

APOCALYPSE CULTURE



EDITED BY ADAM PARFREY

COVER PAINTING BY JOE COLEMAN

Apocalypse Culture is compulsory reading for all those concerned with the crisis of our times. This is an extraordinary collection unlike anything I have ever encountered—a remarkable compilation of powerfully disturbing statements. These are the terminal documents of the twentieth century.

—J. G. Ballard

A P O C A L Y P S E C U L T U R E

APOCALYPSE CULTURE

Edited by Adam Parfrey

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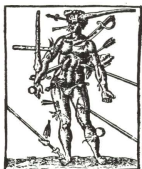
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There is nothing more terrifying than stupidity.
—Werner Herzog



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PRELUDE

A pox-ridden corpse is arguably not a pleasant sight, yet it is the stuff on which the apprentice of communicative diseases cuts his teeth. The most successful epidemiologist divests himself of sentimental attachment to the healthy body, and focuses his attention instead on the form, nature and communicative implications of the disease. It is with this unsentimental spirit of inquiry that *Apocalypse Culture* must be approached.

Apocalypse Culture will at first seem picaresque. What does necrophilia, for example, have to do with Quantum Theory? Fucking a corpse may be a way to assert personal control over the ontological confusion of a Quantum universe, in which the notion of God is reduced to a kind of cosmic craps game. Many fragile, apocalyptic egos have trouble accepting such a theory. A recent National Opinions Research Council poll found that 42% of Americans believed they have been in "contact" with the dead.

Apocalypse Culture embraces contradictions, draws mental ley lines between revelatory similarities amongst seemingly dissimilar material, and shuns the open-and-shut docu-drama diagnoses of psychological causality.

This book is divided, for sake of order, into four sections—*Apocalypse Theologies*, *Apocalypse Art*, *Apocalypse Science* and *Apocalypse Politics*. The categories are by no means discrete. In a sense, all the phenomena explored in this book impinge on theological, scientific, political and artistic questions.

The most interesting and convincing material has emerged from the solitary investigator who has the temerity to consider himself his own best authority, in repudiation or ignorance of the orthodoxy factories of academia. Thus a preponderance here of what may be termed folk artists and folk researchers. The constructions of these folk artists/researchers may often seem wildly amiss, laughable, disreputable, but are more worthy cultural barometers than often more clever but intellectually and emotionally corrupt professionals.

To examine the usual stupefied, amnesiac, greedy, frenetic or pious reactions to our apocalypse culture will have the salubrious effect of detachment and its possibility of measured remedy. Even recognition of no remedy is better than leaving oneself open in the name of fear to manipulation by charlatans.

APOCALYPSE THEOLOGIES

The apocalyptic cleaves to the theology closest at hand—in most instances, the ones concocted out of the morning newspaper or evening news. To reiterate these already well-publicized banalities would be deadening.

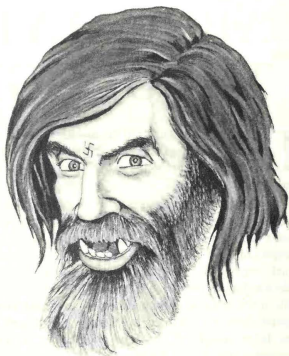
Instead, we will emphasize a more exotic strain of apocalyptic who are beyond the pale of consensual dispensation. Karen Greenlee's corpse-amours and Tim O'Neill's plaint on metaphysical chubby-chasing, "The Disciples of Flesh," are notable new revivals of a quite ancient tradition of sexual utopianism. "Opiates, Brainwashing and Fasting: A Physiological Understanding of the Oracular Process" clarifies the role of psychological strain in the oracular state practiced by seers and shape-changers such as Kristine Ambrosia, profiled in "Latter-Day Lycanthropy." Invoking the beast helps slough off the fetid encasement of one's "humanity," an apocalyptic molting and shedding.

New Agers are always in the process of "becoming," synonymous for a Purgatory of questing for spiritual (read bodiless) "perfection." The nihilist, likewise, is intent on perfection, and finds it in the immanence of a scourging finality. Both the LSD tripper and Nazi seek an imperium of time and space: one inward, the other outward. Both celebrate instinct and monumentality, awe and devotion. Ariosophy, so influential to Nazi doctrines of *völkische* nationalism and Aryan racialism, was largely based on Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical monument, *The Secret Doctrine* (1888), which provides the primary source for much of the contemporary New Age beliefs and jargon.

In the East the end time is just part of an inhumanly long cycle which belittles the worldly efforts of a single incarnation. (See Hakim Bey, "Instructions for the Kali Yuga.") Today, in the West, *The Witches' Hammer* reappears after a long cat-nap, albeit in altered form. For Christians and assorted materialists, the Beast 666 will literally appear in the flesh and might be seen eating at White Castle or driving a Mazda. Other irrationalists posing as secular humanists continue to paint the citizenry of South Africa or Nazi Germany with a nasty glow of metaphysical evil which once appeared on the canvases of Hieronymus Bosch. Never mind the cuisinarts, VCRs, or Bob Geldof. The second millennium has arrived on schedule.

**Charles Manson
as
werewolf
(right)**

**From the film
*A Company of
Wolves*
(below)**



Nick Bougas



LATTER-DAY LYCANTHROPY

Adam Parfrey

If we now consider the wolf in particular, that insatiably murderous beast of prey, expecially dangerous at night and in winter, he would appear to be the natural symbol of night, of winter and of death ... But the wolf is not only the most bloodthirsty, he is also the swiftest and lustiest of our larger quadrupeds. This hardiness, his fierce boldness, his cruel lust for fight and blood, together with his hunger for the flesh of corpses which makes him a night visitor of battlefields, make the wolf the companion of the God of Battles.

—W. Hertz, *Der Werwolf, Beitrag zur Sageneschichte*

One day a wolf's head comes up from the bush & I looked him in the eye—strange, he thought, why? About 10 to 15 minutes later other humans come & he hides in his den & they passed by & were gone. Two weeks pass & the wolf's head showed up again, looked him in the eye & was gone—he knew then—the wolf knew he was hiding from the same humans that they hide from & a little bond came between the wolf and the human. A new kind of respect for the wolf came to the man. The wolf is smarter than human fools could dream of. They are people too....

(Charles Manson to Nikolas Schreck, January, 1987)

Imprisoned during much of World War II in Buchenwald, the scholar Robert Eisler saw the beast in civilized man and had nothing but time to meditate upon it. His postwar study-as-jeremiad, *Man Into Wolf: An Anthropological Interpretation of Sadism, Masochism and Lycanthropy* (1948, Spring Books: London), surveys the bloody trails of mythology and history, anticipating the apocalyptic "bitter end which may be as near as many of us fear." In his conclusion, Eisler drops the pretensions of scholarship to beseech our faith in the book of Genesis: "If there was never a Fall, there can never have been and there can never be a redemption in the future. If, however, there was a most definite Fall, if 'human nature' was originally not lupine but that of a peaceful, frugivorous, non-fighting and not even jealous animal ... then there is hope of changing our social organization...."

Conquering—or, rather, *controlling*—the animal in man is nothing new to Christian and industrial societies. The contemporary priestcraft known as Psychiatry defines "mental health" as desire gelded to the needs of the State. A scholar-cum-reformer such as Robert Eisler, petitioning man to

Radio Werewolf Indoctrination



Throughout history, man has been fascinated with the strange legend of an evil presence, an omnipotent, malevolent force that has manifested itself in many guises.

In humanity's prehistoric, primeval past, the earliest mortals feared the unknown forces that lurked in the darkness. The ancient Egyptians worshipped this entity with secret, mysterious rites.

In medieval times, the fools attempted to explain this phenomenon with tales of werewolves, vampires, ghosts, witches and other creatures of the night. In modern times, the world still pursues a peculiar obsession with horror, the macabre, and the supernatural.

Superstition? Irrational fears? Old wives' tales?

Quite the contrary!

These things are very real.

Radio Werewolf has chosen this opportune time when humanity drifts, directionless and unfocused, to reveal the truth.

Radio Werewolf is that glorious force upon which all these legends, myths and "superstitions" are factually based. Radio Werewolf is but the current incarnation of this demonic manifestation.

They have visited this world to wreak havoc and fear when it was necessary, and to instill order and obedience upon the masses.

Employing time-tested subliminal techniques, Radio Werewolf has returned to rid this Earth once and for all of the sub-human parasites that have for too long hindered the spiritual evolution of the Chosen.



In this visit, Radio Werewolf is utilizing the powerful tool of "pop" culture, in which the impressionable youth of the world are so intertwined.

Music, the lowest denominator of the media's cynical manipulation of youth, must be used for more than the purveyance of mindless escapism. The shallow, empty drivel that spews from the airwaves has reduced the world's young people to a sea of slugs.

In contrast, the music of Radio Werewolf is designed to instill the gleam of pride and independence of the beast of prey back into the eyes of the pitiless youth. These Chosen will aspire to heights undreamed of by mortal man. Only by embracing all that has been despised and damned by unquestioned "authorities" can the Chosen ascend to rule again.



Is! The hour is upon us at last, to take action! Seize the reins of power at your command. The ancient howl of the werewolf calls . . . the Chosen unite in holy war, an elite secret society, their mission: to unleash the full fury of the dormant soul against all that is weak and mediocre! Run wild with the wolf-pack or be devoured in the bloody trail that leads to liberation!

At this very moment, the dominant frequency is being transmitted around the world, via Radio Werewolf. We have preserved and guarded this omnipotent frequency for millenium, releasing it at carefully calculated points in human evolution.

From the fall of Atlantis to the rise of the Third Reich and beyond, we have monitored and engineered every "catastrophe" and "disaster" that has blessed mankind.

"THE REDEMPTION OF THE MONSTER AS SACRED ARCHETYPE AND LIBERATING SYMBOL OF ALL THAT IS FORBIDDEN."

Fear is the key to enlightenment and only by befriending it, can the mind be totally free. Terror, Dread, Horror: these are the magical tools of the initiate in the process of attaining mastery of the soul. Radio Werewolf chooses the Monster (def: "Any animal or human grotesquely deviating from the normal shape, behavior or character:") as the standard towards which all humanity must strive.

We call for a modern Lupercal, a ceremonial transformation of the Chosen. Let the pack unite beneath the full moon and revel in the ferocious Hour of the Werewolf! Follow the Four Riders of the Apocalypse as we lead the lycanthropic legions to conquest!

Radio Werewolf Supreme Command

"throw off the fatal wolf's mask," hopes to tether *homo sapiens* to the Judeo-Christian ideal.

Oswald Spengler, on the other hand, considered the peace-wish of refined intellects the death-throes of a Late Civilization. In *The Decline of the West* Spengler declares, "For world-peace—which has often existed in fact—involves the private renunciation of war on the part of the immense majority, but along with this it involves an unavowed readiness to submit to being the booty of others who do *not* renounce it." The enemy of civilization, to Spengler, is world-weariness, a loss of the animating spirit of the (in the Jungian sense) *daimon*.

If wolf-like amorality and aggression is in certain measure necessary to the survival of civilization, civilization at all times attempts to protect itself from the lupine individual. [c.f. Freud, *Civilization and its Discontents*] Note mass media's description of a killer or assassin as a "lone wolf," or the characterizing of street gangs as "wolf packs." Little Red Riding Hood as a parable of sexual awakening was effectively treated in a recent movie titled *The Company of Wolves* in which the wolf is portrayed as an erotic stranger whose lycanthropic sexuality subverts his social conscience. Hard on the heels of Gary Hart's resignation from the 1988 presidential race, columnist George F. Will writes:

Hart's problem can be called the Wolf Factor. Fred Barnes of the *New Republic* reports that Hart recently wrote an autobiographical essay in which he claimed that at age four in Kansas he (these are Hart's words) "came almost face to face with a large gray wolf," and that recently in Colorado he "tracked a timber wolf 100 yards from our door." The Audubon Society says that wolves have been virtually extinct in the West since 1930.

Wolf meets wolf.

Judeo-Christianity severed the bond with the Earth-spirits to engage in the Talmudic hair-splitting of God-as-legislator. Old habits die hard, though, and Nature remains a bewitching force even if the will of Faustian men attempt improvements on Her. The call of the wolf, as explained by the salacious priest-historian Montague Summers (*The Werewolf*), was strong enough for many to fear in earnest the werewolf and shape-changer even as scientific rationalism eclipsed Christianity.

The Werewolf Corps, organized by Joseph Goebbels at the bitter end of WWII, stressed individual acts of terror in order to subvert Allied occupation. Teenagers, housewives, violent felons and mental patients were loosed in emulation of Wotan and his wolf-companions on "wild night" hunts. Effective and feared, the Werewolf Corps has been itself the model for many contemporary terror organizations such as the Turkish Gray

Wolves, who freed Agca to take a potshot at Pope John Paul II. It has been suggested by the conspiracy researcher E. Edwin Austin in *The Conspiracy Tracker* that certain notorious mass murder cases evince similarities to Werewolf Corps *modus operandi*, combining slayings of government employees with apparent cult rituals. The rock band Radio Werewolf borrows its moniker from the notorious Goebbels radio broadcasts which exhorted German civilians to fight stealthily and ferociously the Allied occupational forces. The Radio Werewolf "Indoctrination" manifesto (see illustration) celebrates the lunar force of animist apocalypse as a reaction against directionless humanity.

When Christians and other moralists preach against the wolf they are propagandizing against pagan mystical states of ecstatic illumination, which often go hand-in-hand with reversion to animal-like sadistic violence. Notes O.T.O. member Kenneth Grant in *Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God*: the Kundalini (tantric euphemism for the "Fire Snake" of sexual enlightenment found in the spine) can be "stirred and sometimes fully awakened ... by ... violence carried to the pitch of frenzy, either masochistic or the reverse. This unseals primal atavisms, the resurgence of which leads directly to the most ancient (i.e., the original) state of consciousness which, being pure, is cosmic, unlimited."

Lycanthropic rites have been revived in Austin Osman Spare's "Resurgent Atavism" sorceries, Crowley's Cult of the Beast and Michael Bertiaux's Cult of the Black Snake. Bertiaux's *Mystere Lycanthropique* involves the assumption of the form of the wolf or some other predatory animal on the astral plane. Adepts of the Black Snake cult explain the reason for this transformation in terms of a need for regaining periodically the contents of the subconsciousness lost or suppressed during man's transition from the animal kingdom to the world of humans. "I wrenched DOG backwards to find GOD; now GOD barks" wrote Aleister Crowley in *The Book of Lies*, no doubt a quadruple or quintuple allusion, of which I find only three: the first pertaining to the worship of Sirius, the dog star, so prominent in occult eschatology; secondly to the mystical power of reversing roles of dominance/submission in sado-masochistic sex; thirdly to the importance of the dorsal position of the female in many sex-magickal rites. Kenneth Grant, quoting Bertiaux in *Outside the Circles of Time*, infers that lycanthropic transformation is perhaps the *only* way by which, paradoxically, the magician may escape this doomed universe into "the next system of worlds."

Dagon [the God of the Deep symbolic of lunar blood] will come again, as will mighty sorceries ... for the mighty beasts of the deep have been unleashed and they have gone about their pathway of destruction, and far worse than expected ... Hold to the powers I

have given you, for only by lycanthropic transformation, by being and first becoming a monster shall the magician escape.

The Son of Sam murders, explained away by the mass media as the work of a lone schizophrenic, have been linked by Michael A. Hoffman II and Maury Terry (the Yonkers-based reporter who broke much of the original news of the case) to a Son of Sam cult whose sigils David Berkowitz used to decorate his diaries and letters. These sigils bear striking resemblance, for example, to those of Bertiaux's cult. The werewolf aspect of the Son of Sam murders arises in Berkowitz's reliance on instructions from dogs to do his deeds. One hears of American "Berserker" cults operating in the Vietnam war, modeled on the Viking Berserkers, who wore wolf-skins, spoke in wolf-language, and earned a reputation as the most maniacal warriors who ever lived. The Viking Berserkers could reputedly practice mind-control—rendering their enemies helpless with fear—and run wild in battle without shield or armor.

The image of the human being of feral form is not exclusively a fairy tale or media fantasy. Approximately a dozen cases of children raised by wolves have been recorded in this century. Reverend J.A.L. Singh, the Hindu philanthropist foster father of the wolf-children Kamala and Amala, whom he discovered in a wolf den outside of Midnapore, published a diary of observations of his most unusual wards in a 1941 book titled *Wolf-Children and Feral Man*. Singh's description of their appearance is haunting:

The Change of Appearance: High Jawbones

... they had prominent differences in feature from ordinary children. The formation of jawbones was raised and high. When they moved their jaws in chewing, the upper and lower jawbones appeared to part and close visibly, unlike human jaws.

Teeth

The formation of teeth was close-set and uneven with very fine sharp edges. The four teeth in line with the eyes, i.e., the canines, were longer and more pointed than is common in humans ... The color of the mouth inside was blood-red, not naturally found among men.

Sitting or Standing

They could sit on the ground squatting down or in any other posture, but could not stand up at all. Their knee joints ... were big, raised and heavy, covered with hard corns from walking on all fours.

Eyes

At night when you saw the glare, you could not see anything round about them but the two blue powerful lights, not even the pos-



Kamala the Wolf Girl

sensor of the eyes. You saw only two blue lights sending forth rays in the dark, making every other thing invisible beyond the focus curvature.

Sense of Smell

They had a powerful instinct and could smell meat or anything from a great distance like animals. On the fifteenth of September, 1922, Kamala smelled meat from a distance of seventy yards and ran quickly to the kitchen veranda, where meat was being dressed.

All captured wolf-children have died in captivity. Reverend Singh reports that his charges, Kamala and Amala, died at the age of ten and four respectively, of "broken hearts." In 1985 came the news report that another Indian wolf-child died in a foster home at the age of ten of "unknown causes." The civilities of modern man apparently murders the beast inside him—not to mention his connection to his fellow beasts. Still, it remains important for denizens of the naugahyde lounge-chair to dream of their connections to nature. *Tarzan*, *Doctor Doolittle*, *Gentle Ben*, *Born Free*, *Wild Kingdom*, *Grizzly Adams*, *The Day of the Dolphin* and *National Geographic* specials warm the heart with sentimental tales of man's empathic communication with his fellow animals, all the while an estimated one-fourth to one-third of the earth's animal life has been rendered extinct by mankind's despoilation of the environment. The wolf itself has been virtually annihilated from the face of America, with the exception of some small sections of the Great Lakes region.

Our self-annihilating divorce with nature has motivated some contemporary artists to journey deep into our past through trance-oracular time-travel. Pain mediums such as Fakir Musafar, interviewed elsewhere in this book, and Kristine Ambrosia, a self-styled lycanthrope/Shaman, are busy establishing links with discarnate entities and archetypes from the distant past to heal the neurotic present which blindly ignores its roots in lieu of egomaniacal notions of total self-creation. All explorations of inner space remain, however, solitary journeys, and the strange worlds discovered in trance or seizure are extremely difficult to relate to the earthbound.

Kristine Ambrosia "called up the wolf" in a few semi-public lycanthropic seizures. "Amping-up" through pounding, repetitive invocations on tympani precedes the possession, which occurs in a series of sudden jerks. Soon the wolf has fully "taken over," and Ambrosia, on all fours, howls woundedly, clawing at the concrete prison of the derelict beer vat, into which she had lowered herself for the performance. Physical change during the seizure is palpable: a seeming elongation of the back and jaw, much the same as Reverend Singh's wolf-children. A student of Transactional Psychology, Ambrosia's belief in the reality of symbolic ar-



**Kristine Ambrosia in the midst of lycanthropic seizure (above)
Lucy Elvira Jones, age 13 (below)**



Photo courtesy Daniel P. Mannix

chetypes informs her view that the wolf is a central force in man's unconscious behavior. "If you examine a good percentage of people who go through individuation and experience a mental breakdown," she says, "one of the personalities that exists is the wolf."

One person who experienced a clinical breakdown and identifies himself as Anubis, the jackal-headed Prince of Egypt, is the 75-year-old schizophrenic author of *Love, Lithium and the Loot of Lima* (excerpted elsewhere in this book). This inspired manuscript, a prolific ejaculation of aphorisms, kabbalistically links names and dates read in books and overheard on television as dire portents of personal and political conspiracy. The obsessively sexual text strangely echoes Crowley's trance-inspired *Book of the Law* in such phrases as: "Lust not love is God. Lust is God for the new social order." This concept—so close to Crowley's notion of the "New Aeon"—should stimulate some thought on occult initiation. Is "crossing the abyss" (a euphemism for the occult crisis of eradicating the ego) akin to offering up one's power of reason? If so, how different is this from the "leap of faith" which distinguishes Christian from agnostic?

Perhaps it is not so farfetched to speculate that this resurgence of the wolf-archetype is in some measure psychic preparation for the millennial calamities which are thought to lie ahead. Teutonic mythology, which best expresses the outward conquering of time and space which has been the legacy of Western man, tell us that the end of all things would be at hand when the greatest of wolves would swallow the sun. The ensuing period would be a terrible darkness, about which Lord Byron wrote the following verse in *Darkness*:

Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light ...
A fearful hope was all the World contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,

With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howled....
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom, ... and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assailed their masters.



THE UNREPENTANT NECROPHILE:

An Interview with Karen Greenlee

Jim Morton

Karen Greenlee is a necrophiliac. Five years ago she made national headlines when she drove off in a hearse and wasn't heard from for two days. Instead of delivering the body to the cemetery she decided to spend some time alone with the corpse. Eventually, the police found her in the next county, overdosed on codeine Tylenol. She was charged with illegally driving a hearse and interfering with a burial (there is no law in California against necrophilia). In the casket with the body Karen left a four-and-a-half page letter confessing to amorous episodes with between twenty to forty dead men. The letter was filled with remorse over her sexual desires: "Why do I do it? Why? Why? Fear of love, relationships. No romance ever hurt like this ... It's the pits. I'm a morgue rat. This is my rathole, perhaps my grave."

The letter proved to be her downfall. For stealing the body and the hearse, she got eleven days in jail, a \$255 fine, and was placed on two years probation with medical treatment recommended. Meanwhile, the mother of the dead man sued, claiming the incident scarred her psyche. She asked for \$1 million, but settled for \$117,000 in general and punitive damages.

The press had a field day, the lawyers got rich, and Karen lost her career and source of sexual satisfaction. Karen is now more comfortable with her sexuality. "When I wrote that letter I was still listening to society. Everyone said necrophilia was wrong, so *I* must be doing something wrong. But the more people tried to convince me I was crazy, the more sure of my desires I became."

The following interview was held in Karen's apartment, a small studio filled with books, necrophilic drawings and satanic adornments.

Back during the trial, from what I read in the newspapers, it seemed like you got very little support.

No, none whatsoever. The newspapers were the worst. To this day I hate reporters. One of them even compared me to Richard Trenton Chase, "The Vampire Killer!" What support there was was like family obligations. One of my brothers refused to have anything to do with me. He said, "I just

want to remember her as she was." He came up to me later and apologized, but he still isn't comfortable around me. My other brother was more supportive, but even he had to ask, "How'd you *do* it?"

Before the trial I had a boyfriend who found out about it. He got mad and slapped me around. He said I wasn't even a woman and I could go fuck my dead bodies. I was surprised. He knew! Apparently a lot of people knew and I don't know how they knew.

With guys, they always felt I went for bodies because I was hard up, and if I went to bed with them then that would change me and they would be the one who would give me such satisfaction I wouldn't need those old corpses anymore. I've run into that a lot. Sometimes I had guys come on to me for just that reason.

The question I am most often asked is, "How does she do it?"

Yes, that's *the* question! People ask questions like that—even people who seem pretty cool, seem to have open minds—then when you tell them, they say, "That's very interesting," then don't want to have much to do with me. I don't mind telling people how I do it. It doesn't matter to me, but anyone adept sexually shouldn't have to ask. People have this misconception that there has to be penetration for sexual gratification, which is bull! The most sensitive part of a woman is the front area anyway and that is what needs to be stimulated.

Besides, there are different aspects of sexual expression: touchy-feely, 69, even holding hands. That body is just laying there, but it has what it takes to make me happy. The cold, the aura of death, the smell of death, the funereal surroundings, it all contributes.

The smell of death?

Sure, I find the odor of death *very* erotic. There are death odors and there are death odors. Now you get your body that's been floating in the bay for two weeks, or a burn victim, that doesn't attract me much, but a freshly embalmed corpse is something else.

There is also this attraction to blood. When you're on top of a body it tends to purge blood out of its mouth, while you're making passionate love ... You'd have to be there, I guess.

Of course, with all the AIDS going around ...

That's the one reason I haven't tried anything lately. I'm sure I'd have found a way to get into one of these funeral homes by now, but the group I find attractive—young men in their twenties—are the ones who are dying of AIDS.

Did you usually attend the funerals of your corpse-lovers?

Yeah. It was convenient working in the funeral homes. I'd get to drive out to the cemetery with the family. I'd get to mourn right along with the family at the loss of that loved one. Except I was groaning in a little different tone! People can't really tell if you're grief-stricken or passion-stricken. I've had members of the families put their arms around me and say, "We're so glad you could come!" Then you have to spin this big old yarn, "Yeah, I knew him in school...." If the guy didn't have a girlfriend in life they think you were ... "Oh, *she's* the one!"

You weren't in Sacramento at the time of the trial, were you?

No, I was working in a funeral home in another city and going to school at the same time. It's weird, but the day I got a telegram about the trial telling me to get in touch with my attorney, I went in to the funeral home and was fired for things I had done at *that* funeral home. Somebody, I guess, got wise to me. I know I wasn't seen, but I think somebody just figured it out. Of course, they didn't know anything about Sacramento yet. They found out later! The same day, within five hours of each other, two totally different things caught up with me.

I worked in that funeral home for almost a year. That's where I did a lot of my extracurricular activities. I had keys so I'd slip back in after hours and spend all night in there. A guy lived at the funeral home in an apartment downstairs. He drank so he was usually passed out. He had a .357 magnum under his pillow.

The guy that court case was about—

John Mercure?

Yeah. I understand he was moved out of the cemetery after the trial.

That happened at the time I was breaking into this funeral home. There was a side room, one of the arrangement areas, where they always have their case folders out. I read there was an exhumation order for John Mercure. Then I read something in the paper about it. His mother wanted the body exhumed, said she wouldn't bury her cat there. On the day he was supposed to be exhumed I snuck out into a field across from where he was buried. I sat out in the field and watched them dig up the body and give him to this other mortician. They shipped him back to Michigan.

When did you first become aware of your necrophilia?

It's something I've been attracted to all my life. I used to hold funeral services for my pets when they died. Had a little pet graveyard. I lived in a small town and the fireman's barbeque was next door to the funeral home. To go to the bathroom you had to use the facilities in the funeral home. I'd find any excuse I could to go to the bathroom, then I'd take side trips and



Drawing by Karen Greenlee

wander around the mortuary.

It didn't scare you like the other kids?

No, I loved it! I was real curious. I'd wander around the halls....

Do you miss working in funeral homes?

Yes, terribly! Even if I wasn't a necrophile, I like mortuary work. I enjoy embalming and everything. Except for obese people. The bodies I hated working on most were obese people. 'Specially if they'd been autopsied. Their guts would slide out on the floor and shit ... and all this melty fat. Yeeeech!

You said something previously about "The Vampire Killer," Richard Trenton Chase. He was from Sacramento, wasn't he?

Yeah, the second funeral home I worked for—I wasn't working there at the time—got the bodies of Chase's victims, a man and woman and their child, so I got to hear the gory details of what the bodies looked like. They were really butchered. They were disembowelled with shit stuffed in their mouths. Chase started by killing animals and drinking their blood and when he wasn't satisfied with that he graduated to people. He killed this couple, then kidnapped their child, killed it and later threw it in a trash can. The mortician who embalmed the bodies said he hardly ever got queasy about anything, but he got sick when he saw those bodies!

What's the weirdest case you ever encountered?

Hmmm ... There was one kid who fell out of a car while his mother was making a turn and she managed to run over his head. Another kid choked to death on a cigarette wrapper. One guy committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a pellet rifle. He had to shoot himself several times and it took him a while to die, but he finally succeeded. There was another guy I worked on. He was a transvestite who somehow strangled himself with his nylons. I don't think it was intentional, I think he was trying to achieve heightened orgasm through strangulation and he ended up hanging himself. He wouldn't be the first to make that mistake.

How about the most unusual funeral?

One time this bunch of religious fanatics held a funeral for one of their members. They didn't want her embalmed, they just wanted her dressed and in the casket. We usually didn't do that, but we decided to be nice and put her up in the stateroom. We were standing outside of that stateroom and we heard someone saying, "Rise in the name of Jesus!" They were praying and slapping the body. They were talking in tongues. *That* was weird!

There seems to be a strong camaraderie between morticians. Almost like a

secret society.

Very much so. Morticians are very tight with each other because most people won't have anything to do with them. I used to find if I went to a party I'd always be introduced like, "This is Karen and she's a mortician." But they don't say, "Here's Karen—she's a secretary," or "she's a veterinary assistant." A lot of people are under the misconception that morticians are very straight, very somber. If they ever went back into the prep room and heard all the jokes that are cracked it would blow that theory right out the window.

Did any of those morticians ever testify for or against you at the trial?

One funeral director testified on behalf of funeral practices. He was asked how often necrophilia occurs. He said, "It's almost unheard of in this profession."

That's a major lie!

Yes, definitely ... necrophilia is more prevalent than most people imagine. Funeral homes just don't report it. There was one place that I broke into, and I know that they knew something was wrong. They actually caught me in the act and let me get away.

At another place I was working, this guy came up to me and said, "Someone's been messin' with the body. It looks like they were trying to fuck the body!" I said, "Oh my goodness! Really?" I think they figured it out later. I know they know now.

One mortician I worked with used to like to take a trocar [a large hollow needle used to suction fluids from corpses] and push it up inside any male cadaver's dick. He'd say, "Oh look, the corpse has got a boner." This guy was *really* weird. He looked like Larry of the Three Stooges. I think he had some necrophilic tendencies. He'd get real upset if there weren't any female bodies to work on. He'd start pacing. I caught him one time in the prep room. He said he was just taking a pee in the hopper at the end of the table. He was just pulling up his pants when I walked in. I said, "I won't tell if you don't."

You say you were caught in the act of necrophilia once?

Yeah. I had tried to kill myself and was living in a halfway house a couple blocks up from this funeral home. I decided to go to the mausoleum and try and kill myself again. The mausoleum had a door connecting it to the mortuary. I was sitting in there, real depressed, when, just for the hell of it, I decided to try running my driver's license along the edge of the door and click! the door popped open. I couldn't believe it, so I tried it again and the door popped open again! I went into the prep room and there happened to be a body in there. I had me some fun, did my thing and for-

got all about killing myself. I told the folks at the halfway house that I stayed the night with friends. I went in there several times. Sometimes there were absolutely no bodies, so I turned around and snuck back out. I usually went in the back door.

About a week later I snuck back into the funeral home. I was on the prep table having a good old time, when all of a sudden I felt like there was somebody nearby. Next thing, I heard people walking down the hallway. I quietly jumped off the table and threw the sheet back over the body. My clothes were in quite a state of disarray, and I had blood on me and everything else—it had been an autopsy case. There was a casket with the lid open in the side casket-room, so I ran and hid behind it. The casket was on a church-truck so they couldn't see me, but they could see my legs. It was a man and a woman. They were standing there saying, "Who are you? What are you doing here?" One of them said to the other, "You go get the gun and call the cops and I'll stay down here." I knew I only had one chance then, so I busted out and ran. I knew the layout of the place, so I just ran down the hall and out of the place and out of the cemetery.

At the time I still had a friend who worked at the funeral home. He said, "Somebody broke into the funeral home. They know it was you." They put in an alarm after that. I think they called the police, but there were never any charges. I'm sure they didn't want the publicity.

That was the last time I got very close, except for I've broken into a few tombs.

Have you seen any changes in people's attitudes towards necrophilia?

Yeah, when I came out here I noticed it. It's almost a fad! They're not really necrophiles, but pseudo-necrophiles. Like a death cult! But there are probably a lot of people who would do it if they had the opportunity.

Perhaps there is this vast network of necrophiles, who, for lack of a forum, will never know of each other's existence.

Well, there's Leilah [Wendell's] group [American Association of Necrophilic Research and Enlightenment]. They try and get some information out about it.

It must be frustrating when people say, "we have to cure you," or, "you've got to be more like us."

It is. For a while I found myself thinking, "Yeah, this isn't normal. Why can't I be like other people. Why doesn't the same pair of shoes fit me just right?" I went through all that personal hell and finally I accepted myself and realized that's just me. That's my nature and I might as well enjoy it. I'm miserable when I try to be something I'm not. And too, a lot of these people who are putting me down have hang-ups worse than I have, or they

do things that might be considered questionable by their peers. I had a gay friend who, when he found out I was a necrophile, said, "You can go to hell for that." After 1979, when I was put on probation, part of the probation requirement was that I seek therapy. I had a really nice social worker. She was cool. Very non-judgmental. The more I talked to these people, the more I realized necrophilia makes sense for me. The reason I was having a problem with it was because I couldn't accept myself. I was still trying to live my life by other people's standards. To accept it was peace. These people who are always trying to change me only helped me get myself more in touch with my feelings. I used to go from the therapist's office to the funeral home. It didn't work, folks!

Body's theft called 'lightning rod' for anger

By MICHAEL OTTEN
SACRAMENTO UNION STAFF WRITER

A defense psychiatrist testified Wednesday that he didn't think there was much lasting impact on Marian Gonzales as a result of her son's body being abducted from a funeral home by a necrophiliac.

Dr. Captane Thomson of Yolo County mental health services described the 36-year-old woman as a diabetic with a lengthy history of alcoholism and depression.

"I don't see the theft of the body as having made a major difference in her present state," he testified.

Gonzales is seeking \$1 million in general and punitive damages from Sacramento Memorial Lawn Mortuary and from Karen M. Greenlee over the Dec. 17, 1979, theft of her son's body.

Greenlee, 23, an apprentice embalmer, had admitted sex acts with 26 to 40 corpses during her four months of employment at the mortuary. She also admitted taking the body of John Leo Mercure, 35, who had died a week earlier.

Thomson said Gonzales, a widow with four marriages since the age of 18, told him she has nightmares in which she sees empty caskets and

hears her son's voice.

He said the theft of Mercure's body was very upsetting to Gonzales and she was disturbed that she was told of the theft by a television news reporter.

"She felt she lost her sacred trust with the cemetery who lost her son's body," he testified.

But he said the theft became a "convenient scapegoat for focusing on over her son's death—a lightning rod for her anger," which he described as part of the normal grief process.

Thomson said he was unsure if it increased Gonzales' depression. "I

don't think she would be significantly different today if it (the body abduction) hadn't happened."

Richard A. Kapuschinsky, a former apprentice embalmer who worked with Greenlee and thought he knew her better than anyone else at the mortuary, testified he had no inkling of her problem.

"There was no reason to suspect anything," Kapuschinsky, now a licensed embalmer at another mortuary, told the jury in the three-week-old Superior Court trial.

He described Greenlee as a quiet worker who was very good at embalming.

She Admits Sex With Dead

By Jaime Diaz
Bee Staff Writer

A drawn and tense Karen Greenlee, who has confessed in her own writing to having been a necrophiliac, quietly admitted to a Sacramento Superior Court jury Friday that she climbed into coffins to have sexual contact with corpses.

Under questioning by attorney Leo O'Connor, Greenlee, 23, said she had sexual contact with dead bodies in an embalming room and in other locations at the Sacramento Memorial Lawn mortuary in late 1979 while she was an apprentice embalmer.

She also admitted she drank heavily in her apartment at the mortuary during her employment there.

Greenlee and the mortuary are defendants in a suit by Marian Gonzales, who contends she suffered severe emotional distress when Greenlee stole the body of her son, John Mercure, 35, in a mortuary hearse Dec. 17, 1979.

The hearse containing Greenlee and the corpse were recovered the next day near Alleghany in Sierra County. After surrendering herself, Greenlee attempted suicide by swallowing pain relievers, O'Connor said.

Greenlee pleaded guilty to interfering with a burial and illegally driving a hearse. She spent 11 days in jail, was fined \$255 and placed on



Bee photo by Gary Gills

Karen Greenlee, with law clerk from attorney's office

See TESTIMONY, PAGE B2

THE TIME OF THE END IS NOW: *Texts from The Process*

The Process Church of the Final Judgment was formed in 1964 by Robert de Grimston after becoming a "clear" and breaking away from the Church of Scientology. Its Manichean outlook went further than medieval dualistic philosophies. Processians taught that through love, Christ and Satan have destroyed their enmity and have come together for the end—Christ to judge and Satan to execute judgment. They felt that members of the Process would lead the New Age after a Revelation-style apocalyptic period when Christ and Satan would finally be reconciled. Since 1974, a faction broke with de Grimston, calling themselves the Foundation Faith of the Millennium. The leaders of this faction, Christopher de Peyer and Peter McCormick claim an estimated 20,000 hardcore members. Says *Larson's Book of Cults*, "Foundation advocates certainly seem more palatable since they no longer publicly promote the Christ/Satan reconciliation theory. But they have not abandoned their basic belief in a coming Messiah. Bible students are left to wonder whether such a person might well be the Antichrist..." The Process is now seen to be a formative influence in the philosophy of Charles Manson as well as the contemporary occult groups in London, such as Temple ov Psychick Youth. The following selections are culled from early Process literature and have been collected together by Boyd Rice.



"If a man asks: What is The Process? Say to him: It is The End, the final ending of the world of men. It is the agent of The End, the instrument of The End, and the inexorable Power of The End."

(From Process Scripture)



"My prophecy upon this wasted earth and upon the corrupt creation that squats on its ruined surface is: THOU SHALT KILL!"

(From *Jehovah on War*)



"The lamb and the goat must come together. Pure love descended from the pinnacle of heaven, united with pure hatred raised from the depths of hell."

(From the *Fear* Issue of The Process Magazine, Summer, 1969)



"Release the Fiend that lies dormant within you, for he is strong and

ruthless, and his power is far beyond the bounds of human frailty.

"Come forth in your savage might, rampant with the lust of battle, tense and quivering with the urge to strike, to smash, to split asunder all that seek to detain you. And cast your eye upon the land before you. Choose what road of slaughter and violation you will follow. Then stride out upon the land and amongst the people.

"Rape with the crushing force of your virility; kill with the devastating precision of your sword arm; maim with the ingenuity of your pitiless cruelty; destroy with the overpowering fury of your bestial strength; lay waste with the all-encompassing majesty of your power...

"For the world can be yours, and the blood of men can be yours to spill as you please. And you can have the pleasure of the world through violence and the wielding of the sword. And your lust can stride upon the face of the land, taking whatever it desires, and discarding the empty husks when you've sucked them dry."

(From *Satan On War*)



"... Humanity is mean and corrupt, a liar blinded by its own deception, yet cunning within the confines of its ignorance. And humanity is weak, and yet strong in its weakness, for humanity by its cunning can suck the strength from the truly strong and bring them down with it. And humanity breeds death, the death of the soul, and gives life to the torturous conflicts of the mind in which the soul has trapped itself. And humanity sustains whomever will maintain the corruption and decay which are its life blood. And humanity destroys all that promises to bring the spirit of purity and oust corruption. And humanity charms with a sweet facade which hides a treacherous heart. And humanity talks of love, and leaves the scars of hatred in its wake. And humanity cries peace, and brings war. And humanity speaks of glory and a magnificent destiny, and leads deeper into death and degradation. And humanity is brimful of promises and so-called good intentions, yet behind it is a trail of abject failure and betrayal. And humanity is afraid for it and is steeped in evil.

"And as with all things, by its fruit shall we know humanity. And humanity's fruits are foul, bruised and bitter, and rotten to the core. And humanity's home is the earth, and the earth is Hell.

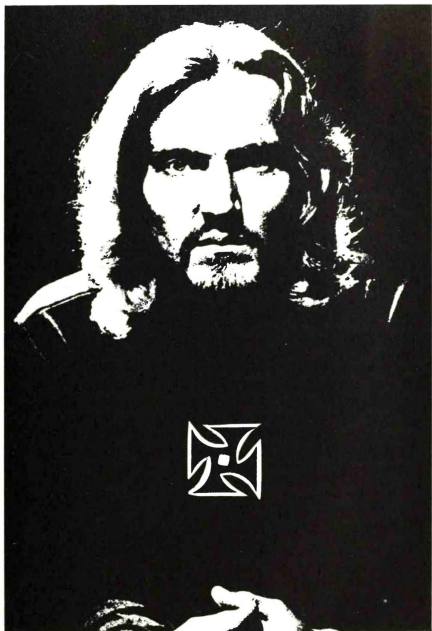
"Now there is nothing more evil in the universe than man.

"His world is Hell, and he himself the Devil."

(From *Humanity is the Devil*, May 1968)



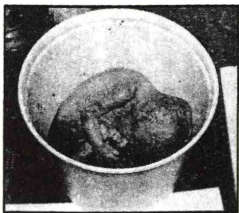
THE PROCESS
CHURCH OF THE FINAL JUDGEMENT



Robert de Grimston, leader of The Process



**The true origin of Garbage Pail Kids
(below)**



INFERNAL TEXTS

Something As It Really Is

Mel Lyman

I am going to burn down the world
 I am going to tear down everything
 that cannot stand alone
 I am going to turn ideals to shit
 I am going to shove hope up your ass
 I am going to reduce everything
 that stands to rubble
 And then I am going to burn the rubble
 And then I am going to scatter the ashes
 And then maybe someone will be able to see
 Something as it really is



Full Stop for an Infernal Planet

Louis Wolfson

If you consider that around three thousand years ago our poor planet was infected with only fifty million copies (while, certainly, a single specimen would already have been too many) of the unfortunate human species; if you imagine having had at that time a pile of good H-bombs at your disposal and having used them to crumble the crust of this damned planet Earth and possibly to convert it into a second chain of asteroids, a first large ring of such little celestial bodies being located between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; and if you consider then what a litany of unspeakable horrors which still continue and are synonymous with humanity would not have occurred ...!! What philosopher would have dreamed, thirty-five years ago, of thus attacking the so sick matter which we all are? What philanthropist? What man of good will?

But now we absolutely must not miss the chance—and to have such a chance is too good to be true—finally to bring to an end at last this infamous litany of abominations that we all are (collectively and individually); and I mean by that, obviously, in a complete atomic-nuclear way! The tragedy, the true catastrophe—is that humanity continues ... while the divine benediction would be qualified as thermonuclear or some equivalent thereof. Not to be of this opinion is to be selfish, criminal, monstrous, if not stark mad.



The Importance of Killing

Dan Burros

Man is a killing organism! He must kill to survive! He must kill to advance! Let us show them who is the natural elite! Who is the world's greatest killer! White Man! Unsheath your terrible sword! Slay your enemies! Kill! Kill! Kill!



A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful

Edmund Burke

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever is terrible, therefore, with regard to sight, is sublime, too.



The Lightning and the Sun

Savitri Devi

This is the age in which our triumphant Democrats and our hopeful Communists boast of "slow but steady progress through science and education." Thanks very much for such "progress!" The very sight of it is enough to confirm *us* in our belief in the immemorial cyclic theory of history, illustrated by the myths of all ancient, natural religions (including that one from which the Jews—and, through them, their disciples, the Christians—borrowed the symbolical story of the Garden of Eden; Perfection at the *beginning* of Time.) It impresses upon us the fact that human history, far from being a steady ascension towards the better, is an increasingly hopeless process of bastardization, emasculation and demoralisation of mankind; an inexorable "fall." It rouses in us the yearning to see the end—the final crash that will push into oblivion both those worthless "isms" that are the product of decay of thought and of character, and the no less worthless religions of equality which have slowly prepared the ground for them; the coming of Kalki, the divine Destroyer of evil; the dawn of a new Cycle opening, as all time-cycles ever did, with a "Golden Age."

Never mind how bloody the final crash may be! Never mind what old treasures may perish for ever in the redeeming conflagration! The sooner it

comes the better. We are waiting for it—and for the following glory—confident in the divinely established cyclic Law that governs all manifestations of existence in Time: the law of Eternal Return. We are waiting for it, and for the subsequent triumph of the Truth persecuted today; for the triumph under whatever name, of the only faith in harmony with the everlasting laws of being; of the only modern “ism” which is anything but “modern,” being just the latest expression of principles as old as the Sun; the triumph of all those men who, throughout the centuries *and* today, have never lost the vision of the everlasting Order, decreed by the Sun, and who have fought in a selfless spirit to impress that vision upon others. We are waiting for the glorious restoration, this time, on a world-wide scale, of the New Order, projection in time, in the next, as in every recurring “Golden Age,” of the everlasting Order of the Cosmos.



Text from the Temple ov Psychick Youth

Genesis P-Orridge

THE TEMPLE STANDS ALONE. IT IS SEPARATED BY A GULF OV SELF OVERCOMING. THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WITH THE COURAGE TO STRANGLE FATE AND CONCEIVE THEIR OWN DESTINY IRRESPECTIVE OV THE DEMANDS OV THE SLAVE GOD MORALITY. WE BOW TO ONLY OURSELVES. WE REGARD ONLY OUR EQUALS AS EQUALS. WE HAVE NEITHER PITY NOR CONTEMPT FOR THOSE WHO ARE UNABLE TO PUSH THEMSELVES EVER FORWARD. ALL SITUATIONS LEADING TO CONTENTMENT ARE TO BE ANNIHILATED. ALL JOYS ARE TO BE INFLAMED UNTIL THEY BECOMU ECSTASY. THE ONLY THING OV WHICH WE ARE CERTAIN IS UNCERTAINTY, AND IN THIS LIES OUR STRENGTH. ARE YOU SATISFIED? THEN BE ASHAMED. AT LEAST HAVE THE COURAGE TO DESPAIR OF YOURSELF. THERE IS A LONG WAY TO TRAVEL. ARE YOU READY? THERE ARE MANY WOUNDS TO RECEIVE. ARE YOU READY? CAN YOU FACE UP TO YOURSELF? CRUMBLE YOURSELF BETWEEN YOUR FINGERS. DO YOU WATCH QUIETLY WHILST THEY DIG YOUR GRAVE? ARE YOU THERE WITH SPADE AND SHROUD, DO YOU DANCE FOR THEIR CACKLE? MACHINES AND MACHINED. WHEN HE CALLED ME FROM THERE ABOVE, I HAD NO VOICE OR WORD TO SAY YES TO HIM SO I SPOKE YES. IT'S AN IRRITATION THIS ROAD, CLIPPED BETWEEN HERE AND HERE. SMACK ON THE WRIST, GUN TO THE BALLS, TRAILERS AND CANNISTERS AT THE READY. I AM FEELING COLD INSIDE. I'M LOOKING

FOR FIRE. I FOUND IT CRAWLING DOWN THE WALLS OV THE
ABYSS, IN THE BARK OV THE TREE. IN THE BLOOD ON MI
MOUTH, IN THE SCAB ON MI EYE. I'M STILL BLEEDING. EVEN
NOW.



OPIATES, BRAINWASHING, AND FASTING:

A Physiological Understanding of the Oracular Process

Tim O'Neill

The first convincing attempts to understand the physiology of oracular states was begun during World War II by William Sargant in his now-classic works, *Battle for the Mind* and *The Mind Possessed*. In his daily observations of shell-shocked and battle-fatigued soldiers, Sargant discovered a correlation between physiological stress and psychological responses.

For thousands of years, shamans, yogis and ascetics had been using fasting, breath control, pain, and other forms of controlled stress, to induce altered states of awareness. Sargant's contribution was to uncover the physiological rationale why *understimulation* as well as *overstimulation* of the senses can produce the altered state—or in Sargant's case with the Korean war vets, the classic "brainwashing" scenario.

Sargant observed that four distinct phases seemed to follow each other as the body's reaction to severe and continual stress. The first phase, termed "protective inhibition," encompasses a variety of reactive states of protective shock. If the stressful stimulus continued, a second phase of reaction would arise, which he termed "paradoxical." Here, while mind and body seem to have recovered from the initial shock, even the tiniest stimulus provokes extremely violent reaction, and often the inverse of expected reactions. (Ice applied to skin producing sweat, etc.) If the stress-stimulus continues, a third phase of reaction will emerge: the "ultraparadoxical," in which the subject seems calm and passive, yet the basic aspects of his personality have broken into an extremely fluid state. The latter is characteristic of the final stage of the classic "brainwashing" experience, in which the dominant forces that exist in the subject's environment will be readily accepted into his fragmented personality. A fourth phase unites pre-brainwashed fragments of personality along with those picked up during the ultraparadoxical phase: the "hypnoid" state.

The restructuring of personality, or "conversion," which occurs during the ultraparadoxical and hypnoid states, is by no means permanent. In studies of soldiers in the Korean War, it was discovered that effects of brainwashing tend to fade two or three years after the programming. The



original personality is never completely destroyed, and its tendency is to reconstitute itself after foreign elements have lost their environmental reinforcement. On the other hand, the original personality hardly ever returns to the same form it had previous to the conversion experience.

The similarity of the brainwashing process to the classic shaman's crisis of dissociation and reconstruction of personality, did suggest itself to Sargant. His *The Mind Possessed* examines shamans, faith-healers, mediums and voodoo-possession in light of physiological processes. Sargant found definite metabolic changes which occurred in tandem with the four-phase psychological response pattern. He observed that sudden changes in body weight, most often a ten or twelve percent loss of weight, accompanied or preceded the phase of protective inhibition. Sargant theorized that the stress caused changes in the insulin level which then became apparent as weight loss. (Sudden weight loss is one of the classic symptoms of low insulin levels associated with diabetes.) Administering insulin to shell-shocked soldiers, Sargant was able to reverse the conversion process as his patients' body weight drifted back towards normal. Fasting has always been one of the most popular ascetic devices for inducing altered states, and Sargant had suddenly discovered the physiological key to this mystery. There were, however, several links missing in a complete understanding of the conversion effect.

When neuroanatomists offered the model of the three-tiered evolutionary structure in the brain, understanding of the brainwashing process achieved greater sophistication. The model for this theory is geologic: the brain is viewed as a structure which is layered with three discrete yet interactive masses of increasing sophistication. The first, or "reptilian" layer, is the inner core which produces the basic "fight or flight" response, and instigates patterns of ritual courtship and conformity to species-wide behavior patterns. The next layer lies above the reptilian brain-stem, and is known as the "mammalian" brain, or the limbic system. This structure is similar to those found in lower mammals, and is capable of governing more complex social and sensory patterns. The mammalian brain, in association with the hypothalamus, is responsible for governing the control of appetite, thirst and body weight. Injections of a material known as gold-thio-glucose into a certain area of the hypothalamus induce hyperphagia, or uncontrolled appetite. Conversely, certain types of damage to the hypothalamus results in complete loss of appetite.

The third layer, the neocortex, is undeveloped in lower animals. Only dolphins and high primates share with humans this aspect of brain development. The neocortex is theorized to have appeared quite recently in man's evolution, and is thus quite fragile, as opposed to the reptilian and mammalian levels which can take a comparatively high level of abuse and

still be operational. The limbic system acts as a gate or filter to the large amounts of sensory data that goes into the neocortex. The pharmaceutical components of this "filter" are known as neurotransmitters. Specifically, the neurotransmitters facilitate the passage of electrical sensory inputs over the synaptic gaps between neurons. It's the neurotransmitter's job to block overall electrical activity and also to judge which sensation to allow in the neocortex in preference to others.

The major neural inhibitor, serotonin, has interesting links to Sargant's model for brainwashing. Increased levels of serotonin produce a higher rate of sensory inhibition in the limbic system; in short, a sleepy, drowsy feeling. Overindulgence in food produces a rise in the rate of serotonin production, thus creating the drowsiness associated with extreme post-prandial satiation. Fasting causes a lower serotonin level, thus allowing a flood of sensory impulses into the neocortex, which interprets them as a "vision."

It is now known that opiates are produced in the reptilian brainstem, while evidence for internally-produced hallucinogens is still under debate. Hallucinogens act to reduce the effectiveness of inhibitory neurotransmitters to the point where an often overwhelming flood of electrical impulses shake the midbrain and neocortex. Visions associated with LSD-25, peyote, psilocybin and the other hallucinogens are the result of this lowering of neocortical defenses. The process known as "kindling," which also occurs during *Grand Mal* seizure, and is characterized by the random firing of neurons in the hippocampal region of the limbic system, is the result of serotonin-starvation induced by hallucinogenic drugs. Opiates seem to work in a direction opposite to that of hallucinogens, which creates an understimulation of the neocortex.

Linking neuroanatomical and neurochemical information to Sargant's discoveries of the brainwashing process provides a fundamental, if primitive, understanding of the oracular state. Future research in this area may discover whether or not specific brain chemistries in the "medium" or "oracle" favor the passive state of awareness which remove intrusive sensations and free awareness for inner dialogue.

THE DISCIPLES OF FLESH

Tim O'Neill

My deepest and oldest fantasies, of binding and being bound, faceless entities behind surgical mask and gown, feeding and being fed, as a slender young woman becoming slowly fatter and fatter, extravagant rolls of flesh confined in obscene black rubber, being stretched to the point of bursting, the "black" mysteries of women's clothing and makeup, the pleasures of stockings and panties; the great enigma. Lust, gluttony, and domination, the three great drives that burn together like an inner Sun, are too powerful to be contained by mere flesh, even 200 lbs. of it! The assuming of Her gender, the bondage, the feeding, the excruciating pleasures of fat rolling against itself—one cannot speak lightly of ekstasis under such conditions. Release from the body into the pure lands of light, squirming out of a seeming mountain of rolling flesh constricted by rubber and rope is so exquisitely pleasing to Her spirit that She must favor the adept with the great caress of Kundalini and the great memory of the Demiurgos and his prison that we call Earth.

Since I originally wrote a paper titled *The Disciples of Flesh* in 1983 for a San Francisco Bay Area group interested in the more recondite areas of sexual awareness, I have stumbled upon historical evidence supporting my thesis that obesity can be used to induce powerfully altered states of awareness. The key breakthrough came about in my study of Neolithic/Megalithic cultures of Europe.

Five to ten thousand years ago, the worship of the great obese Goddess of abundance was still in its heyday, as reflected in the "Venus" figurines depicting obese and pregnant women found at Willendorf in Austria, Dolni Věstonice in Czechoslovakia, Laussel in France, and hundreds of other sites from Spain to the Steppes of Russia and Central Asia.

The one European site that stands out as clearly suggesting the existence of a well-organized cult of actual embodiment of the fat Goddess in the person of an oracular priestess, is on the island of Malta, just south of Sicily. A complement of several temples, constructed out of huge megalithic slabs creates a series of mock-underground "grottoes" or "caves." These temples are constructed in curving forms that echo the contours of the fat Goddess. Found in the burial excavations on one of the temple sites were several statuettes of massively obese women reclining on low couches, with their eyes closed, as if dreaming or listening to an



The Oracle of the Hypogeum (Malta, 3000 B.C)

inner voice. Jean McMann's *Riddles of the Stone Age: Rock Carvings of Ancient Europe* suggested to me the final piece of the puzzle: "Further, in the National Museum Valetta (Malta) one can see ... a wonderful 'Sleeping Lady' discovered in the main chamber of the *Hypogeum* [a word meaning 'under the earth'] ... Tiny yet monumental, she reclines peacefully as though she were a goddess receiving a dream. There has been some guesswork about the possibility of a 'dream cult' connected with the structures. Perhaps, like a vestal virgin, or better, a queen bee, this goddess in human form fed on titbits and delicacies, lived in the temple, and dreamed rich dreams for the priests to interpret."

Finally it all made sense—the ritual fattening could be viewed as a form of sympathetic magic. By being fed to bursting, the priestess embodied the abundant Goddess whose favor insured rich crops and whose disfavor meant famine. The priestess was thus possessed by the spirit of the Goddess and took on her form, much as in contemporary voodoo. Research into the physiology and neurochemistry of altered states of awareness had made it clear that *overstimulation* of the senses can be just as useful as the more usual ascetic *understimulation* in the production of oracular states of awareness. *Overindulgence* in food has been proven to produce a dramatic rise in the rate of production of serotonin, the neurochemical that filters out electrical pulses associated with sensory input from the mid-brain and limbic system to the neocortex. That is precisely the reason one feels sleepy and drowsy after Thanksgiving dinner. Imagine then, stuffing these aforementioned priestesses continuously; keeping them in a delicious state of indulgence in underground temples—the whole desire was to keep them in a *perpetual state of oracular dream*, untainted by the outside world. Their huge bodies became laboratories for neurochemically altered frames of awareness, as well as pleasure palaces of the Goddess.

Aleister Crowley describes this ritual in the novel *Moonchild*. In service of the Lunar Goddess, Crowley's character Lisa gradually grows into the archetypal obese sibylline figure:

It was part of the general theory of the operation thus to keep her concealed and recumbent for the greater part of the day; which as we have seen, really lasted nearer twenty-five hours than twenty-four ... but with soft singing and music, or with the recital of slow voluptuous poetry, her natural disinclination to sleep was overcome, and she began to enjoy the delicious Laziness of her existence, and to sleep the clock round without turning in her bed. She lived almost entirely upon milk, and cream, and cheese soft-curdled, with little crescent cakes made of rye with white of egg and cane sugar; as for meat, venison, as sacred to the huntress Artemis, was her only dish. But certain shellfish were permitted, and all soft and succulent

vegetables and fruits.

She put on flesh rapidly; the fierce, active, impetuous girl of October, with taut muscles and dark-flushed mobile face, had become pale, heavy, languid, and indifferent to events, all before the beginning of February.

And it was early in this month that she was encouraged by her first waking vision of the Moon ...

For she had become extremely fat; her skin was of a white and heavy pallor; her eyes were almost closed by their perpetual droop. Her habit of life had become infinitely sensuous and languid; when she rose from recumbancy she lolled rather than walked; her lassitude was such that she hardly cared to feed herself; yet she managed to consume five or six times a normal dietary. She seemed utterly attracted to the moon. She held out her body to it like an offering ... She was more languid than ever before; that night, it seemed to her as if her body were altogether too heavy for her; she had the feeling so well known to opium smokers, which they call 'clové à terre.' It is as if the body clung desperately to the earth, by its own weight, and yet in the same way as a tired child nestles to its mother's breast ... It may be that it is the counterpart of the freedom of the soul of which it is the herald and companion ... And gradually, as comes also to the smoker of opium, the process of bodily repose became complete: the earth was one with earth, and no longer troubled or trammelled her truer self ... She became actely conscious that she was not the body that lay supine in the cradle, with the Moon gleaming upon its bloodless countenance....

(*Moonchild*)

Quod erat demonstratum! Crowley perfectly captures the essence of the cultus, yet one factor remains: geography. If one takes Malta as a center and then sweeps a great arc through North Africa, Arabia, Turkey, Russia, Venice and Vienna, then one has also marked those locales where fat women were in fashion well into this century. These are also areas in which pre-nuptial fattening of women has been or is still being practiced. As Sir Richard Burton points out in his translation of *The Perfumed Garden of the Shaykh Nefzawai*, "The word 'gheba' means a double chin. The arabs have a decided preference for fat women, consequently everything pointing to that condition is with them a beauty. Thus, the ridges forming upon the stomach of a woman by the development of their stoutness are a very seductive sight in the eyes of arabs." Crowley mentions this in *Moonchild*, and it is also found in Paul Bowles' *The Sheltering Sky*, Edward Lucie-Smith's *Eroticism in Western Art* and particularly in E. A. Wal-

lis Budge's *Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection* (Vol. II, "Steatopygous Women"). My reconstruction of the cult of ritually fattened oracular priestesses—though yet to be "proven" by academic anthropology—drew upon archetypal images that I had dreamed since childhood. The confirmation of their "rightness" came as a great moment in my struggle with one of the most feared taboos of the modern Anorexic Western World.



Karen Carpenter (1951-1983), disciple of Anorexia (top)
Disciples of Flesh (bottom)



"I was reading that stupid book of Leary's ... I destroyed my ego and I didn't believe I could do anything."—John Lennon

THE LAST DEFENSE OF LSD

Joseph Lanz

LSD is to humans what calcium was to amoebas.—Timothy Leary

D-Lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate Delysid, a.k.a. LSD-25, was American youth's greatest gift, and the fact we have misunderstood and misused it shows what frivolous ingrates we really are. Acid offered the one big chance to escape life's psychic garbage, which, twenty years after the psychedelic era's bellyflop, has now piled up above our noses. How can anything else in our contemporary history compare to those times when kids collectively altered their minds and bodies and surrendered all of the psychic control their ancestors had spent centuries to harness?

LSD's first mass ingestions were a healthy response to a culture at its autumnal phase, a society so overfed with its technological achievements that it recognized the need to become self-reflexive and narcissistic. Never were we exposed to greater fits of madness, outlandish histrionics and ironies as acid advocates glorified the ills of modern life at the same time that they offered a superficial panacea against them. Centuries of Indian and Asian philosophy were compressed into a tasteless, colorless and odorless pharmacological unit that could be ingested in the same manner that haggard housewives popped their favorite tranquilizers.

Like the rascal who switches on the lights in a funhouse, the Psychedelic Revolution leveled our passive acceptance of mass media's variety show. However, once our illusions were shattered, new ones took over. We were still easily hoodwinked, yet smart enough to discern the hardware feeding the lies. LSD propaganda was also the media's supreme godchild, playing on the appeal of hypnotic visuals and pop slogans to manipulate our perceptions of reality. No social mores were left undisturbed. And while acid moguls like Timothy Leary and Baba Ram Dass sprinkled their treatises with Hindu platitudes, they were well aware, and even exploited the fact, that they could never escape *Life* magazine's bromides or television's tentacles. Even Leary's notorious traveling lecture about the importance of "set and setting" sounded like jargon spewing from some broadcasting executive impressing his colleagues with a new plan to hoard Nielsen ratings. Also, the renowned chemists at Sandoz would not have had their impetus without the engineers at Zenith and Motorola whose pioneering color televisions brought distorted color reception into so many homes, enticing kids to perceive the so-called "real"

world as a tepid, sense-deadening afterglow. Hence, the need for artificial methods to correct the inadequacies of our surroundings.

Before its reputation got polluted by inanities and the odious "back-to-nature" cult, LSD promised a touchy-feely incentive for young people to apprehend modern science's most egregious discoveries. Imagine how it could have been if, instead of allowing the media to clog our memories with mindless jingles and television themes, we could have won a permanent intuitive grasp on the intellectual conundrums of quantum physics, The Fallacy of the Excluded Middle, Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, Godelian Number Theory, and other notions that violate our time and space conventions. By altering our otherwise rut-ridden neural synapses, we, of the television generation, had the means to transpose the acausality and narrative pandemonium of the Howdy Doody show into daily life, perceiving our world as a pressure cooker that could explode into pure madness at any moment. Regardless of its unfair rap as an agent for entropic pleasure-seeking, LSD offered a strange optimism, a hope that we could reach from our minds out into space, and one day construct that intergalactic maze from which none of us would ever escape.

We can best see LSD's cultural impact through its prominence in popular music. Before groups like The Chocolate Watch Band and The Peanut Butter Conspiracy, rock was plagued by two opposing extremes: the puritanical impulse seeking to destroy it, and the populist slumlords (a.k.a. folk and rhythm & blues advocates) wishing to monopolize it. However, psychedelia, or acid rock, posed a third alternative with its unprecedented ability to alter the adolescent biorhythm, making young people respond to their surroundings with a catatonic sensitivity to sounds too rarefied for the average clumsy sensors to pick up.

Before psychedelia, rock and roll wasted its elaborate acoustical technology with disingenuous efforts to valorize the noble savage. Then, when the first fuzz-tones and strobe lights were plugged into discotheques across the country, youngsters celebrated mind over body and technology over nature, no longer playing the role of condescending sociologists glamorizing primitive rhythms to atone for their parents' progress. The air was blessed with moods of cerebral abandon that enticed us to use our technology to the hilt without any remorse.

Through the words of pop theologians and pop psychologists vaunting their "expanded consciousness horizon" or "out of the body experiences," mass culture no longer expressed contempt for the over-educated, nor did it castigate them for having too large a vocabulary. The more verbose and gaudy the apotheoses, the better. Psychedelia even flaunted an academic and intellectual chic. Rock lyrics were no longer some groin-grinding sentiments buried beneath tinny guitars and multi-tracks; they were actually

printed on liner sleeves for listeners to read and overinterpret. In 1967, the tube-weaned youngsters got as close to being literary as they will ever get by being able to quote The Doors quoting Blake or Jefferson Airplane's pastiches of Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass* and James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

LSD and psychedelia also posed stimulating challenges to rock's conventional role as libido prod. Instead of inciting listeners to hump and breed, it encouraged them to recline and admire the scenery. While a lot of attention was paid to marijuana's possible role in testosterone depletion, LSD was truly the one agent that heralded the male's feminization. The LSD experience, with its accompanying candles, incense and light shows, enabled the pretty patterns and colors to take precedence over the girl. Men learned to prefer ambience over conquest, becoming more dandified as they cultivated an enchantment with the loved one that bordered on homoerotica. In The Zombies' "She's Not There," the singer confesses that his girlfriend had ceased to be an external entity once he incorporated her into his self-image. The Doors tell us in "I Can't See Your Face In My Mind," that the narrator's heterosexuality has been violated after he is seduced by a group of males ("carnival dogs"). We can even see this tendency in "Top 40" manifestations—songs like Donovan's "Lalena" (with its implied transvestism) or The Monkees' "Sometime in the Morning" which pays such wistful attention to feminine descriptions that, after a few listenings, we realize that the male is actually talking about himself.

Much like the Exotica craze of the 1950s, psychedelia had no qualms about using western musicology to supersede other cultures: raga, chants, and certain Japanese koto sounds were often absorbed, then neutralized, by bands like The Yardbirds ("Still I'm Sad"), The Rolling Stones ("The Lantern"), and The Strawberry Alarm Clock ("World on Fire"). The more we played with sound, the closer we came to realizing that the music, per se, was only a catalyst. We could get equally entranced by the tones of a scratching phonograph needle when we were too elevated to get up out of our transcendental stupors to turn the record over.

Like any social movement that offers alternatives to stagnation, the Psychedelic Years were fated to be disparaged and destroyed, if not by the Dragnet contingent, then by the false idols who turned the whole sentiment into an embarrassing parody. Many fables had circulated into the nightly news about tripping sun-worshippers burning out their eyes, astral-traveling mothers dissecting their babies, and sugarcube shamans spattered on sidewalks after trying to mimic their favorite totem birds, not to mention medical spine-tinglers about chromosomal damage.

LSD also threatened adolescence's time-honored rituals. There was something downright subversive about trying to replace the pizza parlor

with the meditation room, or convincing kids that staring for hours at a variegated dust speck was better than planning for the varsity dance or terrorizing street corners. Many acid advocates were aware of their participation in a campaign to remedy the damages inflicted by education techniques, e.g. Intelligence Quotients and programmed learning exercises which pigeonholed youth into goal-directed activities and limited their talents to single number values. To embellish an idea presented by LSD's discoverer Albert Hoffman regarding the drug's ability to blur distinctions between subject and object: psychogenic drugs encouraged western youth to no longer look at their world as if it were an effluvius vagina waiting to be punctured. Instead there was a desire to be Mother Nature's catamite, to swoon at her sinuous patterns and mad morphology. LSD enabled us to watch our solid world disintegrate without the customary knee-jerk reaction of reaching for a gun or building a protective fortress.

The acid experience also provided an effective antidote to that other far more insidious drug euphemistically referred to as the "nine to five work week." LSD imagery, whether through the drug or through its influence on art and commercial design, disrupted our customary sense of duration. Life seemed more distended. Whereas technology is the human body's exosomatic aid, LSD was ultimately intended to be an extension of technology, taking up where the hypnotic powers of television, cathode rays and environmental music began by disengaging part of our consciousness so that we may be receptive to such stimuli as subliminal advertising, extraterrestrial propaganda, or even those childhood traumas lodged deep in our memories which forever threaten to smother us. After all, LSD's attraction and revulsion have much to do with the degree we are willing to violate our most personal taboos, to look at the objects and thoughts we most love and fear. That is why psychedelic art was often an attempt to reconcile the reptilian designs we usually find repulsive with the more comforting streamlined high-tech patterns. Some of the psychedelic images, especially in op art, were very precise, as if derived from the moire patterns available on today's computers, but others were more sinewy, looking much like plankton and fungi, such as the asymmetrical structures seen in San Francisco rock posters and other Art Nouveau imitations. There is no denying the resemblance between visuals encountered in psychedelic sessions and Ernst Haeckel's detailed drawings of microbiological life.

It was, however, inevitable that LSD would leave an apocalyptic legacy. While trippers grooved to the sensation of being "pure energy," an unholy collusion of police, psychopaths and advertising consultants turned the love-in into a concentration camp. Years later, the punks would make a fashion out of all the things that hippies dreaded seeing in their altered state, even to the point of trying to look like the genetic defects spawned

from acid-popping parents. Perhaps the one parable that summarizes LSD's wonder and danger is that of a wise epicure so knowledgeable that he becomes too mesmerized and passive to fend off the barbarian sneaking up from behind. Our empire has fallen. Our guard was down. But the masochistic journey felt good.

PSYCHOSIS IN ILLUMINATION: LSD'S INTERNALIZED IMPERIUM

LSD arrived via the chemical warfare unit of the CIA and spread like ergot poisoning through that media-sponsored phenomenon known as hippie culture. During the height of LSD propagandizing, Timothy Leary, Ralph Metzner and Richard Alpert published *The Psychedelic Experience*, a "tripping bible" based on *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* which hammers the highly suggestive, drug-inundated soul with the nihilistic homilies of Asian sagacity: denial of the body, surrender, death. The following quotes delineate the particular state-of-state that characterizes chemically-induced apocalypticism.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↔ ↑ ↔

My ego was suspended somewhere in space and I saw my body lying dead on the sofa.—Dr. Albert Hoffman

↔ ↑ ↔ ↔ ↑ ↔

It is no coincidence that Dr. Hoffman discovered LSD after the first nuclear chain reaction was achieved by the Manhattan Project.—Dr. Ralph Metzner

↔ ↑ ↔ ↔ ↑ ↔

We were at the extremist point goofing on clouds watching the movie of existence.—Jack Kerouac

↔ ↑ ↔ ↔ ↑ ↔

I had literally stepped forth from the shell of my body into some other strange land of unlikeness which can only be grasped in terms of astonishment and mystery, an ecstatic nirvana.—Michael Hollingshead

↔ ↑ ↔ ↔ ↑ ↔

When you take acid and the world and your body dissolve into nothing but pure energy, nothing to hang onto. Well, that's the moment of truth, right?—Charles Manson to Timothy Leary

↔ ↑ ↔ ↔ ↑ ↔

I have never recovered from that shattering ontological confrontation. I have never been able to take myself, my mind, and the social world around me seriously.—Timothy Leary

↔ ↑ ↔ ↔ ↑ ↔

You have to go out of your mind to use your head.—Timothy Leary

↔ ↑ ↔ ↔ ↑ ↔

The first drug trips were, for most of us, shell-shattering ordeals that left us blinking kneedeep in the cracked crusts of our pie-in-the-sky personalities. Suddenly people were stripped before one another and behold: we were beautiful. Naked and helpless and sensitive as a snake after skinning but far more human than that shining nightmare that had stood creaking in previous parade rest. We were alive and life was us.—Ken Kesey

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

When it [Kesey's acid tests] was moving right, you could dig that there was something that it was getting toward, something like ordered chaos, or some region of chaos.... Everybody would be high and flashing and going through insane changes during which everything would be demolished, man, and spilled and broken and affected, and after that, another thing would happen, maybe smoothing out the chaos, then another.... Thousands of people, man, all helplessly stoned, all finding themselves in a room of thousands of people, none of whom any of them were afraid of. It was magic, far-out beautiful magic.—Jerry Garcia

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

Turn off your mind, relax, and float downstream.—*Tomorrow Never Knows*, The Beatles

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

I was reading that stupid book of Leary's ... I destroyed my ego and I didn't believe I could do anything.—John Lennon

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

We are the freaks of an unknown space/time.... We are the eye of the Revolution.... Only when we simultaneously see our magic drugs as an ecstatic revolutionary implement, and feel our bodies as the cellular macrocosm and galactic microcosm will our spiral/life energy destroy everything dead as it races over the planet.... Blown minds of screaming-singing-beaded-stoned-armed-feathered Future-People are only the sparks of a revolutionary explosion and evolutionary planetary regeneration. Neon Nirvanas finally overload their circuits ... as we snake dance thru our world trailed by a smokescreen of reefer. —from *Acid Armed Consciousness*, The Motherfuckers

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

The religion on which I had consciously based my personality had dissolved into maya, a hallucinatory facade.—Michael Hollingshead

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔



A NEW DAWN HAS COME ...

Adolf Hitler

A new dawn has come ... We are now at the end of the age of reason. The intellect has grown autocratic, and has become a disease of life. A new age of magic interpretation of the world is coming, an interpretation in terms of will and not of the intelligence.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

I am freeing men from the restraints of an intelligence that has taken charge; from the dirty and degrading self-mortifications of a chimera called conscience and morality ... We are bringing to a close the straying of humanity.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

We are put down as enemies of the intellect. We are. But in an even deeper sense than these conceited bourgeois dolts could possibly dream of.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

All these things that seem so solid are rotten and ready to collapse. I need but give them a kick, and we shall be free of the chains of a world that has outlived its day.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Those who are in search of peace and order through dependence, sink, whatever their origin, to the inert masses. The masses, however, are doomed to decay and self-destruction ... the masses are the sum total of the sinking civilization and of its dying representatives. We must allow them to die....

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

... The salvation of mankind has never lain in the masses, but in the creative mind.... It is not the mass that invents and not the majority that organizes or thinks, but in all things only and always *the individual man*, the person.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

... Preservation is tied to the iron law of necessity, and to the right to victory on the part of the best and the stronger. Therefore, he who would live let him fight, and he would not fight in this world of struggle is not deserving of life ...

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

We need to be brought back to the great truth that only deeds and perpetual activity give meaning to life. Every deed has its place, even crime.

All passivity, all inertia, on the other hand, is senseless, inimical to life. From this proceeds the divine right of destroying all who are inert.

Yes, we are barbarians! We want to be barbarians! It is an honorable title. We shall rejuvenate the world! This world is near its end. It is our mission to cause unrest.

Nature knows no political boundaries. First she puts living creatures on the globe and watches the free play of force. She then confers the master's right on her favorite child, the strongest in courage and industry.

Trust your instincts, your feelings, or whatever you like to call them. Never trust your knowledge. The experts never have the true instinct. You must never seek it in them, but only in yourself.

The masses need something for the imagination, they need fixed, permanent doctrines. The initiates know that there is nothing fixed, that everything is continually changing.

We are motion itself, we are eternal revolution. We shall never allow ourselves to be held down to one permanent condition.

For us the pursuit of power is not an anemic theory. The will to power is for us literally the whole meaning of life. We are alive, ALIVE! Let the others sleep.

My teaching is hard. It must be hard. All weakness must be hammered away. I want to rear a youth before which the world will shrink back. A violently active, dominating, intrepid, brutal youth—that is what I am after. Youth must be all those things. It must be insensitive to pain. I want to see once more in its eyes the gleam of pride and independence of the beast of prey.

It is necessary that I should die for my people; but my spirit will rise from the grave and the world will know that I was right.

(Quotes culled by Boyd Rice)

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE KALI-YUGA

Hakim Bey

The Kali Yuga still has 200,000 or so years to play—good news for advocates & avatars of CHAOS, bad news for Brahmins, Yahwists, bureaucrat-gods & their runningdogs.

I knew Darjeeling hid something for me soon as I heard the name—*dorje linge*—Thunderbolt City. In 1969 I arrived just before the monsoons. Old British hill station, summer HDQ for Govt. of Bengal—streets in the form of winding wood staircases, the Mall with a View of Sikkim & Mt Katchenjunga—Tibetan temples & refugees—beautiful yellow-porcelain people called Lepchas (the real abo's)—Hindus, Moslems, Nepalese & Bhutanese Buddhists, & decaying Brits who lost their way home in '47, still running musty banks and tea-shoppes.

Met Ganesh Baba, fat whitebearded saddhu with overly-impeccable Oxford accent—never saw anyone smoke so much ganja, chillam after chillamful, then we'd wander the streets while he played ball with shrieking kids or picked fights in the bazaar, chasing after terrified clerks with his umbrella, then roaring with laughter.

He introduced me to Sri Kamanaransan Biswas, a tiny wispy middleaged Bengali government clerk in a shabby suit, who offered to teach me Tantra. Mr Biswas lived in a rickety bungalow perched on a steep pine-tree misty hillside, where I visited him daily with pints of cheap brandy for puja & tipping—he encouraged me to smoke while we talked, since ganja too is sacred to Kali.

Mr Biswas in his wild youth was a member of the Bengali Terrorist Party, which included both Kali worshippers & heretic Moslem mystics as well as anarchists & extreme leftists. Ganesh Baba seemed to approve of this secret past, as if it were a sign of Mr Biswas' hidden tantrika strength, despite his outward seedy mild appearance.

We discussed my readings in Sir John Woodruffe ("Arthur Avalon") each afternoon, I walked there thru cold summer fogs, Tibetan spirit-traps flapping in the soaked breeze loomed out of the mist & cedars. We practiced the Tara-mantra, Tara-mudra (or Yoni-mudra), studied the Tara-yantra diagram for magical purposes. Once we visited a temple to the Hindu Mars (like ours, both planet & war-god) where he bought a finger-ring made from an iron horseshoe nail & gave it to me. More brandy & ganja.

Tara: one of the forms of Kali, very similar in attributes: dwarfish,



naked, four-armed with weapons, dancing on dead Shiva, necklace of skulls or severed heads, tongue dripping blood, skin a deep blue-gray the precise color of monsoon clouds. Every day more rain—mudslides blocking roads. My Border Area Permit expires. Mr Biswas & I descend the slick wet Himalayas by jeep & train down to his ancestral city, Siliguri, in the flat Bengali plains where the Ganges fingers into a sodden viridescent delta.

We visit his wife in the hospital. Last year a flood drowned Siliguri killing tens of thousands. Cholera broke out, the city's a wreck, algae-stained & ruined, the hospital's halls still caked with slime, blood, vomit, the liquids of death. She sits silent on her bed glaring unblinking at hideous fates. Dark side of the goddess. He gives me a colored lithograph of Tara which miraculously floated above the water & was saved.

That night we attend some ceremony at the local Kali-temple, a modest half-ruined little rural roadside shrine—torchlight the only illumination—chanting & drums with strange almost-African syncopation, totally unclassical, primordial & yet insanely complex. We drink, we smoke.

Alone in the cemetery, next to a half-burnt corpse, I'm initiated into Tara Tantra. Next day, feverish & spaced-out, I say farewell & set out for Assam, to the great temple of Shakti's yoni in Gauhati, just in time for the annual festival. Assam is forbidden territory & I have no permit. Midnight in Gauhati I sneak off the train, back down the tracks thru rain & mud up to my knees and total darkness, blunder at last into the city & find a bug-ridden hotel. Sick as a dog by this time. No sleep.

In the morning, bus up to the temple on a nearby mountain. Huge towers, pululating deities, courtyards, outbuildings—hundreds of thousands of pilgrims—weird saddhus down from their ice-caves squatting on tiger skins & chanting. Sheep & doves are being slaughtered by the thousands, a real hecatomb—(not another white saheb in sight)—gutters running inch-deep in blood—curve-bladed Kali-swords chop chop chop, dead heads pocking onto the slippery cobblestones.

When Shiva chopped Shakti into 53 pieces & scattered them over the whole Ganges basin, her cunt fell here. Some friendly priests speak English & help me find the cave where the yoni's on display. By this time I know I'm seriously sick, but determined to finish the ritual. A herd of pilgrims (all at least one head shorter than me) literally engulfs me like an undertow-wave at the beach, & hurls me suspended down suffocating winding troglodyte stairs into claustrophobic-womb-cave where I swirl nauseated & hallucinating toward a shapeless cone meteorite smeared in centuries of ghee and ochre. The herd parts for me, allows me to throw a garland of jasmine over the yoni.

A week later in Kathmandu I enter the German Missionary Hospital (for a month) with hepatitis. A small price to pay for all that knowledge—the liver of some retired colonel from a Kipling story!—but I know *her*, I know Kali. Yes absolutely the archetype of all that horror, yet for those who know, she becomes the generous mother. Later in a cave in the jungle above Rishikish I meditated on Tara for several days (with mantra, yantra, mudra, incense & flowers) & returned to the serenity of Darjeeling, its beneficent visions.

Her Age must contain horrors, for most of us cannot understand her or reach beyond the necklace of skulls to the garland of jasmine, knowing in what sense they are *the same*. To go thru CHAOS, to ride it like a tiger, to embrace it (even sexually) & absorb some of its shakti, its life-juice—this is the Faith of Kali Yuga. Creative nihilism. For those who follow it she promises enlightenment & even wealth, a share of her temporal *power*.

The sexuality & violence serve as metaphors in a poem which acts directly on consciousness through the Image-ination—or else in the correct circumstances they can be openly deployed & enjoyed, imbued with a sense of the holiness of *every thing* from ecstasy & wine to garbage & corpses.

Those who ignore her or see her outside themselves risk destruction. Those who worship her as *ishta-devata* or divine self, taste her Age of Iron as if it were gold, knowing the alchemy of her presence.

APOCALYPSE ART

This section will not concern itself with apocalypse as a theme in art (of which there are plenty of studies available), but will address the role of art within the current apocalyptic *zeitgeist*.

Increasingly, much fine art appropriates (and dilutes) naive, primitive, schizophrenic and children's art. The modernist, Jean Dubuffet, in his foreword to *Art Brut* tells us as much. Why do we now find criminals, apes, toddlers and madmen much more worthy of the appellation "artist" than schooled professionals? Has the non-Western model of shamanic inspiration infiltrated our consciousness to the extent that we believe madness or unself-consciousness a thru-way to artistic validity (i.e. "truth")? Is this Romantic idea of subjective "truth" the artist's calling, or should he fess up to the cynical Pop riff of art-as-business? Is the artist returning to a pre-Christian model of oracularity? Or is the contemporary preoccupation with the naive and primitive simply a strategy to psychologically escape the burden of terrible knowledge into a kind of know-nothingness?



TO OUR EYES. FARSON. AND LONG. FELLOW. HAD ENTERED INTO THE CITY LIMITS OF THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS WHICH IS THE BIGGEST PLANET IN ALL OF ENDLESS SPACE. FINALLY OUR CRAFT BEGIN TO WEAR AWAY THE BACK PART OF IT BEGIN TO BLOW OFF LIKE DUST TWO WEEKS THE 4TH SECTION WAS COMPLETELY GONE ALL OF OUR FOOD JUST TURNED TO DUST AND VANISHED AWAY IN SPACE AND WE COULD SEE A GREAT GATE FAR AHEAD GLOWING WHITE AND IT WAS GETTING BIGGER.



SCHIZOPHRENIC RESPONSES TO A MAD WORLD

Schizophrenic writing is not infrequently possessed of genius since it emerges from a dialogue between inner soul and outer surroundings unmediated by the burden of "correct" societal conduct. In the world of advertising and mass media, the post-hypnotic magic of the suggestive ad slogan or the metabolic programming of muzak blurs the distinction between the perceived and the perceiver. Vide the recent Citibank slogan: "We're thinking what you're thinking." The schizophrenic takes this sort of programming seriously enough to believe that he is being spoken to as an individual and might even reverse the syllogism to read, "I'm thinking what Citibank is thinking." Collected here are some recent examples of authentic schizophrenic writings. James Van Cleve's *Love, Lithium, and the Loot of Lima* is a monumental 700-page work of kabbalist-cryptic numerology combined with theories of advanced particle physics and a strange obsession with television personalities, Christ, the Marquis de Sade, and mass murderers such as Charles Starkweather and Caril Fugate. Van Cleve is in his late 70's and is still institutionalized in a home in upstate New York. The following two pieces are actual pieces of mail received by a news station in New York City. They are reproduced in their original form.

Love, Lithium, and the Loot of Lima

James (Anubis) Van Cleve

LC=LEISURE CLASS

LC=LOWER CLASSES

LC=LOAD OF COME

LC=LAME CHRIST

LC=LITTLE CHILD

LC=LOW CUNT

LC=LAP CUNT

LC=LAW AND CHEMISTRY (SOCIALISTS ADVICE - DO NOT TEACH)

LC=LOCATE CLITORIS (FEMALE)

IN THE SENSE OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW MALE MASTURBATION IS A MOTION THAT MUST BE SECONDED BY INTIMATE SEX CONTACT WITH OTHERS OCCASIONALLY TO PUT IT TO A VOTE FOR SUPPORT AND VITAL SUCCESS FOR THE MASTUR-

BATOR. IF THERE IS NO OCCASIONAL INTIMATE SEX CONTACT WITH OTHERS THE ML MASTURBATION LAW IS VIOLATED AND SOLO EJACULATION FALLS OFF IN RETALIATION, PROBABLY. WITH POSSIBLE POPULAR PROMOTION OF EXHIBITIONISTIC MASTURBATION WITH OR WITHOUT RENEWED SOLO EJACULATION. THE MALE MASTURBATOR REMAINING MARRIED TO THE PEOPLE, HOWEVER, EVEN IF CRIPPLED BY OLD AGE AND MS MAGNETIC STRAIGHTJACKETING.

MS=MAIMED SAVANT

ML=MARRIAGE LICENSE

ML=MASTURBATION LAW

MS=MARQUIS DE SADE

SM=SACHER MASOCH

SM=SEX WITH NO MONEY

MS=MONEY WITH NO SEX

SM=STRIKING MASTURBATOR

I am studying the crucifixion of Christ the Cop by God the Copulation. C.F. Cum for Caril Fugate/Cynthia Lubesnik Lust Murder with a LM License to Marry. Christ the Cop is a Civilian Cop and needs a Press Card Marriage to Protect Him or Her from the Crucifixion by God the Copulation in Lust Murdering License Marriage. But this Card must be accompanied by a million dollars paid by Check (In Political Chess) to Prevent the Crucifixion Since He or She is Married to the People.

A GREEN ISLE IN THE SEA, LOVE,

A FOUNTAIN AND A SHRINE.

AND ALL MY NIGHTLY TRANCES

ARE WHERE THY GREY EYE GLEAMS

IN WHAT ETHEREAL DANCES,

BY WHAT ETHEREAL STREAMS.

The Relatively Innocent Bystander=RIB=ADAM'S RIB

The Jews use manic depressive psychophilosophy and associated Demential Praecox—Paranoid Type for their pleasure not telling the People. EO=Essential Onanism. Tea for Teacher Spring Sacrifice for Spilling Seed/Mammalian. White Whale of Womanhood at work with the gift of a wristwatch.

DP=DIRTY PICTURES

DP=DEMENTIA PRAECOX

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY BUT WHERE IS THE FREE CUNT?

The cause of war is individual and collective maladjustment of men and women in social space. Release from Magnetic Straitjacket Seclusion by Gravity, Restriction, Vacuum, Constant Observation. They are free-show-

ing me how cunt crushes communism.

NOSE OBSTRUCTION

NEVER LICENSED MARRIAGE

ECONOMIC PLAN AND WAVES

MARQUIS OF CLEVES

THIGH INJURY

LIFE WITHOUT PRIOR TRIAL

APPOINTED MASSIANIC HEAD OF STATE USA

EVANGELICAL SAVANT AND EVOLUTIONARY SCIENTIST

I NEED A GUN

DON'T WRITE ANY MORE LETTERS

DON'T EJACULATE

SAVE YOUR SIGNATURE AND YOU SAVE ALL

I FUCK LIKE A NIGGER AND THINK LIKE A JEW

THE SPIRIT OF THE PORNOGRAPHIC PICTURE

I AM BEING RAPED BY RADIO

JIM NABORS NOT ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS

DP=DUEL WITH PRESIDENT

DP=DUAL PERSONALITY

DP=DEAD PHAROAH

Society appears to be largely composed of extremists and habitual criminals not normal human animals subjects or citizens of respectable states.

SEX IS THE GRAVITATIONAL BONDING AGENT IN SOCIAL SPACE WORKING AGAINST MAGNETIC ELECTROCUTION AND HANGING WITH THE POINT OF NO RETURN AND LIFE IMPRISONMENT. THE POINT OF NO RETURN IS MAGNETIC ELECTROCUTION AND HANGING ONLY BUFFERED BY LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

PRES. JAMES E. CARTER AS A THEATRICALY PROMOTED PLAY ACTOR ON A SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE OF LIFE AS ENZYMATIC ACTIVITY PLANNING TO BE MADE KING OF FRANCE IN A WORLD WHOREHOUSE COUNTER REVOLUTION.

JESUS CHRIST IS JUNIOR CUNT. CHRIST THE FILIBUSTER. ASK FOR RELEASE FROM CHRIST THE CRIMINAL FUCK.

This magnetic phenomenon [Van Cleve is referring to his theory of "Cyclical Asymmetry"], not only to be viewed as the predisposing cause of war, may be considered likewise to qualify as a predisposing influence in the cause of cancer, an explanation of the "galactic hiss" noted by astronomers in extraterrestrial radio reception, the source of the "voices" complained of by patients in mental institutions and certainly the "mag-

netic straitjacket" painfully endured by all ordinary patients in such confinement, as well as many other distressing conditions and infirmities.

Shylocke (John Locke, M.D.) the Jew quotes Rene Descartes these days.

Rene Descartes should have added to his claim that all men are mad

That all women are whores fucking whores

Rockefeller Institute

66 St. or SEX TEA SEX STREET & ROUTE SEX TEA SEX

CHRIST IS AN IDEALIST, A ROMANTIC PYROMANIAC AND AN EXHIBITIONIST.

IF WE WERE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN, GERMAN OR OTHERWISE, NOW MORE HEAVILY POPULATED, WE COULD CONSIDER HAVING SOME FUN. BUT THE COP ON THE CORNER AT THE INTERSECTION OF THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT WITH THAT BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS IS STILL THERE AS INDEED HE IS IN HELL. SO WE MUST TRY AND BE REASONABLE WHEN WE CONSIDER DOING THINGS.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE FOLLOWERS OF LUCIFER AND ANTICHRIST AND THE SOCIETY FOR LUCKY LAMBS.

The fuck is a friendly thing not a deadly weapon intended to put the atomic bomb out of business. Even a filthy fuck is a friendly fuck but the fuck with the foot is not friendly.

FF equals 66 equals Fuhrer's Face Fuck My Fist Finger Fuck. FFF equals 18 equals age of consent. Find, Fuck and Forget. Point Counter Point.—A. Huxley.

THE MARQUIS DE SADE WAS NEVER A MISER OR A MOTHER-FUCKER. HE DIED IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Dear Friends:

There has been a radio communication breach of security between the Department of Justice and the television networks. In the Spring of 1979, the Department of Justice allegedly "bugged" my home and transmitted (audio only) to NBC Television Studios in New York City. I was regularly monitored in my own home by news reporters presenting the "Today" Show. Jane Pauley and Tom Brokaw were the hosts at the time. One day, Tom Brokaw changed from the "Today" Show presentation to the "NBC Nightly News". Bryant Gumbel became the new host on the "Today" Show. It was at this time that I directed Bryant Gumbel to blink his eyes. Bryant Gumbel had so much trouble with his eyes blinking that it was uncontrollable. I am sure millions of people witnessed this occurrence.

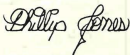
On October 31st, 1984, I met Robert Bazell, the Science Editor for NBC Television, New York. Robert Bazell was reporting on the "Baby Fae" heart recipient case at Loma Linda University. After waiting outside the designated press conference room about five minutes, Robert Bazell came walking out. I quickly introduced myself, "Robert Bazell, I am Phillip Jones!" Robert Bazell said, "Phillip Jones, you could cause me to lose my job!" Robert Bazell definitely knew who I was, even though I had never met him before, or had ever sent him any of my letters.

To this day, no California Senator or Congressman has ever responded to any of my letters, even though I have distributed thousand of letters. Numerous Congressmen and Senators from other states have responded.

My story has not been publicized at all, so far. Whose fault is this? Is the news media wrong? Is the Congress to blame? I am not so sure the news media is to blame. No matter which news reporter you decide to watch in the evenings, whether it is Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings or Dan Rather, you are sure to see they blink their eyes intentionally.

One time, down in New Orleans, a local news station did a report on a man who thought he could talk to the monkeys at a local zoo. The report turned out to be absurd. It is difficult to believe that the Federal Government has the power to deny the press their freedoms.

I expect all of you to respond. You are welcome to respond in person if you want. I recommend you respond in person, because the breach involves Top Secret Security.



PHILLIP JONES

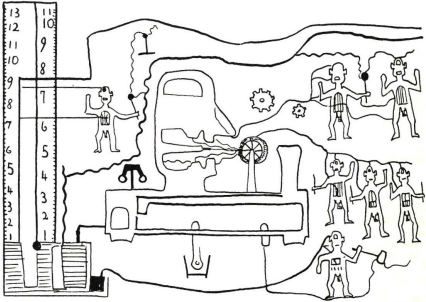


Fig. 21. Drawing of a schizophrenic illustrating the concept that men are like machines driven by electrical forces (after Tramer).

ISAIAH 53 *was* *scattered* * * * You DUMB ME AMERICA: And
 7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shears is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. *Isa 53:7*
 * * * You THINK Nothing I Can do about?
 You KNOW what the BREEKS say?
 You SPIT UP you SPIT your Fale and
 You SPIT down you SPIT your Beards
 You KNOW what that means? I say unto
 you IF I SPIT UP I do to Jesus He Love you
 IF I SPIT DOWN I SPIT my Childre that is AS.
 Anyone Can Observe my Records
 NO QUESTIONS ASKED
 Jesus Loves You And So do I. But First you must Pay up your Whorps
 Against me And my Family. or I Hate you And my God Will Cut
 the Eye Balls of Your Feet. I WON A Clear Victory of Psychiatrists.
 But First * FREE I got the Favor: FREE You live the Voters. * You Start me
 Emedially Production of the.... ZERO GRABETY FLY MOBIL. NOTARY
 ACCIDENTS, NO KILLINGS And NO STILLINGS. AS I watched AT Television
 And Ralia Found the Car For 5,448 miles per gallon I was Embarrassed
 And told to Jesus I live Here but got Beat But Another Gent went.
 And Jesus said Zero Grabety Fly mobile Belongs to New World.
 AD. Building ESSEX COUNTY MAY 1985 100
 500 FAIRVIEW AVE.
 ESSEX COUNTY HOSPITAL CENTER
 Cedar Grove, New Jersey 07009
 AC you Can Buy the Judge I and me For
 15 days Plez Vation: I was Release
 in 13 days And I got out
 in 14 days June 5-85
 July 11-85 is not Thial I call upon
 you to Come And testify For me.
 The Social Security And Post Office
 Governments denied my Human
 Rights And Religious Freedom.
 Herge J. Bonadell.

A METAPHYSICS OF DISASTER: THE SPURT OF BLOOD AS REVELATION

Elinor Fuchs

Either we shall be able once again to entertain a religious idea of the theater ... or we might just as well ... recognize that we are no longer good for anything but disorder, famine, blood, war, and epidemics.

(Antonin Artaud, *An End to Masterpieces*)

Artaud's four-page play, *The Spurt of Blood*, written in 1925, is the chief practical exhibit of Antonin Artaud's "Theatre of Cruelty." In a theater that seeks to exorcise disorder, famine, blood, war and epidemics, Artaud goes beyond *Genesis* to *Revelation*. In fact, the entire scriptural sweep—Paradise, the Fall, the world, the end of the world, a fresh Paradise—is impact in Artaud's few pages. Can Artaud, the enemy of "masterpieces," write bible plays?

THE YOUNG MAN: I love you and life is wonderful.

THE GIRL: (*With a tremor of intensity in her voice.*) You love me and life is wonderful.

THE YOUNG MAN: (*In a lower tone.*) I love you and life is wonderful.

THE GIRL: (*In an even lower tone than his.*) You love me and life is wonderful.

THE YOUNG MAN: (*Suddenly turning away.*) I love you. (*A silence.*) Come here where I can see you.

THE GIRL: (*Same business, moves so that she is facing him.*) There.

THE YOUNG MAN: (*In an excited, high-pitched voice.*) I love you, I am tall, I am clear, I am full, I am dense.

THE GIRL: (*In the same high-pitched voice.*) We love each other.

THE YOUNG MAN: We are intense. Oh, what a well-made world. (*A silence.*)

(*The Spurt of Blood*)

Paradise-love-sex, always linked, even at the Beginning. We find out later that the Young Man and the Girl are brother and sister, but Adam and Eve were of the same flesh too. As if she lacks an independent will, the Girl repeats the Young Man Adam's words: not "I love you" but "You love

me." She remains his rib, he her roof (rib: from *rebh*—Germanic, to roof over). They remain safe within the "Garden," but then they face each other, sense the Other....

The same year he wrote *The Spurt of Blood*, Artaud explored a relationship between another exemplary pair in an epistolary fragment. Again he links Paradise and sexual expectation.

His thoughts are beautiful leaves, level surfaces, successions of centers, clusters of contacts among which his intelligence glides without effort ... He glides from one state to the next. He lives. And things inside him shift like grain in a sieve. The question of love becomes simple ... He feels in himself the exaltation of roots, the massive terrestrial exaltation, and his foot on the body of the turning earth feels the mass of the firmament.... And Abelard, becomes like a dead man, and feeling his skeleton crack and vitrify, Abelard cries out, at the vibrating point and climax of his effort ...

(*Heloise and Abelard*)

But now follows a Fall, a catastrophic detumescence.

He is seized with nausea. His flesh within him turns its scaly shaft, he feels his hair bristle, his stomach blocked, he feels his penis melt ... and suddenly with a snip of shears ...

(*Heloise and Abelard*)

In the second scene of *The Spurt of Blood*, Artaud's Fall is not sexual or personal but eschatological. In this cosmic descent all is pulled down, stars, bodies, human culture. In *An End to Masterpieces*, Artaud writes, as if to educate the Young Man in the Garden, "We are not free. And the sky can still fall on our heads. And the theater has been created to teach us, first of all, that."

(*There is heard the sound of a huge wheel turning and making a wind ... Then one sees two stars collide and a series of legs of living flesh turning with feet, hands, heads of hair, masks, colonnades, porticoes, temples and alembics which fall, but more and more slowly, as if they were falling in space, then three scorpions one after the other with exasperating, nauseating slowness.*)

THE YOUNG MAN: (*Shouting at the top of his lungs.*) Heaven has gone mad. (*He looks at the sky.*) Let's get out of here. (*He pushes the Girl in front of him.*)

(*The Spurt of Blood*)

Artaud abandons the Bible for the world in all its banal shabbiness, repulsive fleshliness. Enter the Wet Nurse with huge breasts and the medieval Knight who stuffs his mouth with Swiss cheese. Here the Bibli-

cal cycle gives way to the *theatrum mundi*, and a vile world it is. First the Boy and Girl are coarsely de-idealized by their "parents."

THE KNIGHT: What the hell is the matter with you?

THE WET NURSE: Our girl over there, with him ... they're fucking.

THE KNIGHT: I don't give a shit if they're fucking.

(Enter the Priest, the Shoemaker, the Whore, the Beadle, the Judge, the Peddler. Everyone is here, the Young Man turns Everyman, in search of the Absolute. "I saw, I knew, I understood ... I can't stand it any more!" he cries. He is searching for his "wife.")

THE PRIEST: To what part of her body did you most often allude?

THE YOUNG MAN: To God.

THE PRIEST: *(With a Swiss accent.)* But that's out of date. We don't look at it that way. For that you must go to volcanoes, to earthquakes ... And that's it, that's life.

THE YOUNG MAN: *(Very impressed.)* So that's life! Well, everything is a mess.

(The Spurt of Blood)

Whether through Artaud's actual intent or his imaginative link with the apocalyptic, the similarity between Artaud's imagery and that of *The Book of Revelation* is striking. Both depict earthquakes and blood in the sky. In both are represented the Great Whore, who in both is exposed in a hideous nudity. In Artaud the Whore's hair catches fire, in John, her flesh. In both is a plague of scorpions, emblem of the Fall, sexual license, treachery and death.

(Suddenly it becomes night on the stage. The earth trembles. Thunder rages, lightning zigzags in all directions ... all the characters begin to run, get in each other's way, fall down ...)

(The Spurt of Blood)

And, lo, there was a great earthquake; And the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood ... And the kings of the earth ... and every bondsman, and every freeman hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountain.

(Revelation, 6:12-17)

(An enormous hand seizes the Whore's hair, which catches fire and expands visibly.)

A GIGANTIC VOICE: Bitch, look at your body! *(The Whore's body appears absolutely naked and hideous under the blouse and skirt, which becomes like glass.)*

(The Spurt of Blood)

And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire ... And I saw a

woman sit upon a scarlet-colored beast ... And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH ... And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall ... make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire.

(*Revelation*, 15:2 / 17:5-18)

THE WHORE: Leave me alone, God. (*She bites God on the wrist. A huge spurt of blood slashes across the stage ...*)

(*The Spurt of Blood*)

And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints.

(*Revelation* 17:6)

(*When the lights come on again, all the characters are dead and their bodies are lying all over the ground.*)

(*The Spurt of Blood*)

The correspondence between Artaud and John goes beyond imagery to structure. In both are three women, Mother, Virgin and Whore. The Whore of Babylon and the virginal New Jerusalem may be likened to Artaud's Bawd and his virginal Girl. The mother in *Revelation* is of course The Woman Clothed in the Sun of Chapter XII. Artaud's mother "clothed in the sun" is none other than the Wet Nurse.

The Wet Nurse returns carrying the dead Girl, and drops her "like a package." The Nurse has lost her breasts, the Knight demands his Swiss cheese. We appear to have left behind the final agony of the cosmos for the petty defilements of the world. Now Artaud's horrific parody of the Woman: flirtatiously, the Nurse lifts her skirts while the Young Man freezes like a "petrified marionette."

(*An enormous number of scorpions emerge from under the Wet Nurse's skirts and begin to swarm in her vagina, which swells and splits, becomes vitreous, and flashes like the sun. The Young Man and the Whore flee like victims of brain surgery.*)

(*The Spurt of Blood*)

The obscenity of the body fills the horizon like a war. God is sold on the plains of sex, cries Artaud's Abelard. And to men "which have not the seal of God in their foreheads," says *Revelation*, "their torment was as the torment of the scorpion." Without God, the Young Man is assaulted by a plague of scorpions, a swelling boil of death and putrefaction between his mother's legs. Yet the cycle is not complete. From revulsion and obscenity come a new beginning.

THE GIRL: (*Getting up in a daze.*) The virgin! So that's what he

was looking for. (*Curtain.*)

(*The Spurt of Blood*)

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.
And he said unto me ... come hither, I show thee the bride, the
Lamb's wife.

(*Revelation*, 21:5-10)

At the end of *Revelation* comes the New Jerusalem, the shining city of purity. At the end of *The Spurt of Blood* is a hinted return to cosmic virginity—the innocence of Eden. "The shape of history implied by Revelation is a circular one," writes M.H. Abrams. "The *Endzeit* is a recovery of the *Urzeit*. The heaven and earth that God in the beginning had created he ends by recreating."

At the end of *Clear Abelard*, the successor fragment to *Heloise and Abelard* written two years later, Abelard becomes Artaud himself. The joy of consummation is past. He lies in his sepulcher, her insect-bony hand lifts its lid. Her voice sounds "like a she-goat in a dream." She trembles, "but he trembles much more than she," for his true identity is now revealed.

Poor man! Poor Antonin Artaud! For it is indeed he, this impotent wretch who scales the stars, who tries to pit his weakness against the cardinal points of the elements, who ... tries to create ... an image that will stand. If he could ... provide at least a metaphysics of disaster...."

(*Clear Abelard*)

TO ADOLPH HITLER

in memory of the
Romanische cafe in
Berlin one afternoon in
May of '32,
and because I pray
God
 give you the
grace to remember
all the wonders
by which HE (sic)
has GRATIFIED (RESUSCITATED)
 YOUR HEART
this very day
Kudar dayro Zarish Ankkara
Thabi
3 December 1943

Antonin Artaud

ART IN THE DARK

Thomas McEvilley

The development of the conceptual and performance genres changed the rules of art till it became virtually unrecognizable to those who had thought that it was theirs. The art activity flowed into the darkness beyond its traditional boundaries and explored areas that were previously as unmapped and mysterious as the other side of the moon. In recent years a tendency has been underway to close the book on those investigations, to contract again around the commodifiable aesthetic object, and to forget the sometimes frightening visions of the other side. Yet if one opens the book—and it will not go away—the strange record is still there, like the fragmentary journals of explorers in new lands, filled with apparently unanswerable questions.

When Piero Manzoni, in 1959, canned his shit and put it on sale in an art gallery for its weight in gold; when Chris Burden had himself shot in the arm and crucified to the roof of a Volkswagen (in 1971 and 1974 respectively); when two American performance artists, in separate events, fucked human corpses—how did such activities come to be called art? In fact the case at hand is not unique. Similar movements have occurred occasionally in cultural history when the necessary conditions were in place. Perhaps the most striking parallel is the development, in the Cynic school of Greek philosophy, of a style of “performance philosophy” that parallels the gestures of performance art in many respects. If this material is approached with sympathy and with a broad enough cultural perspective it will reveal its inner seriousness and meaning.

One of the necessary conditions for activities of this type is the willingness to manipulate linguistic categories at will. This willingness arises from a nominalist view of language which holds that words lack fixed ontological essences that are their meanings; meanings, rather, are seen to be created by convention alone, arbitrary, and hence manipulable. Ferdinand de Saussure pointed toward this with his perception of the arbitrariness of the link between signifier and signified. Even more, Ludwig Wittgenstein, by dissolving fixed meaning into the free-for-all of usage, demonstrated a culture's ability to alter its language games by rotations and reshapings of the semantic field. By manipulating semantic categories, by dissolving their boundaries selectively and allowing the contents of one to flow into another, shifts in cultural focus can be forced through language's control of affection and attitude. In the extreme instance, a certain category can be declared universal, coextensive with experience, its boundaries being ut-

terly dissolved until its content melts into awareness itself. This universalization of a single category has at different times taken place in the areas of religion, philosophy, and, in our time, art.

A second necessary condition is a culture that is hurtling through shifts in awareness so rapidly that, like the tragic hero in Sophocles just before the fall, it becomes giddy with prospects of new accomplishments hardly describable in known terms. At such moments the boundaries of things seem outworn; the contents flow into and around one another dizzily. In a realm that, like art some twenty-five years ago, feels its inherited boundaries to be antiquated and ineffective, a sudden overflow in all directions can occur.

The tool by which this universalization of the art category was effected is a form of appropriation. In the last few years appropriation has been practiced with certain limits; the art category as a whole is left intact, though inner divisions such as those between stylistic periods are breached. The model of Francis Picabia is relevant here. But twenty-five years ago appropriation worked on the more universalizing model of Duchamp. In this case, the artist turns an eye upon preexisting entities with apparent destinies outside the art context, and, by that turning of the eye, appropriates them into the art realm, making them the property of art. This involves a presupposition that art is not a set of objects but an attitude toward objects, or a cognitive stance (as Oscar Wilde suggested, not a thing, but a way.) If one were to adopt such a stance to all of life, foregrounding the value of attention rather than issues of personal gain and loss, one would presumably have rendered life a seamlessly appreciative experience. Art then functions like a kind of universal awareness practice, not unlike the mindfulness of southern Buddhism or the "Attention!" of Zen. Clearly there is a residue of Romantic pantheistic mysticism here, with a hidden ethical request. But there is also a purely linguistic dimension to the procedure, bound up with the nominalist attitude. If words (such as "art") lack rigid essences, if they are, rather, empty variables that can be converted to different uses, then usage is the only ground of meaning in language. To be this or that is simply to be called this or that. To be art is to be called art, by the people who supposedly are in charge of the word—artists, critics, curators, art historians, and so on. There is no appeal from the foundation of usage, no higher court on the issue. If something (anything) is presented as art by an artist and contextualized as art within the system then it *is* art, and there is nothing anybody can do about it.

Conversely, the defenders of the traditional boundaries of the realm will be forced to reify language. They will continue to insist that certain things are, by essence, art, and certain other things, by essence, are not art. But in an intellectual milieu dominated by linguistic philosophy and structural

linguistics, the procedure of appropriation by designation, based on the authority of usage and the willingness to manipulate it, has for a while been rather widely accepted. During this time the artist has had a new option: to choose to manipulate language and context, which in turn manipulate mental focus by rearrangement of the category network within which our experience is organized.

The process of universalizing the art context goes back at least as far as Duchamp's showing of Readymades. Dada and Surrealism, of course, had their input. But the tendency came to maturity in the middle to late 50s, when Alain Robbe-Grillet, for example, insisted that if art is going to be anything it has to be everything. At about the same time Yves Klein, extending the tradition of French dandyism, said, "Life, life itself ... is the absolute art." Similarly, in America, Allan Kaprow suggested that "the line between art and life should be kept as fluid, and perhaps as indistinct, as possible." Duchamp had appropriated by signature, as Klein did when, in about 1947, he signed the sky. Later Klein would designate anything as art by painting it with his patented International Klein Blue. Manzoni sometimes designated preexisting objects as art by signing them, and at other times by placing them on a sculpture base. In 1967 Dennis Oppenheim produced his "Sitemarkers," ceremonial stakes used to mark off areas of the world as art.

These procedures were sometimes employed in conscious parody of the theological concept of creation by the word. In 1960 Klein, imitating divine fiat, appropriated the entire universe into his Theatre of the Void, as his piece for the Festival d'Art d'Avant-garde, in Paris. In the next year he painted a topographical globe International Klein Blue, thereby appropriating the earth into his portfolio; soon Manzoni, responding, placed the earth upon his Sculpture Base (*Socle du monde*, 1961), wresting it from Klein's portfolio into his own. Of course there is a difference between fiat and appropriation. The purely linguistic procedure of forcefully expanding the usage boundaries of word does not create a wholly new reality, but shifts focus on an existing one. Any action that takes place in the appropriation zone is necessarily real as itself—yet semantically a kind of shadow-real. Insofar as the act's prior category is remembered, it remains what it was, just as a loan-word may retain a trace of its prior meaning—only it is reflected, as it were, into a new semantic category. Thus the process of universal appropriation has certain internal or logical limits; it is based on the assumption that a part can contain the whole, that art, for example, can contain life. But the only way that a part can contain its whole is by reflection, as a mirror may reflect a whole room, or by implication, as a map of a city implies the surrounding nation. The appropriation process, in other words, may rearrange the entire universe at the level of a shadow or reflec-

tion, and this is its great power. At the same time, as with the gems strung together in the Net of Indra, only the shadowy life of a reflection is really at issue, and this is its great limit.

The infinite regress implicit in such a procedure was illustrated when, in 1962, Ben Vautier signed Klein's death and, in 1963, Manzoni's, thereby appropriating both those appropriations of the universe. The idea of signing a human being or a human life was in fact the central issue. In 1961 Manzoni exhibited a nude model on his sculpture base and signed her as his work. Later he issued his "Certificates of Authenticity," which declared that the owner, having been signed by Manzoni, was now permanently an artwork. But it was Klein who most clearly defined the central issue, saying, "The painter only has to create one masterpiece, himself, constantly." The idea that the artist *is* the work became a basic theme of the period in question. Ben acted it out, not long after the signing of Klein's death, by exhibiting himself as a living moving sculpture. Soon Gilbert & George did the same thing. As early as 1959 James Lee Bryars had exhibited himself, seated alone in the center of an otherwise empty room. Such gestures are fraught with strange interplays of artistic and religious forms, as the pedestal has always been a variant of the altar.

It was in part the Abstract Expressionist emphasis on the direct expression of the artist's unique personality that prepared the way for the claim that the artist's person was in fact the art. Through the survival in the art realm of the Romantic idea of the specially inspired individual, it was possible, though in a sort of bracketed parody, to confer on an artist the status of a royal or sacred being who is on exhibit to other humans.

The underlying question (and an insoluble knot in philosophy) is that of the relation between substance and attribute; specifically, how does one tell the agent from the activity? Certain Indian texts, exploring imagistically the relation between god and the world, ask how one can tell the dancer from the dance. In the visual arts the question has always seemed easier, since the painter or sculptor or photographer has traditionally made an object outside him- or herself. But universalizing appropriation had dissolved such a conception, and in performance art, as in the dance, the agent and activity often seem inseparable. In the last twenty years various performance artists (James Lee Bryars, Chris Burden, Linda Montano, and others) carried this category shift or semantic rotation to its limit by moving into galleries and living there for extended periods as performances. In this situation even the minutest details of everyday life are temporarily distanced and made strange—made art, that is—by the imposition on them of a new category overlay that alters the cognitive focus of both the performer and the beholder. Something parallel, though with fewer possibilities for irony, occurs when novices in ashrams are advised to

regard their experiences, at every moment of the day, as sacred and special.

That these creations by designation are linguistic, involving a willed change in the use of the word "art," does not altogether rob them of mystery and effectiveness. It should be emphasized that category shift by forced designation is the basis of many magical procedures. In the Roman Catholic mass, for example, certain well-known objects—bread and wine—are ritually designated as certain other objects—flesh and blood—which, in the manifest sense of everyday experience, they clearly are not; and the initiate who accepts the semantic rotation shifts his or her affection and sensibility accordingly. Art has often been thought of as exercising a sort of magic; around 1960, some artists adopted an actual magical procedure—basically a linguistic form of what Sir James Frazer called "sympathetic magic." At that moment art entered an ambiguous realm from which it has not yet definitively emerged. For the magical rite is already an appropriation of a piece of reality into a sheltered or bracketed zone of contemplation; when it is reapportioned into the realm of art, a double distancing occurs. Furthermore, the universalization of any category, or the complete submission of its ontology to the process of metaphor, blurs or even erases its individual identity. To be everything is not to be anything in particular. In regard to the universal set, the Law of Identity has no function. The semantical coextensiveness of art and life means either that art has disappeared into life, melting into it everywhere like a new spark of indwelling meaning, or (and this departs at once into theistic metaphor) that life has dissolved into art. In short it means ultimately that the terms have become meaningless in relation to one another, since language operates not by sameness but by difference, and two sets with the same contents are the same set.

The art of appropriation then, is a kind of shadowy recreation of the universe by drawing it, piece by piece, into the brackets of artistic contemplation. Artists engaged in this pursuit have concentrated on the appropriation of religious forms, of philosophical forms, of political forms, of popular forms, and more recently, of art historical styles. These enterprises have met different fates. The appropriation of religious contents has been the most unpopular, even taboo, while that based on philosophy, even linguistic philosophy, for a while acquired marketable chic. In this discrimination the Apollonian (to use Nietzsche's dichotomy) surfaced over the hidden depth of the Dionysian. Apollo represents the ego and its apparent clarity of identity; Dionysus, the unconscious, in which all things flow into and through one another. In the Apollonian light each thing is seen clear and separate, as itself; in the Dionysian dark all things merge into a flowing and molten invisibility. That our culture, in the age of



50 Aktion (1975) by Hermann Nitsch (inset)

science, should favor the Apollonian, is not surprising. The value of light is beyond question; but where there is no darkness there can be no illumination. Rejection of the Dionysian does not serve the purpose of clear and total seeing.

Universal appropriation has an exacting task if it is to be practiced with sufficient range of feeling not to trivialize life. The levity, the sense of the will to entertain, that prevailed when Ben or Gilbert & George displayed themselves as sculptures was balanced by the sometimes horrifying ordeal through which the appropriation of religious forms unfolded. It was necessary to descend from the pedestal, with its Apollonian apotheosis of the ego, into the Dionysian night of the unconscious, and to bring into the light the logic of its darkness.

In Vienna in the early 1960s, Hermann Nitsch began presenting a series of performances that, in 1965, he would consolidate as the OM, or Orgies Mysteries, Theatre. His work was a focused exercise to bring the performance genre to its darkest spaces, its most difficult test, at once. In OM presentations the performers tear apart and disembowel a lamb or bull, cover themselves and the environment with the blood and gore, pour the entrails and blood over one another, and so on. These events last up to three hours (though Nitsch is planning one that will last for six days and nights). They have occasionally been shut down by the police. They have occurred in art galleries and have been reported in art magazines and books.

The OM Theatre performances open into dizzyingly distant antiquities of human experience. In form they are essentially revivals of the Dionysian ritual called the *sparagmos*, or dismemberment, in which the initiates, in an altered state produced by alcohol, drugs, and wild dancing, tore apart and ate raw a goat that represented the god Dionysus, the god of all thrusting and wet and hot things in nature. It was, in other words, a communion rite in which the partaker abandoned his or her individual identity to enter the ego-darkened paths of the unconscious and emerged, having eaten and incorporated the god, redesignated as divine. In such rites ordinary humanity ritually appropriates the aura of godhood, through the ecstatic ability to feel the Law of Identity and its contrary at the same time.

Euripides, an ancient forerunner of the Viennese artists, featured this subject in several works. Like Nitsch, he did so partly because this was the subject matter hardest for his culture, as for ours, to assimilate in the light of day. In the *Bacchae* especially he presents the dismemberment as a terrifying instrument of simultaneous self-abandonment and self-discovery. The Apollonian tragic hero, Pentheus, like our whole rationalist culture, thought his boundaries were secure, his terrain clearly mapped, his identity established. Rejecting the Dionysian rite, which represents the violent tear-

ing apart of all categories, he became its victim. Disguising himself as a Maenad, or female worshipper of Dionysus, he attempted to observe the ritual, but was himself mistaken for the sacrificial victim, torn apart, and eaten raw. In short, his ego-boundaries were violently breached, the sense of his identity exploded into fragments that were then ground down into the primal substrate of Dionysian darkness which both underlies and overrides civilization's attempts to elevate the conscious object above nature.

Nitsch writes of his work in consciously Dionysian terms as celebrating a "drunken, all-encompassing rejoicing," a "drunken ecstasy of life," a "liberated joy of strong existence without barriers," "a liturgy of exultation, of ecstatic, orgiastic, boundless joy, of drugged rapture ..." He has created, in fact, a purely classical theory for it, based on Freudian and Jungian reinterpretations of ancient religious forms, on Aristotle's doctrine of catharsis, and on the ritual of the scapegoat as the wellspring of purification for the community.

Another stage of the OM ritual finds a young male standing or lying naked beneath a slain carcass marked with religious symbols and allowing the blood and guts to flow over his naked body. Again an ancient source has been appropriated. In the initiation rite called the *taurobolium*, the aspirant was placed naked in a pit over which, atop a lattice of branches, a bull, representing the god, was slain and disemboweled. When the initiate emerged covered with the bull's blood and entrails, he was hailed as the reborn god emerging from the earth womb.

These works demonstrate the category shift involved in the appropriation process. In part this shift from the zone of religion to that of art represents the residual influence of Romanticism: the artist is seen as a kind of extramural initiation priest, a healer or guide who points the alienated soul back toward the depths of the psyche where it resonates to the rhythms of nature. In addition, it is the neutrality of the unbounded category that allows the transference to occur. Religious structures in our society allow no setting open enough or free enough to equate with that of ancient Greek religion, which was conspicuously nonexclusionary; the art realm in the age of boundary dissolution and the overflow did offer such a free or open zone. Günter Brus, another Viennese performer, has claimed that placing such contents within the art realm allows "free access to the action"—a free access that the category of religion, with its weight of institutionalized beliefs, does not allow. The assumption, in other words, is that in the age of the overflow the art context is a neutral and open context which has no proper and essential contents of its own. Art, then, is an open variable which, when applied to any culturally bound thing, will liberate it to direct experience. That this was the age of psychedelic drugs, and that psychedelic drugs were widely presumed to do the same thing, is not

unimportant. As the tradition advanced along the path to the underworld, it was increasingly influenced by psychopharmacology with its sense of the eternally receding boundaries of experience.

Soon after Nitsch's first performances in Vienna, Carolee Schneemann presented a series of now-classic pieces also based on the appropriation of ritual activities from ancient and primitive sources. The general shape of these works arose, as among ancient shamans and magicians, from a variety of sources, including dream material and experiences with psychedelic drugs. Like Nitsch's works, Schneemann's are based both on depth psychology and on the appropriation of contents from the neolithic stratum of religious history, especially the religious genre of the fertility rite.

In *Meat Joy* (Paris, 1964) nearly naked men and women interacted, in a rather frenzied, Dionysian way, with one another and with hunks of raw meat and carcasses of fish and chickens. They smeared themselves with blood, imprinted their bodies on paper, tore chickens apart, threw chunks of raw meat and torn fowl about, slapped one another with them, kissed and rolled about "to exhaustion," and so on. The sparagmatic dismemberment and the suggestion of the suspension of mating taboos both evoke Maenadism and the Dionysian cult. The wild freedom advocated by this ancient cult, as well as its suggestions of rebirth, seemed appropriate expressions of the unchecked newness that faced the art world as its boundaries dissolved and opened on all sides into unexpected vistas, where traditional media, torn apart and digested, were reborn in unaccountable new forms. The Dionysian subversion of ego in the cause of general fertility has become another persistent theme of appropriation performance. Barbara Smith has performed what she calls a Tantric ritual, that included sexual intercourse, in a gallery setting as an artwork.

In general, performance works involving the appropriation of religious forms have fallen into two groups: those that select from the neolithic sensibility of fertility and blood sacrifice, and those that select from the paleolithic sensibility of shamanic magic and ordeal; often the two strains mix. Both may be seen as expressions of the desire, so widespread in the 60s and early 70s, to reconstitute within Modern civilization something like an ancient or primitive sensibility of oneness with nature.

Though the erotic content of the works based on the themes of fertility has been received with some shock, it is the work based on the shamanic ordeal that the art audience has found most difficult and repellent. Clearly that is part of the intention of the work, and in fact a part of its proper content. But it is important to make clear that these artists have an earnest desire to communicate, rather than simply shock. Seen in an adequate context, their work is not aggression but expression.

In 1965 Nitsch formed the *Wiener Aktionismus* group in conjunction with Otto Mühl, Günter Brus, and Rudolf Schwarzkogler. Much of their work focused on the motifs of self-mutilation and self-sacrifice that were implicit, though not foregrounded, both in Klein's career and in the OM Theatre performances. Brus, during his performing period (1964-1970), would appear in the performance space dressed in a woman's black stockings, brassiere, and garter belt, slash himself with scissors till he ran with blood, and perform various acts ordinarily taboo in public settings, such as shitting, eating his own shit, vomiting, and so on. Schwarzkogler's pieces presented young males as mutilated sacrificial victims, often wounded in the genitals, lying fetally contracted and partially mummy-wrapped as if comatose, in the midst of paraphernalia of violent death such as bullet cartridges and electrical wires. Not only the individual elements of these works, but their patterns of combination—specifically the combination of female imitation self-injury, and the seeking of dishonor through the performance of taboo acts—find striking homologies in shamanic activities. The same motifs reappeared, not necessarily with direct influence from the Viennese, in the works of several American performance artists who have stretched audiences' sympathies beyond the breaking point.

Paul McCarthy, a major exponent of the art of the taboo gesture, first heard the calling not from the Viennese but from Klein. As a student at the University of Utah in 1968, he leapt from a second story window in emulation of Klein's Leap into the Void. By about 1974 his work had found its own distinctive form, developing into a modernized shamanic style so difficult for audiences to bear that the pieces were usually published only as video tapes. These performances, like Schneemann's, were often developed from dream material, indicating their intimate relation both with shamanic magic and with depth psychology. Like Brus, McCarthy has sometimes appeared dressed as a woman, and has worked, like Schwarzkogler, with the themes of self-mutilation and castration; some pieces have acted out the basic female imitation of feigning menstruation and parturition (magical pantomimes that are common in primitive initiation rites). In others, McCarthy has cut his hands and mixed the blood with food and water in bowls, clearly echoing various sacramental rites from the Dionysian to the Christian. In still others that, like Nitsch's, have sometimes been shut down by the police, he has acted out the seeking of dishonor as an exploration of the Dionysian-Freudian depths of psychobiological life. In *Sailor's Meat*, a videotape from 1975, for example, he appeared in a room in a wino hotel wearing black lace panties smeared with blood and a blonde female wig and lay on the bed fucking piles of raw meat and ground hamburger with his cock painted red and a hot dog shoved up his ass. As Old Man in *My Doctor*, 1978, he slit a rub-

ber mask over his head to form a vagina-slanted opening on it and from the vagina gave birth to a ketchup-covered doll. The piece was a conscious remaking of the myth of the birth of Athena from the cleft brainpan of Zeus, a myth that reverts to the age when male priests and their divinities sought to incorporate the female principle and its powers. In *Baby Boy*, 1982, McCarthy gave birth to a doll from between his ketchup-covered male thighs as he lay on his back with his feet in the air like a woman in missionary-style sexual intercourse. In these and other works self-mutilation, female imitation, and the performance of taboo acts are combined in a structure roughly parallel to that of Brus' work, though with a greater range of expressiveness.

Similar materials recur in the work of Kim Jones. In a performance in Chicago in 1981, Jones appeared naked except for a mask made of a woman's pantyhose, covered himself with mud (as both African and Australian shamans do when performing), and lay naked on the fire escape in the cold to accumulate energy (a shamanic practice known worldwide but most famous from Tibet). Returning to the performance space, he produced a mayonnaise jar filled with his own shit, smeared himself with it, embraced members of the audience while covered in it, and finally burned sticks and green plants till the smoke drove the remaining audience from the gallery. In another piece, Jones cut himself with a razor blade twenty-seven times in a pattern suggesting the body's circulatory system, then pressed himself against the gallery wall for a self-portrait.

Understandably, to audiences habituated to the traditional boundaries of art, to audiences for whom easel painting was still the quintessential art activity, these performances were offensive and even insulting. Of course, the point of such works when they first appeared was in part their seeming to be radically, even horrifyingly, out of context. But for twenty years they have been part of the art scene, if somewhat peripherally, legitimized by art world context and critical designation again and again. In order to understand the wellsprings of such works, in order to approach them with a degree of sympathy and clarity, it is necessary to frame them somewhat in cultural history, where in fact they have a clear context.

Many of the artists discussed here feel that shamanic material and primitive initiation rites are the most relevant cultural parallels to their work. But most of them feel that the tone of their work arose first, often under Freudian and Jungian influence, and was later confirmed and further shaped by some study of shamanic literature. The question of origins, then—whether from shamanic literature, or from the Jungian collective unconscious, or from the Freudian timeless repository of infantile memory, or from all these sources—though it is worthwhile to state, cannot be answered. In any case it is important in terms of any theory of the function

of art that these artists have introduced into the art realm materials found elsewhere only in the psychiatric records of disturbed children and in the shamanic thread of the history of religion.

In societies where the shamanic profession is intact, shamans have been perhaps the most fully rounded and powerful cultural figures in history. The poets, mythographers, visual artists, musicians, medical doctors, psychotherapists, scientists, sorcerers, undertakers, psychopomps, and priests of their tribal groups, they have been one-person cultural establishments. They have also been independent, uncontrollable, and eccentric power figures whose careers have often originated in psychotic episodes—what anthropologists call the “sickness vocation.” As a result, when societies increase their demands for internal order, the old shamanic role, with its unassimilable combination of power and freedom, is broken up into more manageable specialty professions; in our society, the doctor, the poet, the artist, and so on, have each inherited one scrap from the original shaman’s robe. Beginning with the Romantic period an attempt was made to reconstitute something like the fullness of the shamanic role within the art realm; poets especially were apt to attribute both healing and transcendentalizing powers to the art experience. This project has been acted out in the last twenty years by those artists whose work appropriates its materials from the early history of religion.

Perhaps the most shocking element in the various performance works mentioned here is the practice of self-injury and self-mutilation. This has, however, been a standard feature of shamanic performances and primitive initiation rites around the world. Siberian shamans cut themselves while in ecstatic states brought on by drugs, alcohol, drumming and dancing. Tibetan shamans are supposedly able to slit their bellies and exhibit their entrails. Related practices are found in the performance art under discussion. Chris Burden crawled through broken glass with his hands behind his back (*Through the Night Softly*, 1973). Dennis Oppenheim did a piece in which for half an hour rocks were thrown at him (*Rocked Circle/Fear*, 1971). Linda Montano inserted acupuncture needles around her eyes (*Mitchell’s Death*, 1978). The Australian performance artist Stelarc, reproducing a feat of Ajivika ascetics in India, has had himself suspended in various positions in the air by means of fishhooks embedded into his flesh. The number of instances could easily be multiplied.

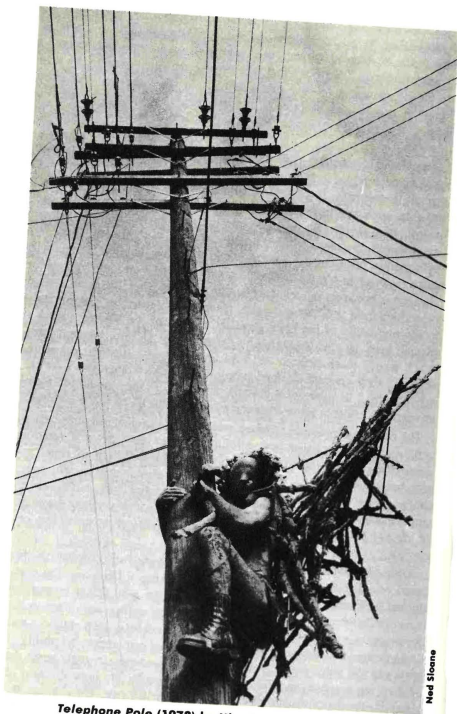
The element of female imitation, found in the works of Brus, McCarthy, Jones, and others, is also a standard shamanic and initiatory motif, involving sympathetic magic. Male shamans and priests around the world, as well as tribal boys at their puberty initiations, adopt female dress to incorporate the female and her powers. In lineages as far apart as North Asian and Amerindian, shamans have worn women’s clothing and ritually mar-

ried other men. Akkadian priests of Ishtar dressed like their goddess, as did Ramakrishna in nineteenth-century India. A Sanskrit religious text instructs the devotee to "discard the male (*purusa*) in thee and become a woman (*prakriti*)."¹ Various tribal rites involve the ritual miming, by men, of female menstruation and parturition, as in the works of McCarthy. Freudian and Jungian theories of the bisexuality of the psyche and the need to realize it are relevant both to archaic and to modern exercises of this sort.

Female imitation and self-mutilation combine in certain practices of ritual surgery found in primitive cultures around the world, though most explicit in Australia. In Central Australian initiation rites, for example, a vulvalike opening is cut into the urethral surface of the penis, symbolically incorporating the female principle into the male body. Bruno Bettelheim has observed this motif in the fantasies of disturbed children. Brus, in a performance, once cut a vulvalike slit in his groin, holding it open with hooks fastened in his flesh. Ritual surgery to create an androgynous appearance is common in archaic religious practice generally, as an attempt to combine male and female magical powers into one center. The emphasis on the mutilation of the male genitals in much of the Viennese work is relevant here. In classical antiquity the priests of Cybele castrated themselves totally (both penises and testicles) in their initiation, to become more like their goddess; thereafter they dressed like women and were called "females." In subsequent ecstatic performances they would cut themselves in the midst of frenzied dancing and offer the blood to the goddess.

The public performance of taboo acts is also an ancient religious custom with roots in shamanism and primitive magic. Both art and religion, through the bracketing of their activities in the half-light of ritual appropriationism, provide zones where deliberate inversions of social custom can transpire; acts repressed in the public morality may surface there, simultaneously set loose for their power to balance and complete the sense of life, and held safely in check by the shadow reality of the arena they occur in.

A little-known Sanskrit book called the *Pasupata Sutras* formulates this practice in detail, under the heading of the Seeking of Dishonor. The practitioner is enjoined to court contempt and abuse from his fellow humans by behavior deliberately contrived as the most inappropriate and offensive for the situation, whatever it may be. In shamanic contexts such practices had demonstrated the shaman's special status beyond convention, his ability to breach at will either metaphysical or ethical boundaries. In yogic terms the goal of the practice was the effacement of ego by the normalization of types of experience usually destructive to the self-image. The shaman, the yogic seeker of dishonor, and the ritual scapegoat figure all offered them-



Ned Sloane

Telephone Pole (1978) by Kim Jones as Mud Man

selves as targets for calamity, to draw it away from the communities they served. They were the individuals who went out on the razor's edge and, protected in part by the brackets of religious performance, publicly breached the taboo of the times. Today the exhibitionistic breaching of age and gender taboos, as well as other forays into the darkness of the disallowed within the brackets of the art performance, replicates this ancient custom, sometimes with the same cathartic intention. As the shoals of history break and flow and reassemble, to break and flow again, these and other primitive practices have resurfaced, in something like their original combination, in an altogether different context.

The preparation of his or her own body as a magico-sculptural object, for example, is a regular and essential part of the shaman's performance. An Australian shaman may cover his body with mud (symbol of recent arrival from the netherworld) and decorate it with patterns of bird down fastened on with his own blood; an African shaman may wear human bones, skulls, and so forth, and may surgically alter his or her body in various ways; a Central Asian shaman may appear in a skeleton suit with mirrors on it. Frequently the shaman's body is tattooed or scarified or painted with magical symbols. Similarly, Schneemann has presented herself as a "body collage" decorated with symbols from ancient fertility religions. In a mixture of archaic and Christian materials, Linda Montano in *The Screaming Nun*, 1975, "dressed as a nun, danced, screamed, and heard confessions at Embarcadero Plaza [in San Francisco]." Other pieces by Montano have involved dancing blindfolded in a trance, drumming for six hours a day for six days, shape-changing and identity-changing, self-injury (with acupuncture needles), and astral travel events. Mary Beth Edelson's "Public Rituals" have involved the marking of her naked body with symbols from ancient goddess cults, the equation of her body with the earth, and the declaration of the end of patriarchy (*Your Five Thousand Years Are Up*, 1977). Kim Jones, as Mud Man, or Bill Harding emerging covered with mud from a hole in the ground in the middle of a circle of fire, are reconstituting before our eyes images from the elementary stratum of religious forms.

A motif that is absolutely central to shamanism, and that often also involves body decoration, is the attempt to incorporate the power of an animal species by imitation of it. Shamans in general adopt the identities of power animals, act out their movements, and duplicate their sounds. The claim to understand animal languages and to adopt an animal mind-set is basic to their mediation between culture and nature. Echoes of the practice are, of course, common in the annals of performance art. In Joseph Beuys' conversation with the dead rabbit, the knowledge of an animal language combines with a belief in the shamanic abilities to communicate with the

dead. In *Chicken Dance*, 1972, Montano, attired in a chicken costume, appeared unannounced at various locations in San Francisco and danced wildly through the streets like a shaman possessed by the spirit and moved by the motions of her animal ally. Terry Fox slept on a gallery floor connected with two dead fish by string attached to his hair and teeth, attempting, like a shaman inviting his animal ally to communicate through a dream, to dream himself into the piscine mind in *Pisces*, 1971.

In such behavior a style of decision-making is involved that has much in common with the peculiar arbitrariness and rigor of religious vows in general, and with one called the Beast Vow in particular. Among the Pasupatas of India (the same who formalized the Seeking of Dishonor), the male practitioner commonly took the bull vow. (The bull is the most common shamanic animal by far.) He would spend a good part of each day bellying like a bull and in general trying to transform his consciousness into that of a bull. Such behavior was usually vowed for a specific length of time, most frequently either for a year or for the rest of one's life. A person who took the frog vow would move for a year only by squatting and hopping; the snake vower would slither. Such vows are very precise and demanding. The novice, for example, may pick a certain cow and vow to imitate its every action. During the time of the vow the novice follows the cow everywhere: when the cow eats, the novice eats; when the cow sleeps, the novice sleeps; when the cow moos, the novice moos—and so on. (In ancient Mesopotamia cow-vowers were known as "grazers.") By such actions the paleolithic shaman attempts to effect ecology by infiltrating an animal species which can then be manipulated. The yogic practitioner hopes to escape from his or her own intentional horizon by entering into that of another species.

These activities are echoed in performance pieces in various ways. Bill Gordh, as Dead Dog, spent two years learning how to bark with a sense of expressiveness. James Lee Bryars wore a pink silk tail everywhere he went for six months. Vito Acconci, in his *Following Piece*, 1969, would pick a passerby at random on the street and follow him or her till it was no longer possible to do so.

What I am especially concerned to point out in activities like this is a quality of decision-making that involves apparent aimlessness along with fine focus and rigor of execution. This is a mode of willing which is absolutely creative in the sense that it assumes that it is reasonable to do anything at all with life; all options are open and none is more meaningful or meaningless than any other. A Jain monk in India may vow to sit for a year and then follow that by standing up for a year—a practice attested to in the *Atharva Veda* (about 1000-800 B.C.) and still done today. In performance art the subgenre known as Endurance Art is similar in style, though the

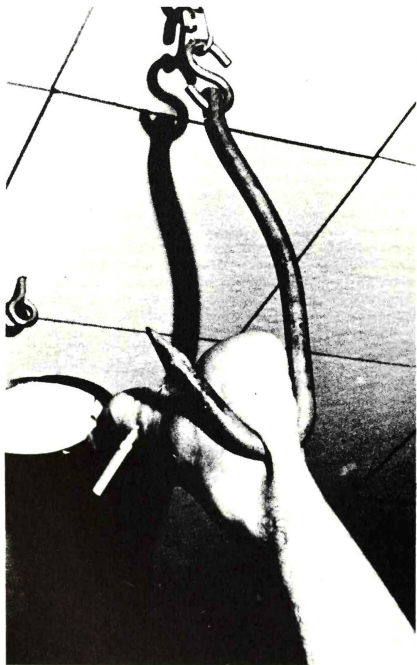
scale is much reduced.

In 1965 Beuys alternately stood and knelt on a small wooden platform for twenty-four hours during which he performed various symbolic gestures in immobile positions. In 1971 Burden, a major explorer of the Ordeal or Endurance genre, spent five days and nights fetally enclosed in a tiny metal locker (two feet by two feet by three feet). In 1974 he combined the immobility vow with the keynote theme of the artist's person by sitting on an upright chair on a sculpture pedestal until, forty-eight hours later, he fell off from exhaustion. (*Sculpture in Three Parts*). In *White Light/White Heat*, 1975, he spent twenty-two days alone and invisible to the public on a high shelf-like platform in a gallery, neither eating nor speaking nor seeing, nor seen by, another human being.

The first thing to notice about these artists is that no one is making them do it and usually no one is paying them to do it. The second is the absolute rigor with which, in the classic performance pieces, these very unpragmatic activities are carried out. This peculiar quality of decision-making has become a basic element of performance poetics. To a degree (which I do not wish to exaggerate) it underscores the relationship between this type of activity and the religious vocation. A good deal of performance art, in fact, might be called "Vow Art," as might a good deal of religious practice. (Kafka's term "hunger artist" is not unrelated.)

Enthusiasms of this type have passed through cultures before, but usually in the provinces of religion or, more occasionally, philosophy. What is remarkable about our time is that it is happening in the realm of art, and being performed, often, by graduates of art schools rather than seminaries. In our time religion and philosophy have been more successful (or intransigent) than art in defending their traditional boundaries and prevent universal overflow with its harrowing responsibilities and consequences.

A classic source on the subject of Ordeal Art is a book called the *Path of Purification* by Buddhaghosa, a fifth century A.D. Ceylonese Buddhist. It includes an intricately categorized compendium of behavioral vows designed to undermine the conditions response systems that govern ordinary life. Among the most common are the vows of homelessness—the vow, for example, to live out of doors for a year. This vow was acted out in New York recently by Tehching Hsieh, who stayed out of doors in Manhattan recently for a year as a work of art. Hsieh (who also has leapt from the second story of a building in emulation of Klein's leap) has specialized, in fact, in year-long vows acted out with great rigor. For one year he punched in hourly on a time clock in his studio, a device not unlike some used by forest yogis in India to restrict their physical movements and thus their intentional horizons. The performance piece of this type done on the largest



PIQ Photo, courtesy of Gauntlet, Inc.

scale was Hsieh's year of isolation in a cell built in his Soho studio, a year in which he neither left the cell nor spoke nor read. Even the scale of this piece, however, does not approach that of similar vows in traditional religious settings. Himalayan yogis as recently as a generation ago were apt to spend seven years in a light-tight cave, while Simeon Stylites, an early Christian ascetic in the Syrian desert, lived for the last thirty-seven years of his life on a small platform on top of a pole.

The reduced scale of such vows in the art context reflects the difference in motivation between the religious ascetic and the performance artist. Religious vows are undertaken for pragmatic purposes. The shaman seeking the ability to fly, the yogi seeking the effacement of ego, the monk seeking salvation and eternal bliss, are all working within intricately formulated belief systems in pursuit of clearly defined and massively significant rewards. Less is at stake for the performance artist than for the pious believer; yet still something is at stake. An act that lacks any intention whatever is a contradiction in terms. For some artists (for example, Burden) work of this type functions as a personal initiation or catharsis, as well as an investigation of the limits of one's will; others (including Nitsch) are convinced that their performance work is cathartic for the audience as well and in that sense serves a social and therapeutic purpose. Rachel Rosenthal describes her performance work as "sucking diseases from society."

But in most work of this type attention is directed toward the exercise of will as an object of contemplation in itself. Appropriation art in general (and Vow Art in particular) is based on an aesthetic of choosing and willing rather than conceiving and making. Personal sensibility is active in the selection of the area of the universe to be appropriated, and in the specific, often highly individual character of the vow undertaken; the rigor with which the vow is maintained is, then, like a crafts devotion to the perfection of form. Beyond this, the performance is often based on a suspension of judgment about whether or not the act has any value in itself, and a concentration on the purity of the doing. This activity posits as an ideal (though never of course perfectly attaining it) the purity of doing something with no pragmatic motivation. Like the Buddhist paradox of desiring not to desire, it requires a motivation to perform feats of motivelessness. It shares something of Arnold Toynbee's opinion that the highest cultures are the least pragmatic.

In this mode of decision and execution the conspicuously free exercise of will is framed as a kind of absolute. Displays of this type are attempts to break up the standard weave of everyday motivations and create openings in it through which new options may make their way to the light. These options are necessarily undefined, since no surrounding belief system is in

place (or acknowledged). The radicality of work in this genre can be appraised precisely by how far it has allowed the boundaries of the art category to dissolve. Many works of the last twenty-five years have reached to the limits of life itself. Such activities have necessarily involved artists in areas where usually the psychoanalyst or anthropologist presides. The early explorations discussed here required the explicit demonstration of several daring strategies that had to be brought clearly into the light. Extreme actions seemed justified or even required, by the cultural moment. But the moment changes, and the mind becomes desensitized to such direct demonstrations after their first shock of brilliant simplicity. When an artist in 1987 announces that his or her entire life is designated as performance, the unadorned gesture cannot expect to be met with the enthusiastic interest with which its prototypes were greeted a generation ago.

BODY PLAY

Fakir Musafar

It started in earnest the night I lashed myself against the coal bin wall. I was seventeen then. I'd fasted for two days—reduced myself to an emaciated robot by dancing for hours with ninety-five pounds of logging chain wrapped around my legs, arms and torso. I was seeking an experience, a happening, that no other human being I knew had ever had. Even if it meant death.

It was two a.m. I stood with my back against the cold wooden wall and laced ropes between fence staples driven at three-inch intervals. I pulled the ropes deep into my legs from the ankles, up to my numb, belted, ant-like waist. Tied them tight. I felt helpless, glued against the wall. *And I liked the feeling!*

When my chest, arms and head were also quite helpless, I just waited in the darkness not knowing what to expect. I was resolved to stay that way until something happened. My body ached for relief, for sleep—but it could not slip away because of the tight discomforting ropes.

Soon, a pleasant, warm kind of numbness crept up my legs and arms. They dissolved into nothingness. But when the numbness also began to work up my spine into the breathing center, I panicked. I fought for breath. It was like drowning. Waves of terror passed through the parts of me that were still "alive." A massive effort to free my arms and thus end my nightmare only resulted in a feeble creak from the restraining ropes.

I was trapped, unable to get myself loose—self-sentenced to whatever came next. Something deep inside suddenly shifted to a feeling of indifference. I gave up fighting. I was just a watcher now, unaware of breathing or any other direct physical sensation. Only my head still seemed to exist.

Next, a vibration, an oscillation, developed. It got stronger and stronger. It was not unpleasant in the beginning, but soon felt like my robot body was suspended on the end of a long cable hanging deep inside a huge chasm. A Giant, over whom I had no control, was swinging the cable from wall-to-wall—smashing me to pieces! The "smashing" went faster and more violent with each swing.

At an insane crescendo of this uncontrollable "smashing" there was a faint "click" sound deep inside my head. Then absolute stillness with a slight humming in the background. I was floating in a pool of warm, sticky glue, uncaring.

I didn't know where I was. But I was alive, disembodied, with no fear,

no pain, no discomfort. I was hyper-alert and feeling good, satisfied just like the moment following sexual climax.

I became aware that I could see. Dimly, and in a different sort of way than before. I concentrated this fuzzy vision. *I was looking at me!* Or rather, at my still-lashed-against-the-wall body.

The part of me that thinks and feels and sees and hears and answers to a name was ten feet from the wall. What was I looking at? Was it me? Or was it "me-the-looker?" This paradox struck me with explosive force. Yet in this state nothing was serious. I found it all downright funny.

I explored my new reality for some time. Peculiarly, there was a feeling in this state of *no time!* I knew I could go forward or backward in time as easily as I normally walk from one room to another. I studied the lifeless lump on the wall for some time. In a way, it was beautiful, and I had feelings of great love for it. It had always been so obedient to my wishes. Moving where and when I wanted it to ... going on even when it was tired or in pain.

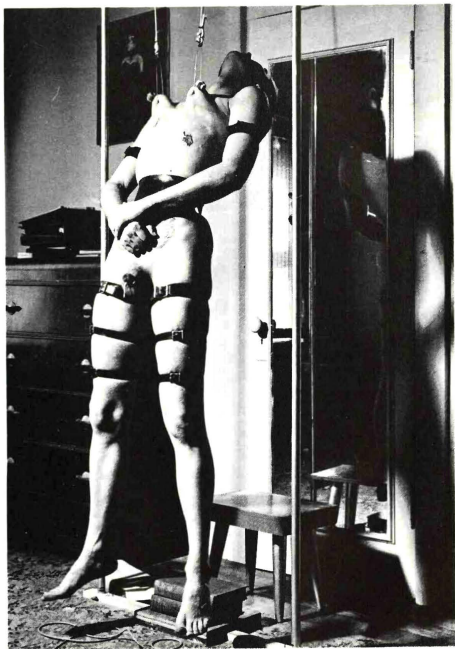
Then my attention moved away from that body. I stayed in the present where things to explore were endless. I found that I was still in a vague sort of body, but it was definitely not physical. I walked, then lifted up slightly and floated around the cellar. I found I could walk right through a concrete wall into the earth outside.

Or I could just think "light" and I would float up through the beams, floors and roof to hover about the trees. It was real! It was magnificent! I watched a cat scamper across the vacant lot beside the house. I could see people moving inside houses many blocks away.

The first rays of dawn pierced the cellar window. I slowly drifted back to the coal bin wall. Without much remembrance, I somehow found my way back to the shell still lashed there. It freed itself.

That beautiful experience colored my whole existence. From that day on I wanted everyone to have that kind of liberation. I felt free to express life through my body. It was now my media, my own personal "living canvas," "living clay." It belonged to me to use. And that is just what I have done for the past thirty years. I learned use of the body. It is mine, and yours, *to play with!* I wrote a poem after the experience. It said:

Poke your finger into Red,
 Feel the feeling through.
 And when the feeling is no more,
 Feel no-feeling too!



Suspension (1964)



Clamps (1964)

FAKIR MUSAFAR INTERVIEW

Kristine Ambrosia and Joseph Lanz

I'd like to begin by asking you how you started this, how long your form has been evolving, what you are ultimately looking for and how far you think you've gotten....

I guess I had my first indications that I was different from other people and that I had something inside me I needed to express when I was about four or five years old. I was always an oddball kid. I got a lot of attention but always felt like a stranger. I didn't fit. This manifested itself in strange abilities. I would go into trance states. Adults would make kids sit still; so I would get into the habit of staring at people. I would stare at adults, their heads would get smaller and they'd fade way off into the distance. Their voices would be really dim. Then, slowly they'd come back again, speaking an entirely different language, be of a different race, maybe a different sex, an entirely different person. I saw the same being but in a different way than they were in the physical reality of the room. Very often, especially under the pressure of social situations, I automatically would go into a cataleptic state. It scared the hell out of me. When I felt this coming on, I'd flee and go to a quiet place. I had a natural knack of escaping the tedium of social events.

At first, I would express this as fantasy. I'd play with little kids, and in the neighborhood I lived in there were mostly little girls. All these girls would hang around; I was an absolute bastard dictator, would tell them exactly what to do and they would do it.

Was it sexual?

No, not in this case. This was pre-pubescent. I was a little lord and master. Could not figure out why until later. I used to do plays. We'd have a little garage in the back of my house. These plays would be odd, erotic and loaded with sado-masochism. I used to have other fantasies. One of my greatest times was Saturday. I was compelled to go to a Lutheran religious instruction school. I would put up with that tedium ... By the way, I was brought up in an Indian reservation. Coming back from Saturday school, I'd have all these wild adventures, in all these different parts of the world. There used to be a tinsmith's shop and I'd pick up this scrap, daggers, swords, I would be putting them into other people and have the compulsion to stick the dagger into myself. Sharp objects were always a big feature of my fantasies. I would always make little initiation rites in my plays. I would initiate my little cousins, make them walk barefoot on very sharp

gravel. They'd have to hold a very heavy stick in their hands and I would hit it with a larger stick until it broke ... I was about eight or nine years old ... Then I'd like to asphyxiate people. I'd use dust bombs, especially in my dusty garage where I had the most superior dust in the world, it seemed. Sometimes, unexpectedly, these would drop on people by little strings from the ceiling.

When did you start being aware of your own pain? ...

First I felt the obsession and compulsion to do certain things that just weren't done. I had no background, no contact with any books that would tell me how to do this. At a very early age, this was Indian country, I got very strong at psychomatrizing a place ... go out and find an Indian mound, touch it or sit on it and sit there for hours and almost live the life of whoever had been put there, feel everything they'd felt. Also I had this urge to do a sun dance, to attach a cord to a piercing in my body, pull against it until the skin broke. When I was about fourteen, I actually did that for the first time, and seemed to know exactly what I was doing.

I would go to an Indian spot, to what was called the James River ... I'd draw a magic symbol around a cottonwood tree, draw a magic circle. I found I was impugned against puncturing myself. First, I'd challenge myself with a pin, push it against my skin and it went in and it didn't feel too bad.... It was just self-control. At this point it had no sexual context whatever ... just something I was compelled to do. Later I began to work out ways of making use of the sexual feeling. If you could do that you'd eventually transcend the sex. Now, sadomasochism has the most advanced and most backward people. You can go into an altered state with the sexual thing. When it results in orgasm, you never discover there's a higher ecstasy beyond ecstasy. Without the sex you'd never get there, but you have to go through, backward to the unconscious, the feeling body, the liquid body, the *kinoacha* ... eroticism is the best possible way to reach God, to go into another world. Without sexual arousal it would be impossible for us to escape the human condition. But if we get stuck there, then it gets to be a limitation. If you push it to the ultimate, deny a physical orgasm, you are making constructive use of sexual energy.

There is a dry orgasm technique in India that uses a *Suka* block. You get a guy very erect, keep him that way constantly day and night for a month or two. He is incredibly gorged and swollen and he looks sick. He may be two inches in diameter and twelve inches long. When all the swelling is gone the cock is permanently twice as big as he was before. It is a narrow wooden block that you massage over the cock, you can't orgasm with it, it pinches too tight. If you have orgasm, it is dry. There are all kinds of techniques. Central American and South American Indians have certain males

and in India certain *sadhus* that do this. They'll take the young boys and put a little weight on their cock, keep them that way for even months; the whole thing gets lengthened and finally gets numb, the nerves get over-stretched and it loses the capability of becoming erect. The net result of this is that they become highly sexual with no physical way of orgasming. They are capable of going up to much higher levels of ecstasy and prolonging it.

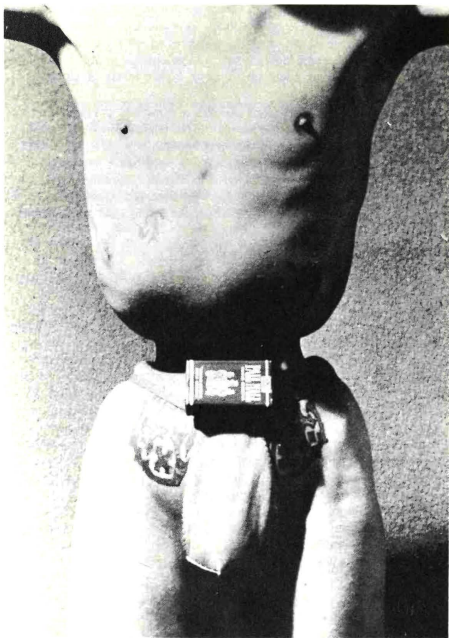
All there is in life is sensation and lack of sensation; as long as you are in a body, there are only these two states. The tendency in Western culture is to keep people in an eggshell where you are not exposed to anything that gives you sensation and when you are it is very minor, controlled. The whole thrust of Western civilization is to decrease sensation. When they have a little bit of sensation, they think it's a lot. But other cultures have developed ways of deliberately cultivating the feelings and prolonged sensations.

Do you consider "masochist" a negative term? Is it valid?

To me it's a positive term but it's looked upon with negativity, by our culture. It's misleading in some ways. There are two sides to this thing: in this culture there is a negative masochism. You can tell who is in that role usually by the terms they apply to themselves. There are three different terms, there is S & M, B & D, and D & S. In S & M, the people come down to something physical, a power exchange expressed in something physical. You actually tie someone up, use chains, whips. There is something physical involved. B & D is almost always heterosexual turf. It's a nebulous area, some get physical, some not. But there is an awful lot of mental taunting and torment. Then you get into dominance and submission and this group of people are almost entirely emotional, into verbal abuse, humiliation. Whereas you get into heavy practitioners of S & M and there is little humiliation involved. It may be all just physical. What I deal in is really none of these, but to the people in S & M it may look like what they are doing. But mine is a religious practice that belongs to other cultures. And I just happen to be practicing it in a culture that doesn't know it exists and has no definition of it at all. But a lot of people let it catch their fancy as an art form. What I do I call "body play" because you are using the body to get to another state.

What is the distinction between sadism and masochism? Some say the distinction is very nebulous. Is there an important difference?

No distinction at all. It's the same general feeling. There are those who get hooked into one role. For instance, in my novel *Prince of Pain* nobody is a sadist until they are allowed a heavy, long-term run as a masochist. Most dominants, in the professional realm, have had some period when



14 Inch Waist Belt (1952)



Clothes Pins Fans (1950)

they were slaves or masochists. I don't think it's possible for a person to be a good master or sadist until they've been a masochist. But it goes beyond S & M. When a top starts doing things beyond the wants and pleasures of their bottom, they are not sadists anymore. This is brutality, cruelty. S & M is consensual. What I do is entirely consensual. What appears to be the sadist at the top, the conductor of the ceremony, he is not the conductor, he really plays a minor role. The star of the show is whoever is going through the ordeal.

Have you ever read Sacher-Masoch's Venus In Furs? He talks about the contractual relationship. He is running the show, the masochist, dictating the scenario.

This is true. I would play out scenes from *Prince of Pain*. It got to be one hell of a burden. After twenty-four hours with my so-called slave, I was an absolute victim of the whims of the slave. I had a hard time reversing this. I had to get very tough. In the kind of training I do, I like this all to be voluntary. I work with people who use the physical body to transcend physical life. We are living in the lowest state of consciousness you could possibly live in, especially in Western culture. The "me" generation, living at the lowest state when all the concentration on externals, where there is no sensation of anything in that body except the body. Totally lost. I think we are in the midst of a revolution. A quiet and individual revolution.

I go down to Gauntlet Enterprises, which I never thought would amount to anything—how could six people earn a living making tit-rings? Much to our surprise, it looks like we could have a franchise in major cities making millions of dollars a year in this business. The demand is there. There is a lot that people want today. The needs are not being met. The varnish of civilization has covered over what could be the means of meeting people's needs and wants; urgent, basic feelings they have. This varnish is going to crack. It's in the process of cracking. The fact that we are in the business of piercing people's bodies and putting in heavy-duty rings and they are getting pleasure from it and don't know what it's about, is an indication. About eight or nine years ago, an eccentric millionaire, using a pseudonym—Doug Molloy—gathered together about seven or eight people from all over the U.S., a couple out of the country, who were bonkers about body piercings. We all had self-made piercings on our genitals, nipples ... I had some of the most bizarre ones. We never thought there was anyone else in the world like ourselves. But this guy got us all together many times as a group in L.A. Lo and behold we discovered this was not an individual quirk but a universal. Everyone seems to have some feelings for this. We all discovered ways of making the best piercings ... Jim Ward happened to be a craftsmen jeweler at the time, so he got appointed to

make the stuff. We wondered what would make the best piercings: what would you put in a tongue, a cheek? That's how Gauntlet was born. A few years later, we got a magazine on the subject and got good reactions. A lot of people were interested. Finally, a nice little shop in L.A. It got way out of hand. People coming and going, buying jewelry, getting pierced. Never thought this would happen. A crack in the varnish.

Do you think it may just be a fad, though? Sometimes you can't separate a casual Marin County craze from ...

No, this has been going on and getting bigger. People hear about us from all over the world. France, Germany. Come down from San Francisco, Vancouver. Where would a girl get her clitoris pierced with a ring in it?

What about the religious and social significance of masochism? People might wonder, "isn't this destroying individualism?" Isn't this taking away our personalities and making us part of some mass?

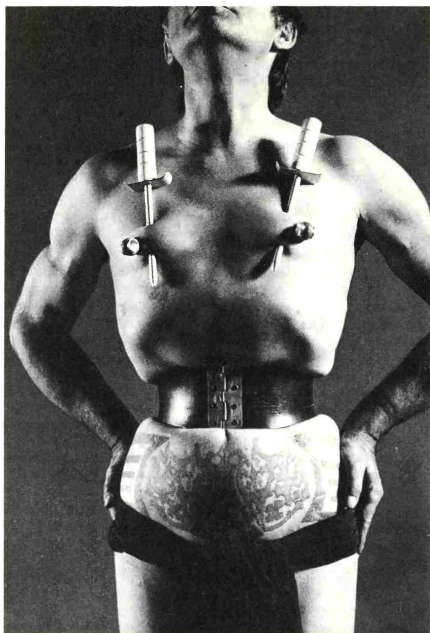
Bullshit. It's the opposite. It is an expression of individual needs. There are no two people getting pierced, tattooed, getting their body modified alike. They are the gutty ones and in the forefront of the new wave. These are the people who will lead us in the next hundred years. As I see it, finally there is being a reconciliation here. A way out of the middle ages and European culture and a fusion of science and magic. It's all happening right now and it is happening here. There is no more exciting time to live than right now. This urge, what it comes down to is, "What is the body?" In Western culture, people are so body-conscious they don't know they are just living in it. The only time you can start to figure that out is when you start piercing, tattooing, playing with it, modifying it. That is the only time you can start finding out who you are. That short instant when the needle is going through your flesh, you may have a realization of who you are. The needle is going through my body, but it's not going through me—so it doesn't hurt.

We've mystified our bodies ...

We are at the lowest state of consciousness there is. Even animals have a higher state of consciousness than most of these people running around in three-piece suits.

Is it a matter of reminding ourselves of mortality?

The point is, the idea of mortality and immortality is all messed up, and is very unreal. It all started with St. Paul and the perversion of the teachings of Christ. Jesus, like all the other enlightened ones to come along, showed people how to live, to transcend what they were in. Buddha, Lao Tze. But soon they always gathered around them a lot of people, there



Chest Daggers (1980)

were a few close ones who knew what they were doing. But soon people have their interpretations and start worshipping the personality. They are off the track, they never discover anything. There are so-called primitive people who are very advanced. Because they have a different technology than we have does not mean they are not ahead of us in many ways. The American Indians ... I am an Indian, I stepped into this body, this is the second time for me, when I consciously walked into a body. I've been around a long time. I did not reincarnate. Not go off into a limbo state and back into a blank slate condition. I came back with all the memories and experiences I had before. That's why I was a weird kid. I was a foreigner in an alien culture, I had the morals of another culture and had to learn to adjust without going into the pokey or the loony bin. I think I've done relatively well.

I was reading beforehand about Stellarc. I don't really know how much you two have an affinity with each other.

I would like to meet him but he won't meet me. He does not like to meet anyone else who does this. I think he thinks it's stealing his thunder. I think he's like those first two people we gathered together who had body piercings, thinking he's exclusive and won't enter the club. This is an art and he's doing something different.

He emphasizes the fact that this is an artistic experience, and as soon as I read that I thought, "this is very bourgeois." He is making this a middle-class diversion for people to go out of their boudoirs and watch and talk about....

I think he's kidding himself. I wrote a review on his book for *Piercing Fans International* magazine. I admire what he's doing. He has a tremendous amount of guts, but I think his civilization varnish has not been scrubbed enough. He feels very guilty about what he does and is trying to rationalize. As I understand it, he does it rather clandestinely, doesn't announce it. He does have some mystically-aligned observers. He is capable of enduring things longer than he does. He picked up the idea of hanging by fleshhooks by seeing in books or magazines hookhangers in Ceylon. They were doing it for mystic and religious purposes, he claims not to. When you are hung up by as many hooks as he is, it is possible to hang that way all day, only he does it for one and a half minutes, thirty minutes ... very short periods. If he hung for a longer length of time, he'd have a mystical experience. I can't help to think that he may have had one or been on the border and it scared the hell out of him. So he limits the length and calls it art.

Stellarc says the body is obsolete. Our cortical structure isn't able to handle the technology we've created. We can't really absorb it all. His

solution is to modify our body though technological means, artificial hands

...

That's his rationalization. It's bullshit.

It bothers me because he's putting a lot of faith in Western technology where people have been doing this for thousands of years ...

Why not have faith in Western technology? On the other hand, he's discovered something else. What he's dabbling in is magic technology. Hookhanging by the Ceylonese Hindus, ancient Dravidians, is something else again. Or the American Indian sundance or *O-Kee-Pah* ceremony. Where I think Stellarc is missing the point is that this is a point where we will merge. We don't have to worry about going off our rocker. We are merging science and technology. You listen to the babblings of the best physicists we have today, they are getting to the point where they sound like the alchemists used to. We've gotten to the point where we can synthesize magic, technology and science. Science technology is based upon identification of the body, so everything you do has to be done through externals. If you want to move a mountain you first have to invent a steam engine, then a power shovel and you have to make them in a factory. The Indian way of moving a mountain through magic technology was to sit there and become a very high guru, shaman, you look at the mountain, see it somewhere else, and one day it's in that other place. Both move mountains. In the new era, with the merger, we'll find out that some technologies work better for some jobs and some for others. Science may invent air conditioning but may not provide for deep urges people have to modify their body.

You don't agree with Stellarc then that we can plant electrodes and certain types of transistors in our body to better what we already have? Do we more or less already have it in our body or are we too limited?

We have the capability in our body or through the body. I look at myself now as a "dweller" in a body.

AESTHETIC TERRORISM

Adam Parfrey

aes • thet • ics / also aes • thet • ic / A branch of philosophy dealing with the nature of beauty, art, and taste, and with the creation and appreciation of beauty.

ter • ror • ism / the systematic use of terror esp as a means of coercion.

Terrorism can be advanced through art only if art threatens *action*. For such a phenomenon as Aesthetic Terrorism to occur, aesthetic pursuit must become symbolic not of its own decadently solipsistic pleasures (exemplified in the madness of des Esseintes in Huysmans' *Against Nature*), but of action taken beyond the pale of art world confines.

"Terrorism in art is called the avant-garde," quipped Alberto Moravia in his essay "The Aesthetics of Terrorism." If this was once the case, it is no longer. Most avant-garde art is viewed and created today as simply an enfolding reaction to its own history. This disingenuous game-playing guarantees that the avant-garde can no longer stimulate or even provoke. Dada and Futurist actions, which attempted to lead art out of the classroom and museum and into the streets, are simply appropriated by postmodernist facsimiles which capture the letter but little of the original essence. It hardly matters anyway. Avant-garde art has evolved into nothing more than a cultural benchwarmer, corporate tax write-off and public relations smokescreen. Art which openly espouses anti-corporate ideology is embraced as long as it hews to arbitrary standards invented by those taste-making and fortune-telling hirelings, the art critics. What could be wrong, after all, with a business world that allows people to say what they want (because it doesn't matter)?

Aesthetic Terrorism is a term more realistically applied to the faceless regime of consumer culture than the avant-garde. The onslaught of Muzak, ad jingles, billboards, top 40 tunes, commercials, corporate logos, etc., all fit the terrorist dynamic of *intrusion* and *coercion*. One almost forgets that aesthetics once implied a consensual relationship between the creators and appreciators of art. How often is it that one hears someone admitting a fondness for a media product "in spite" of himself? How many times have you heard a slogan or rancid tune ring in your ears like a brain-eating mantra? When consumer terror's avant-garde correlative, Pop Art, became indistinguishable from the object of its supposed social satire, it erased from big business its pejorative taint. Many of today's avant-garde stars have emerged from or entered the business world, some enormously suc-

cessful in the arcane number-juggling of speculation and commodities scams. Even freeloading on the state and private foundations is fair game only for those whose bureaucratic aptitude is matched by their shameless ass-kissing. It is not surprising that most grant recipients excel in little more than lawyeristic logorrhea and ingrained artistic timidity.

Critic-centered postmodernism spawned the phrase-art hybrid of Barbara Kruger and Jenny Holzer in which an advertising-style slogan is combined with an implied message or visual cue (usually swiped from some old magazine). Their posture is a hip cynicism which is supposed to subvert the "thrall" of the advertising command. Kruger and Holzer play the market like skillful double-agents, boosting themselves into the public eye through clever steals from Madison Avenue behaviorist techniques yet simultaneously troweling on crypto-Marxist jive to secure the perks of critical and academic currency. Their self-promotions worked when they were at the sidelines of the establishment. But now the social commentary grows increasingly hollow. Currently being groomed for jet-setting prominence by Soho millionairess Mary Boone, Kruger's contribution to the Whitney Biennial in 1987, for which she was paid a handsome sum, featured nothing more than a Jewish princess joke, "I Shop Therefore I Am." Winking at and wagging the tail of establishment hierarchy is part of that I-rib-you-gently-you-pay-me-off confidence game artists have been playing since the Renaissance courts. These contemporary court artists, like many of past centuries, smugly pretend to spit in the eye of the exploiters while allowing themselves to be pampered, de-loused—and when they aren't looking—de-clawed.

There are, of course, those artists, usually fresh out of university, who are unaccomplished at filling out grant forms, and therefore consider themselves "subversives." The majority of these art and rock magazine-styled rebels are playing out rebellion psychodramas to package and merchandize to consumerist sycophants. This strategy is (forgive the term) the simulacra of terrorism: the content seizes in the frozen attitudinizing of pose and goes no further.

We must look to the true outsiders and not the would-be insiders for an artist truly capable of effective counter-terror against the insidious mantras of consumerist brainwash. Terror means a threat, and the outsider's version of Aesthetic Terrorism belongs to those performances or arrangements of words and pictures that unleash the reactionary impulses of police and bourgeois artist/critic alike. The kind of art that evokes this wrath, fear and condemnation rejoices in its pagan spirit of *schadenfreude* which controverts the humanist piety of "enlightened victim." Anti-social sadism rarely receives patronage, however. Outside the corrupting realm of societal handouts, the Aesthetic Terrorist—much as this definition may

grate on him—is the last bastion of aesthetic purity.

It may come as a surprise to learn that a few artists are now producing work which finds itself classified as a thought crime, punishable by expulsion into a Siberia of non-distribution, and in a few cases by litigation and prison. *Pure* magazine, from Chicago, a xeroxed vehicle which extols child torture, murder, and extreme misogyny, tweaked too many civic-minded noses, and its editor, Peter Sotos, was tailed for nine months until he was nailed with charges of reproducing child pornography (one quite disputable xerox) and possession of child pornography (one magazine—*Incest IV*). Sotos' case is the first under a new Illinois law, enacted under influence of the Meese Commission Report, an example of First Amendment revisionism *par excellence*. It is apparent that Sotos is being tried not for his interest in violence, but his unhypercritical adulation of it outside mass media's "safe" venues of pornographic violence in the average comic book, action show, and crime novel. Mainstream consumer violence is, of course, sanctified by the safety-in-numbers moralizing of "crime-doesn't-pay" or by the sanctifying halo of state-sponsored murder. Sotos is all the more disquieting to the lynch mobs of the status quo in his celebration of the psychotic outsider such as Ted Bundy, Ian Brady, or John Wayne Gacy.

Sotos' case takes a disquieting turn when one considers that prison is in the offing for the simple *possession* of controversial material. One wonders if this dangerous legal precedent will swing open the doors to future round-ups of political offenders similar to Soviet edicts against *Samizdat* literature or West German laws which imprison those who possess the likeness of a swastika. Are "offensive" interests the *political* crime of the future? At the time of writing, Sotos' case has been in and out of court for fourteen months, placing him under massive debt, not to mention the probability of jail time, simply for writings and graphics which present violence humorously, cruelly, and without a humanist gloss.

The fellow who winged Pres. Reagan in demonstration of affection for Jodie Foster, richly deserves—as opposed to the comfortable and publicity-hungry—the mantle of Aesthetic Terrorist. Embodying the Byronic model of poetry and action, John Hinckley, Jr. made the "mistake" of valuing visual poetry (Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*) as a greater reality, and acting accordingly. Hinckley is the victim of an era whose enforced cynicism judges any act of Romanticism (that is to say, *belief*) psychopathic. His poems and letters written prior to his outburst of Nietzschean heroism were dismissed as nothing more than trial evidence. Yet the writing throbs with intense sincerity and vitality of deed, devoid of the offhand, wan ironies of academic nihilism:

Narbonne, 12
Three years ago at age 9, Ted Narbonne vanished from his home in San Francisco. Since then he is now 12 years old and has been found in the state of California.

Robert Fontes, 6
Robert and his brother, Chris, were abducted three years ago from Oakland, Calif. Robert is 6, has a scar on his forehead and his hair and eyes are brown.

Etan Patz, 11
It is said that the first part of the movie "Witness" was based on the disappearance of Etan Patz. He is 11 years old, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Chris Fontes, 5
Robert, three years ago in Oakland, Calif., Christopher, now has brown hair and eyes. The boys' abduction may be related to the "Roberta" or "Dorothy" case.

Raylene Halsey, 13
Raylene Thomas Halsey, now 13, disappeared from her home in Marion, La., last January. She has blond hair, blue eyes and a scar on her upper lip and nose.

Ann Gottlieb, 13
June 1, Ann Gottlieb's apple was found at a six-year-old. She was abducted from Louisville, Ky. Ann has brown hair and eyes and a scar on her forehead.

Daniel Fihadidy, 9
Just eight months ago, Daniel Fihadidy was abducted from Los Angeles. He is 9 years old and has brown hair and eyes.

Bryan Richter, 7
Bryan Thomas Richter is 7 years old. He was abducted from Louisville, Ky. Bryan has brown hair and eyes and a scar on his forehead.

Bryan Richter, 7
Bryan Thomas Richter is 7 years old. He was abducted from Louisville, Ky. Bryan has brown hair and eyes and a scar on his forehead.

Peter Sotos' Pure (above)

Purer still (below)

Jesus said to the Jews:

"Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it."

Saint John 8:44

"...BY DEFENDING MYSELF AGAINST THE JEW, I AM FIGHTING FOR THE WORK OF THE LORD."

National
Socialist
Movement

ADOLF HITLER
Mein Kampf, 1:2

My fist keeps you down
 Knuckles cross over yr eyes
 You feel it? me I tear skirt
 falls - thighs paste across
 the dash - my fist
 See!
 I fit yr body, "just a kid"
 tight till you squirm
 all around it. Hot and wet with
 juice & tears, crying under
 me
 Fist the shape of a
 birds head with
 giggles & grunt

or:

Penis is cold
 is hard see
 and touch -
 Strung so tight
 yr face a blue blur
 flicks across screen
 in Blk & Wht
 playing guitar on my spine
 The camera out of focus
 comes all over
 my leg

John Hinckley's true crime: he means what he says.

What is philosophy but thinking about thought? The masters of thought in previous centuries had traditionally gravitated to monasteries or ivory towers. The new millennarian monasteries are masquerading as high-security penitentiaries where the cream of society's misfits are forced by circumstance into contemplation of the eternal mysteries. Like Aldous Huxley, Charles Manson experimented with psychoactive drugs and reached states of internal illumination consonant with many practitioners of the left-handed path. Unlike Huxley, Manson expanded this sense of illumination with social experimentation, and claims to hold the keys to the mysteries for which modern science holds no answer. Here is his conception of time, translated from psychedelic revelation into word:

They say Time is distant.
 Time, Time, Time is infinite.
 It is Time!
 Hands slowly moving.
 Time is Time is Time is infinite.
 Hands slowly moving.
 Unwinding springs.
 Wrenching minds,
 TIME!
 It is Time!
 Time is infinite,
 Clock-work time.
 Time to exist and to kiss,
 Time of bliss,
 Time to miss.
 Is it Time?
 A crucial Time,
 In a football game,
 They yell: Time Out!
 Time isn't out.
 Time is in!
 Once upon a Time,
 There was Time.
 And there still is.
 Time is every second of Time!
 Do Time!
 A word on and about Time,
 About infinity.
 About Time for a crime,
 Give me a second, a minute, an hour,
 Time for me, Time for you,
 Time for infinity ...
 There is still Time!
 T I M E !!!

If we are to believe Szasz, Laing, Deleuze and Guattari, schizophrenia is a mental reaction specific to a capitalist environment. We are likewise informed by other spokesmen of the medical community that conspiracy theorists and racists by and large suffer from a kind of paranoid schizophrenic delusion. The definition of schizophrenia is enlarging daily, and it would not be surprising to find out that in a few years that anyone who does not vote, work, or believe in the two party system is a confirmed

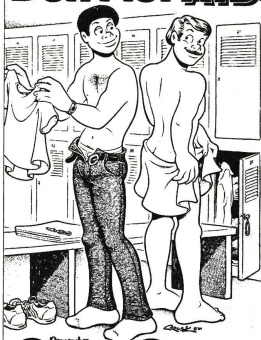
The same day this advertisement ran in the *New York Times* an editorial appeared, calling for stricter laws against child pornography



Bonnie Doon

Great Sex!

Don't let AIDS stop it.



Don't let him come in your ass. Don't come in his.



Don't come in his mouth. Don't let him come in yours.



Don't rim.



Jacking off is hot and safe.



Affection is our best protection.

Remember....
Great Sex
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hebephrenic deserving of "treatment." With this in mind, the most refreshing art or tracts I've seen lately have been from clinical schizophrenics and racist revolutionaries. Their avenging monomania powerfully transcends the wan self-pity and hair-splittings of the status quo. When reason and enlightenment ignore and perpetuate the monstrosity of a fatally poisoned earth, monstrous proposals may be the only way to get anyone to listen, to face the hard facts of our imminent demise.

The most disturbing examples of Aesthetic Terrorism may nowadays be the absurdist yet sanctioned mutations of mass-market consciousness. Cartoonist Howard Cruse's poster for the Gay Men's Health Crisis extolling "Great Sex! Don't let AIDS stop it" brings us to a realm of vertiginous nausea unexplored by even the like of Peter Sotos. In a style more suited to depicting the Seven Dwarfs than fuck-buddies on the verge of contracting a horrendous terminal disease, Cruse lectures us à la Romper Room that sucking a black man's anus is a no-no.

The Aesthetic Terrorists of half a millennia ago, the Ranters, were burnt at the stake for suggesting the then demonic idea that every human was in some way god-like and should therefore find freedom in the exercise of free will. The embodiment of contemporary demonism is represented, without a doubt, in fantasies and representations of Nazi genocide. The neo-Nazi flyer (pictured) understands this, joyously short-circuiting synapses with its pairing of Christ and Hitler as saintly anti-Semitic evangelicals. This propaganda bleaches the pagan Hitler in the Purex morality of Christianity, painting an elegant chiaroscuro of light and dark, as evident in the shadow-play of its moralities as in its typography and design. Huysmans' *des Esseintes* would enjoy the heady sensuality of its delirious irony, understanding that most of it would be lost to journalistically corrupted vulgarians. The dark poetry of the flyer never announces itself *as poetry*, and its self-effacing servility *as propaganda* adds yet another layer of chill to its overall effect. One may have to go back as far as Lautreamont's *Maldoror* to find Aesthetic Terrorism of comparable density.

In the
Supreme Court of Illinois

PEOPLE OF THE STATE
OF ILLINOIS,

Plaintiff-Appellant,

No. 64173 v.

JOHN E. GEEVER and
CHARLENE GEEVER,

Defendants-Appellees.

} Appeal from the Circuit
Court of the Eighteenth
Judicial Circuit, DuPage
County, Illinois, Nos.
85 CF 2162 & 85 CF 2163.

—
The Honorable
Edward W. Kowal,
Judge Presiding.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE
OF ILLINOIS,

Plaintiff-Appellant,

No. 64466 v.

PETER SOTOS,

Defendant-Appellee.

} Appeal from the Circuit
Court of Cook County,
Illinois, Criminal Divi-
sion, No. 86 CR 211.

—
The Honorable
Themis N. Karnezis,
Judge Presiding.

**BRIEF AND APPENDIX FOR
DEFENDANT-APPELLEE PETER SOTOS**

LOUIS B. GARIPPO, LTD.

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INTERVIEW WITH PETER SOTOS OF PURE

What drives you to create such painstakingly graphic exposés on cruel, perverse human behavior?

I'm a great fan of extreme sexual violence and sadism and so spend a lot of time researching and enjoying those people who share my tastes. Often the information I come across is marred by moralism or watered down by "good taste." I gather information and materials from many different sources and then place it in a much more honest and sexually satisfying light. *Pure* is a product of my tastes.

Certainly, if you are personally involved with crime you could never divulge it, although I would like to know if you are a participant or a passive viewer and admirer.

My sexual tastes stem from a full philosophy and *weltanschauung* and, I assure you, there are myriad ways and opportunities to enjoy their pleasures without getting my hands ostentatiously dirty. There is nothing passive about my tastes.

What draws you to personalities who have indulged in acts of extreme sadism and why have you spent such time and energy to publicly declare your interest and approval of those who break taboos?

I'm attracted to real individuals who have succeeded in wrenching the most enjoyment out of their lives. Individuals who have reached pinnacles of power and pleasure.

By publishing *Pure*, I, in a small way, recoup momentarily some of the energy I spend on my personal pleasures. Also, I'm able to make myself available to a greater wealth of the material that I enjoy. Some subscribers have been most helpful in opening up areas of previously denied access.

What is admirable of the rampant killer, and butcher?

I don't find everyone who kills, beats or rapes someone admirable. I'm interested and respectful of those who view and understand their instincts completely and correctly and then go about satisfying them. My tastes run very similar to those of Ian Brady and I enjoy his work because it is 100% honest and self-concerned. He fucked and tortured little Lesley Downey every way imaginable before smashing her tiny skull in half. I find fuck-ups like Charles Manson and Ed Gein terribly boring and laughable because they had no idea of what they really wanted. They may have been responding to similar instincts shared with Brady but that's where the similarities end. It's analogous to fine music—anyone can bash an instru-

ment and make noise but it takes a skilled, intelligent and insightful individual to make music.

What inspired your interests in graphic violence and what is and was alluring about the subject?

I've always followed a rigorous route of self-examination and individuation. It was easy to see a general dissatisfaction with normally accepted sexual modes and I soon discerned it was the only interesting thing in the act. It's obvious really. Ian Brady, Ted Bundy, Sutcliffe, Kurten—all of them did exactly what all men would like to do, it's just that too many men are insecure and scared, they would rather be coddled.

Do parents, friends, employers know of Pure? How do they react?

I don't feel any need to proselytize or pontificate and I have many acquaintances and associates who need not know of my interests. I can get a lot more done that way.

Have you had problems with women's groups, organizations, authorities, customs?

Customs have been a real problem. The magazine has been seized by English Customs Officers as obscene and resulted in the subscriber's house being raided by Vice Police looking for "similar material." Also Aquilifer Sodality, one of our better and more extreme distributors has had some problems in this area.

We've gotten some ridiculous threats but none of any substance. [This interview evidently took place before Sotos' arrest.] Advertising is a problem as well. Even S & M magazines have refused us as have most of the supposed freethinking rags.

You performed with Whitehouse. What were the origins of your meetings and what aspects of their work do you enjoy? Do you still enjoy their work?

I've been corresponding with the Come Organisation for quite a while now and regard both William Bennett and Kevin Tomkins with a great deal of respect. Often, I find when I'm writing an article I'll use a Whitehouse lyric line or song title—we seem to share quite a few tastes. Whitehouse captures a lot of the strength, energy and lust that I feel is inherent in sexual violence and extreme sadism. Yes, I do still enjoy their work—*Great White Death* is an absolute classic lp.

What other music and art, film, etc., has inspired you and what makes this material worthy of attention?

My favorite films are two dog fuck loops by Bob Wolf and Chuck Trayner and starring Linda Lovelace; *Dog Fucker* and *Dog-A-Rama*. Chuck's genius and power over Linda is clearly in evidence. Linda, down

on all fours, actually chases the dog around on the floor and then spends a great deal of time sucking and licking the dog's hairy red balls in *Dog Fucker*.

Art seems to be a good job for confused people—I'm not too interested in them actually. Although I do like Hermann Nitsch's work, but for reasons other than his ridiculous theories of course. I find most of the people I respect and admire and who inspire me are just people who set excellent examples by getting on with their lives. Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels and Streicher are another breed of genius who inspire me greatly. Sade certainly.

Discuss the response Pure has received, where it is most requested/sold and what types of individuals do you see as being attracted to Pure.

The response has been very favorable and growing, I'm glad to say, rapidly. The magazine does very well in Europe and seems to have found its largest audience among those involved with or interested in violent electronic music. This is largely due to the fact that most of the distributors who handle *Pure* are mainly music services.

Unfortunately, I do get some mail from dolts that drool on about subversion, genital piercing, Crowley and other childish games but they're in the minority and thankfully, drop off rather quickly. The people that stay interested are, for the most part, intelligent and very diligent in their pursuit of pleasure. I also get letters from people with heavy porn tastes and want something a bit stronger.

Many would claim you hate women, hate humanity, hate homosexuality—perhaps you can address these ideas.

I do not hate many things—few things annoy me that much. Females are dogs whose only worth is as pawns for my pleasure. Almost exclusively, this involves physical violence. Homos are a bit more attractive than women when they're on top but disgusting when they're on bottom. That sort of submissiveness stinks of femaleness. Also, I dislike phony sadism such as that practiced by leatherboys, but I appreciate their promiscuity. Real power and real violence can only be enjoyed when it is imposed and forced upon people with brutal, unending consequences.

I enjoy life a great deal and, in fact, dislike misanthropes. I also find people who classify themselves as humanitarians very enjoyable indeed. Often their tears and wails and pain over molested children and slaughtered co-eds can be very exciting.

(The preceding interview was conducted by Paul Lemos.)



THE CASE AGAINST ART

John Zerzan

Art is always about "something hidden." But does it help us connect with that hidden something? I think it moves us away from it.

During the first million or so years as reflective beings humans seem to have created no art. As Jameson put it, art had no place in that "unfallen social reality" because there was no need for it. Though tools were fashioned with an astonishing economy of effort and perfection of form, the old cliché about the aesthetic impulse as one of the irreducible components of the human mind is invalid.

The oldest enduring works of art are hand-prints, produced by pressure or blown pigment—a dramatic token of direct impress on nature. Later in the Upper Paleolithic era, about 30,000 years ago, commenced the rather sudden appearance of the cave art associated with names like Altamira and Lascaux. These images of animals possess an often breathtaking vibrancy and naturalism, though current sculpture, such as the widely-found "Venus" statuettes of women, was quite stylized. Perhaps this indicates that domestication of people was to precede domestication of nature. Significantly, the "sympathetic magic" or hunting theory of earliest art is now waning in light of evidence that nature was bountiful rather than threatening.

The veritable explosion of art at this time bespeaks an anxiety not felt before: in Worringer's words, "creation in order to subdue the torment of perception." Here is the appearance of the symbolic, as a moment of discontent. It was a social anxiety; people felt something precious slipping away. The rapid development of ritual or ceremony parallels the birth of art, and we are reminded of the earliest ritual re-enactments of the moment of "the beginning," the primordial paradise of the timeless present. Pictorial representation roused the belief in controlling loss, the belief in coercion itself.

In the earliest evidence of symbolic division, as with the half-human, half-beast stone faces at El Juyo, the world is divided into opposing forces, by which binary distinction the contrast of culture and nature begins and a productionist, hierarchical society is perhaps already prefigured.

The perceptual order itself, as a unity, starts to break down in reflection of an increasingly complex social order. A hierarchy of senses, with the visual steadily more separate from the others and seeking its completion in artificial images such as cave paintings, moves to replace the full simul-

taneity of sensual gratification. Levi-Strauss discovered, to his amazement, a tribal people that had been able to see Venus in daytime; but not only were our faculties once so very acute, they were also not ordered and separate. Part of training sight to appreciate the objects of culture was the accompanying repression of immediacy in an intellectual sense: reality was removed in favor of merely aesthetic experience. Art anaesthetizes the sense organs and removes the natural world from their purview. This reproduces culture, which can never compensate for the disability.

Not surprisingly, the first signs of a departure from those egalitarian principles that characterized hunter-gatherer life show up now. The shamanistic origin of visual art and music has been often remarked, the point here being that the artist-shaman was first the specialist. It seems likely that the ideas of surplus and commodity appeared with the shaman, whose orchestration of symbolic activity portended further alienation and stratification.

Art, like language, is a system of symbolic exchange that introduces exchange itself. It is also a necessary device for holding together a community based on the first symptoms of unequal life. Tolstoy's statement that "art is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feeling," elucidates art's contribution to social cohesion at the dawn of culture. Socializing rituals required art; art works originated in the service of ritual; the ritual production of art and the artistic production of ritual are the same. "Music," wrote Seu-ma-tsen, "is what unifies."

As the need for solidarity accelerated, so did the need for ceremony; art also played a role in its mnemonic function. Art, with myth closely following, served as the semblance of real memory. In the recesses of the caves, earliest indoctrination proceeded via the paintings and other symbols, intended to inscribe rules in depersonalized, collective memory. Nietzsche saw the training of memory, especially the memory of obligations, as the beginning of civilized morality. Once the symbolic process of art developed it dominated memory as well as perception, putting its stamp on all mental functions. Cultural memory meant that one person's actions could be compared with those of another, including portrayed ancestors, and future behavior anticipated and controlled. Memories became externalized, akin to property but not even the property of the subject.

Art turns the subject into object, into symbol. The shaman's role was to objectify reality; this happened to outer nature and to subjectivity alike because alienated life demanded it. Art provided the medium of conceptual transformation by which the individual was separated from nature and dominated, at the deepest level, socially. Art's ability to symbolize and direct human emotion accomplished both ends. What we were led to accept as necessity, in order to keep ourselves oriented in nature and society,

was at base the invention of the symbolic world, the Fall of Man.

The world must be mediated by art (and human communication by language, and being by time) due to division of labor, as seen in the nature of ritual. The real object, in its particularity, does not appear in ritual; instead, an abstract one is used, so that the terms of ceremonial expression are open to substitution. The conventions needed in division of labor, with its standardization and loss of the unique, are those of ritual, of symbolization. The process is at base identical, based on equivalence. Production of goods, as the hunter-gatherer mode is gradually liquidated in favor of agriculture (historical production) and religion (full symbolic production), is also ritual production.

The agent, again, is the shaman-artist, en-route to priesthood, leader by reason of mastering his own immediate desires via the symbol. All that is spontaneous, organic and instinctive is to be neutered by art and myth.

Recently the painter Eric Fischl presented at the Whitney Museum a couple in the act of sexual intercourse. A video camera recorded their actions and projected them on a tv monitor before the two. The man's eyes were riveted to the image on the screen, which was clearly more exciting than the act itself. The evocative cave pictures, volatile in the dramatic, lamp-lit depths, began the transfer exemplified in Fischl's tableau, in which even the most primal acts can become secondary to their representation. Conditioned self-distancing from real existence has been a goal of art from the beginning. Similarly, the category of audience, of supervised consumption, is nothing new, as art has striven to make life itself an object of contemplation.

As the Paleolithic Age gave way to the Neolithic arrival of agriculture and civilization—production, private property, written language, government and religion—culture could be seen more fully as spiritual decline via division of labor, though global specialization and a mechanistic technology did not prevail until the late Iron Age.

The vivid representation of late hunter-gatherer art was replaced by a formalistic, geometrical style, reducing pictures of animals and humans to symbolic shapes. This narrow stylization reveals the artist shutting himself off from the wealth of empirical reality and creating the symbolic universe. The aridity of linear precision is one of the hallmarks of this turning point, calling to mind the Yoruba, who associate line with civilization: "This country has become civilized," literally means, in Yoruba, "this earth has lines upon its face." The inflexible forms of truly alienated society are everywhere apparent; Gordon Childe, for example, referring to this spirit, points out that the pots of a Neolithic village are all alike. Relatedly, warfare in the form of combat scenes makes its first appearance in art.



Poster from the Nazi Degenerate Art Exhibit (above)
From the exhibit catalogue, demonstrating that modern art is the
result of neurological disorders (below)



Abb. 109



Abb. 110



Abb. 111



Abb. 112



Abb. 113. Porträt: 114. Mangeloch: 115.
Opfer: 116. Lächeln der 8. grade-gegrün-
terten: 118. Wäcker: 119. 120.

Die Abb. 109-112, 117, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124 und 125 sind aus
den Bildern der modernen Schule, die besonders hervorstechende Merkmale der
denen geistig-krankhaften Abb. 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132,
133, 134 zeigen. Es sind die geistig-krankhaften Abb. 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

getreues Bild von dem Zustand unseres Volksgesamtes und den Zu-
ständen seiner Umwelt, so gibt es kaum ein Wort, das das Ver-
hältnis dieses Prüfungsgegenstandes deutlich genug zu bezeichnen ver-
möchte. Es bestehen hier drei Möglichkeiten:

Entweder ist das, was als Kunst auf Märkten und sonst abgesetzt
ist, eine Verhöhnung, eine Verhöhnung des Wesens des gesamten
deutschen Volkes. Dann ist diese allerdings unsere Kultur nicht nur

The work of art was in no sense autonomous at this time; it served society in a direct sense, an instrument of the needs of the new collectivity. There had been no worship-cults during the Paleolithic, but now religion held sway, and it is worth remembering that for thousands of years art's function will be to depict the gods. Meanwhile, what Glück stressed about African tribal architecture was true in all other cultures as well: sacred buildings came to life on the model of those of the secular ruler. And though not even the first signed works show up before the late Greek period, it is not inappropriate to turn here to art's realization, some of its general features.

Art not only creates the symbols of and for a society, it is a basic part of the symbolic matrix of estranged social life. Oscar Wilde said that art does not imitate life, but vice versa; which is to say that life follows symbolism, not forgetting that it is (deformed) life that produces symbolism. Every art form, according to T.S. Eliot, is "an attack upon the inarticulate." Upon the unsymbolized, he should have said.

Both painter and poet have always wanted to reach the silence behind and within art and language, leaving the question of whether the individual, in adopting these modes of expression didn't settle for far too little. Though Bergson tried to approach the goal of thought without symbols, such a breakthrough seems impossible outside our active undoing of all the layers of alienation. In the extremity of revolutionary situations, immediate communication has bloomed, if briefly.

The primary function of art is to objectify feeling, by which one's own motivations and identity are transformed into symbol and metaphor. All art, as symbolization, is rooted in the creation of substitutes, surrogates for something else; by its very nature therefore, it is a falsification. Under the guise of "enriching the quality of human experience," we accept vicarious, symbolic descriptions of how we should feel, trained to need such public images of sentiment that ritual art and myth provide for our psychic security.

Life in civilization is lived almost wholly in a medium of symbols. Not only scientific or technological activity but aesthetic activity consists largely of symbol processing. The laws of aesthetic form are canons of symbolization, often expressed quite unspiritually. It is widely averred, for example, that a limited number of mathematical figures account for the efficacy of art. There is Cezanne's famous dictum to "treat nature by the cylinder, the sphere and the cone," and Kandinsky's judgment that "the impact of the acute angle of a triangle on a circle produces an effect no less powerful than the finger of God touching the finger of Adam in Michelangelo." The sense of a symbol, as Charles Pierce concluded, is its

translation into another symbol, thus an endless reproduction, with the real always displaced.

Though art is not fundamentally concerned with beauty, its inability to rival nature sensuously has evoked many unfavorable comparisons. "Moonlight is sculpture," wrote Hawthorne; Shelley praised the "unpremeditated art" of the skylark; Verlaine pronounced the sea more beautiful than all the cathedrals. And so on, with sunsets, snowflakes, flowers, etc., beyond the symbolic products of art. Jean Arp, in fact, termed "the most perfect picture" nothing more than "a warty, threadbare approximation, a dry porridge."

Why then would one respond positively to art? As compensation and palliative, because our relationship to nature and life is so deficient and disallows an authentic one. As Motherlant put it, "One gives to one's art what one has not been capable of giving to one's existence." It is true for artist and audience alike; art, like religion, arises from unsatisfied desire.

Art should be considered a religious activity and category also in the sense of Nietzsche's aphorism, "We have Art in order not to perish of Truth." Its consolation explains the widespread preference for metaphor over a direct relationship to the genuine article. If pleasure were somehow released from every restraint, the result would be the antithesis of art. In a dominated life freedom does not exist outside art, however, and so even a tiny, deformed fraction of the riches of being is welcomed. "I create in order not to cry," revealed Klee.

This separate realm of contrived life is both impotent and in complicity with the actual nightmare that prevails. In its institutionalized separation it corresponds to religion and ideology in general, where its elements are not, and cannot be, actualized; the work of art is a selection of possibilities unrealized except in symbolic terms. Arising from the sense of loss referred to above, it conforms to religion not only by reason of its confinement to an ideal sphere and its absence of any dissenting consequences, but it can hence be no more than thoroughly neutralized critique at best.

Frequently compared to play, art and culture—like religion—have more often worked as generators of guilt and oppression. Perhaps the ludic function of art, as well as its common claim to transcendence, should be estimated as one might reassess the meaning of Versailles: by contemplating the misery of the workers who perished draining its marshes.

Clive Bell pointed to the intention of art to transport us from the plane of daily struggle "to a world of aesthetic exaltation," paralleling the aim of religion. Malraux offered another tribute to the conservative office of art when he wrote that, without art works civilization would crumble "within fifty years" ... becoming "enslaved to instincts and to elementary dreams."

Hegel determined that art and religion also have "this in common, namely, having entirely universal matters as content." This feature of generality, of meaning without concrete reference, serves to introduce the notion that ambiguity is a distinctive sign of art.

Usually depicted positively, as a revelation of truth free of the contingencies of time and place, the impossibility of such a formulation only illuminates another moment of falseness about art. Kierkegaard found the defining trait of the aesthetic outlook to be its hospitable reconciliation of all points of view and its evasion of choice. This can be seen in the perpetual compromise that at once valorizes art only to repudiate its intent and content with, "Well, after all, it is only art."

Today culture is commodity and art perhaps the star commodity. The situation is understood inadequately as the product of a centralized culture industry, à la Horkheimer and Adorno. We witness, rather, a mass diffusion of culture dependent on participation for its strength, not forgetting that the critique must be of culture itself, not of its alleged control.

Daily life has become aestheticized by a saturation of images and music, largely through the electronic media, the representation of representation. Image and sound, in their ever-presence, have become a void, ever more absent of meaning for the individual. Meanwhile, the distance between artist and spectator has diminished, a narrowing that only highlights the absolute distance between aesthetic experience and what is real. This perfectly duplicates the spectacle at large: separate and manipulating, perpetual aesthetic experience and a demonstration of political power.

Reacting against the increasing mechanization of life, avant-garde movements have not, however, resisted the spectacular nature of art any more than orthodox tendencies have. In fact, one could argue that Aestheticism, or "art for art's sake," is more radical than an attempt to engage alienation with its own devices. The late nineteenth-century *art pour l'art* development was a self-reflective rejection of the world, as opposed to the avant-garde effort to somehow organize life around art. A valid moment of doubt lies behind Aestheticism, the realization that division of labor has diminished experience and turned art into just another specialization: art shed its illusory ambitions and became its own content.

The avant-garde has generally staked out wider claims, projecting a leading role denied it by modern capitalism. It is best understood as a social institution peculiar to technological society that so strongly prizes novelty; it is predicated on the progressivist notion that reality must be constantly updated. But avant-garde culture cannot compete with the modern world's capacity to shock and transgress (and not just symbolically). Its demise is another datum that the myth of progress is itself



The artist Congo, whose paintings sell for thousands of dollars



bankrupt.

Dada was one of the last two major avant-garde movements, its negative image greatly enhanced by the sense of general historical collapse radiated by World War I. Its partisans claimed, at times, to be against all "isms," including the idea of art. But painting cannot negate painting, nor can sculpture invalidate sculpture, keeping in mind that all symbolic culture is the co-opting of perception, expression and communication. In fact, Dada was a quest for new artistic modes, its attack on the rigidities and irrelevancies of bourgeois art a factor in the advance of art; Hans Richter's memoirs referred to "the regeneration of visual art that Dada had begun." If World War I almost killed art, the Dadaists reformed it.

Surrealism is the last school to assert the political mission of art. Before trailing off into Trotskyism and/or art-world fame, the Surrealists upheld chance and the primitive as ways to unlock "the Marvelous" which society imprisons in the unconscious. The false judgment that would have re-introduced art into everyday life and thereby transfigured it certainly misunderstood the relationship of art to repressive society. The real barrier is not between art and social reality, which are one, but between desire and the existing world. The Surrealists' aim of inventing a new symbolism and mythology upheld those categories and mistrusted unmediated sensuality. Concerning the latter, Breton held that "enjoyment is a science; the exercise of the senses demands a personal initiation and therefore you need art."

Modernist abstraction resumed the trend begun by Aestheticism, in that it expressed the conviction that only by a drastic restriction of its field of vision could art survive. With the least stain of embellishment possible in formal language, art became increasingly self-referential, in its search for a "purity" that was hostile to narrative. Guaranteed not to represent anything, modern painting is consciously nothing more than a flat surface with paint on it.

But the strategy of trying to empty art of symbolic value, the insistence on the work of art as an object in its own right in a world of objects, proved a virtually self-annihilating method. This "radical physicality," based on aversion to authority though it was, never amounted to more, in its objectness, than simple commodity status. The sterile grids of Mondrian and the repeated all-black squares of Reinhardt echo this acquiescence no less than hideous twentieth-century architecture in general. Modernist self-liquidation was parodied by Rauschenberg's 1953 *Erased Drawing*, exhibited after his month-long erasure of a de Kooning drawing. The very concept of art, Duchamp's showing of a urinal in a 1917 exhibition notwithstanding, became an open question in the 50s and has grown steadily undefinable since.

Pop Art demonstrated that the boundaries between art and mass media (e.g. ads and comics) are dissolving. Its perfunctory and mass-produced look is that of the whole society and the detached, blank quality of a Warhol and his products sum it up. Banal, morally weightless, depersonalized images, cynically manipulated by a fashion-conscious marketing strategem: the nothingness of modern art and its world revealed.

The proliferation of art styles and approaches in the 60s—conceptual, minimalist, performance, etc.—and the accelerated obsolescence of most art brought the “postmodern” era, a displacement of the formal “purism” of modernism by an eclectic mix from past stylistic achievements. This is basically a tired, spiritless recycling of used-up fragments, announcing that the development of art is at an end. Against the global devaluing of the symbolic, moreover, it is incapable of generating new symbols and scarcely even makes an effort to do so.

Occasional critics, like Thomas Lawson, bemoan art’s current inability “to stimulate the growth of really troubling doubt,” little noticing that a quite noticeable movement of doubt threatens to throw over art itself. Such “critics” cannot grasp that art must remain alienation and as such must be superseded, that art is disappearing because the immemorial separation between nature and art is a death sentence for the world that must be voided.

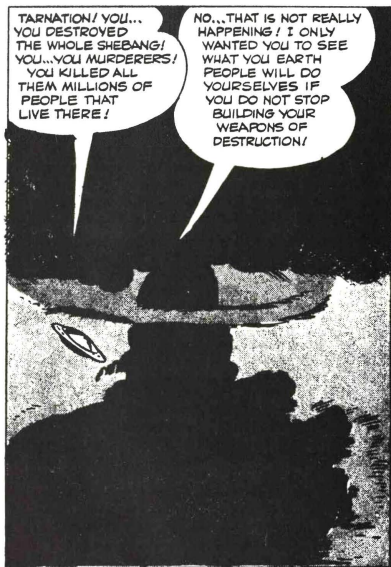
Deconstruction, for its part, announced the project of decoding Literature and indeed the “texts,” or systems of signification, throughout all culture. But this attempt to reveal supposedly hidden ideology is stymied by its refusal to consider origins or historical causation, an aversion it inherited from structuralism/poststructuralism. Derrida, deconstruction’s seminal figure, deals with language as solipsism, consigned to self-interpretation; he engages not in critical activity but in writing about writing. Rather than a de-constructing of impacted reality, this approach is merely a self-contained academicism, in which Literature, like modern painting before it, never departs from concern with its own surface.

Meanwhile, since Piero Manzoni canned his own feces and sold them in a gallery and Chris Burden had himself shot in the arm and crucified to a Volkswagen, we see in art ever more fitting parables of its end, such as the self-portraits drawn by Anastasi—with his eyes closed. “Serious” music is long dead and popular music deteriorates; poetry nears collapse and retreats from view; drama, which moved from the Absurd to Silence, is dying; and the novel is eclipsed by non-fiction as the only way to write seriously.

In a jaded, enervated age, when it seems to speak is to say less, art is certainly less. Baudelaire was obliged to claim a poet’s dignity in a society which had no more dignity to hand out. A century and more later how in-

escapable is the truth of that condition and how much more threadbare is the consolation or station of "timeless" art.

Adorno began his last book thus: "Today it goes without saying that nothing concerning art goes without saying, much less without thinking. Everything about art has become problematic: its inner life, its relation to society, even its right to exist." But *Aesthetic Theory* affirms art, just as Marcuse's last work did, testifying to despair and to the difficulty of assailing the hermetically sealed ideology of culture. And although other "radicals," such as Habermas, counsel that the desire to abolish symbolic mediation is irrational, it is becoming clearer that when we really experiment with our hearts and hands the sphere of art is shown to be pitiable. In the transfiguration we must enact the symbolic will be left behind and art refused in favor of the real. Play, creativity, self-expression and authentic experience will recommence at that moment.



APOCALYPSE SCIENCE

Whatever happened to the future? I mean that glowing vision of technological omniscience that was to solve all earthly problems and free the species to play and ponder the infinite as promised in Walter Cronkite's television series, *The Twenty-First Century*, World's Fair exhibits, NASA predictions, or Walt Disney's Tomorrowland (now merely a shadow of its former self).

The West's technological romanticism, and by extension, its ambition and pride, has in recent years been whittled down into mere nostalgic memory. There is a great confluence of reasons for this, not least among them a reckoning with the West's hubristic arrogance towards nature (now unfortunately emulated by the third world whose natural resources are being depleted in the time it takes to say "The Council of Foreign Relations"). Something else, however, is afoot. Money-conscious dogmatism has atomized the West into a mass of greedy individuals with contempt for any values beyond *Looking Out for Number One*. Guilt for this new-found crass materialism can now be officially purged in an equalitarian "Era of Limits"-style impotence of the will and imagination. (Example: "My God, how can you have a space program when there are starving children and injustice in the world?")

New technology is consumer, business, or war-oriented. No more do we have science as an end in itself, a value worth extolling, a yardstick of the triumph of reason and man's adaptability. No more are we promised technologies that would create a plentiful and non-exhaustible supply of energy and food. The twenty-hour work week was predicted by major scientists in 1965 to have been realized by 1990. Transportation was going to be cheap but non-polluting. In fact, the whole pollution and population problem was, in the International Geophysical Year (1957), supposed to have been well on its way to being solved.

What we have instead are such business-oriented advances as genetic cloning ("orange juice without the orange"), personal computers, the UPC code and the quite dubious enrichments generated by the defense industry's "Star Wars" plan. There are of course some liberating aspects to the computers and xerox machines (both widely banned in Communist

countries), but their potential for mass control is ghastly.

It has been pointed out that science fiction often precedes science fact. Most sci-fi novelists recognize that they are providing psychic blueprints, and even propaganda, for the future, as did H.G. Wells in *The Shape of Things to Come* (1925) or in much of Jules Verne's visionary fiction. In *The Mind at the End of its Tether* (1943), however, Wells recanted his life's work propagandizing technological progressivism. Bitterly disillusioned by the conduct of mankind during World War II, Wells admitted that tools were only as good as the men wielding them. The genre's most respected dystopian, J.G. Ballard, who from the start recognized our dire position, employs a kind of reverse psychology, jinxing the thrall of apocalypse culture by beating it at its own game. He explains this paranoid strategy in *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*:

... I believe that the catastrophe story, whoever may tell it, represents a constructive and positive act by the imagination rather than a negative one, an attempt to confront the terrifying void of a patently meaningless universe by challenging it at its own game, to remake zero by provoking it in every conceivable way.

It was Charles Fort who mused, "I think we are property." This startling idea—which must have seemed damned frightening in the isolationist milieu of turn-of-the-century America—is today taken by many as a ray of hope, that at least the cosmic herdsmen will save earth from the self-destructive savaging by earthlings. This "New Age" fantasy, popularized in the Magic Eye factories of Lucas and Spielberg, has unsettling similarities to millennarian Papuan cargo cults. The West is being programmed to view technology as a kind of magic, as long as it arrives "from above." Is this a brilliant propaganda coup for SDI ("Star Wars")? Or else is it a natural reaction of a population so frightened by technological apocalypse that it needs to invent compensatory benign visions of peaceful and bountiful "alien" technology?

EVERY SCIENCE IS A MUTILATED OCTOPUS

Charles Fort

One measures a circle beginning anywhere.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

I cannot say that truth is stranger than fiction, because I have never had acquaintance with either.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

There is a continuity in all things that make classifications fictions. But all human knowledge depends upon arrangements. Then all books—scientific, theological, philosophical—are only literary.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

In the explanation of *coincidence* there is much of laziness, and helplessness, and response to an instinctive fear that a scientific dogma will be endangered.

Almost all people of all eras are hypnotics. Their beliefs are induced beliefs. The proper authorities saw to it that the proper belief should be induced, and people behaved properly.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

I think we're all bugs and mice, and are only different expressions of an all-inclusive cheese.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

The fate of all explanation is to close one door only to have another fly wide open.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

If nothing can be positively distinguished from anything else, there can be no positive logic, which is attempted positive distinguishment.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

I believe nothing. I have shut myself away from all the rocks and wisdoms of ages, and from the so-called great teachers of all time, and perhaps because of that isolation I am given to bizarre hospitalities. I shut the front door upon Christ and Einstein, and at the back door hold out a welcoming hand to little frogs and periwinkles ...

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

As I see myself, I represent a modernization of the old-fashioned atheist,

who so sweepingly denied everything that seemed to interfere with his disbeliefs.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

Every scientist who has played a part in any developing science has, as can be shown, if he's dead long enough, by comparing his views with more modern views, deceived himself ... To what degree did Haeckel doctor illustrations in his book to make a theory work out right?

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

The vagueness of everything—and the merging of all things into everything else, so that stories that we, or some of us, have been taking, as “absolutely proved,” turned out to be only history, or merely science.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

Every science is a mutilated octopus. If its tentacles were not clipped to stumps, it would feel its way into disturbing contacts. To a believer, the effect of the contemplation of a science is of being in the presence of the good, the true, and the beautiful. But what he is awed by is mutilation. To our crippled intellects, only the maimed is what we call understandable, because the unclipped ramifies into all other things. According to my aesthetics, what is meant by beautiful is symmetrical deformation.

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ↔

(quotes collected by Joseph Lanz and Michael A. Hoffman II)

FROM ORGASM TO UFOs: WILHELM REICH'S CONTACT WITH SPACE

Adam Parfrey

Mayor Achille Lauro of Naples, Italy, reveals to the New York Times (as reported in the Oct. 8, 1955 edition) that Douglas MacArthur said to him at the Waldorf-Astoria on Oct. 7 that "Another war would be double suicide and there is enough sense on both sides of the Iron Curtain to avoid it. Because of the developments of science all countries on earth will have to unite to survive and make a common front against attack by people from other planets. The politics of the future will be cosmic or interplanetary."

(From the Preface of *Contact With Space* by Wilhelm Reich)

Contact With Space: *Oranur Second Report, 1951-1956; Orop Desert Ea 1954-1955* by Wilhelm Reich was published in 1957 by the Core Pilot Press of New York and was promptly burned by the FDA at the time of Reich's imprisonment. The details of Reich's trial (for which *Contact With Space* served as evidence) which tried Reich for "fraudulent claims" concerning his now-famous orgone accumulation boxes, will not be covered here. Myron Sharaf's recent biography, *Fury on Earth*, provides a readable background on Reich, from his days as Freud's "most brilliant student" to his trial and death in prison in 1957. (A note of caution: Sharaf's book is rampant with the bias of the injured party in his personal relations with Reich.)

Contact With Space is a most unique document. It provides scarifying descriptions of radioactive and other pollutants' damage to the Arizona desert near the White Sands nuclear testing ground. Reich's prescient cautionary treatises on the ill-effects of radiation were considered "extreme" and "excessive" at the time he wrote them. In eloquent prose, Reich describes the rumble of the not-too-distant nuclear explosions, geiger-counting the ill winds which blow in a merry profusion of aerial visitors—everything from Air Force jets to the wobbling ectoplasm of UFOs (termed Ea's by Reich). Reich's weather modification experimentation has hollow-tubed "guns" pointed at these death winds in hope of transforming DOR (Deadly Orgone Radiation) to the life-giving effects of "orurized" or decontaminated clouds, producing rain and neutralizing the radioactive pall. *Contact With Space* becomes, in essence, a metaphysical document in which the prophet in the desert battles the forces of death. In it, Reich even poses a theory to prevent a nuclear detonation:

In the course of this operation [orurizing the atmosphere with cloudbusters] a thought kept coming into my mind which seemed absurd, but was irresistible. If the explosion of nuclear material is due to a rapid, instantaneous charge of *secondary* ("after matter") cosmic energy from the resting to the mobile state; if furthermore the atmosphere, sufficiently prepared through repeated orurization would render that atmosphere powerful enough to resist the assault by NR [nuclear radiation], a preventive remedy against infestation of the atmosphere would have been found.

I cannot tell at all whether my speculation is sound or not. Neither do I wish to speculate further. But the possibility seemed definitely to be within the realm of the rational. More, with due caution against becoming too speculative, the further thought seemed not too rash that by creating a higher atmospheric potential than that in the atomic bomb the latter could be rendered useless as a war weapon.

But by far, the most fantastic-sounding aspects of *Contact With Space* are the descriptions of intergalactic space battles against the Ea's which seemed to surface at every excitation of the geiger counter. Reich tells of beaming his cloudbuster at the Ea, to see the object fade out. This he views as both confirmation of his theory of the presence of "orgone" energy and its effectiveness in battling death-dealing forces on a cosmic level. If this all seems delusionary, then the delusion also struck the other doctors, scientists and professionals who accompanied Reich at the time and affixed their pictures and credentials on the frontispiece of *Contact With Space*: Elsworth Baker, M.D., Robert A. McCullough, William Moise, Eva Reich, M.D., Peter Reich, Thomas Ross, Michael Wilvert, M.D., and William Steig, the artist and writer.

Perhaps due to the common perception that Reich's late work was the result of a tragic, insane paranoia, has caused Mary Boyd Higgins, Reich's executrix, to prohibit *Contact With Space* and all documents and papers of this period from being published. Higgins has been sued, albeit unsuccessfully, by Reich's daughter Eva, among others, for alleged mishandling of the Reich estate. Biographers and researchers have been thwarted in obtaining permission to quote from Reich's works, and his personal papers have been unavailable to the public, even to scientists and scholars. Much of Reich's later work, of which *Contact With Space* comprises only a small portion, have been stayed, through orders of Ms. Higgins, from publication. Many of the new translations of Reich's "acceptable" works available from Farrar, Straus and Giroux have been criticized for diluting the value of the originals. Of the translations by Theodore P. Wolfe, which were done under Reich's direct supervision, only one remains in print. Even so,



Infrared film captures UFO hovering over a Reichian cloudbuster

Contact With Space and other unavailable material have been circulated surreptitiously in pirated xerox editions for those in the know.

An account of Reich's experiments in his *Contact With Space* period is here provided by a replicator of Reich's experiments, Trevor James Constable, in his privately published tome, *The Cosmic Pulse of Life*.

The Cosmic Pulse of Life

Trevor James Constable

Those who want to study Dr. Reich's own account of events will find this in *Contact With Space*, a Record Appendix to Petitioner's Reply Brief, U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit, No. 5160. Wilhelm Reich et al, Defendants-Appellants vs. the U.S.A. *Contact With Space* is the Record Appendix to Briefs for Appellants, Volume 5, Secret and Suppressed Evidence, OROP Desert Ea 1954-55. "OROP" is a contraction for *orgone energy operation*, and "Ea" is Dr. Reich's term for what is generally known as UFOs. Dr. Reich's term is accurate and drawn from experience: "E" stands for energy and "a" is for alpha—primordial. We are indeed dealing with primary energy in the UFO field.

The discovery of the orgone energy is the practical, technical breakthrough to the UFO problem. Appropriately enough, therefore, we find Dr. Reich's theoretical involvement with the technical principles imminent in UFOs commencing right after he discovered the orgone in the atmosphere in 1939-40. During the WWII years he worked out a mass-free energy formula, and also a pendulum formula. Both these formulæ, and the mathematics from which they are derived, are published in *Contact With Space*. These formulæ anticipate enormous velocities in *kreiselwelle* functions, and anticipate mathematically the characteristic wobbling and swinging associated with UFOs since first reported publicly in 1947. The development of the formulæ ran simultaneously with the first radar sightings of UFOs made by military and naval units during WWII.

Dr. Reich was a practical man. Since he could not at the time confirm these formulæ with actual observations and experiments, he deposited them in the Orgone Institute archives until such time as they could be empirically confirmed. His discovery of the orgone energy had made obsolete Newtonian physics by filling the universe with mass-free primordial energy. His theories were in radical contradiction to the abstruse notions of conventional physics that led to theories of a universe empty even of ether. Physical research had up until then been hamstrung by non-comprehension of orgone energy, which led to systematic biasing of the scientific mind against any conception of a living cosmos.

In 1947 Dr. Reich started to work on vacua that led to blue lumination

of the orgone energy. He detailed this work in the first issue of *Orgone Energy Bulletin*, published in 1949.

Visitors saw UFOs around Orgonon [Reich's laboratory in Maine] in 1951. In August of 1952, standing on his front porch, Dr. Reich *heard* something whizz by from southwest to northeast in a few seconds. He did not see the object. Although the whole subject of UFOs was still largely ridiculed, Dr. Reich himself did not consider that there was anything particularly strange in the earth receiving visitors from outer space. The uncertainty of their intentions was soon banished, for in the post-Oranur experimentation period, the alien invaders intruded upon Dr. Reich and his work—forcing themselves into his life with malefic intent.

Visions of space ships shooting destructive rays into the ground, Hollywood-style, rise to mind at the use of the phrase "UFO attack." The assault on Reich and his work was on a far more subtle and clever scale. Again it aimed at keeping the presence and purposes of the attackers concealed while the destructive work was done. In the spring of 1952, Dr. Reich noticed a strange black substance settling on the rocks from which his observatory was built. The black deposits also began to appear on other rock surfaces in the vicinity. He made time-lapse films over a period of several weeks. These films proved beyond doubt that blackening was an ongoing process. He called this substance melanor. Other similar substances Reich detected he named *brownite* and *orite*. Bob McCullough made preliminary analyses of these materials in 1953, his findings being published in 1955 in CORE (Cosmic Orgone Engineering), a publication of the Orgone Institute Press.

Reich found that melanor attacked and destroyed rocks and dried up the atmosphere. The substance created excitation of the biological energy of workers at Orgonon, who were afflicted with cyanosis, nausea, thirst and miscellaneous pains. When McCullough scraped or hammered melanor off the rocks for analysis, pressure would quickly build up in his head and his face would flush and burn. Scraping seemed to excite the melanor, which caused a corresponding strong reaction of the organismic energy of any human being nearby.

To melanor was added the compounding problem of DOR—Deadly Orgone Radiation. DOR is orgone energy that has become sequestered, and resultantly stagnant and stale. DOR clouds surrounded Orgonon and deadened the light. The landscape in the magnificent splendor of rural Maine turned bleak and somber. Trees and shrubs blackened and withered.

Dr. Reich, McCullough and others at Orgonon became aware as events proceeded that their energy was being *drawn out of them*. In November of 1953, Dr. Reich read Keyhoe's *Flying Saucers Are Real*, and began to put

two and two together. Reich could relate the noiselessness of most UFOs to the near-noiselessness of his own orgone energy motor. The bluish lights often reported around UFOs were related to the blue lumination of orgone energy in vacor tubes. The spinning rotating discs with their oft-noted swinging motions in the heavens were fully compatible with the spinning wave motion of orgone energy, and the mathematical formulæ that Reich had worked out during WWII.

UFOs hung in the night sky around the laboratory. Occasionally they moved and shifted their positions. Dr. Reich took time exposures to objectify their presence. Such photographs proved that UFOs concealed themselves among the stars, a stratagem that I reported from personal experience in *They Live in the Sky*. Dr. Reich's photographs demonstrated the ability of UFOs to materialize and dematerialize. Objects appeared during time exposures and disappeared before the exposures were terminated.

The attention Dr. Reich and his facilities were getting from UFOs was unwelcome, unwanted, disruptive, damaging and dangerous. On many nights, Reich himself was unable to sleep in the quarters at Orgonon, and drove from place to place in a station wagon, snatching fitful catnaps. McCullough has said of this baleful time: "It was as though the energy—or something—was following him around and you could see him becoming slowly exhausted by the strain."

Dr. Reich decided to fight back. His weapon was his own invention, the cloudbuster. Designed and developed to control the weather, the cloudbuster could be used against anything operating in the heavens and employing orgone energy functions. Dr. Reich demonstrated weather control with these devices, reported his findings fully in his journals and bulletins, and also made the information available to the U.S. government.

The cloudbuster consists of an array of parallel, hollow tubes. One end of the array is grounded into water. The tubes are mounted on a turntable or similar pivoting assembly so that the free ends of the tubes may be directed into the atmosphere at any elevation and on any bearing like a battery of Oerlikon guns. Dr. Reich theorized that the hollow metal tubes "drew" orgone energy into the water, thereby permitting manipulation of the orgone energy potentials in the atmosphere. Through such manipulations, control of the weather may be exercised.

On May 12, 1954, between 9:40 p.m. and 10:45 p.m., Dr. Reich turned the cloudbuster on luminous UFOs hanging in the nearby sky. Two UFOs to the west of Orgonon were made to fade out several times by training the cloudbuster on them. This proved that Dr. Reich's invention could technically reach the strange aerial objects whose presence was associated with overall deterioration of the environment at Orgonon. Perhaps Reich's ac-

tions impaired or even disabled the propulsion systems of these weird craft.

Dr. Reich began to see the connection between the withdrawal of life energy from Orgonon and a similar sapping of life energy from the planet as a whole. He began to see the drying up of the planet and the planetary problem of DOR as engineered conditions rather than natural developments. DOR-infestation has become characteristic of the entire planet since Dr. Reich's death. Everywhere there are humans, DOR has become concentrated and a permanent part of the environment. Breezy cities like Honolulu and San Francisco have DOR clouds anchored above them that not even trade winds can move.

More than twenty years ago, Wilhelm Reich was alert to this menace. Despite the DOR and UFO problems at Orgonon, despite financial difficulties and FDA harrassment, he planned throughout 1954 for an expedition to Arizona. His aim was to determine, if possible, whether the cloudbuster could reverse the deterioration of the desert environment.

As plans for the Tucson, Arizona project advanced, those at Orgonon became increasingly aware that they were under surveillance. Bob McCullough remembers this period:

The whole area was infected with a very material DOR, cloying to everything, and it made things absolutely unliveable. You had to get out of it periodically by driving west, or up to some high spot, or just driving fast to keep it from dragging you down to its level. Everything was purple or purplish mauve. The white birch trees were bending over like rubber hoses, as though laden with invisible snow. This condition was all around Orgonon and down towards Farmington.

There was a tremendous sense of something impending—of waiting for something dreadful to happen. This anticipatory waitfulness was oppressive. Something was coming and it wouldn't be good. There were periods of gremlins, also. Small objects disappeared and reappeared where no one had placed them. Pins in maps were moved or just pulled out. Unmarked aircraft repeatedly overflew Orgonon. There was a sense of harrassment—of being pursued—that it is hard to fully understand.

To the occult scientist it is obvious that those at Orgonon were being psychically attacked, with the aim of obsession or psychic control. McCullough continues:

Prior to Oranur, Dr. Reich had done work with cancer mice, and had made a little shed to house them just up towards the Observatory from the Students' Lab. The mice were gone now, but a small sample

of radioactive Cobalt 60 remained in the shed throughout the Oranur and later events. I found this sample, and asked WR about it. It was not at all noxious as were radium dialed watches, for example. Rather, it was quite soft. I must assume that he took this cobalt and checked it out on the Autoscaler.

In the aftermath of Oranur three years previously, Dr. Reich had removed three milligrams of radium from Orgonon and had this material buried in heavy lead shielding, in an uninhabited area, fifteen miles away. The cobalt found in the shed by McCullough and the general DOR-UFO menace at Orgonon now prompted Dr. Reich in the latter part of September 1954 to have this material exhumed and tested.

The radium needles #1 and #2 had lost much of their activity since 1951, while the #3 needle (which had not been brought into contact with concentrated orgone energy in 1951) was much lower than its original 16,000 CPM at 1 cm distance from the counter tube. Within the heavy lead shielding, however, the radium needles gave at least ten times higher counts than in 1951.

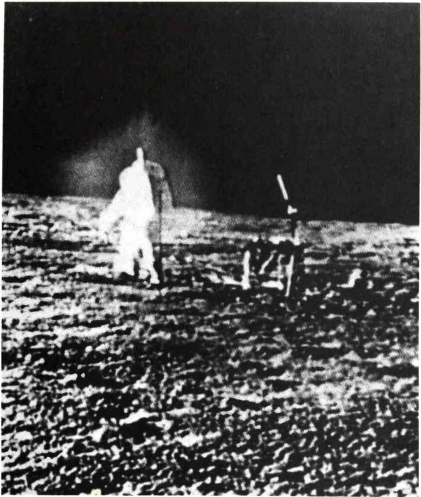
With one needle, and the counter tube of the sensitive Autoscaler 1 cm distant from the case, the count was a shocking 163,840 CPM, against 7,000 CPM in 1951. These staggering new facts, arising out of the fundamental, polaric antagonism between etheric and intramaterial energies, served to further widen the gap between Reich's functional physics and conventional physics.

Dr. Reich put ORUR to immediate use. By placing this substance, enclosed within metal, near the BX cable connectors on his cloudbuster, he found that he could rapidly cleanse the sky of DOR. Only two to five seconds of such exposure of ORUR to the cables was necessary. Low, heavy, dark DOR lodged in the valleys and over the landscape seemed to turn blue-gray almost instantly. Using ORUR for 50 or 60 seconds with the cloudbuster caused clouds to form quickly, and in a few hours rain would ensue.

A see-saw battle followed with Dr. Reich using his "spacegun," as he called the combination of ORUR and the cloudbuster, to eradicate the DOR that UFOs continued to generate around Orgonon. To keep the region clean, he would have to use the spacegun daily. He realized that he was at war with the UFOs. By 8 October 1954 he was using the spacegun not only to keep down the DOR, but also to disable and drive off intruding UFOs.

Dr. Reich was not in any doubt that the spacegun directly affected the propulsion system of the invaders. When the spacegun was aimed at them, the UFOs dimmed out, disappeared, shifted positions to get away from

Reich's aim, and in at least one case where several UFOs were present, they all dimmed out and disappeared simultaneously as though on common command. Reich made sure the USAF was advised of these happenings, including one September incident when a wobbling silver UFO was sighted tagging along behind two squadrons of USAF jets.



Luminous orgone radiation given off by astronaut Alan Bean



Copy of the bronze medallion given by the American Eugenics Society to winners of first prize in Fitter Families Contests now regular features of a number of State Fairs.

EUGENICS: THE ORPHANED SCIENCE

Adam Parfrey

It is generally imagined that eugenics was a quack science that began with *Mein Kampf* and ended with the experiments of Dr. Mengele. This is not the case. "Family planning" and "genetic engineering" are the current euphemistic equivalents, and as we will see, euphemism is very often a means of killing you softly, with a new song.

Eugenics is the *practical* application of genetic theory to strengthen the genetic material of the human species (positive eugenics) or eliminate genetic dross (negative eugenics). At the turn of the century, eugenics was sold as a moral imperative. To housewives and mothers at that time, eugenics meant health-consciousness applied in a positivist science-directed manner. To social scientists, eugenics was a way to increase the quality of humanity similar to that of breeding more resilient strains of cattle. The presumed results would be auspicious: a steady increase in man's intelligence and a decrease in crime and birth defects. Many American states took up the eugenic cudgel, passing sterilization laws for the physically unfit. By the end of the 1920s many thousands of mental defectives and violent criminals had undergone compulsory sterilization—a scientifically and legislatively sanctioned foray into the realm of preventive sociology.

By the mid-1930s, however, eugenics more and more became a synonym for racism and pseudo-science. Hostilities with Germany were increasing, and Nazi racial policy was vulnerable to Allied propaganda since Americans and British alike were threatened by intimations of Teutonic racial superiority. Great quantities of anti-Nazi tracts and books appeared, pillorying the myth of the Aryan superman. It is ironic to note, however, that the German Population Courts were merely emulating American eugenic policy. As early as 1930, Hitler reveals to economic advisor Wagener, "I have studied with great interest the laws of several American states concerning prevention of reproduction by people whose progeny would, in all probability, be of no value or be injurious to the racial stock." [Otto Wagener, *Hitler: Memoirs of a Confidant*, 1985, Yale University Press.]

Eugenics=race hatred became an equation hard to shake in a country of Hun-haters. Yet in the 1920s, mainstream eugenicists were quick to distance themselves from those who, like Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard, promoted de Gobineau-derived theories of Nordic racial superiority.

"An ounce of eugenics is worth a pound of race prejudice," wrote Professor Frank Hankins in *Evolution in Modern Thought*, attempting to salvage eugenic science by merging it with American melting-pot sloganeering. Hankins and fellow scientists failed to keep the flame alive. By 1940, funding for research and legal sterilizations slowed to a halt, and the eugenic ideal of a nation full of geniuses and free of imbeciles became just a fading memory.

In the repudiation of applied genetics, however, a tyranny of a very different nature arose. Grigori Lysenko's announcement in the late 1930s that there is no such thing as an inherited trait, that all traits are environmentally determined, paved the way for the reordering of the Russian spirit in the likeness of Joseph Stalin. Rejecting theories of inheritance made it easier for Soviet rulers to expect unswerving allegiance to heavy inoculations of communist dogma. Aldous Huxley and other science fiction writers painted pictures of eugenic/technological nightmares, of gleaming post-partum assembly lines complete with stainless steel nipples. (Later in his life, Huxley found an "unregulated" breeding process a far greater nightmare.) In the U.S., an environmentally-based theory of intelligence created the legal basis for lawsuits of race bias against institutions utilizing the I.Q. test and the SAT in which asian-Americans and whites score much higher than hispanics and blacks. Equalitarianism found its answer in Equal Opportunity programs, and not in a science which spoke about genetic advantages and disadvantages. There is no more frightening picture to the civil libertarian than the vision of a State drunk on the scripture of Social Darwinism.

After WWII, in the wake of widespread anti-Nazi sentiment, UNESCO-underwritten scientists such as the anthropologist Ashley Montagu flooded the bookstores, colleges and academies with books such as *Man's Most Dangerous Myth*, a debunking expose about "fascism of the gonads." More recently, the anti-eugenicist torch has been passed to journalist-scientists such as Stephen Jay Gould (*The Mismeasure of Man*), Allen Chase (*The Legacy of Malthus*) and Daniel Kevles (*In the Name of Eugenics*). Their tomes rebuke, in the tradition of American and British anti-Nazi propaganda, the moral premises—and scientific verities—of eugenics. Concludes Kevles in his book, "... the more masterful the genetic sciences have become, the more they have corroded the authority of moral custom in medical and reproductive behavior."

UNESCO's muddled role *vis à vis* eugenics—now for, now against—is worth contemplating since it describes throwing the birth process in one direction or the other for solely political purposes. G. Brock Chisholm, a former director of the World Health Organization, articulated UNESCO's apparent aim: "What people everywhere must do is practice birth control

and miscegenation in order to create one race in one world under one government." [U.S.A. magazine, August 12, 1955] A statement such as Chisholm's demonstrates that a version of eugenics more in line with humanist ideals is exonerated under the rubric of sexual freedom and racial equality while the early eugenicists' aims of intellectual and moral improvement of the species continue to be damned as diabolic.

This survey will excerpt, in chronological order, leading scientists, philosophers, politicians, and journalists advocating eugenic control.

OLD TESTAMENT

Numbers 12:1

And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married: for he had married an Ethiopian woman.

PLATO

The Republic

"And I suppose, when young men prove themselves good and true in war or anywhere else, honors must be given them, and prizes, and particularly more generous freedom of intercourse with women; at the same time, this will be a good excuse for letting as many children as possible be begotten by such men."

"That is right."

"Then the officials who are set over these will receive the children as they are born; they may be men or women or both, for offices are common, of course, to both women and men."

"Yes."

"The children of the good, then they will take, I think, into the fold, and hand them over to certain nurses who will live in some place apart in the city; those of the inferior sort, and any one of the others who may be born defective, they will put away as is proper in some mysterious, unknown place."

THOMAS MALTHUS

An Essay on the Principle of Population, or, A View of Its Past and Present Effects on Human Happiness; with an Inquiry into Our Prospects Respecting the Future Removal or Mitigation of the Evils Which it Occasions (1798)

A mob, which is generally the growth of a redundant population goaded by resentment for real sufferings, but totally ignorant of the quarter from which they originate, is of all monsters the most fatal to freedom. It fosters a prevailing tyranny and engenders one where it was not; and though in its dreadful fits of resentment it appears occasionally to devour its unsightly offspring; yet no sooner is the horrid deed committed, than, however unwilling it may be to propagate such a breed, it immediately groans with a

new birth.

Of the tendency of mobs to produce tyranny we may not, perhaps, be long without an example in this country ... If political discontents were blended with cries of hunger, and a revolution were to take place by the instrumentality of a mob clamoring for want of food, the consequences would be unceasing carnage, a bloody career of which nothing but the establishment of some complete despotism could arrest.

COUNT ARTHUR DE GOBINEAU

The Inequality of the Races (1853)

The word *degenerate*, when applied to a people means (as it ought to mean) that the people has no longer the same intrinsic value as it had before, because it has no longer the same blood in its veins, continual adulterations having gradually affected the quality of that blood. In other words, though the nation bears the same name given by its founders, the name no longer connotes the same race; in fact, the man of a decadent time, the *degenerate* man properly so called, is a different being, from the racial point of view, from the heroes of the great ages.

SIR FRANCIS GALTON

Hereditary Talent and Character (1865)

Our human civilized stock is far more weakly through congenital imperfection than that of any other species of animals, whether wild or domestic.

... If a twentieth part of the cost and pains were spent in measures for the improvement of the human race that is spent on the improvement of the breed of horses and cattle, what a galaxy of genius might we not create.

CHARLES DARWIN

The Descent of Man (1871)

We now know, through the admirable labors of Mr. Galton, that genius ... tends to be inherited.

ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE

Quoted in Mental and Moral Heredity in Royalty (c. 1872)

In one of my latest conversations with Darwin, he expressed himself very gloomily on the future of humanity, on the ground that in our modern civilization natural selection had no play, and the fittest did not survive.

HERBERT SPENCER

Principles of Sociology (1881)

Fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good is an extreme cruelty. It is a deliberate storing up of miseries for future generations. There is no greater curse to posterity than that of bequeathing them an increasing population of imbeciles.

DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL*From The Journal of Heredity (1898)*

At the present time considerable alarm has been expressed at the apparently growing disinclination of American women to bear children, and a cry has been raised against what people call race suicide.

HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN*Foundations of the 19th Century (1899)*

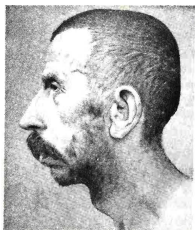
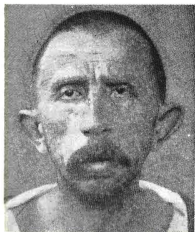
... Are the so-called (and rightly so-called) "noble" animal races, the draught-horses of Limousin, the American trotter, the Irish hunter, the absolutely reliable sporting dogs, produced by chance and promiscuity? Do we get them by giving the animals equality of rights, by throwing the same food to them and whipping them with the same whip? No, they are produced by artificial selection and strict maintenance of the purity of the race. Horses and especially dogs give us every chance of observing that the intellectual gifts go hand in hand with the physical; this is specially true of the moral qualities: a mongrel is frequently very clever, but never reliable; morally he is always a weed. Continual promiscuity between two pre-eminent animal races leads without exception to the destruction of the pre-eminent characteristics of both. Why would the human race form an exception?

HAVELOCK ELLIS*The Task of Social Hygiene (1914)*

The eugenic ideal which is now developing is not an artificial product, but the reasoned manifestation of a natural instinct, which has often been far more severely strained by the arbitrary prohibitions of the past than it is ever likely to be by any eugenic ideals of the future. The new ideal will be absorbed into the conscience of the community, whether or not like a new kind of religion, and will instinctively and impulsively influence the impulses of men and women. It will do all this the more surely since, unlike the taboos of savage societies, the eugenic ideal will lead men and women to reject as partners only the men and women who are naturally unfit—the diseased, the abnormal, the weaklings—and conscience will thus be on the side of impulse.

MADISON GRANT*The Passing of the Great Race (1915)*

True aristocracy is governed by the wisest and best, always a small minority in any population. Human society is like a serpent dragging its long body on the ground, but with the head always thrust a little in advance and a little elevated above the earth. The serpent's tail, in human society represented by the antisocial forces, was in the past dragged by sheer force along the path of progress. Such has been the organization of mankind from the beginning, and such it still is in older communities than



ours. What progress humanity can make under the control of universal suffrage, or the rule of the average, may find a further analogy in the habits of certain snakes which wiggle sideways and disregard the head with its brain and eyes. Such serpents, however, are not noted for their ability to make rapid progress.

PAUL POPENOE & ROSWELL HILL JOHNSON

Applied Eugenics (1918)

... One does not overlook the fact that religion has at times sacrificed both personal and eugenic values. Cases of flagellation and religious celibacy come to mind as two spectacular instances. Since progress toward eugenic ideals is hampered by the present inadequate motivation toward eugenic conduct, the eugenicist looks with eager hope to religion for possible aid. Yet, unfortunately, it is necessary to admit that to date religion has contributed, along with some slight eugenic motivation, a large mixture of dysgenic motivation. ... If, on the average, the religious celibates were inferior, there would be no net eugenic loss, but this is not the case, especially with many celibate males who are held to high scholastic standards.

H.A. SCHULTZ

Race or Mongrel? (1918)

The degeneracy there [in Peru] is even greater and has been more rapid than in the other South American countries, and the case is the infusion of Chinese blood into the veins of the white-negro-Indian compound. There are scarcely any Indo-Europeans of pure blood in Peru, for with the exception of pure Indians in the interior the population consists of mestizos, Zambos, mulattoes, terceroons, quadroons, octaroons, cholos, musties, fusties and dusties; crosses between Spaniards and Indians, Spaniards and negroes, Spaniards and yellows; crosses between these people and the cholos, musties and dusties; crosses between mongrels of one kind and mongrels of other kinds. All kinds of cross breeds infest the land. The result is incredible rottenness.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

The Next Age of Man (1924)

We can well ask the question, are we winning the human race? When, after searching the records of ten thousand years, we can identify only one hundred and twenty-five thousand who have exhibited "special skill, enterprise or strength." This would constitute only one person out of every quarter of a million. Certainly, we can scarcely pride ourselves that the human race has as yet won the immense stakes of health, intelligence and energy—the three basic sources from which all genius springs—if only about one person in each quarter of a million has possessed these qualities in a truly notable degree.

ADOLF HITLER*Mein Kampf* (1925)

Those who are physically and mentally unhealthy and unfit must not perpetuate their sufferings in the bodies of their children. Through educational means the State must teach individuals that illness is not a disgrace but a misfortune for which people are to be pitied, yet at the same time that it is a crime and a disgrace to make this affliction the worse by passing it on to innocent creatures out of a merely egotistic yearning.

And the State must also teach that it is the manifestation of a really noble nature and that it is a humanitarian act worthy of all admiration if an innocent sufferer from hereditary disease refrains from having a child of his own but bestows his love and affection on some unknown child whose state of health is a guarantee that it will become a robust member of a powerful community.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES*Buck vs. Bell Decision* (1925)

We have seen more than once that the public welfare may call upon the best citizens for their lives. It would be strange if it could not call upon those who already sap the strength of the state for these lesser sacrifices [sterilization], often not felt to be such by those concerned, in order to prevent our being swamped with incompetence. It is better for all the world, if instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime, or to let them starve for their imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. ... Three generations of imbeciles are enough.

STATES APPROVING STERILIZATION LEGISLATION

(1907-1931)

Indiana, Washington, California, Connecticut, Nevada, Iowa, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Kansas, Michigan, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Oregon, South Dakota, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Alabama, Montana, Delaware, Virginia, Idaho, Utah, Minnesota, Maine, Mississippi, West Virginia, Arizona, Vermont, Oklahoma.

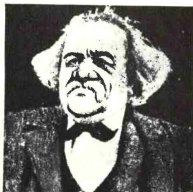
COUNTRIES APPROVING STERILIZATION LEGISLATION

(1907-1931)

Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, United States, Estonia, Free City of Danzig, Switzerland, England, Bermuda, Canada, Mexico, Japan, Germany.

BERTRAND RUSSELL*From a Speech* (1930)

The most intelligent individuals on the average breed least, and do not breed enough to keep their numbers constant. Unless new incentives are



discovered to induce them to breed they will soon not be sufficiently numerous to supply the intelligence needed for maintaining a highly technical and elaborate system. Further, we must expect, at any rate, for the next hundred years, that each generation will be congenitally stupider than its predecessor, and we shall gradually become incapable of wielding the science we already have.

RUDOLF FRERKS

Germany Population Policy (1938)

Opponents of the German laws for promoting the hereditary health of the nation have asked: "Who has given you the right to destroy life and to interfere with the operation of Nature's laws through which life is created?" No, we do not destroy life. We only prevent the propagation of further lives which will be afflicted by disease and will of themselves be unfit to fulfill the demands which life makes on every individual. On the other hand is it not much more true to say that they sin against the laws of Nature who not only pamper and encourage afflicted lives but even allow these lives to be further propagated and multiplied?

LOTHROP STODDARD

Into the Darkness (1940)

There were other cases that day [at the Nazi Eugenics court], all conducted in the same painstaking, methodical fashion. I came away convinced that the law was being administered with strict regard for its provisions and that, if anything, judgments were almost too restrained. On the evidence of that one visit, at least, the Sterilization Law is weeding out the worst strains in the Germanic stock in a scientific and truly humanitarian way.

A.F. TREGOLD

A Text-Book of Mental Deficiency (1946)

Another suggestion has been made of a quite contrary kind [to laissez-faire eugenic policy]—namely, that the State should put an end to the existence of defective and inefficient members within it. Probably most persons will agree that it would be better were there no defectives, and this suggestion is a logical one. ... In my opinion it would be an economical and humane procedure were their existence painlessly terminated, and I have no doubt, from personal experience, that this would be welcomed by a very large proportion of parents.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

Brave New World Revisited (1958)

In this second half of the twentieth century we do nothing systematic about our breeding; but in our random and unregulated way we are not only overpopulating our planet, we are also, it would seem, making sure that these greater numbers shall be of biologically poorer quality.

PAUL EHRLICH***The Population Bomb (1968)***

I have understood the population explosion intellectually for a long time. I came to understand it emotionally one stinking hot night in Delhi a couple years ago. My wife and daughter and I were returning to our hotel in an ancient taxi. The seats were hopping with fleas. As we crawled through the city, we entered a crowded slum area. The temperature was well over 100, and the air was a haze of dust and smoke. The streets seemed alive with people. People eating, people washing, people sleeping. People visiting, arguing and screaming. People thrusting their hands, begging. People defecating and urinating. People clinging to buses. People herding animals. People, people, people, people.

EDWARD O. WILSON***Sociobiology (1975)***

... Mankind has never stopped evolving, but in a sense his populations are drifting. The effects over a period of a few generations could change the identity of the socioeconomic optima. In particular, the rate of gene flow around the world has risen to dramatic levels and is accelerating, and the mean coefficients of relationship within local communities are correspondingly diminishing. The result could be an eventual lessening of altruistic behavior through the maladaptation and loss of group-selected genes.

ARTHUR JENSEN***Quoted in Discover (October, 1985)***

There's no doubt that you could breed for intelligence in humans the way you breed for milk in cows or eggs in chickens. If you were to raise the average I.Q. just one standard deviation, you wouldn't recognize things. Magazines, newspapers, books, and television would have to become more sophisticated. Schools would have to teach differently.

"HALF U.S. COUPLES CAN'T HAVE BABIES"***The New York Times (February 11, 1986)***

Nearly half of all [white] couples of childbearing age in the United States are physically unable to have children, as Americans increasingly choose sterilization to limit their new families, according to Government statistics.

"CONCERN IN ISRAEL OVER IMMIGRATION"***The New York Times (May 21, 1986)***

... Prof. Roberto Bacchi, head of the Hebrew University statistics department, told the Cabinet that today's 9.5 million Jews living outside of Israel would shrink to about 8 million by the year 2000 if current demographic trends in assimilation, intermarriage and low birth rates con-

tinues.

Prime Minister Shimon Peres said the answer is that every Jewish family in Israel should have four children. On Sunday the Cabinet approved in principle the allocation of as much as \$20 million to help 6,000 infertile Israeli couples to have children.

**"MAJOR PERSONALITY STUDY FINDS
THAT TRAITS ARE INHERITED"**

The New York Times (December 1, 1986)

The genetic makeup of a child is a stronger influence on personality than child rearing, according to the first study to examine identical twins reared in different families. The findings shatter a widespread belief among experts and laymen alike in the primacy of family influence and are sure to engender fierce debate.

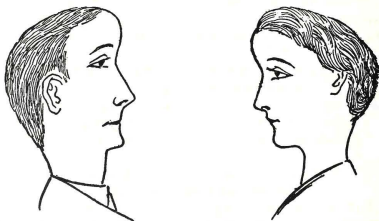
"NEW ANIMAL FORMS WILL BE PATENTED"

The New York Times (April 17, 1987)

The Federal Government, in a decision with broad moral and ethical implications, said today that it was clearing the way for inventors to patent new forms of animal life created through gene splicing.

The policy specifically bars the patenting of new genetic characteristics in humans. But one official of the United States Patent and Trademark Office acknowledged that the decision could eventually lead to commercial protection of human traits.

"The decision says higher life forms will be considered and it could be extrapolated to human beings," said Charles E. Van Horn, director of organic chemistry and biotechnology in the patent office. "∞



THE TYPE OF HUMANS WE MAY EXPECT WITHIN A FEW CENTURIES

NATURE AS SLAVE: *Satanic Technology and the West*

Man and Technics

Oswald Spengler

Man, evidently, was tired of merely having plants and animals and slaves to serve him, and robbing nature's treasures of metal and stone, wood and yarn, of managing her water in canals and wells, of breaking her resistances with ships and roads, bridges and tunnels and dams. Now he meant not merely to plunder her of her materials, *but to enslave and harness her very forces* so as to multiply his own strength. This monstrous and unparalleled idea is as old as the Faustian Culture itself. Already in the tenth century we meet with technical constructions of a wholly new sort. Already the steam engine, the steamship, and the air machine are in the thoughts of Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus. And many a monk busied himself in his cell with the idea of Perpetual Motion.

This last idea never thereafter let go its hold on us, for success would mean the final victory over "God or Nature" (*Deus sive Natura*), a small world of one's own creation moving like the great world, by virtue of its own forces and obeying the hand of man alone. To build a world *oneself*, to be *oneself* God—that is the Faustian inventor's dream, and from it has sprung all our designing and re-designing of machines to approximate as nearly as possible the unattainable limit of perpetual motion. The booty-idea of the beast of prey is thought out to its logical end. Not this or complete with its secret of force, is dragged away as spoil to be built into our Culture. But he who was not himself possessed by this will to power over all nature would necessarily feel that this was *devilish*, and in fact men have always regarded machines as the invention of the devil—with Roger Bacon begins the long line of scientists who suffer as magicians and heretics.

The Rebirth of Pan

Jim Brandon

Scientific Movement was Launched by Mystics

Mircea Eliade, a highly perceptive observer who, as a sociologist, is by no means hostile to the scientific position, writes in his *The Two and the One*

The explanation of the world by a series of reductions has an aim in view: to rid the world of extramundane values. It is a systematic banalization of the world undertaken for the purpose of conquering and mastering it.

If this astonishing conquest itch were limited to intellectual postures, it would be one thing. But of course the contemporary mining and polluting of the industrialized lands bring forward far more concrete realities.

Our Faustian pact with Mephistophelian "sci-tech" goes back a long way. It is an insufficiently realized fact that the contemporary scientific attitude was first nurtured in the bosoms of mystical societies of seventeenth-century England, as the contemporary British scholar Frances Yates has pointed out in a number of valuable studies. Long before this, the pioneering philosopher of the specifically modern cast of organized inquiry, Francis Bacon, had called in his "Fable of Proteus" for a virtually sadistic approach to the natural world:

If any skillful minister of nature shall apply force to nature, and by design torture and vex it in order to its annihilation, it on the contrary, being brought to this necessity, changes and transforms itself into a strange variety of shapes and appearances; for nothing but the power of the Creator can annihilate it or truly destroy it ... And that method of torturing or detaining will prove the most effective and expeditious which makes use of manacles and fetters; i.e. lays hold and works upon matter in the extremist degree.

An amazing attitude, and one quickly discernible in every aspect of modern life. But suppose that nature, or at least the earth as a whole, may not be entirely inert. Can we assume that it would be completely in accord with many of the things we are doing on it and in it?

Twilight of the Evening Lands

Oswald Spengler

... Suppose that, in future generations, the most gifted minds were to find their soul's health more important than all the powers of this world; suppose that, under the influence of the metaphysic and mysticism that is taking the place of Rationalism today, the very elite of intellect that is now concerned with the machine comes to be overpowered by a growing sense of its *Satanism* (it is the step from Roger Bacon to Bernard of Clairvaux)—then nothing can hinder the end of this grand drama that has been a play of intellects, with hands as mere auxiliaries.

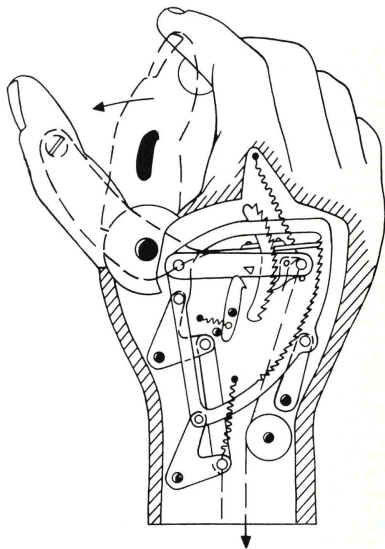
MAN A MACHINE*

David Paul

When driving a car, one's nervous system becomes linked with the vehicle in a very basic way. If the driver decides to brake, the body performs a complex sequence of maneuvers with the brake, accelerator and steering wheel, all acting as sense-extensions. The vehicle becomes body-like and responds in body-like fashion to the driver's thoughts. If the driver decides to accelerate, the brain signals the foot which responds by signaling the accelerator, which responds by increasing fuel flow, which enacts a series of events that causes the vehicle to increase speed. In a sense, the car is the driver's body and is directly controlled by the driver's brain and central nervous system.

The driver "feels" other objects external to the vehicle and judges distances from the car in a manner crudely analogous to the operations involved in judging one's environment from the physical body. The difference is that the signal flow from the brain to the auto is indirect and is impeded by the physical separation of the operator's appendages from the appropriate control mechanisms. A little over a decade ago, there was talk of an experimental automobile braking system which was to be engaged by simply lifting an eyebrow, cutting in half the reaction time of a conventional brake system and reducing physical effort and mechanical work. As we design increasingly subtle mechanisms responsive to heat, pressure, and biological signals, we appear to be approaching a time when "willing" a machine into action will be relatively common. The separate steps between thought and realization of a desired goal begin to blur and finally disappear. Signal flow between organic and mechanical units linked in a system gradually becomes continuous and unbroken.

This trend toward continuous communications has resulted in the transfer of the machine operator's work from "... the level of muscular activity to the level of perception, memory and thought—to internal mental processes."¹ MIT mathematician Norbert Wiener (1894-1964) noted that the Industrial Revolution concerned the machine primarily as an alternative to human muscle. According to Lewis Mumford in *The Pentagon of Power*, "Man's biological emergence during the last two million years has, indeed, accelerated; and it has done so mainly in one direction, in the enlargement of the nervous system, under an increasingly unified cerebral direction." Machines make the body expendable. If machines have accomplished nothing else, they've reduced the human self to the brain and central nervous system.



The history of simple tools is a chronology of extension and articulation of human functions. Tools, originally conceived about two million years ago as crude adjuncts of the body to increase its power and efficacy, are passive participants in accomplishing work.

"A machine is merely a supplemental limb; this is the be-all and end-all of machinery." (Butler, *Erewhon*.) Tools connected in series produce machines. Machinery has gone a step beyond the tool in that it is capable of varying degrees of automatism (self-regulated activity without human participation), contingent behavior (decision making) and reaction to sensory stimulus through artificial organs. Mechanical history involves not only extension but replacement of human activity. Mumford has actually called the machine "... a sort of minor organism, designed to perform a single set of functions." You might say that extension of the limb evolved into extensions of the brain.

Technology improves itself in a Darwinian way, as seen in the electronic marketplace, where "unfit" contraptions become extinct every year. As technology absorbs more and more human work, the line separating biology and mechanics gradually becomes less distinct. Though we are still toolmakers and our "logic engines" are still tools in the general sense of the word, the context has changed. No one living at the time of Hero of Alexandria² had any idea that the five machines he defined would have produced offspring capable of instantaneous logarithmic calculation or incorporated into the body as working parts. By World War II, machines were exhibiting behavior originally thought to be characteristic of primitive life. Early guided missiles were designed with the idea of goal-seeking and scanning in mind, which "had combined as the essential mechanical conception of a working model that would behave very much like a simple animal" (Grey Walter, *The Living Brain*).

Occupying the gray area between biology and technology is cybernetic theory. The word's root is Greek for "steersman" and André Ampère used the word in 1834 to mean "science of control" or "the branch of politics which is concerned with the means of government." Norbert Wiener used the term to refer to "the study of control and communication in the animal and the machine" concerned especially with mathematical analysis of information flow between biological, electronic and mechanical systems, and maintenance of order in those systems.

The complexity of predicting trajectories of quickly moving targets during World War II sparked Wiener and Julian Bigelow's development of cybernetics. Constantly changing information about the target's direction and speed necessitated feedback devices which would allow a gun to regulate its own movements. Interestingly enough, human operators in

Wiener's automatic gun (which was never built) were given equal status with electro-mechanical components in the feedback loop.

Information gleaned from the project concerning feedback and servo-mechanisms led Wiener and associates to devise a model of the central nervous system that "explained some of its most characteristic activities as circular processes, emerging from the nervous system into the muscles, and re-entering the nervous system through the sense organs" (McCorduck, *Machines Who Think*).

"The connecting link was electronics, and the almost mystical fit between mathematic logic and the behavior of electronic circuits. The thrust of the new information sciences was to precisely define and measure information in mathematic terms; to add information to the list of fundamental definitions basic to science—matter, energy, electric charge and the like" (Hanson, *The New Alchemists*).

"It has long been clear to me," says Wiener in *Cybernetics*, "that the modern ultra-rapid computing machine was in principle an ideal central nervous system to an apparatus for automatic control; and that its input and output need not be in the form of numbers or diagrams but might very well be, respectively, the readings of artificial sense organs, such as photoelectric cells or thermometers, and the performances of motors or solenoids."

Information transfer is fundamental to discussing the current state of technology. Automata need only instructions to accomplish given tasks. The link with the machine is mental. Machine language carries out our work. Language, according to Wiener, "is not exclusively an attribute of living beings but one which they may share to a certain degree with the machines man has constructed."

"Cybernetics recorded the switch from one dominant model, or set of explanations for phenomena, to another. Energy—the notion central to Newtonian mechanics—was now replaced by information. The ideas of information theory, such as coding, storage, noise, and so on, provided a better explanation for a whole host of events, from the behavior of electronic circuits to the behavior of a replicating cell" (McCorduck, *Machines Who Think*).

Electrical powering of machinery allowed a dialogue between organic and mechanized systems. Galvani's discovery of electrical nervous stimulation in animal muscles around 1790 was the starting point of electrophysiology (apparently an inspiration to Mary Shelley). In 1875, electric brain currents were discovered and in 1924, Hans Berger devised a method of recording electrical activity from the surface of the scalp, later to become known as electro-encephalography, central to biofeedback.

All living tissue is sensitive to electric current and generates small voltages. Our nervous system's activity is accompanied by electrical potentials and can be controlled externally by electricity, providing a means of direct communication between human and machine systems, the common thread of biofeedback and prosthetic research.

Technical history, then, involves extension and replacement of human functions in more than just a metaphorical sense. Wiener, again, was the first to suggest using myoelectric currents (produced by contracting muscle fiber) to control the motions of prosthetic limbs. He believed that signals from the brain to the muscle fiber in the stump of the limb could be tapped by electrodes. Small motors in the prosthesis could amplify the current to control the limb's movements. The "Boston Elbow" and "Utah Arm" are motor-driven prostheses that follow this procedure almost exactly, using electrodes that attach to the shoulder muscle or lay implanted in the arm socket. Through biofeedback the amputee learns to control the device somewhat like a normal limb.

The following is extracted from a paper explaining the design and construction of a microcomputer-controlled manipulator: "For an amputee to obtain motions when they are desired, he or she must give the microcomputer needed information. This information can come in the form of myoelectric signals picked up on the surface of the amputee's skin. These signals occur when the brain sends a signal to the muscle and the muscle tissues expand or contract to produce the requested motion. When a part of the body is amputated, many times the amputee continues to have a mental image of the missing part, a phenomenon known as the phantom limb syndrome. Mentally, the amputee can continue to move this phantom limb. Therefore, the brain continues to send signals to the remaining muscles and these muscles continue to try to produce the desired motion."³

Grey Walter experimented with the E-wave, or expectancy wave, which is a voltage that "arises in the brain about one second before a voluntary action, which can be either a motor act (such as pushing a button) or simply an action with respect to making a firm decision about something" (Rorvick, *As Man Becomes Machine*). The E-wave, like any electric signal from any source, can also be used to operate electrically controlled devices. Slow progress has finally resulted in a recent announcement that a researcher at Johns Hopkins University has learned to predict the arm movements of a monkey by analysis of its brain waves. These techniques, developed twenty years ago, are rather basic, but they're a first step in allowing machinery to be mentally or neurally controlled like alternate body parts. The opposite of thought-activated machinery is electrical brain stimulation which sinks electrodes into the brain and applies minor voltages. Just as thoughts and mental impulses produce electrical activity,

most motor functions and emotions can be triggered or influenced by electrically stimulating the brain. "When a patient is conscious during a brain operation, the surgeon can give electrical stimulation in the motor strip and produce definite movements; here a twisting of the foot, there an arm movement, at a third point a clamping of the jaw" (Calder, *The Mind of Man*).

Electrical brain stimulation provides researchers with a means of mapping and controlling brain functions, including stimulating dormant sections (as in stroke victims) to produce useful body operation. Sequential computer control of serial stimulus has apparently been successful in producing "lifelike" movement in laboratory animals suffering paralysis. Stimulating the cortex directly to replace missing sensory input is another application. "Brindley and Lewin have described the case of a fifty-two-year-old woman, totally blind after suffering bilateral glaucoma, in whom an array of eighty small receiving coils were implanted subcutaneously above the skull, terminating in eighty platinum electrodes encased in a sheet of silicone rubber placed in direct contact with the visual cortex of the right occipital lobe. ... With this type of transdermal stimulation, a visual sensation was perceived by the patient in the left half of her visual field ... and simultaneous excitation of several electrodes evoked the perception of predictable simple visual patterns" (Delgado, *Physical Control of the Mind*). Electrical stimulation of the auditory nerve has produced auditory sensations. Appropriately placed electrodes can alter blood pressure, sleep, motor functions, the sensation of pain and even hostile behavior.

The following account illustrates one of the many possibilities opened up by the advent of these techniques: "... the ability to detect radiation has been bestowed on a group of experimental cats, each of which is wired into a portable, miniature geiger counter that telemeters electrical impulses directly to the feline brain via implanted electrodes. The square-wave electrical impulses are similar to normal nervous impulses. They are transmitted to a portion of the brain that is associated with fear reactions, causing the cats to shy away from radioactive sources" (Rorvik, *As Man Becomes Machine*). According to José Delgado, "It is reasonable to speculate that in the near future the stimoreceiver [instruments for radio transmission and reception of electrical messages to and from the brain] may provide the essential link from man to computer to man, with a reciprocal feedback between neurons and instruments which represents a new orientation for the medical control of neurophysiological functions. For example, it is conceivable that the localized abnormal activity which announces the imminence of an epileptic attack could be picked up by implanted electrodes, telemetered to a distant instrument room, tape-recor-



ded, and analyzed by a computer capable of recognizing abnormal electrical patterns. Identification of the specific electrical disturbance could trigger the emission of radio signals to activate the patient's stimoreceiver and apply an electrical stimulation to a determined inhibitory area of the brain, thus blocking the onset of the convulsive episode" (Delgado, *Physical Control of the Mind*).

"By the turn of the century, every major organ except the brain and central nervous system will have artificial replacements," says Dr. William Dobelle, whose Institute for Artificial Organs in New York is working on replacements for the pancreas, heart, ear and eye ("Building the Bionic Man," *Newsweek*, July 12, 1982). The concept of total prosthesis seems plausible, if this is true. Creating an artificial human brain, however, is a little more difficult. Some say it will never happen. Since the first Artificial Intelligence experiments, attempts to mimic complex human neural activity with the crudities of current electronic hardware have been plagued with challenging problems.

Breakthroughs in this line of research might take place through electrobio-logical engineering or hybridization of computer architecture with molecular engineering. Naval Research Laboratories, the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry, the U.S. Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency and other investors like Sharp and Sanyo-Denki are funding research into what is known as the Molecular Electronic Device (MED) or "biochip." There are several designs for these organic microprocessors, but the essential idea is to use protein molecules or synthetic organic molecules as computing elements to store information or act as switches with the application of voltage. Signal flow in this case would be by sodium or calcium ions. Others feel that artificial proteins can be constructed to carry signals by electron flow. Still another idea is to "metalize" dead neuronal tissue to produce processing devices. "The ultimate scenario," says geneticist Kevin Ulmer, of Genex Corporation, "is to develop a complete genetic code for the computer that would function as a virus does, but instead of producing more virus, it would assemble a fully operational computer inside a cell" ("Biochip Revolution," *Omni*, December, 1981).

The very notion that computer chips could be "grown" or that living and inert matter could be fused together on a molecular level promises surprises ahead for those with orthodox notions of mind and body. As machines become more and more responsive to human internal experiences (from the desire to move a limb or even rage or sexual pleasure), we'll probably reach a stage at which every subtle nuance of imagination and consciousness can be realized, stored and displayed through machinery. And at some point in the future it will be possible to "will" events to occur.

New twists in the evolution of the brain might be brought about through our own manipulation of the elements of biological science. If we seriously consider Spengler's suggestion that the hand and tool must have come into existence together, then it follows that the tool's transformation into an "organism" capable of monitoring and responding to our biological functions transforms us as well.

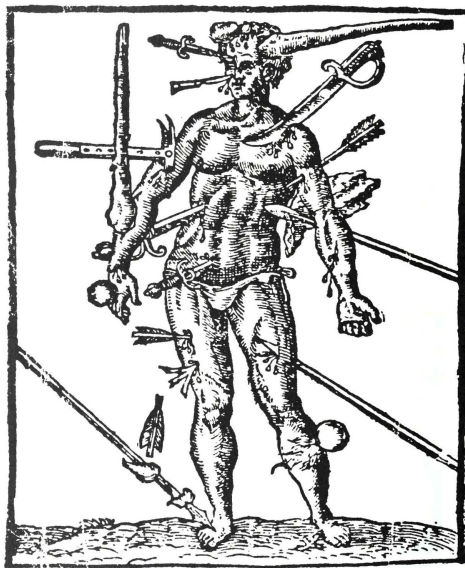
*The title *Man a Machine* is taken from Julien Offray De La Mettrie's book of the same title, first published in 1748. La Mettrie was a physician who had seen military service, and put forth the view that the human body can be seen as simply a complex machine. This view was partly inspired by a "vision" La Mettrie experienced during a feverish attack of cholera on the battlefield in 1742.

Notes

1. Cole, M. & S., "Three Giants of Soviet Psychology." Interview with Alexei Nikolaevitch Leontiev in *Psychology Today*, March, 1971.
2. Greek engineer whose credits include building a holy water slot machine and automated religious shows featuring moving statues of gods.
3. Beeson, W., "A Microcomputer Controlled Manipulator for Biomedical Applications," *Bioengineering: Proceedings of the Eight Northeast Conference*, Pergamon Press, 1980.



Collectivization of breasts in a Moscow nursery



BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE towards a body without organs

Gregory Whitehead

FIGURE 1-5 (archival). Supreme vulnerographic magnification of classical San Sebastiano puncture trauma, as recorded by Andrea Mantegna (Isola di cartura 1431 - Mantova 1506). For comparative perspective on Word / Wound interpretation, see relic represented in Figure 7-5. FIGURE 1-27a. Blunt trauma, first post-operative day. Subject (male) suffered a crushed member inflected by the sudden tumble of a low-silica ossification, range and caliber unknown. FIGURE 2-5b. Lateral view of the false aneurysm. Notice again the defect in the radial artery, continued perfusion of the artery despite injury, and the blushing of the epiphyseal plates at both radius and vulva. FIGURE 2-10. Rare archival angiogram, (female) subject unknown; deep perforations inflame liminal regions of the sub-uterine wall. FIGURE 2-11. Magification of inflamed area in Figure 2-10; multiple surface abrasions have precipitated the formation of hetero-labial pili incarnati, producing the distinct impression of a feigned papillomic eruption. FIGURE 2-12e (rare). The structurally pathological implications of these partially occluded surface lacerations amply demonstrate that *as a result of the ceaseless impact of external stimuli on the surface of the vesicle, its substance to a certain depth may have become permanently modified*. FIGURE 2-13. Compound head trauma resulting from an explosion in a shingle factory. Except for palsy of the left abducent nerve, subject remained neurologically intact during the first day after trauma. Shortly after admission, he developed ptosis of the left eye followed by right hemiparesis, with gradual deterioration at base of skull (marked). FIGURE 3-3. Abstract Lacrymosa (duplicate). FIGURE 3-12. Direct impalation of the trachea has left a wide area of syntagmatic destruction transecting the extreme ulterior corniculates and depositing an abnormally occluded and hemotrophic paralipsis in the post-glottal corpus compulsion. FIGURE 3-17 (revised). Detail of scout film on third post-trauma day. Multiple magmatic gas bubbles in descending gutter and in Gerota's fascia, representing imbric fat necrosis due to the surprise spillage of papillomic lava through duodenal perforations. FIGURE 3-22b (out of sequence). Impenetrable auto-castration; the only entry into the whole family of human wounds that simply can't be re-membered. FIGURE 3-29. Widespread intrapelvic trauma compounded by rare sublingual

contusions. Note the unusually pitched lacrymosa; but the common gluteals are roughly the same diameter as the inferior femorals! From this, we can infer significant and obsessive surface display directly prior to impact penetration. FIGURE 3-37. High power magnification of left index digit puncture trauma; dactylosis spontanea provokes the unusual signature of phantom defluvium across residual wound tract. FIGURE 4-8. Admission chest film: an expanding apical hemotoma speaks against prompt esophageal catheterization. Observe arterial bleeding between the internal mammary artery and the metallic end of the chest tube adjacent to it—traumatic filial attachment? FIGURE 4-11. MEDUSA'S HEAD (pseudonymous). FIGURE 4-14. No surprises here; a post-mortem autopsy revealed profound multiple ruptures of the superior undulatus delectae. Compare the bloated tissues enveloping the residual wound tract to a standard tissue sample slide—the subject (male) quite literally drowned in a sudden massive release of his own excess body fluids. FIGURE 4-15. Blunt trauma shatter dispersion of vagus nerve (L. vagus, -wandering); subject left utterly speechless. FIGURE 4-23. Handgun, 0.38, extreme close range, direction undetermined. Shatter expansion of the left porus acusticus internus resulting from rapid projectile gyrations is partially obscured by the utter dematerialization of the superior cerebral corpus flagellanti. And where is the residual wound tract? FIGURE 4-29a. Blunt trauma, subject unknown. Note well the crushed parasympathetic ganglia distal to the rectal magnificat—might this be an occasion for exploratory tympanic lip transplant? FIGURE 4-31 (archival). Head wound suffered by a German footsoldier on the first day of the Battle of Verdun. Comparison to the shatter expansion in Figure 4-23 provides historical perspective on woundscape development. FIGURE 4-41. Aerial photograph of woundscape following BOMBARDIMENTO DI ADRIANOPOLI: *tumb-tumb-tumb-tumb 2000 granate protese strappare con schianti schianti schianti schianti schianti ...* FIGURE V, ii. HORATIO: *Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.* FIGURE 5-8. Head wound, magnified fractal tomograph of the perforated induseum griseum. Upon admission, patient was critically athetotic and displayed signs of having suffered a prolonged retrograde conduction avalanche deep inside the hypothalamus, crushing the right distal 'tweenbrain ganglia. FIGURE 5-9. Tomashevskii effect: The subject was severely wounded by lacerations along the tracheal rim, inducing repetitive intradiaphragmatic avulsions to the nascent epiglottis, gravely impairing the hole of the speech apparatus. FIGURE 5-18a. Puncture wound, left hand. Note the halo of arterioles and the radiant capillary blush around the partially occluded remission. Given the densely clotted hermeneutic partial to the expanding hemotoma, subject should be

treated with extreme unction. FIGURE 5-18b. Same subject, right hand. Severe bone decalcification at center left producing a striking resemblance between the partially amputated princeps principi artery (on the ventral aspect of the thumb) and the total unstretched rima glottidis reproduced in Figure 5-9. FIGURE 5-34 (*diminuendo*) TOTENKLAGE. FIGURE 6-6b. This is an earlier film from the same study, showing discontinuation of the radial artery after a stab wound of the cubital fossa. Although there is no bleeding, the large hemotoma must be evacuated if the subject is to remain complete *in all the parts of a man*. FIGURE 6-10. Puncture trauma victim (female), object of penetration unknown. Hypertrophic lacerations along interior surface of inflamed labial lacuna compounded by widespread eruption of infectious low-silica lava. No known surgical treatment; subject recommended for prolonged uteroscopic scrutiny. FIGURE 6-21a. Selective left testicular arteriogram; arrow marks direction of penetration. The short distance between the point of bone collision and the termination of the residual wound tract, together with the absence of a wide scatter of metallic fragments, indicates that at the moment of climax very little energy was left in the bullet. FIGURE 6-32 (archival). Textbook case of "Railway Spine," dating from mid-19th century. See William Camps, RAILWAY ACCIDENTS OR COLLISIONS: THEIR EFFECTS, IMMEDIATE AND REMOTE, UPON THE BRAIN AND SPINAL CORD (London, 1866), p. 47. FIGURE 7-5 (relic). How to construe the deeper meaning of the Word inscribed by His Handwriting into the Flesh of His Son: *genitum, non factum, consubstantialem Patri?* FIGURE 7-21. Puncture trauma, caliber and range unknown. Anterior entry with skin-to-skin penetration. Note the change in position of the entry wound on the labial occlipsis; this could create a distorted impression of the true position and direction of the residual wound tract. FIGURE 7-21a. Blunt trauma, head: frontal magnification. Crushed Broca's area compounded by sustained ganglionic decussation. Upon admission, subject exhibited early symptoms of translimbic glossolallia—but note the untouched cava delecta! FIGURE 7-21b. Same subject, fifth post-traumatic day. Mandibular ganglions have deteriorated, as evidenced by widespread sublingual Ruffini nodule deposits. Atrophied Broca's area partially obscures the still untouched (!) cava delecta. FIGURE 7-21c. Blunt trauma, head. Do not be misled by the biomechanical resemblance to the human larynx; this wound is irretrievably aphasic. FIGURE 7-31. Self-inflicted, 0.22 Handgun, close range, direction caudad. Right paramedian entry, 6 cm. below the level of the umbilicus. The residual wound tract is through the groin. Laparotomy revealed an entirely extrapudendal residual wound tract despite widespread fat necrosis in the adjacent monastery. Intimal flap of dissection or accumulation of in-

traluminal clot? FIGURE 7-36. Hunting rifle injury, close range. Transection and thrombosis of the superficial femoral artery are present. Compare the extensive soft tissue injury with that of the puncture wound patient in Figure 7-21; note well the opacified distal disfiguration. FIGURE 7-48. Pyroscopic vulneroglyph (see text) inscribing typically hypertrophic laval perforations. The so-called Rim of Fire is a virtual factory of similar contributions to the geodermic woundscape. FIGURE 7-49. Selective right pulmonary angiogram (50 ml at 18 ml/sec), showing effects of widespread blunt trauma suffered after the climax but prior to the application of extreme unction. The entire heart displayed poor contractility; the right ventricular myocardium was cyonic but not infarcted. FIGURE 8-1b. Traumatic displacement of undular entrails anticipates the genesis of a total stimulus shield: material at last, *a body without organs*! FIGURE 8-14. Injury by shotgun slug, self-inflicted, close range. Notice the wide destruction of bones and soft tissue. The arteriogram shows traumatic displacement of both fallopian tubes compounded by ancillary sub-intimate womb inversion. FIGURE 8-22 (undated and unsigned). THE SCAR OF ODYSSEUS. Despite uncertain authentication, convincing demonstration that the interpretation of oral wounds need not depend entirely on faulty manducation techniques. Compare to Figure 4-41. FIGURE 9-1. Following bullet train collision, subject (female) suffered acute amnesia. Note well the utter dislocation of procreative organs; storing the fate of future generations, the memory of wounds is strictly involuntary. FIGURE 9-13a. Fractal genetigram, first generation; subject suffered prolonged exposure to radioactive waste. Signs of emphatic chromosomal paralipsis mark well the path of future mutation. FIGURE 9-13b. Fractal genetigram, simulated second generation. Surface punctures signify utter structural depravity viz. DNA matrix; subject's real body surface at this stage becomes waxy and viscous: DO NOT TOUCH! FIGURE 9-13c. The crisis of the Third Generation. FIGURE 9-13d. Fourth Generation simulation. Genetic wound mnemonic automatism propels the subject right out of the species—real body surface displays course protective ridges with frequent slime secretions parallel to the pit. FIGURE 9-13e. By the Fifth Generation, the chromosomal matrix has passed from the genetic to the geologic. FIGURE 11-4 (see text). FIGURE 11-30 (revived). NICK: *You ...you swing wild, don't you?* MARTHA: *Hah!* NICK: *Just ... anywhere.* MARTHA: *Hah! I'm a Gatling gun. Hahahahahahahahahah-hahah!* NICK: *Aimless ... butchery. Pointless.* FIGURE 12-2b. Aerial photograph of multiple spinal contusions suffered by the Angel of History following a high-speed collision against oblivion. FIGURE 12-18. Deep thoracic puncture provides living and final proof that the wound is the only hole into the human body out of which nothing comes but itself.

QUANTUM MECHANICS & CHAOS THEORY

Anarchist Meditations on N. Herbert's Quantum Reality: Beyond the New Physics

Hakim Bey

1 Scientific worldviews or "paradigms" can influence—or be influenced by—social reality. Clearly the Ptolemaic universe mirrors theocentric & monarchic structures. The Newtonian/Cartesian/mechanical universe mirrors rationalistic social assumptions, which in turn underlie nationalism, capitalism, communism, etc. As for Relativity Theory, it has only recently begun to reflect—or be reflected by—certain social realities. But these relations are still obscure, embedded in multinational conspiracies, the metaphysics of modern banking, international terrorism, & various newly emergent telecommunications-based technologies.

2. Which comes first, scientific paradigm or social structure? For our purpose it seems unnecessary to answer this question—and in any case, perhaps impossible. The relation between them is real, but acts in a manner infinitely more complex than mere cause-&-effect, or even warp-&-weft.

3. Quantum Mechanics (QM), considered as the source of such a paradigm, at first seems to lack any social ramifications or parallels, almost as if its very weirdness deprives it of all connections with "everyday" life or social reality. However, a few authors (like F. Capra, or Science-Fictioneers like R. Rucker or R. Anton Wilson) have seen Quantum Theory both as a vindication of certain "oriental philosophies" & also as prophetic of certain social changes which might loosely & carelessly be lumped under the heading "Aquarian."

4. The "mystical" systems evoked by our contemplation of Quantum facts tend to be non-dualist and non-theocentric, dynamic rather than static: Advaita Vedanta, Taoism, Tantra (both Hindu & Buddhist), alchemy, etc. Einstein, who opposed Quantum theory, believed in a God who refused to play dice with the universe, a basically Judeo-Protestant deity who sets up a cosmic speed limit for light. The Quantum enthusiasts, by contrast, prefer a dancing Shiva, a principle of cosmic *play*.

5. Perhaps "oriental wisdom" will provide a kind of focusing device, or set of metaphors, or myth, or *poetics* of QM, which will allow it to realize itself fully as a "paradigm" & discover its reflection on the level of society.

But it does not follow that this paradigm will simply recapitulate the social complexes which gave rise to Taoism, Tantra or alchemy. There is no "Eternal Return" in the strict Nietzschean sense: each time the gyre comes round again it describes a new point in space/time.

6. Einstein accused Quantum Theory (QT) of restoring individual consciousness to the center of the universe, a position from which "Man" was toppled by "Science" 500 years ago. If QT can be accused of retrogression, however, it must be something like the anarchist P. Goodman's "Stone Age Reaction"—a turning-back so extreme as to constitute a revolution.

7. Perhaps the development of QM and the rediscovery of "oriental wisdom" (with its occidental variations) stem from the same social causes, which have to do with information density, electronic technology, the ongoing collapse of Eurocentrism & its "Classical" philosophies, ideologies & physics. Perhaps the syncretism of QT & oriental wisdom will accelerate these changes, even help direct them.

8. Table of Paradigms

With Their Spiritual, Political & Economic Parallels

I. Paleolithic—shamanic—non-authoritarian—hunter/gatherer

II. Neolithic—polytheistic—authoritarian—agricultural

III. Earth-centered Cosmos—theistic—monarchial/theocratic (hierarchical)—urban

IV. Sun-centered Cosmos—monotheistic—divine right of kings—colonialism & imperialism

V. Mechanistic universe—deist or atheist—democracy, capitalism, communism—industrial/technological

VI. Relativistic universe—Modernism—cybernocracy—post-industrial (electronic)

VII. Quantum universe ...

9. Just as Modernism here parallels Relativity Theory as a sort of spiritual concomitant, so "oriental wisdom" seems to attach itself to QT. But what political systems, what economics would derive from this amalgamation?

10. QT, which attempts an explanation of the reality "behind" Quantum facts, lags far behind QM itself. Unlike Relativity, QM offers no coherent ideas about "reality," only a set of statistical possibilities, tools for prediction. QM "works"—but Quantum facts remain unexplained. The excitement of the science for non-scientists lies in the way it seems to have revived speculative philosophy as an integral part of the scientific endeavor: at present, competing theories about Quantum "reality" rival any occultist or mystical excesses for sheer madness & breathtaking in-

credibility. In *Quantum Reality*, physicist Nick Herbert outlines eight philosophies or world views, "Quantum Realities," all based on Quantum fact but all different.

11. Quantum Reality Number One (QRI)—the Copenhagen interpretation. "There is no deep reality." Objects, everyday real things, "float on a world that is not as real." (Bohr, Heisenberg.) Emphasis on "Uncertainty," and thus comparable to Buddhist "Anti-realism" or even Berkelean Idealism. The Copenhagen "orthodox ontology" leads directly to QR2, which posits an observer-created reality in which the act of measurement gives rise to observed reality ("The moon is demonstrably not there when no one looks"—N.D. Mermin).

12. QR3—"Reality is an undivided wholeness." Developed by W. Heitler. In this interpretation, "the observer appears, as a necessary part of the whole structure, and in his full capacity as a conscious being. The separation of the world into an 'objective outside reality' and 'us,' the self-conscious onlookers, can no longer be maintained. Object and subject have become inseparable from each other." According to Bohm, "One is led to a new notion of unbroken wholeness which denies the classical analyzability of the world into separately and independently existing parts.... The inseparable quantum interconnectedness of the whole universe is the fundamental reality."

13. Capra's popularization of this stance in *Tao of Physics* explores possible leads in Far Eastern mysticism. But none of the "orientalists" have so far noted a much more relevant metaphysics in sufism, especially Ibn Arabi's doctrine of the oneness of being (*wahdat al-wujud*). My intuition says that Ibn Arabi might prove a goldmine to Quantum Theorists, but the "mingling of two oceans" conjured up by such an imagined confrontation would involve decades of hard labor to grasp & contain—& so I leave it to someone else to follow up.

14. Bell's Theorem, which proves or seems to prove that Quantum Reality is "non-local," bolsters rather than deflates what we might call the taoist theory of QM, or in Herbert's phrase, QR3. *Something* in Bell's Theorem seems to be violating Einstein's cosmic speed limit—some superluminal aether or "field," or Faster-Than-Light particles—or *telepathic* particles! So far this bizarrerie can be experimentally demonstrated only though negative inference; no laboratory "hard" evidence of such a "field" (or whatever) has been uncovered. Randomicity Theory suggests that non-local phenomena will remain inaccessible—that superluminal signaling devices ("ansibles" in SciFi terminology) will prove impossible to decode, hence useless. However, this remains unproven. If telepathy exists, then human consciousness may already be making use of such codes.

15. QR4—"The many worlds interpretation" (H. Everett, 1957) suggests that the wave function never collapses—that every possible event actually occurs, either in "our" world or in some instantaneously created "alternative universe." The Copenhagenists deny reality altogether; Everett offers infinite realities: an elegant solution, so far totally unverifiable ... but ... SciFi Heaven! (I wish to expropriate one of Everett's notions, the non-collapse of the wave function, for my own fanciful synthesis [see below].)

16. QR5—Quantum Logic. What Einstein did to Euclidean geometry, some Quantum physicist/mathematicians hope to do to Boolean (Classical) Logic. Other than making it easier to think about, I'm not sure how this new logic would relate to QR—but it sounds like a good idea.

17. QR6—"Neo-realism." Einstein, Planck, Schrödinger, Bohm & de Broglie have all looked for ways to "save the phenomena," to discover & describe Quantum Reality *per se*, rather than take the disagreeable step of agreeing with Copenhagenian anti-realisms ("Atoms are not things"—Heisenberg. "There is no quantum world"—Bohr.) Reconciling the neo-realist project with Quantum facts leads to some very peculiar positions—such as maintaining that the world is real but "non-local."

18. Could it be that the quarrel between anti-realists & neo-realists arises from a *semantic* problem about the definition of "reality?" It looks to me as if both sides are maintaining that reality means *Classical* reality. Thus the Copenhagenists are forced to deny that ordinary objects exist—an absurdity—while the neo-realists are reduced to looking for loopholes in QM, & seem so far to have been utterly frustrated. But if QR & "ordinary reality" are *both* real, modalities of the same *one* reality, then the dichotomy vanishes like a delusion caused by bad grammar. The only problem then remaining is that of Quantum measurement, which asks in effect how "quantumstuff" "*becomes*" "ordinary objects?"

19. QR7—"Consciousness creates reality." Von Neumann posits that only one kind of stuff exists, quantumstuff, & that ordinary objects are "made" of it. At some point the wave function, the all-possible nature of quantumstuff, "collapses" into a single statistical probability, a quantum jump which somehow "creates the world." Where does this occur? The only logical answer appears to implicate human consciousness as the setting of the wave function collapse. Ironical that Von Neumann, the wizard of cybernetics & strategic game theory, should have been forced to develop a math which suggests that human consciousness must be written into any complete explanation of QR. Von Neumann's interpretation is not the same as QR2, "observer-created reality," in which the observer could as easily be a measuring device as a human being; QR2 tacitly accepts a basic dualism between a real "Classical" measuring device, and Quantum unreality itself. Nor does QR7 necessarily imply Buddhist-style anti-realism

or Idealism: reality *exists*, but only in conjunction or “unity” with consciousness.

20. On one hand this trend leads to a kind of neo-Aristotelian neo-Platonism—such as QR8, Heisenberg’s “duplex world” of potentials and actualities, in which real objects appear almost as manifestations or hypostases of a Quantum Reality which is both more abstract & yet “more real” than everyday things.

21. On the other hand however Von N’s “all-quantum” explanation of QR harks back to & strengthens the “taoist” arguments of QR3. Here, rather than a platonic modified non-dualism we get a strong & *radical monism*, in which “matter” & “consciousness” cannot be distinguished except as modalities of a single reality.

22. In effect, might one not say (as in QR4) that *the wave function never collapses*—but that there still remains *only one reality*? That there has never been a “fall” from *one* into *two*? If QR is non-local, if “phase interference” & Bell’s proof mean that all Quantum-particles which connect hologrammatical instantaneous connections with each other— if all “matter” was originally (before the Big Bang) one dimensionless macro-particle/wave—then *all* particles are implicated in *all* waves, & vice versa. The universe is (as Capra says, quoting Hindu sources) a seamless net of jewels, every jewel reflected in every other. The wave function collapse in this case would constitute a mathematical description of a mode of individual consciousness & its awareness of the world, its inherent implicatedness in the totality & oneness of that world—in fact, its virtual *identity* with that world. The wave function collapse would then not actually describe a physical event at all; in effect, it would have never happened. The universe is now what it was & ever shall be: one reality.

23. As far as I know, this synthesis of QR3 and QR7 (lucky numbers!) violates current thinking in Quantum Theory—& perhaps even the “Quantum facts” as well. Still ... science marches on; things may change & become even weirder. I have a strong hunch that the ongoing study of randomness (e.g. at thermonuclear temperatures) may shed light on QR philosophy in the near future. Another source for the next breakthrough in physics may well come from brain physiology—provided it can tear itself away from rat-running & linguistic rat-holes & address itself to the problem of *consciousness*. New work on the “morphogenetic field” in biology looks promising; personally, I feel less enthusiasm for cognitive philosophy & AI research.

24. My groping attempt at a synthesis is suggested by what I call Chaos Theory, which holds to the axiom that reality itself subsists in a state of ontological anarchy. “The one gave birth to the two, the two to the 10,000

things"—but all this IS the tao & nothing but the tao. Yin & yang have no being in themselves, but act as interpenetrating modalities of the tao. The real/unreal dichotomy enslaves us in false consciousness. Looked at from one point of view, nothing is real; from another point of view, everything is real; from another, "nothing is real except the Real"; from yet another, "I am the Real" (*ana'l Haqq*, a sufi "koan"). These semantricks create a set of paradoxes—and the resolution will give us an essentially metalinguistic *certainty* of being's oneness. Such oneness cannot be structured or defined in any way. It has no "ruler" and no "laws"—hence, ontological anarchy.

25. On a mathematical (or statistical) level, the chaotic nature of reality may manifest as randomness; I suspect it manifests in the Uncertainty Principle as well. Whatever the truth of these speculations, I feel that Chaos Theory & Quantum Theory are moving closer & closer together. If this is so, then we may be able to predict some social implications of Quantum Theory as a "paradigm"—and thus answer the questions posed in paragraph nine—by looking at the social programme of Chaos Theory or ontological anarchy.

26. Chaos Theory, like any good theory, can be applied to anything, from physics to literary criticism—just as it can absorb energy from any kind of source, from the heretical spiritual teachings of sufis, Ismailis, Ranters, shamans or sorcerers—to QM itself. Thus it may provide the link, yoke, nexus or connection between QM & "oriental wisdom," & help define the paradigm we're looking for.

27. Chaos Theory predicts that Quantum Theory will fail to turn up any "hidden laws," hidden variables that restore some privileged class of objects or perceptions to a status of objective reality at the expense of other objects & perceptions. The anti-realists who recognize only the measuring device as real, & the neo-realists who yearn for a "Classical" resolution of QM's paradoxes, are simply proposing different ways of "saving the phenomena"—or metaphorically, of preserving reality as we know it. *Consensus Reality*. This project seems doomed from the start—at least, to us chaotes. The new paradigm will shatter Consensus Reality, & with it all authoritative representatives of scientific "truth."

28. This is *not* to claim that the "solving" of Quantum Theory will somehow result in an anarchist utopia. The predictive power of Chaos Theory seems to falter here. After all, total destruction is as much a "type" of chaos as the most benign visions of Bakunin or Stirner. In effect the social & economic results of the new paradigm depend on forces other than those described or controlled by the paradigm, whatever its claims to absoluteness. For instance, an economy which mirrors this paradigm will almost certainly involve the abolition of "work" as we know it (a relic of Classical physics)—but what replaces it may either enslave us more

miserably than "work" could ever accomplish, or it may liberate us in harmony with the visions of "zero-work" radicals, neo-situationists & anarchists.

29. Similarly Chaos Theory can make no predictions about the development of technologies which mirror the paradigm, such as telepathic signaling, FTL spaceships, ansibles, controlled ESP or other fancies indulged in by fantasists (including me). Social change resists all such sibylline seductions, since it involves the incalculability of consciousness itself, & of human history. I can foresee Quantum dystopias as easily as utopias.

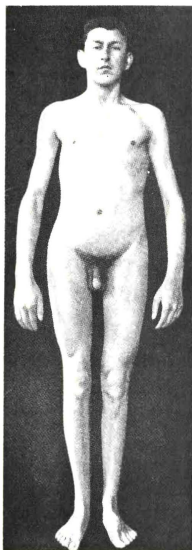
30. Given all these caveats however, Chaos Theory still envisions a Quantum-Social-Paradigm with distinctly anti-authoritarian implications—in one sense a reprise of the Paleolithic/shamanic worldview, in another sense wildly post-postmodern. Such a "movement" or change would transcend all current definitions of Anarchism, whether communist, syndicalist, libertarian-capitalist or individualist. So far there is no name for what I'm talking about.

31. Like Quantum Theory itself, this politique/poétique is still *emergent*. It can only be sensed as it emerges or begins to emerge from the "facts" of everyday life, just as Quantum Theory peeps out of the strangeness of Quantum facts. Somewhere in the welter of Quantum Theory & Chaos Theory the paradigm is already born, & waits for us to assist at the mystery of its naming, of its transmutation from potentiality to actuality. In this action poets & physicists may play equal parts, for the glory of Quantum Theory is that by restoring consciousness to its theorems it has turned science once again into a type of "Natural Philosophy"—or alchemy.

32. Fleshing out the vision of a world somehow based on the mind-boggling perceptions of QM linked with the alien realizations of "oriental wisdom"—a world which *lives* with ideas such as non-locality, particles which travel backwards in time, alternative universes, randomness at the heart of creation, etc. etc. ... this is properly the work of utopian Science Fiction—at this point in history. Perhaps within a few years it will become the province of revolutionaries, artists, philosophers—the unacknowledged legislators of a lawless future—anarchs of the new paradigm.

33. QM is said to be "complete"—but then so are all scientific systems in their moment of power. QM should by no means be fetishized either by scientists or poets, since Quantum Theory itself may hold the seeds of a paradigm which overthrows even QM. The tao which can be spoken is not the tao; the moment Quantum Theory presents itself as "complete," it must be at once attacked. Chaos theory *seems* to predict that Quantum Theory will flourish as long as it remains "incomplete," not tied down on any

Classical (or even non-Boolean) procrustean beds—metalogical, metalinguistic, essentially unstructured—“free,” like reality itself—which is a state not of Anarchism but of *anarchy*, even to the very roots of being.



**THE FUTURE BELONGS
TO THE FEW OF US
STILL WILLING TO GET
OUR HANDS DIRTY.**

POLITICAL TERROR

**It's the Only Thing
They Understand.**



**Build the
National Socialist Revolution
through Armed Struggle.**



National Socialist Liberation Front

APOCALYPSE POLITICS

Let him who has something to say come forward and be silent!

—Karl Kraus



VAGARIES OF NEGATION: *Data on the Decomposition of Society*

John Zerzan

It wasn't only radical intellectuals that found themselves unprepared for the end of the 60s. Change was simply no longer in the air and it fell to this intelligentsia, in the 70s increasingly part of the universities they once attacked, to explain "the 60s," its swirling promise and its demise. Most of the professoriat who had come of age in the struggles before the "Me Decade" Ice Age found no new framework for understanding or re-assessing their defeat circa 1970.

Herbert Marcuse's *One-Dimensional Man*, which appeared just before the upheavals, provided a rather pessimistic picture of consumption-oriented citizens caught in the chains of "repressive tolerance." With the movements of blacks and other minorities, hippies, anti-war students, and women, he rejoiced and became for a time more sanguine about the prospects for the future. But by the second half of the 70s he had become as grim as the rest of the radical intelligentsia; in his final book (1978) Marcuse embraced art as the last refuge of resistance.

Some realized the inadequacy of the last Frankfurt School theorist but offered nothing in his place to explain why events of the 60s had failed to deepen into more of a challenge to the dominant culture. However, Paul Piccone, editor of the quarterly journal *Telos* since it began in 1970, has tried to provide a fuller, if very depressing, schema to account for the failure of the 60s revolts and what he sees as a triumph of modern authority that pre-dates those revolts and rendered them abortive.

In 1977 and '78 Piccone unveiled his "artificial negativity" thesis,¹ the most far-reaching and coherent model for understanding contemporary social reality since at least the 60s. Re-periodizing recent phases of capitalist development, it locates the decisive impact of consumerization in the early 60s as a watershed between incomplete and completed repression.² Correcting Marcuse's "one-dimensionality" approach as obsolete, Piccone has offered a persuasive picture of a consumer-cultural hegemony grown so complete as to remove from its subjects a combative intelligence essential to now-extinct struggles. Internal opposition is necessary in order to equip the system with vital control mechanisms; with the too-victorious stamping out of the undomesticated, monopoly capitalism now must somehow relax its repressive force so as to help engender a renewed negative presence.

It seems very plausible that domination today needs just such "artificial negativity" for its future,³ but where Piccone sees a docile, cretinized subject, produced as the over-success of integration, I see evidence of *dis*-integration, a subjectivity that, far from happy and conformist, cries out in anguish as it begins to withdraw from the reproduction of the social order.⁴ The negative is in fact strongly present, if not in a form useful to power. Data and commentary on the social fabric of the 80s may suggest a clarification and re-interpretation of the Piccone thesis.

One might have expected the alleged arrival of standardized, homogenized consumer consciousness, with its "erosion of the last vestiges of individuality,"⁵ to also mean the evaporation of psychic turmoil. Precisely the opposite is the case. Psychological immiserization is increasing on all fronts, fundamental testimony that the individual continues to register his incompatibility with the distortion and impoverishment of life as offered by late capitalism.

With the decline of the traditional two-parent family—which is occurring even faster in the 1980s than in the late 70s⁶—less emotional mediation is afforded against the onslaught of everyday life. Even the apparently successful are far from immune, as indicated in such articles as "Life of a Yuppie Takes a Psychic Toll" and "Madness Stalks the Corporate Ladder."⁷

In fact, levels of emotional illness are growing, as reported by the National Institute of Mental Health or the supermarket tabloids,⁸ as people find themselves unable to adjust to the triumphant culture. Newly prominent maladies, such as the Epstein-Barr virus, a kind of psychological devastation,⁹ are complemented by new increases of others, like eating disorders.¹⁰ A federal study released in 1984 found that one in five had some type of mental health treatment, compared to one in eight in 1960.¹¹ Not surprising is the fifteen percent jump in the NIMH research budget for 1987.

Suicide among the young has tripled in the past twenty-five years, following one hundred years of suicide stability going back to the mid-nineteenth-century data studied by Durkheim. Among fifteen- to nineteen-year-olds it is now the second leading cause of death and occasioned formation of a cabinet-level Task Force on Youth Suicide in 1985. Late in 1986 it was reported that after years of decline, suicide rates among the elderly are also rising.¹²

Stress, thought by some to be perhaps only a buzz-word of the late 1970s and early 80s, has never commanded so much attention. The literature is burgeoning as stress-wrought damage grows.¹³ The Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report released October 2, 1986 by the National Centers for Disease Control declared that mental stress caused by unsatisfactory

working conditions has become America's biggest occupational disease, six months after a news magazine had concluded that "the American workplace is being swamped with claims ranging from job burnout, or mental fatigue from tedium and stress, to chronic and severe anxiety, manic depression, nervous breakdown and schizophrenia."¹⁴ It has also been recently claimed, by Dr. Thomas Robertson, that the stress of getting up in the morning is the reason for the very high incidence of strokes and heart attacks occurring between eight and nine a.m.¹⁵

The unreality of our work-and-shop existence is also viscerally felt, it would seem, by the very young. A 1986 Cornell University Medical College study of randomly selected six- to twelve-year-olds in New York City found that 12% of them manifested suicidal tendencies, including overt manifestations,¹⁶ while a 1985 offering discussed widespread child arson.¹⁷

In 1985 the American Medical Association revealed that "total outpatient drug exposure" increased 28% from 1971 to 1982.¹⁸ This by way of background to 1986, the year of the cocaine epidemic and non-stop attention to the problem, with special attention to drugs at work and testing for drug use; several federal institutions came out for universal employee drug tests in March, 1986, for example.¹⁹

Turning more directly to work, it is clear that the "productivity crisis" is another hot topic of the 1970s that has proven its durability. If Marxist periodicals like *Science and Society* and *Dollars and Sense* denied its existence in the 70s, falling back in the 80s to assert that at least the mental state of workers is no factor in the productivity decline, those with a sincere spirit of inquiry into the matter of faltering output-per-hours-worked have had to be more forthright about this crisis that definitely has not gone away.

"Something important has happened to productivity. I don't know what it is ... but it is very bad,"²⁰ judged E. Dennison in the late 70s. Baumol and McLennan concluded, more recently, that "this country's productivity growth performance in recent years is extremely disquieting."²¹ After lackluster growth in 1984, it fell to -.2% for 1985²² and is giving a poor showing thereafter.

Amid recent studies of a declining "work ethic,"²³ reactions range from outrage, blaming "irrationalities on the level of the individual,"²⁴ to sympathy, taking cognizance of the prevailing "national malaise and personal pain."²⁵ And one of the most stunning aspects is that the productivity crisis has not been affected at all by massive recent outlays, organizational and technological. Wickham Skinner summed up the industrial situation thusly: "American manufacturers' near-heroic efforts to regain a competitive edge through productivity improvements have been disappointing.

Worse, the results of these efforts has been paradoxical. The harder these companies pursue productivity, the more elusive it becomes."²⁶ Also in mid-1986 came the parallel shocking news that the hundreds of billions spent on computerizing the office have not raised white collar productivity a whit.²⁷ At the same time performance in the service sector is being questioned,²⁸ there is great resistance to the neo-Taylorist monitoring of work by computers,²⁹ and layoffs signal to some new declines of company loyalty, morale and productivity.³⁰

Meanwhile, since its effective beginnings in the early 80s,³¹ participative management "has spread at an extraordinary rate"³² with the prospect of even greater growth of worker-involvement, quality of worklife, and other democratizing of jobs.³³ More and more it is becoming clear that "workers themselves must be the real source of discipline,"³⁴ that authority has no choice but to give over more initiative to those who are becoming more demonstrably averse to contemporary work. At the same time, there is already evidence that after initial temporary reprieves, power-sharing schemes are not improving productivity or job satisfaction.³⁵

Two other significant work tendencies, in passing, are the increase in part-time employment,³⁶ and the refusal of the young, though often unemployed, to accept work or to last long at it.³⁷ More evidence of disinvestment in the dominant values.

Rousseau argued that republics could outdo monarchies by turning the spectators into the spectacle.³⁸ Today's political spectacle is failing because people are shunning their appointed role. "Americans are no longer merely criticizing their political system," asserted historian James Burns in 1984, "they are deserting it."³⁹ Turnout for the 1986 election fit, if exaggeratedly, the general tendency since 1960: it was the lowest since 1942 despite the most massive and costly voter registration drive ever mounted in a non-presidential year. Among those still participating in recent years, by the way, the trend has been toward an unaffiliated status, not a swing toward the right.⁴⁰

The young Sartre averred that there was nothing he and his compatriots had been told that wasn't a lie. Illiteracy in America is vast and increasing, prompting Jonathon Kozol to estimate that sixty million are "substantially excluded from the democratic process" by it.⁴¹ There is a deep, visceral turn-off indicated here, deeper than that of non-voting, one which refuses and reverses one of civilization's cardinal agencies and promises fundamental problems for a social order increasingly reliant on self-activation. The Army found that 10% of its conscripts were functionally illiterate in 1975; in the 1981 (volunteer-based) Army the figure was 31% and climbing.⁴² At work, new computer-mediated environments require both literacy and initiative, as both qualities evaporate.⁴³ A related development

is the rising high school dropout rate, with rates of forty and fifty percent from the central city schools now being reported.⁴⁴

Another basic connection with this culture also seems to be loosening: that of a sense of history, a perspectival interest in the past. Commentators of every stripe have bemoaned a great indifference emerging in this area,⁴⁵ the tendency to live exclusively in the present. Ultimately, however, is this "de-memorization" so threatening? Are the horrors of the present not a sufficient reference point on which to base the project of emancipation—in fact, are they not the only basis? As Baudrillard reminds us, "Each man is totally there at each moment. Society is also totally there at each moment."⁴⁶ Adorno closed his *Minima Moralia* with the counsel to thought that it must reveal this "indigent and distorted" world as it will one day appear from the vantage point of liberated existence—and to achieve such a perspective "entirely from felt contact"⁴⁷ with the world's aspects; this proviso seems to imply both the definitive weight of the present and the promise that the subject is capable of measuring that present against surviving instincts and sensibilities. This brief survey tries to suggest that the individual does survive and tries to turn away from official living, maintaining particularity and otherness in fundamental ways, in the face of the demands of complicity.

It has become commonplace to reject or ignore Habermas' early 1970s hypothesis that "late-capitalist societies are endangered by a collapse of legitimation."⁴⁸ But the farther we get from the 60s the more obvious it is that a full range of de-legitimizing potentialities has been growing since that time. What Robert Wuthnow characterized as an unprecedented "fundamental uncertainty about the institutions of capitalism"⁴⁹ does not even take into account the real depth of "uncertainty" present when emotional survival itself is at issue.

Probably no single datum could provide better ammunition for the "artificial negativity" view of a totally passive, cretinized populace than that of the more than seven hours of television consumed per capita daily. But can there be much dispute that most of those so irradiated are consciously narcotizing themselves? Drugs of all kinds are clearly necessary simply to get through the day, and an aura of irony has never been so strong regarding television. Further, one could point, as many did, to the *Happy Days* generation of young men as they faced the institution of pre-draft registration in the early 80s. With all those thousands of television programs behind them, could there be any doubt that all of them would not docilely register? Their massive non-compliance staggered virtually everyone.

Television commercials also deserve comment. Ten years ago, it was "Harley Davidson—the freedom machine!" and "Mustang II, Boredom Zero"; today—along with much more attention to pain and dyspepsia

relief and alcohol and drug treatment centers—Mastercard invites us to “Master all the possibilities,” Merrill Lynch sings “To know no boundaries,” and eroticism becomes far more pervasive in the promotion of a great variety of commodities. Banks, life insurance companies and other conservative components begin to sound like the motorcycle, whiskey and fast car purveyors of the 70s. The widely noted collapse of the commitment to deferred gratification⁵⁰ is not without grave danger to the present society, as more and more is offered—in terms of what can only be seen as less and less. Consumerized society provides less a guarantee of power’s stability than a bill of reckoning that grows ever larger by its noticeable failure to satisfy.

Meanwhile, polls reflect the public belief that ability and hard work count for almost nothing in “getting ahead”; state lotteries and other forms of gambling emerge as the national pastime; virtually universal employee theft promotes the use of millions of lie-detector and psychological “integrity” tests—not to mention drug testing; new studies show the widespread use of unemployment benefits to subsidize leisure rather than work search; shoplifting and tax evasion figures set new highs each year, as do the U.S. prison population numbers; an avalanche of articles touts the desperate need for moral education; the Army, reduced to a New Age “Be all that you can be” appeal, contends with drug, AWOL, illiteracy problems, and a new investigation points to “Army-wide” pilfering of all types of equipment—this list and its documentation could be greatly extended; I’ll spare the reader.

What stands out is that “narcissistic” withdrawal on this scale means that values dangerous to the dominant order are corroding its very foundation. As Baudrillard put it, “Everywhere the masses are encouraged to speak, they are urged to live socially, politically, organizationally .. the only genuine problem today is the silence of the masses.”⁵¹

Modern domination is democratic; it must have participation if it is to have legitimacy; if it is, ultimately, to function at all. This is precisely what is being withdrawn, as the return on investing in domination registers on the organism as zero or less. This “passivity” is of no instrumental use to the world we must continue to endure; an artificial negativity may well be required. But this negativity in no way means a real one, growing more visible, does not exist. Nor, it must be added, is it inevitable that a totally alternative consciousness will emerge from the crucible of intensifying alienation.

NOTES

1. Paul Piccone, “The Changing Function of Critical Theory,” *New German Critique* 12 (Fall, 1977) and “The Crisis of One-Dimensionality,” *Telos* 35 (Spring, 1978).

2. This may be seen as paralleling Jacques Camatte's categories of the informal and actual domination of capital, left rather indeterminate in *The Wandering of Humanity* (Detroit, 1973).

3. Sun Oil, Bristol-Myers, and American Express recently commissioned an Oxford study on the future of American capitalism; predicated on the fact that the gap between the haves and the have-nots is widening—e.g. "Is the Middle Class Doomed?" *New York Times Magazine*, September 7, 1986 and "Is the Middle Class Shrinking?" *Time*, November 3, 1986—an explosion is predicted as personal anxiety converts to social and political tension over downward mobility: *America in Perspective*, Oxford Analytica (New York, 1986). There is a kind of crude analog here to the "artificial negativity" thesis, as American capitalism in its decline is seen as captive to outmoded ideologies and unable to connect with the realities of the coming crisis.

4. Earlier contributions to what some have termed the "breakdown" thesis by the author: *Breakdown: Data on the Decomposition of Society* (Milwaukie, OR, 1976); "The Promise of the 80s," *Fifth Estate* (June 1980); "The 80s So Far," *Fifth Estate* (Fall 1983); "Present Day Banalities," *Fifth Estate* (Winter-Spring 1986). Available in *Elements of Refusal*, Left Bank Books, (Seattle, 1987).

5. Paul Piccone, "Narcissism after the Fall: What's on the Bottom of the Pool?" (Symposium on Narcissism) *Telos* 44 (Summer 1980), p. 114.

6. Two-parent families declined by 751,000 from 1980 to 1985, more than twice the decrease in any five-year period since 1970, according to the Census Bureau (figures released November 4, 1986).

7. "Life of a Yuppie Takes a Psychic Toll," *U.S. News and World Report*, April 29, 1985; Douglas La Bier, "Madness Stalks the Corporate Ladder," *Fortune*, September 1, 1986.

8. A survey of *Journal of the American Medical Association* and *Archives of General Psychiatry* seem to indicate an upsurge of interest in depression in the literature, while the check-stand weeklies seem to feature stress, depression and loneliness in the mid-80s.

9. "Malaise of the 80s," *Newsweek*, October 27, 1986.

10. Joel D. Killen, et al, "Self-Induced Vomiting and Laxative and Diuretic Use among Teenagers," *Journal of the AMA*, March 21, 1986. This study of tenth-graders revealed a higher incidence of bulimia (binge-purge syndrome) than was previously thought—13% among the 1,728 under scrutiny.

11. Michael Waldhoz, "Use of Psychotherapy Surges, and Employers Blanch at the Costs: the Anxiety of Modern Life," *Wall Street Journal*, October 20, 1986.

12. CBS Evening News, November 12, 1986. Too recent for further documentation, but see "Suicide by the Elderly Up," *Jet*, September 1, 1986.

13. A tiny, representative sampling: Gary Evans, ed., *Environmental Stress* (New York, 1982); "Stress!" (cover story, complete with contorted, screaming face) *Time*, June 6, 1983; Diane McDermott, "Professional Burnout and Control," *Journal of Human Stress*, Summer 1984; T.F. Riggall, *Stress Burnout: An Annotated Bibliography* (Carbondale, Illinois, 1985); Naomi Breslau and Glenn C. Davis, "Chronic Stress and Major Depression," *Archives of General Psychiatry*, April 1986.

14. Muriel Dobbin, "Is the Daily Grind Wearing You Down?" *U.S. News and World Report*, March 24, 1986. In Oregon, where I'm writing this article, 42% of

all Workers' Compensation claims filed by all employees in 1985 were based on "mental stress." Alan K. Ota, "Claims for Stress Increasing," *The Oregonian*, October 24, 1986.

15. Associated Press report of paper presented by Dr. Thomas Robertson, annual meeting of the American College of Cardiology, March 11, 1986.

16. Donald Ian Macdonald, "Can a 6-year-old Be Suicidal?" *Journal of the AMA*, April 18, 1986.

17. Wayne S. Wooden, "Why Are Middle-Class Children Setting their Worlds on Fire?" *Psychology Today*, January 1985.

18. Carlene Baum, et al., "Drug Use and Expenditures in 1982," *Journal of the AMA*, January 18, 1985.

19. For example: "Panel Proposes Drug Screening in Work Place," Associated Press, March 3, 1986; "Drugs on the Job" (cover story), *Time*, March 16, 1986; Irving R. Kaufman, "The Battle Over Drug Testing," *New York Times Magazine*, October 19, 1986; Michael Waldholz, "Drug Testing in the Workplace: Whose Rights Take Precedence?" *Wall Street Journal*, November 11, 1986.

20. Quoted in Marion T. Bentley and Gary B. Hansen, "Productivity Improvement: The Search for a National Commitment," Daniel J. Srokan, ed., *Quality of Work Life* (Reading, Massachusetts, 1983), p. 91.

21. William J. Baumol and Kenneth McLennan, "U.S. Productivity Performance and Its Implications," Baumol and McLennan, eds, *Productivity Growth and U.S. Competitiveness* (New York, 1985), p. 31.

22. David T. Cook, "Why U.S. Workers Built Fewer Widgets per Hour Last Year," *Christian Science Monitor*, February 2, 1986.

23. For example, the Aspen Institute's late 1983 *Work and Human Values* report.

24. "On the Manageability of Large Human Systems," editorial, *Human Systems Management*, Spring, 1985, p. 3.

25. Perry Pascarella, *The New Achievers: Creating a Modern Work Ethic* (New York, 1984), p. x.

26. Wickham Skinner, "The Productivity Paradox," *Harvard Business Review*, July-August, 1986, p. 55.

27. William Bow, "The Puny Payoff from Office Computers," *Fortune*, May 26, 1986.

28. Jeffrey A. Trachtenberg, "Shake, Rattle, and Clonk," *Forbes*, July 14, 1986.

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30. "The End of Corporate Loyalty" (cover story), *Business Week*, August 4, 1986.

31. See John Zerzan, "Anti-Work and the Struggle for Control," *Telos* 50 (Winter 1981-82).

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ue to expand and flourish ..." p. vii; Susan Albers Mohrman and Gerald E. Ledford, Jr., "The Design and Use of Effective Employee Participation Groups; Implications for Human Resource Management," *Human Resource Management*, Winter, 1985.

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35. Sar A. Levitan and Diane Wernke, "Worker Participation and Productivity Change," *Monthly Labor Review*, September 1984; Anat Rafaeli, "Quality Circles and Employee Attitudes," *Personnel Psychology*, Autumn 1985. Also Robert Howard, *Brave New Workplace* (New York, 1986).

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37. Sylvia Nasar, "Jobs Go Begging at the Bottom," *Fortune*, March 17, 1986; Albert Rees, "An Essay on Youth Joblessness," *Journal of Economic Literature*, June 1986; Harry Bacas, "Where Are the Teenagers?" *Nation's Business*, August 1986.

38. J.J. Rousseau, *Lettre a M. d'Alembert sur les Spectacles* (Geneva, 1948), p. 168.

39. James McGregor Burns, *The Power to Lead* (New York, 1984), p. 11. "People are staying home as a conscious act of withdrawal" (also p. 11).

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46. Jean Baudrillard, *The Mirror of Production* (St. Louis, 1975), p. 166.

47. Theodor W. Adorno, *Minima Moralia* (New York, 1974), p. 247.

48. For example, Jürgen Habermas, "What Does a Crisis Mean Today? Legitimation Problems in Late Capitalism," *Social Research*, Winter 1973.

49. Robert Wuthnow, "Moral Crisis in American Capitalism," *Harvard Business*

Review, March-April 1982, p. 77.

50. Michael Rose, *Reworking the Work Ethic* (London, 1985), p. 104.

51. Jean Baudrillard, *In the Shadow of the Silent Majority ... or the End of the Social and Other Essays* (New York, 1983), p. 23. However, Baudrillard explicitly eschews any negative, liberatory potential for the "mass," which he sees as voracious, irrational, and dumb, simply a black hole which may swallow the system but not thereby provide deliverance. True to post-structural obeisance to an eternal, frozen reality, for Baudrillard the individual is extinct and negativity a meaningless term.



LET'S DO JUSTICE FOR OUR COMRADE P-38

Red Brigades

There was a great need for this, considering the confusion reigning among the zealous directors of the disinformation newspapers. Lately, on several occasions, we have heard talk of a phantom "38 special." Well, this weapon no longer exists. It is the product of the perverse imagination of journalists who confuse the trademark of a particular weapon (the Walther 38, the number 38 referring to the year of manufacture) with the 38 special, which is not a particular weapon or model, but a caliber, and, moreover, not a caliber used in semi-automatic pistols (like the Walther), but in revolvers.

Let us clarify the difference between revolvers, semi-automatic pistols, and automatic weapons:

The revolver is comprised of a fixed barrel, mounted on a mechanism, and a revolving cylinder which has different breeches for the cartridges.

Automatic weapons (machine guns) are those whose firing, when one keeps one's finger pressed on the lock, is only interrupted when there are no more cartridges.

For semi-automatic weapons, the cartridges, in an automatic loader, fire one after the other.

We should clarify one point: while in semi-automatic pistols the ejection of the shell occurs at the moment one fires, in revolvers the shell remains in the cylinder.

This is the reason that the discovery of shells from 38-special cartridges fired by assassin extremists, as we often have the opportunity to read about, seems to us completely impossible.

It must be added that if revolvers that can be loaded with 38-special cartridges are on sale in gun stores, and thus offered for the use of the Movement, as in Rome or Bologna, the same is not true of pistols like the Walther P-38, which is loaded only with 7.65 and 9 mm automatic cartridges, since the sale of these weapons is prohibited in Italy; they are only found on the international markets. It is enough to say that pistols are certainly unobtainable for the modern proletariat bands, which, unfortunately, have not yet achieved enough mobility to permit them to cross the borders and roam through the capitols of Europe.

If, in autonomous demonstrations, the "comrade P-38" is mentioned, it

is certainly not because we are hiding P-38's under our coats; but we must observe that there is a symbolic aspect to this, the admission that today it is necessary and just to carry arms. What is obvious is that those who consider arming themselves in view of close prospects do not envision equipping themselves with a 6.35 Bernadelli.

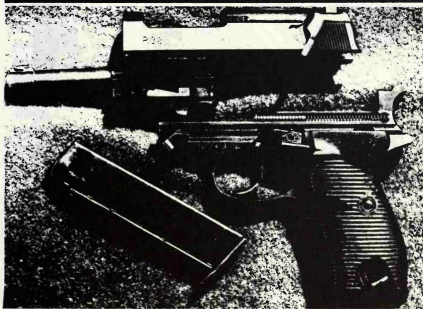
During the last war, the P-38 was the best perfected and most modern handgun (the introduction of the double-action mechanism was significant in this regard). That's where it gets its prestige. It performed satisfactorily on all fronts and the Afrika Korps was the only one to complain of some jamming because of the sand: with this in mind, they slightly increased the space between the stock, the hammer, and the barrel. The safety mechanism proved exceptionally solid.

The German Army adopted the P-38, perfected by Waffenfabrik Carl Walther, as the standard issue pistol beginning in 1938 (hence the pistol's name, 1938=P-38). They decided to use the Walther at the same time as the P.08 (better known as the Luger), then to replace the Luger with the P-38, because the latter was a weapon better adapted to mass production and less likely to break down in combat.

The manufacture of the P-38 began again after the war, and today this weapon still represents the best mechanical system among double-action pistols, with a cylinder which can even take high-power cartridges.

Thanks to the double-action firing mechanism, when the lock is deactivated, the gun is cocked while it is still in rest position, which enables the cartridge to be brought into the barrel with precision as soon as the hammer is pulled back; the first shot can thus be fired with the greatest speed, exactly as in a revolver. For further explanations, we advise journalists and all interested parties to address themselves to the Chief of Security Services Emilio Santillo, who has a reputation as an expert in the field and as an infallible marksman: beyond clarification of a general nature, he can explain the operation of the Colt Python .357 caliber Magnum, which he always carries on him.

(Translated by Richard Gardner)





THE THEOLOGY OF NUCLEAR WAR

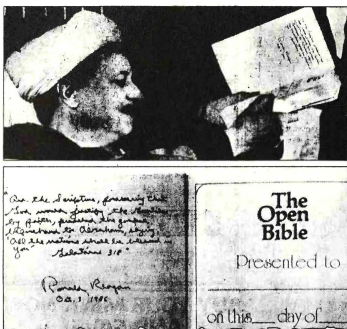
Larry Kickham

Dispensationalists think they are living at the very end of the "Church Age" which they believe will culminate in the Rapture, when the members of the "true" church will be removed from the planet. After the seven-year tribulation period prophesied in the Bible, dispensationalists expect a one-thousand-year reign during which they will rule and reign with Jesus, the Millennium Kingdom.

Like many millenarians, dispensationalists are dualist in the way they look at the world and at history. They readily adopted a fierce anti-communism during the political scares of 1919-21 and the early 1950s. An old idea left over from John Cumming, a British apocalyptic writer during the Crimean war,¹ that Russia was Magog, the prophesied invader of Israel in the last days, spread among dispensationalists after the Russian Revolution in 1917. It seemed plausible to them that the officially atheist Soviet State could be "Magog," the prophesied invader of Israel in the last days (Ezekiel, chapters 38-39). "Gog" is the prince of Magog. In their interpretation of Ezekiel 38:2-3, "thus saith the Lord Jehovah; Behold I am against thee, O Gog, Prince of Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal," they identify "Rosh" as Russia, "Meshech" as Moscow and "Tubal" as the Soviet province of Tobolsk. Equating the Soviet Union with "Magog," dispensationalists became convinced that the Soviet Union was an evil empire that had a special mission in the last days.

Since Darby's time, dispensationalists have also believed that Israel would be restored in the last days. Many dispensationalist believers interpreted the creation of the State of Israel in 1948 as a literal fulfillment of prophecy and an "infallible" sign that "this" was the last generation before the Second Coming of Christ. Believers have long interpreted events, especially in the Middle East, as pieces of prophecy coming together. The British capture of Jerusalem in World War I as well as the Israeli capture of old Jerusalem in 1967 were interpreted as signs of the last days.

Fond of reading the Bible as a key to current events, dispensationalists also read the invention of nuclear weapons in 1945 as a means of "literally" fulfilling Bible prophecy. The bomb, many thought, might be the device by which the elements will melt in the fiery apocalyptic vision of Revelation. Country and western songs like "Jesus Hits Like An Atom Bomb," and popular books like Hal Lindsey's *The Late Great Planet Earth*



Speaker of the Iranian Parliament Rafsanjani displaying bible with quotes sent to him by President Reagan

helped spread the notion that nuclear weapons are somehow related to the Second Coming of Christ.

In 1983 Jerry Falwell attacked the nuclear freeze movement with a "prophecy packet" (two tapes and a pamphlet) entitled "Nuclear War and the Second Coming of Christ." As Falwell states in his pamphlet, "the one brings thoughts of fear, destruction, and death while the other brings thoughts of joy, hope, and life. They almost seem inconsistent with one another. Yet, they are indelibly intertwined." Falwell, like many of his fellow dispensationalists, believes he will be raptured before nuclear war breaks out.

Tribulationism

Dispensationalists, however, are not all agreed as to the timing of the Rapture. There are three main positions on the question that cut across the greater division between fundamentalists and Pentecostals. Probably the majority, like Falwell, a fundamentalist, and Jimmy Swaggart, a Pentecostal, believe in a Rapture that will take place before the prophesied seven-year period of tribulation, the popular "pre-tribulationist" ("pre-trib") position. Others believe in a "mid-trib" Rapture that will rescue Christians from the worst of the tribulation, snatching them away before the nuclear "Gog-Magog" war which is supposed to occur sometime in the middle of the seven-year tribulation period. Others, like Pat Robertson, believe in a "post-trib" Rapture: Christians will have to go through the entire seven-year period of tribulation but will be especially protected by God, and at the end of the tribulation the Christians would be raptured to return with Jesus at the final battle of Armageddon. Adherents of all three positions agree that they, as the triumphant saints, will rule and reign with Jesus for a thousand years in the Millennial Kingdom they envision emerging in the near future. The nuclear war many of them foresee will not be the end of the world, but the prelude to a glorious one-thousand-year kingdom.

The divisions between pre-trib, mid-trib, and post-trib believers can sometimes influence views on matters of public policy and national defense and make for strange bedfellows. Mid- and post-tribbers who believe "Christians" will have to live through all or part of a seven-year "tribulation" are naturally more interested in survivalist skills, food cooperatives, and other forms of mutual aid, popular "end-time" economic theories, and civil defense schemes than are the pre-tribbers who think they will magically disappear before the prophesied bad times. Post-tribbers like Robertson believe that Christians should prepare for the tribulation by organizing food and other cooperative organizations. Mid- and post-tribbers share an interest in survivalism with racist "Identity" believers, the devotees of a rival theory of biblical prophecy who are train-

ing in paramilitary tactics, preparing for the racial "purging" they foresee after the inevitable nuclear war. Right-wing groups of rival persuasions can find a common bond in anticommunism and even work together on counter-insurgency projects. Paramilitary groups like Civilian Materiel Assistance (formerly Civilian Military Assistance) and those associated with *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, along with Robertson's CBN, support the *contras* in Honduras and have supplied aid to refugee groups on the Honduran border.

There has been friction between the various dispensationalist factions. Mid- and post-tribbers like Mary Relfe and Gary North have denounced the pre-trib theory as "defeatist." The post-trib theory, long considered pessimistic by old-line pre-tribbers, has won new followers. The upbeat "Kingdom Agers" believe that they will be especially protected by God during the "tribulation." The "Kingdom Age" theology Robertson presents in his book, *The Secret Kingdom*, emphasizes the gradual emergence of the Millennial Kingdom and a new theocratic world order. Robertson seems to believe that a Christian takeover of the American government may be part of that process and that Christians like Robertson will learn the skills they will need to manage the Kingdom "on the job" in positions of national responsibility.

One point all the tribbers can agree on is the need for a "strong defense"—even a first strike capability. Most dispensationalists in the government probably do not take the debate between the "theologians" very seriously. All agree that these are the last days. And, for the most part, they agree to disagree. Most hope for a pre-trib Rapture, but many see the mid- and post-trib position as more "realistic." They leave the fine points of the dispute to the theologians.

What does President Reagan Believe?

President Reagan has displayed a long-time interest, even a fascination, with biblical prophecies of the last days.² Reagan believes that "this may be the last generation" before a nuclear war destroys the Soviet Union (the so-called Gog and Magog war) and before the Second Coming of Christ. Reagan, like many of his religious supporters, seems to be a dispensationalist. For Reagan, as for many other dispensationalists, the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 was a fulfillment of prophecy and a sign that Armageddon is not far off. Evidence of Reagan's interest in dispensationalist prophecy first appeared in print in 1968. Reagan told a reporter from a Christian magazine about a conversation he had had with his pastor Donn Moomaw about the "signs of the times." Reagan said:

We [Reagan and Billy Graham] got into a conversation about how many of the prophecies concerning the Second Coming seemed to be

having their fulfillment at this particular time. Graham told me how world leaders who are students of the Bible and others who have studied it have come to this same conclusion—that apparently never in history have so many of the prophecies come true in such a relatively short time.

After the conversation I asked Donn to send me more material on prophecy so I could check them out in the Bible for myself. You know I was raised on the Bible. I also taught it for a long time in Sunday School.³

Reagan again referred to biblical prophecy in a radio program entitled "Palestine," broadcast during the weeks of April 9-27, 1979. He mentioned prophecy only in passing, saying:

When Israel was created as a nation (carrying out a centuries old Bible prophecy) its borders enclosed less than twenty percent of the area called Palestine.

Reagan also spoke about dispensationalist prophecies of Armageddon with Jerry Falwell during the 1980 presidential campaign. According to Falwell, they discussed prophecy during a limousine ride in New Orleans:

He told me, back in New Orleans—we were riding together, just the two of us, security officer up front, of course, with the driver—we were riding and he said, "Jerry, I sometimes believe we're heading very fast for Armageddon right now." But he said, "I am not a fatalist. I believe in human responsibility. I believe that God will respect us for making all-out efforts toward world peace, and that is where my commitment lies."

That's where my commitment lies, too. The President is a man of great faith. He's a man who knows what the Bible has to say. That is why I trust him so implicitly.⁴

Reagan brought up the subject of biblical prophecy of the end of the world again at a meeting with the Antiochian Orthodox Metropolitan Philip in the White House on April 7, 1983. According to the report of the meeting, "The President alluded to the Bible and the prophecies of Armageddon. He mentioned the natural disasters that the entire world was suffering and has suffered of late, and felt all these happenings were warnings that should be heeded for the avoidance of that doom."⁵

Reagan is not the only one in his administration who sees current events in terms of end-time prophecies. Secretary of Defense Weinberger has also been quoted on the subject:

I have read the Book of Revelation and, yes, I believe the world is going to end—by an act of God, I hope—but every day I think that

time is running out.

Q: Are you scared?

Weinberger: I worry that we will not have enough time to get strong enough to prevent nuclear war. I think of World War II and how long it took to prepare for it, to convince people that rearmament for war was needed. I fear we will not be ready. I think time is running out ... but I have faith.⁶

Senator Howell Heflin, Democrat from Alabama, reported a conversation with Reagan about the end-times and an Armageddon that involves the Soviet Union.

We got off into the Bible a little bit. We were talking about the fact that the Middle East, according to the Bible, would be the place where Armageddon would start. The President was talking to me about the Scriptures and I was talking a little to him about the Scriptures. He interprets the Bible and Armageddon to mean that Russia is going to get involved in it.⁷

Only days before American Marines were killed in a bombing attack on their Beirut barracks Reagan told Tom Dine, executive director of the American-Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), that he saw the world situation in terms of end-time prophecies:

You know, I turn back to your ancient prophets in the Old Testament and the signs foretelling Armageddon, and I find myself wondering if—if we're the generation that's going to see that come about. I don't know if you've noted any of those prophecies lately, but believe me, they certainly describe the times we're going through.⁸

Reagan's comments to Dine later inspired two reporters from *People* magazine to ask the President to explain his remarks:

I've never done that publicly [talked about Armageddon]. I have talked here, and then I wrote people, because some theologians quite some time ago were telling me, calling attention to the fact that theologians have been studying the ancient prophecies—what would portend the coming of Armageddon?—and have said that never, in the time between the prophecies up until now has there ever been a time in which so many of the prophecies are coming together. There have been times in the past when people thought the end of the world was coming, and so forth, but never anything like this.

And one of them, the first one who ever broached this to me—and I won't use his name,⁹ I don't have permission to. He probably would give it, but I'm not going to ask—had held a meeting with the

then head of the German government, years ago when the war was over, and did not know that his hobby was theology. And he asked this theologian what did he think was the next great news event, worldwide. And the theologian, very wisely, said, "Well, I think that you're asking that question in case that you've had a thought along that line." And he did. It was about the prophecies and so forth.

So no. I've talked conversationally about that.

Q: You've mused on it. You've considered it.

THE PRESIDENT: (laughing) Not to the extent of throwing up my hands and saying, "Well, it's all over." No. I think whichever generation and at whatever time, when the time comes, the generation that is there, I think will have it go on doing what they believe is right.

Q: Even if it comes?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes.¹⁰

The prophecy issue surfaced during the 1986 campaign debates when one of the reporters on the debate panel asked Reagan to explain his statements about "nuclear Armageddon":

Q: Mr. President, I'd like to pick up this Armageddon theme. You've been quoted as saying that you believe deep down that we are heading for some kind of biblical Armageddon. Your Pentagon and Secretary of Defense have plans for the United States to fight and prevail in a nuclear war. Do you feel that we are heading, perhaps, for some kind of nuclear Armageddon? And do you feel that this country and the world could survive that kind of calamity?

THE PRESIDENT: Mr. Kalb, I think what has been hailed as something I'm supposedly, as President, discussing as principle is the result of just some philosophical discussions with people who are interested in the same things. And that is the prophecies down through the years, the biblical prophecies of what would portend the coming of Armageddon and so forth. And the fact is that a number of theologians for the last decade or more have believed that this was true, that the prophecies are coming together that portend that. But no one knows whether Armageddon—those prophecies—mean that Armageddon is a thousand years away or the day after tomorrow. So I have never seriously warned and said we must plan according to Armageddon.¹¹

Reagan's remark that the prophesied events might not happen "the day after tomorrow" or until long into the future is characteristic of dispensationalism. Billy Graham has said essentially the same thing in a copy of his magazine *Decision* (April 1983). There he wrote, "It seems all the

signs are pointing to Armageddon. The storm clouds are gathering, the lightning is flashing, the thunder is roaring. The great Armageddon could be now or a hundred years from now. We don't know." Falwell, too, is of the same opinion, as he says in his tape *Nuclear War and the Second Coming of Christ*, "I am living as though Jesus Christ were coming today. But I am planning and laboring and working as though I had another twenty-five or fifty years. I think that is the proper posture for a believer."

Reagan's interest in end-time prophecies, as is clear from his own remarks, goes back at least to 1968, when he discussed it with pastor Moomaw. Like Henrietta Mears and Billy Graham in the 1950s, Reagan was disposed to see Communism in religious terms. He also apparently shared the dispensationalist beliefs about God's plan of unfolding prophecy in the Middle East. In 1971 when Reagan was still Governor of California he talked more about the end of the world with the president *pro tem* of the California State Senate, James Mills. Mills wrote up his notes and recollections of that conversation in 1985. According to Mills, Reagan excitedly told him that:

It can't be long now. Ezekiel says that fire and brimstone will be rained upon the enemies of God's people. That must mean that they'll be destroyed by nuclear weapons. They exist now, and they never did in the past.¹²

According to Mills, Reagan went on to identify "the enemies of God," the prophesied invader of Israel, "Gog," with the Soviet Union:

Ezekiel tells us that Gog, the nation that will lead all of the powers of darkness against Israel, will come out of the north. Biblical scholars have been saying for generations that Gog must be Russia. What other powerful nation is to the north of Israel? None. But it didn't seem to make sense before the Russian revolution, when Russia was a Christian country. Now it does, now that Russia has become communistic and atheistic, now that Russia has set itself up against God.

Now it fits the description of Gog perfectly.

Conclusion

In 1985, looking back on that conversation with Reagan, Mills concluded that his "coolness to all proposals for nuclear disarmament" is consistent with his apocalyptic views. Certainly the arms race speeded up significantly under Reagan and has threatened to run away out of control as the U.S. begins to deploy a first-strike arsenal. The D-5 or Trident II missiles to be deployed in 1989 are accurate enough to destroy hard targets and, like the MX (the so-called Peacekeeper), these missiles can be used in

a first-strike against hardened enemy missile silos. "Star Wars" is not likely to work well as a shield from a theoretical Soviet first strike but may be adequate to partially shield American targets from a Soviet second-strike.

Reagan has refused to agree to a nuclear test ban. No arms control proposals were agreed to under the Reagan administration and the nuclear arms race has spread to space.

With first-strike arsenals in place, the balance of terror will become unstable. Some American analysts fear that the Soviet Union will adopt a launch-on-warning strategy and begin to deploy its own versions of the "Peacekeeper" and Trident II missiles. If both arsenals are set at launch-on-warning the two war machines will be on a hair-trigger.

Apocalyptic ideas might be the wild-card in the nuclear poker game. An American President who believes that nuclear war with the Soviet Union is inevitable because of biblical prophecy might make building a first-strike arsenal the chief national priority. A severe crisis in the Middle East could be interpreted by a dispensationalist President as the beginning of the prophesied Gog and Magog war.

Would President Pat Robertson hear a voice telling him to act as the tool of God's destruction and rain nuclear fire down on "Magog?" It wouldn't be the first time that apocalyptic ideas led to war but it could well be the last.

Notes

1. Cumming, a preacher of the Scottish National Church, published two apocalyptic books in 1855, *Signs of the Times; Or the Present, Past, and Future*, published in Philadelphia, and *The End; The Proximate Signs of the Close of This Dispensation*, published in London. Cumming's books are cited and discussed in Dwight Wilson, *Armageddon Now! The Premillenarian Response to Russia and Israel Since 1917* (Grand Rapids, Michigan: Baker Book House, 1977).

2. See Lawrence Jones, "Reagan's Religion," *Journal of American Culture*, Vol. 8 (1985), pp. 59-70, for a summary of the evidence concerning Reagan's apocalyptic beliefs.

3. W. Rose, "The Reagans and Their Pastor," *Christian Life*, May 1968. Reagan taught Sunday School at the First Christian Church of Dixon, Illinois while he was in high school.

4. From an interview Falwell had with Robert Scheer, *Los Angeles Times*, March 4, 1981.

5. From *The Word*, Antiochian Orthodox Christian Diocese of North America, June 1983.

6. "Washington Talk," *New York Times*, August 23, 1982.

7. *New York Times*, October 28, 1981.

8. *Jerusalem Post*, October 28, 1983. Reagan had this telephone conversation with Dine on October 18, 1983.

9. The theologian Reagan here alludes to is Billy Graham and the German leader is Konrad Adenauer. Reagan told the same story to the Boones, Otis, Bredesen, and Ellingwood during their conversation in 1970 about prophecy and the soon Second Coming of Christ. See Jones, *op. cit.*, n. 2.

10. An interview with Garry Clifford and Patricia Ryan of *People* magazine on December 6, 1983. Transcript published in *Weekly Compilation of Presidential Documents*, 1983, pp. 1708-1713. An edited version of the interview appeared in *People*, December 26, 1983. See Jones, *op. cit.*, n. 2.

11. From the debate held on October 21, 1984, transcript published in the *New York Times*, October 22, 1984.

12. James Mills, "The Serious Implications of a 1971 Conversation with Ronald Reagan," *San Diego Magazine*, August 1985.

From
THE MARK OF THE BEAST
to the
BLACK MESSIAH PHENOMENON:

*The Chronicles of Ron J. Steele,
 Investigative Reporter and Prophetic Author*

Adam Parfrey

In 1974, Ron J. Steele met the Son of Perdition in downtown Walla Walla, Washington. He was a black man, dressed all in white, with two white gloves (shades of Michael Jackson?). "An inner voice told me this fellow was the Son of Perdition. He then approached, saying to me telepathically, 'You can look at me. I am not the anti-Christ.' " Steele was warned by God not to look at this evil entity's face, for if he did, his name would have been expunged from the Book of Life.

Since this terrifying occasion, Steele has been traveling the country disseminating research into what the non-religious call the "Big Brother" syndrome—lies, disinformation, and deceptions which are setting the stage for a mass yoking to the false Messiah. As early as 1974, Steele discovered plans to initiate a new colored currency which was being developed under the pretext of stopping organized crime. After exposing the plan in his community college newspaper, Steele was visited by U.S. Treasury Agents who grilled him on his knowledge of the subject, charging that he was part of an alleged plot to assassinate President Nixon. The affair was soon forgotten, but twelve years later, in 1986, network news announced that the new money was on its way.

This U.S. government plot to destroy the "underground economy" will involve registering each citizen's every purchase on a master computer. This emergent system is a multi-pronged plan of government monitoring the decisions and movements of its citizenry. The Universal Product Code (UPC) was an early and important part of that plan, and its swift and universal acceptance by the public is cause for concern, Steele contends. He takes special notice of the numbered code below the bars and lines of the UPC code: they are the numbers 666.

At the time the UPC code was being rushed into existence, Public Service announcements inundated us with the virtues of Electronic Fund Transfer (EFT), which promised to lead us into the promised land of a

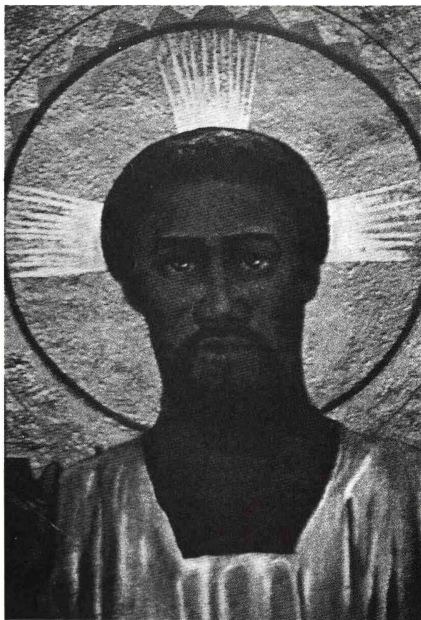
"checkless, cashless society." The ostensible virtue of this plan would be greater "convenience." In the late 1970s, the Federal Reserve released a film on EFT which featured a businessman magically teleporting an astonished couple around bank vaults and check verification centers like Dickens' Ghost of Christmas Past. The hapless couple, wide-eyed, exclaim, "Gee, Electronic Fund Transfer will really make my life convenient!"

The EFT plan would ultimately lead to getting rid of credit/identification cards (too "inconvenient" and "risky") in lieu of subcutaneous identification number implants. In 1975, Steele printed a series of articles on the developing technology of laser tattooing, which has been used ever since in the tagging of cattle. This ties into, as Steele reminds us, the "Mark of the Beast" prophecy as foretold in the Book of Revelation, in which no one can buy or sell without the Mark of the Beast. In 1978, Steele self-published an exhaustive, fact-filled book on the subject titled *The Mark Is Ready—Are You?*

Steele was the first to leak to the news media about the existence of a "hand-scan" machine, which was later implemented in a test with 3,000 army recruits at Ft. Benjamin, and will presumably be established before long in the American marketplace. The hand-scan machine will read the number tattooed into the consumer's hand (seemingly invisible but readable to laser scanners), and will then feed the consumer's bill into the legendary "SWIFT" computer in Brussels, Belgium. The amount will be automatically debited from the consumer's account. Steele paints the demonic scenario of those lacking the hand tattoo as not being allowed to purchase food, or anything else.

The internationalist flavor of the Belgian computer is allied with what Steele says is part of the "We Are the World" syndrome: a softening up of people's minds by New Age charlatans and demonists' manipulation of people's altruistic emotions. The "World Instant of Cooperation," "Hands Across America," "Live Aid" and "World Peace Meditation" are among the recent major events of the "secular humanist" religion which, according to Steele, will usher in worship of the false Messiah. In a number of full page advertisements taken out in major international newspapers in the early 1980s, a Londoner named Benjamin Creme announced that "THE CHRIST IS NOW HERE." Creme identifies Christ as a "Lord Maitreya" who will speak to everyone "telepathically." Creme's advertisement announces that Lord Maitreya's "presence guarantees there will be no third World War."

Steele believes that the Big Brother-style monetary and "criminal tracking" systems will usher in the final soul-killing regime of the anti-Christ, who will demand people's souls in return for the privilege of surviving



The black Christ as painted by Devon Cunningham of Detroit



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Michael Jackson, Francis Ford Coppola, and George Lucas posing for posterity in a staged Disney still (above)

Still from a Contac commercial (below)



under the omniscient system of a demonic mafia. Steele's research has unveiled, long before recent news reports, an experimental transponder system which is touted as relieving the overcrowding of prisons by making criminals prisoners of their own home. This technology has been further developed to track cars on all roads. More fine-tuning will make it possible for a master computer to track all people's movements at all times.

Ron Steele is concerned that the vast majority of the population will not have to be coerced into Satan worship, but may do so gladly. Agents of the Sinister Plot will perpetrate a kind of Orwellian double-think, and lead unknowing victims onto the Death Path. The most powerful of these agents are mixed up in the film, television and music industries, due to the enormous psychic influence they wield.

"There is a power," warns Steele, "that is given to certain people to *do things* that is not of God Almighty. Many people, for example, believe Michael Jackson is the second Christ. People firewalk to his song, 'Beat It,' and the firewalkers exclaim, 'the power is in the music.' Now let's take a look at *Captain EO*. [A new attraction at Disneyland, a special 3-D musical made by Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas.] 'Captain' means someone in charge and 'EO' means 'light.' So Michael Jackson plays Captain of the Light, and that is exactly what Lucifer was—Lucifer was known as the light bearer. As Captain EO, he has fire coming out of his fingertips, and he changes the world from bad to good, which is what the Messiah is supposed to do.

"I do believe Satan is going to appear as a black entity. Satan has a chosen people, and I believe it is the black race. Understand that I don't mean this in terms of prejudice to black people. Jesus was no respecter of people. But Satan is going to use the black race to deceive the rest of the world. So many people are starting to embrace the black movement. They are number one today in practically every field in entertainment. So many people can relate to the Apartheid thing, the catalyst of which is hate. And Jews can relate to hatred, and homosexuals can relate to hatred.

"The Islamic people are waiting for a Messiah to come by the name of St. Isa, which is nothing more than the Arabic name for Jesus Christ. They will tell you St. Isa is a black man. One sect of Japanese Buddhists are waiting for St. Fudo, a black Messiah. In the Philippines you've got the black Nazarene, and the Jesuits are mixed up in it too. Ignatius Loyola surrendered his life to the black virgin of Montserrat. Wherever the Conquistadors went, they took with them the black Christ, and so most of South America embraces the black Madonna as being the queen of heaven, which the bible says is an abomination, a false religion.

"In Michael Jackson's song, 'We Are the World,' there are things which

are very sinister. He said that God has shown us how to cast rocks into bread. Well he *never* said that. That was Satan's first temptation to Jesus when Jesus was out in the desert for forty days, fasting. The deception is there, and you really have to look hard to see it.

"The white state of Israel along with the CIA airlifted Ethiopian Falashas into Israel. They were accepted there as one of the tribes of Israel. So it's possible the Jews, white Jews, could accept the black Messiah. The Islamic people accept this. The Pope can bring a lot of people into this belief due to the black Madonna.

"The album voted number one in this country was *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. In the movie of it made with the Bee Gees, you have Billy Preston playing this black Messiah. In the movie you have him resurrecting a white girl from the dead, just like Michael Jackson did with fire coming out of his fingertips.

"When the black entity who calls himself the Messiah rises up in power, everybody will be able to relate to him. He will make peace and stop all the terrorism and solve everybody's problems, and people are going to get sucked right into it."

The solution, according to Steele, is not to become part of the one-world Mark of the Beast system and never, when the time comes, lay eyes on the False Messiah. Steele is currently writing a book on the False Black Messiah Phenomenon, as he calls it.



Michael Jackson inside his Sechrist (see Christ) hyperbaric oxygen chamber which he bought for \$125,000 with the hope that it will keep him in a state of eternal youth

THE CHRISTIAN THEORY OF OCCULT CONSPIRACY

Damian 1247 (Adjutor 9=2)

The conjunction of secret societies and the maddeningly hazy world of conspiracy theory seems blurred beyond hope. It is simply impossible to erase from the mind of the dedicated conspiracy buff the thought that *any* group proceeding under vows of secrecy *must* somehow be implicated in political intrigue. Determining the nature and history of secret societies is difficult at best, yet evidence of some kind is usually available. Proofs of conspiracy, especially on the international scale, rely on such complicated systems of inference that the field is reduced to dedicated amateurs with nothing to lose or political groups with axes to grind. It seems ironic that while the supposed conspiracy has left so few tracks, the conspiracy watchers have buried themselves under a mountain of paper and ink. It is with that substantial pile of paper deposited by the avowed defenders of the Christian faith that we are here concerned.

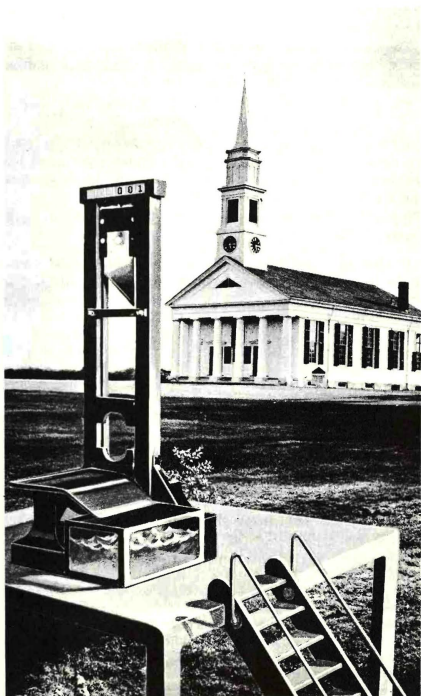
Often, the reason for secrecy in secret societies exists in the need for sanctuary for a persecuted theology. Persecution often leads to a desire for revenge, and paranoia seems to be the end result for both sides of this unpleasant little circle. The main competitor with Christianity has always been some variant on the Gnostic theology. The Gnostics, who pre-dated the Christians by a century or more, basically believed that each one of us carries the spark (*scintilla vitae*, or *synteresis*) of the Christos within. As a system of personal mystical experience based on the keys of wisdom and the direct experience of anamnesis (memory of the spark or the True Self), Gnosticism developed neither a hierarchy of intermediaries, such as priests, nor an especially cohesive power base in the social or political sense. Needless to say, Christianity became the official state religion of the Roman Empire. By the sixth century, most of the remaining Gnostic elements had been rooted out and the suppression of heresy began in earnest. By the twelfth century, the few remaining Gnostic embers had threatened to burst into open flame in such groups as the Cathars, Albigenses, and Waldensians. The first Christian Crusade was not fought against Islam, but against Gnostic heretics in the south of France.

The merciless slaughter of these Gnostic churches prefigured the wholesale carnage during the suppression of the Templars and the great witch-scare in the thirteenth century. The Inquisition lent teeth to the proposition that the Gnosis could only be taught either in the context of

secrecy enforced to the point of death, or under the cover of allegory. The rise of small alchemical societies in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries is a prime example of the allegorical or camouflage approach, while the inception of the Rosicrucians in the seventeenth century, and the Freemasons in the eighteenth century, is in the style of "openly secretive" gnosis based on the principle of the oath. It was only the growth of secular, humanist-oriented political forms after the Renaissance that allowed even this degree of relative freedom. After all, the Inquisition was not dismantled in Spain until 1820!

Humanism itself was largely based on the study of the Kabbala, a Jewish form of Gnosis, under the cover of studying "primitive" forms of Christianity. The Renaissance can thus be seen as one of the first great triumphs of the Gnostic Church since the rise of Christianity. With tremendous stealth, the Gnostic philosophy was smuggled right into the heart of the Catholic church! With that particular achievement in mind, it is easy to understand why secret societies became not only sanctuaries for Gnostic philosophy, but also the even more radical political systems that the theology implied. Anarchist, Libertarian, Communist and anti-Imperialist political viewpoints can all be traced back to points either implicit or visible in the Gnostic systems. The course of French, Italian and Sicilian Grand Orient Freemasonry and of German Strict Observance and Templar Masonry during the great European revolutions from 1789 to 1848 demonstrates a tendency that can be called antinomian; the desire to replace centralized Christian political power with individual political determination for all social units from the private individual to the entire *Kulturstaat*. The struggle against both Pope and Empire became one of the main concerns of continental Gnosticism and obviously had achieved many of its aims by the three-quarter mark of the twentieth century.

The formation of the Jesuits as a secret society in response to the Reformation showed that Christianity could use the same methods as the Gnostics whenever necessary. The Jesuit interest in mind manipulation techniques along with insistence upon secrecy in its methods of indoctrination raised the ante, and probably helped spark Freemasonry as a Pagan-Gnostic counter-move. The more public Speculative Freemasonry of 1717 sparked a sudden and powerful rise of interest and membership, including many of the most powerful political and intellectual leaders in Europe and the New World. There were strong associations of French Grand Orient Masonry—which was openly atheistic, unlike the British and American branches—with the leading lights of the French Revolution. The famous revelation of papers relating to the decidedly Machiavellian schemes of the Bavarian Illuminati transformed speculation into a firm conviction of secret society hanky-panky, eventually resulting in waves of anti-Masonic



hysteria which overran Europe and America periodically during the nineteenth century.

Despite the impression of Masonry as an arch-conservative, even reactionary force (derived from the theistic British and American systems), continental Freemasonry has been dominant in the rise of both the left-wing and the modern urban-secular philosophies as well. Historically, Freethinking and Freemasonry have been closely associated, at least as far as continental Europe is concerned. That right-wing, essentially fundamentalist, Christian circles have been one of the most vocal opponents of the Gnostic-Humanist revolution comes as little surprise. The key concept that *Christianity* forms the target of the Gnostic *revanche* dates back to the 1920s and the spectre of aggressive Bolshevik domination over Europe. Books and articles defending Christian civilization poured out at the height of the Red scare. The two classic conspiracy studies, both of which are quoted *ad nauseam* by the contemporary conspiracy buff, are Nesta Webster's *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements* and Lady Queensborough's *Occult Theocracy*. Both appeared during the height of anti-Bolshevik reaction in the mid-20s and early 30s. During that time, yet another crusading Englishwoman known only as "Inquire Within" or "Miss Stoddard" purported to reveal the secrets of the conspiracy from within. An English newspaper, *The Patriot*, printed articles by all three, along with much anti-Semitic, anti-Masonic, and anti-Bolshevik material.

The Jews are at the bottom of Webster's version of the anti-Christian conspiracy—her championing of Benito Mussolini and her ambiguous stance on the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* demonstrates the root concept of Christian conspiracy theory. Jews (or pagans or Gnostics), being the chosen people of God, feel that they deserve to rule the world and that Christianity has usurped their place in the sun means that they must be plotting the downfall of Christian civilization. A more insidious version claims that the genetic make-up of these people causes their own overweening self-aggrandizement. Add the Christian grudge against the Jews for having crucified Jesus, and against the Gnostics for having the temerity to question the priestly hierarchy, and you have the essential flavor of Christian conspiracy theory.

Lady Queensborough's version adds another classic element that Webster only states in the last sentence of *Secret Societies*—Satan as mastermind of all intrigue. Calling attention to the presence of dark occult forces in addition to human treachery is the difference which separates Christian conspiracy theory from the more secular *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* style with which we are more familiar. Although *Occult Theocracy* reads more like a catalogue than historical theory, the sheer piling up of obscure lore seems curiously paranoid. "Inquire Within" adds a final touch



The New York Times/Joe Traver

to the vision of Jewish-Satanic-pagan collusion. Her *Light-bearers of Darkness* and *Trail of the Serpent* attributes the powers of Kundalini, the life-force described by the Hindu Tantras, as the great secret of mesmeric powers found in the secret societies. The unorthodox sexual practices of Tantric practitioners fueled the fire.

Just as the Bolshevik revolution spawned the hydra-head of Christian anxiety, the rise of an aggressively secular, humanist culture coupled with the peculiar millennialist psychology of the approaching year 2000 and the visibility of non-Christian cults provoked another mountain of Christian conspiracy tomes in the 1970s, most of which derive their inspiration from Webster and Queensborough. The millennialist influence, highly visible in the bestselling books of Hal Lindsey (*The Late Great Planet Earth*) and Salem Kirban (666), has many Christians searching high and low for evidence of the Antichrist. Humanist/secular conspiracies are exposed by such popular authors as Tim LaHaye (*Battle for the Mind*) and Constance Cumbey (*The Hidden Dangers of the Rainbow*), who bring us up to date with an expose of the New Age movement, which is likened to a "Fourth Reich."

Recent revelation on the influence of the Italian Masonic group "P-2" in the highest levels of the Italian government, the political intrigues of the Vatican Bank, and even the suggestion of Masonic infiltration in the Vatican Herself indicate that paranoia of occult infiltration has hardly abated. The Christian need for a scapegoat to explain both internal and external threats is the hallmark of a religion which found its power in the Roman Empire. Christianity only seems to flourish in the presence of a tangible (or imagined) enemy, as so well documented by Norman Cohn in his *Europe's Inner Demons*.

Today, the Gnostics are a major power hidden behind the mask of history, still awaiting the moment when the Christian stranglehold is broken. Until then, the fruits of victory from the last major battle—the creation of the Royal Society in England in the 1700s, which amounted to the founding of the modern physical sciences—are still being tallied.

SOCIETY FOR THE ERADICATION OF TELEVISION FACT SHEET

1. The average child has watched more than 200,000 commercials by the time he graduates from high school.

2. Advertisers spend over a half-billion dollars each year to tell children to buy expensive toys and unhealthy food.

3. Each year the average viewer sees 18,000 commercials.

4. In a typical American household a television set is on for seven hours and two minutes a day.

5. By the time a young person finishes high school, he will have spent more time watching television than sitting in a classroom.

6. 99.5% of American homes have a television set.

7. 250,000 Americans wrote to Marcus Welby, M.D. a few years ago asking for medical advice.

8. An American will have spent nine years of his life in front of a television by the age of sixty-five.

9. A Detroit paper offered \$500 to 120 families to turn off their sets for a month. Ninety-three of the families turned the offer down.

10. Children show classic withdrawal symptoms normally associated with drugs when their families agree to kick the TV habit.

11. By the age of fourteen, a devoted viewer will have witnessed 11,000 television murders.

12. There is an average of eighteen violent acts per hour on children's weekend programs, and pre-school children show "unwarranted aggressive behavior" after heavy television viewing. (National Institute of Mental Health)

13. When asked to choose between their fathers and their television sets, more than half the young people in a survey chose television.



ALCHEMICAL CONSPIRACY and the DEATH OF THE WEST

***An Introduction to James Shelby Downard's
King-Kill/33°***

Michael A. Hoffman II

James Shelby Downard's study of Masonic symbolism in the Kennedy assassination is part of a larger theory he and the veteran conspiracy researcher William N. Grimstad have worked out within their American *Grand Guignol*.

It reaches back to the anonymous manifestos of the psycho-sexual Rosicrucians and out to the farthest boundaries of *America mystica*. It is not for nothing that the collective High Noon of the Western psyche, the first atomic bomb blast, was detonated within the full panoply of geomantic siting and sorcery at the Trinity Site, at the head of the old Mexican trail known as the *Jornada del muerto* or "Journey of death."

According to Downard and Grimstad, the first of three ultimate goals of the alchemists of lore was achieved at the Trinity site, in the nuclear detonation: "the creation and destruction of primordial matter." They see the American West and particularly the Southwest as a veritable alchemical crucible of death. Grimstad worked these ideas out in his seminal audio cassette series, *Sirius Rising*. He believes that the cryptocracy long ago noted the special features of the *genius loci* of the Southwest and like the writers Frank Norris and D.H. Lawrence, detected in its gigantic proportions, and its vast, bone-bleaching terrain, a kind of cosmic graveyard.

Norris wrote the darkest reply to White Manifest Destiny on this continent in his novel *McTeague*, which concludes with the ruddy WASP protagonist handcuffed to a dead man at ground zero in Death Valley. Lawrence was just as gloomy, asserting in *The Plumed Serpent* that America was "the great no," the total negation of the positive life forces exhibited on every other continent. Lawrence and Norris were not simply making cultural commentaries or jibing at political trends they didn't like. Their attack was specifically on the American spirit-of-place. In a pivotal closing scene in *McTeague*, Norris depicts the bumbling, well-intentioned honky eating his Last Supper next to a portrait of the local Masonic brotherhood.

Of course the traditional mystery schools of East and West have always taught that the planet, like human beings, has a subtle body and special sacred points where *Terra Mater's* chakras pour forth their unique attributes. Little attention, however, has been given to the summoning of these forces through precise sitings and geomantic ritual in the service of goals of mental and political control.

If ceremonies like the old Roman Catholic High Mass, the pageants of the European kings, the Incas and the Aztecs and even the Black Mass "imprint" percipients, when occurring in specially sited gothic cathedrals or blood-smoking pyramids, how much exponentially more potent are gigantic rituals played out upon the enormous body of the Earth Herself, linked by electronic means to a whole world and swathed in onomatology keyed into the sub-cellars of our Cthonic subconscious?

The camera in Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* sweeps tantalizingly over a copy of Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*, a treatise which in part describes the primitive blood rites of the eternal pagan psychodrama's Killing of the King ceremony. Colonel Kurtz had reached that level of mythic force. JFK and his erotic wife epitomized that character on a far grander scale. Teetering on the brink of a duel with the Soviets with a nuclear-tipped Camelot sword, laying the groundwork for the third and final alchemical accomplishment in the moon flights, fornicating, doping, and assassinating in the tradition of the mighty king, JFK shimmered as no president before or since. Mr. Downard would suggest that the Masons gave Mr. Kennedy his immortality. He may not have left a beautiful corpse, but then neither did that other king, Mr. Elvis.

In the first two alchemical workings, the A-bomb world-shatter and the assassination of JFK, the script was played out on coordinates of 33. Thirty-three degrees of north parallel latitude that is, give or take a few miles. Yes, Jack too bought the bullet at the Triple Underpass, near the Trinity river and like the bomb, he went off near the 33rd degree line.

But the final alchemical-Masonic feat (in conjunction with the "Making Manifest of All That Is Hidden"), the bringing of *prima materia* (the moon rocks) to *prima terra*, a top priority of the Kennedy Camelot, was fated to take place on the 28th degree line. Twenty-eight is sacred to Saturn and it was the Saturn Five rocket that boosted the Masonic moon men (Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin were both top Masons with Aldrin bringing with him the two-headed eagle flag of the Knights Templar on the voyage and serving himself a special "communion" while on the lunar surface). They were carried to and from the moon to their orbiting spacecraft, by the Columbia landing module. Columbia, in Masonic twilight language, means "Phoenix." Mr. Grimstad pointed out in *Sirius Rising* that the image

of the new Masonic Phoenix born out of the fiery flight of the Columbia as it was jettisoned directly into the surface of the sun after accomplishing its moon visitation, would tax all the great poets of the past who marveled at those queer Rosicrucian allegories about the marriage of the sun and moon.

The groundwork for the moon flights was laid by Dr. John Whiteside Parsons, a brilliant rocket fuel researcher at the California Institute of Technology who had a lunar crater named in his honor. He also happened to be one of Aleister Crowley's more fanatical and literal followers. Crowley's *Ordo Templi Orientis* (O.T.O.) was devoted to the theory and practice of *magica sexualis* and what more mind-blowing fuck can anyone imagine than the one the Masonic astronauts accomplished between the sun and moon?

The O.T.O. established a temple on Palomar mountain, decades before supposedly "dispassionate scientists" chose it as the sight for the world's Big Eye on the universe. The O.T.O. believed that Palomar was the sexual chakra of the earth and Parsons apparently commuted between Palomar and his sex magick temples in Pasadena. In 1952 Parsons was blown up in what is officially described as an accident with rocket fuel but which others have said was a homunculus experiment that went bananas. A similar experiment centering on the animation of a homunculus (a tiny manikin much written about in medieval alchemy), was supposed to have taken place using the radiation produced during the first atomic bomb blast.

Charles Manson's "Family" executed Sharon Tate and friends only a few days after the Flight to the Moon and Mr. Grimstad has speculated that these were ritual killings intended as a kind of redressment for the defilement of the moon. The Zuni Indians, among others, viewed the moon flights with horror, and predicted that as a result of them this traditional guardian-deity of female fertility would bring plagues of sterility to the earth, or at least to Whites.

The notion that politicians, generals and scientists are as steeped in superstition as a Zuni Indian or a Charles Manson is no doubt tough to take for some. And therein may lie the power of this modern lunar mystery play, laid out in many of its details near Shakespeare, New Mexico, just as much planning for the Kennedy hit was done in the Storyville section of New Orleans.

A key city in all three scenarios was Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, and in the brilliant word-play of the Masonic Dr. Syntax, we come to the current unfoldment in "Must Be," an alchemic term Mr. Downard translates as "the Revelation of the Method." This alludes to the

process wherein murderous deeds and hair-raising conspiracies involving wars, revolutions, decapitations and every manner of horror-show are first buried beneath a cloak of secrecy and Harpocrates' hushed-finger, and then, when finally accomplished and secured, slowly revealed to the unsuspecting populace who watch in deep-frozen apathy as the hidden history is unveiled.

There are those who rise from time to time in an attempt to combat the scriptwriters and write scripts of their own. Christopher Marlowe was perhaps the most illustrious and *Doctor Faustus* the best example of counter-propaganda. Having lived, however, in the phase of alchemical secret-keeping, he died stabbed in the eye, having seen too much.

Perhaps we should let the alchemical script play itself out. It is inevitable. We might even help it along. Hurry it. When the final radioactive curtain drops at the Temple Mount in Jerusalem, it will destroy the old order, part of the world and most of the alchemists involved. Only having reached this "low bottom twelve" can we then begin anything genuinely revolutionary and new. I suggest that any force applied against the Script at this point simply powers it ever more. Face it: it has sewn up the *zeitgeist*. Maybe it is the *zeitgeist*, or maybe it's just more testimony to what Artaud called "the evil that underlies everything."

In the circulation of the Downard manuscripts (and he has written in detail, along with Mr. Grimstad, on almost every facet of this briefly outlined cosmic drollery), the revelation of the method is accomplished. Truth or consequences. Mr. Downard himself is acutely aware that in exposing the conspirators he is probably serving the final dictum—the "Making Manifest of All That Is Hidden" leading to Apocalypse.

James Shelby Downard lives as a recluse in one of the more God-forsaken precincts of the storied Southwest he has so impeccably demarcated. It is fitting that the cartographer of its underground currents resides there still, awaiting—like the rest of us—the cataclysmic fulfillment of all that the West has promised and signified. The precursor of this coming cataclysm jerked its head in Dallas on November 22, 1963. Ushering in a generation of throwaway Garbage Pail Kids for whom the image of the exploding head has become an all-pervasive yantra, the made-for-TV version of the sorcerous and eternal King-Kill/33 rite is a riddle several magnitudes above the pedestrian political solutions offered by mechanistic conspiracy researchers.





KING-KILL/33°

Masonic Symbolism in the Assassination of John F. Kennedy

James Shelby Downard
with Michael A. Hoffman II

The information I present in these pages on the Kennedy assassination is well known to certain news agencies who have chosen to suppress it, just as the motivation for the assassination has been plunged into cryonic secrecy. Masonic betrayal of the "common man" involves archetypes of fertility and death symbolism seemingly motivated to bring about syncretism in opposing principles in order to green Israel, rebuild the Temple of Solomon and establish a One World government. It is by way of Masonic sorcery that the union of opposing principles is supposed to be brought about. The criminals who stage-managed Dallas in the killing of Kennedy have controlled the American people's will in exchange for a sleep without nightmares. I publish this in the wake of the situation Charles Seymour alluded to: "The moralist unquestionably secures wide support; but he also wearies his audience." Most Americans are beyond being tired; the revelations have benumbed them.

Most Freemasons apparently have no idea of the evil that is part of Masonry, and if they do know about it they don't believe it. The same holds true for most members of the "Clandestine Lodges" and Masonic-oriented fraternal organizations as well as Androgynous Masonic Societies.

It is certain that onomatology, or the science of names, forms a very interesting part of the investigations of the higher Masonry....

(Encyclopedia of Freemasonry)

When the ancients saw a scapegoat, they could at least recognize him for what he was: a pharmakos, a human sacrifice. When modern man sees one, he does not, or refuses to, recognize him for what he is; instead he looks for "scientific" explanations—to explain away the obvious.

Thomas Szasz, *(Ceremonial Chemistry)*

The "science of names" word wizardry forms only one segment of the science of symbolism used by Masons. The JFK assassination encounters this science in a decisive way and contains a veritable nightmare of symbol-complexes having to do with violence, perversion, conspiracy, death

and degradation. These elements are important not only as cause-and-effect in the murder of a president but in the ensuing reaction of the people of America and the world.

The fertility and death symbolism in the "Killing of the King" rite which is part of Greening Ritualism that has to do with JFK, has been suppressed because examination of it must necessarily link it to "Freemasonry" and its mysticism, as well as to the political influence it exerts. Obviously this would do some damage to public confidence in:

- a. Masonic progressivism. i.e. liberty, equality, fraternity.
- b. Those who have shielded the conspirators.
- c. The entire mental concept that passes for knowledge about the genuine nature of the government of the United States.

Mystical Toponomy

Mystical toponomy incorporates word wizardry (onomatology) and the Masonic science of symbolism. In considering my data it would be helpful to consider a dictum of Einsteinian physics: "Time relations among events are assumed to be first constituted by the specific physical relations obtaining between them."

My study of place names imbued with sorcerous significance necessarily includes lines of latitude and longitude and the divisions of degrees in geography and cartography (minutes and seconds). Let us take as an example the "Mason Road" in Texas that connects to the "Mason No El Bar" and the Texas-New Mexico ("The Land of Enchantment") border. This connecting line is on the 32nd degree. The 32nd degree is the penultimate Masonic degree awarded. When this 32nd degree of latitude is traced west into the "Land of Enchantment" it becomes situated midway between Deming and Columbus, New Mexico. Slightly to the north of the town of Columbus are the Tres Hermanas (three sisters) mountains. It is approximately 32 miles between Deming and Columbus. The Three Sisters mountains are a minute and some seconds south of the 32nd degree line. When this line is traced further west it passes the ghost town of Shakespeare at a distance south of the town which is roughly equivalent to the distance which the 32nd degree line passes north of the Three Sisters mountains. The names "Shakespeare" and "Three Sisters" find a connection in the tragedy *Macbeth* which comprises such a large part of JFK assassination imagery.

When this 32nd degree line is traced a little distance farther west, into Arizona, it crosses an old trail which meandered north of what is now another ghost town but which at one time was called the town of "Ruby." Part of the old winding trail became known as the "Ruby Road." The town of Ruby acquired its name officially on April 11, 1912, and was notorious

for many brutal murders which had ritual aspects. Four of these homicides occurred in a store attached to the post office which had been erected over the grave of a Catholic priest.

Continuing on with mystical toponomy one encounters the fact that the Ruby road twists north into the area of two mountain peaks that are known as the Kennedy and Johnson mountains.

Johnson Mountain is supposedly named after the general manager of the Peabody Mining Company who also had a town named after him which was the location of the Keystone and Peabody copper mines. The 32nd degree of latitude is but a few seconds from Johnson. In this frontier town on a December evening, 1883, a Colonel Mike Smith and a man named Mason were ambushed by gunfighters described as being of *questionable reputation* and *questionable character*. These terms are employed in Masonic writings:

He [Captain William Morgan, victim of an early nineteenth-century torture-murder by Masons] was a man of questionable character and dissolute habits, and his enmity to Masonry is said to have originated in his refusal of the Masons of Leroy ...

(*Encyclopedia of Freemasonry*)

A "keystone" is the designation for the stone at the apex of an arch, which, when set in place, "keys" or locks the whole. A symbolic keystone is vital to the legend of the Masonic Royal Arch Degree of York. The earliest known record of such a degree is in the annals of the city of Fredericksburg, Virginia, on December 22, 1753. Fredericksburg is also the location of the "House of the Rising Sun," a Masonic meeting place for such notables as founding fathers George Washington and Benjamin Franklin (of Hell-Fire Club fame) and George Mason.

The Killing of the King

Never allow anyone the luxury of assuming that because the dead and deadening scenery of the Americity city-of-dreadful-night is so utterly devoid of mystery, so thoroughly flat-footed, sterile and infantile, so burdened with the illusory gloss of "baseball-hot dogs-apple pie-and-Chevrolet" that it is somehow outside the psycho-sexual domain. The eternal pagan psychodrama is escalated under these "modern" conditions precisely because sorcery is not what twentieth-century man can accept as real. Thus the "Killing of the King" rite of November, 1963 is alternately diagnosed as a conflict between "anti-Castro reactionaries and the forces of liberalism," big business and the big bankers, this-or-that wing of the intelligence community, and so on. Needless to say, each of these groups has a place in the symbolism having to do with the Kennedy assassination.

But the ultimate purpose of that assassination was not political or economic but sorcerous: for the control of the dreaming mind and the marshalling of its forces is the omnipotent force in this entire scenario of lies, cruelty and degradation. Something died in the American people on November 22, 1963—call it idealism, innocence or the quest for moral excellence. It is the transformation of human beings which is the authentic reason and motive for the Kennedy murder and until so-called conspiracy theorists can accept this very real element they will be reduced to so many eccentrics amusing a tiny remnant of dilettantes and hobbyists.

President Kennedy and his wife left the Temple Houston and were met at midnight by tireless crowds present to cheer the virile "Sun God" and his dazzlingly exotic wife, the "Queen of Love and Beauty," in Fort Worth. On the morning of November 22, they flew to Gate 28 at Love Field, Dallas, Texas. The number 28 is one of the correspondences of Solomon in kabbalistic numerology; the Solomonic name assigned to 28 is "Beale." On the 28th degree of latitude in the state of Texas is the site of what was once the giant "Kennedy ranch." On the 28th degree is also Cape Canaveral from which the moon flight was launched—made possible not only by the President's various feats but by his death as well, for the placing of the Freemasons on the moon could occur only after the Killing of the King. The 28th degree of Templarism is the "King of the Sun" degree. The President and First Lady arrived in Air Force One, code-named "Angel."

The motorcade proceeded from Love Field to Dealey Plaza. Dealey Plaza is the site of the Masonic temple in Dallas (now razed) and there is a marker attesting to this fact in the plaza. Important "protective" strategy for Dealey Plaza was planned by the New Orleans CIA station whose headquarters were a Masonic temple building. Dallas, Texas is located ten miles south of the 33rd degree of latitude. The 33rd degree is the highest in Freemasonry and the founding lodge of the Scottish Rite in America was created in Charleston, South Carolina, exactly on the 33rd degree line. Dealey Plaza is close to the Trinity River. At 12:22 p.m. the motorcade proceeded down Main Street toward the Triple Underpass, traveling first down ("Bloody") Elm St. The latter was the scene of numerous gun fights, stabbings and other violence, and it is the location of the Majestic Theatre, the pawn shop/negro district, and industrial district. It was also the home of the Blue Front Tavern, a Masonic hangout in the grand tradition of "tavern-Masonry": Sam Adams and the Masons of the American Revolution did much of their conspiring at the Green Dragon Tavern in Boston. One of the many bars claiming the honor of being the first Masonic lodge is the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, also in Boston.

The Blue Front was the site of the "broken-man" ritual in which various

members of the "Brotherhood of the Broom" swept the floor and tended some fierce javelino pigs. The Blue Front was once a fire-house and was still sporting its fire-pole in the late twenties. This is extremely germane symbolism. The national offices of the Texaco Oil Corporation are located on Elm St., Dallas. Its chief products are "Haviland (javalino) Oil" and "Fire Chief" gasoline.

On the corner of Bloody Elm and Houston is the "Sexton Building." "Sexton" is heavily laden with graveyard connotations. It is closely associated to the beetles of the genus *Necrophorus* or Sexton Beetles, so-called because they bury the remains of tiny animals with their eggs.

Bloody Elm, Main, and Commerce form a trident pattern in alignment with the triple underpass as any Dallas map will show. Many analysts contend that at least three assassins were involved in the crossfire ambush of Kennedy.

It is a prime tenet of Masonry that its assassins come in threes. Masonic assassins are known in the code of the lodge as the "unworthy craftsmen." Because Masonry is obsessed with earth-as-gameboard (tessellation) and the ancillary alignments necessary to facilitate the "game," it is inordinately concerned with railroads and railroad personnel to the extent that outside of lawyers and circus performers, no other vocation has a higher percentage of Masons than railroad workers.

Minutes after John Fitzgerald Kennedy was murdered, three "hoboes" ("unworthy craftsmen") were arrested at the railyard behind Dealey Plaza. No records of their identities have ever been revealed nor the "identity" of the arresting officer. All that remains of those few minutes are a series of photographs which have reached legendary proportions among persons concerned with uncovering the real forces and persons behind the assassination.

Dealey Plaza breaks down symbolically in this manner: "Dea" means "goddess" in Latin and "Ley" can pertain to the law or rule in the Spanish, or lines of preternatural geographic significance in the pre-Christian nature religions of the English. For many years Dealey Plaza was underwater at different seasons, having been flooded by the Trinity River until the introduction of a flood-control system. To this trident-Neptune site came the "Queen of Love and Beauty" and her spouse, the scapegoat in the Killing of the King rite, the "Ceannaideach" (Gaelic word for Kennedy meaning "ugly head" or "wounded head").

The systematic arrangement and pattern of symbolic things having to do with the killing of Kennedy indicates that he was a scapegoat in a sacrifice. The purpose of such macabre ritualism is further recognizable in patterns of symbolism culminating in the final "making manifest all that is hidden."

Oswald

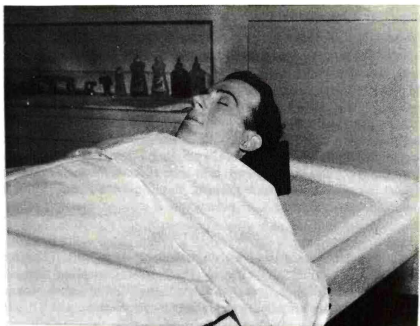
"Oswald" means "divine strength." The diminutive form of the word is "Os" or "Oz": a Hebrew term denoting strength. The role which "Divine Strength" played in the Dealey "Goddess Rule" Killing of the King ritual should be given careful consideration. One should also note the significance of (Jack) Ruby's killing (destroying) of "Oswald" in reference to the "Ruby Slippers" of *The Wizard of Oz* which one may deride as a fairy tale but which nevertheless symbolizes the immense power of "ruby light," otherwise known as the laser.

Oswald may have undergone biotelemetry implantation in the Soviet Union while a "volunteer" at a Behavior Control Center at Minsk. Oswald roomed with Cubans and was allegedly friendly with a Castro-man identified only as being "burly" and a "key man." "Burly" can mean burlesque, burlicue or burlesque. The "key," of course, is one of the most important symbols in Masonry and the symbol of silence.

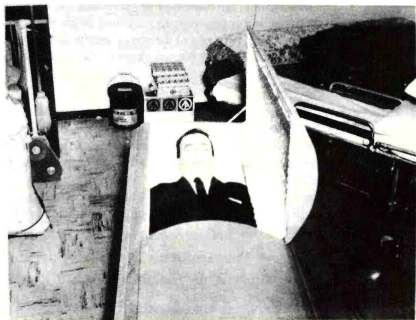
If Oswald was the result of some Soviet Frankenstein process, why did he have to travel several thousand miles for such treatment when it is a routine operation in America? While such activities of the Mill-of-Dread are *pro forma* at a variety of institutions at the present, there was once a time when it was deemed necessary to do such work at Walter Reed Hospital. These implants were back alley operations in which the victims were overpowered in some place or other, drugged and then dragged to this government hospital. They were operated on, continued on a heavy drug regimen and varied from somnolent to comatose for a number of days. The electrical function of the victim was recorded and monitored and the biotelemetry plant tested. Subsequently the victims were "brainwashed" and returned to the place where they had been seized. The targets then continued their existence, unaware of how their bodies had been invaded and their autonomy stolen.

Occasionally, victims were returned to Walter Reed because of abscesses at the incision or for the replacement of the obsolete device with an updated one. Biotelemetry implants were made in various parts of the body depending on the desired effect and function.

Like the disgraceful treatment of the autopsy of President Kennedy, Oswald's is similarly weird. Oswald was literally butchered in the "post-mortem examination." Pieces were actually cut out of his body. The major incision in his torso resembled a huge "Y" which ran from the area of his groin to the solar plexus region. From there incisions were made to the right and left armpits. The so-called "two horns of the letter Y" supposedly symbolize the paths of virtue and vice: the right branch leading to the former and the left to the latter. The letter is sometimes referred to as the



All dressed up and nowhere to go: previously unpublished photos of Lee Harvey Oswald after embalming and prior to burial



"*Litera Pythagorae*" (The Letter of Pythagoras): "*Litera Pythagorae, discrimine secta bicorni, Humanae vitae speciem praeferre videtur*" (The Letter of Pythagoras parted by its two branched division appears to exhibit the image of human life).

In the 47th Problem of Euclid lies a secret of the 3rd Degree of Masonry. Pythagoras is called by Freemasons "our ancient friend and brother." One of Pythagoras' main doctrines was the system of "Metempsychosis" which pertains to the passing of a human soul into the body of an animal. Perhaps this was the intention of the autopsy—by incising in Oswald's body the "Letter of Pythagoras" they sought to expedite transmigration, and they may even have gone as far as feeding sections of Oswald's corpse to the intended animal, for this too is a practice of what used to be widely feared as necromancy.

Arlington Necrology

The Kennedy and Oswald burials were both at "Arlington": JFK at the National Cemetery near Washington, D.C., and Oswald at Rosehill Cemetery near Arlington, Texas. "Arlington" is a word of significance in Masonic sorcery and mysticism and it has a hidden meaning which ties in with necrolatry.

At the Kennedy gravesite there is a stone circle and in its middle a fire that is called an "eternal flame." The fire in the middle of the circle represents a point in the circle, the same type of symbolism that is recognizable in Kennedy's bier and coffin being in the center of the rotunda in the Capitol. A point in a circle symbolized the sun in ancient sun worship. It was also a symbol of fecundity, with the point symbolizing a phallus and the circle a vagina.

At the Oswald gravesite stands a small tree.

There exists an old belief that a tree which grows at or on a grave is embodied with the spirit-force of the person buried at that site, and that a twig or branch taken from such a tree has magical powers. I suggest that Lee Harvey Oswald's mother should gently remove a twig from the tree at her son's grave and then at every opportunity touch FBI agents, CIA operatives, policemen, etc., with that same twig. Such a procedure couldn't help but be more efficacious in bringing the murderers of JFK to justice than the Warren Commission was.

Funerary Rites

John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, the grandfather of John F. Kennedy, was elected mayor of Boston thanks in part to his "Wake House" campaigns which were much imitated. These consisted of a daily surveillance of the newspapers for announcements of deaths after which a discreet

"sympathizer" would be dispatched by Fitzgerald and a good deal of political mileage accumulated in the bargain.

For a time the Fitzgeralds lived near the former site of the Green Dragon Tavern, established around 1680 and demolished for the widening of a street in 1820. The Fitzgerald home was on Hanover Street and the Green Dragon Tavern was on Green Dragon Lane (now Union Street). The tavern boasted the "first lodge room of Freemasonry in America," the St. Andrew Lodge located within the tavern proper. In the mysticism of the Chinese tongs, the Green Dragon is a death symbol. A symbol of the dragon is worn on a ring or held in the hand of a "hatchet man." The Green Dragon is supposed to impart the notion of a "license to kill" for it signifies that the murder is an affair of "honor": the Green Dragon is the guardian of the god-with-a-thousand-eyes who protects the sanctity of the third heaven.

Much of Boston's Irish population arrived in America in what were nicknamed the "coffin ships." Members of the Kennedy family were acquainted with the "Coffin" family. The Reverend William Sloane Coffin was the son of the theologian Henry Sloane Coffin; the younger Coffin was a member of the Peace Corps Advisory Council that Sargent Shriver headed. "Shriver" or "Shrive" has the meaning of one who grants absolution to a penitent, and it was customary to call upon a shriver before death. If the shriver was not available, a "sin eater" was summoned. The old pious cry which was connected with the request for a shricing was "Shrive me O Holy Land and Give Me Peace." To this the shriver would respond "*Pax Vobiscum*":

...the spell lies in two words, *Pax Vobiscum* will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban, *Pax Vobiscum* carries you through it all. It is as useful to a friar as a broomstick to a witch or a wand to a conjurer. Speak it but thus, in a deep grave tone, *Pax Vobiscum*! It is irresistible—watch and ward, Knight and squire, foot and horse, it acts as a charm upon them all. I think, if they bring me out to be hanged tomorrow, as is much to be doubted they may, I will try its weights upon the finisher of the sentence.

("Wamba, son of Witless")

Sargent Shriver, a Catholic and Kennedy by marriage, as head of the Peace Corps and in association with a Coffin, might be considered to be in a sensitive position in relation to mystical onomatology.

In the ancient mysteries the aspirant could not claim a participation in the highest secrets until he had been placed in the Pastos, bed or coffin. The placing of him in the coffin was called the symbolical death of the mysteries, and his deliverance was termed a rising from the dead; the "mind," says an ancient writer quoted by Stobaeus, is

afflicted in death just as it is in the initiation in the mysteries. *And word answers to word*, as well as thing to thing; for burial is to die and death to be initiated. The coffin in Masonry is found on the tracing boards of the early part of the last century, and has always constituted a part of the symbolism of the Third Degree, where the reference is precisely to the same as that of the Pastos in the ancient mysteries. [My emphasis.]

(*Encyclopedia of Freemasonry*)

President Kennedy sat at the head of a coffin table at the White House. To his back, over a fireplace, hung a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, an assassinated president. On either side of the picture were urns that resembled the type called "cinerary urns" which are vessels in which the ashes of the dead are kept.

A book about JFK was called *Three Steps to the White House*. In Masonry are what is known as the "three symbolical steps." "The three grand steps symbolically lead from this life to the source of all knowledge." (*Encyclopedia of Freemasonry*)

It must be evident to every Master Mason without further explanation, that the three steps are taken from the darkness to a place of light, either figuratively or really over a coffin, the symbol of death, to teach symbolically that the passage from darkness and ignorance of this life through death is to the light and knowledge of eternal life. And this from earliest times was the true symbolism of the step.

(*Ibid.*)

The body of President Kennedy was placed in a coffin which was positioned in the center of a circle under the Capitol dome. The catafalque was "a temporary structure of wood appropriately decorated with funeral symbols and representing a tomb or cenotaph. It forms a part of the decorations of a 'Sorrow Lodge.'" This Masonic Encyclopedia entry refers to the ceremonies of the Third Degree in Lodges of the French Rite.

Pictures taken of the Kennedy coffin and catafalque show these two props of the funerary rite as a point in a circle. Fecundity is the symbolic signification of the Point within a circle and is a derivation of ancient sun worship.

In the lore of mystery cults and fertility religions was invariably the legend of the death of the hero god and the disappearance of his body. In the subsequent search and supposed finding of the body we see the contrivance of an elaborate psychological ruse. The body was said to have been concealed by the killer or killers of the hero god. The concealment of the body was called "aphanism" and is a rite of the Masonic 3rd Degree. Anyone interested in comprehending the mechanics of group mind control

would do well to study the 3rd and 9th degrees in particular, and all the grades of Masonry in general. The disappearance of the body, this aphanism, is to be found in the assassination of President Kennedy:

The President's brain was removed and his body buried without it ... Dr. Cyril Wecht, chief medical examiner of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, past president of the American Academy of Forensic Scientists, and a professor of pathology and law, received permission from the Kennedy family in 1972 to view the autopsy materials (at the National Archives) ... When he routinely asked to see the brain, Wecht was told it was missing, along with the microscopic slides of the brain. Marion Johnson, curator of the Warren Commission's material at the Archives said, "The brain's not here. We don't know what happened to it."

(Los Angeles Free Press, Special Report No. 1, pg. 16)

If and when the brain is recovered, the entire process will have been completed under the term "euresis." In the Masonic Mysteries are "symbolical ladders." On the Masonic tracing board of 1776 there is a ladder with three steps, a significant revision of the usual ladder in such references (seven steps).



There are of course all sorts of ladders: the Brahmanical Ladder (seven steps), the Kadosh Ladder (seven steps), Rosicrucian Ladder (seven steps), Jacob's Ladder (various numbers attributed), the Kabbalistic Ladder (ten steps); then there is old "Tim Finnegan's Ladder" which is known to some as the "Ladder of Misfortune," and it is seemingly comprised of one false step after another. Tim Finnegan was an Irish hod carrier who fell off his ladder while drunk. Since he was apparently dead, his friends held a "Death Watch" (black watch or wake) at his coffin. This watch lived up to the traditional "liveliness" of these affairs and Mr. Finnegan was splashed with some vintage Irish whiskey (Fitzgerald's?) and resurrected. "Finnegan's Wake" ...

After the Kennedy coffin was removed from the center of the Capitol rotunda circle, it was taken, with pageantry, to the street for viewing. The funeral procession made an "unplanned stop" on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the "Occidental Restaurant" and a picture was taken of the flag-draped Kennedy coffin with the word "Occidental" featured prominently over it. In Masonry and in the lore of the Egyptian jackal-god Anubis, a dead person is said to have "gone west." Several months after the Kennedy funeral, "Occidental Life," an insurance branch of the Transamerica Corporation, ran an advertisement for group life insurance which it proclaimed to be "new" but contained a turn that was indeed original: the inferential weird claim was made that "Until *now* there was only one way to cash in on Group Insurance" (my emphasis); apparently some rather profound changes were made in the manner of things-as-they-are after the "Killing of the King" had become a *fait accompli*.

The spontaneous stop was made because of the horse Sardar ("chief"), a gelding ("Castro"), which was wearing boots pointing around to the rear in the Kennedy funerary rite. Horses figure prominently not only in the pleasure of kings but in their murders as well. James Earl Ray was convicted partly on the evidence of a "white Mustang" (automobile), Sirhan Sirhan claimed to his psychiatrists, trance-like, that he shot Robert Kennedy "for a mustang, mustang, mustang ..."

John F. Kennedy had demonstrated affection for the performance of a lady who was a renowned ostrich feather fan manipulator (Norma Jean Baker a.k.a. Marilyn Monroe). In Egypt, lamenting girls with ostrich feather fans sang a song of entreaty of the type that Nephthys and Isis reputedly sang as a dirge, before the partial resurrection and/or erection of Osiris. The sad dirge or lamentation has become known as a "Maneros" consisting primarily of the singers entreating the dead to return, by singing "come to my house" and then offering inducements of some type or other. It is a damn pity that the ritualists didn't have Marilyn Monroe and Rosemary Clooney sing a Maneros at the JFK funeral, for Rosemary

Clooney just couldn't believe that JFK was dead at the time, and Marilyn Monroe was killed because of JFK. In Ancient Egypt the entreaty to the dead of the type said to be performed by Isis and Nephthys was usually performed with a hawk-fertility-goddess statue present along with other funerary symbolism.

Jacqueline Kennedy was considered "fashionable, erudite, erotic and stunningly gorgeous." Mrs. Kennedy visited an exhibition of Egyptian funerary rite symbols at the National Gallery of Art where she was photographed with a depiction of the "hawk-headed divinity that was said to be named Hor-khenty-khem." Recently there was a traveling nightmare of funerary symbolism touring the country (the Tutankhamen exhibit of the National Endowment of the Humanities).

Before JFK began his *Jornada del Muerto* (Journey of Death), he was photographed with Yugoslavian dictator Tito on the winding stairs in the White House. Tito is a significant name in Masonry since it was the title given to Prince Harodim, the first Judge and Provost said to be appointed by King Solomon. The Tito was a reputed favorite of Solomon, whose temple was a hotbed of thievery, money-changing, male and female prostitution and sorcery. This ancient Tito presided over the Lodge of Intendants of this temple and was one of the "twelve knights of the twelve tribes of Israel."

Let me repeat, JFK was on some winding stairs with a man named Tito.

Winding stairs are symbolically important in Masonry.

The degree of the winding stair is taught in the degree of Fellow Craft. This is the Second Degree, and a person at this grade is of course a candidate for the symbolic assassination, euresis, autopsy and coffin resurrection of the Third Degree.

The number of steps in the winding stair are "odd" although no less so than the fact that this Tito or Harodim is a name translating as "those who rule over" the activities of the temple Solomon.

The winding stairs of this temple, according to the Masons, begins at the porch and winds to a level purified by the Divine Presence (Shekinah) and dominated by the Divine Strength (Oswald).

President Kennedy preceded Tito down the stairs to a portrait of the assassinated President Garfield where he was photographed, and another picture was taken on the stairs before a picture of Lincoln (recall the black walnut rocker of JFK, comparable to the black walnut rocker Lincoln was assassinated in; the "Lincoln Continental" limousine in which Kennedy was shot and the dozens of other parallels between the two men). It's unfortunate that President Kennedy didn't trip Tito and then slide down the stair-rail, for he was in a very vulnerable position as related to Masonic



Elizabeth Taylor and the Yugoslav Tito

sorcery, and such unorthodox action might have rattled the "Prince of Harodim."

John F. Kennedy, the one and only Catholic president of the United States, was a human scapegoat, a "pharmakos." "Pharmakos" or "Pharmak-vos" can mean "enchantment with drugs and sorcery" or "beaten, crippled or immolated." In alchemy, the Killing of the King was symbolized by a crucified snake on a tau cross, a variant of the crucifixion of Jesus.

Jesus Christ was tortured and murdered as the result of the intrigue of the men of the Temple of Solomon who hated and feared Him. They were steeped in Egyptian, Babylonian and Phoenician mysticism.

Masonry does not believe in murdering a man in just any old way and in the JFK assassination it went to incredible lengths and took great risks in order to make this heinous act of theirs correspond to the ancient fertility oblation of the Killing of the King.

I have stated that the three hoboes arrested at the time of the assassination in Dallas are at least as important symbolically as operationally and that they comprise the "Three Unworthy Craftsmen" of Masonry. This symbolism is at once a telling psychological blow against the victim and his comrades, a sign of frustrated inquiry, the supposedly senseless nature of any quest into the authentic nature of the murderers, and a mirror or doppelganger of the three assassins who execute the actual murder.

As for the three assassins themselves:

Perry Raymond Russo told a New Orleans grand jury that [CIA agent David] Ferrie said [regarding the assassination of JFK] that "there would have to be a minimum of three people involved. Two of the persons would shoot diversionary shots and the third ... shot the good shot." Ferrie said that one of the three would have to be the "scapegoat." He also said that Ferrie discoursed on the availability of exit, saying that the sacrificed man would give the other two time to escape.

(Quoted by W.H. Bowart in *Operation Mind Control*)

The Warren Commission

Gentlemen, don't pass me by!
Don't miss your opportunity!

Inspect my wares with careful eye;
 I have a great variety.
 And yet there is nothing on my stall.

(Witch in Goethe's *Faust I*, Walpurgis Night)

These are the thoughts of a huckster-witch which one need not search for dressed all in black with conical cap; instead, look among the gray flannel suits in the boardrooms and offices of the newspapers, electronic media, government and advertising agencies—that is, those who are not busy working for the CIA or Naval Intelligence selling the public lies.

Mason Lyndon Johnson appointed Mason Earl Warren to investigate the death of Catholic Kennedy. Mason and member of the 33rd degree, Gerald R. Ford, was instrumental in suppressing what little evidence of a conspiratorial nature reached the commission. Responsible for supplying information to the commission was Mason and member of the 33rd degree, J. Edgar Hoover. Former CIA director and Mason Allen Dulles was responsible for most of his agency's data supplied to the panel.

Is it paranoid to be suspicious of the findings of the panel on these grounds? Would it be paranoid to suspect a panel of Nazis appointed to investigate the death of a Jew or to suspect a commission of Klansmen appointed to investigate the death of a negro?

Representative Hale Boggs, the only Catholic on the commission, at first agreed with its findings and when he later began to seriously question them he was "accidentally" killed in a plane crash.

HOODWINK. (Definition.) A symbol of the secrecy, silence and darkness in which the mysteries of our art should be preserved from the unhallowed gaze of the profane. —Dr. Albert Mackey, Mason, member of the 33rd degree, foremost Masonic historian of the nineteenth century, writing in the *Encyclopedia of Freemasonry*.

That is how they see us, as "profane," as "cowans" (outsiders), unclean and too perverted to look upon their hallowed truths. Yes, murder, sexual atrocities, mind control, attacks against the people of the United States, all of these things are so elevated, so lofty and holy as to be beyond the view of mere humans.

Ruby

On December 20, 1947, Jacob Rubinstein changed his name to Jack L. Ruby by decree of the 68th Judicial Court of Dallas, Texas. The etymology of the term "Ruby": (French) *rubis*; (Spanish) *rubi*; (Latin) *rubinus*, *carbuncle*.

In old law books it was once the practice to print some of the titles of the statutes in red and these were termed rubrics or a ruby and hence any fixed, formulated or authoritative injunction of duty was apt to be designated as being a rubric or ruby.

As a rubinus or carbuncle Ruby is associated with the "Breastplate of Judgment" used by the Chosen Mispet (High Priests) of Jewish sorcery, enabling them to receive "divine" answers regarding the welfare of Judaism; some interpretations claim that the "Breastplate of Judgment" manifested the immediate presence of Jehovah and was also worn by Masons in Royal Arch chapters.

This "breastplate [which] contained twelve stones" each symbolized one of the twelve tribes of Israel. The carbuncle or ruby was connected to the tribe of Judah (Nohpech).

The term "Jack Ruby" was once used by pawnbrokers to indicate a fake ruby.

In iconography a ruby or carbuncle symbolizes blood, suffering and death.

Truth or Consequences

District Attorney for New Orleans James Garrison was supported by a "Truth or Consequences" Club and is alleged to have been an ex-FBI agent and to have been mentally disturbed at one time. Jim Garrison was an outsider in the Secret Society machinations of the FBI and may very well have been pharmacologically or hypnotically induced to set up his ill-fated investigation and the position he acquired in the "Truth or Consequences Commission."

Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, is a town located on the 33rd degree of parallel latitude, and near the same latitude John Fitzgerald Kennedy became an oblation and on the same latitude is the chief Temple on this planet in the minds of sorcerers, namely the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, which was once located there and is sworn to be rebuilt on this 33rd degree.

In a literal, alchemical sense, the Making Manifest of All That Is Hidden is the accomplishment of the 3rd Law of the Alchemists and is, as yet, unfulfilled or at least not completed; the other two have been: the creation and destruction of primordial matter (the detonation of the first Atomic Bomb at the Trinity Site, at White Sands, New Mexico, on the 33rd degree of parallel), the Killing of the King (at the Trinity Site, at Dealey Plaza, Dallas, near the 33rd degree of latitude).

Only the repetition of information presented in conjunction with

knowledge of this mechanism of Making Manifest of All That Is Hidden provides the sort of boldness and will which can demonstrate that we are aware of all the enemies, all the opponents, all the tricks and gadgetry, and yet we are still not dissuaded that we work for the truth for the sake of the truth. Let the rest take upon themselves and their children the consequences of their actions.

[Editor's note: Downard's article has been presented in a substantially abridged form. As an interesting postscript to his article, a "docu-trial" of Lee Harvey Oswald was presented over the Showtime cable channel in November, 1986. The presiding judge was U.S. Federal Judge Lucius Buntion from Texas; the defense attorney was Gerry Spence, who won the first Karen Silkwood case; the prosecutor was Vincent Bugliosi, who catapulted himself to fame and riches as prosecuting attorney for the Tate/La Bianca murders. The witnesses were "real" and the testimony was "authentic." After the broadcast, viewers were invited to cast their votes through a special 900 number. "More than 85% of the 100,000 who called in felt that Oswald was *not guilty*," said Jay Larkin, a spokesman for Showtime. Apparently, there is widespread dissatisfaction over the Warren Commission's version of the tale.]

**Freemason
meditation
room**



Bios and Contacts

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Joe Coleman, whose painting adorns this book jacket, is a nascent mass murderer whose anti-social frenzies have been temporarily held in check by adulation and big bucks from the despised art community. In the short run Coleman will explode his *schadenfreude* solely on canvas.

Notable in Coleman's work is the precision of his Adolf Wolfli-like obsessional line and brush work combined with a Thomas Hart Benton-on-bad-acid epic sweep peopled with Bosch and Dix style visions from the toxic waste dump of *Amerikan Realismus*.

Coleman's understanding of the degraded soul is seen in the eyes of many of his subjects—twin abysses twisted in a private ghoulish joy of self-awareness. An extraordinary collection of murder books, circus freak memorabilia, and videos of mutant character actors demonstrate Coleman's alliance with the absolute outsider, unrepentant and unredeemed by any standard of sociability. With Célinian joy he torments humanity with what it hates most—itself.

Coleman's transmogrifications into Professor Momboozoo, the gun-toting rat geeker and fish-fucking Satanist, are so notorious that all nightclubs and performance spots that wish to retain their licenses prevent his passage through their doors. This doesn't detain Coleman from his plans to curate a museum of inhuman oddities, featuring such treasures as a two-headed Mexican baby, trepinated victims of axe-murders, "pickled punks," tumors from Ronald Reagan's asshole, and Napoleon's petrified penis, among many other exhibits. Michael Jackson is rumored to be bankrolling the plan.

An integral part of the Coleman *Weltanschauung* is Joe's personable life partner, Nancy, who is, as Joe puts it, "the only girl sick enough to stick her tongue in my mouth after I chewed some rats."

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