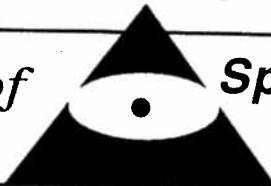


*Robert Anton Wilson's*  
**TRAJECTORIES**  
**Newsletter**

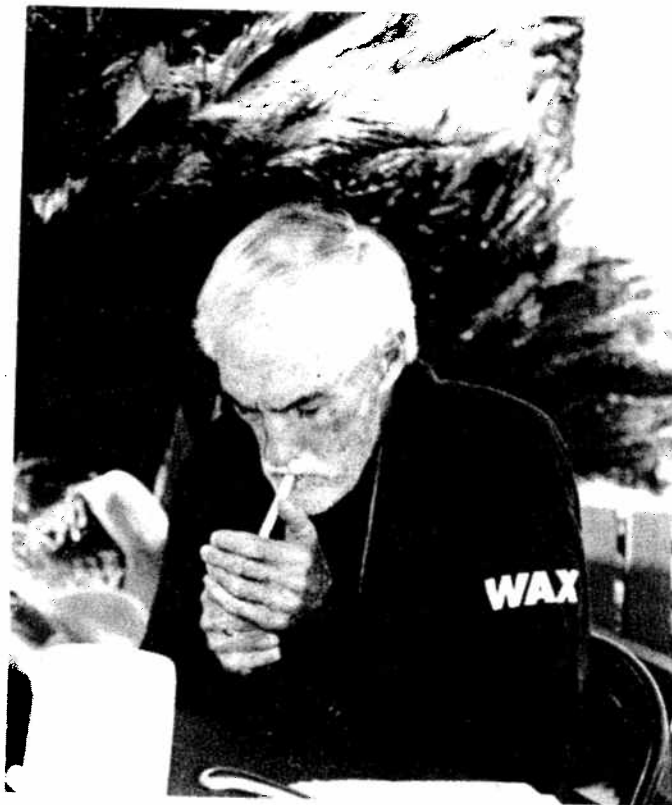
*The Journal of  
Futurism and Heresy*



**Special Double Issue #16/17**  
**Autumn, 1996**

**"E-Mail From Beyond"**

—The Return of Tim Leary



**Special  
Double  
Issue!**

**Dr. Timothy Leary,**  
**October 22, 1920 - May 31, 1996**

# Robert Anton Wilson's TRAJECTORIES

Newsletter

Vol. 1, No. 16/17  
Autumn, 1996

Publisher and Co-Editor....

Robert Anton Wilson, Ph.D.

Co-Editor.....Arlen R. Wilson

Managing Editor.....D. Scott Apel

Computer Wizard.....Bob Bachtold

Published approximately quarterly by

**The Permanent Press**

P.O. Box 700305

San Jose, CA 95170

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year (four issues): \$20

Two years (eight issues): \$35

Three years (12 issues): \$50

Make checks payable to:

**THE PERMANENT PRESS**

No cash or credit cards, please.

## WRITING CREDITS:

All uncredited pieces were written by

Robert Anton Wilson.

A by-line is given for material written by  
other contributors.

## COPYRIGHT INFORMATION:

Entire contents © copyright 1996 by

Robert Anton Wilson and/or

The Permanent Press.

All rights reserved.

No portion of *Trajectories* may be  
reproduced in any form or by any  
means without permission in writing  
from the publisher, except by a  
reviewer, who may quote brief  
passages in a review.

## SUBMISSIONS:

Please see page 35 for a note  
concerning submissions for a special  
upcoming issue of *Trajectories*.

## PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

for RAW can be addressed to:

Robert Anton Wilson

c/o The Permanent Press

P.O. Box 700305

San Jose, CA 95170

Please mark the envelope "Personal"

## EDITORIAL

by D. Scott Apel, Managing Editor

We're baaaaaa-aack! Did you miss us? (I knew you would!)

This is a very special issue of *Trajectories*, in a number of ways.

First, please note that this is a *double issue*, combining #16 and #17 into one massive, double-sized package. *This issue counts as two issues for subscribers*. If your subscription expires with #17, this is your final issue (and you'll find a renewal flyer inside this package). If your subscription expires with #16, you get a little something extra this time—partly to thank you for your patience with our extremely slow publishing schedule over the past couple of years. And if this is your first issue, you'll get two more (the next issue, #18, will be an audiocassette). If you bought this off a newsstand, you've paid twice our regular price, which we feel is only fair to our subscribers.

Second, this is a special issue because we are issuing a **Call For Material** for *Trajectories* #19. Please see page 35 for details.

Third, you might notice the profusion of photos adorning this issue. While we have always attempted to pack *Trajectories* with as much *text* as possible, much of the material this time seemed so photo-friendly that we've expanded our horizons. What do you think?

Finally, this is a special issue because it is a tribute to our dear friend Dr. Timothy Leary. RAW shared a 30-year-plus history of collaboration, intellectual cross-pollination and friendship with the dear departed Doctor, and we're pleased to bring you that story.

Last but not least, don't forget to check out our Website:

**<http://www.nets.com/trajectories.html>**

We've got a new Webmaster, one Patrick Farley, whose work on his own labor-of-love "Unofficial RAW Website" so impressed us that we turned over the operation of the Official RAW Website to him. We've begun upgrading the site to include new messages from RAW on a regular basis, as well as lecture dates updated as soon as they're firm—and we have even big plans for that location, including an e-mail function to write to RAW. So tune in, log on and link the Wilson Website with all your friends' webpages!

On a personal note, I'm pleased to offer our readers a pre-publication offer for my own newest book *Killer B's: The 237 Best Movies on Video You've (Probably) Never Seen*. See page 33 for details.

And now, double your pleasure with this special double issue!

Occasionally yours,

Scott

## A SPECIAL NOTE FROM RAW

*Unlike my recent writings, my contributions to this issue appear in E-Choice rather than E-Prime.*

*In E-Prime, one abolishes all forms of "is" or "being" statements (with their medieval implications) and writes only what an observer or instrument reports. In E-Choice one has more flexibility and only abolishes most forms of "is" and its cognates.*

*I used E-Choice this time not because of a change in my attitudes but because of rush and hurry. I simply did not have time to write everything in E-Prime.*

*At a gallop, mud-splattered, high in oath...*

**RAW**

# "Lighting Out For The Territory"

Robert Anton Wilson Remembers Dr. Timothy Leary

Dear Aunt Hepsibah,

Things have seemed rather hectic around here lately. I have done so much traveling that I fear I will see my back in front of me one of these days and realize that I've gone around the world so fast that I almost caught up with myself.

As you know, Aunt Hepsibah, I have undertaken a book on conspiracy theory for HarperCollins. I've also done more lectures and workshops than I've ever done in any half-year period before. I have become disastrously popular. I've been on and off planes so much that I know several airports better than I know my own bedroom at this point.

Through all this, I have made as many visits as possible to Los Angeles to check on how Dr. Timothy Leary managed in his last months. And that probably counts as the most remarkable experience of the whole year.

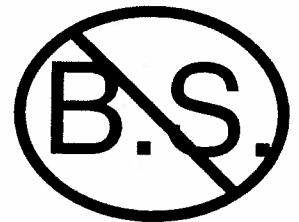
As the best way to introduce that topic, I'll quote Ram Dass. Some journalist called him right after Tim died and asked, "How do you feel about the death of Timothy Leary?"

And Ram Dass said, "Fine!"

That's the way most of us felt. We felt grief, naturally, but grief was modified by the tremendous example of courage, good humor, and self-direction that Tim provided. He showed no fear at the end; he had a good time as long as he could, and insisted on everybody else having a good time. Yet Dr. Leary's demeanor in those last months indicated no attempt to hide from the oncoming death, or to pretend he had no pain. Anybody who used euphemisms for death got a sour look from Tim, or a sharp remark. He kept the world (the world that was interested, particularly the Internet world) well informed about his condition without using any euphemisms. He knew death

came nearer every day, and he never pretended he expected to recover.

I began to think of a new coat of arms for Tim. Like all Irish families, the Learys have a coat of arms. But I designed one just for Tim. It would look like this



That stands for "No Bullshit." It also stands for "No Belief Systems." (I got the abbreviation of "BS" for "Belief Systems" from David Jay Brown, a very talented young writer.) As long as I knew him, Tim steered clear of both bullshit and belief systems to an astounding extent, and at the end, he had time only for simple truths and Irish jokes.



RAW, Dr. David Levitt, computer scientist (with daughter Tasha), and Dr. Leary

## Leary's Theories

I first encountered Dr. Leary's work through his third book, *The Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality*. He had two earlier books—monographs about intelligence, published by colleges, I think—but they remain difficult to locate. (At least, I've never found them.) *The Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality* analyzed human behavior in terms of the roles people play in relating to other people; how roles become habitual or mechanical; and how to change rôles. I consider it the most mathematical approach to psychology that I ever encountered. The Leary Interpersonal Grid, the basis of the Leary Interpersonal Diagnostic Test (which, last I heard, still ranked as the most widely-used diagnostic test in the United States), scores on a circle, in which people's commitment to various games, or habitual patterns, get rated according to intensity, defined as distance from the center of the circle. You can divide this circle into quarters, or 16 segment, or even 64 segments.

The four quarter pie-slices with Leary's labels, and the labels Eric Berne gave them when he popularized this system [as Transactional Analysis; see Berne's book

*Games People Play*], have the mnemonics:

- "Friendly Strength," or "I'm OK, you're OK";
- "Hostile Strength," or "I'm OK, you're not OK";
- "Friendly Weakness," or "I'm not OK, but you're OK"; and
- "Hostile Weakness," or "I'm not OK; you're not OK."

Each of these can be divided into subgroups. The interpersonal diagnostic grid can be used four ways:

- You can let the person rate him or herself, which gives you an idea of his self-image;
- You can have other members of the therapy group rate them, which gives you a slightly different picture;
- You can give them a test that Leary devised, which gives you a third picture;
- And the therapist or therapists involved in the case can do a fourth judgment, based on their professional experience.

And then you can either see how much difference exists among results, and try to figure out what that means. Or you can make an average out of them. Or, if you see that all the results come out pretty

close together, you can say, "Well, this person is heavily committed to his favorite games. No doubt about that; everybody sees it."

Once you've got a person's place on the grid, after six months of therapy you can do the whole evaluation over again and see if they've moved. If they haven't moved, it's obvious that the kind of therapy they're getting isn't doing them any good. If they have moved, have they moved in a desirable direction, or in an undesirable direction? And you can chart this on the grid. It has the precision of mathematics—like lessons in analytical geometry in high school, except it doesn't deal with projectiles or moving bodies in space, but with people moving in sociological "space," and how they relate to one another: their interpersonal "games." (Please see page 7 for full grid.)

Tim had great impatience, like most geniuses. He wanted to revolutionize his own field, psychology. Later, that spread to a desire to revolutionize several other fields. On top of that, Tim considered psychology a backward science. As Dr. Frank Barron said, "We've had a planet in crisis ever since the atom bomb." In the social sciences—psychology in

### HOSTILE STRENGTH

("I'm OK;  
You're Not OK")

### FRIENDLY STRENGTH

("I'm OK;  
You're OK")

### HOSTILE WEAKNESS

("I'm Not OK;  
You're Not OK")

### FRIENDLY WEAKNESS

("I'm Not OK;  
You're OK")

## The Four Quadrants of the Interpersonal Grid

particular—you find all sorts of bright ideas, but nothing that's ever proven to work really effectively. On top of all of Tim's intellectual goals, he had personal motives as well. His first wife committed suicide, which brought this whole lack of real psychological knowledge back to him very strongly. If psychology ranks as a science the way physics does, we wouldn't have any suicides, especially not among those intimately close to psychologists. (I should amend that to say we wouldn't have any meaningless suicides. People would still commit suicide if they had intractable pain and had no hope of a cure. But that's not the kind of thing I refer to here.)

The importance of diagnosis to Tim consisted of the fact that if we could measure precisely, the way physicists do, the path on which someone keeps moving on the grid, then we could adjust therapy much more scientifically, instead of just using our intuition, or a body of dogma that's come down from earlier psychology, which doesn't seem to work very well.

One of Tim's early studies consisted of a comparative study of different types of therapy. He found out it didn't much matter what type of therapy people got; the results came out pretty much the same: About one-third of those treated got better; about one-third stayed pretty much the same; and about one-third actually got worse. Hans Eysenk got similar results in England around the same time.

The diagnostic grid served as prolog to everything that came later. Tim wanted to accelerate psychotherapy, to the point where it would be much more effective. And he came up with what I called, in the first article I ever wrote about him, "Dr. Leary's Neurological Hydrogen Bomb." He had found LSD, which remains the most controversial part of his career.

### Leary and LSD

A Czechoslovakian psychiatrist who worked with LSD earlier than Tim said it suspended conditioned reactions, or conditioned reflexes. Tim thought it went even deeper, and suspended imprints. Imprinting theory derives from the work of Konrad Lorenz or Nick Tinbergen. (They both got the Nobel Prize for it.) Unlike conditioning, which requires many

repetitions, imprinting occurs all at once—but it only occurs at points of imprint vulnerability. How many points of imprint vulnerability we have remains in dispute. There's a lot of disagreement about that, as well as disagreement about how much of this concept of imprinting we can even apply to humans.

Tim developed the theory that humans have four normally-occurring stages of imprint vulnerability. First we imprint on a mother, or a mother-substitute if the biological mother can't be found. The first thing an infant needs, to establish a sense of security, is a mother, or something to stand in or act like a mother.

Secondly, we imprint a role in the social hierarchy, once the toddler realizes that there we have a hierarchy. Mommy fears Daddy; Daddy fears the landlord; the landlord fears the banker; the banker fears the government; and so on. The infant imprints Top Dog, Bottom Dog, or somewhere in between (see the grid again).

The third stage of imprint vulnerability occurs when the kids suddenly change from animals into human beings. They learn language, and find out how their tribe has indexed and classified the universe. In the normal case of development, this provokes an intense curiosity to find out the name of everything, and to find out how the tribe classifies everything. Or, if they're stuck in stimulus-poor environment, they might never develop any of those interests whatsoever. Colin Wilson has a theory, for which he's collected a lot of evidence, that the difference between criminals and artists consists in whether or not there was a lot of neurolinguistic culture available in their early environment. Both criminals and artists tend to reject most of society's values and create their own. But criminals lack symbolic "meaning," and continue to follow the imperatives of the four-year-old mind. Artists get interested in symbol systems, and get more and more complex as they become adults, and find other, more interesting, ways of expressing themselves than through crime. It's interesting, though, the number of artists who society has regarded as "dangerous." It shows the

affinity the two types have for each other. So many artists have a fascination with criminals. Novelists in particular seem very much fascinated with people who have their own detachment from society, but without normal moral checks.

The fourth point of imprint vulnerability occurs at puberty, and I consider this the most undeniable one after the first one, the mother imprint. At puberty everybody changes dramatically. Their bodies change in conspicuous ways. Their neurology changes; their whole endocrine system changes. And for the next 30, or 40 or 50 years or so, there's only one major philosophical question that concerns most of them: "When do I get laid next?" First, "How do I get laid," then, "Where do I get laid," then "When do I get laid again?" I'm using the phrase "get laid" as a general term for all types of sex; different people imprint different kinds of sex. I think Leary explains that better than any other theorist I've encountered.

Tim believed that LSD suspends these imprints—and he felt that in that period of suspension of mechanical reactions, there was a chance for rapid learning and growth, and for reprogramming. He also saw immediately that this knowledge could be abused. It would make brainwashing a lot faster and more efficient, for example.

### A Small Digression...

I've recently discovered a number of excellent companies producing quite a few first-rate "books on tape" audiocassettes, many featuring excellent readers. Arlen and I have listened to a lot of these lately. You ought to try it, Aunt Hepsibah. Our listening has included a pretty heavy dose of William Faulkner, some Melville and Hemingway, and a few humorous pieces.

Faulkner ranks as one of my favorite novelists. I always feel amazed that nobody ever notices the extent of Faulkner's influence on my novels. I'd suggest that anyone who doesn't realize the extent that Faulkner has influenced me should read his short story, "Barn Burning." Then read the opening of *The Earth Will Shake*, and you'll see how much I learned from Faulkner. Not his obvious style, but the Faulknerian techniques of subjective

impressionism—how things impinge on the mind of the observer.

Anyway, after that long introduction—I do get verbose at times, don't I, Aunt Hepsibah?—I do have a point. An interviewer once asked Faulkner why the children and old people in his books seem like the only decent human beings. Faulkner replied that he wouldn't go quite that far, but most of his characters between puberty and middle age seem a little bit crazy because most people in those years are a little bit crazy. They can't think straight about anything except sex. Pretty much what I said earlier, in different words, about how that imprint takes over.

Leary believed that we have other imprint points that have appeared historically. The function of initiation of most tribal societies is to create imprints a little bit above the socio-sexual fourth imprint. This gets carried on in the modern world by various groups like the Freemasons and various occult secret societies—which Tim didn't care much about. But he did notice the parallel with the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* and a lot of tribal initiations.

## I Remember Millbrook

I first met Tim in Millbrook in 1964. It didn't hit me until after his death that I met him at the age of 32, and he died when I reached 64. So I knew him for exactly half of my life. Exactly half. That odd symmetry won't hold next year. But right now, I'm standing in a balance where Tim has acted as a major influence, and sometimes the major influence, on half my life.

When I first met Tim, he was playing baseball in front of the mansion at Millbrook, which seems appropriate. He loved baseball; one of the speakers at the Los Angeles memorial service even mentioned that. I never heard much of that from him, but I remember that the first time I ever saw him, he was playing baseball. Tim had a great passion for all non-blood sports. He couldn't stand hunting or fishing, because of the element of death involved. But he loved baseball.

Some people are going to find this hard to believe, Aunt Hepsibah, but you know me well enough not to be surprised that

I'm a rather shy person in some ways, despite getting up on lecture platforms and talking to large audiences, which scares the hell out of most people. (That's the number one fear in America: Public speaking. Number two is death. People would rather be the one in the coffin than the one who has to give the eulogy.) I don't mind talking in public at all, but I have a deep shyness about imposing myself on strangers. So when I got interested in Dr. Leary and his work, instead of just writing, "Hey, can I come up and talk to you?", I found an excuse to meet him. I got an assignment from a magazine—Paul Krassner's *The Realist*—to interview him. Due to the article I wrote about Leary, Paul decided to go up to Millbrook to interview him, too, and ended up having a long relationship with him as well. Tim was something of an influence on *The Realist*, I think.

Actually, Tim had an influence on all sorts of things. Bob Forte has edited a *Leary festschrift*—a word not well known outside academic circles, but it means a book of essays about an important scientist or philosopher. And the *Leary festschrift* contains essays not only by scientists, but by a lot of artists talking about Tim's influence. Tim influenced movie making, MTV, computer science, music—his influence went all over society, even while the major media kept pretending that he didn't have any influence anymore.

The first criticism I heard about that first article I wrote about Tim came about a year after it appeared, when somebody said, "Tim Leary is old news now. Nobody's interested in him anymore." And I've heard that every two years ever since. I still hear it. But I can't remember doing a lecture or a workshop anywhere where people didn't tell me that Tim had appeared there three times in the last three years. He traveled constantly, always in demand; and yet the major media pretended everybody had forgotten him. Even Dr. Hunter Thompson made a joke of that, in his own way. He sent a telegram to the San Francisco memorial service saying that Tim "is forgotten, but not gone."

I love that line. But Tim never was forgotten, except by the major media,

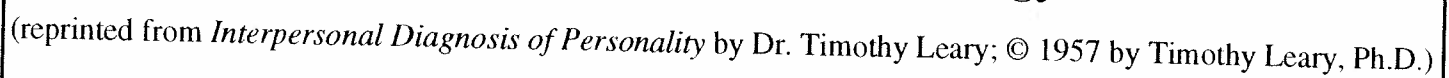
which wanted to forget him. *The New York Times* did a fairly good, honest obituary of Tim—except they can't seem to give up their addiction to calling him "Mister" Leary. They'll never call him Doctor Leary—not for another hundred years, at least. They took his doctorate away when they decided to classify him among the undesirables. Newspapers can do that.

Tim said you could locate 24 "Timothy Learys," and which one you found indicated your own intelligence—and your own limitations. The Leary I met most often seemed a very serious scientist-philosopher, who wanted to discuss things in very precise terms, and who couldn't stand foggy thinking or floating abstractions.

In our very first meeting we discussed his protocol for the Prisoner Rehabilitation Project, in which the question he formulated—and which was to be answered every six months after release—was: "Where are the bodies in space/time?" By that he meant, "Where are the convicts after release?" 85 percent of all convicts land back in prison within 12 months. Tim had no interest in trying to measure "neuroses" or "maturity" or any of that crap; he wanted to measure how many rehabilitated prisoners remained outside. "Where are the bodies in space/time?" If they stayed outside, then the psilocybin did indeed have an effect. It had proven itself more effective than most types of psychotherapy—psilocybin together with Tim's personality and a few other gimmicks, like mystically appropriate music.

In the few follow-up studies that Tim had time to do, almost all the convicts remained on the outside. Hardly any of them landed back inside. Only about five percent went back to prison, and about 95 percent stayed outside. Not only did this reverse the usual pattern, but must stand as one of the most outstanding successes in the history of psychotherapy. But by then, Tim had landed in so much hot water with Harvard and the mass media and the government and whatnot that he couldn't do any additional follow-up studies.

In the 1970s, in a study published in *The Journal of Humanistic Psychology*,





some researcher did a follow-up of as many of the participants as could be found, and the majority still remained on the outside. Now an on-going study—one of the few psychedelic studies that the U.S. government has allowed, because nobody actually gets any new psychedelics—will attempt to track down these convicts and see how they're doing after 30 years. The results so far indicate that the recidivism rate remains low, but not as low as at the beginning of the study. The research finds some return to crime among some of them. But there certainly remains a long period of virtually no crime at all by any of them.

If you take these results, and the results of the Good Friday experiment—where they induced mystical experiences in everybody who got the psilocybin and in virtually nobody who received the placebo—and the results of a lot of other research done around this time, when psychedelic research remained legal, it raises some very interesting questions. I remember research where people learned languages in a day, accelerating far beyond any of the accelerated language programs invented by the U.S. Army or anybody else. And this used psilocybin to create imprint vulnerability. I remember a lot of studies like this, as well as studies of the effects of psilocybin in curing alcoholism. They got mixed results using it on schizophrenics. A few cures; some got better for a few days then relapsed. The research on creativity I found exhilarating. Almost everybody who participated in it believes that psychedelics did increase their creativity.

## The New Inquisition

All of this raises fascinating questions about how much we can change and increase human mental functioning. And these questions have no real answers, because the U.S. government has decided to take over the Inquisition now that the Catholic Church has given it up. The Church abandoned the Inquisition in 1819, and for about 130 years we had no Inquisition in the Western world. We had total scientific freedom. What an incredible period! The age of Jefferson, John Stuart Mill, Darwin. Those are years I treasure. Then the United States Government looked around—I think this

was about the end of the '60s—and said, "Hey! There's no Inquisition! Too many people are asking too many questions! There are too many people getting too smart and asking too many questions. There's too damn much general knowledge around!" And so they started hitting people with clubs to persuade them to repeat what the government said, and not have any ideas of their own. They railroaded Tim into prison, because they blamed him for being the ringleader. I would call him a ringleader, but not the ringleader of everything that went on in the '60s. Abbie Hoffman probably got more focus than Tim. They tried to put him in prison too, but he disappeared. They tried to put eight others in prison in Chicago, when all the evidence indicated that they had merely exercised their First Amendment right of criticizing the government.

So the United States Government got into the Inquisition business, and ruled just like the Catholic Church did: "We declare the truth, and nobody is allowed to perform scientific research that might refute us. We know the truth already, so what do we need research for? And besides, we know the research is dangerous, therefore, they can't do it." And this came from the government that has continually set off atom bombs as far back as anybody can remember—above ground, in the air, underground. They've polluted the earth to an incredible extent; everything glows faintly in the dark. And they claim they're worried about our health? They're just worried about their whole police system being challenged by what LSD was doing. People had started changing too rapidly for them to control.

## Duh and Dumber

I think of the New Inquisition as part of what Travis Hip [a DJ on the local radio station KPIG] calls "the deliberate dumbing-down of America." Sometimes I think that's a rather paranoid theory, but other times, I'm sorry to say, I tend to believe it. Travis Hip's theory says that too much doubt by young people in the '60s about official institutions wiggled out the ruling class, who said, "We got too many smart kids! Make 'em dumber in the next generation!" So they started slashing school and education budgets,

closing down libraries, and generally doing everything they could to "dumb down" the country. Sometimes I think that Travis developed this theory because he—like me—has passed middle age, and young people always seem strange. But Arlen, too, has commented, "Nobody born after 1970 seems to know anything!"

Kurt Vonnegut decided in one of his novels to explain everything that young people might not have heard of, so they could read his book and understand the references. If he mentioned Hercules, for instance, he puts in a paragraph like, "Hercules was an ancient Greek. He was very strong." Young readers will then have at least some axis of reference.

Sometimes I feel like Vonnegut. If you go into a video store and mention Orson Welles, a lot of the younger clerks just give you a blank stare. Orson Welles died only ten years ago—how could he get forgotten already? But then most of them never heard of Einstein, either. Shakespeare? Who was he? One of those Dead White Males they don't teach anymore...

The Republicans are cutting education budgets further all the time. It seems like everything this country used to spend on schools we now spend on building prisons. Well, we've got to store that young energy somewhere. If our rulers won't give kids an education, they have to expect that Colin Wilson's theory will come true: If you get an education, you become something creative. And if you don't get an education, you become a criminal. So they're building more and more prisons to store the criminals that they're manufacturing because they can't stand to have any more artists, scientists and other critical-minded people than are absolutely necessary for the survival of the culture. They don't want too much culture. Especially they don't want too many wisenheimers asking questions about what the government does, and why it does it.

The historical alternative to storing all that young male criminal energy in prisons consists of putting them all in uniform, starting a war and sending them out to fight. I like Bill Clinton because he's avoided that option. He's handled every potential war situation in a very



clever way, where he made it look like we'd have a war, and the right wing couldn't accuse him of being an "appeaser," yet The United States government ended up getting what it wanted without a war. I think this shows an incredible level of intelligence. European diplomats have done it for centuries, with only a few major fuck-ups, like World War I and II. They've settled things by negotiation for centuries, but this idea seems completely new in America. It comes as a real shock to Americans. "What? They won't do what we tell them? Bomb the bastards!"

I think this explains why so many people hate Clinton. More people hate Clinton than any president in my lifetime since FDR. FDR got hated for making big social changes. Clinton gets hated partly for trying to make big social changes, but mostly because he's a negotiator, and it's very hard for the majority of Americans to understand. "You mean we can disagree with someone and we don't have to kill them? You try to work things out? You go talk to them? Where does he get weird ideas like that? Maybe he *did* inhale!"

So it comes back to "Leary is responsible" again.

### The Bob & Tim Show

Speaking of coming back to Leary...

Tim and I began collaborating in the early '70s, while they had him in prison. We corresponded, and I visited him occasionally. Tim really shocked me—more than any of his books had. I suddenly realized after one visit that I went to prison to cheer him up, but he cheered me up instead. He had decided that, due to his LSD research, he had learned enough about his nervous system that he could redefine any situation in a creative way. He told me that when they put him in solitary confinement, "I realized it was either going to be hell or a learning experience. So I set out to make it a learning experience." Another time he told me, "I got high in there. After all, the only conversation I had was with the most intelligent human being I know." No false modesty about Tim. Ever.

He asked me to collaborate with him on an article about brainwashing which we sold to a magazine called *Oui* (which I don't believe exists anymore). After that,



**Dr. Frank Baron, psychologist, RAW and Dr. Leary**

we worked together on a few other things, including *The Game of Life*. That book takes the eight circuits of the nervous system that Leary theorized and divides each circuit into three phases—input, program running, and output—corresponding to the three structural parts of the basic unit of the nervous system—the individual nerve cell's dendrite, cell body and axon. From these three basic parts and functions, everything builds up into more and more complex variations of that simple structure; more and more branching. Leary divided the eight circuits into three phases each, which gave him 24 stages. He developed a theory that these 24 stages represented the 24 evolutionary stages through which

all life goes. It's sort of a programmed variation on evolutionary theory.

I consider *The Game of Life* the boldest and most venturesome of Tim's books, and I felt delighted when I got to work on parts of it. If perchance this system works out as well as it looks on paper, this marks the major intellectual achievement of the 20th century. Even if it doesn't work out as well as it looks, parts of it do work, and it's all provocative and useful. It's still a fascinating, humorous, philosophical journey. This book not only gives you a whole new theory of evolution, but relates that theory to the intuitions of the past, showing the script of life implicate in the I Ching, the chess board, the Tarot cards and the 12 signs of

the zodiac (which, if you repeat them, gives you the 24 types, with a "primitive" and "advanced" form of each).

I would really like to find out how much universal validity this system has. Even if it's overly imaginative, it's still a great trip. And the parts that prove wrong will still inspire a lot of interesting work, when we get to the stage where scientific freedom exists again and The Inquisition finally ends.

## The New, Improved Inquisition

To show the madness of the Inquisition, consider that the First Amendment guarantees freedom of speech and of the press, which should to protect scientists as well as artists and editorial writers (and Dan Rather). To take away scientific freedom strikes at the very root of Jeffersonian democracy. Jefferson considered scientific freedom the most important kind of freedom to guarantee future progress. Once they started abolishing scientific freedom, we have a *de facto* "fascist" state. Not "fascist" to the same extent as Mussolini, and certainly not to the same extent as Hitler, but still basically a fascist structure. And it runs on double-talk. All fascists systems have to run on double-talk. If they say frankly what they mean, they sound like the Klingons on the original *Star Trek*, before Gene Roddenberry got more sophisticated and showed you more than one kind of Klingon. Nobody talks or acts like that, but that's the way fascism operates, and they have to have some double-talk to conceal what they're doing.

Take the "War on Drugs." A phrase like that should sound an alert to anyone with even a half-inch of forehead. A phrase like that should make anybody stop and think, "What 'War on Drugs'?" If you go out your front door and walk ten blocks, no matter where you live or which direction you go, sooner or later you're going to pass a store that has a big sign on it reading DRUGS in enormous letters. And what do they sell there? DRUGS. And in that ten blocks you'll also pass one or possibly two or three places that say LIQUOR. They're selling another drug. We've got all sorts of drugs available. You turn on the TV and they push drugs at you all the time.

And notice that a lot of the headache remedies advertised on TV use psychedelic imagery—especially around income tax time. They show this poor, harried, suffering citizen, trying to deal with the latest insanities of the latest tax form. (I sympathize with this man, since I have to deal with them every year myself.) The Republicans always ensure the tax system works so the wealthy pay less and less and the rest of us pay more and more. And in order to conceal this, the form has to become more and more incomprehensible and degenerate more and more into double-talk. This makes the form a Kafkaesque nightmare to those of us who hate the time we spend on it and generally try to copy last year's form, just changing the figures according to what our earnings were for the new year. And then you find out you can't follow last year's form, because they've changed it again. And it doesn't make any goddamn sense except to another bureaucrat, so you go nuts trying to decode it, which is why you see that guy with the headache on television looking for a psychedelic which they won't let him have. They give him lousy aspirin, which doesn't solve the problem at all. You still can't decipher the tax book. But he sees the psychedelic lightshows and finishes the form in 30 seconds. Bullshit.

So in accord with the general philosophy of double-talk, or "doublespeak," as Orwell called it, we have an alleged "War on Drugs" which only acts as a war on some drugs. The government has no war on penicillin; no war on Advil; it's not even fighting Anheuser-Busch. As a matter of fact, Anheuser-Busch supports the "War on Drugs," because most people don't know that booze "is" a drug, in scientific terms. Anheuser-Busch happens to serve as the principal financial backer of the "Partnership for a Brain-Free America," which calls itself the "Partnership for a Drug-Free America." This just illustrates the kind of oxymorons we deal with when we get into a fascist state. Here we have a drug company saying they want the country to be drug-free. That doesn't mean they don't want penicillin if they're sick. And it doesn't mean they want to stop selling their own drugs. It means that "drugs" has become a code word for "don't

think about it." They're trying to keep you confused. Essentially, the government and big business decide for us one of our most basic and intimate human rights; i.e., what system of medicine do you choose to follow? You don't choose. You're not allowed to choose. Anywhere else in the world, you can choose. In this country, we have one officially correct school of medicine, and we have an enormous Inquisition to enforce it: the DEA, the ATF, the AMA, and so on.

And now more and more they don't just go after people with dissenting medical opinions, they're going after people with odd religions. I have a friend who uses a rubber stamp on all his envelopes which says, "Is your church ATF-approved?" Everybody should really think deeply about that these days. You don't know who they're going to burn down next.

Judge Scalia wrote the majority opinion for the Supreme Court decision that I consider the worst atrocity since the murder of Abel. This decision says that states can restrict the religious freedom of their citizens. Congress can't, but the states can. That decision got by, even though Justice O'Connor dissented, saying this would encourage persecution of small religions. Scalia explained that we don't have to worry about this happening, because the large religions remain safe. But all religions start small. So basically the big religions remain fairly safe in this country, but the newer religions can go up in smoke like Waco. Scalia has opened the door to stamping out every religion except those that the government approves of—which is exactly what the First Amendment tried to prevent!

## Um...Can We Get Back To Tim Now?

Tim and I corresponded and met regularly at conferences over the last 20 years. Every time we got together again, it was like we had never been apart. And I realized that's the way he acted with everybody in life.

Of the "24 Learys," I met quite a few: Leary the Scientist, Leary the Hedonist, Leary the Practical Joker. I even got to watch Leary the Romantic, weaving webs around young ladies, between marriages.

He told me once that he was always monogamous during a marriage. I don't know if that was true, or just another one of his Irish put-ons, to see how much I'd fall for. He said that the one thing typically American about him was that his pattern was "serial polygamy"—one marriage after another, which seems an increasingly common American pattern. Except for people with great luck who get it right the first time, or the second time, it's probably the best pattern of all. Tim had five marriages.

Partly because of his psychological training, Tim could seem very cold and detached in spite of also seeming very friendly and outgoing. He liked to push peoples' buttons, to see what they'd respond to, and to see how much he could manipulate them. He did have a sense of ethics, however. He wouldn't manipulate them too much. I think he became good friends with G. Gordon Liddy, for instance, even though he disagreed with Liddy's ideas, because he liked to be friendly with everybody, even his enemies. Getting Liddy to like him, to become more and more affectionate toward him, functioned for Tim as a way of testing how much he could manipulate someone as bone-headed as Liddy without actually using acid. He also became friends with Eldridge Cleaver after Cleaver had treated him abominably in Algeria. Leary should have had a grudge, and Cleaver should have had a defensive grudge. But Tim made friends with him, and Cleaver ended up talking about "what a great guy Leary is."

### The Final Days

So every time I met Tim, we became best friends again. Towards the end, we became very close. I was one of the people he kept asking for. The family asked me to speak at both memorials.

Tim publicized my books all the time. I constantly got reports about Tim telling people which books of mine they should read, and telling audiences that if they hadn't heard of me, they should go out and read three of my books right away. Things like that. He always gave me good jacket blurbs. Toward the end, he often told me that I explained his ideas more clearly than he ever explained them himself. That's one of those quotes that I

ponder every now and then. I'm afraid to believe it, because I don't want to turn into a megalomaniac. And yet I don't want to completely reject it, because it's too good to throw out. I have a lot of problems with compliments, with praise. Tim never had a problem with compliments. He regarded himself as a major historical figure. He regarded going to prison as a testimony to that. Governments only jail really important philosophers. He kept complete archives, because he always considered himself a major historical figure.

Tim and I communicated by e-mail for a while. One day I got an e-mail from him that said, "Acid guru Robert Anton Wilson was shocked to discover that aging philosopher Timothy Leary had moved into his pantry to complete his transmigration process. 'Why me?' Wilson cried piteously." Though that's funny all the way through, I found special humor in the first two words, "acid guru." I suddenly realized what it must feel like, when you've contributed so much to so many sciences, to have the mass media stick this two-word label on you all the time! You never see your name without that label. Linus Pauling had the same problem—with *Time* magazine, at any rate. They never printed his name without referring to him as "left-wing scientist Linus Pauling." Seeing that kind of stereotype in print on my computer screen—"acid guru Robert Anton Wilson"—I suddenly realized that after you get over being irritated by this, it gets funnier and funnier every year. The media acts so mechanically, so predictably, so childishly. In the last 15 years, Tim devoted himself almost entirely to computer development. But you don't see them writing "software developer Timothy Leary." *The New York Times*, after a fairly objective obituary, ran an editorial in which they said that nobody would remember Tim for anything but "Tune in, turn on, drop out," and that most people don't even know whether "tune in" comes first, or "turn on." Well, hell. I know hundreds of thousands of people on three continents who know the eight-circuit model of the human nervous system better than *The New York Times* knows Freud's hundred-year-old model. These people use

Leary's models every day to categorize what's going on around them, and why people are having conflict problems.

The whole great big open question remains, "How much benefit can we get from LSD, and how much harm?" The idea that LSD can only do harm only convinces those who don't know the facts. The scientific evidence of benefits stands mountain-high. Let's have some more research and find out. I don't see any danger in LSD in proper scientific experimentation. The danger of LSD lies only in the spooky games like the CIA played where people got acid without knowing they had gotten dosed, and in casual use by people who haven't the maturity or education to understand what happens when their nervous system starts changing its parameters.

Both of these examples violate Tim Leary's "Two Commandments for the Neurological Age": "Thou shalt not alter thy neighbor's consciousness without his or her consent," and "Thou shalt not prevent thy neighbor from altering his or her own consciousness." Later, in jail, he added a third Commandment: "Thou shalt make no more Commandments." You have to quit after that, or you can get caught up in Strange Loops, like adding Number Four: "This is not a Commandment."

### "Designer Death"

Tim refused to regard the death process the way we're supposed to regard it. He made several revisions, and called it "designer death." You don't have to follow Leary's rules. As a matter of fact, he'd probably laugh if he found out you did. You've got to make up your own rules.

Many illnesses might kill you, but some you know will kill you, like prostate cancer. And if you've got a condition that's going to kill you, well, most people at that point give up and turn themselves over to the AMA and the nearest church. Tim did not trust either of these institutions. So he made up his own death game—staying out of hospitals, because they treat you like an infant. He felt that hospitals actually turn people into malingerers, because they don't understand the laws of imprinting. People coming out of surgery, for

instance, exist in a very imprint-vulnerable state, and anything said to them that might have a negative effect can very well create a new imprint, which would leave them feeling sick long after they should have recovered. The surgeons call it "malingering," but Leary considered it neurolinguistic malpractice, done unconsciously by the doctors, nurses or other staff members. And Tim didn't like the idea that in a hospital, the pain killers fall under the control of the AMA and the government, which to him represented the final, crowning indignity of our descent into a fascist state: Somebody else will determine how much pain you've got to endure.

That topic will come up on the California ballot this November—the Medical Marijuana Initiative. The voters will decide: Does The State have the right to prevent people from taking painkillers they believe effective and believe will relieve their pain? Even if it can be proven that these things do relieve pain? Hospitals don't want to give you too much morphine, because you might become "addicted." Well, does it really matter if you "are addicted" for the last three weeks of your life?

Who has the right to decide how much pain you have to suffer to fit their moral definitions? This question has determined the whole Leary drug attitude from the '60s on. Nobody should to decide what the hell is going on in your nervous system except you. Especially when you're going through something as crucial as dying. The Archbishop or Chief Rabbi or Attorney General of Grand Dragon of the AMA should tell you how to die, and how much pain you have to suffer first? And if you don't get lawyers and defend yourself, they might put you on some goddamn machine that will keep you alive for years in a horrible, sub-human condition while they empty your bank account—and your parents' bank account, and your second cousin's bank account, and money from anyone else they can get to contribute.

### "The Mother of All Parties"

So Tim set up his own anti-fascist program. He found at least one doctor with real humanity who prescribed for him. Tim didn't feel that morphine did

much in the way of killing his pain. He had a very severe form of rapidly-growing cancer, and found that a new form of synthetic heroin worked best. It comes in a patch, like those nicotine patches, and would work up to 72 hours before you needed a new one. He also used "Leary crackers"—cheese and crackers with marijuana melted in with the cheese. And a lot of nitrous oxide; he found that very beneficial. So he died his own way, a 75-year-old heretic scientist, hated by the media most of his life, called "the most dangerous man alive" by Richard Nixon—and Nixon knew danger when he saw it. Leary did represent a serious danger to people like Nixon (and God knows, their name is legion...)

Tim spent a lot of his final time working very closely with some computer people in putting his whole archives on-line forever, so whatever the vagaries of The Government and the media, the curious can find out what Timothy Leary did and said and wrote, first-hand. And he had continuous parties, inviting everybody he liked and admired—artists from all fields; scientists from all fields. At one point he posted a sign proclaiming this "The Mother of All Parties."

Before he abandoned the idea of being cryonically preserved, he kept a vat about the same size as a human head in his refrigerator. Inside the vat he had a mask of his face, so people who opened it and looked inside saw Tim smiling back at them. This grossed out a few people. But not many. The people likely to be grossed out wouldn't get invited there in the first place, because dealing with a dying man remains a heavy trip no matter how you look at it. Even though Tim made them look at it in a new way, and kept them laughing. "We don't want to be too serious about this, you know," he told me.

A lot of Tim's idea of "designer death" consisted of having as much fun as possible. Some people thought he had lost his critical faculties at the end because he seemed to be enjoying so many things so much. But he didn't enjoy everything. One day I saw him throw somebody out of the house. He called this guy—whose name I will not mention—to his bedside, and said to him, "I am a dying man. I want you to repeat that."

And this guy says, "I know, Tim. You're a dying man."

"I'm not running a hotel," Tim tells him. "You've been hanging around here long enough. Go free-load off somebody else."

Tim liked having people around, but I think that story illustrates that he retained his horse-sense.

I first met Douglas Rushkoff when I was there; he's a very important young writer. His latest book, *Playing the Future*, seems brilliant to me. I found out from him that he wanted to call it *Children of Chaos*, but the publisher changed it. His title seems so much better, and fits the book so much better. No one I've met can decipher what the hell "playing the future" means. Sounds like a book about stocks. I'll never understand New York publishers.

I also met Frank Barron, the psychologist, there. John Lilly appeared, more John Lilly than ever. John has reached the place where it's harder to understand him than it ever was to understand Bucky Fuller or Tim Leary. I don't know where the hell John is, but he's happy, so I'm not gonna put it down.

On one of my visits, I had to give a talk at a bookstore in Santa Monica—which Tim always called "The People's Republic of Santa Monica"—and suddenly Tim announced that he wanted to come along and introduce me. We all knew the end was near, and at this stage Tim was in a wheelchair most of the time. We got him out to the car, and put his fold-up wheelchair in the back. And Tim took control of the navigation, giving the driver directions on shortcuts. Turns out he had a better mental map of the route from Beverly Hills to Santa Monica than anybody else in the car. I enjoyed this, after some people had argued for a couple of years that he had become senile! That's very complicated geography, and he was clear as a crystal about it.

When we got to the bookstore, we took Tim in, and he introduced me to the audience. I felt profoundly touched. The last time I saw him, a week later, I knew he only had a few days left. He said some very complimentary things about me. Then when it was time to leave, I said, "Tim, I want you to know that you're the

most wonderful human being I have ever known." And he replied, "Bob, you're an excellent judge of character. I am wonderful."

He decided that death, like solitary confinement, would either be hell or a learning experience. And he decided to make it a learning experience. Tim explored death in a way that nobody ever has before: by altering the parameters. One day he told me on the phone, "Y'know, at times it hits me what's happening, and I wallow in self-pity. I think of all I've given humanity, and how much pain I've had to suffer. And I let that go on for about three minutes, then I start having fun again."

### The Memorial Services

I have to tell a story about Ram Dass. We hadn't seen each other since 1964, when I met him at the memorial in Los Angeles. I told him a story that he'd forgotten: When Arlen and I visited Millbrook, after that first visit, I went looking for my overcoat. I went upstairs, and at the head of the stairs, there stood Ram Dass, holding my overcoat. And I said, "How did you know I was coming for that?" He gave me a cryptic look and said, "We have powers." I told him that

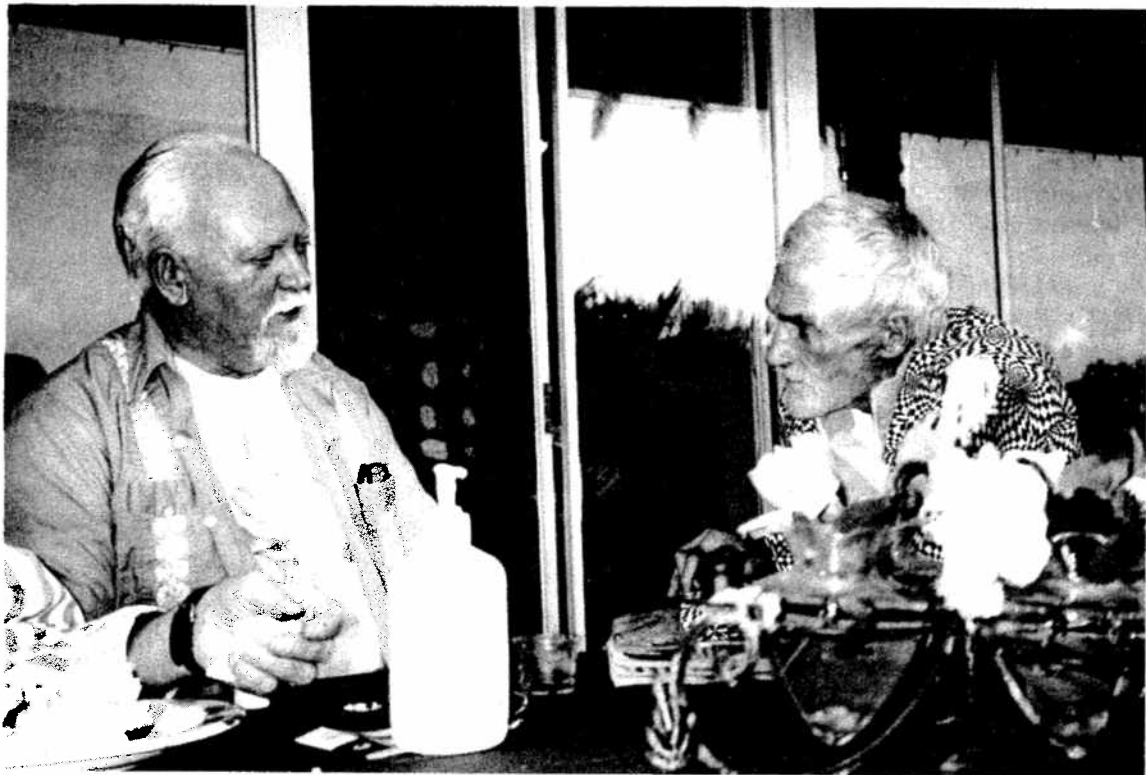
story at the Leary memorial, and he said, "Did I say that? Was I that boyish?" A bit later, I was feeling thirsty. But the talks had already started, and I thought getting up for a drink of water might look too conspicuous. Suddenly, Ram Dass appeared, carrying three cups of water: one for himself, one for Nina Graboi, who was sitting between us, and one for me. I said, "Gee, I was just wishing I could have some water. How did you know that?" And he looked at me and said, "We have powers." A joke with a 32 year delay between punchlines!

I attended two memorial services, one in L.A. and a second in San Francisco. I remember talking to Winona Ryder in L.A. Tim was her godfather, and I knew her from the time she was born. It's hard for me to think of her as "Winona"; to me she was always just "Noni," just a little girl. She approached me and said, "Hey, I know you! I've got a picture of myself riding on your shoulders when I was a little girl!" Better then than now, I thought. I wouldn't want a picture going around of me carrying around an actress on my shoulders now; not at my age.

She said in her tribute that as a girl, before she settled on acting, she had thought of a writing career, and Tim

encouraged that. She said once, talking about books, she told him that her favorite literary hero was Holden Caulfield, from *Catcher in the Rye*. Tim told her that his was *Huckleberry Finn*. "I'm still trying to save the little children from falling over the cliff," she observed, "and Tim's still trying to 'light out for the Territory'."

I found it amusing that he'd said this about himself. I'd thought about that same comparison, between Tim and Finn, and even mentioned it briefly in *Cosmic Trigger II*. Huckleberry Finn could "light out for the Territory" in the 1840s, because in those days, free territory still existed. In the 1960s, it didn't. Some of us had an anarchist submarine fantasy, but that never came to anything except to work its way into a novel. Then I got turned on to Gerard O'Neill's space colonies—colonies which Tim had already proposed as part of an overall program he dubbed "S.M.I2.L.E.," for "Space Migration, Intelligence Increase and Life Extension." I still consider these the three most important vectors of our future. But this idea of space colonies forms our modern equivalent of "lighting out for the Territory." All of us "space cadets" remain Huck Finn at heart.



RAW and Dr. Leary

At the San Francisco memorial, on the other hand, Country Joe MacDonald got everyone to "Give me an 'F'! Give me a 'U'! Give me a 'C'!" and so on to some other letter. Fortunately, this happened in a Unitarian Church, and they didn't mind. And for a moment it felt like the '60s had come back.

### Life Without Leary

I'm surprised at how kindly the media covered Tim's death. Even *The New York Times* corrected their bad information about Tim's Texas drug bust. They'd been printing it wrong for about 30 years. *Rolling Stone* corrected their false information about Leary allegedly becoming an informant, in a great article, written by Mikal Gilmore, the brother of Gary Gilmore. Mikal seems a very nice guy—and a good example of Colin Wilson's theory about certain social pressures which will produce either an artist or a criminal. His environment produced one of each. I don't respect murderers as a general rule, but I've always had a tremendous respect for Gary Gilmore. He had a kind of dignity about death that was similar to Timothy's. He decided on his own death, and fought off the ACLU, who didn't want him to die.

I don't think, Aunt Hepsibah, that we can fully evaluate the extent of Leary's influence. He always seemed busy, busy, busy. I only discovered recently that Tim and David Levitt, a former professor at MIT, had spent considerable time trying to develop a virtual reality form of Leary's "Mind Mirror" game. I really look forward to trying that.

This Inquisition can't last. Inquisitions never last. No matter how deeply the Inquisitors believe in what they're doing, no matter how mean they get, Inquisitions always fail, because information has a tendency to creep in—even into hermetically sealed minds. This Inquisition will end, and Tim's work will get reevaluated in the light of further, future science. And I think that a great deal of his work will get vindicated, and he'll be seen as one of the great scientific heroes of the century, martyred by stupid superstition. And, in his case, by a certain amount of clandestine rivalry. I don't want to be too specific about this, because it sounds a bit paranoid. But let's

just say that one of Tim's favorite novels was *Gravity's Rainbow*, because he saw as one of the major issues of the 20th century the question, Would psychology become co-opted by the military and become a tool to control people's minds, or would the psychologists break free, allowing people to control their own minds? And I think that, given all we know now about LSD research by the U.S. government, the misrepresentation, persecution and imprisonment of Leary may have resulted from a larger picture; an attempt to keep certain knowledge where the government can use it to exploit people and nobody can use it to liberate people. I said "may have," because I don't want to endorse that theory totally. But look up the Mary Pynchon Meyer murder case, Aunt Hepsibah; you can find it in *Popular Alienation* (Steamshovel Press). You might get interested in Ms. Meyer if I tell you that at the same time, or at overlapping times, she had affairs with Timothy Leary and John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and that her husband held one of the top posts in the CIA.

And now, I see that I have to get to the next issue of *Trajectories*, before our subscribers rise in armed rebellion. I don't know what I'm going to do for the lead article. Hell, maybe I'll just make a copy of this letter!

Keep warm, Aunt Hepsibah, and write if you get work.

Your loving nephew,

Bob

P.S. Well, bless my buttons, Aunt Hepsibah, I've heard from Dr. Leary again—a month after his death. The message came by e-mail, and it did not really surprise me. It said:

Robert,

How is everything?  
Greetings from the other side...It's not what I expected. Nice but crowded...hope you're well.

Love,  
Timothy

As I say, this did not rock me in my socks. I had suspected something of the sort, although I didn't know why I suspected it—words I overheard at his house and didn't understand, perhaps, or maybe my novelistic sense of character. I even told David Jay Brown, after the San Francisco memorial, "I have a weird feeling that we haven't heard the last from Tim..."

My hunch, wherever it came from, told me that Tim would leave a legacy on the Net and have it released at various times. If my intuition about this continues to check out, here's what I expect: Tim's friends will get funny letters, at intervals I dare not predict. His critics (he never recognized "enemies") will get funny and more provocative letters—mind games—also at odd moments. The media will get a little of both, also at odd, unpredictable times.

Will this guess prove right? Or will Tim have even more surprises for us? I will wait patiently and let the drama unfold, as he elfishly planned it.

Meanwhile, a pair of weird rumors have surfaced on the Net. One says Tim's fight with the cryonics people never occurred; he hoaxed us, to keep off the minions of the State who have sometimes shown hostility to cryonics and to suicide. In other words, his head does survive somewhere and only his body underwent cremation.

I don't know what I think of that rumor...or of the second Leary Myth to surface. This holds that the government seized some of his ashes and refuses to release them because of their high content of controlled substances. This seems so crazy I almost believe it. Who knows how high the street value might run?

I guess Dr. Thompson got it right. Tim has not gone from us yet. Maybe he never will.

### Note:

The Leary archives can be reached on the Internet at:

<http://leary.com>



# Straws in the Wind

## Bucky Balls From Outer Space

Dr. Jeff Bada and Dr. Luann Becker recently discovered "bucky balls" around the perimeter of a crashed meteor in Ontario, Canada.

Bucky balls—technically, buckminsterfullerenes, named after mathematician/Futurist Buckminster Fuller, who first described them—look much like one of Fullers' geodesic domes. Thinking that the bucky balls might have evolved as the result of the impact when the meteor hit Earth two billion years ago, Drs Bada and Becker sent them for further analysis to Dr. Robert Poreda of the University of Rochester. Dr. Poreda concluded that these especially tough molecules had emerged from a red giant star about five billion years ago and wandered space for three billion years before crashing here.

This case, together with the recent discovery of life forms in a meteor from Mars, lend support to the theory of cosmic panspermia discussed in our *Chaos and Beyond*, pp. 39-43—the theory that life has migrated many times from its original source.

It also lends support to Fuller's frequent claim that the buckyball design represents the basic coordinate system of nature from which all other systems evolve. (300,000 large buckyballs—the Geodesic Domes mentioned earlier—now stand on our planet and remain the structures, in architecture, with the greatest strength for least weight.)

Source: *Fortean Times*, September 1996

## Spontaneous Cattle Combustion?

A "cattle mutilation" mystery has come back into the news again in the New England area. Back in 1984, Robert Ranney, a farmer of Dummerston, Vt., found 25 of his cows electrocuted, and the cause of this bizarre event still remains unknown. Although a veterinarian ruled that the cows had died of some form of electrical discharge,

nobody in the area saw unusual lightning that night and 150 other cattle in the adjoining barn suffered no harm.

Some locals have blamed "chemical warfare" experiments by the U.S. Army. William Chapleau, Vermont director of the Mutual UFO Network, investigating with a geiger counter, found high levels of radiation on the farm—five times normal in the barn where the cows had died. Officials of the Nuclear Regulatory Agency came to the farm to assure the Ranney family that a nearby nuclear plant bore no responsibility, although nobody had accused them.

Folklore soon improved the yarn, saying that the cows had fallen in a perfect circle. Today the mystery remains unexplained, together with a newly revealed puzzle: when a local man buried the cows in his cornfield, no corn would grow on the spot the next year. The stalks came up but then fell over and died.

Source: *Boston Globe*, 3 July 1996

## Religions: the Real, the Unreal and the Surreal

In the wake of the nerve-gas poisonings in Tokyo subways, many governments show increasing doubts about how much religious freedom they should permit. Several European governments have sought to restrict some activities of Unification (the "moonies") and Scientology (the "loonies"). France, after investigation, claims that several new churches serve as "fronts" for illegal activities, such as laundering drug money. Along with France, officials in Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Nederland and Russia have shown concern about "Identity" type churches which preach racism. (Will the next Randy Weaver please stand up?)

The suicides and/or murders among the Order of the Solar Temple, together with the Tokyo gas attacks, provokes further anxieties among governments; but some of the "remedies" advocated create worse anxieties for civil libertarians.

Source: *New York Times*, 20 June

1996. (See our review of *Every Knee Shall Bow* on page 31.)

A nongovernmental witch-hunt has killed nearly 300 people in South Africa and caused thousands to flee for their lives. The most common charges against the "witches" include turning themselves into bats, causing lightning to strike enemies and creating zombies. Suspects face ad hoc "kangaroo courts" and mob hysteria.

A government report states that traditional herbal healers appear most often as the accused in these panics. The report urges that the healers form a trade association with a rigorous code of conduct, to reduce fear and anxiety.

Source: *Religion Watch*, July-August 1966; see also our discussion of 62 recent demon-panics in the U.S. in *Trajectories* #15, still available on audio tape.

Another witch, Lynn Patavino, 29, stood trial for "sexual assault" in Bridgeport, Connecticut, based on allegations that she had sex 50 times with a 14-year-old boy. According to Associated Press, "There was so much testimony about witches and witchcraft that, at one point, Superior Court Judge Joseph Gormley Jr. felt compelled to remind the jury that Patavino was not on trial for being a witch." One juror said afterwards that a cigarette Patavino gave the boy (in a picnic video) convinced them of the boy's claim that she gave him drugs to impair his morals. Patavino, convicted of multiple counts of sexual assault, now faces a possible sentence of 115 years.

Said defense counsel Joseph Mirsky: "If I were 14 or 15, I would have loved it—why would I complain? Why would a boy who was having sex 40 or 50 times complain about it?"

Source: Associated Press, 22 August 1996

## Sex and Violence

A Manhattan phone line has been set up to find a wife for Zionist Yigal Amir, the man who assassinated Israeli Prime Minister Rabin. Funded by three rabbis,



the service seeks an "Orthodox woman, between 18 and 23" who "must be physically and mentally healthy, and highly idealistic"—idealistic enough, we assume, to understand the necessity of killing people with the wrong ideas.

And, in a similar vein, Timothy McVeigh, the accused man in the Oklahoma City bombing, replied to a query from the London Sunday Times asking how it feels to become known as the worst mass murderer in history. McVeigh's answer: "Better, I guess, than being one of Princess Di's lovers."

**Source** for both of above: *The Realist*, Summer 1996

### Straws in the Wind

Polls indicate that the vote in November will break down into 52 percent female and 48 per cent male. The ladies, four percent ahead among voters, will then outnumber male voters by nearly 8 million.

**Source:** *Washington Spectator*, April 15, 1966

Although Clinton's current lead over Dole (September) runs between 15 and 21 per cent in various surveys of the general public, it remains almost twice as high—between 33 and 36 per cent—among women.

**Source:** KPIG (107.5 FM) September 9, 1996

Is thinking for yourself a crime?

we don't think so...



### RELEASE THE MIND

Tools to increase your critical thinking skills

■ **Independent Thinking Review**  
(quarterly journal, \$18/4 issues)

■ **Book Catalog**  
(critical thinking/ sensible psychology/ questioning authorities/ breaking free of belief traps)

■ **Children's Catalog**  
(critical thinking books for kids)

"Badly needed" - Robert Anton Wilson,  
author, *Prometheus Rising*  
"Separates the wheat from the chaff"  
- Joan Kennedy Taylor, Vice President,  
Feminists for Free Expression  
"A concentrated intellectual resource  
...uniquely valuable"  
- Max More, President, Extropy Institute

For samples, send \$1 to:

Resources for  
Independent Thinking  
484 Lake Park Avenue No 24-TJ  
Oakland, CA 94610-2730  
(510) 601-9450  
rit@well.com

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

TJ

## RAW DATA

### UPCOMING LECTURES BY ROBERT ANTON WILSON:

➡ **Oct. 2 — San Francisco, CA**  
8 p.m. at The Cowell Theater, Fort Mason Center. For tickets call (415) 392-4400

➡ **Nov. 9 — San Jose, CA**  
*New Age Renaissance Fair*  
San Jose Convention Center. For tickets call (408) 448-6726

➡ **Nov. 19 — Vancouver, BC**  
8:30 p.m. at Orpheum Theater. For information call (604) 734-4125

For updated information on RAW's upcoming lectures and workshops,  
please visit the Trajectories World Wide Website at

<http://www.tcp.com/~prime8/raw>

# The Trajectories Catalog

Number 4 — Autumn, 1996

This merchandise is *not available in any store.*

This catalog is your sole opportunity to order these one-of-a-kind goodies, direct from the source.  
*How can you possibly navigate the '90s without them?*

## VIDEOCASSETTES

(VHS only)

- **"Fear In The Night: Demons, Incest and UFOs" (1993)** **\$19.95**  
What do Whitley Streiber, Ray Buckey and Roseanne have in common? Find out in this hour-long talk by Robert Anton Wilson, wherein he discusses perception, memory and reality in his inimitable style.  
*How many copies?* \_\_\_\_ **V01**
- **"Twelve Eggs in a Box: Myth, Ritual and the Jury System" (1994)** **\$19.95**  
If you've never been to a lecture by Robert Anton Wilson, here's your chance to discover what all the excitement is about. And if you *have* been to one, here's an opportunity to re-experience the intellectual excitement. Caught "live in concert," Dr. Wilson delves into the mystic significance of the dozen in myth, literature and "real" life.  
*How many copies?* \_\_\_\_ **V02**

## AUDIO CASSETTES

(Each audio cassette runs between 55 - 60 mins.)

- **"An Hour with Robert Anton Wilson"** **\$6.00**  
Originally released as the first audio edition of RAW's *Trajectories* Newsletter (#11; Autumn, 1992); now available without a subscription (or a prescription). RAW speaks about films, the New Feudalism, the Men's Movement, and much more.  
*How many copies?* \_\_\_\_ **A01**
- **"Another Hour with Robert Anton Wilson"** **\$6.00**  
Originally released as the second audio edition of *Trajectories* (#13; Winter 1993/94). RAW discusses filming a movie in Portugal, the War Between the Sexes, his experiences serving on a trial jury, and much more.  
*How many copies?* \_\_\_\_ **A02**
- **"Another 'Nother Hour with Robert Anton Wilson"** **\$6.00**  
Originally released as *Trajectories* #15 (Winter 1995/96), RAW takes us on a "virtual tour" of odd places, odd events, and the odd parts of our own brains.  
*How many copies?* \_\_\_\_ **A03**
- **"Uncle Bob Explains Everything, or Poor Old Bob Exposes His Ignorance"**  
RAW appeared regularly on radio KAZU in Santa Cruz, CA, in conversation with ace interviewer Pat Ferguson. Their hundreds of hours of dialog have been distilled into three sets of three tapes:
  - \* **Volume I (Tapes 1-3):** **\$15.00** *How many sets?* \_\_\_\_ **AS01**  
"Politics" / "Crowley" / "Religions"
  - \* **Volume II (Tapes 4-6):** **\$15.00** *How many sets?* \_\_\_\_ **AS02**  
"Disinformation" / "Men? (& Sex)" / "Current Events"
  - \* **Volume III (Tapes 7-9):** **\$15.00** *How many sets?* \_\_\_\_ **AS03**  
"Nixon & Family" / "No Fun-damentalism" / "Alternating Current Events"

# POLITICALLY INCORRECT AND "POLITICALLY INCORRECT"

## A lot of people

have asked me about appearing on *Politically Incorrect*, Bill Maher's half-hour talk show on Comedy Central.

I must say it has proven a most rewarding experience. Since it's seen all over the country, it can't help but improve my book sales, for one thing. Ergo, I want to get on more talk television more often and improve my book sales even more!

I don't think I've ever gotten that great a response anywhere else. Performing in front of a mass audience gives me a definite thrill, and I want to do it more often. I've got few thrills left at my age. Hell, most men my age are dead already, as Casey Stengel once said.

I think I got invited on the show because of the machinations of Timothy Leary. They had scheduled him for the show, but he announced that he just wasn't feeling up to it that day, and wanted somebody else to go on in his place—someone who understood his philosophy and his ideas and could represent them. He nominated me, and they accepted me.

They sent a limousine to pick me up and take me to the studio. I did a lot of traveling in limousines that week. Earlier, I had done a workshop with Dr. Richard Bandler, who always provides limousines for his associates. I wish more of the crumb-bums I deal with would treat me like a gentleman, the way Dr. Bandler does. But the crumb-bums just go on treating me like crumb-bums. I'm working with Dr. Bandler more often.

So they took me to the studio in a limo. The limo dropped me off, and a young woman picked me up and told me she was a Production Assistant. She led me to a room full of people. I never did find out who else was going to appear on the show. They took me to another room and put some makeup on me, then took

me back to the first room. I got to chat with a few of the people there, but as it turned out, none of them were going to share the stage with me. They took me to the studio itself, and showed me how to find the stage. Then they took me back to the room again. And finally they led me out, and there was Bill Maher, introducing me as "the author of the *Illuminatus!* trilogy." From then on, everything went smoothly. I had an audience and I had my opinions, and I know how to mix those two ingredients.

The other guests included Michelle Phillips, formerly of the '60s group The Mamas and the Papas and now an actress; David Cross, a standup comedian; and Bob Guccione, Jr., son of the founder and publisher of *Penthouse* magazine, and himself the editor of *Spin* magazine.

I loved appearing on a show entitled *Politically Incorrect*, because I live in Santa Cruz, California, where political correctness has reached heights not even equaled at Stanford or Berkeley. Political Correctness has reached a level here where going on this show had an aura of dangerous glamour about it—like the possibility I might get stoned in the streets. Well, I have done that—but in this context, I mean with real stones, as in "stoned to death."

Living in this colony of Political Correctness, I have gradually come to realize that one can indicate, almost mathematically, that Political Correctness equals the reciprocal of information. Shannon's equation for information says roughly that information equals the negative reciprocal of the summation of the probabilities of predicting in advance what's coming next in a series of signals. So in something like:

*Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Sugar is sweet  
And so are you*

there's very little information, because we

know pretty damn well what's coming all the way. On the other hand:

*Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
You think this will rhyme  
But it ain't gonna*

have much higher information. You reach really high information with things like Shakespeare, in *Measure For Measure*: "Blood, thou art blood; Let's write Good Angel on the devil's horn." High information always looks chaotic at first. Melville, Faulkner, Joyce, Pound—very high information. Political speeches—very low information. I like Bill Clinton because he's very high in information, for a politician. He generally says something a bit unpredictable. His sentences have a higher information content than many other politicians'. So do Al Gore's.

Political Correctness as a moral crusade, in the tradition of alcohol prohibition and the War Against Some Drugs, and a lot of other American kookiness, attempts to browbeat the whole community into the values of a small minority through a combination of badgering politicians to pass repressive laws, badgering judges to give unconstitutional decisions, and generally hounding everybody into compliance. These systems all represent the antithesis of information: They have 100% predictability and 0% chaos. If Political Correctness ever triumphs—if someday at the University of California at Santa Cruz not a single Politically Incorrect act or word or even thought passed anywhere on the campus, and they finally achieved the goal they'd been struggling for, for all these decades—that would just mean that no information existed anywhere in the system. Everything had become tropism, the neurological equivalent of the "flat line"—a total absence of brain activity. Total entropy—like the mythic "heat death of the universe." (continued)

Political Correctness thus equals the negative reciprocal of information, just as information is the negative reciprocal of predictability. People who talk about "ant hill socialism" have a valid intuition. Political Correctness aims more for an insectoid society than a human one—or the tropisms of the plant kingdom, as I said.

Green People also annoy me. They seem to dislike human beings too much. I like dogs; I like cats—not as much as I like dogs; but I like some cats—I like birds a hell of a lot. I like most animals. I'm in love with trees and flowers. But, Jesus Christ, I don't hate human beings! And it seems that just loving nature doesn't qualify you for the Green Movement; you've got to hate people, too. If you don't hate people, you're not really Green.

But I like people. I like people as much as I like most rats. Some people think of me as a "ratophile" or something, because I've written so many lyrical passages about *mus rattus Norweigicus*. That randy little rodent fills me with admiration, because people dislike it so much.

The rat is one of the most disliked animals on the planet. People continually plot to murder them, exterminate them, commit genocide—or at least drive them out of the cities. And people have failed abysmally. Every time I hear people talking about human intelligence, I think, well, this little rodent still outsmarts us. We haven't succeeded in getting rid of rats yet. As a matter of fact, we've got more of them than ever. They started out in Southeast Asia and spread out over the whole world. They crossed America with the colonists. By 1872 they had circumnavigated the globe. Now they're on every continent, and they're frequently found on transcontinental jets. Not only do they inhabit the globe, but they're traveling around it faster and faster. They'll infest the first space colony. How can you want to exterminate a species that has proven so much evolutionary competence? Maybe we should learn to tolerate a certain number of them. They tolerate a certain number of us, after all.

## Gun Control or Uncontrol?

I recently read a book on the Second Amendment by a gun advocate—and you notice that I risk political correctness merely by referring to him as a "gun advocate," rather than a "gun nut." I can only say that I was enchanted by his reasoning. He almost convinced me. Like Justice Hugo Black said, commenting on opinions of his colleagues about why some things should be banned, they almost convinced him that the First Amendment didn't guarantee free speech. But he still thought that "no laws abridging freedom of speech" meant "no laws," not "some laws." Justice Black said maybe he was a simple farm boy at heart. He's my favorite Justice, as you might have guessed.

My main problem with the gun lobby is that, in the first place, I've lived in a country without guns—Ireland. And I liked it a lot better. I don't think a country without guns means tyranny. Ireland seemed lovely to me.

Not even the Irish cops have guns. Not even the cops have guns. A little Dublin boy asked Arlen once, "Did you ever see a policeman with a gun?" She said, "I never saw a policeman without a gun until we moved here." I know it's unthinkable for most Americans, but some humans do live without guns. A society can do it. The Irish Police Special Branch is permitted guns on special occasions—very limited and specific occasions.

I also can't believe the argument that guns will allow us to defend ourselves against a tyrannical government. It seems a little late in the day for that. The government we have today has enough nuclear weapons to blow up everybody on the planet 17 times. How many weapons does the general population need to fight back against a government like that? The masses obviously need a hell of a lot of nuclear weapons; can't the NRA see that? I don't think that these guys with their automatic weapons and hunting rifles and so on can stand up against a government of this dimension. That seems like a fantasy! It's like one ant telling another, "Well, if the elephants invade, we'll kick their asses!" I'm sorry, but elephants are a lot bigger than ants. These guns aren't going to do these poor bastards any good if they get into a serious conflict with the

U.S. Government. Jesus, look what happened to Germany. Germany had lots of munitions in the late '30s. But they started horning in on America's act, saying, "We're gonna run the world." And Roosevelt had to tell them, "Oh, no you're not, you tiny bastards. That's our job!" And they got the shit kicked out of them. Us elephants kicked their asses. And that's what will happen to anybody else who gets too hot with the American government. Randy Weaver sold just one sawed-off shotgun, and look what happened to him.

Automatic weapons scare the hell out of me, especially the proliferation of them. But let's talk sense. If someone really plans to fight off this government, he's going to need grenade launchers, at least. And the government certainly can't deny the right of the citizens to own flame-throwers! The only drawback concerns casualties—the same nuts who now go out with automatic weapons and kill 40 people will be going out with flame-throwers and killing 400 people before the police can bring them down. But, hey, that's the price of liberty. You have certain risks.

And then, of course, you have to have tactical nuclear weapons, as I insist. You can't seriously plan a march on Washington without tactical nuclear weapons! So instead of taking out 40 people, or 400, the nuts will start taking out entire towns and cities. The nuts with nuclear weapons will get together with the nuts who own surface to air missiles. You can't outlaw surface to air missiles! It's unconstitutional! I can't see how the NRA can avoid eventually making this part of their platform: the right of the citizens to bear grenade launchers, flame-throwers, tactical missiles and nuclear weapons.

If the citizens have the right to bear arms, they should have the right to bear as many arms as the government, or it's no defense against the government at all, and that whole argument is hollow.

Then there's the argument that we need guns to defend ourselves against one another. Well, maybe so—but that's a sick condition to be in. The Irish get along without guns. (I'm not talking about Northern Ireland. That's a British colony, fighting for liberation.) Ireland is

---

**A few  
politically incorrect thoughts  
on random topics:**



**Guests on Comedy Central's *Politically Incorrect* (from left to right): Robert Anton Wilson; Bob Guccione, Jr.; Bill Maher (host); Michelle Phillips; David Cross**

the most non-violent country in Europe—and the happiest, according to a sociological study of how people rate the quality of their life, and their general happiness. The Irish have a higher opinion of their own lives than any people in any other country in Europe. This might in part result from that product produced at St. James Gate in Dublin, that wonderful black fluid called "Linn Dhub" in Gaelic, and known to the rest of the world as Guinness Stout.

I have a hell of a lot of faith in the Constitution, especially the Bill of Rights, and I feel nervous about

supporting gun control. On the other hand, I feel nervous as well about the number of guns, especially automatic weapons, floating around in this society.

I have so much respect for the Constitution and the Bill of Rights that I do feel very nervous whenever I give an inch on anything. Does this make me an arch-conservative? I don't think so. I think it's a natural outgrowth of my philosophy, Libertarian and otherwise. I just don't believe in what the Sufis call "literalism." You don't look at words on paper and take their literal meaning, and then apply them every time and in every

case. Circumstances have to rank higher than words on paper.

### **Jury's Prudence**

I don't believe in the infallibility of juries, either. It seems to me that the convention of referring to somebody as "the accused" up until the jury says, "Guilty," at which point they refer to him as "the murderer," has an element of the arbitrary. After the jury pronounces him guilty, he might still prove innocent later. There have been many cases where people have gone to prison and awaited execution, and evidence then appears that

proved their innocence absolutely. This has happened in numerous cases. According to the American Bar Association, there are 23 cases in the 20th century alone in which people have been executed and then evidence appeared which conclusively proves their innocence. This does not include controversial cases like Sacco and Vanzetti, where people still argue. These are cases where the proof of innocence was absolutely undeniable. Twelve people selected at random have no more infallibility than one ginkus in the Vatican. How do you think those innocent people felt when they got the last rites? They must have felt royally pissed off at our legal system. "How could a mistake like this happen?" they must have asked. That, or "Why me?" That's why Maine gave up capital punishment. They hanged an innocent man once, and they felt so ashamed that they gave up capital punishment. Most of the civilized world has.

It's rather strange that this presumption of innocence only lasts until a jury says guilty. Except for O.J. Simpson. He was pronounced guilty as soon as he was arrested, according to the media. And if the jury didn't agree, that just shows something wrong with the jury. If a jury doesn't do what the media thinks it should, they smear the jury, just the way they smear anybody else they don't like.

I've noticed patterns, other biases, in the media that arouse my intense curiosity. Take Marlon Brando. He seemed to me a great actor from the time he first appeared. In the '60s, he made what I consider to be some of his greatest movies and did some of his best acting work. And he got panned consistently by the overwhelming majority of critics. But I kept going to his movies and saying "What the hell are they panning? Why do they hate Brando so much all of a sudden?" Then came *The Godfather*, and the critics forgave him, and suddenly he was a "great actor" again. What the hell was going on there? Recently, the same thing has happened to Eddie Murphy. No matter what he did, the critics all said, "He's lost his talent. He doesn't have it anymore." I don't believe a guy like Eddie Murphy loses his talent the way you can lose your wallet when you're drunk. And

now with *The Nutty Professor*, the critics all love him again. Same thing with John Travolta. And, on a much bigger scale, they did it to Orson Welles. And Timothy Leary, of course.

And I wonder what the hell is going on. You can't look at this as a conspiracy. If you look at it as a conspiracy, literally, it becomes preposterous. Yet some people just seem to make themselves unpopular in certain quarters. And if those quarters happen to be heavily represented in the media, those people really catch hell for a decade or two or longer.

### Info-Quality and Info-Equality

This explains why I'm so in love with the Internet—the first mass media where everyone has an equal chance. You can publish anything you want on the Net, under the present laws, and it's hard to believe in any form of censorship that would really work effectively. I think we finally have a mass media in which everyone has an equal chance. We've never had that before. Up until the Internet, the First Amendment had the practical defect pointed out by Marxists: "Freedom of the press belongs to those who own the press." Freedom of the Internet in contrast belongs to anyone who buys a computer and a modem. Even poorer people who can't afford this have alternatives. Timothy Leary was working on that problem: How to make computers available to the poor. Some are pushing a government program to give the poor computers. What a way to get them out of poverty—get them interested in computing, and they'll do valuable work damn soon! Some of them before they're ten years old.

One problem that does come up is the signal-to-noise ratio of the Internet, once everyone has an equal voice. But you've got your choice. It's like television, only more so. You don't have to stay tuned to one channel. If you look in certain parts of certain newsgroups, you will find almost uniformly intelligent conversation by intelligent people. If you look in some others, you'll find a mixture of that and paranoid rantings. Look in still others, and there are nothing but paranoid rantings, or juvenile jokes. Certainly,

there's crap. But it's not like they're driving down your street broadcasting it on a loudspeaker. If you find out some alt.whatzit contains 100% crap, you don't go back there. Leave them alone; let them throw crap at one another. You don't have to get involved in that.

Another self-correcting problem is bad data. If everyone has an equal say, how do you separate good data from bad? Our Managing Editor at *Trajectories* claims he's going to create an on-line encyclopedia, for instance, in which every single fact is wrong. But the enormous numbers of people on-line can correct even bad data. Anything you post that someone doesn't agree with, they're going to write a rebuttal. So even if the amount of BS that gets on-line runs pretty high, the amount of corrections that follow it runs much higher than any other medium. Any number of wise-guys out there seem to live to find even minor errors. Some just look for spelling errors, or grammatical errors. The ironic thing is that I very hardly ever receive an email message that doesn't have any spelling errors. It almost seems as if people have adopted the idea that this goes so fast anyway, why bother checking or correcting a message? Anybody who gets it will correct it for himself. They use abbreviations all over the place as well—another sign of the speed at which these things are done. I guess a lot of these messages go out during working hours, so people feel like they have to speed them up, since they're not supposed to be doing them in the first place. They're supposed to be doing what the boss wants. In my case, I don't want to spend too much time sending messages. I want to get back to the book I'm working on.

But I digress. Back to the Constitution. I think I have Libertarian prejudices, but I retain a doubt about the infallibility of any verbal formula. I think that if you take any written or verbal formula and erect it as an idol, it can have nasty side effects. For instance, I wouldn't suppress "kiddie porn," even though I'm not interested in it, because attempting to suppress anything is a dangerous precedent. I should add a footnote; namely, that in the attempt to save the right of people to circulate kiddie porn,

that doesn't mean I think those people who produce kiddie porn should to get away with it. If caught, they can stand trial for child abuse. It's important to separate the issues there. As for kiddie porn, the people who want to censor the Net have made such a big issue out of it, but I have yet to find a significant number who ever come across any. Every time I address a large group, I ask whether anyone has ever found any kiddie porn on the Net. So far, I've asked over 700 people, and have gotten only three people to admit to finding any. Most people, I assume, don't bother to go looking for it.

A year ago, I found "alt.sex.chthulu"—such an amazing title that I opened it to see what I'd find in there. And I found nothing but a few inquiries about minor Lovecraftiana. So I started using it to dump weird opinions on weird subjects, to give people something to think about. And I got flamed for putting non-Lovecraftian material in there. I looked at it a few more times and eventually got bored with it. Pretty dull stuff. I went back few weeks ago to check it again and see what it has now, and it's all sex club ads now. They've taken over, maybe just because of the word "sex" in the title. The Lovecraftians must feel furious. Not a Chthulu in sight; not a Shoggoth waving its tentacles. Just sex.

I mentioned Monty Python earlier. One of the great liberating principles I learned from Monty Python is that not every routine has to have an end.

Like this one.

### Editor's Note:

Comedy Central's *Politically Incorrect* can be reached by e-mail at

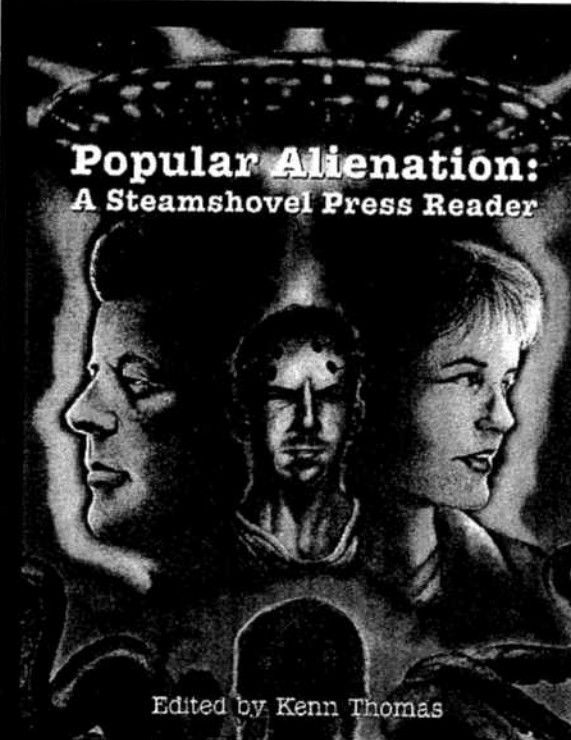
**pi@cis.compuserve.com**

or by snail mail at

**7800 Beverly Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90036**

Drop them a note and let them know you saw RAW on the show, that his appearance was brilliant, hilarious and outrageous, and that you feel he should be a regular guest.

—DSA



**Popular Alienation:**  
A Steamshovel Press Reader

Edited by Kenn Thomas

**\$19.95, 360 pages, ISBN: 1-881532-07-0**

## **POPULAR ALIENATION**

### **A Steamshovel Press Reader**

*Popular Alienation*, a compilation of the best of Steamshovel Press' first 13 issues, is available now from IllumiNet Press. UFOs, the JFK assassination, the New World Order, interviews, overviews — a *tour de force* of the conspiracy underground.

For further information, see Illuminet Press's home page:  
<http://www.illuminet.com/~ron/popalien.html>

And while you're at it, subscribe to *Steamshovel Press* magazine! New issue out now!  
Subscriptions: \$22.50, four issues;  
Sample Copy: \$5 plus \$1 postage  
Steamshovel Press, POB 23715, St. Louis, MO 63121  
<http://www.umsl.edu/~skthoma>

"On the cutting edge — and a strange place that is..."  
— *New Yorker*

"Unbelievably important research..."  
— *Utne Reader*



# Mandatory Movies

## Somebody once said

the difference between humans and all other animals is that humans make "Ten Best" lists of things in every category. I must admit, that I have this addiction myself. I often make lists, although I gave up the idea of "Ten Best" years ago, when I realized the relativity of judgments. So now I make lists of my ten favorites in various fields, like "My Ten Favorite Faulkner Novels," or "My Ten Favorite Restaurants in Amsterdam."

I frequently revise my list of my favorite ten movies. As of this writing, it looks like this:

At the very top I put—not Orson Welles, believe it or not—but:

**1. Intolerance**, by D. W. Griffith. Even though made in 1916, it still seems to me one of the most breathtaking epic achieve-

ments in the history of film. I hate to make it sound as though I think that films have gone downhill since 1916; I don't mean that. But no one has ever quite put so much into one movie. It's a staggering achievement. Griffith pioneered many innovative techniques, like telling four stories intercut with one another, so the film operates more like a symphony than a novel. That still seems dazzlingly original, and has hardly ever been imitated, except in novels. It's very cinematic, but few other moviemakers ever use that technique, with the exception of Altman. All four stories come to a climax in the last hour, and in the last half-hour the cuts come faster and faster. You follow four suspenseful themes, which at the end turn into three tragedies and

one triumph. Griffith's goal was to give a view of what intolerance means in human history, along with a slight ray of hope that we might be growing out of it. That to me is power; that's Hollywood's epic.

The film that comes closest to *Intolerance* in this epic scope and power, to me:

**2. 2001: A Space Odyssey**, the first Nietzschean movie; the first movie that really attempted to convey a sense of what higher intelligence might appear like, and did so even better than science fiction novels usually do—and far better than Clarke's novel of the film did.

Then I would put:

**3. Touch of Evil** and

**4. F For Fake**, both by good old Orson. He should get more



Orson Welles (photo from *The Third Man*)

than two places in the top Ten, but I have other enthusiasms. *Touch of Evil* makes the cut because, no matter how many times I see it, it's still a thrilling experience. Welles took a rather ordinary detective story and infused it with so much cinematic magic and so much psychological insight that it's almost as inexhaustible as a Faulkner novel. You can go over it again and again and find more and more every time. *F For Fake* makes the list because I consider it the first really great post-modernist movie. I first saw it when in the middle of writing *Schrödinger's Cat*, and it made such an impression on me that I included it in that novel. I felt that Welles and I were working in the same general area at that time. *F For Fake* still seems the classic of post-modernism, as far as I'm concerned. I'll come out of my usual modesty and express a little bit of vanity: I think that, like *Illuminatus!* and *Schrödinger's Cat* in literature, *F For Fake* in film started something new—something that's just begun to appear in some other work. It's time we got beyond the concept of the "all-seeing narrator," or the objective narrator who knows what "really" happened. And these works illustrate that idea.

And, of course, I'd have to include: **5. *Frankenstein***, and **6. *King Kong***, not just for sentimental reasons, but because of their incredibly inventive, original use of the film technique. They're still being copied all the time. I swear that *Frankenstein* influenced *Citizen Kane* more than any other movie did. Few people realize how much Welles picked up from James Whale. Whale stands out as a master of atmosphere and visual cues. Most directors at that time thought you just showed the audience what they'd see if you photographed a stage play. Whale realized that through lighting and camera angles, you could really weird an audience out. *Frankenstein* weirs you out more by its camera work than by its content.

**7. *Silence of the Lambs***, because for once I agree with the Academy Awards; this stark Sophoclean fable deserved the awards for Best Actor, Best Actress, Best Director, Best Screenplay and Best Film. I always admired Jody Foster and Anthony Hopkins, but I adore them ever since they created Clarice and Hannibal and the strange bond between them: I guess I'd call it the only religious epic from Hollywood that really had a religious meaning for me.

**8. *Repo Man***. Like *F For Fake*, very post-modern. Alex Cord's approach to film and my approach to novels are a lot alike. I feel we'd understand each other.

**9. *Short Cuts* or *Nashville*** by Robert Altman. One or the other. I'd have to chew on that for a while.

And my final choice (drum roll, please):

**10. *The Stray Dog***, by Kurosawa. It really bowls me over, and yet it seems Kurosawa's least-known movie in this country. He made it in 1949, and it anticipates a lot of things like *Dragnet*, *Hill Street Blues* and *NYPD Blue*, only it's all Japanese. But he really made the first effort to break through the clichés and show what police work is really like. We get a sense of something real. Better than *Dragnet*, certainly, and possibly better than *Hill Street*. Art remains a constant effort to see things with new eyes before your vision becomes artistic clichés that everybody is repeating. *The Stray Dog* also has one of his most ironic, pathetic and generally "Kurosawan" plots of any of his movies. It continually surprises you; a very clever and very effective movie. Ed McBain's "Precinct 87" stories all seem like take-offs on this movie—whether consciously or by telepathy, I don't know.

And since I try so consciously to shatter tradition in my writing, I might as well do it here too, and make this a "top 11" list. My choice for the 11th film is:

**11. *Behind the Green Door***. Marilyn Chambers seems like the Real Thing. Unlike Linda Lovelace, Marilyn (as far as I know) has never repudiated the beauty and glory of her best work, which stands among the classics of film—a little below the top ten, perhaps, but certainly far above *Lassie*. ▲



Anthony Hopkins  
and Jody Foster in  
*The Silence of the Lambs*

# Brain Books

I have another list that I revise every couple of months. This is not my "Ten Favorite Books" so much as a list of the ten books I wish everyone would read: the ten books I most feel the lack of in people who otherwise seem intelligent. These books would fill anyone's cranium with useful information.

In order of priority, the list would begin with:

1. *Ulysses*, by James Joyce. Nobody has really entered the 20th century if they haven't digested *Ulysses*. And if they haven't entered the 20th century, they're going to fall pretty far behind pretty soon, as we enter the 21st.

There's a guy I correspond with occasionally who spends all his time fighting with Fundamentalists over Darwin. He's living in the 19th century; nothing in the 20th century has affected him yet. He's carrying on the brave battles of Thomas Henry Huxley a hundred years later. I know some people who are back in the 18th century — Burkian conservatives, trying to apply Burke's principles to modern times. I sometimes do that myself — try to apply some of Burke's principles. But not all of them! I don't think he's written in stone either.

At any rate, everyone should read *Ulysses* to get into the 20th century. And everybody should struggle as much as they can with:

2. *The Cantos*, by Ezra Pound. And that means getting to the last page. You may give up on some pages, and say, "I'll never figure this stuff out!" But keep going until you get to the last page. Pound offers something no other writer except Dante has ever attempted — and Dante does it in a medieval way that doesn't mean much to modern people. Pound offers a hierarchy of values. We've heard so many voices from the East telling us "All is One," and we've got so god-damn many puritanical dualists of all sorts telling us, "No; there's good and bad." And they all define those terms in their own way: the Christian "good and evil" duality; the ecologist's "nature good; man bad" duality; the feminist's "woman good; man bad" duality, and so on. Against this monism and dualism Pound offers a hierarchy of values, in which he gives you a panoramic picture of human history, very much like Griffith's *Intolerance*, only in it, Pound shows levels of awareness, levels of civilization, levels of ethics and levels of lack of all these things. And you realize that you have a hierarchy of values too, but you've never perfectly articulated it. Every writer gives you a hierarchy of values. But by making this the central theme, Pound makes you face the question, "Will I accept this as the best hierarchy of values?"

I can't, because the guy had a screw loose. Great poet, but a little bit funny in the head at times, trying to synthesize Jefferson, Confucius, Picasso and Mussolini. So what you've got to do is struggle with Pound, and create your own hierarchy of values to convince yourself that you grok more than he did. And he combined genius and looniness. It's an invigorating book to get you out of dualism, which is the Western trap, and monism, which is the Eastern trap, to attain realism: a hierarchy of values.

Another book I wish everybody would read:

3. *Science and Sanity*, by Alfred Korzybski. This one gives you the tools to enable you to avoid most of the stupidity prevalent on this planet at present. It won't cure all forms of stupidity, and you really have to work at it; it doesn't do magic. But if you use its principles, you'll gradually cure yourself of a lot of prevalent forms of stupidity. If you work at it hard enough, you may cure yourself of most. I don't know; I'm still working at it.

4. *Ovid*. I wish everybody would read Ovid. The great myths of our particular culture — the Greek and Roman myths — can't be found in any one book, except Bullfinch or Ovid, and Ovid has a much better style than Bullfinch. So read Ovid and get the whole

panorama of classical myth. Classical myth has so much meaning that it permeates every bit of modern psychology. The myths of other cultures have much to offer, but we still need our myths. So we might as well face up to them. It's our culture; let's not lose it. And let's find out something that happened before 1970.

5. *The Canterbury Tales*, by Chaucer—just because it's so damn good.

6. *Justine*, by de Sade—because everyone needs to be shaken up. Justine asks you some pretty fundamental questions. And you may not find them easy to answer.

7. *Instead of a Book by a Man Too Busy to Write One*, by Benjamin Tucker, which contains the best arguments for minimizing force and maximizing options; the best argument for extreme Libertarianism that anyone has put together. He deals with concrete issues in economics, and makes a damn good case for a maximum of liberty and a minimum of coercion as a formula for a happy and prosperous society.

8. *Progress and Poverty*, by Henry George. Not that I agree with it. But everyone's heard of Karl Marx and Adam Smith. If you read Tucker and George, you get the idea that there are more than two choices. You don't have to choose between them. There are other options, not in between, but at right angles to those choices: a hierarchy of possibilities.

George poses a challenge to both Marxism and orthodox capitalism.

9. *The Open Society and its Enemies*, by Karl Popper, which introduces you to a lot of aspects of modern scientific thought, but in a different way than Korzybski, and applies them to tearing apart most of the arguments for determinism and totalitarianism. I think determinism and totalitarianism have done so damn much harm that everybody needs a good inoculation against them. Popper seems the best inoculation. He fled both the Communists and the Nazis, and had good emotional reasons for detesting totalitarianism. He was a physicist, so he expressed himself in terms of a very deep and trenchant philosophical analysis of what's wrong with theories that claim, "We know what's best (?) and we know how to achieve it—and we know who has to be killed to make it happen."

10. *Shakespeare*. I think everybody should read Shakespeare, not only because he was such great poet, but because he's under so much attack these days. You might as well check him out for yourself, and it will give you an idea of how just dumb the politically correct people who attack him seem in comparison to him.

*Other recommended authors:*

• **Jonathan Swift**. All of *Gulliver's Travels*. There are some anthologies which contain not only this, but a selection of his other writings, too. Swift does a great job of tearing apart conventional ideas about almost everything. He's very, very liberating; almost psychedelic in some passages.

• **Nietzsche**. There are a couple of good one-volume editions which contain both *Twilight of the Idols* and *The Anti-Christ*. The two should be taken together. They represent Nietzsche at the height of his... whatever it was. More than any other writer in the history of philosophy, Nietzsche set out to refute everyone who came before him, without exception and without mercy, and he had the intellect to do a damn good job. He tears down so many accepted ideas that you're left floating in a kind of nihilistic void. Many people find this terrifying. I find it exhilarating, and I manage to recover from it every time I subject myself to re-reading something by Nietzsche. There are a lot of other good books by Nietzsche, but I'd especially recommend those two.

• **Olaf Stapledon**. There's a one-volume edition that contains both *First and Last Men* and *Last Men in London*.

Then, when somebody has read that much, I think intelligent conversation can begin. Otherwise, we're pretty much on the level of grunting.



# Recent Reading

This does not represent a list of the best books of recent years, but just a selection of what I've read lately that really impressed me:

*William Faulkner and Southern History*, by Joel Williamson, Oxford University Press, 1993. 509 pp, price: unknown\*

(\*I got this book for about \$10 in a sale. The cover reveals that it originally sold for \$35, so if you go looking for it, look carefully and you might save some money.)

I have always considered William Faulkner (1897-1962) the greatest American novelist since Mark Twain, so I grabbed up this book with eagerness. Imagine my delight to discover that Joel Williamson not only has solid credentials as a historian /sociologist but also shows keen sensitivity to the artistic (as well as documentary) elements in the 15-volume Yoknapatawpha County saga.

Prof. Williamson tells us all I want to know about the history of the Faulkner-Butler families (including its black members, usually ignored by previous biographers.) He skillfully relates six generations of these families to the socio-economic transformations Mississippi underwent in the 130 years from the end of the Indian period and the coming of the whites, through the rise and fall of slavery, the Civil War, reconstruction, the various Depressions, World Wars I and II, and the looming shadow of desegregation (1820-1950) Then he shows how the novels and short stories of Faulkner reflect all this human material and also distort it or magnify it or transfigure it or at least shape and style it for artistic reasons into an epic almost Homeric in scope, Shakespearean in depth of human insight and Swiftian in its coldly accurate satire on, not just racism, but all forms of human self-importance and self-deceit.

In the 21st Century, I suspect, Faulkner will seem even more important than he did in his own time, or in ours, because racism remains the one great unsolved problem of humanity and no writer of genius has ever looked into that unpleasant subject as closely and painfully as Faulkner did, or expressed not just the social injustice but the human shame of it with so much compassionate insight into both the

racists and their victims.

I also think his Yoknapatawpha epic has special meanings for all the ex-colonial nations because, as Williamson notes, during and after reconstruction the South became the first "colony" of the Wall Street/Washington elite who only later colonized other parts of the planet.

I found special insight in Williamson's close analysis of how a man like Faulkner raised in a white racist environment might suddenly see the humanity of one black person and then, like a slowly growing satori, see the humanity of all humans. In Faulkner's case the trigger was his black "Mammy," Caroline Barr, to whom he dedicated perhaps his funniest, certainly his saddest and probably his most eloquent book, *Go Down, Moses*.

The other details of Faulkner's own life seem as tragic as his saddest books and make you wonder how he could write such wonderful comedies as his funniest books. Even among great writers, a notably off-kilter bunch, Faulkner appears one of the most pathetically alienated. When he wasn't pounding out great mountains of wonderful prose on his typewriter (he lived before computers) the man simply found himself at a loss about how to deal with people. Before fame struck him, he either acted too shy and unsociable, or too aloof and distant; after fame and fortune came, he simply related to strangers by getting so drunk that he became a good companion for about an hour and then a falling-down angry child thereafter, until he drank himself literally senseless and collapsed. I get the impression that he often regarded humans as dangerously crazy creatures and, just as often, had the same low opinion of himself. It didn't help much that, after the Nobel prize and real fame, the KKK and kindred intellects kept him constantly jittery with threatening letters and phone calls to "Mr. Nigger Lover." That drove him further into booze.

That doesn't matter now, although it must have seemed like hell to him and to those who loved him. (Several did love him; all alcoholics have friends and lovers...) Faulkner said once that he wished all anybody ever wrote about him would say only "He made the books and he died."

Well, okay: he made the books, I think they rank among humanity's greatest, and he died.

*The Seductions of Crime*, by Jack Katz, Basic Books, 325 pp, \$19.95

This volume stands unique among the works on criminology that I have read, because it takes a totally phenomenological approach, in the tradition of Husserl and ethnomethodology. Where other books look for the "causes" of crime in family trauma, "bad" genes, social problems, etc., Katz ignores causality entirely and merely lets the criminals tell us, in their own words, why their particular crimes seemed necessary to them. I found it a real eye-opener.

Most of my readers, I assume, have some experience in crime, since all intelligent people find some of our laws intolerable and unbearable. To take two conspicuous examples, I wager that most of you have hidden income from the IRS when you thought you could get away with it, and I also feel sure that most of you have dabbled into controlled substances at times. Well, if you think about those two minor blemishes on your otherwise spotless morality, you know what Katz found out in studying other criminals and their reasons. Almost always, they feel justified, as you feel righteous when trying to save some of your earnings from those consarned thieves at IRS. In other cases, the lure of the crime—esthetic thrill or sheer visceral fun—means just what your favorite "high" means to you.

The criminals who do things you find awful feel inside just what you feel when committing your favorite crimes. DeSade and Freud remain the best recorders of ordinary human behavior, even if you might prefer Confucius or Spinoza as guides to better behavior. People shoplift because they find it fun; others need wilder thrills and do stick-ups habitually. Some get so pissed off at the general cussedness of our species that they do the things that you only threaten when very angry, or (if you're too timid to say it aloud even then) the things you fantasized when you failed to vent your anger openly. In short, criminals who make the newspapers, like the rest of us whose crimes don't get found out, do stupid and sometimes brutal things because they get high off it, or because they feel they have a right to "get even."

Does this book contradict or refute all the criminology based on environmental, genetic or sociological theories? I don't think so. As quantum mechanics confronted

its wave/particle duality, the social sciences will eventually, I think, realize that we need more than one kind of model to understand complex behaviors. Determinism may explain what types of crimes people commit—why bankers seldom find themselves drawn to picking pockets at ball games, why ghetto kids don't often go in for junk bond swindles, etc.—but phenomenology of Dr. Katz's flavor tells us more about the visceral allurements and moral grudges that draw people into breaking the law and daring us to catch them...

*Every Knee Shall Bow*, by Jess Walter, Harper Paperbacks, 1995, 464 pp. \$6.99

In northern Idaho, as far from the center of power in the United States as you can get without moving into Canada, stands a high mountain crest called Ruby Ridge, and as you approach it you pass a plywood sign bearing the hand-scrawled words, "Every knee shall bow to Yashua Messiah." Up above, on the ridge itself, stands the deserted farm of the Randy and Vicki Weaver family, where in 1992 the FBI shot and killed Mrs. Weaver, shot and killed the baby in her arms, shot and killed the family dog and, in their frenzy of righteous indignation, shot and wounded a neighbor.

The Weavers had committed two crimes: (1) they had weird religious ideas, and (2) Randy had sold a single sawed-off shotgun to a government informant in a situation that stinks of entrapment. How had this provoked such massive federal over-reaction? Well, as this book shows, the Weavers's theology not only qualifies as kooky but as definitely offensive and possibly "dangerous." Of course, the First Amendment intends especially to protect offensive and frightening ideas, but the Feds tend to forget that sometimes.

In this case, I think, the *federales* forgot the First Amendment because the Weavers (both Randy and the less-publicized Vicki) believed, among other things, that the government of the U.S. represented a Zionist conspiracy—the terrible fire-breathing ZOG (Zionist Occupation Government) well known to students of right-wing extremist literature; and the ZOG, they also believed, had already begun a plan to exterminate all the Christians in the U.S.

That is, all the *true* Christians. In the Weaver reality-tunnel that means only those Christians in the Identity movement, an offshoot of the old British Israelite movement, which held that the Jews "aren't really" Jews but the Brits "are really" Jews.

Identity extends this maniacal ethnic metamorphosis to other north Europeans, all of whom "are" Jews whether they know it or not. (That's why Identity people call their messiah Yashua, in Hebrew, and regard those who call him by the Greek Jesus as pseudo-Christian pagans.)

Thus the Weavers, ironically enough, felt more or less like a few Jews in 1934 Germany who knew what the Nazis planned to do, but could not convince any of the other Jews. If that seems crazy, just imagine how the behavior it provokes seems to government officials. The Weavers would not negotiate or even speak with agents of the government (i.e., the murderous ZOG which they knew planned to kill them...) and that contumelious behavior always seems intolerable to government officials. "All godfathers demand respect," Tim Leary once told me, about his own dealings with the Feds; but the Feds don't like it if you call them godfathers, even though they run the biggest protection racket in the world (i.e., the IRS).

And so the Weavers wouldn't come down from their mountain when Randy got indicted for selling the gun, and they wouldn't negotiate or speak, and the government got more and more pissed off. They must have respect, dig? I have some small share of sympathy for the government, having tried to "deal with" paranoids a few times myself; but I have no sympathy for the temper tantrums that became government policy and resulted in so much unnecessary bloodshed. I feel glad that the surviving Weavers won over a million dollars in damages, and I wish they had won more, to teach the government to stop acting like Mafia godfathers and resume their constitutional role as servants of the people.

This book tells the whole tragic, but oddly comic, story—lunacy always has a comic element, even if we fear to admit that in these P.C. days, and the Feds got even crazier than the Weavers as the siege went on. As attorney Gerry Spence, the lawyer for the Weavers in later court battles, says, hard cases like this form the living and growing foundation of our religious liberties; but few cases ever occurred quite as hard as this one.

I must admit I found the Weavers both comic and somewhat sinister, but I didn't find anything comic in the Feds—no, not in even one of them. They scare the blue Jesus out of me.

I have increased my monthly tithe to the American Civil Liberties Union after reading this book.

*Logic and Mr. Limbaugh*, by Ray Perkins Jr. Open Court, 1995, 182 pp. (no price on jacket)

A good refresher course in basic logic, this book uses some of Rush Limbaugh's favorite arguments as examples of fallacious reasoning and then shows you how to spot similar errors wherever they appear. Alas, Perkins has some passages that require careful reading and some thought before they sink into your brain, so none of Rush's dittoheads seem likely to read it. Alas.

*Rush Limbaugh Is A Big Fat Idiot*, by Al Franken. Delacorte Press, 1996, 271 pages, \$21.95

A book that will almost certainly reach a much larger audience than Perkins's tome on logic (above), this one made me laugh out loud on almost every page. As free of reason as Rush himself, comedy writer Franken (of *Saturday Night Live*) keeps the one-liners zooming and the insults on a level with Rush's own preferred style. But a selection from the Index gives you an idea:

ass, Limbaugh's fat, 3, 12, 17-19, 21, 23, 27-31, 48, 53, 56-112, 113, 114, 115, 123-134, 146, 148, 151-175, 176

blimp, Limbaugh size of, 6, 18, 76, 94 (see also dirigible)

blubber, Limbaugh as pile of, 2, 77

butt, Limbaugh's fat, 13, 14-16, 20, 22, 24-16, 32-47, 54, 116-122, 133-145, 177

dirigible, Limbaugh size of, 6, 18, 76, 94 (see also Hindenburg)

feet, as last seen by Limbaugh in 1978, 117

gas, hot, Limbaugh full of, 3, 27, 90, 108 ...and so on. Actually, the index doesn't

have much connection with the book, which contains some cogent arguments and does not dwell on Limbaugh's astounding, gargantuan, gigantic, mountainous, shocking, staggering, unbelievably immense lard butt as much as the title (and index) suggest.

Wicked fellow, that Franken. ▲

"Chaos is  
great!"

—Christian Slater as "J.D."  
in *Heathers*

# VICTORIA'S

## We've

got a new postman on our route—a second postman, actually, whose sole assignment is to deliver, twice daily, the latest edition of America's most popular men's magazine, the full-color, photo-filled *Victoria's Secret* catalog. We got on their mailing list because once, many years ago, I ordered a pair of hose for my wife. I calculate that my minor purchase has to date cost Victoria approximately 1,000 times her profit in catalog mailings.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not complaining. I love men's magazines. When I first began receiving *Victoria's Secret*, I was delighted. All it is, is photos, photos, photos—no messy text taking up valuable cheesecake space.

But I soon became disillusioned. There seemed to be some sort of sinister trade-off at work. Sure, the photo layouts in *Victoria's Secret* begin the same way they do in *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and many other popular men's magazines: beautiful women lounging around in titillating lingerie. The difference is that in *Playboy*, when you turn the page, they've removed the lingerie. In *Victoria's Secret*, when you turn the page, they're merely wearing different underwear. Sometimes when you turn the page, the women are actually fully dressed, as though they were finished with you and were leaving for work (where they'll just get undressed again, I guess).

There's a name for women like this: unobtainable. If I didn't know better (or if I bothered to read the text), I might suspect that this entire magazine was little more than an attempt to sell underwear. While *Victoria's Secret* magazine has done away with the pretext of text, the editors have also eliminated the nudity. This, to me, is not a fair trade. On the other hand, it is free. What more could I expect if I subscribed, I wonder?

(I also have reason to believe that *Victoria's Secret* might actually be a kinky underground fetish publication as well. Most photos reveal the midriff, but in a suspiciously high percentage of those photos in which the models are wearing shirts, they are posed with one hand raising the shirt to expose their belly button. For those to whom the

navel rates as a high-priority sex organ, *Victoria's Secret* must rank among the most pornographic pub-

lications on the planet.)

Of the dozen or so women regularly featured in *Victoria's Secret*, there are only a dozen or so whom I really desire. I gaze fondly upon page after page of their familiar faces and feet and knees and navels. And we're treated to the occasional mystery appearance of supermodel

Elle MacPherson. At first I was confused by her infrequent photos. I thought, perhaps, that I was only fantasizing her face—much like during actual sex. But now I believe her one-off appearances are more like "Where's Waldo?" for adult men (well, post-pubescent men, anyway). Whenever I spot Elle, I know exactly where my waldo is.

I do have some problems with *Victoria's Secret* magazine, however. For one, it's not always strictly truthful. Yesterday's cover boldly announced "All bras and panties half off," yet the models remained fully clothed throughout.

The models themselves are a source of mystery as well. Each issue contains hundreds of photos of the same handful of women—excuse me; the same few women—always in different lingerie. And the number of issues are legion. Where do they find the time to pose for all these photos? When do they find the time to change into all those outfits? (And where are those photos?)

Although I know that my chance of ever getting close to one of these ideal females is a figure so statistically insignificant from zero as to be indistinguishable from zero, I content myself with believing that these picture perfect *femmes* must spend so much time each day posing and changing that they have no time to date any men, not just not me. And I'll bet they can't wait to go home after a tough lingerie day, scrape off their make-up, and slip into some thick, bulky, shapeless clothes.

(continued on page 34)

# REAL

# SECRET

by D. Scott Apel



THE PERMANENT PRESS IS PROUD TO OFFER A SPECIAL PRE-PUBLICATION PRICE ON OUR LATEST BOOK:

# KILLER B's:

## The 237 Best Movies on Video You've (Probably) Never Seen

by D. Scott Apel

We all go to video stores to rent the latest releases, but all too often we end up leaving the store empty-handed, or taking a chance on some flick we've never heard of before.

**END THE FRUSTRATION! Get...**

**KILLER B's: The 237 Best Movies on Video You've (Probably) Never Seen**  
Call them "sleepers," call them "buried treasures" or call them "killer" B movies—these are the fine little films that never found their proper audience. Overlooked in the shuffle of dozens of monthly movie and video releases, they sit on video store shelves patiently waiting for someone to discover just how great they really are! We did the research—you reap the rewards!

**EVERY ONE A RECOMMENDED RENTAL!**

KILLER B's includes:

- All the major genres
- Full-length, *in-depth* film reviews
- Complete Plot Synopses (*but no "spoilers"*)
- Mostly movies produced since 1980 (*plus a few timeless classics*)
- Trivia, Critical Comments—even suggestions for similar films!

**YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE A VIDEO STORE WITHOUT A TERRIFIC FILM!**

(for an actual sample page from *Killer B's*, please turn to page 34)

For over ten years, D. Scott Apel served as video columnist for the San Jose (CA) *Mercury News*, writing 537 consecutive weekly columns and more than 50 feature pieces. As a syndicated columnist, his video column also appeared in the San Francisco *Examiner* and the Long Beach *Press Telegram*, among other newspapers. His feature articles on film and video have been published in more than 50 newspapers across the United States, including the Boston *Globe* and the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune*, and have been picked up by the Los Angeles *Times* syndicate for national exposure. In addition, he has been a frequent contributor to both the top consumer video magazines, *Video* and *Video Review*. *Killer B's* is the result of his favorite hobby: seeking out great little-known films available on tape. When shipped to stores in November, *Killer B's* will carry a cover price of \$12.95—but The Permanent Press is happy to be able to offer this book to readers of *Trajectories* at a significant discount: the special pre-publication price of just \$10.95—and we'll pay the tax and shipping! Take advantage of this terrific offer now—and be the first one in your neighborhood to raid the local video stores of the best movies you've (probably) never seen!

*Checks or money orders only, please—no credit cards. Make checks payable to "The Permanent Press" and mail to:*

**THE PERMANENT PRESS / P.O. Box 700305 / San Jose, CA 95170**

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy/copies of *Killer B's* at \$10.95 each.

Enclosed is my check/money order totalling \_\_\_\_\_.

NAME (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State & Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

## Victoria's Real Secret

(continued from page 32)

Of course the solution to who these women are and how they accomplish the multitude of modeling tasks they do is obvious. Like *Playboy* Playmates and Pamela Anderson Lee, they don't exist in real life. Like Jessica Rabbit, they exist only as digital images, which explains 1.) why they always look better than anyone ever actually could in real life; b.) how they can pose for thousands of perfect pictures every month; and iii.) how they can pose on beaches throughout the world without ever getting wet, burned or sandy. (If they are indeed just digital images, this is all the more reason that the Government should immediately institute a crash development program in Virtual Reality, and in allowing us to convert digital images into full-sensory, full immersion VR programs. This research could perhaps be funded from profits generated by the Post Office catalog delivery department.)

I have more thoughts on this subject (if "thought" isn't too strong a word), but I'm falling behind in my reading. And I think I hear the mailman coming...

## The City of Lost Children

(1995; Columbia TriStar; R; 1:54)

**Starring:** Ron Perlman, Judith Vittet, Dominique Pinon, Daniel Emilfork, Jean-Louis Trintignant (voice)

**Music by:** Angelo Badalamenti

**Written and directed by:** Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro

**Synopsis:** In a nameless, mist-enshrouded city in an ageless Victorian era, a mad scientist creates a surrogate family—but his misshapen children are all flawed and do away with their dysfunctional "father." One of his aberrant offspring, Krank (Emilfork), has a unique disease: he cannot dream. So he kidnaps the city's children and steals their dreams. The waifs are so terrified of him, however, that all he ever gets is nightmares. And he makes the mistake of his life when he kidnaps the adopted little brother of innocent, dimwitted circus strongman "One" (Perlman), who sets out to rescue his young charge with single-minded devotion. His dedicated quest attracts the assistance of precocious nine-year-old Miette (Vittet), a hardened street urchin smitten with One. Can this pair of misfits successfully steal into the nefarious Krank's floating fortress and free the youngsters? In their dreams...

**Discussion:** Presented for your approval: a long-lost script collaboration between Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stevenson, directed by Terry Gilliam. No, it's not true, but it's a close description of this arrestingly grotesque fantasy. The surreal seaside city is a cold Victorian horror of girders, trusses, rivets and bolts, crisscrossed with canals full of garish green water and populated with funhouse freaks, cyborg Cyclopes, Siamese sisters, clownish clones, trained fleas, hideous midgets, even a disembodied brain in a fish tank. We enter actual nightmare territory with this insanely original imagery—a singular sinister vision in the tradition of *Brazil* and Jeunet & Caro's previous film, *Delicatessen*. And as in the latter, even when integrating cutting-edge effects into the film, J&C refuse to let style dominate substance: the entire tender tale revolves around the poignant relationship between gentle giant One and the disenchanted Miette, each protecting—and oddly completing—the other. Add Pinon's inspired lunacy and Badalamenti's circus-style score, and it's an eye-popping fable which can only be called unique.

**Rent this one for:** its surreal, arrestingly original imagery.

**You'll (probably) like this if you liked:** *Time Bandits*, *Delicatessen*, *Brazil*, *The Nightmare Before Christmas*

**Credentials:** • "Ingenious! Hilarious! Imaginative, moving...a classic!" —*Newsday* • "A—" —*Entertainment Weekly* (9/26/96)

**Vidbits:** Caro appears as one of the Cyclops cyborgs.

Above Right: Actual Sample Page from

## Killer B's:

The 237 Best Movies On Video

You've (Probably) Never Seen

by D. Scott Apel

Please see previous page for special pre-publication price ordering information

## \* CALL FOR MATERIAL \*

This issue of *Trajectories* is dedicated to Dr. Timothy Leary, and Robert Anton Wilson's 30-plus year history of collaboration and friendship with him.

But we realize that Dr. Leary touched many of our lives—and we want *your* story.

### *Trajectories #19*

will be devoted to our readers' accounts of their experiences with Dr. Leary—both personal encounters and the effect his writing had on their lives.

If we use your story, we'll send you *five copies of Trajectories #19*, and we'll extend your subscription by *four issues*.

If you include a *photo* of you and Dr. Leary, and we use it, we'll send you five copies and extend your subscription by *eight issues*.  
(All photos will be returned, but we suggest you send a copy, just in case...)

So send us your anecdote about meeting Dr. Leary, or your essay on how his work influenced your life in a positive manner, following these simple guidelines:

1. No longer than 1,500 words, please
2. We must receive your material by January 31, 1997, to be eligible for inclusion
3. All material becomes the property of The Permanent Press  
(except for photos, which will be returned)

Just send us a hardcopy, so you don't have to worry about disks or word processing formats, etc. (We'd prefer *not* to have to deal with *handwriting*, however.)

Send to:  
**The Permanent Press**  
Dept. 19  
P.O. Box 700305  
San Jose, CA 95170

*Thank you for your cooperation—Hope to see you in print!*

**Coming in the Next Issue of Trajectories...**

# **RAW'S UFO ABDUCTION!**



**POOKAH**

**RAW**

**CIA "BABYSITTER"**