

## 25

### APOCALYPSE SURVIVAL KIT



To Sam, whose copy of *The Multi-Orgasmic Man* I stole.  
It is still changing lives as it completes the circuit.

The weeds have taken over the garden and truly disturbed its usefulness beyond repair - it is time for the civilisation to be recycled - "spaded under."

Last message on the Heaven's Gate  
website before the mass suicide

Perhaps weeds have taken over, but is that any reason to dress up like Mr. Spock and beam yourself up with sleeping pills? Negative captain! Here we are and here we will stay, communicators at the ready, awaiting further instructions, with phasers set to dazzle.

Things will, in my opinion, go extremely wobbly in the next few years, even without a nuclear catastrophe. For the overdeveloped world, all it would take is a breakdown in infrastructure, collapsing national grids or a financial crash, which may be underway already. Imagine London after a week without dustbin men, or Mexico City without sewerage treatment. If a power cut knocked out air conditioners, an hour of summer sun would turn Chicago skyscrapers into greenhouses. If the coffee or tobacco supply dried up we would be overwhelmed by hungry ghosts screaming for a fix. What if the petroleum supply was cut off or drastically reduced (something any of the fundamentalist Islamic insurgent movements in oil rich countries would be delighted to organise)? The blood of civilisation would freeze, the monster would crumble, and demagogues would fight over the carrion.

Politicians have their fingers on buttons and their heads up their arses. Movements are moving, cults are expanding, environmentalists are screaming and the fear is setting in. Can we save our civilisation, or are we going to pick through ruins for vacuum-packed scraps? Without a paternalistic state, who will manage water supplies? Without security guards, who will stop the



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looting? Have we become too dependent? Our culture is a Jehovah junky, and if something goes wrong, the cold turkey is going to be horrendous.

One day very soon, the horsemen are going to charge, with the Angel of Death in the sky above them, doing loop-the-loops and writing “I TOLD YOU SO!” in poisonous smoke.

What to do, what to do? Wait out the *kali yuga* pyjama party behind the sofa, until Brahma succumbs to his yawns, and Shiva blends the universe into a cold grey soup for his midnight feast at the end of time? Become a Jehovah’s Witness and piss people off until Kingdom come, or wait with bated breath for the hurricanes? Sedate the wolves of your intellect with alcohol, Prozac or Big Brother, or descend into a putrefying world, eating the cheese and drinking the wine of decay? Negative captain!

Fundamentalists of all stripes are preparing for a rumble, but we’ve fought holy wars before and we’re still here. Epidemics are shaking up global demographics, but we’ve had plagues before and we’re still here. If the seas rise, we will climb higher and we’ll still be here. A little warmer, a little hungrier, a little sparser, and maybe with our memories wiped, but we’ll survive, as a species. The illusion is collapsing but we’re still standing, and it’s no life living as the living dead.

There doesn’t seem to be any hope for the enterprise, but we can break away in groups. For the moment, we are stuck with our society, to a greater or lesser extent, but our minds are our own. We can boycott *YHVH*, and make creative anarchy of life. Temporary autonomous zones flare up in squats, co-ops and festivals in the belly of the beast.<sup>1004</sup> All over the world, people are creating communities with a sense of community, experimenting with sustainability and self-regulation, planting revolutionary vegetable patches, building fuel stills and using local currencies. Transition towns are emerging, working in cooperation with the state, other communities are completely off-radar. When civilisation collapses, the kings of the earth will be too busy with Armageddon to go chasing freethinkers up the Amazon or into the Australian outback. Whilst there is still relative calm, whilst there is infrastructure and the free transfer of information, we can build lifeboats to survive the coming storm, and get ready to pluck escapees from the waves by their neckties.

There are plenty of transferable skills to learn which might bridge the gap between aeons, including making shelters, dressing wounds, delivering babies and breaking through police lines. There are preparations to be made. A five-day fast will clean your blood and organs, and leave your intestines better able to absorb what little food is available, and hunger will never again have an urgent edge to it. Faecal plaque won’t make it through the apocalypse, but we can, so get ready.

When the medical system collapses and you can’t get your inhaler or your antibiotics, you are going to be shafted, so sort out your immune system

immediately; you will be eaten by wolves if it takes you two weeks in bed to get over a cold. "What about me?" asks my friend, a diabetic sushi chef. Ideally he would have thought about that before getting pissed six nights a week for thirty years, but there is always a cure. The rainforests contain plants for diabetes, for cancer, for depression and possession; other natural habitats do as well. Our second-hand theories are what cripple us, not our physiology.

As I complete my book, and despite the threats and pleas of every expert I talked to, my leishmaniasis is gone. No one in England, and only four people in Brazil supported me. Two were very religious women. One of these was married to a faith healer who refused my case, and then shouted at us to stop this madness as she prayed and did the sign of the cross over my wound with leaves from an orange tree. Another was a 400 year old slave, speaking through a medium, giving me instructions and reading my mind, answering my questions before I had asked them. The other was a master curandero at the Daime Pronto Socorro in Rio Branco, who ran three sessions for me. All four of these shared a belief that there is something in this world stronger than illness, and stronger than western medicine. After all this time, after eight years writing and decades studying science and mythology, I don't believe in much more than poetry, but poetry is potent medicine. In my world there is a tropical remedy for a tropical parasite. My leishmaniasis is well and truly gone, having taken away ten kilos, one wife, and a set of rose-tinted spectacles, leaving me with invincible faith, and more magick in my life than I ever dared wish for.

Exercise, diet, and optimism will keep you healthier than pills, so get off the sofa and do some yoga! If we are prepared, the terrors will pass like a bad dream, and we will wake up somewhere fantastic. Stocking bunkers with tinned food and guns is all very well, but the most important preparations are internal. Time is short and the natives are restless, but we divert our energies into busy nothings, watching daytime TV and surfing waves of electronic trivia. All over the world we are drawn towards consuming something, anything, whether alcohol, another pair of shoes, football scores, pornography, or news that is not new - anything to fill our time and our minds. Wankers and alcoholics, tranquilizer junkies and couch potatoes, we save ourselves from ourselves by diminishing ourselves, but the price is the power of the imagination. If we are free and our minds are strong, we can imagine a tomorrow completely different to today.

Dogen was asked why one should meditate, seeing as animals never do. He replied that it would be better for us to behave like animals, going about our business naturally, but we rarely concentrate on the matter at hand. We think about food while we walk, about work while we eat, and about sex while we work. Dogen's preoccupation with meditation borders on obsessional, but he has a point; our scattiness makes us suffer. Meditation develops focus. It also lengthens lives,<sup>1005</sup> lowers hypertension<sup>1006</sup> and cholesterol,<sup>1007</sup>

slows the pulse and breathing rate, and sharpens the senses.<sup>1008</sup> All this is good news on the dangerous planet we are about to inherit.

I attended meditation classes every Sunday at the Manchester Students' Union as brass bands and theatre groups rehearsed next door, but the quiet serenity of those sessions stands out against a backdrop of high-volume chaos. The teacher, a Mancunian building contractor, would sit motionless even after the meditation was finished, imposing so pervasive a silence that you could hear the spoon going into the sugar as the tea tray went round.

He was intimidating in his serenity, especially during one-on-one sessions, but the veil was thinner in his presence. One time I was boasting about the magnificent strides in my magickal training, and he asked me to visualise a pentacle. Well, visualisation is not really my thing, I explained, I was talking about casting spells really, and I launched into a story about me. He patiently repeated his request, and when I shut up and concentrated, there, to my surprise, was my pentacle, sleek and shining.

He told me to flip it upside down. Hey, this is easy, I thought. Flip! Then he asked me a completely unrelated question, but as I answered, he interrupted me:

“What did you do with your hand?”

“Nothing,” I replied.

I had, of course, done something, and when I focused my mind I realised, as he had realised, that I had traced a tiny circle in the air. He asked me why. I had no idea, so he told me that my circle was to flip the pentacle back to its original configuration. “Whenever you open a door,” he said gravely, “make sure you close it again.” Wise words.

On another occasion, I complained about my eyes watering during meditation, breaking my concentration. He asked what I felt as the tears fell. I felt nothing. Meditation was a profoundly boring practice for me, with no profound realisations, no bliss, no *dhayana*, no *ananda*, no banana. I only persisted because it made the chaos in my brain bearable. How strange to weep and yet not feel anything, said my teacher, passively confrontational as ever. He asked me to concentrate on my heart centre. “What, here?” I asked, pointing at my sternum, not concentrating. “Move your hand”, he said patiently. “What do you feel?”

The impression was of two fleshy tubes inside my chest, like intestines twisting around each other. More specifically, it was the point of contact between the two as they moved in opposite directions, slightly repulsive in its slimy corporality. “It feels like two snakes, sliding and twisting around each other,” I told him. He chuckled, obviously amused. “Well, I guess you could describe it like that,” he said. He offered no explanation, and never mentioned it again, and I forgot about it until six years later, when I felt the same shape emerging from a jug of ayahuasca.





## NEMU'S END

The Buddha likened the training of the mind to the training of a young elephant. He is tied to a post in the ground, and though he tries to run, he only goes so far before the rope stops him. He tries another direction, he persists, but becomes exhausted. There is no reason to chide or beat him, or to despair of his restlessness. With time, he learns that it is no use running, and he returns to the centre. He continues to obey the rope when he grows, even though he is much stronger than it, and stronger than the man holding it.

When we start thinking about dinner during meditation, there is no reason to berate ourselves or to despair. Just return to the object, and with time, the mind will go where it is led, even in more charged situations. When it has to deal with an exam, a belligerent drunk or the impending apocalypse, it will respond without panicking, without obstructive thoughts, calmly, skilfully, even magickally.

Krishnamurti argued that a practice is not necessary, that the key is moment-to-moment awareness. He was a sage and a brilliant writer, but personally I find a path without a practice less rewarding, and Krishnamurti practised various meditations for many years before deciding they were unnecessary (and besides, if he was so enlightened, why the comb-over?) Some Buddhist lines maintain that breath meditation is the best, and that every Buddha was awakened by it, and I'm inclined to agree. Zen Buddhists contend that one can become enlightened without ever hearing of the Buddha, and I'm inclined to agree.

There are many paths up the mountain, and though the summit is the same, the scenery on each is different. You can meditate upon a mantra or the hiss of traffic, a drumbeat, a tarot card, a mandala, a Zen landscape, or the face of your lover. The nipple of your lover. The sensations on the soles of your feet as you walk. Breath mediation is very powerful, but chi kung and devil sticks have their advantages, especially when there are mosquitoes about. If you lose concentration with drums or nunchaku, you know about it immediately, and so does everyone watching. With sitting meditation, however, you can sit daydreaming until you are so thin that your vertebrae poke through your belly. Juggling reveals your weaknesses. When I am spinning fire and someone very beautiful stops to watch, it requires exquisite concentration to keep my devilish balls out of the way of my devil stick, and if someone praises me I'm in danger of singeing my hair. My ex-wife used to clap obstructively when she caught me showing off. She was a magnificent teacher. She is now an accomplished hula-hooper.

I once watched a breakdancer fall flat on his face during an ill-conceived windmill in Regent's Park. He looked like a fool in front of a big crowd, but he picked himself up with bags of charm, pointed at the girls in the crowd who had distracted him, and started again. The first step is to become detached,





and not take yourself too seriously. The second is to enjoy it. (Actually, the first step on the juggler's path is to move crockery out of the way.)

The Yellow Emperor's adviser describes the benefits of one pleasantly kinky meditation:

When a man loves once without losing his semen,  
     he will strengthen his body,  
 If he loves twice without losing it,  
     his hearing and vision will become more acute.  
 If three times, all diseases may disappear.  
 If four times, he will have peace of mind.  
 If five times, his heart and blood circulation will be revitalized.  
 If six times, his loins will become strong.  
 If seven times, his buttocks and thighs may become more powerful.  
 If eight times, his skin may become smooth.  
 If nine times, he will become immortal.<sup>1009</sup>

Taoists were less bashful than Judeo-Christians, and they never made a division between the sacred and the profane like we did in Christendom. Sex is a health issue rather a moral issue, and the secrets of the Jade Chamber are described in intricate detail in Chinese pillow-books, which were common wedding presents. In *The Multi-Orgasmic Man*, a good set of exercises is described with all the poetry of a corporate strategy manual, but the first step is simple; train your perineal muscle. Whenever you take a leak, stop the flow several times. The muscle you engage is the key to some delightful experiences. Spend a few weeks working on the muscle like a bodybuilder, tensing as hard as possible, for as long as possible, as often as possible, whenever you can, in the morning before you rise, sitting on a bus, or reading apocalyptic literature. Go on, squeeze!\*

*The Shiva Samhita*, composed over the other side of the Himalayas asserts:

Death arises through the falling of semen, life when it is retained.<sup>1010</sup>

The first half, but not the second, is recalled in *Genesis*:

And it came to pass, when he [Onan] went in unto his brother's wife, that he spilled it on the ground, lest that he should give seed to his brother. And the thing which he did displeased the Lord: wherefore he slew him.<sup>1011</sup>

Moralism crept in, as it did everywhere in the Abrahamic religions, leading to a serious fetish. Considered graver than any sin in the Torah,<sup>1012</sup>

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\* Tao sexercises are different for men and women, of course, and this chapter is for the boys, but the first one is the same. It tones the pelvic floor, and is the key to transformation from normal woman to dragon lady.

punishable by death in Puritan New Haven, masturbation made Victorian boys go blind, whilst the Taoist angle is that saving seed improves eyesight. The idea is the same, but the moral weighting is different. Priests invested the whole wanky problem with neurosis, causing a split between nature and behaviour. The result is that a pillow-book is far too racy for a wedding present, but an enormous empire of porn has grown in the darkness, as millions of secret devotees perform their daily devotions to hot succubi teens. It is not immoral, but it is unskilful, and a terrible waste of potential.

The concept of vital energy is heretical in the Church of Scyense, so whilst we still have these taboos, we can't remember why. We have become numb to the currents in our bodies and blind to the energetic streams moving through the world. A sensitive wanker knows he is weakened, however, which is why footballers and boxers avoid sex the night before matches. Ayahuasqueros abstain for a few days before and after sessions, and for the duration of an initiation or cure. Balzac noticed, and his post-coital sweet nothing was "oops, there goes another novel", but Tao sex stimulates rather than depletes the creative juices. Much of my book was drafted postcoitally, and sometimes I have to get up in the small hours to play music or cook a stew to channel the energy into something creative. Teenage sperm fountains can afford to let some go, but dirty old Taoists know better.

In Indian medicine, physiology is the alchemy of refining food through a series of stages: plasma, blood, muscle, fat, bone, marrow, and finally *bindu*, or sexual fluid. As the material is refined and the coarse removed, the stages become purer in spirit, so one drop of *bindu* is said to be made from forty drops of blood. Leakage wastes vital energy, explaining why women live longer than men, and why men tend to roll over into oblivion immediately after splashing. The ideal Indian sexual regime is to dedicate one auspicious day per month to unbridled nookie, outside of which one endeavours not to fiddle, nor to think about fiddling. I'm a fiddler, so I ended up a Taoist.

Fiddling is fun, whether alone or with one of your concubines, and exploring the meridians is positively exhilarating. In the early stages, before the muscle is isolated and toned, you will have to tense your entire body, jaws, neck, eyelids, arms and legs. It is a truly Herculean effort keeping in your fishies, but the first time I managed, I was astonished. When the pressure finally passed and I let my love muscle relax, I was floored, sent into a vibrating, whole body ecstasy. When I could think again a few minutes later, it occurred to me that this is how a woman feels at orgasm (if she is lucky.)

Minutes later, I let one go in a manner most unyogic. It is not easy to cope with the increased energy this practice taps. This chakra, *mulachakra*, is the highest of the beasts, and our lowest, because ours are an octave

higher. Engaging it awakens the beast, but the beast must then be yoked, or integrated with the higher centres. Territorial instincts become exaggerated, and you may struggle to restrain yourself from fighting in the bank queue or growling at policemen. Women real and imaginary can drive you to distraction; my friend confided that he was ready to copulate with a hole in the wall after three weeks. Your sleeping patterns may also change, but persevere, and the muscle and the mind become toned together. If it gets too much, let one go without a Victorian conscience, because a splash now and again is all part of the process, but be careful to limit yourself to one, lest you fall into a pit of fists, where you will stay until your poor wand produces nothing but smoke.

The Yellow Emperor's adviser recommended a leakage once in nine visits to the Jade Palace, or twice a month, which is very good going. His own regimen was said to be one splash in a hundred. Are you still squeezing?

Accumulating *bindu* without doing the practice is a very bad idea, as many altar boys discovered the hard way. Wilhelm Reich argued that blockages in the natural flow of orgone were responsible for nearly all disease, from cancer to psychosis, and also society's illnesses such as fascism. This energy, which is the only energy there is, can be manipulated with relative ease, with orgone machines, chi kung pushes, Hawaiian dances or Hitler Youth parades, and the results can be spectacular, or spectacularly catastrophic. The beast is with us, whether we like it or not. If you don't learn to ride it, expect to be ridden.

Once the body is accustomed to its natural vitality, colds will bounce off you and fatigue will not assail you. Your mood improves and your will firms up along with your perineum, making it easier to give up habits, whether cigarettes, vicious cycles, or moribund civilisations. In an old Chinese story, a boy looks down his street and asks his father why the young Mr. Wong is always arguing with his wives and concubines, but little old Mr. Chang has a peaceful household. His father explains that Mr. Chang knows the secrets of the bedroom. With mindful nookie you can orgasm again and again until your partner is well and truly fucked, and this is perhaps the most satisfying result, for all concerned. With the leak plugged, your charge becomes magnetic. People are more drawn to you, they listen more carefully and resist less. It is a male's path to alpha (or better), and it can make you rather cocky, because multiplying thy seed exceedingly is *YHVH's* gig. But the wrong side of manhood is far more debilitating. I began the exercises when my life was falling apart, when my magick wand wasn't working properly and my ex-wife was bullying me. With kinky Tao I feel better than ever, calm but energized, inspired, creative, happy, and horny. I roll with the punches better, and my pecker is my firm, but not fast friend.

Studies on *mulabandha* have found that exercising the love muscle decreases heart beat, blood pressure and respiration rate, whilst regulating

nervous and endocrine activity. It benefits asthma, arthritis, piles, and constipation; it sharpens the instincts and the animal senses. One swami doctor also writes that it tackles phobias and awakens sleeping parts of the brain, stimulating the unconscious mind and allowing suppressed energy to surface in bursts of creativity. He goes further, asserting that duality falls away, and the pathway to infinite bliss unfolds, though he stops short of the yogic claim that the adept who perfects *mulabandha* can levitate and produce any fragrance, sweet or foul. Jung put it in his own terms:

When you succeed in awakening the kundalini so that it starts to move out of its mere potentiality, you necessarily experience a world which is totally different from our world. It is a world of eternity.

To penetrate the veil, and sow your seeds invisibly in the astral, a man's best friend is a full sac.

And squeeze...

Ω



Yes, my child?

Yes, my child.

*My good reverend!*

*Did you begin a sermon on the end of the world,  
and end up talking about your knob?*

*But what about the end?*