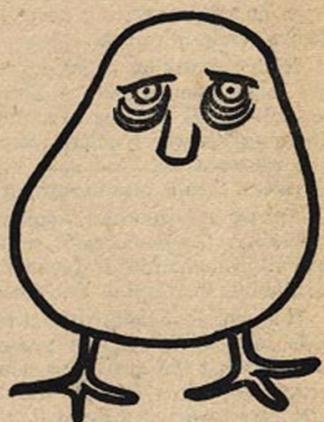


The Realist

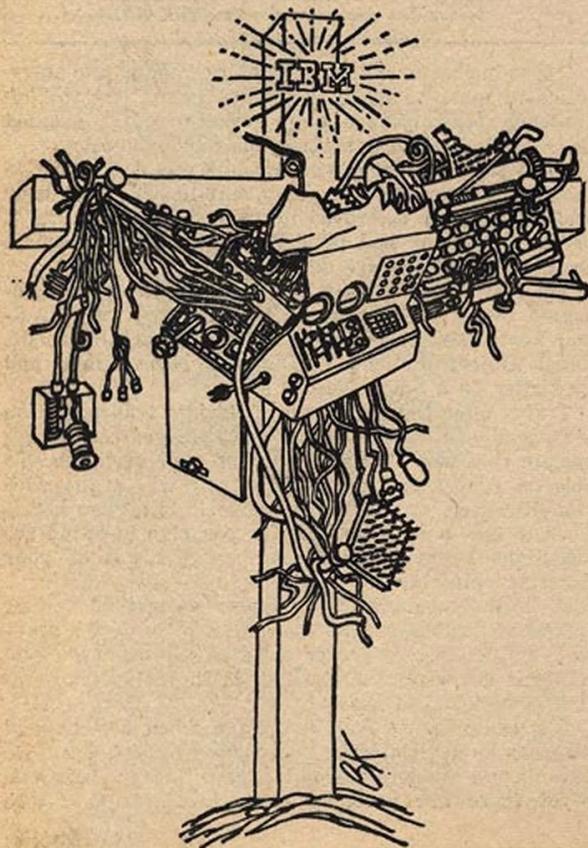


The Cybernetic Revolution

by Robert Anton Wilson

Paul Revere 1976, two hundred years after the original, will be a guy galloping through every middlesex, village and farm, yelling: "Grab your guns, boys, *the machines is a-coming!*"

The Triple Revolution Manifesto got a great deal of
(Continued on Page 5)



Automation and Aberration

by Renfreu Neff

What has happened to perversion?
Where are the Great Perverts of yore?

Within the past decade the old aberrations—the "classics"—have not disappeared; they have been assimilated into our cultural patterns to the extent that few are really "perverse" anymore.

Advancements in the fields of psychiatry, sociology and technology have made them more popular, more convenient and, alas, more socially acceptable.

The loosening of literary and film censorship lends Artistic Interpretation to the new morality, and after a respectful period of hard-cover probation, paper-back editions are rushed out so that the budget-minded masses can catch up with the latest Excursion Beyond The Norm.

The sexual revolution has stripped away the secrecy, and instead of strong, healthy, clandestine "deviations," we are left with piddling "variations" on the theme.

With this new popularity and practicability has come the inevitable—vulgarity, to which the serious pervert has no recourse. Science no longer marches on; it goes by jet, and the pervert has lost the exclusive rights to his own depravity.

The Homosexual is little more than a statistic.

The Movie Masher has gone the way of all great freaks—he is sitting at home watching TV.

Television and the movie industry—technological voyeurism, exploiting the human will to watch—have turned the Voyeur into a sedentary creature who no longer has to move about, shift his position on a chair, or bend over to see anything. It is only the truly die-hard Voyeur, too out of touch with the times to be of much interest, who bothers to notice the exposed knees and thighs that parade past him along the avenues.

The Flagellant is merely a noisy nuisance in the next apartment.

The Fetishist is not only the victim of over-acceptance and built-in obsolescence, he is further victimized by the psychiatric lag; modern shrinkers have been loitering in fetishism for the past decade and there have

(Continued on Page 2)

AUTOMATION AND ABERRATION

(Continued from Cover)

been no really exciting developments in this area since ladies' undergarments.

With perversion in its current state of deterioration via automation, Krafft is Ebing, and Rampant Heterosexuality may be able to make a strong comeback. But the question which arises from this prospect is: Do we, the rampant heterosexuals, want all of those has-been deviates, freaks and queers on our team?

Among the foremost exponents of rampant heterosexuality, the democratic consensus is *no*, and so we are all brought face-to-face with the immediate problem of Saving Perversion For The Perverts.

It is not just heterosexual clannishness that prompts this involvement in the preservation of the deviate's domain, but we also have a moral obligation; heterosexuality—often called simply "sex"—has a much stronger tradition behind it, and it was the forerunner of what we know today as Hobbies, Conversational Ice-Breakers, Recreation, Group Activities, etc.

It was, and still is, the "norm" from which deviates deviate, the Founding Father—and its role carries the full moral responsibility of this paternity—for without sex there would have been no aberrations.

It is reasonable to assume that all of these perversions, deviations, variations, whatever, existed throughout history, but certain of them have but recently become widely practiced, and man's advancements in the fields of technology can be held directly responsible for the renaissance of many Lesser Known Freakeries.

Comfort and convenience are the bywords here, and apparently that was all that was necessary to bring about their popular appeal—and their downfall, to be sure.

For example, Frottage was given a tremendous shot in the arm by the invention of the elevator and the subway. Prior to these mechanical advancements the frottist had to rely upon over-crowded public functions—coronations, hangings, funeral corteges, etc.—and many of these events were not conducive to the full enjoyment of his specialty.

His was a miserable plight when the weather was bad.

Printing and photography have helped the Voyeur immeasurably, and contemporary architecture with its glass-curtain walls and sleazy interior construction proved to be a long-awaited release for both the Voyeur and the Ecoteur.

Modern plumbing has freed the Coprophagist from the threat of chills and pneumonia and the embarrassment of an out-house demise.

But these are just a few of the new-found aids for the 20th century deviate. There are, of course, many more. But then there are also those developments which have shown themselves to be outstanding on the levels for which they were originally intended, but which have yet to be fully investigated by the sexually imaginative underground.

In this group we find TV and the telephone; their full potentials have not been plumbed, and even Marshall McLuhan has cautiously skirted this issue.

It is highly possible that the telephone may never catch on because there is something too impersonal, often ominous, about the disembodied Dirty Talker or Heavy Breather on the other end. One gets the impres-

sion that the caller is promiscuous and will pant into *anyone's* ear. This is one of the last strong-holds of Snobbism in Aberrated Behaviour.

Television, on the other hand, will be more easily adaptable to the area of automated aberration if and when the controllers of this medium realize that it is not the 14-year-old mentality which must be appeased, but the huge percentage of sexual deviates who simply refuse to put up with that sterile, "situational" drivel.

So far only the drug addict has managed to find solace by the tubes, and his interest is on a very questionable plane; is this the extent of his intellectual capabilities, or does the junkie view TV as a literal interpretation of High Camp?

It has been said that even in the most extreme cases of drug addiction, the junkie seeks the shaky toe-hold on reality which the TV set, allegedly provides. The only trouble is that the junkie is coming in through the *back* of the tube, and there is little here upon which any evaluation of the medium itself can be based.

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Those in charge of television programming and entertainment must be made to realize that it was the nonsense Masturbators and Voyeurs who prevented their medium from damaging the movie industry.

Until recent years the automobile was a Godsend to just about every pervert going, but terrible rush-hour traffic jams have destroyed its value in the city, and it has been hurt by bad publicity in the suburbs where Greasy Kid Things are done in cars.

The airplane affords little privacy for the more flamboyant perverts—Flagellants, Cannibalists, Large Animal Bestialists, etc.—but it is fine for Exhibitionists, Small Object Fetishists, Discreet Necrophiles, and Bestiality on a Small Animal scale.

Trains offer the best form of deviate transportation—especially in foreign countries where you can always explain that whatever you're doing is perfectly acceptable on American trains and no one will argue with you. However, on American trains it is always better form to take a Pullman berth if you plan to spend the late-night hours beating the daylight out of your doberman pinscher.

As is the case with any progressive method or new system of application, there are always the dissenters—or "purists" as they prefer to be called—and so it certainly is not surprising to find, in the field of aberration, Technological Dissent.

For example, we live in an age when any natural fiber can be duplicated by man-made plastics—far more durable and requiring much less care than the originals—yet there are probably more Leather and Suede

Queens today than during any period in history when these were the common materials for man's clothing.

Fur—the genuine article—is also in this category, and the purists among the Fur Sniffers and Feelers would rather die than succumb to whatever eroticism something called “Borgana” might have.

Is it sincere sensitivity or veiled snobism that prevails? An objective investigation is sufficient to prove that the test-tube varieties just don't have it. Naugahyde may look the same as its natural counterpart when used for upholstery, and dynel “fur” may be all right for the bath-mat. But for clothing and more personal uses? Never! The *smell* is gone!

There are many observers of the present condition who see the dissent as a transferral of Bestiality into the modern idiom.

Bestiality has suffered immensely from the mechanization of farms and the decrease in rural population. The 20th century farm is an antiseptic, government-subsidized concern which has done everything possible to discourage person-to-animal contact; there is something so *commercial* about the whole thing these days.

The zoo situation was never considered very good by the lover of Exotic Creatures, because in order to have access to the Love Object he had to obtain employment which would facilitate visits. Employment of this nature usually brought very definite responsibilities as to the animal's care and feeding and cage-cleaning from which sprung the inevitable attachment of the beast to its demented caretaker.

Even a pervert could see that this was just too much like marriage, and so a second death knell was sounded for what was once an absolutely “fun” deviation.

Today bestiality is practiced in isolated regions

Beware of the Snaffle

Time magazine gleefully exposed the sinful life of Fire Island. It quoted one youth who said, “This island just floats on weekends. It goes out to sea Friday night and doesn't come back until Sunday.”

In fact, Time declared, the inhabitants lead “such a free and easy way of life that they had to invent a



new language to describe it.” Time's glossary includes “sleepies—nonresident guest of the opposite sex,” and “snaffling—rounding up a group for a party at which bash, a devastating blend of fruit juice, rum and scotch is the preferred drink.”

My Ocean Ridge neighbors were interviewed and photographed, with the caption, “Where the groupers and their sleepies have a bash.”

Except for the outdated “groupers,” nobody there (or here) has ever heard the term. Besides that, everybody we know drinks gin in the summer. But why criticize Time for inventing words to titillate corn-fed America when it is so famous for inventing facts? Or was someone putting Time on?

—Lucy Komisar

like the South African Veldt and the East 50's off 3rd Avenue. A lot of bestial sublimation has gone into women's fashions with their feather fetish and spotted-speckled-and-spittled prints.

Some observers are violently opposed to bestiality because of allergies to animal hair, while the ASPCA claims that it is unfair because nobody ever asks the animals what *they* think of it.

Several men were interviewed who said that there was no reason to go to the farm for beasts any more because they dated a lot of women in the city who made it very difficult to tell the difference, and besides, the threat of hoof-and-mouth disease had been eliminated. One man said that it was all right as long as you liked the animal, but the trouble with a lot of them is that they don't know when to leave.

The only really positive statement came from Walt Disney who said, “Bestiality is great—my people do it all the time.”

The motion picture is in a class by itself. Although seemingly at its technological apex with the wonders of technicolor, stereophonic sound, and wraparound screens, this medium may rapidly destroy itself because of new and undesirable elements which it imposes upon the auto-erotically inclined patron.

First of all, movies have over-priced themselves, especially the really worthwhile ones of foreign origin, and it is now necessary to pay at least \$2 just to get into the cinema. Once inside, coat over his lap, the film-goer is beset by poorly synchronized dubbing and subtitling, both of which are equal harassments to anyone who simply wants to sit in the dark and play with himself.

There is too much *involvement* forced upon him.

What some of us think of as advancements are actually unfair intrusions, and the Exhibitionist becomes nostalgic for the wonderful days of groping nymphettes at the Roxy while he watched the latest Betty Grable musical unravel before his eyes. In those days he could walk out humming a tune. Nowadays he needs a supply of aspirin, eye-drops, and a comfortable pair of shoes in which to stand in line to buy a ticket.

The only alternatives left for the Movie Masturbator-Groper are either to patronize the sordid, freak-ridden cinemas in the 42nd Street district where he may feel insecure, after which he may return home with something “communicative”; or he can patronize the more intellectual citadels of The Underground Film.

The problem with the latter is not distraction, but *over-participation*; he is being aurally assaulted, while at the same time he is being drawn into a voyeuristic experience by the film-maker who is engaging in his *own* bizarre form of celluloid masturbation. There is a continual displacement of aberration.

The slogan goes that Movies Are Better Than Ever, but better for *what*?

Cannibalism, or necrophagia, is the Most Underground Perversion in the Western world, which persists in taking a decidedly negative attitude toward its entire premise and labelling it a “perversion” but the irony of this lies in the fact that only a vegetarian could fail to find an “identity” here.

Of relevance here are the dietary limitations of the Judaeo-Christian code of ethics; although we may choose to live outside of the religious and moral aspects of this code, its gastronomic influences—its “tastes” if you will—are retained for the most part, and the

Culinary Renegade, the necrophagist, is forced into a position of having to make-do with kitchen appliances that are suitable only for the preparation of those meats which have obtained the stamp of Social Approval

He must cope with electric skillets and casserole dishes, all of which are undersized for his purposes and best employed for the cooking of rather discreet sections of Barnyard Animals. He has learned to muddle through without TV Dinners, Chicken Delights, and all of those Plastic Foods that the rest of us know and love. It is a wonder that the necrophagist has been able to survive at all.

A certain decorum should always be maintained in order to separate the Major Freaks from the Minors. America now has her first generation of Completely Automated Deviates, and since they assumed their "variations" with such facility, they treat them lightly—much to the embarrassment of the Old Guard who prefer to take their eccentricities with a grain of furtiveness and secrecy.

With secrecy gone there is no need to be furtive; without furtiveness perversion loses its exclusiveness, and any number can play. When any practice gets out of hand, in a manner of speaking, rules, a code of etiquette, must be established. And this is what has happened to perversion on the modern scene. It now needs social traffic controls.

The Old Guard will just have to adjust and stop mumbling things like "These young sadists have no respect for their elders" and "It's hard to find the good organic stuff anymore."

Sniffing dirty laundry bags at the laundromat has considerably more "class" than ogling the wet wash through the little round windows of the washing machines with your hands jammed into your tight-trouser pockets. Those in the Terminal Stage of wet-towel and wet-underwear addiction would do better to slip the super or cleaning woman a dollar to make the laundry machine run for you.

In large department stores extreme caution should always be exercised when approaching those sections which dispense shoes, hats, furs, underwear, and leather goods, and it is considered Good Form for sadists to stay out of Sporting Goods. However, the smaller, more elite department and specialty stores can be entered with but a minimum of trepidation, and Abercrombe's actually welcomes the more violent deviates.

"Body stockings" and Rudi Gernreich underwear are helpful to the female exhibitionist who really shouldn't be one.

The really In exhibitionist has a Xerox copy made of his private parts and *this* is what he exhibits. A safety valve is provided, because in all probability it will be years before the law with all of its slow-moving machinations catches up with him.

In for leather fetishists; suede sheets.

In places for the Dirty Old Ladies—the Cafe Au Go-Go (if you don't drink, but prefer the self-supporting, folk-rock Drop-Out); Charles Evans Hughes High School ("Drop-Outs While-U-Wait"); and just about any motorcycle repair shop on the Upper West Side (bring goggles).

The smart places for the Dirty Old Man—the Cafe Au Go-Go (only if you're patient; nymphettes here are "chancey" and usually require Vocational Guidance); The Clique (strictly Little White Boot clientele); and

Radio City Music Hall during the Christmas Pageant (heavy WASP overtone, but still excellent for multiple Ships-That-Pass-In-The-Night sort of gropings).

Elaine's is a veritable Disneyland of Displaced Coprophagy on any level.

The In place for bestiality—The Corner Beast-ro.

For the woman who likes Obscene Phone Calls but never receives them, an In list of men's phone numbers—no names; isn't that one of the ground rules for the obscene phone call?—has been compiled. You call *them*



and they will talk dirty to you, according to the particular type of obscenity that appeals to you: Chaucerian, Contemporary Street-Calls (truck-driver, construction worker, etc.), Jaded Hipster, Literate-Effete, or Foreign Accent (only Germanic and Indeterminate Continental accents available at this time).

This listing is the only one of its kind, and it is a must for any woman who wants to know that her obscene phone calls are with the right men.

With the increasing prevalence of the Boy-Next-Door sex fiend and the Neighbor-Lady nymphomaniac the emergency has arisen in which new aberrations must be found if we are to keep alive America's sexually imaginative underground. These new perversions will have to come from the perverts themselves, who know their own needs better than anyone else.

The important thing to remember in the practice of any aberration, new or classic, is the role that technology will continue to play. The role of technology cannot be ignored, but it will have to be *controlled* and always regarded as a simple accessory.

For if we allow automation to participate too directly, we will eventually lose sight of the values and the most necessary elements of sexual deviation—communication and social contact. We will then become slaves of our inventions and appliances. Perversion For Perversion's Sake will be the rule, and all sensitivity will vanish.

Over-emphasis of automation and dependence upon its comforts and conveniences are to the detriment of society which needs its perverts more than its perverts need it. A social conscience must be reinstated; that old sense of "groupness" must be resurrected and instilled into the new generations.

The exhibitionist in his centrally-heated apartment must leave his glass-curtain wall and get back into the subways, the movie-houses, and the parks. The Dirty Talker and Heavy Breather must surrender that urge

THE CYBERNETIC REVOLUTION

(Continued from Cover)

to, phone from home. The Frottists are the only ones who have consistently kept alive the will to mingle.

The lone pervert is the lonely pervert, and this must never be forgotten.

The decline in popularity of the hand-held vibrator would seem to prove that man is indeed a social animal. Even at the zenith of its fashion this was an anti-social device that encouraged isolation, and there was always that finicky reluctance to let someone else use it.

It made a monotonous sound and was far too direct a participant in The Games than any appliance had the right to be. The acceptance of so crass a device is explicable in so far as it was the first invention to indicate a potential in the realm of sexual application, and its potential was so obvious that it couldn't be ignored.

The first inroad was made, and once the fad had run its course, we were more sophisticated and able to recognize the more subtle possibilities of other inventions.

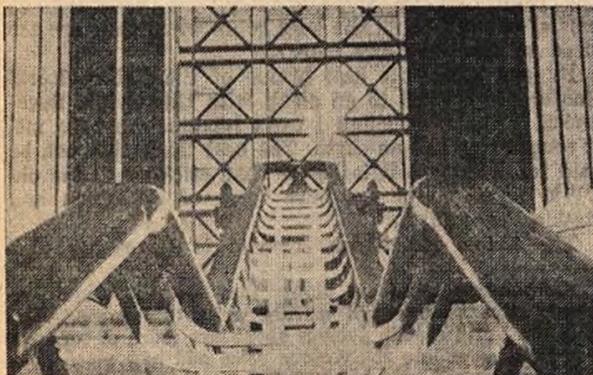
Although a bit *too* subtle for most people, the currently fashionable electric blanket is definitely more "social"; it can be shared and unless one gets under it soaking wet, it never exhibits aggressive behaviour. This brings us to another excellent reason—the element of shock—for keeping home appliances in a passive role.

Undoubtedly the hippest of all inventions is the electric blanket—it gets turned on, it gets plugged in, and it lays on top of you; its little red eyes stare out affectionately as it emits an occasional "clicking" sound which tells you that it's *with you all the way*. Who could want more from an appliance? It is because of these "little attentions" that the electric blanket has knocked the once-so-popular hand-held vibrator out of the competition.

Automation will continue and new inventions will be added; computers have already made great advances in the area of regulation, heterosexual-style pairing off, and it is only a matter of time before Deviant Dating will also be programmed.

There is no disputing the infinite advantages of mechanization, but pervers must learn to recognize the threat is held therein. In spite of—because of—these awesome benefits, perversion will be drained of its *vitality*. If it is to survive at all, the future of all erotopathy is dependent upon the immediate restoration of every component of this vitality—the personal dangers, the insane compulsions, the misplaced creativity—which must be preserved intact for future generations.

The medium is *not* the message.



Yonic Symbolism at M.I.T.'s Gates

December 1966

gassy publicity a few years ago. There is no need to reiterate the obvious here. The reader has already heard of translating machines, song-writing machines, chess-playing machines and totally automated factories.

The labor dispute that almost put New York's newspapers out of business last year was provoked by fear of automation, and the same fear has inspired most of the recent waterfront troubles.

The Negro riots of summer 1964 are attributed, by some sociologists, to the accelerating unemployment rate of urban Negroes. One statistic suggests the whole picture: in 1963 there were exactly 500,000—one half a million—less mine workers employed than in 1945, and in 1964 there were again 125,000 less than in 1963.

At the *Realist's* expense I attended the 3-day Conference on the Cybercultural Revolution held at the Hotel Americana in New York.

The panelists were all well qualified engineers, managers, sociologists, etc.—Ph.D.'s were as thick, in the crowd, as sailors in the balcony of a 42nd Street tit movie—and they all seemed in basic agreement with the Triple Revolution Manifesto's projection of massive unemployment directly ahead of us: massive unemploy-



ment utterly unlike the Depression of the '30s, because there will be no "cure" for it. It will be permanent.

And it is not merely the "proletariat" who are threatened. I, for one, came out of the conference seriously wondering how soon Paul Krassner was going to replace me with a Bad-Joke-and-Radical-Propaganda machine.

Among the many possibilities seriously discussed by the conferents—this is straight reporting, not a *Realist* satire—was a gizmo called the Friend-o-Mat, with a voice programmed to sound human and mellow, which would dispense Freudian, Adlerian, Jungian or any other kind of therapy to several patients at a time. All that remains is the deathless dream of an immortal limerick: There was a young man from Racine

who built a screwing machine;
Concave and convex
It would suit either sex
And jacked itself off in between.

But even that machine is probably possible with the new mathematics and sophisticated hardware of cybernetics. Cybernetics is, basically, an exquisitely subtle mathematical theory describing self-organizing and self-regulating systems "biological or mechanical."

The theory is applicable to any form of self-correcting behavior, in the electro-colloidal system known as an animal, and shows how to duplicate that behavior in an electronic-metallic system known as a machine.

The irony of the cybercultural revolution is that this state of affairs is what we have always dreamed of. "Machinery is the moral substitute for slavery," somebody wrote a long time ago; we have always thought

that super-machinery would mean man's liberation from toil and the freeing of his energies for "higher" artistic or scientific activities.

Now that the super-machinery is at our door, we begin to realize that it might bring, not liberation, but stagnation or starvation.

The latter alternative is, indeed, the ultimate implication of cybernetics, if we return to the philosophy of classical capitalism as espoused by Barry Goldwater or Ayn Rand. Capitalism has inherited from Feudalism—and from the earlier theocracies, slave states and sultanates—a certain idea which is completely incompatible with cybernetic technology.

I will try to state that idea as baldly as possible. This is it: The human race is divided into two groups—the *People Who Matter* and the *People Who Don't Matter*.

The PWM are those who own the planet earth. Their ownership is a "legal fact," although not an existential fact, and is demonstrated by land-titles, franchises, bank charters, stocks, bonds or other documents, certified by the king or the congress, indicating the exact dimensions of their share of ownership. The PWM have an absolute right to exist, symbolized by these documents and guaranteed by the State.

The PWDM, on the other hand, do not own any part of the earth, and, therefore, do not have any absolute right to exist. They may obtain a *relative* right to exist, however, by finding (or being found by) masters among the PWM who will employ them to toil, and compensate them by food and lodging, under slavery, or by wages, under capitalism.

Note that it is the State which decides who are the PWM and who are the PWDM.

Under Feudalism, and earlier systems, the PWM consisted only of the relatives of the king, and, since production was mainly agricultural, the principle form of ownership of the planet was through land-titles. Thus, the "nobility" became lords-of-the-land, land-lords, and levied a tax upon those who actually worked the land, the tax being known as "rent."

The franchises, bank charters, stocks, etc., owned by the modern nobility are the same type of tax placed upon the productive process; capital interest is the "rent" of capital.

A man born into the PWM has his right to exist guaranteed by the State due to his inheritance of these certificates of ownership.

A man born into the PWDM, on the other hand, has no accepted worth in and of himself and obtains the right to exist only when a PWM will employ him.

This age-old class division is the idea mentioned above which is completely incompatible with cybernetics, and I trust that I have stated it baldly enough.

Before Cybernation, the authoritarian structure had at least one slight protection built into it for the PWDM, which is that *they are needed*: the PWM cannot survive without the millions of PWDM grubbing and toiling away to produce the commodities of the nation. For this reason, the PWM have never allowed *all* of the PWDM to starve completely.

This is exactly where the nightmare of cybercultural revolution begins, for, in a cybernated age, the PWDM are *no longer necessary*. The PWM could let them all starve and be served forever after by machines.

The fellow who called machinery "the moral alternative to slavery" never thought of this.

And among the PWDM are a class whom the partici-

pants at the Cybercultural Conference jocularly called "the noodles." The noodles think of themselves as being among the PWM, but by our definition, since they do not own any inherited franchises or charters of ownership over the planet, they are actually among the PWDM.

The noodles, you see, are the *non-technical* managerial and administrative groups. (The *technical* managers and administrators, although also—by our definition—PWDM, cannot be allowed to starve by the PWM.)

What will happen to the noodles, briefly, is that they will be in exactly the same leaky boat as the "gooks," "niggers," "errand boys" and other proletarians.

Although their higher salaries have allowed them to rub elbows and socialize (somewhat) with the PWM—and although they have, because of this, built up the delusion that they are among the PWM—the noodles will soon have their noses rubbed vigorously in the messy fact that they are, and always have been, PWDM. (It couldn't happen to nicer guys, could it?)

But we are exaggerating (I hope). *Our* PWM aren't like the kings and sultans of olde. During the last great depression, without having to shoot or exile any of them, Roosevelt managed to get them to cough up maybe \$1 out of every million to go into a government dole to keep them PWDM from starving.*

And Lyndon Johnson has read the Triple Revolution manifesto, or at least had one of his secretaries write to the Triple Revolution Committee and tell them that he had read it. So, let's all relax, fellows; we can be sure that as cybernetic unemployment spreads, the dole will gradually expand to make up the difference, and nobody really will starve.

It seems to be this elevated level of utopian optimism that the Triple Revolution Committee would peddle to us. The picture I get is a 4-decker society in which: (a) The PWM retain their ownership of the planet through their land-titles, franchises, stocks, bonds, etc., and continue to rake off interest, or usury, on every productive process, while:

(b) A technological elite actually runs things, and:

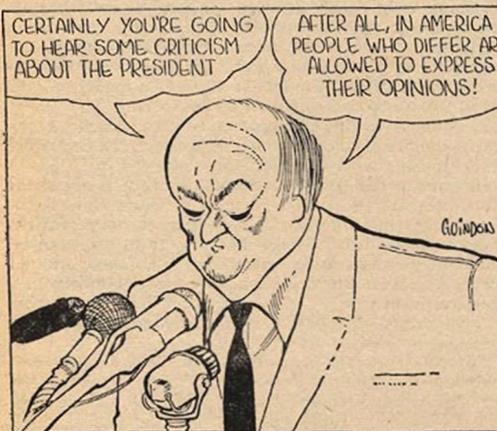
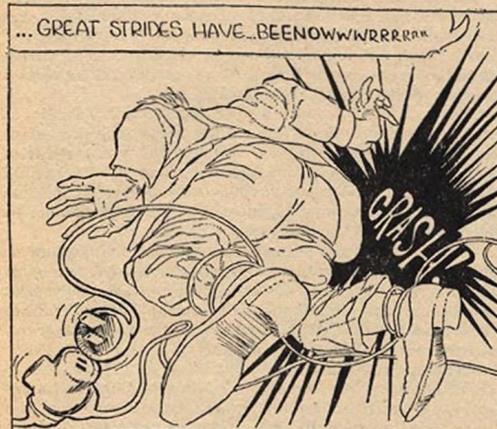
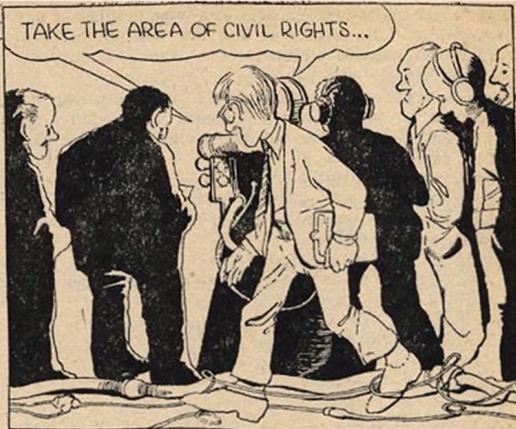
(c) The governing class, at gun-point—all taxes are collected at gun-point, let's keep our eye on the ball here and not forget an unpleasant truth even if it is people like Goldwater who nowadays remind us of this particular truth—holds up the PWM and the technological elite to collect just enough from them to distribute a permanent dole to:

(d) Millions of bored and unemployed ex-workers and ex-noodles (who, presumably, will have lots of movies and TV to fill the long hours when they are too tired to fornicate any more).

By and large, the best brains of the Cybercultural Conference seemed to go along with this Triple Revolution formula, although I can't imagine why. To me, it sounds like hell on earth. The best thing that can be said for it is that it is better than sticking to the old PWM mystique in the pure form of feudalism and classical capitalism.

The Triple Revolution formula is something that

*Corporation taxes are higher than that, of course—as conservative readers will quickly write to tell me. Very true, but I still remain dubious about how much of corporation taxes goes into the various doles and how much goes into warfare and cold warfare to protect the corporations from rebellion on the part of their foreign serfs.



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could arise only in America. It is a pure product of our national muddle-headedness and our refusal, ever, to ask fundamental questions and re-think fundamental assumptions.

Capitalism is under suspicion all over the world, except here. Here it is not an economic system but a revealed religion. Questioning it is a sign of eccentricity, if not depravity.

The Triple Revolution is not a revolution at all, being neither original nor radical (most of its ideas were long ago hashed out in the Social Credit and Technocracy movements).*

The whole Triple Revolution is nothing more than Hopalong FDR Rides Again—Capitalism plus the dole, period.

The irony of the Triple Revolution program is that it is based on ignoring the fundamental principle of cybernetics itself. The Triple Revolution program is an adaptation of cybernetics to our local (capitalist) authoritarianism (just as the ultimate Soviet program for cybernetics will be an adaptation to their own Statist authoritarianism).

But cybernetics itself is profoundly *anti-authoritarian*, and if we merely followed the logic of cybernetics to its ultimate conclusion we would easily find the solution to the problems created by cybernetics. All of these problems, it will turn out, are the result of not following cybernetics logically; they are the result of trying to dilute cybernetics with the logic of earlier systems.

Consider for a moment, not the hardware, but the *essence* of cybernetics. Cybernetics is a mathematical theory describing self-regulating or self-organizing systems. The general theory is applicable to mechanical, biological and social systems.

The material of the system doesn't matter—you can be dealing with transistors and electric circuits, or with the nervous system of a cat or a man, or with a herd of cows or a tribe or nation of men—what makes a system cybernetic, or non-cybernetic, is the *structure* of the materials.

If the structure allows for feedback from the environment and alteration of behavior in accordance with the feedback, you have a cybernetic system. The essence of cybernetics is just that: an information flow that allows for self-correction.

This information flow is only possible where there is a structure to transmit and receive the information. It is perhaps necessary to point out that "structure" and "information" are very high order abstractions in cybernetic theory. The governor of a generator will illustrate this.

The first generators had a nasty habit of accelerating until they tore themselves apart (no feedback). The governor was then invented. This is a pair of balls on a pair of flexible arms, attached to opposite sides of the generator. When the speed exceeds a certain point, the balls are thrown out by centrifugal force, creating a drag in the air. This slows the rotary velocity, until the balls fall back into place, the drag ends, and the machine starts accelerating again.

In this way, the speed is kept oscillating in the vicin-

*And Ezra Pound went to the jail and the bughouse for insisting on precisely these ideas over Rome Radio 20 or so years ago. Remember?

ity of a safe point where the generator will not tear itself apart. A thermostat controls a furnace in the same way. The balls of the governor, as much as the temperature-reading of the thermostat, are said to feed back "information" in cybernetic terminology. They "inform" the generator about its speed, just as the thermostat "informs" the furnace about the amount of heat it is generating.

There is an old Navy tradition that the steersman always repeats an order to the captain before executing it. If the captain says, "Sixty knots," and the steersman replies, "Fifty knots, sir," it is obvious that he has mis-heard and the captain can correct him. This is another example of a feedback, or self-correcting, system.

Feedback can be very "smooth" and continuous. When I reach for a bottle of water, the eye feeds back to the brain information about how far my hand has moved, and how far it still must move, and the feedback occurs continuously, every micro-second, until I reach the bottle.

If it is a bottle of bourbon I am reaching for, and I have already reached for more than I should have, the feedbacks in my nervous system work less "smoothly," more "jerkily," and I may even land on my nose in the middle of the floor. The first cybernetic anti-aircraft guns had just that jerky kind of motion.

There is also a condition of *too much* feedback. In human beings, this takes on the form of the Hamlet kind of neurosis—self-checking carried to the point of indecision and paralysis. This also has its mechanical analogy. An early model cybernetic anti-aircraft gun was built with so much feedback that it kept correcting its direction of fire and never did fire.

A mechanical system is said to have "redundance of control" when it has optimum feedback—not too much and not too little. In redundance of control, every part of the system feeds back information to every other part, and the system as a whole is self-regulating. An automated factory works on this principle.

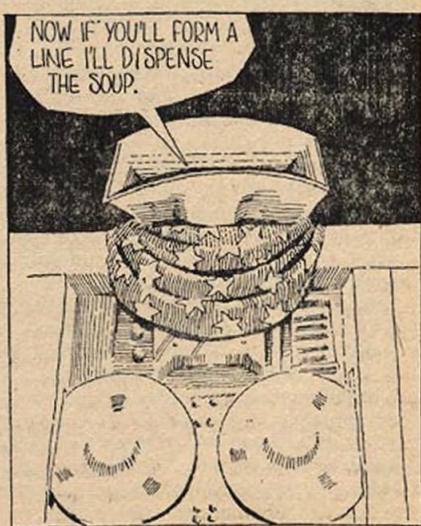
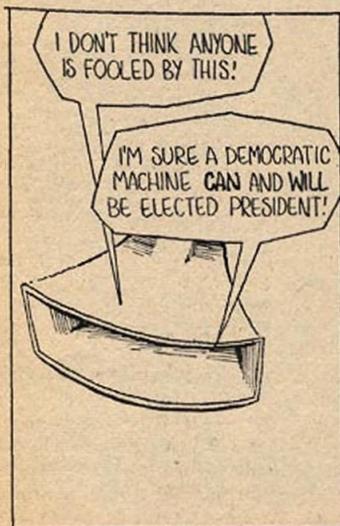
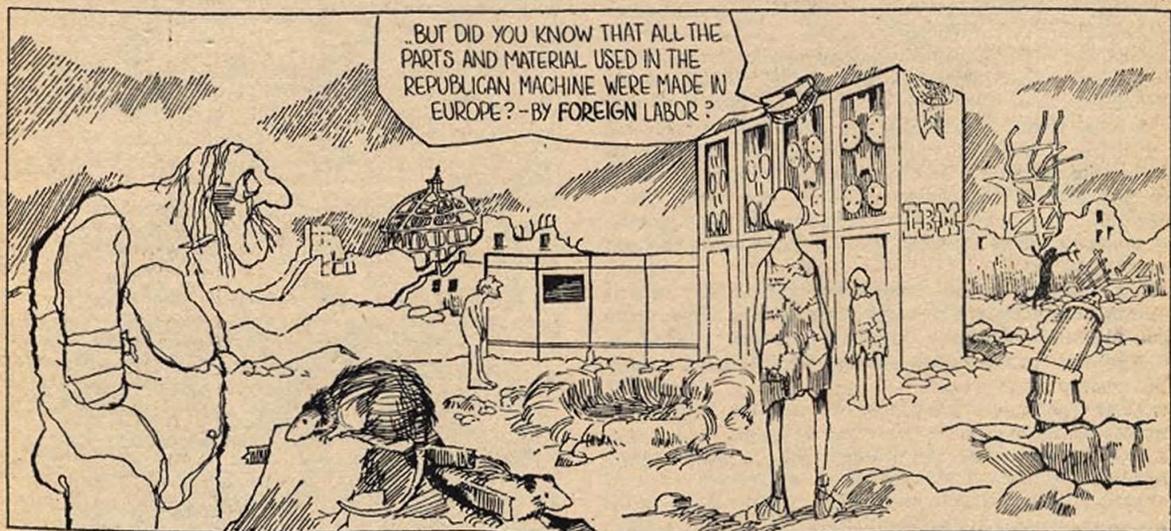
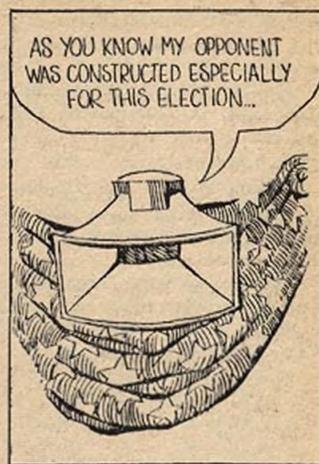
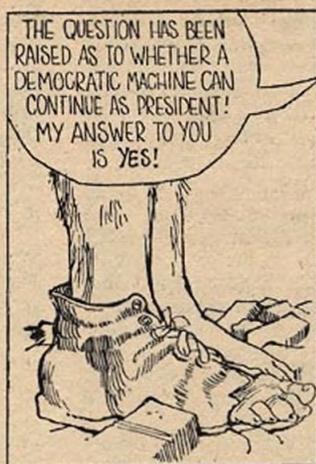
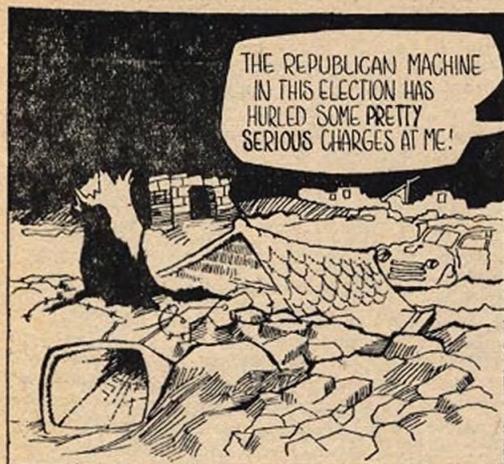
Democracy, from the point of view of cybernetics, is an attempt to introduce redundance of control to the social organism. Note that every step forward in democracy—limited suffrage, universal suffrage, the referendum, the recall, division of powers, etc.—has increased the feedback in the system.

It can be argued that democracy as we know it does not yet contain optimum feedback, but for the moment we will accept the democratic State as a model of sufficient feedback and self-correction.

Let us, from this perspective, contemplate for a moment the "economic States" which divide the control of this country with the political State—let us, that is, contemplate the Corporations. How much feedback do they possess?

A long time ago, I decided that the corporations possess very little feedback and are, from a cybernetic point of view, unstable and primitive systems. At that time, I made myself a bet: nobody employed by a university, I bet myself, would ever announce this discovery in public, although it is a very simple application of cybernetic principles.

To my astonishment, on the second day of the Cybercultural Conference, Professor William Perk of the University of Southern Illinois, criticized the corporations on exactly these grounds, pointing out in detail how the basic feedbacks of the democratic State are



completely lacking in the modern corporation.

Professor Perk went further and remarked that the citizen, spending most of his life as the servant of an authoritarian corporation, is conditioned to submission and obedience and is gradually made psychologically incapable of participating fully in the freedom of the democratic State.

An anecdote once told to me by Tobey McCarroll of the Humanists is very a *propos* here.

Mr. McCarroll, as a lawyer, was representing some Indians in their perennial fight against the Grand Land Thief, or the U.S. Government as we prefer to call it. While he was conferring with the chiefs of the tribe, an archeologist appeared and requested permission to dig for relics in certain mounds which he believed were graves. The chiefs soberly gave permission, although they knew that the mounds were actually cesspools. The savant dug his way down into the dung, without a single Indian speaking up to warn him.

The folklore of all repressed peoples is full of such crude jokes. The Indians—like all repressed groups—had long been forced to realize that they are not information-channels or feedback-channels in the major society. What they see, hear, smell, deduce, know or suppose is of no interest to the control centers of the society.

Having this realization beaten into them for several centuries, they are not about to start volunteering information now. (The legendary poker-facedness of both Indians and Negroes, in the old days, frequently was a mask for this type of hostility, but always expressed in a context of doing what the master class demanded: communicating.)

Every authoritarian society creates this type of voluntary "stupidity." The employee of every corporation practices it most of the time, although not as much as the Indians. Any system lacking feedback encourages this species of sabotage.

(The Italian anarchist labor unions once tied up the railroads, not by striking, but merely by obeying *all* the laws on the books. Because there had never been enough feedback, the law-makers had never discovered how absurd and impractical most of their laws were—until the workers started obeying them.)

The PWDM are always in the position of non-feedback senders to the PWM. This is the very definition of an authoritarian society. The PWM make the decisions, and the PWDM merely obey them. Any cybernetics engineer knows that no mechanical system can imitate human intelligence if it has this non-feedback structure.

Only the fact that capitalism has become a revealed religion keeps people from realizing the simple truth enunciated by Professor Perk: the Corporations, lacking feedback, lack human intelligence. As a whole, every Corporation behaves ten times more stupidly than any particular member of it.

Cynics have puzzled for a long time to explain the "hydrostatic principle of organization," as Oliver Wendell Holmes called it; that is, the principle by which an organization, like water seeking its own level, sinks to the intelligence level of its stupidest member. This is that principle in a nut-shell. It is not a law of organizations at all, but just a law of organizations *without feedback*.

And this is why America is a schizophrenic and uncomfortable civilization. The political unit is, at least

partly, democratic; the economic unit—the Corporation—is more authoritarian and centralized than any sultanate of old.

The citizen is told to be an individual, to be responsible, to think globally, to participate in the world's activity—and, once in four years, he gets a chance to make a mark on a piece of paper.

The rest of the time, he lives as a medieval serf, within an organization that is exquisitely totalitarian. And these "private States," make no mistake about it, dominate not only the *time* of the citizen, but all of the other dimensions of his life as well, much more than the public State does.

The owners of the corporations, under capitalism, are the PWM, just as the owners of the land were, under feudalism. You might almost say, from the point of view of this kind of radical cybernetics, that capitalism is the continuation of feudalism by other means.

I think that the tendency of this argument should be obvious to the reader by now. Either the PWM and their Corporations have a true title by ownership of the planet, or they do not. If they do, Ayn Rand is right and the State has no justification for coming along with a gun and robbing them to feed the PWDM.

If, on the other hand, the whole PWM mystique is just the modern form of "the divine right of kings," if it has no basis in justice, then it is time we had as much balls as our ancestors had when they hauled Charlie Stuart I up before the court and stripped him of his powers.

It is time, in short, that the corporation go the way of the monarchy, and be replaced by democratic self-regulating institutions; institutions that would belong, not to a few of the people, but to all of the people. If the people really do own the planet, then there need be no State dole: they will merely receive dividends from their joint stock companies which will run their machinery for them, and they will have to take on the responsibility of making the decisions for these companies.

If the people are too stupid to run their own companies, then, by God, the old authoritarian system is justified, and the earth does belong to a minority. In that case, I see no reason why that talented minority should be robbed to feed the incompetent. This, really, is the choice that cybernetics sets before us: do we believe in man, or do we believe in an elite of super-men?

The Triple Revolution is merely another American muddle, a refusal to face the issues, and an attempt to have one foot in each boat, while the boats are obviously going in opposite directions.

Far be it from me to condemn stupidity utterly. It's been around so long that I'm sure it must have some use. It does appear, though, that in facing the particular challenge of cybernetics, intelligence may be of more use than stupidity. In that case, we will have to define the issues crisply and make a definitive choice.

Either we can trust the people, or we must trust an elite. It would be melodramatic, corny and inaccurate to state this choice as Socialism or Fascism, because most forms of socialism *are* fascism. Whatever you want to call it, however, the choice remains.

God knows, I wouldn't attempt to influence such a conglomeration of heretics as the *Realist* readership, on how this choice should be decided. The choice is probably out of our hands, anyway; the corporations own 98% of the wealth. I'll see you on the unemployment line. . . .

Report from England

by Derek Simon

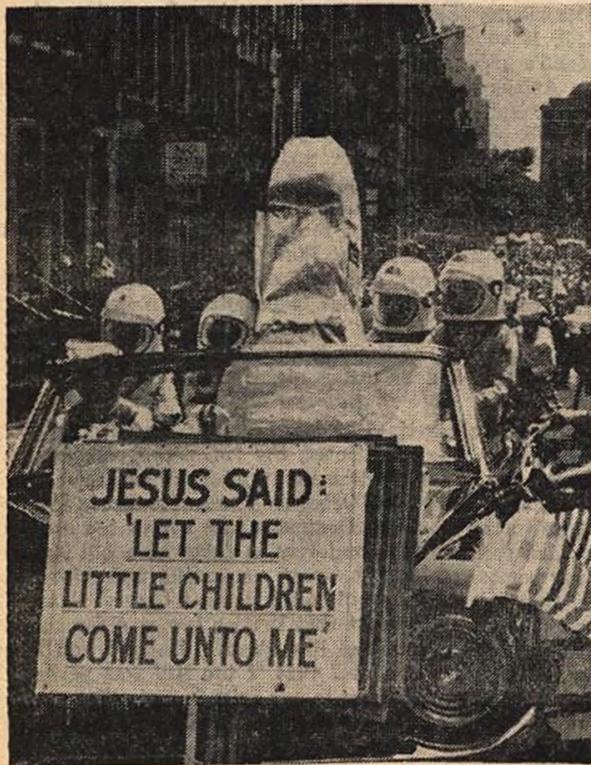
The last 12 months have been full of fun for the BBC. It's been a year in which the most respected broadcaster in Britain, Richard Dimbleby, said "Jesus wept" when he thought he was off-camera. When he died a few months later, he got a memorial service at Westminster Abbey despite the lapse.

It was the year when Kenneth Tynan made broadcasting history by saying fuck on the late night satire show, *BBC 3*. Tynan has a stutter, so it nearly came out as f-f-f-fuck. The head of the Clean-Up TV Campaign wrote to the Queen about it but the royal reply was never published.

Some members of parliament asked the Director of Public Prosecutions to intervene and charge Tynan with obscenity. Other members put up a motion in Parliament requesting that demands to sack Tynan from his job at the National Theatre should be postponed until "the Minister of Defense has discharged all members of the Armed Forces who have used this obscene word during the last five years."

One columnist in this age of Belsen and Hiroshima said of That Word (as it was described in all the papers): "This is the bloodiest outrage I have ever known." Another saw Tynan's remark as confirmation that the BBC was over-run by sex and filth and urged politicians to tackle the problem immediately before their colleagues began to use 4-letter words in the House of Commons.

No one could recall the context of Tynan's remark.



—Photo by Mike Policastro

In fact he was in a discussion with Mary McCarthy and was asked whether he would allow on the stage a play showing sexual intercourse. Tynan replied, "Yes." (Curiously, nobody seemed to object to that.) He then went on: "I doubt if there are any rational people to whom the word fuck would be particularly diabolical, revolting or totally forbidden."

Immediately the protest phone calls poured in. But the Controller of Programmes took a moderate line: "When I heard it I was surprised but not appalled. It was quite germane to the discussion that was taking place."

But later the BBC publicly apologized for "a word which caused offense and should not be used on the air."

Tynan remained defiant: "I used an old English word in a completely neutral way to illustrate a serious point, just as I would have used it in a similar conversation with any grown-up group of people. To have censored myself would, in my view, have been an insult to the viewers' intelligence."

The Clean-Up TV Campaign and their sympathizers slobbered at the lips when this bombshell came their way. For them, Tynan was the climax of a conspiracy which had begun with *Lady Chatterley's Lover's* acquittal in 1960. Other death-blows aimed at the scapular isle that was Britain were the appearance of *Private Eye* (1961), and *That Was The Week That Was* (1962) and its successors.

Arch-conspirator Alex Comfort was obviously gnawing at the vitals of the empire when he remarked on TV in 1963: "A chivalrous boy is one who takes contraceptives with him when he goes to meet his girlfriend."

Then one disaster followed another—the Profumo affair, the acquittal of *Fanny Hill* and the *Kama Sutra*, nude 'happenings' at the Edinburgh Festival, foul language on the stage, and abortion scenes in the theatre and cinema.

The new puritans believed that Sodom was round the corner and pinned their hopes on a change of government. When the decadent Conservatives were replaced by clean-living, church-going, pipe-smoking Mr. Wilson, there was a whiff of optimism. The Clean-Up TV Campaign wrote to the new Premier:

"The fulfilment of your aim for a new Britain and the success of your call for a 4% increase in production will depend on the character of the British people. In this dangerous and competitive world no nation can afford to let its people become exploited and devalued by the constant portrayal of sex and violence and destructive satire from stage, TV, screen and bookstall.

Alas for the campaign, BBC plays got dirtier; you can still buy *Psychopathis Sexualis* at the station bookstalls; Girodias has moved his green-backed porn to London; Parliament has proposed abortion and homosexuality law reform.

As the climate becomes, morally, a little less foggy, the censors whip themselves into an even greater frenzy. Their language is overwhelmingly anal-obsessed. They call the BBC a spiritual sewer and accuse it of feeding the nation "a diet of dung." One TV critic analyzed their vocabulary and discovered that the Clean-Up brigade's favorite words are "mire, filth, corrupt, decadence, erosion, lust and the pit."

These groups buying for the blood of the BBC claim half a million supporters. Activists monitor all programs and report on whether they show authority be-

ing upheld, ridiculed or respected. And whether womanhood is despised or degraded.

At the same time as condemning violence on TV, one member of the campaign demanded more caning on bare buttocks in highschools and execution by gassing for rapists.

The BBC's most extreme critics claim to spy a deliberate plan by the independent Corporation to pollute Britain. "Make no mistake," said one, "a group of evilly dedicated people firmly entrenched inside the BBC are plotting to denigrate the morale of the nation. They intend to sap away our beliefs, ridicule our moral standards and decry everything that the Union Jack stands for."

Non sequitur award of the year must go to the doctor who linked BBC television with the rise of sexual promiscuity in Britain. TV, he claimed, was responsible for doubling the sale of contraceptives in barber shops.

If all these critics were simply fringe ravers without influence, it would be easy to ignore them as they mouth slogans attacking the BBC's "propaganda of dirt, doubt and disbelief." But the barrage of criticism has had effects.

BBC drama producers were warned to show more caution in what they allowed in their TV plays. They were urged to avoid "needless lengthy violence, references to sexual parts, underclothes, contraceptives, the showing of near-nudity, the physical handling of someone with sex in mind, the portrayal of couples in bed, the use of offensive words."

Put that lot together and you've got a hit on your hands.

BBC plays remain vigorous and experimental but the most controversial plays of last season were not repeated despite original plans to do this. The only counterblast to all these would-be censors is a group called TRACK — Television and Radio Committee — whose members are in business to resist all restrictive pressures on broadcasting. But their opponents are making the running at the moment.

The most important clash in recent years was not over sex and violence on Britain's TV screens. It was over a documentary film, *The War Game*. This showed what would happen to a single area of England if the country were involved in a limited nuclear war. The BBC commissioned Peter Watkins to make this film at a cost of \$30,000.

When it had been completed there was a lot of head-shaking by the top men in the BBC. They decided the film was too powerful and too accurate for the viewing public. It was banned. To justify its decision, the BBC showed the film to three select audiences of defense experts, politicians and civil defense workers. It seems clear that the government department concerned with civil defense, the Home Office, intervened at some stage in the debate on whether to show *The War Game*.

After loud protests over the BBC ban, it was decided to let the film be shown at certain commercial cinemas and give it an X certificate—to be seen by people over 16. This means that perhaps 100,000 will see a film that was made for an audience of 8 or 9 million.

Why was the film banned from TV? *The War Game* shows with brilliant realism not only the physical destruction that would follow a nuclear attack, but it reveals the moral collapse of a British community where food riots lead to executions and where the po-

lice carry and use guns for mercy killings.

There is no sensationalism: many of the worst consequences of nuclear war are omitted. But the film dares to suggest that the nuclear balance of power might not be foolproof, that most of the population has no idea of what a nuclear attack would mean, that this ignorance is deliberately maintained by politicians and scientists.

If the film had been shown it would have been the first program broadcast in Britain to a wide audience to challenge the smug assumptions that underlie the theory of deterrence.

The visceral rage that greeted the film and the news that it might be shown on TV can only be compared to the sort of emotions released when the Profumo Affair burst and when *Lady Chatterley* was given her freedom. Those who see an intimate link between silence about sex and silence about the Bomb have a model case in the fate of the *War Game*. The BBC said that the film was "too horrifying for an indiscriminate medium like TV."

In other words, some viewers might be upset.

But viewers were allowed to be upset by films about Hiroshima (that's okay, because the victims were yellow and slant-eyed) and the Warsaw Ghetto (not too bad because they're Polish Jews). One civil defense worker attacked the film for its inaccuracy in showing how people would react to a nuclear war: "I think they would rally round like they did in the last war. It is part of the character of the Englishman."

The rationalizations flooded out: Some viewers might be unhinged by what they see. Others might believe a war has actually broken out (remember Orson Welles and the men from Mars). Don't frighten your audience about nuclear war. Let Civil Defense repeat *ad nauseam* its slogan that millions can survive. Remember, above all, it could never happen and certainly not in England's green and pleasant land.

At the time of the dispute, American nuclear bombs were spilling out over Spain by accident and China was exploding her latest weapon. But take it easy: we musn't let the viewers get too close to the odorous truth. Just think what might happen if they really knew what is being done in their name. In short, the BBC would be happier to let a dozen men say fuck on television than to let the *War Game* be shown once.

Visitors always comment on the freedom of British TV compared with what is permitted in the U.S. But the BBC is in danger of measuring its audacity simply by the number of times it allows satirists to say "arse" and "tit" on a Saturday night.

"I am rather tired of democracy being made safe for the pimps, the prostitutes, the spivs, the pansies, and now, the queers," declared Conservative Member of Parliament Sir Cyril Osborne. The occasion was the debate in the House of Commons just before the election which resulted in a majority in favor of a bill legalizing homosexual acts between consenting males over 21.

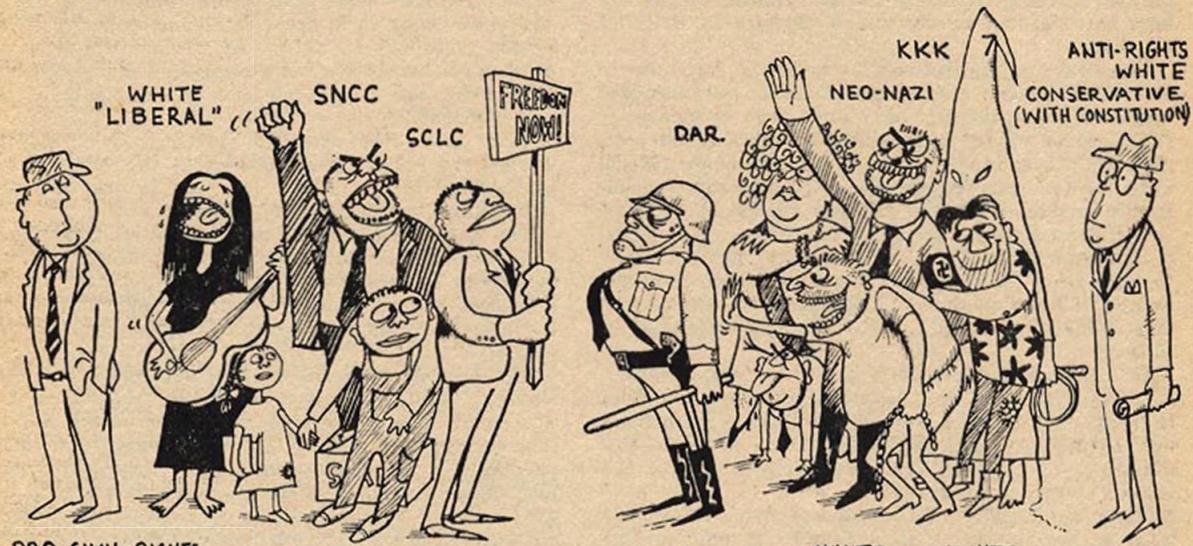
Opponents of the bill called it the Buggers' Charter; supporters pointed out that British law was far behind that of other countries like France, Holland and Denmark. Sir Cyril snorted that if the Bill was passed it would send "a message to our friends and allies abroad that somehow the character of the English people was going wrong."

Can you hear us, NATO?

The Big Bad Black Power Threat

As the '66 Civil Rights Bill met its doom in Congress, Sen. Dirksen, who led the opposition, said it wasn't the

color of Negroes he objected to, but their conduct. That same week a 12-year-old Negro schoolboy was beaten with chains and baseball bats and made to crawl away from the newly integrated school with a broken leg. —J. C. SUARES



PRO CIVIL-RIGHTS
 WHITE
 POLITICIAN

AMERICA'S
 TENTH MAN
 (WITH TENTH KID)

GLORIOUS
 POLICE

WHITE
 HECKLER
 (SOUTH)

WHITE
 HECKLER
 (NORTH)

BLACK ARSENAL TO DESTROY WHITEY WITH:



REGULAR
 BRICK

BIG
 BRICK

WATCH
 THIS BAD MOTHER.

SCHLITZ
 NO DEPOSIT
 NO RETURN

RHEINGOLD
 QUART

WATCH
 THESE BAD
 MOTHERS.

GROOVY POLICE WEAPONS FOR WHITEY'S PROTECTION:



THE
 NO-SCAPE
 BELT

RIOT
 GUARD
 HELMET
 (4-PIECE)

INDESTRUCTIBLE
 POLYGUARD
 RIOT
 SHIELD

BILLY
 CLUB
 FILLED
 WITH TEAR GAS AND
 NAUSEATING
 GAS



THE THREAT HIMSELF: HIS UNEMPLOYMENT RATE IS DOUBLE THAT OF THE WHITES AND WITH A HIGH-SCHOOL DEGREE HE WOULD STILL BE EARNING 25% LESS THAN A WHITE DROP-OUT. 55% OF HIS PEOPLE ARE CLASSIFIED AS POOR, AND 44% OF HIS HOUSING IS CONSIDERED SLUMS. COLOR HIM UNGRATEFUL.



BLACK LIT:

- THE MARK OF OPPRESSION OVESBY/KARDNER 2.25
- THE NEGRO POTENTIAL E. GINZBERG 1.45
- PREJUDICE AND YOUR CHILD K.B. CLARK 1.75
- NIGGER DICK GREGORY 4.95
- THE OTHER AMERICA H. HARRINGTON .95
- NOTES OF A NATIVE SON JAMES BALDWIN 1.25
- JOHN BROWN W.E.B. DuBois 2.25
- BLUES PEOPLE LaRoi Jones 5.00

300 CASES OF POLICE BRUTALITY WERE REPORTED TO THE HARLEM DEFENSE COUNCIL IN THE THREE MONTHS BEFORE THE '64 RIOTS. YET THEY WILL TELL YOU THAT THE COMMIES STARTED IT ALL. COLOR THEN FULL OF SH*^T.

WHITE LIT:

- GOD, THE ORIGINAL SEGREGATIONIST BY REV. CAREY DANIEL (1.50)
- THE MOST PERSECUTED MINORITY IN THE NATION—THE WHITES OF THE SOUTH (FREE FROM CHRISTIAN NATIONALIST CRUSADE)
- INEQUALITY OF THE HUMAN RACES COUNT GOBINEAU (4.00—THE NEW PATRIOT, CALIF.)
- COLOR, COMMUNISM AND COMMON SENSE (1.00—AMERICAN OPINION)

The debate in the Commons was the most recent round in a controversy that has been going strong for nine years. It was begun by the Wolfenden Committee which in 1957 reported to the government of the day that there should be two major changes in Britain's sex laws.

The first was that prostitutes should be forbidden to walk the streets. This recommendation was accepted and it drove thousands of whores into doorways. It forced many others to advertise their wares on post-cards to be seen in the windows of tobacconists: "Model available for oral French lessons"; "Masseuse specializes in rubber treatment"; "Pussy for sale."

The Committee's other recommendation was rejected on the grounds that public opinion was not yet ready to make legal for men what has always been legal for women in Britain—that is, homosexual practice in private. Thus it remained a crime for men to indulge in each other.

In France, homosexuality is known as '*à la vice anglais*'. But there is no evidence that Britain is queerer than the rest of Europe. After all, the French soubriquet may be just part of a traditional battle of sexual linguistics. (The British call them French letters; the French call them English letters.)

The usual guess at the number of British homosexuals is between half a million and one million. One imaginative researcher calculated that 60 million offenses are committed each year, since the current law treats as a crime homosexual acts in private as well as in public.

In fact, only about 100 men a year are actually convicted for private acts, and the total number of prosecutions for all homosexual offenses, whether committed against an adult or a minor, in public or in private, is about 1300. The police are obviously faced with serious problems in enforcing the law as it stands.

Public opinion towards homosexuals is also changing rapidly. The most recent survey indicates that two out of three people believed the laws against adult homosexuals are wrong. This was part of the changed climate which resulted in a vote in the Commons for a change in the law. Other pressures came from the Homosexual Law Reform Society whose president is the philosopher A. J. Ayer.

The man who introduced the Bill into the House of Commons was a Conservative, Humphrey Berkeley. At the recent general election he lost his seat—perhaps because of his sponsorship of this reform measure. It's still dangerous for a British M.P.—especially if he's a Conservative—to show his liberal colours.

The debate in the Commons revealed neanderthal attitudes on the Left and the Right. One Labour M.P. clearly saw homosexuality in class terms and opposed the bill for that reason: "Back in the pits we knew all about adultery. We knew all about fornication but we nothing about *that*."

After the Bill had passed, a Conservative exploded: "This is the most disgraceful day I have witnessed since I was elected to the House of Commons"—this from a man who had sat happily through the pre-war appeasement policy and the Suez aggression years later.

A group of dour Presbyterians complained to the Prime Minister that "the present agitation to remove the penal laws which stand against the horrible sin of sodomy, is, if allowed, the last drop in the cup of our national iniquity."

But for sheer, unrefined, high octane atavistic yelps, we have to turn to the debate on a similar bill in the House of Lords. Lord Arran introduced his bill to change the laws some time before Humphrey Berkeley and it was debated in great detail in the Upper House—that repository of privileged wisdom which is unanswerable to the humble electorate. Their Lordships have a far less busy time than the members of the Lower House.

(This irked the versatile Sir Cyril Osborne, who warned the Labour government that the voters would be incensed to see sodomy legalized before steel was nationalized by the House of Commons.)

The Lords have a reputation for sparkling nonsense and eccentric debaters. During the censorship crisis over *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, one Lord opined in a debate that he had employed many, many gamekeepers but not one of them had ever attempted to seduce his dear wife.

The leading opponent of the homosexual bill was Viscount Montgomery, the hero of El Alamein. Monty was clearly obsessed by his army experiences. But he first stated: "To condone unnatural offenses in male persons over 21 seems to me utterly wrong. One may just as well condone the Devil and all his works . . . a weakening of the law will strike a blow at all those devoted people who are working to improve the moral fibre of the youth of this country. And heaven knows it wants improving."

Monty then moved on to the root of his objections: "If these unnatural practices are made legal, a blow is struck at the discipline of British Armed Forces at a time when we need the very highest standard of morale and discipline. Take a large aircraft carrier with 2,000 men cooped up in a small area. Imagine what would happen on a ship of that sort if these practices crept in."

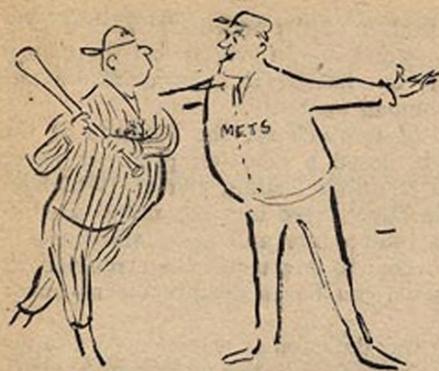
Their lordships then let their imagination boggle with resulting confusion amid which one was heard to shout to Monty: "Never retreat!"

Monty's speech was followed by a plea in its favour by the Marquess of Queensberry. This was an historical irony since it was the Marquess' great-grandfather who had personally savaged Oscar Wilde for his "abominable crimes." Perhaps as retribution, the current Marquess pointed out that "One of the most important principles of freedom is that a man should have the right to choose to do something that is morally wrong, provided that it is not anti-social."

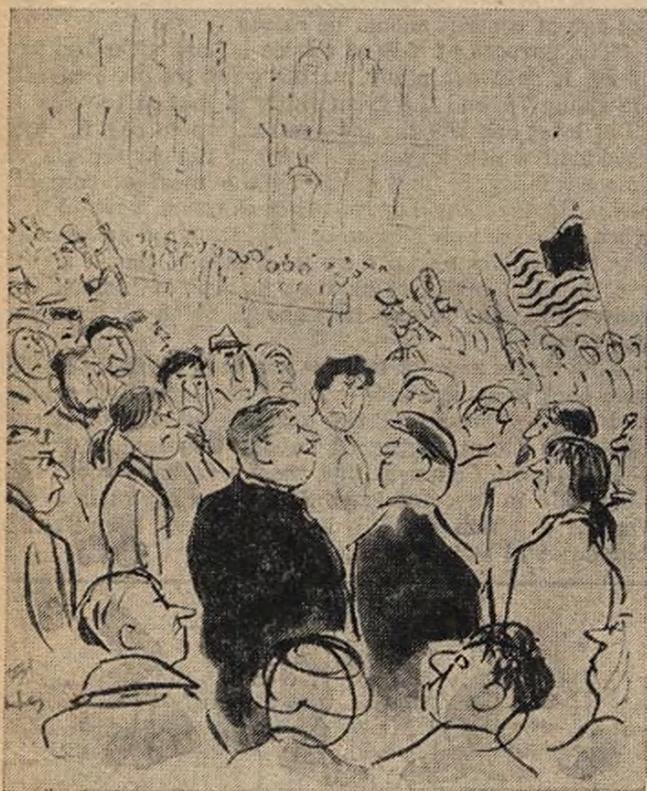
Subsequently, a masterpiece of oratory came from the Earl of Iddesleigh, who explained that he had never recovered from the youthful experience of being shown the door of a buggery club in Soho. "If we pass this Bill, we shall have to consider whether the club in which men dance with male partners and see the kind of cabarets that homosexuals want to see is, or is not, a private place."

Then a moot legal point was brought up by Lord Rowallan. If the civil law was changed, and, the Army law left unchanged, who was to decide "whether what takes place when two servicemen are on leave, or between one serviceman on leave and a civilian, is wrong or right?"

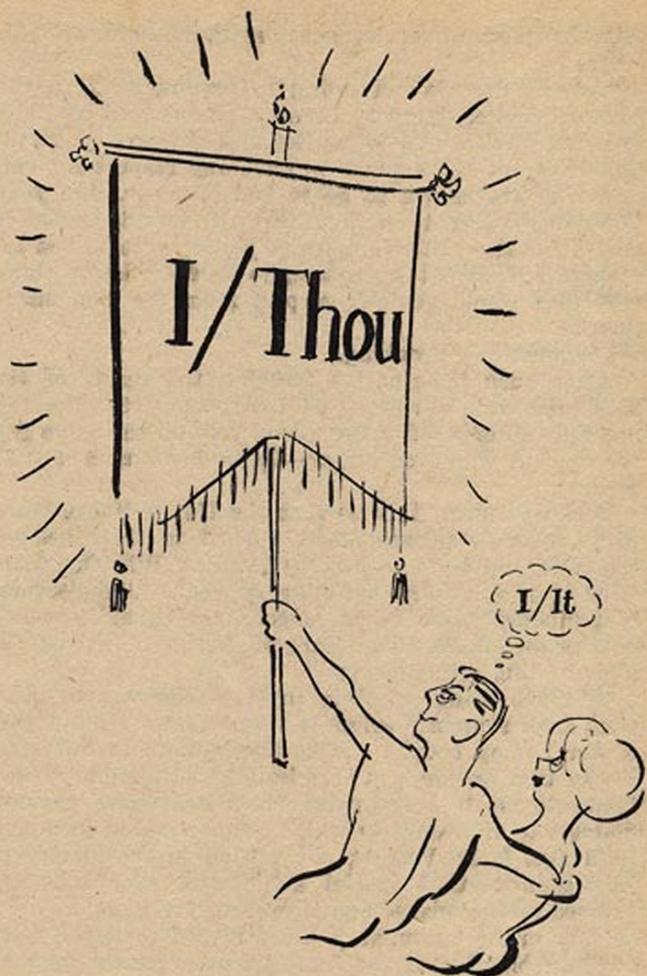
Also opposing the Bill, the Earl of Kilmuir foresaw the passage of such a reform as leading to "proselytization by sodomitic societies and buggery clubs." Like other Lords, Kilmuir feared that the Bill would pro-



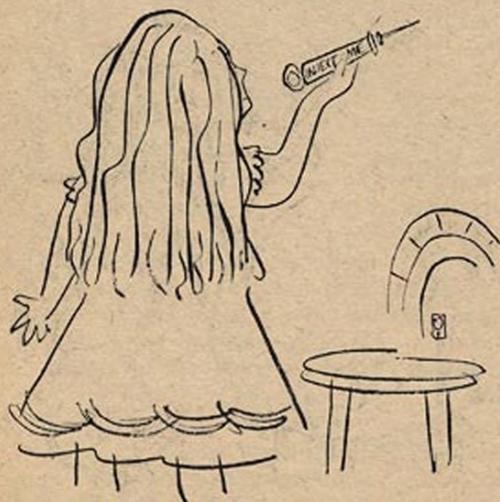
"Get in there, Frankie, and show our New York boys in Vietnam that we're fully supporting them!"



"It's a grand old flag."



Ed Fisher's Page



"The usual 'balanced ticket.'"

voke thousands of servicemen to start indulging in each other:

"Are or are we not going to provide that in the Armed Services, buggery between officers will continue to be an offense . . . if you legalize buggery, you still cannot except other ranks to have any respect for officers who are known to go to bed together. Are your Lordships going to pass a Bill that would make it lawful for two senior officers of police to go to bed together? If that is the position, do your Lordships think that they would get any respect from the men under them?"

(Figuratively speaking.)

After such imaginative speeches the result of the vote came as a surprise—94 Lords supported the Bill and only 49 opposed. At a second vote on the same Bill the margin was even larger—96 in favor and only 31 against.

Backwoodsmen, furious that the Upper House voted to leave adult pooves alone, rushed to their beloved Chamber and tried to destroy the new Bill. One Lord tried again to ensure that buggery would still be severely punished while other homosexual behavior would not be an offense. The Earl of Arran destroyed the logic of this amendment:

"We are being asked to say that homosexual practices shall remain a crime if they affect a certain part of the human body. . . . To discriminate in this way, to say that one area is permissible and another is not, seems to me to be carrying one's instinctive physical distaste to an absurdity which is unbecoming in a civilized age. It is, I know, a tradition in the history of this country that special abhorrence should be expressed of the misuse of the excretory organs. . . .

"The crime of buggery has attached to it the word 'abominable.' But if the Amendment is passed we shall

have the absurd situation of the police still with a duty to investigate homosexual acts in private lest there shall have been buggery, but having to concentrate on one small part of the human anatomy."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of the Established Church, posed a question probably never before heard from Britain's leading cleric: "Which of us can say that we know there is a big moral distinction between anal intercourse and oral intercourse?" The question was asked to emphasize the Archbishop's point that fornication can be as abominable as homosexuality.

The Amendment was defeated as was another to raise the age of consent for male adults to 25 from 21. During this debate Viscount Montgomery proposed that the age of consent should be raised to 80.

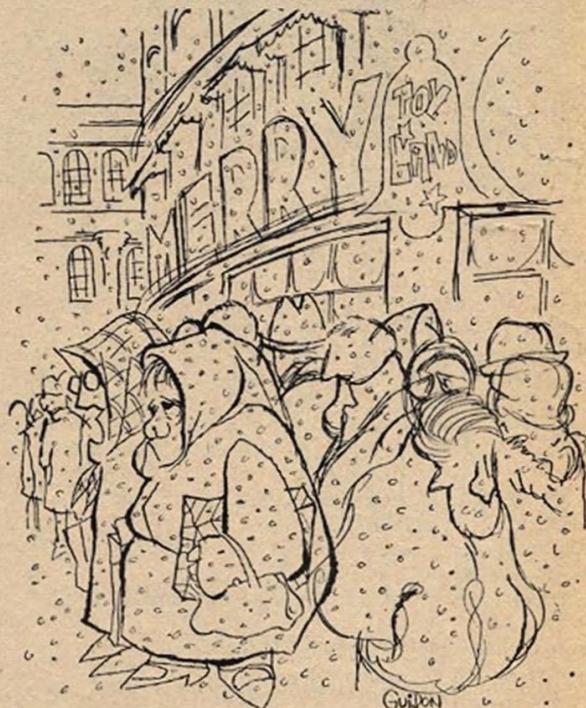
"The purpose of this of course is that after the age of 80, it does not really matter what we do. I myself am rising 78, and the great thing is that at the age of 80 at least one has the old-age pension to pay for any blackmail which may come along. I regard the act of homosexuality in any form as the most abominable bestiality that any human being can take part in and which reduces him almost to the status of an animal. The time will come when we shall have to choose a title for this Bill and I think that instead of 'Sexual Offenses Bill,' the proper title should be 'A Charter for Buggery.'"

Now that a new Parliament has been elected, the Bill goes back to square one—a result of the archaic snakes and ladders procedure that governs private members' bills. But the strengthened Labour Government knows that both the Commons and the Lords have voted emphatically in favor of leaving adult homosexuals alone. On the day that the Bill finally becomes law, British buggers will at last be choosers.

News item: Department stores are now hiring Puerto Ricans and Negroes to play Santa Claus.



"Toma Usted dos . . ."

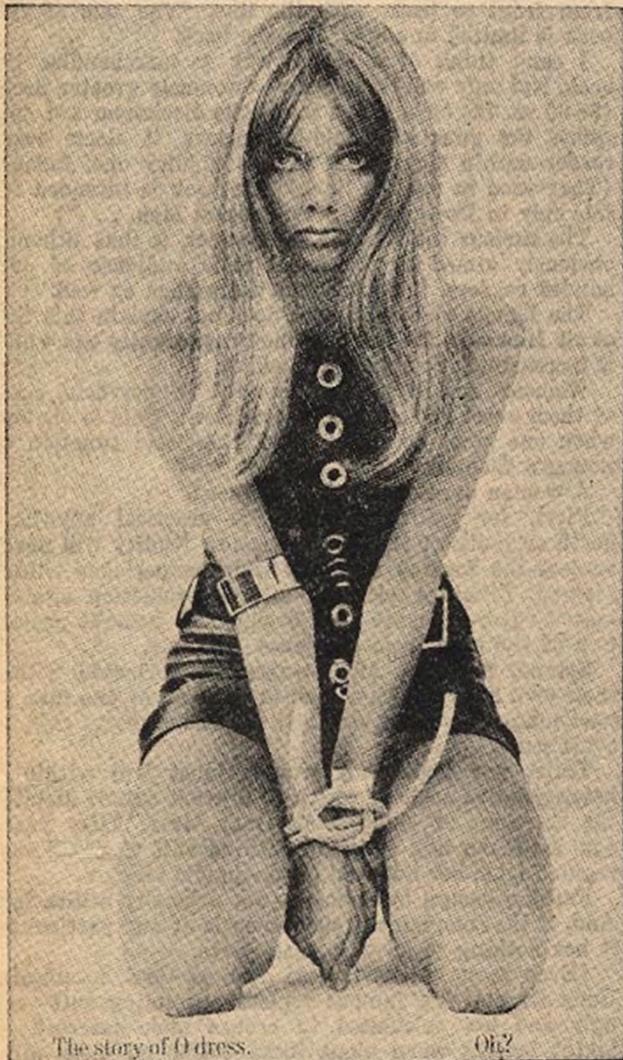


"Look—there goes Santa Claus with a white woman!"

Masochism of the Month

by Ted White

Approximately 100,000 copies of the October issue of *Glamour Magazine* (circulation: over one million, nationally) slipped out onto the stands and into the hands of unsuspecting subscribers with what must be the first advertisement of its kind in a major, slick magazine.



Glamour's advertising department, apparently unfamiliar with *The Story of O* by "Pauline Réage," didn't catch on immediately to the significance of the advertisement, but one of the editors knew about the book. When she found out about it, the ad was pulled from as many copies as possible.

So far, reaction from the 100,000 who may have seen the ad has been slight; mine was only the second call *Glamour* had received about the ad.

"We pulled it out as soon as we realized what it was," I was told. "Only one woman called us about it, and we didn't even know what it was she was protesting about

at first. I've never seen the ad; none of the office copies have it in them."

"Are you familiar with the book?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Its basic theme," I said, "deals with the masochistic destruction of a woman's personality, and her domination by a sect of men. This isn't exactly the sort of thing one expects to see promoted in a women's magazine."

"Oh, no. Our readership is the young woman of about 18 to 35. As soon as it was realized what the ad was referring to, it was pulled right out."

"I see," I said. "Are there any future plans for running ads of this nature?"

"Well, I believe they will be running it in the November and December issues, but without the copy—you know, without identifying it with the book."

"You haven't seen the ad?"

"No, no one here in the office has a copy of it."

"Let me describe it to you. It shows a young woman with straight blonde hair and a rather pouty expression, kneeling, wearing a leather dress, and with her hands bound. Do you feel that this is suitable for the nature of your magazine even without the line identifying it as *The story of O dress*?"

"Well, I haven't seen it, but I know that they will be running it, just by itself, you know—no text—in the November and December issues."

The advertisement was placed by a fashion house called *Paraphernalia*. When I called the main office of the company, I was told that this was their first leather dress, and that it was being sold throughout the country. But when I asked for details on the nature of the advertising campaign, I was given a runaround, and no satisfactory answers.

Interestingly enough, my phone calls netted me only women. Even those to whom I was referred, in my unsuccessful quest for additional information, were women.

In the "Translator's Note" to the Grove Press edition of *The Story of O*, Sabine d'Estrée states that "To this day, no one knows who Pauline Réage is.

In his preface, Paulhan speculates that the author is a woman, citing as evidence not only the uncommon attention to details of dress and make-up, but also that telling scene in which O, abandoned by her lover, René, to the torments and tortures of his Roissy colleagues, still has the (feminine) presence of mind to notice that René's slippers are worn and frayed, and to note in her mind that she must buy him another pair.

"... *Story of O*, written by a woman, demands a woman translator, one who will humble herself before the work. . . . Faced with such a work as *O*, male pride, male superiority—however liberal the male, however much he may try to suppress them—will, I am certain, somehow intrude.

"... *Story of O* is a work of an original writer, who has dared to present us with certain truths, or intimations of truth, rarely found in literature."

Frankly, this is the sheerest nonsense, as anyone who has bothered to skim the racks of the girly-book stores within the last several years can attest. Any professional writer of fiction can counterfeit a female viewpoint as well as was done in *O*; I did it myself, once, in a short story narrated in part by a female protagonist. It was adapted for radio, and the actress who read

December 1966

17

the female narration said later that it felt entirely "right" and "female" to her viewpoint.

Not only are male writers counterfeiting female viewpoints in fiction today; female writers have been writing male-viewpoint books as often. Leigh Brackett, a top Hollywood screenwriter, has also written a number of male-viewpoint science fiction novels, as well as one of the best post-Hammett genuinely tough detective books written, *No Good From a Corpse*.

Indeed, the use of female trivia—dress details and the like—reached a high point in the recent Gothic Romance boom, during which time several paperback houses flooded the newsstands with mystery novels about nice young women caught in a web of terror, romance and intrigue, usually in deserted castles or New England mansions. Most of these books were written by men, under female pseudonyms. Their readership was largely female.

Men also write most of the contents of confessions magazines, as well as the Hollywood fan magazines. The men who write these pseudo-feminine works are usually adequate males who are simply pros, writing for a buck.

The Story of O is filled with bad writing, inadequate characterization and motivation, and poorly realized scenes. It compares poorly with the better-written books of the "Nightstand" genre in this respect. About all it has to distinguish it over its 75c contemporaries is that it deals more directly with sadism and masochism than do most of the pseudo-porno books presently being published here.

(The trend has been from plain old heterosexuality, via wife-swapping and the like, to female homosexuality, some fetishism, and now male homosexuality, if a fast skim over the titles at my local candy store is any indication.)

My private, armchair theory, is that *O* was written by a male homosexual who identified with the female viewpoint, but hates women (and, most likely, himself). However, this is only a theory. I would not be surprised to hear that a fairly "normal" man or woman had written the book, since I am convinced it was deliberately written to shock, excite, and—mostly—to make money.

This is why I can't get excited about the book, either pro or con. It is a typical job, designed to sell for its sensationalism, and written to be just far-enough out that reviews will stress that quality and overlook its inept writing.

Like the newsstand-porno in this country, it is not quite explicit, and can just get by as an above-counter item. I am surprised it was not originally published by Grove's former associate, Olympia Press, in its *Traveler's Companion Series*, but I suspect this very lack of hard-core explicitness might have been one reason.

What is interesting is the reactions the book has engendered. My copy was given me by a friend who passed it on with the comment that "This is one of the filthiest books I've ever read. It's really dirty. It made me sick." I expected another *White Thighs*, or something of that ilk. My friend was hardly unfamiliar with some of the gamier aspects of sex-in-real-life, and I hadn't expected such a naive reaction.

National reviews in such magazines as *Time* and *Newsweek*, accredited the book with far more legitimacy than it deserved—probably because it was published in hard covers, at \$6.00. Several reviewers rat-

tled on about its "truths" about the occasional darkness of the human soul, echoing Miss d'Estrée's views on the subject, as though de Sade had never written a line, and Krafft-Ebing had never researched a jot.

In soft-covers, with a crude painting of a woman in leather being whipped by another woman, while masked men looked on, the book would never have received a single line.

This fascinates me, because I think it corresponds with the recent Supreme Court decision—it isn't what you put in a book that counts, but how you package it. Grove Press cannily published the book with a white dust-jacket on which appeared only the title, repeated from front to back, with the line, "The sale of this book is limited to adults," on the back.

I can't think of a better way to merchandise the book. Not only will it show an enormously greater profit (\$6.00 vs. 75c or so), but that little disclaimer not only spikes the guns of would-be censors, it alerts every reader within sight that "Here's a juicy one, fellas!" (They used to use the line, "This book is intended for sale only to Doctors and Professional Men. . .")

The curious thing about *O*, however, is that although obviously aimed at the usual male audience of one-handed readers, it is reaching the women as well.

The female viewpoint used does not explain this fact at all. However, the basic theme is apparently one which is increasingly coming into fashion.

Women's fashions are dominated by perverts, some of them overt and some of them latent. This is obvious when one stops to think about the basic function of women's fashions.

A woman dresses for three reasons.

First, for utility. Clothing is practical anywhere north or south of the tropical zones. Nudity will never become the fashion in areas which experience winter seasons. Likewise, clothing affords protection against insects, over-exposure to the sun, and general protection of the skin from scratches, dirt, etc.

Second, for men. Most women are oriented within their own lives to either men in general, or one man in particular. A woman wants to be attractive to men in some sense.

Third, for society. A woman must live within a heterogeneous society, which to a great extent dictates the extremes of clothing she may wear. Fifty years ago, a woman in a cover-up bathing suit was still segregated from her husband on the public beaches.

Fashion design is obviously not normally utilitarian. And, if the complaint of most men is of any pertinence, it has nothing to do with male taste.

(Even most of the topless designs—and specifically Rudy Gernreich's famous topless swimming suit—are ugly and not calculated to arouse male interest. A bikini bottom worn alone looks better on most girls than the topless suits offered by fashion designers.)

Likewise, fashion design has little to do with societal taste, although it sometimes succeeds in bending or changing it. It rarely reflects what most people expect to see on an average woman.

Although men dominate some of the top fashion houses, their efforts are diverted towards designing fashions that appeal to women. *The object is for a woman to dress to the tastes of other women.*

This is perversion.

It is primarily a perversion because most women are
(Continued on Back Cover)

The LSD Conference

by Arne Passman

"To penetrate into the essence of all being and significance and to release the fragrance of that inner attainment for the guidance and benefit of others, by expressing, in the world of forms, truth, love, purity and beauty—this is the sole game which has any intrinsic and absolute worth." —Meher Baba

"As long as we make them them and not us, we will remain us and not them." —Richard Alpert

The main reasons I was given for the LSD Conference (the 1st annual?) being transferred from Berkeley to San Francisco was that "more space" was needed and that it would be easier to "keep people together." What form this space was to take posed a few questions like:

"Why these out of the way and crowded conditions, and is this conference purposely hidden?"

"Did Reagan's primary landslide and Yorty's good showing, on top of the Burns Committee report on Cal, cause Kerr and Brown to suddenly move the conference?"

"Why was Ginsberg disinvented?"

In fact, people from UC-Davis hastily assembled an ad hoc committee to picket the week-long gathering and unsuccessfully attempted to form a "Free Acid Conference."

These questions were never answered publicly, and Allen Ginsberg said he was asked to hush up his last-minute elimination from the LSD conference. Ginsberg was scheduled to speak on "Consciousness Politics in the Void." In the keynote speech, Frank Barron, a psychologist at the Institute for Personality Assessment and Research at Cal, said:

"Mr. Ginsberg was disinvented because of a decision at an echelon above . . . that participation should be limited to persons whose professional positions brought them into meaningful relationship to the clinical, social and legal aspects of LSD usage. A poet, it must be supposed, is without professional position, and indeed, most poets are happy to keep it that way. I shall miss Allen Ginsberg's presence, but no doubt we shall be hearing echoes from his silence."

The following day, Ginsberg gave virtually the same speech that was denied the conference before the Senate subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, which is looking into drug use. Ginsberg was asked to testify, said Sen. Jacob K. Javits (Rep.-N.Y.), because. "He has a great value among young persons."

Said Ginsberg, a Guggenheim Fellow: "That we're more open to hear each other is the new consciousness itself: reveal one's vision to a congressional subcommittee!"

Said Richard Alpert, in his talk, "LSD and the Art of Conscious Living," that evening: "I am proud to be with a University that sets itself above the U.S. Senate." Since the conference was run not by the University of California, but the UC Extension, a university extended, Dick!

Earlier in the day, Michael Harner, a research anthropologist at Berkeley, spoke on "The Role of Psychedelics in Shamanism, Witchcraft, and The Vision

Quest." Afterwards, a member of the audience said: "Allen Ginsberg has said he has received more joy in pursuing Oriental wisdom than in taking psychedelics."

Harner replied: "I'd like to hear him say that."

"I just got a letter from him."

"I just talked to him on the phone."

Which only goes to prove there is no present like time, or you can look a gift horse in the mouthpiece.

The next afternoon (The Ides of June) at 1:36 p.m., Ginsberg ambled into the conference after purchasing a ticket. Later on in the session, he was invited to the platform by Claudio Naranjo, a Chilean psychiatrist who had spoken on the "Therapeutic Uses of Ibogaine," an alkaloid said to be used by natives in West Africa and the Congo to increase resistance to fatigue and "reported to cause excitement, drunkenness, mental confusion and possibly hallucinations in higher doses."

Ibogaine is also similar to yage, a root used by Amazon natives which Dr. Naranjo has been conducting psychotherapy under for the last few years. Ginsberg has used yage, as he related in *The Yage Letters* with William Burroughs. ("The Indians were surprised to hear I was looking for God. They use yage to throw up.") Likening it to peyote, he said he could not tell the difference between any of the hallucogenic experiences from the various chemical agents.

In commenting on the rank McCarthyism that attached itself to the conference, Ginsberg said the real trouble is that the LSD topic was "getting to be a hot potato. If the university is in any way running scared, that's a political problem, which has got to be faced consciously. I regret to see that the pressure groups surrounding the university have enough influence to inhibit the spirit of free inquiry."

He was also upset that the June 1st scratching of him from the conference came after his invitation to appear on a program of American poets and rock 'n' roll groups in London on June 16. "It fell through because I couldn't appear," he said.

All in all, I became symbolically satisfied that in moving the show (worthy of thought that it was a conference and not a convention) from the lovely, sprawling Berkeley campus to its San Francisco Extension Center, they (not as opposed to "wee") might have known what they were doing, because the switch permitted the participants a rather singular spacial transcendence.

As speakers sat at a table during the question & answer period that followed their talks, their view—above the audience, and framed by the rear door of the auditorium—was of a revolving white cross (lighted at night) atop the First Baptist Church at the bottom of the hill. This has long been the way to "keep people together," but how it affected the aciduous (sic) diehards of The New Symbaalism at the conclave remains to be seen.

Indeed, the in crowd came to get the word, and they found that the word is dead—non-verbally speaking, of course. Or so said Timothy Leary (Braham or Bar-num?): "I consider addiction to words to be neurologically dangerous, bringing on possible permanent brain damage."

The question of brain damage was put to Leary a number of times, in view of the fact that he said he has taken LSD 311 times. Alpert says he has taken LSD 318 times, but not since February, as a result of his correspondence with the Indian mystic, Meher Baba.

One wonders if in closing this inner space race gap, Leary may have really clogged his cranium. Certainly the reported attempt to smuggle marijuana into the country in his daughter's sweet thing must be construed by even his most head-strong followers as a crazy act.

From this, it should not be very hard to jump to the notion that Leary might have permanent brain damage. He said he would be willing to undergo any and all tests on his brain. If he does, I wonder if he'll want them to be multiple-choice.

Wednesday night, the USCO performance of "We Are All One Media-Mix" was staged. Since its birth at the San Francisco Museum of Art late in 1963 under the titles "Who R U?" and "What's Happening?", a changing group of creative individuals, under the reluctant leadership of Gerd Stern, have put together over fifty programs.

Says Stern, a peaceful McLuhanized poet:

"In a world of simultaneous operations you don't have to be first to be on top. We are all at work beating the tribal drum of our new electronic environment, and 'who is who' is no more to the point than it was at the pyramids or Chartres or any collaborative work of a traditional society. We flood the sense-receptors of the audience to the point where time sense is warped, emotions run free, and love of the world suffuses each spectator's body."

It sounds nice, but in its simultaneous stimulation of the audience with 30 audio-visual channels, USCO never got before the flood, although Stern said he was pleased with its conclusion.

However, the switch from the Pauley Ballroom in Berkeley forced some quick changes on USCO's part. And when a third of the power failed, the so-called psychedelic theater not only didn't turn on the audience, it turned out to be a cross between hot tea and Secional to bear.

E. Power Biggs and Cinerama it wasn't.

But the next night! *It worked!* MY GOD, HOW IT WORKED! Maybe Leary's speech preceding the performance had something to do with it—I rather doubt it—it was Timothy's trinity of "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out" that most of the overflow audience was familiar with. A member of the USCO troupe said that in previous performances, Leary appeared after them and his mere words were poor equipment to communicate with after the audience had been turned on by the light-sound show.

By the way, when it was being mulled over whether to take down the 30-foot scaffolding (that was smack dab in the middle of the hall) which USCO used because it might interfere with the view of the speakers the following day, it was suggested that the real problem might be that the good doctor would decide to speak from atop it. USCO's success, and their living together in an abandoned church outside New York City, seemed to bear out Leary's contention that the new religion will be composed of highly impersonal, yet individual small groups.

After his talk, Leary was asked if he regretted having played the psychological "game" for so many years. Said Leary: "I regret nothing that has happened."

"I wish I could say that," came the reply.

"I wish you could."

And he closed: "If psychologists and sociologists modeled their science on the game of baseball, they'd

be in much better shape."

And indeed, for all its dullness, baseball is perhaps the most perfect game man has invented. But don't go looking for Tim Leary's fast one. Expect not a curve, or even a slider. Most likely, a change-up. Would you believe a palm ball?

How to describe the second USCO show? After all, after all is said and done, there is really only One. If you would like to try and duplicate the experience without LSD, try watching educational TV while sky diving, listening to Pacifica on your FM, and rock 'n' roll on AM. For me, it provided manifest impetus to my feelings that the way to get away from it all, the way to take a trip is to get involved in it all.

Thursday afternoon, Paul Lee, a former editor of the *Psychedelic Review*, and one of the Harvard grad students who participated in the LSD experiments four years ago, spoke on "The Myth About Psychedelic Drugs," and renamed California "Psychodelia."

Since this was his premiere trip to Paradise Lost and Found, he wasn't able to go into the differences between northern and southern Psychodelia, but it'll be interesting to see if he ever gets around to renaming it "Schizophrenia."

Another ex-Cambridge cross-overer, Rolf Von Ekartsberg, also spoke at the conference; he described a trip. These former grad students are acquiring an aura like those who Great Marched with Mao.

Lee said because of the transitoriness of time (and its current rapidity), we must alert ourselves to the relativity and provincialness of our knowledge. But, he added, we must concern ourselves with the here and now. He referred to "the psychedelic style"—the joy of living, ecstatic dress, free-form dancing, retreat from conformity, etc.—with or without drugs.

(Perhaps it's more a "psychedelic turnstile" for those who would light a flair in the darkness.)

Lee, who will be assistant professor of philosophy at UC-Santa Cruz this fall, views the drug experience as a mystical laboratory, but the religious issue is open to him. He spoke about the myth related to the overlap of the psychedelic experience into the theological and philosophical.

In the heat of debate, he said, the metaphysics may be obscured. He would prefer to call the LSD experience "most profound existential or mythic," although he has thought about LSD being a secular sacrament in a world come of age. The heart of Lee's talk was the rhythm of self-domestication and self-exile in man. "We live our lives in forever taking leave; life is ever a pilgrimage."

On Saturday afternoon, Huston Smith, professor of philosophy at MIT (the first one since its early days), spoke on "The Religious Significance of Artificially Induced Religious Experiences." He didn't find them too significant. But, inasmuch as Smith has been a lecturer to the John Dewey Society, I didn't find his analogies too significant.

Dwelling on the mystical life, utopian communities, and traditional notions of work and organization, he gave a worthy critique of Leary's beliefs, but in failing to bring in elements of pragmatic thought, modern technology, and the incredibly speeded-up world we now occupy, he allowed himself, I feel, too easy an argument.

The prophet of the psychedelic movement, Aldous Huxley, in *The Perennial Philosophy*, edited a series

of essays dedicated to the metaphysic of a divine Reality, immemorial and universal, substantial to the world of things and lives and minds.

Serious investigation of the human situation sooner or later gets to the mystical, in particular Indian mysticism, and the oneness of the universe. But maybe God is dead, not only as we know him (Hmmm), but as he (Hee Hee) has long been envisioned by prophets, saints and mystics.

For if we are to work with McLuhan's contention that the electric light means total change, and "in the electronic age, data classification yields to pattern recognition," aren't we required to look at modern America as, as they say, a whole new world?

I mean there is so much evidence that our times are different, extraordinary (one gram of LSD, said Alpert, provides about 5000 doses—transportable on three heavily coated fingernails), and if you can simulate the guru guise with a single sugar cube, might not the future see it possible to go beyond the beyond? Certainly in our day, there is nothing as constant as change.

Richard Alpert, in his talk, sounded like he was proselytizing for Synanon. This may surprise some people, but it's worth a trip to a Synanon House to see what's happening. His introductory remarks said his speech would be better understood if the audience read

Science Marches On

Marijuana, now linked with crime and illegal drug traffic, may some day be bent by the chemist's will to yield a new class of beneficial drugs, new research accomplishment indicates. . . .

Dr. [Edward C.] Taylor said the United States Army was interested in synthesis of the marijuana chemical because it had potential use as an agent to incapacitate the enemy without doing permanent harm. . . . Through another modification, the drug may also be used to help the allied forces, Dr. Taylor explained. He noted that Baluba tribesmen in the Congo use marijuana before they go to battle because it makes them fearless in the face of gunfire.

—The New York Times

Give us ten men
Who are pot-hearted men
And we soon will have ten thousand more!
Reefer to reefer,
The war will be briefer;
We'll soon give the Viet Cong what for!

Our men will crave
For the smoke of the brave
As they go forth to vanquish the foe.
Our cause is just,
But in prudence we must
Keep the tips of our hemp sticks aglow.

You
Can keep your planes and tear gas;
Napalm is old stuff.
We
Need only tea
And Ho will soon have had enough!

—L. L. CASE

instead Abraham H. Maslow's *Religion, Values and Peak Experiences*.

Says Maslow, professor of psychology at Brandeis: "Synanon is now in the process of torpedoing the entire world of psychiatry and within ten years will completely replace psychiatry." And in giving a point-by-point guide on how to live, Alpert virtually spoke the Synanon line.

As I understand it, Alpert's attraction to Synanon has been due to its seeming success in acting on a proposition he offered the conference concerning the psychedelic experience: "How to use it becomes the issue from here on out."

Chuck Dederich, the founder of Synanon, whom Kenneth Rexroth has called a "megalomaniacal guru," has developed an extension of the Synanon Game (not group therapy, it is truly a game because it replaces "rumbles" with violent verbalization, involving tricky offense and defense in which the absurd is tickled and jabbed) called a Dissipation, which Dederich says touches the heights of increased awareness that are professed in psychedelic experiences.

(Synanon, by the way, is not really concerned with drug addiction; it rather deals with the acting-out of any personality disorder as an educational problem.)

The Dissipations seem to exhaust themselves initially in from 20-30 hours, and after an eight-hour sleep break, there is a wrap-up lasting 6-12 hours. It is usually run by the best Synanon Game player, who hooks up the emotional forces of the group and its individuals through his strength to achieve harmony.

According to Dederich, Dissipations produce insights that must be put into action because Synanon can't afford to operate in a vacuum. Man has always dissipated, but harmfully. Dederich says in Dissipations the individual seems to experience an overall positive approach to life generally, although effects vary from person to person.

Dederich freely admits that he can divide his life into before and after acid. He had two LSD experiences in 1958 as part of an experiment in treating alcoholics at UCLA. "The first one I found quite profound," he says, "and I was told it was 'atypical.' The other one was a dud." Dederich adds that a friend with whom he took LSD was dead in an alcoholic ward within a year.

Alpert's talk also centered around his correspondence with the Avatar Meher Baba, who is "regarded by hundreds of thousands of people everywhere as the greatest spiritual luminary in the world today." In a paper widely distributed at the conference, "The Spiritual View on Psychedelics," Baba gave a message to a young man from Boston late in 1965. He said:

"Go back to the U.S.A., spread my love among others particularly among the young, and persuade them to desist from taking drugs, for they are harmful—physically, mentally and spiritually."

This message was given to Alpert who wrote Meher Baba and received from one of his secretaries "one of the most sophisticated letters I have ever read."

In the paper, Baba, who is a silent master and hasn't spoken for 40 years, wrote, "Drugs, LSD more than others, give only a semblance of 'spiritual experience,' a glimpse of a false Reality . . . LSD may have served as a means to arouse that spiritual longing . . . but once that purpose is served further ingestion would not only be harmful, but have no point or purpose . . . the

experiences derived through the drugs are experiences by one in the Gross World of the shadows of the subtle planes and are not continuous. The experiences of the Subtle Spheres by one on the subtle planes are continuous, but even these experiences are of Illusion, for Reality is beyond them. . . . Although LSD is not an addiction-forming drug one can become attached to the experiences. . . .

"*God Speaks* [Baba's book] reveals to us that all the experiences even of spiritual aspirants on the path to God-realization (gotten in the natural course of involution of consciousness) are of the domain of Illusion and are ephemeral and absolutely unimportant; how much more illusory and distracting can be the experiences of a layman in a laboratory who experiments with drugs to induce experiences with the semblance of those of an aspirant on the Spiritual Path! . . . Baba clarifies that these experiences of the planes are 'Real Illusion,' whereas those derived from the use of drugs are illusion into 'False Illusion.'"

As a result of the letter from Baba, and a couple of telegrams and a few special-delivery letters, Alpert said he has not taken LSD since February—as of June 16. And in spite of his saying to the conference that "once I had a psychedelic experience, all far-out mystical notions work," he stated that life without LSD "just doesn't feel right."

Well, here we are, fans, and you know what the name of the game is? Indians and Indians! Because opposing the Baba belief is the development of the Neo-American Church which uses psychedelic substances based on the centuries of traditional use of peyote by Indian members of the Native-American Church. Leary says "drugs are the key," and "we are undergoing a religious renaissance," but Alpert appears to be torn between his original guru and the formulas of Meher Baba and Chuck Dederich.

The key expounded by Baba is the doctrine of reincarnation, which was inexplicably rejected by Christianity at the fifth ecumenical council in 543 A.D. It is only through an infinite number of karmas, says Baba, that we can be returned to God. "The humor of it," he adds, "is the mind, which is finite, wants to *retain itself*, and yet know Truth, which is infinite."

Baba also says we are in the last age of an Avatatic cycle, which lasts about 700 or 1400 years (from Buddha to Jesus to Mohammad to ?), at which time the Avatar or World Messenger is due to appear, as he does under different names and in different places, to clean up the mess the world is in, and give every creature a spiritual push forward.

But just for the hell of it (could be), let's see if we can work something out based on what we've got going for us.

If we're to be bombarded by the mediocrity of TV and live under the push-button pall of instant annihilation, shouldn't we be allowed the use of just another development of modern technology? Leary says it is not insignificant that the atomic bomb and LSD were first dropped in the same decade, and Arthur Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church, says: "The discovery of LSD may be taken as the intervention of God in human history."

I know I shouldn't defile my body with drugs (distinction or extinction?), but I don't know of anyone who's been able to get away from it all on Gilligan's Island.

But I do have a suggestion for Dick Alpert. Right in San Francisco is the home plant of Koratron. What is Koratron, you ask? Koratron is the process by which garments are made wrinkle-free forever. Nearly 40 firms lease the Koratron process under trade names such as "primatized," "everprest," "super-crease," "dura-smooth," "perma-prest," "sta-prest," and "e-ternal-press."

By impregnating the fabric with a special chemical (not LSD, I'm told) and then backing it in a 300° + oven, the garment "memorizes" its perfect pressing through every washing. The symbolism is disturbing because a good cleaning has always been its own ironing out.

If Dick Alpert "just doesn't feel right," maybe he could take LSD just one more time and go into the oven. At 300° +, he may die, but that's very existential, and he may, he just may come out perpetually tripped.

Seriously—no, I take that back. In her recent book, *What Am I Doing Here?* Iva Oneita Duce, the acknowledged leader of the Sufis—who are followers of Baba—in the Western Hemisphere, says when the *whim* struck God to find out, "it kindled His vast imagination and so, with His mind, He 'imaged' and created all sorts of things, just like that!"

In the book, written because of the confrontation LSD has produced with eastern thought, Mrs. Duce says, "When people see flashes of light and colored balls, it is usually of beginning or imperfect vision. . . . As Meher Baba says, the results of such synthetic experiences are only delusion within illusion, and if God allowed Himself to be *realized* in this fashion, He would not be a God worthy of being God."

A worthy introduction to the many-faceted meaning of existence in the 20th century—for the seriously whimsical—the book is available through Sufism Re-oriented, 1290 Sutter St., San Francisco 94109; 95c.

While LSD is not considered an addictive drug, when we get to this level, I can understand why Dick Alpert seems to be having serious second thoughts. This is nitty-gritty business, but can modern America look to ancient and wise India for guidance? We are only a few bucks of chemicals as it is, and everything we do alters our chemistry. But what about the alteration of our consciousness?

Although Tim Leary now says, "Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of a fellow human being," if LSD does give us a tool with which to keep up with the zap-zap pace of modern life, and if our central nervous system is extended today in a global embrace, as McLuhan offers, perhaps the spirituality of our culture lies in using every technological tool that is produced for us.

The use of LSD certainly depends on where *you* are, but where is peace and quiet today? How well I remember hearing the guns from Fort Ord last fall when I attended the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence in Carmel Valley! And how well I'll always remember being turned on by USCO. I didn't need LSD for that, and I really groove on what McLuhan has fed me, and what "We Are All One!" showed me.

If Alpert says, "Once I had a psychedelic experience, all far-out mystical notions work," I'm really hard-pressed to understand why he has had to take LSD 318 times, and why life without it "just doesn't feel right." For this reason, and while my paranoia suggests it's awful hard to stay ahead of "them," I'd

rather not develop any sophisticated and imaginative rhetoric at this time. I can only cool it when confronted with the experience and words of a noted scientist and imbibor.

Tim Leary says "the key to within is chemical," and "the judicious and planful use of drugs is involved." If his experience at the border is to have any value for us, or his lectures, I'd really like to know what he means by "judicious." (Huston Smith referred to the psychedelic movement's antinomianism.)

In spite of every denial from him, it's hard to imagine that Leary can't be hooked on his power. And if Alpert ("I'm the conservative one who comes around, sooner or later, to Tim's way") is perhaps so blinded by the light Leary may not see himself in, he frankly does not make a great deal of sense.

There are so many questions to be answered about the truly human uses of modern technology that each individual has to make his own decision—preferably as part of his own small group. These are perhaps people for whom LSD has enormous value, if properly used. And Leary says he is mapping out a blueprint from the discipline that was started in *The Psychedelic Experience*.

("What happens depends mostly on the personality and preparation you bring to the experience.")

However, the fact that both Leary and Alpert have been turned on to the spirituality that is reached at the heights of religious life would seem to have less import as their LSD count climbs. The issue is not only "How to use it from here on out?" but also "Does not peak experience produce moral responsibility?" I don't deny Tim Leary his vision, but I am more fascinated by Dick Alpert's struggle.

The last night of the circuitously circumcized circus, a panel, "What Do We Not Know?", was changed to an all-inclusive discussion, "Constructive Approaches to Social Policy." (Speaking of that, if there were half-a-dozen spades at the conference, it was only because I missed a couple.)

Twelve men filled the podium, with Leary and Alpert flanking the table. I don't know whose Last Supper it was, and I don't care, for the words of Auntie Mame rang in my ears: "Life's a banquet, and most people are starving to death." And the greatest nourishment I received during the week was the knowledge that the coffee in the press room was supplied by Morning Glory Caterers.

THE EDITOR GIVETH AND THE EDITOR TAKETH AWAY



Before: Bare tits in a N.Y. Times movie ad



After: Covered tits in the next day's paper



Before: Aroused elf in the Chicago Tribune



After: Unaroused elf in a later edition

An Who Says Pot Tastes Like Ether?

He was a lower class
(socio-economic, 1953 Chev, one suit
[double-breasted vintage '48]
with the inalienable right
to middle class aspiration
type)
an if he died it
would mean nothin
to nobody.
But his family.
An he WAS dyin.
An if their tricks didn't work
Who cares?—
'ceptin his family?
So they pulled out his old
defective heart
an
put in a
brand new plastic
one. Which
worked OK, 'ceptin
there was some
brain damage
so they put in a
brand new plastic
one. Which
worked OK 'ceptin
he lost all control
of his limbs. So they
gave him
brand new plastic
arms an legs. Which
worked OK 'ceptin he
lost control
of all his muscles. so to
SAVE HIM
and make him
JUST LIKE NEW
they gave him
brand new plastic
muscles and covered them with
brand new plastic
skin (as an experiment. cause if he died, who cares?
'ceptin his family?)
He died.
(Who cares 'ceptin his family?)
(An it's said that when the corpse was
bumped off
the operating slab by a clumsy
assistant, it bounced 97% of the way
back up.)

—Gary Knowles

MASOCHISM OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 18)

not truly interested in dressing to please their peers among women, but feel pressured into it, and also because the feminine ideal expressed in such publications as *Vogue* is of the sexless and unfeminine woman—the woman who is not attractive to men. This woman has scrawny breasts, flat buttocks, and narrow hips. She is a stereotypical lesbian.

(The only lesbians I have ever known personally were wide-hipped, busty, generally *zoffie* types who could never get into a *Vogue* fashion.)

A lot of jokes were made about the incursion of leather into fashion design a few seasons back, and more were made about the increasing popularity of boots, and of stretch-pants for women.

Personally, I like boots. I've worn boots ever since I

was a kid with a motor scooter, and it was the best way to keep warm in the winter. I can see women appreciating the utility as well as the attractiveness of boots—even if most women's footwear is made with water-soluble glue that will dissolve in the first rain-storm.

And pants—most good-looking women look just fine in thigh-hugging pants. These have their utilitarian value also, as my wife keeps telling me—she feels less “restricted” in pants.

But all the raw material was there. The “flag” costume was growing complete: all it lacked was the whip.

Now they're being obvious about it. An ad in a fashion magazine (and *Glamour* is one of the less *Vogue-y*



ones, too) shows a girl in a leather dress with brass fittings, kneeling submissively, her hands bound. She is obviously about to perform fellatio (or, perhaps, cunnilingus, since this is a *woman's* magazine).

Perhaps following that she will have to be whipped a little before allowing herself to be possessed anally. But basically she's ready.

And she's there to sell fashion.

With that short little leather miniskirt already riding high on her thighs, she pouts out at her feminine readers and tells them:

“Look at me. I'm a woman. I'm submissive. I can be dominated. Read about me in *The Story of O*. I was possessed by any man who recognized the significance of the iron ring I wore, and I seduced and was seduced by other women. I am you. You can be me. All you have to do is trot down to your local Paraphernalia store: New York, Los Angeles, Chicago; Davison, Paxon Co., Atlanta; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; May Co., Cleveland; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia.”

She is saying this in a soft, husky, confidential voice to 100,000 women, 18 to 35. Next month, she'll have over a million to coo her story to, but she'll have to be a little more submissively subtle. The tagline reference to *O* will be missing.