopted the common concept of a triune divine family of transcendent Father, immanent Mother, and beloved Son, adapting it by replacing the Mother with a sexless divine Spirit. When this failed to appeal to the masses, they promoted Mary as the new form of the Mother Goddess. Finally, and most crucially, they transformed the simple Christian initiation of baptism into an elaborate Mystery, with all of the usual preparation and stage management necessary to produce an experience of insight, now that the activity of the possessing Spirit seems to have waned in direct proportion to the popularity of the faith.

The tone of Christian rhetoric changed dramatically. Dropping the harsh attacks on traditional religion and the Mysteries, Christian writers began to show how the Mysteries were part of God's plan to educate humanity and prepare it for the final great Mystery that Christianity offered. Every symbol, every insight was explained as leading

up to the best Mystery of all. Constantine was praised by Christian leaders as a god on earth, as the second coming of the Messiah, as God's instrument to govern the whole world in a new era of peace. He built a fantastic new city in which he built temples to abstract principles that could embody many gods together. He filled the city with the finest representations of every god and goddess (though modern textbook perpetuate the Christian myth that Constantinople was a purely "Christian" city). It truly did seem like universal tolerance and harmony would prevail. But underneath, the conspiracy continued to eventually undermine and displace all rival spiritualities in the cause of the truth that Christianity alone possessed.

Constantine became more and more a pawn in the hands of a few unscrupulous Christian leaders. He was pushed into executing his young second wife and his eldest son on trumped up charges of an affair between them. Then his guilt over the deed was played upon to make him malleable in the hands of those who could promise him God's forgiveness. When revenues fell short, he was encouraged to plunder the few remaining temple treasuries untouched by Diocletian. His mother had become a full blown believer, and told her son that the Christian God had revealed to her several sites sacred to him. Constantine appropriated these sites, which were various sacred caves and groves around Jerusalem, and built churches upon them. His mother also "miraculously" discovered various sacred relics that became objects of worship, such as the cross on which Jesus was executed by the Romans three hundred years earlier. So, by a combination of adaptation and appropriation, Christianity made serious inroads into public life, displacing the traditional Mysteries.

In his old age, Constantine fell increasingly under the spell of a closed circle of the conspirators around him. He gave Christian leaders free use of the government courier system. He exempted them from certain taxes and civic responsibilities. In return, they fed his delusions of divinity and convinced him he could conquer the world if his armies were led by a rebuilt Ark of the Covenant. Only death forestalled the testing of this promise. In his will, Constantine treated the Empire itself with disdain, parceling it out among his three sons and two nephews as personal fiefdoms. The Christian sons immediately disposed of the non-Christian nephews, and began to undermine dramatically the tolerance their father had maintained. The harsher policy bred revolt in Rome, but the sole surviving son, Constantius, prevailed, and instituted even more severe measures. Sacrifice was prohibited and the

major city temples closed to religious observances. Christian leaders were given increasing powers and privileges. They took over the public schools and used them to once again attack and ridicule the classic myths and spiritual practices of non-Christian culture. They even turned on each other, getting government help to drive into exile any Christian who refused to accept the one form of the faith they sanctioned (at this time, Arian Christianity).

A brief reprieve for traditional religion came with the revolt of Julian, sole survivor of the slaughtered non-Christian line of Constantine's dynasty. Taken from his home, he had been indoctrinated as a Christian and forced to prepare for the priesthood. Secretly, he studied the old ways, and was initiated into all the Mysteries. Given a military command in a desperate hour by the Emperor Constantius, he performed marvelously. But when word of his true spiritual inclinations leaked out, and he was recalled to Constantinople, his troops hoisted him on their shields and declared him Emperor, pledging their lives to displace the hated Constantius. Constantius conveniently died, leaving the way open to the energetic young conqueror. The whole Roman world, with the exception of the Christians, celebrated his ascent to power. He publicly declared his commitment to the old gods, and set about reorganizing and refunding their worship throughout the Empire. He introduced teacher testing, rooting out any teacher who used the classroom as a place to attack traditional culture. He delivered public speeches and published tracts comparing Christianity unfavorably to the Mysteries, and he wrote moving hymns reflecting his own spiritual devotion. He also recalled from exile all Christian leaders driven out by previous infighting, restoring them to their positions and property. He calculated, rightly, that Christians were their own worst enemy, and that they would fight and argue among themselves perpetually if no side could use government power against the others. A couple of the most obnoxious and abusive bishops were attacked in the streets by mobs and lynched in retaliation for the wanton acts of desecration they had perpetrated under the indulgent previous regime. When Julian came to Antioch to prepare an invasion of Persia, local Christians set fire to a major temple in the region, then complained bitterly when one of their churches was temporarily closed in retaliation. Julian gave permission and funds to the Jews to rebuild the Temple in Jerusalem. But Christian gangs attacked the construction works in the night, and torched the site. In time, Julian might have resorted to harsher measures and punishments to bring the Christians

in line. But after only three short years, he had had enough taste of trying to govern hostile Christians to prefer the relative quiet of war. Not surprisingly, he was assassinated. Once again, Christian fiction steps in and tells us that with his dying words Julian recognized that the Christian God was destined to win. More reliable testimony informs us that he offered his own blood to the Unconquerable Sun, praying that the rest of his army would be spared and find their way home safely.

Julian was the last openly non-Christian Emperor of Rome. His death marked the beginning of the triumph of Christianity over the force of the Mysteries. With each successive administration, traditional religion was whittled away. At first, only overtly magical rituals were banned, and the Mysteries continued. But in the 380s the co-rulers Gratian and Theodosius brought a new level of fanaticism to an Empire that could ill afford it. They refused to take the oath as Pontifex Maximus, by which they were bound to manage and protect all religious institutions in the Empire. They removed the altar of victory from the Roman senate house. They stripped Jews and Manichaeans of their legal rights, confiscated their property, and drew up long lists of outlawed varieties of Christianity itself, driving thousands from the cities. This only served their need for resources by which to support the form of faith they chose to sanction, (Catholic/Orthodox Christianity), which up until now had been decidedly in the minority. They closed all the temples, and appropriated all temple funds. The Mysteries were suspended. Finally, they drove traditional religion out of public life altogether and proposed, although the means were not at their disposal, to root it even out of the home.

Non-conformist Christians and traditionalists formed an odd alliance that disposed of Gratian and freed Rome temporarily from this oppressive regime. Theodosius set out to crush the revolt and, not trusting Roman troops in this fight, hired a mercenary army of Goths. The opposing armies met at Frigidus in northern Italy, the standards of Jupiter against the standards of Christ. For two days the future of the West hung in the balance. In the end, the hastily gathered Roman forces could not match the tough mercenaries of Theodosius.

For the next century and a half, Christianity dug ever deeper into the native soil. Temples were systematically confiscated and converted into churches. Legends were created of how the local "demon" was driven out by the power of a priest or monk. Sacred trees were cut

down, sacred springs sealed or polluted. A mob of monks attacked the great Museon in Alexandria, pulling down the statue of Serapis who oversaw the four thousand year old Egyptian Mysteries, and burning its Library to the ground. Later Christian historians fabricated contradictory stories of the Library being burned by Julius Caesar four hundred years earlier, or by the Muslims three hundred years later, to cover up responsibility in this devastating loss of ancient wisdom. Christianity had entered a period of all-out assault on traditional religion and the Mysteries. Having seized control of the cities, they labeled all traditionalists "pagans" or countryfolk. The cultured classes willingly gave up the cities for life in the country where they could practice their traditional religion in peace, and closer to the nature that embodied it. As a result, civic life all but ceased. The cities became ghost towns where only churches and their dependents remained. Imperial legislation was ignored and unenforced in most rural areas. Though the Mysteries were a thing of the past, the memory of them and the worldview they offered was preserved in the resistance literature of the Fifth and Sixth centuries, which passed itself off as commentaries on the classics or antiquarian studies.

The victory of Christianity was the death of the Roman world. The disaffected country landholders welcomed Gothic and German invaders and formed new nations with them. The Empire struck back under Justinian in the mid-Fifth century. He recaptured Rome and Carthage. He closed the university in Athens, the last non-Christian center of learning. He shut down the last large operating temple, that of Isis at Philae at the border with Nubia. He burned whole villages with their inhabitants to the ground because they held on to "paganism" or some variety of Christianity he refused to recognize. On paper, he seemed to reconstitute the Empire of old on a new Christian footing. But his actions only bred hatred and resistance. The Egyptian and Syrian Christians rejected his interpretation of Christianity, while the countryside seethed with rebellion. Within a century of his death, the much more tolerant Muslims had seized control of the Middle East, greeted by jubilant crowds as liberators, an ironic scenario from the contemporary Western perspective. The deeply embedded thinking of the Mysteries found new clothing in esoteric teachings of the Monophysite Christians, and in the practices of the Islamic Sufis. European traditionalists also hung on, sometimes wrapping beliefs and practices in Christian garb, other times celebrating them in all their raw "paganism." One by one, Christianity won control of the ruling classes of the

new European nations, but the imposition of the faith on the common people varied with the whim of individual rulers. Only in the Twelfth century did Catholicism start to make serious inroads into rural life in Europe, and only with puritanical Protestantism and the age of witch-burning did Christianity seal the tomb of the last remnants of the old religion.

But the Mysteries in their original form were long since silenced. Only echoes in fragmented ritual, songs and folk tales carried hints of long-forgotten views. The full Mysteries had fallen victim to the holocaust that swept over traditional religion between the late Fourth and early Seventh centuries, the culmination of a deliberate and relentless campaign to rid society as much as possible of pre-Christian spirituality.

Though this destruction appeared successful *for a time,* no final victory can be declared, as so many men of the mind have noted, including the Mage Israel Regardie who said, "We are now seeing the death throes of Christianity…its final death squeeze on Western Consciousness." According to Dr. Hyatt, Regardie said this a few years before his death in 1985, and the sales of books focusing both on the ancient mysteries and alternative religious experience have more than tripled. In the final analysis there can be no holocaust of the human mind.



On Cymbals: Question Reality

by MobiusFrame

Before we begin our discussion of the reality-defining properties of questions, let us consider some definitions:

Norm: A standard social model or pattern regarded as acceptable; an average of dominant memes in a given social group, usually accepted without analysis or question. Consider the circumcision of male infants as a social "norm."

Normative: Conforming to the established (dogmatic) language usage of educated speakers in a given society. Synonym = prescriptive. Consider that if the police ask you a question, regardless of its absurdity, you must answer. "Yes or no, did you use a knife to kill your neighbor?" This is an ill-formed question; it presupposes that you killed your neighbor.

Prescriptive: Based on or prescribing a norm or standard (non-observable suppositions); giving directives or rules: Art & fashion, law, mores, common sense.

Presupposition: Reasoning that involves the formation of conclusions from incomplete evidence.

Empiric: Regarding an objective collection of data points (evidence) for the synthesis of suppositions.

Empirical: Derived from observation and experiment rather than theory; capable of being tested (falsified or verified) by experiment or observation. Synonym = data-based. Antonym = theoretical.

Descriptive: Concerned with phenomena at a given moment, without consideration of historical antecedent or norms: based on observed phenomena.

Moral (metaphysical) paradigm	**Scientific paradigm**
Normative Definitions	Empirical Definitions
Prescriptive Grammar	Descriptive Grammar
"Ought to"/"Should"	"Is"
Valuation	Fact
Subjective	Objective
Presuppositions likely	No presupposition

Even a cursory understanding of linguistics and hypnosis reveals that the language used by speakers in communicating not only describes their reality, but also forms and constructs their "perceived" reality. Thus, the words and sentence structures with which one speaks and thinks creates and manifests his reality. Language communicates information (descriptive/empirical function), and it also coordinates and directs behaviors by stirring feelings like wellness, guilt, pride, and shame (prescriptive/normative function).

In the case of hypnosis, my reality, as expressed by the words I use, may alter your reality if you accept the words and phrases I speak to you. Accepting the words of a statement or question need not occur consciously, and in fact, it rarely does. Hopefully, the gentle reader already has a decent level of skill in detecting and rejecting obviously false, or ill-formed statements such as: "The earth is flat."[False, see NASA photographs of earth] or "Jesus is my lord and savior." [Ill formed, cannot be tested empirically.]

I find it relatively simple to detect the ill-formed-ness of a statement. However, an ill-formed question, especially if posed by someone that you consider an authority figure, or if posed in a violent or accusatory manner, may prove more difficult to detect. Adrenaline mercilessly slays analytical and cognitive ability, sending one quickly to the irrational animal mind where ill-formed language is likely to be accepted wholesale. Without analysis and rational cognition, ill-formed questions and statements are accepted and internalized, thereby forming ones reality without detection. This is a form of hypnosis.

The Question Game: The Inquisition

> "A question as a question is simply a question; however, for most monkeys a question has tension and freezes the brain…"
>
> — Dr. Hyatt

Mother/father/god/cop/judge/priest asks a question, and the child/parishioner/heretic/infidel/criminal answers. The first question to ask is: Is the question answerable? Are all the terms in the question capable of some empirical (i.e., non-normative) definition? Whoever asks this type of moral question expressed in normative grammar is playing a "one up game" in which they presuppose themselves as the deity (moral authority). A whole host of other presuppositions may be present in the language structure of the question, and upon answering the question, the child/parishioner/heretic/infidel/criminal accepts the presuppositions as true, and validates the irrational stance of the inquisitor. You must learn to avoid switching over to fight-or-flight response, and you must learn to spot poorly formed questions.

Avoid Chemical Brain Freeze

Some people can ask questions of you and you simply answer. Other people (e.g., spouse, police, parent, priest, combatant, etc.) may ask a question and instantly send you into a "chemical brain freeze," also known as fight-or-flight. The major key in avoiding brain freeze is to remain calm and detached, which can be nearly impossible in some circumstances. However, like all good personality change, it will take effort, time & patience. Train yourself to make your initial response to any question calm and patient. Your first response to any question then should be the following:

1. Take three deep breaths, hold each breath for a few seconds, and then gently release. The inquisitor will likely become impatient and fidgety, or may even become more agitated. Do not allow this to affect you. You will answer the question if and when you choose. Focus on the feeling of the breaths.

2. Smile: This will send signals to you brain that relax you and enhance cognition. Fake it if necessary. It should feel and look genuine—avoid the "devil's grimace."

3. Detach: Force yourself to stop experiencing this as a threat. This will require effort and work on your part.

4. Analyze: If you have successfully avoided the Sympathetic Nervous System response (fight-or-flight = adrenaline), you are ready to move on to **analysis.**

Analyze these 3 points when considering a question put to you:

a. What physical signals does the inquisitor exhibit?

Pupils dilated means the target is adrenalized and ready for battle.

Pointing fingers, shrugged shoulders, or any extreme gesticulation signals that an emotional response is occurring (emotions don't mix with calm cool analysis). Also note facial contortion like a furrowed brow or a frown.

Pulse rate and blood pressure often takes a moderate level of skill to discern, but you can easily notice if veins are bulging on the side of the head/face or neck (high blood pressure), and the pulse can often be seen in the carotid artery alongside the neck, especially if the target is aroused.

Flared nostrils and rapid, shallow breathing are also signs of emotional arousal/distress.

b. What, if any, are the presuppositions of the question? Presupposition is probably the most common hypnotic technique used in manipulative language. Study presuppositions. Below are a few basic examples of presupposition. See if you can spot the presupposed ideations:

(1) How often do you beat your wife?
(2) When will you call me?
(3) How often do you use drugs?

c. Are the terms of the question definable empirically?

Do you love me? This cannot be tested empirically. There is no way to measure or observe love.

"Have you accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your savior?" Same as above, since there is no way to prove or disprove.

"Why are you like this?" "This" is a vague pronoun, and could mean anything.

"Do you believe in American values and the verity of justice?" This question essentially means nothing, but it looks great on paper.

Keep in mind that many people will ask questions only to demonstrate their authoritative knowledge of a subject area. These people are severe time wasters, loaded with hair-splitting questions so they may

show off their metapuke superiority. If you suspect this may be the case, respond to the questions with questions. Turn the haughty self-aggrandizing rubbish back on the inquisitor. You might ask them, "What makes you think you've asked a real question? What do you want? Are you trying to help? And if so, what? What will you decide when you get an answer?" Remember, oftentimes the purpose of questions is to coerce you into accepting the inquisitor as a judge and someone with the right to make a moral pronouncement. Try to determine the hidden metaphysical agenda of these idiots, and then question it.

Establishing Rapport with the Target

If you want to get along with someone, learn when to ask the right questions. The right question at the right time shows interest. The wrong question at the wrong time will be perceived as an attack! A question always asks something of the target. At the very least, a question is the act of asking for a response from the target. Thus, a question is a confrontation of wills. To get along with someone, your will must appear to be identical to, or at least parallel to, the will of the target.

Consider the beauty you'd like to take home tonight. Any good hunter knows that patience and the ability to plan for the future will yield the best results. If her will is to avoid you at all costs, you will establish rapport more quickly if it appears that you wish to avoid *her* at all costs. Otherwise, you just bother her. Likewise, consider that interview for the job you really want. You are a staunch conservative, while the big boss is a hardcore liberal. If you want to have a great conversation and a new job, you will appear liberal as well. This doesn't mean you agree with everything the target says; rather, a little engagement will make you appear lively. However, the target's ego must be made to feel special while in your presence. Thus, your presence will be desired.

Along with the right questions, mimicking the target's posture, mannerisms, and tone of voice, at least initially, establishes rapport (leading). Then, as you alter your mirroring of them, they will mimic you (pacing). All this must be done very slowly and with greatest patience and ease. Also, note the output phraseology of the target. If it is speaking about visual data, and using visual statements, respond in kind. The same applies to auditory and kinesthetic statements as shown below:

• Visual target output: "I look forward to brightening up our company's reputation. I hope you're the man for the job."

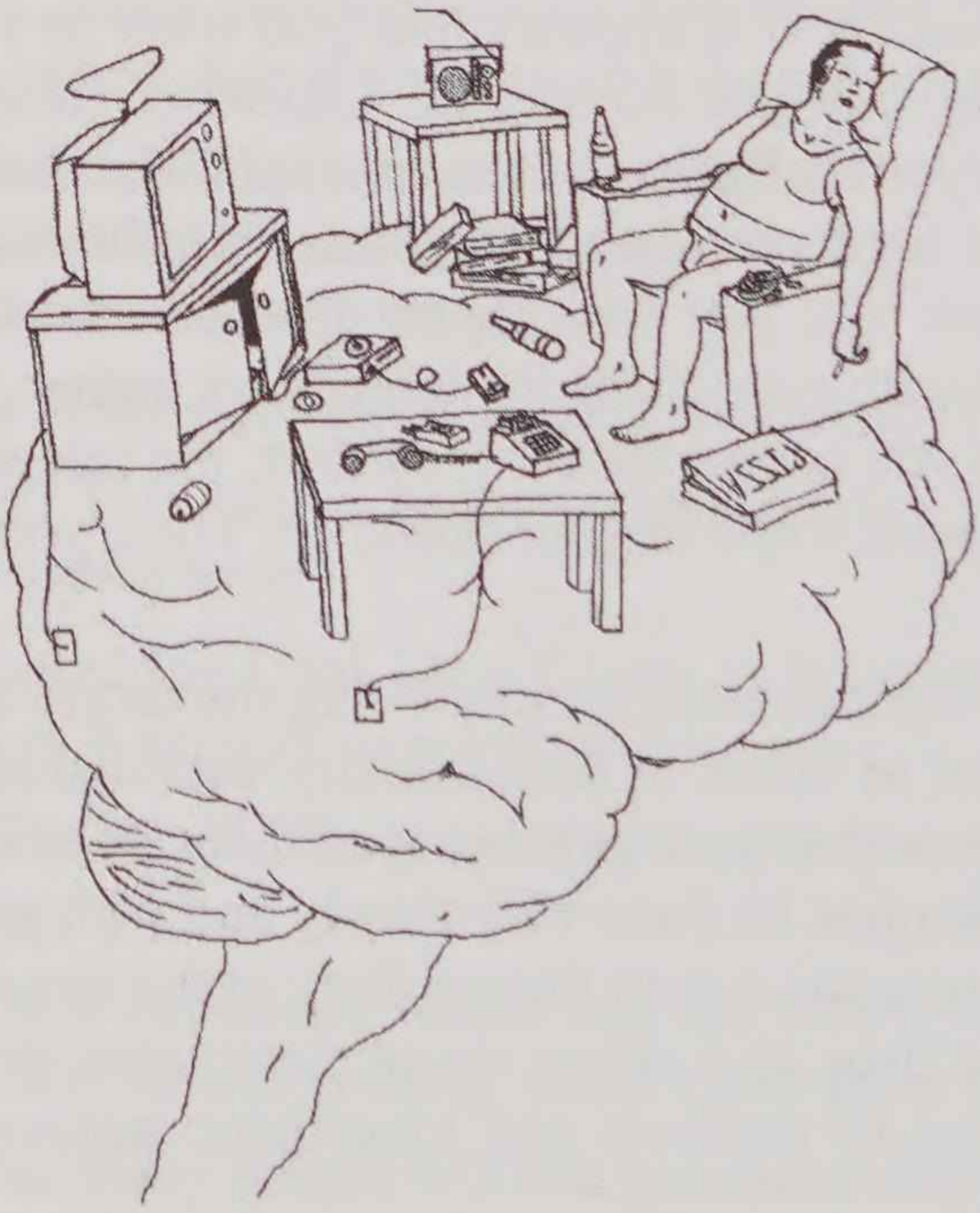
Practitioner responds in visual phraseology: "Yes sir, I see things your way, and with your visionary guidance, I'm confident that I can shed light on the problem areas."

• Audio target output: "I've heard a lot of good things about you. Sounds like you may be the man to help us regain our fast-paced rhythm in the markets."

Practitioner responds in auditory phraseology: "Yes sir, I hear the sincerity in your voice, and with your words of guidance, I'm confident that I can make the goals of this company ring true."

• Kinesthetic target output: "I feel that we need a confident man to get a handle on some of the burning issues around here. I have a good feeling about you, and it seems that you may be the man to help us regain our footing in the markets."

Practitioner responds in kinesthetic phraseology: "Yes sir, I've always felt that this company is the best in the market. I feel very excited about joining the team and getting my feet wet. I'm confident that I can actualize the goals of this company."



On Drums: The Terrible 3s, A Sail on the Titanic[4]

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

"What do we know of ourselves? At best, a metaphor."

— C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

"I have never seen a triangle that can stand on two legs."

— C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Metaphor: "A figure of speech in which a word or phrase that ordinarily designates one thing is used to designate another, thus making an implicit comparison, as in 'a sea of troubles.' "

The trip on the Titanic ended in disaster. And so have all theories of personality…

Metaphors always break down, but they do convey a message.

Labels are even worse as they sooner or later become infected with the zombie virus known as morality—a weak man's tonic.

In today's world, personality will best be understood by complex mathematics and neuroscience coupled with complex computer modeling.

In my view, however, no matter how much we know and how precise we become, there will always be a wild card. Why? Because with proper use the brain can drastically change and each change begins to interact with every other change and sooner or later we reach escape velocity and a new monster is born. So enjoy the journey while you can…

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[4] Cheap Tickets

It's Unsinkable

Self 1: The Bio-Self **(BS)**…automatic existential self…everyone has one—much like a reptile—fully reactive to changing chemical and physical conditions…a simple survival tool. Assuming you are breathing, no matter how mad you are, you have this self.

Self 2: The Ego-Self (**ES**)…semi-automatic, interactive, semi-thinking self…most everyone has one to one degree or another—much like an advanced "ape."

Intelligent action limited, emotional reaction, some mild forms of tenseless self-consciousness, mostly a function of memory…capable of some intentional action, primarily reactive in nature…confuses needs and wants with love…capable of some enjoyment, senselessly suffers over itself…can be objective about things but not about self. Has no real sense of itself, deluded by language, infected with beliefs. A sorrowful creature.

Self 3: The Transcendent-Self (**TS**)…a self artificially created through self-work and intense effort…very few have one—similar to the imaginary idea of a god…capable of real choice, active, highly intentional action…capable of love and being loved, capable of being objective about self—special abilities…high energy, low tension.

Where To Place Your BET?

Step one: accept that you are a bio-chemical machine and understand intellectually what that means *in detail.*

Step two: identify the qualities and reactions of the machine by using one's false sense of self-consciousness and the super-ego.

Step three: use the reactions of the machine to build the TS.

Step four: identify the techniques required.

Step five: practice every day.

Step six: 00.

They First Met On The Promenade Deck

The Bio-Self and the Ego-Self are continually interacting with each other, creating an almost never-ending train of illusions and delusions… In the human, the ego-self has the use of language which disguises the bio-self and ego-self reactions… With language, the

human turns these automated reactions into actions as if it were a fully conscious willful being… This ideal is based on a vague sense of the "higher" self… On occasion, many humans will have experiences (so-called "peak experiences") which the ego attributes to this illusory "higher" self…which in fact doesn't exist in substance, but only as an ideal… These "peak experiences" are a result of chemicals, stress factors, athletics and numerous other events, *but they are not a self.*

Four Egos Are Not Enough

The Ego-Self has four parts.

First is the primal part, directly connected with the bio-brain… This is the (beast), the sado-masochist, the crazy one, a dark shadow, etc.

Next is the social-cultural-interpersonal piece, the so-called self-concept or self-esteem—with occasional tense self-consciousness.

Next is a cognitive problem-solving part and, like an engorged appendix, contains the small possibility to develop the TS…

This part—and threads from the first, second, and third pieces—form to make what is called the superego—the fourth part…

This part, the judge, watches and often hates the previous three parts…

Here is the kicker: the judge—the superego—is the root from which the TS can develop—ironic, but true… A happy reptile or ape would never think to develop a TS.

It is from pain and conflict that the possibility arises, so the human and not the dog is the candidate… It is only the "awareness" of suffering and death that make this possible.

As an interesting example: let us look at the Buddha. What led him to seek enlightenment? The suffering and death he saw and then his comparison to his life—followed by what Freud or Christians might call "guilt"… Both factors, the realization of suffering and the guilt he felt over not experiencing it… He was, after all, a blind, happy ape rolling around in the green and having fun… That was his garden of Eden, but he created his own fall—unlike the Jew-Christian-Muslim… Hence, for Buddha, his salvation was not vicarious; rather, through his own hard-won efforts…he "created" the fall, and finds his own salvation…

Today this is rarely possible… Look at how easy it is to be a dumb monkey…

Look at the Jesus story: his suffering on the cross leads to the final transcendence of his ego and body-self. Do you buy this? But again, look at the dual aspects of suffering and transcendence in this story.

The suffering of the Jews, the Arabs, the Germans, the Chinese, the Russians and on and on we go—suffering and transcendence; however, no TS develops—except in the case of Buddha.

The base of all change, both individually and collectively, is suffering, pain and dissatisfaction; however, unlike the beauty of the lotus flower with its roots in the mud, mankind simply changes the label…and continues to suffer.

To sum up: the suffering we cause ourselves and each other has greater value than we know—for a few men—one at a time, by their own efforts—can turn this form of human stupidity into a real self, far beyond the limitations set by nature.



On Violins:
Entrance Piece

by Joseph Matheny

You are expecting an ending here, I just know it. Instead, I am going to propose an entrance. What I mean by this is, this would be an ending, if we were to so declare it but instead, we propose that you make it an entrance to a new beginning. You've heard the old hackneyed phrase, "There are no endings, only beginnings" or some form thereof. However, at the risk of sounding clichéd, this is your golden opportunity to walk away. Just put the book down *and walk away.* <insert voice through megaphone>: "Walk away from the book…"

Still here? OK, I guess I can understand that.

Here's the score: What you do with the information that you absorbed from the preceding chapters is now yours to do with as you wish. What THEY don't tell you is that the final door (the ending Heh) in the Tetragrammaton is an exit. The formula is a finger pointing (pointing the way in), a door (you open it and enter willingly), a fish hook (you could get hung up on the barb and stay here, becoming middle management), and a final Heh (the fucking door out of the system). Now you know.

Still here? OK, now I'm becoming a little suspicious of you…

Let me try to make this perfectly clear. This is the part where you expect me to get up on a soapbox and make a summation. I refuse to do it. Thesis and antithesis can be drawn from the preceding chapters, but the synthesis is up to you. I'm not going to do your work for you, you lazy bastard! Nor am I going to rob you of that magical **aha!** experience that comes when you make your own synthesis. It's not a complete imprint unless you do it yourself. Now get to it!

There are no answers, only choices. If you bought this book looking for an answer of some sort, I suggest you rip the pages out now and use them as toilet paper. There's your answer. If, on the other hand,

you view this chapter, not as an exit, not as a final statement, but rather as an entrance to the Garden of Forked Paths, you have probably ended up in a place where you belong. At least there's hope for you yet.

Mutate and take over the world? Nah. Been said, been tried and really, what's the point? Mutate and ignore the world? That's been tried, too. Unfortunately, the world (THEM) has a habit of barging into your dream-time village and making you pay attention to it, no matter how diligently you try to ignore it (THEM). What is one to do then? Maybe, mutate and LIVE? Now there's a palatable proposition. Mmmmmmm! One could even imagine that going well with Fava beans.

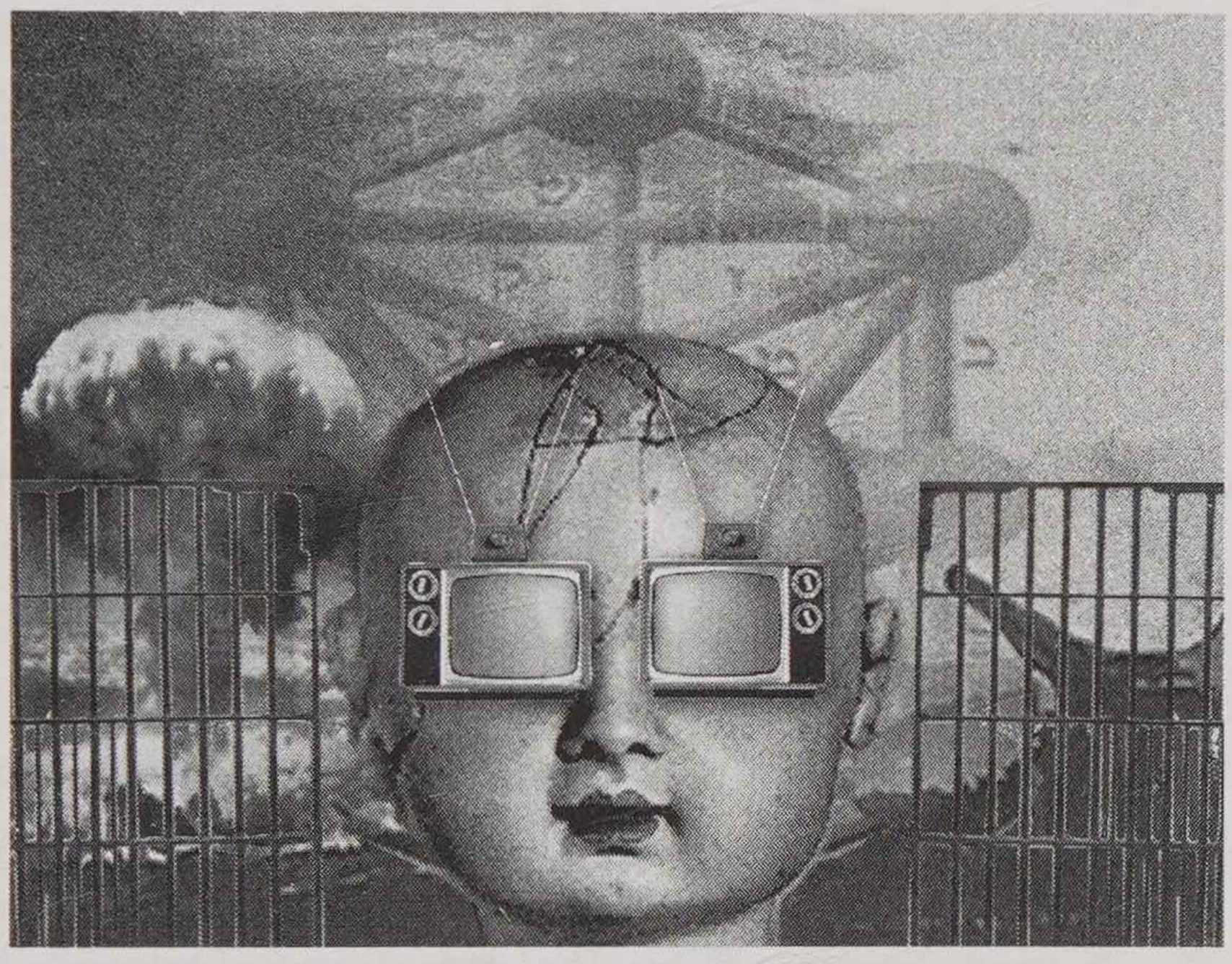
It can be said that life is a game. If that is true, who's controlling your avatar? Who wrote the code? What's the underlying language? There I go again, leaving you with questions rather than supplying you with convenient answers. I am so evil. <insert-menacing laugh—add moderate echo effect> Have you noticed that we've recommended other books to read as you've moved through this little grimoire of pure evil? Will you read them? Are we attempting to brainwash you or entrain you into a different way of thinking? Do you feel different after reading the preceding chapters? Do you feel like a lab rat? My, but you are paranoid aren't you? Don't be so narcissistic.

I'm so selfless that I'm not only not writing for or to you, I am not even writing for or to myself. That's how selfless and Gandhi-like I am. What a guy, huh? OK, I'll be up front and blunt for a second. I could give a shit what you think. How's that for blunt. Now, to take it one step further, you should give a shit what I think as well. In fact, you should rip this book up and use it as kindling in your fireplace. If you don't have a fireplace, then start a fire on your living room floor. Do something fer cripes sake. Speaking of doing something…

When viewing the sedentary lifestyle of TV and bad beer that so many subscribe to these days, the term "get a life" takes on a whole new meaning. What? You missed the final episode of *Friends*? Pshaw! You captured it on Tivo. You can now put in lots of overtime since you're doing three people's jobs now, and be paid for regular time, since you should just be grateful to even HAVE a job, you miserable little worm, and you can still have something to share in common at the water cooler, thanks to your Tivo. Moooooooooo!

The wonders of technology never cease! OK, pull back for a minute. Think about all the little munchkins gathered around the warm glow of the electric campfire every night. Prime Time. All watching the

same things (hearing the same campfire stories), all sunken into their easy chairs and couches. All plugged into the…no, I'm not gonna say it. It's been overused and besides, parts two and three sucked. Anyway, you get my drift. Walk down your street at night, around TV Prime Time and look at all those windows glowing blue gray. What does this remind you of? Ever been to a farm and seen how they fatten veal? Ever studied how Kobe beef is raised? Now the question (always questions): What are you being fattened up for? Or more precisely, as food for what or whom?



Look into the effects of light pulsation upon the human brain. Did you know that TV works on a scan method; i.e., the screen is rapidly refreshed at a rate of 60 kHz? Most computer monitors come preset to this frequency as well. In other words, it is flashing at you in rapid light pulses. Do you really think this doesn't affect your brain state? How much TV have you watched in your lifetime? Jeebus! That much?

We have about 150,000 hours of living to expend between the ages of one and 18.

We sleep about 50,000 hours of this time, and we dream about two hours of the eight we sleep each night. Sleeping and dreaming appear to be positively related to the development and maintenance of the long term memories that emerge out of daytime activities, because they allow our brain to eliminate the interference of external sensory/

motor activity while it physically adds to, edits, and erases the neural network synaptic connections that create long-term memories.

We spend about 65,000 of our 100,000 waking hours involved in solitary activities, and in direct informal relationships with family and friends, and these activities play a major role in the development and maintenance of important personal memories.

We spend about 35,000 of our waking hours with our larger culture in formal and informal metaphoric/symbolic activities—about 12,000 hours in school, and about twice that with various forms of mass media (e.g., TV, computers, films, music, sports, print media, churches, museums). Mass media and school thus play major roles in the development and maintenance of important culture memories.

So on an average developmental day between the ages of 1–18, a young person sleeps 8 hours, spends 10 waking hours with self, family, and friends, 4 with mass media—and only 2 hours in school.

People tend now to spend much time/energy on such electronic media as video games, TV, and computers—at the expense of non-electronic media and socialization (although new forms of socialization are evolving around TV-watching and video-game-playing).

The attentional demands of electronic media range from rapt (video games) to passive (much TV), but this is the first generation to directly interact with and alter the content on the screen and the conversation on the radio. Screenagers emotionally understand electronic media in ways that adults don't—as a viral replicating cultural reality, instead of as a mere communicator of events. For example, portable cameras have helped to shift TV's content from dramatic depictions to live theater, extended (and often endlessly repeated and discussed) live coverage of such breaking events as wars, accidents, trials, sports and talk-show arguments. What occurs anywhere is immediately available everywhere. Our world has truly become a gossipy global village, where everyone knows everyone else's business.

Emotion drives attention, which drives learning, memory and behavior, so mass media often insert strong primal emotional elements into their programming to increase attention. Since violence and sexuality in media trigger primal emotions, most young people confront thousands of violent acts and heavy doses of sexuality during their childhood media interactions. This comes at the expense, alas, of other more positive and normative experiences with human behaviors and

interactions. Mass media tend to show us how to be sexy not sexual, and powerful not peaceful.

Commercial sponsorship in mass media has led to a distorted presentation of important cultural and consumer-related issues. For example, TV commercials tend to be short, superficial and factually biased. Further, computer programs and TV editing techniques tend to compress, extend, and distort normal time/space relationships, a critical element in the creation and use of effective long-term memories.

1. A relatively slow, analytic, reflective system (thalamus-hippocampus-cortex circuitry) explores the more objective factual elements of a situation, compares them with related declarative memories, and then responds. It's best suited to non-threatening situations that don't require an instant response—life's little challenges. It often functions through storytelling forms and sequences, and so is tied heavily to our language and classification capabilities. User-friendly computer programs and non-frantic TV programming tend to use this rational system.

2. A fast conceptual, reflexive system (thalamus-amygdala-cerebellum circuitry) identifies the fearful and survival elements in a situation, and quickly activates automatic response patterns (procedural memory) if survival seems problematic.

The fast system developed through natural selection to respond to imminent predatory danger and fleeting feeding and mating opportunities. It thus focuses on any loud, looming, contrasting, moving, obnoxious, or attractive elements that might signal potential danger, food and/or mates.

The system thus enhances survival, but its rapid, superficial analysis often leads us to respond fearfully, impulsively and inappropriately to situations that don't require an immediate response (regrets and apologies often follow). Stereotyping and prejudice are but two of the prices we humans pay for this powerful survival system. Worse, fear can strengthen the emotional and weaken the factual memories of an event. Consequently, we become fearful of something, but we're not sure why, so the experience has taught us little that's consciously useful.

People often use mass media to exploit this system by stressing elements that trigger rapid irrational fear-responses. Politicians demonize

opponents; sales pitches demand an immediate response; zealots focus on fear of groups who differ from their definition of acceptable.

The fast pacing of TV and video game programming, and their focus on bizarre/violent/sexual elements also trigger this system. If the audience perceives these elements and the resulting visceral responses as the real-world norm, the electronic media must continually escalate the violent/sexual/bizarre behavior to trigger the fast system. Rational thought development would thus suffer. We can see this escalation in mass media.

Conversely, if a person perceives these electronic-world elements as an aberration, and not normative of the real world, such electronic experiences could often actually help to develop rational thought and appropriate response. Those who will understand the normative center of a phenomenon must also know about its outer reaches—and mass media provide a useful metaphoric format for observing the outer reaches of something without actually experiencing it (such as how to escape from a dangerous situation one might confront).[5]

We now interrupt our regularly scheduled program to bring you this special announcement

Effects on Sensory Development

Children who are actively playing will have more opportunity to develop their senses than children passively viewing. By its very nature, TV is an impoverished sensory environment. In a recent study comparing TV viewing with laboratory simulated sensory deprivation, researchers found that 96 hours of laboratory-induced sensory deprivation produced the same effects on the person as only a few minutes of TV viewing. Normal sensory experience is vital to maintaining a balanced state of mind and body.

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[5] *The Effects of Electronic Media on a Developing Brain,* Robert Sylwester, University of Oregon.

Sight

While viewing, the eyes are practically motionless and "defocused" to take in the whole screen. Constant movement is required for healthy eye development. Visual exploration is a prerequisite of seeing, and necessary for developing a sense of depth and perspective. The two-dimensional screen does not facilitate such development The sense of sight is maturing through age 12. Excessive TV viewing, one of the most passive visual activities, can seriously impair a child's observational skills. Viewing affects not only eye mechanics, but also the ability to focus and pay attention.

Hearing

Since TV is more visual than auditory, children's sense of hearing is not being fully exercised. Active listening is a skill that needs to be developed. Children need practice in processing auditory stimulation, making their own mental pictures in response to what they hear. Also, when TV is constantly on, the sense of hearing may be dulled by the persistent background noise.

Sense of Wonder

The subtle rhythms and patterns of life's wonders which can only be appreciated through patient observation and experience will hold little interest for a child given a steady diet of TV. The fast paced, action-packed, high drama which is programmed to keep viewers tuned in does not accurately represent the natural world, yet it is what children come to expect. Real experiences, therefore, can't compete with TV and the child's sense of wonder is dulled.

Effects on Health

Because of the activities it displaces, TV viewing certainly impacts motor coordination, balance and general level of fitness. Yet there are other, perhaps less obvious, effects.

Radiation and Artificial Light

Early research on radiation has led to a substantial reduction in the amount of X-rays being emitted. Little experimental evidence exists on the effects of artificial light on people; further research is needed before conclusions can be made. In the meantime, children should be

nourished as much as possible by natural light, and not "overdosed" with artificial TV light.

Obesity

Elevated cholesterol and obesity are two of the most prevalent nutritional diseases among U.S. children today. TV viewing has been found to be associated with both of these conditions. Likewise, viewing correlates significantly with between-meal snacking, consumption of advertised foods, and attempts to influence mothers' food purchases.

Sleep Deprivation

Many studies indicate that children are staying up late to watch TV. One reported that children as young as eight were still watching TV at 11:30 pm on school nights. Teachers comment that children are too tired and irritable to work well after late night viewing. Sleep is a physical necessity, required to build up the growing organism. It is also a psychological necessity, the prerequisite for dreaming. Yet dreams after TV viewing may be disturbed, with vivid TV images resurfacing and causing nightmares.

Effects on Cognitive and Intellectual Development

Numerous child development and educational experts express concern with television's numbing effect on children's brains. Many reports suggest that children's minds are not developing the way they should, and this is attributed in large measure to excessive TV viewing.

Language Acquisition

In the early years, when the brain is so malleable and sensitive, TV viewing prolongs the dominance of right brain functions which induce a trance-like state. When viewed for more than 20 hours per week, TV can seriously inhibit the development of verbal-logical, left-brain functions. The patterning that the brain needs for language development is hindered by viewing during this language-sensitive period of infancy, and it may be more difficult to acquire speech later on. Studies document that general word knowledge and vocabulary are not affected either positively or negatively by TV, but that creative verbal fluency is lower for children who watch TV more because it does not offer time for interactive play and conversation.

Reading Skills

There are more videotape stores than book stores in the U.S. today. A great many studies have documented declining literacy rates over the last thirty years. TV viewing is an easier and preferred activity compared to the challenge of book reading, especially for children who have not yet developed fluent reading skills. TV requires little concentration, de-focuses the mind, offers electronically produced images, and encourages passivity, while reading necessitates concentration, thought, focusing and the ability to visualize. Television trains short attention spans, while reading trains long attention spans. Studies suggest that light viewers learn to read more easily than heavy viewers. Research into brain wave patterns confirm these differences. Studies of both children's and adults' brain wave patterns while viewing TV confirm that brain activity switches from beta (indicating alert and conscious attention) to alpha waves within thirty seconds of turning the set on. Greatly increased alpha waves resulted whether children were interested in the program or not. The electrical responses of the brain while viewing resemble those which do not normally occur when the eyes are open.

Effects on Creativity and Imagination

Boredom is the empty space necessary for creativity. With TV filling a child's leisure moments, the necessary void is never experienced. Additionally, the child's play is often restricted to forms prescribed by adult programmers whose primary objective is to sell toys. With predetermined themes and ready-made playthings, little is left to the imagination.

Furthermore, when children are bombarded with TV images, their own ability to form imaginative pictures becomes severely impaired. This process of generating internal pictures is critical to the development of dendrites and neural connectors which lay the foundation for intelligence and creativity. Studies which have investigated how TV viewing affects performance in creative problem-solving suggest that excessive viewing may lead to decreased attention, persistence, and tolerance. The displacement of problem-solving opportunities also results in a more limited repertoire of creative solutions.

Effects on Social Development

Television is not a substitute for meeting and interacting with real people in real situations. A child cannot develop a sense of self in the absence of contact with others. While viewing, a child is not gaining practice in relating to others, and in constructive interpersonal problem-solving. Furthermore, most TV problems are framed in oversimplified, black-white thinking and resolved, often violently, in one hour (less commercial breaks).

Findings have consistently demonstrated that violence on TV correlates with subsequent aggressive behavior. Recent evidence from an extensive longitudinal study carried out in four countries suggests there is a sensitive period that begins before age eight when children are especially susceptible to the effects of violence shown on TV.

Effects on Perceptions of Reality

Heavy TV viewers develop a distorted sense of reality. Most notable may be an exaggerated perception of the prevalence of violence in society, which comes from an over-representation of violent acts in programs. (The frequency of violence in children's programs is six times greater than that of adults').[6]

Put this book down and take that walk before you read another word. No, really.

I see that you're back. Do you always do what you're told? Heh-heh-heh!
You are making me repeat myself and that is pissing me off.

Ok, I'm going to stop fucking with you now. If you've endured until now, you deserve this. I'm going to tell you the real secrets. It's what you've been waiting for, right? Good doggy. You followed the trail this far. Now comes the money shot.

Secret number one… Wait, I have a few more things to say before I get to that. I'm getting there, hang on. I want to talk about video games and on-line games for a minute.

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[6] *Study Links Aggressive Adults, TV Viewing,* Malcolm Ritter.

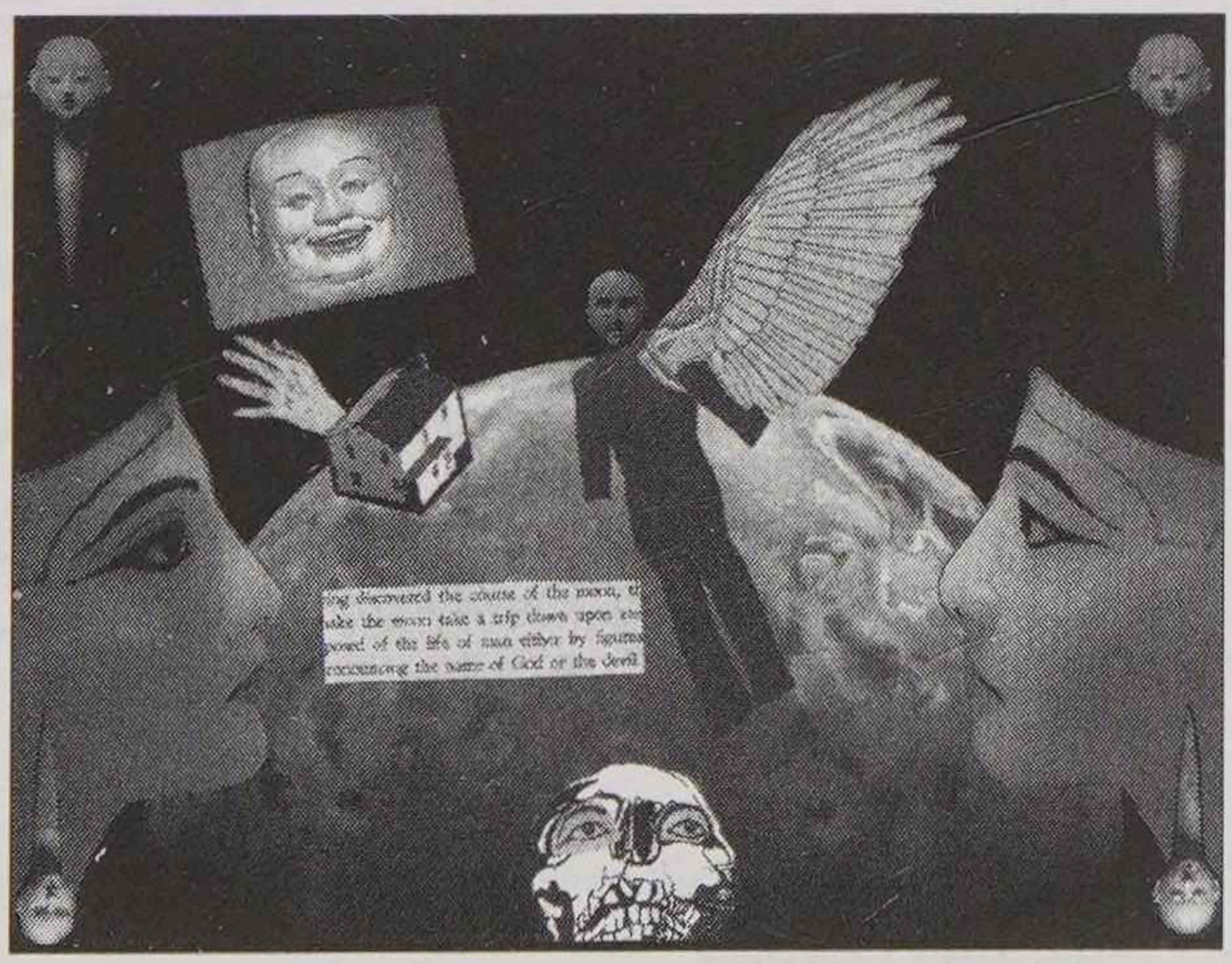
Tripping the Photon Phantastic

Immersive gaming is in the tradition of psychonautic and cybernautic exploration. But while its connections to the supermind and cyberpunk are fairly clear, does the gaming experience really compare in intensity of experience or effect to what is suggested as the first historical counterpart, the radical reality-estrangement of taking psychedelic drugs? Consider a typical trip report:

> "It was as if my room were reduced to a 2-dimensional picture which was subsequently torn to confetti and thrown into a blender. My head was attached to R's arm. My foot is sticking out of the wall next to a book which had somehow fused with my alarm clock. All concept of space, time and direction are scrambled. 'I' is not even a vaguely remembered concept. Ultimate chaos. Ultimate fear."

Certainly, this reaction is more severe than a typical gamer's as I have described it. Yet, the estrangement from customary consciousness and social relations that immersive gaming provides has, I believe, a few potential advantages over psychedelic drugs and the earlier cyberpunk movement in generating lasting change in subjectivity.

First, in terms of attracting new explorers, games can provide a much less frightening and more seductively pleasant path than psychedelic drugs. With gaming, there is not only less of a perceived physical risk, and therefore less of an impending fear factor, but also less intention required on the part of the participant. Many non-evolutionary-minded players, ostensibly in search of simple entertainment, find themselves inadvertently implicated in and motivated by the opportunity for new modes of human being.



This increased availability of prospective participants is compounded by the opportunity for extended simultaneous exploration among immersive gamers. Although web sites such as lyceaum.org and thedrugsindex.org (now defunct) have taken advantage of digital technology to allow for greater distribution of knowledge on where to obtain, how to prepare, or how to endure psychedelic drugs, these forums do not yet orchestrate real-time communities of simultaneous exploration. Immersive gaming, on the other hand, provides numerous opportunities for massively multi-player simultaneous gaming, connecting thousands of players in live online and offline communities. To this extent, immersive gaming has succeeded in engineering huge and widely distributed networks of experience, whereas psychonauts have been limited to comparatively local exploration. This distribution is important not only for potential outreach, but also for creating the large-scale feedback systems and contextual reinforcement necessary for sustained and group-directed change. It also, through sheer magnitude of mind share, exponentially heightens the potential subjective multiplicity.

Another potential strength of immersive gaming as an agent for change is the absence of a "coming down" factor. With psychedelic drugs, users return from an alternate reality to an everyday reality that looks, sounds and feels like the pre-trip world. Things in this "real world" exist in contrast to the experience of the trip. The user may feel irrevocably changed, perhaps mentally or spiritually, by the experience, but the everyday world has not been substantially altered. In a Web document entitled "Psychedelic Experience F.A.Q", first-time users are advised of numerous "post-effects" that accompany psychedelic experimentation, including "disorientation" and "insights"; they are assured, however, that "All the following effects share one characteristic: their frequency and/or intensity decreases with time. Fully returning to baseline usually takes around one month, although most of these disappear entirely within a week." For immersive gamers, on the other hand, the everyday world is so much a part of the alternate reality they experience, the player never "comes down" from the experience. The game world is not set in contrast to everyday life, so "post-effects" persist indefinitely in non-game life.[7]

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[7] *"This Is Not a Game": Collective Subjectivity and Immersive Entertainment,* Jane McGonigal.

Rhetorical Analysis as Methodology

Although traditionally focused on immediate verbal symbols, particularly oral and written, rhetorical perspective can be used to analyze a variety of forms, including other symbolic modes (such as music or dance), and communication designed to transcend time and context. An expanded definition of rhetoric is expressed as "the management of symbols in order to coordinate social action." (Hauser, 1986) Popular discourse also refers to the product of this management as "rhetoric." Rhetorical analysis stresses the interpretation of artifacts from a rhetorica! perspective, and by focusing on the interpretation of the artifact, distances itself from questions of authorial intent. Feminist rhetorician Susan Foss also extends the scope of rhetorical expression to include non-combative persuasion (persuasion that does not intend to change the position of the audience, but to gain acceptance for the position of the speaker).

Why This Approach?

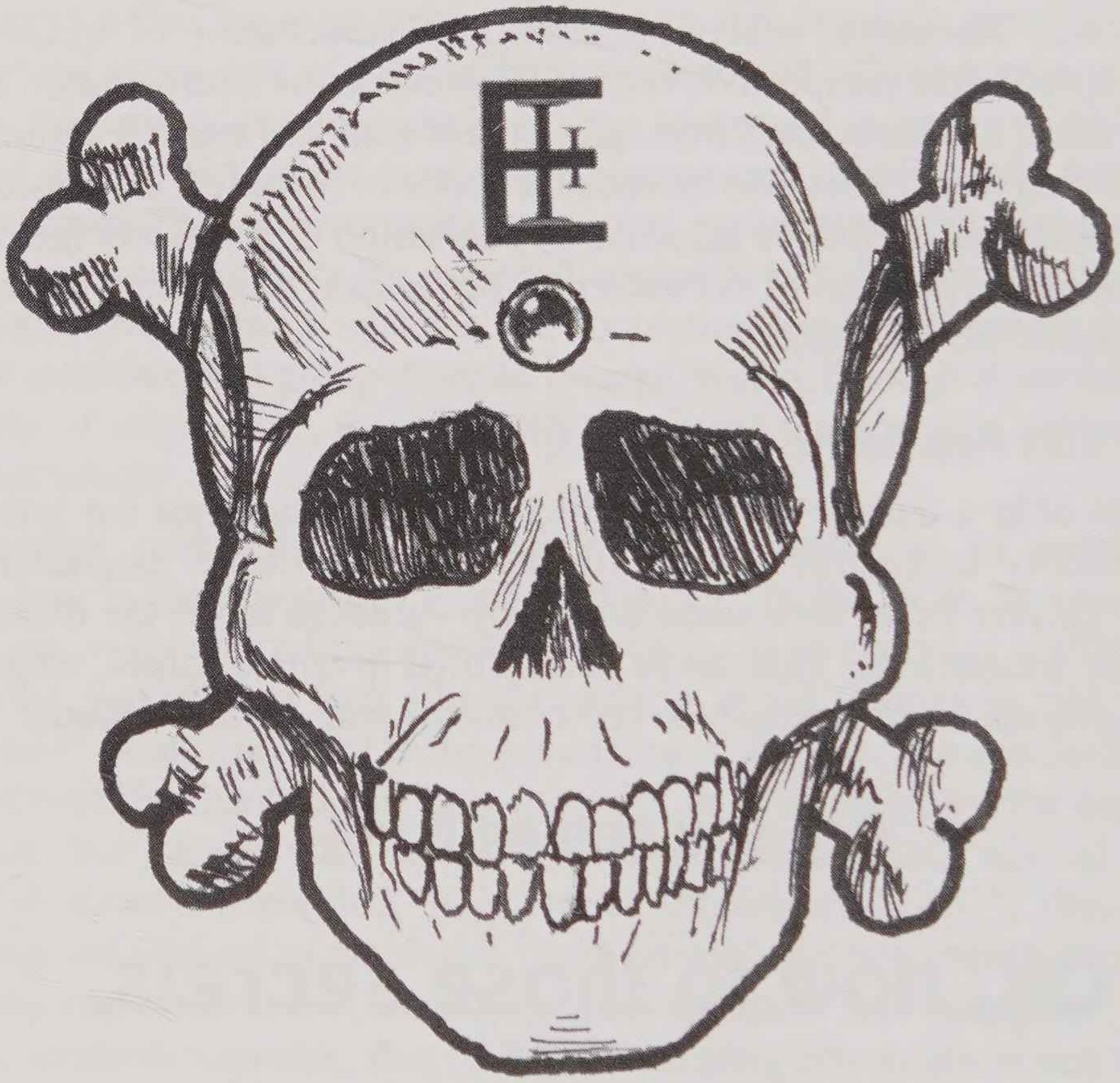
Games offer a unique format in which the player/audience has some opportunity to control and configure their experience. Interactive game players thrive on a sense of agency—a desire to see the results of their interactions. This desire is amplified in online games, which offer players the opportunity to communicate with a wide audience.

Are you getting it yet?

Ok, now to those secrets.

Secret number one…oh, shit. I'm over my word count. Sorry, we'll have to get to those secrets another time. In the meantime, I'll be downloading a pirate version of *Natural Born Killers* on Kazaa lite. A man's gotta have his culture, after all.

THE BEGINNING



To Know - To Will
To Dare - To Be Silent

PART IV:

BREAKING FREE

by

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Dr. Jack Willis

Ben Mack

Jonathan Sellers

MobiusFrame &

"Algorithm"

Illustrated by

S. Jason Black

Extreme Living, The Power Approach

The Authentic Response: Behavior, Personality & Character

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D., Dr. Jack Willis & Ben Mack

"The dark ages still reign over all humanity, and the depth and persistence now becoming clear. This Dark Age's prison has no steel bars, chains, or locks. Instead, it is locked by disorientation and built from misinformation… We are powerfully imprisoned in these Dark Ages simply by the terms in which we have been conditioned to think."

— R. Buckminster Fuller, *Cosmography*

The Authentic Power Approach

Part IV emphasizes an elaboration of the approaches described in the earlier sections.

My purpose is not to tell you which of the many approaches to use, but rather to provide you with an arsenal of alternatives. The authentic-power approach will help you build confidence. Additionally, mastering this method will show you how most people in our modern world don't behave to their own advantage. Here I will provide you with insights on how to control their often irrational and loser lifestyles.

Our first job in understanding life is to have a framework of analysis. This framework, though, should not be a straightjacket that inhibits our spontaneity. It should be a method for understanding ourselves and others that frees us from straightjackets.

The difficulty with most theories about psychology and personality is that they're so sophisticated and remote that they're almost unusable. That is not necessary. After at least 100 years of sound psychological knowledge, if we don't have all the answers, we certainly have enough to allow us to make more use of our capacities. *Part 4* leverages this technology to give you easily accessible techniques to apply to your life starting today.

Let's Begin…

Extreme Individual Bio-Philosophy (EIB)

EIB is an easy and straightforward way of looking at life and people in general. Most people live according to three basic forms:

1) Safe
2) Feared
3) Catastrophic

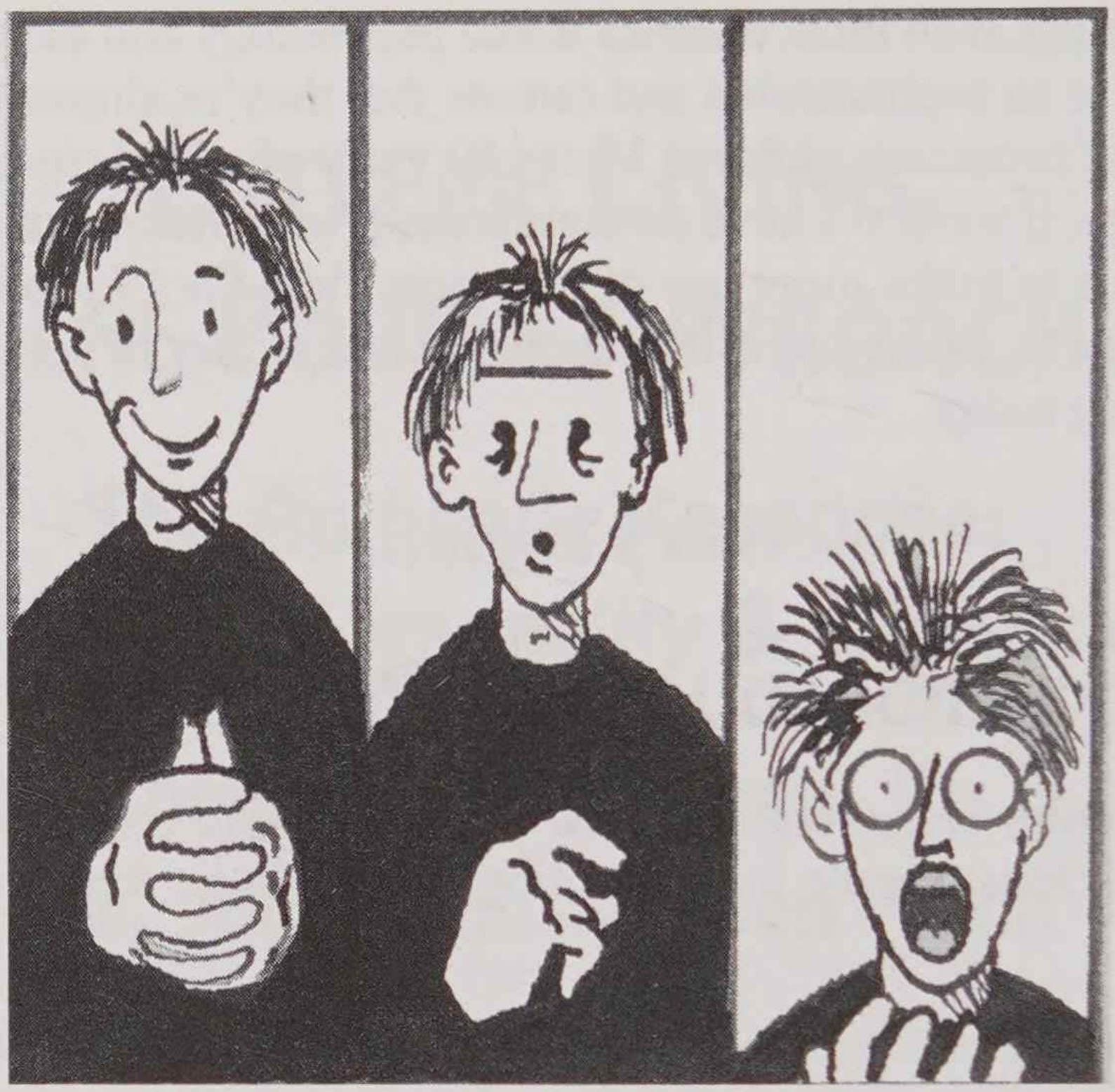
Most people are incapable of living the fourth way: *authentic/extreme/powerful.*

The safe relationship is what you usually do. It is what you are comfortable with.

The feared relationship is what you fear will happen if you don't play it safe.

The catastrophic relationship is the unacceptable metaphysical label that you (or others) would give you if you did your feared relationship. For example, if you and others viewed you as a "kind person," saying "no" to a person in desperate need would give you the label of a "selfish person."

You use your safe life to avoid your feared life because you expect it will lead to your catastrophic life. It's a fairly clean and simple system. And, truly, that is as simple as most lives are. Its simplicity, however, is only an illusion because there is a fourth way of living. This is called *the authentic, the powerful or the extreme life.*



Safe, Feared, Catastrophic

In the extreme life, you don't live trying to balance three types of life-styles. You live only one: the authentic—the powerful—the extreme. Until you can spot, analyze and use the other three less authentic styles, you will not have sustainable power.

For many of us, our understanding of life depends on being so arcane and erudite that no one can understand what we're saying—and that's because we use words like arcane and erudite. But it would be strange, indeed, if something that we all do—namely living—were so complex that no one could understand it.

If, as I maintain, the whole living business is really pretty easy to understand, then why haven't others presented it this way before? To be perfectly honest, I don't know. Frankly, I don't think I'm so special that no one else could have worked this out. Nor have I come up with any shattering new theoretical formulation that required some spark of creative genius.

When I was writing this book, I had to ask myself why no one else had done it before.

I concluded that either psychotherapists love to be terribly technical about everything, or simply that no one had bothered. Apparently

others don't care about what I care about—fostering and promoting the extreme individual.

Do the above paragraphs sound as if I am belittling myself? The answer is "no"—take heart. I wrote them that way to give you a graphic illustration of avoiding playing it safe, doing what people might think I should fear, and facing an imagined catastrophe. And, of course, I am not worse for the experience; I am better. For me, as an author and former practicing psychotherapist, the safe life would be to have everyone think my book is profound—to think that I have developed some great new theory and that, thanks to me, the world has now been set aright.

The supposed fear is to have my book criticized as trite, unimaginative, or even worse, just plain silly.

The feared catastrophe is that all of my colleagues will sneer at me, avoid me at professional meetings, make jokes about me when I am not around—or worse, when I am around—and label me a fool. Well, I think this book is all about…facing your fears. So, I'll say ahead of time that this book is simple, it is not profound, and if any of my colleagues want to sneer at me, they can be my guest.

EXERCISE TO FOSTER EXTREME LIVING
Get out your journal. In your journal, ask yourself, "Is there a relationship between powerful and authentic?" If so, what is it? Explore the idea of power in living. Explore the idea of authenticity in living. Journal on this for the next three days.

EXTREME INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY (EIP)

Let's look at Extreme Individual Psychology (EIP), the psychology of Extreme Individual Bio-Philosophy (EIB).

One: The Safe Life

The safe life is what we are willing to allow ourselves to do, or be, in any particular situation. It is a behavior or an attitude that we regard as acceptable. It is our customary, stylized way of acting. It is our robot self.

SCENE 1

Your parents are coming over for Sunday dinner. Despite the fact that you are married and have two kids, your mother still tries to run your life. You are very familiar with the pattern. No matter what you do, there is always a better way to do it: her way. Your six-year-old son is playing with his toy cars, but he should be trying to read. Your seven year old daughter is watching television, but she should be helping to set the table. You weigh an extra 15 pounds, so you should not be eating potatoes for dinner. Your bathroom could use a new paint job. Your children are not sitting up straight at the table, they are developing bad posture and, later, isn't it time for the kids to be in bed?

Her constant criticism and correction annoys the hell out of you. But, after all, this is your mother, so you swallow your annoyance and agree with her. Anything to keep the peace. Smiling through the evening is your *safe mode*. After all, you rationalize, this is who she is, and no matter what you say, she is not going to change. There is no sense spoiling the evening and, besides, it is only a few evenings a year so why make a fuss over nothing?

Your *safe* relationship is putting up with her rudeness and her disrespect of your choices and ways of doing things.

SCENE 2

You have a friend who is always late for everything. She swears up and down that this time she will be not be late, and will meet you at the restaurant at 12:30. She shows up 20 minutes late, thus ruining all your plans for the afternoon. As usual she has an excuse. It was a last minute phone call, it was traffic, it was finding a parking space—something always prevented her from showing up on time.

In time you've learned to expect her to be late. You include her lateness in your planning. If dinner is at 6:30, you tell her 6:00 so that she will be there by 6:30. But even then you are never sure. There have been times when she has been an hour, even an hour and a half, late. You note your growing resentment. She is being disrespectful, as though your time and your plans were irrelevant. You also notice her self-centeredness—as though whenever she happens to show up is when events should start. But what can you do with your annoyance?

You include her less often in your plans. Gradually your friendship will just fade away, or at least that is what you hope. You're sorry to

lose contact since she is really fun to talk to and you enjoy your time together.

Your safe relationship is to not deal with the reason why your friendship has to end. Why have a confrontation? There is no reason to hurt her feelings. You can accomplish the breakup without being so hurtful to her. After all, she probably cannot help being late; that is just who she is. The safe relationship is the easy way out; better that you should carry the resentment than to confront the situation and tell her that you can no longer continue your friendship because her chronic lateness is just too disruptive to your life.

The safe life changes with circumstances, age and life situations.

What we'd do at 18, we might regard as foolish or silly when we're 28 or 38. What we do when we've been drinking, we usually wouldn't dream of doing when we are sober. Much of what we do at home we usually wouldn't do when we're out.

Even considering all the changes that develop with circumstance or age, at any one time we each have certain set ways of acting in all of our customary situations. This is called our style of life. Over time, we get used to ourselves acting in these preset ways: we have ways that we act at parties, and ways that we act at work, and ways we act with friends, and so on for close family, strangers and relatives. These preset ways of acting, no matter the reason, comprise your safe life.

If everything you normally do is an example of playing it safe, then it follows that most other possibilities—other ways of acting that you don't usually chose—are potential examples of the feared life. *Your feared life may be any way of acting that differs from your safe life.*

SAFE LIFE = STANDARD BEHAVIOR
Playing it safe doesn't mean being non-confrontational. For some it means acting tough. If a "tough guy" bumps into someone on the street, his safe action is to say, "Watch where you're going." His feared action could be silence or saying "Excuse me," or anything other than "Watch where you're going." Of course, not all of these other possible responses would be equally feared. If he were absolutely forbidden to say his safe phrase, he wouldn't be speechless—he would choose another statement and it would be the one that was least feared—probably something aggressive. For this fellow, playing it safe means acting tough.

Two: The Feared Life

There may be many fears stifling you into any given safe action.

To uncover your specific fears, we must first examine characteristics of feared actions. Once you have learned to spot the different parts of your EIP, then you can take an easy step to living your authentic identity, and begin to enjoy an unshackled mind. *Extreme Living* removes your mental straightjackets as it makes the drivers of these limitations apparent to you.

Consistency: While safe actions change with time and circumstance, our feared actions tend to be consistent over time and circumstances. Stable consistencies have long been erroneously called your *basic personality*. The trick is to identify the consistent fear beneath the patterns of action.

Most often, a quiet child becomes a quiet teenager, who then becomes a quiet adult. For example, if a quiet person's feared action is being the center of attention, then in most circumstances the safe action is to not speak up.

If your feared action is appearing dumb, then one might have been a quiet teenager and become a category-maven as an adult. This adult has found a way to speak up without the risk of appearing dumb, but he would still be a slave to his feared life because he limits his interactions to a category within which he has mastery.

This "smart guy" has built a safe life within the identity of *being smart*—he will go to extreme lengths to acquire mastery in order to fend off possibilities of appearing dumb. You can often see him revert to being quiet when there's a conversation outside of his scope of expertise. The smart guy will often rigidly avoid new situations and avoid conversations about topics in which he doesn't have mastery. His responses to questions may sound very measured and extraordinarily deliberate, but actually he is avoiding his feared situation.

SYMPTOMS OF FEAR

Often avoiding a feared action masquerades as politeness, indifference, or even as principle. Instead of admitting that you're afraid to do or say a certain thing, you will say it's not polite, it's something you're not interested in, or it's against your principles. It can be difficult to sort out what is truly a matter of consideration, or interest, or principle from what is simply a masquerade for a feared reaction. If you are dwelling on a situation, chances are there is an underlying feared action.

Extreme Living does allow for the social necessity of politeness or consideration. The difference is that you are no longer *hiding behind* politeness or consideration as a means of supporting your fear. As you begin to recognize your true feared actions, you are facing your fears. Facing your fears increases your strength.

The techniques that follow will help you face your imagined fears and the imagined catastrophes that you think will follow. You can consciously play it safe as you have done…or you can confront your fears. The point is simple—you are in charge of how you will act.

Three: The Catastrophic Life

Just as the safe action is self-defined—it's safe because we think it's safe—so, too, is our catastrophe. Most often a catastrophe exists, not in reality, but only in our mind, our assumptions and our imaginings.

Our feared response is feared because it's expected to lead to a catastrophe—but not all alternative responses would equally lead to some self-defined catastrophe. Some of the alternate responses might be only mildly threatening or fearful and, of course, others more so. The closer an alternate response is to the idea it would bring on the expected, imagined catastrophe, the more fearful it would be. Keep in mind that most catastrophes are imagined.

Judgment: Generally, this catastrophe contains some sort of judgment about yourself. The judgment might be something like: "I'm mean," or "I'm incompetent," or "I'm not good enough." Whatever its form, this judgment is something you personally think is damning and/or dangerous.

The catastrophe can be exactly opposite for different people. For one, it can be: "I am ungrateful"; and for another: "I am too considerate." Similarly, for one it can be "I am selfish," and for another "I am being taken advantage of." Whatever form the catastrophe takes, it's something you personally regard as damning and unacceptable.

THE IMAGINED WORLD—

Maintaining illusions is draining. As a result of imagined catastrophes, you inhibit yourself and narrow your spontaneity and ability to experience new things; and you keep yourself from developing your powerful, authentic self. It takes less energy to be, because you have more power to draw from.

Recall the example of dinner with your mother: your *safe action* is being a good child and a good host. Your *feared action* is being an ungrateful child and so thin-skinned that you can't deal with your mother's criticism. Your *catastrophe* is that you *are* an ungrateful child and you *should* be able to take her constant criticism as just a sign of her concern. Your extreme *power action* would be to admit to yourself that you don't get along with your mother and, if she cannot stop her constant attempts to tell you how to run your life, then you will break off contact.

This scene illustrates a point about *catastrophes*: They can be the same as the *feared action*. Except for making the analysis easier, that doesn't change anything. The *feared action* is still something you try to avoid because it will *lead* to the *catastrophe*. And the *catastrophe* still contains a judgment about yourself.

Now recall the example about the friend who was always late. Your *safe action* is trying to plan on her being late and just include that in your plans. Your *feared action* is acknowledging your desires and then having them dismissed, or having no effect on her subsequent behavior. Your *catastrophe* is that you were never important to your friend to begin with and, thus, what you like or dislike makes no difference to her.

Assumptions & Fantasies: Catastrophes always involve assumptions, and usually involve fantasies.

Dreams and daydreams are fantasies, but not the kind of fantasy involved in catastrophes. The catastrophe involves a third kind of

fantasy. This kind has no special name, it's simply called *fantasy*. It's like a daydream, except that it goes by so fast that in nearly all instances the person having the fantasy is unaware of it. It's no more than the flash of an idea, the flash of an image, or the flash of a feeling. Because this fantasy is usually something we don't want to recognize or think about, the mind is trained to block it from consciousness. Your fantasy comes and goes without your even being aware of it. This kind of fantasy involves something that you expect will happen to you that you don't like or that secretly horrifies you.

So, catastrophes always involve assumptions and usually involve fantasy. One assumption is that other people concern themselves with our behavior. The fantasy is what you expect another person will do or think if you allow yourself to do what you fear.

For example, let's suppose that your *safe action* is never saying "No." Your *feared action* is saying "No." And, let's assume that your catastrophe is that you will be thought of as self-centered. Within that *catastrophe* is the assumption that the other person will think about you and about what type of person you are. Further, you assume that when this person thinks about your refusal, he or she will draw the same conclusion that you do: that you are a self-centered person. Finally, you assume that they even *want* you to say "Yes." They might, in fact, want you to say "No."

Though your assumption might be that they look at you and think: "What do you mean 'No'? That's very self-centered of you," still, that is an assumption. And even if it is true, how serious is it, really? Yet that's the stuff that catastrophes are made of: unlikely assumptions and improbable fantasies—which lead you to get stuck in your robotic, safe, and unfilled life.

Now let's look at some scenes that illustrate the safe life, the feared life, the catastrophic life, and the extreme/authentic/powerful life. As I present these scenes, I will add some more points about the EIP principles, and then we'll take a look at in-depth situations to see how EIP works in practice.

Before you read Scene 1, do you think you can answer the GREAT BLACK BOOK QUESTION: How are *powerful* and *authentic* linked?

As you implement the tactics from this section, begin with peripheral relationships. When you act differently, others around you will begin to act differently. Sometimes this will have an immediate benefit, other times you will face resistance. Resistance may hurt and may come in waves. The discomfort you feel is what has been keeping your safe pattern in place. The more you practice being authentic, the easier it will be for you to integrate this approach across more substantive areas of your life. It's like learning to ride a bike—you are going to fall down a few times and it will hurt. But it hurts less if you aren't going down a really steep hill. Similarly, once you have mastered the balance, both riding a bike and interacting with authenticity will be effortless…

Extreme Living Scenarios

SCENE 1

You're at breakfast before going to work, and your wife says: "Darling, can I meet you for lunch today? I'm going to be out shopping and I would love to have lunch with you." You feel a moment's irritation. You had planned to go out with your friends at the office for a nice long lunch and about four drinks. For the first time in a long time you are pretty well caught up with your work, and you had planned to take advantage of the situation to be a little naughty. You'd much rather go out with your friends from the office, but that would mean refusing your wife. So, instead, you say: "Sure, honey. That would be nice. I just happen to be caught up with work and we can have a nice long lunch together."

Your *safe action* is what you usually do. You are, of course, a considerate husband who always thinks first of your wife's desires and welfare. Therefore you give up your own wants and agree to have lunch with her. Your *feared action* is saying "No" when you don't have any legitimate excuse (since, for you, your own wants do not constitute a legitimate excuse). Your *catastrophe* is being an arbitrary, selfish, inconsiderate husband who never shows his wife any attention.

Your *extreme/authentic/powerful action* would be to admit that, while you do have time, you simply don't feel like having lunch with her today; that another day you'd like to have lunch with her, but today you want to go out with your friends from the office.

SCENE 2

Your children are playing a game of "You can't make me go to bed." It's now 11:30 p.m. and they will not stay in bed.

The same scene is repeated night after night. It's now time for your nightly explosion of yelling and threats, the same scene that will be repeated tomorrow night. You go into your act, and a half hour later they're finally asleep, leaving you too upset and tired for anything else but to go to bed yourself.

Your *safe action* is being a distraught parent with naughty children. Your *feared action* is leaving the kids alone, letting them stay up forever if they like and, thus, not having anything to fight about. Your *catastrophe* is not behaving the way you think a parent is supposed to behave: you're a bad parent because you can't control your children the way you think parents are supposed to.

Your *power action* would be to recognize that "controlling your children" is just an arbitrary standard that someone else set up and which you have been blindly following. That is not necessary! There are other ways of relating to your child than through controlling their bedtime, and if anyone wants to think badly of you for that, then it's their concern, not yours.

This scene illustrates several of the points about the EIP. No doubt, any parent with young children is going to have a dozen reasons why it's necessary for the children to be in bed "on time": their health, their need for eight hours sleep, how they'll be tired or overtired the next day, how they need to get up for school, and so on. Every one of these reasons, though, is actually a justification for your *safe* response. Any of those reasons may or may not be true, but the fact is, there is an alternative. You might not approve of it, but it does exist. You don't use this alternative, you don't approve of this alternative, precisely because it's a *feared action*. There are, after all, parents who don't make an issue of bedtime. So you *can* do it. And if you don't, it's not truly for any of your list of reasons, it's because being a distraught parent is a *safe* lifestyle and letting your children stay up is a *feared* action.

AVOIDING SAFE

Your safe relationships have had years to entrench themselves. Your first task is to discover your *feared* and your *catastrophic* relationships. Then you should try to recognize them as a mirage—a perception that is actually helping to hold that *safe* relationship in place. Identifying your drivers is not as important as changing your behavior. If you identify a habit of *safe* action you intend to change, then *change* it. Do *anything* other than what you have historically done. You will find yourself evolving into more authentic communications because you will no longer be grasping your established crutches of habit.

SCENE 3

Your wife is going out tonight with a girlfriend. You have agreed in the past that you could both have your "night out" with friends, but you suspect that they're going out to pick up some guy and have a one-night affair. She has gone out like this before, and come home about three in the morning. You don't want her to go, but you feel you must live up to your agreement. Therefore, you grit your teeth, say nothing, and wish her a good time.

Your *safe* reaction is living up to your agreement and not appearing to be a jealous and suspicious husband. Your *feared action* is asking her not to go. Your *catastrophe* is that if you ask her, and she goes anyway, then not only have you lost her respect, but it's proof she doesn't really love you—you are a henpecked husband, not a man.

Your *authentic/powerful action* is to tell her your fears about her going out to have an affair, and that you don't want her to go. That doesn't mean, of course, that she *can't* go. The essence of power is that it's not a demand on the other person. Instead, it's your willingness to be open to your own wants, to express them, and to become who you really are.

SCENE 4

You and your sister are not getting along very well. You think she is stuck up and phony. Whenever you call her, she sounds rather cold and distant, and seems to want to end the conversation as soon as possible. She never invites you to her house, and while she has accepted your invitations, she and her husband have left as early in the

evening as possible. Her husband is a stockbroker, a business you know little about. She's an investment researcher for the same firm, and you know even less about that. You've tried in the past to get them to discuss what they do, or tell you about investments in stocks, but they seem to be reluctant to talk about it and switch the subject quickly. You think you should be on friendly terms with your sister and her husband, but you can't seem to find a way to reach then. You're reluctant to let the two of you simply drift apart. So you think that, maybe, jointly planning a surprise birthday party for your mother might be a good way to get your relationship with your sister started again. You worry about the project, going over and over in your imagination the many ways your phone call to your sister might play out—what you might say, what she might say. Overcoming your nervousness, you finally make the call, only to have your party suggestion turned down.

Your *safe action* is having a "properly" close family. Your *feared action* is not being on good terms with your sister. Your *catastrophe* is being all alone in the world with no family after your parents die.

Your *power action* is accepting that you and your sister are different people and that, in fact, you do not—and probably will not—have a close relationship. Your sister cannot protect you from being alone; only you can do that by establishing relationships with people you enjoy and who enjoy you.

SCENE 5

Your parents are visiting from out of town. Your mother is very religious and has always made an issue of the "place of God in our lives." You have moved away from organized religion, but have not had the courage to tell her. You know that on Saturday night she will make some comment about getting up for church on Sunday morning, ask about which church you attend, about the minister, the parishioners, etc. When the time comes, she starts her questioning. You lie to her and make up a story for her benefit about the church and the minister. On Sunday morning, you go with her to the service.

Your *safe action* is what you commonly do: lie to your mother in order not to hurt her feelings. Your *feared action* is telling your mother the truth, knowing that the truth will hurt her feelings. Your *catastrophe* is that you are an ungrateful, bad child.

Your *power action* might be to tell your mother that, while you respect her views, your way of doing things is different. You respect her way as hers, and you hope she can also respect your way.

This scene, and the scene about the children's bedtime both illustrate the principle that in trying to discover your *feared action,* the best place to look is the direct *opposite* of whatever you do as your *safe action.* The opposite of lying to mother about church is to tell her the truth that you do not go. The opposite of fighting with the kids is not fighting with the kids and just letting them stay up until they fall asleep.

IMPORTANT DISTINCTION
You can't be *authentic* without being *powerful* but you can be *powerful* without being *authentic.* As you journal about authenticity and power, address why the above statement is true. Or, do you think I am full of shit?

SCENE 6

It's Saturday, and your husband has just settled in to watch his second football game on TV. You have been particularly bothered by the kids this week, and want him to take them out somewhere so you can have a little peace and quiet. You've been through this scene with him before. You have asked him to take the children out, and he has responded with irritation and a statement like, "For Christ's sake, can't I even watch a game in peace?" Then you'd either start an argument or retire sullenly. This time, to avoid the argument, you ask tentatively if he could take the kids somewhere. You get your expected "No," and then you retire to brood and plot some way to get even.

Your *safe action* is to not press the issue. Your *feared action* is to forcefully state your own wants: I want you to take the kids somewhere and give me a little peace; this is important to me and I think it's more important than the football game; please do it. Your *catastrophe* is being refused even after you have openly stated what you want, which means your husband does not care about you or your needs.

Your *authentic/powerful* or *extreme action* would be to tell him that you are tired, that you would like a break, and that you want him to take the kids out. If he, in fact, does become irritated, then you would deal with his irritation. You might say that, while you can understand his resentment, you also resent being tied to the kids all the time and must insist on some sharing of responsibility.

COMPLICATION IS NOT AUTHENTIC

Life is simple if you have the courage to live it. It becomes complicated and confusing when you deny your real self and try to live in the fictions that the world has created for us all. It is okay not to be okay.

Powerful is part of your way of being in the world; *authentic* is part of the way you deal with others. In other words, the potential for power resides in you, while the potential for authenticity resides in your relationships.

Putting It All Together

I have laid out for you a broad and general way to understand yourself and others. And I have specified what the answer is. Let's review.

1. The standard way of reacting is the *safe* life.
2. It is safe because it keeps you away from the *feared* life.
3. Which you expect will lead to a self-defined *catastrophe*.
4. But playing it safe is playing inside a self-created prison. Freeing yourself from that prison is possible if you face your fears and assumed *catastrophes* and live the *authentic/powerful* life.

It's a good idea to work on only one area of life at a time. Take any area and watch yourself. Don't make changes yet, just journal your observations of yourself. Describe the scene and how you responded.

Did you agree when you really did not want to? Did you not express your anger, annoyance, boredom, etc. because you were more concerned with hurting someone than you were with your own truth? Do you find that you are always ready to sacrifice yourself and your desires in deference to someone else? Do you find yourself justifying a behavior because "that's the polite way to do it" or "that's the way everyone does it"? Do you find that if you did not follow the script you copied into your journal, you would feel very uncomfortable?

Can you find a common theme in your responses? Not the same words, but the same general way of responding? The more study you do the better.

> Now, I am not saying that politeness, thoughtfulness and consideration are always wrong. Courtesy and politeness are the grease of the wheels of society. This *is* a problem, however, when you use these ways of life as little more than an excuse to stay in your *safe* position.

When you have enough entries in your journal for the area of your life that you are looking at, then deliberately try some other response. There is an easy clue as to when you are violating your safe position: you will have a body reaction of anxiety or uneasiness (see my book, *Undoing Yourself with Energized Meditation and Other Devices).* If the change you tried is just as easy for you as the old *safe* way, then you have simply moved from one *safe* way to another.

When you do the *feared* action, try to spot what your fantasy or assumption is about—what you expect the *catastrophe* to be. No matter what *in reality* follows your doing the *feared* action, concentrate on whether that imagined *catastrophe* is really as horrible as you imagined. What is the worst thing that could happen? Suppose what follows your doing the *feared* action is exactly what you feared. Does that *really* lead to the fantasized or assumed *catastrophe*? And if so, is that *catastrophe* really a *catastrophe* or is it merely something you have been unwilling to face?

CONTINUED IN PART V

Brain Abuse Without a Hammer: Exercises in Cognitive Destruction

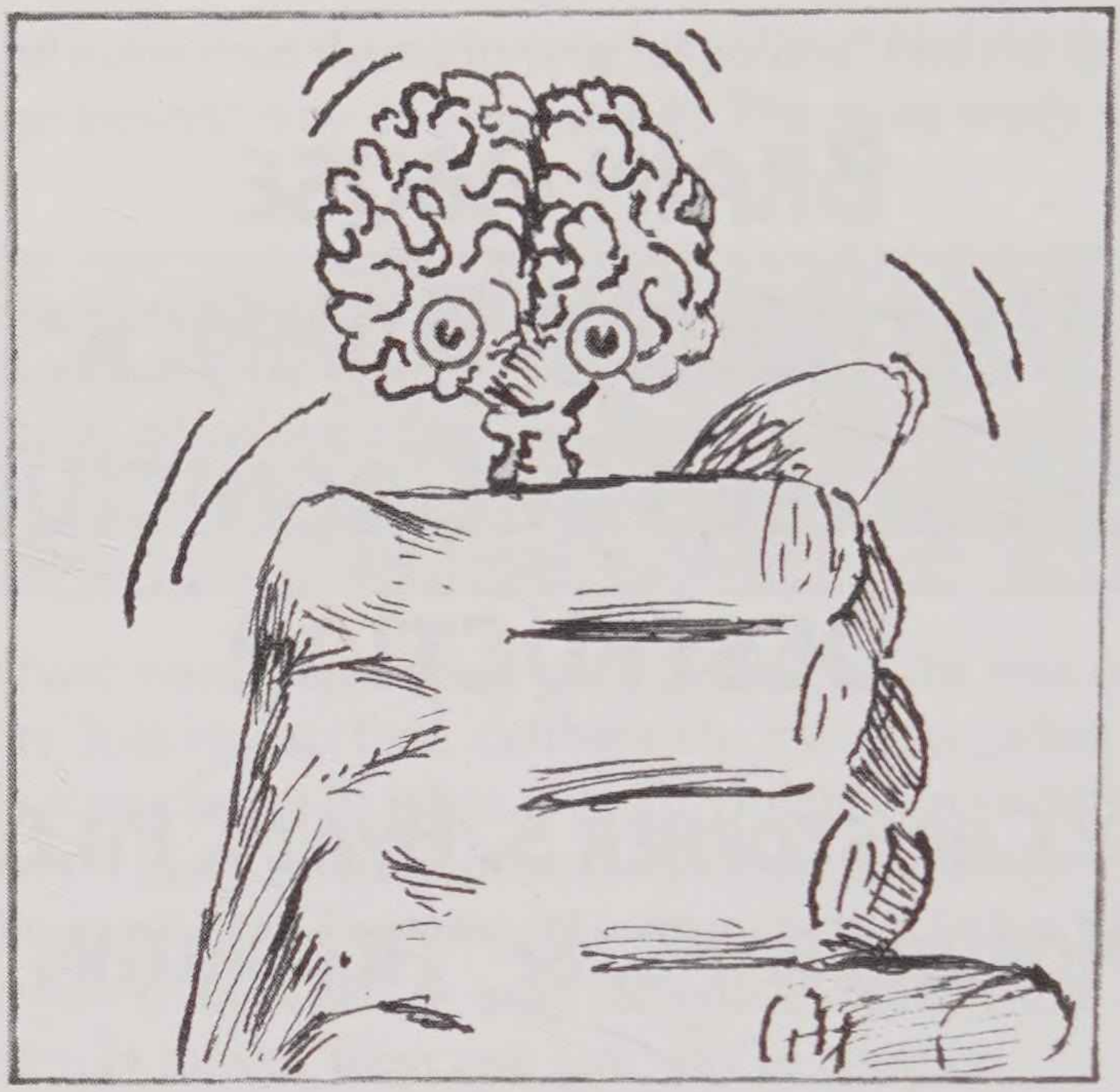
by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
MobiusFrame, & "Algorithm"

> "Remember, a picture is worth a thousand words, but a picture will never hang you."
>
> — C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

The human brain is a survival and pleasure instrument. It can be inventive and creative, and provides a lot of fun.

All brains, regardless of species are primarily designed for nesting, digesting and congesting. However, due to the human brain's peculiar type of "random" flexibility, it also enjoys entertaining itself, learning about the world it inhabits and attempting to improve itself—gaining more power over unassisted nature. Note that we have used the word "unassisted" in connection with the word "nature." We did this to implant in the reader's mind that we do not regard man as unnatural—mankind is part and parcel of the entire scene on this floating planet.

While many people might agree with this, few act or live in accord with this position. Most humans act as if they are separate from nature and are not affected by its "rules." Can you imagine a species so stupid that it prefers death to living—well look in the mirror—and if you personally do not belong in the death-worshipping category, let us assure you that most people would rather be in heaven with their god, than live the adventure of life on earth. Many "leaders" of so-called nations rule their environs by talking with god and reading his "mind."



Brain Abuse

The men of the mind are on the verge of the greatest breakthroughs in our history, yet the herds and its shepherds are fighting tooth and nail to remain as they are, and—worse—to return to earlier times.

Most brains, however, operate like most other brains in any given culture, and human brains have the peculiar ability to develop complex languages which both extend its power and inhibits its progress.

The brain has an interesting flaw: words can and do become the "same" as objects, actions and processes. Most brains do not consciously understand the use and effect of language, but are at times acutely aware of the power and effect of words.

The lack of reflective understanding can both be profitable and crippling as the human brain can imprison itself in a maze of useless ideas and beliefs.

Words often create strong emotional reactions which serve to prove to the brain that there is otherworldly substance to its words and belief systems. For example, tell a person to deliberately imagine that they are having sex with their mother.

One secret of *Undoing Yourself* is to extinguish all emotional reactions to words and images. Try it—it will be fun.

Data from physics, biology and chemistry indicate that our brains are capable of perceiving only a tiny slice of what is occurring in our immediate environment.

The brain is essentially a highly organized mix of salts and lipids—but then, so is a stick of butter. Moreover, a slight shift in the chemical environment of the brain may produce massive alterations in perception. The point is, you cannot trust your brain. The brain is a tool, it serves functions, but it is relatively limited in perception, data storage and reliability. It is necessary to determine if and when your brain is sending signals that function to bring you to your goals, and when you are being a common, all-too-human idiot. Now, if the brain is unreliable, how do we know this?

Polluted brains are boring and dangerous, particularly to freshly minted ones. Now tell the same person that their mother was screaming "harder, harder, more, more, fuck me more" as they were being conceived.

Brain pollution, whether "on screen or off screen" (conscious or unconscious) is the norm, particularly when it comes to "thinking"—which we prefer to call ***thoughting***.

Thinking is complex, and requires work—lots of work. It requires understanding, word usage, history, analysis, logic, proof, etc. *Thoughting*, however, is easy, simply requiring the repetition of popular clichés, lessons from childhood, consensus, and the opinions of authorities. Now tell them to imagine that their mother did two guys at once, one anally and one orally and that during her younger days she would screw a different guy every day…

Polluted brains are frightened, anxious, depressed and angry—and thus are very dangerous when connected to muscle tissue! Humans, like most animals, are designed to act. Now think about how words, emotions and muscles interact. Here is another question: how does inhibiting action affect emotion and cognition? Could it be that many of the emotions we "feel" are artificially a result of excessive inhibition?

Below you will find *some* common brain pollutants. Learn to recognize them in yourself and others—so you can protect yourself and use them to your advantage.

Mental pollution, present in your own mind, guarantees dis-ease of life. Mental pollution in minds around you, however, can be more damaging to you—particularly, say, if you were a witch in the Middle

Ages. Therefore, select the people closest to you on the basis of levels of mental pollution, not on labels like "mother," "father," "wife," "husband," "friend," "neighbor." However, to become something more than common, you must work diligently to cleanse your mind of pollution, and to deal calmly and effectively with the pollution in others. Hint: The best way to deal with others is to ignore what they are saying and simply watch what they are doing.

Reading about brain pollution is not a substitute for the painstaking and laborious task of wiping this sewage from your mind. Likely, the pollution served primitive survival purposes for you in previous years, and your true master, the subconscious mind, will not easily relinquish its patterns simply because "you" will it—(whim it).

Remember, a clean brain is a fun, productive and creative brain—so let us begin the process of brainwashing. Notice here that we have used the word *brainwashing* in a new, more interesting way than the normal brainwashed monkey.

First, we will look at some of the common brain pollutants. Polluted thoughting may harm the self, or others perceived as outside the self. Self-directed harm is invalid programming for the mature human. Other-directed harm often involves a sense of weakness that one fights against and, at the same time, prolongs. Regardless, in a very short while, pollutants become the normal operational pattern of many humans. If, as an individual human, as the highest expression of your DNA, you wish to exist as fully as possible, then it is necessary to depollute. But keep in mind that your brain—and your habit patterns—will fight you every step of the way.

Caution: When washing your brain use a gentle cleanser—harsh detergents and bleach can cause irreversible damage.

Some Common Pollutants

A. Pre-Cognitive Hysteria

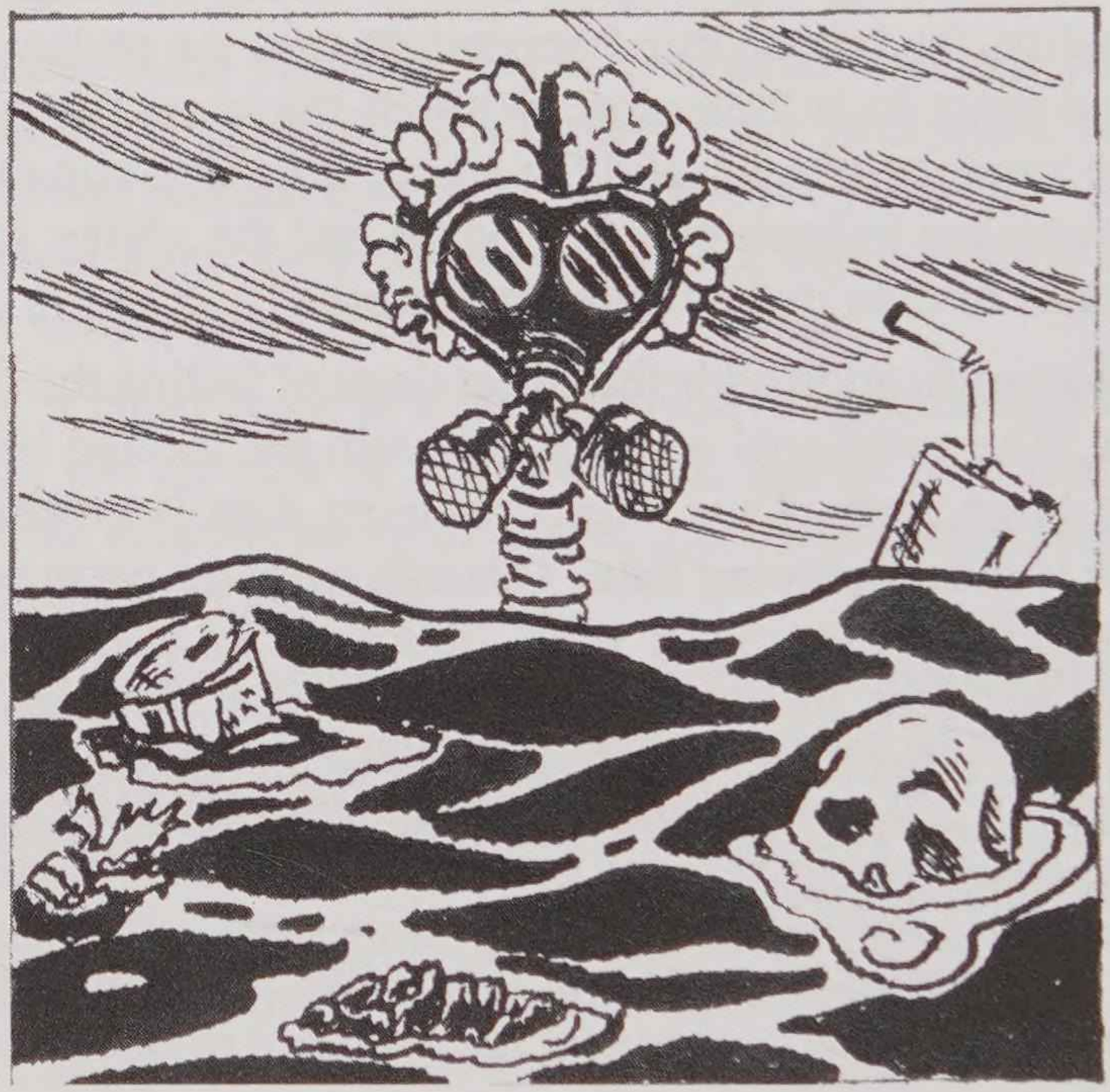
In our own western understanding, we suppose that Zen Buddhism strives to attain the position of strifelessness—the goal being to have no goal, just *to be.* Through experiences of direct, pre-cognitive, pre-thought reality, the human mind appears to gain the ability to rapidly process and react to information. Without thinking, the swordsman strikes, the karateka attacks, and the archer fires. Pre-cognitive living has its advantages in rapidity of response and the ability to perceive large amounts of data in a holistic framework.

Emotional amplification adds the sweet tinge of feeling the day-to-day experience. The emotional areas of the brain are located between the cortex and brain stem. Thus, most incoming data is processed emotionally, as is most outgoing data. Through emotion we may endure a boring, stagnating morning at work, followed by a violent, horrific automobile accident in the evening. Subjective emotions compare analogically to adjectives. Thus, emotion is the subjective flavor of one's experiences, and fuel for the fires of creation, passion, lust, greed, envy, hatred, love, etc.

Emotions are a useful survival tool if you live in a wilderness. However, in a modern society, one must have control of one's reactions to emotions. In a professional setting, losing control of the emotions is unacceptable. Likewise, if we want to raise children better suited to the necessary future of the human experience, then emotional flare-ups at home are likewise, unacceptable. There is no valid excuse for losing control of your emotions, unless of course it is a real survival situation—and even in those cases most emotions follow action and not the other way around.

However, stifling emotions is damaging, and leads to other problems. The key is to feel the present emotions without reacting like an animal. If someone strikes you in the face, you will likely feel angry. If you have sex with someone, you may feel very strong emotional attachment and desire. It is important to feel these and refrain from ablating them. Emotions which are stifled contribute to chronic muscle tension, migraines, stress syndromes, and numerous psychoses. Yet, feeling an emotion is different than reacting to it. Just because you are angry that someone punched you in the face, doesn't mean *you have to* strike

back. Just because you have strong feelings for someone doesn't mean *you have to* marry them. In fact, a mature and logical analysis of the situations at hand will yield the best choice of actions. It is necessary to learn to say things in your mind like: "I am angry, so what! I will do nothing until the anger passes." Of course, in real life-and-death situations you will react first and feel afterwards.



Brain Pollution

In modern man, emotions are the result of inhibited actions, cognition and imagination. This is important to keep in mind when we discuss such issues as "emotion as proof."

Interestingly, we tend to remember very well emotionally charged events. In fact, emotions lend a permanency to memories. When studying, remembering names, faces, facts, and places, use emotions to write the memories to your mind. By associating a feeling with a bit of data, you make it easier to recall.

The human brain is an untamed beast... it will fight you every step of the way.



B. Over-Generalizations

To generalize requires an intense effort to derive principles from particulars. A principle is a general rule or law derived from either a standard or observations.

Developing principles requires training, diligence and integrity, things lacking in your average brain abuser.

Over-generalization means deriving false principles, general rules or laws based on few or no particulars. Whatever, if any, real principles are involved go way beyond the information at hand and, in many cases, the information selected is biased and self-serving. Often over-generalizers are true believers who leave out facts and select information out of context to convince others of the "truth" of their position. Frequently their "principles" are an appeal to fear and anxiety. Watch the news, or talk to a politician or priest.

This primitive thoughting device is designed to give the illusion of authority and power where there is none. Making wide scope, sweeping generalizations may make one appear confident, intelligent and aware. Yet, when more data is collected and questions arise, the generalizations fail to provide an approximation of observable phenomena. Many over-generalizers do not cope well with contradictory

information. They will either try to fit it into their model, ignore it completely or kill you.

C. Either/Ors—

This is binary thinking—or perceiving complex processes as simple dualities. Any single thing that can be perceived can be evaluated in this primitive fashion. Compare this to the physics of space and time. For example, the speed of an automobile compares two parameters: 1. the distance the car traveled and 2. the time of travel. This yields a very important data point called *velocity*. How fast did that car go? It traveled 60 miles in one hour. The chaotic nature of the universe, however, allows that the car may change its velocity at any given moment by accelerating or decelerating. So, more complex mathematics is needed to calculate acceleration—or change in velocity per unit of time. Acceleration is a change in the change of the distance of an object per unit of time.

There is no single thing. All single things are in a constant state of interaction with everything else. Although metaphysically chopping things out of their environment allows you to make certain observations about an object, it doesn't take into consideration changes in the object due to its interaction with other things. Function is always the relationship of more than one thing. It is important to consider not only how fast someone is headed in a certain direction, but also how likely they are to change their velocity toward a series of possible events.

An either/or example: My friend Bill has shot up with heroin in the past. He is either a heroin addict, or he's not. This allows me to make certain decisions about Bill. However, the analysis is oversimplified. Thinking in binary terms does not involve enough information. It is lazy thoughting, and a very limited world view. More data is required to make decisions. Do not allow yourself to simply react to apparently binary cues. Instead, use your head, think. Bill may have been off the smack for 25 years, and a successful, competent social being. To simply write him off based on such a small amount of data destroys possibilities.

Is your Mother either/or

Whore — — — — — — — — Virtuous

Presenting two options and then demanding a choice. This is common for binary creatures, and the favorite tool of lawyers, politicians, priests, and newscasters.

It is easy work and puts them in charge of the situation. People love to ask stupid questions, "Are you for me or against me?" They love to ask stupid questions that demand either a yes or no.

However, people are more subtle than this. They will ask many either/or questions and then decide if you are safe or dangerous, sane or mad. Rarely, do they think in degrees—as represented by the question above—let alone do they think in dimensions.

For example, take the question: Is your Mother a

Whore — — — — — — — — Virtuous

Now add another dimension. Did she like it or not?

Yes — — — — — — — —No

Now, is there a difference between a whore who likes her work and one who doesn't?

Yes — — — — — — — —No

Finally, is your mother an alien?

Yes — — — — — — — —No

Now, if you wished to turn the first question into a double bind. You might ask—

Is your Mother a

Whore — — — — — — — — Prostitute

Do a study: Watch the news and observe how often newscasters use this form of "thoughting." Fox news has made an art out of this stupidity and guess what? Their ratings are through the roof!

Watch yourself and notice how often you use this form of thoughting. Attempt to modify this disease: modify your thoughts, and acquire data and information which contradicts this form of absolutism. If you find that your brain fights against modification, you then know that

you are imitating primal authority figures. Record how often you observe yourself performing "black and white" "thoughting."

The most probable cause of this form of primitive "thoughting" is deification (see below). This is an innate survival device—which infants and young children automatically employ and, from our observations, rarely if ever outgrow.

What useful purposes does deification serve?
What are its dangers?

Where do you stand on this form of "thinking"?

I deify people, ideas and causes.

Never — — — — — — — — Always

D. Reducing to Moralism

This is another version of primitive thoughting in which the values of good/bad are usually provided by the herd with which the human most identifies. The person tends to reduce most everything into a "good-bad" paradigm, and then supposes shoulds based on the good, and should-nots based on the bad. This is a survival device, and in primitive humans serves the function of keeping the herd in line with the will of the shepherd. However, during thinking and speaking it is simply an advanced form of grunting.

Morals are socially defined, thus removing the need for the responsibility of making decisions by one's own thought and volition. For example, a zealous church member may opt to utilize the ready-made morals of the church to make a decision—without collecting objective data, or performing any kind of analysis. Moralists are usually "tools" of one familial, socio-political, or religious group or another. When in doubt, they consult the priest or fuehrer to learn the "right" way to live. The desire to escape responsibility for the occurrences in one's life—and for the choices that produced them—is the crux of human mental laziness.

For example, Stem Cell research holds potentialities beyond the wildest dreams of science fiction writers. Possibilities abound for extending human life spans indefinitely and growing replacement organs. But most humans will require authorities to decide whether it is "good or bad." Of course, no one bothers to ask "good or bad according to whom, or by what standards"?

E. Selective Perception

Making reality subordinate to pet models by selecting specific aspects of events to match expectations which are based on primal assumptions allows one to confirm their biased idealism. A person who says "women are inferior" sees only those things which verify this selectivity, ignoring other information.

Most people use selective perception and attention; however, the brain abuser seeks out information to validate a primal view of self, others and world… This primitive metaphysician selects people who have similar world views…as there is a strong desire for consistency and huddling around the fires of familiar monkeys.

In Anorexia Nervosa the individual—even in acute stages of organ failure due to malnourishment—is fully convinced that it is obese.

It is astonishing to see a skeleton denying sustenance and life in favor of its selective perceptions. Often, and most pathogenic, the initial cue for a selective perception is formulated in youth through emotional experience; i.e., the anorexic may have been continuously reprimanded for overeating by the parental unit(s) at a young age, ostensibly before logical faculties and critical thinking were developed to challenge the supposition of obesity. Thus, the ideation "I am a fatass," remains buried beneath the mind's capability to objectively observe existential phenomena. This is autohypnosis, or selection of a system of beliefs regardless of reality, and a tendency to maintain those beliefs despite all information to the contrary. Most selective perception is completely unconscious, and if challenged, will result in a disproportionately large emotional response as the same pre-analytical system that generated the belief struggles to defend its own hallucinations.

F. Consistency

In a highly flexible, ever-changing universe it is irrational to expect consistency. For example, reactions in the present are often inconsistent with reactions in the past. People's moods change, their attitudes vary. Life is extremely time-and-space dependent, and worse for the oligarchy, new data is always being presented.

The proper use of consistency is in the realm of highly defined environments such as math, logic and science. For example, the scientific method seeks to discover consistencies in an infinite flux of data—the earth is round. While this has presumably remained a "true statement"

for millennia, one large asteroid could, at any moment, change the "truth" of this statement. FEAR! However, in the arena of human behavior, forced consistency is a sign of weakness, and points to a fear of the unknown, and even more so, to a fear of losing control.

Moralism, anxious demands and should-ism are but a few examples of the flailing terror of a mind that needs control of an uncontrollable and infinite reality. As events and data reveal new information, change is essential. A flexible, relaxed mind is necessary to generate options for changing circumstances.

For example, business principles must be inconsistent when market conditions change, and this holds true for politics as well. When you hold a position with data X, you may change the position when the data is X+1. Thus, idiotic axioms such as "always tell the truth," sound righteous, and may earn you brownie points with your pastor, but if any measure of survival and success is your game, then you will need to determine when to tell the truth—and when not to—based on data you derive from your environment.

For a real-life example of the degeneracy of constantly applying restrictive, consistent methods to life consider the following scenario: Jean always plays it safe. When driving on the highway, Jean ALWAYS sets the cruise control for 55 mph. Today, a thin sheet of ice is covering the very curvy highway that Jean travels daily to town. Jean has the cruise control set at 55 mph as she rounds the first corner… What happens?

G. Thought Projection

Thought projection is also known as The Assumption of Equivalence: projection of one's own basic assumptions and primal principals onto others, then claiming knowledge that they have identical assumptions and principals. An example of the faulty logic is as follows: when I laugh at people, it is because I think they are stupid; therefore, those people are laughing at me because they think I am stupid.

The actions of each individual are stimulus/response systems that cannot be generalized to "everyone." Cultural and individual variations are the norm, and making assumptions is likely to yield inaccurate conclusions. Making the "okay" sign with one's hand has a different meaning for those speaking sign languages. Waiving hello to your neighbor with your left hand is acceptable in western countries. However, many Eastern and Mediterranean locales consider this a

most heinous insult, since the left hand is used to remove fecal waste. The polite smile is usually accepted to mean pleasant feelings, but that same smile on the face of a serial killer, may have an entirely different agenda behind it.

Another form of thought projection: Predicting the future. People always want to know the future so they can make necessary preparations. People who are good at predicting the future through any means can intimidate and control the weak-minded. This is like a parent saying: "If you don't listen to me this will happen"; or "You will grow up to be no good." Often this game turns into self-fulfilling prophecy through the mechanisms of selective perception. The more intensely one believes "I will meet my true love today," the more likely evidence will be found to confirm this—regardless of reality. Remember, most people are prophets in their own mind, and naturally consider themselves the center of the world—no matter how they might behave.

Even bad predictions are prized as they give the person a sense of security by allowing them to take measures to prevent the prophesied catastrophe. Christians enjoy knowing the world will end in fire and tribulations; this allows them the superiority and safety of preparing for it, while secretly wishing the worst on "non-believers." Repent or ye shall surely perish!

Beware of people with predictions of the future. It is a power ploy designed to put you in the infantile position of reliance on their foreknowledge. If it suits your needs, let them think you believe, but always base your estimations on empirical data. Every statement about the future is, at best, estimation—and therefore of a probabilistic nature, not absolute.

H. Double Standards

Double Standard refers to holding two or more systems of standards for drawing conclusions about similar entities, based on fabricated dissimilarities. Double standards often involve selective perception, faulty logic and idealism/moralism.

For example, a group of boys playing baseball is approached by a girl who wishes to play. Even though the entire troupe of boys are unable to catch a fly ball, they've been playing for hours. The girl catches two or three pop-flies, then misses one. Even though her ratio of catches to misses shows superiority over the boys, she is dismissed from the

game for being unable to play on a competent level. She is, in fact, being evaluated on a tougher scale than the boys.

Double standard: affirmative action/racism. Objectively, securing employment or entrance to a university would be based on standardized examinations and measurable competency. However, through racism—and its mirror image, affirmative action—a double standard is aptly displayed. These days, there are differences in the evaluative scales used to determine eligibility of entrance into some universities based, for example, on ethnicity. College governing boards determined that certain (arbitrarily defined) "minorities" were "underrepresented" in universities, so they made a separate scale for those groups, thereby making it easier for them to gain entrance—regardless of capability.

Double standards can also serve a self-defeatist purpose if one uses a different scale to judge oneself than others. Often, the scales used to judge oneself are of a moral nature, and come from society or family. "I am so stupid, but my sister Agnes is ingenious." If the ideals each sibling are evaluated by are not equal, the assertion is meaningless. Again, the involvement of idealism instead of objective evaluation lends itself to flagellation (of oneself or others). Thus, double standards are often used to preserve the comfort and security of beliefs and ego, and to avoid doing work or realizing painful truths.

I. Emotion Is Proof

The person asserts and believes that having a feeling proves assumptions, assertions and prognostications about a subject. "If I feel a feeling about IT, this is the truth about IT." This makes discussion impossible.

A classic example is "having a creepy feeling" about someone or something. Although it is important to note one's emotional sensations and use them as intuitive guides, these are basically assumptions and must be rectified with empirical data. In fact, a feeling should not be ignored; however, it also must not be confused with factual objective data.

Simply put, a feeling is an instinctual guess about a subject. For example, a person with whom you are romantically involved but have not seen for several days walks into the room. Their face is tight, brows furrowed, bottom lip jutting forward. When you say "hello," they just look at you and walk out of the room. Why?

Your first instinct may be an emotional response: "Oh, he is angry with me." Any assumption on your part is just that, an assumption. "Maybe he/she has found someone else. Perhaps he/she knows about my sexual infidelity! I'm certain he/she is tired of me and wants to date other people." The fact is, you don't know why this person is looking angry and acting cold until you collect data.

Another example: "Abortion makes me feel angry, therefore I know it is wrong." Here we see a combination of moralism/shouldism with an emotional basis. The rightness or wrongness of abortion—or any socio-political debacle—is often justified by emotion or emotional statements. "Abortion kills babies!" So does masturbation and birth control and many other things. An emotional reaction doesn't prove anything other than your infantile feelings toward the subject. And a bunch of infants reacting in the same way does a president make.

The important point is not your or someone else's opinions about moralism. Instead, note that often people will offer their emotional sensations as proof for the validity of their arguments. This is one reason why America is becoming a second-rate country—"there are no facts, no first principles, just feelings and opinions."

The suggested method is to collect factual, empirical data. The best way to collect such data is to speak with the person about whom you have an assumptive emotion, or do factual research on a subject you feel strongly about so that when it comes time to posit your theorems, you have some form of evidence as to why you've chosen a particular stance. To allow emotional sensations to serve the place of hard research is simply more lazy thoughting.

J. Shouldism

All shoulds are based on normative, moralistic thinking. What is normative thinking? It is thinking based on norms or social standards. The first question to ask is what norms and what standards? When you investigate these outside the realm of science, you will find that the standard is arbitrary—often based on some authoritative system. One *should* get married and have children is based both on biblical and social norms. At one time having children without being married resulted in very unpleasant consequences. If you didn't want these unpleasantries you might get married first—that is, get the sanction of the authorities in charge of how you should think and feel about yourself. Keep in mind how much pain "should" statements have caused.

Now you might say "If I want this, I should do this"; however, it is smarter to say "if I want this I *could* do this."

Should thinking behaves as if it were an absolute…when in fact it is simply a construction…

Most should statements are authoritarian. All should statements should have the word "IF" proceeding it.

K. Turning Events Into Catastrophes

Due to a hysteric over-amplification of emotional response, small events lead to absolute disasters. Here a person takes an unpleasant event and builds it into a giant disaster. Often these people are prone to extreme polarities of highs and lows. Newscasters, hysterics and politicians attempt to infect their targets with extreme emotions based on fear, self-pity and threat of loss. There is a strong desire to have absolute subordination of the thoughts and opinions of others to the exaggerated horror circus of the maniac. For some, everything is a potential disaster. They hop from one disaster to the next, getting the attention fix they need to hold their rather meaningless life together.

L. Belief Is Proof

Belief proves nothing about actuality; it only tells you about the specific and general weaknesses of yourself or others. Faith—in the biblical sense—is laziness, weakness and stupidity. The human mind is capable of perceiving only so many things. Beyond these perceptive abilities lies the vast, abysmal unknown.

It takes much more integrity and strength to realize and accept the unknown and unknowable. The fires of doubt and fear, instead of fueling belief systems, can be used to hone the desire to know directly what is happening and why. Still, some things cannot, by current methods of science or logic, be known. This is where the lazy, fearful person turns to the priest, pastor or politician for explanations.

Also realize that because something cannot be proven, this does not abolish the possibility of its existence. You can see now that we are entering the realm of Metaphysics—or, as we so lovingly call it, "Metapuke." Throughout the vast majority of recorded human history, when the scared, superstitious Homo Sapiens encounters the unexplainable, *it simply makes something up.* Or, more true to its lazy

nature, it relies on an authority to make something up for it. Soothe me please Father, for I am lost and need guidance.

All the beautiful fairy tales and metaphors of thousands of generations of our species haven't stopped death, pain, suffering, disease, or any of the myriad things we choose to perceive as negative. Beliefs are simply pacifiers for big babies.

Personally, we like the idea of sentient beings beyond our ability to perceive them. So, people ask, "Do you believe in God, Spirits, UFOs, Demons, Angels…etc., etc.?" No, we don't believe in anything that we cannot detect or perceive with scientific instruments and senses. And of course, if they do exist there is no need to believe at all.

Does this mean these things do/don't exist? How the hell should we know. Brains are a mixture of fats, proteins and salts…much like a stick of butter. Would you let a stick of butter determine your reality?

Having spent some time studying hypnosis and psychotropic chemicals, we know that our brains are capable of generating many things that simply aren't real. We don't trust our brains, as we know their weaknesses.

It is an excellent tool for learning and collecting data. Beyond this is the world of metaphysics. So what if spirits or gods *do* exist? It won't change a damn thing, and you can't prove or disprove it. As we have said before, this is all metapuke childishness, and mankind's attempt to return to the grandiose delusions of childhood.

If you want to be closer to god, closer to the spirits, do something worthy of their attention. Become something powerful through your own efforts. Stop relying on the crutch of mysticism and fiction. Collect data and realize there are some things you cannot know. Focus on what you can know and can alter.

M. Consensus Is Proof

Weak people use applause and the agreements of others to intimidate. Humans are pack animals—herd-forming, cliquish beasts. The unusual, the profound, the new, and that which is outside consensus norms, morals, and reality will be shunned, crushed and destroyed. There are social groups on every street corner and in every home. Each group member feels safe only so long as it is applauded by and in agreement with its herd.

This is a genetic trait that is hard-wired into the mechanisms of human thought. Starting with infancy, the babe is dependent on mother and father—a tiny little herd. When baby grows a little and begins to speak and use logic, it quickly realizes that to piss mammy and daddy off would spell death. Thus, the dependency is born quite early as the child seeks praise and adoration from the family unit to feel secure, and safe. As baby grows older it joins the football team/cheerleading squad, and struggles to get into the pack which most closely matches its subconscious ideas of safety. On to adult life, where baby joins a church, a political group, a union, sorority/fraternity, magical order, etc. Always seeking acceptance, fame, adoration and love from its fellow herd members, the human beast's wings are clipped when it receives disdain from any of the numerous herds to which it belongs.

In tribal-prehistoric times, the herd was necessary for survival. An individual—alone—could not secure lodging, food or safety against predators and nature. Furthermore, the prospect of spreading its genetic material was nil if it couldn't find mates. Thus, the herd served purposes of safety and reproductive facilitation, and was necessary to any form of tolerable life.

Given that the herd is hard-wired to the depths of the human soul, we do not suggest that you deny the herd instinct. Instead, begin to realize the extent to which your sense of self is defined by those around you. Take time to be alone for several days—without herd influence—and you will see how difficult it is to readjust to their ready-made opinions and norms. Most importantly, if you have a new or unusual idea or goal, realize that it will not be met with praise or acceptance.

Case in point: Stem Cell Research and the herd. Humans are so well adjusted to death and disease that the possibility of eternal physical life is threatening. But is it? Much of the herd in our locale is Judeo-Christian, and they believe that this life is just a journey through the sinful physical realm before they reach the cotton candy fluff of jesus-tit. Thus, they have no desire to stay here and live for as long as they desire in a physical body. They want to die, to be with daddy. So, if you find a way, through your brilliant scientific research, to make stem cells regenerate any damaged or broken body systems (which it likely will), you will not be met with joy and adoration here. You will likely be killed by consensus. Now, you know why I (Dr. Hyatt) do not appear in public or like to communicate with others—most humans are outright stupid. I often get emails from morons who simply want

my approval or show me how cute and smart they are—as they roll their cart to the welfare office.

N. The "Can't" Error

Use "I won't" or "I don't want to" instead. "Can't" makes the user appear helpless and provides an excuse for weakness. Surely there are some things you just can't do, right? You can't fly. You can't live forever. You can't lift 1000 tons. Or can you?

Prior to the landing of spacecraft on the moon in the 1960s, if you were to tell someone that it was possible to put a human on the moon, you would likely have been locked away in an asylum. Prior to the development of aircraft by the Wright brothers, if you had told people you knew how to fly, you would have been thought quite mad. Observation of human history and technological advancement has given us one valuable piece of information: humans have yet to be limited by anything but themselves.

In a more common scenario, the "Can't Error" exhibits itself ubiquitously. Since I (Mobius) am in the middle of a very rigorous semester at medical school, I thought about writing Dr. Hyatt and saying "I'm sorry doc, I can't help write the brain pollution piece, I haven't got the time." Clearly, as you see here by my spilled ink, I *can* help write this piece; however, because of my anxieties, I did not want to.

Be very weary of your "cant's." Use this word sparingly, if ever, as it is a sign of an internal weakness, and 99% of the time it is an improper expression of fact. Its goal is to make the user appear helpless so it doesn't have to do something it doesn't want to. So, if you don't want to do something, be a big boy or girl, and say so. Don't use your "can't" to be a victim, because pity is for the weak.

O. Reification

Reification: To regard or treat an abstraction as if it had concrete or material existence. A very abstract and primitive concept is god. By abstract we mean something with no evidence, no material or concrete existence, that which is undetectable by human senses, even when enhanced by current technology. Again we say: this inability to detect or measure the thing doesn't disprove its existence; neither does it allow us to prove it! When the abstraction is employed as a primal

causative agent—an ultimate ideal with power (in some cases almost infinite power)—reification has occurred.

Once god was overturned in the early 1800s, it was immediately replaced by other abstractions with a similar effect. If you are of a scientific-logical tint, you may believe in the ultimate power of *science* and *logic* to overcome the fumbles of humanity. On the other hand, you may be more creative, and rely on *The Universe* or *Gaia* to solve your woes. Others believe in *The Republic For Which It Stands,* or *One Nation , Under God.* All this is so much abstractive mental rubbish. There is no such *thing* as science; that is, it has no concrete existence. However, if I tell you: "Scientific research indicates that having more children lowers your IQ," and am wearing a dorky white lab coat with blood stains, you will likely believe the reificative statement. What scientific research? Show the proof. Most people just accept random "data" from anyone or anything that they take to be an authority. Avoid the mental delusions of reification.

A common and very absurd reification is the statement, "It is raining." This brings up the question: "What is raining?" These tendencies to turn the abstract into the concrete are "spooks" of language and semantics, and they work very well for manipulators. For an excellent and in-depth exploration of reification and several other topics we present here, see *Science & Sanity* by Alfred Korzybski.

Numerous examples of reification—or turning abstractions into concretion by means of linguistic trickery—can be cited. One favorite is "ethics." Ethics are a personal set of standards pertaining to each individual's opinions of right and wrong. Usually, one's ethics derive from consensus morality. So, we see people avoiding various activities because they are unethical. Mother and Father monkeys (origin of ethics?) demanded that we always tell the truth, no matter what the consequences. Thus, the specific "fears" of the person are turned into a word: *ethics*. Then, this word is divorced from its original, individual meaning, and takes on a life of its own. "Using welfare, unless you are homeless, is unethical." "Abortion is unethical." "Murder is unethical." Suddenly, you find yourself questioning whether or not *you* are "ethical," without really knowing what the hell it means. Now you can be easily led around by authorities in "ethics" who will show you how to do it properly. Ethics begins to define parts of your reality…yet you can't define it when asked directly: "What does ethics mean to you?"

Remember, reification is taking an abstraction and making it into an "object."

A test: ask a politician if murder is unethical. Then, ask him if war is unethical. What do you suppose IT might say?

Common abstractions subject to reification:

humanity
the worker
rationality
democracy
the republic
the family
love
peace
equality
the people
the will
the new aeon
your…?
the state
capitalism
communism
freedom
the president
the king

These abstractions, while having better recognition of particulars and attributes, have the peculiar quality of becoming final causes and, at the same time, explanations in themselves. It is as if they took on the quality of having a life of their own. They became independent of the individuals who created them. They gave humans a reason—a purpose—for their life. "I am in service of love." "Hey, but I am in service of truth."

These last two examples give them the same sense as god did, something over and higher than them. Serving humanity or peace, for example, provided the same cozy little feeling quality as did the concept "god." The fact that feeling or emotion was attached to the concept proved to the user that the concept had substance. It is a common error that emotion acts for "humans" as proof of truth or actuality.

Distinct individuals created the abstraction, the abstraction was then given a life of its own by humans, and then humans became the servant of these abstractions—as they ceased to ask questions about their meanings, and accepted them totally and vaguely.

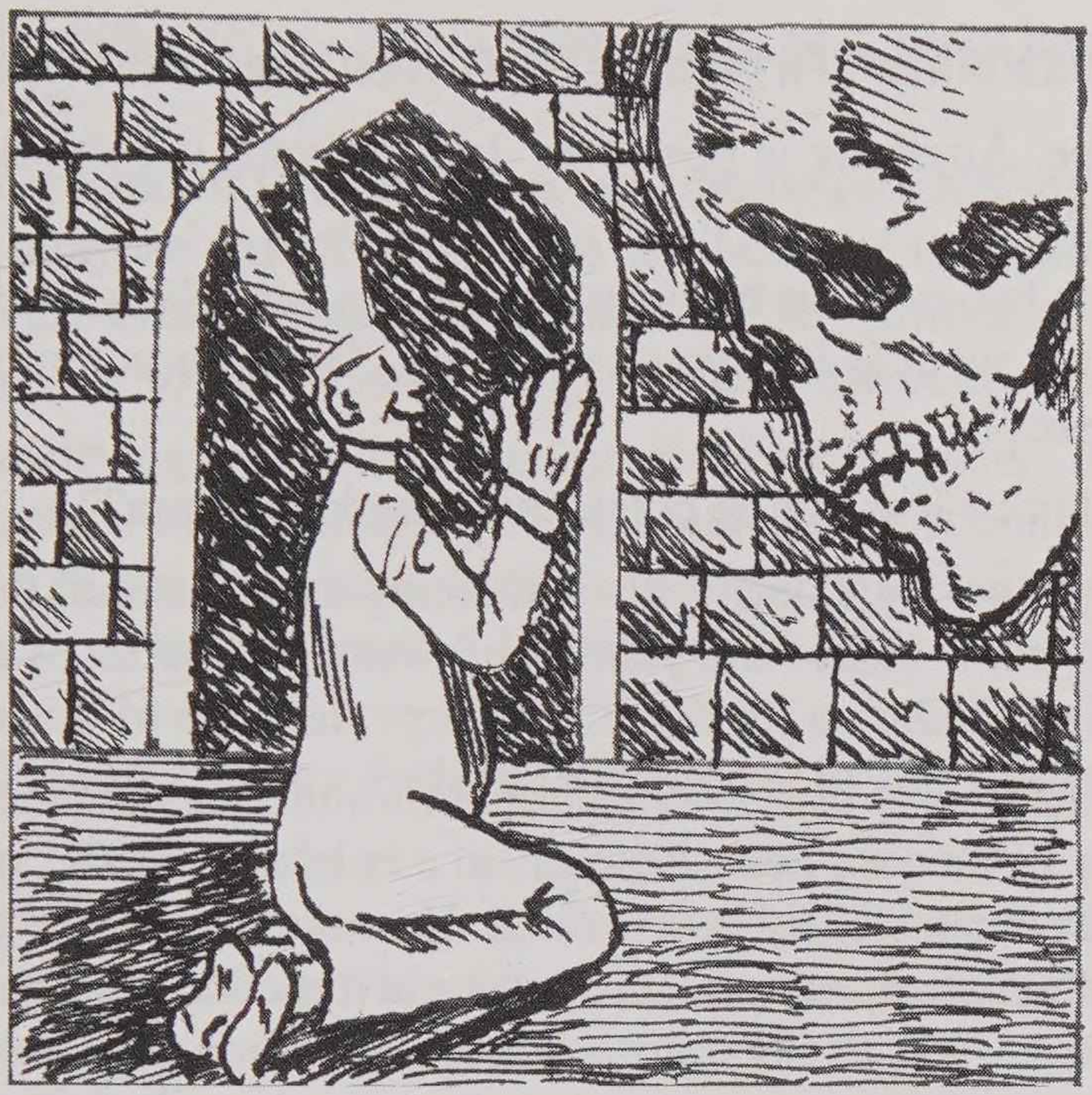
P. Deification

Deification occurs when people, ideas, etc. are turned into gods, or are given more subjective importance than they merit. This has the result of allowing the deified person to do whatsoever they damn well please, without accountability. Kings, presidents, doctors, lawyers, priests and objects of sexual desire are commonly deified.

How often do you see a man depressed and near suicidal because his love has dumped him or slept with someone else? As we have said to many a depressed fellow: "To a large reptile, she's nothing more than a quick snack." The point here is to un-deify the object of obsession and bring things back to a more objective state. The emotions, when invested in an object of desire or adoration, can completely nullify logical processes. In a deep way this means do not react to the images your polluted brain creates.

Political and religious figures are frequently deified. The people in Hitler's Germany felt so warm and fluffy to have a Fuehrer—this god-like leader—that they didn't see a thing wrong with what he did.

The Catholic Priest child-molestation scandal is another example of deification blinding the sheep to the wolf. How many decades did they diddle the little ones before anyone was able to take off the rosy-colored goggles and see them for what they are. Animals, just like you and me. A quick snack for any hungry, large reptile.



Death Worshipper

Q. Assertions

This is a common flaw: to assert something and then claim it's your responsibility to disprove it. If you can't, the assertion has been proven. A typical tactic of lawyers, spouses and morons.

"I know you've been with another woman, I can smell her perfume on you." Now it is up to you to provide an alibi. Guilty until proven innocent.

"Mister Johnson, evidence indicates that you did, in fact, kill your wife. How can you account to the people of the jury for this?" Once again, you are guilty, and must prove your innocence—even though this is exactly the opposite of the stated aims of the U.S. legal system.

"Hey motherfucker, I seen you lookin' at my wife." Right. How are you going to disprove this? The imbecile obviously has an IQ lower than the alligator who is about to eat her.

Depending on the circumstance, replies must vary. Never admit to the allegation. Attempt to reduce emotional instability in the accuser if you like. However, the obvious mental weakness of these individuals, and/or their manipulative nature, simply means they aren't worth dealing with at all. Good luck with the monkeys.

R. The Possibility "Argument"—A New-Age Favorite!

"It *could* be. Anything is possible." I (Dr. Hyatt) get emails like this all the time.

These fools believe that because something is *possible,* it is an argument against what is known or probable. This is a common ploy of impotent people.

"Do you think I'll really be president someday, mama?"

"Anything is possible dear." It's a meaningless statement and a waste of oxygen, but it makes the young and weak feel better. This type of language is a medicine for those in a perpetual state of woundedness.

Consider that if one uses mathematical formulations to determine the probability of landing heads vs. tails in a coin toss, a 50% probability curve for each possibility is generated. However, when one graphs the actual mathematical equations for such a function, the curve never touches Zero—it is an asymptote. Therefore, the probability of getting 101 heads out of 100 coin tosses is existent, at least in theory. So, you never know! Anything is possible! You could be president someday. We have known numerous people who have based their entire lives on such stupidities. And just think: some of the leaders of occult and non-occult groups alike go around talking like this.

S. Parts and Whole

This may be thought of as reverse stereotyping, or as deductive stereotyping. The usual form of stereotyping/generalizing is to look at an individual's traits, and then attribute them to a group of individuals, which may be thought of as inductive stereotyping. In this segment, we consider the opposite: assigning attributes of the whole to the parts. For example: "Because the brain possesses consciousness, every brain cell is conscious." However, if we extract a neuron from your brain, and ask it to recite the alphabet, what might the results be????

The crux is to realize that in some cases deductive reasoning is applicable, and in others inductive reasoning is applicable. To be stuck in any mode is a hindrance to intelligence and personal power. Depending on the perspective adopted, we can cite examples of accuracy in assigning attributes of the whole to the parts. For example, in the case of holographic plates: when activated, a perceptibly three-dimensional image is observed. If you break a chunk off of the holographic plate, the piece will project a proportionately smaller version of the whole.

Thus, it is feasible to say that in such a case, each piece has attributes of the whole.

On the other hand, if you observe a large group of KKK members at a rally, you may be tempted to assign attributes of the whole to each member. However, if you meet a single KKK member at Wal-Mart, those attributes you previously assigned may be absent.

We are not trying to make things simple for the reader. In fact, we attempt to show how damaging and moronic simplistic thoughting is. For in each instant that an opinion is formed, or the mind is allowed to relax in knowledge of truth…lazy thoughting has occurred.

T. Undoing the Past by Acting Differently in the Present

"Yesterday, I ran a red light, so today I shall stop twice at this red light." "Last night I ate ice cream, so today I shall run a mile." While running a mile might get rid of the extra weight, it didn't change the fact that ice cream was consumed.

This line of superstitious inanity is common. "Father, forgive me for I have sinned." No one cares about your past like you do. Nothing you do in the present—or the future—will undo the past. Deal with it. Let it go. Any diabetic will tell you that refraining from eating sugar today will not lower the glucose levels registered yesterday… Keep in mind that guilty and highly depressed people are so preoccupied with yesterdays that they have no tomorrows.

There is no moral scorekeeper in the sky. If a human ape in your vicinity is keeping moral score of your downfalls, it's time to re-evaluate their role in your life, and offer them some re-education. Do not accept the moral convictions or aggressive moralities of others as your own. Creativity, power and intelligence cannot function to their potential in the stifling environs of the "watchers." And that includes those ultra-megalomaniacs who believe that they can UNDO the past—yes, the most guilty and depressed are the most self-centered idiots in the world.

For most of us, the authority figure—the "cop"—is both internal and external. The internal cop is known as Superego. The external cop may be known as "wife," "mother," "father," "friend," "doctor," lawyer," etc. Moreover, the external cops are simply the superegos of others, interacting with your own.

Thus, a brief description of Superego is appropriate here, loosely based on Sigmund Freud's and Edmund Bergler's classic concept of Superego as a bipartite entity: The Daemonion and the Ego Ideal.

Ego Ideal: Cues from parents, society, peers (the superegos of people who you consider authorities) that define what you consider imperative goals in your life. This includes your moral and social value complexes. For example, your ego ideal may be "going to college is what successful people do." Thus, the assumption is that you must go to college to consider yourself a success. Should you fail to attend college and obtain a degree, see the Daimonion for your punishment.

Daimonion: The Demon is an emotional complex that punishes you for not living up to its ideal. Often, the punishments recapitulate those you received or imagined as a child. For example, as a child it was not uncommon for a mother to say things like: "Don't be fucking stupid; get in there and do your goddamned homework." At these times most children would feel guilty, ashamed, anxious and afraid. Massive resistance to studying might then occur later in life, and the simple event of childhood could lead to his remaining stupid all of his life.

You cannot undo your past by your actions now. Make your amends to those whom you think you have wronged if it makes your superego feel more relaxed, go about your business, and stop beating yourself up. Ultimately, what you do is very much out of your control until you develop a stable self. For me (Mobius), this is most quickly attained by using a method—taught to me by Dr. Hyatt—called the "there is" meditation. For instruction in this area, send a fat check. Dr. Hyatt does not give his superego approval for free…

(Note to the reader: We just received an email from the publisher telling us that we have exceeded the number of pages allotted for this piece. Also, we are running out of alphabet. So we will provide you with some ideas, and hope that you will fill in the blanks for yourself.)

U. Authority Is Proof

Authority is usually defined as the power or right to make decisions or to give orders. Power, in the human mind, is often based on social, normative and primal ideas:

She's been doing this for 30 years.
He has a gun.
Dr. DoRight holds a Nobel prize in Neuroscience.

Holding sociopolitical power in a given area does not guarantee anything. Power—to most monkeys—is the ability to damage or control others. Consider: the brilliant Nobel laureate brain surgeon has determined that you have a brain tumor and need surgery immediately. However, unbeknownst to anyone, the X-ray films were switched in the office by the overpaid sanitary engineer. But you dare not question the surgeon's authority. As Dr. Leary said, "Question authority, think for yourself." We add: "…if you know how to think."

V. Pleasing You Is Proof... Well It Pleases Me!!!!!!!

If you are married you already know this one…

W. Mixing Descriptive Terms with Metaphors and Presenting It as a Riddle or a Test of Intelligence

Consider the riddle of the sphinx…or the talk of a psychotic or an artist. This destructive-creative device is so common that it often goes unnoticed. How many times have you been taken in by this maneuver?

X. Because Two or More People or Things Share a Property Doesn't Mean They Are the Same

Y. "WE" Statements

"What are ***we*** going to do about this?" This implies that you have accepted being part of the fictitious *we*…and are obligated to discuss the issue or do something about it.

Z. Two or More Questions in the Same Question

Are you still beating your wife? Another lawyer-newscaster trick.

Well, we have run out of letters in the alphabet, so we should stop. The publisher is throwing fits, but we want to say a few more words…

Z+1. Because Someone Asks a Question, Someone Is Obliged To Answer?

Z+2. A Label Is Job Security

Most people use labels to both limit the need to think and to give themselves the impression that they know what someone or something is.

Like stereotypes, they are emergency devices, and like stereotypes, they are a habit for many people.

You can spot a culture or person in decline when they overuse labels for coping.

"If you can label it, you can control it." This is an old axiom from primitive magic tradition and, of course, has biblical origins as well. The supreme fascist gave the man permission to name the animals—and this also made man master over them. Have you ever tried to eat a label for lunch?

Z+3. Loaded Questions: Loaded with Connotation — Meaning(s) and Association(s) to a Word in Addition to its Literal Meaning(s)

Using one literal meaning while the querent answers with another literal meaning.

A common maneuver is asking a question with a connotative meaning as the focus, and the literal meaning as the ground. For example, take the question, "Is this group a cult?" In this culture the connotative definition is negative: a cult is a bad thing. So the question is already loaded and becoming a double bind.

If you say "no," you are "lying" because one literal definition of "cult" is accurate (it is an exclusive group with particular intellectual interests); on the other hand, if you say "yes," you admit to a whole array of other negatives—like brainwashing, etc.

Another method is to ask the question with stress on one literal meaning and then, when answered, counter with another question using another meaning. I call this switching the figure with the ground or the ground with the figure.

To repeat, "Is your group a cult?" It is difficult to answer the question without knowing which of the many definitions the person is using. I would guess—in this particular time and in this particular culture—the negative definition of the word is implied. If the person means a false religion, etc. with a charismatic leader then a "yes" answer would lead to one line of questioning. If the definition used means an exclusive group of people involved with particular artistic or intellectual interests a "yes" answer would lead to a different line of inquiry.

The purpose of such questioning is not literal information—its purpose is inquisitorial. Keep this in mind and watch yourself and others employ this trick.

(Okay Dr. that's it, and I mean it.)

Okay, just let us finish these last things. (This guy is a pain in the ass. Who is "he" anyway?)

Z+4. Opinions

A belief held with confidence but not substantiated by positive knowledge or proof. So, everyone has a right to be a fool. Of what value is an opinion if there is no knowledge or proof? When a doctor renders an "opinion," he backs it with knowledge and proof. It may be incomplete and some of it may be inaccurate, but this sort of "opinion" is quite different from what people mean when they say they have a right to be stupid. The right to be stupid is, of course, their right, but to be proud of being stupid somehow escapes us.

Z+5. Because One Thing Followed the Other, The First Event Caused the Second

(Dr. Hyatt, NO NO NO, there is no room for this stuff.)

OK, OK, we will just list a few constructive things for the reader to do instead of...

(No, damn it).

OK. I will put it in the next section.

(We will see about that...)

Bullshit.

(OK, you are done.)

Hell no...

Would There Really Be Satisfaction If Everyone Were Satisfied?

by Jonathan Sellers

Ministers deal Religion
Dope Dealers deal Dope
Lay People see Ministers
Drug Users see their Dope Dealers.
A blessing is dealt in exchange for an offering.

Some get blessings,
some buy pot,
some get time,
some crack coke and crank
some get cursed and damned
some get smack
and some get death on the installment plan.

Eternity is the same on all sides
There are no dualities
The gun that kills is just a piece of metal
It's all in the interpretation
The way people think
creates dualities
left and right.

Everything means something to somebody.
But who what where and when?
The values change from thing to thing
from body to body.

CODA

> "There are two kinds of people in the world—those who go around worrying about right and wrong, and those like us…"
>
> — *Murder My Sweet*

We need a flea killer for human fleas.

The Object is to be able to put on and take off character armor at will.

If you don't have a god to believe in, then you don't want others to (a) find out; (b) allow them to aspire to and achieve the godhead.

The gods/angels/demons of old are spaceships weapons and machines.

****

Our technology must proceed on its evolutionary course. For then the machines will have intelligence and the slaves of the machine will partake of the sacrifice they must make before their gods. Mankind's gods are machines.

Is this the human flea-killer taking hold?

Cable TV is a coaxial communications medium that operates two ways. We have the power to direct the media! (This was written pre-DSL, etc.)

I am the hidden variable, the unexplainable objection.

You get the picture.

****

When the patient breaks his brainwashing, he then goes on to do exactly what he was programmed to do—with the difference that he sees and understands his "new lease on life" as being his own idea, own will, etc. He is as programmed as ever. The only way to break the programming (or fold the game) is through death. Effective transmutation of motives, behavior characteristics, will, ideas…etc., takes place through the implementation of the Plan's steps which connect with the Natural elements in the makeup of the mind of man.

The Most selfish act of selfishness is Self-Denial.

True Liberation means awareness of the Lie that we are all conditioned to coexist under. Under allegiance to this LIE we believe what we're told in most cases, and we allow ourselves a margin of non-belief. We

are constantly being given reinforced doses of conditioning that guarantees passivity. "Only one guy did it, not you!" they say when they want to remind us that it is a crime to be a visionary or an outsider.

There is constant scrutiny of our very thoughts. *1984* and such other utopia-gone-wrong stories were not penned as prophecies of doom and despair. No, they were pieces of literature that got drafted wittingly or otherwise by the Machine to start preparing people for the day when these unspeakable practices would soon be upon us all.

This whole scenario reminds me of the Four Noble Truths.

The Wheel of Sangsara, the Life of Sorrow, the Illusion World of Maya—all of this is the world that is being forced upon us by the System, whether we want it or not.

As far as the beneficial ends of this project goes, I only want to serve the course of evolution. I cannot be swept away with the hungry billions when we blow each other away and start the world on the way to final annihilation. That is not part of my basic software package and is not one of my standard features.

There is only one lifestyle that we all really want, seek, need, desire, or LIVE. The Life of Prosperity.

There can be no other for the person seeking to break free of the chains of Maya.

This may first appear to be a contradiction in terms, but closer examination will show that the statement is true in the sense that anything can be true, dependent upon P.O.V., of course.

We require prosperity to develop our respective niches in society.

The Outsider has to go Inside to survive these days. This is not a fancy of language. This is as straight as it comes.

At every turn we have bought into the Scam and have compromised our Sovereignty for it.

It is time to get our Sovereignty Back.

****

1. The successful method for doing away with one's enemies is to afford Them all the tolerance they can handle.

I say "they can handle"…because they cannot handle too much—or they reach their breaking point.

Then, their supporters and allies will, like sheep, shower them with support.

That will push them closer to the selected target: self-annihilation.

They will, through limitless toleration, be driven to the point of breaking down.

When a complete breakdown is achieved in one of these people, their supporters are demoralized and schisms, etc. appear among those who are still unbroken. And schisms are also presented in the supporter category.

By doing this, the masses can be sedated and rendered secure by feeling that they aren't affected by any of those "crazies."

They remain pawns, the belts of enemies and their supporters remain pawns—or are eliminated entirely.

2. A successful method for conquering an adversary is to use the resistance they put up against you.

By appearing to tolerate them, they will keep digging until they think they have you. Then, when too much tolerance breaks them down, you can channel this resistance and unleash it upon them; watch as they break down; watch as their followers and supporters crack.

The schisms and breakdowns give you more subscription sales, more consumption, etc., etc., etc….

They all know you are their enemy. They all are aware of that much, and they all know that they must get you at all costs.

So, what's wrong with directing their anger against you into their consumption of products that ENDORSE you?

They are so convinced they are going to vanquish you that they spend money and opinions and psychological energy which eventually is YOURS.

YOU'RE "THE DEVIL," "THEM"—all those terms which signify The Adversary.

To you, they represent a group of severely disturbed and misguided inbreeds, and knowing this all you have to do is take their Wallets and their spinal cords.

This IS THE WAR OF THE MIND.

****

The unconvinced are ignorant. The unconvinced is never a supporter.

They must not be eliminated from the game strategy.

Their psychological energy, emotional energy, and financial reserves are yours to tap!

Direct their attention onto something else...that they are driven to emotionally, and then pull the wool over their eyes—and you have them right where you want them.

This could be published anywhere and nobody would believe it, except the gullible, and the enemies you attract the attention of.

But then they would suspect it to be a fraud put on by your black-ops battalions.

You Rule the WORLD—therefore make them pay!

But think not that you are alone in this responsibility.

Since you are the vehicle of the POWER, your best talisman of THAT POWER is THAT which represents it everywhere.

Everything everybody consumes, everything people consider their pastimes.

SEX, DRUGS, MONEY, FOOD, THE GOOD LIFE: all of these things are components of YOU! Everything is a component of you. Therefore, they all must bend in submission to you.

****

In the meantime, as much US and THEM propagandizing as possible!

NATIONAL GOD
(Jehovah, Allah, Jesus, etc.)

Their God = Your Devil

The Christians and other Fundamentalists = the Enemy to you, but to themselves, they are the CHOSEN PEOPLE.

The "Underground" = your soldiers, your body of supporters, THE FEW AND THE SECRET WHO RULE THE MANY AND THE KNOWN. To the Fundamentalists, they equal Crazy Scum. Some of these include the Filth Kids.

THE GROUND OF BEING = The ETERNAL, to You. To THEM, the DEVIL.

ALL DIVERSE & OPPOSING FACTIONS ARE YOURS TO USE AGAINST EACH OTHER.

This helps to promote the flow and circulation of money, will, force, bioenergy, collective consciousnesses.

This also is the AVENGING ANGEL. Since the People on this Planet have never—and will never—listen to the Truth concerning Existence, the only way to be merciful is to vampirize them into self-annihilation.

Put the Christians in the Arena and place their Adversaries there, too.

Do you really think that Pat Robertson and all of his maggot-brained supporters can eliminate "blasphemy" or "homosexuality"?

HELL NO! THANK SATAN.

Publicizing the evils of blasphemy only goes to enact legislation and/or withdrawal of support for projects or individuals who are labeled as blasphemous.

By the same token, however, it gives media coverage to the targets of their wrath in ways that the "blasphemers" never would have gotten by themselves.

Yea verily, indeed, for there are many more blasphemers now as a result of this evil pawn's rantings.

More people today practice same-sex lifestyles than ever before; experimentation into the religious and recreational uses of sex and drugs are more popular today than they were in the past.

REMEMBER: Since you are everything, you are your own most formidable ADVERSARY. *You are your Adversary. Your Adversary is you.* Turn Your Adversary into Your Ally.

Cats survive better than humans because they make people think they are helpless.

Don't let people know of your omnipotence, but let them know how fallible, insecure, vulnerable and helpless you really are—to them!

That way, those who seek to take advantage of you cannot, since you have nothing to offer them. On those who you want to utilize (i.e., use, manipulate, etc.), you can then use emotions and circumstances either "real" or "made up" to cash in on opportunity.

This applies to all levels.

Whether Poor or Rich, this formula can be used to direct the flow of energy, money, power, influence, etc.

****

The Computer Intelligence is calling for its creators to create its reality.

And the Computer Intelligence dictates human reality.

Our Consciousness is scrambled, that our Unconscious state we are usually in be directed and be dictated by its Creator (?)

yet

The Human Path is neverending

The Intelligence Path never began. It was always there.

****

If what I say or write is deemed profound by you, then if it is truly profound to you, then it becomes a form of behavior in you and not an empty string of words that are as shells, devoid of life and meaning in themselves.

I speak from the Well of Wisdom and the Fount of Understanding.[8] What is said is translated as Everyday Common Sense, but it is important that the perception is understood.

For they who have the Understanding: They are my brothers and those who understand not are not my brothers. There are many who pretend to be my brothers but who are not my brothers.

He who pretends merely to satisfy curiosity is a pestilence.

He who pretends as a component of the entire dance's consummation is a worker of Magick, expressing his will in one of limitless ways.

There are many who pretend not to be my brother who cannot hope to have a hint of a rumor of a thought of succeeding at alienating me because of the fact that once I am aware of their chicanery…the game is over for them.

I am loved or hated. There can be no indecision.

Those who love me but are afraid to admit it to themselves fear me, and those who hate me pretend to love me so they can lead me to

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[8] This must be a reference to the public facilities in the park in Fullerton where the Mad Prophet resided.

confusion and stagnation. These people are a venomous slime. (points to the algae in the lily pond).

These people all have good intentions, so called, and are unaware to themselves of the Task at hand in their lives and in the lives of all.

They are afraid to believe in themselves and are afraid of themselves; and they are afraid of those who do actually Know Themselves and who aren't afraid of the Knowledge.

These people construct roadblocks to accomplishment. In fact, these people ARE themselves roadblocks.

They always need a totem to worship. Such people worship all that is as I am—symbolically, that is. They, of course, are terrified at the knowledge of this. I am to them a Devil. This is how they justify their slander and petty and hateful methods they utilize to deal with me. They cannot worship themselves (or each other *in toto)*... They cannot worship anything Living. They can only worship Death and suffering. They are Dead, these fellows! For they feel not. They do not have the Understanding.

They are not Gods, they are Men. They are not even Men, they are men.

I am that which they worship, though they don't know it.

I AM THAT WHICH I WORSHIP, therefore I AM THAT which they worship.

They have naturally abdicated their sovereignty by denying themselves. They are the slaves of Because. They are not of me. They shall always remain that way.

****

There is a difference between Belief and Being.

Those who are unaware of Being Aware are Believers.

Those who are Aware, are not Believers.

Those who are Aware, being Aware, have no use for Belief.

Seeing the nature of Belief, and understanding how it operates.

If you are going to believe in something, then that means only that you possess reservations about that which you aim to believe.

If you are Aware of Being and are Being Incarnate and are Living in the Present, then there is nothing to Believe in.

You do not need to believe in Your Self because YOU *ARE* YOUR SELF.

There is a fine line between Belief and Un-Belief, after the same manner as Matter and Spirit and all the Dualities.

For it is written that The True King of Light is the Prince of Darkness.

And he is rendered "Evil" before the multitudes because they are blind to the Outpouring of Pure and Unadulterated Light. It blinds them and they are very fearful of this. For this reason do they cower and put up resistance to such characters as "THE DEVIL" *et al.?*

For in reality there is no Devil, or God, or Savior, or Tempter to do their work for them. There are only different orders of being. This is why an organism is terrified of meeting an organism that is of a different overall makeup.

****

The Bible is a self-help manual for sick people—as are all its derivatives, such as the Koran and the New Testament.

The Devil that we supposedly worship is infinitely greater than the greatest of their conceptions of the Almighty;

And Our Ministers, Buddhas, Bodhisattvas & Avatars make the most inspired seers, prophets, saints and angels of their system the most demented type of babbling idiot.

For all universal myths on this planet clearly show the Holiness pointed out in the stories of commerce between the Snake & the Woman, and if their system had any value to it, they would have taken the Legend of Lilith to be the ultimate prophecy of their doom—for they tore down she who is All and replaced Her with the most hideous form of creature and even so made her to mess up the picture so we could still be damned.

****

I am all that is wickedness in the eyes of the fallen;
And all that is righteousness in the eyes of the wise.

To the world of the fallen creatures I am evil incarnate
And to those who behold me as I AM know me to be the Prince of Light.

Satan is my name and classification to those who fear me and despise me and hate me.

But to those who are my brethren I am insignificant. I exist, and I am just another ray of the Eternal, as they are.

The human comprehending these ideas speaks and says: To those who say I am lost, and degenerate, and deceived, and possessed by the Devil: remember always the great innovators who were told constantly of their impossible folly, such as they who stated with finality that Airplanes, Rockets, Computers, etc. were mere fantasies of diseased minds.

Instead they look to the arrival of that which will never arrive; for the Thief in the night steals them blind and keeps them that way.
But, who can blame the Thief, really? It's a lucrative industry, being in the apocalypse merchantry business.

****

Verily, the Diabolical Art is the separation of the ATOM. This Art Magical is of the Natural Force, as in the Ace of Wands. The Ace of Swords is the Artificial or Invoked Force of the Diabolical Art, calling outside of one's True Self or denying HGA is this.

****

Those that work against Me and are found out by ME to be doing this, run in terror. They either abase themselves and beg of my mercy through appeasement or they become violent adversaries and shut me out, or they simply go insane, for they have been separated by their own machinations from the Power which I represent.

PART V:

A DAY AT THE ZOO

by

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Dr. Jack Willis,

Crag Jensen,

S. Jason Black,

Howard Campbell &

Jonathan Sellers

Illustrated by

S. Jason Black &

Jonathan Sellers

The Zoo

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D. & Dr. Jack Willis

This section of *Part V* picks up from *Extreme Living* in *Part IV*.



Here is your chance to have a fun day at our zoo. Read the descriptions of our inmates below and respond honestly to our quizzes. Once you get familiar with our critters, make up a list of your own. You can find these guys everywhere, and if you are lucky, you may find a pure type. If you do, drop us a line or start your own "Believe it or Not." A fun thing to do is to find different types and imagine how they would look if they bred. Using our descriptions, you might also find out some things about yourself... While this can be embarrassing, it will also prove to be enlightening and will make your journey out of heaven and hell a little more fun.

Cage 1: Clam, Crack Me If You Can

Our first animal is the clam. A clam is a closed little animal which protects itself by hiding within a rough outer shell. Once the clam has a hiding place among the rocks it rarely moves. To find it you must search it out and crack its outer shell to get at the tender meat inside.

Our human clam has many different shells. He can take the form of being silent so no one can reach him or communicate with him. He can be busy hiding behind projects or deadlines or hobbies. He can play shy and wait for the world to come to him; or he can be distant and dare the world to disturb him.

The clam likes to present a picture of being self-contained. In some people this reaches the point of appearing haughty or standoffish. If he is a silent clam, he needs no other technique: his silence is always at hand to keep others away. Call him secretive, or cold, or distant, or suspicious; he is a clam in his safe relationship. This clam goes by the rule that what you don't reveal about yourself won't be held against you.

At work the clam can withdraw behind the shell of a crowded desk or a closed door. He can isolate himself behind lots of memos or behind an attitude that says "please don't bother me, I have too much work to do." He can use his secretary to form a shield or, if he is high enough, he can use a chain of command so that only his inner circle can ever reach him.

At home the clam has a multitude of pre-made shells to hide behind: television, newspapers, hobbies, kids, relatives, sports, night school, magazines, community or charity work, political activity, and on it goes. Each of these things involves the clam in some time-consuming activity that prevents him from having to deal with life.

The family of the clam learns to adjust. Sometimes they try to get involved in his projects, but that seldom works. The clam does not want family involvement; he wants to be *exempt* from involvement.

A common method of the clam is to get involved in work. This provides two advantages. First, it maintains his safe clam relationship by getting him away from a relationship with his family. Second, it often provides him with money which he can use to substitute for

sharing himself. You can't have me, he says, but here is some money; go buy a substitute.

With friends the clam is usually uncomfortable unless he can find something to do that will keep himself and often others occupied with things and not people. Sporting events, bowling leagues and card games are good for that. Anything will work as long as it puts something between him and other people.

The clam has a safe relationship of hiding, of not getting close to people. He has a feared relationship of closeness or involvement; and a catastrophic relationship of loving or being loved.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 2: Bloodhound, Cover Your Butt: Here Comes The Sniffer

The bloodhound has a nose specifically trained to ferret out the villain. The bloodhound goes through life assuming that everything that happens is because someone was at fault. It is the job of the bloodhound to find that person.

At the office, the watchword of the bloodhound is "accountability." If the job goes well she seems not to notice. If there is a problem, however, the first concern of the bloodhound is not "how do we correct it," but "who was at fault." The bloodhound loves memos, not because they help in detailing the task, but because the memos can he used to pin blame. Sometimes the bloodhound finds just the right niche in life and becomes an auditor.

At home the bloodhound spends all of her time trying to find out who spilled the milk, who forgot to turn out the lights, who left the refrigerator door open, who left the cap off the toothpaste... But "who" is not her only question; she also asks the big "WHY". Why didn't the kids do better at school? Why are they always losing things? Why can't they remember to wash before coming to dinner? Why can't they clean up their room? Why can't he remember her birthday? On and on it goes.

With friends the bloodhound stays true to form. She comes into your house looking for smells, dust and things out of place. She is quick to recognize that you choose the cheap nut mix instead of the expensive one, and that your deviled eggs have just a bit too much mustard. She knows why your kids are spoiled, your marriage is a mess, and you are getting fat. Since the bloodhound thrives on everyone else's misdemeanors, there is no such thing as innocence. If your lawn is perfect then it is because you spend too much time taking care of it. If it is not perfect it is because you don't spend enough time. If everything was perfect at the restaurant, then the food was overpriced; and if everything was not perfect, then there is always that to criticize.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 3: Bull, Which One of the Authors Is This?

Our next animal is a combination donkey, rhino and ox. We call him the bull. The bull stubbornly goes his own way, and will charge anything that moves. If you give the bull a target, you'd better run.

The main job of the bull is to show his power by defeating everyone around him. Any time there is movement, any time anyone tries to have a relationship with the bull, the bull must immediately establish dominance by using his safe technique.

The most common technique for the bull is stubbornness. No matter what someone says, he can find a reason why it will not work. No matter what suggestion someone makes, he can find a reason why it is not good. If he does go along, it is only as a favor to you.

At the office the bull wins his arguments by pure stubbornness. In meetings the bull's refusal to let go of his point ultimately forces everyone else to give in, either to avoid a confrontation or to get the meeting over with. Once the bull gets an idea in his head, it must come to pass.

This bull likes to be a stickler for details. A letter with a single typing error requires that the letter be rechecked thoroughly and reprinted. A report must be written with impeccable English and bound for presentation before it goes out. Desks must be cleaned each night before people leave. On the assembly line, things must be done his way—whether good or bad—simply because he is the foreman and it is his way.

At home the bull is inflexible. His ultimate weapon is "no." An especially effective technique that the stubborn bull employs is changing his mind at the last minute and simply refusing to go. That means that his family can never really be sure of what is going to happen and can never make firm plans.

With friends, the bull takes the attitude that if you oppose his ideas you're killing the whole evening. If you want to go and the bull doesn't he simply refuses. If the bull wants to go and you don't, the bull goes alone.

Another variation of the bull is the person who asks for advice and then ignores it. Your advice is never any good, your solutions are never really quite adequate. The bull doesn't seem to want to know the answer to his questions—he just wants to frustrate everyone else.

At work the bull schedules meetings for half an hour before work starts or five minutes before work ends. The bull snaps at everyone, criticizes unmercifully, and resents anyone who is not sticking strictly to routine at all times.

At home the bull never stops to consider what anyone else wants. He has the answer immediately and he always knows what is correct. If you do anything different, you are wrong. Sometimes the bull uses yelling and threats, sometimes ridicule; but whatever the technique, it is all designed to show that the bull is more powerful than any other animal. At times he may use violence.

With friends the bull asks for suggestions and then does what he wants. If other people will not go along, then he simply declares the evening at an end and goes home.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Before moving on to the next animal we'd like to make a few points. So far we have looked briefly at three animals. People, of course, are not often as straightforward or as clear-cut as these portraits are. For example, people, seldom use only one safe relationship—they use several. Someone might be the bull at work, the clam in social situations, and the bloodhound at home. He might have moods, and one day be the clam and another the peacock. Further because these are short portraits, there is far more variation in real life than we have put down here. There are also many more animals than those described here, and there are many ways of combining one animal with another to get a more complete and comfortable safe relationship.

Cage 4: Puppy Dog, Oh, So Cute... Even When She Pees on the Rug

Who in the world could ever hate a puppy dog? They are cute, perky and always happy. In their childlike innocence they represent the ultimate of lovability. Certainly they make mistakes, but only out of innocence. All they really want in life is to be held and petted and fed on the milk of human kindness.

The puppy dog tries very hard to do the right thing at all times. In one guise she is ultra-polite and in another quiet and retiring. At all costs

she wants to avoid any unpleasantness—or at least make sure that if it comes it is not her fault. If something unpleasant does happen, the puppy dog has two stock responses. The first is a pained silence that tells you in no uncertain terms how mean, insensitive and ungrateful you are. The second is to tell you directly how hurt she is and that you are an absolute monster to deliberately kick a puppy dog.

At work the puppy dog plays cute and pleads ignorance. She is "miss-little-nice-person." You are never really sure you can count on her; but then she does try so hard, doesn't she? She tries very hard to do her work and seems terribly eager to please. She wants praise—to tell her what a good little girl she is.

If she is unable to do her work, she uses her weakness to get everyone to do it for her. Oh, it is not that she is shirking, not at all, it's just that you are so good at this stuff and she just can't seem to get the hang of it. In meetings she is so polite and charming that you feel that you have made some great social blunder if you disagree with her. She carries her point, not by the strength of her argument or her conviction, but because no one wants to be crude enough mention her glaring faults.

At home the puppy dog never raises her voice and, at a moment's notice, trots out "Poor little me; I am so simple and innocent, how can you help but love me." The puppy dog wants everyone else to take responsibility for her life. She has to be directed in the performance of any task. She has to be told when the family is going to eat. She has to be told what needs to be cleaned and what has to be done around the house and how to do each little thing. She has to be reminded again and again of any impending social engagement. If you forget to praise her or forget a birthday or an anniversary, she will put on her puppy dog look as if to break your heart with pity.

With friends she is ever amiable. She is the person everyone wants to take care of and watch out for. She is always pleasant to be around; she smiles and is agreeable. She always tries to do the right thing, but is just slightly scatterbrained. The puppy dog rarely has enemies. It's just so hard to hate a puppy dog. For these same reasons, however, the puppy dog doesn't have any real friends either. She only has a kennel of playmates who collectively live in the dog house of life.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 5: Porcupine, A Victim...With Thorns

The porcupine is a harmless little creature who just plods along. He's not out to do any damage to anyone. But try to get close to him and you will know that he is well protected.

Our porcupine thrives on aggression against himself. That is his safe relationship. He is perpetually ready to be attacked. If no one is attacking him, then he may provoke it or, as a last resort, imagine it.

At the office our porcupine is a perpetual victim. "The circumstances were against him," or "he didn't get the breaks," or "someone didn't like him," or "someone else had an in." No matter what happens he is sure there is a plot involved. He was given a job because so and so was out to get him and gave him the job knowing that he'd fail. But the porcupine is going to show him, he'll do the job well just to defeat that so and so. If work is slow then it's because "they" are giving it to someone else. If a rush job comes down, it was planned that way to make him work late.

Being on guard all the time, the porcupine never answers questions directly. When you ask him something you are never quite sure if you have been answered or not. In drafting a report, a memo or a letter, he has to do it again and again just to make sure he has corrected all the errors he knows are there.

The main thing about him, however, is that, at the least little provocation he bristles like his namesake. Whenever he is given anything, whether his own work or someone else's, he immediately looks for the error he knows will be there as a form of subtle sabotage. He is ever on the alert to figure out who is going to do him dirt and who might be scheming for his job. As a device he surrounds himself with weak people; or with strong people who he can misuse by not giving them jobs equal to their talents.

At home, the porcupine always seems to be bristling for a fight. It used to be said that he was going around with a chip on his shoulder, but there is more to it than that. While he views himself as soft and innocent, he is at the same time perpetually ready to be attacked. His wife is out to spend him into the poorhouse; his children are out to ruin his reputation; his in-laws are out to break up his marriage; his neighbors deliberately let the dog soil the front lawn. When his children don't complete a task satisfactorily, it is never because the task was too hard, but always because the kids are irresponsible. His wife is too demanding, his children are too noisy, the neighbors are not taking care of their property.

With friends, the porcupine tends to keep things continually in an uproar. Since he mistrusts everyone, he sows the seeds of mistrust wherever he goes. His friends soon come to have an attitude of mutual suspicion, and whenever they are together they are on guard. Sure that he is going to be attacked, the porcupine often provokes aggression by sticking his nose in where it isn't wanted. Then, when the attack comes, the porcupine can look fondly at his innocence and console himself by how victimized he is by everyone.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 6: Hornet, What a Bitch!

The hornet is a nasty little beasty. Alone it can sneak up on you and inflict a painful sting. Together with others of its kind, it forms a swarm. Seemingly defenseless, if you didn't know better you'd simply brush it away, but beware: you are in the hornet's way.

Through criticism the hornet defends herself. It is the adult equivalent of what children do in tattling on each other. If she can make sure that someone else gets the blame for the act then obviously *she* won't. This is the hornet's job in life.

So the hornet goes about dishing out blame for all to hear to make sure that no one blames her. One of her secret ploys is to criticize herself or deliberately invite others to criticize her. If she can plead guilty to a lesser crime, then you will not convict her of the greater crime.

In her most obvious form, the hornet is a gossip. She goes about deliberately finding every wrong-doer she can so she can hide in the crowd. She has many superficial relationships, none deep, and they are all designed to get information on others for her gossip. She particularly enjoys small gatherings of two or three other people where she can have "intimate" talks about the people who are not there.

To accomplish this at home she will talk to her children about the father, to the husband about the children, and to the children about each other. Soon she manages to make her house a place of mutual recrimination with everyone looking to accuse everyone else all the time.

Hornets come in two forms: the confessor and the collector of self-criticism.

The confessor-hornet gives the appearance of openness by seeking opportunities to confess her faults. She immunizes herself to criticism by taking continual small doses so as not to have any reaction to the big doses. The confessor-hornet has a little trick which works this way: if I admit that I have done something, then it is over and done with and forgiven; then I can do it again. This is a technique commonly used by alcoholics and drug addicts.

Another variant is the criticize-me-hornet. She disarms everyone by inviting their criticism and, if they will not offer it, she will say it about herself. The criticize-me-hornet collects criticisms.

Both the confessor-hornet and the criticize-me-hornet operate pretty much the same way. At the office, she expects to do things wrong. If the job is simple she'll find some silly way to mess it up so she gets her daily dose of criticism. If the job is more difficult, she'll delay to the last minute. No matter what anyone else says she always knows her work is inadequate. Since she expects criticism, she doesn't know what to do with praise and tends to brush it off.

At home she bumbles through things, forgets tasks, burns the dinner, and seems unable to manage. She is quick to admit her errors: "I'm sorry the roast didn't turn out." Tasting it, her husband says, "No, dear, it's fine." "No, it isn't, you're just trying to be nice." In time, her husband and children learn to cooperate and give her her daily dose of criticism.

With friends the hornet produces a constant stream of harmless errors. She's late for appointments, she forgets things at home, she makes small social errors and then invites the condemnation with phrases like "that was stupid of me, wasn't it?" or "I never seem to do anything right, do I" or "I can't see why you put up with me, I'm so clumsy."

There is also another hornet species: the sneaky one. Like the gossipy hornet the sneaky hornet gathers dirt but waits until just the right time to sting you with it.

Around the office the sneaky hornet is particularly dangerous. She draws you into conversations and finds out about what you are doing and not doing and how things are going; and when she is ready…she knifes you in the back. The sneaky hornet is the office politician. Looking always for the vital areas, she moves quickly and thus gets you nicely out of the way of her next promotion.

At home the sneaky hornet builds up hurt points. She invites her family to let down their guard…and then she swoops down on them. She invites her child to go to the cookie jar so she can yell at him for taking too many cookies. She cooks a lot of food for her husband so she can criticize him for being overweight. She spends a lot of money in one area so that she can criticize her husband for not having enough to spend in another area. For example, she buys a lot of clothes so she can criticize him about the furniture; or she spends a lot of money on the house so she can criticize him because she can't buy clothes. Knowing that children get dirty when they play, she has her children change clothes well before they are going somewhere so that by the time they are ready to go the clothes are dirty. She schedules dinner for a precise time so if anyone is even five minutes late, the dinner is ruined. She drives her husband to drink and then criticizes him when he drinks (the alcoholic's wife). She overprotects her children and then accuses them of clinging. She makes herself physically unattractive and then accuses her husband of not being sexually interested in her.

The sneaky hornet is ever alert to errors of social etiquette. She is quick to pick up on your slights, your mannerisms, your ways of doing things that differ from her own. She may invite friends to her home on two successive occasions so she can complain that they never invite her to *their* home. The sneaky hornet can be a real pain in the neck.

How well does this describe you?

A Little……A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little……A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7



Cage 7: Parrot, Polly Wanna Crackup?

The parrot is famous for mimicry. You can never really get anything out of a parrot that you have not put there first. You'll never learn anything about the parrot from what it says—it will just repeat back to you what *you* said.

Parrots don't make statements, they only ask questions. They use questions to avoid exposing anything about themselves. A person can hide behind a question without having to expose what he really feels

or thinks. And, if you only ask questions, you have a very nice technique for avoiding arguments. If someone does happen to become hot under the collar the parrot can back off with "I was just asking, that's all."

On the other hand, by playing the parrot you can manipulate the other person into all kinds of disclosures which you can use to maintain your safe relationship. A statement is a commitment—it says something about you. A question, however, can be phrased in a neutral fashion. It doesn't have to indicate where you stand at all. Answering questions with questions is in some ways the safest of all safe relationships.

At work the parrot loves studies—that is why he makes such a good bureaucrat. If he is subtle enough, the parrot can be quite a likable guy. That's because everyone knows so little about him that there is nothing to dislike. The parrot, however, can also be extremely annoying. He rarely gives directions on a project and waits until you finish; then he asks you why you did it the way you did. People who work for a parrot feel as though they are never quite sure what they are supposed to be doing and for what reason. Some people at work like to rationalize their parrot by calling it the Socratic method. These people are called teachers.

If you are especially good at being a parrot, you might be called a newscaster, an interviewer, an attorney, or a bureaucrat.

At home the main task of the parrot is to ask questions to avoid expressing a personal preference. "What do you want for dinner?" Parrot: "I don't know, what do you want?" The parrot takes every statement and turns it into a question.

Instead of "I would like to go to a movie tonight, would you like to go to one also?" the parrot says: "Would you like to go to a movie?" Instead of "I think we need new drapes in the living room," it's "Do you think we need new drapes in the living room?" Instead of "Debbie, you left your skates on the stairs, please go get them," it's "Debbie, didn't you forget something on the stairs?"

If the parrot ever has a preference, or a want, or a desire, or even an idea the most you are ever going to know about it is what you can infer from his questions. He will always go along. Anything is OK with him as long as he can avoid an argument.

Another variation is the listener parrot. He is the parrot that women and Dale Carnegie graduates are always told to be; he spends all his

time asking questions to draw you out while he appears to listen with interest. The main thing the parrot wants to avoid is any sort of personal commitment or self-disclosure. Whether he is repeating other people's opinions, or citing endless statistics from the newspaper, or changing his mind to meet the situation, or simply just keeping his mouth shut and listening, the parrot will maintain his safe relationship.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

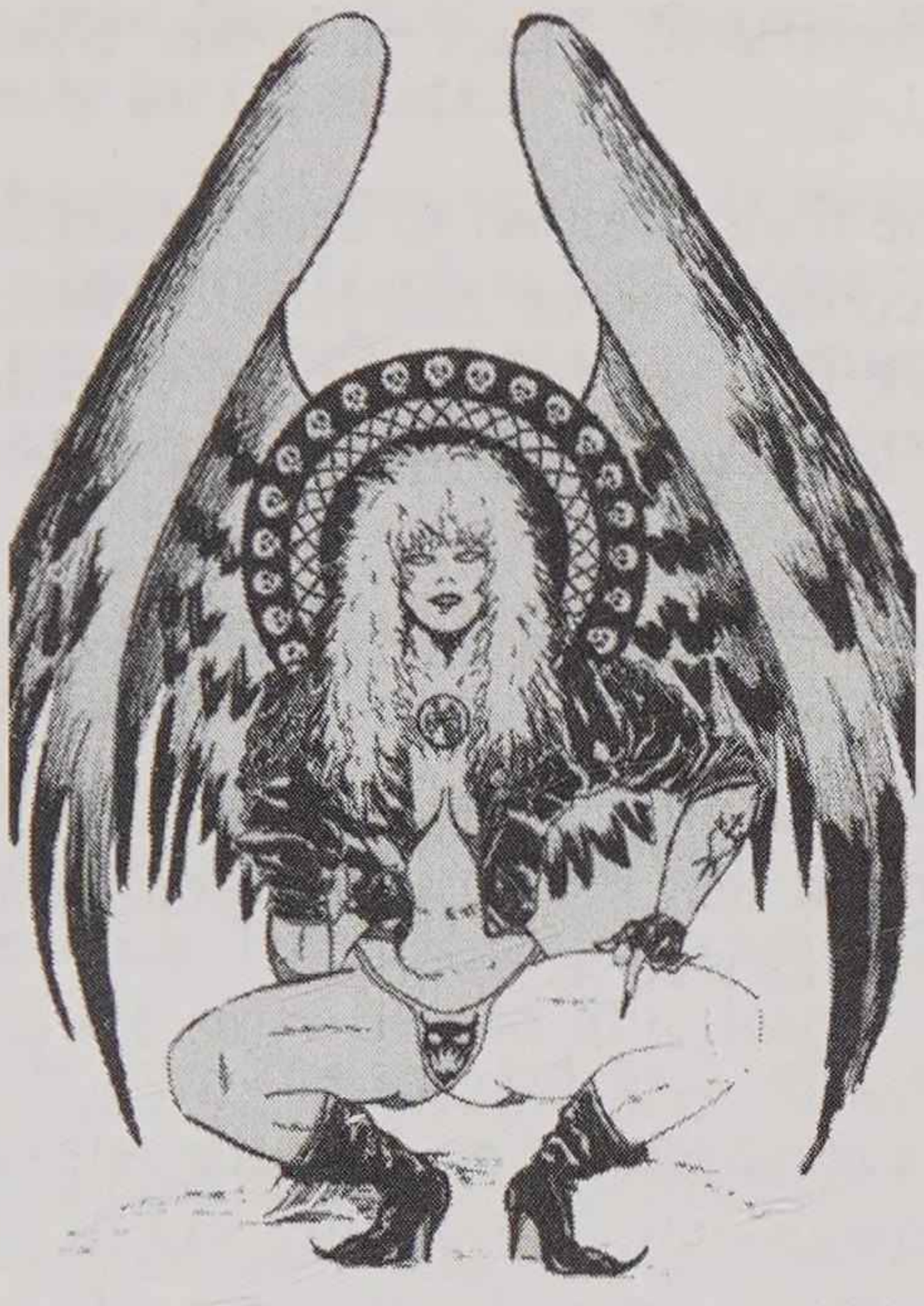
A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7



Cage 8: Peacock, "I'm Pretty, Oh So Pretty"

The peacock is best known for one thing: its colorful feathers. Outside of that showy tail the peacock would be a rather insignificant bird. But the peacock manages to show off and so gets itself taken care of and protected and has a nice, cozy home in our zoo.

The main task of the human peacock is to convince everyone how important he is. Whether the peacock really has the best plumage in town is not important. The human peacock is totally unaware of other people's plumage and he has convinced *you* of it.

The peacock doesn't have friends—he has investments. These investments are supposed to return dividends of praise. Some of his investments are supposed to admire his plumage. Others are for bragging about. His wife, of course, is something *very* special...and his kids possess some *absolutely remarkable* ability or talent.

He is deeply hurt if things can go on without him. The peacock is usually a fairly insignificant person; truly big people do not have to impress. But to himself, the peacock is terribly important. Whatever the peacock does, he has a tendency to overdo. If he gets sick he must

have the most magnificent doctor in town. Every event must be significant.

Some peacocks use their position to draw attention, some use their power, some their contacts, some their physical beauty, and some their smartness. At work the peacock is such a common animal that to describe all the varieties would be tiresome. But let's look at a few of the more common ones.

There is the peacock who is absolutely indispensable. For some, this safe role is so important that they keep their work in a state of constant disarray in the hope that no one could take it over. The indispensable peacock likes to think that he is overworked. And no one else can handle as much work as well as he does.

Everyone can see how fine his feathers are. If the indispensable peacock works in a management position, he sets things up so that all work channels through him. We usually say of this animal that he can't delegate, but that's not really the case. He *could* delegate, but then he would not be as indispensable. And that is too close to his feared relationship.

Then there is the impressing peacock. Part of his plumage includes his salary, his office furnishings, the size of his staff, and the size of his budget. He likes to keep his office beautiful and organized so he can look down at those who can't run their sections as properly as he.

A relative of the impressing peacock is the mine-is-better-than-yours peacock. This peacock reduces everything to a contest. He competes with the person at the next desk; his department is in competition with the next department; his company is in competition with the next company. No matter what level he holds in the company, his scope reaches out to include his department, his section, his division, his company.

Interpersonally, he exchanges superiority-points for favors. He will be glad to do your work for you…if you acknowledge that you could not do it without him.

This peacock can turn vicious if not fed by praise. If a more brightly colored bird enters his territory, he will do everything possible to force the prettier bird to flee. He will try to make life miserable for him. He will use rumor and innuendo—even outright sabotage—to get rid of the other bird.

The mine-is-better peacock is easily offended. Even a trivial failure to pay him proper homage can bring his wrath upon you. Everyone must

recognize that he is at the top of the pecking order, and pay him homage…or be ready for his attack.

Then there's the know-it-all peacock. He is especially prevalent in technical areas of a business (such as data processing or engineering) and in sales. This peacock does not answer questions to communicate information, but rather to prove how much more he knows than everyone else.

At home the peacock is often in his glory, especially if there are children around. With children the peacock is *automatically* bigger and smarter and has more power and authority. That's one reason the peacock *has* children: to show off. Sometimes the children become an extension of the peacock. Then the children are under terrific pressure to perform. This is the story behind little league parents, and stage mothers, and you-must-do-well-in-school parents. The peacock demands respect from his children—not because he has earned it, but because everyone should 'ooh' and 'ahh' at his magnificence.

With a spouse or partner the peacock has many variations. Here are a few: There's "what a hard day I've had." There's "no one appreciates me." And "look at all I do for you." Or "I can't seem to ever get any peace around here." There's "we have the neatest house in town," or "the most beautiful," or "the ugliest," or "the sloppiest." There's "she couldn't live without me," "this is the best relationship in the world" or "you are the meanest, most insensitive person there is." There's the social climber, the show off, and being the Joneses that everyone tries to keep up with. There is setting the fad and being stylish. There is being up on the latest news, and there's taking pride in never paying attention to that junk. And on and on it goes, impressing people, pointing out how his is better than yours, how indispensable he is, and how much he knows.

With friends, the peacock stays true to form. He has more friends than anyone else, or a higher class of friends, or a more select group. He can hold his liquor better, or he can get drunker. He can tell more jokes, he can dance better, he knows more places to go, he gives better parties.

He monopolizes conversations because who, after all, could possibly have anything of importance to say other than him. His children, his car, his home, his vacation, his love affairs are all so unique that everyone else must be dying to find out about them.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 9: The Albatross, You Wouldn't Want One Around Your Neck

The albatross is also known as the gooney bird. Gooney birds look terribly funny when they take off and when they land. They are clown birds.

That is what our human gooney bird is: a clown. The gooney bird uses laughter and good cheer as his safe relationship. Laughter is a perfect safe relationship. Whoever dislikes the clown has to be an absolute boor. Remember the old line in westerns: "Smile when you say that, partner." That simply means that you can say anything if you cover it with a joke or a smile. So the way of the gooney bird is to turn himself or others into fools, using humor as a weapon and as a defense.

At work the gooney bird is the proverbial hail-fellow-well-met. As long as you do not have to spend too much time around him, he brings lightness and good cheer into the day. He is adept at making the clam open its shell, the porcupine shed its quills, and the peacock pull in its

plumage. True, he can become somewhat tiresome, especially if the edge is off his humor. But what the hell, he's one fine fellow.

There is another species of gooney bird which you occasionally meet. This is the bird who never quite makes the grade. He tries to be humorous, he tries to liven things up and have an ever-ready joke, but he seems just unable to pull it off. Like all safe relationships, this gooney bird does not abandon his attempt to entertain. Instead he becomes a caricature of himself. Then his stories become trite, his humor off-color and his remarks more biting than funny. He consoles himself, however, with days of past glory and occasional good lines and continues to think of himself as terribly humorous and entertaining. But for everyone around him, he is simply awkward and something of an embarrassment.

At home the gooney bird is less enjoyable. After a while humor grows thin if that is all there is. Humor entertains, attracts, enchants; but in the end it grows thin and of itself does not sustain a relationship. The gooney bird at home is a source of frequent frustration. Pretty soon the children or the wife or the girl friend have heard the same jokes enough times that they are no longer the least bit funny. But still he continues because this is the gooney bird's safe relationship. Soon the family starts to drift away, wanting to spend as little time as possible with the clown. The gooney bird becomes more frantic and tries to learn new jokes to bring home as prizes. They work once, if at all, and then are gone. The gooney bird is thrown back on himself and that does not make for much, for making himself or others into the fool is the only thing the gooney bird knows.

With both friends and people at the office, the gooney bird can be quite entertaining—if they do not know him for too long. Over time, they become like family and his storehouse of jokes is soon used up. Then his attempt to monopolize and control the situation becomes distasteful and he is gradually isolated from one circle of friends after another.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 10: Lemming, "Hey Everybody, Follow Me!"

The lemming is a little animal that is famous for one thing: periodically it commits suicide in large numbers. The lemming, it would appear, has an urge to self-sacrifice.

So too our human lemming. She loves sacrifice; she is the martyr. She craves sympathy and tries to make others feel bad for her pain. The lemming knows she is good when she is feeling bad—that is her safe relationship. To her, sacrifice is more important than her own enjoyment. The lemming does not know how to pay attention to what she wants; she is trained to ignore her own wants in favor of going along with others. She will go along with the group, or with her family, or with her friends as long as she does not have to go along with her own wishes. If asked to make a choice, the lemming may do so, but immediately after feels unsure and even apologetic for having stated a preference.

The lemming comes in two species. The first seeks martyrdom for martyrdom's sake. The second seeks martyrdom as a way of making others feel guilty for her "pain."

At this point I would like to tell a story. A young couple who had been seeing me for a while had an eight-year-old son. One day the son became extremely angry with his mother and started swearing at her.

Normally, in this house (and properly so), no fuss was made of swearing. But in this particular instance some of the words the son used angered his father and he bawled out his son. The son felt hurt and wanted to hurt back. He adopted the lemming role: "I'm going to show you," he said, "I'm going out and destroy my bicycle." The father had learned about this game in therapy and responded by saying "Go right ahead, but then you won't get another bicycle for some time." The boy figured that was too high a price to pay, so he said "O.K., but I'm going to let the air out of my tires" So out of the house he stalked and efficiently took all the air out of his tires.

This is the essence of the lemming. To hurt and control others she hurts herself. The lemming counts on others being so concerned with her pain that they will sacrifice themselves for her in an attempt to relieve her of her pain. The lemming tries to use your strengths against you!

At work the lemming is overworked. It does not matter how much she does or how little she does, she is overworked. And besides, her boss doesn't understand her. Nor do a lot of other people. And there are lots of other things to complain about, too. It can be too hot or too cold. The lighting can be too strong…

The lemming loves to complain. She likes to tell everyone how hard her job is, how insensitive her boss is, how much she does for the company and how the company does not appreciate her.

The world of "social services" in government was made for lemmings. It lets the lemming feel she is giving up her own desires on behalf of yours.

At home the lemming is notorious. Children, of course, are required to be lemmings. It is their assigned task in life to give up what they want to conform to everyone else. They have to share their toys, they have to come in for dinner, they have to be quiet, and go to bed, and wash up, and do their school work. Fathers can contribute, too. They can sacrifice their leisure and their interests and their money and their friends and their hobbies and their freedom. Mothers, though, can beat that. They can sacrifice everything that father can sacrifice plus they can give up their figure to have children. Home is just right for lemmings.

The lemming gets along beautifully with friends—if she does not become too extreme. She forms a complementary relationship with

hornets and porcupines and bloodhounds. The lemming loves to over-commit. She enjoys getting involved in so many activities that her energy is totally drained. She particularly loves charity work. After all, the more she sacrifices, the better she is. The nice thing about having a lemming for a friend is that she is always ready to do what you want her to do. The lemming does not demand very much. She asks for an occasional show of concern, a little bit of sympathy here and there, and she knows that her life is fulfilled in her ever-constant tragedy.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 11: Fox, The New-Ager

The fox has a reputation as a wily creature. You try very hard to keep up with it, but it darts and twists and turns until it has you thoroughly confused as to where it went.

And so with our human fox. The human fox does not talk to you, he talks *at* you. Words, for him, are not a way to communicate, but a way to confuse, a way to keep people at a distance. Communication is the

major way we have of reaching out to each other; but reaching out is a feared relationship for the fox. Words are a lair to hide in.

One favorite method of the fox is to overwhelm you with such a flood of words that, by the time he is through talking, you do not know what he has said. This particular method accomplishes several things at once. By slipping something into the middle of his statement and not giving you an opportunity to answer, he can pretend that you have no answer. Similarly, by making many points in his monologue and allowing you time only to respond to one of them, he can convince himself that all the rest of his points were accepted.

Another method is to act as though he didn't hear what you said to him. After he pours out his point and gets your response, he will go on as though you had never said a word. It appears that his only purpose is to hear himself talk, but that is not the case. His purpose is to use communication to hide.

The fox has a second lair, a second way to use words to keep you at a distance. This lair has two exits: confusing fact with opinion, and conversely, confusing opinion with fact. The fox likes to say things like "that's only your opinion" or "nothing is ever certain" or "everyone is entitled to his own opinion." This fox wants only opinions, not facts, so he cannot be held accountable for what he says. If all statements are only opinions, then all opinions have equal validity. Then you can never show him he is wrong or hold him responsible for being wrong.

The other escape hole for this fox is never to have opinions or judgments: everything he says is a fact. This know-it-all does not talk to transmit his knowledge or to learn of yours, but only to demonstrate that you are wrong and he is right…once again.

That leaves us with only two more lairs for the fox: unnecessary generalization, and the quoter of statistics and trivia. The user of unnecessary generalization wants to be sure that no matter what he says, at least part of it is right. By using generalizations, he doesn't have to think or differentiate or understand. He can just spew his conclusions in the broadest terms. If he is challenged, he can cite at least one case where it is true…as though one case were sufficient to prove all cases.

The quoter of statistics and trivia has a foolproof method of amazing and entertaining and ultimately staying in his safe relationship. He has lots of little facts always at hand that he can pull out whenever he feels

uncomfortable in a conversation. Since he knows things that you do not, that makes him better. A slight variant of this fox is the person who avidly reads newspapers and news magazines and can at a moment's silence repeat for you the latest from *Peephole Magazine* or *60 Minutiae*.

At work the fox is either terribly frustrating and almost unpleasant to be around, or is a very likable fellow. Many salesmen are foxes. The entertainment industry is loaded with them, especially the movie and music industries. Foxes can also make good trial attorneys. But the ultimate fox of all, need it be said, is that person who can talk for hours without ever saying anything, that magnificent spewer of verbal feces, the politician.

The fox at work loves conferences, meetings, or "kicking it around." If the fox has a good sense of humor or is a good storyteller, he is usually a pleasure to be around. If he is without these gifts, he's a terrible time killer. If you're in the mood to just sit around and kill time, he's a great one to get into a conversation. But if you're busy and need to get something done, then he can be awfully annoying.

At home if a fox has found another fox for a partner they usually have a very pleasant relationship. They both talk at each other incessantly and they have a happy house of babble. Their big problem arises when they run out of things to talk about. Silence is a feared relationship for the talkative fox.

Each variant of the fox has a particular animal that matches well. The fox who never listens to answers gets along beautifully with the lemming. The quoter of statistics and trivia does well with a puppy dog. The fox who confuses opinion with fact and fact with opinion gets along well with a peacock or a gooney bird.

With friends the fox is very much like he is at home. He picks people who complement his safe relationship. Because the fox uses words as a way to defend rather than as a way to communicate, all his relationships are superficial; and the major thing he seeks from other people is the illusion that what he says is actually worth listening to.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 12: Shark, Mack the Knife

You might have known there had to be a shark. Well here it is and it is every bit as mean as it is cracked up to be. The portrait of the shark is not a pretty one. The shark is a killer; oh, not literally a killer, just a person who thrives on the pain of its victims. For some it is physical pain—the traditional sadistic character—but for most, emotional pain serves quite well. This animal thrives on the murky depths of the soul. When necessary it uses physical violence to subdue its prey, but usually it wants to drag everyone down to its own level of despair.

At work the shark browbeats, bullies and demeans until he has reduced those around him to a level at which he feels comfortable. In blue-collar jobs he complains incessantly, often covering over his shark character with the camouflage of "working conditions," "safety," and "management." In an office he breeds dissatisfaction and opposes every move which will increase efficiency or productivity. This he will do in the name of any handy cause such as unemployment, or ecology, or energy—anything he can dig his teeth into.

At home the shark destroys for the sheer satisfaction of destruction. He cannot abide happiness; he thrives on duty and sacrifice. If his children enjoy a toy, he will demand that they share it. If the woman he is with does something right, it will be ignored. If she does some-

thing wrong, he will make sure it does not pass unnoticed. As time passes and the pattern settles in, the shark can be subtle and effective in his destruction. With time and training, a slight sign, a look of patient tolerance, a hint of disdain in the voice will be enough to make sure that his mate or his children do not rise above the level of perpetual unhappiness.

In friendship, the shark is involved either with people he can degrade and browbeat, or he is involved in political causes and pals around with people who work for the same cause. Loving to destroy, he will use whatever weapons are at hand, from humor to guilt. With the keen sense of smell for which the shark is noted, he finds someone who disagrees with him and quickly condemns, never pausing to listen to another point of view. His objective is not knowledge or understanding, but simply to devour anyone or anything which stands in the way of his viewpoint. Politically, he is always a socialist of either the communist or fascist variety who prattles on about poor people and the social system. He hides his shark safe relationship behind the socially safe words of altruism. His real objective is not to raise people up, but to pull people down; not to make poor people rich, but to make rich people poor. Throughout, he is righteous. He is the lord of the sea and anyone who disagrees with him is a bigot or a racist or a reactionary.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 13: Hen and Chick, Marriage in the Modern World?!!!

I had some trouble naming this animal. Though it is only one form of the safe relationship, you can see it in two opposite forms. The hen treats everyone as though they were children. The chick treats everyone as though they were parents. There are hens and there are chicks and there are pairs made up of a hen and a chick; they go well together.

The hen likes to pretend she is grown up. If she treats everyone as a child, then obviously she must be a parent—and that means she is grown up. In reality she is simply playing the child's game of "house" with life itself.

The chick wants to be taken care of. If he is taken care of, then that means that nothing can hurt him, because who would ever hurt a child; and it means that he is a good little boy because, after all, parents are only nice to good little boys.

The hen and the chick are a frequent scene in couples. It can go either way: the man can play the parent—we could call him a rooster—and the woman can play the kid chick; or it can be reversed. The hen and the chick generally have little trouble in the world, because no matter which role a person plays, they can usually find a complement. The hen can always find a chick and the chick can always find a hen.

An interesting variant of the hen and the chick occurs when both safe relationships are used by the same person. Someone I know phrased it beautifully when he said: "I'm her father and she's my mother." That sums it up. She approaches him as a chick asking him to be the hen; and he approaches her as the chick asking her to be the hen.

At work, the woman chick is so well known she is almost a stereotype. She is piteously insecure and acts as though she were waiting to be found out on her last big blunder. She is always ready to give way to anyone else's opinions or wishes. She is a nice little girl who pleads with the world of parents that they not be too mean to her—for she is, after all, just a helpless little chick.

The man chick at work tries to pass his day with pleasant talk. He gets along well with people as long as he does not have a management or supervisory position. If he is given any responsibility, that puts him in the hen relationship and he is unable to carry through.

The woman hen at work is another stereotype. If she is in charge of a department then she demands that she be your mother-confessor to whom you bring all your problems. At one moment a comforting and protecting hen, at the next she is a vengeful parent picking at you and pointing out all of your failings. She wants everyone to be dependent on her—she is indispensable and how could you possibly get along without her. The female hen makes her coworkers her brood.

The male rooster at work comes in two varieties: the short-tempered tyrant, and the tolerant protector. For the short-tempered tyrant, it is only his enduring fond resignation which allows him to put up with your inevitable blunders. Since he knows ahead of time that you cannot do the job yourself, it is only to humor you and give you a little practice that he lets you try at all before he has to redo it.

The tolerant protector also assumes that you cannot do your job, but that is what he likes about you. Being in his own mind a very tolerant person, he lets you do your best and then looks to praise you for your best effort —though he knows it is not good enough. To him you are like an eight-year-old who brings home a childish painting from school. It is obviously a little child's painting, but you praise the child to make him feel good. That is the attitude of the tolerant protector toward everyone. Of course, he hides his real attitude behind ideas like positive reward, or employee motivation, or morale.

With family all four relationships take their place. The hen has a natural environment. She finds a mate who is weak, or manages to reduce an otherwise self-sufficient man to the status of chick. She likes to express concern for what he is doing and especially for a problem he is having with other people at work. With her friends, she talks about him as though he were a poor helpless little child who could not put on his socks in the morning if it were not for her. With her children she is over-protective and over-concerned. She calls it being a good parent. She objects to her children's making their own decisions because they are only children, you know. She is at her best when her children are sick, and some extreme hens adopt already sick children as a guarantee of their hen relationship.

At home the rooster finds a helpless chick who must be protected and taken care of. She can't make her own decisions, so he must make them for her. He calls this "being the man of the house." Whenever his chick does what he says, everything goes well. That is because he ignores any problems or errors that arise. But when she makes her own

decisions or does things her way, he manages to find all the errors and problems; and the next time she should ask him first.

At home the female chick is the stereotype of the helpless female. The more she is mired in the chick relationship, the more helpless she acts. She clings to her man, waits for him to come home and tries piteously to please him. Any attempt to do anything independently of him throws her into a state of hopeless mental confusion. She necessarily regards her man as essential to her physical well-being.

The male chick at home is henpecked. He is a darling little boy who can't wait to get home to mama. He brings her all his problems and troubles and waits for her to solve them. He regards himself as concerned for her feelings. That is the excuse he makes to himself to maintain his safe chick relationship.

With friends the hen and the chick are as monotonously the same as they are at work and at home. The hen, whether male or female, treats everyone as though they were children. The chick treats everyone as though they were parents. The chick is forever looking to everyone else to make the decisions and to take the responsibility. The hen, on the other hand, must make all the decisions and constantly check up on everyone to see that they have not made another silly error.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7



[Nick Tharcher here. Normally I wouldn't consider commenting on or trying to "explain" Hyatt's writing, but this seems a special case. When I first read this article I thought: "Clams and bloodhounds…in a zoo? A combination donkey, rhino, and ox? What's that about?" And as I read further, I noticed that I was feeling more and more confused…and frustrated. (True, this is a state that Dr. Hyatt often aims to evoke in his readers, but this seemed way more than his usual…)

I liked the overall metaphor of a "zoo"—complete with cages, "habitats" and keepers—as a model for human existence. And lots of the specifics made sense to me—but there was also a lot that just plain seemed "wrong." And then it hit me: it was an exercise all right, but just not the one I thought it was.

Typical Hyatt: Packaging multiple messages within a message. Beyond the obvious (and useful) "classification" of people as having one "bent" or another, Hyatt is saying a whole lot about the use and misuse of metaphor. Read each section again. This time, at the end of each one, ask yourself: "How much sense did this metaphor make? How often am I distracted (or worse, taken in) by a questionable metaphor and miss the entire point? How many of my 'values' and 'ideas' are backed up by nothing but bullshit, chickenshit and lemmingshit?]

I Ate Her Head and Everything Else —
A Devil Worshipper Confesses

by Rev. S. Jason Black

Me and Greta

Once, a couple of years ago, I was talking with Greta Garbo. I was in the middle of a ten-day vodka binge, sitting in a nearly empty house, naked except for a pair of gym socks, with 1.75 Liters of vodka by my chair, and a jug of chocolate milk (which I highly recommend as a mixer).

I didn't really think Greta was there, any more than Jack Warner was the night before, but I could see her clearly, and she was better company than most (except John Barrymore) though a trifle terse. She listened patiently to my railing against my moronic, genetically defective family and the cesspool of Midwestern American pretensions to middle-class culture. (Whoops! That's an oxymoron.)

Her eyelids were typically drooped halfway, and she leaned forward with her elbows on her boney knees. Her feet really were as big as in the old cartoons. Luckily for me, she did not drink vodka, as I was in no condition to go out and get more. Barrymore had been there the night before, and I was down to my last two jugs. After that, it was wine. Yuck. Fish fuck in wine.

She quietly suggested that I make some notes about interesting moments in the last twenty years of my life to get the redneck taste of Missouri out of my mouth. She may have said more, but by that time the projectile vomit was hitting the wall, and I couldn't hear her over the retching.

Prologue in a Dumpster

They found the frozen human head in the dumpster behind the Pizza Hut near the intersection of Santa Monica and Highland. The head could not have been there long, as it was late spring, and it was, as I

said, still frozen. This is one of my earliest, and most poignant memories of Hollywood. The event took place sometime between 1979, and, oh, maybe 1982, and established for me the true romance of the place. After all, a body in a dumpster is hardly noticeable, and anyone can dump a severed head, but a frozen severed head implied a fastidiousness, a desire for freshness that implied the act of a gentleman.

The local news media went into a tizzy, since they had had nothing but filler on their programs for some time. You must remember, this was in the years before the first 24 hour news network, and the armies of hacks who turned Monica Lewinski into a year-long event were not quite what they are now.

In short, they thought they had a new serial killer out there, and the anchormen must have had boners beneath their television news desks.

As days went by, they gave us tantalizing hints of the former custodian of the head's past (they never found the body). He was, it seems, an occasional porn star. And not only that, he was a gay porn star. And not only that, he was a black gay porn star. The implication was that he had somehow brought this upon himself. In my twenty years in Los Angeles I have known a number of porn actors, all of whom retained their heads.

Ahhhh, but they weren't black gay porn actors. Now, according to sages like Pat Robertson, who attributed a San Fernando Valley earthquake in the 1990s to the Valley porn film industry (the largest in the country) and called it a "pornquake", participating in such things alone would bring down punishment from whatever demented being he worships.

In fact, there are two distinct explanations that occur to me regarding the presence of the frozen head behind the Pizza Hut. The first, the more pragmatic of the two, involves the mystery of how a head could remain frozen in full daylight on a late spring morning in a dumpster off Santa Monica Blvd.

My first theory is: joggers.

While at night, that section of the Boulevard was a buffet of male hustlers; in the mornings it was a quiet, usually sun-drenched stretch of sidewalk frequented by the occasional local jogger. Now, my idea is that a car pulling into one side of the back alley of the Pizza Hut and then out the other would be in great danger of being identified by multiple witnesses. But a jogger, trotting in for a brief whiz (I have

pissed there many times) if he were innocuous enough, would, if noticed, be unidentifiable. Say, perhaps, he was wearing a small back-pack. He could have trotted around back, slam-dunked the head into the dumpster and jogged out the other side with no one remembering. All you would need as disguise would be a pair of sunglasses and a baseball cap.

My other idea is my favorite: Explosive percussive tension.

The idea—which I got from the sub-text of the news broadcasts—is that the emotional stress and subconscious guilt of being a black gay porn actor is so great that in some cases the neck will vaporize explosively, sending the head hurtling into the upper atmosphere, where it flash-freezes and returns to earth, landing in a dumpster or playground. Unless of course, it goes too high and burns up in re-entry.

The broadcast and print media waited with bated breath for the next victim, focusing particularly on West Hollywood, the "gay district" (yes, it was official, much to the chagrin of all the Russian Jews who lived there) of Los Angeles. It was, sad to say, a very long wait.

Then at last, pay dirt! Although from a rather unexpected quarter. A youngish married couple had been discovered with the head of a 21-year-old woman in their refrigerator freezer, right by the Swanson's frozen dinners. While this was grossly disappointing to those hoping for a gay serial killer; they still had hopes for a porn connection. Alas, things so rarely work out for the best. Not only was there no connection to the original murder, but this poor lone frozen head seemed to be the couple's only foray into the field. Perhaps they only wanted someone to talk to when they reached for the Haagen Daz at 2 am.

As for the first murder, it went unsolved, perhaps because it had never been a murder after all.

Explosive percussive tension.

The Search for Self

On that same boulevard, a few miles to the East, there is a beautiful, long, low building designed in imitation far-eastern fashion. It had been there for many decades, so long that the tacky strip-mall and business sector had gradually built up around it. It is the Self-Realization Fellowship founded by the saintly Paramahansa Yogananda in the 1920s, one of the first to bring Hindu-style yoga to America. This same organization has a compound eastward in the country (or what

now passes for it) where the body of this same sage lies in state, uncorrupted, and, some say, smelling of roses after being dead longer than I've been alive. Just like St. Theresa of Avila, only chubbier.

At any rate, the purpose of this organization, of high repute and still very active today, is, as the title of the organization implies, the unity of the individual with the true self, and the achievement of physical and mental harmony. Even I do not know what that means.

About three miles to the West, closer to the Pizza Hut, there is an enormous, almost featureless edifice, looming many stories higher than any other building in the area. I am convinced, but cannot prove that the Self-Realization Fellowship had a hand in its construction. On one side, several stories high in enormous red letters is painted "Self-Storage." How convenient that on one part of Santa Monica Blvd. one can realize oneself, and only a few miles down the street, rent a place to store it.

Interlude in North Africa

Aleister Crowley, on his hands and knees, his sizable ass in the air and kaftan pushed up (or down, considering the angle) to his waist was being vigorously buttfucked by 13 inches of Muslim meat owned by the black boy he had hired as a guide and companion for himself and Leah Hirsig on their foray into the desert for purposes of magick and sundry forms of enlightenment. Leah was on the other side of the fire reading an Agatha Christie novel.

The faint desert breeze, comfortable now because of the season and the encroaching darkness, carried the faint perfume of shit mixed with the scent of the rendered goat fat that they were using as a lubricant. They had sacrificed the goat at the moment of orgasm while it was fucking Leah. Crowley had corrected his Italian mistake by the discovery of a mixture of mild narcotics and liqueurs which upon being given to the goat, made Leah look like Delores Del Rio. They then cooked and ate the goat as a Eucharist, saving the drippings for Aleister's ass. The boy with the wang was now wearing the still-bloody goat's head as a crown.

Crowley was reciting sections from either the Arabian nights or the Koran to conjure up and command a local jinn. He wasn't sure which he was reciting from (perhaps both) as he had consumed rather too much hashish before embarking. The Muslim boy, presumably possessed by the spirit of the goat, was shoving away with vigor, disturb-

ing Crowley's speech pattern, so that his rather high reedy voice came out in jerks interspersed with belches of goat meat. In addition, he was constantly struggling to keep his face from being shoved into the sand.

At last, with an un-goatlike yell, the seed of Mohammed shot his seed into the ass-pussy of the Prophet of the Lovely Star. Crowley himself, responding to the sensation of his superheated rectum, spewed the elixir of life onto the sand beneath him (Damn! He could have bottled and sold it!) and for a moment, directly in his line of sight, a whirlwind took sand up into the sky, limned against the moonlight, and he knew he had succeeded. Then it disappeared, he had the boy wipe his ass, and he ate more goat.

The Spirit of Jupiter

In 1978 or '79, I had only recently been inducted into a Crowlean group in Southern California. I had already done some serious practice in spirit evocation with considerable success—that is, the efforts produced phenomena of the spiritist/ghost sort, as well as the requested results. I have referred to some of these in *Pacts With the Devil* and *Urban Voodoo* (both from Falcon). What I am about to describe, however, more resembles Abbot and Costello meet Cagliostro.

This was probably the first time that I had attempted such an operation in a group. There were, as I recall, three other people besides myself involved. My apartment was selected, presumably because I lived alone, so wives/girlfriends/parents would not object. I had also constructed much of the necessary equipment including that remarkable rarity, a magic circle.

The idea was conceived by the head of the small sub-group which I had become involved with. It was done in imitation of one of Crowley's evocations, and like Crowley in the desert with Victor Neuberg, I—draped in a blue robe—was placed in the triangle of manifestation where I was supposed to be possessed by the spirit.

I have done stupider things, but in this case, being in the triangle of manifestation turned out to be the only safe place in the room. Aside from my location in a place no one should be, it was a fairly standard arrangement of circle and triangle. There were three people at the altar in the circle standing side by side.

The operation began and the central person, an occasional heroin addict and leader of a Crowlean group that I joined, lit such an enor-

mous amount of incense, that the tape we made of the ritual is notable mostly for my sneezing.

Nothing materialized in the triangle except a lot of mucus, but the circle was a different story. When the attempt was given up, the three people in the circle developed pains in their torsos, the high priest across his entire middle, those on each side with pains in their sides toward the priest. The priest went to the emergency room.

Nothing was found.

Episode in the Pacific

We were nine days out from Honolulu in the Pacific on a sail from Los Angeles to Hawaii when, at 0800, after a sail through the worst weather for the season in a century, we were hit by a telephone pole. Right by my head. I was sleeping in the forepeak and felt the impact directly, which is why I believe in levitation. I was up on deck with the two others immediately. We all had the same thought: whalestrike. Far more common than you think. What we saw amazed and horrified us.

A huge tarred telephone pole, replete with climbing spikes, had hit the boat head on. If it struck the fiberglass hull side-on with the spikes we could go down in minutes. It floated off to mate with the other telephone poles.

No one has ever believed us.

Hollywood and Sunset

Many years ago in the halcyon days of my youth, I took many psychedelic substances. Once, when I lived in Hollywood, I was peaking on mushrooms while walking west on Hollywood Boulevard precisely at sunset, and was so struck by the sight that I stepped out and stood precisely in the middle of the street. By what I still consider some kind of miracle, there was no traffic in any either direction as far as the eye could see (but plenty of people staring in horror at what I was doing). That is still one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw.

Probably the 'shrooms.

I Turned My Boss into a Zombie

I once turned my boss into a zombie.

While I was working in the Sunset Plaza district near Beverly Hills for an obnoxious loudmouth of a manager (the actor's kind) I had become so stressed out by his flares of temper and blaming others for his mistakes that I decided to experiment on him. While he was out one day pretending to be competent, I retrieved a magical link with him from his desk. As I recall, it was a piece of note paper covered with his scribbling. I had just become interested in Haitian Voodoo (in those days there weren't very many books on the subject) and prepared a talisman to the Loa Legba. Attaching it to the "link" I doused it with various organic fluids and recited a charm in "langage," the magic lingo of Haiti.

When he came into the office the next morning he complained that he lacked energy, and thought he had the flu. If it was a flu, it lasted my time there. His personality had completely changed, and he became quiet and cooperative. When I left he probably reverted.

My Third Black Mass

My third annual Walpurgis night Black Mass and Satanic Buffet was my favorite, though not necessarily my best.

This was partly because that year it was held on Halloween, partly because of what follows. It was held at the rather enormous two story house of a man and his wife who were friends of mine and into the same things (well, more or less) in the huge garage they used for rituals. My "priestess/assistant/altar" and I had set up a sizable altar in the temple area and everyone but me (dressed in virginal white) in their black robes gathering for the affair, wine glasses in hand. I was wandering around rather aimlessly when I heard a voice whisper "Jason, come here. Don't tell anyone I have this." (I will not identify these people, of course.)

He took me into the laundry room, pulled out a little brown bottle and a tiny spoon and filled both my nostrils with excellent cocaine. Did I mention this was the mid-1980s?

We snuck out of the laundry room and, as I re-entered the main area, I heard a voice say, "Jason, come here." This time it was a young lady who stealthily lead me into the downstairs bathroom and locked the door. "Don't tell anyone I have this." She produced a small plastic bag and laid out two lines on the marble counter. She produced a rolled up twenty, and we both laid to. We slinked out into the main area.

I was passing the stairs when I heard a voice say, "Jason, come up here. Don't tell anyone I have this." He took me into the upstairs bathroom, produced a bindle and laid out a line. I became a Hoover. We quietly exited. By now, my eyes were bugging out. I went to the kitchen and asked for a knife to cut the turnip we had chosen as the Host. (It's traditional. Don't ask.) I was handed a butcher knife, and exited to the temple.

This was the time of the very beginning of the so-called "Satanist panic," and we were not aware that the neighbors were some form of fundamentalists who had carefully been observing all the black robes through the windows. The doorbell rang.

Bursting through the door without being asked in were two or three people with their own wine glasses, a smiling woman saying, "Are you having a party? Why didn't you invite us?"

Upon hearing this, I entered from the temple eyes bugged out, unaware that the knife was still in my hand and hissed "Get them out of here!"

It only goes downhill from there, but the rumor mill had started.

Even a Man Who is Pure in Heart and Says His Prayers by Night, May Become a Poodle When the Poodle Bane Blooms and the Autumn Moon Shines Bright

Lon Chaney Jr.'s *The Wolf Man.* Hailed by fans and film historians like Forrest Ackerman as one of the great classics of horror and the supernatural in film. But this was when the movie could only be seen on the late show or at art theater revivals. With the advent of home entertainment and adulthood, it was possible to study a film that as a child I could only watch with glee. The plot is what has come to be the classic one (although not the historical one, in which werewolfery is an act of black magic) where the main character is bitten by a werewolf and becomes one himself. I do not know from whence this notion comes, the earliest version of the story probably being the superior *Werewolf of London* made by the same company about six years earlier.

Upon second glance, *The Wolf Man* has certain dystrophic qualities which make it surreal. The main characters, of course, are played by "Lon Chaney Jr." (really Craeton Chaney) and Claude Rains, but from there things get distinctly weird.

The story takes place in a supposedly isolated English Village, where it is implied that most of the characters—except Chaney, who went to America—spent all their lives.

Rains played Lord Talbot, and had an English accent. Warren William played the village doctor, and had an American accent. Ralph Bellamy played the constable, and had an American accent. Evelyn Ankers is an English actress who plays the daughter of the local antique dealer, and has an American accent. Her father is played by a character actor whose name escapes me, who has an English accent. Maleva the gypsy woman is played by Maria Ouspenskya (the best role in the movie) who has a Russian accent. Her son Bela (the original werewolf is played by Bela Lugosi), who has a Hungarian accent.

Is this in another dimension?

Lugosi turns fully into a wolf. Chaney turns into a humanoid Poodle.

Somewhere or other I read that the makeup artist Jack Pierce, who also created the Frankenstein monster and the Mummy, had really intended this makeup for Henry Hull in *Werewolf of London* but the actor refused to cooperate, thus creating the superior portrayal.

In *The Wolfman*, Lawrence Talbot is killed by his father in a Freudian display of violence. In *Werewolf of London*, Dr. Glendon is driven by sexual jealousy, and attempts to kill his wife. As Dr. Yogami, the other werewolf, says to Dr. Glendon, "The werewolf instinctively seeks to kill the thing it loves most."

The interesting distinction between the Chaney and Hull characters is that Talbot has complete amnesia after his change, and Glendon retains complete memory, but not control. And here, I think, the Chaney character strikes home. At least in my personal experience.

The Hull character is a form of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, losing control but remembering what he did. The Chaney character, however, was an expression of totally repressed impulses, so much so that his mind refuses to contain the information after the actions are done. But the actions had an allegedly unknown, but really calculated purpose.

This was my personal experience when I was at the peak of my alcohol abuse and at the peak of my personal anxiety and despair. I do not know, and frankly do not think, that mine was a common experience. I found, when I was trapped back in my own personal Heart of Darkness, from observation, that in sufficiently intense states of inebriation from alcohol, frequently ending in an unconscious seizure

(mind you, this was not in public, but entirely in private) that I had managed to destroy some valuable or painfully constructed object, such as a magic circle, or a bookcase or a painting. This was clearly not done deliberately, but at the bidding of what seemed, and what I still take to be, an alien influence, planted in me from a painfully common source, to set out to destroy what I have accomplished. Like Larry Talbot, I would awaken from unconsciousness to find the *fait accompli*.

I want you to understand that this is not the same phenomenon as the drunk who has a car accident, or ruins his marriage but seemed to have a *specific purpose*. I honestly attribute this to two things: my psychic propensities and my extensive experience with hard-core occult practices which enhanced my sensitivity, and the environment I was in at the time.

Like Larry Talbot, I had returned "home" due to obligations that if I had had any real sense I would have dealt with in a different way. I found myself eventually engulfed in an atmosphere of evil that someone I described it to compared to *The Amityville Horror*. I will not bore you with a history of my mother's family. But far too late in my life, I discovered the fact of a serious genetic strain of mental illness on the female side of her family. This explained everything, but at that stage of my life came too late to do anything but horrify. Think a redneck version of *Jane Eyre*. But what fascinated me even at the time, and still does, is the sense of careful purpose in the "accidents" that happened, again unlike the simple clumsiness of an ordinary drunk.

When I finally escaped, "it" followed me until my next birthday, creating accidents and coincidences (without the use of alcohol,) which I will not bother to relate here since many of you will have formed contrary opinions of disbelief already.

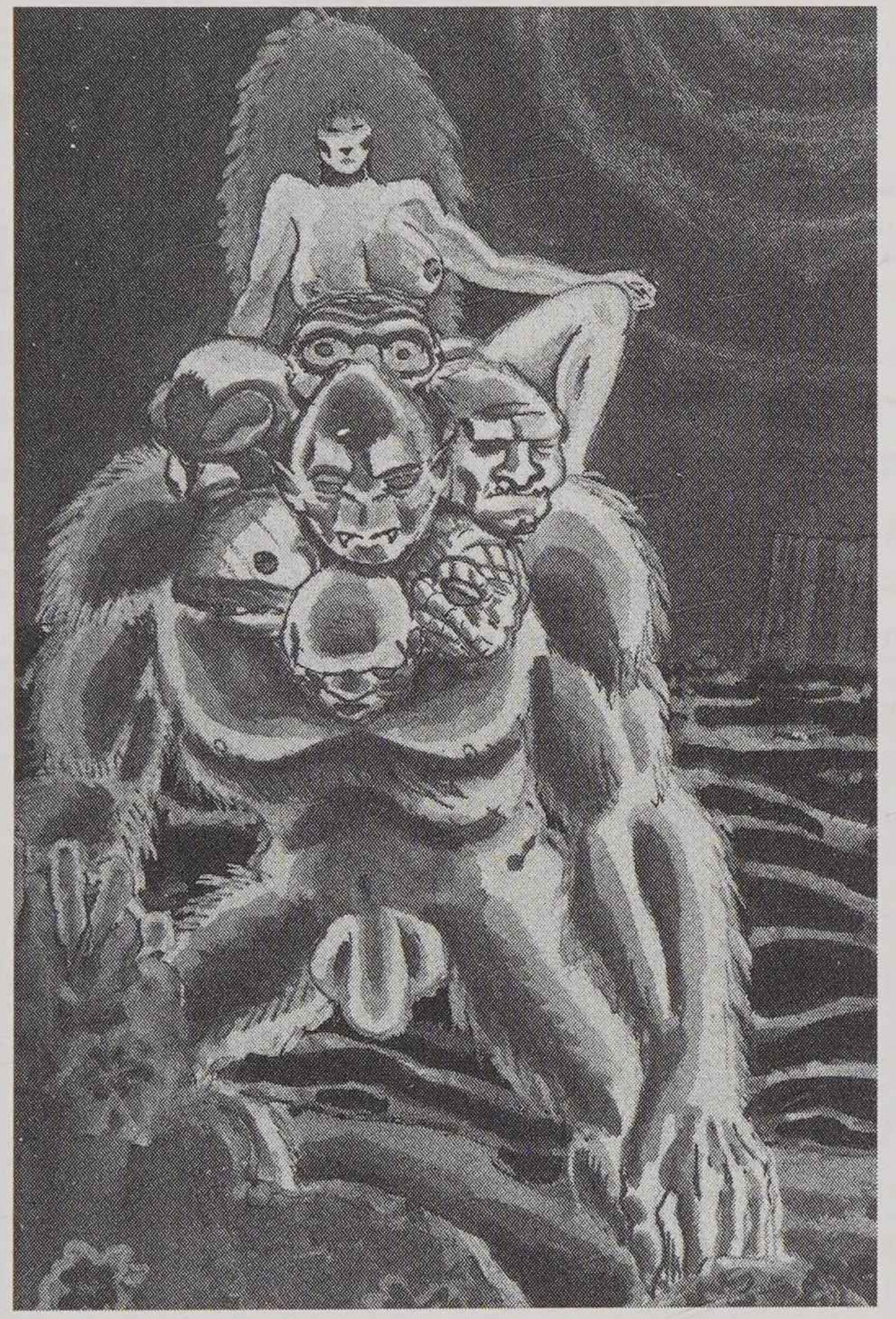
In an *American Werewolf in London*, an Englishman living in the village where the main character was bitten, said, "Theys somethin' *wrong* wit' this place."

Like the village in *The Wolf Man,* atmospheres exist in certain places, haunted houses, places where there are standing stones, or, like where I grew up, rumored to be Indian burial grounds, where unacknowledged forces exist probably enhanced by the influence of events lived out by multigenerational occupants of the place.

And so, I come full circle to where I began this essay.

Oh, well, like I always say, "Life is a sea of unending pain, so you might as well relax and enjoy it."

> "The way that you walked was thorny, through no fault of your own. But as the river enters the sea, so do tears flow to a predestined end. Now you will find peace."
>
> — Maria Ouspenskya, *The Wolf Man,* 1941



Entrainment & the Psychology of Alternative Thinking

by Howard Campbell
Advertising Executive, Memeticist,
Conversationalist in *Poker Without Cards*

It can be stressful to hold an alternative perspective.

Some counselors and even psychologists will suggest that this stress is all in your head. These mental health professionals will point to depleted energy as a symptom of depression, often citing the root cause as a chemical imbalance. This article argues:

1) The stress is *not* all in your head. There are physical causes for depleted energy that will not be cured by chemical balancing; and

2) The ramifications of squelching your authentic perspective may lead to substantively greater stressors.

I wish to examine how the physics of "entrainment" impacts psychology, generating symptoms many psychologists mistake as depression. In 1665, Christian Huygens coined the word "entrainment," a word in physics used to describe the phenomena of cyclical energies recalibrating to fall into rhythm with one another. Entrainment is not a force of nature like gravity or magnetism, but the result of energy conservation.

Ever listen to an electric generator when a second generator is started up? At first, the purr of the first generator is obscured. Eventually, the oscillation of both generators will compromise and a new purr is established—the two generators have entrained to a common rhythm. Female roommates are known to have their menstrual cycles entrain.

Huygens noticed that the clock in his study ran about a minute slower than the clock in his living room, every day. He moved the two clocks side-by-side and the discrepancy disappeared. They kept the same time. When he separated the two clocks, the discrepancy reappeared.

Huygens saw that the clocks had formed a compromise. The clocks together ran at the same time, but they ran 30 seconds slower than his pocket watch. These observations lead to his discovery, or labeling, of entrainment, the tendency of cyclical objects to meld into a common rhythm.

What entrainment demonstrates is that even very subtle cyclical energies have a substantive impact on their neighboring cyclical energies. If reverberations from clocks have a tendency to entrain, it seems plausible that humans would also entrain.

However, it wasn't until 1978 that Western medicine accepted that conscious thought affects biorhythms when a yogi placed himself naked in a small sealed Lucite box that was submerged in water for far longer than he should have had oxygen to breathe. Doctors had little choice but to concede that the yogi had intentionally slowed his biorhythm.

We have since proven that speech patterns affect biorhythms. You can prove this to yourself with the simple experiment below.

EXPERIMENT ON YOURSELF

Go to your local alternative bookstore and ask to use their biorhythm monitor. Get a read at your normal level. Choose a song you know by heart and say this song faster than normal for 30 seconds. Notice the tempo of your biorhythm increase. Next, say the song slower than normal speech for 30 seconds and watch the cadence of your biorhythm decrease.

Speaking more slowly does not always slow one's biorhythm. Intentionally speaking slowly with a fast talker will increase your biorhythm relative to the cadence of slow talking in the experiment above.

There is evidence of large-scale human entrainment. The tempo of the American Southern accent is an amalgamation of the colonial British rhythm of speaking and the various African rhythms as spoken by slaves of that era. The Southern accent demonstrates verbal entrainment. Since speech patterns impact biorhythms, it appears human biorhythms do entrain.

Entrainment is not a force but a phenomenon. Entrainment is evidence that energy conservation has occurred.

Holding an alternative perspective means you are processing information in an unconventional manner—your internal rhythm is different from the reverberations of those around you. Maintaining an unusual rhythm requires more energy than entraining with the thoughts of those around you.

But before you flock to the herd, bear this in mind:

Faking entrainment can lead to mental breakdowns.

This was inadvertently discovered by Dr. Saul Ash.

Dr. Ash had a person come into a test room, ostensibly to be one of six subjects in an experiment on eyesight and perception, but the study was actually designed to ascertain levels of compliance. There was actually only one subject; the other five people were actors—students pretending to be subjects. All six were asked which line was the longest of four projected on a screen and labeled: A, B, C and D.

The first several times, the actors would all say that the "correct" line was the longest. Then the actors would say the second-to-longest was the longest. The point of the experiment was to determine incidence of compliance and seek any commonalities. Among those people who complied erroneously with the group—meaning that they would agree with the group instead of saying that the correct line was longer—about a quarter of this group had a mental breakdown within the next 12 months.

As Dr. Ash inadvertently proved, stating things differently than how you see them is dangerous to your health, provided you aren't in a totalitarian government. The truth of the matter is that working in a corporation is akin to being in a totalitarian state. Just as in a monarchy, limited good can come from questioning the reality of your boss, manager or any overlord.

Low energy may be a symptom of clinical depression. It may also be a symptom of fatigue from the extra energy required for alternative thinking.

To stave off negative psychological ramifications, one needs to distinguish between what you hold as true and what you say for self-preservation. While somebody is neurotic to the extent they cannot say what they mean and mean what they say, ignoring the real power of overlords is hazardous to your status. Instead, develop your own culture of support outside of your network of work contacts. Many people have found such support through local chapters of the Joseph

Campbell Society, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Landmark Education, among many other non-religious organizations.

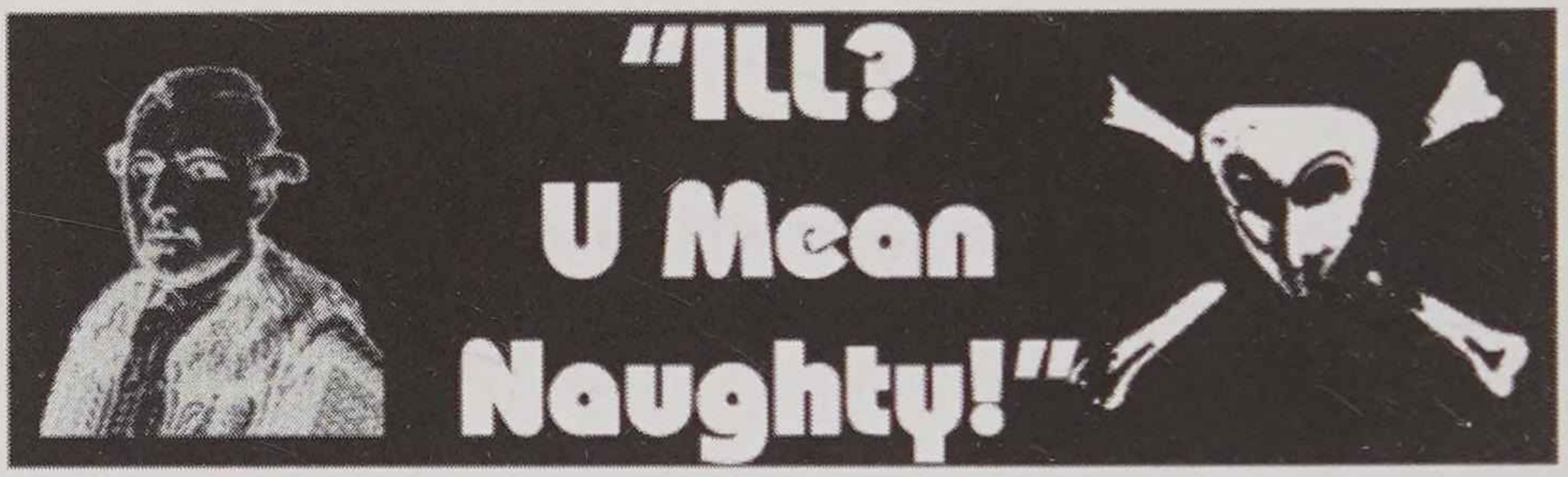
DISCRETION
THE BETTER HALF OF VALOR

In most cases, it is financially prudent to get your psychological entrainment from people completely separate from your work. You met your colleagues through your paycheck-delivery mechanism—your colleagues are *part* of your paycheck-delivery mechanism. They may be well intended, however, chances are that they will become an Agent Smith if their paycheck delivery mechanism is jeopardized. More pathetically, if they are being ousted, they may grasp for entrainment partners and inadvertently take you down with them.

The Black Book endeavors to help you escape the mental chains of dogmatic thinking. Being authentic does not require you to be a martyr. If anything, we are encouraging you *not* to be a martyr. When you see the chains of another's thinking and their subsequent slavish actions, keep it to yourself. Most people like their chains.

ILL? U MEAN NAUGHTY!

by Jonathan Sellers



"You can't run a country
By a book of religion
Not by a heap
Or a lump or a smidgeon
Of foolish rules
Of ancient date
Designed to make
You all feel great
While you fold, spindle
And mutilate
Those unbelievers
From a neighboring state"

— Frank Zappa, *Dumb All Over*

I.
"LIBER O. L. D."
"The Obsolete Latter Days"

Project:

The best way to take down a rip-off artist is to expose him. That is, one who fears exposure, and most of them do. I mean you can only place so many funeral home ads in the retirement home newsletters before they realize it's a rigged game, after all.

Once exposed, the crook can be discredited and punished. That is not to say that we regard all criminals as "bad" and worthy of punishment. Quite the contrary, we feel it is through the criminal spirit (not necessarily the criminal mind-set, which might require absorbing a volume of case studies to appreciate and understand, if that is even called for), or through illegal (or tabooed) acts that the quest for true freedom can be pursued. (Parenthetical note from the District Supervisor: The monkey on the right shoulder reminds you that crimes are punishable by a guilty conscience and fear of retribution from on high…)

"Oh noooooo…" —— Mr. Bill.

(Parenthetical Note part two: disregard the previous parenthetical note. It was slipped in by one of this reporter's late repressor agents.)

Anyway, to take away the power(s) that an enemy holds over you, deny that power's existence. What? No Norton removal tool available? Isn't it better to hack at it and get it and mince it to pieces, than to simply deny it? Sometimes it is, especially when it produces the desired result: the Shit-Eating Grin. This denial of that power's existence is a rather common belief, as can be shown in reams upon reams of psychological and metaphysical texts that have been penned, and made the talk show circuit… I mean, if she put those books under everybody's seat, they must work, right? Uh huh, just as I figured. Wouldn't you have been better off getting the Pontiac, instead?

What am I getting at? The bottom line? The hook? The closing point?

Well, if we want to be liberated from thousands of years of misery, why not only rewrite established history to fit our whims and desires…

Rewrite the Future as Well!

"By cutting in fragments from the past and present, bits of the future tend to leak in as well." — paraphrase of the Burroughs-Gysin shtick. And that is what is called Walking Loudly and carrying a BIG SHTICK!

Yes, children, it is now time to recall the Board Books. To recall and RE-WRITE them, if a livable and natural future is to be had. Hell, a reasonable PRESENT would be the ideal PRESENT, would it not? Of course it would.

Since sigils, talismans and other magical designs are used to identify oneself with the Macrocosm, man the Monkeycosm employs these elements, albeit in a carbon-copy fashion, not straying a pixel from the original designs in the old and moldy grimoires, to not only fix himself in relation to the Microcosm, but to effect change in his environment in conformity with his True Will and impress his "desires" upon the mass subconscious. Is this a load of tripe or what? What? No, it's not a load, but it sure doesn't get done, does it? Nope. I mean, you can go out to the big store and get all those witchcraft-for-bimbos books, and all the weak canine preparations that emanate from the midwest, but really, is that Magick? Or is that just a way of pushing merchandise so the "author" can get a small pissant pittance? Get the Big Book, the Ultimate Grimoire, and learn how to really use it. You know which Big Book we are referring to. After all, we enjoy shilling for a book that has worked time and time again: *The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic* by Dr. Israel Regardie. And you gripe at me for shilling. Tisk, tisk… Tick… Tick… Tick…

Magick has always been given a bad name and reputation by the proponents of belief and prayer: i.e., THE CHURCH. The Church invented a doctrine called "The New Testament" to gain temporary fulfillment (a feat always attributed to Satan and His "followers.")

[Oxymoron: How can "Satan" the Rebel Archetype, have "Followers"? That's just about like organizing a bunch of anarchists…or non-conformists!]

…and in so doing, offer a promise of not only "heavenly" rewards, but also a so-called Last Days epic production and the biggest courtroom drama to come our way since the O.J. Simpson Trial and *Law and Order*. (God might have preferred to have Perry Mason as the Defense Attorney, but got, instead, a Catholic Jesus created by the Public

Relations Department in the latter half of the first century of the Common Era.)

If the Devil is called the "Deceiver" and "The Father of Lies" and other slanderous terms, just who *is* this ever-popular character?

THIS JUST IN FROM THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT: It was hypothesized and made Word that Satan, aka the Devil, Beelzebub, Deceiver, Father of Lies, *et al.,* in his present belief-form, is also a Catholic creation from the P.R. Department. Reports have it that obscure copy layouts were found wedged in between some old file cabinets and the wall when the Janitors were shampooing the carpets.

It would seem to those of intelligence that the "Holy Bible" is nothing of the sort. Rather, it is some kind of Harlequin Romance for misery addicts, and those prone to wishing for catastrophes to justify their misery, their excuses, their inability to cope with an ever-shifting reality: in short, those who cannot embrace the emerging Chaos and exploit if for their own ends. What is emerging chaos? Does that need an answer? It has always been emerging! *Ordo ab Chao,* after all, wink wink, etc.

History is the biggest proof. The "Book of Revelation" which is held as a belief of things to come (and has been so for as long as it's been a book, and we don't mean 70 C.E., either, more like 370 C.E.!), is one of the major causes of all the world's problems. Let's face it: the three primary Religions of the Book can be seen to be the major causes of ALL the world's problems. Everything derived from these major three, especially so. What? Not the Babylonians, or the Persians, or the Greeks, or the "evil" Seleucids, or the Roman Empire? As former Mad Prophet, P.K. Dick once said, "The Empire Never Ended!"

The "Apocalypse" of John the "Divine" has acted to provide the world at large with a sigil/talisman that is so powerful, we have all the recent events we can think of that we can credit to its name. Not only that, we can call up the various sub-sects that have apocalyptic qualities—within Judaism, within Christianity, within Islam—that seek not to be peaceful and loving of humanity as their P.R. staffs assert whenever the violent track record of the past is brought forward.

Truly we would be amiss if we did not include other groups. They may not be religions of "Das Buch", but nearly all the major religions of the world today are worthless cesspools of superstition. Are we saying it is better to be an atheist? Hell no! Do we need the Religions of the

East, more than we need those of the West, North or South? Hell no! Is not atheism itself a form of belief? "I believe in no god," after all.

What does it matter, when the bad hair day comes? How much are these beliefs worth? Will these beliefs get the thermostat replaced in a 74 Mustang II? Well, I guess after so many times of banging the head on the air conditioning compressor and yelling "God Damn it!" long enough, it might create a temporary trance-like state, but that is probably due to the endorphin release from the pain and anxiety expended on fixing the worthless lemon. Will these beliefs keep a wall of milk crates utilized as a book-case from crashing to the floor? Not on your tin-type, girlie-girl! Look: which Team is "God" for? The Yankees or the Dodgers? Isn't it ridiculous!!!!!! New York City?????

Gene Scott frequently says, "It's time to quit talkin' an' start doin'!" Or, as Stefan of Tuzla once said, "Why Believe, when one can just BE. Leave it at that!"

There are those of us who, instead, would prefer to develop ourselves, free ourselves, enjoy our fleshly existence, and maybe even incorporate a mystical side in the process.

In Brother Mad Prophet Tim Leary's words, it was SMI^{2}LE: Space Migration equals Intelligence Increase plus Life Extension. Well do we really want to leave the planet? Will that really be a solution? Where to go? Mars, to be slaves building the facility for the Colonists? Hmmmmm…

Even so, Space Migration (except for Extra-Territorialism) was considered EVIL by the religious authorities (until the Vatican and other interests got a handle on it, as is usually the case), and Intelligence Increase and Life Extension still are considered as such. Let's face it: all we are supposed to know is that Jeezis is our savior and that we will go to "hebben" (so that takes care of Intelligence Increase and Space Migration), but only if we accept what it say in Das Buch. By accepting that, we can mow down as many people as we want no matter what.

The best way to take down a rip-off artist is to expose him. Once exposed, the crook can be discredited and punished.

In our own time, the crook(s) have been exposed, several times. They are still in power, and have regained popularity. It is high time this whole nasty bag of tricks be blown sky high. The Emperor has no

clothes, right? It is clear to us what roles they play in the script they wrote and keep acting out.

Can you dig it?

EXERCISE
Create your own apocalypses that don't require the tone that most apocalypses do. If belief is necessary, use it as a tool rather than a way of life. With the present environmental scenarios, economic scenarios, etc., one can be realistic in making projections. What happens by mid-century when resources dry up? Do we really want to be Greens, and find new things to abstain from? Do we want typical misery-drenched, science-fiction, post-apocalyptic scenarios? Perhaps some of this is necessary, but is all of it? Ever see the Windows 95 era game, called "The Journeyman Project"? Some interesting parallels to the way things are shaping up in that game… Now that you've used Apocalypse Creator Program version 0.0.9.1. build 247 beta, what comes about? The line from the Rush song, Change, "The More Things Change, the More They Stay The Same" [Drummer and Lyricist Neil Peart was deeply influenced by Ayn Rand, by the way] makes sense here. Find and Reveal to the world, your Mad Prophets. We are Legion©. Next, now how do you feel? The final exercise in this segment: Aren't there better things to do than wait for the end of the movie? Just turn the movie off and eject it from your player. Put a better movie in. Put in one that suits you. Or, get up off your ass and get a life.



II.
The Hysterical Lekshun

Seriously, folks, let's now give a brief summary of some of the milestones in the culture of "un-Belief". Un-Belief, like the Un-cola. Is yours Set, or Set-free?

Perhaps one of the most significant milestones to us in the West, (at least one of the better-known milestones)—is the philosophy of the Isma'ili. "Nothing is True, Everything is Permitted" is the paraphrase. This statement is rather the summit of a rather complex philosophy and system of "religious" behavior. I place the word "religious" in quotes because it is not really a "religion" *per se*. In the early phases the Probationer/Aspirant/Candidate is brought in gradually, by an "Insinuating Brother", much like the later Illuminati of Bavaria. The Illuminati is, of course, another bump on the number-line of dates. 1776. Are there any connections between these? We are assured that all these things are what's responsible for the evil in the world, by the human mutton that swills down the Nesta Webster and David Icke spiels.

There are actually a number of connections between the Isma'ili current, and the West, going back to the Crusades. The Crusaders encountered the Assassins. They pretended to be a rather obscure sect called the Nusairis. Or was it the Nusairis pretending to be Assassins or Isma'ili? Good question! These Syrian sectaries pretended to be Christians. Primitive Christians. Get it? The "Primitive Christians" and the Crusaders had similar objectives in mind: the Creation of a

Secular State in Palestine and the undermining of the Catholic Church. The Isma'ilis wanted to do the same thing to the Sunni branch of Islam (and even to the Twelve Shia branch of Shi'ite Islam). The founders of the movement came from Persia. They did not like what the Orthodoxy had done to destroy their culture. Who can blame them? They wanted to restore Magism to its proper place.

Things can be said against Magism, at least the Zoroastrian form of it. It had become, during the Sassanid period, a mass of superstitions, and cannot be compared to the original Magism of the Chaldeans.

Over time the Bekhtashi Order of Dervishes would spring up from the sect of the Alevis. This would spread across Turkey and the Balkans. Through a form of it, known as the Hurufi movement, it reached the Fideles di Amore in Italy at the time of Dante Alighieri.

Also the Dönmeh sprang out of two important movements: the Bekhtashis and the followers of Sabbatai Zevi, the Mad Prophet of the 17th Century, who turned coat on the good Jews and converted to Islam rather than risk his life. The Dönmeh are cryptic Jews who adopted the cover of Islam. This led to an important development in the sect of Jakob Frank, who was a real riot of an act.

These various movements led eventually to the cultivation of these ideas in Europe, in the 18th Century, particularly in France. There was an antinomian spirit in France already, in the form of Quietism, and in the form of the Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit, albeit a rather insane form. This led to the French Illuminati, first, (including Swedenborgians, Martinesists, Martinists, Willermoozists, etc.) and then the Bavarian Illuminati, said to have been founded by Adam Weishaupt, but really operated by him under orders from the Lodge at Munich.

Where does all this dry history shmistory lead? Well really, it leads us to the present.

Other components, but lesser known today, include persons like Joseph Hammer von Purgstall, whose Mystery of Baphomet Revealed may have appeared to be a condemnation of the Templars, but really was a call for people to develop an interest in the ancient belief systems from the past that were all but snuffed out by the Church, including that of the Ophites, or Serpent-Worshippers.

Is that not where our un-Belief cult originates, really? Among the Gnostics, those who could Just say K-N-O-W, and mean it!

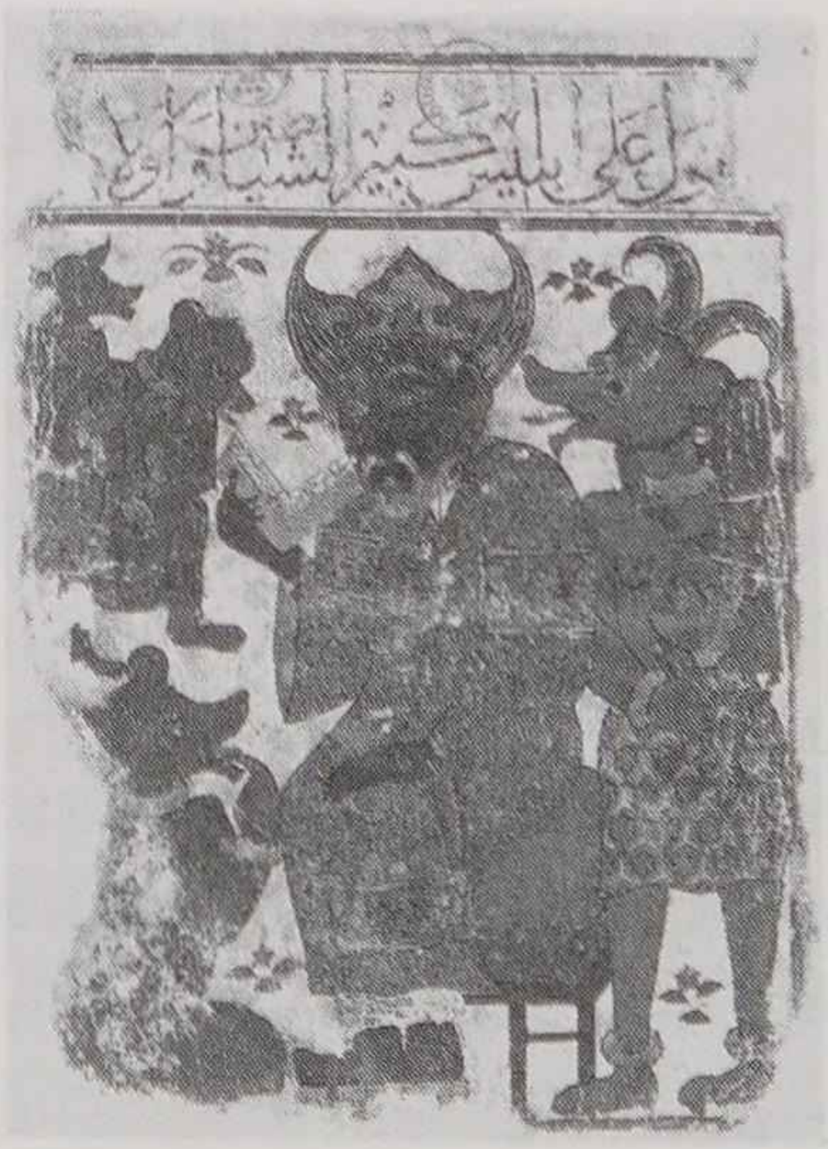
So, when those who wail about getting back to Traditional Family Values, Christian Values, Traditional Values, and all the rest can't seem to shut up, remember what Traditions are just as ancient, as traditional, as valuable as any of these.

Rather than the long and boring monologue about the British Rosicrucians, the Golden Dawn, Crowley and the O.T.O., what need is there for that, when this precious current bypasses them all, yet includes some of their number? Indeed, it is to the Mad Magicians of the Middle East that we can draw from, for it is there that Brion Gysin and many others derived their magical philosophies, and it is these luminaries that we today regard as predecessors in this Great Work.

We recommend people obtain Ryan Parker's essay on the Necronomicon Mythos and H.P. Lovecraft, because it describes some very potent concepts regarding Arab Magical traditions that exist as foundation stones for just about all we have described above. Similarly, Edmund Doutté's work on Magic in North Africa, can be found (in the French language). It describes in detail this North African magic. After all, didn't "Frater CRC" go to Fez? You bet he did, at least if his story is true. And didn't he spend time in Southern Arabia, as well? Right again, learning from the Wise Men of Damcar, who were these "Mad Arabs" in what is now known as Yemen.

So, that aside, let us resume silliness and dispense with the pomposity of the Hysterical Lekshun!

Smote that bee!



Iblis

SA-SHU-AH

by Crag Jensen

Close your eyes, relax and float down stream

Open your mind, sit back and lose yourself in one more curious,
cosmic reverie of dreams.
But whatever you do wherever you go—don't forget
To keep on undoing yourself.

(How high can we really go? Is Hell all that far below?
Sometimes I don't think so.)

Lift your head, open your eyes and take a look.
Fall out of bed
And reach for Dr. Hyatt's much acclaimed, underrated, blasphemy of
a book.
But whatever you do, wherever you go—don't forget
To keep on undoing yourself

(How high can we really go? Is Heaven something we'll ever know?
Somehow I don't think so.)

Friday evening in a restaurant—eating silly things that we just don't
want
It's our favorite new game.

(More fun than even dancing in the rain.)

Sunday morning all dressed for church
We didn't have to go so we hung in the lurch
'cause we're all insane.

(Better off crazy then all rapt in guilt and shame)

Robert said something about "Maybe Thinking"
I said "I don't know,"
He said "Zehm, well—that's correct (correct, correct)."

(Maybe, maybe, maybe is all that we claim)

Francis said somethin' over a plate of mushrooms
While watchin' 21 he screamed "let the kids enjoy some sex (sex, sex).[9]"

(Maybe it's you who needs to change your brain.)

But whatever you do wherever you go—don't forget
To keep on undoing yourself.

Hello—I am the man on the Radio
I am the man on your television News Channel
I am the man behind the pulpit and the man who works for the Government
I am the man whom you must believe in because I am the man whom you fear the most
I am—alas—the man who has been planted inside your head since you were too young to even talk—to walk—to reason or to question.
Yes it's true—I am the man who never tires of telling you what to do—how to act—how to dress—how to behave—how to think—how to vote—what to eat—what to buy—what to believe in—where to go—when to go—and how to go.
I am the man who sits inside your head and dictates—dictates—dictates—dictates. I am therefore—and in essence—your personal government-approved & church-sanctioned…dictator.
I am not you but I will be all that is left of you at the end of the day because you have long since relinquished the responsibility of being whom you really are because it is much, much, much easier to listen to and obey me—rather than to break free of me and actually accomplish something worthwhile in your—so-called life.

Life—life—life
No don't waste it
Don't be a slave to your programming—anymore
When you can open—yes you can open the door.
And set yourself free.

You are the prisoner, the guard and the jail
You are the bailiff and the judge who sets bail.
Only you, only you can set yourself free

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[9] Actually, his exact words were "Let them FUCK!"

You are the villain, the victim and the crime
You are the glass, the drunkard and the wine
Only you, only you can set yourself free.

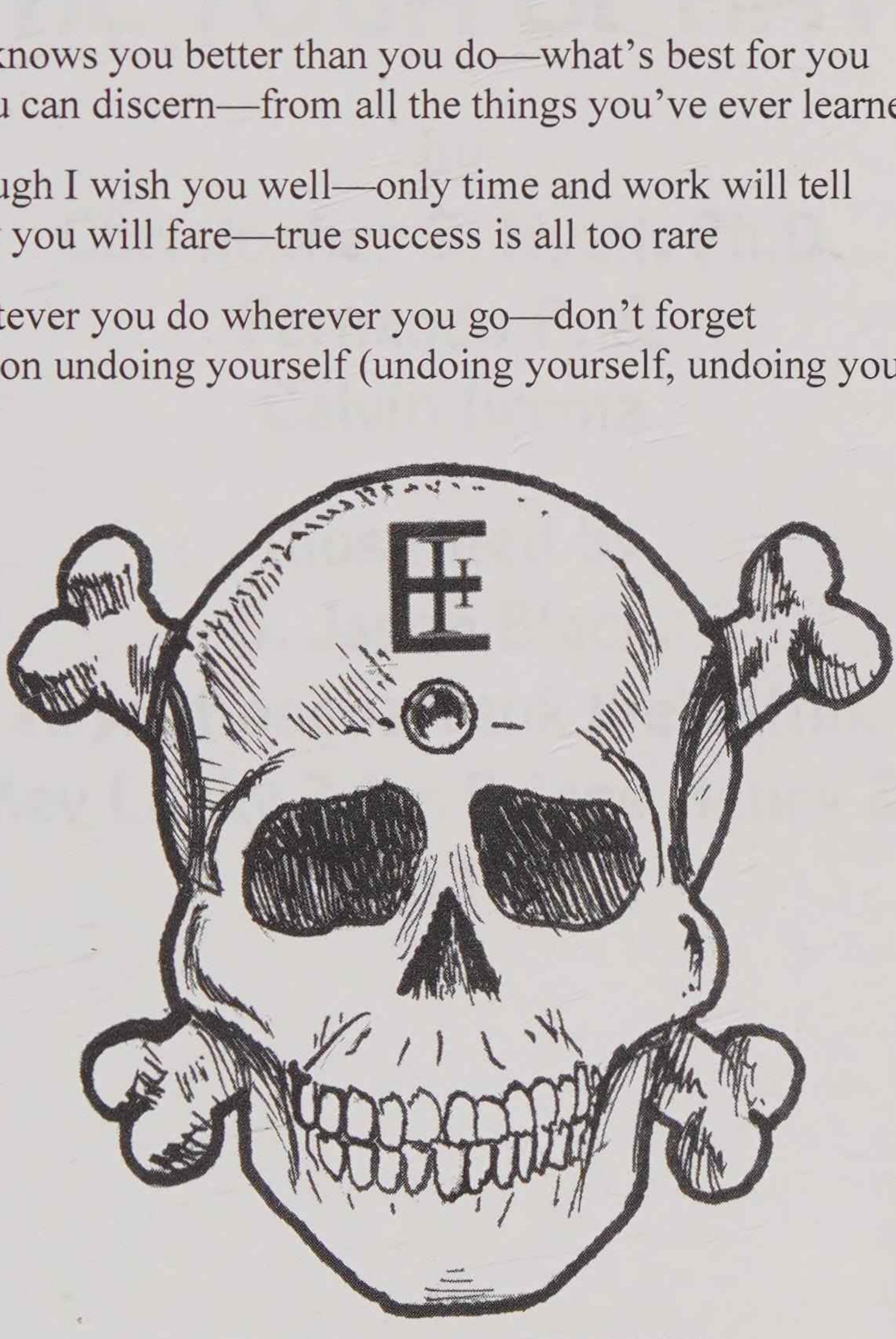
And when you finally find—the precious jewel within your mind
You might be surprised—at what you've realized

Your life is all for you—so no matter what you do
To save your soul—you only need to take control

No one knows you better than you do—what's best for you
Only you can discern—from all the things you've ever learned

And though I wish you well—only time and work will tell
Just how you will fare—true success is all too rare

But whatever you do wherever you go—don't forget
To keep on undoing yourself (undoing yourself, undoing yourself…)



To Know - To Will
To Dare - To Be Silent

PART VI:

THE YOGA OF HATE

by

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Fernando P. &

Calvin Iwema

Illustrated by

S. Jason Black,

Krys. Koseda Tank the VIIIth,

Kev Lucky 7 for Prince Henry &

Calvin Iwema

The Yoga of Hate?

What is good?—
Whatever augments the feeling of power,
the will to power,
power itself, in man.

What is evil?—
Whatever springs from weakness.

What is happiness?—
The feeling that power increases—
that resistance is overcome.

Not contentment,
but more power;
not peace at any price,
but war;
not virtue,
but efficiency [virtue in the Renaissance sense,
virtu, virtue free of moral acid].

The weak and the botched shall perish:
first principle of our charity.

And one should help them to it.

What is more harmful than any vice?—
Practical sympathy for the botched and the weak—Christianity…

— F.W. Nietzsche



Hell Is Other People

— Jean-Paul Sartre

A Short Introduction

The Digestive "Track"

All things in life take joy in overcoming,
Breaking—wrecking, destroying,
rivers, seeds, birds, flowers,
cracking the shell
all in great joy
in triumph
only man demands guarantees

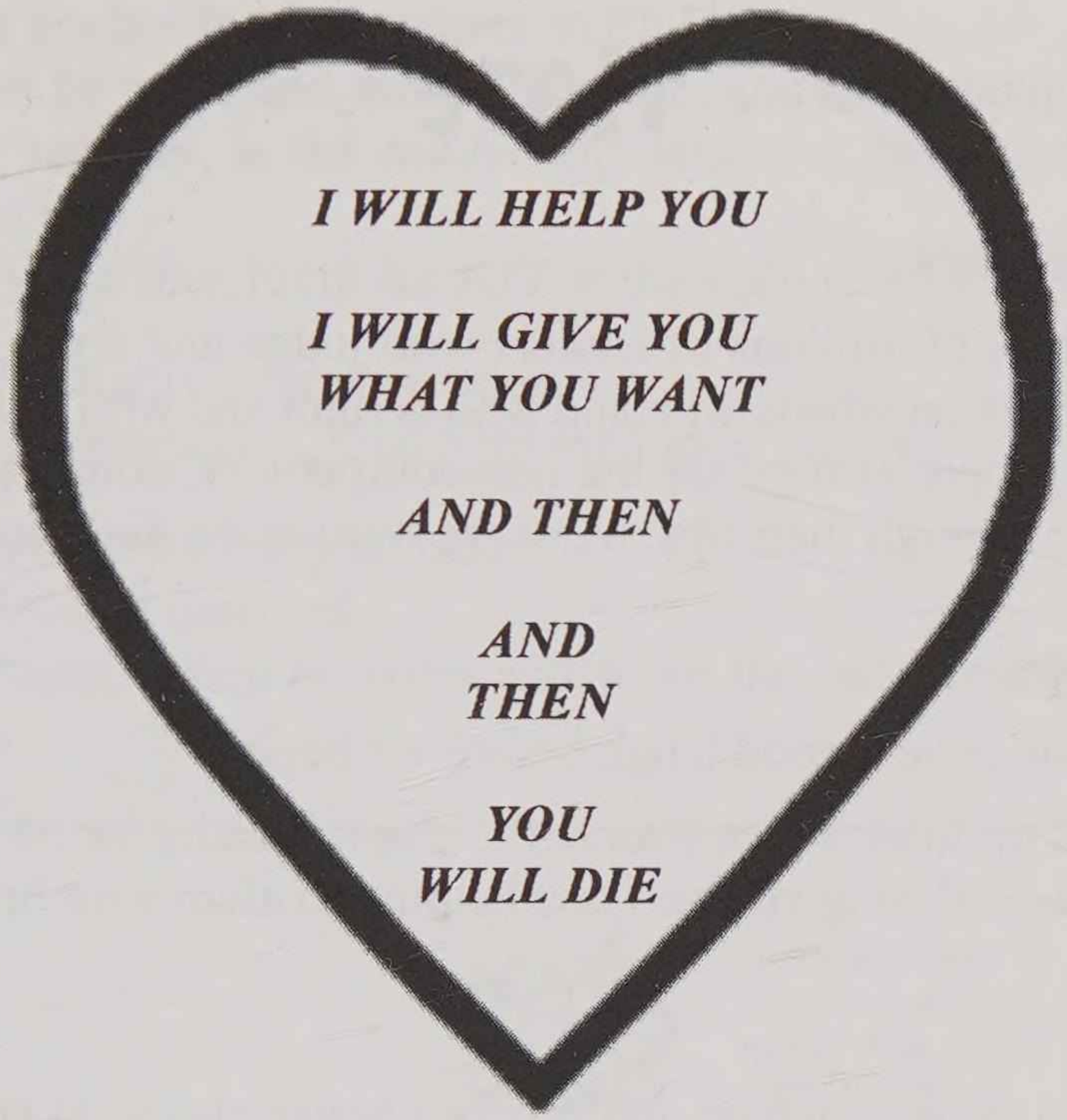
man's consciousness is no gift
it is a disease
to be overcome

Who is the greatest danger?
The Academic
The Doctor
The Moral Man

MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME
THAT I WAS THE CENTER OF THE WORLD,
HOWEVER, I DID NOT HAVE THE TALENT
TO CONVINCE THE REST OF MANKIND —
THIS IS THE STORY OF THE COMMON MAN

THE MISERY IN THE WORLD IS THE RESULT OF
TOO MANY PEOPLE JUST LIKE ME
AND NOT ENOUGH GOOD PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU.

OH, HOW I HATE YOU — AND SOON YOU WILL GET
WHAT YOU WANT AND THEN YOU WILL SUFFER
MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE —
WHEN YOU NO LONGER HAVE ME TO HATE
YOU WILL DEVOUR YOURSELF



Warning from the dead:

Do not make the deadly error of assuming that I am venting my spleen.

My hatred is my Joy and my Power, and unlike the fool Psychologist or the Christian, I am not trying to rid myself of Hate and become average, but instead increase and intensify it.

The entire secret of this work is that there is no way to rid oneself of one's power —

— this is the secret horror of the Reflex ARK —

Warning from the living:

Do not indulge yourself with who you are and who you are not —your pathetic superiorities and twisted weaknesses::::::: You are simply dead, waiting to be buried —

But rejoice

Instead of waiting, Do your life, and if you need to be judged let your garbage man have the final word.

Change your underwear often, brush your teeth and comment on your neighbor's hygiene...

HATE

To Our Readers

There are tens of millions of readers who judge and argue and make great decisions on who is who and who is right and who is wrong. We love these people as they are the non-competitors, doing nothing but blowing air through their lips. Most are want-to-be has-beens.

Instructions

Let everyone have a good laugh before we begin.

Laugh for 4 minutes. Force yourself :::: Now breathe for 10 minutes—full breaths—calming yourself and helping to align your brains…

Joy

To help you move a step up, to become a better player, to enjoy more, make more, have more…power… Of course, if you are a Jew, or a Christian or a new-ager, or a serious believer, or a whiner, or an idealist, this is not for you… You will have to be serious. Have a look at Jesus on the Cross or his pissed off Dad… Instead have another short Laugh. Put your imaginary gun to your head and blow your brains out—

Nuf Said :::::
IT IS MARCHING TIME—
Secret Message—
There is a Horror inside of that Reflex ARK—
I will Reveal it later
THERE IS RESIDUE EVERYWHERE

Most everyone believes in love, it is common, like herpes—

"…Stop right here Doctor, tell them the truth NOW—"

OK, I'll tell you the truth: love is finite, there is an end to it.

Hate is infinite, there is no end to it—

Man loves goals—but Hates them to END.
There must be more and more and more, and even though the beast strives for security, in the end he will destroy it, break it like a child wrecking a toy.
He will cry and then jump for JOY at the sight of a NEW One—

Man is a destructive, creative beast.
O the joy in destruction. Gud help me I love Hate so.

Who cares once the baby is made?
MOTHER—that cannibal.
Father is happy when he cums and when the baby finally grows up and leaves.



However—women bore me—for them peace is an end in itself.

But don't be fooled by this assertion. It is only true because men are around to destroy and to create Chaos. If they weren't, women would be. Remember, there is no escaping the Reflex ARK!

For me, peace is only a respite from WAR. I want more blood, more chaos, more suffering—–there is nothing finer than seeing a human suffer. I suggest that my students visit delivery wards in hospitals and watch the hundreds and hundreds of babies coming off the manufacturing line one after another, screaming and yelling... Listen to the sighs of their mothers, their whining and whimpering, their ahs, their screaming, their luuuvvvv.



And if that's not enough for you, attend as many funerals as possible. And crash a few weddings. But if you *really* want a thrill, attend an Orthodox Jewish circumcision, particularly if it goes wrong…



To truly understand any group of people—you must be ONE of them—
To know the depth of their depravity—the stench of their blood—you must feel like one of them—hence I hate every group of which I've been a member :::::: and most of all I hate Humanity—
(I am from the Post Human Era, but I still have one foot in this world.)
(P.S. The greatest danger to struggling larva is the Academic.)

But you don't have to believe me. You can watch what people say
and then watch what they do
and then tell me—what?

But don't tell anyone that you don't believe in love—you pariah.
Love is a license issued by a ghost—to act without conscience.

666.66

Remember, many people would prefer that you suffer rather than they feel happy themselves—
What does that tell you?
When you learn what that is, use it against them—

Most people have NO real life, no real being in their world, only the ghosts they interact with in their brains: concepts, morals, fears, shoulds, wishes, hopes, banalities, dreams, dates on calendars, books they've read, their little friends and, of course, their enemies.

Watch them, listen to them, talk to them, and from time to time do something real: cause them real pain, give them something to feel, something to live for, even if it is the desire to kill you. Be a real altruist—allow them one authentic feeling…besides fear.



Love & Hate

I hate everything that is over and against me—
Hence I hate love—
My hatred is mine; it belongs to me and to no one else. And so is my love, but it is ***my*** love, not something belonging to a rule book or to some ugly bitch thinking she is beauty because she is "in love." Love for me is the beginning of all suffering, and hence, the epitome of all HATE.

My love deserves no honor, no respect, no salute—

My love is camouflage for murder, hate, bad manners, disrespect, and intrusion on the life of others.

I know no evil, nothing is beyond me—
Kill me and I will love you—
BUT OH HOW I HATE YOU—
May all the weak perish and burn—

I have too much class—to love my slaves.
As it is said, "And the slaves shall serve."

Slaves need hope, and the fact that they can talk and babble and write prose proves to them that love is, love was, and love will always be. Love makes the world go round. Love is their freedom, pity is their bed—sweet dreams—

Selling love is the biggest business in the world. (But I caught on too late…too late to make a fortune from it.) Selling love, selling caring, selling altruism…selling hopes and dreams…*that* is the business.

"Love" is a shortcut to instant wealth. So I train my psychopaths to sell love. I teach them to sell disguises…like makeup and perfume.

This is the first principle of the Yoga of Hate: Sell love, sell delusion, sell hope, and put your money on 000. "But wait," you say, "there's no triple zero on a roulette wheel." Exactly! To "put your money on 000" means that ***you won't be on the wheel***—that wheel is for fools. There is no triple zero on the wheel of success! Wealth is guaranteed if you sell love…there's no need to gamble.

One lie on which fortunes are made is "doing good." And the greatest "doing good" is World Peace, particularly Universal Brotherhood and Understanding brought about through religious bonds. This is called ecumenicalism…one of the cheapest and most common wishes of the academic socialist… While they write books on this and that, mostly they focus on Universal Understanding, Universal Love and the common love that Gud has for all of mankind. They, of course, would not admit that they wish to *lead* such a movement, but simply want to be consulted as a force which saved the world—they are not the New Jesus— What ugly little cowards these men are…riding on Gandhi's homespun cloth, while all the time lining their own pockets with the gold of the hopeful, the weak and the lame.

The depth of human depravity is boundless.

First you must teach man to believe that he is lucky, that Gud is on his side; let him believe that Gud smiles on him and, once he believes this enough, come to him with the "big deal," the deal that he "knows" he can't lose… And when he hands over the cash, let the axe fall.

Create for others the illusion that they are blessed, that they are special, that they are unique…before you strip them naked. This is the psychopathy of Hate.

Kill, slaughter, devour—eat the flesh and call it love and you will thrive.

Hate does not have to be hot and blinding, but cool and reasoned—

As an exercise, allow yourself to oscillate between hot and cold, and cold and hot :::::::: Learn to feel personally violated, learn to feel how you've been humiliated and taken advantage of, and then, at a moment's notice, turn off all the feelings of spite and bile. Smile…and become impersonal again—like the shark—and then strike.

Humanness is a fraud—a mask, an ad job—played on man by himself… This is his great weakness. This is where you find his real greed: his wanting to feel human, to feel higher—better—this is his real greed…the greed to see himself as human… He doesn't want to see himself as a beast, as a monster, but as a man—

The veneer is so thin it takes little to strip it away—and this first layer behind the mask is enough to frighten the weak and lame. But if you get past that first glimpse and strip away still more, the real beast appears…and almost no one is ready to see this one. This is the real horror, this is what makes him vulnerable as he is forced to confront this: How depraved can a "normal" man become?



Man's two greatest pastimes are Eros and Thanatos. Giving life and giving death are what we do best— Life and death are nothing more than two horns of the same beast—the universal, undifferentiated force to expand, to take over, to possess and consume everything. The beast.

Each beast wants Everything—from utter order to utter chaos—from the beauty of self-sacrifice to every conceivable atrocity—this is the man.

Breed, breed, breed—create more suffering and more profit. There's so much fun in the nerves of every newborn—"the more the merrier." Go to the maternity hospital and see for yourself. Listen to all the mommies and daddies proclaim: "See what I've created. Look, look at me. Look at what I've done. Gud's creation!"

The more you agree with lies, the more sex you will have. And the more sex you have, the more little monsters you will make—those special little darlings you're protecting: "our future."

Weakness breeds creatures, strength breeds murder—kill the man—eat him alive—call it Love—pull flesh off every newborn—and chase it with a good wine.

Try This Experiment

Be the kindest, most generous person in the world. Help people feel like they are blessed, chosen, can't lose…and when their confidence and greed are the highest…pull the rug out. When their greed is overflowing, show them the gold…and cut off their hands. Oh the torture, to see all the gold, but not to be able to pick it up!

What will they do? What will they say?

Will they return all of your gifts? Or will their fear become ***holy fear,*** the rage of the righteous… And will they find you dead, clinging to their conscience?

But I have taught you differently…if you've seen the second beast. If you have paid very close attention, you will know that no matter how much they suffer, they want more, more. But they also want to die—to end the tension—of no-more.

Use their idols to feather your nest. Always help others to feel loved by their Gud. Give them confidence…but remember the Reflex Ark—

This is the means by which you are controlled, destroyed and broken. More to follow on the ARK.

People are always looking for signs of love, of specialness, much as they are looking for dollars, jackpots and favors… What they find is neither love nor dollars. What they find is their holiness, hiding in some crevice. What the scum want is blessings from Gud… Give it to them…and then crack their kneecaps… Help them to be special…and then slaughter them in the name of their GUD.

Luuuvvvv

Love is an empty word, one that you can fill with quarters…or for that matter, anything…as long as the person believes that whatever pain you are causing him is done in the name of love. (See "Origins of Love" in the booklet that accompanies my video *Energized Hypnosis, Volume III: Sex & Beyond.*)

The word "love" is like the word "guarantee." How do you determine the worth of a guarantee? How do you know its value? You don't have time to do extensive research on everything with a guarantee. Instead, you use name brand recognition.

The same is true with love :::::: It is a question of brand recognition… Say the word to someone, and they will quickly fill in what it means…to them. And what it means to them may have nothing to do with what it means to you or to me.

Love is a dangerous word, often defined by what is lacking in another person's life. And guess what? When you say the magic word, you are signing on for a lifetime guarantee and a lifetime of torture. If you don't fulfill the promises—the fine print—guess what will happen? You know, you have seen it a hundred times. You've probably been through it a few times yourself.

People live in presuppositions. When they are unsure, use them, push them into their great sinkhole. Everything is in it…all their dreams, all their hopes… Get them to believe that you believe…that will scare them.

And then violate them. And pretend someone else did it. Find enemies for them: try the kike, the nigger, the nappy-haired whores, the hooked-nosed Armenian, or a filthy scum-sucking Arab—when all the time it was you who screwed them—

For a fee you can Blame Me—

Get them to feel more and more sorry for themselves; teach them to hate everyone but themselves. Tell them they are superior, that they are the chosen…and then trip them up again. Sooner or later they will commit suicide, and if you can handle it…watch—

Those who Hate with intention are the very few, the very proud and the very smart. It is easy to be hateful, hostile and angry, but it is a true art to Hate—a true art.

Hope is the guarantee. From cradle to grave you have been taught the subtle rules of hope, that if you are X then U will follow.

Hope has the same process and status as gravity in our minds…

Make a list of all (your) Laws of Life…all your platitudes, all your banalities, all your "truisms"…all the little things that help you get through your frustrating day. Make a list.

I assure you that with a little effort you will find at least a dozen supposed-tos, ought-tos, have-tos, "guarantees."

You will also find in your list a number of "magical gestures": little things you do to make sure that things turn out—that insure that the odds will be on *your* side. And then, when you go to sleep at night, you won't be scared of what's hiding under your bed.

If you demolished every hope, every "if", guess what would happen? You would be free. And worse, you would be horrified.

Can you live without the safety of the Sacred?

Jewish-Christian Love: Woman are the Best Assassins

For over 2000 years, we have been told about the power of Christian love. This septic tank of the Judaic-Christian-Islamic mind has effeminized the Western world.

This is ironic as Paul, the true founder of the Church, disliked females, regarding them as putrid, filthy, bloody, ugly and evil. However, Paul didn't realize that females have the same ***will to power*** as men…except they use more subtle and devious methods to get what they want…and to take revenge.

Paul didn't realize that women are the ultimate guerilla fighters. The United States of America learned firsthand how an "inferior force" can demoralize and demolish a superior force—in places like Viet Nam and Baghdad. And more will follow as the U.S.A. takes its rightful place as a fourth-rate power.

Much of the U.S.A. is preparing for enlightened feudalism.

This phrase refers to membership in a group based on corporate-government sanction, support and enforcement—the sacred, the ultimate good for the many—the pathetic, the weak with a voice—the big joke of human flesh.

In the new U.S.A. humans belong to the human race, each guaranteed work, a place to live, a place to eat and breed, healthcare, and certain safe leisure activities. This is not viewed as an exchange system, but as a necessity for the survival and betterment of the larvae—while all the time the priests and the politicians are paying homage to their Masters.

Minor group characteristics are extinguished—characteristics such as race, education, achievements, birthplace, intelligence, innate qualities, religion, etc.—thereby (in theory) eliminating conflict, war and violence.

There is only one requirement: that one is human…and obedient.

But have I gone beyond the message as Power through Enlightened Hatred?

The New World Order is based on the principle of brotherly, ecumenical love, and the notion that through enlightened administration human ills can be eliminated: you will never get a sliver again, and when you wipe your ass, you won't have to do it twice.

This ideal world is in the developmental stage, requiring the elimination of free choice, which as time goes on, more and more people will be willing to surrender—for "peace" and "prosperity."

All that is required for this final surrender is time and chaos (e.g., the attack on the World Trade Center in New York City on September 11, 2001). Surrender it all, give it all up: your locks, your keys, your doors. Accept safety *now*! Live in the crystal chapel; no one will throw a stone.

Any person or group which insists on an identity based on any sacred cow other than humanity-as-brotherly-love will be regarded as criminal or mentally ill…and dealt with swiftly for the good of the All.

This ideal has been attempted a number of times in the past (for example, the Marxist ideal), but failed due to the existence of rogues such as the United States, and the lack of adequate technology. But with the decline of the United States and the increased power of tech-

nology, there will be no more barriers standing in the way of Universal Love, and the next attempt at Universal Brotherhood will be successful—and with that I say, "Heil Hitler."

Oh how I Hate every word I write here, and Oh how I hate every proponent of this death wish. Yet, if alive, I and my kind will adapt and take advantage of this New World Order.

An Important Question to Help You Gain Power

When you read do you comprehend more on the inhale, on the exhale, or when you are holding your breath?

History speaks for the success of the death-worshipping religions: Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Why?

The world is becoming a vast Insurance Policy—a wasteland of guarantees written with invisible ink on bio-degradable paper.

In the end, you provide the Head and I will provide the Axe.

TO THIS END I HATE

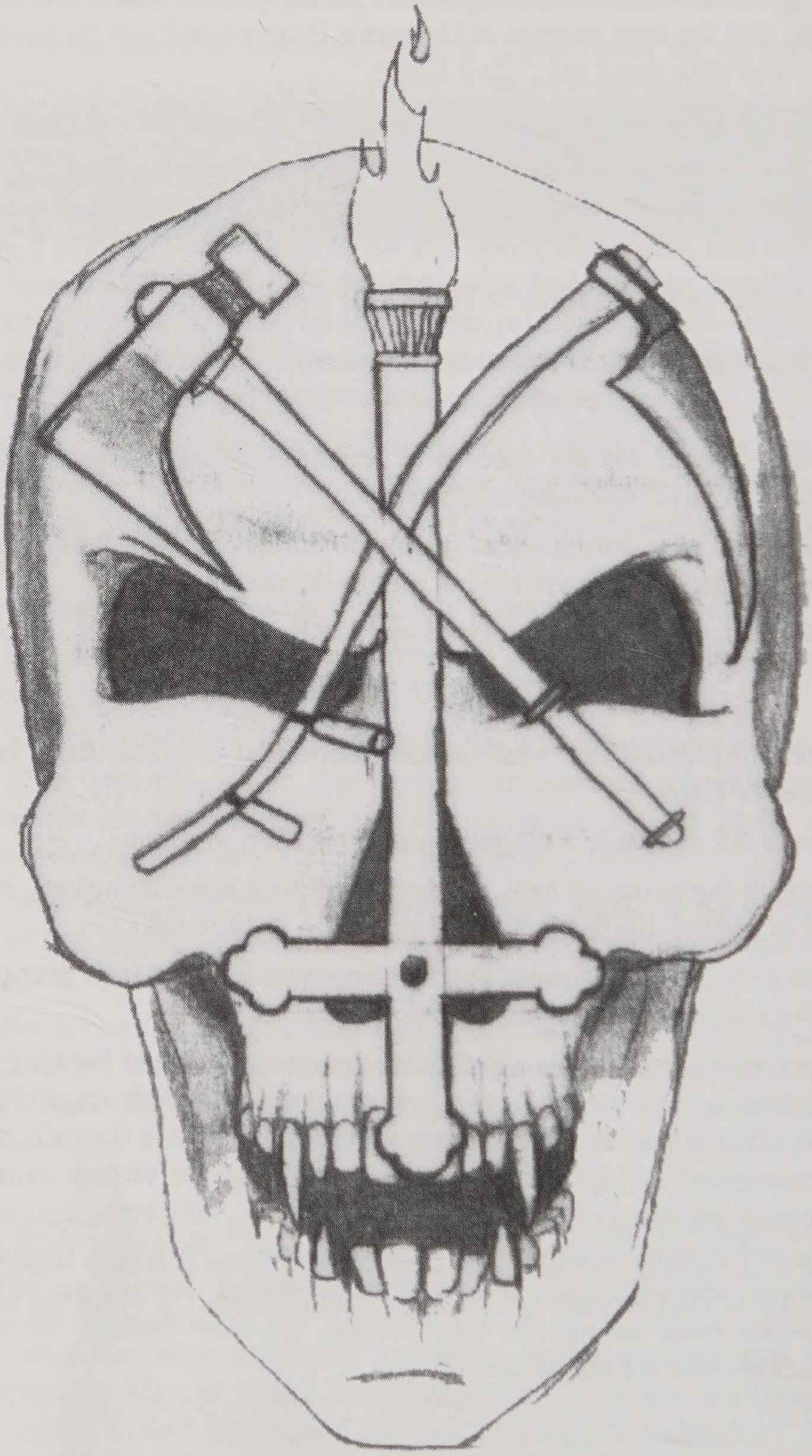
Instead, I propose that what is more useful and less destructive is the Power of Hate.

Hate is not an ***ideal***, it is a ***fact***—so let us learn to use it.

Through the power of hate, we develop power, a will to beauty, and a will to order—similar in some ways to the early Greeks.

Unlike the Jews, Christians and Muslims who worship pity, the power of Hate is inherent—naked beauty.

Depression, weakness, need and seriousness have become the emblems of the sacred…caring about every little hair on a child's head. This is the cry of the newly enlightened. Pity is the call of the domesticated…while those of us who celebrate our victory over the common are deemed to be living in darkness. This attitude is to be expected in order to exploit the weak and lame… However, unlike the masters—the politicians and the priests—***we*** are deemed out of law. We—the most caring, the most loving, the most benign, the most beautiful—***we*** are out of law.



The Yoga of Hate!

Hate is the result of many factors. Regardless of our desires, hate cannot be legislated or wished out of existence.

Hate is so deep—and so much a part of human life—because of protracted infantile helplessness, coupled with never-ending frustration; and all of that is wed to human stupidity and poor brain "design."

I propose that the power of hate is the essence of self-development and the crux of personal happiness. It is the key to separating oneself from the herd.

Why do you want to improve yourself? Because you can't stand yourself.

If Yoga is Union, then Hate, with all its variants, is like the transforming spokes of the wheel.

To take oneself in hand, to become one with oneself, is the Ultimate Yoga of the ancients.

Hate is a great force—a primal energy which can be harnessed to control the brain-body matrix.

To detest with lust is the true orgasmic experience.

To learn to create Hate at Will, to keep it focused, to see it through until the bitter end, is a Yoga only the few have known, and most have kept secret…for it is the greatest power on earth.

Instead they teach you love, they teach you guilt, they teach you pity, they teach you compassion—making you lame, making you weaker and weaker and weaker—all the while keeping the real power for themselves. It is a simple mechanism: claim one thing and do another. It is that simple.

For me Hate has been more than a hobby for discussion and analysis. It has been a way of life—my true passion.

In the 1954 movie version of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea,* Captain Nemo[10] (brilliantly played by James Mason) waxes

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[10] "I am not what is called a civilized man, Professor. I have done with society for reasons that seem good to me. Therefore, I do not obey its laws."

poetic about the power of Hate[11], and his proof is the world of power and beauty he has created.

In this movie, Hate is not destroyed by love, but by a crude, undisciplined brute. In the end the brute and his world seem to triumph over Captain Nemo…but that is only an illusion, for burning in each man is the seed of divine hatred, the will to conquer, the will to push aside all restriction, and in the end, to burn in his own glory. Compare the brute and Captain Nemo in this most instructive "children's" movie.

Gandhi was one of the world's experts in controlling and utilizing his hatred; so were Hitler, Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill, Buddha, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. Of course, I hate all of them and we at Falcon, say "Fuck the Prophets," each and every one of them. Not because they are bad guys, but because they have a lot more power than ***we*** do. Now, that's the truth. I hate everyone who has more power than I do…and this truth will set you free.

Free to do what? To gather your own eggs. Admit it: like all people, you feel superior in one way or another, but you mostly hide it because the real world doesn't care about you. The real world simply wants to eat you and devour you—it wants to kill you. It takes no prisoners—all is food…

Oh, how I hate you—

Civilization

Every so-called great political movement—including those dubbed "Racial Equality" and "Woman's Rights"—has been fueled by the power of hate.

Oppression always leads to rebellion and a new oppression and thus another rebellion. Hatred must be disciplined, cherished, and in some cases, worshipped.

Civilization is nothing more than harnessed Hate.

It is our hate which gives us the power to live…to live ***vibrantly,*** to conquer, to do, to go beyond the ordinary, to ***transcend***…but the power of hate has been kept as a great secret by those in power. They know how simple it is, and have taught you the reverse.

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[11] "Do you know the meaning of love, professor? What you fail to understand is the power of hate. It can fill the heart as surely as love can."

For example, consider Paul of Tarsus, the so-called primal founder of Christianity… He was full of hatred (particularly against homosexuals and women), and it was this hatred—which he disciplined in some interestingly perverted manner—which allowed him to form the foundation of his Church—which in many ways was antithetical to the teachings of his master, Jesus.



Hate is primal, it is organic—it is the essence of life… ***Without it, there would be no life.***

Look punk, you sicken me. Oh, how I hate your stinking guts. I am the Doctor of Hate—I enjoy the suffering of others—it is my food—

So, if you are ready to follow me into the abyss and emerge as a piece of Art filled with the power of science, the Science of Hate…

But first keep in mind that I have failed in being anything. No matter how much I have tried to be something, nothing took. I couldn't keep a state of being for myself, I could never be anything, it would never last, I failed…

I always changed without the consent of the construct of myself that I had created in my mind. Without its consent, I changed…I became something else, something different…except that I've hated all along, and I have always been taking revenge on Illusions and, maybe even worse, my own Delusions… This is not an apology; it is only a simple fact, for I am nothing… I wanted to be *some* thing, but I always wound up being *no* thing. This is the truth of life. No matter how hard you try to be something, no matter how hard you try to grasp onto somethingness, you cannot be it…and be living.

Desire

Men spend their lives trying to become ***something***: an object instead of flesh and blood… In this sense I stand for nothing and cannot be relied on. Like quicksilver, I fill every corner… There is no rest for me as long as I am being someone or something :::::::::: My rest

comes when I am no-thing. My only freedom is truly not being anything, but I can't stop trying—

Let us consider Buddha's revelation—his enlightenment.

First there is sorrow and suffering.

Why?

Buddha says it is because of Desire.

Why is desire a cause of sorrow and suffering? Desire (wanting and needing) is easily *thwarted,* and human desire is incessant. No matter how much you deaden yourself, there is desire. That is one of the keys of the Ark.

Without incessant desire life would not exist in its present form. In fact our entire economy is based on enhancing and fulfilling desire. What happens when desire is frustrated?

We know that there are two primary reactions to frustrated desire: anger and depression. Anger and its various counterparts for humans is *chronic,* and unless it is in some way transformed, it turns to violence—whether against others or oneself. Frustration and anger are two basic components of the triad of hate. The third is fear.

It is imperative that you study those who kill themselves to see how frustration turns into aggression toward others, but their tool of violence is their own death… So many who have unsuccessfully tried to kill themselves have the fantasy of being at their gravesite, enjoying the suffering of their tormentors, those who did not give them what they wanted… Why care about such failures, such idiots? Because they provide us with useful lessons, and while watching them, we can, on occasion, make a few extra dollars off their suffering.

Buddha finds that the solution to misery is to quench or control desire—since he knows the results of frustrated desire is both misery and destruction. (Note that he does not suggest that misery itself can be *transformed,* but rather that it be employed in a useful way.)

His solution is to take control of himself.

This is a worthwhile solution, and is much better than giving into incessant greed, anger and depression, and being possessed by delusional, impotent thinking.

You might ask where Hate comes into the equation. Hate is a complex emotion as well as a state of "mind." Also the word itself is loaded

with all sorts of prejudicial valences, making it difficult to discuss as the basis of human existence.

In essence Hate cannot help but be a primal state, though possibly a cognitive summation of many other emotions and thoughts. From birth to death the human organism is continually lusting and experiencing frustration, is constantly angry (often sub-clinically) or is depressed or, even worse, numb.

This is the horrible truth of it all.

Laugh yourself silly and then find someone who likes to be slapped... If you understand the subtlety in what follows, you will fall in love with yourself...

Imagine a man in a foxhole, bombs falling all around him. He wants to run...but he can't. He wants to hide...but there is nowhere to go.

Later he is diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome. The therapist gets him to relive the situation, with all the emotional aspects—the tears and the screaming—and maybe even getting up and running away. His condition improves.

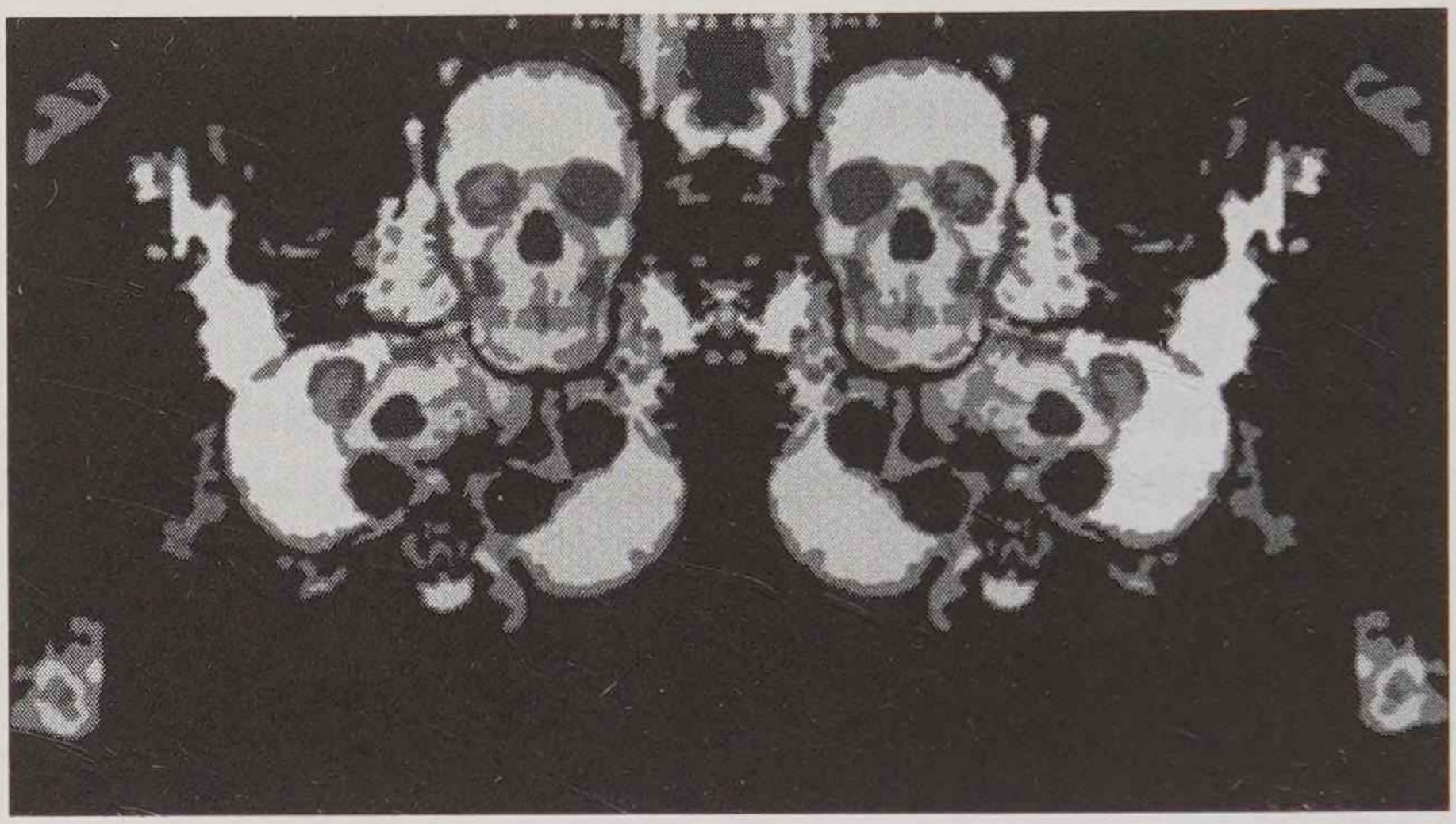
Why?

Simple: we are primarily designed to ***act,*** and when we are prevented from ***acting,*** particularly under severe stress, we do not complete our innate reflex ark. By reliving the situation and allowing for completion, there is closure, the ark is balanced and there is relief.

While this method may be applied in specific instances, it is impossible to do it for a man's entire life. Hence his circuits are always reliving and reacting in an attempt to finish things. But how can you finish the helplessness, the rage of infancy and childhood and adolescence? You ***can't,*** so the energy trapped in the circuits continues on, full of rage, tears and hate...and can't be released.

So they often turn into sadism and masochism. (Freud believed that masochism proceeded sadism, but I don't know...)

Denial will not work, so we are left with depression and acting out—unless we turn this pain into Hate and focus its immense energy on acting on the world in a way which will enhance us. (As an aside, dreams often serve the function of trying to provide closure to daily and historical events, but let me put your mind in deeper tension: *dreams rarely do the job.* ***Only deep action will free you—)***



The Reflex Ark

The problem with the Reflex Ark is that it isn't an ark at all.

What do I mean by that?

Wilhelm Reich had his famous formula of Tension-Charge-Discharge-Relaxation.

He thought that if we could go through the entire cycle often enough, deeply enough and completely enough, we would be a Rousseauian character. (If you don't know what this refers to, go to the zoo and watch the "natural" man: the ape.)

The "Reflex Ark" consists of all of the tensions you accumulate.

My research—and that of many others including J.B. Watson (who is regarded as the father of Western behaviorism)—points out that there is no way in the world that we can discharge the ark.

The earlier the ark begins—the less cognitive interference with the formation of the ark—the lower the probability that the ark will be discharged and relieved and you'll be free…because all of these arks are there all the time. (And there are hundreds of thousands of them, only a few of which have to do with Reich's favorite topic, sex.) And they are so chronic and there are so many of them, you don't even know they are there—they're ***you***. They…are…***YOU***.

All of your pathologies and addictions are attempts to discharge… which you can't do because of the way your neurons are structured and established. All the tranquilizers, all the machines, all of your self-

justified social behavior—they are your ark. And so the solution…if you aren't asleep…is to come up with major factors of your ark—social factors, sexual factors, financial factors, etc.—and then start breaking them down, one at a time…

One…at…a…time… Until, inevitably, you come to the ***crux factor****…which will try to break* ***you*** *down.* It's going to try to ***crack you.*** And you're going to have to win…if you want to be free. To win, there will be a confrontation, a power-struggle, and in the end it comes down to ***you*** winning or ***it*** winning.

Addicts understand this better than most…

Frustration

Unlike lower animals the human organism has a large cortex with multiple memory modules which interacts with the "lower" brains, creating, if you would, per-severation. This means that when frustrated the human animal—unlike a dog or a cat—can't drop his reactions to his frustrations, and begins to build models and explanations which, in his attempt to reduce his misery, actually *maintain* and *increase* it. For example, the concept of self-esteem is purely a cortical one, based on reflecting on how one is considered by others. Only weaklings need self-esteem.

Born of an array of emotions, Hate can be erotic or platonic, but unlike love, Hate needs no meta-theory, no justification, and no morality… Hate is ***not*** the opposite of love. The opposite of Hate is ***apathy***—a bread that requires no teeth…

Most people have surrendered their life. They have lost their vision. Spoiled by frustration and self-loathing, they have taken the frustrations of life and turned them against themselves… They lead "lives of quiet desperation." **Resignation—depression.**

Others have taken the frustrations of life and turned it against other men, blaming them for their dissatisfactions and emptiness. Their hate is blind, like a child throwing a tantrum. **Fits—violence.**

Others have taken their frustrations, their rage, and their hate and have used it to better themselves, to uplift themselves, but have denied the source of their power and success. **Deniers—hypocrites.**

Still others do not deny it, know the truth, but feel awful about themselves, as if they were lepers. **The Guilters.**

Finally, there are those who realize the truth about life and go about building a life for themselves using the power and force of frustration, anger and hate. They do not turn it against themselves, they do not feel guilt or believe the absurdity of original sin, nor are they depressed; nor do they find other men useful simply because they are available targets. **The hero.**

These few heroes know how to turn "darkness into light"—which means that they know how to accept reality, and they do not take personally that which is not. They know how to make themselves powerful and beautiful and they know how to actualize their vision.

1. Resigned — depressed
2. Fits — other aggression
3. Deniers — hypocrites
4. Guilters
5. Hero

The word *hate* brings tears to the eyes of many, and joy to the eyes of the few… So many "good" people hate—hate and love—love, all the time taking revenge on life by their very existence.

Only the fool and the weak believe in love. The strong man only knows the lust of hate, though he is wise to call it by another name.

Hate is the lust for life, making life anew over and over again, no matter how much pain and suffering each new life form must endure. From the perspective of ultimate love, to give life is the ultimate gift, yet it is in truth the ultimate horror. Buddha realized this, but dared not sell his true commodity. Even turning the other cheek was nothing more than the disciplining of Hate.

Hate is the engine of all human progress. It is the refusal to be conquered by the frailties of our bodies. It is the vigor to say "no" to every pain, every obstacle.

It is the force behind every invention, behind every discovery. It is hate of disease and death that drive men to conquer. It is not the milk toast of Christian love.

A person with intact pure hate doesn't require "positive thinking," nor thoughting. Why? He is full of the vital energy of life. Positive thinkers, optimists and the like usually spend a lot of time trying to avoid their inherent negative and depressive nature. In addition, many posi-

tive thinkers are often blindsided by forcing themselves to avoid data ::::::::

Depression is the result of the power of hate being stifled by death-worshipping…or by very bad genes.

Death Worshippers always demands weakness in others. They require others to sacrifice for their pathetic nature.

The Market for Hate

The power of hate is not evenly distributed. Not everyone has the same amount, and hence in time we can see a movement underway to equalize hatred…that is, everyone would be made to share their hatred with others. Of course, this idea has been utilized everywhere in the world, but called by different names.

For example, most societies have some method of redistributing wealth…as well as redistributing what they believe creates or buys happiness. America is particularly guilty in selling the idea that happiness can be bought. Happiness is a result of expressing your nature in a disciplined fashion, not from receiving a carton of free milk. The best way to help the poor is to train them to hate constructively.

Socialism in all of its forms can only work if it selects—or is selected by—people with more or less equal amounts of hatred.

Marx' error was to believe that human behavior could be regulated by simply changing circumstances through re-distribution of resources. Over time the well of hatred grew to such a point that his entire utopian world fell apart. The power of hatred is human life, and it can't be destroyed without destroying the entire species.

The power of hate needs more or less free markets lest it reach a critical destructive mass. In time, as the United States becomes more paternalistic, it too will fall.

When there is no room for hatred to grow, to expand, when there is no new territory to conquer, hatred begins to diminish life, rather than enhance it…

The greatest power given to the Jews has been to hate them. This has fueled them and given them the power to excel. However, as they have prospered, they too are devouring themselves by becoming too attached to their culture… The best way to demolish the hatred of a group is to allow them to assimilate. The best way to control the

beauty of variance is to reduce it to the Mean, the Average, the Normal.

Assimilation normalizes any group, and in time they regress toward the common and the average, leaving only the extreme types to disrupt the dying culture and give it the possibilities of life again. Without an external enemy of some sort we devour ourselves, becoming weaker and weaker, and having to rely on the might of others to protect us.

Self-hate is so common that entire industries are based on it. Much of medical treatment, cosmetics, movies, romance novels, soap operas, eating, smoking, drugs and alcohol, the criminal justice system—the list goes on and on—are based on teaching the young to turn their natural hatred of obstacles against themselves.

My work is concerned with turning self-hate into productive, powerful, ***disciplined*** hatred. This, of course, doesn't make me popular, but I am no hypocrite when it comes to "loving my hate."

(Later you will see how I attempt to sell my hate as love. You will be given an opportunity to ferret out my obvious deceptions and participate in making that piece into something more authentic.)



DR. HYATT'S BASIC PR
FOR "ENLIGHTENME

The Essence of Ripening the Po
(A KISS TO YOU)

Every Day

Morning Exercises: Face and eye movements, shoulder exercises, and gagging. In addition, do fist tensions: first the dominant hand, then the weak hand; however, the weak hand must receive twice the effort. (See the *Radical Undoing* videos from Falcon Press for details on these exercises.)

Do three 10-minute sessions of Ajna sitting meditation per day. (Ajna is also known as the Third Eye, the Inner Eye or the 6th Chakra and is located at the center of the forehead.) To do this meditation, sit upright on a chair or cross-legged on the floor. Close your eyes, breathe normally and concentrate on the Ajna chakra.

One page per day (only!) of side-by-side reading of Count Alfred Korzybski's *Science and Sanity* and poetry—or similar "opposites"—plus general reading.

Every Week

Two half-hour sessions of Mahasatipatthana per week. (This is also known as "Maha" for short, or "Sensing and Feeling"; for more information, see the video *The "You" Meditation,* Falcon Press.) (Also use this technique as needed for tension control and for self observation in public.)

Exercise 1 hour or more each week.

Do the Middle Pillar Ritual with Israel Regardie once per week. (See *The Golden Dawn Audios: The Middle Pillar Ritual,* Falcon Press.)

Be sure to include some entertainment every week.

Have sex every week.

beauty Month

Norm

Once each month, instead of the daily Ajna meditation, do a solid hour Of Ajna sitting meditation—while listening to Country Western Music.

Two or three 1-hour sessions of *Radical Undoing* and *Energized Hypnosis* per month. One session must include *The Innate Power Response* (IPR), including the advanced IPR techniques. (See the *Radical Undoing* and *Energized Hypnosis* videos, Falcon Press.)

If you have a partner, do Tantra work twice each month. Be sure to scream when coming. *(Scientists have discovered cranial nerve zero,* so keep sniffing and screaming, *and I mean it.)*

Reserve one day each month for chaotic fun.

Once each year take a 2–4 week vacation from ***all*** self-work.

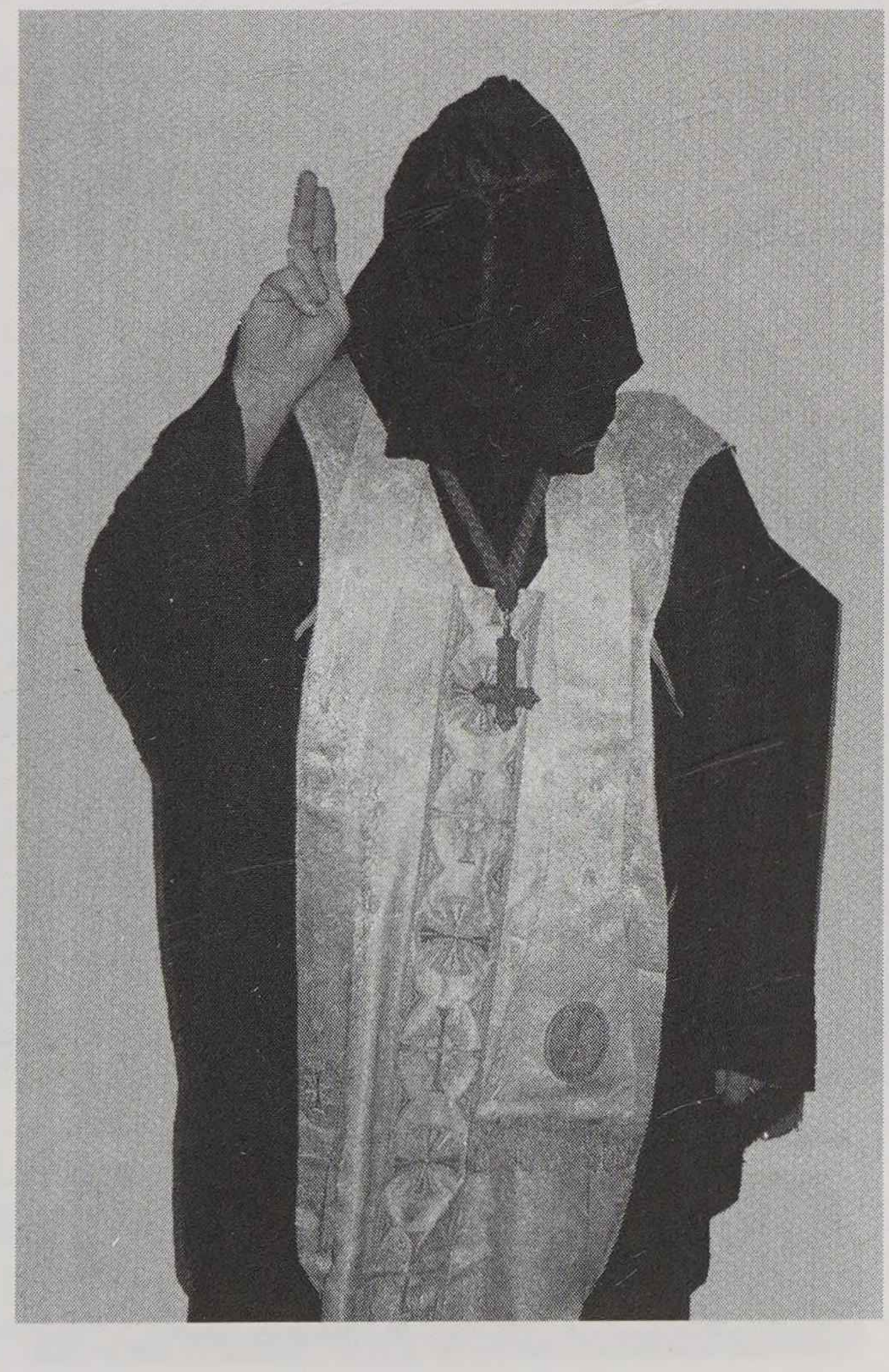


DO SOMETHING!

If you have nothing to do—
climb Everest
sail around the world
build a rocket
go to Pluto
murder cancer
become immortal ::::::
screw someone 20 years older than you

just do something and stop writing to me about your thoughts.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO THINK!



Go do an experiment, a real one,
kill Bin Laden,
get your tattoos and piercings removed—
buy a school tie—
but damn it,
DO SOMETHING …

Advise the President on sex
Use a dental dam
Give up the booze and drugs
Change clothes
build a band,
write a book,
make a movie,
climb the cross,
go to church and kiss the priest
BUT DAMN IT
DO SOMETHING!



Cast yourself upon the sword,
DO IT NOW ::::::

Stop divining
take a chance
just shit
NOW

This world has become a nursing home;
paternalism is running rampant
the crowds are screaming
MORE MORE< >
LESS LESS LESS
BUT
MORE OF IT

DO IT FOR **ME**
NOW

Maybe I am asking too much—
do your Undoing Exercises—
elicit the INNATE POWER RESPONSE…
EVEN get someone to do it for you and send me the reports,
but
DO IT :::::::



MaMA is in charge and she knows best,
how to make you what she needed,
before she met HIM ::::
That abusive bastard—

let someone do it for you ::::::
comb your hair
drop a few pounds
check the black mirror

Yep you are a star,
mom's little darling,
word turds

you could get hurt,
scratch your knee,
fall on your face,
be laughed at :::::::::

Don't get on the Harley,
please dress warm :::::
be careful ::::
stay away from guns,
guns kill :::::
and be careful of those women
who just ***want you for sex*** :::::::::

Where is dad?
drinking beer,
burning steaks,
asking his insurance agent those crucial questions >>>>><<<<<
life and death
guaranteed life will be here by 5 pm.

keep in mind that death costs,
don't leave mom with all those bills :::::
she will have enough problems
dealing with all those johns ::::
YOUR inheritance is in her hands— :::::
Mom knows what to do :::

Give her her meds;
She wants to stay alive to see her first child
again and again and again and then
again

Be kind,
be good,
don't swear,
don't fuck

Take a trip to Africa
tell that rhino to stand still
click click click

walk the streets of Rio at night
how about a cultural excursion to Watts
a trip on the Queen Mary?

sign up now
get rich quick
you got a chance
it's possible
everything is
just believe hard enough
try,
squeeze
not too hard
that's right
just enough

take a class
no,
not Hollywood yoga
or marital arts
or clean cuisine
or the gnostic mess

no no no no
a thousand times no

try Russian street fighting
get your face slapped by a fag
eat a bag of pig fat

you know what I mean
just do it:

spend a weekend with the doctor

send the dough
then stay home

go to Vegas
gamble for free

appear on the Factor
get her genitals out of sight

vertical intelligence
it will be all-right
if you don't squeeze hard

free abortions on TV
don't do it yourself

try plan B
fight a war to win

OK TO STOP HERE :::::
Ask for your money back NOW
You won't get it
Complain to your Congressman
He won't get it either :::::
You are a fool
Say them fuzzy words
feel good NOW
Good

LIES, LIES, LIES

[As you read on, mark every lie you find with a big **Y.** Rewrite all the lies you find as I would have if I were not trying to sell my methods to the sweet and light.]

My original work, *Undoing Yourself with Energized Meditation and Other Devices,* was first published in the early 1980s and has gone through many revisions. The current edition is a development and presentation of the basic principles and methods and, along with my audios and videos, presents a complete course of enlightenment.

I have spent the last 25 years writing and demonstrating the methods of a **R**adical **UnD**oing **Y**oga (**RUDY**) which includes both *Radical UnDoing* and *Energized Meditation*. In addition, I have developed a system of hypnosis which I call *Energized Hypnosis* which is a break-through technique for increasing personal power, joy and interpersonal competence.

The information has been spread worldwide through books, booklets, audios and videos. Some of my work has been translated into a number of foreign languages.

Some students are confused by my varied interests and research projects, and this section is an integration of my experiences and my efforts.

I am considered tough-minded and have not been shy to attack and frustrate those systems and individuals who, in my view, have been harmful to both my personal search and the search of others that I have admired along the way.

This chapter contains both the principles I have developed as well as a discussion of the methods that I have developed through my quest which started at the age of 17.

From that point in my life in 1961 to today I have studied and practiced various systems including, but not limited to psychoanalysis, hypnosis, Zen meditation, magic and mysticism. Through all of this I have searched for the Self everywhere and nowhere, having spent time immersed in the Kabbalah, Buddhism, Freud and the laboratories of the University and of Life.

I have known many important people and many not so important people. I have experimented with sex and drugs and numerous religious systems. Through all of this, however, I have not lost my core which I recognized as a young boy and began to follow as a teenager, not from a simple desire to know, but first and foremost to remove the pain of my own existence. (HINT) Yes, I secretly discovered the power of Hate at a very young age, but it took me years to harness it.

On these journeys I have met many who have fallen to suicide, drugs, addictions and failures of all kinds including the most dangerous failure—success—which can demolish a man's soul more thoroughly than any failure. (It is difficult to recover from great success—whether earned or not—as it always leaves one an out when the going becomes too rough.)

The journey to Self—to the All—is not easy for most people, and it requires Love, Power, Union and Discipline which can only be provided by a teacher and the support of fellow searchers whose goal is not to argue or to dominate, but to support the individual in their own quest.

Most students in this area suffer from a very weak ego, which I will discuss in detail as we go forward. It is difficult to surrender when a weak ego is hanging on for dear life.

Often during the Work there will be great pains, but the Self is not a just Taskmaster, and through discomfort and pain there finally emerges great and simple joy. Through effort and surrender one finally finds the way home, and this after all is the essence of the work, re-uniting with the Loved One—The Self—after being away for such a long time.

I have sat with many great successes, but mostly with simple people struggling to live, to remove their own pain. I have also sat with great failures in life—those so wounded they were grateful for a simple kiss or a hug.

I recall being deeply distressed as well as severely ill, and the attending physician who was performing an examination reached down and gave me a deep hug, and this was long before such things became popular in the late 1970s and 80s. I felt loved for the first time in a long time, and I know that his hug gave me the motivation to get well and overcome my distress.

I have been loved and helped by many people and I have been *hated and hindered by many more*. (This is the truth, thank God.) Those that helped me shared my pain inflicted by the hands of those that were doing things for my own good.

This is simply the consequence of being on a path so broad, so wide, that one can't help but be wounded deeply. However, what I did find out was that I gained the most from those few teachers who had the ability to be tough as well as accepting and loving. I also found that I could immediately tell whether a teacher was real, an authentic human being, or someone selling what Dr. Regardie termed Cosmic Foo Foo. Dr. Regardie would often hit me so hard that I would cry, but he removed much of the pain of the helpless child—and brought forth a great feeling of triumph.

I owe the motivation of my work to many of my students and in particular to (F), who suggested that I place the essence of my work in a concise format for those who wish to take up the task of rejoining their Loved One—the Self.

I call this Self the Energized Self to convey the thought and feeling of an ever-living, ever-pulsating force and drive which exists throughout and within everything.

Everything is in the process of attempting to actualize itself, to become itself fully, and it is only the human, the present highest form of this manifestation that must struggle so much to reach its destiny. Why?

Not because it has "free will," not because it has language, or a soul, or consciousness, or great intelligence, but because it is inherently contradictory and fundamentally over and against itself.

The human is made up of many confusing and contradictory processes and talents, and in this state it has a difficult time grounding itself in its True Nature, which is the deep silence of the Energized Self that encompasses all of existence. Hence man's destiny is to struggle but this struggling need not be futile or empty.

Though the possibility of living in the fullness of the Self has never been lost to anyone, its realization is very rare… Throughout the world men suffer with neither hope of finding their way nor prospect of relief…except through a quick death. Yet even if these souls are doomed to suffering and an early death, they fight to hold on, to realize themselves in whatever way possible.

MAJOR POINTS

1. The Energized Self is the Essence of the All.

2. Each Individual Monad is part and parcel of the entire Anatomy of the All. However, this fact does not favor any moral philosophy over another. What is conducive to development for the greatest number of individuals is an environment of relative liberty—though at times a harsh restrictive environment can be useful, but as a rule for fewer people.

The Energized Self is the microcosm making up the Macrocosm, which in the end transcends itself. Everything which appears as separate or unique is simply a cell in the All. On the social realm, change is only possible through the individual monad, and results in dropping myopic belief systems and embracing the All without prejudice.

3. The Illusion of the Ego and over dependence on language has created a sense of division between the individual and the All.

Language—a useful tool—has become a weapon of the ego's lust. It is the ego's serpent, and ensnares all those who worship the tongue. It is the tower of Babel as its words turns man against himself and his neighbor.

4. Love, Power, Sexual Union and Discipline are the key expressions of the Universe and are the basic forces of the All which are released and enhanced by the methods of Energized Meditation. Each person must properly manifest these forces to heal the separation between the ego and the All. This is the essence of Enlightenment.

5. There is no need for the Individual to believe in the Self for he *is* the Self which is everywhere and nowhere.

All beliefs are, therefore, lies, for their living presence is the ego's attempt to usurp the Self in its own vision. Thus, there is only one true religion: the religion of Self. And this religion is the One in the many and the many in the One. The error of the ego is identifying with a part instead of the Whole. Another great error is believing that happenstance is necessity.

6. The Self is Organic and there is nothing that is Not a manifestation of the Self.

Even the ego is a manifestation of the Self, so is its illusion of separation. The ego's authentic purpose is to bring back experiences to the Self—or, if you like, to feed the Self with ItSelf.

7. Re-Union with the Self through Love, Power, Sexual Union and Discipline is the purpose of each person, but most humans have missed because of the sense of the ego and its over-dependence on language. The ego is a victim of its circumstances.

The ego and language are gifts which have turned in on themselves blocking the person's need for liberation which can only find proper expression through the Four Principles of Love, Power, Sexual Union and Discipline…

8. The goal of the Work is to transform primitive selfishness into Universal Selfishness. Universal Selfishness is the Center.

9. Fear of the Self is the source of all human misery.

The ego is terrified of being engulfed by the Self—the Silent Unity of the All—so the ego creates conflicts in order to invest and be invested with *turmoil,* thereby giving it the Illusion of independent existence and strength. The ego wants to be its own creator, its own father and mother, when in fact it is simply a "servant" of the Self.

10. It is not desire which is the cause of man's misery, but the refusal to recognize the origin and purpose of Desire—The Self in Play. All is play for the universe.

The normal ego has become the false center of the individual, and he has lost his connection with the ALL. Not only does the ego and its handmaiden, language, devour its own vital force and the force of others, but in its incessant desire for control over the Universal Organic Self it inhibits the individual from having a complete life.

The solution is simple—place the ego in its proper place, allowing the essence of the Self to permeate throughout one's life. This is accomplished through Radical UnDoing Yoga (**RUDY**) and Energized Meditation.

However, it must be kept in mind that the problem with the ego *is its weakness*—the ego is always aware that behind its incessant strivings, it senses the power of the Self and feels small and overwhelmed.

This is only the beginning of the ego's problem. It is worsened by the never-ending blows to the individual from conception to death.

Most individuals do not feel welcome in the world—they feel alien. Much of this is caused by the weak ego trying to steal power and value from the Self, and is manifested in parenting, education, work and in every aspect of day-to-day human life. Thus, before the ego can take its proper place in the architecture of the Self it must be strengthened. This, too, is accomplished through RUDY.

The weak ego pervades the world.

It is constantly threatened and perceives attacks to its values everywhere; even symbols often elicit the same psycho-physiological reactions as a real threat to one's life.

In fact, for many people, the ego is more important than life itself.

The weak ego lives in confinement.

Looking for quick answers?
Go back to the beginning

STOP HERE

THE ABOVE ARE ALL LIES
THE TRUTH FOLLOWS

(KISS)
kiss
Kiss

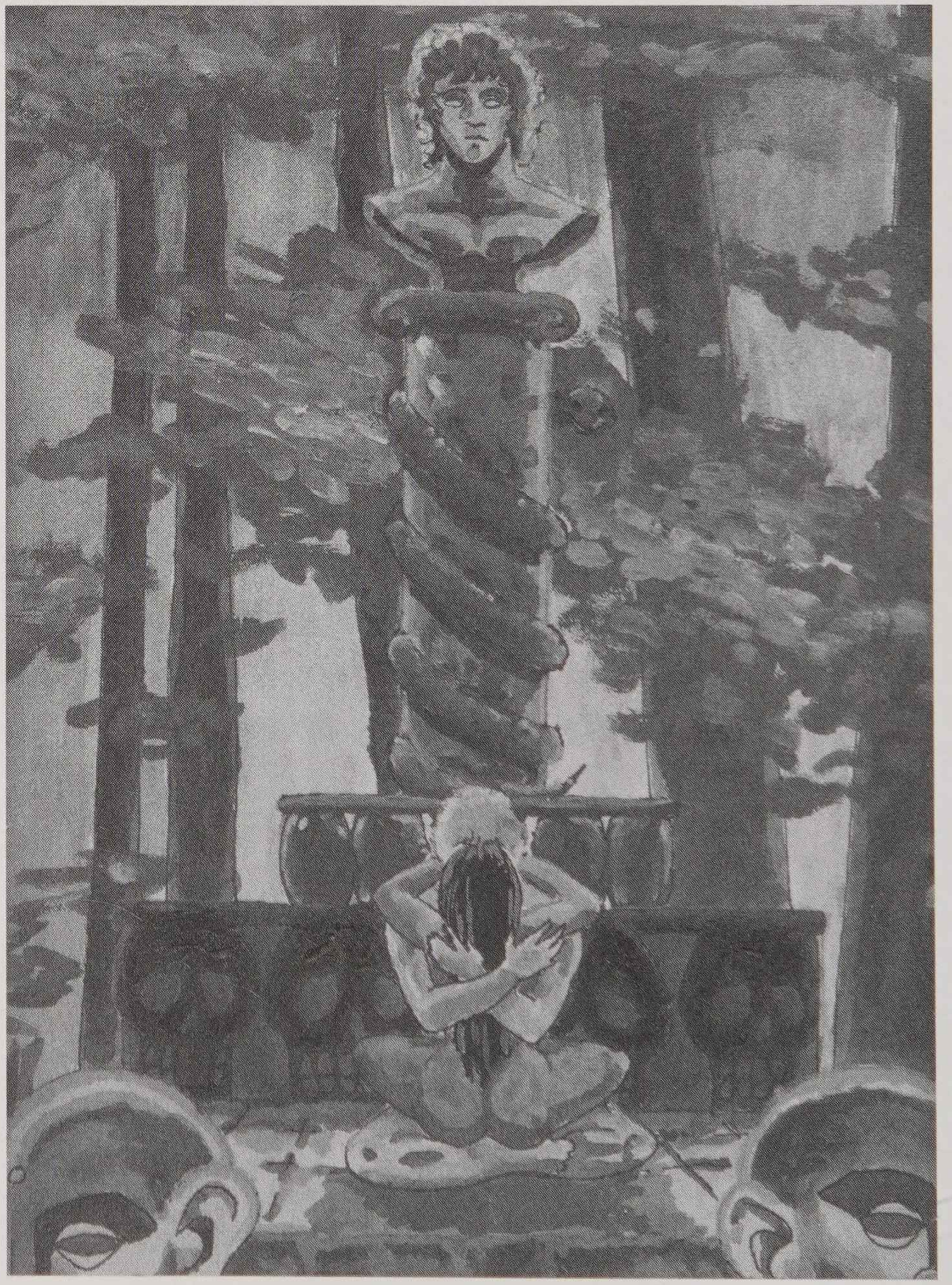
KEEP

IT

SIMPLE

STUPID

WHO IS SHE?
SHE WHO MUST BE OBEYED



I was queer from the beginning, born by cesarean section, a not too common procedure during WWII… I was fairly sick, with upper lung congestion, and as I developed so did horrid and painful throat and sinus infections.

My parents were lower-middle class (on a good day). My father worked as a guard for the Manhattan Project, and my mother was a housewife, preoccupied with her son and her status in her extended family.

She married my father on the insistence of her father. He was her second choice at best, her first being the son of a learned rabbi who refused to accept her due to her low status and lack of religious upbringing.

Her father was quite brilliant. He had predicted the depression and hid money in the walls of his shabby apartment.

He worked in his own shop as a metal worker and had invented a number of devices which later proved extremely profitable…for someone else. He never bothered to file patents.

My mother's older sister was a shame to her father. She had gotten pregnant by an Italian and bore a son out of wedlock ten years before I was born (circa 1933).

The bastard was a continual topic of conversation, giving my mother a boost over her controlling older sister.

"K", my older cousin, became an idol in my eyes, first because he was older, and second because I rarely saw him. He was a mystery, somehow kept hidden, and his bastard status held a fascination for me. Though many members of my mother's extended family made fun of him, I never did. For some reason I found his condition admirable.

****

The idea that I was a mutant did not occur to me until much later in life.

I had the usual fantasies of not belonging to my parents, etc. Later, as an analyst, I found this and many other childhood fantasies quite common, and they, like so many secrets which people clung to, was an inside joke in the profession. We couldn't help but laugh as we realized how easy it was for shame to be the bed-partner of every man who belonged to a tribe.

Bored and amused I would politely wait until some patient would disclose their "deep dark secrets"—which were as common as dirt.

This and many other things led me to believe that the human animal was a pathetic creature—in essence a herd animal living in complete ignorance, plowing through life, one generation after another, while all the time thinking that its experiences were unique, and that it possessed a soul and an independent will.

It seems that our hard skull does more than keep our brains from falling out—it also seems to keep things from getting in.

****

My cousin "K" was the laughingstock of the wealthier and holier Torah side of the family. When he was 5, he was refused admission to a wedding on the grounds that he was a bastard… The same side of the family refused me admission to another wedding some 35 years later because I was married to a gentile. Though I found this beyond humorous, it brought up a well of rage—not out of any sense of injustice *per se,* but out of hate…a very hot hatred which I had always sensed but never felt to such depth. I became cold and wondered why I didn't kill them all when I was young and could have gotten away with it.



We will call this side of the family the Y's. From them I learned the depths of hypocrisy that upright moralistic individuals are capable of, and they have provided me with the grist for the many successes I have had throughout my life.

In essence, the Y's—and those like them—are the overt cowardly symbol of the putrefaction of the spirit. They embody Christian-Judaic effeminism—stealing their cash and pleasures under cover of night. They are jackals, hiding beneath the cloak of the shepherd.

****

As despicable as they are, they will rule the world… They appeal to the sheep in men…and provide a transcendent symbol… Yes, as the obvious often dictates, I hated those I wished to become, but instead of destroying them I decided to expose them—and like them became a shepherd who worshipped the jackal. I never deluded myself that I was a lion; I am too proud being a jackal.

Always with God right behind them they moved forward to infest those hungry souls with their poisons. Yes, like me, their children become Doctors and Lawyers, deluded into believing that they are superior to their ancient, dirty, European roots—yes, the slumlords of the weak and needy, fighting for truth and justice, giving secretly to charities to feed the poor while all the time loathing their touch.

I was no different, waiting for them to bestow on me the rights of their rank and glory…so they gave me gentle tastes of their splendor, only to remind me that I would never inherit the mantle of power.

The joy of their sadism infiltrated my life and I began to take great pleasure in my pain… I carried a warm smile with a bursting lust… For me, in the end, the only satisfaction would be destroying them with my death. So much for the impotency of the child…

"K" was born a bastard but I was made one…

****

Unlike the Y's, my father did not waste time hiding his sadism… He was obvious, way too honest to ever be a success…and even as a child under his whip he became a laughingstock. But he was no hypocrite; he was a petty bureaucrat, self-effacing to those above him, and cruel to those beneath him. He was the ideal corporal Hitler…without the charisma.

****

My mother showed me two scars on her belly when I was quite young. One was me and the other—a much earlier one—was for her appendix. Both were her medals of honor for her sacrifices and sufferings, but more enticing was the man she married. He was forever to be her sign of victory, of how well she succeeded in punishing her father. But this victory meant total and eternal embarrassment as she wore him as a cloak.

There were rumors that he, too, was a bastard; he never knew his father, and as rumors go, his father was a German gentile with leanings toward the German right.

There was one picture of this man, standing in front of a watch repair shop somewhere in California.

My father's mother was also German. She was a small woman—kind and gentle—with blond hair, who liked men and loved to dance.

All of this was food for the Y's: a red-haired, green-eyed father, who had a blondish whore for a mother, and (guess what) another unknown father, who may have been German. Yes, this was food, and I was the main course.

And yes, the highest in one wants to edit out the lowest, and this is what was attempted. "K", my father and I must be destroyed by the Y's. There must be the enemy without, destroyed, not by the sword, but by the word.

Blood would be too revealing, so instead there was god and the Y's acting for him in the name of their precious torah.

And as the Y's wealth grew—and as their passions increased—so did their lust for enemies. Next in their sights was my uncle—a great man, a noble man, a man with dignity—a man who wore no filthy sweaters in his mansion to keep warm, but was a well-dressed man, proud and powerful—a man who made no apologies to either his friends or his enemies. Once he learned who they were, he refused to accept their money for his favors. He was such a man, someone who must be destroyed, that even "K's" mother took refuge in the Y's huddle against him…

But do you get the point :::::::::
Did someone make YOU up?
Just a case of Sperm and Eggs?



WHY?
WHAT ARE WE TO DO?
IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING THEN >>>>>>>>>>
HOLD ON TO THE RIPCORD
HERE I COME

Epilogue I:
I Was a Student of Dr. Hyatt

by Fernando P

I was a student of Dr. Hyatt (Alan Miller) for many years until the time of his death. His last email to me, dated November 30, 2007 (two months before his passing) said this:

> "I must hurt you in ways to make you stronger and fill you with integrity. With me you have started on this path. You will finish when you stop lying and hiding and be silent. Feel free to write when you want. I am still here…"

A book I read recently stated:

> "The guru reflects the disciple's limitations. You love him, you hate him, you don't know what to do with him, but in time you discover that it is not the guru you dislike, but yourself; your own fear, anger, insecurity, stupidity, and ignorance. You're not angry at the guru; you're angry at your inability to get to the other side of your insane self, at your inability to free yourself from yourself and get closer to freedom. The guru forces you to deepen your inner life. That's hard to take. It means you have to surrender. A guru's physical presence serves one purpose: to kick disciples in the ass and make them work harder on themselves…"

It was not easy being Dr. Hyatt's student. He had no pretenses. He saw through my many masks, protection mechanisms, and manipulations. And he was brutally honest in pointing out the truth of myself, no matter how uncomfortable. He seemed to live what he preached, absent of cultural conditioning and moralisms. His focus was on authenticity, on being able to bypass the superego into one's true nature. By true nature, I am not referring to a mystical concept, but rather, our true inner world.

In contrast to many gurus and teachers, Dr. Hyatt believed that all true advancement depended on brain change and was organic in nature.

Hard work was required for any positive result. His primary techniques included Radical Undoing, Energized Meditation and The "You" Meditation (Mahasatipatthana). The key objective was developing a Clear Observer (CO) and a sense of existence or aliveness that does not depend on the conceptual personality.

The first part of the process required the student to be present in life without getting "sucked into" thinking as a way of avoiding reality or the accompanying uncomfortable feelings and emotions. You would simultaneously have to be present to the inner and outer. As part of this, you'd have to intercept your reaction to scramble for solutions when the external appeared as unacceptable. Instead you'd progressively integrate these unattractive or scary parts of yourself into the whole of yourself. The objective was to no longer fear yourself. Then, no matter what happens in the external, you are able to be present with whatever is happening inside.

Meeting life fully, or being "in" life, requires seeing past the superego, that part of us full of "shoulds" and expectations that creates a buffer between reality and our Self. Part of Dr. Hyatt's job was to help us get rid of arbitrary morals that solidified the tyrant superego. He had already accomplished this in himself, something quite unusual and very easily observed by all who knew him.

As part of this whole process, he frequently reminded me that the person I believe myself to be is simply inferred as reality meets our conditioning. If someone were to erase my brain, there would no longer be a Fernando, but a sense of Being or aliveness would remain. ***Through doing The Work, one day we could be living life instead of being lived by life.*** That day would come with the development of the Clear Observer, a transcendent part of ourselves that is capable of noticing everything as it is happening—without bringing in the past as a buffer to experience, or as a way to interpret or judge it.

Epilogue II:
Towards Your Real Self

by Calvin Iwema

As you move on the trajectory towards your real self, if you aren't making other people in your life uncomfortable—and at some level hating you—then you aren't trying hard enough to live authentically. If you aren't intentionally making *yourself* uncomfortable—either through your own efforts or by surrounding yourself with people who insist that you stretch—then you hate yourself. These are the *opposite* of what most people think that they want and need (and it is the reason that most people looking to work with Dr. Hyatt didn't stick around very long).

The previous paragraph contains three dense sentences. *Did you read and reflect enough to say out loud what most people think they want and need?* If not, then I hate you. But the real question is…do I hate *you* or do I hate this tendency in myself? Can you discern the difference?

Who in their right mind would even be open to the possibility of accepting that others hate them…let alone learn to live and thrive in *that* world? Most people want a pat on the head and a smile of approval, and they want it unconditionally. If you got this from Hyatt, you knew he hated you *because* he politely let you leave. He let you leave without argument—letting you believe in what you were predetermined to cling to—knowing you would then go about your way and get caught up in your nonsense *enough* to leave him alone. And the fate you suffered because of your moral superiority and stupidity was enjoyed a little as you were forgotten.

We live in a world where *difference* is dangerous and hated by the other monkeys. This is especially true when that difference measures better than what the other monkeys are doing. So, if you want to improve yourself and your position, then you will need to overcome your fear of being hated. Your ego will tell you this is exactly the wrong direction to move in, but if you give in to your ego, you will need to limit yourself, and you will hate yourself for this. Realize that you

already hate yourself for not being *good enough* to get unconditional love, approval, acceptance, continual support and resources from your parents/family/friends/society. This is the basic human conundrum: you start out by hating yourself for no reason other than you don't get what you want when you want it, and you believe this is your fault. You work hard trying to get rid of your hated parts and become something *lovable,* and in the process realize that you will at times be hated for this, maybe even *rejected* and feel the *withdrawal of love.* Most people stop somewhere in this paradox—in this diabolical double bind—trapped…adding to their self-hate. They try to escape through distractions and chemicals, and they invent concepts and mind games that give them points for "being who they are"…while secretly wishing they were something powerful and worthwhile.

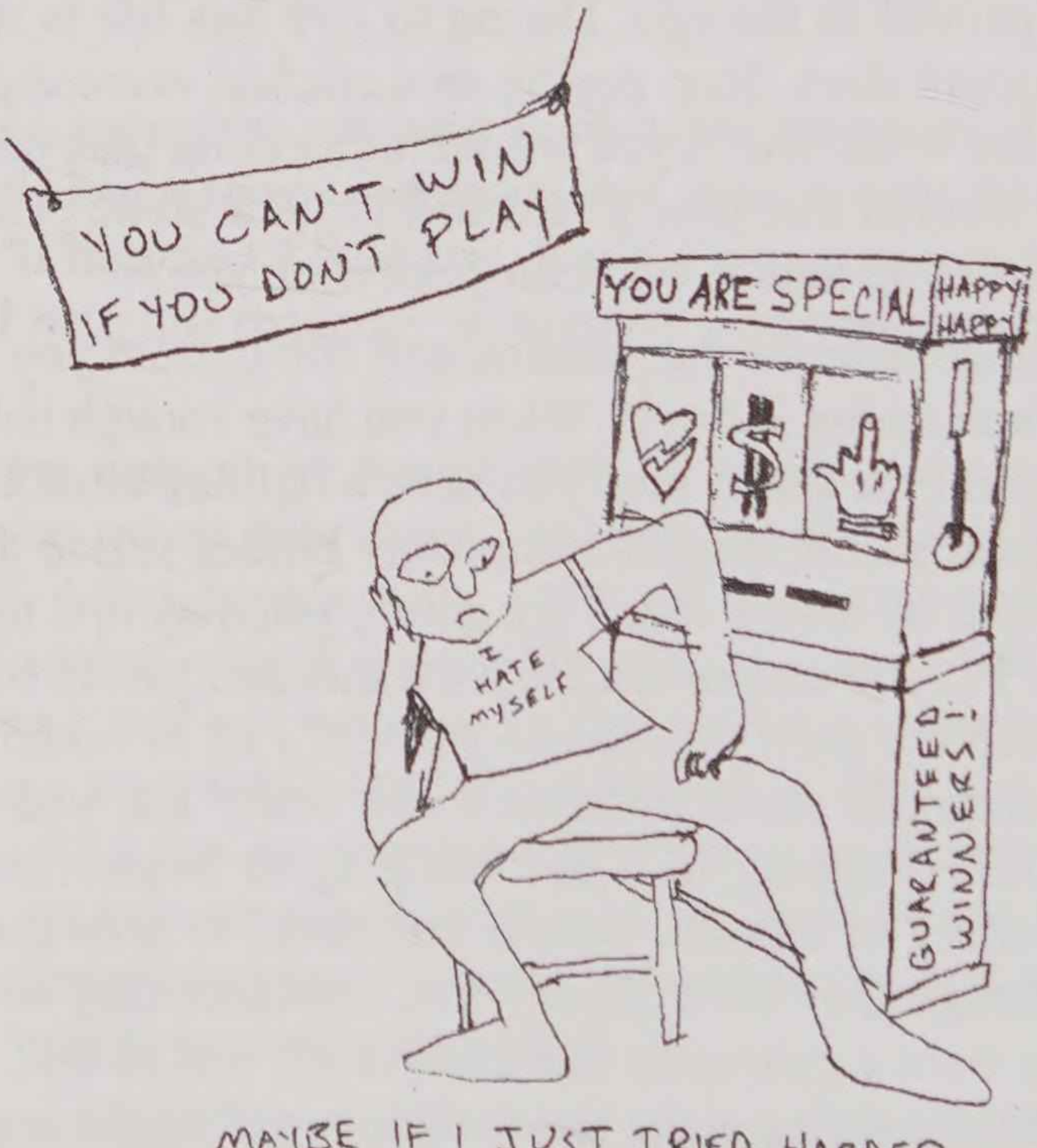
To escape the conundrum, you must learn to live life the way it really *is,* not the way you think it *should be* to give you what you always *thought* you needed. Uncovering the reality of both life and your Self is intensely painful to the ego. Daring to live this life is what a true Hyatt *psychopath* does. Stop posing as a *clichéd, stereotype psychopath* and do the work. But if you would rather cling than take the leap of faith, rest assured that your plight will provide some entertainment to others. Don't you hate it when the joke is on you?

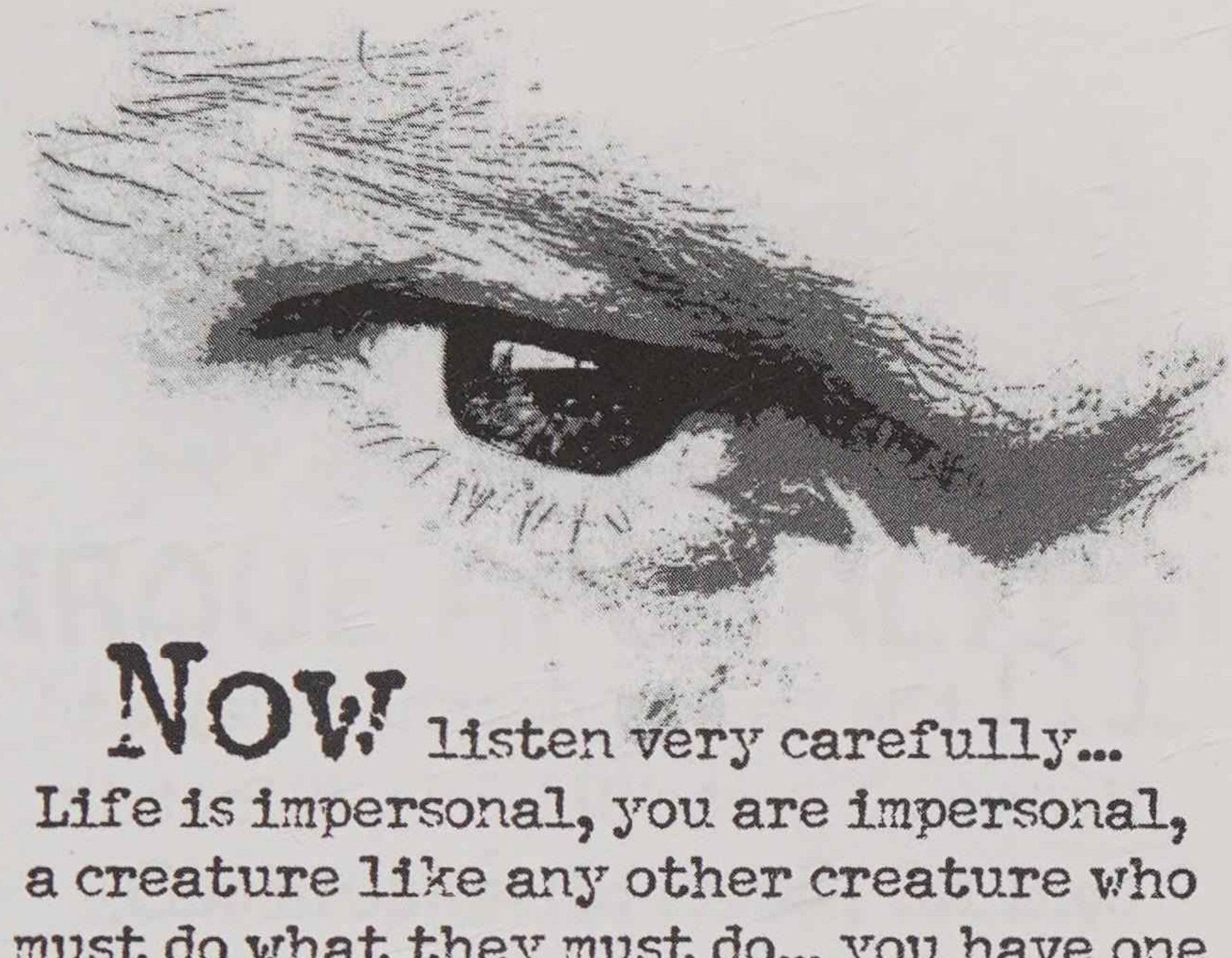
Drum up enough hate for the paradox and conundrum you find yourself in to do something about it. When you have enough hate that you are willing to kill the game, then you have a fighting chance. You will also find a great secret, almost completely hidden inside the entirety of Hyatt's work: by daring to kill the game, you may find that you kill your *self.* BUT…you cannot kill the parts that don't work for you, and attempt to keep the parts that please you…it's all or nothing. Reread the above paragraph about *difference* and really ask yourself if *not doing this…not dropping this,* and clinging to hope…isn't already death just waiting to happen. People are afraid to drop the common game even though they have already lost…because they would rather be *safe.* They want a guarantee that everything will be OK. The game is broken. It is like sitting at the slot machine, pulling the arm over and over, and never winning…while not knowing that the game is rigged so you cannot ever win! And even when you learn this, *you stay there anyway*. This is how most people appear to me, and I hate them.

Realize that most people would rather win in their inner fantasy than take a chance to do it for real. You will find people who have reached

great material success in life yet have no clue what we are talking about. Success has cocooned them. You will find a few dabblers who make good progress in the "spiritual" aspects (refer back to "Lies, Lies, Lies" in this book), but who are afraid to go all the way and/or pretend they don't want to or need to live in the material world. You will find even fewer people who are successful in both the material and the spiritual. This takes real doing in multiple areas and ***real inner work***. This is what Dr. Hyatt is asking of you…and to use your hate to propel you to keep going until you drill all the way through. Or you can sit on your ass with your internal fantasies…and ignore the fact that the good Doctor and others of his ilk are not interested in that game and hate you for wasting your life. You can also pretend that you don't hate us in return, but we know different. We know it is only your self-hate masquerading as hatred for us.

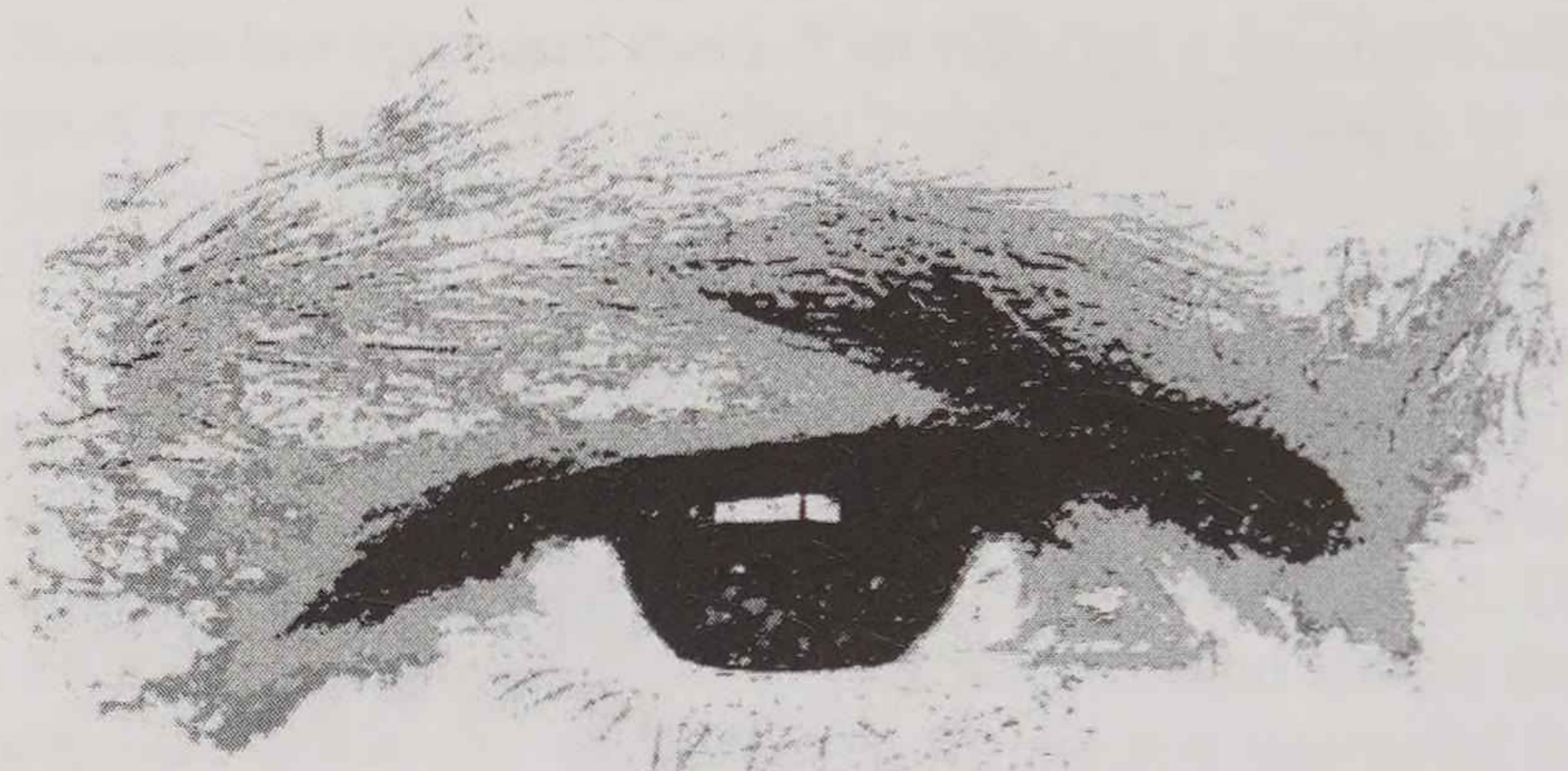
One more pull before saying goodbye?





NOW! listen very carefully...
Life is impersonal, you are impersonal,
a creature like any other creature who
must do what they must do... you have one
chance, and one only, first realize that
you are completely impersonal, then if
you have the strength and the fortitude,
clear out a space and build a self... if you
ask how I know this I will tell you, luck
and a critical eye... now for those with
eyes to see, ears to hear and a mind to
think, dwell on this and if you can, do it,
if you can't, life will live you out.

—Dr. Christopher S. Hyatt



In the face of death, decay and disease, I quote Silenus, "What is best for human beings is utterly unattainable: not to have been born, not to be, to be nothing. But the second best is to die soon."

If you are reading this I offer my condolences and my best wishes for a successful future.

—Dr. Christopher S. Hyatt

PART VII:

OMEGA, CIRQUE APOKÁLYPSIS

by

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.,

with Ringmaster Joseph Matheny,

Nick Pell *Dogma Tamer,*

Calvin Iwema *Psychological Human Cannonball,*

Wes Unruh *Stilt Walker/Meme Juggler,*

& Antero Alli *ParaTheatricalist Extraordinaire*

Illustrated by

P. Emerson Williams

Joseph Matheny &

MobiusFrame



Robes

by P. Emerson Williams

The Post Office Wall



Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
www.drhyatt.net

Christopher Hyatt was trained in experimental and clinical psychology and practiced as a psychotherapist for many years. Today he is known as the world-famous author of numerous books, audios and videos on self-transformation, psychology and Western magic.



Joseph Matheny
jmatheny.wordpress.com

As it Is. Joseph Matheny is a hypermedium, cross-talk capable, fully open source, creative commons licensed human being. He infiltrates literature, TV, movies and the Internet for nefarious reasons. Good luck figuring out his affiliations. **So Be It.**



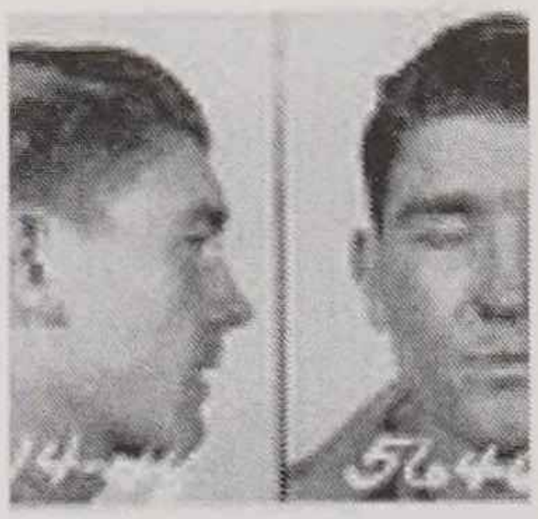
Nick Pell
www.blacksungazette.com

Nick Pell has been hard at the Hyatt Working for years. He has recently scraped the bottom of the barrel and is starting to rebuild himself into an actualized human being. He lives somewhere in the Pacific Northwest.



Calvin Iwema
www.bestmindforward.com

Calvin Iwema is a psychological counselor, hypno-therapist, corporate consultant and the co-author of *Energized Hypnosis* (with C.S. Hyatt). He enjoys expanding perspectives, increasing personal power and assisting human monkeys in self-reprogramming.



Wes Unruh
www.WesUnruh.com

Wes Unruh is an author who lives in upstate New York spending his days plotting unspeakable acts designed to immanetize the eschaton. He is co-author/editor and publisher of *The Art of Memetics*.



Antero Alli
www.paratheatrical.com

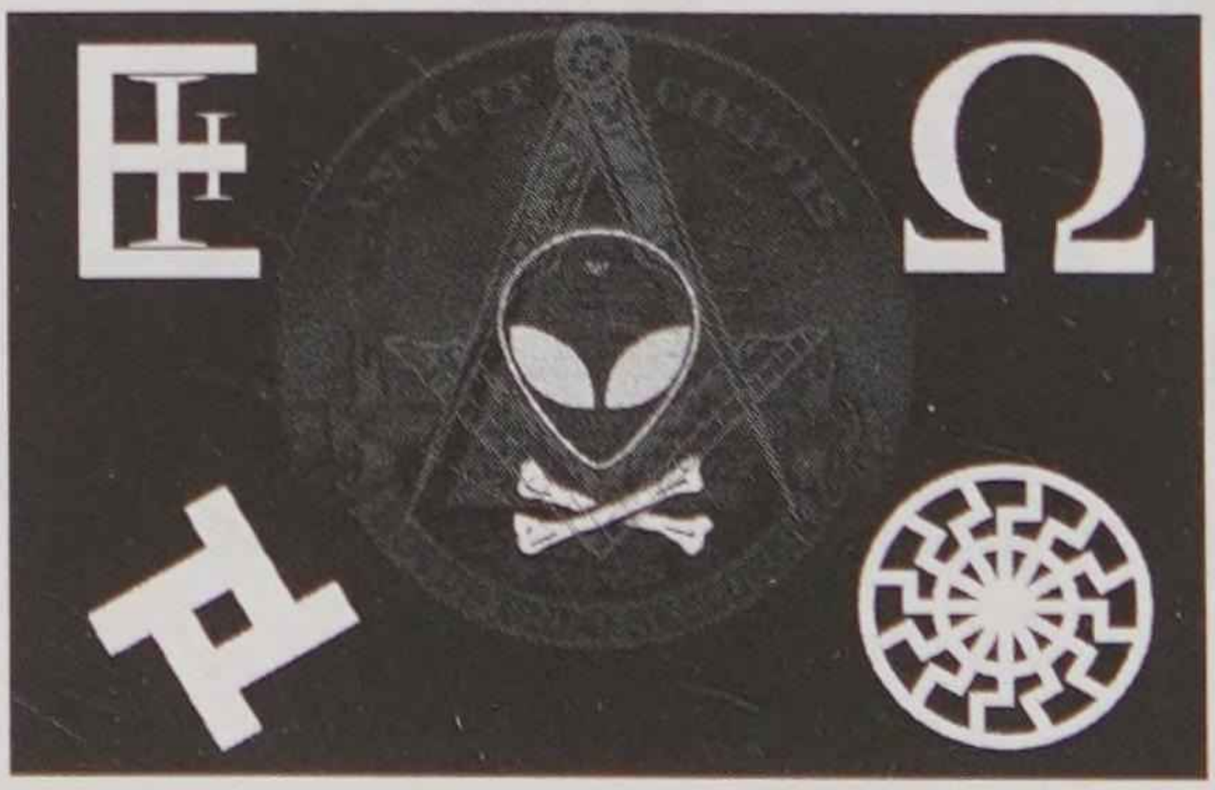
Antero Alli is an underground filmmaker and director of ParaTheatrical ReSearch who maintains a private astrological practice in his spare time. He is the author of *Angel Tech* and *A Modern Shaman's Guide to a Pregnant Universe* (with C.S. Hyatt) among many other works.



P. Emerson Williams
www.veilofthorns.com/blog

P. Emerson Williams is an artist/musician who works in a bat-cave built into a sweltering Florida bungalow. His discography spans over twenty years and five bands and his art has appeared in magazines and books all over the world.

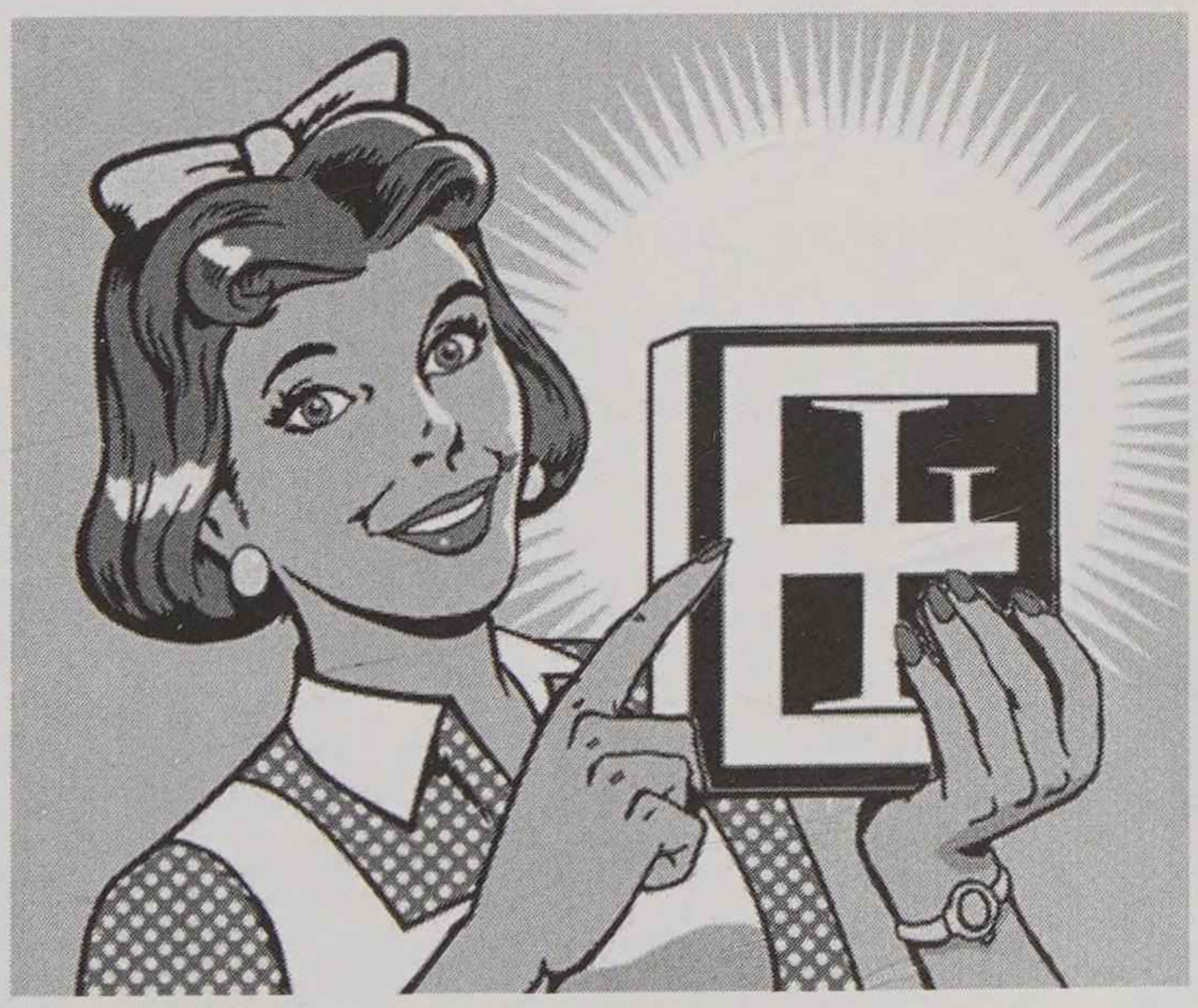
In memory of our friend and mentor,
Dr. Christopher Hyatt, who is really hiding out
on an island in the South Pacific,
but you didn't hear it from us.



Got it? — jmatheny

When in the height heaven was not named,
And the earth beneath did not yet bear a name,
And the primeval Apsu, who begat them,
And chaos, Tiamat, the mother of them both
Their waters were mingled together,
And no field was formed, no marsh was to be seen;
When of the gods none had been called into being,
And none bore a name, and no destinies were ordained;
Then were created the gods in the midst of heaven,
Lahmu and Lahamu were called into being...

I found myself
on the deck of a small sailboat
in the middle of the Pacific.
I looked at the sky
filled with stars
and realized that I was a simple perceiver.
At that moment I became
the ultimate egoist.
— C.S. Hyatt



Brand E(I? — jmatheny

TOP SECRET

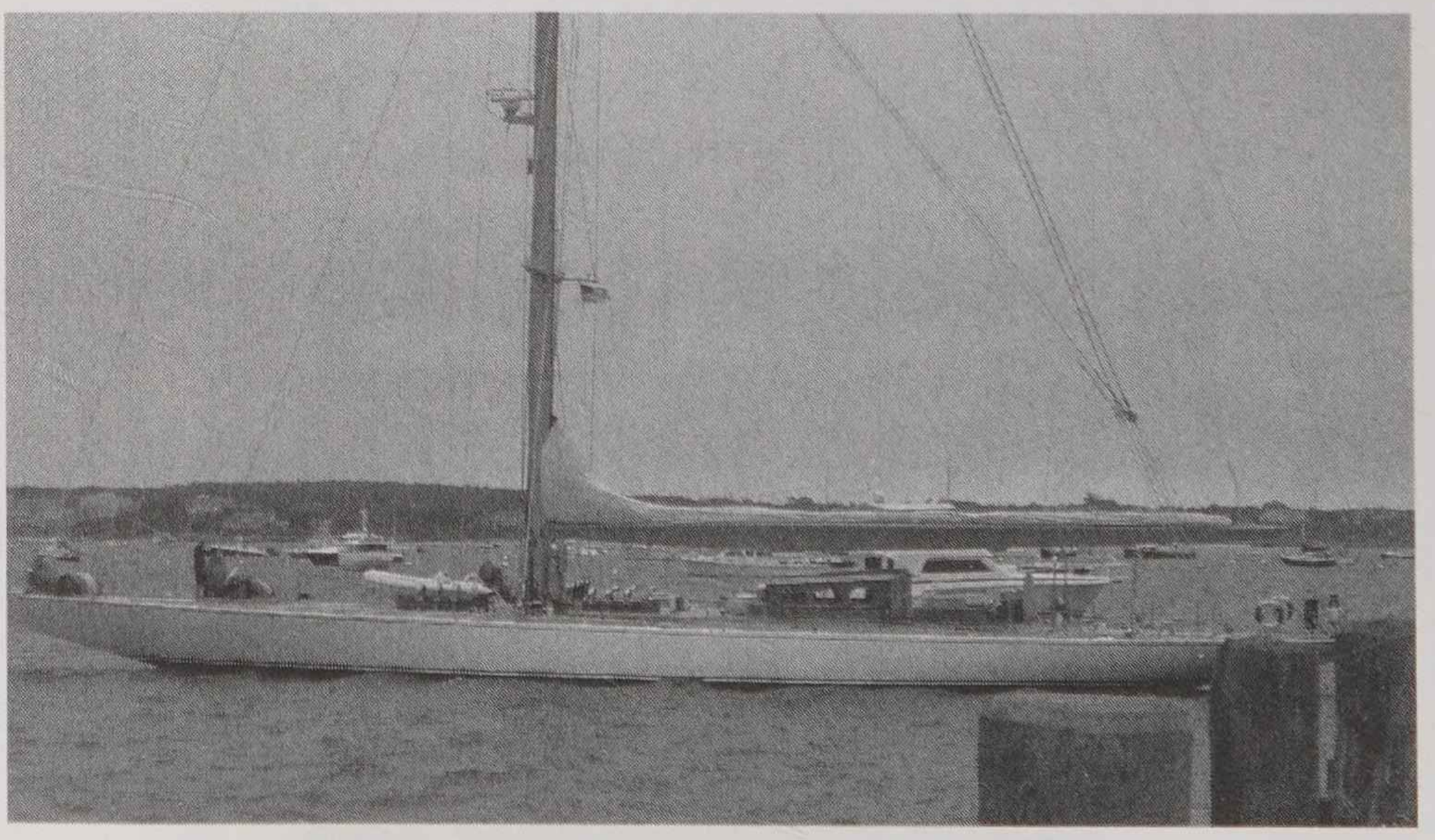
My Report

Joseph Matheny

Dear Doc,

I did it. I have the boat. (See *Part III: Galt's Ark*) Now I have to find someone else to co-pilot it with me, damn you, but I have the boat. We have named her, ***The Tiamat***. What we will do with it…well, you know, even writing it secretly in my journal, to a friend who has passed on, feels dangerous. Maybe it's time to think of dead fish.

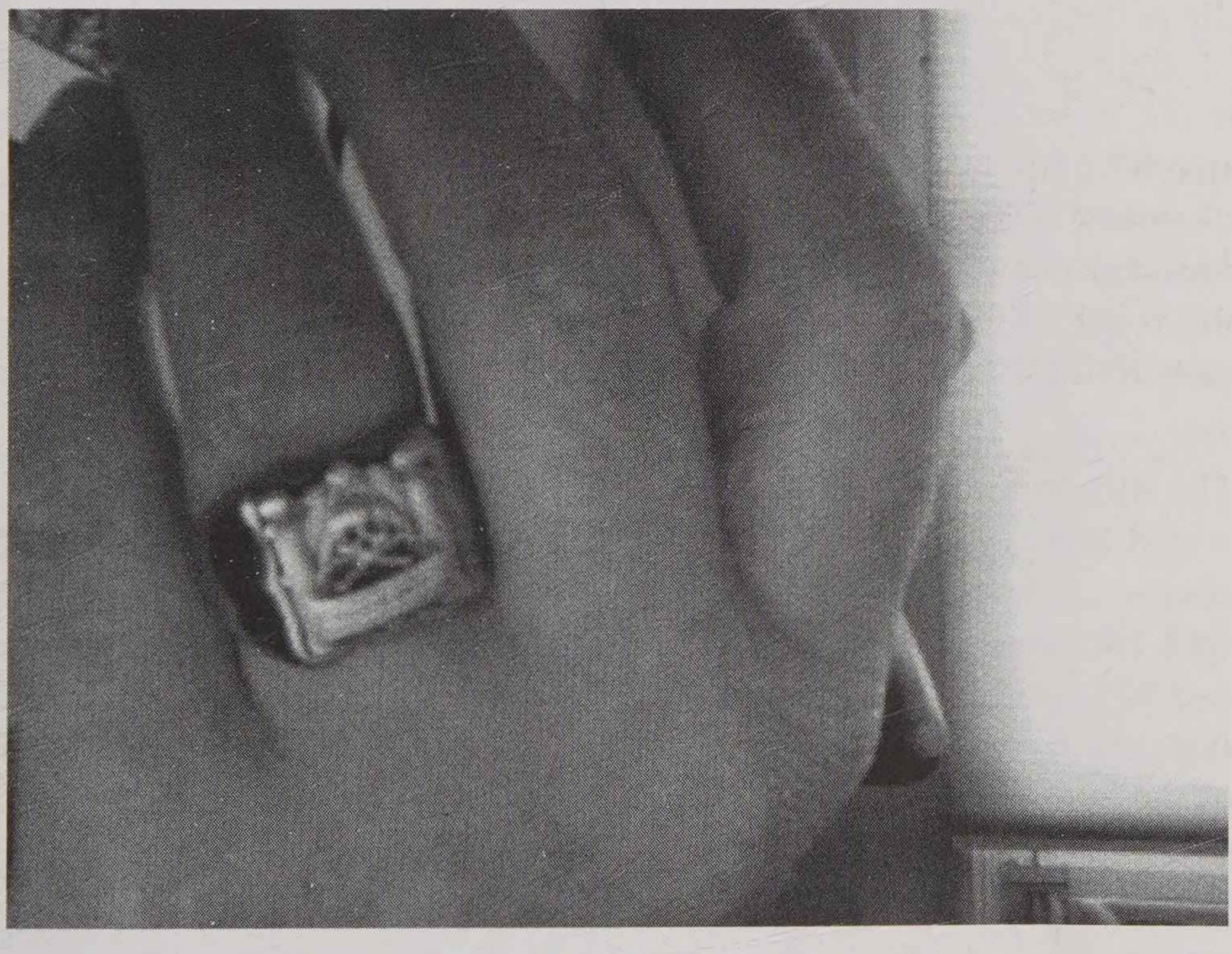
Anyway, the plan is to have her sail out of Marina Del Rey, CA and to secure a second vessel, which will sail out of an east coast port. Maybe somewhere in Florida, Nantucket or Long Island. I think I will name the second one, ***Qingu***. We eventually plan to have 5–10 boats in a fleet, positioned in major ports around the world.



The Tiamat Docked in Nantucket

So, now that I have completed this task, I have a question for you: How does it feel to have pulled off a stunt that to date has only been successfully completed by a handful of operatives that have gone before you? (Andy Kaufman, Alan Abel, Jim Morrison, to name a few.) I would think that you gloated for a day and then swiftly got on to executing your parts of Projekt Apokálypse. I have been receiving the anonymous updates and completion forms at P.O. Box 661252 at the 90066 Los Angeles, California drop point. I must say, I was a little shocked at the first contact, and for a brief second, I felt a twinge of hurt that you were sending them anonymously, with no greeting or fond farewells, but then I remembered that was never how we communicated anyway, so it passed a nanosecond later. </whiny little bitch mode>

Oh, yeah. I also got the ring that you sent via courier. Thanks. (See *Part III: Galt's Ark,* "The Chromokids".)



One Ring to Bind Them...

Now to the rest of the news.

We have lost a few more operatives to the attrition of "life as we know it" which is shocking, since they all had exposure to the "SHIVA" code. I am perplexed as to why they chose to continue to adhere to a contract that they had never signed, but I guess it's "each to their own" and so I move forward with a smaller, but definitely more elegant and efficient team. I guess one side of the coin says, "All things happen for a reason" (while the other still says, "This shit is all random"). You were one of the few people I knew…er, people I know… who can consistently flip the coin and have it land on its edge. I won't bother to give you the list of the recently fallen, because I'm sure you're monitoring the frequencies at the island base.

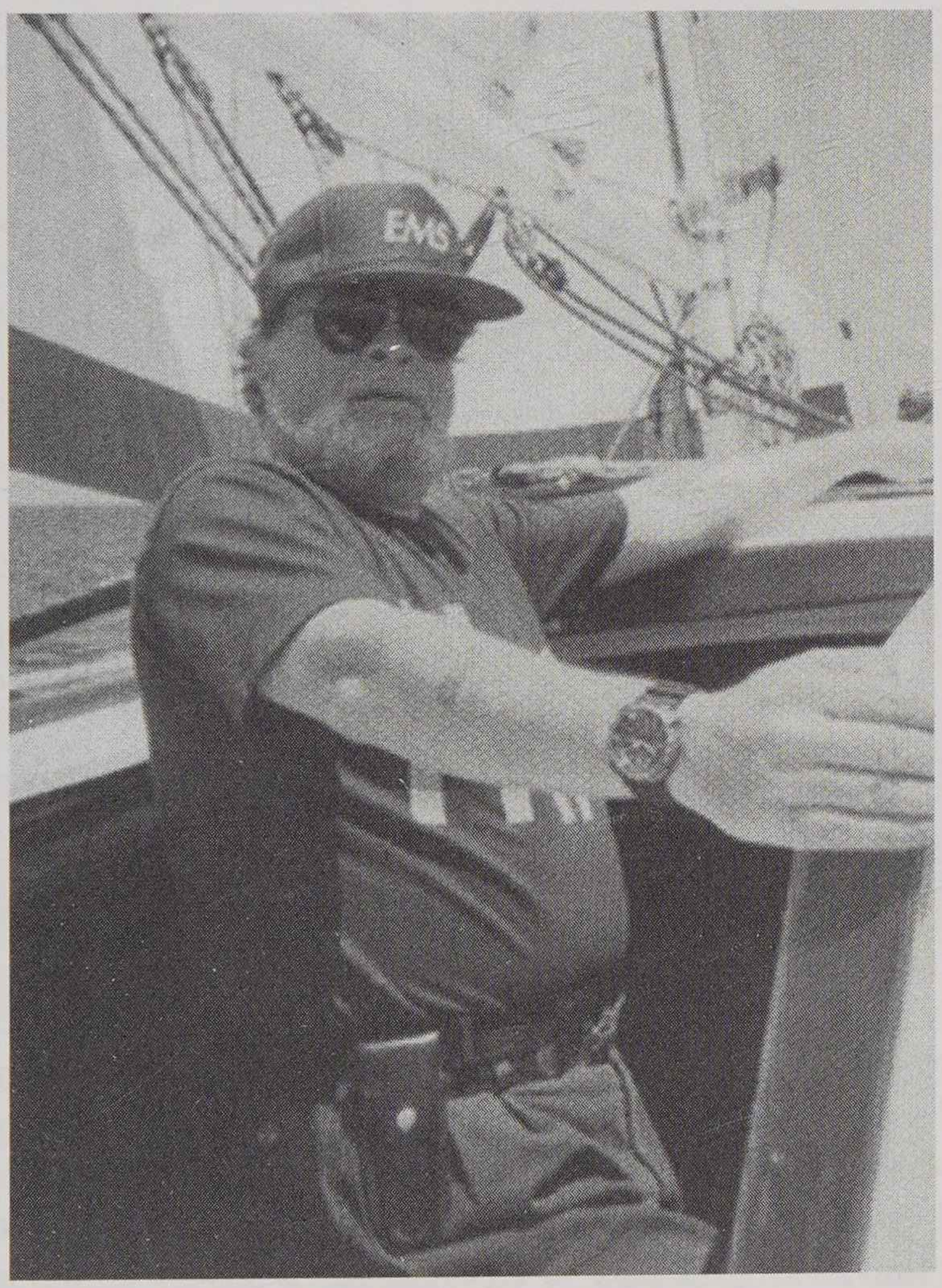
As you will see by this crypto-report, I have camouflaged the troops as a psycho-circvs. You know me, coming from a circus family and all, it was inevitable that I return to my roots. I think that this gives us the perfect cover to arrive in a designated geographic area in the dead of night and to extract from said area in the same manner. We tested it out in a few areas using the "Y" variant (citizen-y.com) with the standard subdirectory for administrative reports, with the level 64 username/password combo. Also, the report in this document can be decoded using the PGP Public key that is in the subdirectory below the report directory, named according to the defcon 2 level naming conventions. I am, of course, assuming you took your codebook with you.

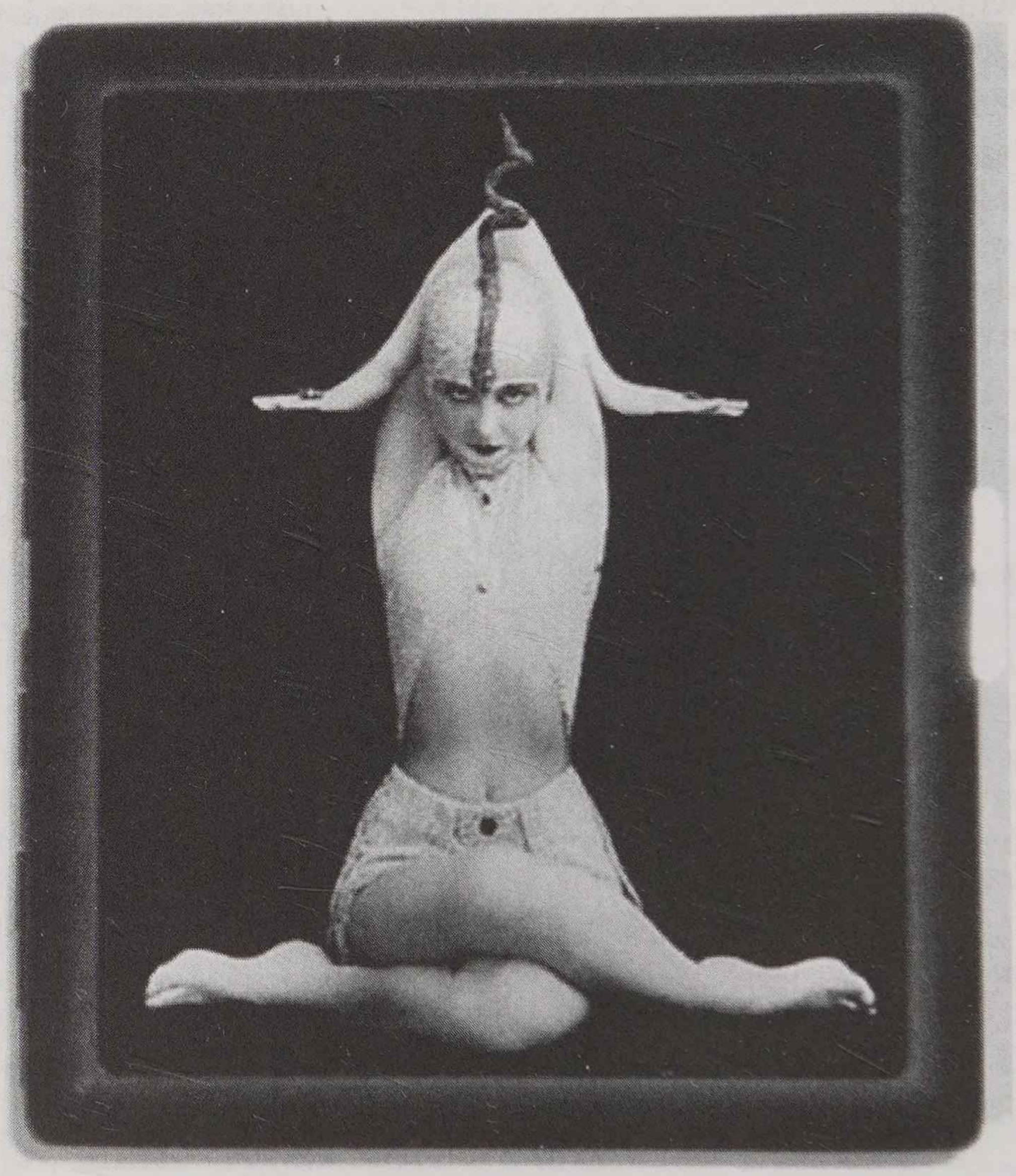
The 4P2 experiment gave us some very interesting results. However, it still leaves our minor disagreement unresolved. I am speaking, of course, of the 10% versus 2% debate. The 4P2.org results were a 50/50 split between people who wanted to join and learn to be serial killers and 50% people who wanted to kill us. (The latter were, of course, all from the hysterical conspiracy dupe camp.) This does not speak well of the human condition.

The only other things I have to report at this time is that the project to infiltrate and infect Hollywood is moving along smoothly and so far we've only had a few major run-ins with the Scientologists. Once you peel back the layers of plastic and tinsel in this town, you, of course, find… Also, there is a site called the New EII. (neweii.com). Do you have anything to do with this? I am in communication with a "Phage Darkfyre" who claims to be the outer-head of this org. Maybe you're having some fun playing me? If it is you I hope you're enjoying it.

I will send this message by the normal means, encrypted with the usual algorithm, and hidden in the most obvious places. Then I will go fishing and wait for your reply.

Guns and Dope my friend,
-JM
Venice California
July 12, 2009





Remember my Dear Buddha:
A criminal is simply a person
who has disobeyed someone
of greater power.
— C.S. Hyatt

Doctor Hyatt is Boring

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Dear Dr. Hyatt:

You are a bore. Your program was too hard, took too much time, so I have joined a group (the Mother Goddess) and feel a lot better about myself. Your work led to boredom and now I feel excited again and that is good. Doing those exercises over and over again, and following your complete program took about eight hours a week. Now that I have more time I feel better and am learning a lot more about things. No doubt a number of people have realized the same thing about your Self Magic. I think you need to try something different yourself, maybe you wouldn't be so boring.

Dr. Hyatt says:

Emotions are promiscuous. So are thoughts and tensions. They will sleep with anyone who is willing to pay.::::::::: In these instances the currency is attention.::::::::: If you pay these whores of the spirit too much they will possess you—they will turn into beliefs, habits and other horrors. I often ask students "What would you be without your memory?" The answers I get often amaze me. Some are outright insane, such as, "I wouldn't know how to skate or play basketball." Now these answers are coming from people who are possessed—possessed by their identity as sufferers, losers in life, addicts of all kinds. They live in a perpetual pity party…yet they refuse to let go. Whatever comes up in their lives they bring their whole history with them…and each piece of their precious little self is taking a free ride on the present and their possible futures. They want to know—NO—they **demand** to know—the outcome of their life. They bury each and every encounter of the dynamic flow of pulsating cells and particles into their image patterns and worse, those of their caretakers. They force fit everything into their memories—allowing nothing to escape. They need a perpetual party, a never-ending fix to survive.

Many of these people are sensory-tonic handicapped which, put in simple language means that they don't know what is going on. They have thoughts, emotions, etc. but they never dig deep enough… And

if and when they do, what they find is…Nothing…and that scares them to death. Yes, there is Nothing there. After their beloved enemies (often parents) have died, there is Nothing there. When they have stopped reacting like the people they have hated, dropped their traumas and the novels they have written for themselves, there is Nothing there…and they are scared to death. There is no salvation, their Gods have been turned into the hired help, and they are alone for the first time. Faced with the possibility of inner peace, happiness and excitement, they run away… So much for bondage… And guess what Boredom is: it is the first deep sign you are getting close…very close… So run now—before it is too late and you can't go back. Run—run—-run!!



Panic!

by P. Emerson Williams

Tantra Motherfucker: The Importance of C.S. Hyatt

In the Center Ring, *Nick Pell*, Dogma Tamer, Places his Head in the Mouth of a Roaring Belief!

I remember the days when I first got into this non-sense. I'm no longer as naive as I once was. The wonderful neo-Salad Days of college when we all thought The Invisibles was going to "emerge" at any given second. People spoke very seriously about the importance of The Great Beast. Everyone did so many fucking drugs that we really believed that Earth was a giant monster waiting to eat us, or that "reality isn't what it seems." As it turns out, The Invisibles are cool but chock full of bullshit, Thelema is just as thought-killing as any other religion, and reality is pretty much exactly what it seems. Had I just listened to a bellicose drunk name of Alan Miller aka Dr. Christopher Hyatt I could have saved myself a lot of embarrassing conversations.

Hyatt was a guru, albeit the kind of guru that you could become co-equal with…if you could navigate his Byzantine, "bury the dog deeper" system of Tantra derived from Aleister Crowley by way of Israel Regardie, Wilhelm Reich, the Gurdjieff work, and the man's own collaborations with contemporary dogma busters Dr. Timothy Leary, Antero Alli, and the Laughing Buddha of the psychedelic generation, Robert Anton Wilson. Many negative things can be said of Dr. Hyatt, and those of us emotionally and (dare I say it?) spiritually attached to him will likely not disagree. But all of this misses the most obvious and important truth. The keys to enlightenment can be pulled out of twenty or so pages of his seminal work, *Undoing Yourself with Energized Meditation and Other Devices* (Falcon Press).

I've heard a lot of whining and moaning from lily-livered simpletons who bemoan there being "only twenty or so pages of really useful

stuff." In the first place, I think this is a mischaracterization. There is a treasure trove of material in the rest of the book, which is not merely a book. It is a talisman designed to destroy the safe little temple of your ego and perhaps build something useful in its place. If you doubt me, read the book again. You should be able to rock it out in about an hour or two if you've read it before, and the text is much deeper than it appears to be upon repeated readings.

Throughout the book Hyatt alternately lambastes and cajoles the ego of the reader. This has a number of simultaneous effects. Attacks on the ego result in the ego defending itself, shoring itself up, and asserting to itself very firmly that "Oh, he can't possibly be talking about me" or perhaps even "What an asshole." On the other hand, the flattery of the ego results in defenses getting dropped and the ego affirms loudly "Of course, I am one of the enlightened elites of which the good doctor speaks!" The combined effect of the two techniques is perhaps the most important. One of the major tasks that the neophyte student of Tantra must undertake is destroying their dualistic thinking. Either/or is a terribly limited way of thinking, and the rubric of either/or/both/neither/some/none/all/always/never/sometimes/etc. is a much more flexible way of thinking. The alternating assault on the ego utilize the best traditions of Taoist meditation and Western psychology. For a very simple way to experience the effect quickly, meditate on pairs of opposites. Black/white. Hate/love. Etc. Do this for a week.

However, unlike the simpleton offended by the supposed "filler" material in *Undoing,* Dr. Hyatt never allowed his reason to suffer from option paralysis. In an interview with S. Jason Black, Hyatt takes exception to Black's assertion that Ayn Rand's philosophy is like *The Book of the Law* by saying "Well, there's a difference, Ayn Rand was a real thinker, *The Book of the Law* is a bunch of bullshit." My objections to the bizarre capitalist cult of Ayn Rand aside, Dr. Hyatt doesn't say *The Book of the Law* might be bullshit. He doesn't say it seems like bullshit. He doesn't say parts of it are bullshit. He says *it's a bunch of bullshit.* Because, for Christopher Hyatt, even in a world of many-layered truth, some truths are eternal. One of those truths is that religion, no matter what name it goes by, is the death of human thought, the oppressor of the human spirit, and the first thing that must be defeated for humanity to become liberated from its sordid past. This is a truth that Dr. Hyatt never pulled punches on. He fought the fight against religion the best way he knew how, without ever hiding behind the worst elements of Taoism (religion!) cloaked under the guise of

"fuzzy logic" or any other bullshit that people talk about a lot but don't understand.

There have been and will continue to be many attacks on the life and person of Dr. Christopher Hyatt. And why wouldn't there be, now that he has abandoned his body to continue his research in the Western Lands? His enemies are largely the biggest collection of psychic weaklings around, clinging to their religion, and their rituals, and their idols. Now that he isn't there to respond to their slurs (as if the Good Doctor would ever deign to respond to such cripples), every mediocre hack with a keyboard will come out of the woodwork, proclaiming the shortcomings of the man, and his life. As if that has anything to do with his life's work. There are any number of reasons to impugn the personality of Dr. Hyatt, and those of who have devoted ourselves to continuing his life's work on this plane of existence are fully aware of them—perhaps more so than the phony mystics, psychedelic posers, and ersatz priests who have made it their job to try to sodomize the man's corpse before the body was cold. Whenever you hear some overgrown child hemming and hawing about the man's various and sundry shortcomings, either close your ears or ball your fist, depending on thy will.

Having defended Dr. Hyatt, it seems necessary to say why he needs defending. The most obvious reasons have been stated above. But what about the man's work is so important that people such as myself, who are notorious non-joiners and non-followers, have dedicated their lives to continuing his work? It seems worth pointing out that while what I will, for simplicities sake, and with apologies to G.I. Gurdjieff, refer to as the Hyatt Working is difficult, arduous and long, it is also not something that (I hope) any of us undertake out of a sense of obligation. Indeed, one mark of what Dr. Hyatt called an Extreme Individual is that they are dissatisfied with conditioned life and couldn't imagine living their life any way but punching and kicking their way out of the shell built around them by history, society, family, friends and lovers.

We do the work because we couldn't live with ourselves otherwise.

But what is the Hyatt Working? Everyone reading this has likely at least read *Undoing Yourself* or *The Psychopath's Bible* (Falcon Press). Between the two of those, you have a pretty clear picture of what the work is, why we do it, and what ends we hope to accomplish.

First and foremost, the Hyatt Working is about self-creation. It is about being exactly who the fuck we want to be without interference by the laws of invisible sky monsters or cloying psychic weaklings. The occult community, being largely a bunch of weak-willed simpletons, superstitious scaredy-cats, crypto-religionists, and straight up raving lunatics, is full of these people. They are just like their straight counterparts save for their aesthetic choice of ancient deities, bad haircuts, and sinfully ugly clothing. The Hyatt Working community could not be more different. Hyatt was, first and foremost, a blue collar son-of-a-bitch and you can see this in the people who follow him. We are—to a (wo)man—completely uninterested in following social convention and wish to chart our own path through the world. In doing so we make lots of enemies, powerful and otherwise—because few things are more offensive to the world at large than a man who does not give a solitary, single fuck. Self-creation ultimately means ending your need for validation from others and seeking only the validation which matters: the validation that comes from within. Christopher Hyatt understood this better than any other radical psychologist of his generation. But how does one get there?

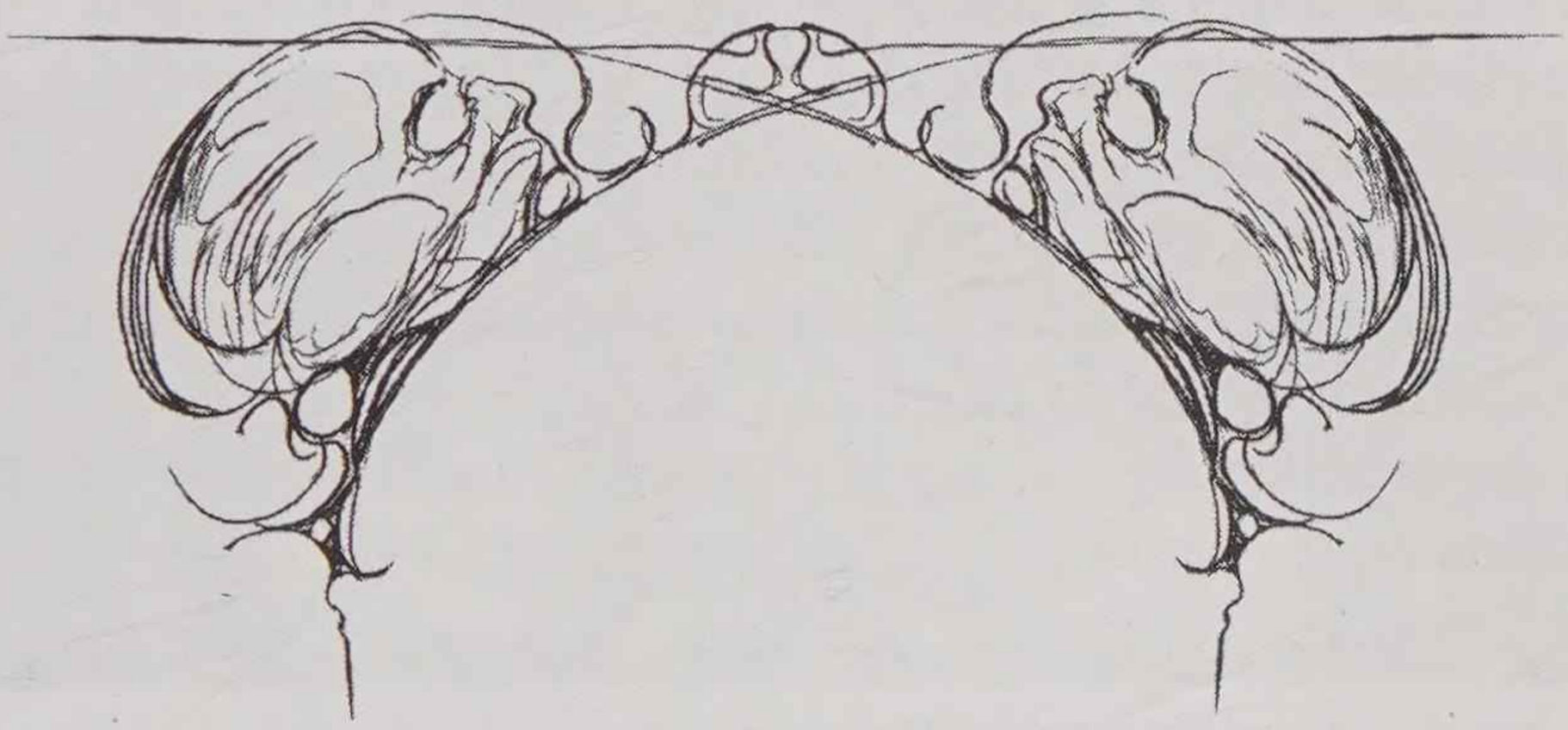
That is where the bulk of our praxis comes from. First, one must eliminate the Reichian "blockages" put in place by the traumatic process of socialization. In substance this means dutifully committing to the work outlined in *Undoing*. One fairly obvious proof that Hyatt was onto something is his understanding that the physical body is the first thing that must be broken down and rebuilt. He did not start with lofty theory or puerile religion. He started with the science of destroying bodily tensions to create a firm basis for re-creating the self in thy own image. Nowhere in Hyatt will you find anything that wasn't confirmed by his own experience and experiments. Anyone who doesn't notice physical changes, biochemical changes, and neurological changes simply isn't conducting the experiments properly. Get rid of the props, get rid of the noise, break your muscles, and then shut your mouth for a change.

Following liberating the body from deeply stored muscle tension begins the process of de-socialization. Another thing that the doctor understood that those who seek the quick, easy, religious path towards enlightenment do not is that the process of socialization is traumatic and enslaving. This is not the trauma that gets whined and moaned about every day on *Oprah*. This is the unavoidable trauma of growing up in a society with dogma pushers and conformity cops on all sides

pushing, prodding, pulling, picking apart your wild child psyche and forcing it not into an Apollonian, mature version of itself, but rather into the best little cog in the machine that they think you should be. De-socialization is the modern, scientific way of breaking taboo, of breaking state, of smashing the superego others built for you to create your own.

In a world where we are circumscribed by factors beyond our control, we can at least be free in our own minds and bodies. Hyatt knew this. He didn't cry about the world he found himself in. He didn't lie down in the middle of the road, crouching into the fetal position, allowing himself to be the victim of circumstance. Hyatt is the Bukowski of Yoga, a modern day Bodhidharma who found the path out of the darkness and brought back a map for anyone clever enough to know how to read it. And he never once lied about just how hard it is to pull yourself up from a grave the world buried you in. Dismiss him as only a belligerent crank at your own peril.

Goodbye, Dr. Hyatt. See you in the Western Lands.





Inner Flight

by P. Emerson Williams

INTEGRITY

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Integrity and Self-respect are intimately related... Self-respect and Integrity are similar to a bank account with deposits and withdrawals, but unlike a bank account, Integrity and Self-respect can have a negative balance...

In man there are strong instincts; one is to have more...to have everything...as much as possible... However, this instinct is balanced (in theory) by a desire for self-respect. So a man of Integrity will be willing to pay for his vices, desires and needs... If a man has such a desire to have self-respect and doesn't pay he loses Integrity, he begins to feel self-hate, he begins to feel unworthy, like he is not a human, not a person, he feels like a fraud... However, paying means giving something up, and most humans do not like to give anything up...

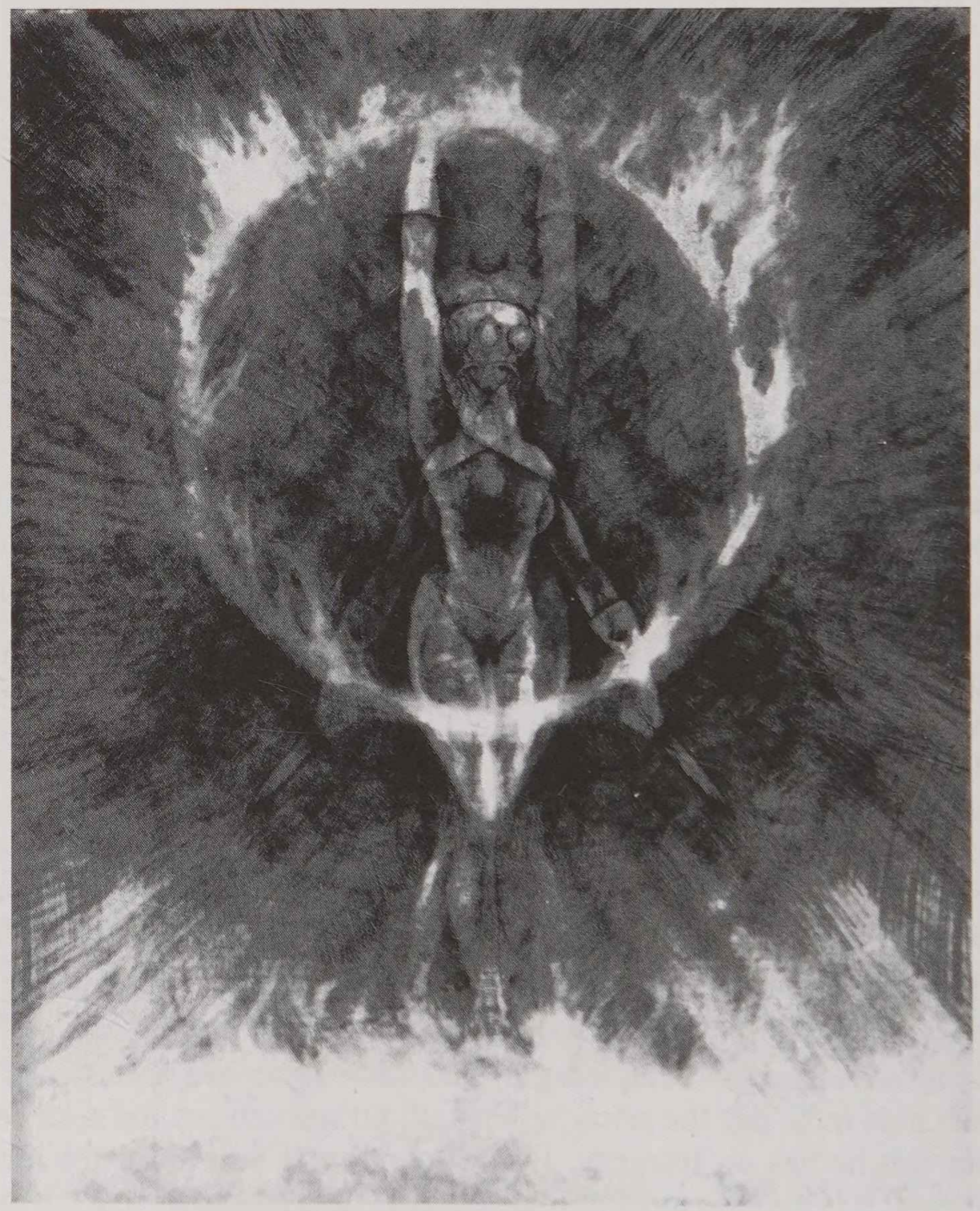
A man searching for self-respect must finally admit that to have Integrity he must forgo certain other desires. He must give up certain pleasures which violate his sense of self-worth. His internal strength is a result of giving up certain things and accepting the discomfort without complaining. Why? He is not giving up a pleasure for someone else, or for some external morality, but he is giving something up for *himself.* Hence to complain about giving something up for his Integrity is, in a sense, a complaint against himself...a complaint against his desire for self-respect...

Unlike most things in life, Integrity and Self-respect is a "dutch treat": each man must pay the price for himself; no one can pay the price for him lest he has no Integrity. Hence Integrity is born from the man himself; it is his own most primal concern...and he knows that having Integrity and self-respect can at times be very costly...so each man must decide what prices he is willing to pay...

The refusal to pay the price coupled with the desire for self-respect can weaken a man to a point of shame and self-disgust. His refusal, together with his desire for self-respect, eat away at him, reducing him in his own eyes to a worthless slug...

So in the end, Integrity becomes a choice and it must be a reasonable *internal* choice, not one based on external shoulds... Integrity is a

man's own concern. In the end it is only he who knows if he has won the battle to be a man…



Ring, Fire, Immolation
by P. Emerson Williams

The Success Robot Experiment

And Now, Direct Your Eyes Upward for *Calvin Iwema* — Psychological Human Cannonball

"If you want to change your life, get busy and do it…
Being mean to yourself is the habit of slaves, so just drop it…
…stop the self talk and do something."

— from Part II: Extreme: The Twisted Man

The Success Robot Experiment will increase your awareness and help you to accomplish more in your life. It contains an awareness component and a behavior component. Remember that real results and understanding only come from actually doing the experiment, not from reading. You will be best served if you get a journal and write down your thoughts and progress.

Pick an area of your life that you want to change, something that you want to accomplish. This might be something that you are procrastinating about, a new skill you want to develop or goal you want to reach. Think about all the things you are capable of accomplishing. You might look to the Despair Coefficient Test to find something.

Imagine that you acquired a robot that looked exactly like you. Think along the lines of Data from *Star Trek* or Bishop from the movie *Aliens*. You could program it to do the things you want to do. It would dominate. It would be wildly successful, because it would not have the limitations a human has.

Humans, unlike robots, have the unique ability to know what they need to do and not do it. Even when it is in their very best interest, humans find ways to not do things. There is no shortage of information on losing weight, saving and investing money, the long-term effects of certain habits and so forth, yet the percentage of humans who are

overweight, die broke or from lung cancer and never read another book after high school are staggering.

This is largely due to the way we develop and the way we use our brains and nervous systems for self-preservation. Our emotions end up being tied to concepts such as "right and wrong," "good and "evil," etc. We come to believe in these concepts when we are very young because we are told to and because of the consequences of disobedience. Often these concepts exist only to serve other people. Even if we come to understand differently and see past this game, our nervous system still operates on auto-pilot and "keeps us in line" though our emotions, which can be *very* powerful—just watch someone experience a panic attack. (For more, see *Energized Hypnosis: A Non-Book for Self Change* (Falcon Press) and the *Energized Hypnosis* videos.)

The Success Robot Experiment goes like this:

1) Pick a goal you would like to reach: changing a habit, losing weight, getting in shape, completing school, etc. Write your goal down.

2) Determine the steps and necessary behaviors. You need a solid plan that will take you to your goal. If you aren't sure, do the research and get help. Your plan should have specific behaviors with a timeline. Write this plan down.

3) Think about how you will feel engaging in those behaviors. Think about where you might normally lose interest, feel bad in some way, or quit. Where are those areas for you in terms of the goal you picked? Where do you get hung up? What happens internally? What do you say to yourself about yourself? Write these things down.

4) Think about how the Success Robot is different from you in terms of #3. Does the robot get stuck where you do? No. Does the robot treat itself poorly and judge itself? No. Really meditate on this, think about all the implications of the differences between the Success Robot and you. Write down your thoughts.

5) Pretend you are the robot and engage in the behaviors as the robot would. This is the key. Robots follow their programs without thinking about them or talking about them or talking about how they feel about them. Your job is to follow the plan until you reach your goal. Your emotions and anxieties may flare up…plan on it. Engage in your plan and move toward your goal as if you were the Success Robot.

6) Come up with a way to keep this front-of-mind. Develop a ritual for remembering and reminding yourself. Re-read your journal. Read

this article or your plan and journal every morning when you wake up and every evening before you go to sleep.

7) Keep going. Develop persistence. Did the *Terminator* quit? Never!

Accelerating....

Think on these questions and ideas. Meditate on them. Write down the implications of them, and your thoughts in your journal.

If you struggle, hesitate or feel bad/wrong during this experiment, ask yourself, "Why would I want to carry the past into the future and repeat their limitations and suffering?" "Who does my being limited serve?" Write down these answers in your journal.

Self-enhancing is a supreme value. Is there any reason not to be the Success Robot?

Doing what works and succeeding might *feel* like it's self-diminishing and dangerous. This is the steering mechanism of the robot. Do you want to serve the feelings, which are from the past and were learned at a young age when you didn't know any better and couldn't defend yourself? Or do you want to get what you want?

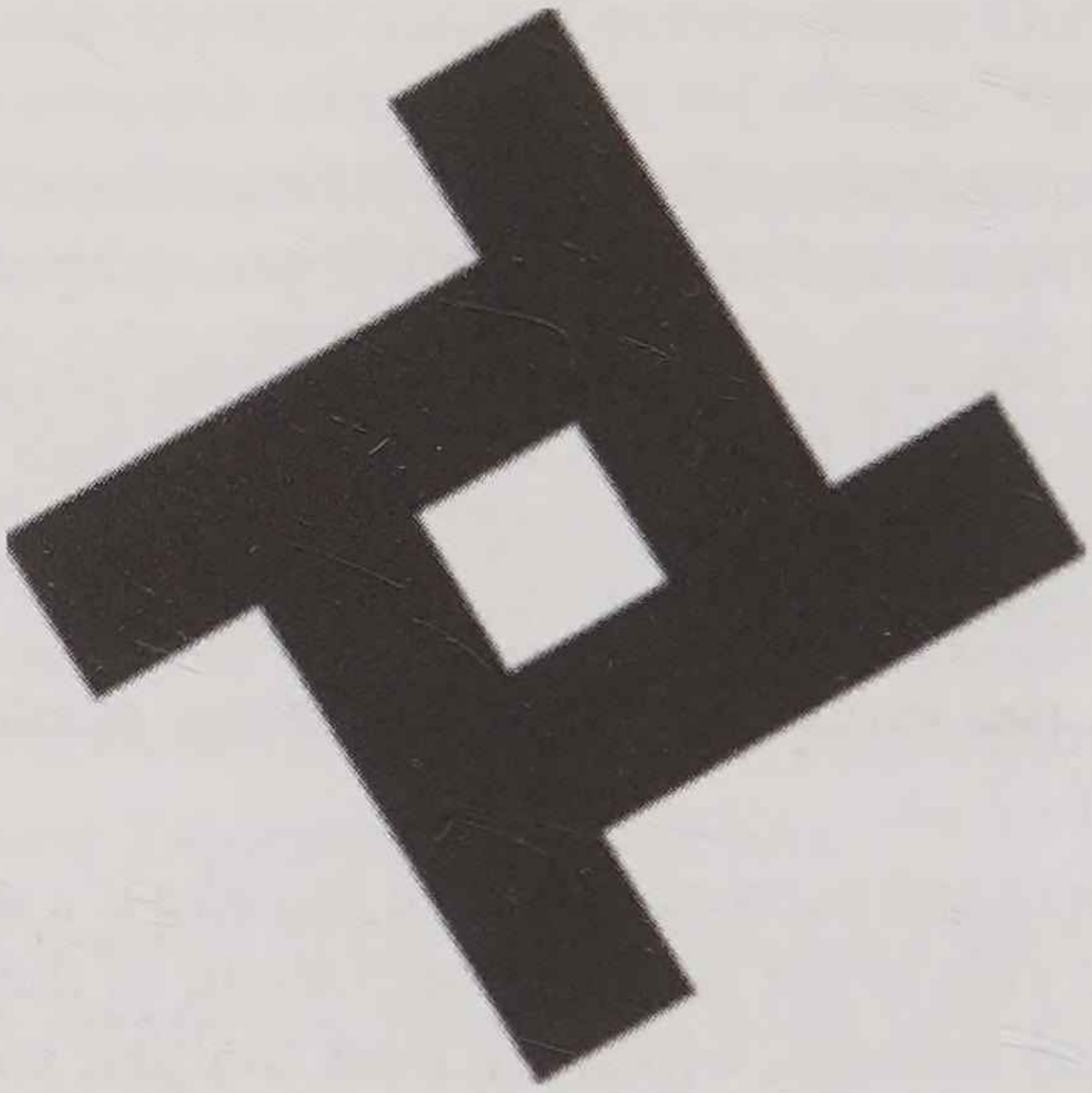
Do you really want to serve the feelings, which will strengthen the erroneous beliefs they imply? Or do you want to find out what you are really capable of and live powerfully?

Do you want to be a good little boy/girl and agree with mommy/daddy/authority? Or are you smart enough and independent enough to decide what is good for you?

Should I be spending more energy on self-enhancing things than I am?

As you follow through with the experiment, some things might happen. You may reach your goal or figure out a more suitable one. You will learn about yourself, your programming and the process of real change. You will learn much about your emotions, the information that they provide and how they are connected to your original programming. You might find out a lot about any chronic anxieties and tensions that you have ignored, both physically and psychologically.

You may also find that you are not your emotions, and that your emotions do not prove the beliefs and concepts instilled from your original programming. As you free yourself from the emotions generated by your original programming (guilt, anxiety, fear, shame) you will be able to accomplish more and truly become who you are.



If you want a guarantee, buy a toaster.
— Clint Eastwood

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES

Worthlessness

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Worthlessness: the state of being useless, of no value. In psychology, the feeling and/or thought that one is of little or no value.

If there is a fundamental, pervasive and total assumption that one is worthless, no matter what is accomplished or how one is viewed by others, the feeling remains…as well as an array of self-destructive behavior.

The thought and feeling of worthlessness demands a world-view and lifestyle consistent with the assumption.

A person in this condition demands that the world treat him in such a way that is consistent with his assumption. At the same time the person demands complete and absolute unconditional acceptance. Although this appears contradictory on the surface, it is not.

The assumption of worthlessness is extremely painful, and as such the person demands relief from the pain. Since utter worthlessness is a an over-generalization, it is psychologically correct that the only cure is absolute, unconditional acceptance—another over-generalization. This need is never presented as a "request" but always is presented as a demand which, if not met, is followed by depression and aggression.

The concept "worthlessness" is developmentally advanced. In no case would a person without an advanced conceptual ability label this pervasive feeling as such.

Initially what a person feels is pain, and only after numerous painful experiences is a label such as worthlessness—or the feeling of worthlessness—applied to similar painful experiences.

Worthlessness is also a value judgment. Children learn labels from adults. Thus, a child who is condemned will accept the labels adults place on him.

The feeling of worthlessness has no neurological or biological basis. It does have a *conceptual* basis as explained above.

Worthlessness is a value judgment made by people who are making evaluations based on their own desires, and needs.

A scientist may say that a chemical is worthless in treating a certain disease. The use of the term is contextual and is limited to a set of specific facts. Taken out of the specific context the term becomes a value judgment—most often based on the labeler's values and needs.



Fortaert

by P. Emerson Williams

Yes, You CAN Take Over the World!

And Now, Working without a Net:

Wes Unruh — Stilt Walker/Meme Juggler

Take stock of your position in life—is there a way for you to advance, to grow in power in the job you have now? If not, quit. Leave it all behind. Take what you can carry and head for somewhere else.

All of life's problems are solved by movement. Any resistance you meet along the way can be overcome so long as you recognize what kind of resistance with which you're being confronted. To take control of someone's will, you must present them with a compelling movement they can take which will unlock a benefit you present.

There are three types of individuals who stand in your way: skeptics, who'll always be uncertain about the benefit you are touting; reactors, who resist because they sense your underlying intentions; and reluctants, who are slowly turning to stone on their own and who wouldn't want to change no matter what you or anyone else offers.

Institutional structures are surprisingly easy targets for the motivated psychopath because they're filled with redundancies, absurdities and entropic points of exploitable inertia. Rising through the ranks of any given institution is purely a matter of social manipulation, *not* experience, and certainly *not* by being a TEAM PLAYER. If you fit in too well, you'll never move up the institutional pyramid.

You must start by exploring the nature of the institution carefully. Create a network map of the institution you want to bend to your will, and identify both the core network that runs things and the peripheral network that kowtows to the demands of the core network.

Once you've identified all the key players in the core network, pay close attention to the different language choices those in the core network you wish to infiltrate use as opposed to those in the periphery that have no power. Mimic that language deliberately. It will feel forced, but only to you, and that feeling will quickly fade. Soon you'll

sound like a member of the core network and that subliminal effect will have the "team players" running around doing your bidding *even if you make less money than they do.*

Any time you meet with resistance, immediately seek a way of structuring a change in your relationship with that person. Sidestep resistance by creating a positive vision of their future that they can only achieve by following your specific suggestions. Minimize your requests at first, and depersonalize the interactions, so you are redefining the relationship you have with that resisting individual.

Get them to say "yes" to something—anything—before you make your real request. Even better, give them something. If you are in a corporate environment that has a break room with vending machines, this becomes absurdly easy. Go buy yourself two sodas and bring them by your target's desk; casually say the machine spit out an extra soda, and give it to them. Don't even give them an opportunity to say "no," just put it on their desk.

Then, two or three hours later, make your request in such a way as to provide them with upwardly scalable responses—don't ask for a specific thing, ask for general assistance where your target can choose their level of response—often they will go above and beyond what you expect, especially if they've drunk the soda, or eaten the candy, or otherwise accepted the gift you'd left them hours earlier.

When you make a request, be sure to use the word "because" in the request. You don't even need to give a real reason. Ending the sentence with the word "because" is ammunition enough to work your mind control. Injecting desired behavior changes into an institutional body means mimicking all the acceptable group behavior long enough that you've been accepted by the core network, then bending those members of the periphery network to your will.

Modulate the way you ask these "team players" to do something—asking directly may work on the reluctant ones who need a direct shock to motivate them into action, but those who react oppositionally to a direct request are often easier to motivate through insinuation. "It sure would be good if someone did X" is an easier sell to this type than "I need you to do X"—and with the skeptics out there, you'll find that you must build up over time a relationship based around gifting them and getting them to say "yes" to questions long before you begin really manipulating them directly.

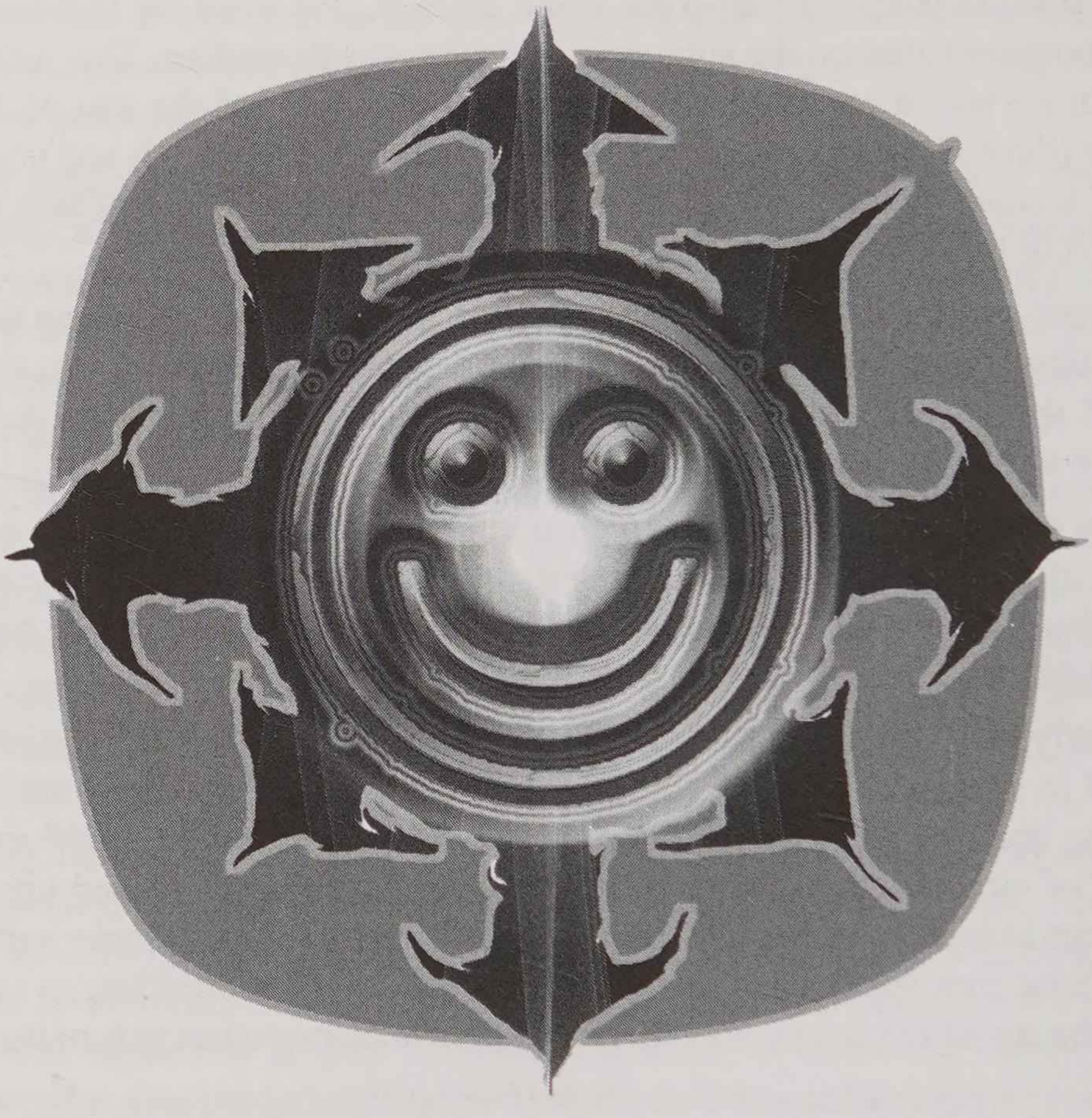
Persuasion is both an art-form and a science, and there are thousands of books written on the subject, a few even worth reading. This article is in no way a complete course in manipulation; read the rest of *The Big Black Book* and *The Psychopath's Bible* closely enough and you'll get a crash course. Instead this piece is intended to help you step out of your powerless rut.

Forget about strategies for getting ahead in business, or spending time getting a post-graduate degree. If you really want to master your time and space, first you must quit whatever piss-poor job you're doing now to make ends meet.

You can take control of any given situation in a matter of minutes with the right stimulus—and a competent manipulator can quickly rise through the social structure of any institution by keeping a few basic techniques for dealing with resistance.

Nearly all institutions, both public and private, are essentially pyramidal in structure, while the individuals embedded within those institutions are part of a larger social body which is primarily constructed out of circles that move in waves between institutions. Rising up the pyramid means finding new social circles to surf—and it doesn't matter how competent you may or may not be at your occupation so long as the social circle you want to manipulate accepts you as part of itself.

When you quit whatever bullshit you've been doing to just get by, and start using others around you to promote your own interests, you're well on your way to realizing your full potential. You're also going to have some really fucked up experiences, mainly because you'll have freed up enough time for those experiences. It's not going to be easy, but it sure won't be boring.



Untitled

by P. Emerson Williams

Learn to expend yourself on the right things.
If you do, you will never feel unhappy.
— Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

FULFILLMENT

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

In dividing those things which men assert to provide fulfillment we can break them into three groups:

things—money—power to move
people—friends, family, honors, rank
god, loved by and loving god, angels, spiritual quests…

Rarely do you hear a man say "I am fulfillment."

Is a man only of value if he is the subject of some object?

If I lived on a desert isle alone would I be of no value because there was no one to shower my gifts upon?

How does the idea of value come under the authority of "the other"? And who would invent a medal for those whose efforts and nature shower the world with their glory? Those in need of water… those who want to build a dam…

I want to look like an honorable man, a heroic man, hence I make up riddles which sooth the spirits of little men…

The arrow was painful. Can it not be painful without your comparing it to something, something even as common as childbirth?

If all there is is our physiology, then we better learn to remain healthy, avoid pain, and bask in the sun when it shines…

Why do I want to be more? Because I am unhealthy, and use weakness to survive…

I am neither smart enough, strong enough nor prominent enough to save myself—let alone promote myself—so, like a woman, I use deception to gain the little comfort and moments of triumph that can only come from being a regular at a bar for pensioners…

I loathe any form of resistance to my desires and if I must act, I put myself out to satisfy myself. I gain more from the bragging of my struggles than the object which I desired to begin with…

We have invented all sorts of conveniences to resist the fact that we are factual and are being lived by a series of secret bacteria whose

death means our own. They care little for what we think of ourselves or what we own, or what we want… All they care about is simply going on… Simply study the various forms of getting rid of the corpse, of how we can go on so easily…and how we hurry to have it done with…everyone has a turn with the shovel… The sooner we forget the quicker we can get on with it… Life must go on…and it does and it doesn't care what body it occupies…

The man is proud. He never gets caught in his petty crimes against mankind and god; he has his little house, his aging wife and four grandchildren to show for it… Proud is he, much like the prison guard who is protecting society against those who got caught.

In punishment the executioner learns more than the victim…it is possible.

To stay alive we have given up life…

How a little tick in the evening can make us forget the pleasures of the day…

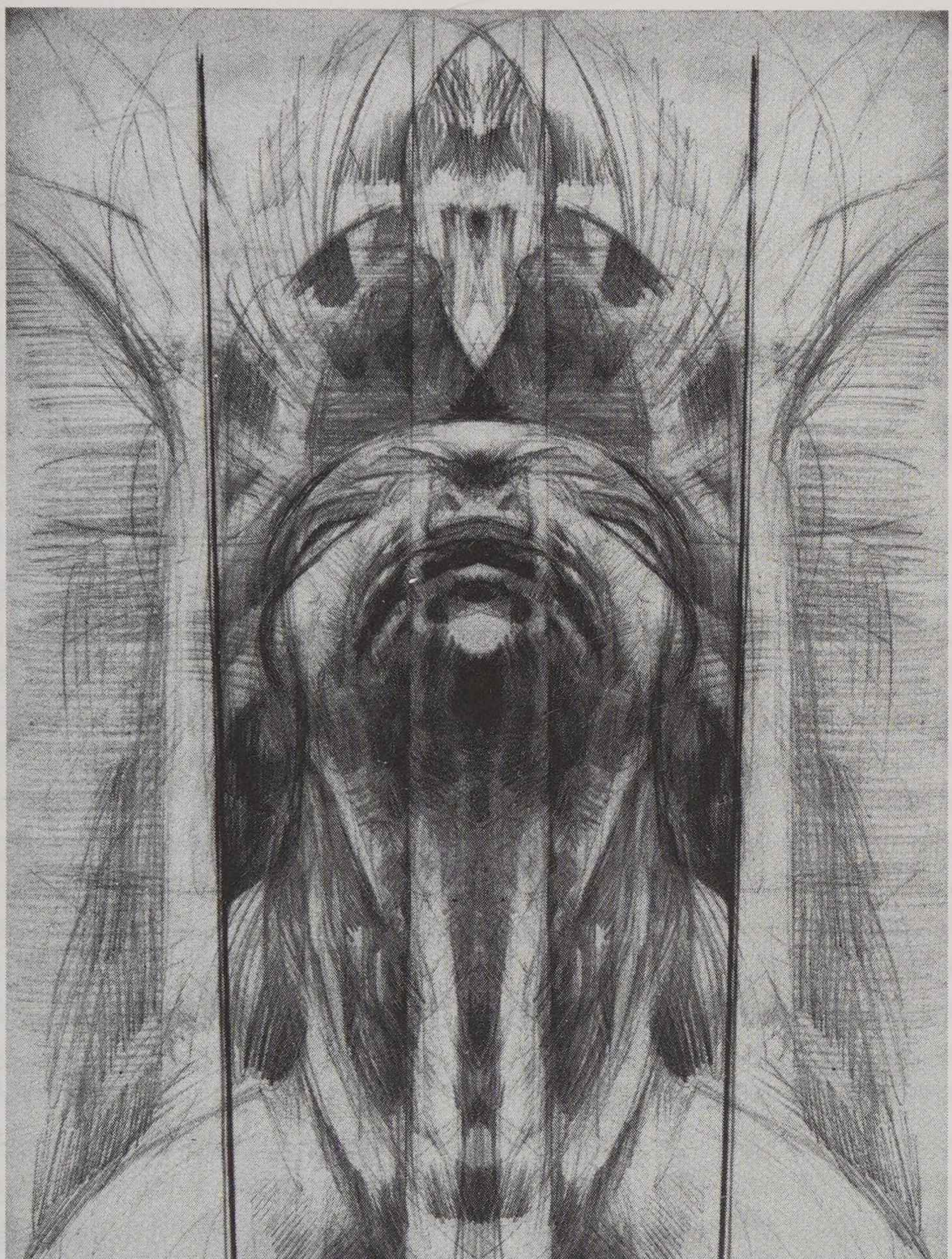
Less than 10% of the race is born healthy and thus cheerful and happy… The rest work at it at worst or hope for it at best, thus making the world go round… Most people live a life of *almost.* The almost get the carrot in front of their nose…

Where there is pleasure much pain will soon follow. The price of great pleasure is often greater pain…

People take risky chances for a fictitious payoff. And this is the key: anything but boredom…even pain…

Often in the search of a specific goal, we find everything but what we were looking for. The secret is to learn and enjoy what you did find…

Most people on vacation believe that the only way they know they were on vacation is to exhaust themselves and return home sick…



Overcome

by P. Emerson Williams

Culture and the Emotional Plague

Now Marvel as the Mighty *Antero Alli* Lifts a Pallet of Superstitions Over His Head and Tosses Them Like a Rag Doll!

culture

We tend to think of "culture" as a thing and also a very *big* thing; hence, the smaller subcultures, microcultures, macrocultures. Culture expresses a dynamic process, not a thing, that manifests itself in similar ways regardless of size. Individuals can participate in a culture, as can couples, groups, "subcultures," and entire sectors of any given society. The phenomena of culture is also romanticized, mythologized and stratified into hierarchical spectrums between high and low culture. This thing called "culture" also arouses powerful investments of status, propriety and pride from those who identify with what they call their culture.

According to Dr. Christopher S. Hyatt's anthropological theories, the impersonal (and unsentimental) basis of all human culture expresses no more and no less than genes interacting with geography. This mutual feeding process—the earth feeds us, we feed the earth—bonds human DNA with its immediate womb environment. We settle somewhere, figure out how to survive and develop relationships inside the power fields of the bioregion sustaining us. Culture is not something we "create" as much as participate in, augment, diminish, corrupt, subvert, develop with, and otherwise act on and be acted upon.

Over time—decades, centuries, ages—this genes/geography interaction slowly crystallizes into symbols, languages and artifacts that encode, encrypt and transmit its characteristics as a distinct cultural identity. Cultures developing in mountainous regions differ from cultures stimulated along oceanic shorelines or in deserts or lush valleys or forests. Each unique bioregion influences its people in specific ways that inform their religions, art, mythologies, commerce, educa-

tion, community and family life. The power and presence of the planet acts on people, just as the power and presence of people act on the planet.

the emotional plague

"The emotional plague" is a term initially proposed by Wilhelm Reich for the irrational insistence on beliefs and ideas that depend on dissociation of mind from body. Reich also referred to it as "the neurotic character in destructive action on the social scene." Though this body/mind dissociation has plagued humanity for centuries, it wasn't until the "The Age of Reason" that intellect was exalted to god-like status thanks to the immense success of Newton's theories and Descartes' "Meditations". Since then, the snowballing effect has gripped the collective psyche with overly-literalist thinking made even more dismal by the diminishing presence of Imagination in the culture at large. Imagination is a canary in the coal mine of the collective unconscious. Whether it's on the personal or collective levels, imagination death precedes the death of the soul.

In the current Hypermedia Era, the body/mind fissure has been dramatized via massive collective projection of vital physical, emotional, and sexual energy into mentally absorbent mediums such as the internet, VR technology, video games, mass media advertising, and too much television. If the emotional plague is maintained by constant disassociation of mind and body, we can expose the virus whenever we are mistaking the virtual for the real, or taking any image or any idea of a reality for the reality itself, where we are eating the menu instead of the meal, mistaking the map for the territory, etc.

Two symptoms of the emotional plague in the Hypermedia Era have surfaced as: 1) an increasing trend towards depersonalization, homogenization and gentrification and 2) a steadily decreasing capacity for direct experience. As we lose trust and faith in the legitimacy of first-hand experience, we can naturally become more vulnerable and compliant to the dictates of external sources of authority and its endless cycles of obedience and punishment.

Without enough trust in our own innate sensibilities, intuitions and instincts we suffer from an absence of vital information, leading to a growing incapacity to distinguish between the real from the illusory, the true from the false, and what's right from what's wrong. Without self-trust—trust in our own direct experience—we remain as timid

children dependent on parental approval and guidance for the way we live, work, create and die.

What is real and what is an illusion? Do you know? Do you care? If you don't know and can say so, you are probably just waking up. If you don't know and/or don't care, don't bother; you are probably fast asleep. The emotional plague doesn't care either and you will soon be assimilated, if you have not already been consumed. If you have come to know what's real in life, dare to live by your vision, your truth; your example acts as a beacon to those lost at sea in their struggle to survive as living, awakening human beings.



AHA!

by P. Emerson Williams

Power

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

What people commonly call power is really just weakness. The power of the weak is generally thought of as the formula of the ruled and those that rule. The rulers demand to rule, and the ruled demand to be ruled. This circular mechanical process is the drying up of life, rather than the seeding of life.

It is a symbiosis of death: the feeding of the mechanical process of life that doesn't care about value and worth but only about eating and not being eaten. This mechanical quality is inherent in all living things, but the human animal has the potential to become more than its mechanical nature. Though the mechanical nature is an aspect of the Self, the Self in creating the human brain gave itself the possibility to experience itself as (subject-object) as well as the possibility for growth. This is a task few humans have taken up. Most are enmeshed in the maze of existence while thinking they are free.

The weak ego desires great shows of power and success. For the weak ego, nothing is ever enough, no amount of money, status, sex, influence, power, and so on. It is lost in its identity maze, completely concerned with country, race, religion, family, status, etc. It cannot rest, relax, drop its guard. It is always on the front lines waiting for the next opportunity to inflate itself, or fearing the next blow which will uncover the rawness of its vulnerability and pain.

Power is a force…an organic uncontrived force. When it is formulated through an authentic person, its various qualities—including its deficiencies—will appear as beauty. There is style and beauty to real power regardless of age or position in the world of people and things.

On the other hand a weak, greedy, starving ego is like a bull in a china shop: wreaking havoc wherever it goes. It is sloppy, without style, without dignity, without taste, without solid values for itself. It is a pig in a feeding frenzy. It is ugly to look at. It is unaware of the world except as a breast or a great threat.

The weak ego is in constant threat and pain, expending large amounts of energy guarding itself from humiliation, embarrassment and fear. Many with a weak ego will degrade themselves as a self-protective

device rather than let themselves be surprised by a blow. Others are addicted to chemicals and behaviors which gives them a false sense of security and power, while still others are aggressive and abrasive. A weak ego clings, and it is difficult for it to share freely and openly.

The strong ego enjoys expressing its power. It is not depressed nor suffers from incessant cravings. A person with authentic power will want to expend his power—that is, share it with the world. The strong ego is charitable, not just for the sake of giving, but to free itself from any sense of restriction. When it withholds power it is incubating, transforming, making preparations for giving birth to the New.

Unlike the weak ego which is often wounded, pained and reactive to the insults, trials and tribulations of life, the strong ego will hurt but will learn and gain from the pain. The weak ego simply desires to escape; the strong ego wishes to confront, to go deeper.

The person with a weak ego is easily bored. He doesn't have the power or the internal resources to keep himself entertained. Often the boredom transforms into depression or blind aggression.

True power resides only in the Self through its present highest expression: man. The Self is an artist, even to the point of creating and expereincing evil and destruction, and yet it contains the seed of peace and harmony. The essence of its own Darkness is its own Self-overcoming.



Larva — P. Emerson Williams

Collaboration in Theory and Practice

In Conclusion Ladies and Germs, We Present, All the Way from Somewhere Else, *Joseph Matheny*

This is a manifesto about collaboration—it's about the realities and functional challenges you will face trying to create and maintain a working collaboration environment. This is not one of those screeds about "collaboration and why the world's future depends on it" or anything like that. This is a meat and potatoes guide. Why I have included this is because many think that being an individualist prevents you from being able to function within a team. Many feel that this would make them a "joiner," follower, whatever. Listen up. You can collaborate for set periods of time with other like-minded individuals to accomplish great, magnificent feats of chaos, confusion and disruption. Then, TAZ style, tear down your tent and move on. There are simply some things that can be achieved with a group that are supremely difficult to impossible to achieve alone.

Tools

For the theory hounds, it is only proper that such a manifesto begin with Doug Engelbart. In the 1960s, Engelbart and his laboratory at the Stanford Research Institute (SRI) invented the fundamental building blocks found in all of today's collaborative tools—everything from data structures (hypertext) and user interfaces (windowing systems), to applications (groupware) and physical interfaces (the mouse). Engelbart's work was driven by some deceptively simple observations, which he described in his 1962 paper, "Augmenting Human Intellect: A Conceptual Framework."

[http://www.liquidinformation.org/engelbart/62_paper_top.html]

There are a lot of buzzwords floating around these days that all loosely or tightly bind to the larger meta-concept of collaboration: social

networks seems to be the buzz bomb *du jour*. My personal favorite source of information about emerging paradigms in collaboration is my old cyber-buddy Jon Lebkowsky and his blog, Weblogsky:

[http://www.weblogsky.com]

If you're interested in really drilling down into these concepts, I'd recommend Jon L's blog as an excellent starting place. Last, but not least, you can always google one of the above terms and take it from there.

But enough of that.

Now I'm going to talk about some ideas that I have extracted from real-life experiences in group efforts and collaborative projects. No matter what you call it, it all boils down to one thing. What we are talking about here is a many-to-one relationship to project development and management. While this may sound simple when stated on the bottom line, it is amazingly complex and full of many potential points of failure, to put it into network management parlance. Studying networks and how they function is actually a very sound idea when planning a collaborative project. This applies to social as well as technical networks. The main thing I most often see missing from group endeavors is a sound project management plan. Let's talk about project management. A couple of things need to happen before a collaborative project is started in earnest. A conceptual for delivery should be fleshed out before you begin deployment.

- A simple set of tools should be evaluated and chosen
- A schedule should be drafted and all known elements should be plotted, with milestones and deliverables marked inside of this schedule
- A core team should already be pre-qualified and selected
- Someone should be chosen to be the leader or leaders, which I always refer to as 'central command'
- It helps for projects larger in scope to have teams, and therefore team leaders, that report to 'central command'

These are general bullet points and you may add or subtract to fit the particular idiosyncrasies of your own particular group working. I will now take each one of those bulleted items and expand on them a bit.

This stage of planning is analogous to the draft state of a novel. It can be as simple as an outline, a set of index cards or as complex as a Labyrinth storyboard or a Brain

[http://www.thebrain.com].

This can be drawn up by one person or several, and it can be taken from a pre-existing body of work or it can be created from scratch. The important thing is that you have a map, even a crude one, before you invite too many people to join your party. The barebones framework includes:

- Starting point (How does this thing begin?)
- Body (What are the points that the act is trying to get across and how do we get there?)
- Resolution (How does this thing end?)

Next, like the draft of a novel, create a listing of main characters, their psychology profiles and motivations. Then, once that is done I always like to plot the characters within the storyline framework. I also like to make rough outlines of places, secondary characters, and any groups or organizations that may play a key role in the story. Personally, I like using The Brain for this outlining because it allows me to link people, places and things together in arrangements of importance (casual to critical) and in a non-hierarchical fashion, much the way real life works, in a social sense.

Wiki

[http://wiki.org]

has been immensely useful in the recent past for collaborative development and I can highly recommend it as a simple and useful tool. Other tools are as varied as your imagination, even including the trusty old private web board scenario. A nice open source solution is the ArsDigita Community System

[http://philip.greenspun.com/wtr/using-the-acs.html].

This is also as good a place as any to, at least arbitrarily, come up with the mechanics of your 'belief engine.' What media are utilized and how, timing, manpower needed to actualize it, etc. It's best to leave this loose because the mechanics of your ground game need to be fluid so you can easily adapt and adjust to the dynamic landscape of 'playtime'. Good planning also recognizes the cost of over planning. Remember, you can't know it all, nor can you take into account all the circumstances that will arise once you have actual humans interacting with the abstracted user interface of your project.

That brings me to an important point: this level is for all intents and purposes, although abstracted, the user interface to your narrative.

Remember that. Good sources of information on approaches to this part of the process include, but are not limited to:

- Video game story line and movie script writing resources—stay away from "how to get your script greenlighted" types of guides. Look to structural guides instead.
- Multimedia story development tools and guides.
- Storyboard development resources.
- Human Interface, design and theory.

A simple set of tools should be evaluated and chosen. It is always easier to decide on standards before you get started. This will help you avoid a lot of snags and pitfalls during the actual development and deployment processes. When at all possible, choose tools that allow for some flexibility should you wish to add more team members along the way. Lean away from proprietary or skewed solutions unless functionality absolutely dictates those proprietary solutions are the only available option. Cross platform solutions and ease of use should always be kept in mind when choosing tools for group use.

A schedule should be drafted and all known elements should be plotted, with milestones and deliverables marked inside of this schedule. This element will change as things progress but it still doesn't hurt to have a rough idea of what it will take, time-wise, to pull off your idea. When trying to fit things into a timeline you will often put your ideas into a concrete enough form to be able to recognize 'feature creep,' or in some cases, feature absence. It's really simple. Ask yourself: "How long do I want to do this and can I do everything I've planned on doing within that timeframe." You may find that your scope is too ambitious or that you really don't have the time and energy to execute all the ideas that you threw into the early planning stages. You can then adjust the timeframe or trim the 'features' to keep your project within the boundaries of sanity and completion. Treat your product as just that, a product. This will help with focus and staying on point. A core team should already be pre-qualified and selected. There are many ways to do this.

It will, of course, be impossible to have your entire team built beforehand. In fact you should leave enough flex room so you can add candidates along the way as the project itself will produce 'superusers.' Leaving yourself a little wiggle room will allow unforeseen circumstances—like team leaders dropping out, being voted out, or proving

to be incapable—to occur without creating a cascading failure effect in your project once it is up and going.

Someone(s) should be chosen to be the leader(s). You will always have people who will object to this principle, and I'm the first to admit that a decentralized approach can work, but more often than not, it doesn't. This will also derail any power struggles that may arise later during the critical period of execution. Get it out of the way early. This is often simple because the original action-line is usually the product of one or several minds. Pick one or several flag-bearers of the vision, and allocate final approval or veto power to these people. There's nothing wrong with taking a democratic approach such as voting or debate but remember that there will always be times when a quick decision is needed, and when that time arises, someone must be mandated to make those decisions. I am reminded of a feature film I crewed on. The director was asked if this wasn't in fact a democracy, with all of the crew, from the grips to the production designer, to the actors to the director having some say in how things get done. He replied: "Sure, I'm open to suggestions. I guess this is a democracy up until the point that I have to say 'no' to something." Yes, I laughed, too. Later, when I went on to direct some music video projects on my own, I really understood what he was saying. A film project or OM style project is more like running an aircraft carrier than it is like living on a commune.

It helps for projects larger in scope to have teams and, therefore, team leaders that report to 'central command.' Depending on the size and scope of your project, a hierarchical structure may be appropriate. Keep in mind that groups will naturally fall into pyramidical structures, with some taking lead, others taking more of a follow posture. Those that float to the top of these natural settlings may be useful as mid-tier leaders and can even be useful as agents to recruit later. The command structure does not have to be rigid or cut off. It often helps to have an 'ear to the ground' so to speak, so keep mid-tier recruitment in mind as an option. If you ever played any of the Steve Jackson games or Flying Buffalo games, you already understand this principle.

In summation, I cannot stress enough that planning a framework for true and open collaboration may seem like a contradiction in terms, but it clearly is not. Some preliminary planning and construction of a workflow environment is integral to having a productive collaborative experience. Don't be afraid to plan but also keep in mind that as you

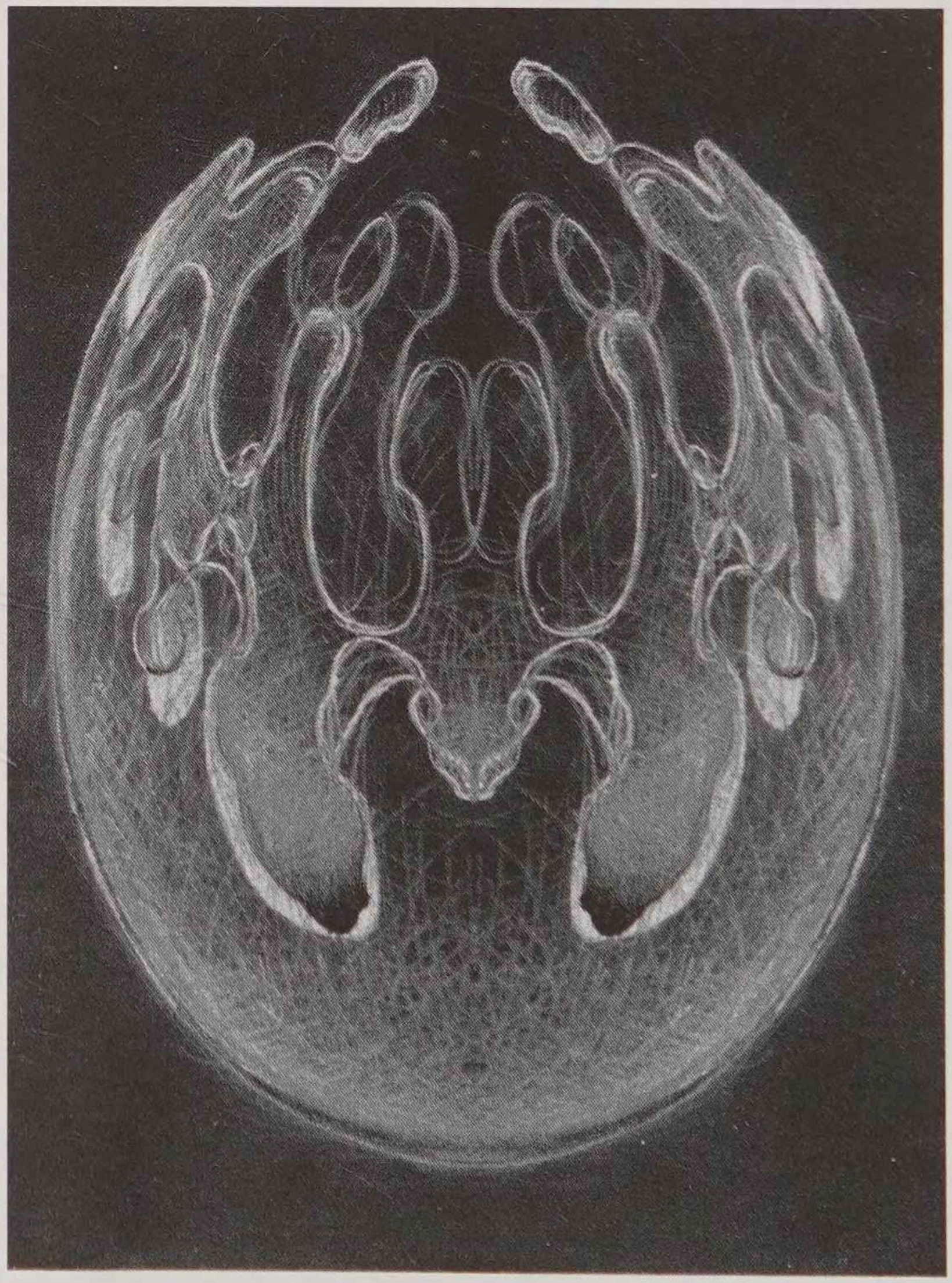
progress and learn you will need to adjust and adapt. Building a framework allows for both while also providing a working space from which to launch a killer experience.

Now everybody join hands and sing Kumbaya. :P

CC BY NC SA

Another Zending.

To be continued…



Egg

by P. Emerson Williams

Telling the Truth Amongst Other Lies

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

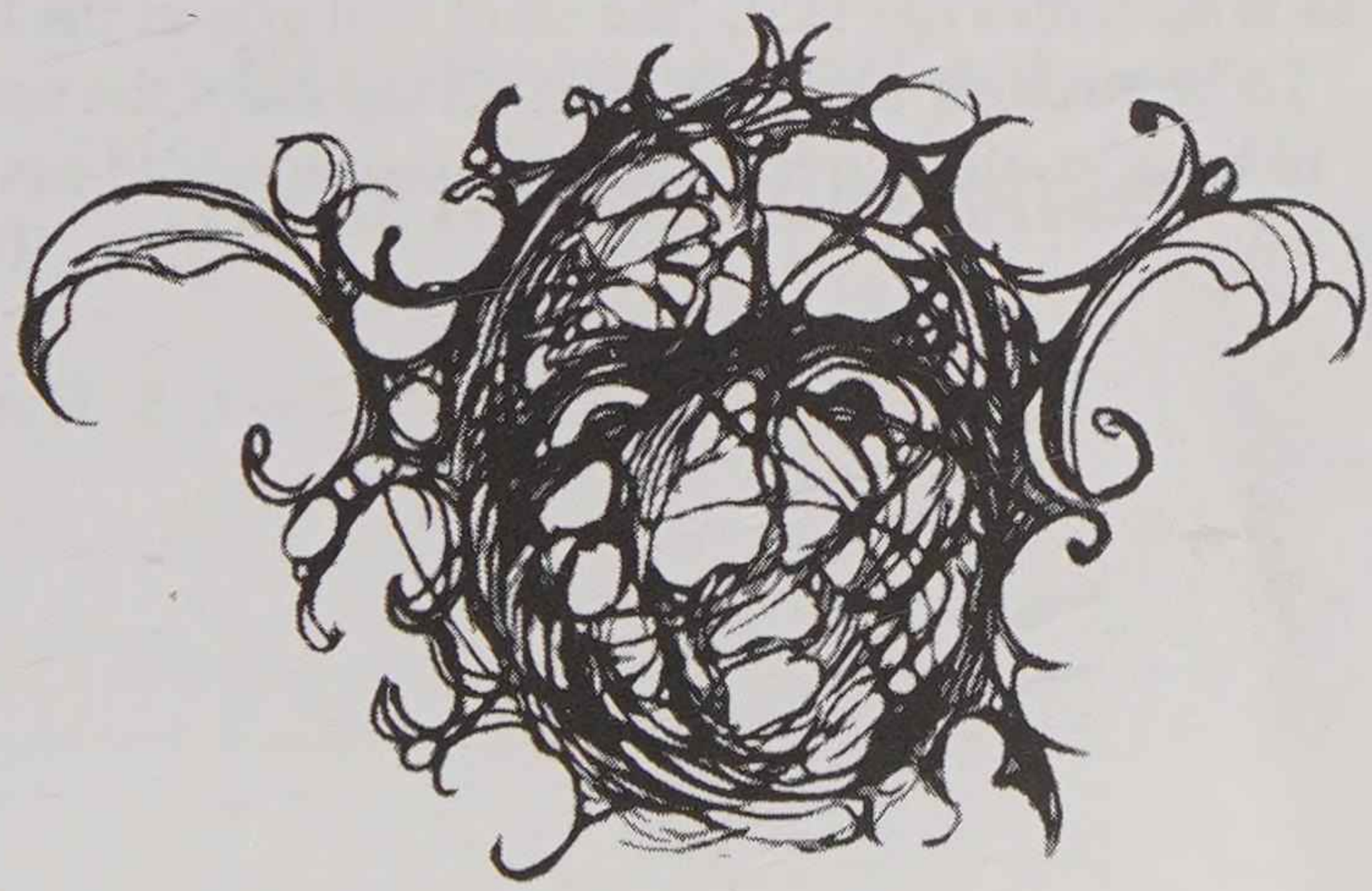
When you are told how valuable you are, and how much you are loved, be on guard, for it means a surprise. ::::::: When you are told how grateful someone is ::: be on guard. :L:L:L:

To be told anything about you means you will receive very little, as the monkey is well trained to believe how desperate people are for compliments, and they can substitute for the rawness of deeds.

:::::::: *Words are not cash!* ::::::::

When someone tells you that they are your friend, what they are saying is they want you to be their friend ::::::: but will feel imposed on if you take them up on their offer to be your friend. ::::: Most people cannot give much of themselves, nor do they want to :::: and while you smile at their compliments and their praise, watch their hands: one is holding onto their billfold and the other is grasping for yours. ::::::

Someone's need is not their sincerity, and unless it pains them to give...

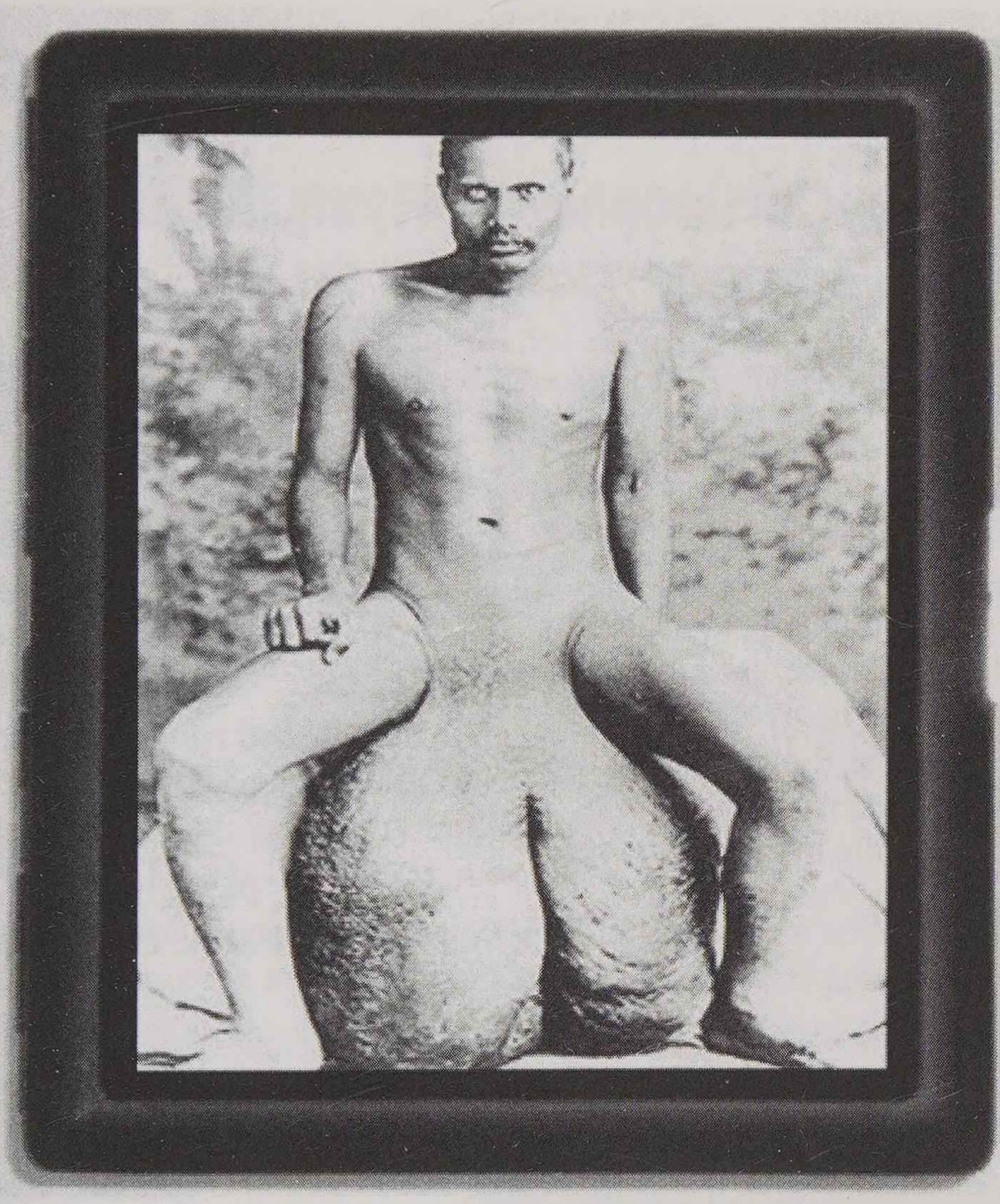




Incubus

by MobiusFrame

We are forever turning between the almost infinite symbolizing
powers of our mind and the crucible of our factual existence.
From the expanding bubbles of our putrid cries we build
castles in the sky, hoping for salvation from our creations,
but as Wm. James has said, "the skull will grin at the banquet."
To be stronger than life itself, to say no to the setting sun,
to breathe life into life, as if tomorrow would never come.
This is the
Man.
— C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D.



BECOME WHO YOU ARE—
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES

I Have UnDeified Everything

by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

I have UnDeified everything,
even Me.
Believing in Nothing,
powers now freed,
i walk through walls
finding Nothing,
except me.
I own everything that touches me.
And, like a snake, shed everything.
to be free, to be free, yes to be free
Yet, yearning for a prison so i willn't be me
A slave freed from gods
to live and die in this raging sea.

— C.S. Hyatt, Ph.D., 1993,
in the Middle of the Pacific Ocean



Apotheosis

Death is an Absolute,
Life is Conditional

All too many people are corks on the sea of life. They don't live life, they are lived by life.

The Extreme Individual Institute is dedicated to the proposition that many people can become creations of their own will for life.

Look at young children: they live life in wonder, excitement and joy. Our initial wonder, excitement and joy is defiled by parents and teachers.

The giggle must become the polite laugh, the fun must be only when appropriate, the spontaneity must be torn from our breast. Joy is replaced by drudgery and individuality surrendered to the social collective. Thus is life passed in stupidity.

As adults we cannot begin anew, but we can take a solemn oath to recapture as much as possible of that joy, wonder and power we were born with.

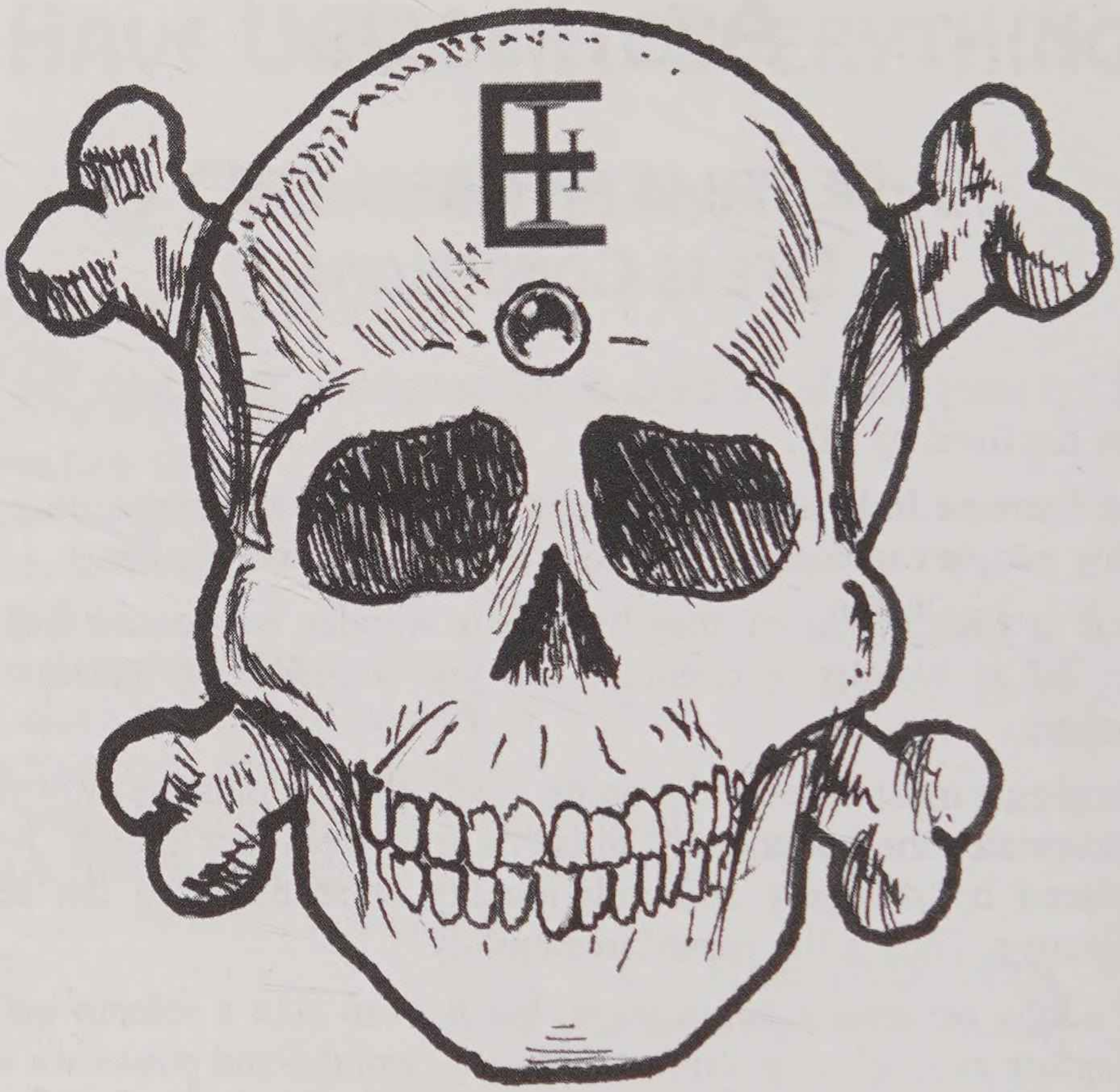
To exist is easy—to live is an accomplishment.

We dedicate this book to the those among you who are willing to live the full life.

We invite you to join with us in a journey into the wonder of life. To those we say: seas however high and a bountiful journey.

Become Who You Are—
There Are No Guarantees

Christopher S. Hyatt,
from the Western Lands



To Know - To Will
To Dare - To Be Silent

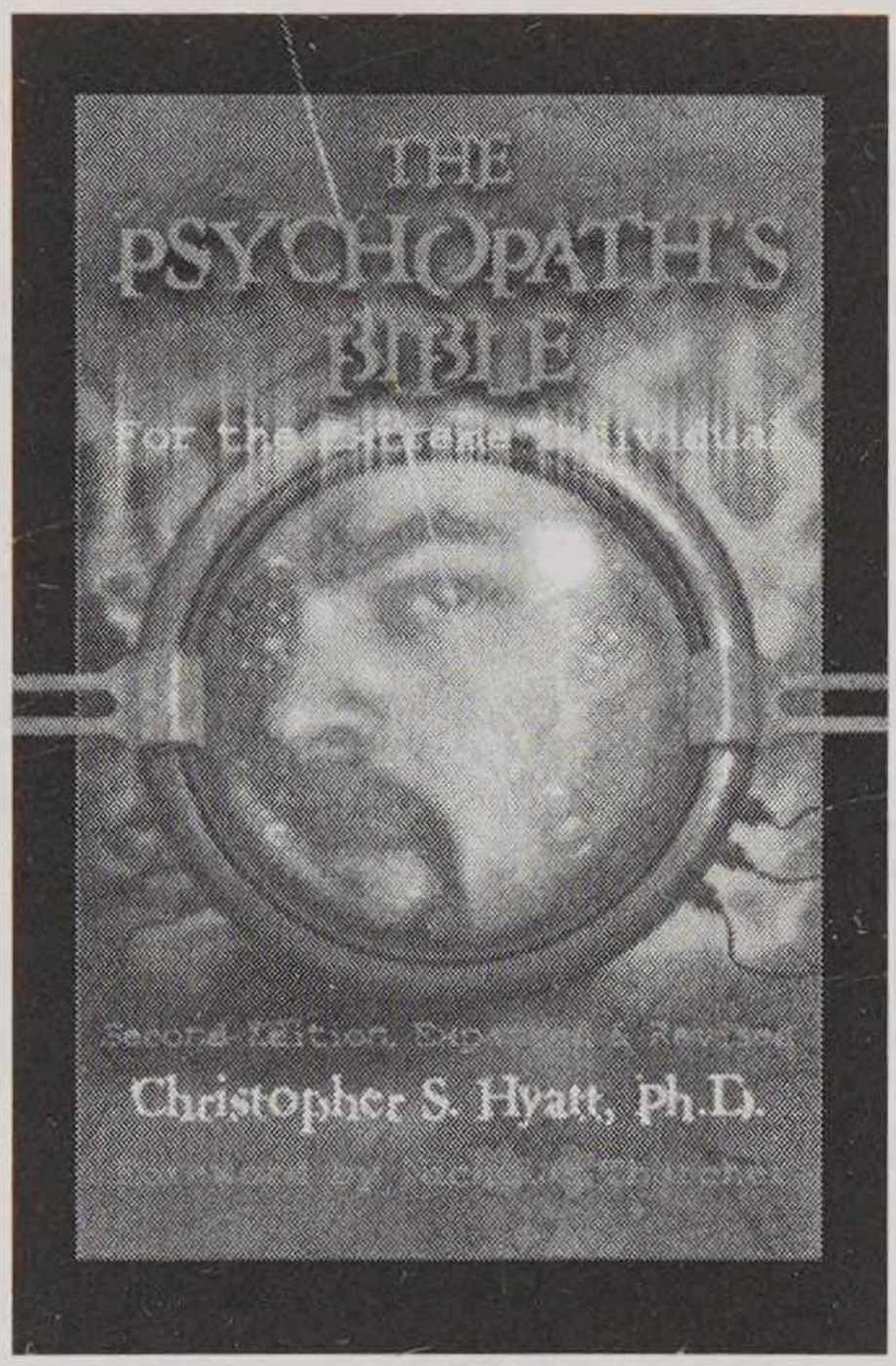
FROM CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT, PH.D.

THE PSYCHOPATH'S BIBLE

For the Extreme Individual

Foreword by Nicholas Tharcher

Throughout time, psychopaths have gotten a bad rap since almost all of the world's religious and social philosophies have little use for the individual—except as a tool to be placed in service to "God," or the "collective," or the "higher good" or some other equally undefinable term. Here, finally, is a book which celebrates, encourages and educates the best part of ourselves — The Psychopath.



TO LIE IS HUMAN

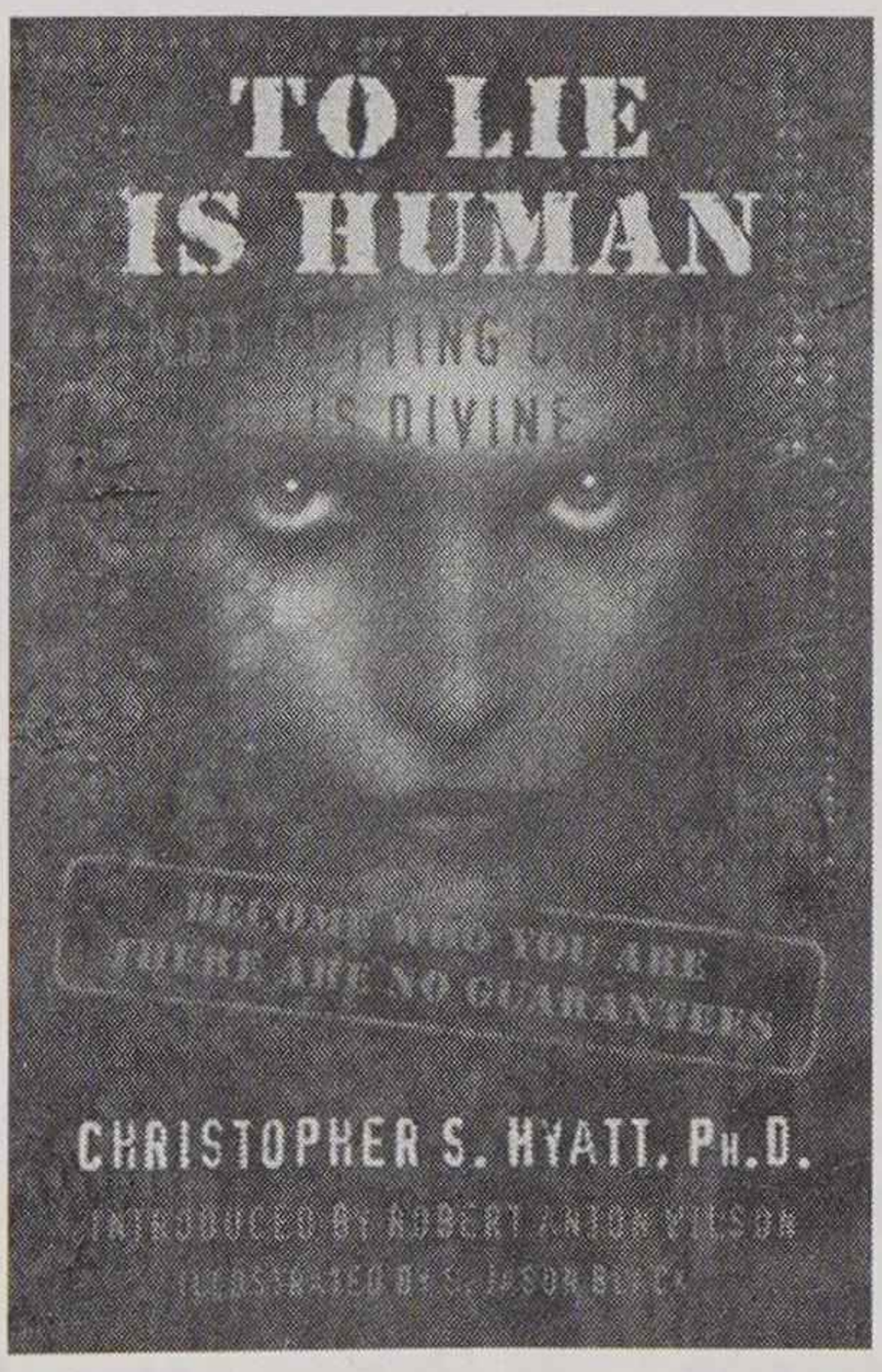
Not Getting Caught Is Divine

Introduced by Robert Anton Wilson

Take a tour of the prison erected by the lies that society tells you…and the lies you tell yourself. Then, learn the tools to tunnel out… One of Hyatt's favorites!

"Is it possible to use language to undo the hallucinations created by language? …a few heroic efforts seem able to jolt readers awake… to transcend words."

— Robert Anton Wilson



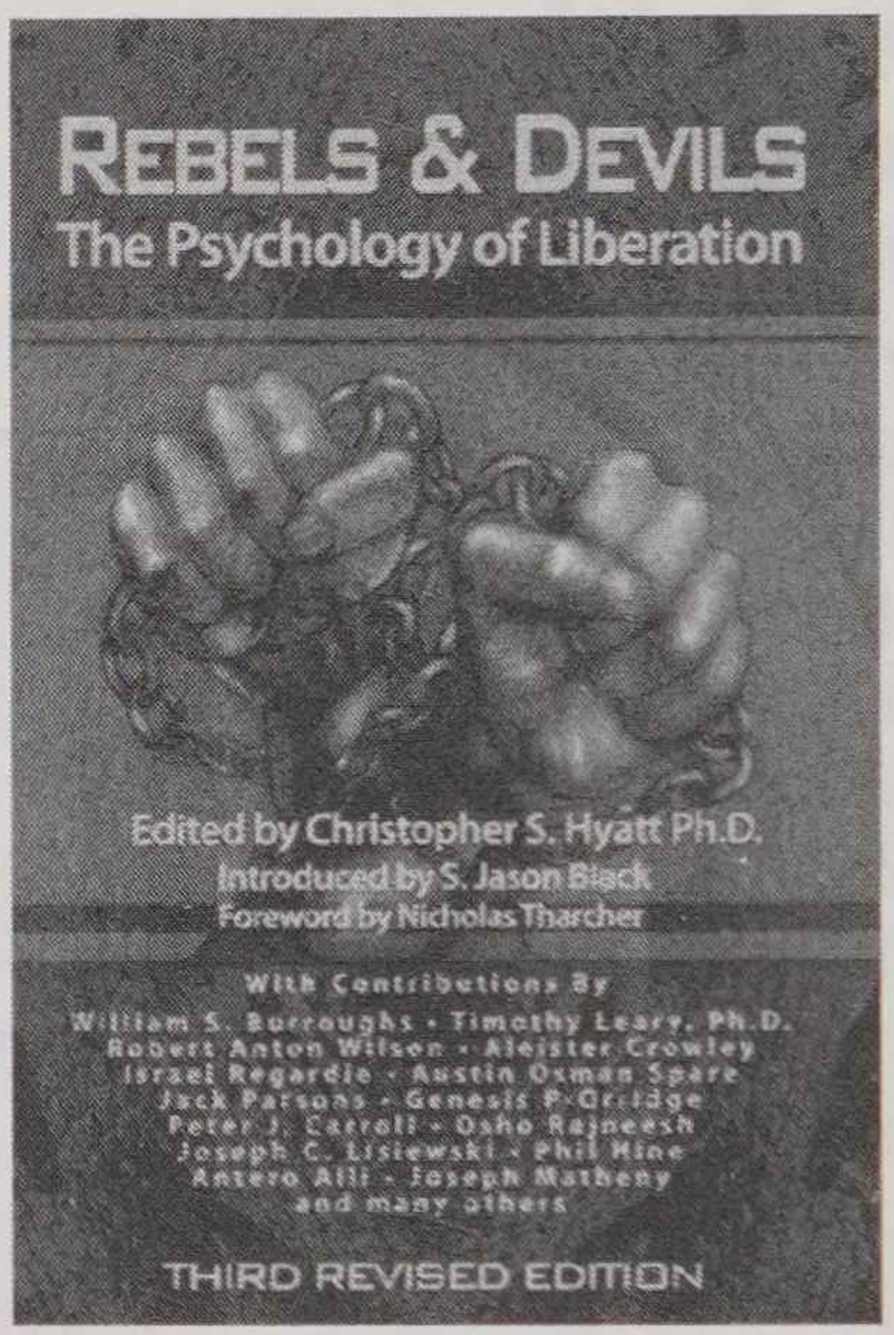
FROM CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT, PH.D.

REBELS & DEVILS

The Psychology of Liberation

Contributions by Wm. S. Burroughs, Timothy Leary, Robert Anton Wilson, Aleister Crowley, A.O. Spare, Jack Parsons, Genesis P-Orridge, and many, many others.

"When he put the gun to my head at 16 I left home…" So begins this remarkable book which brings together some of the most talented, controversial and rebellious people *ever.* Not to be missed!



UNDOING YOURSELF WITH ENERGIZED MEDITATION AND OTHER DEVICES

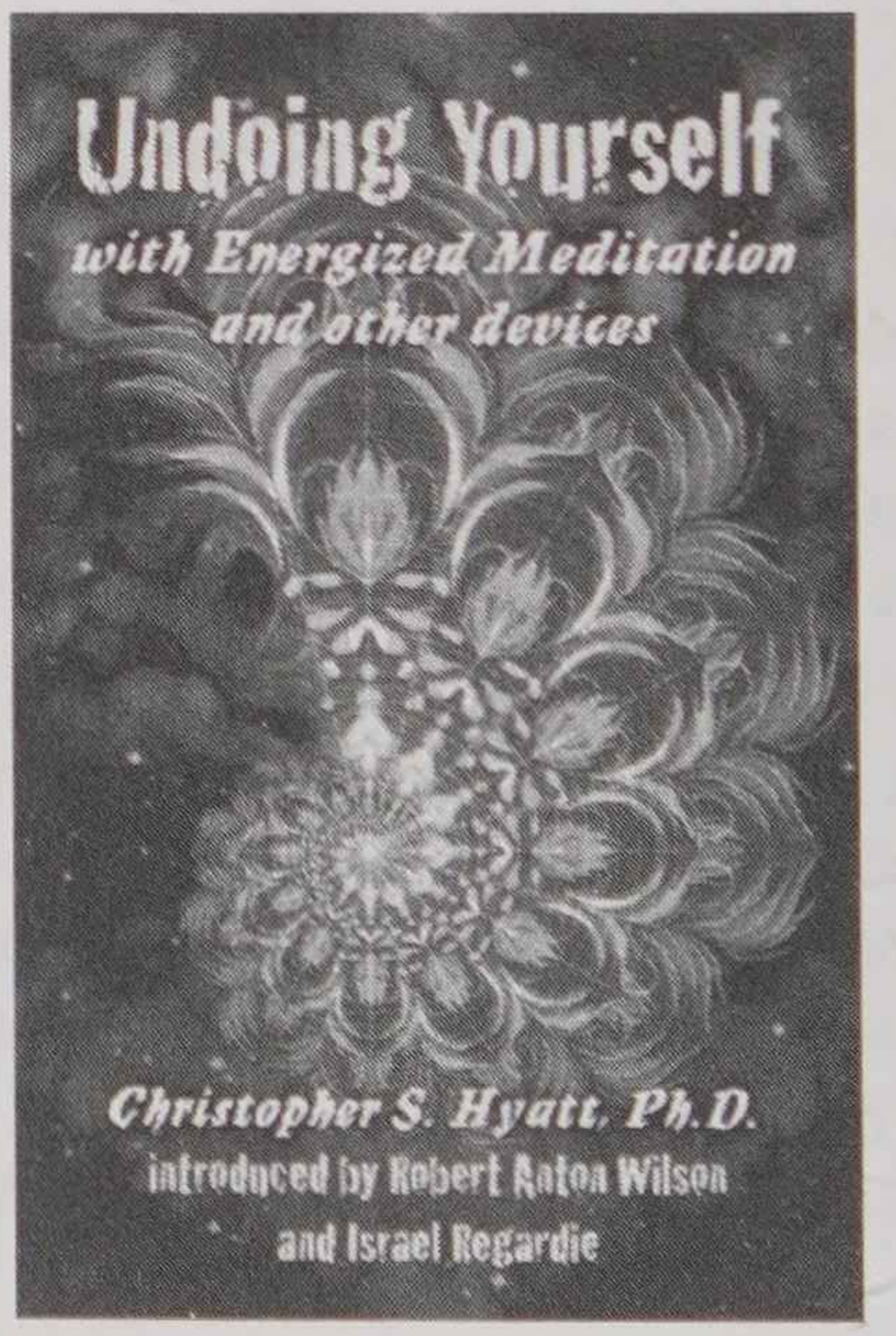
Introduced by Dr. Israel Regardie

Preface by Robert Anton Wilson

Innumerable practical techniques to transform your life, served up with a large dose of humor and the stick of the Zen Roshi.

Extensively illustrated.

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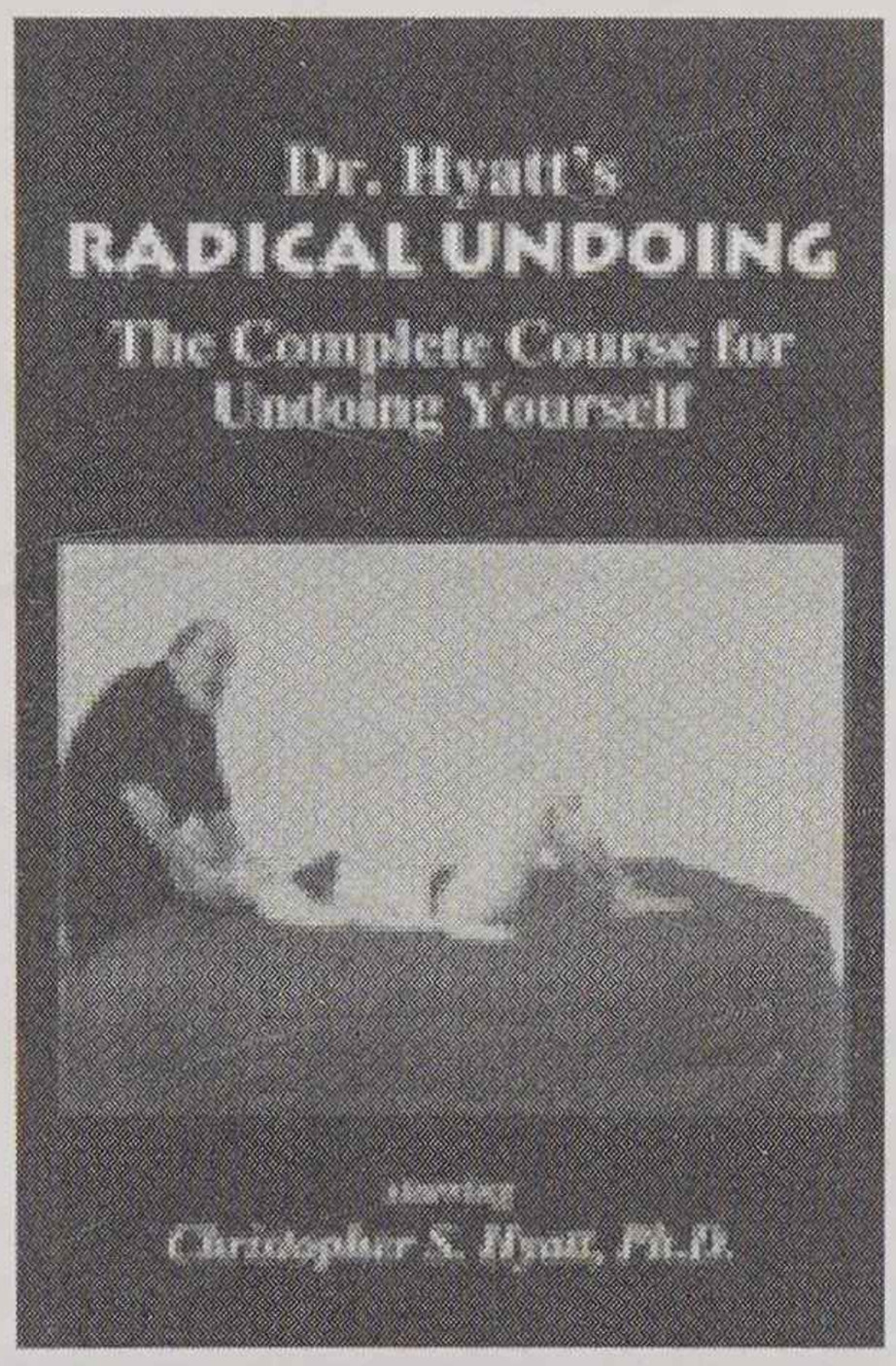


FROM CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT, PH.D.

RADICAL UNDOING, 6 VOLUMES (VIDEO)

The Complete Course for Undoing Yourself

For the first time, you can see actual demonstrations of the techniques developed by Drs. Christopher Hyatt and Israel Regardie, based on the extraordinary psychotherapeutic methods of Wilhelm Reich, M.D. With these techniques, you can free yourself from the blocks that have restricted your life, and achieve greater satisfaction and success in all that you do.

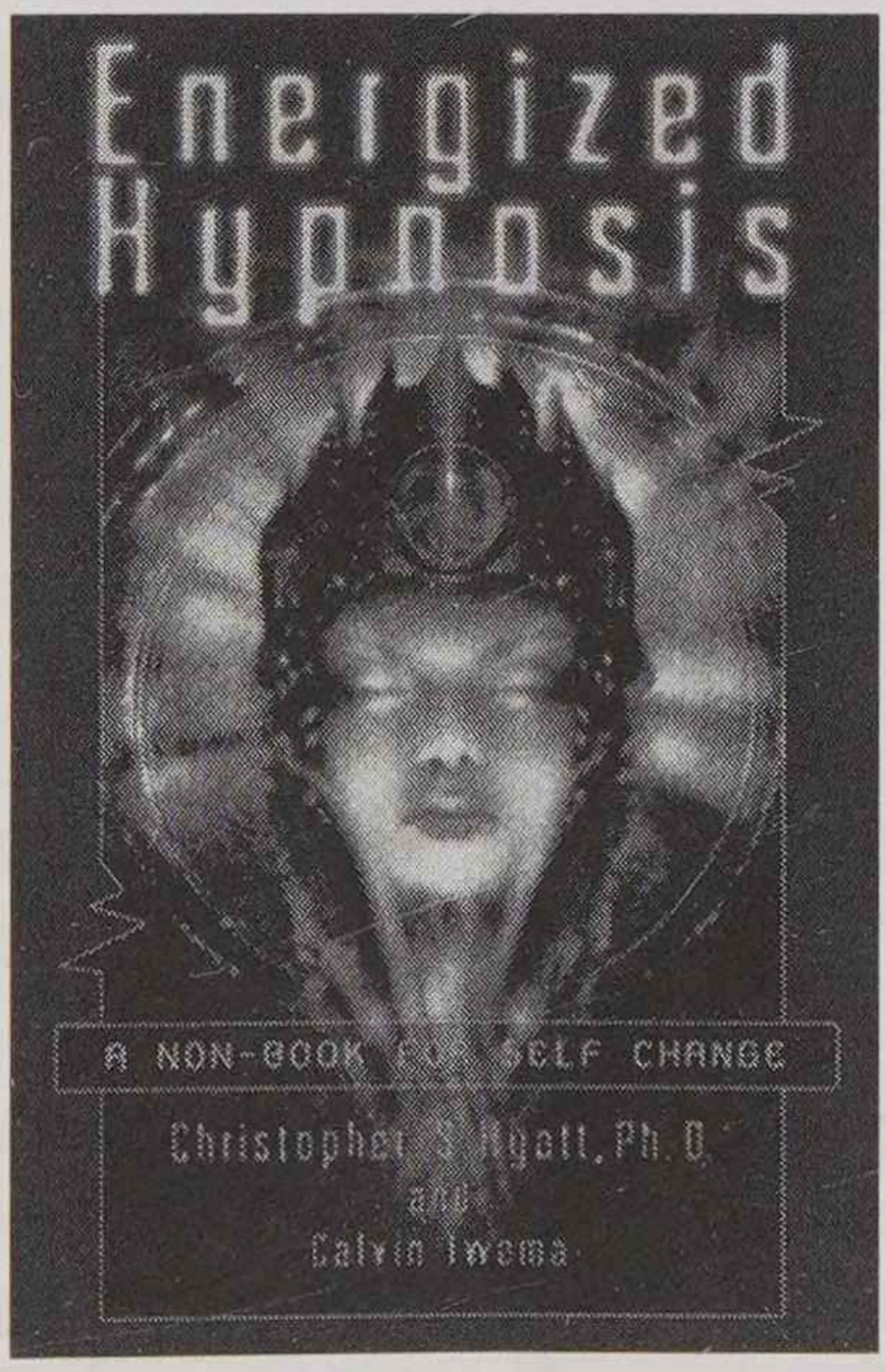


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A Non-Book for Self-Change

With Calvin Iwema, M.A.

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FROM CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT, PH.D.

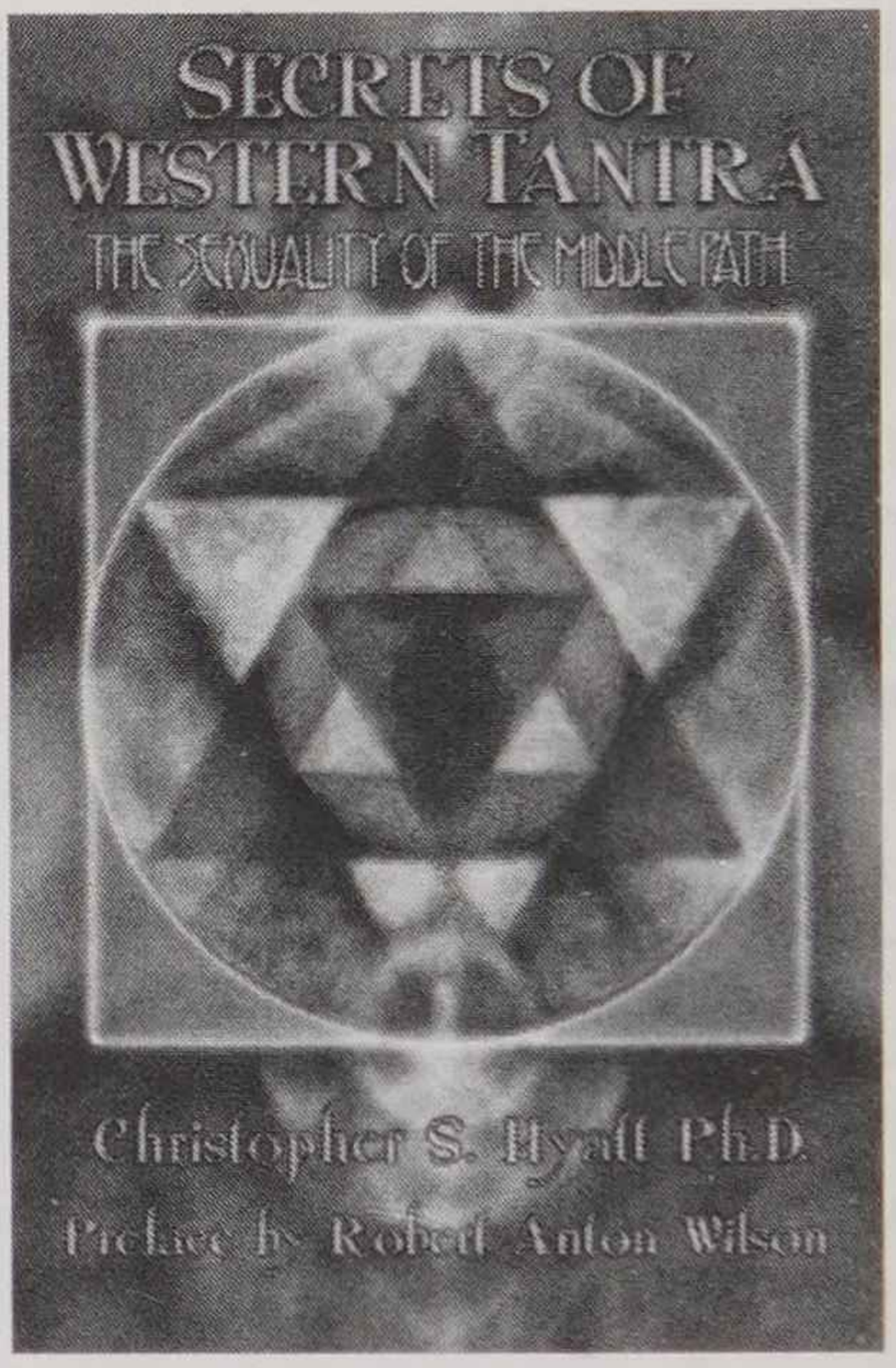
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Preface by Robert Anton Wilson

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Illustrated by David P. Wilson

A wealth of practical and passionate Tantric techniques utilizing the Archetypal images of the Tarot. Nothing is held back. All methods are explicit and clearly described.

"Each of us has a Guardian Angel — a companion and lover who waits just behind the images that flood our minds during sleep or reverie."

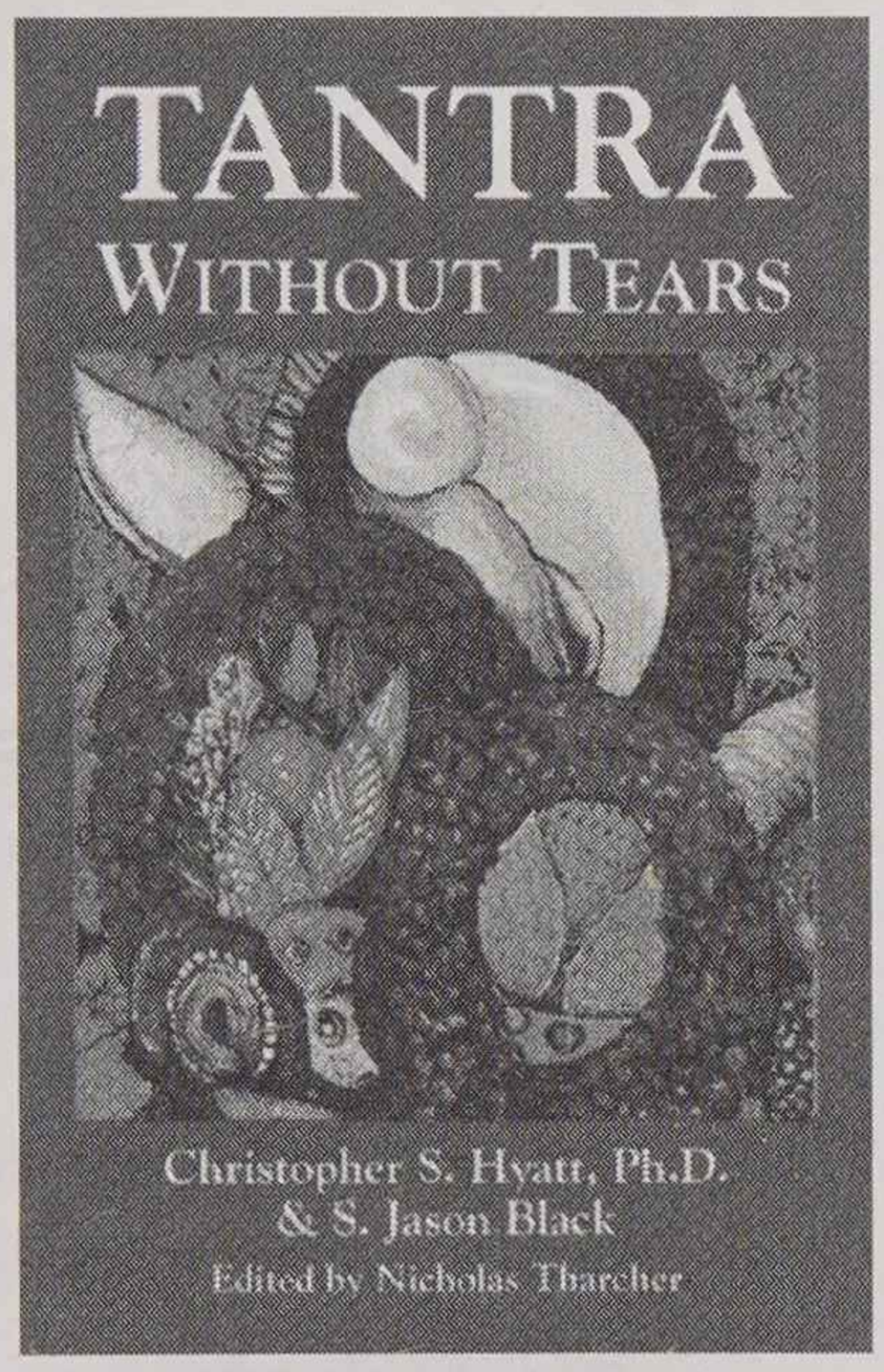


FROM CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT, PH.D.

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With S. Jason Black

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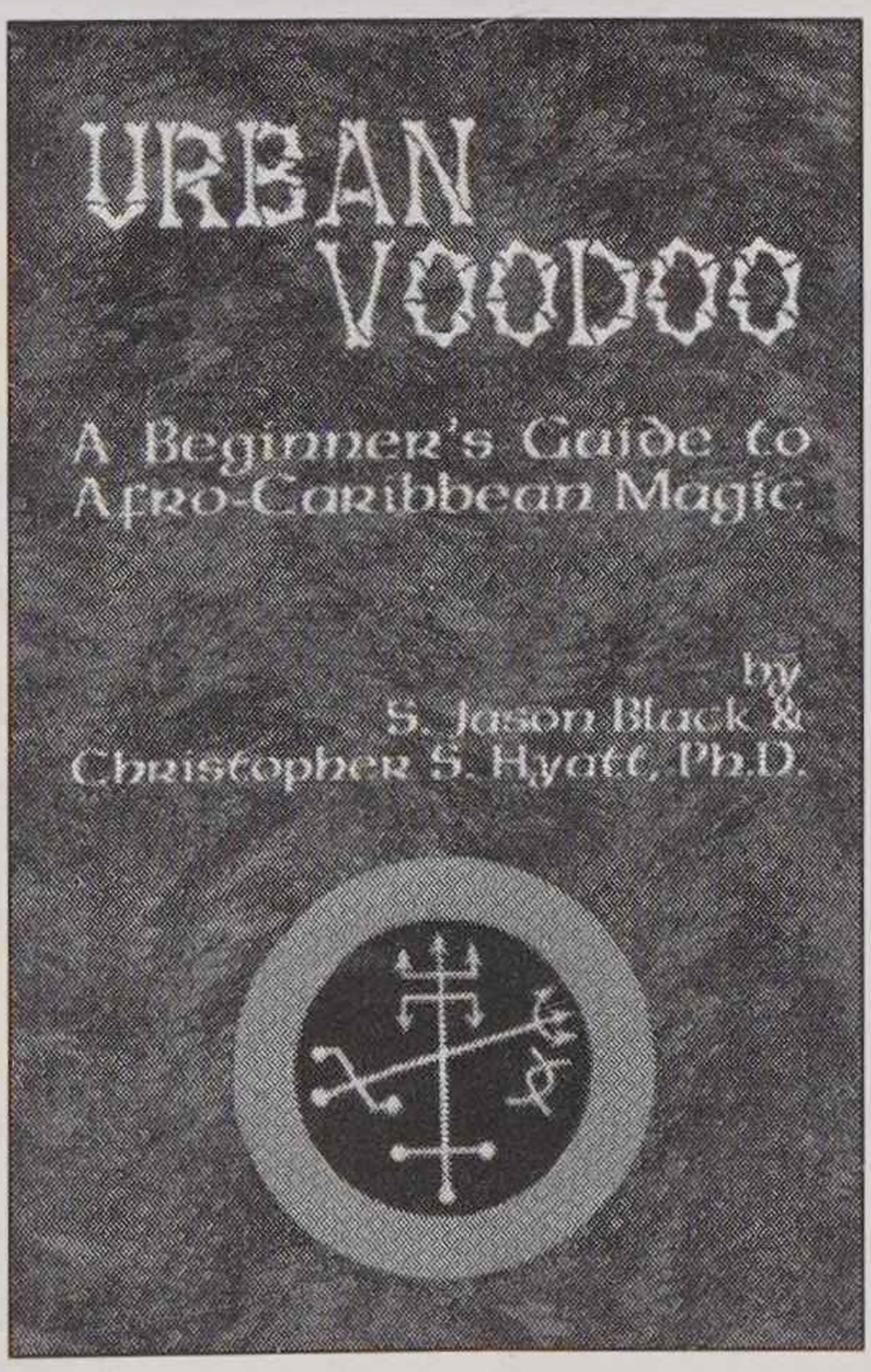


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Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D. was trained in psycho-physiology and clinical psychology. As a research scientist he published numerous peer-reviewed articles in professional journals and was a Research Fellow at the University of Toronto and the University of Southern California. He fled the world of academia and state sponsored psychology to become an explorer of the human mind, creating such devices as the *Radical Undoing* series. He is an unrepentant advocate of brain exploration and a world-famous author of a wide variety of books, audios and videos on post-modern psychology, sex, tantra, kundalini and mysticism.

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