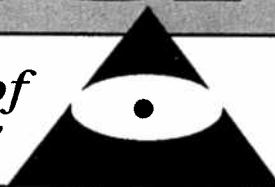


*Robert Anton Wilson's*  
**TRAJECTORIES**  
Newsletter

*The Journal of  
Futurism and Heresy*

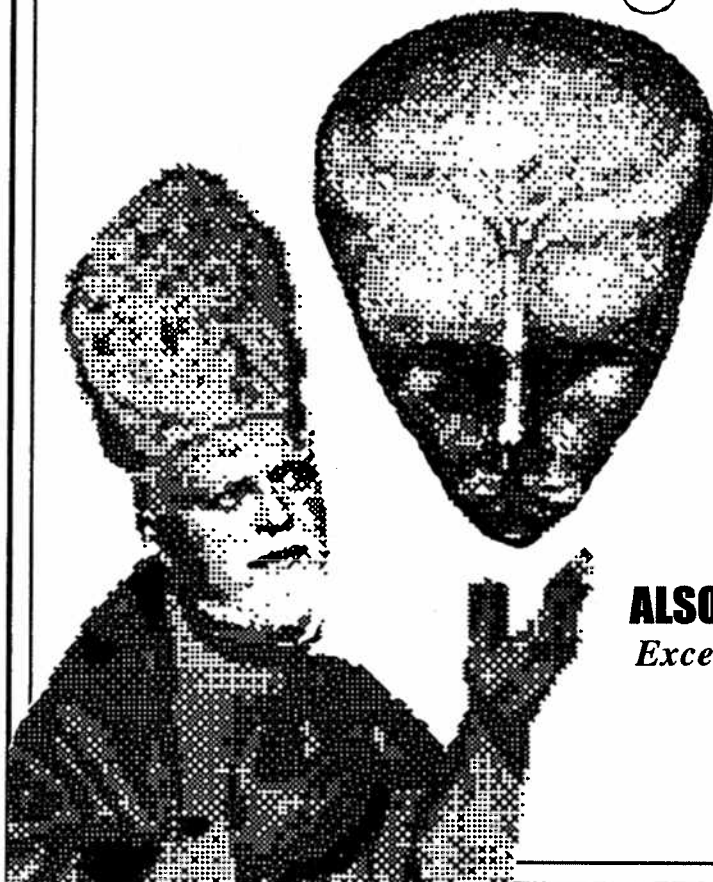


*Number 14  
Spring, 1995*

**Theology, Demonology and Colology**

➤ **Cyberspace vs. Geospace**

➤ **Post-Modernism**



**ALSO INSIDE:**  
*Excerpts from*

*Cosmic Trigger III  
and  
Bride of Illuminatus*

**Robert Anton Wilson's**  
**TRAJECTORIES**  
*Newsletter*

**Vol. 1, No. 14**  
**Spring, 1995**

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✈ **EDITORIAL**

**WWWWE'RE WWWWIRED!!!**

*by D. Scott Apel*

It was inevitable, given that we call *Trajectories* "The Journal of  
*Futurism and Heresy.*"

***We're wired!***

But not in that old-fashioned, nasal, '80's way you might think.

*Trajectories* — and by extension, Robert Anton Wilson — now has a  
home on the Infobahn. As of June 17, if you have a computer, a  
modem and access to the World Wide Web, you can find us at this  
address:

**<http://www.nets.com/trajectories.html>**

Our totally groovy Web site was cobbled together by one Greg  
Pleshaw, who has a huge future in this field, I'd say. *Trajectories*  
Computer Wizard Bob Bachtold (who's been surfing the Net for a  
decade or more) discovered Greg in quaint old Santa Fe, New Mexico,  
and commissioned him to create a site befitting our subtitle.

So what will you find on our Web site?

- Selected pieces from back issues (reprinted in *Chaos and Beyond: The Best of Trajectories*), including many by RAW;
- An RAW home page, with biographical and bibliographical info;
- Links to other Wilson-related Web sites, like those for Buckminster Fuller and Hakim Bey;
- Subscription information for *Trajectories* and ordering information for *Chaos and Beyond* (hey, we're not stupid!);
- and a few surprises...

Plans for the future of our site aren't fully developed yet — mostly  
because we want to hear from *you* about what you'd like to see there.  
Improvements and upgrades we're considering, however, include:

- A "feedback" e-mail function, so you can write to RAW directly;
- Quarterly changes in the posted material, rotating through back-issue articles a few at a time;
- Regularly updated listings of RAW's concert appearances;
- Up-to-the-minute info on the availability of new audio and video tapes produced by RAW;
- A piece or two from each upcoming issue of *Trajectories*;
- More links to RAW-related sites;
- Possibly even material which will appear *solely* on the Web site;
- Photos? Video clips? Audio clips? Interactive dialogs with RAW?

The only limit is our collective desire and imagination. So write us  
(by snail mail until we get the feedback e-mail function up and running)  
and let us know what you'd like to see on the *Trajectories* Web site.  
Help us nurture it into a model of positive futurism. And by all means  
tell a friend! Tell *all* your friends to hit this great new site! And tell  
them to recommend it to *their* friends, and to anyone who can add us as  
a link on *their* home page, or to a "must-see site/hotlist/hitlist."

If you harbor any doubts about our interactive future on-line, turn to  
page 9 and see what RAW himself has to say on the topic. And then  
enjoy sneak previews of RAW's *two* latest books, as well as four extra  
pages in this issue to thank you for your patience.

See you on the Infobahn! (*beep beep!*)

## **UNCLE BOB SPEAKS...** **Apologias and Divagations:** **Theology, Demonology and Codology**

**A**s usual,  
we begin with an apology.

For the sake of novelty, I decided to write it myself this time instead of consigning the task to poor Scott, who has always gotten stuck with it in the past.

We have taken a long, long time between issues and we owe you all a groveling, a groaning and a good grousing. I want to tell how sorry I personally feel, and to assure you that if my mother remained alive she'd write a letter asking you to excuse me on account of illness. Since she's not alive, I can only offer that apology myself, and remind you that we all slow down a bit after 60. I also assure you that I feel much better now and this journal should come forth with more regularity in the future.

Some claim that I have suffered not just a series of minor and annoying ailments, but actual death. I have grown so weary denying that yarn that I have finally given up and confessed. Like Joyce's Tim Finnegan, I can fit the category of the dead or the undead, as you like; I prefer to think of my eigenstate for most of last year, in Joyce's terms, as "hibernating." For those who still believe I died, I include a few samples from my latest book, *Cosmic Trigger III: My Life After Death*. These passages not only show that I still live, in some sense, but they also help set the theme of this issue, which emerged by accident or synchronicity or "unconscious design," but which in any case became clear to me only when we had most of the issue written. That theme seems trinitarian: Theology, Demonology and Codology.

Of course, theology and demonology have largely gotten junked by the intelligentsia; any interest in them among the educated class seems almost as quaint as the study of chiromancy. Nonetheless, these "sciences," or arts, or poems, or

word salads, play a large role in the world around us—especially in the heads of most of our fellow citizens. Theological and demonological ideas, for instance, almost certainly played a major role in the last election: Newt Gingrich may rank higher as both theologian and demonologist than as demagogue.

Codology, a rarer study, seems mostly confined to Dublin, and even the rest of Ireland knows little about it, or knows it only in an amateur way. Prof. Hugh Kenner began the codification of codology, in his study of modern Irish literature, *A Colder Eye*, by defining an Irish Fact as unlike an English or American fact in possessing the elasticity of a rubber inch. Anthony Burgess contributed a bit more by noting, in *Re: Joyce*, that where the English spoken in the rest of the Anglo-Americo-Australian world has become functional (rationally pragmatic), Irish English remains totally ludic.

Elementary or kindergarten codology: The well known Dublin prank of leaving a turd under a hat, convincing some booby (for the brave, the booby must belong to the police force) that you have a wounded bird confined there, and persuading him to "watch" it while you go for help. Then get the hell out of the neighborhood and never come back. Dublin cops have good memories for faces.

Undergraduate codology: The end of Joyce's speech to the Literary Society February 1, 1902: "...death, the highest form of life."

Post-graduate codology: The parody circulated the next day, which ended with "...absence, the highest form of presence."

Advanced codology: Joyce's story "The Dead" in which both death and absence become higher, or at least more powerful, than life and presence. The true codologist never backs away from a paradox. (Swift never backed away from his claim that Partridge had died, despite Partridge's claims to the contrary.)

Codology, the scientific study of Irish Facts in a ludic context, operates under the banner METAPHORS R US. It first escaped Dublin and spread to the rest of the world via Jonathan Swift, especially in the *Tale of A Tub*. Later Dublin-born contributors included Wilde (the first to ask "Are the commentators on *Hamlet* really mad or only pretending to be mad?"), Shaw, O'Brien and, of course, Joyce, the Mahatma of Codological Studies. Later, non-Celtic contributors to the codologification of the West include Charles Fort, Elmyr de Houry, Borges, Dali, Pynchon, Alex Cox, Breton, Malaclypse the Younger, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, Madonna, Derrida, the proprietors and organizers of the Priory of Sion, the College of 'Pataphysics and UMMO, the first interstellar correspondence school in Advanced Cosmological Codology.

When codology became international and academic, it became known as post-modernism. Dubliners have not let this deceive them. They know a cod when they see one.

Rationalism can grope, clumsily, with theology and demonology, at least as pseudo-sciences (denounce them) and/or sociological factors in mass madness (deplore them); it cannot cope at all with codology, and usually only stands glumly muttering darkly about "Celtic whimsy," "poetic terrorism" or "guerrilla ontology."

Since codologification has proceeded further in colonizing Cyberspace than in occupying geospace, we shall look at the Infobahn as a major component of this issue. I conclude this prelude with a quote from Buddha which I never found in any Buddhist scripture. I found it in one of my Internet manuals, and it reads:

*"If anyone thinks that the mesh of the net is an independent, isolated thing, he is mistaken. It is called a net because it is made up of a series of interconnected meshes, and each mesh exists in relation to all other meshes."*

A Trajectories Special: A Preview of

# Cosmic Trigger III:

## My Life After Death

by Robert Anton Wilson

### "DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS"

*In Which We Encounter Some People Who Actually Test Their Theories*

"I was misinformed." — *Casablanca*

"I want to show you something..." — *Indecent Proposal*

**F**or nine months in 1838,

a Mr. Samuel Rowbotham conducted extensive experiments at a canal called the Old Bedford Level in Cambridgeshire, England. This canal contains an uninterrupted length of six miles between the Welney and the Old Bedford Bridges. Like every other experimenter, Mr. Rowbotham had a theory in mind, and wanted to test it—and, of course, to vindicate it. (But you know that, if you've read volumes one and two of this encyclopedia of blasphemy. The "disinterested observer," the Lemuel Gulliver "objectivist," exists only in fiction. In the real world, experimenters always want to prove some darling theory they have made an Idol, so that all may join them in bowing down to worship it.)

Mr. Rowbotham's pet theory derived from Holy Scripture and held that, as Moses wrote, our planet consists of a *flat* circle (like a coin); it does not have a spherical or globular shape at all. He calculated, correctly I think, that over the six miles between the two bridges, the curvature of Earth should make objects on one bridge seem several feet lower than on the other—a difference that should appear quite visible to a telescope, if modern notions had validity. And, of course, no height difference would appear between objects on the two bridges, if Moses got the straight scoop from Papa Tetragramaton Himself.

Well, for nine months Rowbotham measured and measured, standing on

Welney Bridge and looking through a telescope at various markers on Old Bedford Bridge. Like most other experimenters he found only and always what he looked for. Not once did he see any displacement caused by curvature.

After the traditional nine month gestation, Rowbotham brought forth the child of his labors: his experiments, he announced, demonstrated conclusively that no curvature existed. He reiterated this, many times, traveling about England and lecturing everywhere on the triumph of the Bible over heathen geologists.

He even repeated the experiments, with audiences of various sizes. They all thought they saw what Rowbotham thought he saw.

He further popularized his experiments and theories in a book called *Zetetic Astronomy*, and formed a Zetetic Society.

By 1870, the Zetetics had made enough converts that one of them, Mr. John Hampden, offered a reward of 500 pounds—a large sum, then—to any defender of geology who could duplicate Rowbotham's experiments and demonstrate curvature. Alfred Russell Wallace, co-creator with Darwin of the natural selection model of evolution, accepted the challenge and the tests occurred on 28 September 1870, to the everlasting bedevilment of all parties involved.

Briefly, the globalists led by Wallace measured curvature, and the zetetics—led by a flat-Earther named William Carpenter—measured flatness.

The referee, an editor named Walsh, ruled that the globalists had won and awarded the prize to Mr. Wallace. The Rowbothamites cried "Foul!" and insisted that Wallace had cheated. They sued and the matter went to court.

The three judges who heard the suit refused to pass judgment on the scientific evidence, which they held to lie outside the domain of statute law. They ruled only that wagers do not have the legal force of contracts and that, since Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Hampden did not accept Mr. Wallace's measurements, they could have Hampden's money back.

This did not soothe Carpenter's wrath. Still convinced that Wallace had rigged his experiments, Carpenter grew more embittered as time passed and developed a paranoid suspiciousness about all Experts, especially alleged Experts in geology. He embarked on a "campaign for justice" (as he saw it) which took the form of sixteen years of ruthless persecution of Wallace, including vile letters to Wallace's wife and children and slanderous accusations of Wallace's total perfidy delivered ad lib to anyone who would listen to him.

Wallace finally sued for relief and Carpenter spent a year in prison. As soon as he got out, his campaign of harassment and vilification resumed. We haven't seen anything like this missionary zeal until James Randi's hellfire-and-brimstone Crusade against Uri Geller.

I don't suppose it helped Wallace's peace of mind much that, although he and Darwin each invented evolution-by-

natural-selection at the same time, Darwin got all the credit in most text books and Wallace, at best, got acknowledged in footnotes... If they had ever crowned the poor man king, I think he'd have the title Alfred the Unlucky in history books.

Anyway, Wallace—almost bankrupted by legal expenses and driven to nervous exhaustion—became a spiritualist. Carpenter eventually migrated to America where he continued to preach Moses, Special Creation and a flat-as-a-pancake Earth.

In 1901 an orthodox scientist named Oldham repeated the Old Bedford Canal experiments. He reported his results in a paper for the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He, of course, had measured curvature, as an orthodox scientist should.

In 1905, Lady Elizabeth Blount, then the head of the Zetetic Society, financed further experiments at the Old Bedford Canal, involving a photographer named Clifton, who recorded the results for posterity. They measured no curvature; i.e., straight-line flatness. You didn't *really* think they would measure curvature, did you?

In the midst of all this Old Bedford malice-in-wonderland, our old friend Koresh—the one whose Goddess told him we lived inside the hollow Earth, and that Whites and Blacks in America should stand shoulder to shoulder, as equal brothers, to keep out the heathen Chinese—that Koresh, not the later Waco wacko, conducted his own experiments in Florida.

A disciple named Morrow had invented a device, called the Rectilineator, which allegedly would measure curvature, or departure from flatness, more accurately than the telescopes and cameras at the Bedford bridges. Morrow and Koresh used a two mile section of the Florida coast and performed over a month of measurements testing for flatness (Bible theory), convexity (globular theory) or concavity (Koreshanity theory).

You guessed it. They measured concavity. The Earth curved upward a little more than ten feet over the two miles measured, just as it should if we live inside a 8000-mile diameter bubble within solid rock.

None of these results astound me too much. I once measured the acceleration of a falling body (a marble, actually) at 68 feet per second per second, even though every physics book insists that all falling bodies fall at 32 feet per second per second. I may have witnessed a genuine fluctuation in Earth's gravity field. Or I may have needed a new pair of glasses and not realized it yet. Or, even more likely, the apparatus that released the marble may have malfunctioned. I don't know, but I incline toward the theories that the apparatus malfunctioned or my eyes read the clock wrong; I doubt I had the good luck to witness a sudden anti-gravity wave.

But in considering the above experiments, I feel we need to accept some sort of post-modernism, or at least some of the "neurological relativism" I preach in all my books. The *instrument that measures all other instruments*—the human nervous system—has its own laws, and one of them involves always seeing the results one wants to see, until and unless something really *startles* the brain enough to reframe its experiences.

### Beneath The Planet Of The Priory Of Sion

#### In Which the College of 'Pataphysics Offers New Clues via Mr. Michael Lamy

"Who the hell wants to see a movie about Adolph fucking Hitler?"

— Chaplin

"Adolph who?"

— One, Two, Three

In 1989, finding myself in Paris again, I wandered down to the ancient streets of the rive gauche and dropped by the College de 'Pataphysique.

M. de Selby greeted me warmly, as ever. I noticed that he looked older and greyer than he had when I last visited, and then with a faint shock realized that I also looked older and greyer. So subtly does the Ancient Enemy creep up on all of us...

We had some Portuguese Espresso and enjoyed some hash mixed with tobacco—a Continental custom that all the cancer warnings in the world hasn't abolished yet. You have to go North Africa, or come back to the States, to find straight hash without nicotine poison added.

De Selby reacted with caution when I mentioned my researches into the murky Priory of Sion. "Ah, *oui*," he said dubiously. "Everybody wants to know more about them, except me. I'd rather know less, thank you. Some things should not allow themselves to become known, I think... But have you seen Lamy's book yet?"

I confessed that I hadn't seen the book, or even heard of it.

"Oh," he said happily. "This you will enjoy immensely." And he went rummaging through the archives, shelves, desk drawers and general rubble, until at last he produced the book: *Jules Verne: Initiate et Initiateur*, by Michael Lamy.

"Do you know this man, Lamy?" I asked.

"Nobody does," he said darkly. "Some say he doesn't exist. The name may be a mask for the CIA, the KGB or even the Priory itself, for all I know. Some actually claim 'Lamy' is another front for UMMO. In this post-modern world... Well, you know your Jarry and Nietzsche..." Then he excused himself, retiring to the computer room. "You will want some time with this," he said. "It is, as the Irish say, enough to make a bat grin."

I picked up the book and started to browse, doubting that I could read it all in one afternoon. I soon found that M. Lamy's text surpassed all Priory of Sion literature I had seen to date; it would not only make a bat grin, as de Selby said—it might even make an owl laugh out loud.

According to my notes, Lamy spends a lot of time discussing the origins of the vampire legend in general and noting curious parallels between Christ and Dracula, especially the details of rising from the grave and instituting cannibalistic rituals—only symbolic cannibalism in the Christ case, according to Protestants, but real cannibalism *disguised* as symbolic cannibalism, according to Catholics. (It depends on



whether you believe the bread *literally* turns into the flesh of a dead Jew. Catholic dogma claims it does.)

I suddenly saw the synecdoche: How could I write this book on the counterfeits of reality and the reality of counterfeits without taking note of a widespread masque in which believers claim to consume flesh and blood, swilling it down with the gusto of Hannibal Lecter, where unbelievers see only bread and wine? From a phenomenological, or even a 'pataphysical, point of view, if the participants in a social rite fervently believe they have enjoyed a cannibalistic feast, then those words describe their *experience* accurately. The detached observer who sees no flesh or blood has not entered the participatory gloss of the group, their reality-tunnel, and merely brackets the experience differently, seeing the external acts but not the internal meaning—like a deaf man watching but not hearing a symphony orchestra.)

M. Lamy takes off, then, from Christ's "walk through Hell" in Catholic art (an event not mentioned in the Bible itself) to underworld journeys in general, and, of course, the hollow earth theories of Symmes, Blavatsky, Shaver *et. al.* By the time I decided that Lamy intended, like de Sede, to do a lot of hinting and very little real explaining, he finally came to his title character, the uncanny Verne.

Why and how did this unique man describe so many events that occurred nearly a hundred years later in ordinary time? Lamy lists some of the more eerie details; e.g., the first "real" moon landing took off from the same part of Florida as the first fictional moon voyage in Verne. (To fit the theme of the present book better, I recall that a popular film, *Capricorn One*, shows how the government could have faked the "real" moon landing, if they had wanted to.)

Lamy, after trying to sell Verne as a mutant prophet (a pre-cog in current sci-fi jargon) examines Verne's politics, which he defines as Orleanist or aristocratic-anarchistic. (Americans not familiar with French politics can replace Orleans with Howard Hughes, and will get the general idea, although not the historical context.) Lamy then does his own riff on the Illuminati theme: Orleans, not Weishaupt, served as the real

Grandmaster of the Illuminati; the Orleanist-Illuminati conspiracy recruited Verne in his youth; all of Verne's heroes and/or hero-villains have the same aristocratic-anarchistic attitudes that Lamy identifies with the Illuminati. Verne's novels, M. Lamy wants us to believe, serve as subliminal Illuminati propaganda for most readers and also double as cloaked recruiting manuals for those who can read between the lines. The Priory of Sion, similarly, acts as a masque to befuddle the unworthy and lead the proper persons into the Illuminati.

We then go back, one more time, to that "accursed" church of Mary Magdelene (the one that actually announces its accursed status on the door, remember?) The real secret has nothing to do with treasures of gold or genealogies of Jesus and Ms. Magdelene: the church itself contains the treasure and the secret.

Yes: If you go down to the cellar of the church, Lamy assures us, you will find a carefully hidden sub-cellar; and, beneath that...the tunnels to the inner worlds of the Earth described in Jules Verne's *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*. And at the center, you will find...not Shaver's sadistic deros, but superhuman, godlike immortals, who act as the Inner Heads of all true occult orders and manage the long-term project of educating humanity for the day when it can handle the responsibility of also becoming immortal and godlike.

I liked that a lot. I had never thought before that the mysterious lore of the "Inner" Heads might actually contain a plain geological meaning.

My beeper buzzed and I realized I had to catch my plane for Zurich. I bade a hurried good-bye to de Selby and took off. Only later did I realize that my notes did not include the publisher of Lamy's book. When I wrote to de Selby about that, he replied that he had had the book on loan from a Bavarian woman named Anna Sprengle, who had returned and claimed it. It has evidently gone out of print already.

But here I must insert another inconclusive little anecdote. Mr. Frederick Lehrman, dean of Nomad University, Seattle, told me a while back about a curious visit he made to the Magdelene church in Rennes-le-Chateau. Here,

Lehrman says, he met a French researcher who has found a completely new clue—one of the statues of Magdelene had a hollow space at the bottom. The Frenchman, according to Lehrman, managed to open it—and found a German newspaper for 1904.

Dean Lehrman, alas, could not remember the exact date. Only romantic fantasy, and a taste for these games, underlies my hope that the paper actually says June 16, 1904.

Anyway, whatever the precise date, the researcher told Lehrman that some words in the newspaper have heavy underlining. He intends to work on the code until he "cracks" it.

Will it tell us more about the hollow earth? The married life of Jesus and Mary Christ? Those intrusive blokes from Sirius?

Or will it just say "Noon blue apples" again?

## VIRTUAL REALITIES WITHOUT COMPUTERS

*In Which We Discover  
That People Who Don't Exist  
Can Influence Those  
Who Do*

"If I put something in my mouth,  
I want it to be the best."  
—The Fabulous Baker Boys

"You cock-sucker!"  
—Glengarry Glen Ross

When Swift arranged to have his most famous (and explosive) work delivered to the publisher the way spies deliver Military Secrets in the dark of the moon, he acted partly out of prudence (censors could imprison or even kill in those days, and the book constitutes a gross and obscene libel on the state, the church, the law and humanity in general)—and partly, perhaps, out of the mad logic required of a truly creative counterfeiter.

Thus, disguised as fact, the 18th Century received its most subversive fable, and horses who had *humanitas* where they should have had *equinitas* befuddled our literary tradition forever, together with malodorous primates called Yahoos who didn't have *humanitas* at all. A most amazing anticipation of Darwin.

Scientific Lem Gulliver also described the two moons of Mars before astronomers "discovered" them. Art and magick have strange linkages, and great masques always include odd little details like that, to linger on as puzzles when the major hoax has collapsed.

Here, said Mr. James Joyce to the Paris intelligentsia of 1922, *I offer you a shockingly realistic novel*. And everybody nodded sagely, appreciated the genius of Joyce's prose, and swallowed the realism claim like art dealers grabbing up Elmyrs before 1968. After all, in what previous "realistic" novel, did the hero defecate, urinate, and masturbate? And the heroine fornicate, menstruate and urinate? In the 72 years since then, we have gradually noticed that the ultra-realistic *Ulysses* parodies every other realistic novel, parodies romantic novels and epics also, even parodies itself, and contains 102 synchronicities, 3 cases of ESP, one case of precognition, one ghost walking in the broad daylight of a Spring afternoon, another ghost wandering at midnight, and more uncertainty than quantum equations. Like the first perusers of *Travels in Remote Parts of the World*, by our boy Lem Gulliver, most readers simply had mistaken satire (or something else...) for objective reporting, just because they believed in labels—"travel book" or "realistic novel," respectively.

The "hoax" or "counterfeit" element in the art of Swift and Joyce does not register merely a peculiarity of the Celtic temperament. Every college by now has suffered the phantom student prank, or a good attempt at it. In this Swiftian invasion of the Infobahn, a notational student appears on all relevant records, and, in successful cases, proceeds smoothly from registration, to excellent marks in most courses, to triumphal graduation, without the necessity of existing in consensus reality at all, at all.

She or he exists only as pure information, in the sense that money or kilometers exist as pure information. (Or the sense in which I exist as pure information, now that Internet has had the assurance of some ~~Experts~~ or of some bold frauds—if you still think you can see a difference—who claim that the villains who killed me have also replaced me with a Virtual R.A.W....)

The notational student, we may assume, derives from the notational agent, a widespread practice in the Intelligence Community for some decades (and the plot gimmick of Hitchcock's hilarious thriller, *North by Northwest*.) The notational agent, created out of nothing, like modern (i.e., printing press) money, immediately begins acting real. A paper trail and supporting evidence shows that the Agent owns clothes, toothbrushes and all the necessities of a real person, has a passport and wallet with credit cards, "flies" in real airlines, "stays" at real hotels, and exists in almost every sense that you or I exist, except that he or she never manifests in the sensory world. Like the "normal" person, or even more like the "normal" world of CSICOP's pious belief, or even more like the phantom student, the notational agent lives only in Virtual Reality. (And we have heard the same claimed for all those rocks which, according to some Fundamentalists, appear four billion years old because the first Artist whimsically included them to make His work appear more than 6,000 years old. Does this theory make God an "artist" or a "counterfeiter" in your estimation?)

For two decades, mathematicians wondered about the brilliant but reclusive Nicholas Bourbaki. He wrote one dazzling mathematical paper after another, not in one field but in more areas of math than anyone since the 19th Century super-genius, Gauss. Everybody wanted to meet this stellar intellect, but Bourbaki never attended mathematics conferences and his vita always showed him on extended sabbatical from his last university post. At last, when his papers had his peers convinced that more than a new Gauss, they had a new Leonardo among them, somebody got suspicious.

Nicholas Bourbaki, like Lemuel Gulliver, the phantom student and the notational agent, never existed outside the information system. His brilliant papers covered so many unrelated areas of math because a committee of whimsical European mathematicians had produced them in collaboration.

The Gulliver hoax served a serious purpose ("human liberty," Swift said on his tombstone). The phantom student serves a purely psychic or ritual purpose;

such jokes release energy, anger and rebellious creativity in safely formalized manner: The high testosterone types adapting to the bureaucratic low testosterone world, but mocking it. The notational spy serves to confuse the enemy and send them on snark hunts. Bourbaki? I don't know. Ask the perpetrators.

What purpose would you attribute to the UMMO and Priory of Sion committees, if you accept them as human game-players?

And now that we have "unmasked" Gulliver and Bourbaki, or at least found the mask behind the mask, what of Jean Paulhan?

According to Reliable Sources, including ~~Expert~~ Testimony, M. Paulhan exists in the same world as you and me, and President Clinton, and O.J. Simpson, and Madonna. Proof of his existence? Many Reliable Sources claim to know him; he allegedly edits the *Nouvelle Review Francaise*; he certainly has standing as an ~~Expert~~ in literature. He even wrote the preface to *The Story of O*, that classic of porno-masochism. (Some claim he wrote the book, too.)

Nevertheless, for decades now, the College de 'Pataphysique has claimed that Paulhan doesn't exist.

Some kind of 'Pataphysical humor or paradox? Or do they know something we don't know? And why do I recall "noon blue apples" and the famous warning:

## DADA IS NOT DEAD WATCH YOUR OVERCOAT

In this context, consider the following document, allegedly received by an applicant for an instructor's position at the University of California:

Dear Dr.—

Thank you for your application for the assistant professor opening #279-923 in the Anthropology Board of Studies at the University of California, Santa Cruz. Enclosed you will find an ethnic identity card that must be completed and returned.

Germany in the 1930s or California in the 1990s? Political Correctness or a bit of guerrilla ontology again? "Real" or satire? (I will give the answer a bit later.)

And, because I often speak at Libertarian conventions, I have met quite a few people who have adopted the method of art (i.e., the method of the counterfeiter) in dealing with the Control System. Some of them pick up extra 1040 forms every year, fill them out with false names and addresses, then add them up incorrectly, so they show high income and incredible deductions, like a crude attempt to "cheat." They then mail these gross frauds to IRS; God knows how much time the Agency wastes looking for these notational taxpayers to collect the huge sums these unpersons "owe."

Other anarchists, less bold, merely write a different Social Security number on every form the Government or the Corporations impose on them. I presume the computers of the Control System have different folders for Joe Smith 171-32-7123, Joe Smith 181-42-6123, Joe Smith 161-56-1761, and all the other semi-fictitious Joe Smiths the real Joe has left in his anarchistic wake.

Somewhere or other, the painter Wyndham Lewis said that when alleged "objectivity" becomes a cult, parody becomes an irresistible urge. I would say, rather, that when inflexible Authority exists, the satirist and counterfeiter express two variations on, fundamentally, the same strategy for coping in such a world. The manufacturers/sellers of the "Guaranteed Drug-Free Urine" widely advertised these days exemplify the practical, as distinguished from artistic, mode of this insurrection.

Most of the "Guaranteed Drug-Free Urine" I have seen advertised comes from Boulder, Colorado. I can't imagine how anybody can find even a molecule of guaranteed drug-free urine within a hundred miles of Boulder, and I suspect the managers of this fraud have defrauded those who use the product to defraud the piss-police. Someday, somewhere, a seemingly obedient troll of the Corporate State, successful in hiding the symbolic rebellion of an occasional joint on Saturday night before love-making, will to his horror, show positive for hoof-and-mouth disease, and the managers

will have him "put down" before he can infect the rest of the herd...

When we contemplate UMMO and the Priory of Sion, we deal with projects that increasingly look more like serious frauds than mere pranks. But a good prank of this sort would *have to look somewhat serious*, and somewhat sinister, to function as a good prank, wouldn't it?

How about the Federal Reserve, then, which has convinced millions that the paper it prints "is" "real" "money"? Prank or fraud? Or perhaps some species of magick that only other sorcerers can understand?

Did the Priory, UMMO or even Lem Gulliver ever try to sell a yarn comparable to the National Debt of \$4,000,000,000,000 (four million million) that we allegedly "owe" to the people who print the paper and/or those who wave the magick wand that makes the paper "real" "money"?

Elmyr de Houry said it most bluntly:

*"Without the  
Experts*

*there would be no forgers."*



## THE SNAFU PRINCIPLE

**ALL GOOD WORK  
IS DONE  
IN DEFIANCE  
OF MANAGEMENT.**

**—BOB WOODWARD,  
WASHINGTON POST**

*A man's concepts  
must exceed his  
vocabulary or  
what's a metaphor?*

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*—Robert Anton Wilson*



## L/FE and DEATH on The \*Infobahn\*

**A**s most of you probably have heard, I died on the Infobahn on February 22, 1994.

Fortunately, this tragic demise did not effect my pre-on-line life, back in ordinary geospace (on Earth's surface). Thus, although dead in Cyberspace, I remained alive—merely ill—in geospace.

My patience finally paid off. It has become generally accepted that I have returned to life on the Internet, although a few remaining doubters still claim I really died and that any messages alleged to come from me actually emanate from a "virtual RAW" created by the CIA. Definitely alive in geospace and *probably* alive in Cyberspace, I feel more like Schrödinger's Cat than ever.

This whole merry prank—unleashed by Gremlins at M.I.T., my spies claim—has made it clear to me that, every year from here on, we will have more and more trouble deciding if we consider our geospace life the "real" and "essential" one, or whether our Cyberspace life has become more "real," or "essential," or at least more important.

For instance, while working on this issue of *Trajectories*, I have had at least a dozen friends conversing with me in Cyberspace. In geospace, even my best friends could not intrude on my working time in my home office that way; I simply would not allow it. In Cyberspace, they all become welcome; and all more or less consciously become collaborators and research associates. In Cyberspace, they have engaged me in seven to ten conversations relevant to this article or my current work, and maybe twenty to thirty irrelevant conversations, which nonetheless failed to distract me.

They failed to distract me because all these ghostly presences only "speak" when I open the line which connects me to the World Wide Web, the Infobahn, the Noosphere—or whatever you want to call

### Definitions:

#### **Geospace:**

A primitive construct created by the reception, integration and transmission capacities of the human nervous system; projected as a three-dimensional space and (comparatively) slow time in Aristotelian either/or manifold. Known as the *Veil of Maya* in mystic traditions.

#### **Cyberspace:**

Modern construct created by the reception, integration and transmission capacities of (at present) 20-30 million computers in conjunction with about 10-to-40 million part-time to full-time human nervous systems; conceptualizable only as n-dimensional space, fuzzy logic and speed-of-light time.

#### **Infobahn, Internet, World Wide Web, Information Superhighway:**

Names used confusingly for various functions of the Net, or for the whole Net, because no standard terms have won total acceptance. More confusingly, these names also refer to future functions not yet on line but in development; i.e., computer-TV Networking.

the mapped-out or colonized part of Cyberspace. When totally absorbed in writing, I don't let them speak, simply by not opening that line. When blocked or stumped in my writing, I open the line—and friends all over the world have new messages, at least one of which gets me started again.

In geospace some of my friends and collaborators have bodies located in

Germany, England, Australia, Florida, Hawaii, a few miles away in the Santa Cruz mountains, over the hill in San Jose, and across town in my daughter's business office. In Cyberspace, they also exist in this room as voices I know and trust—whenever I want them here.

If I had to choose, I would rather die in geospace and remain alive in Cyberspace than to die in Cyberspace and retain the shadowy half-life of those lost in geospace.

For those not yet on-line, a few estimates of the current size and growth rate of Cyberspace might seem appropriate:

- According to KTEH-TV, the PBS channel for Silicon Valley, the Infobahn now has 10 to 30 million humans and/or computers, increasing at 10 per cent per month. In other words, colonized Cyberspace doubles every eight years.

A local computer wiz (who made enough money to retire at 40) gave me a different estimate: 20 million computers, only 10 million regular users, but still increasing at 10 per cent per month. My own SysOp (systems operator) says he believes the correct figures would show 30 to 40 million units increasing at one million per month. Prof. Negroponte of MIT's Media Lab says 20 million users increasing at 10 per cent a month, and points out this would include the whole world by 2003 if other factors did not interfere.

These vague other factors = the "backwardness" of the nations ripped off by Europe and America in the primitive (piratical) stages of capitalism, before Cyberspace. The Infobahn itself, by circulating ideas and information faster than ever, will help these nations achieve parity quicker than most people expect, I think. Last year I sat next to an African intellectual, on a flight to Portugal, and found out that he runs the biggest computer company in a country so small I had never heard of it. I bet he'll have half that country on Internet before 2000. I also bet that hustlers like him exist in

every other "emerging" nation.

But the Infobahn has too many ramifications and implications for one article, or even for one book. Here, let me just mention some trajectories that interest me this week.

A month ago, Arlen called a local talk-radio show and disputed the claim that this "is" a "Christian" nation. She quoted from memory the Treaty with Tripoli, 1797, which explicitly states that "the United States is not in any sense a Christian nation" and has no animosity toward "Musselmen"—1797ese for Moslems. Immediately, a Fundamentalist called in and said the Treaty did not say that at all. She went to the tiny local library, the next day, to see if she could find a book of U.S. treaties. Due to Pete Wilson's economics (millions for his rich backers, not one penny for libraries) she found nothing. Meanwhile, I found it on Internet, in the Virtual Library of my local carrier.

This, admittedly, does not happen often—not for me, not yet. I don't know the system well enough to find information that quickly. For instance, I have access to a much larger Virtual Library at CERN, Switzerland, but most of my experiences there have proved frustrating. Sometimes I find what I want; more often I wander down a "thread"—a series of links approaching what I want—and then lose the thread due to some error on my part, or some defect still in the system. In any case, the Virtual Library at CERN still remains small in comparison to what it can become and will become.

The defects in Internet annoy me less than I thought they would before I emigrated to Cyberspace. These "bugs" seem astonishingly minor compared to the chaos that could occur if the technology of modems had not advanced so far so fast. I still find it near-miraculous that 20 million (or more) computers, made by different companies, using different systems of software, can form a Net that *does* work so well so much of the time that using it feels like sheer delight—except when one of the bugs really gets mean...

When you send a disk to a friend, and she or he has, say, a Mac with System 7.0, and your disk comes from your Mac

with System 6.7, the 7.0 system often cannot read the 6.7 system. The modem seems, as I said, sheer genius, because it allows me to talk to friends who don't have Macs at all—friends who have IBMs, or other heathen inventions. When you consider 20-plus million systems and their eccentrically different software, the modem almost reminds me of the "Universal Translator" of science fiction.

The earliest parts of Internet, as everybody knows, emerged from the Cold War. The *Ur-Net*, in those days, merely served to ensure that the military could stay in communication even during nuclear war. This shady and sinister background now appears a blessing. *Nobody can successfully censor the Infobahn*. Designed as decentralized to survive nuclear attack, this decentralization has increased as more and more systems have entered the Net. Any attempt at censorship would quickly become as funny as the kind of Three Stooges routine where Curly, Larry and Moe all run around plugging holes in a water pipe and more and more water pours out of more and more new holes.

Concretely, if some *soi-dissant* Censor sets up a block at Point C, and you send a message that usually passes Point C, the signal will not stop there. It will search the Net for another path to its destination. Let the censors set up a hundred blocks, a thousand—the signal will find another path. Such "redundance of potential control" (as Weiner called it) can survive nuclear war, as I said; it also simply will not let itself get blocked by mere puritan malice. Only a World Government (the last thing wanted by the right-wing smut-hounds who long for censorship) might have a chance to block the info-torrent; and even that seems doubtful. The people who know the system best all tell me that cryptography techniques exist that would get by even the most tyrannical planetary snoopers.

Some, of course, still think censorship can work in Cyberspace. Two such idiots happen to sit in the U.S. Senate and they (Senators Exon and Gorton) have come up with a bill, S.314, that even surpasses our "war on drugs" in the number of ways it destroys individual freedom, violates the Constitution and creates an endless boondoggle (due to its

unenforceability). But, worse yet, if any attempt to enforce this Mad Tea Party law does happen, it can only push the U.S. back further toward the Dark Ages while the rest of the world moves into the 21st Century, because such an attempt will cripple the whole U.S. networking industry, while the Net grows and thrives everywhere else.

Concretely, any carrier who tries to live up to the proposed Exon-Gorton law will have to hire hundreds and hundreds of new workers to read every message that passes through their mesh on the Net. In most cases, this will number hundreds of thousands of signals in a day. Few carriers have the funds to hire that many snoopers, and hence would go bankrupt; the snoopers of the giants that survive would have the near-impossible task of guessing what some judge elsewhere might later consider "obscene"; and nobody can snoop into modern crypto anyway, because it would take billions of years to crack the good codes.

Exon and Gorton simply want to apply the laws of geospace to Cyberspace, a task as impossible as building a perpetual motion machine, flying an airplane on orange juice instead of petrol, or extracting moonbeams from cucumbers. I have seen many tragic examples of scientific illiteracy in Congress, but never anything quite as ignorant as Exon-Gorton's S.314. We might as well have a government of chimpanzees.

Unfortunately, some observers say the new Congress has lots of people scientifically backward as Exon and Gorton, and this idiocy might become law. If so, the U.S. will cease to play an important role in the new world economy, and might as well return to the agricultural Republic of 1800, since the advanced world will always need food.

On the other hand, the White House remains in the hands of people who do have some education. As soon as the Clinton team moved in, in January 1993, I remember reading—it impressed me—they threw out the whole Reagan-Bush computer system, junk dating from the 1970s, and installed a state-of-the-art system.

You can try that system right now, if you have a modem and want to study the difference between Clinton-Gore and the

dinosaurs on the hill.

Send e-mail to:

publications@whitehouse.gov

Keyboard in only the following words:

send file 317571

send file 317573

send file 317575

See what shows up in a few minutes, and read it. You will learn more about what has happened in the last two years than the mass media has ever told you.

A while back we mentioned encryption as one of the techno-facts that will frustrate censors. Cryptospace, in fact, has many startling implications and marks the point where the Infobahn shows its greatest potential for developing a ramshackle techno-anarchism totally beyond the control of the banks and governments—the Great Pirates, as Bucky Fuller called them—who have previously owned and governed Spaceship Earth.

People who should know have said that electronic money either now exists or soon will exist in encrypted "alternate universes" within Cyberspace. Naturally, the ambiguity here results from the fact that every government and bank in the world will go ape when they hear about what may already have happened.

I quote two sources circulated on the Net itself:

"Strong cryptography, exemplified by RSA (a public key algorithm) and PGP (Pretty Good Privacy) provides encryption that essentially cannot be broken with all the computing power in the universe...

"Digital mixes, or anonymous remailers, use crypto to create untraceable e-mail...

"Digital cash, untraceable and anonymous (like real cash) is also coming..."

—from "Crypto Anarchy and Virtual Communities," by tcmay@Netcom.com.

"The government doesn't want you using cryptography, because they want to know where your money is so they can get some of it. And they don't like you using drugs, unless the government is the dealer."

—from "J. Orlin Grabbe," via tcmay (see above).

According to the *Encyclopedia of Social Inventions* (Institute of Social

Inventions, London, 1990), the first non-interest-bearing non-taxable virtual money came into existence among Net user in Vancouver in 1983.

Makes you wonder what has happened in the past twelve years and how you missed out on it, maybe?

Such money, like that in many anarchist Utopias, serves the users as medium of exchange, and, since they create it themselves for joint usage, they do not have to pay interest for each electronic dollar they create. The possibilities here will stagger you when you remember that several critics of our geospace banking system (Tucker, Fuller, Gesell, Fisher, etc.) have calculated that the "price" of almost every commodity consists of 40% salaries and profits to those who create and distribute it, and 60% interest charges paid by each trader along the 20-to-30-step route from raw material to finished product in a store window.

For over a century, alternate currency plans have aroused various reformers who have understood these facts and realize that every commodity could sell for less than 50% of its current price, if we issued our own currencies instead of using bank notes. The bankers blocked these reforms by persuading governments to pass laws against such rival currencies. Now, these currencies exist in parallel worlds, hidden by encryption, where government can't find them.

And the IRS can't find them, either.

An underground economy without interest or taxes would seem to offer all that socialism ever promised without taking away one jot of our freedom—indeed, by actually increasing our freedom.

Other Cyberspace potentials seem even more revolutionary, but I will write about them in later issues.

One final note: an old Internet hand, much more experienced than I am, says that he knows five—*five!*—experienced computer scientists who believe that an "entity" has formed within the Net...an entity with more intelligence and guile than any of its component parts.

Would you call that theology, demonology or codology?

As for me, I don't know about that "entity" idea but for years I have noted the

omnipresence of the phenomenon that Bucky Fuller called synergy—the non-additive process by which a *change in structure* makes a system much more powerful and unpredictable than the sum of its parts ( $2 + 2 = 5$ ). The Infobahn seems to have all the traits of a very advanced synergetic system, and two years from now will have "behaviors" and "talents" that the most starry-eyed Futurist has not yet guessed...

## Dreadful Drugs

*kaka pharmak edoken*  
(She gave them  
dreadful drugs)  
—Homer, *Odyssey*

According to the U.S. Surgeon General's Actuarial Information for 1990, death from drugs ranked as follows:

TOBACCO	360,000
ALCOHOL	130,000
PREScribed	
DRUGS	18,675
CAFFEINE	5,800
COCAINE	2,390
HEROIN	2,147
ASPIRIN	986
MARIJUANA	0

(from *Grey Areas*, Fall 1992)

When informed of these statistics, Congress moved immediately to lift the ban on marijuana and allow seizure of your home and car if they caught you in possession of cigarettes or booze. Of course they did. Then they stopped taking bribes from lobbyists and the tooth fairy descended and gave each of them a sugar plum.

# Straws in The Wind

## VOTERS & MOTORS

The so-called "motor voter" law of the Clinton team—which makes it possible to register to vote while renewing an auto license—has already begun to produce significant results. In Florida, an average of 3000 new voters have registered every day since the law went into effect, and in Georgia 52,000 new voters registered in January 1995 alone—as compared to 88,000 in the whole of 1994 (before the law went into effect).

In California, Republican governor Pete Wilson tried to block the law in the courts, in accord with the widespread belief that these new voters, coming largely from the poor and the minorities, will tend to vote Democratic. On March 2, 1995, U.S. District Court Judge James Ware overruled Pete and ordered the state to comply with the law.

Source: *ACLU News*, March-April 1995

## QUO VADIS?

According to the 1994 Statistical Abstract of the U.S. Census bureau, Americans in the 1990s:

- live longer than at any previous time;
- smoke less than before;
- spend more on books than previously (despite warnings that TV or computers would destroy literacy...)
- own less guns than they used to;
- still have the highest violent crime rate in the world, alas;
- have suffered a decline in real wages (purchasing power) between 1980 and 1992; and
- have more college graduates than ever before.

Source: *San Jose Mercury News*, 13 October 1994

## PIGGING OUT

Recent Congressional spending:

- \$275,000 for seafood research in Oregon, sponsored by Sen. Mark Hatfield of Oregon; \$2,600,000 for the Hatfield Marine Science Center, also in Oregon, also sponsored by Hatfield.

- \$20,300,000 for Next Generation Radar Construction. (The Department of Commerce declared \$17,600,000 of this seemed unjustified to them.)

- \$210,000,000 for hi-tech "defense" weapons, although with the Cold War over, nobody knows who we need "defense" against...

- \$300,000 for bicycle improvement research.

- \$15,000,000 for construction of a footbridge from New Jersey to Ellis Island, even though a ferry will take you there today; this legislation sponsored by New Jersey Senator Frank Lautenberg.

- \$936,000 for chiropractic research in Iowa, sponsored by Sen. Harken of Iowa.

- \$400,000 for the Maui algal bloom crisis in Hawaii, sponsored by Sent. Inouye of Hawaii. According to the Department of Commerce, no algal bloom crisis exists in Maui.

Source: *The 1995 Pig Book*, Citizens Against Government Waste, 1301 Connecticut Ave. #400, Washington 20036.

## WORLD GAME UPDATE

In 1989, we first reported on Buckminster Fuller's World Game Institute, which uses computers to monitor and find solutions to the world's problems following Bucky's "Prime Directive," namely that any proposed solution must advantage all humans without disadvantaging any. We noted then that the number of World Game seminars had increased in the previous three years (33 in 1987, 55 in 1988 and 92 in 1989).

Current report indicates the WGI, now under the command of Fuller's former pupil Medard Gabel, presented 161 workshops in 1994, reaching 16,000 people and giving them experience in working on real-world problems. The Institute has also received feature coverage in *Omni* (March) and *Education Today* (April)—but remember, you read about it here first.

Source: *World Game Report*, Winter 1995

## TO KILL FOR

A woman standing trial in Chicago for allegedly attempting to have her husband murdered set an interesting price on human life. According to a police tape played in court, she said she didn't have enough money to pay a reasonable price for the hit, but she offered the hit man a deal: If he'd kill her husband, she said, she would give him oral sex every day for ten years. 3,652 blow jobs (counting leap years) for one night's work...Hmmm...

Source: *Chicago Tribune*, November 11, 1994

## PUSSY ANXIETY

Bruce Deam—female, despite her first name—drives around Menlo Park, California, with a personalized license plate saying A PUSSY.

No, no, Deam's not a hooker; she just loves cats. Indeed, a photo of her car in the San Jose paper shows it decorated with every type of feline ornament, and her house has cat sculptures, T-shirts, cards, books, coffee cups, towels, toys and... Well, anything a pussy-lover would want, including three real live Siamese cats. As the new Puritanism gains momentum, however, Ms. Deam has fallen into the net of the Anti-Sex League. The California DMV wants her to surrender her license plate, because it has offended a few PC types and their curious bedfellows, the redneck Fundamentalists.

Deam intends to fight the case, saying she has a right to advertise her love for *felix domesticus*. After all, nobody would get in trouble for a personalized plate that said A MUTT, would they?

Source: *San Jose Mercury News*, August 16, 1994

Ah, for the innocent days of yore when the subversive W.C. Fields not only wrote and starred in a film called *The Bank Dick*, but included in it a bar named the Black Pussy Cafe. Dick and pussy together—and the bluenoses of the Censorship Board knew too little of sexual slang to catch on...

## OUR NATIVE CRIMINAL CLASS

Senator Bob Dole, leader in the GOP fight against the Clinton health insurance plan, has had full health insurance provided by the government for 39 years now.

Source: San Jose Mercury News, October 12, 1994

All industrial nations but ours have a national health insurance plan. We provide national health insurance only to Congress and convicts. Why these two groups, I wonder? Why treat them differently from all the rest of us?

The only clue that comes to mind: Mark Twain's famous observation that "the United States has no native criminal class, except the Congress." Perhaps the rest of the industrial world believes all citizens should have health insurance, but our country believes only the scoundrels deserve it? That doesn't make sense, does it? Any better explanation?

## PROLONGEVITY

According to the U.S. Bureau of the Census, the number of Americans over 100 years old doubled in the last decade, from 18,000 to over 37,000, and will probably double again before the year 2000.

Source: San Jose Mercury News, October 5, 1994

## FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

According to the Center for Media and Public Affairs, the three major TV networks have shown a clear anti-Clinton bias in nearly two-thirds of all news, as compared to a 51/49 split in coverage of George Bush during his term in office. Virtually no bias in favor of Clinton's health plan appeared, although much bias against it did. (Statistics and supporting details: *Washington Spectator*, October 1, 1994.)

Freedom of the press, evidently, still belongs to those who own the press.

## RUMOR OF THE MONTH

The Shann Nix talk show on Radio KGO (San Francisco) did an hour of conversation recently about an eight-year-old girl who had turned her

mother in to the authorities for smoking pot. Most of the listeners disapproved and made comparisons to the *Hitlerjugend* and similar brainwashed kidgroups in Communist nations; two approved and praised the snitch for "tough love" (saving her mother from alleged cannabis "addiction" by having her put in jail. Yes, Virginia, some people still believe in this myth, and they teach the courses that encourage kids to fink.)

The call that really jarred Ye Editor and qualifies for any collection of Urban Folklore, however, concerned another case, which the caller alleged she knew of personally. In this lovely family, the child, also a girl, prevents any parental control or discipline by keeping a large sign with the number of the Child Abuse Hot Line next to her phone. The caller claimed that the little darling has a virtual tyranny over the household, because both parents feel that, in the present climate, everybody would believe the kid if she accused them of *anything*, and nobody would believe them...

Source: "Shann Nix Show," KGO Radio, San Francisco, March 26, 1995

## SOUND OF SILENCE

A letter going around the Internet since February urges support for the Gingrich-Elders Plan. This plan, the letter says, will allow for 15 minutes per day of silent masturbation in public schools, and will make a major contribution to the struggle against our rising teenage pregnancy rate.

Now, as indicated elsewhere in this issue, I don't believe everything I see on the Internet, but this plan does make sense. In fact, it resembles the brave stand taken by Ann Landers over a year ago, when she said that, since condoms sometimes fail and abstinence just will not win the allegiance of all, the best course for young people who "can't wait" lies in affectionate mutual masturbation. This will not only reduce the number of unwed moms, Ann pointed out, but will also cut into the spread of AIDS.

So, whether this started as a joke or not—let's get behind this idea. You can phone Newt at (202) 225-4501.

Let the man know that Americans in great numbers want him to support

(a) more silence;

(b) more piety (ecstatic cries of "Oh, God!" "Jesus!" etc., will certainly become common in our high schools);

(c) less unwed pregnancy; and

(4) less AIDS.

## CONSPIRACY TO HIDE NOTHING?

A new view of the John F. Kennedy assassination "conspiracy" has appeared, authored by journalist Max Holland (a regular contributor to *The Nation* and *Review of American History*). According to Holland, the Warren Commission *did* hide a great deal, as both Warren himself and later President Gerald Ford have admitted. However, nobody consciously tried to hide a conspiracy, or even suspected one: They just followed normal Cold War operation procedures, which involved treating almost anything and everything as a "national security secret." Holland regards this as "one of the greatest misjudgments in American history," because it led to doubt, anxiety and deep cynicism about our government.

Source: *Washington Spectator*, November 15, 1994

(Yeah, but some of us think doubt, anxiety and cynicism make the safest attitudes toward *any* government....)

## THE CIVILIZING PROCESS

Recent research indicates that, contrary to widespread myth, violent crime has decreased over long periods in every nation for which we have accurate records.

At the Atlanta meeting of the Social Science History Association, papers demonstrated that the murder rate in England dropped steadily between 1340 and the present, especially in large cities like London. Similar results in Amsterdam and other cities have also been found.

"What we are finding is that violence is not an immutable human problem. There really has been a civilizing process," said Prof. Eric Monkkonen (UCLA), summarizing the statistical evidence.

Source: San Jose Mercury News, October 23, 1994



A Trajectories Bonus:  
An Advance Selection From

# Bride Of Illuminatus

## PART ONE: *Like A Virgin...*

No malfunction! Number five is alive! — *Number Five*

I am not a number! I am a *free man*! — *Number Six*

A census taker tried to quantify me once.

I ate his liver with some fava beans and a big Amarone. — *Hannibal Lecter, M.D.*

### JUST SAY YES.

#### **Yes I will Yes. No. The fuck? "What?"**

I said, if you can hear me, just say yes. But I'll wager you can hear me, or you wouldn't have said "What." Say a bit more just to reassure me, there's a good girl.

She didn't dare open her mouth. Water would come pouring in, all the waters of the great rivers, Mississippi, Nile, Amazon, Avon, Necker, Danube, Anna Liffey, babbling, bubbling, deloothing. Deloothing? Nothing made sense.

Winifred realized that she was *Under The Influence*—of something. Well, hell, the '70s were the great age of amateur neurological research. But she deeply, sincerely, devoutly wished she hadn't tried this particular mindmauler. It was not much fun being *Under The Influence* of this, whatever the ringtailed rambling hell this was.

Overall there was a smell of—fried onions? William James had noticed that on his first peyote trip. But it wasn't really fried onions. What was it?

Winifred, listen to me, you're out of the lake. You're safe, you're comfortable, you're at peace.

"At peace," she repeated dubiously. That sounded too much like *bloody dead*. And the voice sounded a bit like some melon-headed psych major, without real training, fancying that he could talk people through bad Trips.

**Great day: I wake up and have to decide if I'm dead or bombed out of my skull. Just like the Tibetan Book of the Dead. And everything stinks of onions. No. Something like onions.**

You'll be hearing sounds now. You will hear my voice talking to you and you'll hear your own voice answering.

"Am I dead?" she asked. "Is this heaven or hell or some damned place like that?" Her voice—the voice that had roused cunnilingual fantasies in millions of 1970s boys and girls—echoed in her ears' labyrinths like the cry of a lone lost bat, far off: eerie.

"Dead?" The voice chuckled. "Dear Winifred,

you are very much alive. And safe and snug and comfortable. You just have to make a few mental adjustments—as the sultan said to the feminist." It spoke in a rich upper class British accent, silky, sly and sleek as a Televangelist's willy slipping smoothly into a cow's wally..

"I can't see anything," she complained, tentatively. It might not do to come on like *Gangbusters* in an unknown place talking to an unknown entity. She didn't believe in angels or demons, not exactly, but as for certain other critters— "night's black agents" ....—no, there were thoughts that she did not want to think. Not in this place, between death, dream and Disneyland.

"Well, that's because we start with sound, you see. We plug in sight next. What would you like to see, love?"

Why the hell did this voice keep calling her *love* ? It didn't sound like any friend or lover she could remember.

"I want to see where I am," Winifred demanded.

"Sir Arthur Edington said our notion of localization in space and time comes down to us from our ape-like ancestors and may have to be abandoned. Let us see where um ah you *might* be."

"You think I'm a fucking quantum particle? I don't dig that. Where am I *really*?"

But her vision was turning on and tuning in already, obviously under his control, not hers.

At first she saw only a warm, golden light, easy on her eyes. Then she began to distinguish objects. A greenish blur right in front of her. A reddish blur further off in the distance. Lots of orange and blue. She lowered her gaze, saw pink and white and brown. She hadn't had Acid in weeks, and yet the world had changed. Had the Earth Herself taken Acid?

Then, rather suddenly, *Things* came into focus. She was looking down at her hand, tawny pink, resting on a pants leg, eggshell white. She was sitting and she stared at the whiteness. "The colorless allcolor of atheism": where had she read that? "The Whiteness of the Wall?" No, but that was close.

Gradually her mind formed from billions of electrons and photons an image of a brown bench beneath her white slacks. She projected the brain's images outward and entered the normal illusion

called "reality." Raising her eyes, she saw a wild green Van Gogh explosion turn slowly into an ordinary cactus. It must stand about twelve feet tall. A saguaro. She was creating a universe out of all the info-bytes her brain could organize into a hologram.

Next: Looming over her, a giant reddish serpentphallos arose and her rationality edited and orchestrated it into a mountain that filled half the sky. A highway wound around it, like a DNA spiral, and she could even read two of the closer billboards: WE DON'T GOT TO SHOW YOU NO STEENKING BADGES and FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD.

Between the cactus and the mountain stretched an expanse of brick-colored sand sprinkled with shrubs that looked like some of the gaudier candelabra from King Ludwig II's summer castle. A rude breeze grappled with their branches, groping, grasping, persistent as an unpaid tax collector.

Winifred heard the wind whistling, heard the branches creak. And still smelled those stinking onions, or whatever they were.

But she didn't *feel* the breeze.

She held up her hand. No air brushing over it. Made a fist and struck her hand on her thigh. No sensation.

She couldn't *feel* anything.

"What's happened to me? What's wrong? I *am* dead, damn it..." She observed herself enter pure panic fear, but the fear dwelled only in her mind. She missed the thudding of her heart, the chill in her hands and feet, the stab of vertigo that always went with fearful thoughts.

**And I've been afraid a lot.** With that thought came a vision of a monster as vast as a galaxy, with a hundred faces and a thousand tentacles, each tentacle a million light years long. Black tentacles, blacker than space. But they did not terrorize her as much as those hundred unamiable faces, those unspeakable saurian-human-insectoid faces, each filled with obscene sadistic anticipation. And it smelled of onions or something worse.

"My little bride, my juicy morsel," it said. "Now we are together again. We shall become One."

And several of its raw, red mouths were opening.

## Take Two

"Winifred, Winifred, listen. You're going into a classic anxiety attack. If it gets any worse, I won't be able to help you. Just wipe out that bad image, whatever it was, and visualize, *really visualize*, a happy little birthday party when you were a child... a very happy party..."

Mother with her apron. Dad with the swastika on his uniform... Wolfgang, Werner, Wilhelm... She could suddenly see each of her brothers clearly, but only in her awakening memory, and looking as they did as adults. Memory could not reach further back yet, not in this Dali desert of liquefying images where she was stranded. Instead of pictures,

she found her mind remembered words, without any picture of who had said them or when: "*In de pekel zitten*" "*Ewige Blumenkraft*." "*Sasanach ithean cac!*" "*Yo shui mei-yo?*" "How much shit could a dipshit dip if a dipshit could dip shit?" The last made her giggle, and the anxiety passed.

"Good girl. Now for those intimate tactile and kinesthetic sensations—as the feminist said to the sultan. Here goes—"

Her heart beat hard. But reassuringly strong. If she could feel her heartbeat she wasn't dead. The palm of her hand felt her thigh, and her thigh felt the hand resting on it. Sensations coursed through her body from her toes to her head, and she closed her eyes and reveled in them.

It's like I haven't felt anything for a long time. Maybe I'm alive now but maybe I was dead until a few minutes ago? **O brave new world that has such "maybes" in it...** The Mummy Walks...

"You're a quick study, my girl. Of course, we'd expect that from one of the greatest musical talents of your day."

"My day? What day is this?"

"You're getting ahead of yourself. Let's stick with the senses. The sun never sets on the empirical. Later, abstract data. Right, here we go with smell."

And suddenly her nostrils were a battleground where the oniony stench struggled against the cinnamon scent of sand and cactus. She inhaled perfume of flowers, cool green grass, dry unmoving air, the cat-urine bittersweetness of eucalyptus. She stood up, stretched her arms out from her sides, clenched her fists and breathed deeply. She held her breath for a minute, savoring the hundred odors, then released it, opening her hands at the same time. The damned onions were still there, but overwhelmed by more pleasant aromas.

"I see you haven't forgotten your basic relaxation techniques. Good, very good. Now you'll experience taste. May I offer you some refreshments? What would you most like to drink or eat?"

She thought a moment, remembered her favorite treat. "A dish of vanilla ice cream."

"At once, love."

The ice cream appeared, two scoops, frost sparkling on its surface, in a plain tan bowl that seemed to go with the landscape. A brown spoon rested in the bowl. The Art Director was getting all the color tones right, she thought as she lifted the spoon. It felt like wood but probably wasn't. Some new plastic...

She picked up the bowl: sniffed at it, paused. It had that onion smell, but she sensed that it had been a long time since she'd had anything to eat. A very long time. And so things might well smell too funky or earthy at first. She brought a spoonful to her mouth. It felt cold and sweet.

But the taste—she feared she'd puke at first, but then held it in.

How could they ruin vanilla ice cream? What Bardo was it where they made you eat foul things? Or was that one of the lower rings of Dante's *Inferno*? Was she in a Buddhist hell, a Christian hell, or a general all-purpose ecumenical hell?

"What's in this ice cream?" she heard herself growing shrill: the female weakness that just led men to feel superior and more rational. "I mean," she added more levelly, "it does taste a bit uh perhaps Middle Eastern?"

"Just the usual ingredients. Regulation ice cream, love."

It occurred to her that she knew nothing at all about where she was or who was talking to her. It might be worse than any Hell. This man might be a minion of the traitor, the monster, the fiend, the destroyer, Hagbard.

At the thought of that name a kind of cornered-rat fear-and- rage sent adrenaline and bile through her: enough to bring on the nausea again. She saw an olive-skinned face with thick brows and penetrating black eyes. She wanted to smash that face, stamp on it with her stiletto heels till it was nothing but a mess of blood and bone fragments. Again, she stopped herself on the edge of vomiting.

What if this guy was working for Hagbard? And why couldn't she see him?

She tried another taste of the ice cream. This time she recognized the oddball flavoring. Pungent, curling her lips, strong enough to turn her stomach. A familiar flavor, one that was okay in its place; but not in vanilla ice cream.

**It wasn't onions at all, Professor James.** "Garlic!" she cried, knowing that the great psychologist had been to this otherworld before her.

"Quite. Wouldn't be legal without it, now would it? 'Be legal in the little things and the rapes and murders will take care of themselves,' my old governor used to say. But of course you're surprised. The Omni-Garlicization Amendment had not yet been passed in your day."

**They don't use much garlic in Germany. But what made me think of Germany?**

Fear came back, this time a parade of monsters, demons and assorted horrors with bands playing and banners waving. Cold all over, heart pounding away like Werner's drums, the nausea becoming a gut cramp, even the embarrassing sensation that she might wet herself.

And the thought of her brother Werner lacerated her heart and brought sudden tears.

But above, beyond and behind all that, came a wind from outer space cold enough to turn nitrogen solid as iron, an oily voice whispering words of sensual love and even more sensual pain and totally blind lust and sweet deadly mindmelding, terrifying her far more than if it were simply threatening to tear her to pieces. "My sister, my bride..."

She went back to her breathing, tensing and relaxing her muscles until she was in the desert again with the suspicious bowl of ice cream beside her.

"Did something happen to me in Germany? And what in the name of He Who Is Not To Be

Named is happening to me now? And you—what cactus are you hiding behind? How come I can hear you but I can't see you?"

With a pop and a ping and a ding-ding-ding a humanoid materialized before her. He looked like a stout elf; if she were to stand up she would be a head taller than he was. A long pointy nose was softened by jowls and a double chin. Bushy black-gray eyebrows reassured her. He wore a sort of toga of shimmering gray-green material that left his plump arms and shoulders bare and hung only down to his waist. Maroon tights encased his legs, decidedly unflattering to his pudgy thighs and calves. Gold buckles adorned his shiny black shoes.

"Who the fuck are you?" This was a weird-looking gent even on the weirdest morning of her life. He was ept, ruly and (seemingly) grunted, but otherwise egregious.

"I'm Michael Ellis, love. Just good old Michael Ellis. Everybody knows me."

Nothing strange about his wearing a costume, of course. Everyone had been in costume the night—

**The night I drowned.**

She almost screamed. But the man in green and maroon, this Michael Ellis was watching her with keen brown eyes. She'd been taught how to hide her feelings. Still, she couldn't help panting heavily, gasping for air. As she had that night—

**The night I drowned in Lake Totenkopf.**

**Something happened to me in Germany, all right. In my day.**

Her last night came back to her—beside a black Bavarian lake, an ocean of shifting light, a thundering surf of sound. A million people, most in their teens and twenties, a million lives to be sacrificed so four could achieve immortality as beings composed of pure energy. The drowned army of Nazi S.S. men with their dripping black uniforms and pea-soup colored faces marching relentlessly out of the lake. The hated old goddess sixty feet tall with her long red locks floating like banners and her cat's eyes looking everywhere.

The despairing cries of Wolfgang, Werner and Wilhelm as one by one they went under. And that oozing voice in her mind welcoming her to an afterlife that was the last thing she wanted, an eternal captivity within the mind of the demon emperor of space-time, the blind idiot-god —

Something pulling her down into the lightless water as she desperately struggled to swim. A hard mouth, irresistibly strong, seizing her by the ankle and pulling her under.

Hagbard's accursed dolphins.

She remembered the pain of drowning, coughing water out and more water pouring in, no air anywhere, water burning in her nostrils, water pounding in her lungs. Thick, dirty, cold lake water smelling of fish and dead Nazis and GOO, the Great Old Ones, of whom Al-Hazred had written, "As a foulness shall ye know them, and not in the spaces ye now inhabit but in between the spaces."

She sat back on the bench, her eyes shut, panting.

**I died. I died die. I died in Lake Totenkopf.**

She felt a hand on her shoulder and jerked away.

"Don't touch me!"

Opened her eyes and saw Michael Ellis, the ugly dwarf in green and maroon, standing over her. His breath smelled of garlic. She waved him away.

"Just trying to comfort, love. No harm intended. Bit of a shock, innit? I've done my best to shield you from it, but, yes, in point of fact you have died. But you haven't gone to Heaven. Or Hell. Or any other um *supernatural* domain, for that matter. You've died and you're alive again on dear old Mother Earth. Pretty soon you'll be up and about, walking and talking and leading your life exactly as you please. And I promise you, it's going to be a very exciting life—as the sultan said to the feminist. You're young and talented and beautiful and rich and famous. You'll be pretty much able to do anything you want. This is a great age to be alive, for a person like yourself."

"You said I'll be up and about, walking and talking. But I'm doing that now."

Michael Ellis coughed politely. "Well, not exactly, love. You're alive, all right, but what you're experiencing isn't life. It's the next best thing. Some people think it's better. It's what we call virtual reality."

She wanted to hit him. How dare he jerk her around? She remembered who she was, now. She was one of the Five. And you didn't jerk around one of the Five.

"You'd better get straight with me quick, Mr. Michael Ellis, or your name will be Michael Garbage."

"It's really quite simple, love. The corporeal you has but recently been thawed out. You're conscious, able to communicate, but you're not quite ready to turn somersaults and cartwheels and compete in the Olympics. The corporeal you is being well taken care of in a bed in a post-state of the art private room. But by the time your body is fully awake, we want your mind to be thoroughly oriented to your new situation. Which, may I say again, you will find to be delightful."

***I trust this guy about as far as I could throw a mastadon.***

"You mean I'm not sitting on a bench in a desert eating garlic-flavored vanilla ice cream and talking to a pudgy little creep who calls himself Michael Ellis?"

Ellis smiled blandly. "You've hit on it, love. All this, including me, is what we call virtual reality. The term wasn't even invented when you were—when you had your unfortunate experience in Lake Totenkopf."

"I want to see where I really am and what I really look like."

"We'll have to do that via virtual reality, too. If I were just to dump your consciousness back in your head, you wouldn't be able to see a bloody thing."

"What do you mean? Why not?"

"I'll show you. But brace yourself. If what you've learned so far has been a shock, this will give you a turn for fair."

Without any preliminary, not even as much as

a wave of Ellis's hand, everything changed. She was standing in a room with pale green walls. Ellis was beside her. There were no windows. It didn't smell like the hospital rooms she remembered, but she detected a trace of garlic in the air. Most of the room was empty, but one side was cluttered with machinery, none of which Winifred recognized, and multicolored tubes, cables and wires that reminded her unpleasantly of the tentacles of a certain cosmos-spanning cephalopod slimebag of whom she devoutly wished she could stop thinking. Her eyes followed the man-made tentacles.

They led into a forest of gleaming medical paraphernalia, where she saw something like a bed. It was a flat, black surface, at any rate, festooned with dials, buttons, knobs and other attachments. More blinking lights than a jetliner's control panel. On the bedlike surface she saw something like a human figure. It had arms and legs, at any rate, and the tubes, cables and wires all seemed to have inserted themselves into various parts of its anatomy. Wrapped mummy-like in gauze bandages, this mummy didn't walk: its head was swallowed by a shiny, ovoid helmet like a gigantic black beetle. Winifred felt her stomach churn.

"That thing on the bed? That's really me?"

"That's really one you, love. What you might call your unvirtual reality."

***Heilige fliegende kindersheisse!***

She screamed and virtually fainted.

## Take Three

Visualize whirled peas.

See whorls, curls and vortices. Blur.

Refocus.

They were sitting on the black and white veranda of Rick's Cafe Americain' and a black-and-white Rick Blaine and Captain Reynauld, at the next table, were discussing whether there were waters in Casablanca. A white airplane took off at the nearby black and white airport, roaring into the gray sky like some starry ogre.

But this was more voodoo—"virtual" reality without Technicolor— and Rick was really Humphrey Bogart and the Captain was that great character actor whose name nobody ever remembered, whozit? Claude Balls. Something like that.

"You see, love?" Michael Ellis said gently. "Virtual reality is the place to be, for you, until your Resurrection is complete. Hospitals are still places to scare the blue Jesus out of the newborn, of all ages. Just enjoy the artful blend of shadow and light. This film is a Classic."

"I don't like any of the movies before color."

Suddenly everything *turned on*. "Ted Turner's colored version," Michael Ellis said.

But somehow it was *less* like the colorful -smellable-tangible-visible-edible Casablanca in North Africa, and more like a Hollywood set. This cinematic Casablanca was *designed* to be black and white and gray and shadowy; color didn't fit it. She heard Rick, at the next table, unemphatically deny being a Romantic. She was (a) dead and (b) alive and (c)

in a movie made before she was born. It was too scary to think about, like what happened when you started browsing in a Phil Dick novel toward the end of an acid trip that you only *thought* was over.

"Please," she said. "Let's have the Classic." She was again submerged in the world of gray shadows and black/white highlights

"Did you ever hear of cryonics, love?" Michael Ellis asked with a sort of weary patience. He was a professional, and she may have had all the reactions Resurrectees usually have, mechanically and in sequence..."Cryonics," he repeated, seeing she had spaced out on seeing herself as maybe he (or Deity) saw her.

"Some kind of crazy California cult?" Winifred turned the statement into a question by a rising note at the last moment.

"It was much less crazy than most ideas around in your time, and it wasn't restricted to California. There were cryonic societies in most advanced, technological nations."

"They did this to me? Turned me into The Walking Mummy?"

"Oh, dear, in two days you will not look anything like a mummy and you won't act like one of the mummies in a horror film. This is not Egyptian superstition, love. This is modern science. 5000 years of technological progress have occurred since the Egyptians took the crude first steps toward human immortality."

"So I'm in the hands of cryonics nuts and a bunch of headfuckers? What happens if I don't get my tana leaves on time? I turn back into the Mummy and stalk the night?"

Michael Ellis looked at her very steadily then. "You are in the custody of JANUUS," he said gently. "And virtual reality is not headfucking. It has many beneficial uses—and a few nasty jokers have found some bloody awful abuses, I admit, and got injected for it. But. Right now, for you, it is essential. Without virtual reality re-framing, some people come out of the cryonic void too quickly and go a little queer in the head. You have to adjust—slowly—to a world whose laws and customs are unlike any you have known or imagined, as the feminist said to the sultan. And no tana leaves," he added with a gentle smile.

Winifred considered a moment, and then dared to ask, "If it won't shatter my tender little mind, can you tell me how long I've been frozen?" She heard herself asking it, and wondered if she believed any of this. *Many are frozen, but few are chosen.* She still thought it was more likely that somebody—or some Thing—was messing with her brain. No future science could create solid, in-depth, three dimensional hallucinations at will. Perhaps Ellis and Hagbard and their cohorts, the bastardly dastards, were using a combination of drugs and hypnosis on her, the dastardly bastards?

"Take another deep breath, love. This is the year 153 E.P. But you're not familiar with our

system. In the old calendar, this is...um...ah...Let me put it this way: we have thawed you out on the 50th anniversary of the day you died."

**That means this is, ah, 50 plus 76: 2026.**

Winifred pondered. "And why does your calendar start from ah uh the year 1873 in my calendar?"

"We are all 'Pataphysicians now. The Era Pataphysique begins with Jarry's birthday, September 8, uh 1873 as you said. September 8 is also the birthday of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Molly Bloom. Don't know why I mentioned that so early on. You're not ready for 'Pataphysical logic yet."

Winifred decided to let that gibberish pass by for a while. "And why does the whole world stink of garlic?" she asked instead, remembering again that William James had been to this otherworld earlier and thought the smell was onions. Then she forgot to breathe for a moment, after asking about the garlic. She was somehow afraid of the answer. Was she in a world where vampires were as common as paper cups?

Oh, well, I shouldn't worry about vampires. I'm one of the Undead myself...

"International Guano and Guacamole Convention of 120 or in your notation ah ah ah um 2003," Ellis said, answering her question. "Signed in Sainte Pomme-de-Terre-Tet by all 203 members of the Federated Nations. Under considerable pressure from the Health First party, of course."

I am nuts, she thought... So far out even Joyce and Dali haven't been here, and some of the mome raths really do outgrabe you—and they use rubber baby buggy bumpers when they do it. Or else they are messing with my brain deliberately and maliciously.

"Run that by me again," she said, with Bogart's cool. "Especially the Guano and Guacamole part."

A black-and-white Peter Lorre came running by, pursued by black and white French cops. They all ran down a gray alley to the back of Rick's Cafe Americain, with large Wellesian shadows running on the gray walls after them.

"Certain charges against the guacamole industry led to an international investigation," Ellis explained. "Basically, the Convention holds that no guacamole can be sold as '100% pure guacamole' if it contains more than 2% guano. Of course the guacamole industry fought like the huge dinosaurs they are and certain exceptions were stipulated. 18 exceptions in fact. For instance, if the outdoor production of the guacamole is impossible without huge quantities of guano being added by our feathered friends, and the best purification processes cannot reduce this to less than 2.1%... Or if the guacamole is to be sold only to the Sahara Club —"

"Wait a minute. How did the garlic get included in a guacamole Convention?"

"Well, the Health First Party are very stubborn... and, *entre nous*, love, very paranoid. You remember what Freud said about oral sadism and food obsessions. No international law ever passes without some of their amendments getting tacked on."

Shots rang out. Exit Lorre—too early in the movie, Winifred had always thought. "So we have World





Government?" she asked.

"Not quite. What we have, the Federated Nations, is a lot stronger than the United Nations of your day, but not quite cohesive enough to prevent a great deal of continuing factionalism. NATO and JATO still remain locked in 'economic' warfare, the Protestants and Catholics in Northern Quebec have been bombing and blasting for 36 years...and many corporations and other powerful entities, such as certain churches, are still ornery about many issues they just will not allow to come to a vote in the Federated Assembly."

"Sort of like the European Parliament in my day," Winifred ventured, "only on a planetary scale."

"But, of course, the real reason the smell of garlic is so strong around here," Michael Ellis said, "is that the cryonic lab is in Gilroy, California."

Winifred and her brothers had once played near there, in Monterey. She remembered a road sign: "To Gilroy, the garlic capital of the world," she quoted, as if she had seen it yesterday. "I saw that on a sign once," she explained.

"Well, actually, the political capital as well, now that garlic has become so important."

**Jesus and Mary Christ**, Winifred thought. **I wonder if the road signs from Monterey to Gilroy now say, "To Gilroy, the Garlic and Politics Capital of the World." What a stinking place to get reborn.**

She realized that "Michael Ellis," whoever or whatever he really was, was giving her time to think and absorb each new revelation. She wondered again if he was a drug-and-hypnosis-induced hallucination, or (as he claimed) a program in a virtual reality computer. Or one of the trickier demons in some bloody Tibetan Bardo. Or had she simply wiggled, lost her marbles, flipped, ran a few gallons shy of a full tank, gone where the Reality Principle can't find her?

"Tell me about the Health First people," she asked.

"I'll show you," he said. "Hang on for a demonstration of virtual newscasting. We're tuning in to a Health First rally in Vancouver."

## Take Four

Blur, blurr, bloop, plop. Refocus.

It seemed easier and less nauseating as she became accustomed to this quantum reality-jumping.

A Jackson Pollock was technicolorized by psychedelic dayglo artists and swiftly transformed into a huge and unamiable crowd. Michael and she were way, way back, to get a better view. There was no heavy rain and sleet, only a depressingly steady drizzle and biting cold winds and the damp mildew smell of watery rot—a rather good day for British Columbia.

Far, far in the distance, on a podium, a man was seemingly having epilepsy, or hysterics, or

speaking in tongues, or having the dreaded "conniption fits" characteristic of the Northwest. Gradually, Winifred realized this was a political speech. Still—the speaker was so near raving mania that it was hard to distinguish full sentences.

"Bombastic imperialistic symphonies.... patriarchal Marxist docudrama...more whole grains and locally grown fruits..." She was sure she had heard those words correctly. The rest was a pongoid howl from the jungles of forty millions years ago.

The speaker paused, dramatically. The crowd immediately began to chant: "Health First! Health First! Health First!" She recognized the tone of those spondees from old newsreels: *Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!* "HEALTH FIRST! HEALTH FIRST! HEALTH FIRST!" The salute, repeated with each spondee, was a raised arm, a clenched fist, and one finger elevated in the ancient sign of another spondee: "UP YOURS!"

"Get me out of here," she said tensely. "I know all I need to know about these people."

"HEALTH FIRST! HEALTH FIRST! HEALTH FIRST!"

Brrump. Swish. Clump. It got easier, and more natural, each time.

Refocus: Winifred looked around. She and Michael sat at a table in a seafront bar/restaurant, looking down at a lovely yacht harbor. "Where are we now?" she asked carefully, noting that all the food had that garlic smell. Oh, well, she was becoming accustomed to it. *Yes, Dr. James, there is another reality just next door. Or several. But this one does not smell of fried onions. It smells of garlic.*

"Little town called Capitola, love. Never became famous, never wants to. A retreat from the busy, dizzy world."

"And where is Capitola?"

"Not far from Gilroy. If anything requires us to return quickly to your physical body, I want us to be nearby, love."

"If I ordered a good German beer, it would have that garlic flavor, I suppose?"

"At this stage, perhaps not. But remember this is a virtual bar. The virtual staff won't hustle us if we just sit and talk and enjoy the view." Michael lit a cigarette.

Winifred simply stared. Nobody rushed over to remonstrate with Ellis as he inhaled deeply and belched smoke toward the bar.

"What are you doing?" she asked, stunned. She had visions of Health First Storm Troopers, herself arrested as an accomplice, dungeons and chains...

"It's only a virtual cigarette, love. We're in virtual reality, remember? The 2007 Universal Tobacco and Flatulence Prohibition Enactment does not apply to virtual states, virtual gases or virtual smells. Both the World Court and the Mexicali Supreme Court have so ruled, and their laws are the only ones that concern us here. We cannot be injected for smoking or farting in a virtual restaurant."

There was that strange word again. "Injected?"

"The most humane form of execution, according to scientific tests. Except for the usual terror and rage during the years on death row—especially among the

estimated one-in-twenty innocents who got condemned by computer error—there is no 'cruel or unusual' suffering in death by megaheroin injection. Some even claim the brain waves suggest that the condemned person actually floats off in a state of Buddha-like bliss."

**Jesus and Harry Christ. Capital punishment for smoking. But not in 'virtual reality.'**

"But—this doesn't make sense —"

"You see why you need a slow orientation period? A lot happens in fifty years these days." Michael inhaled happily. "Nobody can be poisoned by virtual nicotine molecules in a cyberrestaurant."

Winifred brooded a bit again. Michael Ellis let her brood.

"What do you look like in real reality?"

"What is real? I'm sorry; I know that annoys you... Oh well, you're still a woman of your own time... I look sort of like a dime or a penny, but I contain 20 megaquads of software."

"How can I tell when I'm in virtual reality and not in uh *real* reality?"

"Well ah that's um one of the bugs in the system," Michael said. "Sometimes you ah cannot really be sure—unless you can remember where the Reality Studio is and go back and check the dials." He looked at her seriously. "That may not be easy for beginners, who haven't quite gotten the hang of reality tuning."

Winifred brooded again.

"If you can have cigarettes in virtual reality, why can't I have ice cream without garlic?" she asked finally.

"You can, love. At this stage. We played up the garlic a bit to prepare you for the new world you're about to enter—the great big world where you are the richest and most famous Resurrectee to date, but everything will be terribly confusing to you at first."

The garlic smell ended abruptly. An new plate of ice cream appeared before her, without the smell. She spooned it up with delight, still brooding.

"Why that Orwell slogan on the billboard—FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD?" she asked, swallowing real vanilla. Or virtually real vanilla.

"Rat Liberation Day," Ellis said. "When they got rid of all the people who preferred real tobacco to virtual tobacco. I don't think we need to go into that quite yet. You must learn to jet before you warp, love."

She remembered the billboard again: rats with friendly smiles and men walking; but each man had a cigarette. FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD.

She pondered warping, and decided to wait on that one. "Who or what is JANUUS?" she asked instead. "You said I'm in their custody. Am I a prisoner?"

"Good Lord and Auntie Agnes, no! You are a patient. A temporary ward of the court. A person in recovery from the one illness considered incurable until a few decades ago—death. We are helping you

through re-birth."

**One of those Bardos. I knew it. The Tibetan version is just for Tibetan Buddhists. This version is updated for New Agers from the 1970s.**

"What does JANUUS stand for?" she asked, hiding her suspicions.

"Joshua Abraham Norton University of Uncertain Sciences. The research branch of In Denial Incorporated, the cryonic society that hauled you out of the lake, froze you, preserved you and has now given you a whole new life, free, gratis, for nothing—although they'd appreciate a Love Offering after you see how well your estate grew under their investments program during the last half-century."

"And why did they do all that just for little old me? They thought I looked like I'd fall for the Love Offering schlimazel?"

"Winnie, Winnie, Winnie, my love, don't you remember? You were *adored* by millions in your own time. In Denial wanted to publicize the cryonic idea. Getting you was almost as good as getting President Goldberg. No, on second thought, it was even better. In this decade there are literally billions of kids on Earth and in the thirteen space colonies who never heard of Goldberg or his assassination: such is politics. But everybody still knows and loves Winifred Saure. Your records still top the charts, especially since the Thawing was announced a month ago. All the media in the solar system are in Gilroy waiting for your first words when you awaken fully."

Winnie giggled. "Suppose I just told them to bugge off?" she asked whimsically.

"Those two words would appear in every media on all six continents—except of course the media of the Christian States of America, which is adjoining us, to the Southeast."

Winnie finished her ice cream, with a small sensual "mmm." Then she asked, "And my benefactors—why are they called In Denial Incorporated?"

"Because they deny every limitation on human potential that everybody else accepts as dogma. And well, they're hard heads. When they were founded being 'in denial' was jargon for not accepting Group Reality."

A beautiful young woman entered the restaurant, crossed to a chair with a good view of the bay and sat down. She was wearing a simple white blouse with a woven rose and carnation design, blue denim shorts and no shoes or sandals, and looked erotic enough to drive an archbishop to do 666 somersaults in front of the cathedral and then run after her waving his High Episcopal Phallos in one hand.

"The third Bardot," Ellis confided in a lower voice.

"The Third Bardot!" Winifred exclaimed. "I knew it! This is a Buddhist hell!" Thank God, she thought, unlike the Christian hell, the Buddhist hells were a temporary.

"Not B-A-R-D-O," Ellis said lowly. "B-A-R-D-O—Brigitte Bardot. A movie actress, a little before your time."

"But why did you call her the Third Bardo?"

"Third Bardot—second clone of the original

Bardot. You'll get used to the slang. The first Bardot is, despite modern technology, starting to look a bit um well fortyish. This clone looks just like the first Bardot did in her early movies, almost adolescent. The second clone is just about 35 now, and looks much like this clone."

"In my day cloning only happened to frogs."

"Its normal for humans now. See what I mean about needing time to adjust—as the sultan said to the feminist?"

"Get me a good German beer, hold the garlic. I need to brood again."

***The night I died...before that the rituals, the obscenities...no, that part is dark and painful...leave it for later...JANUUS...***

"Who was this Joshua Abraham Norton who inspired all this? And what are uncertain sciences?"

"Joshua Abraham Norton," Ellis said precisely, "preferred to be called Norton the First. He also had the titles Emperor of the United States, back when there was a United States, Protector of Mexico, before it became part of the new nation of Mexicali...and uh yes King the Jews. That still remains controversial, especially in Orthodox synagogues. And uncertain sciences were not generally accepted or even generally known when the three founders created JANUUS—quantum mechanics, Chaos theory, fuzzy logic and, of course, especially 'Pataphysics— but the Big Three felt those were the key to the future, and they were right. Now all science is known to be uncertain. But so is everything else.

"Virtual realities are all we've got, love."

That sounded like solipsism, and yet she sensed it meant something true that she would have to understand in entering this Wonderland or Neverland or Erewhon or wherever she had gotten.

"Who were the Big Three who founded JANUUS? Did I ever hear of them?"

"Not unless you're a precog. They were unknown computer hackers in Berkeley—really totally unknown—when you had your um er Ophelia Experience in Lake Totenkopf. They only began to be known to the world around the late 1990s."

Winifred wondered again if all this were more

spooky or metaphysical than Michael Ellis wanted her to guess yet. Was he slipping in sly hints?

Like, possible hint one: The Big Three sounded like Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Possible hint two: Berkeley had been the Irish logician who proved conclusively that the universe doesn't really exist but God thinks it does.

And she herself was in a fake or virtual world partly created and partly imagined by the Big Three...

A group of Health Firsters came in and took a table near the bar. They obviously intended to watch the bartender closely to ensure that nothing alcoholic got into their carrot juice cocktails. But one of them glared at Michael, obviously regarding virtual tobacco as highly suspect, almost like "real" tobacco...

Winifred stared at the logo on the back of the jacket of the alpha male in that strange pack, the one they called Bob. It was a somewhat larger-than-life rat and a banner flying over the Earth, proclaiming "Rat Liberation Day: April 23, 2003."

"How come other people can just walk in to our virtual reality?" she asked.

"The number of realities is infinite, but the number of sets is limited—strictly limited—by the time and energy that humans have put into creating the software for the sets. We've only been at it for 30 years. However, there are sets where nobody can intrude—for lovers having virtual dalliance, for instance. Or for conspirators in a banking swindle to meet without getting taped, even though some of them are in Hong Kong and some in Rome and some in the small, friendly neighborhood bank in East Jesus Holler, Ioway, where the money goes through the classic laundromat."

"And how come they use my calendar system, not the new one you were telling me about?"

"They're Earth First, that's why. A bit weirder than Health First. They reject everything in the modern world—technology, medicine, calendars, you name it....if it's not a stone ax, they think it's part of the Jewish-Science Conspiracy."

"You know," Winifred said. "I think you're right. It's gonna take me a while to absorb this new world."

*To Be Continued...*

**X**

**You are here**

**— Rand McNally**

**X**

**You may be here**

**— Werner Heisenberg**

# !! UNfit To PRinT !!

**I**T has finally dawned on me that, having my own magazine, I do not have to suffer in frustration when newspapers refuse to publish my letters. I can publish them myself! Therefore, I now present you with two recent letters which, for reasons of their own, the editors of the San Jose *Mercury News* considered unfit to print.

You can decide for yourself if these letters were rejected for lack of style, lack of logic and relevance, or other defects—or if they just got dropped down the memory-hole because they challenge the P.C. Dogma of the *Merc's* staff.

## SUMMA CONTRA STEINEM

Warren Farrell's *The Myth of Male Power* speaks for millions of men who have been wounded by the unreasoning bigotry of militant Feminism—men who support Feminist goals but can no longer tolerate the blind hatred that Feminism has more and more espoused.

When a human walks through a door, sanity demands that we judge them by personal character, personal behavior, personal merits and personal demerits. When we "judge" a person as part of a group, and define the group as inferior, criminal and less-than-human, such "judgment" functions pre-logically and pre-scientifically, on the animal reflex level. Reason and science see each person as a unique individual, not as a part of an abstract but sub-human "group."

Like Farrell, those of us who protest the blind hatred aimed at males today do not hate in return, contrary to Susan Faludi's slick propaganda. We try to understand, even though we must continue to protest.

Like the Jews in early Nazi Germany, we feel it both intellectually corrupt and distinctly frightening that some lunatics refuse to judge each of us by our behavior, one at a time, but instead condemn us as a lump, as if their

brains could perceive no differences between us... "They all look alike to me" remains the slogan of the bigot, whether aimed at Jews or Blacks or Hispanics or Orientals or men or women or chiropractors or plumbers or any other large and *miscellaneous* group of citizens.

And hatred damages the life span. Organized, continuous hatred literally depletes the nervous system and the immune system: that, I think, explains why men, who once lived as long as women, now die on the average 7 years sooner. And it explains why the suicide rate among young males (ages 16-24) has, since the rise of Feminism in the 1960s, soared to *six times higher* than that of females in that age group. What boy wants to grow up to become a man, in a society where Feminists (assisted by their male wimps) control all major media and "man" is officially defined as lower than the beasts of the field, lower than the serpents and reptiles?

An end to hatred everywhere...

Robert Anton Wilson

*P.S. As the Bard said (more or less): "I am a man. Hath not a man eyes? Hath not a man hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a woman is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? —The Merchant of Venice (paraphrased)*

## FREE SPEECH FOR ME BUT NOT FOR THEE

Your columnist Angelo Figueroa seems deeply offended by a federal judge's ruling upholding the first amendment in regard to *Playboy* magazine. Why doesn't he feel equally irate about the Supreme Court ruling the same week upholding

the first amendment in regard to a pacifist sign in a woman's window?

Figueroa thinks we should not uphold the Bill of Right when the printed matter in question might offend dogmatic Feminists. Why in God's name then should we not trash free speech in the other case, too, since the pacifist sign certainly offended war-mongers? And when did the first amendment only protect the speech and writing Figueroa likes?

Figueroa suggests that those who enjoy *Playboy* should read it in the privacy of their homes. Why then does he not oppose the free showing in public movie theaters of *Schindler's List*, a film patently offensive to Nazis and other anti-Semites? Shouldn't the people who wish to see this film have enough sensitivity to Nazi feelings that they will at least look at it only on video, alone, in dark rooms in their homes?

Finally, Mr. Figueroa's rhetoric descends to sophistry when he claims to be defending "females." Many females read *Playboy*, belong to the ACLU and uphold the first amendment for all people, even men. It seems to me Figueroa's column only defends the bigotry of androphobes and Radical Feminists.

Free speech not for me alone, or thee alone, but for all.

Robert Anton Wilson

**WHEN 61%  
OF THE VOTERS  
DON'T VOTE...**

**NEWT  
HAPPENS**



# TEN SURE CURES FOR MEDIA MAULING

by

D. SCOTT APEL

## YOU'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN A HUNDRED TIMES ON 60 MINUTES.

Some poor schmo exits his office only to be accosted by a video crew brandishing cameras and mikes (and Mike). They've been laying in wait to pounce on the alleged offender, apparently on the assumption that if you catch someone off-guard, he'll confess everything. This guerrilla tactic is known by numerous names, including "assault journalism," "ambush interviewing" and "media mauling."

It could happen to you—even if you're innocent. And when you're caught like a fawn in headlights, what viewer can distinguish guilty fear from innocent surprise?

Political columnist, media analyst and ABC News correspondent Jeff Greenfield recently found himself on the other side of the line: The prey rather than the predator. He turned his experience into a column ("Walking the line of propriety, and crossing it," *San Jose Mercury News*, Oct. 2, 1994) in which he described the situation and his reaction to it. The response of this intelligent media professional provides us with some guidelines on how to handle such a situation—but only by negative example.

Mr. Greenfield made three basic mistakes in dealing with the assault. First, he attempted to maintain his dignity by politely declining comment. Silly rabbit! Apparently it slipped his mind that calm rationality does not make good tabloid TV. These crews want an emotional meltdown.

Next, he attempted to lecture his assailants on journalistic ethics, admonishing them for their guerrilla tactics. They just struck back harder, of course. Is there anything on earth that provokes antagonism faster than some stuffy prig's holier-than-thou moral outrage at your actions? And when it comes from a colleague, it hits doubly hard.

Finally, Mr. Greenfield allowed himself to be engaged in debate. "Never wrestle with a pig," goes an old adage; "it gets you dirty and makes the pig happy."

But if even a savvy media professional like Mr. Greenfield can be bested by the BullyCam, what hope do the rest of us have in defending ourselves against the instant jury of the peering camera?

As an aid in preparation, I've devised ten specific strategies for manipulating a media mauling if—when—it happens to you. In many cases, the media itself has supplied the inspiration for its own subversion.

Some of these strategies will keep you off the air. Others will get you on—to your advantage. One of these defenses might prove ideal for you. Memorize it. Rehearse it. Or simply use these ten suggestions as inspirations to write your own script.

And when your time comes, you'll be prepared to meet the press, face the nation and walk away a winner. After all, why should your 15 minutes of fame cast you in a bad spotlight?

### 1. THE DE TOURETTE DEFENSE

This simplest of strategies consists of two parts. First, raise the middle fingers of both hands directly in front of your face, and keep them there. Second, chant the "F" word loudly and repeatedly. Not one second of this footage, video or audio, will ever be broadcast. Guaranteed.

### 2. THE DIVINITY DEFENSE

You've got a camera pointed at you and thousands of people hang on your every word. Don't waste this unique opportunity by answering some mundane question flung at you by an obnoxious intruder. Instead, raise the conversation to a higher plane by explaining your deepest beliefs to the multitudes. Some examples: If you're a Christian, recite John 3:16, and explain what it means to

your spiritual life. If you read Joseph Campbell, spread the message that "The meaning of life is the experience of living." If you're a Buddhist, jog our memory that "All life is sorrow," but that salvation can be achieved by detachment from desire. Tell the world your love for your spouse grows every hour of every day. And if you're not sure what your deepest belief is, maybe it's time to think about *that* for a while...

### 3. THE "RAIN MAN" DEFENSE

Answer every question in the manner of Dustin Hoffman's Raymond Babbitt character in the superb film *Rain Man*. Unfocus your eyes and merely repeat everything the reporter asks. Preface every answer with "Definitely, definitely," and punctuate your parroting with classic *Rain Man* insights; e.g., "I'm an excellent driver," "About a hundred dollars" and "Uh-oh! Two minutes to Wapner!" If you wish to be more timely, forget "Rain Man" and merely remind us that "Lahf is lak a box o' chock-lates..."

### 4. THE SELF-DEFENSE DEFENSE

Treat this ambush as you would any other mugging or street assault. Spray the camera lens with mace or paint. Set off your 120 decibel sound alarm. Blow your rape whistle. But remember: It is not your intention to do bodily harm, merely to protect yourself from an unprovoked attack.

### 5. THE "SHOOT THE MOON" DEFENSE

Do these TV S.W.A.T. teams think they're going to catch you with your pants down? Well, if that's what they want, why disappoint them? Instead, just moon them. That's right: Drop trou and touch your toes. Sure, they'll take the tape back to the studio and laugh at you in the editing suite. But you can bet your moon that the clip will never get any airtime.



(This might be considered a last defense for the aggressively guilty—and might actually help, if you intend entering an insanity plea...)

## 6. THE "CLASSIFIED CHANNEL" DEFENSE

Similar to the Divinity Defense, but eminently more practical. If some station is intent on getting a statement from you, ignore their questions and perform your own commercial. It's like getting free air time to plug your business! A spin-off is the "Want Ad Defense": "I've got a '58 Chevy for sale, in cherry condition—low mileage; all original parts and paint. Call me in care of this station!"

## 7. THE PARANOIA DEFENSE

Pretend you're a part of the conspiracy. Lambaste the crew for showing up early. Make sure they memorized "that list of questions I want you to ask me." Point out that this little scheme isn't gonna work unless you all rehearse it a few times. Wink and nudge when they "pretend" they don't know what the hell you're talking about. Then joke about how you "sure hope you guys aren't taping *this*. That'd blow any credibility we want to establish!"

## 8. THE "AMERICA'S FUNNIEST PEOPLE" DEFENSE

Sing a show tune! You know you've always wanted to—and now you've got a built-in audience! If you can't cut karaoke, tell a joke! A word of warning, however: Keep it clean, and avoid sexist and racist jokes—if you don't, you could end up providing far more fodder for your foes than anyone ever expected. Try this one: "What did the guru say to the hot dog vendor? 'Make me one with everything!'"

## 9. THE HOWARD STERN DEFENSE

The best defense, the saying goes, is a good offense. And who's more offensive than media weasel Howard Stern? Take a tip from his execrable book: If tabloid TV terrorists invade your space, fight fire with flaming forest fire. Turn on them like a rabid pit bull on steroids. Launch a relentless verbal assault against their tactics and their ethics. Attack their program, their station, their sponsors,

their prime time lineup, their choice of equipment. Vent your pent-up post-modern anger at the invasion of your privacy, at media culpability, at higher taxes, at the recent sports strikes—*obvious* media conspiracies!—at racism, sexism, injustice, religious intolerance and those *idiots* on the Internet! Stand tall on your soap box and prevent them from getting a word in edgewise. When they start packing up to leave, *demand even more time*. Follow them into their truck. Follow them to their next interview. Follow them back to their station. Then cut 'em loose. Just because they crossed the line in accosting you is no reason for you to stoop to their level. Besides, there's a thin line between playing the part of an obnoxious nuisance to drive home a point and risking a court order to stop you from stalking them.

## 10. THE "E.T." DEFENSE

Pretend you're a big star being interviewed by a crew from "Entertainment Tonight." Avoid direct answers to any question. Instead, speak glowingly of every single person you've ever come in contact with. Humbly admit that you couldn't have made it this far without your loyal supporters—that they are the reason you do what you do. Teary-eyed, refer to the recent tragedy/addiction-rehab from which you've gained new personal strength. Then smile a dazzling smile and remind the folks out there that "Life can be a wonderful gift." Oh, yeah—don't forget to hum the theme song!

This final defense holds the promise of an additional reward as well. If you can master the "E.T." technique, you stand a good chance of becoming an elected official!

**"I don't have any insight or understanding about the government. All I think is that it's stupid—which is the one perspective that's almost completely lacking in Washington."**

—Dave Barry

# RAW DATA

(OR, "WHERE IN THE WORLD IS ROBERT ANTON WILSON?")

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