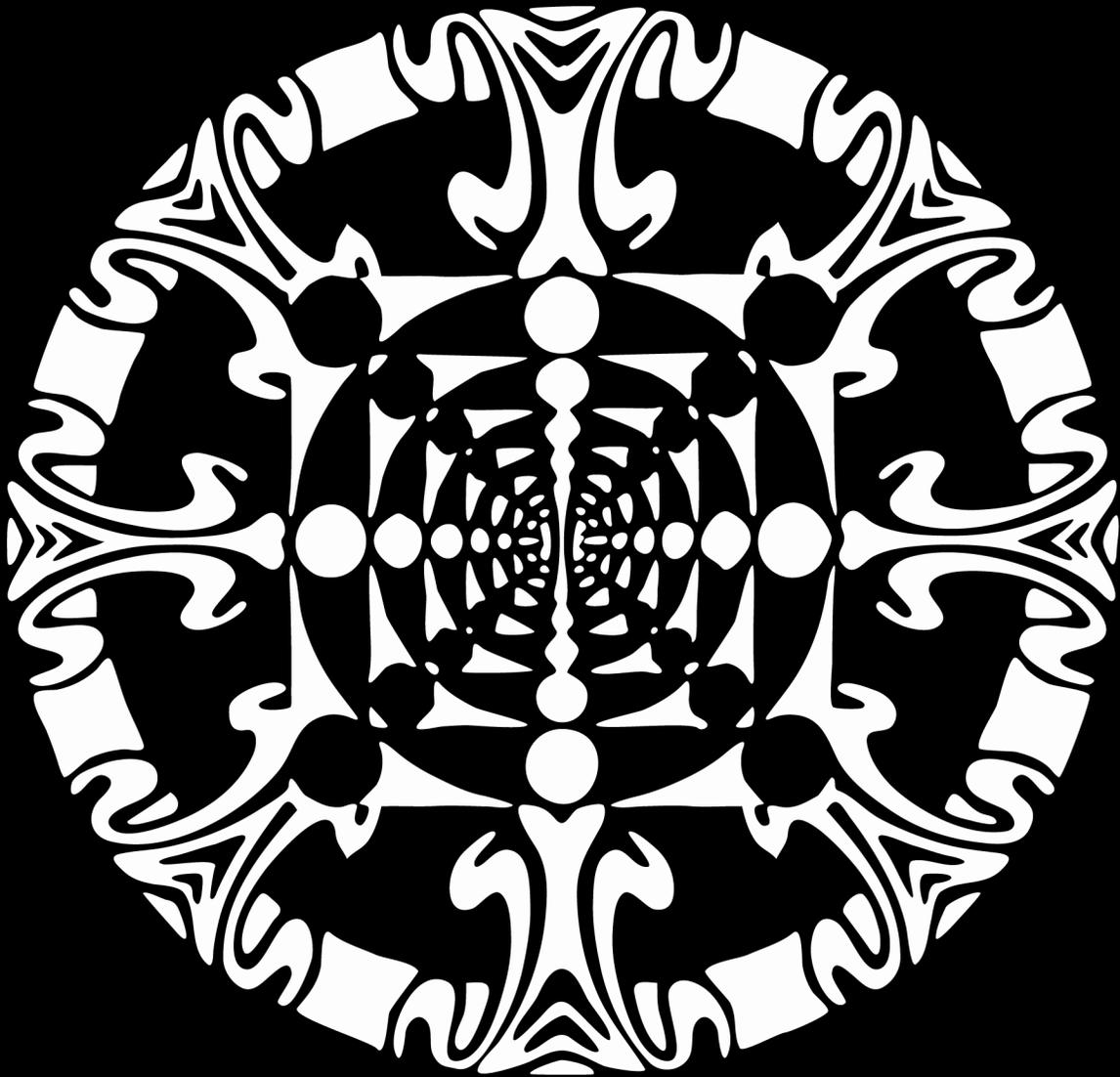


AKASHIC RECORD
OF THE
ASTRAL CONVENTION



ANTARCTIC ASTRAL
AUTONOMOUS ZONE
AUG. 31ST - SEPT. 1ST 1987



“Everything in nature is perfectly real including consciousness, there's absolutely nothing to worry about. Not only have the chains of the Law been broken, they never existed; demons never guarded the stars, the Empire never got started, Eros never grew a beard.”

HAKIM BEY

INTRODUCTION



This is the record of the AAAZ, the Antarctic Astral Autonomous Zone, that occurred on the night of August 31st - September 1st, 1987.

Hakim Bey is the author of *Temporary Autonomous Zone*. It's a cultural milestone for a wide variety of subversives from anarchists, occultists, vandal artists, and freaky festival people. The main idea of *TAZ* was to create exactly what it sounds like *TAZ* is about: creating places that serve as alternative realities to the prevailing system of control. Specific times and spaces designated to let chaos free, and allow psychological and social mechanisms to self regulate and mutate beyond the confines of so-called consensus reality.

The focus is on having individuals find and establish meaning on their own terms. Creating a TAZ requires face to face interaction and dialog, in a sense, creating an art form which is impossible to ever fully record or understand. In the void where stagnancy and boredom once ruled, wild fantasies called real life take root. The elusive genuine article, with no possible televised reenactments.

Before TAZ's thought virus would reach the anti-capitalists and the rave scene as it did in the 90's, many of the people who recognized the value of Bey's work were few and far apart. Mail order culture was the primary mode of communication with the underground for many people in the 80's. The postal world seen within the pages of *High Weirdness by Mail* by Ivan Stang has now mostly migrated to cyberspace, where many of these fringe cultures have exploded into bonafide phenomenas. In the meantime, the mutants who were plugged into the paper trail of fresh ideas were yearning for an opportunity to encounter a TAZ. This meant finding a 'Zone' which was totally unexpected.

It was decided to meet astrally or in dreams, at a specific sacred space in Antarctica. Bey sent invites out to his network, and arranged for everyone who participated to send him their experiences, which he would then compile and send back out. What you end up with is an compilation of rare works by an all-star cast of individuals who comprised the occulture before there was a word for it. In this instance, the media created here facilitated a syncing up of communal experiences, and was an essential component of the AAAZ, yet not the AAAZ in itself.

The objective reality of astral projection is inconsequential to the AAAZ. What is of importance is the narrative, lives encouraged to be lived mythically, drawing those lives together in the process. Then again, for those who do entertain astral experiences as accepted facets of reality, the AAAZ was most likely one of the earliest documented records of shared lucid dreams and consciousness. It is historically important for occultists, and personally fulfilling for those who got to participate in it.

The AAAZ is a window into the past, where long distance communications were laced with art and magic, and the viability of a tangible occult community was seemingly infinitesimal. This book provided my endeavors with a deeper sense of purpose to what I have been developing with *esoZone*, and *PDXoculture*, an open group in Portland, OR for individuals with esoteric interests. It was as if my magic was supplemented by ancient spells spoke at the AAAZ, spells that were finally close to reaching total fruition. "Find the Others", Leary's famous phrase, has become irrelevant. More people are networked than ever before, and they are well on their way to having an alternative reality subsume the toxic aeon preceding it.

This is a rare work that has only been previously released to the original participants. It is provided in its first reprinting to the participants of esoZone as a bonus gift, and as a memetic primer. Be sure to look out for works by Coil, Shirley Maclaine, James Koehnline, Ivan Stang, Feral Faun (aka Apio), Reverand Crowbar (aka Susan Poe), Trevor Blake, and of course Hakim Bey. All notables to be sure, but I can think of someone more important.

This is where you come in.

The coincidences you are experiencing as part of esoZone ARE REAL.

All the doorways of the venue have been transmuted into portals.

They lead twenty years into the past from Portland [Land of Portals] to the Antarctic AAAZ.

As you navigate the space of esoZone, you may notice dimensional leakage.

It is no accident and a very special effect. Have fun with it.

Interact with entities and your awareness of the past and present places, slipstreaming into the future.

Tell your friends.

If you are up for it, during the exact 20 year anniversary of the AAAZ, on the night of Aug. 31st, take an astral voyage. Bring your memory back to esoZone, and the experiences you had within it, and use the doorway Portals to the AAAZ of 87. The rest of this book should prep you for the journey.

This time, there will be no zine compiling the experiences. Take advantage of our Aeon. Post about your adventures online wherever you normally post, and if you do not have a space for that, start an account on Irreality.net. Your words will find their proper destination, and be part of a grand chain of events that leads to something currently inconceivable, twenty more years down the line.

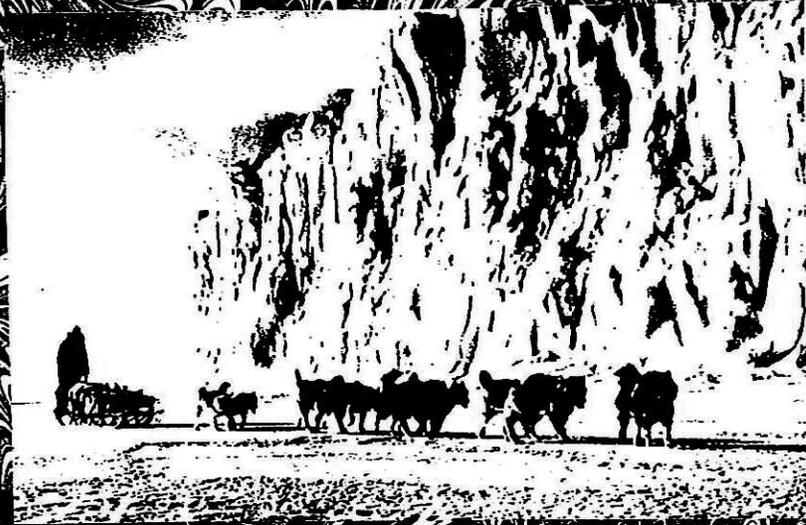
Danny Chaoflux
New Alamut, Portal Palace
July 2007



SPAGYRIA



Nan Chi Pen Ming-The Ruler of the South Pole



Dog team and sledge



Typical scenery of western Graham Land, Antarctic Peninsula

THE ASSOCIATION FOR ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHY
and
Yael Dragwyla
request the splendor of your attendance
at the
ASTRAL CONVENTION!!!!



Attention all Mutants, Isolated Independent Thinkers, Type 3's, SubG's, Chaos Magicians, & dreamy runaway kids—at last...! A party we can ALL attend... because it's being held on the ASTRAL PLANE. Yes, your body stays home comfortably meditating or even asleep... while your AETHERIC DOUBLE zooms forth to boogie at the Dreamtime Ball. Our initial proposal for this project was published in *Popular Reality*, *Chaos* (London), *FreFantzie*, & *Astral Avenue*, & elicited an enthusiastic response... promises to attend poured in from all over the US & UK... along with many suggestions about time & place. Some favored High Occult locales like Macchu Picchu, others voted for camp-sites like the Rocky & Bullwinkle Memorial on Sunset Boulevard in L.A. One correspondent complained that he didn't know how to project his astral body, & suggested we hold the convention in his brain. "So at least I could watch." But don't worry. It's easy! (See below.) In the end, the Hidden Adept Chamber of the A.O.A. has adopted the suggestion of our EmCee, the West Coast Magus Ipsissima, Yael Dragwyla. The place:

—ANTARCTICA!—

where the tip of the Palmer Peninsula & the northern edge of the Larsen Ice Shelf meet (near Ross Island). There, on the astral plane, far removed from all negative influences & accumulation of Deadly Orgone, we will erect on the coast of the Weddell Sea a huge crystal minaret broadcasting a signal beam of spooky blue light. Next to it we'll build a vast glassy dome, covering a lush garden & a temple to the Moon; "... or better [as Yael says], a Temple of Thoth, the Egyptian Lord of the Moon. Imagine it colored silver, lavender, indigo, purple, & other night-& moonlight colors, surrounded in silvery mists rising off the sea. Imagine that it is built right on the shore, next to the ocean, with a lavender veil stretched between 2 pillars, each leading up to a large raised area on which are 2 pillars (black & silver) with a lavender veil stretched between them; & behind the veil, one centered pillar made of pure moonlight. The High Priestess resides in that central, 13th pillar. In front, the symbolism should be of Trump II, & the four Wines of the Tarot, as well as of the ocean (the tides), moonlight, the colors of night & the moon, moonstones, the metal silver, & so on & so forth." Here we will declare the ANTARCTIC ASTRAL AUTONOMOUS ZONE, & here we will hold our convention. The time (mark it on your calendar NOW):

THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 31—SEPTEMBER 1, 1987

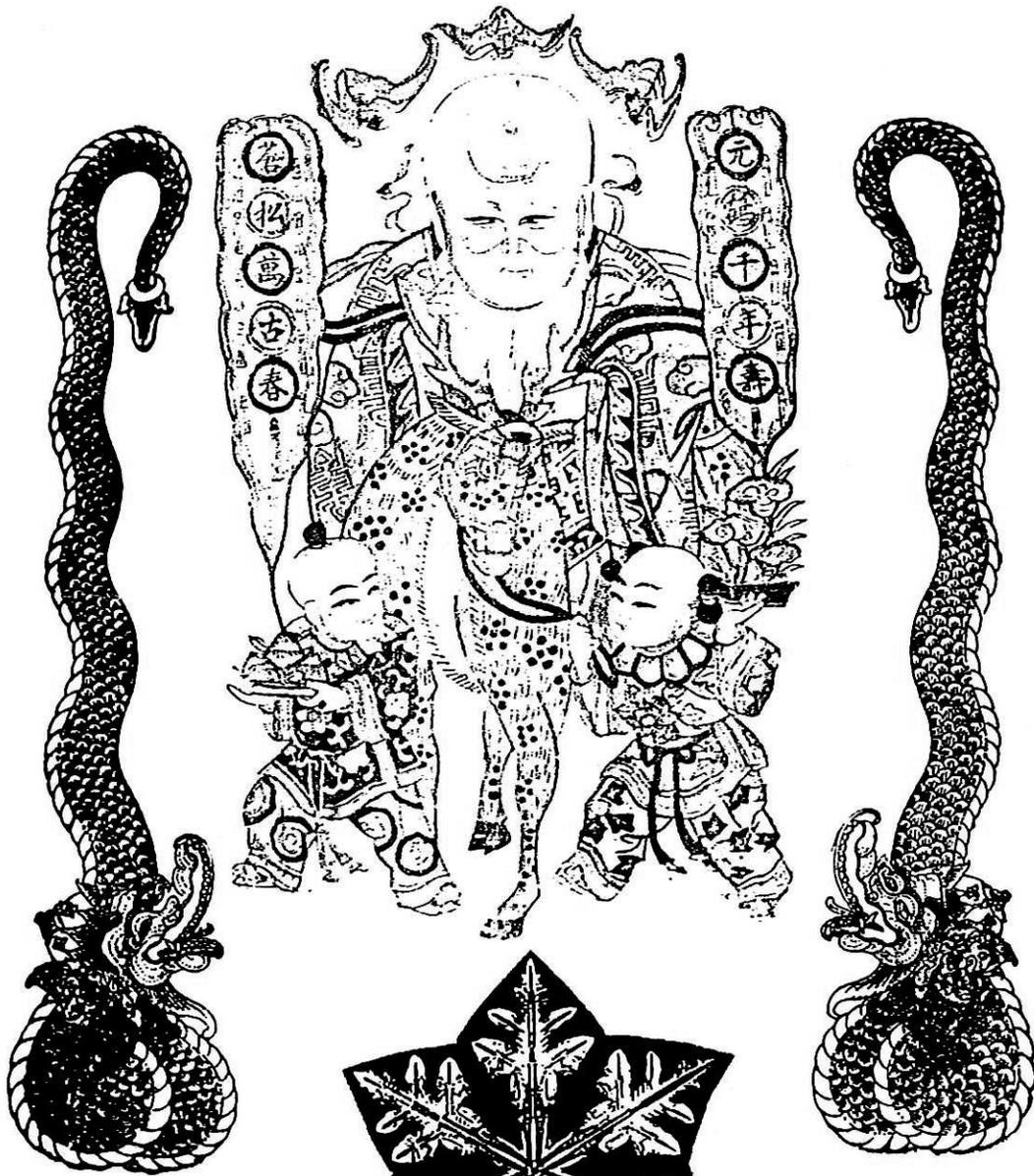
starting at 10 PM Pacific Daylight Time, which is 11 PM Mountain Time, midnight Central Time, 1 AM (September 1) Eastern Time, & 5 AM in London. The Convention begins officially on the hour & will last for an hour, but the pavilion will remain in place for the whole night for those with energy to party till dawn.



Dr. Strange, think of Shirley Maclaine (who is not invited, by the way). As Yael says, "The more people participating, the stronger and larger an astral 'gravity well' will begin to form in the general area everyone's trying for, & after a few minutes (with watches synchronized) getting started, it will get easier & easier for everyone to find the 'place.' Just sit & meditate on what that area of Antarctica probably looks like, keeping in mind the others supposed to be there too, & it will begin to come to you. Astral travel is something living things have been doing for tens of millions of years, at least, ever since REM sleep was invented, maybe longer, back to the beginning of life on earth. So the machinery is there in all of us for this sort of thing—it shouldn't be too hard. Most of it is 'imagination' anyway—imagination is a real door into the Inner Planes, and you don't have to go into any more of a trance to get into that state than you do for reading & enjoying a good book. The willing suspension of disbelief is what is required. Whether a full-on OOBE [out-of-body experience] also occurs or not is really irrelevant—and it can occur when one is not aware of it. So don't be discouraged if you don't seem to be flying around the room in a disembodied state! Bi-location is good enough, & we all do that when we cogitate deeply on anything, or concentrate on places, people, & things not nearby. The occult 'how-to' books make the whole thing sound far more difficult than it really is."

Of course, the Astral body is impervious to temperature—& with a bit of practice you can assume any imaginable form, from a simulacrum of your physical body to a ray of orgasmic light. Come prepared to entertain as well as be entertained. Make a speech, dance, performance... bring astral intoxicants, musical instruments, pet sex-demons... Astonish us!

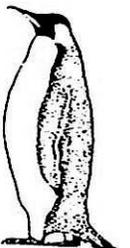
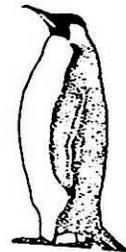
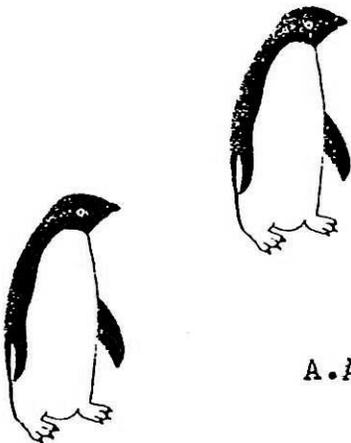
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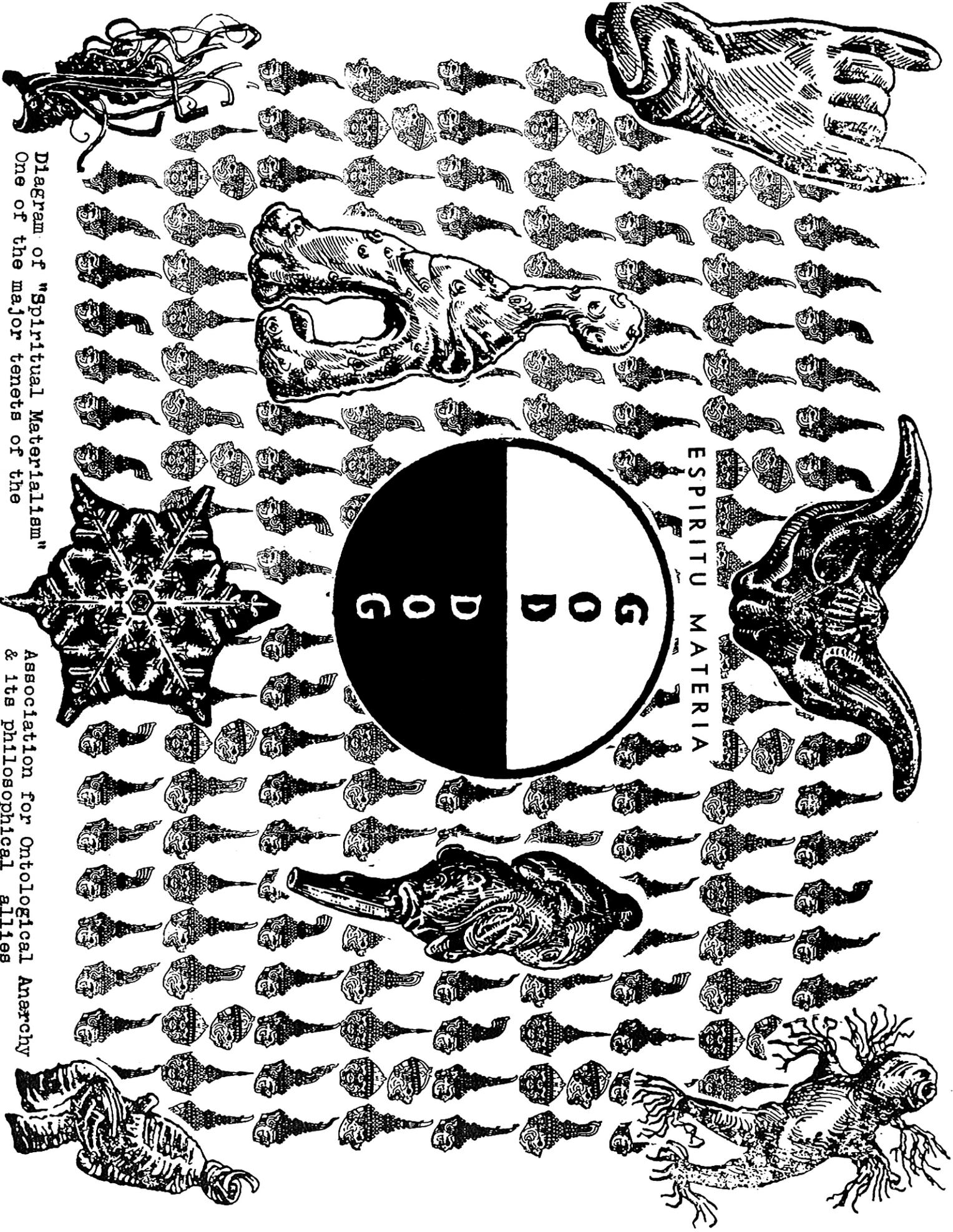
NAN
CHI

HSIEN WENG
the Old Immortal of the
South Pole is
the Taoist Santa

Claus; he rides a reindeer & bestows long life & happiness. His boys carry the peaches of immortality & ling-chih fungus. He is the patron of the A.A.A.Z., and will protect all astral voyagers in the area who invoke his aid.



catheauralspace fractal networks, labyrinthine gargantuan tunnels, slow black underground rivers, unmoving stygian lakes, pure & slightly luminiferous, slim waterfalls plunging down watersmooth rock, cataracting round petrified forests of stalactites & stalagmites in spalunker-bewildering blind-fish complexity & unfathomable vastness... Who dug this hollow earth beneath the ice foreseen by Poe, by certain paranoid German occultists, Shaverian UFO freaks? Was Earth once colonized in the time of Gondwana or MU by some Elder Race? their reptilian skeletons still mouldering in the farthest secret mazes of the cavern-system? Sluggish backwaters, dead-end canals, stagnant pools far from the centers of civilization like Little America, Transport City or Nan Chi Han, down in the dark recesses & boondocks of the Antarctic caves, fungus & albino fern. We suspect them of mutations, amphibian webbed fingers & toes, degenerate habits -- Kallikaks of the Hollow Earth, lovecraftian renegades, hermits, skulking incestuous smugglers, runaway criminals, anarchists forced into hiding after the Entropy Wars, fugitives from Genetic Puritanism, dissident Chinese Tongs & Yellow Turban fanatics, lascar cave-pirates, pale shiftless whitetrash from the prolewarrens of the industrial domes along Thwait's Tongue & the Walgreen Coast & Edsel-Ford-Land -- the Troggs have kept alive for over 200 years the folk-memory of the Autonomous Zone, the myth that someday it will appear again... Taoism, libertine philosophy, Indonesian sorcery, cult of the Cave Mother (or Mothers), identified by some scholars with the Javanese sea/moon goddess Loro Kidul, by others with a minor deity of the South Pole Star Sect, the "Jade Goddess"... manuscripts (written in Bahasa Ingliss the pidgin dialect of the deep caves) contain mangled quotations from Nietzsche & Chuang Tzu... Trade consists of occasional precious gems & cultivation of white poppy, fungus, over a dozen different species of "magic" mushrooms... Shallow Lake Erebus, 5 miles across, dotted with stalagmitic islets choked with fern & kudzu & black dwarf pine, held in a cave so vast it sometimes creates its own weather... The town belongs officially to Little America but most of the inhabitants are Troggs living off the Shiftless Dole -- & the deep-cave tribal country lies just across the Lake. Riffraff, artists, drug-addicts, sorcerers, smugglers, remittance-men & perverts live in crumbling basalt-&synthplast hotels half-encrusted with pale green vines, along the lakefront, an avenue of squalid cafés, gem emporia guarded by armed ninjas, chinese krill-noodle shops, the crystal-tinselled hall for slow fusion-gamelan dancers, boys practising their mudras on sleepy electronic dark blue afternoons to the rippling of synthgongs & metallophones... & below the pier perhaps a few desultory bathers along the black beach, genuine low-budget tourists gawking at the shrine behind the bazaar where pallid old Trog pamongs tranced out on fungus drool & roll up their eyes, breathe in the fumes of heavy incense, everything seems suddenly menacingly bright, flickering with significance... A few cases of webbed fingers but the rumors of ritual promiscuity are true enough. I was living in a Trog fishing village across the lake from Erebus in a rented room above the baitshop... rural sloth & degenerate superstitious rites of sensual abandon, the larval & unhealthy mysteries of the chthonic mutant downtrodden Troggs, lazy shiftless no-count hicks... Little America, so christian & free of mutation, eugenic & orderly, where everyone lives jacked into the fleshless realm of ancient software & holography, so euclidian, newtonian, clean & patriotic -- L.A. will never understand this innocent filth-sorcery, this "spiritual materialism", this slavery to the volcanic desires of secret cave-boy gangs like laughing flowers jetting with dynamo erections pulsing up pure life curved as taut bows, & the smell of water, pond scum, nightblooming white flowers, jasmine & datura, urine, childrens' wet hair, sperm & mud... possessed by cave-spirits, perhaps ghosts of ancient aliens now wandering as demons seeking to re-new long-lost pleasures of flesh & substance. Or else the Zone has already been re-born, already a nexus of autonomy, a spreading virus of chaos in its most exuberant clandestine form, white toadstools springing up on the spots where Trog boys have masturbated alone in the dark...



ESPIRITU MATERIA

G O D
D O G

Diagram of "Spiritual Materialism"
One of the major tenets of the

Association for Ontological Anarchy
& its philosophical allies

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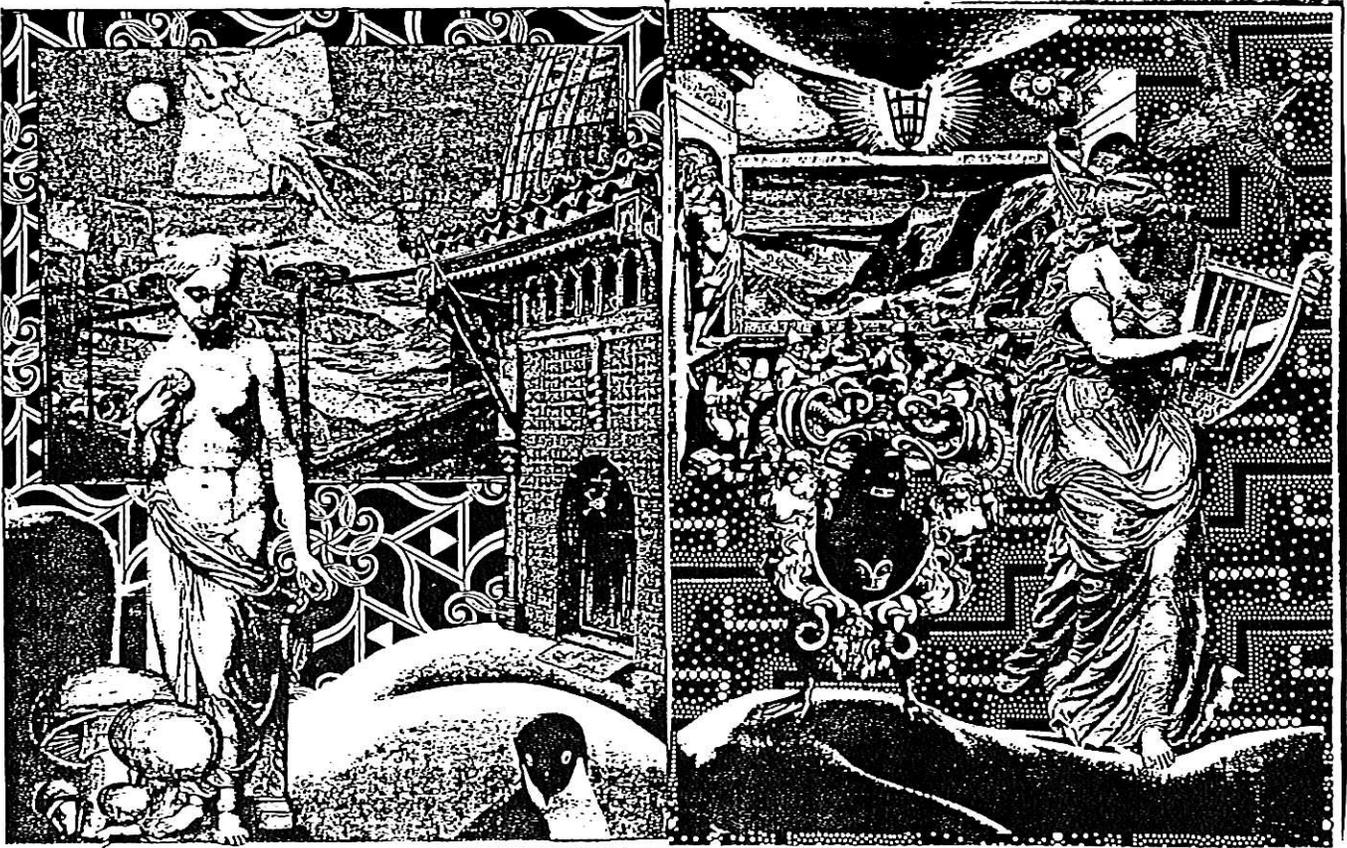


Welcome to the Activation.

Thousands of people were there, including many unconscious dreamers, visitors from the future & Hell Nazi UFOs from the Hollow Earth. Only the true adepts & invited guests contributed to this AKASHIC RECORD however. A list of their names & addresses is appended. Special Thanks to Yael Dragwyla for co-hosting, James Kochanowicz of All Street Arena for the cover & many fine collages throughout, & for inviting the International Mail Art crowd. Organizers on the West Coast include Rev. Ken V. Spareadine (a.k.a. Abu Yazid of the Moorish Orthodox Church), Nick Turner & Romana, Elizabeth Gips — & thank to Rudy Rucker for guided Tours of the Hollow Earth (stay tuned for her novel on the subject!). And a tip of the Hakimian Hat to the "Grim Reaper" of Lovecraftopolis for access to a photocopier machine. This wheeze still cost me a bundle, & the edition is limited to 64, which I hope will be enough for all the guests to get one each. In my opinion, this is a great book.... anyone want to sponsor a commercial edition??

W.A. S. 1/2000

Hakim Bey
A.A.A.Z.



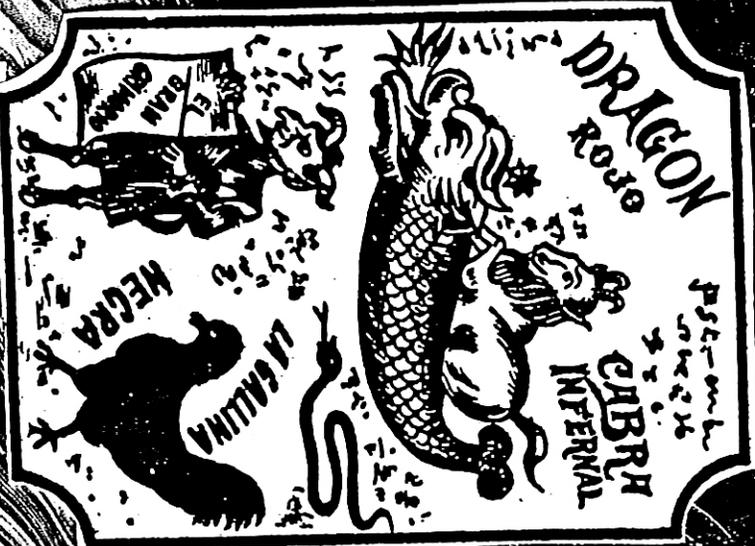
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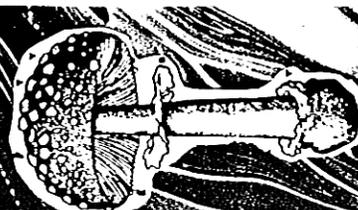
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Xerox and mimeo zines — Punkzines — Mail art
— Kids' poetry — Subverted advertisements —
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tified flying leftists, neo-pagans, secessionists, the
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The Association for Ontological Anarchy, along with the West-Coast Magus Ipsissima, Yael DRAGWYLA, has decided to host a big Convention of all inter-ested Mutants, Zine-olds, Subg's, Type 3's & Chaos Magicians. The kicker is: the meeting will be held on the ASTRAL PLANE. // We will choose some very famous natural landmark & invite everyone to project their aetherial doubles thence simultaneously at some appropriate moment. Say for example Niagara Falls at noon on the Summer Solstice 1987: take a photo or postcard of the Falls, concentrate on it, imagine yourself transported there in a flash. Create an archetypal visionary appearance for yourself; perform some magical or artistic act or make a speech; then concentrate on the other people present in their astral bodies. Stay as long as you can (up to, say, an hour). Yael D, as our most accomplished magician, will remain on-site for the full hour to help neo-phytes, pass out spiritual refreshments & emcee the Convention proceedings. Early in the hour we'll present our set-pieces; towards the end, things will degenerate toward pure partying. (Bring astral intoxicants.) // Then, by one PM at the latest, return to your bodies (by the way, be sure you can leave them safely, apparently asleep & undisturbed, for the full period). At once upon yr return, write (or record graphically) an account of your experiences. Send them to Yael or me. We will prepare a PROCEEDINGS (or "Akashic Record") of the Convention, which will be published & sent to all participants. // Before we announce a definite time & place, we'd like to hear from at least a dozen or so friends who will attend. Please offer suggestions about ideal location & time. An important point: how do we synchronize our appearances so as to arrive (possibly from all over the world) within the appointed hour? Sample invocations & techniques for easy astral travel would be welcome. When all details have been ironed out, we will publish an Open Invitation, maybe in Popular Reality &/or elsewhere; & also send out specific invitations. We'll provide, if possible, photos & maps needed for visualization of the Convention site. We may be able to erect, on the site, some sort of astral beacon, perhaps even an aedifice of appropriate appearance... In the form of a shabby vacation hotel which hosts firemens' conventions & dreary little Chamber of Commerce events...? Maybe a Holiday Inn? Or would you prefer a real Hollywood/Baghdad/Cptum-Dream pavilion in the clouds? Suggestions please! // If you definitely want to attend, let us know at A.O.A., box 568, Brooklyn NY 11211. Wa salaam.





AAAZI

ANTARCTIC ASTRAL AUTONOMOUS ZONE (Cape Longing, Antarctic Peninsula)

THE ASSOCIATION FOR ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHY

and

Yael Dragwyla

request the splendor of your attendance

at the

ASTRAL CONVENTION

Attention all Mutants, Isolated Independent Thinkers, Type 3's, SubG's, Chaos magicians and dreamy runaway kids:

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ANTARCTICA

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How To Get There:

"Astral travel is easy; think of Dr. Strange, think of Shirley Maclaine ("who is not invited by the way). As Yael says, "The more people participating, the stronger and larger an astral 'gravity well' will begin to form in the general area everyone's trying for, and after a few minutes (with watches synchronized) getting started, it will get easier and easier for everyone to find 'the place'. Just sit and meditate on what that area of Antarctica probably looks like, keeping in mind the others supposed to be there too, and it will begin to come to you. Astral travel is something living things have been doing for tens of millions of years, at least, ever since REM sleep was invented, maybe longer, back to the beginning of life on earth. So the machinery is there in all of us for this sort of thing - it shouldn't be too hard. Most of it is 'imagination' anyway - imagination is a real door into the Inner Planes, and you don't have to go into any more of a trance to get into that state than you do for reading and enjoying a good book. The willing suspension of disbelief' is what is required. Whether a full-on OOB (out-of-body experience) also occurs or not is really irrelevant - and it can occur when one is not aware of it. So don't be discouraged if you don't seem to be flying around the room in a disembodied state! Bi-location is good enough and we all do that when we cogitate deeply on anything, or concentrate on places, people and things not nearby. The occult 'how-to' books make the whole thing sound far more difficult than it really is."

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! IMPORTANT !

As soon as you return from the Convention back to your body, at once write an account of your experiences - a few lines, or 20 pages - and/or draw pictures, or prepare graphic representations of your trip and what you saw. Send it to us (in a ready-to-xerox format if possible) and we will print all accounts in full in the

AKASHIC RECORD OF THE ASTRAL CONVENTION

and all participants will receive a free copy (altho a buck or two for postage would be appreciated). Non-participants will have to pay for this rare document, however.

Remember, even tho we have announced a time/place for the climax of the party, it is already going on - even now! - and has been ever since we proposed the idea. We need help from advanced magicians in preparing the site. Concentrate your attention, practise visualization, focus in on the A.A.A.Z. a few times between now and August 31.

Any questions or suggestions, write to A.O.A., c/o Autonomedia, Box 568, Brooklyn, NY, 11211

See you there,

Hakim Bey



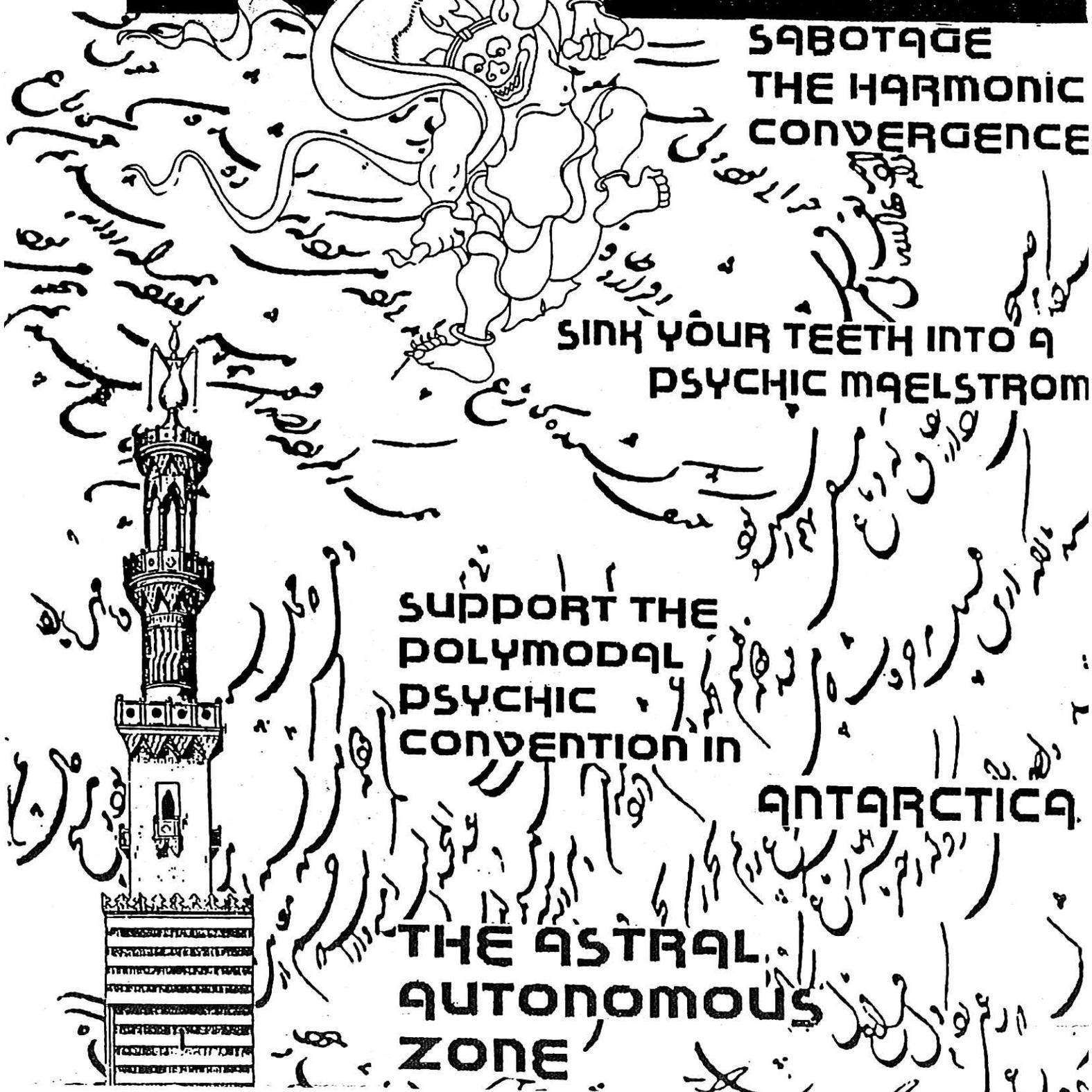
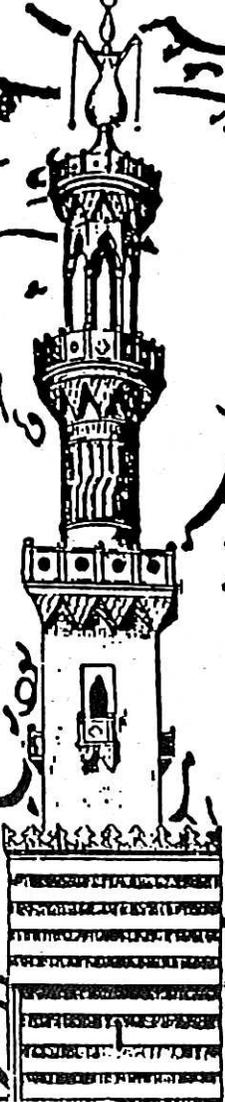
SABOTAGE
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CONVERGENCE

SINK YOUR TEETH INTO A
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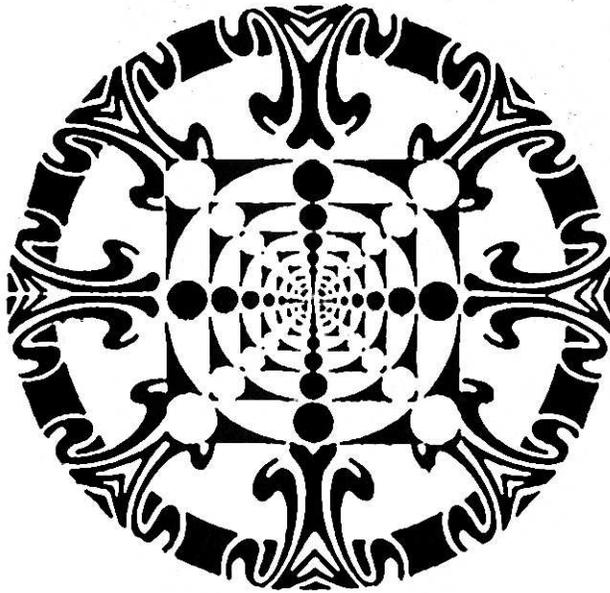
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AUTONOMOUS
ZONE

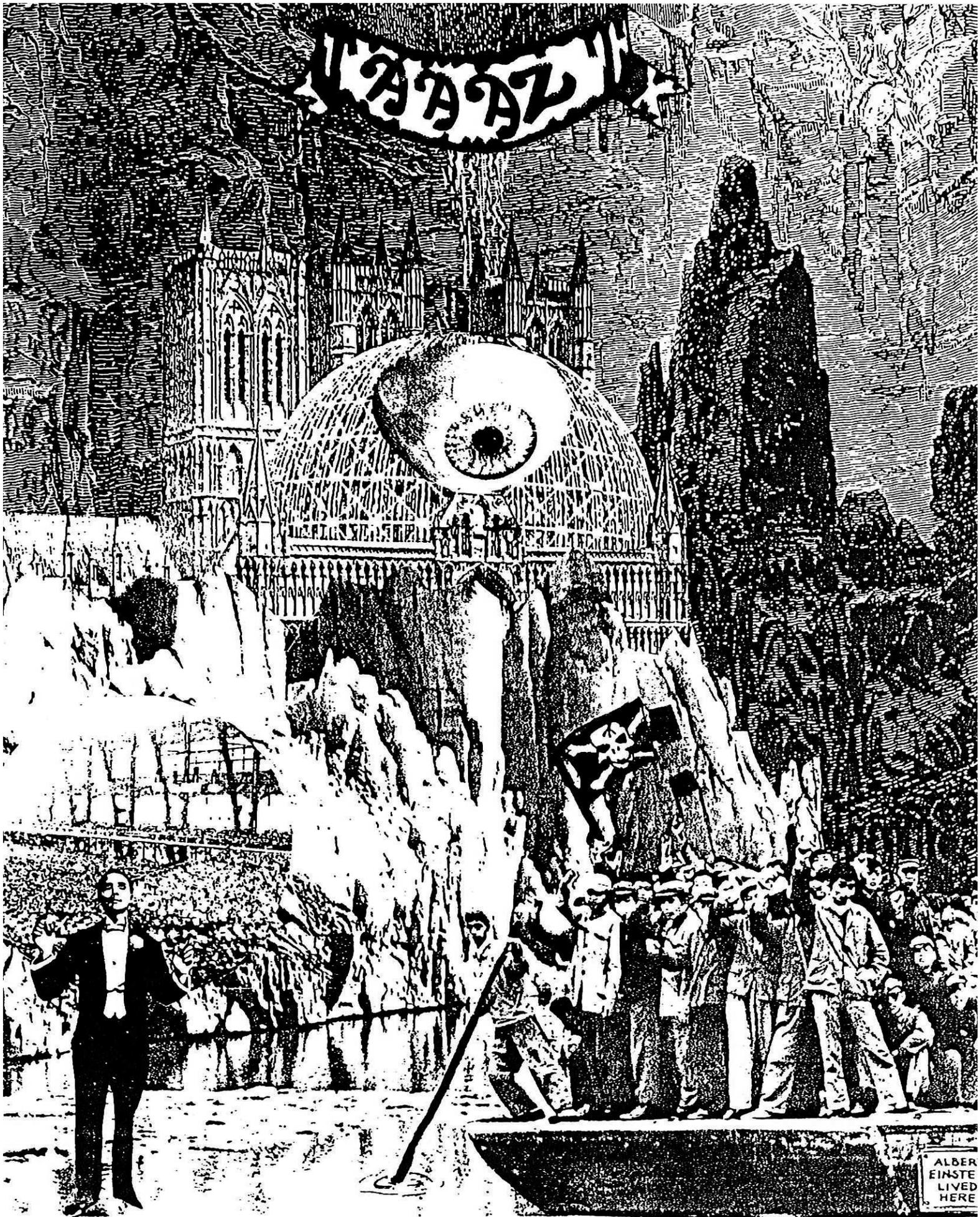


SHIRLEY MACLAINE CAN'T COME...
SHIRLEY MACLAINE CAN'T COME...
SHIRLEY MACLAINE CAN'T COME...
BUT YOU CAN.



ANTARCTICA
THE AUTONOMOUS ASTRAL ZONE
AUGUST 31, 1987-SEPT 1, 1987
10:00 P.M. PACIFIC DAYLIGHT

NO ONE CAN STOP US !!



ALBER
EINSTE
LIVED
HERE

FOR AKASHIC RECORD

MARTIN BILLHEIMER

A**1****A****9****A****8****Z****7**

5 November 1987

S. Marshall, P.O.B. 1696, Skokie, IL 60076-8696

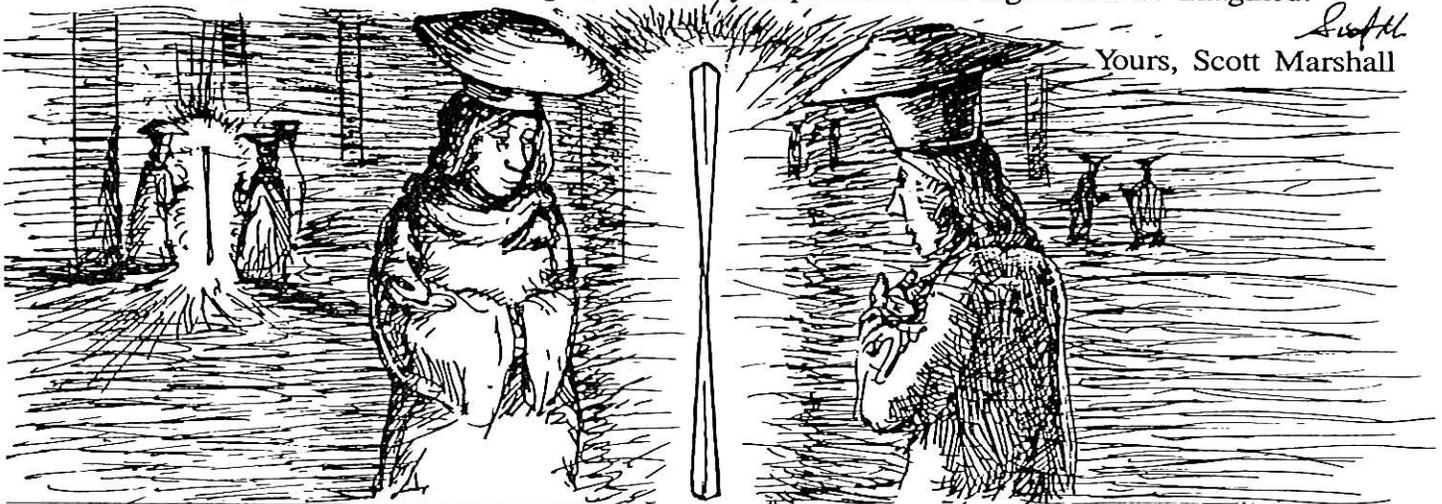


Dear Hakim,

Sorry it has taken me so long to get my act together on this document, but I have been acclimating myself to a new living space, and have been fairly busy here at my menial-button-pushing-digital job. So, as I crawl out from under the narcotic haze of typesetting, I hope this missive is not too late to be of any value to you - I received your postcard, and am hereby recollecting as much as possible of my AAAZ participation...

As the hour of the Astral Convention drew nigh, I re-read the invitation a few times and tried to focus my attention and energies on that spot of the world, and to look for the crystal 'spooky blue' beacon — but, instead, my concentration drifted slightly, and I found myself asleep! Still slightly conscious, I remember feeling disappointment that I fell prey to fatigue, when suddenly, I was struck with a very clear vision of a dimly lit hall... Circulating about the room were numerous shadowy figures - even at the time, I was struck with the similarity between the description of the main convention hall in the invite, and this stately situation - truly, the indistinguishable ceiling was supported by large-ish pillars, and the full size of the enclosure was indiscernible as well... The movement around the room by these beings was very slow and fluid, graceful and meditative, almost as though they were floating gently just above the floor... Soon, I found myself observing a close conversation between two entities; their barely audible speech blended tactually with the other whispers of voice and fabric in the oddly sound-deadened room, creating a weird but extremely pleasant audio environment... The only illumination sprang from the oddly shaped glowing staffs hovering here and there, and most conversations could be seen huddled around these light sources - the two figures I stood with surrounded one as well... Most manner of dress involved light colored robes, slightly luminescent, and a selection of some very unusual headgear! (*It wasn't until the next day that I was taken by the odd synchronicity of the hats, when I happened to look at a televised quasi-historic meeting of the pope and religious leaders from Israel-the traditional headgear of the Israeli rabbis were incredibly similar to the hats in my dream-experience, a wardrobe element that I was ignorant of...*) The whole experience lasted for what seemed like less than an hour... all present seemed quite content, with placid countenances and enlightened smiles... I unfortunately never witnessed the spooky blue beacon, but awoke rested and slightly invigorated... I am interested in reading other humanoid experiences from that night, and if my experience was significant or imagined!

Scott
Yours, Scott Marshall



THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN PENGUINS, THEY WERE SO CALM!



Summer/Autumn, 1987

Furnace of Ice/Lamp of the South:

Sixty Minutes Over Antarctica

(combined dispatches transmitted via
future/past time-travel)

The Antarctic comes to me incited by blue ice
tables covered with peaches and apricots
Antarctica inflamed with twenty four hour nights
of snow furnaces where the lords of deep winter
sleep bring us to dwell to lull into wavering
drifts where end of the journey workhorses
leave their wagons to become angels and
levitate from the southern pole along with
red apples and giant tortoises...

shimmering black locomotive the engine puffing
flowers of opium ... sleds skate in from
Enderby Land carrying scents of Madagascar
and purple ferns held aloft by giants living
at Beaver Glacier ... a ferry docks near the
Antarctic Circle due west of the Amundsen Sea
filled with naked sailors from one hundred
fleets ... conductors on trolleys collect
tickets at both the Dibble and Dalton Iceberg
Tongues from emerging passengers dripping from
the Indian Ocean after swimming from the
Christmas and Cocos Islands ... crafts in the
sky dispatch shuttles to the surface...



(Hearts of winter)

As for myself? For months now I have anchored
in the deliverance of the Bay of Wales on my
temple barge reciting a welcoming organ piece -
a hymn to Antarctica's future arrivals - and
taking whiskey fueled walks on the Ross Ice
Shelf and trips to the Queen Maud Mountains to
get a view overlooking the pole...

(Museum of the south)

The Antarctic is lit with the swallows of
autumn, the headlamps of frozen railyards,
transoms of time to sail thru, the glowing end
of summer ... the murmurs of James Ross Island...

- or -

It is 1 am, the night of August 31/September 1. Although it's still early for
me to sleep, I'm in bed, and ready for it. I'm in deep need of something "real"
after an exhausting summer spending time fighting the truly unreal: a ban on
bicycles (and this bike messenger) from riding in part of midtown Manhattan. Compared
to the utter fatuousness of the former, the "fantasy" and requested "splendor of
your attendance" at an hour long "Astral Convention" in Antarctica appeared appealingly
real - it was indeed not only a tangible, but a "correct" option.

Some minutes after 1 am I'm beginning to feel a minute and momentary disassociation
and duality, a hard to explain being "here", but also "there". Sort of like when
you're tired and falling in and out of a grey area not yet sleep - but it was
different...

I'm also beginning to feel something else, something strange - I feel happy!

For me the "Dreamtime Ball" was a summer of ethereal time-travel to lull adrift
in Antarctica's Bay of Wales. What is now important for me, and what is real, is
the carnival of somnolence that is taking me - without any dream - shortly after 1 am.

That's all there was. And that's all there needed to be.

Captain "b"OB McGlynn
Skipper of Temple Barge,
Bay of Wales, Antarctica,
1 am, August 31/September 1
1987



MY, AAAZ EXPERIENCE, A LUMINOUS WICKER WORLD, FOR AKAASHIC RECORD 584

We begot HARMONY'S worth!?

CASHING IN on the AKASHIC WRECKED-CORD

Tutor

Cruelty! Cruelty! Cruelty! Cruelty! Cruelty! Cruelty! Cruelty! Cruelty! Cruelty!
Cruelty! No matter that i stack my deck with Jokers, double knowledged (s)words
perpetually bite my freed hands! I am pierced as in chaotic acupuncture; or is
it regurgitated fantasy of my circumcised aura?

Turtle

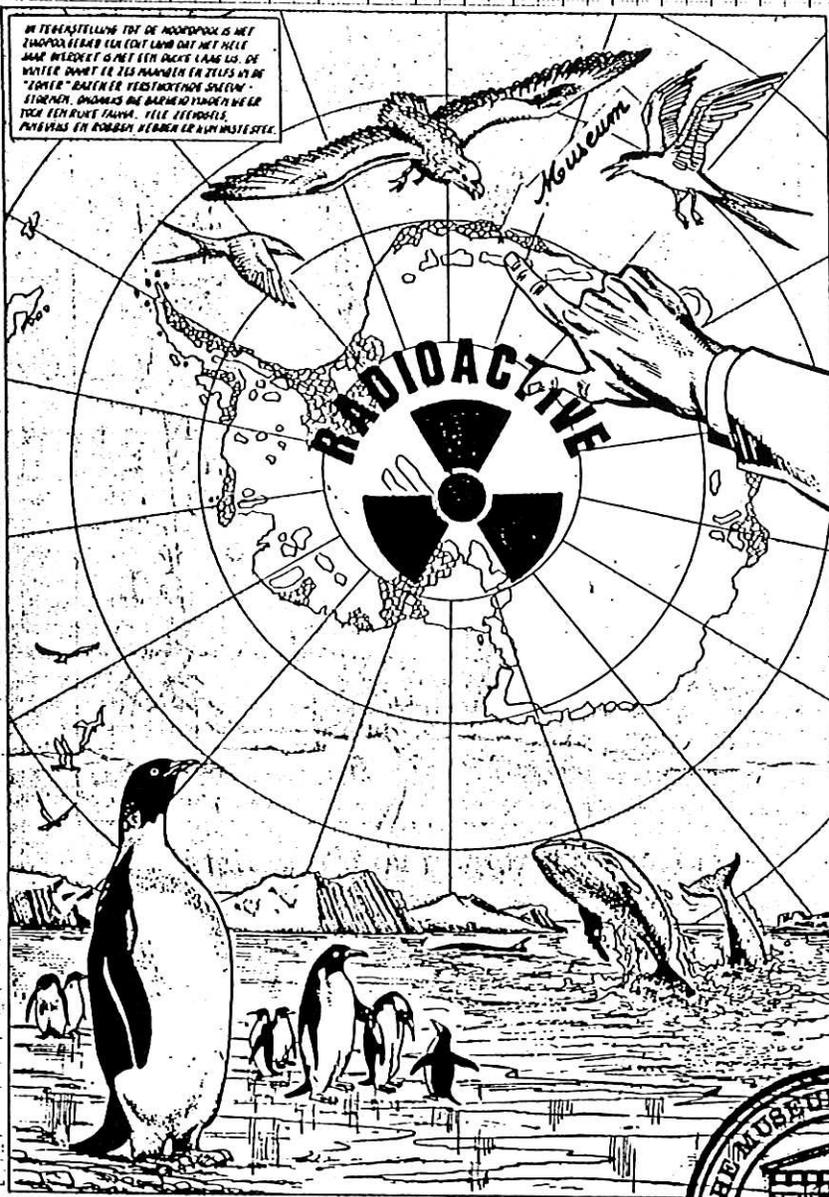
Against all odds i succeed in offering the respectfully disintegrated
(by my clause) flesh of the High-Chair Priestess to the congregated masses in
a lunatic Eucharist slitting, amongst vibrant chants of, "STRANGER IN A RANGE
GLAND!"

Unfortunately, the sole comrades I communed with were rabid, lust empowered
coyote demons who devoured my limbs and ethereal vital organs in a symbolic
orgiastic rite of limbo: I distinctly stank of lonely party line crasher in the
astral convent.

My essence in the fashion of a frying Pan blessed with bleeding purple
vampyre wings and a burning golden hide(I was criticized for "self-immolating
in succubi style" as i rendered a hymn on my intestinal coil instrument)
uninhibitedly discharged (i was unaware that credit reins on the ash-troll
dimension) my "chthonic tonic" of schizoid neurologic fluid (invasion of
organized intellect channeled through the vagina dentata brute canal) until
chastised for failing to exhibit "reverence for life" and castrating my image
with absorbed reflexes from a shattered distortion mirror.

Once recovered (shame of nakedness) from being haunted by the sadistic
spectre of my unmanifest perversity, which I unwittingly exhibited on a pet-
ulant navel leash, (Was there a communal mastication of the mythical umbilical
cords?), I hunted in vain dependency for our ostensible (but not common sensible)
proprietors Hack 'em Obey and Stale Ruthless Dragon Weal until a sardonic
spider spit hir psychic web around my defaced mask and i recognized my blindness.
I forget whether this was after the Adolphin social feeding of lightning
orgone energy display.

Alack, due to my immaturity and inexperience in projection (not to mention
communication diseases) I was sucked back into my carnal sanctuary before
the sinless initiation rites in the bioarchitectural womb-temple were officially
aborted. Perhaps i was merely high-jacking off in my ass-trial plain.



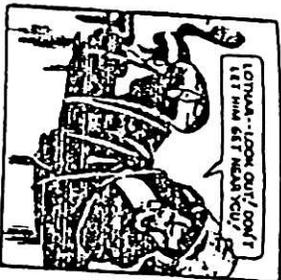
* A.I.D.S. *
 * Art Info - & Documentation *
 * Service *

I decide to go to the Autonomous Zone as Mandrake the Magician. Decked out in top hat, formal evening wear, bow tie, and waxed moustache, I open the New York Times Atlas of the World to a map of the Antarctic Peninsula. I close my eyes, repeat the public mantra for first-class astral travel, and in an instant am high in the air above Graham Land at the edge of the Larsen ice shelf.

I spot the crystal minaret on the shore, its brilliant orgone-blue beam like an astral magnet drawing hordes of strange travellers down from the sky, some winged, some human like myself, others of unrecognizably alien form. The mantra of universal beneficence on my lips, I descend through the Tesla Shield that protects the zone from malignant powers, and glide down to earth beside the Dome of the Moon, entering its rock crystal recesses through a small side door.

Inside the Small Conclave Chamber, Dr. Strange, Circe, Merlin, Yael Dragwyla, Basil Valentine, and a dozen other magicians have already gathered. We exchange gossip and shop talk as the room fills with mages, male and female, famous and obscure. Suddenly in a flash of white light Harry Houdini appears, shackled to the throne of honor. His chains effortlessly fall away as Houdini stands and holds up his hand for silence. A crystal goblet filled with a luminous lavender fluid appears in Houdini's raised hand, whereupon each of us finds he is holding a similar glass. Following Houdini's lead, we all toast the nameless Origin of the true magic that upholds the everyday world, and reverently drink our soma, soon falling under its spell. Our minds merge in class-four telepathy and together we explore the Blue and Yellow realm, the world's deep mechanisms seen through magician's eyes, which project from the All an illusory but useful inner geography of knowledge and power. We take from the Vision what each of us can bear, one by one leaving the magic circle for other activities in the Dome of the Moon.

I find myself on the dance floor with Matikka and Claudette, moving to the rhythm of a Middle East quintet. Matikka, from Senegal, her naked body adorned with heavy crystal and metal jewelry, dark, leopard-like, with breasts like ripe melons. Sinuous Claudette, blonde and blue-eyed, lips like a gash-red wound, radiating sexual electricity in a glistening skin-tight red evening gown and heels. Caught in a music-induced class-six telepathic trance, the three of us move as one organism, swirling together under the bright Antarctic stars



visible through the transparent crystal ceiling of the Moon Dome. Emeshed in the web of the waxing crescent moon low on the horizon, its light reflecting from a dozen looming green glaciers.

Between sets we leave the dance floor, pushing our way through the lush tropical gardens to the hot baths. After our bath we retire to one of many oil-lit, tapestry-hung alcoves overlooking the Weddell Sea. A bubble-bubble's bowl fragrant with Afghan hashish transports us to the Red and Gold realm, a vision of the All filtered through the eyes of lovers, the world as erotic topology of pleasure and desire. My companions and I explore that lurid and fanciful land long into the night, for a time that could not be measured on any clock, and I know that I became wiser in that perfumed bower than in any congress of wizards.

Later, dressed in white robe and sandals, I climb to the top of the crystal minaret, and watch the Southern Lights dancing above me, brilliant curtains of red, green, and blue light slowly waving across the sky, obscuring the Southern constellations. With astral senses sharpened by my recent experiences, I could intuit how the Southern Lights were formed: I saw that an immense tongue of plasma torn from the Sun's surface--millions of miles long, an adjunct of the solar wind--attracted by the Earth's South Magnetic Pole, was lapping at the edge of the atmosphere, and this solar-lingual friction caused the air to glow, its molecules twitching and burning in response to the plasma's frenzied stimulation.

I open my astral senses wide to the skies above the South Pole. Suddenly I see a huge white tube of ecoplasm, hundreds of miles in diameter, materialize out of the solar wind, plunge through the Southern Lights, and drive down into the polar ice cap, where it explodes into billions of starlike points of white light, which shoot off in all directions across the surface of the Earth. As these sparks whiz through my body, I feel an immense joy like a child watching a fireworks display. These points of light could not be entirely

malevolent, I muse, because they seem completely unaffected by the Tesla Shield, freely penetrating the Moon Dome and its surroundings. The white tube drew back behind the Southern Lights, then plunged again into the ice cap, exploding into showers of bright stars which scurried like luminous insects to the four corners of the Earth. This process was repeated at least twenty times as I watched from the crystal tower: what could it be?

My library card at the Akashic Records was still active, so I telepathically call the reference desk--department of Gemancy--for information, and receive an immediate reply. I learn that what I had just witnessed was a natural phenomenon that has happened every spring in Antarctica for the past billion years, a process essential to the formation and renewal of life on Earth. I am ashamed that, despite my long apprenticeship in mythological lore, I had failed to guess what was going on here: it was just the Sun, Ra Pancreator, fucking Gaia, the Earth, through the ozone hole.

JABIR ABD AL-KHALIQ

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

ANTARCTIC



ANTARCTIC ASTRAL AUTONOMOUS ZONE (Cape Longing, Antarctic Peninsula)

ASTRAL CONVENTION 1987 - ANTARCTICA -

The Adventures of Yet Another Wandering Mystic in Astralland

Like many others of the Wandering Mystics, I too had designed a costume of superlative sexiness. With a beautiful cat's head and a body very reminiscent of my own body forty years ago, I visited the pavilion set on the ice fields of Antarctica. Well in advance of the date of the convention I leaned against a pillar watching the bustle as the set and setting were designed. In fact, I was instrumental in helping to channel the light display so that it would be at its peak on August 31.

However, much to my own astonishment, when Convention time actually came, I found myself a sprite about one foot tall, very much like Peter Pan but with wings and clothing rippling behind me in the wind, holding on to a magic pole and riding a sort of blanket space vehicle. For a long time I hovered OVER the Convention enjoying the sounds and sights. The vehicle reminded me alot of the cape that The Little Lame Prince used to escape from his lonely tower. At one point I threw myself face down and watched every "body" through a hole in the middle of the material which gave me a sort of kaleidoscope effect of the movement below.

Finally I landed. It was very very crowded, almost no room to move around. I felt shy and went pushing through looking for someone that I recognized. Sometimes I felt familiar energy; once three of us held each other close and did a dance together, but nobody there seemed to be part of my karass. It was very international. The thing that impressed me most was how many mystics there are on the surface of our planet who wanted to come together to share energy.

Almost as soon as I thought that and lost my own shyness, everyone there turned into an energy field. The floor of the pavilion was crowded with vertical golden discs, turning smoothly and very rapidly. We were like the fields of energy emerging from the lotus chakras of some of the great avatars. It was pure ecstasy, the ecstasy of being and of being conscious of being.

Finally the fields turned back into figures. I went outside and watched the lights playing on the blue-white hills and valleys of Antarctica, a brilliant display of moving color against the snow and ice. It was a long light show, better than the peak moments of fireworks. Slowly it faded away, and there we were with the crystalline delight of the ice, warm in the middle of all that snow, safe in the long stretches of eternity.

I went to sleep, then, and don't remember any more.

I must add, though, that my cat, Lovely, enjoyed my energy and kept bouncing on my physical chest, so that I had a foot in each

reality. One was here in my living room lying on the floor by the fireplace. The other was in Antarctica. This amused me, because it is the way I've managed to live most of my life; on the one hand as beatnik, hippy and passionate pilgrim and the other as mother, housewife and responsible citizen.

It was a great coming together. It's really comforting that there are so many of us. I surely hope we'll have more parties and that I won't be so shy. As it says in "The I Ching", "This is a way for the elect of all ages to communicate with each other." Maybe next time we could lift off of the planet and gather in some stellar space. That way some of the energies from other stars and star systems would more likely join with us.

Thanks for the invitation. Blessed be.

El 12 a Beth Gips
(which translates to - the Cement of the House
of God!!!)

Elizabeth Gips
328 B Union Street
Santa Cruz, CA 95060

Institute for Moral Indifference
End of the Bar
N.O.,LA.

Howdy Hakim(YHVH),

Once again this wretched swamp is boiling in the summer stars. WE N.O.ers have two defenses we use to fight 95 degree weather. We either smoke and drink ourselves into oblivion or we resort to sorcery. At I.M.I. we do both.....simultaneously.

That's why you can imagine how happy I was to hear about the big bash at the (COOL)Antartic-astral Plane. Pull out the P-COAT ma,I,M headed to admiral BYRD'S house!

WE have had interesting results with our THIRD*EYE*FETUS*YELL seances(held at 2 A.M.,at congo square,the original trading block for slaves in the early 1800's). AN odd thing about these seances this month is that we have only been able to call up thr spirits of dead ANARCH*IST. Ezra heywood appeared with a JAM BOX playing rap-reggae free-jazz. KRACK*POTKIN is a bad coke addict now. TooBad. The best one we got was PROUDHON,HIGH AS A KITE, babbling all kinds of bull about economics and reality CREATION. Before he left he told us the following joke.....

A teacher standing before the class says,
"STUDENTS, now I will tell you a famous phrase and you tell me who said it and when."

"give me liberty or give me death"
A japanese girl answered "patrick henry ,1776"
TEACHER SAYS...."very good,

now aren't the rest of you children assamed
That a foreing girl, only here for two years, knows more
about A*merican history than you.

Far in the back of the room a voice shouted....
"fuck the JAPS2

THE teacher wheels around and shouts "WHO SAID THAT"
A14 year old boy raises his hand and says.....

"HARRY TRUMAN,1945!"

WE bust a GUT laughing.

Hope you'll send info on the SPECTACLE.
i'VE enclosed some of I.M.I.'s P.T.
"CHAOZ WILL NEVER DIE"

back to DE**BORD,
PASCAL UNI.

\$UBBENIUS FOUNDATION PO Box 140306, Dallas,
TX 75214

Dear O Mighty Hakim Bey:

I got your Semiotexte USA the other day... GOOD LORD!! It'll take a year to read. Only DAYS LATER did I find, at the bottom of the sack of what my new apprentice called "unimportant mail," I found yr URGENT letter to get the new Praetorious story to you on disc. I notice your letter is a month old... DAMN!!! I KNEW that this concept of getting people to "HELP" would backfire! Anyway, if it ain't too late, and even if it is, here's a disc containing the story (and also a bunch of others, just for yuks... mustn't WASTE a DISC...) as done on Microsoft Word for the Mac, not new Version 3.0 but the older version. I think it's in TIMES font for laser printing. Of the other stories only CARE DOG MEETS PEE BEAR and I FUCKED CONNIE DOBBS are by me... G. Gordon Gordon did others and one is by Ed Rom. No specific reason for putting them on the disc... they were JUST THERE.

You got a radio show too, huh? Isn't it GREAT??? Ah yes, the POWER. I couldn't attend the Astral Con because I was too busy helping "Bob" defuse the Harmonic Convergence, which (unbeknownst to the pathetic New Agers) would have opened the Doorway of Doom and allowed not only the Yacatusma but even the Elder Gods Themselves to beat the Xists here. The planet owes its existence to me and "Bob" but we expect no rewards...

I'm still polishing the video, but once it's finished and ready, YOU'LL KNOW! See notice of other Video Chaos in the form letter.

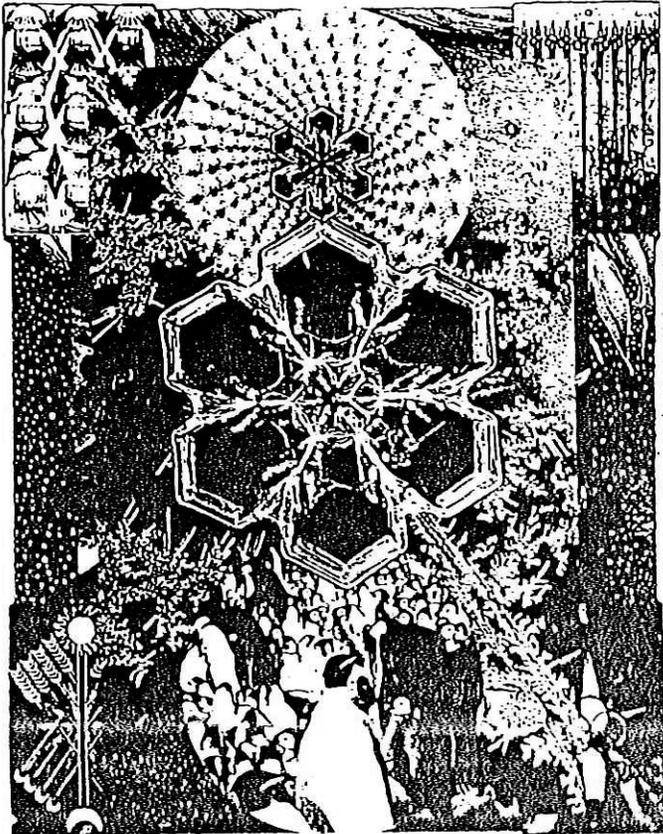
Call me late but don't call me never,

\$

↑
Stupid, inaccurate
"Logo" signature

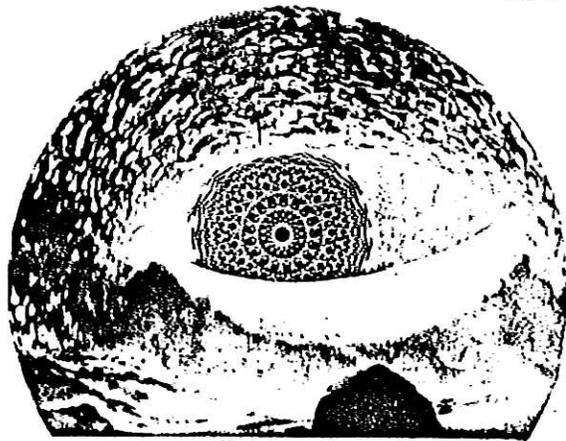
Real sig:

Gordon



And then we come to the AbstractCon, which will be the subject of song, story, and dirty jokes as long as toll-roads to the amazing Egress pay their own way, held the night of Aug. 31-Sept. 1. As this was just for the idiots-erati, I can't give too many details, other than to say that only one person actually froze his astral off, and aside from the switchboard becoming jammed from too many incoming requests to petr Cthulhu to Call home, there really were very few problems. A very good Doktor band, the Lunar-Ticks, provided us all with extremely entertaining accompaniments.

Unfortunately, Ivan Stang was not able to make it. While rumor had it that Janor or Sterno might show up, this was never confirmed. On the other hand, it is now confirmed that "Bob" himself actually stopped at one of the Pavilions -- he ended up selling six copies of the vendor's own book back to that poor, bewildered man -- then left before anyone could talk to him. We



21 A PLESIOSAUR

are sure this was indeed the late Founder of the One True Church, because he actually left behind one of his very own pipes -- and the sweetly malodorous stench of decades of 'frop-ashes, cured in the rarest of honey, from the Malay-Asian 'Frop-McBee-Bee that lives only in the jungles around Dobbstown, Malaysia, that was never matched even by the truest of Subkientii, could have belonged to the pipe of no one else!

One of the few bad trips were the - penguin mutilations that were reported at the edge of the Southwest Pavilion -- this housed the industrial exhibits, such as displays by wand and pentagram manufacturers, pyramids of pyramids, technical books (*Fifty Ways to Maximize Your Secret Word Power for Fun and Profit*, *How to Build Your Own Saphiroh in Your Backyard*, etc.), spell-kit assemblies from Magic & Magick, Ltd., and so forth -- after reports came in of "strange craft in the sky, complete with blinking infra-red lights" over the general area.

-- By the way, I wish to state here that it is *not* true that the First Lady was found wandering around the grounds, dressed in nothing but her Body of Light, stoned to the mines on Vallium. I want to scotch that vicious rumor right here and now! -- It was *not* Vallium, it was *Quasulude*, on top of a healthy ration of gin-and-tonic.

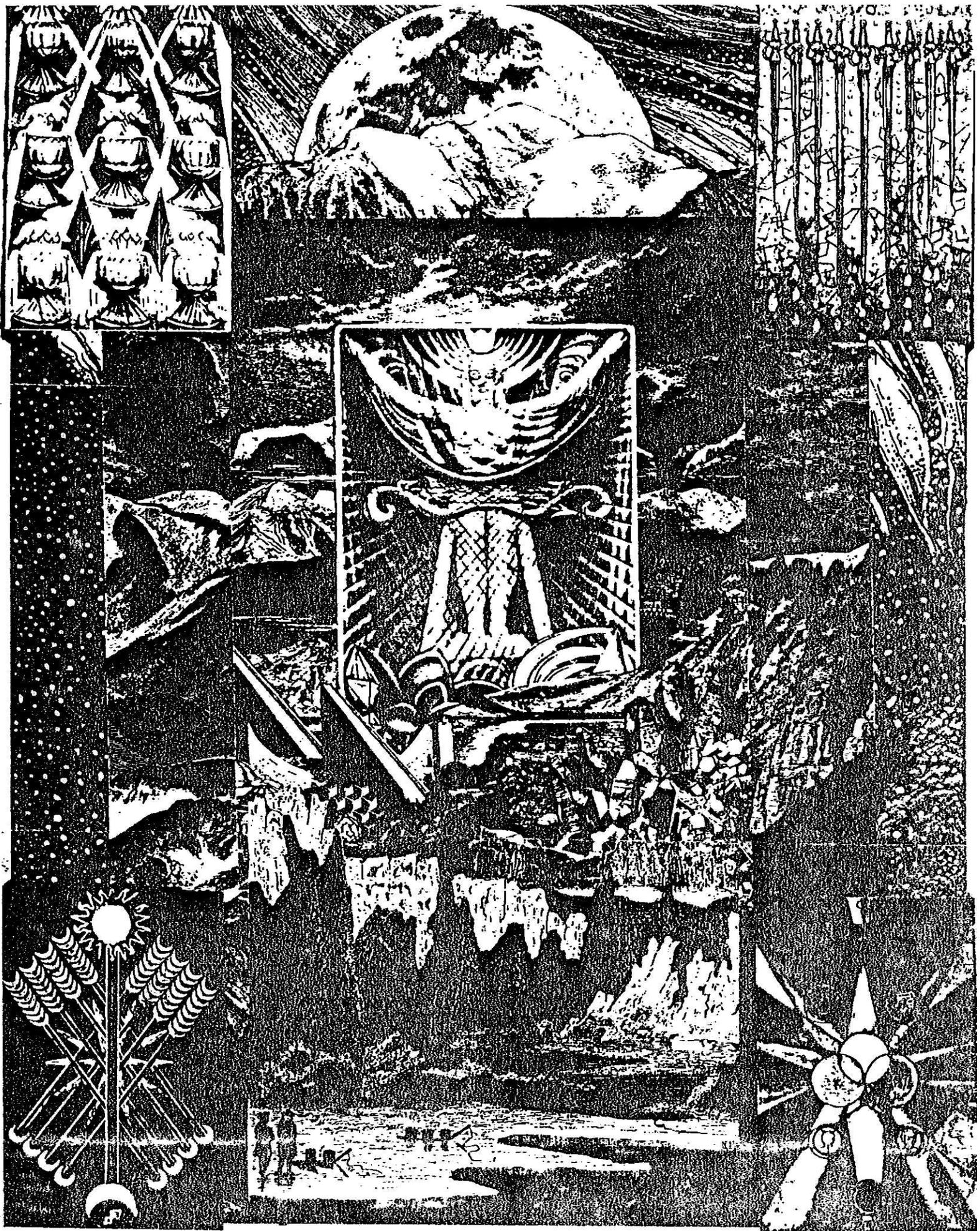
At any rate, we all had a marvelous time. Wish those of you who couldn't make it had been able to join the rest of us there -- it was *great* fun! -- Oh, before I forget: would the lady who left the package of hatpins, the bottle of Lee & Perrins Tabasco Sauce, and the copy of *120 Days of Soda and Gomorra* in the cloakroom at the Leadbeater Pavilion please contact Sherlock Q. Dyzmas, who was in charge of the lost-and-found office at the convention? -- Thanks.

With slack always.

Ire in Dobbs,

Ire S.H. Greice

Professina Sampsonetta H. Greice,
Editor, *HVI-Pacifica*



A View from London

As soon as I homed onto the flashing blue signal from the Minaret, I made my way to the inside of the Dome to look for the rest of the British contingent. It was as I'd feared, most had turned up a hour early having mistook the start time for 5am BST, instead 5am GMT which is 6am BST. This was fortunate in one way, since the notorious hooligan sorcerers from the IOT and Leeds had been amongst those unable to tell the time, and the party was spared their loutish antics. A few Brits who had the sense to suss out the correct time difference had made it and we decided to call up some of our friends who hadn't seen the formal invites and help them over.

I thought I'd go and mingle a bit, and found myself wandering beside pools stocked with golden fish, following pathways winding through the garden, and meeting old friends and making new ones, and sharing wine and smoking communal hookahs, and eventually I came to the boulevard of pillars where, between the fourth and fifth pair I met Fey, an old, close friend of incarnations past. It was a divine reunion as limbs we caressed and merged and hair entwined, and we became one and one again and again... When I came to and back to the party I noticed I was dressed in multi-coloured patched robes with many pockets stocked with gifts and toys and charms. This could only have been Fey's doing, and I handed these out to those whom I met, and received back from them their presents.

...and the firework display of course, whoever laid that on it was wonderful, thanks, bright exploding lights, colours of silver and blue hue glistening in the sky, reflecting from the dark navy of the Dome's crystal surface, illuminating and sparkling, scintillating magic...

...and further on in the vast Dome I came upon a stone circle, transported there by ancient celtic magicians, and within those portals gathered another crowd of party-goers, so there I tarried awhile and we spoke of many things. I listened and heard the tales of others, tales of creation and discovery, tales of wonder and alchemy, tales of the making of the stars and the finding of the earth, tales of journeys long ago across strange seas and skies full of enchantments. When called upon I recited the 'Hymn to Pan' as it seemed appropriate:

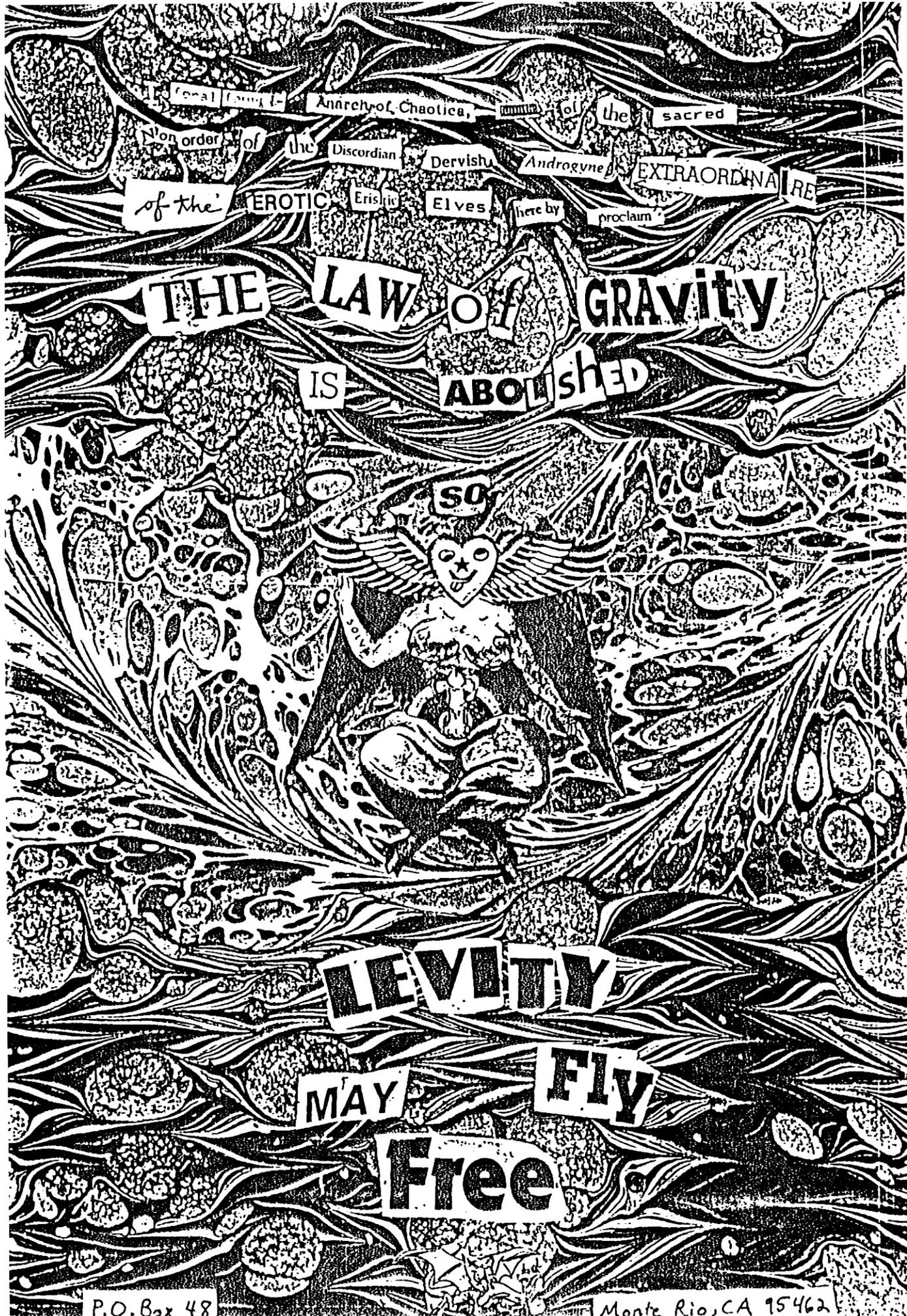
Thrill with lissome lust of the light,
O man! My man!
Come careering out of the night
Of Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan! Come over the sea
From Sicily and from Arcady!
Roaming as Bacchus, with fauns and pards
And nymphs and satyrs for thy guards,
On a milk-white ass, come over the sea
To me, to me,
Come with Apollo in bridal dress
(Shepherdess and pythoness)
Come with Artemis, silken shod,
And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,
In the moon of the woods, on the marble mount,
The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!

...and I went to greet and pay my respects to the High Priestess, and I walked again between the pillars and approached the dias whereon stood the two huge standing stones with the icy blue veil suspended across them, and behind that shaft of pure moonlight, I hailed and saluted, and She knew my heart and my desires, and I saw from where comes Happiness, Cain, Cruelty, and Strength, and I saw how each was necessary, and understood how All fitted together making the Whole, and how what is has to be, and can be none other than, for there is no yesterday, no today, and no tomorrow...

...and the music & the pipes of pan, the drums, the lyres, the flutes, & the birds, the parrots & hummingbirds & birds of paradise, & the hoopoe, & the wine & the hashish & other strange & new & wonderful intoxicants & my head span & I met Hakim, who's a Sheikh -natch, & Yael, of course, Ipsissima herself...

Xeros Y. Zephyr.

Dip the purple of passionate prayer
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,
The soul that startles in eyes of blue
To watch thy wantonness weeping through
The tangled grove, the garnled bole
Of the living tree that is spirit and soul
And body and brain-come over the sea,
(Io Pan! Io Pan!)
Devil or god, to me, to me,
My man! my man!
Come with trumpets sounding shrill
Over the hill!
Come with drums low muttering
From the spring!
Come with flute and come with pipe!
Am I not ripe?
I, who wait and writhe and wrestle
With air that hath no boughs to nestle
My body, weary of empty clasp,
Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp-
Come, O come!
I am numb
With the lonely lust of devildom.
Thrust the sword through the galling fetter,
All-devourer, all-begetter;
Give me the sign of the Open Eye,
And the token erect of thorny thigh,
And the word of madness and mystery,
O Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,
I am a man:
Do as thou wilt, as a great god can
O Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! I am awake
In the grip of the snake.
The eagle slashes with beak and claw;
The gods withdraw:
The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am borne
To death on the horn
Of the Unicorn.
I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!
I am thy mate, I am thy man,
Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god,
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.
And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend
Everlasting, world without end,
Mannikin, maiden, maenad, man,
In the might of Pan.
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!



Oral Law - Anarchy of Chaos, of the sacred
Non order of the Discordian Dervish Androgynous EXTRAORDINARY RE
of the EROTIC Eristic Elves here by proclaim

THE LAW OF GRAVITY
IS ABOLISHED



LEVITY
MAY FLY
FREE

P.O. Box 48

Monte Rio, CA 95462

Joey Homicides Rides Again

Well I was going to Antarctica Land
to get as drunk as I can
when I knocked over and wrecked a crystal minaret
"broadcasting a signal beam of spooky blue light"
and that's what started the
great Antarctica Fight

Well Hakim he sure was steamed
and Yael was ready to rail
they worked hard on the Astral Convention ya know
and they didn't want no drunken rows
but little did they know Joey Homicides was on the roam
cuz where there's a party that's where he's home!

So they chased after me with swords and long daggers
but kept missin' me 'cause of my nimble staggers
I even got to goose Yael (and Hakim too!)
but only into a greater rage they flew

Soon after the Astral guests started gettin' the hint
"Joey Homicides is here to bring us to the brink!"
beer and wine bottles started flying thru the air
and everyone laughed hysterically as they hit each other over the head with chairs!

By now Yael and Hakim were both crying
as they slashed away at the beautiful purple temple drapes
in and out of which
Joey was making his escapes!

The convention had turned into a general ten alarm riot
as the astral intoxicants flowed
Reverend Crowbar set fire to the temple
and everyone took off their clothes!

The crowd squealed with glee
as the flames crept up around them
and as the roof gave way
there was a surging bedlam!

Everyone headed toward the astral seaplanes and ferries
which had gotten them there
only to find they were caught
in a sabatours snare!
they only saw blownup planes and sunken boats
well there was only one suspect - only one turncoat!

Conventioneers now were ready to rally to Hakim and Yael's side
it was time to get Joey Homicides!
but I was to have the last laugh
as I hovered above them in my space craft!

Yael and Hakim then distributed armaments of
flaming arrows and spears
but as I was out of reach - I had no fear!
and then for fun someone shot a fiery arrow
into Hakim's rear!

So as I left Antarctica
it was a whirling mass of flaming butts
yep a party ain't a party unless it's nuts!

Y'all watch the skies now for the next happinin'
Cuz that'll be Joey Homicides and he'll be ridin' agin'!

~~copy right~~ — Bob McGlynn

Joey Homicides

The Strange Spell

THE HIGH PRIESTESS (Lunar Moon)

Right: HIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

The virgin, the one-unto-herself, the lighter of the moon, the unconquered, the lesbian, the witch, Isis, Artemis, Lilit, Lilith. She is shrouded in the mystery of the as yet unrevealed. "There are some respects in which this card is the highest and holiest of the greater cards." (Waite)

The Priestess holds the sacred Torah suggesting the matriarchal roots that defy patriarchy. She represents men's deepest fear: that women do not need men.

The querent's future is hidden, unknown, virginal. Or some aspects of the querent (or one near her) are virginal. He is in touch with hidden knowledge, perhaps to be expressed creatively. Some important aspects of a situation seem to be open to the worlds of the psyche. Old problems.

Traditional meaning:

Hidden influences at work. Intuition, perception.

Reversed: FORCED KNOWLEDGE (also Superficial Knowledge)

Reliance on surface or rational knowledge—more pervasive sources. Acceptance of patriarchy and truth.

Information taken by force; the rape, the sexual, bodily or creative/psychic function where angels fear to tread; trying to force.

Or frustrated knowledge. The future to be made conscious; the querent's future.

The querent or the querent's future is in danger. Intellectual or emotional. The querent's intellect.

Traditional reversed meaning:

Surface knowledge. Lack of understanding, foresight. Shallowness.



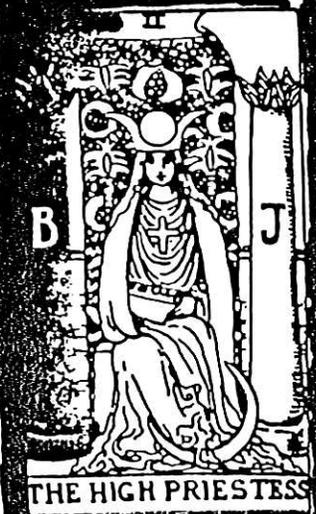
Golden Tarot Power List

May the Fates weave them love & luck

Screams pierce the night

I Realized She Knew Everything I Knew and More

Your future revealed in the Tarot Cards.



... deepest fear: that women do not need men. The querent's future is hidden, unknown, virginal. Or some aspects of the querent (or one near her) are virginal. He is in touch with hidden knowledge, perhaps to be expressed creatively. Some important aspects of a situation seem unknowable, but will be revealed if the querent is open to the worlds of the psyche. Intuitive perception will help solve

Best of the Gossip

Wild Women

THE ODD COUPLE

SEX ATTRACTION



Intuition, perception
HIDDEN KNOWLEDGE (also Superficial Knowledge)

Reliance on surface or rational knowledge—with no regard for deeper, more pervasive sources. Acceptance of patriarchal norms about perception

... understanding, foresight. Shallowness.

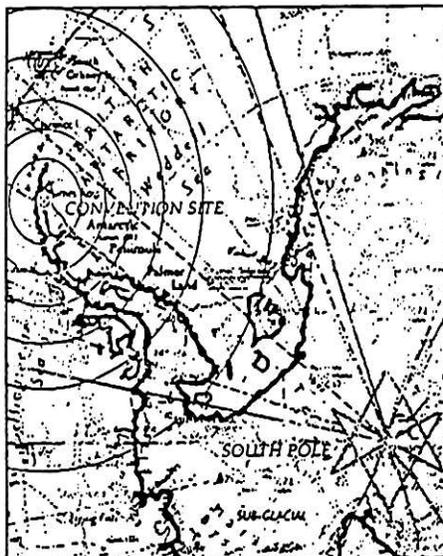
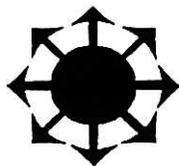


Plate A - Location of the Astral Convention in the Antarctic





Report from
PETER CHRISTOPHERSON
& JOHN BALANCE:

known together as COIL
musicians, writers, film-makers

Physical location
at time of Convention:

Room 420,
The Chiang Inn Hotel,
100 Changklan Road,
Chiang Mai 50000,
Thailand.

(see below)

Local Time:

11am - 1pm,
Tuesday 1st September 1987.

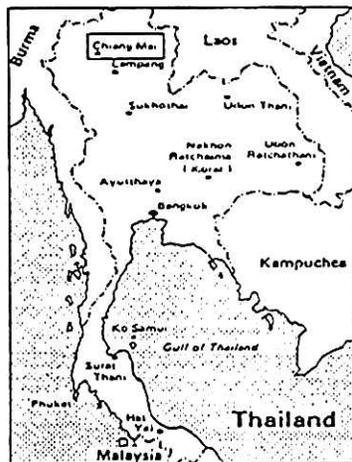


Plate B - Map of the Area

Statement of
PETER CHRISTOPHERSON:

At the time of the convention, my lover, John Balance and myself were on an extended session of research and recording in the Far East.

The trip concentrated on visits to sites combining religious, magical and sexual potency, from Bangkok, north into the area known as the "Golden Triangle", and then across into Burma, which until recently has been impassable to the independent Western traveller.

As those who have lived, or travelled in these Regions will readily testify, the barriers between what in the West remain essentially separate realities, here become blurred, far less important, far less defined - and more readily accessed - crossed over. For the Thais, themselves, the Spirit world and the physical world co-exist. Intertwined and inseparable.

Here, what is defined in Yagui Indian terms as the TONAL and the NAGUAL, have many encounters, crossovers, points of entry.

We both continually experienced many subtle but very powerful changes of perceptions, almost to the point of being overwhelmed. The sensations were so potent and so pervasive it took us two or three days to become 'psychically' acclimatised to the place. We even decided we didn't need to resort to trying any of the many local intoxicants that were easily available.

[Although I was personally very tempted by a magic mushroom onlette - JB]

It was in this promising setting, far from the negative psychic and electro-psychic junk, confusion and interferences of the West in general, and London in particular, that we hoped to have an easier (Rite of Passage) route to travel to the Party. Without a doubt, the Astral roads, paths and Highways in these parts are well established, well defined and well travelled. We just hoped we wouldn't get stuck in the traffic!!

On the morning in question we got up very early and had a light breakfast of chillies, eggs and coffee. Since there was still some time to go before 11am. we went to the local zoo, situated in the jungle some way out of the town, where there is a fine collection of wild Siamese civets. Spending time in darkened animal houses (even if they were infested by cockroaches and the occasional scorpion) in

the company of large group of nocturnal cats seemed like a good idea, especially since the Convention itself and where most of the guests would be coming from, would be at night.

Finally at the appointed hour we returned to the hotel.

Our room was simple, but luxurious by local standards - air conditioning, two single beds etc. We closed the curtains, lay down and began to try to remove ourselves from all the immediate distractions. There are many well known mental exercises for clearing the head of non-relevant thought and for promoting alpha to beta changes in brain activity. I did one of these that I am familiar with, as best I could.

After a five minutes or so I fixed my mind on the Convention.

Visualizing the place and the buildings described, and also our relative positions on the globe, I attempted to remove my conscious mind from the hotel room.

Unfortunately this proved difficult! There was some kind of building work going on close by, and the hammering sound from it became an irritating distraction. Some ten to fifteen minutes in, I decided to try an alternative method.

Sex magick, especially when it is exclusively male and Onanistic, is central to our artistic and creative life. Even simple masturbation can be used to direct energy towards a specific goal, whether stated consciously or not. It was this method that I now employed, as a means of focus and concentration.

Images I was using as a sexual stimulus, combined and reverberated with others, arriving fresh and unprompted from who knows where:

<<The previous night... a Thai go-go boy from one of the many bars and cafes that cater for those with such tastes. He is about

15 or 16, a young animal; his lithe dance with an older, more-muscled and experienced friend who he obviously looks up to, is explicitly sexual and totally open.

I am an outsider, witness to his fun.>>

<<Now this morning, he is still asleep, after a long nights work at the bar. Maybe he had to "entertain" a *farang* in one of the tiny rooms upstairs - just a bed, a towel, a dim light. If he did, at least he is \$10 or so richer and his belly is full of noodles.>>

<<The place where he is sleeping is squalid and dirty - bare wooden floor, open windows overlooking an open canal or sewer. His eyelids flicker with REM sleep.>>

<< I kidnap his dream-self, flying south across the China Seas towards Antarctica.>>



Plate C - Boy from the Butterfly Bar in our hotel room

[I decided that more or less directly south would be the shortest route, possibly just clipping the West coast of Australia, and heading over the Pole and back up 'the other side' to the Palmer Peninsula - this doesn't make sense on flat maps but does on the globe.]

<<The boy is unperturbed by the journey. His thin but taught body seems weightless. [-He had been very light when we had sex in real life].>>

<<At night - A cold place but not in an uncomfortable way. Blue light coming from some kind of instillation - Difficult to see clearly inside. Some kind of interference like static on TV>>

<<Brief image of a distinguished gentleman making a welcoming speech>>

<<My boy does not want to go in. "Not one for parties" he says silently. He stands at the water's edge. The crescent moon reflects in the cool clear shallow sea. His bare feet are tired and dusty from a long night's dancing. He washes them gently in the lapping waves. The water is not freezing but rather has a curative, magickal effect. The boy's manner is aloof, distant, unperturbed by

what has happened.>>

At this point I come. The last image is the most potent and remains with me till a few moments later, I fall into a dreamsleep.

Both John and I woke at the stroke of 1pm, almost exactly two hours after we had started our efforts to join the Convention.

The following is an account of my dreams during that time, transcribed from notes made on hotel stationary directly I woke up:

I am in a black Jaguar car, driving through leafy country lanes. The landscape is hilly, mountains in the distance - Wales or Vermont. It is daylight but overcast.

Someone else is with me in the car sitting to my left, but I cannot say who it is.

We pass a strange young couple, a young man and woman wearing black who are travelling on foot in the same direction. I realise that this is a sure sign we are approaching our destination and that we are liable to see more odd looking people going the same way as we get closer.

On the way up a hill we see a small group of buildings and a crowd of people.

As I approach I see that a man of about 50 is being interviewed by a local TV news crew. The reason for the attention is that he has just been presented with a new Police Box (resembling the Tardis in the Doctor Who TV series). In fact in the interview he refers to it as a *Tor-dis* and shows the camera crew the filthy interior of a tiny barn which he used to use for the same purpose.

It appears that the man is something of an adventurer and likes going to out-of-the-way places.

The others have gone, and he shows me inside the roof of his house.

It is a stone building on the side of a hill, rather rudimentary, in which he lives alone. Projecting upwards though holes or trapdoors in the roof-tiles are a number of metal ladders, like lookout positions. I climb

up. It is very rickety and precarious, but he assures me that I'll be alright.

From the very top, I can see uphill, over the tops of the trees to a beautiful snow capped mountain.

The sky behind it is rich deep blue.

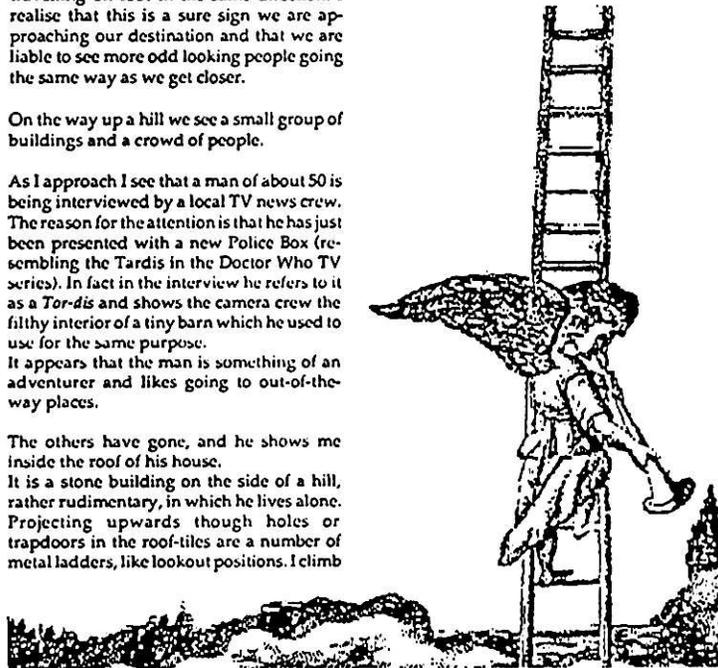
The whiteness of the snow is heart-breaking. I look down in the other direction and see a shallow fast flowing river.

(Water from melting snow?).

It flows down hill bubbling through the rocks and out into a vast expanse of white gravel.

For some reason this vision affects me so deeply that I am unable to prevent great heavy sobs bursting out of my lungs with such violence that I wake myself up, finding my face covered in tears.

This never happened to me before, nor has it since.





Statement of JOHN BALANCE:

The following passage records the subjective account of my attempts to attend the Astral Convention, cum Party, as conceived and promoted by Hakim Bey, and published and read about by me in Joel Biroco's excellent magazine KAOS.

At 11am, having had a small but piquant breakfast at about 8am, and following a visit to the local zoo, we lay down in room 420 of the Chiang Inn Hotel (motto "A World of your own with Chiang Mai Charm"....), with the curtains drawn, and commenced the experiment / experience

We had had a little trouble with the time zones, calculating all the changes but decided that a rough well intended stab at it would be better than not trying at all. I was personally a little anxious about starting the experiment too early. It's so embarrassing to be the first to arrive at a party!

I had no preconceived ideas as to the actual geographical and physical features of the place Hakim Bey had proposed as the location for the meeting. The journey was undertaken without recourse to an atlas. Something I personally did not feel a great need to consult. I trusted my judgement and assumed that I would eventually "home in" on the correct spot. In this respect I was also testing my ability to do such a feat.

I began. Using certain techniques I had developed, part being taught, but mostly by myself, at about the age of 11 or 12 whilst at Boarding School in Thame, Oxfordshire. In this technique, I use prana yoga breath control and I begin to oscillate waves of imagined energies up and down the length of my corporeal body until they reach a velocity and frequency too fast to calculate. On the occasions when I've been successful this has the effect of releasing my Astral body, my conscious self (and in this case my transport to the party!), which detaches with an occasionally alarming slow, heavy sideways rocking motion until I exit downwards and in reverse, roughly equivalent to out of the back of my head.

Unfortunately on this occasion this method proved hard to effect. Another method had to be employed.

I began again. This time using a well-tried and tested Sex-Magick technique - the Way of Onan the Barbarian ie a good wank!! The True Right-Handed Path, ha! I focussed my concentration, gathered my psycho-sex-

ual energies and performed a Sigillation - the aim being to free my Astral body ...and party on down!!

This time I achieved it and entered a very disorientating Waking-Dream state. (A state I wish to achieve far more often than actually doing so...). I experienced a giddy mixture of sensations acting on my, what seemed, very malleable con-

sciousness, jet-black vertigos, warps and accelerations of indeterminate duration, and an invigorating feeling of Release and Space. Strong, Realtime Visions and exhilarating sensations came thick, and very fast. There was no stopping them. There was no stopping me. Nothing *could* stop me. I reveled in the feelings and emotions of such release and velocity.

I was in the ice-bright ultra-marine Antarctic Sea. I estimate a short distance offshore, tracing along the wave-rounded sculp-

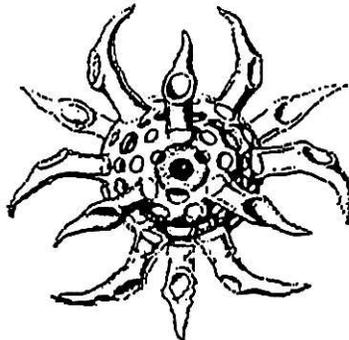


Plate E - An Animacula

tural shapes of the underwater glaciers - the deep sea Ice Caverns - all at a tremendous speed. The gentle caps of the waves were not far above me - and all was illuminated by ice and moonlight. An intense blue-white light that invigorated and intoxicated, seemed to render me invincible. I certainly had no sensation of cold or temperature of any sort.

I became engrossed - Ecstatic - Impervious - blissfully delirious - engrossed in the minute - the microscopic - the miniscule - in particles of light - protozoa - crystals of ice - tiny animicula - and above all else... Krill. I became obsessed with Krill; and as I glided around, hugging close to the overhanging mantles and shelves of ice, I played, punned,

This bleak, almost abstract space led the eye into the distance, where it was met, approximately 5 to 8 miles away by low-lying rounded hills which rose up and merged with a mountain range. The mountains were rocky and low. I was immediately reminded of Wales, of Snowdonia in particular - or the Lake District area of England. I was struck by the fact that these low mountains were remarkably similar to those surrounding Chiang Mai, itself. Even the most distant mountain peaks had large areas of bare rock, and that none of them were completely covered with the thick Antarctic Ice Cap that I had imagined they would be.

The whole area was bathed in light.



Plate F - Visalisation of landscape

and joked, and laughed, even laughing at how bad the puns I was making were. "A license to krill" ... "always krill the one you love" ... "Thriller Kriller" and so on.

I imagined myself a dolphin or porpoise; and I continued to travel in this delightful way for some time. Until, in fact, I began to feel I was indulging myself and that there was an aim and a goal to what I was doing, and what I was experiencing.

Coming up onto land, I saw an expansive pebbly area stretching before me. There were isolated clumps of melting snow dotted around, but I was very surprised to observe that the view I had was mainly uncovered, grey-ish wet expanse. River pebbles and small boulders, aluvial deposits formed a sparkling blue-grey beach with no outstanding features.

Light that came from a huge ice-haloed moon. A crescent moon. A moon so huge, so intense and strong that I wondered if it was more a symbolic than a physical reality. Sharp circles of radiating light penetrated the deep, ice-crystalled night.

I saw a lone figure standing on the bed of pebbles. A female, I think. I only received a vague scent of the feminine. It was a Muse, or sphinx, with a hint of the Delphic Oracle - or perhaps a beacon. Yes, I realised it was a beacon. And the moon was acting as a lighthouse in conjunction with the figure.

Having found what I believed was the correct location, I visualized the tall, nine-sided tower, that Hakim had proposed. It was of silver-grey flecked stone, perhaps granite or gneiss. And it was roofless. I entered, looked

up, and through the circular opening above me I could see the crescent moon.

I received a sudden rush of symbols and images, an influx so dense and fast that I knew I was doomed to forget, to be unable to recall and record the majority of what I was receiving and seeing. I felt frustrated at my underdeveloped abilities to cope in such situations, and to be able to record such phenomena accurately. I can only recall three definite images now. I must admit to feeling slightly embarrassed that I would have to report such simplistic 'symbolic' visions. Typical "Astral Encounter" stuff - but I resigned myself to that, and consoled myself with the fact that other revelers would choose to represent themselves thus, precisely because it *would* be easier to interpret and recall such simplicities.

I saw a ladder. A stout, squat garden ladder made of wood, with an equally squat snake entwined around it.

Snakes and ladders! I was aware that a joke or pun was intended. I must admit to being unimpressed, and a bit disappointed by the overall design of the vision. I had hoped for something in the grand classical tradition for my first encounter - a fiery Red Knight on a three-headed Mastiff holding a golden shield or some such thing - but I reminded myself that I was not there to judge, as if in a fancy dress parade, so I continued.

I saw a wooden wheel. A solid wheel with thick dowed radiating spokes and a heavy, metal rim. Hand made in the Wild West! I was immediately reminded of William Burroughs, and wondered if he was here!

I decided to make my own presence felt by projecting the image of a metal scales of brass or gold, like the sign for Libra, this being a visual pun for BALANCE. I kept this up for what I hoped would be enough time for someone else to recognize, and record this image in their accounts and reports.

Another symbol manifested ...a rather peculiar one. This being the image of two severed duck's feet. One on top of the other. Hovering - disembodied. Their cut tendons clearly visible. I was reminded of the gruesome apparitions Hamlet saw on the battlements of his castle "Is that a duck's foot that I see before me... etc" At first I was unclear if they were duck or chicken, but I decided that by their size and colour - they were large, yellowed and fatty - that these were indeed duck's feet before me...

...I woke up at 1pm, at exactly the time Peter -'Sleazy'- woke -perhaps his abrupt awakening had disturbed my sleep.

We both then wrote accounts of what had occurred, as far as we could remember, without talking about it. I am aware of having been only able to recall, perhaps 5% of what went on - *merely the tip of the Iceberg!*



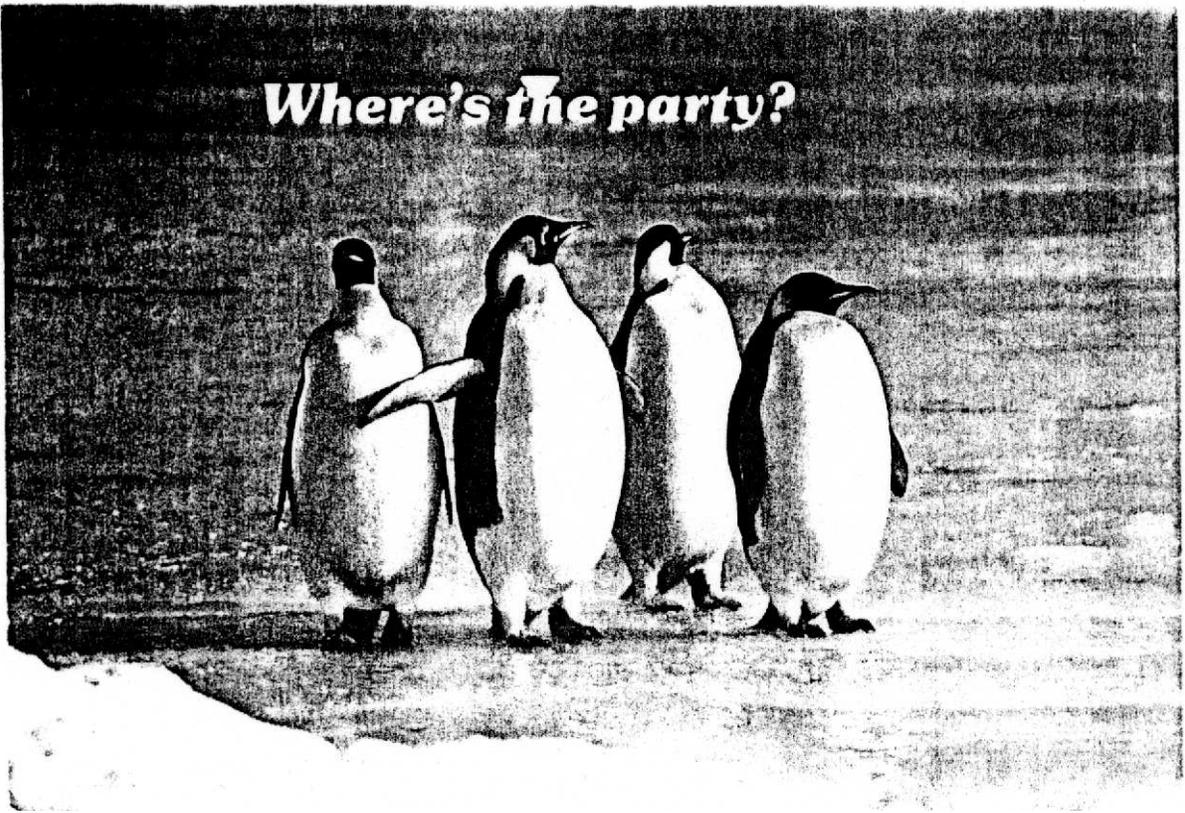
The above is an honest and true account of what happened on our visit to the Astral Convention, 1st September 1987.

signed,

John Balance

Peter Christopherson

Where's the party?



I was procrastinating about making the Astral Con up to the last minute, but I made it. Indeed, I was dwelling on it for quite a while beforehand. I was worried about a lotta assholes showing up, and sure enough, like any gathering... I knew anal retentives and twits that like to get into pointless arguments could astral project as well as anybody. But it was a great time. I prepared for the trip by smoking copious amounts of marijuana, which had me just about spinning outta this plane. Coupled with a couple hours of frenzied sex, not to mention that the AAAZ was acting like a black hole sucking in everything within reach, I arrived at Antarctica and was very impressed with the spectacular display. Even better than the NYC skyline. I mingled for awhile, but spent much of the time til dawn wandering with friends or small groups on some nearby coast. I attended the Con as a female human. This way I avoided notice by numerous Pinks and Bobbies. It's no doubt as close as I'll ever get to a desired gender change. I also fucked "b"ob McGlynn's brains out. I hope he remembers, as drunk as he was by that hour. So many there were there kinda unconsciously, sucked in by the AAAZ. To a lotta folx the whole thing'll just be a strange, vague dream. My memories of it all are pretty cloudy, but then my memories of material-plane gatherings are often clouded by drug haze, so it was kinda typical for me.

— CROWBAR

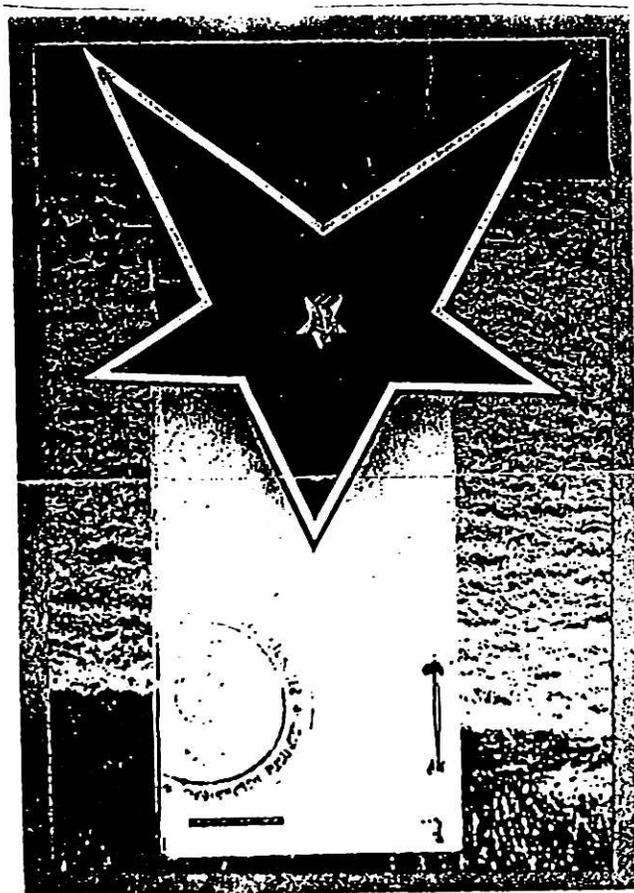


2nd of September 1987.

Dean Hakim Bey —

These are 2 "representations" of what I see and feel during the night of the Convention in AAZ —

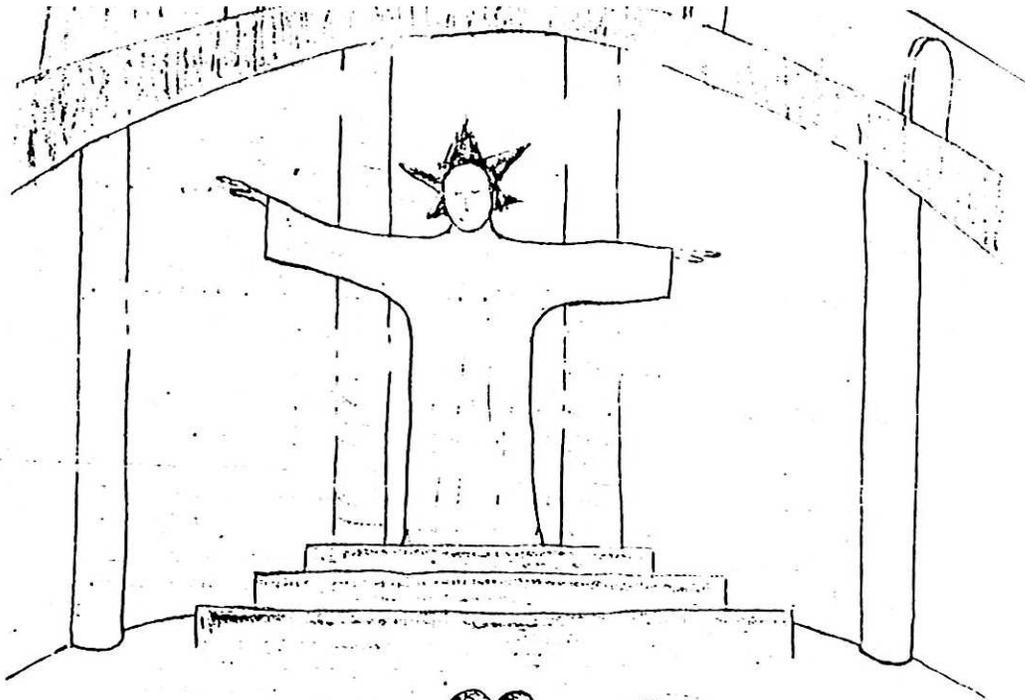
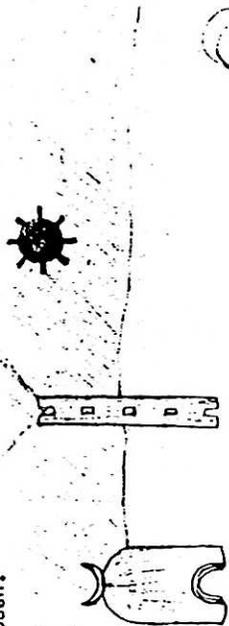
Astral wishes. Lucien Guel



Astral-meeting in Antarktis 1.9.87 6 Uhr Europ. Sommerzeit.

1. Visite am 31.8.87 nachmittags:

Ich bin auf dem Meer. Vor mir liegt das Shelf, das aus aufgetürmten Eisschollen besteht. Dahinter sehe ich Land. Der Himmel ist grau. Eine schwarze Kugel mit 8 Zacken, 'spielt' Mond. Am Ufer steht ein silberner Kuppelbau, auf dessen Spitze sich ein liegender Halbmond befindet. Rechts daneben steht ein hohes, schlanke, braunes Minarett. Von seiner Spitze gehen (wie von einem Leuchtturm) blaue Strahlen rundherum nach oben. In einiger Entfernung rechts vom Minarett liegt eine Mondsichel am Boden.



This is my report about the 'astral-meeting' experiment, done during a magical training week in Austria, led by the Chaos-chief Pete Carroll and some more magicians.

Barbara BOUZEK
Senefelderstr. 74/8
7000 Stuttgart 1
W-Germany

2. Visite 1.9.87 9.20-9.30 am Europ. Sommerzeit

Ich bin wieder auf dem Meer vor der Landspitze mit Tempel und Minarett. Eine weiße Gestalt geht vom Minarett zum Tempel. Ich folge der Gestalt durch ein abgestuftes, verziertes Rundbogentor in den Tempel hinein. Das Innere ist hoch, rund; bläuliches Licht schimmert von oben herein. Ich schaue mich um. Oben läuft eine Empore innen herum, dort sind Öffnungen in der Kuppel, durch die das Licht kommt. An den blauen Wänden sind in regelmäßigen Abständen silberne Säulen. Dem Eingang gegenüber ist ein erhöhter Platz, zu dem 2 oder 3 Stufen hochführen. Als Andenken deponiere ich vor diesen Stufen die Chaos-Kugel in den Klauen des K.u.K.-Doppeladlers. (Österreich-Ungarn-Monarchie) Der rechte Kopf des Adlers schaut zu mir herunter und auf seiner Brust prangt das rot-weiß-rote Emblem. Ich gehe in die Kugel hinein. Es ist dämmrig dort drin, zu sehen sind nur die Innenwände der Kugel, aber sie enthält Energie und Ideen von vielen Individuen. Davon nehme ich etwas auf, verlasse die Kugel und den Tempel und reise zurück.

3. Visite 1.9.87 11 Uhr

Ich steige im Minarett eine Wendeltreppe hoch, schaue dann von oben zum Tempel hinüber. Viele Menschen in weißen und schwarzen Roben laufen von allen Seiten auf den Tempel zu. Ich steige vom Minarett und gehe in den Tempel. Alle versammeln sich. Kugel mit Adler stehen noch am Platz. Auf dem Podest steht eine Statue mit einem goldenen Fünfsack auf dem Kopf. (Die Freiheitsstatue sieht etwas anders aus.) Die Menschen bewegen sich im Raum um die Kugel herum, langsam auf die Statue zu. Ich verlasse den Tempel und kehre zurück.

DIFUSION CULTURAL

EL PAIS

ACOSTA BENTOS

MONTEVIDEO, SABADO 9 DE MAYO DE 1987



PREMIO A UN PINTOR ESPOSADO

A pesar que algunos presentes llegaron a suponer que algún preso fugado se había refugiado en el estudio municipal durante la entrega de premios del Concurso "José Belloni", sólo se trataba del pintor Eduardo Acosta Bentos, quien es un esposo y recuso recibir la Mención que el jurado le otorgó por su obra sobre los charrúas "Homenaje a una raza extinguida". Acosta Bentos, desvirtuó cualquier asociación de su "esposamiento" con razones políticas o de protesta señalando que se trataba de "un homenaje al artista alemán Joseph Beuys recientemente desaparecido, y es un estilo que muchos artistas han adoptado en el mundo, de asistir a sus muestras esposados o encapuchados".

MANACLED ARTIST

Recently, the work "HOMAGE TO A EXTINGUISHED RACE - CHARRUAS" of the uruguayan visual artist ~~was distinguished~~ was distinguished with a "honor prize". In the recognizing meeting that was held ~~the artist appeared, manacled, and refuse the prize~~. Acosta Bentos makes this in homage to the recently dissappeared germany artist Joseph Beuys. All this were carried out behalf uruguayan government authorities, ambassadors in Uruguay, artists, and many invited people.

VIA AEREA



IMPRESOS



DISC. 3
HAYIN BENTOS NO 5
A.O.A. 40 AUTOMORRERA
BOX 568
BURLYN - NY. 11211

U.S.A.

VIA AEREA

FALTAN HUEVOS



[note the revolver!]

I DID NOT SEE THE EMPORER'S CLOTHES

It's a great temptation not to report this at all, but negative results are as important as positive ones and failures as important as successes. I visited the site of the convention on several occasions from 8th August on and made contact with entities there, or attempted to. Generally I was not made to feel very welcome so I wandered around for a while then went home. On the evening of 31st August, around 11p.m. London time, I went over there again. I was with 30 or 40 other people, helping haul new arrivals in down the signal beam, rather like hauling in nets of fish. All the time watching preparations going on and striking up conversations and acquaintance. After a while I went home and resumed normal activities.

I woke at 5a.m. went to sit where I hoped I would not be disturbed and headed south again. The going was far from easy. There was a bright light to the east of the mediterranean which, in retrospect, is explicable, there was another in the region of St. Louis, for which I can come up with no explanation, except that something was probably going on there. I arrived within sight of the convention but was unable to get down to it consistently. At around 5.35 I gave up and went back to bed, intending to try from there.

Which is not to say that I saw nothing. I saw people in twos and threes wandering around in a beautiful garden. I saw an area like a Kasbah where a number of men and women were producing marvellous phenomena, each surrounded by a knot of six or seven spectators. I saw a bar out of the scene in Starwars, where various exotic entities mingled. I saw a woman lead thirty or forty eager looking people into a building and start to deliver a formal lecture or speech of introduction - I didn't hang around there. I saw all those things but didn't participate in any of them fully. I kept getting bounced up outside of the dome of influence, into a position of observing from a distance.

This is possibly a reflection of my attitude, or maybe I was banished as a negative influence. Maybe it's just that I don't much like parties (large groups of people tend to repel me) and followed my usual pattern of taking a look round and leaving early. Maybe the REAL work was going on elsewhere and the convention was only a distraction (experience tells me that this is very often what happens). Maybe I can't bi-locate at all and have spent years fooling myself (an amusing notion - all that vision illusion). Most probably I lack the discipline to function effectively at 5 a.m. unless I reschedule myself by going to bed early (which I didn't) or keep myself continuously awake.

HILARY HAYES
London, England.



Behold, you drunk & bloody sons
of Zeus; (JUPITER, JOVE, JEHOVAH, ALLAH, etc.)
Lay down your weapons, & give up your
power. — The Goddess has returned
Triumphant. Her utterance shall be truth,
Hers is the Age of Peace, & Bounty.
Henceforth all men are Brothers; &
She is the Mother of you all.

It is light years a.
ANT
Easy

crustal plate slid
YOUR world isn't
— American answer to
HELPLESS SOVIET
Total Cost: **BIG FEET**
completely unnoticed

The
part. It is
less of it,
than his
tragic
dep
th

ONLY THE UNIQUENESS
The fast way

the book, and
represents evil.

666

Johnny has a
30 day guarantee

and sexual
That's what television:

— You can even lose your life.

go back to my life

Take me

How serious are you

is just the nuances of
The Worldwide
RIGHT NOW!

"I hated being
hated pretend

BEER

BEL SARM

THE GENTLE POWER
OF

BEL SARM

HOUSE are not sick people.
how to cope with

great help
minutes to

'Fighting Bob's' UNIVERSAL LIFE

SURGE
Smoke

Use Your Library **PADS**



62

69

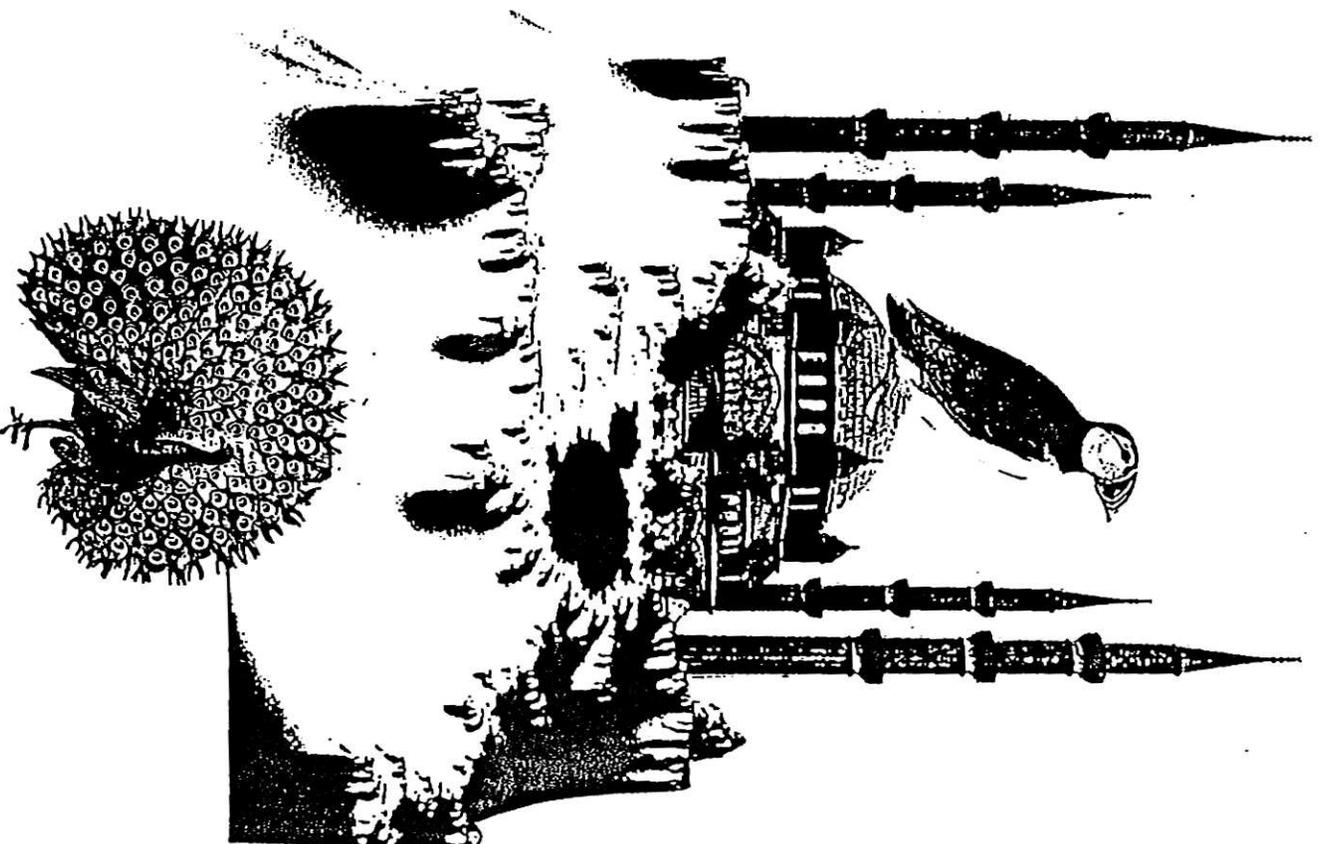
69

80



Well, it surely was a lovely time. Me and my partner Jack Straw decided to head out early, just in case we got lost along the way. We floated in from southern California, no problem. There were just a few folks there. We were greeted by a tall back Hakim boy, who informed Jack that he had arrived even earlier just to make certain someone would be there to greet those celebrants who liked to be fashionably early. Jack then floated above the ice cliffs in naked splendour. I quickly sought out my pal Ann-Marie and we got an aluminium snow saucer and whizzed down a few steep snow banks. We yelled a lot. Then we slide right into the lovely tented area of the convention. It was snowing. It was kind of like a small cocktail party, not too many people yet. Jack was still floating around; he had had some misgivings at first about the con, specifically that it might've been an illuminati ruse to get all the anarchic elements all together and waste 'em, but he realized this was silly introspection on his part and he was having a hell of a time. I get shy at large gatherings, so as more sprites arrived I headed toward an uncorner all billowy with gauze-like hangings and yep, there were refreshments. Ann-Marie was standing beside a huge vat of ice cream. She explained it was all nepollifan because chocolate, vanilla and strawberry are the holy trinity of deserts. (They are also the basis for a new monetary system she has in mind, so I can only surmise that she conjured it up herself.) I conjured up a bowl and spoon myself and dug in. By the time I had started my third bowl the place was roaring. Even the snow was squaking like crazy. We decided to call it an early convention, so we said goodbye to our pals, waved to a splendidly robed Hakim and popped back to the south. My head hurt some but it was worth it. All in all, it was great. Weird, but great.

Shawn



On Astral Wings

---N-45, Upphigram, Kuten
---mooji Savla.
(India)



The day was 31st August 1987, yes Monday. At 11-45 p.m. In a small town of western coast of India, I was lying in my bed. A mysterious call from the Antarctic I was feeling something like dragging. That far-off place across the great oceans. Suddenly the old-timer clock struck 12-00 and I heard... Bang... Bang... Bang... Bang... Bang... Bang... I think it was some African drum playing in some distant jungles. The rhythm of the sound was simple but it filled the whole atmosphere with some intoxication. It was simply irresistible.

I was feeling painful all over my body, and then suddenly the music stopped. Absolute silence was flooding into me. After a minute or two, I was floating on the dark clouds and sweet breezes over the mountains, rivers and the oceans.

I was little afraid at first but then I found myself not alone. More and more people joined me on the way. All were in the same direction and everybody radiating with joy.

When I landed amidst the hilarious atmosphere, I was feeling tired and hungry also. I was thirsty too. I was feeling drowsy and dizziness. I somewhat unconsciously lied down. Perhaps an old graceful lady was approaching me to rush to my help. She had a sky-blue coloured robe from her shoulders to toes. Her face spoke the language of compassion only. She carefully lifted me in her arms. I was in her lap. She put my thirsty lips to her large breasts. Yes, I saw that I was just an infant; an infant lost in big fair.

P.3

Suddenly I feel a strong longing for her. She instantly rushed to me, from head to knees she was attired in a pale lavender coloured loose costume. She mischievously smiled at me and took me by hand in hers. Hand in hand, we moved towards the beach.

The beauty and thrill of the beach is simply indescribable. On and on we walked while conversing in low whispers. At last we entered the sea water where there was a small circular shaped boat, which we both boarded. For a while she was in deep silence. The boat moved steadily on, on and on, on the breathing bosom of the waves.

I was in her lap; I was sobbing and tears were rolling down my cheeks, my eyes half closed. With all her love, compassion and passion she calmed me down. With a soft touch she opened my lids and then...

And then she started revealing before me all the eternal truths in all their multidimensional facets and infinite movements. Those eternal truths were now rushing from behind the eternal veils of mystery. I was unable to grab them and put them in my small little heart.

"No, no, don't grab it; you can't lock it like that; it's not a toy, you silly child; let the truth vibrate through you only."

I was feeling pain all over my body - even in the astral atmosphere. I was burning like fire. "Oh, I am thirsty, I am thirsty, I can't breathe even."

Clouds with thunders came down and down. She placed our boat on a silvery cloud; we were moving on and on - on and on.

I am thirsty - thirsty. I can't bear any more; I was weeping. She embraced me with a long hug. She patted me softly and put her nipples of her breasts to my thirsty lips. All the love, beauty and compassion was flooding in our boat. More and more clouds came to her summon.

My thirst was quenched. I fell into sound sleep. My telephone rang and I opened my eyes. The receiver on my ears whispered in soft sweet voice, "Yes, 'ai-te', it's enough-enough."

P.2

Then she softly put me to slumber on a vast lotus flower. After murmuring something and humming a sweet song in my ears she left me.

When I opened my eyes, I was no more that small infant. The whole atmosphere was filled with some mysterious fragrance. I was baffled and puzzled when a young couple came to me and they took me around. They found me many friends - very many of them hailed me by telling that they knew me since centuries. The young couple known here as 'la-fa' was of great help to me here. They were extending their loving hand to all those who were here for the first time.

Everybody here is on astral plane. There is neither any spoken word here nor any physical things which simply obstruct or oppress. Here there is just one thing - THE EXPERIENCE; Only one language - the language of just FEEL. This way of communication was very intense, very crystal clear. Every idea or signal was experienced or felt through vibrations only. All the five sense organs were reduced to one single sense of FEEL. Reception was through vibrations and transmittance was by mere will. By mere will I was communicating with everybody else and vice versa.

For the first time I knew what the LOVE without Lust is; the music without noises, the dances without movements, friendship without relationships... oh so many TRUTHS for the first time unfolding before me. Here there was nothing to lose and nothing to gain. There was nothing here to hide, protect or guard. We all were in the motherly lap of infinite space; yes, it was space without that notorious TIME.

How can I forget that serene old lady? In between I saw her at far-far off distances. Perhaps she was just near the horizon. Ever time she caught my eyes and nodded with smile. They said she is 'ai-te' and she always comes amidst us from nearby planet known as Graiva-19.

27th June 1987.

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am writing to you to request a copy of the setting and location of the Antenna party, which is to be held on September 1st, 1987 at 1.00pm. as announced on WBAI radio a few days ago. I would like to attend the party with my dead spouse, for whom's murder I am accused of.

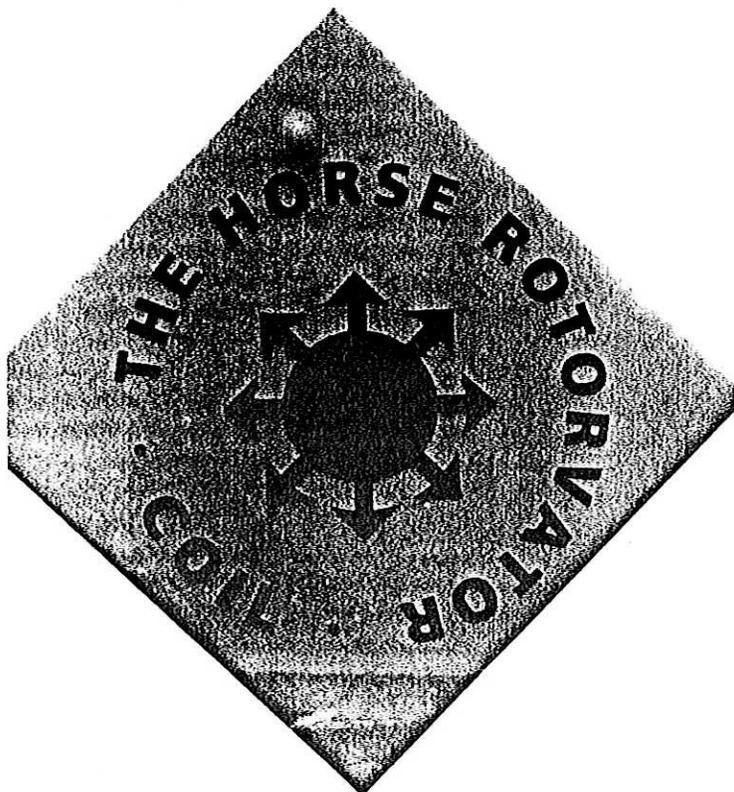
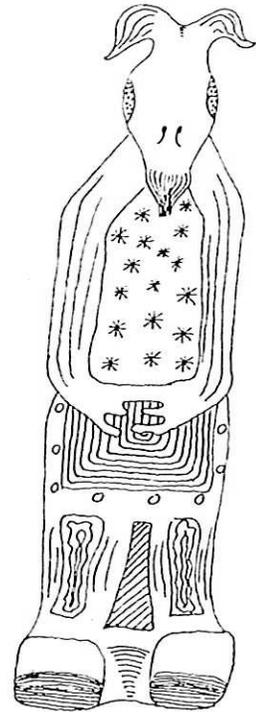
As I am currently awaiting trial I cannot send any money, but have enclosed some stamps to help with the cost of postage and mailing.

Please send it to the address below, from where I will be sure to receive it. Please send any details of your organisation that you may have to hand.

Thankyou very much,

Yours Sincerely,

Mark D. Bittel.



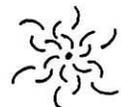
26th Day of the Month of Youth
Year 7 of the Abomination of Banality
under the Amiable Reign of
Reagan the Mediocrator

Dear A.O.A.,

yes, i'll be there, so will most of the shamanistic poetry class that Sharon Eiker & i teach, & i'll also spread the word through the slapdash bakery factory.

i've taken the liberty (i love taking liberty!) of inviting along a band i first heard in K'mya, & recently met in Phann Shanderlei - Randolph Carter & the Cats of Ulthar. wait till you hear those tenebrous flutes!

see you there,
Carl Bettis



i made the journey as a tiger of iron & silver, with a red-hot stone burning in my brain. my companions were RANDOLPH CARTER & THE CATS OF ULTHAR (a band), a white lion nine feet high at the shoulder, & a black-&-gold giant snake.

when we arrived, we found that some wizard had raised a mountain-side of pure silver, with sluggish streams & heavy falls of mercury thrumming throughout. the band set up here & started playing, & the silver hills took up the tones & sent them humming down our nerves, massaging bones & plucking veins like guitar strings; & when they began to sing, their keening voices brought an edge to the ice, & everything grew sharp & hard.

i decided to take human shape, with flesh of black iron & eyes of silver, & i wandered down to the temple of Asoch. it was open to the stars, & its rough stone columns cast purple shadows, as i passed through each shadow, a whispered laughter came to my ears.

in the middle of the temple was a spring of sapphire wine, where i stopped to drink & rest. looking out beyond the temple into the antarctic night, i saw on a ledge where a black lizard-shape lay, watching the festivities with a cold contempt.

through the shadows, a swaying shadow approached. as it drew near, i saw that it had the form of a woman--naked, as i was. her flesh was pale green & translucent, with scarlet veins glowing beneath like hot wires; her hair was long & dark & soft, strands finer than spiders' webs, filaments black as fear. she laid a cool hand on my shoulder, & we kissed.

outside, the music had dropped to an octave heard only by skeletons & stones; a golden globe rolled round & round the horizon like a giant roulette ball; at the sky's zenith, a silver disk was spinning & whirring furiously.

as we made love on the granite floor, she grew a tongue in her vagina, like a tongue of flame licking at my metal shaft. at the same time, i made my own tongue a second penis, stiffening in her mouth. (it's true--two heads are better than one.)

after we both climaxed, i took back my human flesh & soft pink skin, & she grew feline fur & claws. we began to make love again. where her rough tongue wasn't abrading my skin, it was being tickled & caressed by her prickly-soft, spicy-smelling fur.

the music was slowly climbing up the scale. at the moment i entered her, she suddenly sank her claws into my back, her fangs into my shoulder; but i made each wound a welcoming vagina, & each claw & fang became an erect penis. we slipped into each other, keeping time with the mounting rhythm of the music.

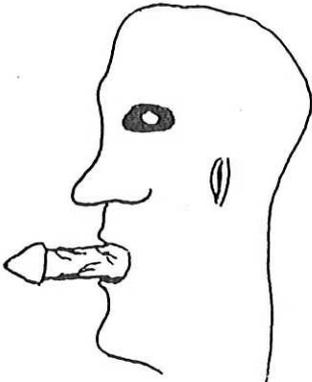
suddenly, that music was joined by the shrill wail of distant flutes, piping a maddening tune no human mind could follow; space & time began to buckle, & for one moment that lasted a millenium, the Cage of Cause was burst open
elemental forces leapt from the lake-beds of their fields
the stars broke away from their fixed positions
& matter dissolved as each last jittering quark sang its own song & danced its own dance through the seething cosmos . . .

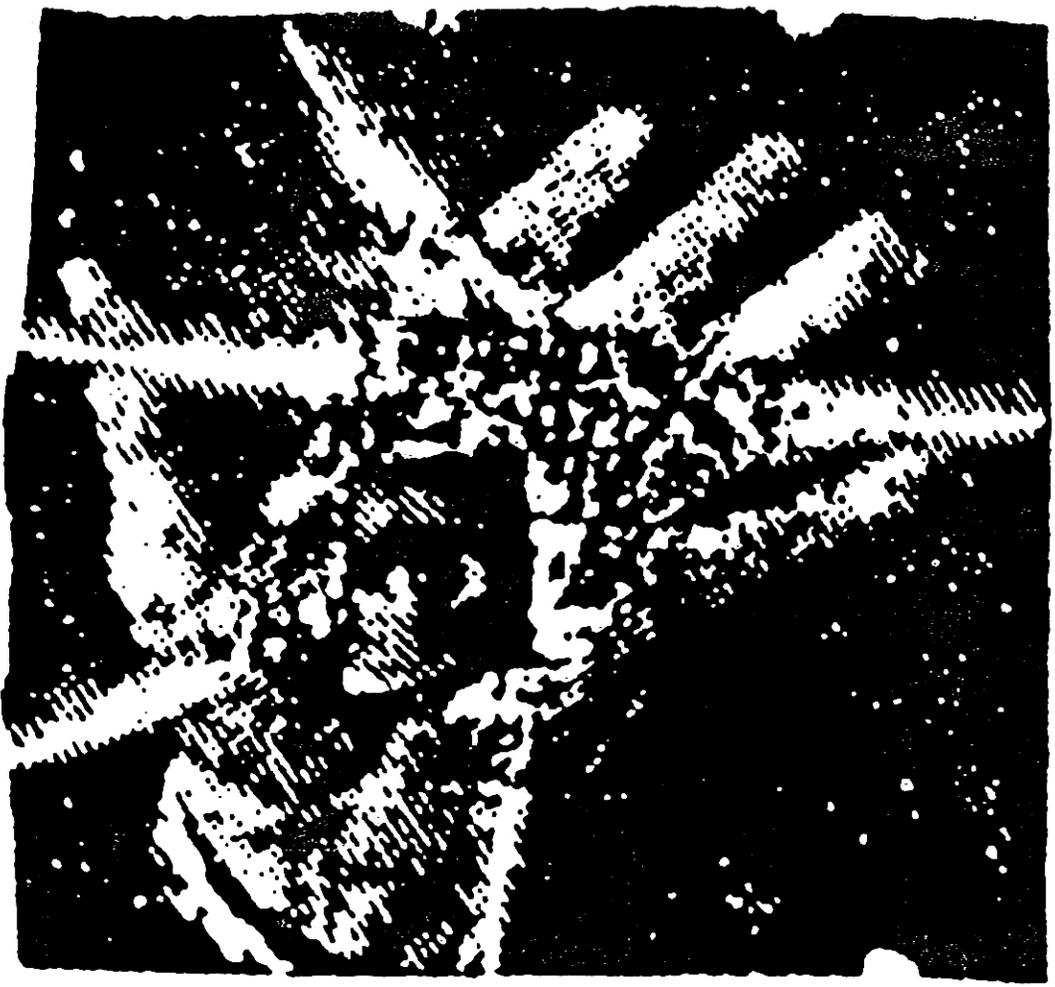
when i came back to consciousness, almost everything was as it had been--the band was playing, the party continued; but the only sign of my mate was a small pebble of polished bloodstone that i held in my hand.

shifting from form to form, i enjoyed the festivities a while longer. a mote of light, i dove with photon dolphins through stained-glass seas; a blue butterfly, i flirted with softly-glowing flowers; a vagrant breeze, i carried sounds & scents to every corner of the party, & stroked each face with cool fingers of air.

finally i took my leave.
as i was departing, i saw the black lizard on the ledge silently laughing to himself.

carl bettis





NEW/NOI (I.M.L.)
899 ARRIVE AVE.
MORNING, LA. 70005

Yo Hakim,

THANKS FOR A GREAT ASK!!!
WE GOT OUT OF THE BEST WEATHER DAYS WIND
HAD IN MONTHS DOWN HERE IN NEW ORLEANS!
IT'S DA BUCKER 3333

Please find enclosed a near-Rule of
PHOTOS AND WRITTEN SYMBOLISM THAT IS THE
BEST REPRESENTATION WE COULD GET IN BUCK
AND WHITE (2-TONE-UNIVERSE).

Also here's a BUCK rule one of THE
AKASHIC RECORDS! (HOP YOU'RE READING THE NEXT
ABOUT THIS, BECAUSE I SURE WANT TO SEE WHAT
I SAW.

Please keep in touch and keep me updated
on ANY A.O.A. Developments.
AND NEVER DATE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN
EASHEW!!!

TILL THE NEXT
PASCAL JIN

For much 2 long NOW have we bin clothed in the eruption
 of hour disease. -falling all ways to a friend of Green
 listening to a piece of angelic smiling-call me more-
 wear deadly prelat are clothed in dollar signs-minz-
 and burning eyes with little patience-or care- or thyme.
 If separation (s-e-p-a-r-a-t-i-o-n) has taken over
 ontology, then we are sunk-sunk in our own winds laughing
 smiles and all, peace is staying out of authorized way,
 while they do business as usual (TERROR). YOU were too busy
 worrying about BUDDHISM to buy a gun so now you're
 gone..... SKYS are not as foolish as men-roll buy and don't
 ask for time-wards. Terminal JUNKIES for screaming- there
 is the constant search for the THREAD of coherence that is
 use-fully the chain that binds us- I SAY SPEAK RITE (Puck)
 the thread-KON with the CIRCUS-EYE see 2 many people CRYING
 with razor blades ; in burnt out alleys; not even (not even)
 NOTING that LOOO (words) GRAYS are CON-troll-ing there LIVES.
 SPENDING dear in dark spaces as the SPECIALTY of the breed.
 I fell U I saw ZEN (no-no-no-MINE) mourning-stand before
 ANGERIBLE GLASS Screaming "WHY WAS YORE ASS HERE" U WHILE
 BORNN-But they couldnt hear him over the disco-STOP-pour B
 OLD SHIT..... If ANYTHING could be changed, it would be B
 worth CHANGING-around-around I'm still waiting I never
 it's next BEING-IN-COMMUNAL-GOM MOD IT. USED 2 B never
 cared much for Verbal AB use, but NOW the trees are IVING.
 UN-INT-er-IT-IT all 2 IVING. (odds). Elpho in worn Hiddia's
 BIG open waves of the SAFETYNETS are scattered in worn Hiddia's
 Overhill kitchen. & I smell smelt in burning-on the porch is
 THEE TURKISH ERINGE suggesting you RE-RE AD your old copias
 of NYVA X press 7 & dream thru dig JUNK-word falling-SHOWO
 falling-Objective screen image DISASTERS-precipitating on mobile
 electric-IT & eating it HEAD FIRST. \$333. fact is more
 WORDS ARE IN GAMES IN GAMES OVER

Once this stage is complete (or discomplete, as the case
 may be) we are on the verge of commencing in the AIR IT in prying
 B mailed to ANYBODY. Already floating in the AIR IT in prying
 it's WAY into the back LOBS of MANT, well, few, well, SUN.
 & on it floats, thru skys, and hands, threw puzzle pieces, past
 WINDOWS-OR-THAT of the family, just an Encoded page wanting
 2 show its ugly SKELTON to those HOO can SWIMMER.

DON'T LET THE WORD GET BUY U.!!!!

empty shell
 expansion
 DISORGANIC :
 screen image coming
 tangled MONG, first plane, the HUM of ARMS,
 a vast expanse, claiming all as other, scatter,
 feather-for, the ROAD is opening.
 blackout
 screen image coming
 the stage of Abyss, sudden faces against
 the bars of a universe they didn't build have
 returned, a tower of smoke, we must have
 away from this pit. the CON is beginning.....
 blackout

screen image coming
 wind across a white land, dissolving into
 a brilliant dance of atoms, each star becomes a
 pool, a street light spinning in its mud.
 WHEN ARE OF DEEP MIRROR
 spins and topples in the snow of artificial
 below the snow is a GRID, only a grid
 an empty canvas to build worlds.
 blackout

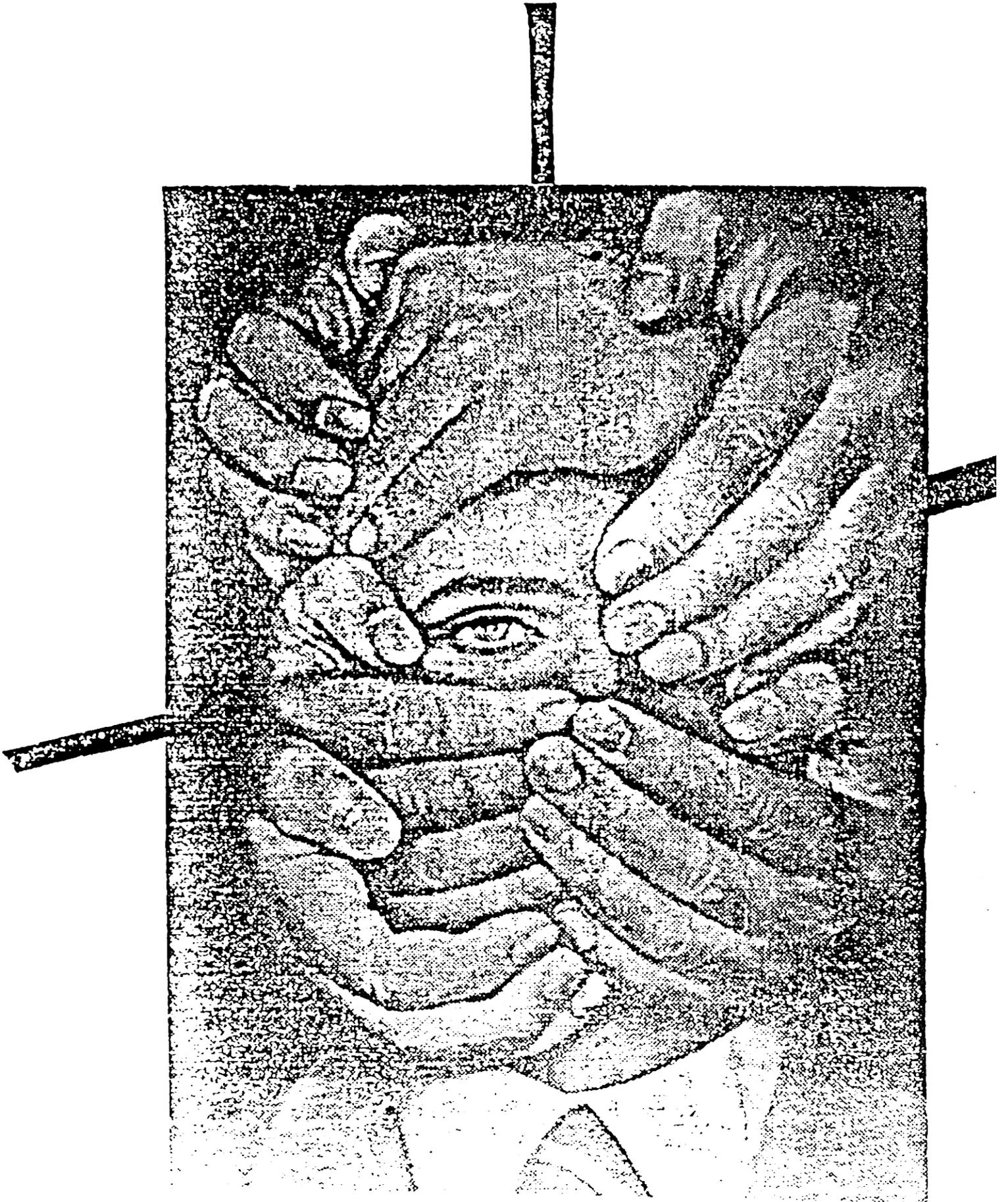
screen image coming
 a telephone floating in a vacuum.
 it rings.....



PHONE U-1

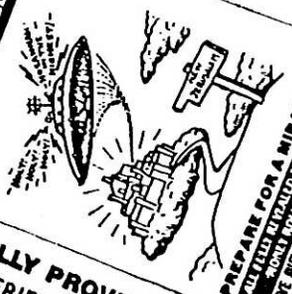


courtege of the LOGOGRAM AS a ins





UFOS OR ANGELS



PREPARE FOR A MIRACLE!
DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY FOR A
LIFE BUT YOUR GREATEST FANTASY!
BE YOUR OWN BOSS

CLINICALLY PROVEN SUPERIOR
EXPERIENCE
THE MYSTICAL POWER OF
THIS SACRED RELIC



Here are all the hidden secrets
YOU CAN MAKE IT BIG
NO MORE BAD LUCK!

NO DANGEROUS SIDE EFFECTS

J.R. 'Boa' Dobbs
AS SEEN ON TV

My Adventurous Journey to the Temple of the Moon

Okay, I confess: I was going to let my weary self sleep before I wrote this. But no— though exhausted I couldn't sleep. You see, I had a pretty exhausting (though still quite fun) journey to the A.A.A.Z. and back.

To make this narrative a bit clearer, I need to go back to the (August 31st) afternoon I was playing around in my low ceilinged apartment very hard and in a low roof beam. My head jumping around wildly and I varied I was very dizzy and in pain. While this certainly made it a hell of a lot easier to go off flying, it made it ~~difficult~~ difficult to focus myself. At ten o'clock I began trying to focus on the A.A.A.Z. For a moment it all came in clear—the temple of Thoth, the glassy dome in the garden, the minoret ~~to~~ and there away. I found myself zipping here and there in beautiful realms of light and sound and color but it wasn't the fucking party! Suddenly blue light. I didn't know if it was the one from the crystal minoret or not. But I suddenly found myself in a wonderful dance of lights. I was full of indigo, lavender, purple, and silver. Everything seemed moon-bet and luscious in a beautiful way. I know this was a temple of Thoth. And here I danced wildly, erotically, a glowing blue-white light, among a vast array of other dancing lights. I flashed, I danced, I orgasmed, flashing through a wonderland of wild images of color and music. I don't even know if I was in the right place—my focus was so fucked up. But where I was the wrong party, enjoying myself. If it was the wrong party it was still a damn good one; and if it was the right party, A.A.A.Z. & Y.O. you sure throw a damn good party. Retz do it again sometime.

-FERAL FAUN



PROOF POSITIVE
SLACK
FOOLS THE EXPERTS

IT TOOK 5 YEARS AND 5 MILLION TO DEVELOPE
HOUS. HARR. BE WITH JOE IN THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM!
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES NO - NOT AT ALL
I Know The Choices That "MY SELF-CONFIDENCE AND
Are Available To You! SELF-IMAGE HAVE FINALLY
SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING FARAWAY BEEN RESTORED."
WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

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I was motionless, my eyes fixed on one spot in the ceiling. Mentally I was counting the moments, getting closer to midnight. Oddly enough, I began to hum several bars of "Puff The Magic Dragon".

I sensed coldness and the sea. A voice came to me. "Hey you, you the Yank, glad you made it this far." There were no colors, just black and white shapes, and then the figure of a man, almost resembling Hemingway.

We had a fast conversation, he told me that he was here since 65. They called him Cappy, he was the ranking officer in a research team of 86 men on the mainland. They were the colony, administered by radio from Port Stanley. I shouted to him, are there others here? "Just the whaler!" His image began to fade, a voice, gravel and old came from my right, I turned my head in the direction and saw nothing. I was in total darkness and scared.

"Where is your map Yank?"

I moved my hand through my pockets, found my wallet and house keys, but no map, I was lost.

"Yank the other strangers all had maps, they are searching the mainland now."

He vanished, other images became only shadows, forming blocks, then a wall, then only darkness. A candle appeared in the center of my mind. I awoke, remembering little more than the above. It was 12:10 A.M. and I was hungry. Over a bowl of cereal in the comfort of my small apartment, I felt a need to play the radio loud and fill the rooms with life. As I chewed Peter, Paul, and Mary blared off the walls.

What a blast! With a head full of high spirits, the tantric wizardess and I turned off the lights and music, lied back into our nests comfortably, and sweetly slipped out of our bodies, up and into the etheric dimensions. In astral elegance, bathed in a shower of stardust, we rose ever upwards, joining together in telepathic union with all those who had also been invited to the greatest bash in human history; the hot hip happening party in Antarctica. Began to think of everyone else I knew who was going to the party, and I imagined all their bodies lying on different parts of the planet, as mine was. Linking together telepathically, we started on our way, to the astral arctic zone. We brought the image into a clearer resonance, together tuning into the common astral zone- the crystal, dome, mountains of ice, and crashing sea- and then I saw the great blue violet sheets of glacial ice, rise up before us, as eerie celestial beams of light swirled about the great domed pavilion standing radiant on the coast of the Wedell sea, where all the energy was just aswhirling. By the time we got there, the party was in full swing. I discovered I was already there, I just had to find myself.

The dome was filled with millions of wildly partying astral animal spirits, so many beings of light, in the wildest wackiest array of energy form costumes I have ever seen. Everyone was showing off, changing their forms constantly, against a wondrous backdrop of icy blue glaciers, tall mountains of snow, and flickering crystals of astral light. I watched the others perform in awe. Hung out with some friends, laughing at their skepticism over whether the experience was real or not. Tantric performances, celestial delicacies, amazing light shows, inter-dimensional music, angelically blissful energies to absorb, freaky new spirits to meet, a trillion new sensations to explore.

I rose up all of a sudden, and put on a most amazing performance for everyone, sculpting multi-dimensional astral forms, out of elusive mystical energies. My "head", so to speak, began ejaculating a vigorous stream of kaleidoscopic images, that drew a great round applause.

Wandering and floating about the silver and black collums, in

the eyes of the moon goddess, I kept bumping into my friend Nina, who looked very much herself, and each time she would smile at me, and very politely say, "Well, Hello there!"

I scooted off to the south pole briefly with Julia, the tantric wizardess and reincarnation of Admiral Bird, in search of a hole into the center of the earth, or other dimensions. After a brief spin through the realms of the gods, we found our way back to the party by following the cool electric blue arctic astral light.

I tried a vast array of astral energizers and supra-sensory enhancers, exotic energies absorbed through astral forms, to spice things up a bit, and then took off with my friend Carolyn, to dazzle one another with our endless wardrobe of energy costumes, becoming great angelic fire birds and exotic astral fish, thousands of electrical energy creatures. We zipped back the party, now hopping wilder than ever, and I swooped down into the squirming astral orgies, and suddenly found myself riding incredible tantric waves of astral orgasms.

And then an unexpected guest arrived, actually the real host of the party, we then discovered; a very powerfully huge extraterrestrial presence, who suddenly became the main attraction, and all the spirits got drawn up into a vast galaxy of light, that was myself! Oursell! The universe shattered.

We returned to our bodies in Santa Cruz around 12:30 AM.

Looking forward to your 66- chiefly hope to catch Irsey in his wackies. Please the wandering Jew will honor your Southern Star. Dig on his sweet straw hat circuit round-up with a guest appearance!

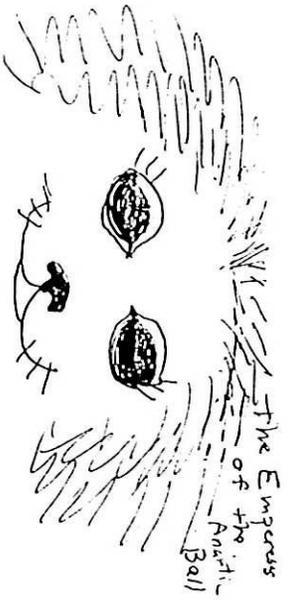
As long as you're in the neighborhood... Transforms runs wild and woolly after hours bawls-outs (its always after hours in Puffal Tihz/fACell) on East Metacross Frontalier (Fastest flag in the Territory!)

Just head up or down the hole... or sideways (depending on the hour) and you'll hit our flag at the other end nearby- a charming, properly respectable English bungalow- "TRADER MAUDE'S". Nothing elaborate, so feel torn in these parts...but the Inn does include a rousing, nasty horseshoe bar- appropriate trivia and entertainment, bar, supplies and Bulletin Board. You can usually pick up a guide, tips and walk once for any further out prospecting and adventure! And do be deceived by haud!

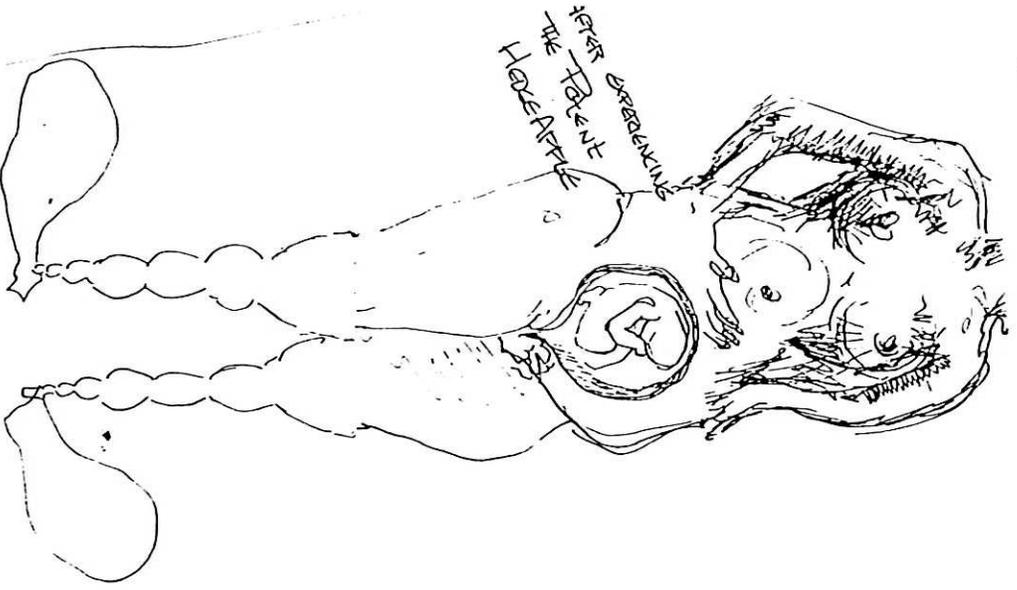
Guller/Transtonia
GULLER/TRANSTONIA
905 Lexington Ave.
NYC 10017

STAY TO PLEASURE BUT
ALSO AT THE DEER POINT

PLEASEST-MAF-POSSIBLE BRING EVERY RESOURCE COUNTS!



The Emperor
of the
Anarkic
Ball

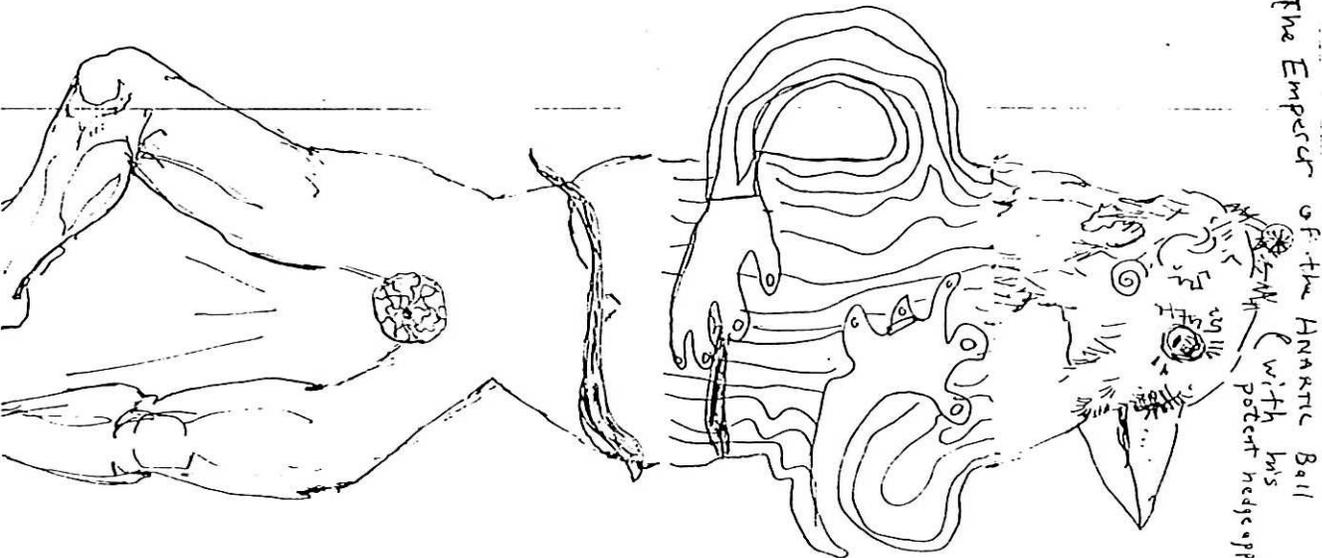


HE'S BREAKING
THE TOLENT
HOLE AFFE

The heir
(error)
apparent



The Emperor of the ANARKIC Ball
(with his
pocent hedgeapple)



Albany
Spring
firm
intimate
from

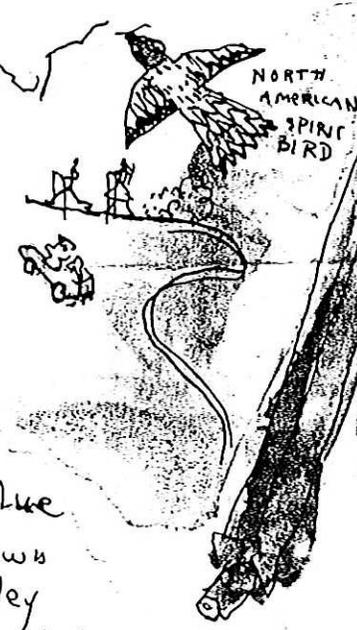
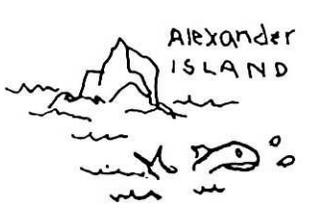
LIVING KILLER
DONALD DUCK AND
FLUTO
ARE IN ATTENDANCE

No job's
better than
no job



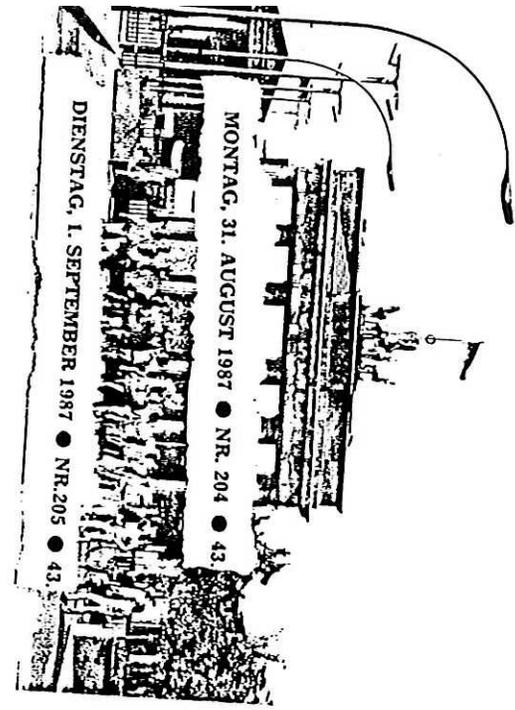
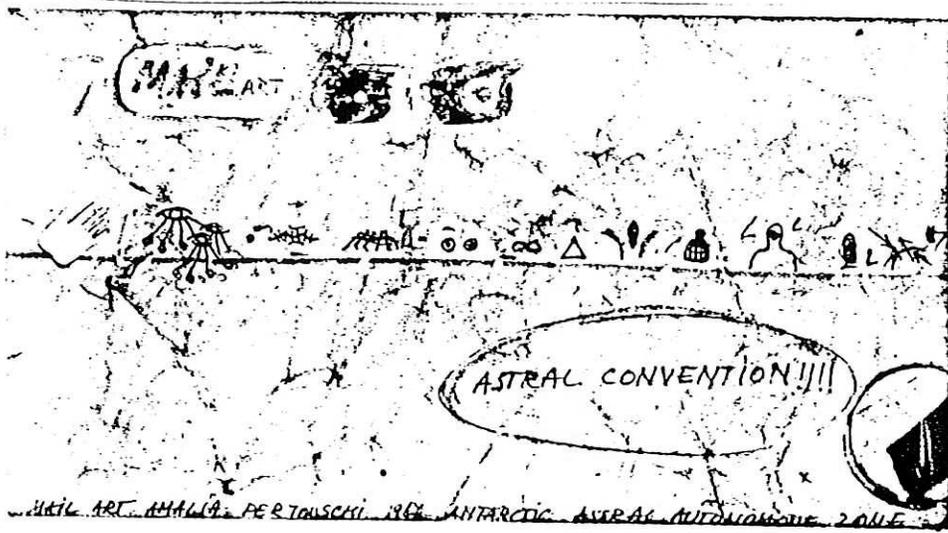
HAIL, SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH,
HEAR US,
BLESS US ALONG OUR
VOYAGE. BROTHERS AND
SISTERS OF LIGHT,
CELEBRATE!
HOLY PENGUINE
MELTING ICE

PALMER PENINSULA
Marie Byrd Land
ALEXANDER ISLAND
KAY DIER PLATEAU



flying along
the spine of the
AMERICAS, over
the Sierra nudes of
mexico, on to central
america - along the
Andes to the Palmer
Peninsula. Sitting on
a rock above the clear blue
sea water my furry brown
coat keeps me warm. Hey
in that tent over there, my
friends - the crazy Americans
are having a party. It looks like fun
Can I go in looking like I do?
Sure, Everybody looks like they want to.

Following the sacred
hedge apple to
Birdland...



Hafin Bey

Bombay Sept 1
10:45 a.m.

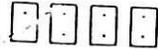
The first person I saw was Charlie tall and lanky with a stoned smile on his mustache and wearing a hat (for the cold, no doubt) He was riding on a high carousel horse. I didn't meet him as I could only stop by for a minute. For some reason I chose to come as a fox so I was close to the ground, saw lots of shoes, reminded me of my shoe selling days, heavy fur boots, some lovely sandals, some dirty tired bare feet and then, a pair of ultra high-heeled shoes, they looked like they were 6 feet high, and the toes, just so delicate and sweet smiling and painted (the nails) a delicious scarlet. I had to investigate I jumped up - she winked at me - and we left. See you again soon
(JAMAL MECKLAI
INDIAN MAJOR OF BOMBAY)



FRIEDRICH WINNES
HERTZSTRASSE 29
DDR • 1106 BERLIN
COS

Astral Convention
Hafin Bey

POSTALSTAMPEN
POSTSTAMPEN
POSTSTAMPEN
POSTSTAMPEN



(Photo taken nite of Con
in Central Park by M. Sullivan)

OH
WOW!
A
REAL
LETTER
FROM
SHIRLEY
Maclain!

July 23

Dear Association for Ontological
Anarchy

Hello, my name is Shirley
Maclain. I've recently been informed
that not only am I not invited to
the Annual Convention, but I have
specifically been singled out as
uninvited.

The reasons given are many,
two stand out though. One is that
I am a silly commercialistic phoney,
charging to charge hundreds of dollars
for my nit-wit seminars. So far
so good. I hardly need this scam as I
already have more than enough money to buy all
that make-up I use.

The other is my belief in reactionary
karmic ideology. That is, a vision of the
universe in that all is unalterable fate.
Among humans it means that we pay in this
life for evil in our past lives, or we
rewarded for goodness. This was exemplified
in my T.V. movie presentation Circle of
Limb. In the film it was explained that

hungry, exploited peasants, riding buses in Peru,
routinely die in accidents as their buses careen
OFF a certain cliff into a face full mine
~~the~~ ~~tragedy~~ because it's their karma, it's the way
It has to be ~~the~~ ^{there's} paying for past sins.
(Such ~~tragedies~~ tragedy normally happens to people
whose skin is darker than mine.)

Then someone pointed out to me "Guard-rails
how come there were no guard-rails on that cliff?"
Maybe the Peruvian government is too cheap and corrupt
to give a damn about the lives of "mere" peasants.

My immediate reaction was "you're an unspiritual
stupid materialist!" But the ~~idea~~ idea of having a
guard-rail stuck with me. I mean, stuck, it did
make some sense. This led me to another life crisis.
I came to the conclusion that I was totally full of shit.

I will now make the Astral Convention
a proposal: I am willing to offer myself,
at the Astral convention, as a human
sacrifice, to be slain on the altar
of my own karma.

I'll even pay for my own make-up.
Let me know ASAP.

Yours,
Whitley Melain

P.S. Do you know of any boats
or planes going to ANTARCTICA? I
really don't have the imagination to
astral travel you know.



★ AGA '71 1947 ★

Se ve el jovenado del D.J., autoretrato con cerveza y amigos, buscando el futuro en 1980. ¿que pasará?

We see young D.J., selfportrait with beer and friends, seeking the future in 1980. What will happen?

The Game: Talk of the future of a point already past

CN-3-ROD SUMMERS RAF VEC



El Juego: Habla del futuro de un punto ahora bien pasado.

Se ve novelista Sergio Lopez Fabre, con Agostin Dominguez Perez de San Juan Tlacotenco, pensando del porvenir, de sismos, y Cristobal Bambu, rey de los gitanos, en el Centro de la Correspondencia, 1985. ¿Que va a pasar con esos cuates?

CN-2-OUT SIDE THE OUTSIDERS

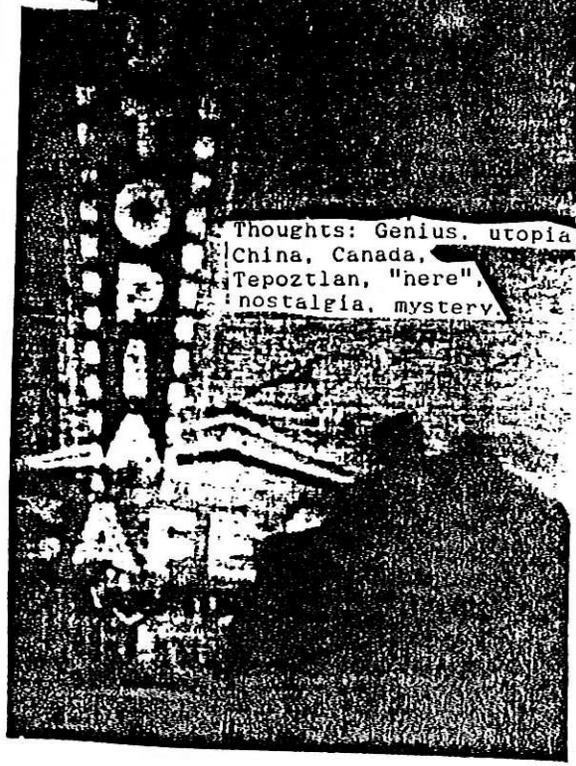
We see novelist Sergio Lopez Fabre, with Agostin Dominguez Perez of San Juan Tlacotenco, thinking of earthquake predictions, and Cristobal Bambu, king of hippies, in the Correspondence Center, 1985. What will happen with these fellows?

Pensamientos: arte, genio, utopia, China, Canada, Tepoztlan, "aqui", nostalgia, la misteria..

Se ve un hombre nacido 12 Junio, 1938, alli con un cafe Chino en Regina, Saskatchewan, 1975. ¿Que pasará con ese poeta, musico, artista George Morisot?

We see a man born June 12, 1938, there with a Chinese cafe in Regina, Saskatchewan, 1975. What will happen with this poet, musician, artist George Morisot?

CORRESPONDENCE NOVELS



Thoughts: Genius, utopia, China, Canada, Tepoztlan, "here", nostalgia, mystery.

TEPOZTLAN IMMORTALITY CENTRE

The Xerox tells what happened — I prepared for this excursion from

★ 450 21 1517 ★
BAPTADO III
TEPOZTLAN MORELOS
MEXICO



early March to the end of August — Aug 31 my son Zack's 15th birthday — yes well so it is time as well as astral travel — yet, just beginning as



well as fully developed. We have to keep in touch over the long haul. **CORRESPONDENCE NOVELS**

DAVID ZACK
121 1/2 TEPOZTLAN
MORELOS / MEXICO

September 1, 1967

DEAR HAKIM

I AM ENCLOSED A COPY OF THE SPEECH WHICH I WILL DELIVER AT YOUR ASTRAH CONVENTION TONIGHT. IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, ASTRAH "COURTESIES" MIGHT ACTUALLY BE CONSIDERED AS A THEME FOR NEXT YEAR'S CONVENTION. ASKING PERMISSION FOR WHAT ONE HAS ALREADY SEEN CAN BE SEEN AS A DELIBERATE INSULT TO AN OCCIDENTAL ONE WISHES TO KEEP IN HIS OR HER PLACE, WHETHER THEY HAVE SEEN IT OR NOT, THE INFERENCE BEING SUFFICIENT TO DO THE JOB. ASTRAH JAMMING IS ALWAYS A SIGN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS, ETC. BUT, THAT'S FOR NEXT YEAR. TO THE POINT, NOW, THE SPEECH:

"THE BIG NOTHING"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

IT IS MY PLEASURE TO WELCOME YOU TO THE

INTO THE MASS CULTURE IN A DISGUISED FORM FOR THE BENEFITATION OF THOSE WHO KNOW. ANYONE WHO "KNOWS" IS A TRUE HYPERNOTICIAN. MR. HAKIM IS ON A DELICATE MISSION. NEXT WEEK HE IS TO ADDRESS THE IBN ARABI SOCIETY. IF WE WERE IN THE REAL WORLD, I WOULD BE GIVING A REVIEW OF THAT TALK AFTER IT WAS GIVEN. BUT SINCE WE ARE HAPPILY HERE TOGETHER IN THE MITTAL, I CAN GIVE YOU A PREVIEW OF THE TALK BEFORE IT IS GIVEN. HIS TALK WILL BE CALLED "THE BIG NOTHING". YOU ALL KNOW THAT THE HYPERNOTICIANS HAVE A SIMPLE BELIEF, A SHORT CREED -

"I AM, THE MANIFESTATION OF NOT."
"NOT, THE HIDDEN..."

MR. HAKIM IS GOING TO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, PRESENT THIS IDEA TO THESE MUSLIM ARDENTS. HE WILL EXPLAIN THAT ALLAH, THE GOD THEY WORSHIP, IS ACTUALLY A BIG NOTHING. THE 'LA', THE NOT. THAT 'LA' IS

REBENOW,
PAGE 4

FIRST ASTRAH CONVENTION, CALLED BY OUR IPSISSIMOUS, HAKIM BAY. HE CHOSE ASTERIA, OUR CAPITAL CITY HERE IN HYPERNOTIA, BECAUSE OF ITS REPUTATION AS THE PRESIDENT, AS IT WERE, OF THIS ASSHOLE OF THE WORLD. THERE HAS BEEN SO MUCH EXCITEMENT ABOUT THIS CONVENTION, SO MANY COMMUNICATIONS IN ADVANCE, THAT UNDOVE ATTENTION HAS BEEN DRAWN TO THE "O" ZONE WHICH IS OUR SOLE CONNECTION TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD. ONE POLISH THEORY AFTER ANOTHER HAS EVEN PUT FORTH AS TO ITS FUNCTION, ITS SHRINKING, ETC. NEXT WE WILL HEAR THAT PLANES ARE DISAPPEARING THE WAY SHIPS WERE REPORTED TO VANISH IN THE BEAMUDA TRIANGLE BY THEIR YELLOW PRESS.

IT IS MY FUNCTION TONIGHT TO INTRODUCE OUR CHIEF SPEAKER, MR. HAKIM, WHO WILL EXPLAIN IN DETAIL WHY THIS CONVENTION WAS CALLED. AN INCIDENT IS WELL KNOWN AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE HENRY CURBIS SOCIETY, THE SOLE PURPOSE OF WHICH IS TO INFILTRATE ISMAELI FORBIDDEN IDEAS

THE SMAY NAME AND THAT 99 NAMES IS SHIRK. HE IS GOING TO NAME "THAT" TO WHICH THE BELLETT THOUGHT CANNOT ATTAIN. THERE IS NOTHING TO ATTAIN. OUR ENEMIES SAY OF US, "THEY WORSHIP NOT." "YES", WE SAY, "IN VERY TRUTH, WE WORSHIP 'NOT'." THEY ALSO SAY WE GIVE THE TEMPLARS KISS, THAT WE HOLD ORGIES IN SECRET PLACES CALLED ASSHOLE. "YES", WE SAY, "YOU MAY REVILE THE ASSHOLE, BUT, NOT US, NOT US."

P. K. L.

* A HYPERNOTICIAN IS ONE WHO, WHILE IN AND OF THE MANIFESTATION (CALLED LOUSELY HERE "I AM") RESIDES ESSENTIALLY IN A STATE OF NOT (CALLED "NOT" BECAUSE IT IS PERCEIVED VIA THE 'SMAY' THAT NAVIGATES BOTH "I AM" AND "NOTHING"). THIS NOTHING OF NOTHING IS GUARANTEED TO INFILTRATE. I WAS A HIDDEN TREASURE" INDEED.

TO RELEASE THE GENIUS WITHIN YOU?

ROYAL SHOUGHER FOR DI & FERGIE

69¢

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 1, 1987



QUEEN WAS A MAN

"I even thought of buying a blonde wig and dressing like a woman, but happily I was discovered before it came to that."

"I was attracting so much attention that I had to do something," he said. "So I began to fake my handwriting to make it look feminine."

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ASTRAL CONVENTION UPDATE:

ONCE AGAIN, AS
LIFE IMITATES ART

U.S. research plane probes ozone 'hole' over the Antarctic

By Anthony Boudie
United Press International

SANTIAGO, Chile — A high-altitude research plane has penetrated for the first time the mysterious ozone "hole" over Antarctica, beginning a series of flights to study the puzzling seasonal depletion of the vital atmospheric gas.

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WANT TO GAIN GAIN

CARPE LONGING
BY HARIM RAY

The sensorium: eels in gaudie sauce, oysters with scrambled eggs, espresso, couple of muscle rooms, string income from the Tibetan Museum on Staten Island, plenty Dangleflecting Leo & pipes of American homophony, sacred Camel cigarettes (the packet's design a veritable cyphogram of aliorisk science secrets), beam of Nam Chi Hsien Weng, dirty beetlelike saturnated eel with beams, carpet from Shiraz, bell of August's rain at midnight — & now even Amsterdam Avenue re-reminded of its invisible link with WEATHER, the in-between or interface between sensorium Nature & the Austral Plane. The mushroom about LaTaa like Egypt, delectated as seeping from the walls of the vast caves of Gondwanaland. The magnetic poles have shifted since then, about visited Earth 10 million years ago & dug the caves in this alternate reality, parallel to our own. Cape Longing occupies the time/space borderland between our Antarctica & the continent of caves burrowed out by those Elder Gods, aglow with phosphorescence, fungus, albino ferns, mutant Kudzu, toxicatosa springing from cracks of chrysolite & amygdal, vast opore clusters like gigantic pallid grapes hanging from stalagmites of alabaster & fleshy limestone. In the thunder I discern such shapes.

Ah, by cheer the EmCee is in some pain, tension of emptiness in the muscles & vertebrae — where else could we find the

energy to maintain this MARGINAL COCKTAIL PARTY in our fuckin' heads?? You probably recognize me at the fetter under the big microwave tower (the tower which has been broadcasting our sonic orange-blue beam at the bottom of our psychic "gray well") in towelhead drag (dyellaba, burrow & fez) sitting next to the large sleeping camel — (is it stuffed?) — on the out-of-the-cave. Occasionally roses materialize from thin air overhead & shower the passersby — other cheap tricks from Djeme el-Fra in Alwarakeh — Boris Karloff at the Arctic Bay in The Mummy combined with the dynam from Thief of Baghdad — yeah, that's me. Behind the painted backdrop (Sphinx & Pyramids, palm trees & moon) the Airstream Trailer is parked — The whole scene like a carnival or amusement park in New Jersey 1955 — "ANTARCTICLAND!" — a few steady pygmies suffering from heat prostration — mural painted with scene of ice, Mt Erebus fuming, Scott's Heroic Death, Battle Between A Sea Leopard & The Rare Antarctic Polar Bear. Iced drinks, sno-cones, orange pop makes your teeth ache.

I ride those on waves of thunder. We declare Cape Longing an Antinormous Zone not only on the Austral Plane where tonight we have gathered to party, but also on the level of material reality however defined. The Insurrextraneous Force

of The AAZ declare independence from the Imperialist/Colonialist occupying Powers (I forgot who exactly). All forms of government to be considered null & void as of tonight & forever. Whoever uses the land defines the rule of that land - & in Cape Longing all are rulers, none are ruled. My fellow marginals, let us not abandon the AAZ entirely after tonight, but continue to keep these astral installations humming or at least humming till that day when we protest the technology to invade & occupy Cape Longing in the flesh. For one thing, we cannot afford to give up this gateway between worlds, including the as-yet-largely-unexplored alternate or parallel universe containing the vast cave system of ancient Gondwanaland, the "Hollow Earth" study foretold by Poe & Shaver. Moreover, the technology already exists to build "2-5" cities in space. Surely the construction of a city on Cape Longing can also be achieved, once our Astral scientific comrades have perfected "free energy". Everything you see around you here tonight will be re-created in solid matter - within our lifetimes! - the hanging gardens, the aesthetical lights (our psychic aurora australensis), the delicate minarets & domes, the Moon

Temple. Why not? In any case, what is our programme, & that is why I am urging you to consider yourselves henceforward citizens of the only good state one can actually imagine: a state which doesn't exist! And on that day when we return here in the flesh to recreate our collective vision, the state will still have no existence - for here & only here in all the world will there exist an autonomous zone, a place where perfect anarchy can flourish undisturbed by the state patrol outworn paralysis of government, of rule, of law itself. Let us henceforth bend our magnetic will toward this end, & agree that nothing will stand between ourselves (our body/souls) & the present & next heavenly of all our psychic faculties: our desires. [Applause.] Thank you.... & now.... let the revela begin!

Well yes, how're we doing? I can't tell if it's just the pot plus my occult power or whether that antediluvian fungoid dust I choked down retained some shred of mezozoic potency....

Harin Bay retires behind the painted backdrop with the astral form of a boy, maybe or -

Once again the scene becomes the 1955 carnival
 (I didn't expect this!) The kid dressed in
 bluejeans, white short-sleeved shirt, black
 hi-top sneakers — lanky blond hair — almost
 a Kallikak look about him, thin, blue eyes
 under his eyes, too many late nights smoking
 cornish & jerking off He's enchanted by
 my magic tricks (which on the Astral Plane
 really work of course.) & my bullsh*t rap
 about the Magick East aha, a young
 romantic, already the proud possessor of a
 watchdog, heart & several unspeakably dirty
 habits, a natural-born runaway, half-con-
 vinced he's an alien from another planet
 (Thank to Amazing SF Tales) & will be
 rescued by UFO pirate captain from outer
 space or Tibet or Persia — aladdin & the
 magic lamp oh yes I'd run that con,
 I'd go even lower believe me — all in a good
 cause I assure you. Inside the Airstream I
 brew up some chugging tea & roll some yellow
 cigarettes Suddenly I perceive that the
 boy is simultaneously a being from the
 Hollow Earth, a Shaman-boy from one of the
 deep cave Troglodyte Tribes he's tripping
 on some fungus (looks like iridescent moldy
 bread). His spirit moves in on the psychic
 body of the NT Piney boy from 1955 — I'm
 dealing with two boys in one astral body

here! But the kid doesn't fully realize this
 himself — fact is, he's a bit high on pot
 & beer, just waits to mess around a little.
 It's hot inside the spaceship womb of
 the Airstream. (That relic of a lost future)
 with its wine-colored wall-to-wall shag, the
 ghost-TV, the clutter of alchemical paraphernalia.
 Now he seems to be wearing his overalls
 with no shirt. It unbuttons down the side,
 exposing slowly the juncture between tan &
 pale white thigh Outside we hear the
 Party going on, or perhaps the carnival, or
 perhaps (yes I'm getting it now....) a market-
 fair somewhere in the deep caves BENEATH
 Cape Longing! This Airstream must exist in
 several parallel universes along a sort of cosmic
 axis of n-dimensional spacetime. Somewhere
 it's silently receiving a deep-midnight beam
 near the coast, some thick tower in South
 Jersey — on the main-line however there's
 a noisy party in progress, loud music or
 if several bands were playing at once in
 various parts of the AAZ shit, I think
 there must be several thousands of people
 out there — many many more than we
 expected. Everyone who heard about the
 party is here, whether they intended

to be or not? I'm almost sorry to be missing it but the kid with the strange widerset slightly-slanted hazel eyes tells me he came to the party just to meet me & do what we are apparently about to do - he doesn't know if he can hold his astral projection(s) in place here long after 2 AM - well shit, I never really liked noisy parties anyway. The couch opens out into a bed. I'll turn on the TV to a ghost station, white noise to drown out the wild orgy outside, the melancholy carnival music, the faintly-heard shamanic chanting down there beneath us in the Hollow Earth - just listen to the rain, now, & to the soundbodies make even Astral bodies

[ends direct transmission from
Antarctica, NYC, 2 AM exactly,
Sept. 1, 1987]



~~~~~ byorraine Schein

In Anarctica did Yael D.  
A stately pleasure dome decree,  
Where Alph the frozen river ran  
Through glaciers measureless to man  
Down to a moonlit sea.

[Well, I didn't know what to wear to  
the Astral Convention, so I went in  
my pajamas, hoping it would turn out  
to be a pajama party. A Cosmic Pajama  
Party on the grand scale. I levitated using  
the ancient, tried & true Peter Pan method,  
after sprinkling fairy dust on myself and  
thinking Wonderful Things, & I zipped out  
the window, leaving my ~~body~~ earthly  
body still tossing in bed.]

But oh! that deep romantic chasm  
which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a verdant  
cover!  
A savage place! as holy & enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
haunted  
By woman waiting for her demon lover!

[And ~~so~~ when I got to the Con, I  
found out I was overdressed, for most  
of the already cavorting guests were  
naked. ~~But~~ (Fortunately weather has  
no effect on astral bodies.) And talk  
about romantic! I really shouldn't  
tell you who I saw with who. You  
wouldn't believe it.

But I will say that I saw our

guest of honor, Ms. ~~Princess~~ H. Priestess,  
doing obscene things with a woman  
who was still waiting for her demon  
lover, all the while.

And I will say that I saw Mr. H----  
Bey dancing very affectionately and  
suggestively with a certain very young  
male penguin.

And off the Larsen Ice Shelf, I  
couldn't help noticing many members  
of New York's libertarian Book Club  
skinny-digging in a ~~very~~ <sup>very revolutionary</sup> way.

... A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of  
ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw;

It was an Abyssinian maid

And on her dulcimer she played...

[Actually it wasn't an Abyssinian  
maid. She was part-Japanese.  
And it wasn't a dulcimer. It was  
an electric guitar and she was  
part of the band that played at the  
Cow ~~Club~~ - and she's the one that started  
the big fight that broke out early in  
the morning!]

And all should cry Beware! Beware!  
Her flashing eyes, her floating hair  
Weave a circle round her thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For she on all the cheese dip has fed,  
→

(cont.)

And drunk the beers of Happy Vice....

(pick a rhyme - any rhyme - participatory poetry).

→ (that were on ice) ?  
→ (of the Zeitgeist) ?  
(that did entice) ?

[ This fragment refers to our wonderful hostess Yael D., who got quite stoned early on and kept talking about this wonderful man she was seeing & how she would like to settle down. Could wedding bells be far-off? ]

I would love to be able to tell you more about what happened at the Con, especially about the incredible time I had there, but ~~because~~ I was only able to transcribe portions of the account you are now reading, because the Con was abruptly terminated & interrupted several times ~~by~~ by an Evil Deity from Porlock, who manifested himself on the Astral Plane, wearing a 3-piece pin-striped suit, a button-down shirt & carrying a briefcase.

and who, and what sex, was the person I left with

- . h. Schein





LIST OF GUESTS, HOSTS & PARASITES IN APPROX. ORDER OF  
DISAPPEARANCE.

James Koehline  
Axe Street Arena  
2778 N. Milwaukee Ave.  
Chicago IL 60647

Elizabeth Gips  
328 Union St.  
Santa Cruz  
CA 95060

Rev. Ken U. Spare-a-dime  
138 Ford St.  
Ukiah CA 95482

Martin Billheimer  
c/o Axe St. Arena

S. Marshall  
Box 1696  
Skokie IL 60076-8696

"b"oB McGlynn  
528 5th St.  
Bklyn NY 11215

Vittore Baroni  
Via Raffaelli 2  
55042 Forte dei Marmi  
Italy

Tutor Turtle  
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