

# EXPOSÉ ON THE OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING!



# **CULT RAPTURE**

**ADAM PARFREY**

**FRONTISPIECE BY  
JOE COLEMAN**



**FERAL HOUSE**

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to the following individuals and publications for the right to reprint and rewrite articles:

**Jim Holman** of the **San Diego Reader** for his generosity.

**Allan MacDonell** of **Hustler** for years of commiseration.

**Jim & Debbie Goad** of **ANSWER Me!**

**Jim and Bill Redden** of **PDXS**.

**Lisa Kennedy** and **Karen Durbin** of the **Village Voice**.

**Don Myrus** of **Penthouse** publications.

The following contributors deserve recognition and thanks:

**Joe Coleman** for his friendship and frontispiece, **Larry Wessel** for his amazing cover, **Crispin Glover** for his friendship and critical commentary, **Scott Lindgren**, **Nick Bougas** and **Ted Soqui** for their magnificent photographs, **Barry Krusch** for his deconstruction of *Time* magazine, **Linda Hayashi** for her cover design, **Michael Moynihan** for his friendship and helpful suggestions, **David Thomas** for the Feral House World Wide Web site ([www.buzzcut.com/central/feralhouse](http://www.buzzcut.com/central/feralhouse)), and my agents **Richard Pine** and **Lori Andiman**. Feral House could hardly carry on without the devotion and sympathy of **Charlie Winton**, **Gary Todoroff**, **Susan Reich**, **Anne Brooks**, and everybody else at **Publishers Group West**.

Throughout the years spent on this book, I have relied on many individuals for their aid, information, friendship and collaboration. The following people are due my heartfelt thanks:

**Jerry A.**, **Dwight Abbott**, **Carl Abrahamsson**, **Terre Baarlaer**, **Peter Bagge**, **J. G. Ballard**, **Blanche Barton**, **Dale Beyerstein**, **Greg Bishop**, **Bob Black**, **Steve Blush**, **Andy Boehm**, **Don Bolles**, **Ron Bonds**, **Robin Boyarsky**, **Jack Boulware**, **Len Bracken**, **Jack & Kathy Brewer**, **David Brothers**, **David Brown**, **Martin Cannon**, **Sean Carley**, **Jerry Casale**, **Monte Cazazza**, **Art Chantry**, **Rex Church**, **Dan Clowes**, **David Cole**, **Chris & Ruth Cooper**, **Tim Cridland**, **Matt Crowley**, **Georganne Deen**, **Rene Denfeld**, **Bob DeFord**, **George DiCaprio**, **James Shelby Downard**, **Katherine Dunn**, **Pat Eddington**, **Greg Escalante**, **Margaret Fiorino**, **Jim Fleming**, **Kris Force**, **Irene Forrest**, **Kathy Fors**, **Patrick Fourmy**, **Thomas Francis**, **Leonard Frank**, **Josh Friedman**, **Drew Friedman**, **Mark Frierson**, **Peter Gilmore**, **Jim and Debbie Goad**, **Ted Gottfried**, **Sue Greenberg**, **Karen Greenlee**, **Rudolph Grey**, **Todd Grimson**, **Bill Grimstad**, **Frank Grow**, **Michelle Handelman**, **Dian Hanson**, **Lars Hansson**, **Trent Harris**, **Ace Hayes**, **Tom Hazelmyer**, **Peter Hiess**, **George Higham**, **Warren Hinckle**, **Thee Slayer Hippy**,

## CULT RAPTURE

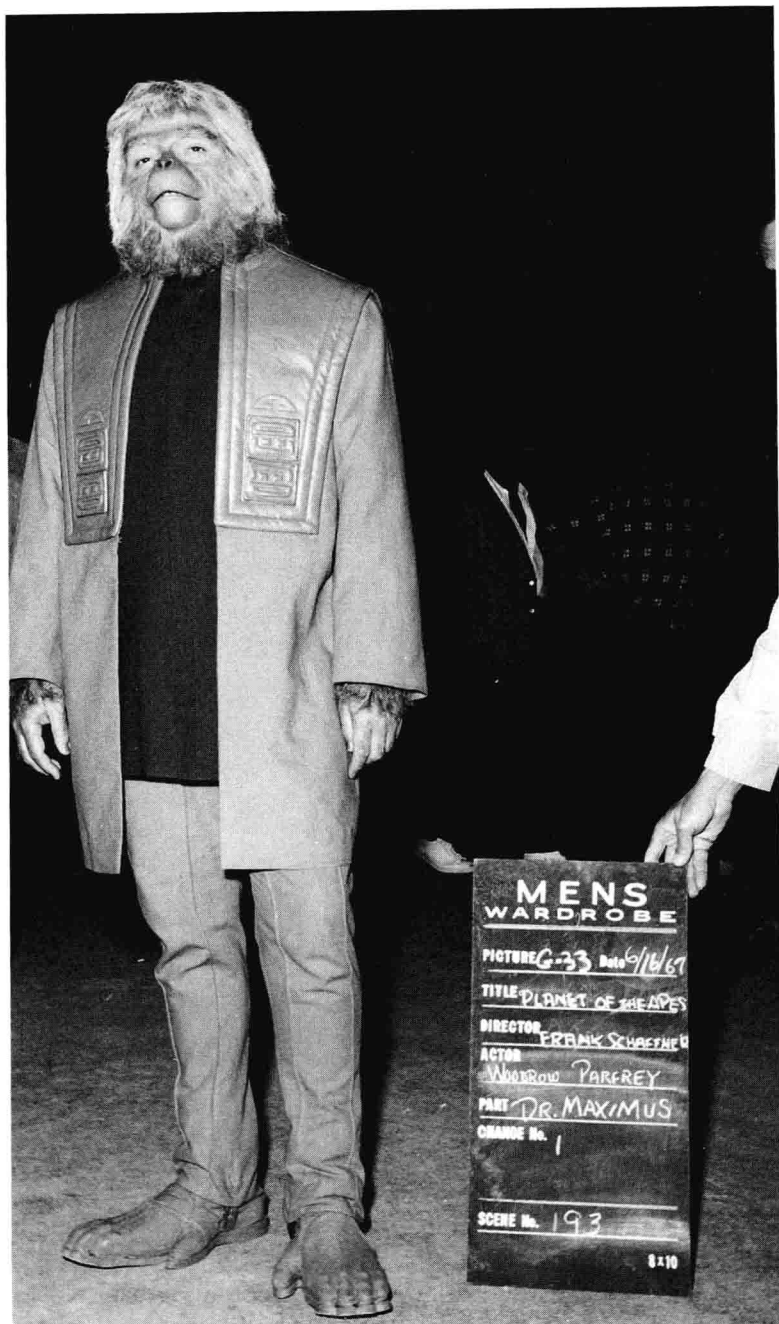
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A few individuals have attempted to become a negative force in my life. Their expenditure of energy on my behalf cheers me. Even if their ruse is slander, they invoke my name more often than any publicist.

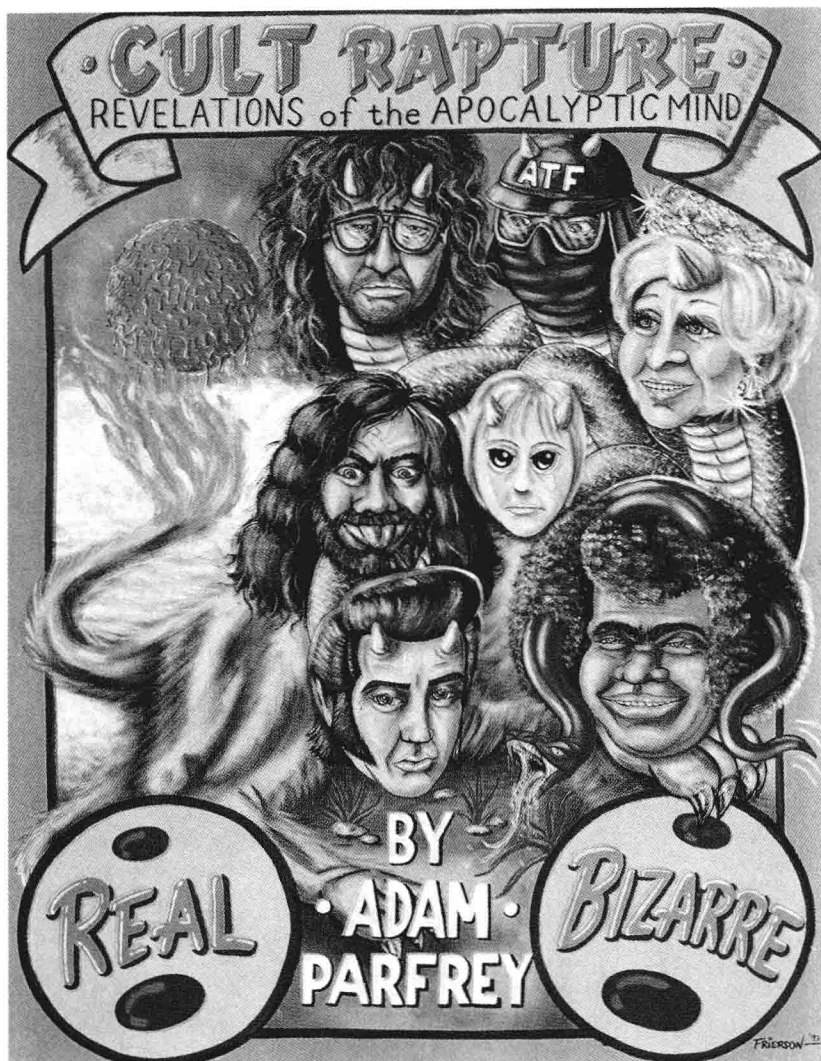
**Maryanne Cassera** became my guardian angel after a drunk driver plowed into my pickup truck, propelling my unconscious body through the passenger window.

**MUCH LOVE** to my wife **Lisa** and to the **Parfreys: Rosa, Jonathan, Jessica, Juliet, Rio, Paloma, Isaac, Morgan, Daniel, Stig, Juliet's new one & Bob Tolson.**

This book is dedicated to the memory of my father, **Sydney Woodrow Parfrey.**







THE END IS NEAR  
(THEY WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD)

Sideshow painter Mark Frierson's poster for the Center on Contemporary Art show which included work by Dr. Jack Kevorkian, Joe Coleman, Paul Laffoley, Robert N. Taylor, Dick Kramer, Leilah Wendell, Michael Moynihan, Charles Manson, George Higham, Charles Krafft, Rodney Vanworth, Shaun Partridge, and others.

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## INTRODUCTION

This collection delves into the rapturously cultic experiences of groups you're going to wish you never heard of. How, why, did I sit with some of these characters long enough to not only obtain quotes, but glean their reptilian essence? Easy. My mind was on the payoff: thousands of people receiving an antidote to the Hall-mark Card reality of America. Consider this book an emetic for the soul.

*Cult Rapture* is the result of years of toil in the cane fields of freelance journalism. My other career — as a publisher of outré books — affords me the luxury of writing about what I please for whom I please. It is a process not unlike serial monogamy. After I exhaust a subject (and it exhausts me) I throw all its components into a box, kick it into the basement and forget about it. Then my roving eye alights on some fresh topic. Such is the life of a freelance dilettante with money in the bank. Devotion, but with the promise of variety.

If journalism was my primary means of subsistence, I'd be forced to feign interest in the love life of celebrities. The political wisdom of Mr. Eisner, Mr. Rosenthal or Mr. Newhouse would necessarily become my own. Respectable newspapers or high-toned magazines are not interested, as I am, in maniacs, weirdos and bizarre social movements. I'm told that such things are not compatible with advertising. I'm grateful for the venues that have tolerated my interests and printed my work without leaning heavily on the red pencil.

If the articles in *Cult Rapture* share a common thread, they all describe how the panic-stricken middle class escapes its apocalyptic nightmare. Individuals seek secrets of their past lives from Pleiadian Space Brothers; paraplegics use their withered bodies to break the glass ceiling of orgasmic capability, launching their partners into a *petit morte* lengthier than a screening of *La Dolce Vita*; aging men disgusted by the shrewish examples of American womanhood seek

sexual and emotional contentment by conjuring an appreciative *houri* through the mail; unloved girls throw themselves into the virtual reality of ecstatic fandom; materially successful upper-middle-class professionals abandon their entire cultural perspective by worshipping a Hindu Godman. Nowhere is middle-class anxiety so pronounced as in Jonathan Haynes, a BATF chemist who went so far as to commit two murders to prove that society had conspired from preventing him from taking an Aryan bride.

The American middle class is in the process of losing its security, its privileges, its clarity, its direction. Drifting out to sea, it grasps passing ideas as if they were life jackets. Before he first quit his candidacy for President, Ross Perot led all polls — a tantalizing indication of the extraordinary promise of the Populist paradigm. Gun control and the paramilitary adventures in Idaho, Waco and Oklahoma City have pushed this movement into pretzel shapes ever since. The new Populism is nostalgic, invoking the War for Independence as a battle cry against the “New World Order.” It’s also progressive, seeking an answer to the corruption and stasis of the two-party system. Populists rightly perceive Corporate America as abandoning domestic markets and domestic production for better prospects elsewhere. Enormous profits are waiting to be reaped in countries such as India, with a middle-class larger than our entire population, or Mexico, or Malaysia, or Taiwan. The Populist nationalism is not so much reactionary and war-like, as protectionist. Corporate allegiance is to Mammon, not to nation.

The middle-class foreboding over the triumph of capitalism is, in a sense, paradoxical. The threat of Communism has been trumped. This “victory” means, however, that American military adventurism must remain active on an international level, where the armed forces act in concert with the United Nations as a kind of international cop. These minor skirmishes don’t justify Cold War-era expenditures, however. Prisons, police, SWAT teams, and the entire array of expensive spy equipment required to contain “domestic terrorism” has become the new life raft for the military-industrial complex. The Cold War paranoia has come home to roost within domestic borders.

## INTRODUCTION

As a rule, I never tackle subjects overwhelmed by media attention, such as the Oklahoma bombing. I made an exception in this instance because in all the coverage I've read, from the monotonous clamor of pundits bellowing about the "loss of American innocence," or the mom-and-apple-pie stories of individual heroism, or the unprincipled assignment of blame on the entire Populist militia movement, it has become clear the most compelling questions have not been addressed.

Why has it suddenly become necessary to dismantle so many constitutional rights? Why was the Posse Comitatus Act revoked, the law that once prohibited the military from attacking American citizens? Does the government expect civil war? Why has it become necessary for the FBI to snoop on every electronic, postal or vocal communication, even when the person spied upon is not suspected of committing a crime? Why must President William Jefferson Clinton create another anti-terrorist police bureaucracy when President Reagan put together a \$3 billion a year program back in 1987? Who benefits most from Oklahoma City, and why? *Cui bono?*

I'm often asked, "Where did you find your subjects?" "Doesn't it get to you, all this strangeness, extremity and negativity?"

Remember the Indian who puts his ear to the train track in the movies? There's my inspiration for hunting down articles and sources. The usual journalistic sport of rewriting other people's work is cheating, and dull besides.

The best articles are like lightning: the revelations can only strike once. These usually become source material for professional "borrowers." After the publication of my article about Linda Thompson and the militia movement in the *Village Voice* (a prescient six months prior to the Oklahoma bombing), I was fascinated to discover a post-bomb piece on Thompson in *Esquire*, using my descriptions and even my turns of phrase. The *Voice* article netted me fifteen hundred dollars. The creative borrower from *Esquire* made something like ten thousand bucks.

The *New Yorker* magazine, meanwhile, accused Feral House of indulging in "fusion paranoia," a phrase conjured to castigate those who research conspiracies using information from both the Left *and*

## CULT RAPTURE

Right. The *New Yorker* seemed flabbergasted that we weren't yoked to the Democrat/Republican, Right/Left paradigm like all "responsible" journalists. I am not alone in regarding the two-party system as a false stratification, a dumb-show concocted for the public as a means to distract attention from the ruling elite. This *New Yorker* piece proves why it receives so many ads for sixty thousand dollar watches and full-length furs. It's where the elite goes to confirm its preconceptions.

An excellent example of political theater inherent in the dumb-show was the July, 1995 Congressional hearing on Waco in which Kiri Jewell, said to be "deprogrammed" from Branch Davidian teachings at the tender age of 10 by the so-called Cult Awareness Network, took the stand. Photos, videotape and testimony uttered by Kiri, now 14, were distributed by the mainstream media despite laws which protect the name and photo of juvenile victims of sexual predation from being published. Pundits wrote that Kiri's testimony effectively "paralyzed" the inquiry and "justified" the decision to spray equally paralyzing tear gas — banned from international warfare by the Geneva Convention — into an area where young children had no access to gas masks.

A few months after the fatal assault on Waco, I interviewed Kiri's grandmother at her suburban home in Orange County. Though her daughter, Sherri, was killed in the final conflagration, the grieving woman was concerned that Kiri's father, David, was working with "government psychiatrists" to expunge the memory of Sherri Jewell from young Kiri's mind.

It was strange indeed to see the woman's grandchild testify about sex crimes on national television; stranger still to realize that in so doing she justified actions which led to the murder of her mother in an explosive demonstration of Cult Rapture, in both its political and religious manifestations.

Adam Parfrey  
August, 1995

# THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY

## THE LATTER DAYS OF UNARIUS

[This article does not attempt to address the truth or untruth of paranormal phenomena. It does, however, provide a glimpse of apocalyptic spirituality manifested by a group of misfits bonded together by the charisma of the elderly Archangel Uriel. More than just a grandmotherly figure, Uriel satisfies the longing of present-day nonentities in the belief that they are presently fulfilling a multi-generational destiny — their spiritual union with Ruth Norman, aka, the Archangel Uriel.

What makes this article different from several others surveying the cult was my good fortune encountering Stephan Yancoskie, a major mover and shaker of the cult, but who later had a falling out with the Archangel Uriel over his gay relations within the group. Yancoskie tells the remarkable story of Uriel's penchant for wedding dresses and marriage ceremonies with the fag hags who joined Unarius.

This, however, isn't the sort of thing that Unariusians want revealed about their group. The Archangel Uriel is supposed to be infallible. Shortly after this article appeared in *The San Diego Reader*, I was plagued with crank phone calls by people pretending to be all-powerful "Space Brothers." "C-S-3, 1-0-2. TERMINATE!" the caller would yell in a high nasal monotone before hanging up. Unarius Academy members also blanketed the *Reader* with hectoring letters. Vice-President Charles Spaegel threatened a lawsuit because the article happened to create the perception that Unarius is "weird."

My first impression of Unarius was that it seemed an essentially benign organization, providing a needed sense of belonging for troubled and lonely souls. Total immersion in any eccentric philosophy can be stressful: anything that threatens the fragile logic of the belief system will result in extreme defensiveness.]

“Oh, no! Oh, no!” Joseph insisted. “You and everybody else will not refrain me from being God because I’m God and I’m going to be God! I was the first in the world and I created the world. No one made me.” — an inmate from the Ypsilanti mental institution, from Milton Rokeach’s *The Three Christs of Ypsilanti*.

Don’t forget, if you have negative feelings against me, it is not me as a person because I am not an individual, I am the Infinite! — Uriel speaks, in *Effort to Destroy the Unarius Mission Thwarted*

Satan is alive and well and lives in a suburb of San Diego. Not to worry, though. The Archangel Uriel — the deity who resides in the body of 93-year-old Ruth Norman (at time of this book’s publication, deceased) — tamed the Evil One. Satan now works unceasingly in behalf of all Light Beings as a “Doctor of Psychic Therapeutic Science” at the Unarius Academy of Science in El Cajon.

URIEL

You Came!

You saw the Evil!

You Conquered!

You Healed Satan!

You have set Man

FREE!

*I, Bonaparte: An Autobiography*, in which the above poem appears, is periwig-pated Charles Spaegel’s past-life testimony. For ten million years — from Spaegel’s incarnation as the mind-controlling Tyrantus of the Orion Empire to Pontius Pilate to Napoleon — the Satan-spirit tortured and fretted his karma until he finally gave himself over to spread the gospel of Uriel. Today, the former Satan administers the day-to-day operations at Unarius World Headquarters in El Cajon, California, located near a nexus of thrift stores at South Magnolia Avenue and Main Street. He is also the primary Unarius “subchannel,” who, by riding piggyback on Uriel’s energy beam, is the human shortwave radio through which the Space Brothers (evolved beings



## THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY



**Ruth Norman (URIEL)**

Cosmic Visionary  
Founder-Director - Unarius  
Spiritual Leader for the Earth

*The Starmap of the 33 planets of the Interplanetary Confederation.*

*Background*

from a higher astral world) answer the mystery of the cosmos. And they're never wrong.

"There is nothing that can't be explained by Unarius principles," says Spaegel, who is addressed at Unarius headquarters as Antares, a moniker that refers to his higher vibratory consciousness, which he regained after Satan's fall. And indeed, the glut of Unarius literature seems to cover all the bases. A three-volume set, to name one example, promises to reveal the *History of the Universe*.

The 125 books in the Unarius library largely consist of conversations with chatty astral luminaries eager to impart eternal wisdom to Earth-eans. Unarius literature records discussions with Plato, Socrates, Herodotus, Freud, Pascal, Heidegger, Copernicus, Kepler, Karen Horney, Isaac Newton, Alessandro Volta, Hermann von Helmholtz, Gregor Mendel, Alexander Graham Bell, Albert Einstein, J. Robert Oppenheimer, incinerated astronauts Grissom, White, and Chaffee, the prophet Ezekiel, Kahlil Gibran, UFOlogist George Adamski, and ubiquitous electrical engineer and proponent of diathermy Nikola Tesla, who seems to divide his afterlife among free-energy aficionados and those who harmonically converge.

Though Unarius literature claims 300,000 students, the number of home-study students and active members would most likely be less than a thousand. An estimated 60 members attend local lectures and meetings. Other Unarius Star Centers (besides El Cajon) are reported to exist in North Carolina, Florida, Toronto, Vancouver, Australia, Bulgaria, and Nigeria.

In their civvies, Unariuns look no different from a coven of Amway salesmen. But when they parade about in their colorful Mylar space tunics as leaders of the Interplanetary Confederation, or when they enact past-life psychodramas from the antebellum South or the underground cities of Mars, for example, Unariuns are truly in their element.

The effect is like a community theater gone mad or a sustained and inspired Dada prank. Or so the nihilistic mind might reason. But irony plays no part in these ultra-kitsch spectacles. Rather, they are the gloriously gaudy expressions of a fantastic and hermetic belief system.