

Tasty Morsels from HunterGatheress, Volume 1

Blind Spot: A Gnostic Tale of the Soul's Journey Into Time and the Struggle to Return to the One

by Joan d'Arc

The automatic doors of the SpeedyMart flew open with a swoosh. Out into the dense fever of a dog day afternoon stepped Adam Kadmon. His ass hit the seat of his beat-up Honda just as a diminutive creature resembling a gargoyle climbed into an eyeball-shaped sidecar attached to his rear passenger door.

Kadmon checked over his right shoulder and saw not the bulging cranium of his mighty demon brother but the vacant blackness of the blind spot. He pulled out of the parking lot into the life of twitching traffic. The third dimension displayed time to all dogs as the corners of houses turned to become lines, then flattened to surfaces again. . . .

Disco Volante **by Paul Laffoley**

I saw my first "foreign film" in 1951. It was not at The Telepix, The Translux, or The Brattle Theatre, but at Boston's widest screen of the day, The RKO Keith Memorial Theatre on Tremont Street, halfway between Park and Boylston.

The director was not Victorrio Desica, Fritz Lang, Jean Cocteau, or Ingmar Bergman, but an American, Robert Wise, a Virgo born on September 10, 1914. What I am referring to is the classic flying saucer movie of the atomic age, The Day the Earth Stood Still, direct from the film studios of 20th Century Fox. . . .

The Adventures of Tina-Bob in Cyberspace **by Joan d'Arc**

Down the spiral staircase of the law library sashayed the svelte V-Joy Minot in size 7 brown pumps circa 1940. "Goin to lunch now," she whispered to the suits in the library, who winced at her shabby 1938 raccoon coat with missing buttons.

Stepping out onto the sidewalk on K Street, Washington, DC, a triangulated crossbreeze nearly blasted off the 1959 Jackie-O pillbox pinned to her red frightwig. "What kind of animal is that coat made of?" asked her lunch date, Miss Kimmee. "Something that would've died by now anyway," replied Vicarious Joy, with that cute sardonic grin, lipstick Maybelline cherry red, circa 1950. . . .

Real Black Magick Ancient Roots of Deception **by Eugenia Macer-Story**

Instances of "real black magick" are often attributed to mundane or accidental causes, because the actual lore and practice of the system being utilized is not included in the canon of "spell books" and scholarly "coded" documents on metaphysics or natural history.

The deceptive practices of dark “power magick” learned from cause/effect experimentation by a lone practitioner can also include membership in an overt gang, but seldom in a fully “secret” society. For the actual “black magick” or “left hand” practice usually involves duality that is not necessarily secret: the magician’s face behind the mask or several layers of masking. . . .

The Twelfth Thunder: Beyond the Digital Environment of Finnegans Wake by Robert Guffey

Before Marshall McLuhan became “the High Priest of Popcult and the Metaphysician of the Media,” as Playboy christened him in 1969, he was first and foremost a critic immersed in the world of letters and the traditional arts.

*McLuhan wrote numerous articles examining the fiction and poetry of such writers as G.K. Chesterton, William Faulkner, James Joyce, Edgar Allan Poe, and Ezra Pound. In 1969, after his transformation into a “media guru,” McGraw-Hill published a collection of his early literary criticism under the title *The Interior Landscape*. Prima facie, one finds little in these essays that hint at the freewheeling, satirical media analysis to come. It is indeed there, however, lurking just beneath the surface if one wishes to find it. . . .*

On My Tracks by Alec K. Redfearn

Today, I embark on a month-long tour of Europe with one of my favorite musicians, Micah Blue Smaldone of Portland Maine. We start in Brussels and end in Athens. I plan on surviving this one. . . .

Following a 6-hour layover in Philly, I will depart at 9pm and arrive in Brussels, jet-lagged and half insane, at 10am. The first gig isn’t until Tuesday and I’m still not sure where I’m staying. Back to teenage-runaway mode. I will probably sleep in a pigeonshit-drenched gutter where I will be abducted. My organs will be harvested and sold to feed someone’s opium habit... That’s what they do to yank vagrants, right? I suppose I’ll figure it out. . . .

The Motionless Movement by Phill Weber

“Movement is the Disease of the Universe.” ... Thus begins the Manifesto of Le Mouvement Immobile (or The Motionless Movement), a tiny and short-lived collective of literary intellectuals founded in Paris in 1900.

*Gerard Duprey, the manifesto’s author, broadens this premise, declaring that the worm at the core of existence is our willingness to accept that “things happen.” Having a prescient understanding of the theories of Rudolf Clausius and a thoughtfully, albeit erroneously, developed notion of entropy, Monsieur Duprey was convinced that a misplaced trust in human progress, and the expenditure of energy that resulted from entertaining this notion, needlessly accelerated our passage towards a condition he called *le fin du jeu*, or “the end of the game,” a static state analogous to the heat-death of the universe. . . .*

Hot Lunch
by James Quigley

I'm digging through a box that I haven't looked through since I took it out of my father's attic in 1998. It's filled with stuff from my first year of Junior High School. My yearbook, old drawings, a few comic books, and a video tape with the words HOT LUNCH scribbled in my adolescent handwriting. . . .

I always hated returning to school from any vacation. Christmas 1986 was cold and wet, and I had spent most of it watching Monty Python videos and reading through a stack of old Powerman and Iron Fist comics that I scored at the flea market last summer. My first day back was in a panic, I'd done none of my homework over the break and even worse, Brian Pope was dead and he was supposed to give me 5 bucks to laminate something for him. . . .

Subprime Girl
by Len Bracken

After winning a war with cancer she found herself at the Chateau Marmont in Beverly Hills. Memories of being in the hospital bed dissolved in her fourth glass of white wine, which she intended to be her last for now. . . .

Diane went at the woman, the sister of a celebrity who was quite well known, in large strides and with tightly clenched fists from across the room. Red blurs flashed by in her peripheral vision from the carpet, curtains, booths, and torrid faces of other patrons. The movement was brusque and her victim noticed it. Dark eyes glared up from a slab of rare tuna in alarm. . . .

Making Sense of Mind Control and No-Touch Torture
by Cheryl Welsh

After the horrific pictures of prisoners being tortured at Abu Ghraib were displayed in front pages of newspapers around the world, the United States maintained that the U.S. government does not torture; Abu Ghraib was about a few bad officers. Evidence now proves that CIA 'no touch' torture and worse were ordered by the executive branch and approved by top military officers.

*Surprisingly this scandal has much in common with another national security issue, neuroweapons, commonly referred to as mind control. The field of neuroethics should begin now, according to bioethicist Dr. Jonathan Moreno in his 2006 book *Mind Wars, Brain Research and National Defense*. The influential book was reviewed in *Nature* and *JAMA (Journal of American Medical Association)*. Most neuroscientists agree that advanced neuroweapons are over a half century away but the ethics of the new weapons need more planning than occurred for the atomic bomb. . . .*

The Girl Divides Herself Up
by Beth Goobie

Her father brings her here often. The white concrete room has one small window, high up. As she walks in, she sees a nurse standing by the opposite wall, pinning a

chart onto a bulletin board. It is always that way – when she walks into this room with her father, the chart is always going up onto the wall. It is also always the same nurse and the same four sky blue thumbtacks.

And then the nurse always says, “And is it Lily Ann today?” This also bothers the girl because her name is Grace. All the way here in the car, a soft voice in her head has been chanting, Grace, Grace. With much love, the voice has chanted, Grace, your name is Grace. We love you, Grace. We will take care and watch over you, Grace. . . .

R is for Ruthless: Robert F. Kennedy and Otto Otepka by Joan Mellen

Beginning in 1957, Otto F. Otepka served as Deputy Director of the State Department Office of Security. This meant that Otepka was in charge of granting security clearances for all State Department personnel. A cadre of people worked under his supervision. From this position of considerable responsibility, Otepka was plunged into a nightmare universe of harassment and surveillance.

Otepka was reassigned and removed to a position from which he could no longer reveal inconvenient truths. Yet he had done nothing wrong. It is an extraordinary tale of a career government officer being framed from within the government, his only sin the scrupulous manner in which he performed his duties. . . .

St. Germain’s Top Secret Code Revealed: The Triangle Book of St. Germain by Iona Miller

St. Germain had a Secret. That secret became a legacy of Manly Palmer Hall and his Philosophic Research Society (PRS). It was his supreme treasure which he kept safely hidden in his vault. The two parchment cipher texts now reside in the Getty Research Institute, likewise buried deep in their library vaults.

This wisest adept in Europe reserved his greatest gift for his wisest companions. He recorded it in his legendary The Triangle Book, and apparently made copies for his closest circle of initiates. But, perhaps even then, the entire secret was never entrusted to a single individual, as the copies of the book are curiously not identical, containing different illustrations. . . .

Hocus Pocus: The Magical Power of Catholic Priests by Tracy R. Twyman

According to the Gospels, Jesus was endowed with a number of supernatural abilities, as evidenced by his many miracles. These included healing the sick, casting out demons, and raising the dead, as well as tricks like multiplying the loaves and the fishes, turning water into wine, and calming the stormy sea. This he did through the command of the so-called “Holy Spirit.”

This power is otherwise called, in the Gospels, his “virtue.” Luke Chapter 6:19 tells us, “And the whole multitude sought to touch him: for there went virtue out of him, and he healed all.” In Mark Chapter 5:30, a woman does indeed touch the hem of Jesus’ garment, and is immediately healed of an illness without Jesus even knowing

what happened. He was only aware that someone touched him, because he felt the "virtue" leave his body. This indicates that the virtue was a supernatural agency that was always with Jesus, and which he could command, but which could also act independently of him. . . .

How to Invoke Pan
by Craig Heimbichner and Tom X. Chao

It seems that most people have confused the demon Pan with a charming, bearded, woodland satyr, usually seen playing upon some kind of pipes at summery idylls attended by benighted Wiccan dilettantes picnicking on a lawn. That misapprehension could prove fatal. Pan stands as one of the mightiest demons of the underworld, fantastically powerful and given to intense, animalistic rages.

Pan should not be summoned without the greatest of forethought, especially by stoned teenagers at a "rave." (Do not attend any after-hours party at a secret location that advertises the invocation of Pan as a part of the festivities.) Be very cautious with the magickal information below. Do not read the instructions aloud to someone next to you. Do not move your lips while reading this. . . .

Remote Beam Harassment
by Beth Goobie

Remote beam harassment comes in many forms and serves multiple purposes. Commonly used by cults to enforce obedience, it can also be employed to demoralize or discredit activists and business colleagues/competitors, or by a landlord who wants to convince a tenant to move out. Many of these beams can be operated through hand-held devices that fit into a person's pocket.

This technology has been used on me by individuals close by in a library, a drugstore lineup, or on a Greyhound bus, even by security staff at a university. My personal background reveals obvious reasons for harassment: I was bred by an international cult to serve as a "living sacrifice," and have also been programmed for various hypno-functions by military agencies. Without going into detail regarding the cult or military abuse, I would like to outline some of the technologies that have been used to control and keep me under surveillance. . . .

Directed Panspermia and the Zoo Hypothesis
by Joan d'Arc

In his Book of the Damned, Charles Fort wrote, "the notion of things dropping in upon this Earth from externality is as unsettling and as unwelcome to Science as tin horns blowing in upon a musician's relatively symmetric composition." He wrote, "I think of as many different kinds of visitors to this earth as there are visitors to New York, to a jail, or to a church."

One of the most persistent arguments against the existence of extraterrestrial intelligence (ETI) is based on the Darwinian presumption that if the accidental,

unguided evolution of the human form occurred on Earth, it is mathematically improbable that it could have occurred on another planet.

But can the “seed” of life grow into a civilization of intelligent humanoids without intelligent guidance? Astrobiology clearly states that science has not ascertained whether life from one world can “establish an evolutionary trajectory” on another. Nonetheless, its goals include “the potential to engineer new life forms adapted to live on other worlds” and to “understand the human-directed processes by which life can migrate from one world to another.” This theory is known as Directed Panspermia. . . .

The War at Home: Agent Orange in the City of New Orleans by Jane Crown

In 1929 the stock market crash was on the lips of people in many cities. New Orleans was no different. There would have been people living in the B. W. Cooper housing project then, mostly of Italian descent; one of my aunts (by marriage) lived in one of them until the latter part of the 1930s.

Nobody seemed to notice when Thompson Hayward Co. moved in near the housing project on an acre plot in 1941. Times were still tough; manned industry, progress and business in general must have been seen as prosperous and worthy of a flailing city. Families needed work—some sense of hope that things were growing and changing. . . .

Stages Of Health: The Food Factor by Carolyn Dean M.D., N.D.

When access to food involved hunting and gathering and basic cultivation, presumably we were ingesting plant foods from nutrient rich soil and animals that were exposed to the same nutritious plants. That soil was also rich in bacteria and fungi, the ones that transform rock minerals into a particle size that plants can utilize. Plants have their own alchemy and can transform these minerals into a protein-mineral complex that a healthy body is able to ‘digest’ into the correct size to swim through the nutrient channels in our body’s cells.

Physicists have determined that the mineral channels allowing entry into cells are between 4-5 angstroms in diameter. With a half dozen steps necessary to take dirt from the ground and place essential minerals in our cells, much can go wrong and often does. You can’t fit a size 7 foot into a size 5 shoe, and in the same way, you can’t fit a milligram - or even a micron-sized mineral - into an angstrom-sized mineral channel. . . .

An Artificially Sweetened Tale by Cori Brackett

In Tucson, Arizona, it is almost always hot. My city is the one red spot on the weather map in summertime, when the rest of the nation is yellow or green, with perhaps a touch of orange. Therefore, as was typical, it was a mild and sunny

afternoon in February when I received the telephone call that would forever alter the course of my life.

"Good afternoon, Sound and Fury. This is Cori." I said happily, in my usual greeting.

"Hi Cori. This is Dr. B-----. OK. I'm afraid the test results came in from your MRI. It looks like it's multiple sclerosis."

How I stopped farting and learned to live with IBS by Joan d'Arc

They say millions of people have this terrible new malady of the bowel called Irritable Bowel Syndrome, the majority of them women. The curse of IBS is uncontrollable farting after eating what is known as "trigger" foods. If you have IBS, you've got to control your diet unless you want to leave a wake of fallen angels in your flatch path. . . .

I don't think there's much of a mystery as to what causes IBS, because I happen to recall the exact moment when I sat bolt upright in bed and realized what had made me sick in the first place.

It was the birds!

Every night that week I had climbed out of bed and walked over to the computer, trying not to wake my roommate in our tiny D.C. apartment as I visited filthy websites. The websites I was visiting though weren't about skin on skin, but about what's under your skin.

Parasites! Until this happens to you, you have no idea how it affects your life. You can't go out to eat or drink with your friends. You're completely disgusting to be around. And you're paranoid to get on a bus or go anywhere because you might shite yourself!

This has been only a taste. Repeat this has been only a taste.

HunterGatheress also contains other assorted/sordid materials - more fiction and poetry, humor and disturbing terribleness - you'll laugh, you'll cry. You might change your mind about a few notions you've held dear.

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