

No. 91-A -- July-August 1971

The Realist

The Realist is published every other month by The Realist Association,
a non-profit corporation.
Publication office: 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012
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Subscription rates: \$3 a year; \$5 for two years
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

The Cynic Route: From Conspiracy to Community

It seems that Ken Kesey was in Mexico and he wrote to Paul Krassner in San Francisco about this big symposium that was coming up in Kansas City with Henry Kissinger, B.F. Skinner and Buckminster Fuller. Krassner in turn wrote to Ed Sanders in New York, and Sanders proceeded to compose a new song about Henry Kissinger to perform at the event. What happened, though, was that the Student Activities office had sent Kesey a copy of last year's brochure.

This year's program - the 4th annual Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Symposium at the University of Missouri - took place February 16 - 19. Participants included professional liberal Max Lerner and professional conservative Russell Kirk. The keynote speaker was Robin Morgan, who refused to answer questions from men during the formal question period; a fine defense of that position is contained herein.

Ken Kesey fulfilled his promise - to help initiate a people's political party which wouldn't have a pre-selected candidate - a project which he had communicated to Krassner as a postscript on the outside of the envelope in which he sent his letter from Mexico, warning Krassner and curious postal employees that it was to be kept a secret. Ed Sanders sang his mistakenly - inspired Kissinger song.

As per contractual arrangements, Kesey, Krassner and other hard-karrying Merry Pranksters published a special symposium issue of the University News. It was banned by the Chancellor before distribution to the students. Ten thousand copies were confiscated by the police.

Obviously, the reason for this censorship was "obscenity" in the form of a homosexually-oriented poem by Allen Ginsberg, together with a letter from Ginsberg to Kesey. They appear in these pages.

Ginsberg stated:

"I want to make two points.

"One is that every time there has been a legal question as to whether or not my poetry is protected by the Constitution, local and federal courts have always decided that it is, of course, protected by the United States Constitution. The most recent court decision (1971) was a Florida federal circuit court which declared all my published poetry to be legal and, incidentally, not obscene by law.

"Secondly, the Blues form traditionally includes bodily sexual content articulated in common popular language. A small amount of literary or musicological research into early Blues forms will uncover specimens of language near identical with my own verses. For instance, 'I got nipples on my titties, big as your thumb.' Kansas City should be proud of its Blues.

"It would be charming if the University, in charge of conserving ancient literary traditions, would accept their responsibility to conserve and guard local Kansas City literature, calmly, safely, humanely, and in professional academic style ..."

There is a twofold campus principle - free speech and gay liberation - violated by this suppression, motivated perhaps by a sense of public relations transcending mere sexual puritanism. For Max Lerner had proo-pooed Paul Krassner's conspiracy theories, and Ted Otteson of the Department of English responded with an open letter to Lerner which was featured in the 12-page tabloid that was banned. Here is the text of that letter:

Yes, Dr. Lerner, those of us who are white, male, middle class, and over 40 learned early in life to be wary of conspiracy theories. The real conspiracies were pretty well hidden in the world we knew, and the ones we heard about were the fantasies of other white males who were mad at somebody or just couldn't stand the lack of excitement.

There was the International Jewish Conspiracy, the conspiracy to hide the death of FDR, Joe McCarthy's spy conspiracy (some of us believed that one for a while, and some of the white, upper class males are still making them up - i.e., H.L. Hunt, the Lifeline Sponsor). But the only real conspiracies we were told about were the out and out criminals, or the anarchists and communists (who, of course, were also criminals).

In the last decade, however, younger people (and some of us who are older) got a new education in conspiracy.

There had been an information explosion, beginning perhaps in the '50s with the TV coverage of McCarthy's downfall. We had begun to see those quadrennial conspiracies called Political Conventions. We had read about the Hucksters of Madison Avenue. The Sexual Habits of the American Male and Female had been exposed. The Military, and even the CIA, had begun to loom so large that we could no longer ignore their essential secrecy.

We had begun to see the operation of government well enough to notice what we didn't see. But in the '50s we still had accepted the authorized conspiracies and had remained skeptical about the unauthorized ones. And the youngsters, the "silent generation," had begun to feel numb.

Then, in the early '60s, when a few blacks began to "sit-in" in the south (they were Negroes then - what a long time ago!), the ubiquitous media made sure we all knew about it. The newer youngsters believed what they saw and went to correct this anomaly in the American system, with marches, voter registration, freedom rides, freedom schools. And they discovered real conspiracies to prevent them.

They were beaten and jailed, and there were conspiracies to distort the truth. They began to challenge an old conspiracy of power and prejudice, and the power and prejudice conspired to maintain itself. They began to speak freely on campuses in the north, and university administrators conspired with police to maintain their power. The police were brutal, and conspired to hide their

brutality and maintain their power.

These young people began to see real conspiracies and discovered they had been going on for a long time. The blacks, the Chicanos, the Indians, the poor were victims of conspiracies to exploit and oppress them, and there were other conspiracies to hide the facts and maintain power.

The ethnic minorities and the poor had long been accustomed to these conspiracies and had begun to fight, but a lot of young whites (Anglos) were simply sickened by this culture of conspiracy. They dropped out, and there was a conspiracy to distort their reasons and to lie about what they were doing in San Francisco.

They knew about these conspiracies now, so they told each other the truth, in their music and underground media.

These were real conspiracies, weren't they, Dr. Lerner? "A planning and acting together secretly, esp. for an unlawful or harmful purpose?" Is it lawful or harmless in a democracy to maintain power by conspiracy?

Then these young people began to see one of the big conspiracies: War. Their dissent was met with conspiracy in Chicago.

When the convention was over, did you hear Pederson of Wisconsin say on television, "These are people who hate their young?" Among the many conspiracies in Chicago that year, there was the conspiracy to hurt the young, and hide the hatred. I'm beginning to talk about unconscious conspiracy. We've been learning about that, too.

R.D. Laing calls it "the mystification of experience." Oppression of the self, "the divided self," is maintained by conspiracy, "the mystification of experience." We are too close to ourselves to maintain repression without inner conspiracy. We are too close to each other in this country to maintain oppression without conspiracy. And we are now too close to each other in the global village to maintain our "national interests" without conspiracy.

The young have learned, also, from the group experience (encounter groups, communes, collectives) that in an open society no one can monopolize power. If power is not shared, if it doesn't move around as it is needed, then they know there is secrecy, manipulation, conspiracy. Neither repression nor oppression, neither neurosis nor power, can be maintained without the mystification of experience.

I am 47, Dr. Lerner, and I have been skeptical about conspiracies. But I'm learning, too. Right here in Kansas City, working with the Neighborhood Youth Corps, I have seen the police conspiracy to maintain its power and oppression.

I took a young black man to a large company for a job interview. They selected him out of twenty applicants for the job, and then changed their minds. Why? Because the police report said the was a dangerous criminal. He had been arrested for assault with intent to kill, but he was never charged; and the police hid the fact that the arrest was groundless.

He had been arrested twenty times in six weeks, whenever a crime was supposed to have been committed in his neighborhood, to keep him in line. His arrest record was a conspiracy to make him look like a criminal because the police had decided he was a criminal. I couldn't convince the personnel man that there was a police conspiracy.

That's why Mr. Gutierrez was frustrated, Dr. Lerner. You acknowledged the oppression of the Chicanos, but

he wonders if you know that the oppression is maintained by conspiracy. It doesn't make any difference to him whether the conspiracy is conscious or unconscious, conspiracy with power or neurosis with power. They both oppress him. And it is so frustrating to feel that if he could only convince us that conspiracy is real, we'd throw the rascals out.

The latest polls show that most Americans now disapprove of racial discrimination in everything but marriage and housing, and I think they're correct. I think that most of the people in Kansas City want the police and the courts to treat all citizens alike with respect to all laws except housing. If they were convinced that the police were illegally discriminatory they would throw the rascals out. But there is a conspiracy to hide illegal police action, and most of the people of Kansas City don't believe that the conspiracy exists.

It's so difficult for comfortable people to believe in a conspiracy of rascals to maintain power, and the fact that they don't is frustrating precisely because they could throw the rascals out. A determined citizenry, acting within the law, could not be suppressed in this country. The city riots, as limited as they were, proved that. The police do not maintain law or order; there aren't enough of them. The consent of the people maintains law and order. If the conspiracy were exposed to all the people and they withdrew their consent, the police could not maintain their power. Would the military power then oppose the whole populace? If so, we had better find out.

Right now in Kansas City I know there is a conspiracy to hide the fact that twenty - seven police terrorized a Chicano family a few weeks ago. Another conspiracy to hide the illegal beating of a black high school coach is attested to by people I respect. And what about the "justifiable homicides?"

The "Kansas City Four" are just a few of the victims of the Justice Department conspiracy to prove the existence of a nationwide bombing conspiracy which doesn't exist. The young people know that now. Are you still skeptical about that conspiracy, Dr. Lerner? And what about the conspiracy in Chicago to turn the word "conspiracy" into doublespeak? Surely you can see that the Chicago Eight were not conspirators. They planned and acted in the open: in their papers, in their speeches, on the streets, and in the parks. But there had to be a secret planning and acting in secret to try to pin the label "conspiracy" on the non - conspirators.

There is much more in the curriculum for education in conspiracy: the conspiracies to hide the conspiracies which killed at Kent State and Orangeburg, the conspiracy against the Panthers, the conspiracy in our prisons, the conspiracy to make people believe marijuana is a narcotic, the Pentagon Papers, the Anderson Papers, and on and on. Please listen to me talk about three more.

I am convinced that there is a conspiracy to get rid of our school superintendent in Kansas City. He has begun to break up the power of the school district bureaucracy, and there is a conspiracy to maintain the old power structure. It's a clever conspiracy, and it has convinced some good people that Dr. Adams is no good for the schools. He isn't perfect, but I know he cares for children and has given authority to some other administrators with whom children have first priority.

These people he has promoted could remove some of the frightful destruction children are suffering in the schools. Our school bureaucracy, here, and all over America, is

conspiring to maintain its power and privilege at incalculable cost to our children. That is not meant to be hyperbole. I have had some education in the conspiracy against children, and I am convinced, with Laing, Janov, and others, that the mystification of children's experience by adults is the epitome of conspiracy, both conscious and unconscious.

Even this short sketch of the education concerning conspiracy must include Ralph Nader's work. He has made one aspect of our culture of conspiracy almost commonplace for millions of people. My mind reels at the thought of myriad conspiracies to maintain or to increase profit, privilege, and power at the expense of the consumer. I do not (nor does Nader) condemn profit, privilege, or power won freely in the open marketplace — only that which is maintained by conspiracy.

I have seen engineers conspire for weeks to design an automobile part which will last until the warranty runs out — and no longer. If the car were advertised to last that long I would have no quarrel with the manufacturer. But he keeps that planning and that activity secret. That is conspiracy, because it harms the consumer. Perhaps conspiratorial character of business should be no surprise, although we don't often call it that, except in Latin. Is not "Caveat Emptor" (buyer beware) the motto of a conspirator? And finally, Ms. Robin Morgan. I did not hear her speak, but I think I understand why she wouldn't answer questions from men. Perhaps she knows that men mystify their experience of women. Ken Kesey said he did not understand women, and yet he could not accept the criticism that his book portrays only a man's world. We men conspire to hide from ourselves the experience of women, and then we offer that mystery to women as though it were an accolade. No wonder some of them who see the conspiracy hate us.

Certainly Kesey can write anything he damn well pleases — and Ms. Morgan can answer questions from anyone she damn well pleases. However, his writing perpetuates a mystification of experience which oppresses her (and him, too, probably). Her intransigence is an attempt to avoid and break up that mystification. It must be intensely frustrating to a partly liberated woman to see full liberation blocked by a covert conspiracy which men refuse to look at. For it they did, men would reject the mystification as readily as women.

To sum up, Dr. Lerner, my recent education has been education in conspiracy. Now I experience our culture as conspiracy. I think I share some of this experience with a whole new generation. The last ten years have shown me the prevalence of hiding, within myself, in my family, among my colleagues, and in my community. In all our institutions is conspiracy.

We have, on this campus, a maverick sociologist who often says, "All institutions are based on lies." I am beginning to understand him. But where is there an alternative to social institutions?

Last summer I convened a Community course entitled, "Alternative Social Organizations." For that course I found myself reading Martin Buber, and I saw that all social organizations are what he calls "I-It" connections, arrangements of things, not people — roles, jobs, status — these are things, not people — roles, jobs, status — these are things. Alternative arrangements of things.

What I want, with Kesey, is Buber's "I-Thou" relationship, an alternative to social organization, an alternative which is an arrangement of persons, not things. That alternative is community.

In the last ten years, during the increasing exposure of conspiracy, we have been learning about community as well. Our models have been as diverse as the Merry Pranksters and the Executive Training Laboratory Group, the Esalen Encounter and the hippie commune, the underground collective and group marriage. They all have this in common: their bond is openness, not hiding; truth, not lies. There, I believe, is the direction toward an alternative to social institutions based on lies: communities of truth.

Let us have freedom from conspiracy, and we will build communities of truth.

And now, Dr. Lerner, what about Paul Krassner's remarks? I am free only as my society is free. I can be free from conspiracy within myself only as my society is free from conspiracy. If there is a conspiracy which can control our society so as to hide an assassination conspiracy, then we must conspire against ourselves not to know, or else risk our lives.

We need to know.

by Brenda Woody

Robin Morgan insulted many men beyond the point of reconciliation when she refused to be interviewed by any males from the media and refused to answer any questions from men in the audience Wednesday night at the Symposium's opening session. She gave the reason that men, for the most part, would ask insulting and ridiculing questions. She did consent to answer questions from men who were serious enough to talk to her after the formal question and answer period.

As a woman, I appreciated this gesture. For I find that in most integrated discussion groups, women fulfill their socialized roles as passive creatures: they placidly allow men to assume the active role of dominating the discussion. For one night, women were privileged beings; Ms. Morgan gave us a position of superiority from which to operate, if only for a couple of hours.

Robin is a radical feminist by her own definition. Her actions are symbolic. She does not advocate that all women should become radical feminists, nor does she advocate that all women should refuse to communicate with men as she has chosen to do. Her defiance to the existence and oppression of men is an extreme manifestation of consciousness. But only such extremities in women's attitudes and behavior will accomplish a revision of the attitudes of the total society. Without such extremists to start the impetus of the movement, change will be too slow to be noticeable or effective.

There were some men in the audience aware of the social inequalities toward women. They might have contributed positively to the discussion and were noticeably hurt by this attitude which seemed unjust toward them, but there also were men present who have not evaluated themselves in light of this issue — men who would cling to their programmed roles of "masculinity" — and these men would have had a destructive influence on the direction of the evening's outcome. Could it be that this latter group was insulted much more than the former?

Ms. Morgan intended to challenge the thought patterns men have about women as well as the thought patterns women have about themselves. She wanted to raise the consciousness of men toward their unconscious oppressive tendencies and to make women aware that this repression is affecting their lives. Radical feminism may not have the best answers but it certainly raises the best questions.

And Now . . . Here's Ginsberg!

Dear Ken,

Keep in touch. Send me your itinerary and I'll send you mine. We can meet and I'll follow you around all I can. Or I'll catch up with you.

John Lennon in New York with Yoko Ono — we all did big John Sinclair benefit — that's OK, Sinclair's out. Lennon seeing Jerry Rubin — their present basic plan is to do a cross-country tour of a dozen places (mixed politics and rock) for "Political Prisoners," war issues, etc., and end up in San Diego Republic August.

I wish we could all get together one circus like in Kafka's America. Though maybe it's good decentralized troupes.

Anyway, I'll join up with you some way. I'll join up with you some way. I'll be in San Francisco February 10-23 and April 10, c/o City Lights, 261 Columbus, San Francisco, California.

I've learned blues chords on harmonium and so can now improvise U.S. Chants and blues cries and sobs.

Sorry had to hit the air road to SF — here's yesterday's last night's blues ...

TROOST STREET BLUES

You can teach me baby,
you can touch my soul
You can have my mouth,
you can have my jellyroll
Gimmie your heart baby
fuck me up my asshole

You can kiss my lips in
Kansas, Belly naked on mine
You can suck my tongue
or suck my cock so fine
I love to put my tongue
up in your sweet behind

There's frightened deaf
white folks in Kansas City
Walter's Crescendo Lounge
here is my place to be back in Eternity
I got a bed on Troost Street

I can't find words, my
feelings are unreal
I used to sit by your
bedside, your prick I
love to steal
Your belly's in an ash urn
Now how do I feel?



Kansas City got the blues
Early midnight Walters Bar
Years later sitting by the
jukebox how funky
people are
But O them black
musicians make me feel
like a soul star

I'm back in Kansas City
with my old-time used-to-be
Alone with my Alone
that's the story you and me
I once met Lester Young
and got down on my knees

Bodies rot and faces vanish
Lips turn white
I had my dreams
my love is dead
O Heaven it's all right
Here I am in Kansas City
I think I'll spend
an empty night

Love,
Allen

Memories of Owsley, the Acid King

by Teenie Weenie Deanie

Richard Alpert had just moved into my old house on Homer Lane in Palo Alto, and I was visiting nearby, getting high on acid ... we called LSD "the babies." So it seemed right to drop in on him, take a trip with the master. It was a one-room shack just behind the Stanford campus and a nice place to get high. Alpert had completely covered the walls and ceiling and floor with Indian prints and candles, my first encounter with modern psychedelic decor, and I immediately got 200 degrees higher just being in that place. We talked and talked and swayed and swooned for hours through the night, and became very close. We had met and shared some psychic space and it felt good.

Soon after, Alpert asked me if I would like to work for him, sure, arrange some lectures on the West coast, sure, spread what knowledge he had to the people. I was a believer. And as it turned out, it became an excellent vehicle for us to spread some acid around too ... I would go to Seattle to rent a hall, do publicity and sell acid. Same in Vancouver and San Diego, Santa Barbara and Portland. Everybody wanted to hear Alpert and everybody wanted to get high, so he would sell me the acid and I would pass it on, at a profit, to the world. Not a whole lot, but enough to make it very interesting, easy money for a good cause.

Somewhere along the way, Richard met up with Augustus Owsley Stanely, the reputed acid king. I guess Owsley made it his business to contact all the Mr. Bigs ... he had the best acid and wanted to spread it around too. Richard had been getting his acid from England, 100,000 microgram packages mailed in letters. But the Englishman had been discovered, and so Alpert hooked up with Owsley to supply me and other friends with good babies so as to make us all rich, or at least not poor.

Soon I was really into it, travelling back to Ann Arbor, New York, Chicago, spreading good times and righteous White Lightning Owsley LSD. I would get the stuff in powder form, in gram lots, and spend a few days dividing it up and then diluting it with Methanol so as to drop it onto Bayer Aspirin, a good vehicle, cure your headache in two ways. Sometimes I would have 5,000 aspirins in my house, and I was never sure how I was going to explain it to the Man if he found out. And soon I had \$20,000 in cash too, which was just blowing my mind. How easy, how wonderful ... get the world high, and get paid for it too.

Before long the time came for me to meet Owsley. I was visiting Alpert's apartment in Berkeley, this was maybe six months after Homer Lane, and Owsley came in and sat in the corner staring at me very suspiciously.

I didn't know at the time who he was and that he was interested in me. Highly sneaky, he knew usually just what he needed to do. A few days later I scored some more white babies from Richard, and he told me who the guy was, and that Owsley would like to meet me. I was elated. I was in the major leagues, a Mr. Big on my own right, heading straight for the top. So, dressed in my farthest out/in fashions, a real wheeler-dealer, I went to meet him, to get initiated into untold fame and fortune. Which was an idea lurking somewhere behind all those clothes.

He was so groovy and I got so high being with him, that when he asked me if I would like to work with/for him, I just sailed up to the ceiling, which was about 20 feet off the ground in the most fantastic pad I had ever seen in Berkeley. He lived in a small palace, filled with amplifiers and instruments, owls and dope. Strange people I had never seen before kept coming and going, getting high and talking to me like I was their brother ... I was into the inner circle, a member of the group of psychedelic masters and gods. It felt good.

I had in six short months become very rich and connected to the source of my wealth. And I soon saw why Owsley was interested in me ... I looked very young and innocent, but had successfully drawn out the "Mr. Cool-as-a-Fool" facade of the hip voyagers ... Owsley could have an agent who would not arouse much suspicion by his looks and who was cool and could really "dig the vibes." Me. And he needed someone like me, for during this period only the farthest out of outs dropped by his house, hair to the floor, dope dripping from their eyeballs, no one in any condition to somehow deal with the outside world and keep a part of Owsley's scene happening... the part that was so real, the laboratory. I was needed to score certain supplies and transport them, mainly various chemicals and apparatus needed to make the lab happen. And it was happening full blast. I was excited and scared; it immediately took on the air of a James Bond movie, and it was fun.

Into the red Studebaker truck, drive awhile, change into a VW bug and head for the airport. San Francisco this time. Smoke some dope, feeling so high, Owsley buys four tickets for John Lennon, I.P. Freely, and on and on ... he is a master of aliases. Zoom to L.A. Hey, man, that's Ramblin Jack over there ... "Hello, I'm Owsley." Far out, we got another big name with us, and we head into Sunset Strip to meet with the big name rock stars ... Mama Cass and David Crosby and yattayattayatta.

So the time comes for me to take our rented station wagon and drive to some chemical supply house in Industrial City for our needs. I am part of the "our" now. Very easy, I am so cool. I fill the back of the wagon up with stuff, for a phony company at a phony address. I can't believe that it is so easy. I am a giant success and everyone is happy, let's sniff some coke, sure, and buy some trunks, sure, and send the stuff off. Interesting, we are going to send the stuff off somewhere, but where I still do not know.

We pack the trunks in the parking lot of a giant L.A. food store, no one sees us, of course, and off to the airport ... all you got to do is pretend like you have a ticket and ask the porter at the door to ship these trunks ahead for you to Denver, yes, aha. So easy, and then send the baggage claims in the mail, and they just pick it up at that end. I know everything now. And we go to see the Byrds, and they don't even ask who I am like they usually do, cause I am with the Mr. Big, and he even gets to George Harrison to lay some lighting on him.

Flying High. Back to the Berkeley Palace and I am getting into it. Can I come and work some more? Sure. Why not?

Owsley ... sort of short with long hair that he is constantly washing and drying in front of the mirror. An

excellent body, which he so frequently shows to everyone in the Palace, usually with some recent cum dripping off his cock; he likes to fuck a lot and with most anyone. He struts around, always attributing his good body and health to ballet as a youth and the meat- and- vitamin-only diet he is on now. And his good dope. I am wondering at this time if he really is a chemist, for he is always talking of formulas and chemicals, books and whatnot, but he is never in Denver at the lab.

I have a unique relationship to him ... I seem to be the only person that he likes that is not a "yes-man" to him ... I have an in-bred Chicago cynicism that somehow gives him food for thought. Most of the frequenters are fellow workers and friends, but they never seem to take opposition to his plans. Of course, some of the brain men that come by do not give in to Owsley's trip; they are chemists and physicists on their own, and no matter how hard he tries to surround them with his aura, they resist and make it known that they are on their own trip.

One fellow, a chemist, had been intensely involved with a radiation lab at the age of 16 ... he feels that his abilities are as good as Owsley's, and this thought is a constant source of friction between them. Another guy just kind of sits in the corner with giant eyeballs and I guess is constantly running errands. Owsley spends giant amounts of money keeping and feeding his scene, and I soon discover that I am the *smallest* dealer doing business with him. Some dudes are selling as much LSD in a day or two as I can sell in a month.

It is a big operation and a lot of money moves in and out. Owsley is constantly doing things for people, buying this guy a car, renting that one a house. He has a scene, and he is trying to carry it off righteously. And he has a beautiful old lady, who is more or less the initial brains behind the whole project ... she originally got Owsley from electronics into chemistry, and is now a full partner in the business. He demands a certain thing from her, and when he doesn't get it, there is tension between them, will she say yes or no to him this time? He is an egomaniac, it seems, but brilliant, and he keeps me high.

I am to go to the lab in Denver and work as an assistant, good pay and lots of excitement. One of the most memorable nights in my life is about to happen. We take some new STP, Owsley's supposed wonder drug, get blasted out and drive to the city to see if he can get fucked. I am so high when we get to this apartment that I can't even remember if he did or not, but before I know it, the sun is coming up and we are at the Grateful Dead's house, and I am into the first rap I have ever been able to understand with Neal Cassady, and the story he tells me takes *over four hours* to unfold.

I had heard him talk many times before, but never fully came to see what he was saying, and now I was on, and what a mind he has, he was-is a saint, and I knew it that night. He is telling me to watch out, because STP has stolen his memory from him, and he also tells me some far out things about myself. Owsley is constantly trying to cut into the conversation, to be one with Cassady, but it doesn't happen, and when it's time for us to go, I am completely wasted by the night and the insight. Too much.

We had picked up Cassady about three blocks from the Dead house, the sun just rising, he was standing in a sun ray with a transistor radio held up to his ear, just humming. He died not too long after that.

But me and Owsley are off to L.A. to get to Denver, making some cloak-and-dagger switches to elude the

hunters. Both of us, looking pretty weird from the evening, crash in the airport to wait a few hours for the right plane. Owsley ends up on the floor, which I decided wasn't too cool so I move off from him to get some rest. Our plane comes up, and as we are about to board, wallets with badges appear in the hands of some FBI agents, who want to know some things about us. Wow! And I know that Owsley has various drugs on him, and I have a joint in my secret hiding place too. They know, and my cool heart really sinks. "Who are we, where are we going and why...?"

And we ask why, and they say that we look so weird that they just have to be suspicious of us. Reasonable. "What do you have in that bag? *Dadadadadada*. What are your names? Here, Jack, phone them into headquarters and check." They take mine first and then Owsley's and just as I get cleared and they ask about him, our plane announces the final boarding notice. And we plead, and as their cursory searching didn't turn up any bombs or tickings, they let us go. And they don't even nail us when we get off in Denver. Owsley says, "Charisma."

A taxi takes us into one of the straightest neighborhoods I have seen since I left home, and we get out and walk a few blocks, always looking over our shoulders for the Man, to a very straight house. Brick, with flowers and a mowed lawn, and a fenced-in backyard. Home-free. Inside is one of the straightest scenes I have ever seen, just like home. These guys know what they are doing. There are six of us there now, and this is the lab. Where? In the basement, brother.

Down the stairs, through a door, and into another world, walls and floors filled with bubbling flasks and tubes, pots big enough to boil a human, filled with coils and motors, and another room with more walls of stuff, another room filled with supplies and gas bottles, shelves and shelves of different containers... there is a complete bottle washing scene, and a room with a vented hood for the dangerous fumes incurred.

I am in and on a spaceship, with no relation to my previous life, and headed for I know not where. And this is Owsley's paradise, and he immediately sheds his giant ego and takes me around, showing me this and that, here is where we are making the DMT, look how this blue light shows where it is forming the cone ... and over here we are extracting essence of hashish, one tiny drop will send you off for eight hours.

And, of course, the acid area and the STP experiments, for they are devising altogether new methods for creating this drug. Owsley completely blows my mind when I realize that he is indeed a chemical genius and so are some of his fellow workers. Their background amazes me, for I know nothing of organic chemistry. They draw unknown conclusions about processes and then invent new apparatus to actualize their concepts.

A blackboard is constantly in use, and I am quickly put to work watching and checking things, a 24-hour-a-day operation, pouring this and weighing that. But mainly my job consists of three things ... Go out and buy the dry ice needed to condense something into something else, buy the best steaks I can find, and poke fun at these madmen, provide some other kind of fuel for them to think about besides their work and the pressure of the business.

And we still get quite a bit of outside excitement. One day I had just parked the car in the garage, and was starting to carry in the 300 pounds of ice that we used every three days or so. A very young neighborhood kid

Hangmen of the World, Unite!

by Kenneth Bernard

I read recently in the *New York Times* that India's hangmen have just formed a trade union, probably the first of its kind. Their main purpose in forming the union is to protest declining income. Since they are paid by the head — or in India by the neck — any decline in the number of hangings is also a decline in their salaries. And there has been a downward trend in hangings.

Not a heartless lot, the Indian hangmen do not urge more hangings, probably the quickest remedy to the problem. They merely want recognition of the fact that they are family men and need more money, either more money per hanging or more money as a result of a more

comes up to me and asks, "Who are all the hippies living in that house?" Huh! And then he says, I swear to God, "What are you doing in there, making LSD or something?" Yaaaagghh!. And it blows everybody's minds, but the kid was just a kid, and curious. Only we thought that no one knew we were in there. But nothing happens, and I keep buying the ice, and I look so straight that the guy just couldn't care less what I was doing with it.

At one point, Owsley comes upstairs, puts the Beatles on the stereo very loud, and says, "I am about to make the acid." There is one point where he mixes this into that, and it can go any number of ways, and he believes that this is where his magic lies, in making it go to white lightning. Boom, he does it, to John Lennon, and all we can do now is wait for a while to see. Meanwhile, we are making the STP, and we are all getting really weird.

I decide I need a rest and so I fly back to Berkeley, completely weird, and pick up some specially-ordered glass equipment to take back. I try and think that I am being followed, but I am just not into the mystique of the thing the way Owsley is, and soon I am back in Denver with the new stuff. This time I go right into the making of the STP and, after another week, feel so weird that I decide to leave again.

The world is so different, I am in such a unique place, and people are looking at me very strangely. I head straight to the Fillmore and the Cream concert, and they are living electricity.

My next few days center around visiting the new operations center in the Berkeley hills, a house for the pill-making machine for the new acid. One fellow, the guy with the big eyeballs, sits at the machine completely stoned from mere contact with the acid, pouring out pills by the hundreds. Each person that works this machine gets a trip into the *thousands* of micrograms.

And all this time people just don't seem to be understanding what I am saying to them, even though it all makes perfect sense to me. I despair, I must be crazy. I realize that I have ingested a giant dose of STP from working with it at the Lab, and I am Weird. Fortunately, I meet up with an American Apache Indian, who has been enlightened in India, who looks into the window of my tortured soul and reaches out to touch me, instantly making me whole again and he then invites me to travel with him, which I do.

He is Something Else...

varied program of work. What the additional work would be is not stated. All this seems reasonable enough, and I hope their request is granted. What interests me are some of the far-reaching possibilities of their unique action.

For example, if their action were to spread, the world would be literally splattered with new and colorful unions. France might have a Fraternity of Decapitators. The United States would have a National Brotherhood of Executioners, subdivided into electrical and chemical locals. Cuba could have a Peasants Liberation Union of Firing Squads. Like other trade organizations, they would undoubtedly have trade journals, with such apt titles as *The Ax*, *The Volt*, *Essence*, *Noose-Letter*, *The Gas-Bag*, and *The Bullet-in*.

Apprentices, of course, would have to be carefully chosen for willingness, aptitude, and dedication. It goes without saying that poor workmanship and poor execution of duties would be grounds for expulsion. Strikes would have to be forbidden, for they might kill the goose that laid the golden egg. Seniority and higher rates of pay could be based on the number of corpses a man is responsible for, and retirement could follow upon completion of some grand total like five hundred. These two factors would spur enthusiasm and discourage absenteeism.

As time went on, the unions would develop into a loose international federation. As such, they would have yearly conferences, something like Madam Toussaud's Wax Museum come to life. I have often imagined the undertakers of the world meeting together, demonstrating new methods of beauticulture (morticulture), cremating spare unidentified bodies with new techniques, and amidst the heat and smoke, eating and laughing heartily over the latest dead-dead jokes.

A meeting of executioners would naturally be more lively. No doubt they would try to arrange the meetings each year in a country where a different mode of execution was used. One year they might convene in Yemen and observe heads expertly sliced off with a sword. Another year they might be lucky enough to find a place where victims are still impaled. It has been reliably reported that in the Far East there are still a few crucifixions.

Although live executions would be the main event, so to speak, of each conference, numerous smaller matters would be attended to, usually by papers or symposia: *New Slip Knots ... Better Trap Doors ... Final Instructions to the Condemned ... The Psychology of Execution: A Positive View ... A Hangman in His Community ... Jokes to Die Laughing to: A Humane Approach ... Demography, Malthus, and the Executioner.*

Of course, there would, as always, be the lighter side. Live wire jokes will undoubtedly abound, as will "Who was that head I saw you with?" jokes (e.g. "That was no head; that was my wife."). Executioners have always been full of *joie de vivre*.

Less publicized aspects of the conferences will be the research and policy-making groups. Research people, as might be expected, are mostly old fogies who speak a lot about the good old days. However, they do excellent

research into the history of their profession, and some expert monographs are always delivered on topics like drawing and quartering, Roman arenas, and live burial.

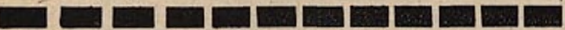
Occasionally some member of the group will present to the body, never too aggressively, a proposal for reviving burning at the stake or some other favored method of encouraging death. However, generally speaking, the members are a conservative group and do not take easily to innovation.

More important than the research group is the policy-making group. These are hard-headed, realistic men who realize that for them and their families to live and eat, men must die. Hence most of their efforts are bent towards neutralizing the effect of Anti-Capital Punishment people.

But they reach out in other directions, too. A word dropped at the right time to the right person goes a long way in creating a healthy community climate for execution. One of their long-range aims, given no publicity at all, is ultimate punishment for crimes less than murder. Of course they do not want to see 9-year-old children hanged for stealing. But certainly more remedial measures than are now in execution are necessary. As some of them jokingly say, "Some people would just as soon be hanged for a hare as for a hog, so why not oblige them?"

Another problem they concern themselves with is the public's image of them. In this connection, they have hired a Madison Avenue firm to do a TV drama about a young hangman whose fiancée is hesitant to marry him because of his calling. The drama tells how she resolves her doubts and becomes proud of him when he executes a notorious cop-killer.

I suppose the hangmen of India have little if any awareness of the potentiality of their decision. It would be tragic for them to lose their means of livelihood because the state is not condemning enough people to death. They are merely hungry men with hungry families. Nevertheless, history may one day point to them as the almost unsung pioneers in yet another frontier of man's progress to the stars.



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Editorial Giggy

You may be wondering why you've suddenly received half a dozen 8-page things in an envelope. Well, this pair of three-part issues is a way of maintaining contact with you and catching up with the Post Office requirement that periodicals with second-class mailing privileges meet their stated frequency.

The next issue, No. 93, will celebrate our 13th anniversary during, inappropriately enough, our 14th year of publication. It will feature "The Parts That Were Left Out of the Manson Book," a subject which I've been investigating obsessively for the past few months. It's probably the most important piece I've ever written.

However, there's this problem of money. Not only have I never taken any salary from the *Realist*, but I've also subsidized it from the beginning, on the basis of outside earnings. Although it sounds paranoid, there is evidence that pressure from government agents has brought such income down to nothing.

And, despite high praise for my book, *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*, from Joseph Heller, Groucho Marx, Terry Southern, Ken Kesey, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Susan Sontag, Ed Sanders, Julius Lester and others, there have hardly been any reviews. *Earth* magazine rejected a review because it was too favorable.

There are, nevertheless, publishers interested in both my novel and an autobiography. It would take me only a couple of months to give them enough material for contracts and advances on royalties, but my journalistic and psychic priority is the story behind the spoon-fed image we've all gotten of the Charles Manson case.

Now, there are two orthodox ways that a periodical raises funds. One is by accepting advertisements, but it would be depressing to break our tradition of no ads and use precious editorial space to sell stuff. The other is by renting out the mailing list, but I'm determined not to break our policy of non-availability.

So, instead, I'm asking a minimum of 130 subscribers to lend me \$100 each: \$13,000 would get me out of immediate debt plus pay the printer for the 64-page 13th Anniversary Issue; what more comes in would enable me to advertise both the *Realist* and my book. All the loans will be paid back by this July ... with a two-year extension of your subscription as 'interest.' If you'd prefer a lifetime subscription for your \$100, mark the coupon accordingly.

Finally, if you can't afford \$100, but want to help, you can send for my book, you can enter gift subscriptions for friends and — this would be most appreciated — you can renew your own subscription right now, no matter when it's due to expire. I hope it feels appropriate to you for a freethought magazine to request this act of faith.

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The Realist

The Realist

No. 91-B -- September-October 1971

The Realist is published every other month by The Realist Association,
a non-profit corporation.
Publication office: 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012
Editor: Paul Krassner, 1772 Vallejo St., San Francisco
Subscription rates: \$3 a year; \$5 for two years
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

The Great Beast -- Aleister Crowley

by Robert Anton Wilson

O -- The Fool

All ways are lawful to innocence. Pure folly is the key to initiation.

--The Book of Thoth

Crowley: pronounced with a *crow* in it so it rhymes with *holy*: Edward Alexander Crowley, b. 1875 d. 1947, known as Aleister Crowley, known also as Sir Aleister Crowley, Saint Aleister Crowley (of the Gnostic Catholic Church), Frater Perdurabo, Frater Ou Mh, To Mega Therion, Count McGregor, Count Vladimir Svareff, Chao Khan, Mahatma Guru Sri Paramahansa Shivaji, Baphomet, and Ipsissimus; obviously, a case of the ontological fidgets -- couldn't make up his mind who he really was; chiefly known as The Beast 666 or The Great Beast; friends and disciples celebrated his funeral with a Black Mass: or so the newspapers said.

Actually it was a Gnostic Catholic Mass (even John Symonds, Crowley's most hostile biographer, admits that at most it could be called a Grey Mass, not a Black Mass -- observe the racist and Christian-chauvinist implications in this terminology, out it was certainly not an orthodox R.C. or Anglican mass, I mean, cripes, the priestess took off her clothes in one part of it, buck naked, and they call that a Mass, glorioski!

So the town council had a meeting -- this was the Ridge, in Hastings, England, 1947, not 1347 -- and they passed an ordinance that no such heathen rites would ever be tolerated in any funeral services in their town, *not never*; I sort of picture them in the kitch Alpine-Balkan garb of Universal Studios' classic monster epics, and I see Aleister himself, in his coffin, wearing nothing less spectacular than the old black cape of Bela Lugosi: fangs showing beneath his sensual lips: but his eyes closed in deep and divine Samadhi.

Because that's the sort of images that come to mind when Aleister Crowley is mentioned: this damnable man who identified himself with the Great Beast in St. John's Revelations in an age when the supernatural is umbilically connected with Universal Studios, Hearst Sunday Supplement I - walked - with - a - zombie - in - my - maidenform - bra gushings and, God's socks, *Today's Astrology* ("Listen, Scorpio: This month you must look before you leap and remember that prudence is wiser than rashness. Don't trust that Taurus female in your office" -- I repeat: God's socks and spats); this divine man who became the Logos when Logos was just a word to pencil into Double-Crostics on rainy Sundays; this damnable and divine paradox of a Crowley!

Listen, some critic (I forgot who) wrote of Lugosi "acting with total sincerity and a kind of demented cornball poetry" and the words, like the old crimson-lined black cape, seem tailored equally well for the shoulders of the Master Therion, To Mega Therion, the Great Beast, Aleister Crowley. This is the final degradation: this avatar of anarchy, this epitome of rebellion, this incarnation of inconsistency, this man Crowley whom his contemporaries called "The King of Depravity," "The Wickedest Man in the World," "A Cannibal at Large," "A Man We'd Like to Hang," "A Human Beast"; and, with some anti-climax, "A Pro-German and Revolutionary."

Now, to us, he is quaint. Worse: he is Camp. Worse yet: he is corny.

We don't even believe his boast that he performed human sacrifice 150 times a year, starting in 1912.

None of these cordial titles was invented by myself. All were used, in Crowley's life-time, by the newspaper *John Bull*, in its heroic and nigh-interminable campaign to save England from the Beast's pernicious influence. See P.R. Stephenson, *The Legend of Aleister Crowley*.

I -- The Magician

The True Self is the meaning of the True Will: know Thyself through Thy Way.

-- The Book of Thoth

For there is no clear way, even on the most superficial level of the gross external data, to say what Edward Alexander Crowley (who called himself Aleister: and other names) really was trying to do with his life and communicate to his fellows.

Witness: here is an Englishman (never forget that: an Englishman, and bloody English at times he could be) who in the stodgiest year, of the dreariest decade of the age we call Victoria, commits technical High Treason, joins the Carlists, accepts a knighthood from Don Carlos himself, denounces as illegitimate all the knighthoods granted by "the Hanoverian usurper" (he also called her a "dumpy German hausfrau" -- poor Vicky), yes, and then for years and decades afterward continues, with owl-like obstinacy, with superlative stubbornness, with ham heroism, with promethean pigheadedness, to sign himself "Sir Aleister" -- a red flag in the face of John Bull.

But more: the same romantic reactionary, the same very parfet bogus knight, hears that the French authorities, scandalized by the heroic size of the genital on Epstein's statue of Oscar Wilde, have covered it with a butterfly -- and, *bien bueno*, you guessed it, there he is, at twilight with hammer and chisel, sworn enemy of the

Philistines, removing the butterfly and restoring the statue to its pristine purity -- but why by all the pot-bellied gods in China, why did he turn that gesture into a joke by walking, the same night, into London's stuffiest restaurant, wearing the same butterfly over the crotch of his own trousers?

A Harlequin, then, we might pronounce him, ultimately: the archetypal Batty Bard superimposed upon the classic Eccentric Englishman? And with a touch of the Sardonian Sodomist -- for didn't he smuggle homosexual jokes (hidden in puns, codes, acrostics and notarikons) into his various volumes of mystical poetry?

Didn't it even turn out that his great literary "discovery" the *Bagh-i-Muattar* [*The Scented Garden*] was not a discovery at all but an invention -- all of it, all, all! from the pious but pederastic Persian original, through the ingenious but innocent English major who translated it (and died heroically in the Boer War), up to the high Anglican clergyman who wrote the Introduction saluting its sanctity but shivering at its salacity -- all, all from his own cunning and creative cranium?

Yes: and he even published one volume, *White Stains* (Krafft - Ebing in verse) with a poker - faced prologue pronouncing that "The Editor hopes the Mental Pathologists, for whose eyes alone this treatise is destined, will spare no precaution to prevent it falling into other hands" -- and, hot damn, arranged that the author's name on the title-page would be given as "George Archibald," a pious uncle whom he detested.

Sophomore pranks? Yes, but in 1912, at the age of 37, he was still at the same game: that was the year he managed to sell *Hail Mary*, a volume of versatile verses celebrating the Virgin, to London's leading Catholic publishers, Burns and Oates: and he even waited until it was favorably reviewed in the Catholic press ("a plenteous and varied feast for the lovers of tuneful verse," enthused the *Catholic Times*) before revealing that the real author was not a cloistered nun or an uncommonly talented Bishop, but himself, Satan's Servant, the Great Beast, the Demon Crowley.

But grok in its fullness this fact: he really did it. You or I might conceive such a jest, but he carried it out: writing the pious verses with just the proper tone of sugary sanctimoniousness to actually sell to a Papist publisher and get cordial reviews in the Romish press -- as if Baudelaire had forced himself to write a whole volume of Edgar Guest: And just for the sake of a horse-laugh?

To understand this conundrum of a Crowley we will have to Dig.

II -- The High Priestess

Purity is to live only to the Highest: and the Highest is All; be thou as Artemis to Pan. -- *The Book of Thoth*

These jokes sometimes seem to have an obscure point, and one is uneasily suspicious that there might be Hamlet-like method in this madness. Even the alternate identities can be considered more than games: they might be Zen counter-games. Here's the Beast's own explanation of the time he became Count Vladimir Svareff, from *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley: An Autobiography*.

"I wanted to increase my knowledge of mankind. I knew how people treated a young man from Cambridge. I had thoroughly appreciated the servility of tradesmen, although I was too generous and too ignorant to realize the extent of their dishonesty and rapacity. Now I

wanted to see how people would behave to a Russian nobleman. I must say here that I have repeatedly used this method of disguise -- it has been amazingly useful in multiplying my points of view about humanity. Even the most broad-minded people are necessarily narrow in this one respect. They may know how all sorts of people treat them, but they cannot know, except at second hand, how those same people treat others.

And the *Hail Mary* caper has its own sane - insane *raison d'être*:

"I must not be thought exactly insincere, though I had certainly no shadow of belief in any of the Christian dogmas ... I simply wanted to see the world through the eyes of a devout Catholic, very much as I had done with the decadent poet of *White Stains*, the Persian mystic of the *Bagh-i-Muattar*, and so on ... I did not see why I should be confined to one life. How can one hope to understand the world if one persists in regarding it from the conning tower of one's own 'personality'?"

Just so: the procedure is even scientific these days (Role - Playing, you know) and is a central part of Psychodrama and Group Dynamics. "You have to go out of your mind before you can come to your senses," as Tim Leary (or Fritz Perls) once said. Sure: you can even become Jesus and Satan at the same time: Ask Charles the Son of Man.

For Artemis, the goddess of nature, is eternally virgin: she only surrendered once, and then to Pan: and this is a clue to the Beast's purpose in his bloody sacrifices.

III -- The Empress

This is the Harmony of the Universe, that Love unites the Will to create with the Understanding of that Creation ... -- *The Book of Thoth*

The infant Gargantua was sent to a school run by the Plymouth Brethren, the narrowly Fundamentalist sect to which his parents belonged. He commends the school in these cordial words from his essay "A Boyhood in Hell":

"May the maiden that passes it be barren and the pregnant woman that beholdeth it abort! May the birds of the air refuse to fly over it! May it stand as a curse, as a fear, as an hate, among men. May the wicked dwell therein! May the light of the sun be withheld therefrom and the light of the moon not lighten it! May it become the home of the shells of the dead and may the demons of the pit inhabit it! May it be accursed, accursed -- accursed for ever and ever."

One gathers that the boy Alick was not happy there. In fact, the climax of his miseries came when somebody told the Headmaster that he had seen young Crowley drunk on hard liquor. Our anti-hero was put on a diet of bread and water and placed in coventry (i.e., nobody, student or teacher, was allowed to talk to him), without being told what offense he had committed; this Christian punishment (for his own good, of course) lasted one full year -- at which point his health collapsed and a relative, not totally committed to Plymouth Brethren theology, insisted that he be removed from that environment before it killed him.

This incident is a favorite with the Beast's unsympathetic critics; they harp on it gleefully, to convey that they are not the sort of religious bigots who

would torture a child in this fashion; and they also use it to explain his subsequent antipathy to anything bearing the names, or coming under the auspices, of "Jesus" or "Christ."

It was this school, they say, which warped his mind and turned him to the service of the Devil; a nice theory for parlor analysts or term papers, but it has the defect of not being quite true. The King of Depravity never did embrace Satan, as we shall see, and he kept a very nice mind full of delicate distinctions and discriminations; of this experience he himself says, "I did not hate Jesus and God; I hated the Jesus and God of the people I hated."

But now we jump ahead, past adolescence (skipping the time he seduced a housemaid on his mother's bed; sorry, Freudians), past Cambridge (missing a nice 1890 - style student riot) and past mountain - climbing (by 1901, he and his favorite fellow - climber, Oscar Eckenstein, held most of the climbing records in the world between them - all but one, to be exact); we come now to the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn; *caveat lector*; we enter the realm of Mystery, Vision - and Hallucination; the reader is the only judge of what can be believed from here on.

IV -- The Emperor

Find thyself in every Star. Achieve thou every possibility. -- *The Book of Thoth*

It seems that the Golden Dawn was founded by Robert Wentworth Little, a high Freemason, based on papers he rescued from a hidden drawer in London's Freemason Hall during a fire. No: it wasn't Little at all, but Wynn Wescott, a Rosicrucian, acting on behalf of a mysterious Fraulein Sprenger in Germany, who herself probably represented the original Illuminati of Adam Weishaupt.

No: not so either: behind the Golden Dawn was actually a second Order, the Rose of Ruby and Cross of Gold - i.e. the original medieval Rosicrucians still in business at the old stand; and behind them was the Third Order, the Great White Brotherhood - i.e., the Nine Unknown Men of Hindu lore - the true rulers of earth. Considering the predicament of earth, one can only say, if the last theory be true, that the Great White Brotherhood are Great White Fuckups.

The true story of the Illuminati, Rosicrucians etc. - or another damned lie - is given in *Illuminatus: or Laughing Buddha Jesus Phallus Inc.*, by Robert J. Shea and this writer, to be published by Dell this year, unless the Nine Unknown Men suppress it.

Well anyway, wherever the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn came from, there it was almost practicing in the open in London in the 1890's, with such illustrious members as Florence Farr (the actress), Arthur Machen (the horror - story writer: you must have read his 'Great God Pan ?'), George Cecil Jones (a respectable chemist by day and a clandestine alchemist by night) and William Butler Yeats (a poet who thought his verse was superior to Crowley's; he is described in *Autobiography* as "a disheveled demonologist who could have given much more care to his appearance without being accused of dandyism.")

In 1898, the King of Depravity was admitted to the Order: Crowley took the new name Frater Perdurabo which means Brother I-Will-Endure-To-The-End; he later changed it to Frater OuMh or Brother Not Yet - and began acquiring great proficiency in such arts as the invocation of angels and demons, making himself invisible, journeying in the astral body, and such-like Wonders of the Occult.

In one crucial operation of magick the Wickedest Man in the World failed abjectly in those early days; and this was the most important work of all. It consisted in achieving the Knowledge and Conversation of one's Holy Guardian Angel - what, precisely, that may mean will be discussed later.

The usual operation, as found in *The Book of Sacred Magick of Abra - Melin the Mage*, requires six months' hard work and is somewhat more grueling than holding the Ibis position of Hatha Yoga for that interlude, or working out *pi* to the thousandth place in your head without using paper or pencil. The Beast's critics like to proclaim that he couldn't manage this because he was incapable of obeying Abra - Melin's commandment of chastity for the necessary 180 days. We will learn later how true that claim actually is.

Invisibility, by the way, isn't as hard as Lamont Cranston's Tibetan teachers implied. After only a few months practice, guided by the Beast's training manuals, I have achieved limited success twice already; and my cats, Simon and Garfunkel, do it constantly. There is no need to look for mysteries when the truth is often right out in the light of day.

V -- The Hierophant

Be thou athlete with the eight limbs of Yoga; for without these thou art not disciplined for any fight.
-- *The Book of Thoth*

Early in February, 1901, in Guadalajara, Mexico, the Beast began seriously working on *dharana*, the yoga of concentration. The method was that long used in India: holding one single image in the mind - a red triangle - and banishing all other words or pictures. This is in no wise any easy task, and I, for one, would have much more respect for Aleister's critics and slanderers if there were any shred of evidence that they ever attempted such self-discipline, and, attempting it, managed to stay with it until they achieved results.

For instance, after three weeks of daily practice, the Beast recorded in his diary that he had concentrated that day for 59 minutes with exactly 25 "breaks" or wanderings from the triangle: 25 breaks may not sound so great to those who haven't tried this; a single hour, however, will convince them that 3600 breaks, or one per second, is close to average for a beginner.

Toward the end of April, the Beast logged 23 minutes with 9 breaks; on May 6th, 32 minutes and 10 breaks. I repeat: anyone who think Acid or Jesus or Scientology has remade his or her life ought to attempt a few weeks of this; it is the clearest and most humiliating revelation of the compulsive neurosis of the "normal" ego.

On August 6 the Beast arrived in Ceylon, still working on daily *dharana* - oh yes, in Honolulu he'd had an affair with a married woman, later celebrated in his sonnet sequence *Alice: An Adultery*, published under the auspices of his fictitious "Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth"; his critics always mention that, to prove that he wasn't *sincere*; one sometimes gets the cynical notion that these critics are either eunuchs or hypocrites.

Under the guidance of Sri Parananda and an old friend, Allan Bennett, now the Buddhist monk Maitreya Ananda, he plunged into the other "seven limbs" of yoga. I say that his mountain - climbing involved *less* self-discipline. I will not argue; I will give a hint only. Here are the first two steps in beginning to do *pranayama*:

1. Learn to breathe through your two nostrils alternately. When this becomes easy, practice exhaling

through the right nozzle for no less than 15 seconds and then inhaling through the left orifice for a like time. Practice until you can do this without strain for 20 or 30 minutes.

2. Now begin retention of breath between inhalation and exhalation. Increase the period of retention until you can inhale for 10 seconds, retain for 30 seconds and exhale for 20 seconds. This proportion is important: if you inhale for as long as, or longer than, the exhalation, you are screwing up. Practice until you can do this — comfortably -- for an hour.

Got it? Good; now you are ready to start doing the real exercises of *pranayama*. For instance, you can add the "third limb," *asana*, which consists of sitting like a rock, no muscle moving anywhere; the Hindus recommend starting with a contortion that seems to have been devised by Sacher - Masoch himself, but choose a position that seems comfortable at first, if you want -- it will turn into Hell soon enough.

All this has a point, of course; when *pranayama* and *asana* are mastered, you can begin to do *dodharana* without constant humiliating failures. Congratulations: now you can add the other "five limbs." Of course, the temptation (especially after your foot is no longer merely asleep but has progressed to a state gruesomely reminiscent of *rigor mortis*) is to decide that "There isn't anything in yoga, after all" or "I just can't do it" and maybe there's something in Christian Science or the Process or probably another acid trip would really get you over the hump. (See footnote page 8)

VI -- The Lovers

... rest in Simplicity, and listen in the Silence.

-- *The Book of Thoth*

This may be getting heavy, but it has to be endured for a while before the band starts playing again. Specifically, we should have some understanding of what we mean by *dhyana* and what the Beast had accomplished in those 8 months. The best analysis is probably that given by the Wickedest Man in the World himself in his *Confessions*:

The problem is how to stop thinking; for the theory is that the mind is a mechanism for dealing symbolically with impressions; its construction is such that one is tempted to take these symbols for reality."/

That is, we manufacture units such as the inch, the chair, the self, etc., in order to organize our sense-impressions into coherent wholes, but the mind, which performs this kind service, is so built that it cannot then escape its own constructs. Having imagined inches and chairs and selves, the mind then perceives them "out there" in the physical world and finds it hard to credit that they exist only in the mind's own sorting machinery.

Conscious thought, therefore, is fundamentally false and prevents one from perceiving reality. The numerous practices of yoga are simply dodges to help one acquire the knack of slowing down the current of thought and ultimately stopping it altogether."/

The mind's self-hypnosis, of course, arises anew as soon as one comes out of *dhyana*. One never retains the ego-less and word-less essence of *dhyana*; one retains an impression thereof polluted by the mind's pet theories and most resonant images. The Beast calls this

adulterated after-effect of *dhyana* "mixing the planes" and regards it as the chief cause of the horrors perpetrated by religious nuts on the rest of us throughout history:

"Mohammed's conviction that his visions were of imperative importance to "salvation" made him a fanatic ... The spiritual energy derived from the high trances makes the seer a formidable force; and unless he be aware that interpretation is due only to the exaggeration of his own tendencies of thought, he will seek to impose it on others, and so delude his disciples, pervert their minds and prevent their development ...

In my system the pupil is taught to analyze all ideas and abolish them by philosophical skepticism before he is allowed to undertake the exercises that lead to *dhyana*."/

By 1904, the Beast had come to the conclusion that all he had seen and performed, among the Magicians and among the yogis, could be explained by combining known psychology with the emerging beginnings of psycho-chemistry. He had pushed mysticism as far as one can, and retained his Victorian Rationalism.

Then came the cataclysm of Cairo.

VII -- The Chariot

The Issue of the Vulture, Two - in One, conveyed; this is the Chariot of Power. *The Book of Thoth*

Ever since his initiation into the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn in 1898, the Beast had been practicing astral voyaging almost daily. This is considerably easier than *pranayama*, *asana*, *dharana*, and it's good clean fun even from the beginning.

It you are an aspirant, or a dupe, merely sit in a comfortable chair, in a room where you won't be interrupted, close your eyes, and slowly envision your "astral body," whatever the blazes that is, standing before you. Make every detail clear and precise; any fuzziness can get you into trouble later.

Now transfer your consciousness to this second body -- I don't know why, but some people stick at this point -- and rise upward, through the ceiling, through the other rooms in the building, through the stratosphere, until you have left the physical universe entirely -- to hell with it, Nixon and his astronauts are taking it over anyway -- and find yourself in the astral realm, where NASA isn't likely to follow with their flags and other tribal totems.

Approach any astral figures you see and question them closely, especially about any matters of which you wish knowledge not ordinarily available to you.

Return to the earth-body, awake, and record carefully that which has transpired. The diary of such astral journeys, carefully transcribed, is the key to all progress in High Magick, once the student learns to decipher his own visions.

The skeptical reader, if there are any skeptics left in this gullible generation, might point out that this process begins as an exercise of imagination and that there is no reason to think it ever crosses the line to reality. Quite so; but that objection does no diminish the value of the visions obtained.

The Beast has been at some pains to write a little book called "777" which is a copious catalog, in convenient table form, of the 32 major "astral planes" and their typical scenery, events and inhabitants. Using one's own Magical Diary and the tables in "777" together with a

few standard reference works on comparative religion, one can quickly discover where one has been, who has been there before and what major religions were founded on the basis of some earlier visitor's account of what he had seen there.

One need not hold any occult hypothesis about these visions; you can even say that you have been exploring Carl Jung's "Collective Unconscious" -- or, more fashionably, that you have been deciphering the ethological record of the DNA code (Tim Leary's favorite theory about LSD voyages, which fits these astral trips just as neatly). The important discipline is to avoid "mixing the planes" and confusing your explanation with the actual vision itself; or, as the Beast says in *Liber O*:

"In this book it is spoken of the Sephiroth, and the Paths, of Spirits and Conjunctions; of Gods, Spheres, Planes, and many other things which may or may not exist.

It is immaterial whether they exist or not. By doing certain things certain results follow; students are most earnestly warned against attributing objective reality or philosophical validity to any of them ...

The Student, if he attains any success in the following practices, will find himself confronted by things (ideas or beings) too glorious or too dreadful to be described. It is essential that he remain the master of all that he beholds, hears or conceives; otherwise he will be the slave of illusion and the prey of madness...

The Magician may go a long time being fooled and flattered by the Astrals that he has himself modified or manufactured... He will become increasingly interested in himself, imagine himself to be attaining one initiation after another. His Ego will expand unchecked, till he seems to himself to have heaven at his feet...."

The teachers of Zen have the proper tactics against this danger of grandiosity: Crowley's independent discovery of this strategy led to those behaviors -- the jokes, the "blasphemies," the shifts in name and identity -- which led to his reputation as a kook, a Satanist, and the Wickedest Man in the World.

Having watched the decline into dogmatism and self-aggrandizement of various heroes of the New Wave of dope and occultism, some of us are maybe ready to see that the Beast's incessant profane mockery against himself and his Gods was a necessary defense against this occupational hazard of the visionary life.

But then came the Mystification of Cairo -- and, beyond it, the Mindfuck in China ... and the discovery of the value of human sacrifice.

VIII -- Adjustment

Balance against each thought its exact opposite. For the Marriage of these is the Annihilation of Illusion.

-- *The Book of Thoth*

In March, 1904, the Beast and his first wife, Rose, were in Cairo, and he was trying to teach her some Magick, a subject which bored her profoundly. And now this is the part we warned you about, take it or leave it, this is what seems to have happened -- Rose went into a kind of trance and began murmuring various disjointed phrases, including "It's about the Child" and "They are waiting for you."

It soon developed that some god or other was trying to communicate; Crowley asked 12 questions to determine which god and, gulp, her answers were correct,

consistent and revealed a knowledge of Egyptology which in her conscious mind she did not possess.

Like: "What are his moral qualities?" "Force and fire." "What opposes him?" "Deep blue" -- until only one god emerged that fit the box just as sure as Clark Kent fits the phone booth at the *Daily Planet*; Ra - Hoor - Khuit, or Horus in his War God aspect.

The Beast then took Rose to the Boulak Museum and asked her to pick out the god in question. She walked past several statues of Horus -- which The King of Depravity observed stolidly, although, he says, "with silent glee" --- and then (shiver!) she stopped before Stele 666, Ra - Hoor - Khuit. "This is him," she said.

Sorry about that, fellow rationalists.

And, or course, alas and goddam it, 666 -- the Number of the Beast in St. John's Revelations -- was Crowley's own magick number and had been for years.

Those who want to invoke the word "coincidence" to cover the rags of their ignorance are welcome to do so. Some of us have a new word lately, *syncronicity*, coined by no less than psychologist Carl Jung and physicist Wolfgang Pauli -- and I've read their books and must admit I came out as confused as I went in; as far as this brain can comprehend, *coincidence* is meaning-less correspondence, and *syncronicity* is meaningful correspondence, and if that makes you feel superior to the custard-headed clods who still say *coincidence*, you're welcome to it.

And there's more: when the Beast acknowledge Ra - Hoor - Khuit on the other side of the astral phone hook-up, he was turned over to an underling, one Aiwass, an angel, who told him among other things that the true Word of Power isn't abra-ca-dabra but abra-ca-dabra and the letter adds up to 418, which was the number of Crowley's home on Loch Ness in Scotland; and Aiwass's own name adds up to 98, which is also the number of *love* and *will*, the two chief words in his total communication, which is known as *The Book of the Law* -- But enough; the proofs, mathematical and cabalistic and *coincidental* (if you must) run on for pages.

In summary, the Beast had been playing a Game against himself for six years, since 1898, invoking the miraculous and then proving after the fact that it was "only" his own mind.

Now he had to begin considering that he had made himself the center of an "astral" field effect, having the qualities of an intelligence greater than his, and signifying same by multi-lingual and numerical correspondences coming not from "inside" but from "outside": Rose's mind, the "independent" decisions of the curators of the Boulak Museum and, then, a certain Samuel bar Aiwass.

For, in 1918, Crowley had adopted the name To Mega Therion, which means The Great Beast in Greek and adds to 666, and, in an article in *The International*, he asked if any of his readers could find a word or phrase of similar meaning, in Hebrew, which would also add to 666.

He was himself no mean cabalist and had tried all sorts of Hebrew synonyms for "beast" but none of them added to anything like 666; yet the answer came in the mail -- Tau, Resh, Yod, Vau, Nun, equal 666 -- and it was signed Samuel bar Aiwass.

Aiwass is the Hebrew equivalent of Aiwass, and also adds to 93, the number of his Holy Guardian Angel.

But meanwhile came the Chinese Mindfuck.

IX -- The Hermit
Wander alone; bearing the Light and thy Staff.
- *The Book of Thoth*

One day in Rangoon, in 1905, Crowley happened to mention to a man named Thornton that there is no necessary connection between the separate quanta of sense-impression. Philosophy-buffs are aware that this had been observed by David Hume, among others, and Thornton replied with another truism, pointing out that there is no necessary connection between the successive states of the ego, either.

The Beast, *naturlich*, was aware that the Buddha had spotted that disturbing fact a long time ago, but suddenly the full import of it hit home to him on an emotional level.

Chew on it: he could not absolutely prove that there was a world external to Aleister Crowley, but merely that there appeared to be a tendency for sense-impressions to organize themselves to suggest such a world, Lord help us; and he could not absolutely demonstrate that there was an "Aleister Crowley" doing this organizing but only that there seems to be a tendency to aggregate internal impressions in such a way as to suggest such an entity. (Get the Librium, mother). All intelligent people have noticed this at one time or another -- and quickly brushed it aside, to carry on in the only way that seems pragmatically justified, *assuming* the reality of the World and the Self.

The Beast, after the workings of his Magick, the experience of his *dhyaana* (in which Self, indeed, had vanished for a time) and his encounter with the ever-lovin' Aiwass, was not satisfied to rest in *assuming* anything.

There was no absolute proof that he had ever achieved *dhyaana*, for instance, but only a tendency to organize some impressions into a category called "memory" and to assume that they corresponded to "real" events in a time called the "past." Nor could reason alone prove that he had seen a "miracle" in "Cairo," or performed "Magick" in "London," or suffered in a "school" run by "Plymouth Brethren," or had a "biological" "relationship" "with" "beings" known as "Father" and "Mother."

"About now," he scribbled in his diary on November 19, "I may count my Speculative Criticism of the Reason as not only proved and understood, but realized. The misery of this is simply sickening -- I can write no more."

He started on a walking journey across China with his wife and daughter, or his earth-body did; his mind was on a far weirder trip. "He had become insane," writes unsympathetic biographer John Symonds in *The Great Beast*; "If this happened to any of us," adds sympathetic biographer Israel Regardie in *The Eye in the Triangle*, "we too might feel we had become insane." Of course, lately it has happened to a lot of us, thanks to the free enterprise pharmacopia of the streets, and we know with bitter memory what the suffering Beast was going through.

And it wasn't six or ten hours in his case; it lasted four solid months, while China drifted by like the eye in the triangle. We've been there, and some of us did the Steve Brodie out the window (the triangle?) and never came back and some of us found weird clues in songs like *Helter Skelter* -- what triangle? -- Rocky Raccoon went up to his room and Sharon Tate must die -- doesn't it? -- Because John Lennon wouldn't lie to us when a man is

crashing out like American life bomb went authoritarian (what eye?) -- So we'll write PIG on the wall and they'll blame it on the spades, see? Oh, yes, Charlie, I see -- Sixty-four thousand, nine hundred twenty-eight, because 7-Up Commercials and we all start from Void and anything we manufacture is necessarily composed of the elements of Void even if you call it your Self or your World -- And then there was the strawberries ...

Manson, hell; you could turn into Nixon that way.

X -- Fortune
The axle moveth not; attain thou that.
- *The Book of Thoth*

The Beast described this 120 - Days of - Bedlam in a poem called *Aha!*:

The sense of all I hear is drowned;
Tap, tap, tap and nothing matters!
Senseless hallucinations roll
Across the curtain of the soul.
Each ripple on the river seems
The madness of a maniac's dreams!
So in the self no memory - chain
Or casual wisp to bind the straws!
The Self disrupted! Blind, insane,
Both of existence and of laws,
The Ego and the Universe
Fall to one black chaotic curse ...
As I trod the trackless way
Through sunless gorges of Cathay,
I became a little child!

"They are waiting for you," Rose, in a trance, had said, a year earlier. "It's about the Child."

When Crowley returned to England, after becoming "a little child," he received a letter from chemist George Cecil Jones, a friend in the Golden Dawn. Jones, who recognized what happened, wrote: "How long have you been in the Great Order, and why did I not know? Is the invisibility of the A.A. to lower grades so complete?"

Israel Regardie, a biographer sympathetic to Crowley but dubious about the existence of the A.A. (the Third Order, or Great White Brotherhood, behind the Rose of Ruby and Cross of Gold) comments thoughtfully, "I do not wholly understand this."

Hermann Hesse, who described the Third Order very clearly in *Journey to the East*, gives the formula for initiation in *Steppenwolf*:

PRICE OF ADMISSION:
YOUR MIND

XI -- Lust
Mitigate Energy with Love; but let Love devour all things.
- *The Book of Thoth*

One act remained in the drama of initiation: the achievement of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. This most difficult of all magical operations had been started anew even before Crowley left China, and, for all of his previous failures, he was determined to complete it successfully this time. As mentioned earlier, this invocation takes six months and requires a rather full battery of magical and mystical techniques.

Sometime time after his return to England, the Beast arranged to have George Cecil Jones "crucify" him (I am not totally sure what this means, but suspension on a cross, even via ropes, gets quite painful in a very short

while) and, while hanging on the cross, he swore an oath as follows: "I, Perdurabo, a member of the Body of Christ, do hereby solemnly obligate myself ... and will entirely devote my life so as to raise myself to the knowledge of my higher and Divine Genius that I shall be He."

In Chapter 9, "The Redemption of Frank Bennett," in *The Magick of Aleister Crowley*, John Symonds tells how with a few words Crowley brought a species of Samadhi or Satori to Frank Bennett, a magician who had been striving unsuccessfully for that achievement over many decades.

The words were, in effect, that the Real Self or Holy Guardian Angel is nothing else but the integration that occurs when the conscious and subconscious are no longer segregated by repression and inhibition. It is only fair to warn seekers after either -- or answers that in *Magick Without Tears* Crowley flatly denies this and asserts that the Angel is a separate "Being ... of angelic order ... more than a man ..."

After the Crucifixion, the King of Depravity went on plowing his way through the required 180 days (the essence of the Abra - Melin operation is "Invoke Often") and adding various other techniques.

On October 9, 1906, The Beast recorded in his *Magical Diary*:

"Tested new ritual and behold it was very good ... I did get rid of everything but the Holy Exalted One, and must have held Him for a minute or two. I did. I am sure I did."

On October 10, he added: "I am still drunk with Samadhi all day." And a few days later, "Once again I nearly got there -- all went brilliance -- but not quite." By the end of the month, there was no longer any doubt. Eight years after commencing the practice of Magick, Aleister Crowley had achieved the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

XII - The Hanged Man

And, being come to the shore, plant thou the Vine and rejoice without shame. *-The Book of Thoth*

The Beast lived on for 41 more years, and did work many wonders and quite a few blunders in the world of men and women. In 1912, he became the English head of the Ordo Templi Orientis, a secret Masonic group tracing direct descent from the Knights Templar. In 1915, he achieved a vision of the total explanation of the universe, but afterwards was only able to record, "Nothing, with twinkles -- but WHAT twinkles."

In 1919, he founded the Abbey of Theleme in Sicily -- but was quickly expelled by a moralist named Benito Mussolini after English newspapers exposed the scandalous sex-and-dope orgies that allegedly went on there.

Somewhere along the line, he became the Master of the A.A. or Great White Brotherhood (assuming it ever existed outside his own head, which some biographers doubt) and began teaching other Magicians all over the world.

He was married, and divorced, and married, and divorced.

He wrote *The Book of Thoth*, in which, within the framework of a guide to divination by Tarot cards, he synthesized virtually all the important mystical teachings of East and West; we have used it for our chapter - heads.

He landed on Bedloes Island one day, representing the IRA, and proclaimed the Irish Republic, repudiating his English citizenship.

He wrote *The Book of Lies*, a collection of mind - benders that would flabbergast a Zen Master, including the pregnant question, "Which is Frater Perdurabo and which is the Imp Crowley?" He got hooked on heroin; kicked it; got hooked again; kicked again; got hooked again ...

He died, and his friends buried him with a Gnostic Catholic Mass which the newspapers called Black.

But he is best remembered for writing in 1928 in *Magick in Theory and Practice* that the most potent invocation involves human sacrifice, that the ideal victim is "a male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence," and that he had performed this rite an average of 150 times per year since 1912.

XIII - Death

... all Acts of Love contain Pure Joy. Die daily. *- The Book of Thoth*

Crowley's admirers, of course, claim that he was engaged in none of his manic jokes when he boasted of performing human sacrifice 150 times a year; he was not joking at all, as we shall see.

Even his bitterest critics (except Rev. Montague Summers, who was capable of believing anything) admit that it's unlikely that a man whose every move was watched by newspapers and police could polish off 150 victims a year without getting caught; but they are, most of them, not above adding that this ghastly jest indicates the perversity of his mind, and, after all (summoning those great and reliable witnesses, Rumor and Slander) there was some talk about Sicilian infants disappearing mysteriously when he was running his Abbey of Thelema there ...

We have got to come to a definite conclusion about this matter or we will never grasp the meaning of his life, the value of his Magick, the cause of his vilification, or the true meaning of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

XIV - Art

... make manifest the Virtue of that Pearl. *- The Book of Thoth*

In 1912, we said, the Beast became English head of the Ordo Templi Orientis. This occurred in a quite interesting manner: Theodore Reuss, Head of that Order in Germany, had come to him and implored him to stop publishing their occult secrets in his magazine, *Equinox*.

The Beast (who had been publishing some of the secrets of the English Rosicrucians -- but this wasn't one of them) protested that he didn't know anything about the O.T.O. and its mysteries. Reuss then proclaimed that the Beast did know, even if he had discovered it independently, and that he must accept membership in the 9th degree with the accompanying pledges and responsibilities.

The Beast, who was already a 33-degree Freemason, thanks to a friend in Mexico City, accepted -- and found that his "new ritual" to invoke the Holy Guardian Angel in 1906 was the most closely - guarded secret of the Ordo Templi Orientis.

"Now the O.T.O. is in possession of one supreme secret," the Beast writes in his *Confessions*. "The whole of its system ... was directed towards communicating to its members, by progressively plain hints, this all -

important instruction. I personally believe that if this secret, which is a scientific secret, were perfectly understood, as it is not even by me after more than twelve years' almost constant study and experiment, there would be nothing which the human imagination can conceive that could not be realized in practice."

Israel Regardie, the Beast's most perceptive biographer, comes close to revealing the secret in a book called *The Tree of Life*. However, he remarks that the method in question is "so liable to indiscriminate abuse and use in Black Magic" that it is not safe to reveal it directly; he therefore employs a symbolism which, like a Zen riddle, can be decoded only after one has achieved certain spiritual insights.

Charlie Manson understands at least part of this Arcanum of Arcanums; his misuse of it is a classic example of the danger warned of by Crowley in *Liber O*: "he will be the slave of illusion and the prey of madness ... His Ego will expand unchecked, till he seem to himself to have heaven at his feet ..."

The secret, of course, is the formula of the Rose and Cross which, as Frazer demonstrated in *The Golden Bough*, is the magic foundation under all forms of religion.

XV -- The Devil

With thy right Eye create all for thyself ...

- The Book of Thoth

A word about Evil; the Beast's frequent injunctions to "explore every possibility of the Self" and realize your True Will etc. have often been misunderstood, especially when quoted out of context, in which case he sounds battier than those armchair enthusiasts of mayhem and murder, Stirner and Nietzsche and Sorel.

But the Beast was not an armchair philosopher, but rather an explorer, mountain - climber and big - game hunter who knew violence and sudden death well enough to call by their first names; he did not romanticize them. Here are his actual instructions about Evil from *Liber V*, an instruction manual of the A.A.:

"The Magician should devise for himself a definite technique for destroying "evil." The essence of such practice will consist in training the mind and body to confront things which cause fear, pain, disgust, shame and the like. He must learn to endure them, then to become indifferent to them, then to analyze them until they give pleasure and instruction, and finally to appreciate them for their own sake, as aspects of Truth. When this has been done, he should abandon them if they are really harmful in relation to health or comfort ...

Again, one might have a liaison with an ugly old woman until one beheld and loved the star which she is; it would be too dangerous to overcome the distaste for dishonesty by forcing oneself to pick pockets. *Acts which are essentially dishonorable must not be done; they should be justified only by calm contemplation of their correctness in abstract cases.*"

Digest carefully that last sentence. These shrewd and pragmatic counsels are not those of a bloody - minded fool.

(Continued in Issue 91-C)

Oh yes, brethren and sisters, we have known people capable of much rationalization. Back in 1901, even, the Beast discovered that some of the "lesser yogis," as he called them, used hashish to fuel the last gallop from *dharana* to *dhyana*; and he later recommended this to his own disciples - but always with the proviso that the results so obtained should be regarded as an indication and foreshadowing of what was sought, not as a substitute for true attainment. The Beast achieved *dhyana*, the non-ego trance, on October 2, 1901, less than 8 months after beginning serious *dharana* in Guadalajara.

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MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION.

Act of August 12, 1970: Sections 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title of Publication: The Realist. 2. Date of Filing, October 1, 1971
3. Frequency of Issue: Every other month. 4. Location of known office of Publication (Street, city, county, state ZIP code) (Not printers) 595 Broadway New York, N.Y. 10012. 5. Location of the Headquarter or General business offices of the publishers (Not printers) 595 Broadway New York N.Y., 10012. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor. Publisher (Name and address) The Realist Association, Inc., 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012 Editor (Name and address) Paul Krassner, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Manager Editor (Name and address) None. 7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.) NAME The Realist Association Inc. ADDRESS 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. 8. Known Bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities (If there are none, so state) NAME The Realist Association Inc. is a non-profit corporation, there are no stockholders. President: Paul Krassner; Vice-President: John Wilcock, Secretary: Bob Abel - all of Address 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. 9. For optional completion by Publishers Mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual)

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10. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates. (Section 132.122, Postal Manual)

11. Extent and nature of circulation: A. Total no. copies printed (Net press run) - Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 90,000; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 100,000.

B. Paid circulation. 1. sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales - Average no. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 51,235; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 53,495. Mail subscriptions - average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 18,029; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 16,853.

C. total paid circulation - average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 69,264; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 70,348.

D. free distribution by mail, carrier or other means 1. samples, complimentary, and other free copies - average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 60; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 60. 2. copies distributed to news agents, but not sold - average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 3,000; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 2,000.

E. Total distribution (sum of C and D.) - average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 72,324; actual number or copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 72,408.

F. office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing - average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 17, 676; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 27,592.

G. Total (Sum of E and F - should equal net press run shown in A) - average no copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 90,000; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 100,000.

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Paul Krassner, editor.

The Realist

The Realist is published every other month by The Realist Association, a non-profit corporation.
Publication office: 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012
Editor: Paul Krassner, 1772 Vallejo St., San Francisco
Subscription rates: \$3 a year; \$5 for two years
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

The Last Rock Festival

by Claudia Dreifus

The ad in the New York Times was staggering: "The Hotel Concord — where it's at — in fact where it's all at, Kiamesha Lake, New York, ninety minutes from New York City, presents a College Rap and Rock Festival, January 24-29th."

A rock fest at the Concord? The Concord, an ostentatious high-rise institution stuck in the Catskill Mountains, the antithesis of everything the youth culture stands for? It's big, garish, expensive — a dinosaur left over from an era when garment manufacturers with diamond pinkie rings and sharkskin suits went to the country to meet lonely divorcees in search of desperate sex. It's a place where guests arrive in rent-a-minks and rent-a-Cadillacs, where butchers on holiday wear tuxedos to dinner, where guesting file clerks can for two days pretend they are deposed princesses hiding in quiet, luxurious exile. Rock culture at the Concord?

But there it was, in clear New York Times black and white. According to the advertisement, Livingston Taylor, Canned Heat, Melanie and other doyens of the youth scene would head a star-studded musical program. Between concerts, there would be skiing, indoor and outdoor ice-skating, tobogganing, tennis, swimming, coed sauna parties, beer-blasts, happy hours buffets, a film festival, and "three groovy meals" a day — all you can eat.

For those youthlings with social consciousness in the midst of this bacchanal, there would be "raps" on social issues with some of the more important minds of the times.

In all, this antiseptic, healthy and profitable Woodstock was being offered to the youth of the East Coast at the carefully discounted price of \$26.00 per day. A bargain. The Concord's usual tariff begins at somewhere between forty and fifty dollars daily and climbs upwards from there. Mothers from Long Island and New Jersey would not worry about sending their darlings off to this one. Jerry, the future dentist, wouldn't return home with dysentery, paranoia and the clap. He'd just be broke and exhausted.

In Brooklyn, the community from which I stem, the Concord Hotel has always loomed very large in Flatbush folklore. It is a dream that bourgeoisie Flatbush girls aspire to. The Concord is class... class with three kosher meals. Something like a fairy-tale castle where for a few brief days you could pretend you were anything you want to be, where you are waited on by a staff of servants who treat you like celebrities, where for the duration of your stay all the routine and banality of middle-class life can be forgotten.

Even though I fled from Brooklyn nine years ago, my feelings about my childhood there are still an unresolved mixture of affection, rage and nostalgia. I've never really been able to free myself from my Brooklyn past, so as a reporter I am forever pursuing stories that lead me to relive and reevaluate my adolescence.

And so, on a Sunday in January, the first scheduled day of the Rock Festival, I find myself driving from New York City - Manhattan - to Kiamesha Lake, the site of this magical Hotel Concord. With me is my husband, Sidney Weinheimer, psychologist and photographer. As we roll from the slush-brown New York streets to the clean white snow-covered Catskills, I have certain questions on my mind.

I wonder if the hotel will succeed in creating a bastard of two cultures — Woodstock Nation and Goldtooth Nation. I wonder about the kinds of kids who would go to this festival... if these kids, the younger brothers and sisters of the materialist-monsters I had gone to school with ten years earlier, will be any different from their older siblings. Questions: Could ten years of wars, assassinations and national trauma move these kids out their suburban middle-class blinders, away from complacency and towards commitment?

Beyond my questions, the idea of the Concord excites me. Like the good Brooklyn daughter I ultimately am, I find myself intrigued by the image of the Concord. What will the platinum palace of my adolescent dreams be like in concrete reality? Will I fit in?

After two hours on the New York State Thruway and another half hour on New York State Route 17, we wheel into a driveway which giant road signs tell us it THE PLACE. Before us is a white high-rise facility, lotsa brick, very institutional. Aesthetically, the Concord looks like a hospital dropped by a developer in the midst of three championship golf courses.

After squeezing our dirty, green Peugeot between a Buick and a Cadillac sitting in golden splendour before the frantic hotel entrance, a bellman grabs my bags and typewriter and hustles me into a mammoth lobby. Like the poor innocent country bumpkin coming to the city for the first time, I step into an Alice in Wonderland fantasy: 1950s Hollywood elegance, glass, gilt, red-carpeting and a cupid fountain gushing water and love.

Everywhere are huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer winding staircases with golden rails, and plush red rugs, leading to rooms, nightclubs, dining salons and who knows what other kinds of glorious wonders of hostellerie. The only thing missing from the main lobby is a queen playing croquet with flamingos.

My open-mouthed wonder with the hotel's ambience is interrupted only by this incredibly out-of-place blue felt

banner that is parked smack in by the main doorway: Welcome Pulaski Society - Polish Police Society of New York - Annual Outing.

"Don't worry about them," the bellman says as he points to the sign. "They're checkin' out this afternoon to make room for da college kids." Suddenly, he deposits my modest goods in the middle of this splendour. "This'll be the last time you'll see me," he explains while sticking his palm into my face.

This will be the last time I will see you? What does that mean? Where's check-in?

"Check-in's down the hall," he says, pointing to a desk three miles and four lobbies away. "Someone else will pick up your stuff from here later. This will be the last time you'll see me!"

I am really very dense. Why does that man have his hand stuck out at me? Am I supposed to tip him for carrying my bags miles from where they ought to be? I walk away. For the indiscretion of my not making our parting green, he retaliates by parking my car in a very vulnerable spot in the parking lot, where only a major miracle saved it from getting clipped by another passing auto. I am quickly learning that this place should be called the House of the Thousand Outstretched Hands.

A brisk hike through the labyrinth of lobbies and I find myself in the chandeliered hall called the Codillan Room where hundreds of young Rappers and Rockers have been herded to undergo registration. Long lines. Room numbers on official looking blackboards. Frenzied hotel clerks screaming instructions to each other. Turns out we'll have to wait in this chamber for several hours until the fellows from the Pulaski Society stuff their trunks with hotel towels and soap and pull out.

When rooms are finally made available, cash is demanded from the students in advance. They are informed that they will not be allowed to charge anything to their hotel bill including tips and phone calls. Then, meal tickets are distributed and everyone is escorted to their rooms in groups of four. "Gee," sighs Barbara Greenberg from New York's Fashion Institute of Technology, "I haven't had so much fun since Fall registration. I hope English doesn't close up on me!"

Registration is a little more complicated for Sid and me because we don't want to stay four in a room. Several days earlier, I had called the hotel to check the rates and make reservations. "For the Rap and Rock Festival the daily rate will be \$26 per day per person, four in a room," a nasal telephone clerk informed me.

"What do married people do?" I inquired.

"We don't advise married to come to this one," she intoned. "It's strictly singles...um...you know... there'd be nothing for you to do."

"Well, how do singles manage to do it four in a room? You must have a special rate for sex fiends who happen to like rock music and who want...um... a little privacy?"

The lady promised to check into it. On a later call I was quoted a special rate of \$33 per day per person for a private double.

The clerks in the Codillan Room had difficulty handling the registration of our special case. But after some quick explaining, we find a bellman hustling our baggage to Room F101—a disappointingly ordinary hotel room. Antiqued maple early American furniture, black and white TV, no Magic Fingers in the two single beds, no sunlamp in the john.

We brush off the road dust, unwrap our duds, and ready ourselves for immersion in five days of opulence and rock and roll.

The first scheduled event of the Concord's First Annual Inter-collegiate Rap and Rock Festival is at 5 p.m., on Sunday in the Night Owl Lounge, one of the institution's three nightclubs. Billed on the pink and black printed program as a "happy hour with complimentary hors d'oeuvres," the party is buzzing with activity by the time we arrive.

People are frantically trying to meet—the guys really more frantic than the girls. God forbid that a real-live female should spend his first night at the Concord without getting laid. But the women are here to get met...so they parade up and down the long bar like potential Miss Americas waiting for Burt Parks to call out the winners in the semi-finals. And, Christ, are the women ever primed up! This is the closest thing to a human cattle market I've ever seen.

The girls, who range in age from about 13 to 23 are dressed in two very distinctive styles. There are the Flatbush girls with their charm bracelets, their teased hair and their carefully matching Alexander's pantsuits. The rest of the ladies are dressed in outfits ala Weatherwoman Chic: dungarees, stretch blouses, long, neat, stick-straight hair—everything ironed and cleaned by an adoring mother. ("If you must go around looking like a beatnik, at least look like a clean beatnik, already!")

Up and down the bar they parade, the guys sit stationary on their stools, commenting on the desirability and sexual potential of each passing nymph. The girls fulfill their part of the ritual by parading braless—hot because bralessness is a way of proclaiming one's liberation, but because it is the best way to display one's wares.

Sitting by the bar are some non-teen-aged Rappers and Rockers...Humbert Humbert businessmen in search of pubescent Lolitas. One minibopper confides to me that the dirty old men are funny, they remind her of her father.

Conversation eavesdropped on, in one corner of the Night Owl Bar:

Boy sits down at single girl's table. "Where do you go to school?"

"New Jersey...and you?"

"I work... I work where all robots work, on Wall Street. What's your room number?"

"Why do you wanna know?"

"I'm a mailman."

The girl is uninterested in playing Post Office. She gets up and leaves. No sooner has this rebuff occurred than our fastworking Romeo corners a gaggle of females at another table. Without an invitation, he sits down. "Where do you go to school?..."

Ten minutes later, he leaves the Night Owl bar with two room numbers in his notebook and one girl on his arm.

Another eavesdropped mating pattern:

Boy in tie-dye body shirt and skin-tight, crotch-tight bell bottoms approaches red-haired charm-braceleted girl standing alone at the bar.

"Is your hair natural," inquires the boy with the delicacy of a rhinoceros. "I'd like to find out. I just love natural redheads!"

The girl is a little dense. "Yeah, my whole family has red hair. It's quite natural."

"I don't believe you. Why don't we go up to my room and check it out? There's still 45 minutes till dinner."

A light burns through her foggy brain. "Ohhhhhh...um...I don't think so. I gotta meet my

girlfriend here in about five minutes and I think she'd be upset."

"Well, girlie," he intones nastily, "whatdya come up here for anyway? To spend time with your girlfriend or to romp in the hay? What are you saving it for, your husband?"

In the background, a first-rate jazz-rock band, the Junior Mance Trio, is playing an extraordinary set. But though music is the pretext that has brought all these people to the Rap and Rock Festival, no one is listening. The sound of madly chirping clitorises is all one can hear.

At one corner of the bar, a waiter is suggesting we buy a second drink. Rather than shell out another buck and a half for some watery booze, Sid and I decide to take a walking tour of the premises.

Our tour through the labyrinth of the hostelry is really quite informative. And it's great exercise, too. This place is simply miles and miles long and there seem to be all these fantastic corners to discover. The basement has a beauty parlor, a drug store, a dress shop, a men's haberdasher, a barber and a kosher coffeeshop. Another floor has an art gallery hung with kitsy oils of Nelson Rockefeller, John Kennedy and Golda Meir. On the lobby floor, sandwiched between a meeting room and the Board of Director's office, is a synagogue.

We chance upon the resident rabbi, a dimpled fortyish man named Seymour Freedman. Rabbi Freedman has been at the hotel for three years, but he's hedging his bets by getting a PhD in Psychology. He likes hip kids. Thinks highly of 'em.

"You know," he explains, "in the Jewish faith we need ten men to make a service. Often when there aren't enough men, I go out in the lobby and find some long-haired kid. I tell him, 'You've tried Hare Krishna and Buddhism, why don't you sit in on the faith of your fathers?' They often come, and like it. I've developed a lot of respect for hippies since I've been here."

The rabbi does a great deal of counseling. "There's a problem with recent divorcees and widows," he says earnestly. "They think dating patterns are the same now as when they were young. You know, some people...some women come here totally unprepared for the experience and many of them need counseling. This is a pretty swinging place. Some of the women think they'll come here to meet somebody 'socially.' But the men they meet here are by and large bed-oriented. I try to help them make a decision."

Men coming to the Concord have problems, too. The rabbi says most men come here "to prove to themselves that they're Rudolph Valentino. If on Friday night they pick up a girl in five minutes, on Saturday they try to pick up a girl in three. I've seen some men with heart conditions come here and literally kill themselves with sex."

The rabbi could have gone on for hours but for the fact that it was dinnertime. Though the Concord has an extraordinary reputation for putting on the dog when it comes to food, our dinner is a harrowing experience. According to a press release, the hotel's stadium-sized dining hall can serve between 2800 and 3500 people at one sitting - instantaneous feeding. That's part of their problem. The place is so big that of necessity everything has to be kept warm on steam tables. The result is that the quality of the food is at best a step above dormitory cafeteria food. But there's a lot of it.

At dinner there is a choice of seven entrees, four appetizers, two salads, four soups and six desserts.

House policy is that you can order as many of anything you want...so long as you can stomach it. There are eaters in Concordian mythology who've tried to squeeze all the value of their hotel bill out of the dinner table by breaking new consumption records.

And the menu is printed in Catering Hall French! Boiled chicken, for instance, isn't plain ordinary boiled chicken. It's a glorious dish called "Boiled Native Young Fowl *en pot*. Fine Noodles." Veal Parmigian is not Veal Parmigian. It is "Breaded Selected Tender Veal Cutlet, Neapolitan." Bird's Eye mixed vegetables have a name so majestic that I can't pronounce it: "Macedoine of Vegetables."

One kid, David Minter of Brooklyn, sitting at the table catty-corner to mine, is savvy to the real meaning of the *franglaise*.

"They say this is such a four-star hotel," he complains, while fishing through his Boiled Native Young Fowl *en pot*. Fine Noodles. "Well, it ain't so hot. Boiled chicken my mother can make me!"

His waitress, and elderly woman with a sharp nose and sharp tongue, looks at him sternly. "You ordered it," she snaps.

At my table, "ordering" dinner takes on a new meaning. "You're having steak, aren't you?" I am informed by the waiter, a huge man with a determined scowl.

"Well, I haven't looked at the menu yet. I hear the food is very good and I might want to try something more interesting."

Three minutes later, before my appetizer and soup have arrived, I find myself, like it or not, tackling an overdone hunk of beef that the waiter has flung over my left shoulder.

"You've got a good catching arm," a kid in a Zeta Beta Tau (Zillions, Billions, Trillions) sweatshirt sitting across the table informs me. "It was amazing the way you caught that steak."

With dinner behind me, I stagger to my room in search of some quiet. No sooner do I get to my room than I find myself visited by one of the hotel's public-relations men who politely informs me of the genesis of this special event.

The hotel has been running college weekends ever since they discovered that youthlings liked to migrate to playplaces like Fort Lauderdale during their holidays. Packing in the college crowd is a life-urgent task for the Concord, as indeed it is for the whole resort industry in the Catskill Mountains. Kids don't come to the mountains the way their parents and grandparents did. Hotels like the Concord and its giant neighbor Grossinger's are the idiom of another generation.

So, to encourage the youth market, the consumers of tomorrow, to get used to spending \$50 a day and up for a holiday, the hotel cuts its mid-week rates and runs these special college festivals. It's kind of like youth fare on the airlines. Frankly, if this generation doesn't start taking to the Catskills quick, the hotels may be forced to switch from their family orientation, to push for legalized gambling. Las Vegas in the Catskills? *Oy vey!*

According to my program, the rock part of this Rap and Rock extravaganza is about to blast off in the Imperial Room-a massive barn of an entertainment hall, proudly advertised by the management as the "world's largest indoor resort nightclub." Once you've had your first whirl around the place, you realize that at the Concord everything happens in superlatives. The skating rink is the world's largest; the golf courses all award-

winning, the pools all Olympian. Empires are never built by men of small vision.

What superlatives can I use to describe the Imperial Room, the site of this latterday Woodstock? It's a huge, stadium-sized room, decorated in neo-1950s moderne, with an escalated shell stage that reminds me a little bit of Radio City Music Hall--sans the Rockettes. Tables with chairs line the stadium tiers that reach down into a massive dance area just in front of the stage. In that space are dozens of mats that have been pilfered from the swimming pool for those Rappers and Rockers who are too tired to listen to music sitting up.

As soon as the lights dim, hundreds of youthlings take to the mats for a mass necking, marijuana-smoking session.

Those hotel guests unfortunate enough to be cut out of the mat scene have to sit at the tables - where dope is an impossibility, since eagle-eyed waiters hover over guests beseeching them with requests for liquor orders.

First on stage is Uncle Dirty, a nervous, fortyish comedian. His role for the rest of the Festival will be to serve as a resident comedian/master-of-ceremonies/guidance-counselor for the gathered clean-boppers. His routine, filled with talk of dope, sex, homosexuality, heterosexuality, momism, is perfect for the libidinous instincts of this crowd. The kids love Dirty's mildly political anti-establishment rap. They applaud his parodies of Nixon and Agnew with gusto.

However, we later learn that his use of 4-letter words is a bit too advanced for the front-rownecking, petting set. During the course of the Rap and Rock Festival, the hotel management receives over forty complaints from students that "Uncle Dirty is too Dirty."

When he finishes his act, on stage dances a snazzy-looking eight-man, one-girl, ten-amplifier band called "Alive and Kicking." Everyone in the band is very colorful, very prettily costumed. They move around the stage a great deal, do a lot of calisthenics and sexy movements, and they scream like there's no tomorrow. The girl singer, Sandie Toder, is pretty and belts it out well. The boy singer, Pepe Cardona, looks great in his Romeo medieval outfit and he also sings well...but they spend most of their time on stage shouting each other down.

All that screaming and those ten amplifiers are enough to clean a person's ears, within three miles of the Imperial Room. It's excruciating on the brain. There is a particular uncritical, insecure type of rock that substitutes random movement and maximum volume for quality music. My ears ringing, I slip out of the Imperial Room. Perhaps I can find an aspirin. Better still, maybe I can find Livingston Taylor, who has been spied floating around the hotel.

After several false starts, I finally locate Taylor in the Concord Coffee Shop, where he is going native, munching on a bagel. Sitting with him are his bass player and friend, Walter Robinson, his manager, and a collection of starry-eyed young girls.

"Anything interesting happen to you since you got here?"

"Well, I went ice-skating. They've got a nice rink. Hear it's the world's biggest or something. Actually, a lot of star-struck little girls have happened to me... autograph seekers. But that's fine. I don't know. What do you want me to say? This is a rather strange environment for me, that's true."

Taylor's manager, a waspish-looking fellow in a brown sued jacket, motions for Liv to begin the hike up to the Imperial Room. En route, I try to keep his attention on the interview. He's never seen a place that had so many females in it before. The Concord astounds him. For Walter Robinson, the gilt and glitter of the Concord is something to be stared at in wonderment and awe. "I kinda like this place," he confesses, "it's an expression of America."

In Taylor's dressing room, I'm being perfectly obnoxious in my attempt to get an interview going. Getting Taylor to say anything is like pulling teeth. But I'm trying.

"What," I venture, "do you think of the incongruity of holding a rock and roll festival amidst this opulence?"

Livingston smiles a Taylor Family smile, picks up his guitar and starts playing a private concert. No, the lady reporter isn't going to catch him knocking an employer. Besides, music is so much better than talk. *It's so peaceful in my town this morning, Taylor sings, won't you please come round?*

The private concert is broken up after a few moments when Taylor's manager signals that it's time to do the public show. On stage, Taylor and Robinson destroy their audience with the simplicity and beauty of their music. For a moment, people move beyond their isolation to reach out and listen. Encore after encore is demanded of the duo. After the second repeat, Liv and Robinson flee to their dressing room, while the crowd of fans cries for still more.

Despite the avid audience, Taylor emerges from the stage depressed by his performance. "I felt so removed," he complains. "So tired. I just don't think I got through to them at all."

"You must be kidding," I say. "Listen to them. They're still cheering."

"Yeah, they may have dug me, but they only responded to me because I was a personality, a big name, an event. I hate that. I hate being some kind of traveling event that people show up to stare at. You know what one girl right out front yelled at me? She yelled, 'Hey Liv, why don't you sing something that sounds like James?' I just hate that. If they had wanted to hear my brother, they should have hired him."

Taylor has other bitches with his audience. He is convinced that half of them were so high that they weren't in this stratosphere, let alone listening to him. "Man, if I had a dollar for every joint that was going round there during my set," he sighs, "I'd be a very rich man."

Outside his dressing room door, a group of pre-teen girls have gathered. Since they've made a special trip to the hotel from far-away Long Island, they plead for a song from their hero.

"Sure, why not," says Liv as he leaves his dressing room. In one second flat, the girls kneel down in a circle around him. As he sings, their 12-year-old faces glow with the rapture of fantasy fulfilled. How many nights have they lain awake dreaming of Livingston Taylor (or James) serenading them? And now, it is real.

"Oh, Gawwwddd," sighs an uncontrollably happy thing named Jennifer. "he's soooooo nice. He's just the nicest person I've ever met!"

Right after the serenade, Livingston Taylor checks out. He could have stayed at the Concord, all expenses paid, for the rest of the week. Instead, the singer chooses to brave the mean blizzard howling outside in a mad rush to get home to Boston. He has no comment to make about the Concord. But he certainly has no desire to stay.

On Monday morning, Sid and I wake up bright and early with the idea of making use of the cornucopia of sporting activities the hotel has available: skiing, tobogganing, snowmobiling and intercollegiate Simon Sez. At this point we are thinking of our Concord sojourn as a lightheaded lark--a chance to do all those silly things we missed doing as kids because in our deprived childhoods we had never gone to camp.

We carefully peruse the activities list for our first adventure. Simon Sez seems too athletic for our citified muscles. A grand tour of the Concord is something we've already done. Skimobiling seems like the pluperfect sport for two dudes with no guts, no muscles and no athletic inclinations. I pick up the phone in our room: "Operator, is there any extra charge for skimobiling?"

"Oh, no," she assures me, "all activities are free during this special college week."

A half hour later we arrive at the skimobile track fired up and ready to hit the snows. "That will be a dollar per person per lap around the course," and attendant informs us.

"To hell with this," Sid declares, "I know for sure that the ski slopes are free." So we hike onward about a mile and a half through snow and ice to what no doubt is the world's largest ski chalet, which sits on the base of what I am certain is the world's largest resort-hotel ski slope.

At the ski chalet we find two things: a huge Saint Bernard that is, no doubt, the world's largest dog, and a sign that reads, "Ski rentals - \$7.50 per day." Skiing may be free, but only for those whose feet are flat enough to do without equipment.

Still hopeful, we now head for the hotel's riding academy- where, guess what, it will cost us five bucks an hour to rent a nag. Another pleasure to forego for the sake of economy.

The only definitely free activity left is the sauna bath, located back at the hotel. That's where we go. And yes, the sauna is both delicious and free- if one ignores the army of hovering attendants standing over you with their outstretched palms. "Sleeping," confides fellow sauna freak Varda, "is about the only other thing you can do here for free. But even then you should tip the chambermaid!"

Lest one get the impression that the monetary stream flows unabated into the Concord's coffers, later at lunch we learn there is a whole group of people here who are doing unto the Concord what the hotel's management is doing unto us: rip-off. Most of the kids here are having their bills picked up by their everloving parents. Some, a very few, like Barbara Cooper, a 19-year-old student from the Fashion Institute of Technology, worked to pay off their hotel bill. Barbara toiled as a salesclerk all Christmas vacation to afford this holiday. But there's still another group, who are enjoying the freedom of the Concord at a special discount rate--gratis. This we learn at lunch in the dining room, now freshly decorated with pink and blue polystyrene peace symbols.

Sitting at our table are Rich Shattner and Roz Shayne, University of Maryland students, who've already logged a week at the hotel. For the first few days Rich "bummed it."

They did it this way: Roz and a girlfriend rented a double. Rich slept there without paying. At mealtime, he marched into the dining room with supreme confidence - like he'd just donated a wing, and the management owed him their eternal gratitude. No one questioned him. The boy left lavish tips. Perhaps he was the Crown Prince of Jaipur on an excursion to the Catskills?

All went well with Roz and Rich until the second day of the adventure. An overly snooty chambermaid noticed masculine underwear, in the room registered to Roz and her girlfriend. When Shattner saw a band of house dicks coming down the hall to his room, he started frantically lowering his luggage through a window on a rope made of tied bedsheets. Then he tried to climb down two stories onto the roof of the Concord Health Club. It was like a Hollywood movie.

When Rich hit the Health Club roof, he found himself bruised and surrounded by a group of angry hotel security guards. He was given an ultimatum: pay up for the past two days or go to prison. He paid.

"By the way," Shattner confides to me as I bounce a rubber omelette across my plate, "the food is a lot better when they don't have a special college week. The food and service is bad just now because the waiters know that all these college kids have paid for their rooms with a fixed-service charge. The waiters are only going to get 15 per cent of the tab, instead of whatever they can hustle. That's why they're so sloppy and mean now."

As we saw our way through a seven-layer cake dessert, Rich introduces me to a group of students who are enjoying the freedom of the premises gratis. Bob and Tony, typical University of Maryland sweat-shirted, dungareed, College Joes, have been bumming it at the Concord quite successfully for the past five days. Their system, which involves the theft of room keys from the front desk, is so easy it makes me want to cry for the \$33 a day I'm shelling out.

Each night one of the boys makes a careful check to see if any of the rooms for which he holds a key is occupied. If it's free, the guys bed down for the night, changing rooms each evening. Meals are either purchased in the Coffee Shop or donated by girls who don't want their meal tickets.

"Bumming one's way through a place like this," Bob explains to me as we sit within perilous earshot of one of the Concord's managers, "is just a beautiful feeling. It's kinda like a sport. You play to win. Besides, this place is such a rip-off that you feel it's almost an honor to rip *hem* off for a change."

"It may be a beautiful feeling," adds Tony, "but there are a lot of pitfalls to this game. The first few days we were here, we were sharing the hotel with these guys from the Pulaski Society ... the police. Well, you wouldn't believe it, but all the cops went to dinner dressed formal. Tuxedos and that kind of stuff. We had no tuxes with us, so we couldn't go near the dining room. We nearly starved to death."

Bob chimes in with another bumming hazard: "One night we couldn't find an empty room. So we had to sleep outdoors in the car in sub-freezing weather. That was a drag. Another night, we had to hide in this girl's closet because we were certain that house security was onto us. That really wasn't so bad, though. The closet was bigger than my room at the University of Maryland."

"Bumming it," says Tony, most authoritatively, "is something that anyone can do. You just have to study the angles of the place. I may do this all of next summer, going from hotel to hotel."

I shake his hand and wish him well. A summer of massive rip - off seems like an enterprising idea. Later, when Rich Shattner tells me that his parents come to the Concord every year and usually drop \$1500 per week for the family, I decide it's the only way to travel.

Cocktail hour--Monday night. I decide to brazen my way alone into the Night Owl Lounge in a reporterly

attempt to discover the kinds of lines the male natives use on their female victims. It doesn't take long for one Lothario to zero in. "Hey, blonde," beckons a wormy-looking fellow with a big pot belly covered by a fraternity sweatshirt, "why, don't you come up to my room and help me cut my pants. Hot pants are in style this year, you know!"

I practically bite my martini glass, unprepared for that one. "Nooo ... um ... I'm down here to listen to music. It's really great music ... Junior Mance, he's a fine musician ... couldn't think of leaving at this moment."

It's a feeble excuse, but a reasonable one ... because Mance has true artistry. In his leather quilt vest and purple shirt, he's a beautiful man who knows his piano totally and who puts on a great show. Unlike "Alive and Kicking," his trio is into music rather than theatrics ... so they don't need a half hour to warm up. In a few seconds flat, they launch into a jazz-rock rendition of *Spinning Wheel*. The crowd gives them a standing ovation - a change from the night before when nobody seemed to notice Mance and his trio. "Jeezus," said a bartender, "I ain't never seen nobody get no standing ovation in this room before." My musical appreciation was interrupted by a hotel official who wanted to introduce me to a Mr. Rossi.

"Excuse me," I mumble to Hot Pants, who had Mance at my side steadfastly throughout the Mance set. "Gotta leave. Urgent business. Gotta meet Mr. Rossi."

Rossi, the hotel's former Latin Band leader, turns out to be the doting father of a child prodigy named Perry Rossi. "You're from *The Realist*, right?" inquires Rossi Senior.

"Up ..."
Magically, from nowhere, Mr. Rossi pulls out a portfolio of pictures of little Perry. The boy, I learn, has been playing at least half a dozen instruments since he was three. He worked at various other hotels in the region. No, he's not in the union yet. Yes, he's ten years old. And yes, he's going to play the piano ... tonight ... with Junior Mance. "This," exclaims Papa Rossi while pointing to a picture of his waif with four other waifs and a teen-aged girl, "was Perry when he had his own group. That was years ago. We used to call it Perry and the Pirates."

With that, Richie Pratt, Mance's brilliant drummer, gives a roll of his drums and an announcement is made. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a special surprise for you tonight. A future star of tomorrow. Here he is ... Mr. Perry Rossi."

The kid scampers to the stage with all the professionalism his little body can muster. He takes a small bow and then sits down at the piano and quite competently plays what turns out to be a fantastically difficult jazz number.

"Mr. Rossi," I quip, "how many times a day do you beat the kid to get him to play as well as that?" The man doesn't get my drift.

Later, I walk over to Uncle Dirty, who is drinking at the bar and is most depressed about the fact that some kids have complained that his act was too dirty for their virgin ears.

"You know, last night at 5 in the morning," Dirty confides, "a sweet young thing bopped into my room and pulled a number that just blew my mind. She told me that her boyfriend had asked her to ..."

Before I find out what happened next, two of the greasiest looking slobes God ever made sidle over to Uncle Dirty. They are dressed like bikers, with shiny

green slacks, red bandanas, studded leather vests, and a passel of rings - brass - knuckles on their fingers. The hardhat vision of hippiedom. Only thing is that these guys are no bikers. Hell's Angels would be preferable to what they really are. Uncle Dirty recognizes them immediately from previous engagements. We have just been met by the festival Narcs.

"Hey," suggests the dark-haired narc to Dirty, "I caught your act last night and thought it was great. Real dirty. Listen, we've got the broads, if you've got the dope."

"Dope? ... Dope?? ... DOPPE???" mimics a wary Uncle Dirty. "I don't know what you mean. Are you calling me a *lope*?"

Later that night Dirty adds a special note to his act in the Imperial Room. "The best way to make you laugh," he tells the crowd, "is to tell you the truth. I'd like to talk to you about drugs ... be very cool tonight. That's a warning. This place is filthy with narcs!"

The sounds of astonished gulping echo from gilded wall to gilded wall, as suddenly a lot of Rappers and Rockers use their high-priced marijuana as chewing tobacco.

After Dirty's concert, I inquire to the hotel management as to what exactly their policy on drugs is. I mean, reality is reality. And everyone knows that this generation smokes grass in the same way that an older generation gulps martinis. It's a social thing. Frankly, I think it is a little irresponsible of the Concord to invite some thousand teen-aged kids to a rock and roll festival and then permit narcotics agents to have free reign over the place.

"The only thing we try to regulate our guests on," the Concord PR man assures me, "is violence. We don't care what else they do ... just as long as they don't destroy any of our property ... or each other."

"Then why is this place crawling with narcotics agents who seem to be trying to entrap your guests?"

"We didn't invite them and we can't ask them to leave."

Fortunately, the narcs are so obviously out of place in their biker's uniforms that no one is stupid enough to get entrapped by them. They came to this masquerade party all wrong. Rather than looking like the middle-class hippies-for-a-week that these kids are, they come off like rough trade, like Leather Boys. Perhaps they thought they were coming to Altamont and not to the most materialistic Temple of Gold that Western Civilization could ever have conceived.

Signs of stress, signs that this campy little holiday is turning into a full-scale drag, are beginning to show on Sidney by Tuesday morning. "This place is a madhouse" he declares after he discovers that his breakfast eggs are made of talcum powder fried in milk of magnesia.

"Oh, nonsense," I retort. "Think about this whole thing creatively. We are anthropologists studying the mating habits of the uncivilized. I am Margaret Mead in Samoa ..."

"Screw Margaret Mead," snaps Sidney, "this place is getting to me." With that he disappears into the serenity of the sauna bath and isn't heard from for the rest of the morning.

With Sid ensconced in hydrotherapy, I go to something called a "Pick-Me-Up Cocktail Party: Complimentary Screwdrivers and Bloodymarys" that is taking place at the most ungodly hour of 11:30 in the morning, in the main lobby.

Boy-at-pick-me-up-party: "Where do you come from?"

Girl - at - pick - me - up - party: "North of Great Neck."

Boy: "Where North of Great Neck?"

Girl: "Flushing."

My head can't quite take that whole scene in properly - not at 11:30 a.m. My knowledge of New York's geography tells me that Great Neck is a wealthy suburban Long Island community. Flushing, on the other hand, is sort of a snooty district of construction workers and union butchers who think they've made it because they don't have to live in Harlem. Geographically, Flushing is north of Great Neck like Canada is north of Mexico.

Recoiling from that exchange, I head toward the bar. "Bartender," I call, "have you any plain orange juice?" "Plain orange juice!" the man sneers, "you ask for plain orange juice at a Pick - Me - Up - Party? You'll never get picked up that way!"

That is the last straw. Sid is right - this place is an insane asylum. I'm not Margaret Mead and this is not Samoa. No. I'm Olivia De Havilland and this is *The Snake* and how do I survive this till Friday? I run to my room, where for the next half hour I find myself screaming uncontrollably. When in a madhouse, one does as the natives do.

It isn't just the bartender in this Land of Diamond Pinkie Rings that has gotten to me: it's everything! The kids here especially disturb me. They are time - machine youths, Consciousness I and II types, who haven't noticed that the world has moved inexorably into the 1970s. For them, life is still the 1950s, exactly as I had known it in Brooklyn a decade before, and their biggest concerns are sex, baseball, fraternities and sex.

I haven't heard an intelligent conversation in the three days I've been here. Not one. The closest was a talk with a kid from Kent State who was hardly aware of the meaning of what had happened there.

As for discussions, there had been one rather engrossing talk during breakfast about how Marlo Thomas had her face rebuilt. During yesterday's dinner, there was a heated debate over the value of nose-jobs. The group decided that they were expensive, but worth it.

As I sink into a profound depression, Sidney arrives, fresh from his sauna baking, with a stack of newspapers in hand. "Here's the real world," he says, "I thought you might want to keep up with it."

The real world? The headlines are more horrifying than the plastic bubble of the Concord; my perspective is restored.

"What's on the schedule for the rest of the day?" I inquire.

"Canned Heat's playing tonight."

I gulp two secondals. "Wake me when they happen."

Canned Heat "happens" well before their midnight concert ... they are happening all over the dining room during dinner.

First thing they do is seat themselves at the table especially reserved for the Concord management. "You'll have to move to another table," the waiter informs Bob Hite, Heat's lead singer, a hefty fellow who looks something like a buffalo, but who is called "Bear."

"What did you say?" demands Bear, grinding his teeth furiously.

"I said that these seats are reserved for manage ..."

All of a sudden, the waiter finds his pompous air in a state of supreme disruption. Bear reaches into the depths of his mammoth chest and hawks a lunger big enough to be a cannon ball clear across the table. Starched white linen despoiled, the waiter sulks away in defeat. Needless to say, management dines elsewhere this evening.

But Bob Hite is not done outgassing the Concord. After finishing his titanic meal, he marches over to the dining room microphone, seizes it from the maitre d' and belches yes, *belches* - most mightily:
XX!!!

Hite's amplified belch, in the context of the Concord Dining Room, is not just a little boy showing off how crude he can be. It is a political statement. The dining room has become known to all Rappers and Rockers as Heartburn Alley, The Chamber of Thrice Daily Death and The Grepstoria. Bear's blast of gas is met with cheers, applause, raised fists and cries of "Right on!"

Later that evening, a wild chant is heard throughout the hall: "Alka Seltzer! Alka Seltzer! Alka Seltzer!" The chant sweeps the room. It's like the movies again, only this time we're playing the prison riot scene with everyone banging on tables, standing on chairs and pounding their fists. For a while I wonder if Bear could be indicted for crossing state lines to incite food riot. Fantasy: the rebellion of a thousand little Portnoys over rotten chicken soup.

It is unfortunate that Canned Heat's midnight performance in the Imperial Room doesn't match the rousing good show they put on at chow. Not that they are bad. Just that they seem to take hours to warm up and ... well, they display the most condescending contempt for their audience. "If you don't like us," suggests one Canned Heater, "you can leave."

Scores decide to take that advice, filing steadily out of the Imperial Room and away from Canned Heat.

After the concert, I manage to cajole the group into giving me an interview. "Meet you in our room in about a half hour," suggests one of the rock singers with a chauvanistic leer. I decide to do the interview, but ignore the come-on.

Finding Canned Heat's room is no easy task in the maze of the Concord Hotel. I go to three separate buildings till I finally come close to the sanitarily distant outpost they've been assigned to. On the way, I notice something interesting about the hotel's doorways. Ever since grass became a staple of collegians, dormitory students have been working out new and creative ways to support their pleasures and remain undetected. One of the prime campus anti-bust ruses is to stick a towel under a closed door so no smoke or odor can escape. Well, man, it's simply unbelievable - every damn door is stuffed with a towel!

(Continued in Issue 92-A)

THE GREAT BEAST
(Continued from Issue 91-B)

XVI - The Tower

Break down the fortress of thine Individual Self that thy Truth may spring free from the ruins.

- The Book of Thoth

Now, *The Morning of the Magicians* by Pauwels and Bergier was a best - seller, especially in the hip neighborhoods, so I can assume that many of my readers are aware of the strange evolution of some forms of Rosicrucianism and Illuminism in 19th Century Germany. Such readers are aware that there is certain evidence -- not a little evidence, but a great deal of it -- indicating that Aloph Hitler joined something called the Thule Society in Munich in 1923, and then later obtained admission to its inner circle, the Illuminated Lodge, and that it was here he acquired certain ideas about the value of human sacrifice.

It is, in fact, not only possible but probable that the attempted extermination of European Jewry was not only the act of insane racism but a religious offering to gods who demanded rivers of human blood.

The same psychology possessed the Aztecs toward the end. The omens, the oracles, the astrological skryings all pointed to doom, and the blood sacrifices correspondingly multiplied exponentially, hysterically, incredibly ... and south in Yucatan much earlier, the Mayans, who always tried to restrict the blood sacrifice to one or two a year, deserted their cities for an unknown reason and fled back to the jungle; they shared the same astrological beliefs as the Aztecs, and it is plausible to suggest that they ran away from a similar oracle telling them that only more blood could preserve the empire.

In fact -- I note this only for the benefit of future students of paranoia -- a similar theory about our own glorious rulers has sometimes crossed my own mind. Why not? Every time an S-M club is raided by the fuzz, the newspapers mutter vaguely that among the clientele were "prominent" and "high-placed" individuals; and don't ever tell me, Clyde, that those birds actually believe the milk-water "liberal" Judeo-Christian faith that they mouth in their public speeches.

Is this the answer to the question we all keep asking -- year after unbelievable year, with growing disgust and despair and dementia -- *Why are we in Vietnam?* "Many gods demand blood" the Beast once commented sardonically -- "especially the Christian god."

XVII -- The Star

... burn up thy thought as the Phoenix.

--*The Book of Thoth*

And, yes, there is a link between Crowley and Hitler. Douglas Hunt, the Beast's most hysterically unfair critic said so in his *Exploring the Occult*, and he was closer to the bullseye than the Beast's admirers. There is a link ... but it is relationship of reciprocity, for Hitler and Crowley are the reverse of each other. Thus (and now we plunge to the heart of the riddle) here are the mind-bending, gut-turning words from Chapter XII, "Of the Bloody Sacrifice: and Matters Cognate," in *Magick in Theory and Practice*:

"In any case it was the theory of the ancient Magicians that any living being is a storehouse of energy varying in quantity according to the size and health of the animal, and in quality according to its mental and moral character. At the death of the animal this energy is liberated suddenly ...

For the highest spiritual working one must accordingly choose that victim which contains the greatest and purest force. A male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence is the most satisfactory and suitable victim."

A footnote is appended here, not at the end of this sentence but attached to the word "intelligence." This footnote is perhaps the most famous sentence the Beast ever wrote:

"It appears from the Magical Records of Frater Perdurabo (i.e., Crowley himself) that He made this particular sacrifice on an average about 150 times every year between 1912 e.v. and 1928 e.v."

This certainly seems clear, and horrible, enough, but the chapter concludes with the following further remarks:

"You are also likely to get in trouble over this chapter unless you truly comprehend its meaning ...

The whole idea of the word Sacrifice, as commonly understood, rests upon an error and superstition, and is unscientific ... Let the young Magician reflect upon the Conservation of Matter and of Energy ...

There is a traditional saying that whenever an Adept seems to have made a straightforward, comprehensible statement, then it is most certain that He means something entirely different ...

The radical error of all uninitiates is that they define "self" as irreconcilably opposed to "not-self." Each element of oneself is, on the contrary, sterile and without meaning, until it fulfils itself, by "love under will," in its counterpart in the Macrocosm. To separate oneself from others is to destroy oneself; the way to realize and extend oneself is to lose that self -- its sense of separateness -- in the other."

The chapter, let us remember, is called "Of the Bloody Sacrifice: and Matters Cognate," and the Beast was a precise, almost pathologically sensitive, stylist. If the whole discussion was about the "bloody sacrifice," where the deuce are the "matters cognate"? And why does the footnote modify "male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence" instead of the last word in the sentence, "victim"?

Let us review: The Beast originally failed in the invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel; his final success came after:

(a) his success in both the physical and mental disciplines of yoga.

(b) his achievement of accomplished skill in astral voyaging, and

(c) the death of the mind in China, after which he himself became "a little child;" the new ritual which successfully invoked the Angel in 1906 was the same which the Ordo Templi Orientis had kept as a secret for unknown centuries -- presumably, other occult groups here and there, like the Beast, have also discovered it independently; because of his oath as a 9th degree member of the O.T.O., the Beast could not disclose it publicly; due to his love of both poetry and cabalism, we can be sure that the code in which he hints at it -- the language of bloody sacrifice -- would have some innate and existential (not merely accidental) correspondence with the true secret. Finally, the ritual seems somehow connected with "love under will" and losing (the) self -- its sense of separateness -- in the other."

But some readers already know the secret and others have guessed...

(Continued in Issue 92-A)



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