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Union of Egoists

This item was contributed by the family of Sidney Parker.

I thank them for their support of the project.

-Kevin I. Slaughter

What is a UnionOfEgoists.com?

This is an informational resource provided by Kevin I. Slaughter of Underworld Amusements and Trevor Blake of OVO, initiated in February and publicly launched April 1st of 2016. The website initially focuses on providing historical, biographical and bibliographical details of a few their favorite Egoist philosophers. It is also integrating the archives of egoist website i-studies.com, the former project of Svein Olav Nyberg, and the EgoistArchives.com project of Dan Davies. Further, it will be home to Der Geist, a Journal of Egoism in print 1845 – 1945. UnionOfEgoists.com will be the best resource for Egoism online.

What is a Union of Egoists?

“We two, the State and I, are enemies. I, the egoist, have not at heart the welfare of this “human society,” I sacrifice nothing to it, I only utilize it; but to be able to utilize it completely I transform it rather into my property and my creature; i. e., I annihilate it, and form in its place the Union of Egoists.”

– Max Stirner, *The Ego and Its Own*

What is Egoism?

“Egoism is the claim that the Individual is the measure of all things. In ethics, in epistemology, in aesthetics, in society, the Individual is the best and only arbitrator. Egoism claims social convention, laws, other people, religion, language, time and all other forces outside of the Individual are an impediment to the liberty and existence of the Individual. Such impediments may be tolerated but they have no special standing to the Individual, who may elect to ignore or subvert or destroy them as He can. In egoism the State has no monopoly to take tax or to wage war.”

–Trevor Blake, *Confessions of a Failed Egoist*

Pat Parker

Page 11 - poem.

Page 12 - 13 - short story

"Efficiency tends to automatism.
Careless, irresponsible spontaneity
is life in its most efficient form."

De Casseres.

T
W
I
C
E

A magazine for the once bitten...

NUMBER ONE NINETEEN SIXTY THREE

This is not the anarchist magazine - it is
something we did in Bristol - a few years
ago - the new magazine is more professional.

EDITORIAL THE FIRST

Unlike most magazines, "Twice" has no fixed policy. It will be eclectic, flexible, alive - serious but gay withal. We will use tact and delicacy when necessary, but only when necessary. In the main "Twice" will be a contraceptive against the self-destructive spirit of the age. We are not interested in political line-ups, nor social panaceas, nor economic nostrums. We believe the world will always be a trying place to live in, but a good place just the same. We are for things rather than against. But we are fluid, quixotic, unprincipled. We have no aesthetic canons to preserve or defend. We prefer quality when we can get it, and if we can't have quality then what we want is downright wretched. Because what is bad is often better than what is just good. But we are not too insistent: we will give ground, we will compromise when it is dictated by necessity. In short we are anything but fanatical. There are so many people who profess to be in the right that we see no harm in being in the wrong now and then. We are not ashamed to contradict ourselves or to make a mistake.

With acknowledgements to -

Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell and Alfred Perles, not to mention their "Booster."

SEA SQUIRT: MONKEY: MAN

A myth-stretched drama by

Ron Berry

x x x

A distinctive hereditary Lord and a large number of misters were dining, among them Lord Russell, Messrs. Eliot and Miller, while hovering from one to the other went a mildly irritating doppel-ganger of Herr Nietzsche. The serving lackeys were monks and nuns shanghaied from all over, and, at everyone's beck and call, the tallest, comeliest vestal maidens available from the fashion folios of Hank Jansen Incorp.

"I move progress!" shouted a squat, beetle-browed Humanist researcher from the highest echelons of the N.C.B.

"Hear, hear, progress!" shouted a corner bunch of poets, distinguishable by enamel badges bearing the steaming faeces of Majorca. Ordinarily they were a grave enough group of outright poets.

"Will you take the chair, Bertie?" whispered Mr. Eliot.

"I see no reason," Lord Russell replied noncommittally.

Shouldering his own chair, Mr. Miller began walking out of the hall, discreetly followed by the editor of the Times Literary Supplement, and a Jansen-girl already proven for her gumption in the face of disgust.

"HENRY, PLEASE", urged Mr. Eliot, driven to exploit telepathic anxiety.

"Okay then, let's have some good conversation," agreed Mr. Miller in his tobacco brown brogue, whereupon he lowered his chair beside a homesick monk, and sat on it, his legs crossed for comfort, one hand reaching up a handkerchief to the grieving monk.

"We can do without Miller," protested the editor of the Times Lit. Supp., chagrined at having failed to

see Mr. Miller arrested for chair stealing.

Lord Russell climbed to his feet. "It seems to me," he began, "that something will be achieved if we do our utmost to avoid personal umbrage amongst ourselves. Even the least of us can recognise a glorious potential for the human species."

"Not with you at the helm," gritted Herr Nietzsche, sotto voce into the microphone up on the stage.

"Sounded like Billy Fury," giggled one of the stouter nuns.

"This might be quite a shindig yet," approved Mr. Miller, confiding to the weeping monk.

At this precise moment another Köppel-ganger materialised, affecting Herr Nietzsche's status so that he shimmered like a Sam Golwyn mirage and allowed himself to be bullied away from the microphone.

"It's Trotsky, imprison him!" cried a plumply hulkish, snowy haired civil servant cum pseudo novelist.

Old Trotsky stroked his beard. "There are men of action," he haragued, "and men of ideas. I, Lev Davidovitch Bronstein represent the true and fitting amalgam of idea and action, therefore...."

But the N.C.B. researcher blandly switched on his pocket tape-recorder, and that was that. Everyone heard the guest speaker on WOMAN'S HOUR - a Thai counterpart of Godfrey Wynne. "May we vote on progress now?" enquired the N.C.B. top-man.

Mr. Eliot accepted a telegraphed nudge from Lord Russell, and reluctantly addressed the gathering. "Gentlemen, we must be humble if we aren't to waste our resources. Yes indeed, waste in a world of want. Of course I am not here to prescribe, but there is the formal Christian ethic...."

"No, no, no," admonished Lord Russell.

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"Let him finish!" screeched a shy, hysterical Celtic poet, whose mother was also shy and hysterical, neither of them having any defence against the head of the household - a Nonconformist manqué self-ruptured by unction.

"Is there a guru in the hall?" demanded Mr. Miller.

"Ah, shurrup!" snapped the editor of the Times Lit. Supp.

"I'll fetch my friend Larry to you," chuckled Mr. Miller.

Herr Nietzsche hissed into Mr. Eliot's ear, "Tell them to read my books, books written in arterial blood."

"Mad-man," rebuked Mr. Eliot quietly, urbane as any latter-day image conqueror.

One of the Brown Brothers took out a miniature bible from inside his cuff and began reading a loud, while behind him two Jansen-girls played at making the upside down sign of the cross upon each other, chanting, "Eenie meenie mince mo."

"At last, the chips are high," murmured the stout, gay nun fearfully.

There was a little casual twisting going on in the poet's corner, accompanied by a whistling quartet from John O'London's. C. Wilson denied any jongleur inheritance and blew oompah on a drained cordial bottle.

"Pleasure is my bete noir," confessed Mr. Eliot to Lord Russell, who promptly patted himself high on the chest, saying, "Witness me, sober Tom; I'm the hale product of moderate orgies."

Between them, in due course, they emptied a decanter of malauqua and looked around for Mr. Miller, although neither really worried about him. "The devil takes care of his own," quoted Lord Russell, jeering spritely at his companion.

"I merely try to be evryman's everyman," complained Mr. Eliot. "Shall we join the dancers, Bertie? Or...?"

"Progress!" shouted the N.C.B. researcher adamantly.

They beckoned to him, "Here, Bruno, here," in the domesticated manner of Here, Fido, Here. Only then Nietzsche (Herr) intervened with his customary Luger-logic and at least half a dozen guests were incised with delirium tremens. Through the holocaust ploughed Bruno, namely, reciting safeguard lines from W.Blake, Esq. "Now listen to me," he panted, "this messy organisatio is bound to give us bad publicity."

A maudlin tenor had crept in, truly, promising the lesser terror of a flaccid putsch. For instance, the Jansen-girls were scrabbling up the monk's cuffs in search of tiny bibles, Mr. Miller rode piggy-back on the snowy haired pseudo writer, the latter inclined to spaniel slobber in his distress, and the Times Lit. Supp. editor was mimicking the havoc of genius trapped in the slipstream of the Word. And worse threatened from the shy, Celtic poet; he seemed to be taking advantage of a motherly nun. Furthermore, successful Jansen-girls were preparing a little conflagration on the stage.

"How do we break it up?" enquired Lord Russell, himself quite calm, being reconciled to a certain degree of wreckage.

"We don't," announced Mr. Eliot with conviction. "The best policy is to retreat one at a time. You first, Martie." He smiled politely: "Age before beauty."

"I'll telephone the fire brigade," offered Bruno, dry ~~wiping~~ his hairy-backed hands.

"Yes, do that," confirmed Lord Russell over his shoulder. "See you presently, Tom."

Outside on the pavement, they found Mr. Miller mopping his brow. He gazed up at the starry sky. "What a night," he said, adding fervently, "A great night for lambasting God from his heaven."

"Think so?" queried Mr. Eliot acidly.

Lord Russell straightened his back. "Well, it's a

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relief to get rid of that humbug Nietzsche. Such arrogance. Still, come along quickly, young Bruno is very efficient. He'll soon have the fire brigade here, and I'm sure we don't wish to be involved. From the evidence of this initial failure, I feel sure we shall have to select a committee."

"Wise guy," retorted Mr. Miller. "Count me out. So long, fellas."

They watched him slouching down the road, Mr. Eliot passively hunched, his hands folded low on his abdomen. They were still standing there when the fire engines came clanging, followed by a few Black Marias. Simultaneously, from the opposite direction the sounds of drums and hobnails heralded the soldiery. Obviously there'd been a few phone calls apart from eager Bruno's. The two old men, one older than the other, didn't stand a chance. It was a clean purge. The end of an era. Breathing space for the clowning prince of darkness. Corroboration of the unwritten law of history. The advent of further wet blanket esoterics. A night to forget in lieu of amity and sanity.

Moral: Morale is permissible.

- - - - -

Warm as lions he seemed to me,
A man of burning life and mind.
He promised fire and tenderness,
But proved as chill as wind.

And I, on finding that I had
A stranger to my bed,
Withdrew my body's little warmth;
Let in the night instead.

CYNTHIA SWETTENHAM.

THE ECONOMIC ESCAPE

The history of the human race is a history of the invention of escapes; escapes from a diabolical Reality. Man is Proteus eternally seeking to out-manoeuvre Medusa.

These escapes may, broadly, be brought under these categories: religion, alcohol, money-power, woman, art and economic idealism.

Boredom is the concrete name of the frightful Reality the human race is fleeing. All conscious and unconscious movements in living things are movements away from an annihilating ennui.

Neither History nor the Cosmos has any other discernible purpose than to escape deterioration and death from yawning.

A healthy, normal, extroverted man is seldom bored because he is Nature's supreme ignoramus. Having no thinking apparatus, he cannot decompose his illusions. He is a political and social animal of perfect breed. His ideal is Theodore Roosevelt - the practical windmill escape-animal par excellence.

But no human being can exist a day without his private escape from boredom and Reality. The completely disillusioned and indifferent being has never existed, for indifference and disillusion are also escapes - retreats to the treetops of one's own pride.

All the more comic, then, to hear the choir-boys of the Marxian Approach in literature and the arts shuffling up and down the land ridiculing all persons who create and read romances, adventure-stories, poetry, abstract philosophies - in a word, all those persons who insist that plays, poems, novels and even paintings should first, last and always entertain. For the word "entertain" is to the choristers of Economic Values what a "Heil, Moses!" would be during the canonization of Adolf Saint Pederast in the Sportspalast of Berlin.

The leaders of these choir-boys shake their curls vigorously at any one who reads Cabell or E. Phillips

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Oppenheim, Emily Dickinson or Ring Lardner, for instance, as "cowards," "deserters," "tories," "aristocrats," "bourgeois bums," and "runaways before Reality." I have heard all of these phrases used both on the platform and in the beer-holes where the lesser rattlepates of the Marxian Approach hurl their defies in the very teeth of Reality and into the gaping mouths of the spittoons.

Now, of all the scare-babies before the irremediably diabolical low-down on life, the economic escapist is the most hopelessly self-deceptive. Their Dutch courage is an hourly pull at the old bottle labelled "PROGRESS."

From the ideal Republic of Plato to the ideal Republic of Lenin, the(y).....have lived in a veritable paradise of escapes. They live and thrive on fictions as Einstein thrives on sterile logarithms. Alice-in-Wonderland was a brutal realist compared to these blinded and deafened Oedipuses of Economic Redemption, who run as fast as their legs will carry them away from the unveiled Isis and the mocking-tongued Sphinx into the Cockaynes of Socialism, Communism and other subtle transubstantiations of the Mansion in the Skies and a thousand other forms of the old theological hypnagogic baloney.

The elemental base of the Marxian dream is sadistic sentimentalism. Persons who are most susceptible to collective suffering are ripe victims for an economic fiction. They have more feeling than brain. Lazarus scares them stiff and Dives puts daggers of venomous envy into their eyes.

Fearing to face the biological, the psychological, the cynical fact that Dives and Lazarus are immortal, inexorable products of the laws of Difference and Will-to-Power, they escape - perpetually escape - to some New Jerusalem, where they, these sweetly human Torquemadas, will drag those of us who really do face Reality - poets, thinkers, cynics, epicureans of all the sauces of Experience - by the hair to be tortured and burned to the chant of "Man Shall Live By Bread And Bridges Alone!"

This denunciation of the "literature and the arts of escape" by those who are themselves totally unable to face the Horror of Life ("take my escape, or I'll kill thee, brother!", paraphrasing Mriabeau) also appeals to the well-to-do bores and those whose imaginations and cogitative centres have been pre-natally atrophied. I mean the Park Avenue boudoir Communists, the spats-and-monocled Heralds of the Red Dawn, the silk-diapered university Level-Leaveners, the proletarian polo players from Long Island country clubs and the juvenils bankers from Broad and Wall streets who are in training for fat Commissariats in case -

Seeking an unusual thrill, a new escape, these Anarcharis Cloutzes - having exhausted the 392 ways of making cocktails and God having neglected to mentally condition them for an escape into Keats or a ride on the back of Maurice de'Guerin's Centaur - these Cloutzes take up the Economic Escape either by hiring a hall or writing books, all having the same title, "These Changing Times; or, Whither?"

One has but to study the tense, purpose-set expressions on the faces of the acolytes of the Marxian Approach to see how necessary to them is the escape into the domain of utopian illusion. They are the faces and cocksureness of Peter the Hermit, Savonarola, Torquemada, Lenin and John Roack Straton. Take away their Castle-in-Spain and they collapse. They are not firmly rooted in Reality like the congenital sceptic, the social and religious agnostic or the economic Individualist.

These deriders of all romance are themselves incorrigible e romantics. These denouncers of those who love things merely because they are beautiful and entertaining are themselves scared into hysterical conniptions when you hiss at them the names of the two Big Bad Wolves, Nietzsche and Spengler.

If they ever felt certain just for one minute that every attempt to free man en masse brings mankind nearer and nearer to universal slavery, they would collapse in their grooved cardboard tracks. For the real "literature of escape" is the frightful avalanche of books that come down on us every week, all entitled "These Changing Times; or, Whither?" The men who write them have never changed and their Whither? is always .

some dismal utopian or semi-utopian escape: Saint Augustine's "City of God" done over and over into modern Marxian models.

from "The Individual Against Moloch" by
BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

THE HOMELESS

Meeting - London's homeless -
Terrible plight - heartless authorities,
indifferent, selfish - well housed
other half - Eloquent speeches -
And exchanges -
Doodlings on copies of "Sanity"
and "Peace News" -
While enduring the minutes
of the last meeting -
Then the amendments - interruptions -
Eloquent exchanges -
Heated disagreements,
irrelevancies -
Repeat, for old Mrs. C. who is deaf -
Repeat, for the neurotic who ties
himself in knots over the
correct definition of words -
Repeat, for effect -
Repeat, to fill in time -
Then vote on the motion -
We should do something
drastic about the
terrible and urgent plight of
the homeless -
The separated from their
husbands and children - and
for a start we'll organise
sitdowns - And take round
petitions -
For and against?
Disagreements -
Time for the early leavers
to sidle out.....

PAT PARKER.

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CONVERSATION WITH THE DEVIL

I was sitting with the Devil on the warm, silvery grass of Mercury, looking down on the rolling planets. The Devil stretched out his hand and touched one of them with his finger tips.

"The Earth," he said, "once bustling with life."

Then he gave a strand of my hair a playful tug and continued: "Tonight I will tell you the history of this little dead moon."

The Devil spread his hand over the planet eclipsing it completely. He withdrew his hand and I was amazed to see that the planet was golden and glowing and twice its former size. He then touched it lightly with his finger tips and in its place appeared a multicoloured tapestry on a backcloth of gold spread out on the blackness of space.

"The history of the Earth," said the Devil, as painted on the Eternal Canvas."

He put out his hand again and drew a thick black line across the tapestry. Everything before the line disappeared.

"The last fifty years of the planet's existence," he said, "are here, in this section I have marked off. And now - movement and sound." He touched the tapestry lightly and everything on it suddenly sprang to life. It was like watching a film.

The Devil patted my arm. "Lie back and make yourself comfortable and I will narrate the history to you. If you close your eyes you will see everything that is taking place."

"Fifty years before the end of life, the most urgent problem on Earth was the Hydrogen Bomb. Twenty years before the end of life it was an even bigger problem. Two years before the end of life every astrologer was locked away in a lunatic asylum on account of an international astrological prediction that the sun was due to explode in two years' time. One year before the end of life the two great rival nations landed

simultaneously on the moon. Neither would concede to the other the rights of ownership and joint ownership in a competitive era was out of the question. Preparations for war began.

"The anti-bomb campaigners and the pacifists marched about with flying banners that nobody read, held open-air meetings which nobody attended, and took petitions from door to door which nobody signed. People sat huddled in front of their television sets too frightened to move.

"Then, on the day war was declared, the respective governments ordered their subjects into the underground shelters. They streamed in in their thousands, clutching their record players and portable radios, their football pools and knitting, past the banner waving pacifists who stood on their platforms and shouted angrily in a last, heroic effort to get them to turn back and stage a sit-down protest outside the Houses of Parliament."

He was silent for some minutes. I sat up. "Well," I demanded impatiently, "what happened?"

The Devil put his finger to his lips. "Lie back and watch," he replied.

I did as he told me. Then I saw the tapestry had disappeared and the glowing planet once more circled on its axis. There was a terrific explosion and all was dark. Gradually light returned and all that was left of the lovely planet was a small, dark ball of matter travelling its lonely course.

"And the war put an end to all life," I said. "The pacifists were right."

"No," said the Devil, chuckling softly, "the sun exploded on the exact day that the astrologers had predicted."

PAT PARKER.

MORNING

out of bed
my soul hollowed
fear washing in

(give us this day our daily row
and forgive us not our boredoms)

the wet morning peaceful
before the crowd seizes it.

(soon the mole-men
will start their scuttle
to a hire-purchased death)

LET US DYNAMITE THE WORLD
WITH EXLOSIONS OF DISGUST:.

(o why are there only
damp squibs of despair
to throw at the enveloping Wall?)

Sidney Parker

"Anarchism & Individualism" and "What Individualist
Want" by Emile Armand. The two 1/3 post free from
S.E.Parker at the address below.

Send contributions- creative writing, poetry, humour,
etc.- to the editors Pat and Sidney Parker, 202
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The editors do not necessarily agree.
