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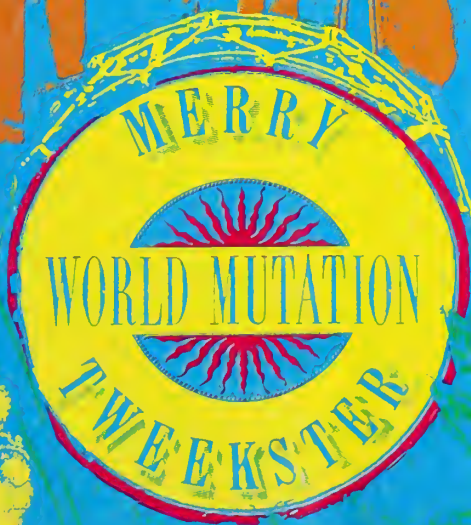


TODD RUNDGREN MEETS
THE HACKERS

CAN ROBOTS FEEL YET?

THE CIA, LSD, AND
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R. Gordon Wasson, Grace Spotted Eagle,
Grandpa Roberts, and Andy Warhol

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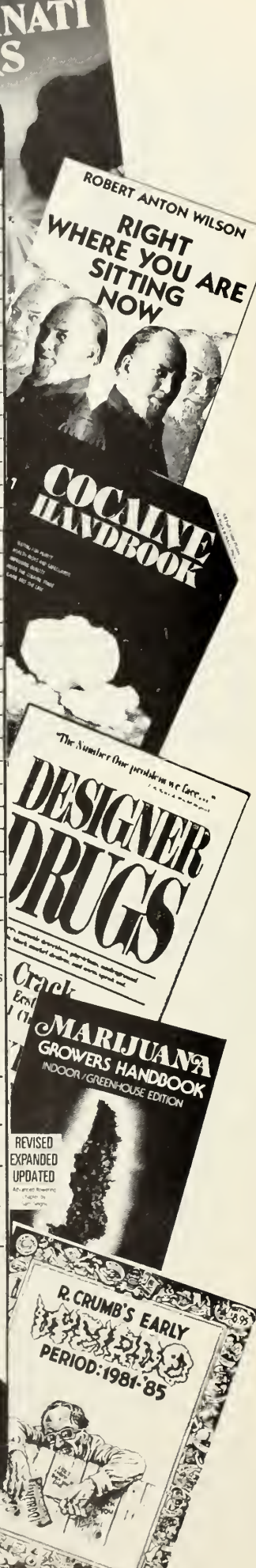
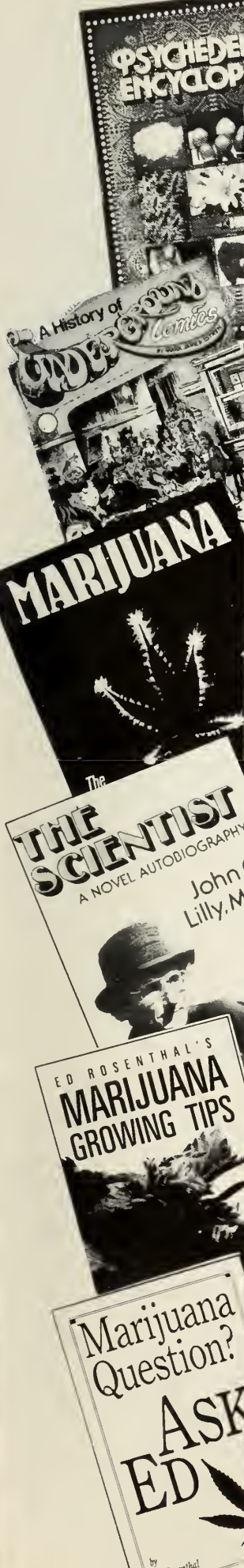
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THE NEW SPECIES COMES OF AGE



R . U . S I R I U S



The twentieth anniversary of the Summer of Love is finally over. If you came to San Francisco wearing flowers in your hair, you had your choice of commemorative events. The Chamber of Commerce geared up. The City Fathers smiled on benevolently. One almost expected Dianne Feinstein to swap her bow tie for love beads and smoke a banana peel in the mayor's office.

Nostalgia is a dumb drug. Its major effects include melancholia, self-pity, inertia, selective remembering and a willingness to pay money to see The Iron Butterfly.

I worked through my own

60's nostalgia in the mid-70's while it was all still fresh. I realized in 1972 that "the revolution" was never to be. A semi-institutionalized state of hippie communalism, rock & roll, dope and fucking in the streets would not sweep the nation leaving me to a life free of alienating labor, industrial parks, rent, commercial television, foreign intervention, fundamentalist Christians and other such assaults on an acid-suffused psyche. I was not to spend my early twenties at play in the Gardens of Elysium. Huey P. Newton would never be the Supreme Commander of "The People." THANK GOD!

Let's get one thing straight. I'm not the only one who took this whole thing personally. You see, the mainstream myth of the sixties is the myth of idealistic youth in rebellion against the materialist ethics of their elders. Standing courageously against war and injustice, these idealistic youngsters were willing to lay it all on the line for a better world. It's a lovely little myth, designed to provoke mawkish sentimentality, feelings of moral devolution, or declarations of sadder-but-wiser worldly wisdom. A myth of selflessness and sacrifice. A Judeo-Christian myth. A liberal-socialist myth. A safe myth. But not what the 60's were about.

Please allow me to introduce myself. I am the new species. My first generation was born in the late 40's and came into adolescence in the mid-60's. Mom and Dad worked hard all their lives to give me a safe home and send me to school. Dad fought against Hitler to preserve democracy. Millions of years of blood, sweat, toil, and oppression have brought me automobiles, planes, television, fast food, space shuttles, computers, medical technology, amplified sound, powerful drugs, VCRs, fashion, and a photograph of the whole Earth. And guess what? I still ain't satisfied ...yet.

1967 was the year that the new species left home, en masse. When we turned our backs on nine-to-five labor, authoritarian institutions and the traditional family and went off

in search of personal freedom, new self-selecting families, free sex, philosophical answers, kicks, creative inspiration, godhood and adventure, we were not so much turning our backs on materialism as pre-capitulating a future when the new technology (based on information, light and self-replicating systems) would put an end to forced labor and scarcity. We were definitely pre-mature. In fact, we were infants!

1968 was the year that the new species went to war against the old. Being mere tykes, we allowed the old to define the rules of the game. "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun." Nevertheless, we made them lose a stupid and evil foreign war, brought down a stupid and evil President and provoked a national identity crisis. The Watergate scandal left the world's most powerful nation confused and rudderless throughout most of the 1970's.

But they got their revenge. They did the one thing which could slow down the meteoric ascension of the youth culture. Either by design or stupidity, they *brought back economic scarcity!* No more, the free-wheeling tribes of the 60's. No more, the leisurely search for personal freedom, creative inspiration, philosophical answers, godhood and adventure. Bam-bam-bam-da-ding-a-ding-ding-get-a-job!

Instead of a communo-anarchist hippie utopia, we were left with one not-ready-for-prime-time network TV show. And I spent the mid-70's doing my stint of sixties nostalgia, complete with melancholia, disillusionment and a healthy dollop of post-Watergate conspiracy freak paranoia. Meanwhile the uppercrust of the baby boom generation entered the mainstream and waltzed a dazed post-Vietnam, post-Watergate America through a brief period of hip decadence combined with half-hearted liberalism: cocaine, disco, Jerry Brown, Jimmy Carter, The Panama Canal treaty, lots and lots of sex, Bobby Seale gets a job with the government and President Ford lets young Jack smoke pot in the White House with Bianca Jagger. The 70's were ac-

tually pretty cool times! Too bad we didn't enjoy them.

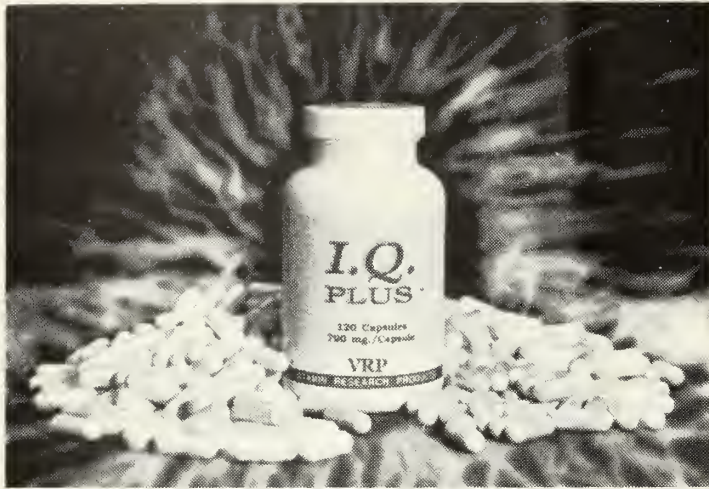
We *do* want to acknowledge and celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Summer of Love. We want to acknowledge it because we still sense that our generation has a collective destiny. The baby boom generation has been discussed, analyzed, polled, prai-

The biggest threat to the status quo worldwide is that the new species will recognize itself.

sed, studied and criticized. Everybody senses that there's something new here.

Pleased to meet you. Hope you guessed my name. But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game. I am the new species. Through my information and communications technology, I am about the process of building a Species Nervous System and a Species Mind. I am about the process of developing the essentially feminine technology of self-replicating systems. These will take me to the limits of the possible. They will allow me a virtually limitless life span and will allow me to go to the stars. I will be able to change my body. I will learn how the brain, the mind, the nervous system and the senses work, and I will learn to use that system to it's limits. My relationship to life will be as a partner in creation. I will no longer be human, an evolved monkey definable by history, language, semiotics and pack behavior. I will be self-defining, a constantly evolving and mutating process. Goodbye.

It feels as if the time is ripe, doesn't it? There's something in the air. The early 90's will see the baby boom generation really emerge as a political and economic power. That old optimism, confidence, cockiness, and, yes, even arrogance which made the 60's such an exhilarating and liberating time will return. Pragmatic yuppie manage-



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ment, politicians, and entrepreneurs will eliminate militarism, corruption and poverty because computer analyses will show irrefutably that the system, considered as a cybernetic whole, is more effective, efficient and profitable without them. With information becoming the currency of our times, intelligence, flexibility and speed will emerge as the biologically successful traits, replacing muscle and tenacity.

The biggest threat to the status quo worldwide is that the new species will recognize itself. They prefer us nostalgic. Protest demonstrations, psychedelic light shows, poetic alienation, even psychedelic drugs... it's all this year's grist for the mill, second-rate image currency, entertainment for the information-saturated on a stroll down Memory Lane. To your left, you see the still-angry political radicals. Don't get too close or they will freeze you into the correct position. And step lively because right behind you are the new eco-fundamentalists. They too are the children of the 60's, robot programmed for technofear by the centralized insectoid societies of Christian self-sacrifice and self-denial. This program is designed to keep this new Promethean species tied to the Rock of Ages. So, when you read about the Summer of Love in the magazines, and watched the programs on TV, no one was going to remind you that the Diggers used to talk about a post-scarcity culture where work was obsolete, "all of it watched over by machines of loving grace," or that Abbie Hoffman used to tell cheering audiences that, "we can't be bought out because WE WANT EVERYTHING!" Ladies and gentlemen, the technology is almost in place. The time for evolution is almost here. Fast-minded and fearless baby-boomers are humaning the controls. The technologies of information and of self-replicating systems will bring an end to the era of limitations. The new species is about to emerge. And there'll be singing and swaying and records playing and DANCING IN THE STREETS! Ω



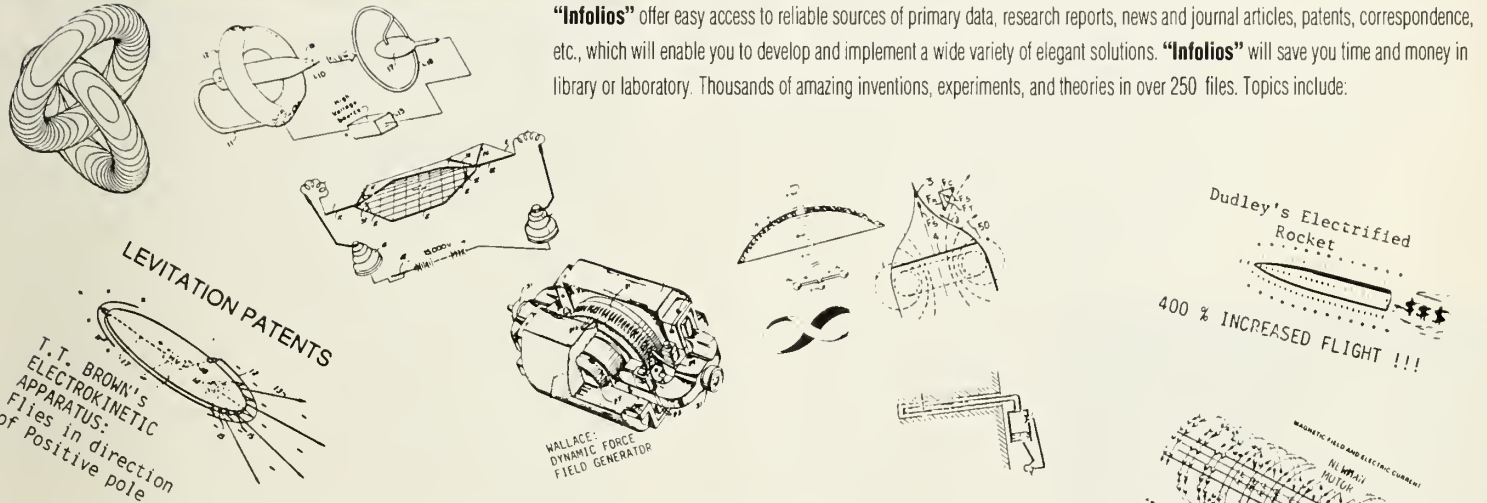
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Ben Franklin



Tree at left shows result of stimulation
by electrical current.

Downward flow of current retarded
flowering of upper branches.

"The Electrical Tickle" (Electro-culture)

High Frontiers,

I am delighted to see that *High Frontiers*, in the latest annual and in the newsletter, is continuing to shoot like a sleekly blazing rocket across the deep, deep blue!

Jack Call
Whittier, Ca.

High Frontiers,

Have you heard about eLFIN?? eLFIN is an evolving global intelligence which intends to provide the most accurate, non-exploitive sources of answers and questions, to the people of our planet in a lively and interactive style. Imagine a brain planet where every consciousness may interlink and interact on the most advanced level.

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Dear HF,

I'm pleased and excited by your magazine, but your staff writers are driving me nuts with their carelessness. In 1986 conversation with Nick Herbert, you have him say, "Ese est principe", which is translated as "to be is to be perceived." I don't know what *Ese est principe* means, because it isn't Latin. Nevertheless, it definitely is not "to be is to be perceived", because that would be *Esse est perceptus esse*. As a result I couldn't accept the interview with R. A. Wilson, who is quoted as referring to "Gort klaatu marinda" which I remember as "Klaatu barata nikto!" Now that I think about it, maybe Gort was addressed twice (once by Neal, once by Rennie), but I'd rather not have to think about it.

In the 1987 annual, R. U. Sirius, in *Soapbox* includes monotheism as a result of higher consciousness, along with humanism and progress. Pardon me, but many philosophers, ancient and modern, strongly disagree that monotheism is a step forward from polytheism. Pivotal assumptions too glibly uttered smack of propagandizing.

Ave atque vale, 999,
Romulus Hesperia
San Francisco

Romulus has misinterpreted what I actually said in my soapbox, causing me to ponder the truth of the popular Latin expression "Esse est principe," which freely translated to the vulgate, means "Where's the beef?"
Sirius.

Dear R.U.,

To your knowledge, is anyone currently trying to duplicate those now lost, but not forgotten, experiments from the 1950's that gave the world that marvelous substance, FLUBBER?? I believe a Dr. F. MacMurray was the world's leading authority on the subject at the time. Great things were promised "i.e. flying jalopies, a football anyone could kick a field goal with" and many other amazing items. But they remain unfulfilled. What happened anyway?

Scott Webster

Doctor MacMurray, refusing big bucks from automobile manufacturers, professional football teams and Wilt "the stilt" Chamberlain to buy his patent, was just getting the financing together to market Flubber independently in 1960. On the day his bank loan was to clear, he suffered an unfortunate, but deadly, little spasm in his central intelligence agency. Regretably, no records of the mysterious flubber formula could be found. However, rumor has it that if you put your Tesla Coil in your orgone box, tune in re-runs of My Three Sons, and say "Gort klaatu marinda" three times, you, too, will suffer a deadly little spasm in your central intelligence agency. Sirius.

Dear High Frontiers,

Your periodical has been recommended to me in connection with my present researches into sex magic and Goddess worship — especially the practice known in ancient Egypt, in Tantra and Taoism, Hawaiian Huna, and other magico-religious systems as "the higher cunnilingus," often symbolized by the bee.

I understand that you have published materials concerning "Cunnilinguistic Integrational Therapy" which might be rooted in, or at least somehow related to, those ancient practices. If you could send me what you have published in this "area," I might reciprocate with something that would be of interest to you.

My forthcoming book about the Hawaiian Goddess Kapo will deal with higher and subtle body cunnilingus as a magical and spiritual practice in considerable detail, touching also upon what surely might be considered therapeutic applications.

Shall we assist one another in our mutual explorations?

Yours,

Robert E. L. Masters, Ph. D.

Thank you, Dr. Masters, for your interest. For those of you unfamiliar with cunnilinguistic lore, Kapo was the freakiest of the Pele Sisters, three totally bitchin' Hawaiian la-

dies with awesome reputations. While Chapter 10 of my book, The Only Tongue There Is, tells the story honestly, the X-rated, sensurround film of the same name, slated for release in the summer of '88, should give consumers more of the flavor of the whole experience. R. U. Sirius.

"...is anyone currently trying to duplicate those now lost, but not forgotten, experiments from the 1950's that gave the world that marvelous substance, FLUBBER??"

Permit me to get in a few licks. Kapo has always seemed, in her red eel aspect, a phallic goddess to me. Her rejection of her vulva ("Kapo of the wandering vulva") doesn't seem to equip her for the Higher Cunnilingus. Of course my sources are probably highly bowdlerized. I would love to see what you've uncovered. We are inaugurating a new sexology column in our next issue to be called Raging Hormones. We would be delighted if you would guest edit a column. Queen Mu.

Dear Reality Hackers,

I just had to write and tell you that your newsletter is the most interesting, most amazing thing that's hit my mailbox for quite some time. Burroughs was fascinated by the Kundalini piece and the Megabrain update. And I am looking forward to the Martin Lee article in the next issue; Marty is an old friend and associate of mine. Also, of course *High Frontiers* is required reading in our house.

Again, our compliments — *this* is what's happening!

Best wishes,

James Grauerholz

William Burroughs Communications

Lawrence, Kansas

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The human imagination, in conjunction with technology, has become a force so potent that it really can no longer be unleashed on the surface of the planet safely. The human imagination has gained such an immense power that the only environment friendly to it is the vacuum of deep space. It is there that we can erect the architectonic dreams that drive us to produce a Los Angeles, or a Tokyo, and do it on a scale and in such a way that it will be fulfilling rather than degrading. The human imagination has to be lifted off the surface of the planet for our survival and the survival of the planet. It's like a mother come to term, this baby must now be born.

We are no longer the bipedal monkeys we once were. We have become almost a new force in nature. I think of language and cybernetics as an amalgam of computers and human brains and societal structures that has such an enormous forward momentum that the only place where it can express itself without destroying itself is, as James Joyce says, up in the Ent.

It amuses me that the scientific community has taken over the search for extraterrestrial intelligence and has erected radio tele-

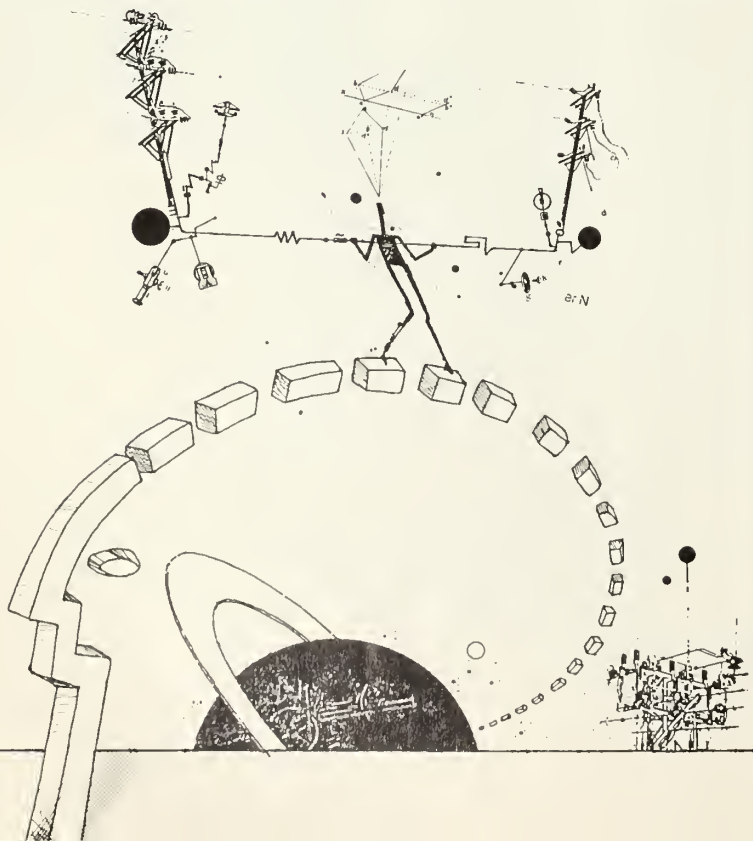
scopes to search the galaxy for signals. The world's largest radio telescope is at Arecibo in Puerto Rico, and within the shadow of that installation, psychedelic mushrooms grow in the fields and the cows graze quietly in the sunshine. It's a marvelous interpenetration of the near and the far away.

The dualism of the interior and the exterior may have to be overcome. The highest form of human organization is not realized in the democratic individual. It is realized in a dimension none of us have ever penetrated, the mind of the species. It is the hand at the tiller of history. It is what we call the human unconscious. However, it is not unconscious, and it is not simply a cybernetic repository of myth and memory. It is an organized entelechy of some sort, and though human history is its signature, it is very different from the primates. It is like a creature of pure information. It is made of language. It releases ideas into the flowing stream of history to boost the primates toward higher and higher levels of self-reflection. We have now reached the point where the masks are beginning to fall away, and we are discovering that there is an angel within the monkey, struggling to get free. This is what the historical crisis is all about.

Consciousness is attempting to become more and more self-reflective. Since language is the strategy that is being used, we are getting a fantastic accumulation of languages and cybernetic technology, technologies of storage and delayed replay. So consciousness is bootstrapping itself toward an omega point, but the creode, the cleft in the epigenetic landscape that is directing it toward this end point, already exists in some sense. Plato said, "Time is the moving image of eternity."

The historical task consists of humanity turning itself inside out. The body, which is presently exteriorized must be interiorized and the soul-mind, which is presently felt,

TERENCE
McKENNA



needs to be exteriorized. One can hark back to the metaphors of alchemy for the idea that the soul should be potentially condensable as a visible object or a form of trans-dimensional or translinguistic matter which can be beheld. With the advent of more advanced cybernetic systems and more advanced psychedelic drugs and shamanic techniques, this exteriorization and familiarization of the soul will come to be. Apparently, the end point of history is actually

...we are
discovering that
there is an angel
within the
monkey

this place where biology is left behind. Then you can turn the switch and be at play in the fields of the Lord in the human imagination.

What is loose on this plane is a self-replicating information system. It first appears as replicating polymers, which then grow sophisticated enough to be DNA and cellular matrices and enzymatic feedback systems, and then, at a very late period in its history relative to us, it transcends mere genetic information and evolves epigenetic information like culture and writing. This phenomenon is localized in the monkeys. But knowledge is apparently two-edged, so that as we reach to free ourselves, we inevitably gain the power to destroy ourselves. So we cannot become some kind of star-roving, hyperdimensional, cybernetic species radiating out through the galaxy, unless we go through the very narrow gate that has to do with the fact that we have discovered fusion processes while we are still bound to a single planet. Ω

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(can robots feel?) THE SRM THEORY OF CONSCIOUSNESS

NICK HERBERT

"I'm afraid, Dave."

When the spaceship's computer in Kubrick's *2001* gets its brains taken out, we sympathize more with Hal the machine than with the human astronauts it has murdered. What is machine consciousness that Man should be so mindful of it?

In 1950, Alan Turing devised his famous Turing Test for machine intelligence. A computer in a box passes the Turing Test if it can convince a human being that there is another human in the box. Simple dialogue programs already engage in plausible conversations that, in some cases, reduce their human partners to tears. But for me, the Turing Test misses the point: it seems unintelligent to base the important question of whether a machine is conscious or not on human gullibility.

Any worthwhile theory of consciousness should, at the very least, provide an objective test of the presence and quality of embodied (or ensiliconed) awareness. To my knowledge the only candidate for a testable model of consciousness is Jim Culbertson's spacetime model of mind. Culbertson calls his theory SRM, for "spacetime reductive materialism," partly, I think, as a philosophical joke. You see, Culbertsonian matter is not very material since its smallest processes are imbued with rudimentary mentation. Culbertson's model offers at least three different tests for the presence of consciousness in material configuration.

After authoring pioneering works on the behavioral capabilities of automata at RAND, Culbertson moved to Cal Poly where he headed in succession; the math, computer science, and philosophy departments. Although he makes a living from his expertise concerning unconscious computing machines, Culbertson's real work — a virtual obsession since his graduate days at Yale — has been how to give robots an

inner experience like our own. Culbertson's quest for robot awareness has resulted in three books: *The Minds of Robots* (1963), *Sensations, Memories, and the Flow of Time* (SMATFOT, 1976), and the most recent *Consciousness: Natural and Artificial* (1982).

Culbertson's key to the nature of mind is Einstein's special relativity theory which pictures the world as a network of causal connections in spacetime, a vast four-dimensional reticulation stretching from the distant past into the far future. In special relativity, spacetime functions as a container for all events that have ever happened and all events that ever will happen. Spacetime is a kind of giant snapshot of eternity. Physicist Herman Weyl was speaking of this spacetime world view when he wrote: "The objective world simply is; it does not happen. Only to the gaze of my consciousness, crawling upward along the life line of my body, does a section of this world come to life as a fleeting image in space which continuously changes in time."

Culbertson's first SRM postulate asserts that each event A in spacetime is aware of a collection B, C, D, of other events, and that the existence and quality of A's awareness depends on the details of the causal network linking A to B, C, and D. The inner experience that A enjoys concerning events B, C, and D is determined by a simple "awareness algorithm" that reflects the complexity of the causal connections linking A to the events that it perceives.

Most events are unaware of one another. A crucial concept in Culbertson's model is the existence of "clear loops" — special paths in spacetime that possess the correct sort of connectivity to channel awareness from one region of spacetime to another. Clear loops enable simple events in spacetime to "see" one another. Complex events (minds) also experience one another via the mediation of clear loops.

Clear loops form the basis for Culbertson's First Test for the presence of awareness. To test the state of your new robot's



experience, connect your brain to her brain via a sufficiently capacious clear loop cable. Your own experience then becomes augmented by the experience of the robot. If Culbertson's model is right, the content of human consciousness can become a matter of public knowledge, exposing the heretofore private nature of awareness as a mere biological accident. Clear-loop links effect a kind of mechanical telepathy which could open up not only the inner lives of robots and people but the inner lives of animals, plants and perhaps even minerals. Imagine being able to communicate directly with different parts of your body ("The heart has its own reasons.")...

Culbertson's Second Test stems from his contention that memories are not stores in space, as in ordinary computers, but in spacetime. This means that when you recall what you wore last Easter, your mind reconnects via a clear spacetime loop to that past event. In the brain are no memories but only the termini of myriads of clear loops. In computer jargon, the brain contains only "addresses"; memories themselves reside elsewhere (or more properly elsewhere). The fact that conscious memories are stored outside the brain means that a conscious computer — operating by Culbertsonian rules — can outperform an unconscious computer of the same size because the storage capacity of the dead computer is limited to its explicit onboard memory. The ability of a conscious computer to "beat the Shannon limit" gives such machines an evolutionary advantage.

Culbertson's awareness algorithm not only specifies which events experience other events in spacetime but also determines the quality of such experiences — certain spacetime nets correspond exactly to specific conscious experiences. The Third Culbertson Test for awareness consists of the ability to produce, in another mind, a precisely specifiable experience Z by adjoining that mind to a Z-network via a clear-loop link. According to the spacetime model of awareness, not mere sensory

stimuli, but raw experience itself can be recorded and played back at will. In a Culbertsonian future, sound and light synthesizers will be made obsolete by the advent of mind synthesizers.

Culbertson's consciousness model is not a vague verbal philosophy of mind but a clear-cut engineering description of the

...it seems unintelligent to base the important question of whether a machine is conscious or not on human gullibility.

state of affairs at the mind/body interface. SRM is a real model of consciousness capable, in principle, of direct experimental confirmation or refutation. Even if refuted, SRM stands as a model for the type of consciousness theory with which serious people should concern themselves.

In the field of consciousness research, Jim Culbertson is a true pioneer. His SRM model is the first detailed and testable theory of mind to emerge out of thousands of years of unverifiable philosophical speculation. Culbertson's work is the first stage of a new science — the science of artificial awareness (not to be confused with artificial intelligence, which is concerned only with a machine's performance, not its inner life). Artificial awareness will have a profound impact on our lives since it deals with life's most intimate aspect — how it feels from the inside. The subject matter of artificial awareness research, despite its concern with definite material circuitry, is not mere arrangements of matter, but of experience itself, what philosophers sometimes call "raw feels." Witnessing the first crude steps of this young science of the mind, it is impossible to imagine the immense transformations of self and society that the new science of awareness research will urge upon us. Ω

NICK HERBERT is the author of *Quantum Reality: Beyond the New Physics* and a forthcoming book on time travel.

20 years (and counting...)

BRUCE EISNER &
PETER STAFFORD

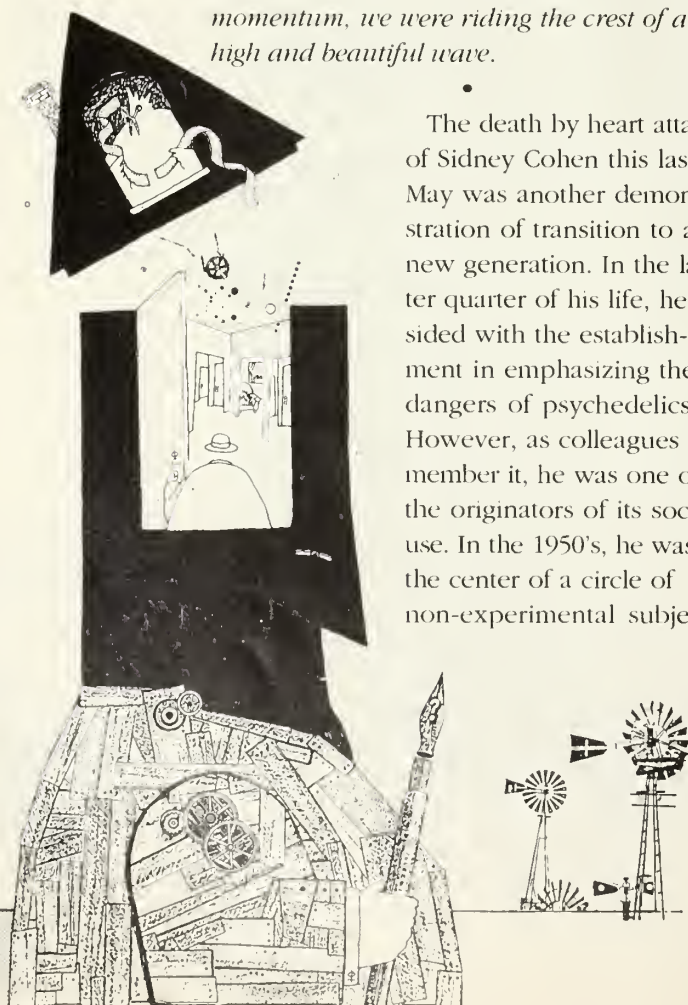
Two decades have passed since the Summer of Love made peace, acid and flower power household words. Hunter Thomson remembers this era: *San Francisco in the middle sixties was a very special time and place to be part of. Maybe it means something. Maybe not, in the long run... but no explanation, no mix of words or music or memories can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world... you could strike sparks anywhere. There was a fantastic universal sense that whatever we were doing was right, that we were winning... Our energy would simply prevail. There was no point in fighting — our side or theirs. We had all the momentum, we were riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave.*

The death by heart attack of Sidney Cohen this last May was another demonstration of transition to a new generation. In the latter quarter of his life, he sided with the establishment in emphasizing the dangers of psychedelics. However, as colleagues remember it, he was one of the originators of its social use. In the 1950's, he was the center of a circle of non-experimental subjects

who were fascinated by LSD's potential. This circle including such luminaries as Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard and Christopher Isherwood. His vivid descriptions of psychedelic experiences in *The Beyond Within* powerfully impressed a generation of seekers (including the authors).

A new generation has inherited the classic psychedelics and a host of novel compounds, sometimes known as neo-psychedelics — empathogens, entactogens, "heart-openers", and cognitive enhancers. Certainly, the most bally-hooed of these has been MDMA.

Despite last year's flap about MDMA, we have yet to see the great drug epidemic predicted by officials who exercised emergency scheduling powers to make MDMA a major felony — on a par with heroin. Hospitals have no reports of MDMA-related emergencies, and even the DEA's own administrative law judge recommended that it be removed from Schedule I. The DEA itself, however, remained intransigent. Harvard University's Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar appealed the DEA's decision in the First Federal District Court, and on September 18th the court overturned the scheduling of MDMA. The first Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the DEA did not lawfully follow the correct criteria for determining whether or not MDMA met the standard for "currently accepted medical use" and for "accepted safety for use ... under medical supervision." They also rebuked the Department of Health and Human Services for failing to perform their proper role in the decision-making process. Rick Cotton, attorney for Dr. Grinspoon, indicated the three options now left to the Feds. They can take the case on review before the U. S. Supreme Court; assert that MDMA is now more properly scheduled under the current amendments to the Controlled Substances Act dealing with analogues; or have the Administrator of the DEA make a redetermination based on the evidence they already have on MDMA. In-



formed sources tell us, at this writing, that the third option has been exercised and that the drug has been removed from Schedule I to the more appropriate Schedule III.

A surprising twist that hasn't been given much attention recently, in the Contra/Iran affair, is the abundant evidence of the U.S. Government's involvement in cocaine smuggling to finance arms to be used against the Sandanista government.

The pot is beginning to boil, however, with hearings being held, chaired by Senator Kerry of Massachusetts. Courageous reportage by those intrepid lawyers at the Christie Institute should force a confrontation of the issue come election time. Heads should roll!

For over a decade, Mr. Sam Pedro of Berkeley's "Nightbloomers" has been selling mescaline-containing San Pedro cactus (*Trichocereus pachanoi*) — the sacred cactus of the Andes known and widely used for over ten thousand years. "Nightbloomers" sold these cacti, with USDA approval, as ethnobotanic curiosities complete with documentation on their use in traditional Andean society. In May of this year, Mister Sam Pedro was arrested. Friends and cacti-lovers are rallying to his defence with a benefit and sale of unusual t-shirts emblazoned with a Chavin "Pedroglyph" (\$12) Contact Mr. Sam Pedro at P.O. Box 4611, Berkeley 94704 or (415) 845-0880.

Germane to this issue is the following quote from Alexander Shulgin, commenting on federal prohibitions against peyote which proscribe "every compound" of this plant:

... if this were pushed to a point of legal absurdity, since dopamine is a compound of the plant, and since it's a mandatory neurotransmitter in our normal functions, it would mean in a very humorous way we would possibly all be possessors and carriers of a schedule I drug in our normal, healthy state. Ω



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STEAL THIS DECADE

STEAL THIS CONFERENCE

**A trip
through the
San Francisco
60's conference
(flashbacks included)**

by Morgan Russell

**photos by Morgan Russell
and Peter Booth Lee**



"If I'm saddled with having to tell the truth about all these people, I can't go explore the areas that are interesting to me. Facts are dull. Stories are interesting."

- Ken Kesey

*"Y'know, sometimes I wonder — does **existence** precede **essence**?— or **what**?"*

- Cherry Poptart

FADE IN: AT THE PALACE

"How do I go about registering for the Sixties conference?" I ask the woman at the U.C. Berkeley Extension office.

"You mail in your check and we send you a receipt which you use to get in."

"The conference is this weekend, what if I don't get the receipt in time?"

"Just tell the people at the door you mailed in your check."

"You're sure that's all I have to do?"

"Yes."

Bingo. My Id murmurs a simultaneous translation: "Oh, you don't have to pay the \$75 admission, just tell them the check is in the mail. Wink. Wink." The oldest trick in the book. I certainly expected that a higher level of subterfuge would be needed to slip into line at this psychedelic smorgåsbörd. The U.C. Berkeley Extension is advertising Abbie Hoffman for Christ's sake, the man who li-terally wrote the book on fucking over Government, Big Business, and Bureaucracy; surely they'd be on guard against clandestine conferees? I slide through University Customs as easily as Jean Genet on K-Y Jelly and am given a receipt for \$75 bearing an approximation of my name and telephone number.

The animated hum of a rock concert is in the air at the Palace of Fine Arts. The desire to see my idols commingles with the dread that not only their feet, but their minds as well, may be made of clay. I stoically pass booksellers' tables piled high with copies of Albert Hofmann's *LSD: My Problem Child*, Marty Lee's *Acid Dreams: The CIA, LSD and the Sixties Rebellion*, and other

psychedelic erotica and queue up by the as-yet-unopened doors with the resolution of Gandhi abstaining from his naked sleeping nymphs to recharge his chakric batteries. I am freshly arrived from a small town in the Midwest where I assume such an unprovocative posture that I go out of town to buy books like these. My neurons lust for these

"De la vaporisation et de la centralisation du Moi. Tout est là."

little packets of possibly illuminating matter; it can't be helped, they discharge in anticipation, but in a restrained way, a sort of Mature Ejaculation of neurotransmitters. I intone the mantra, "I will get a seat in the front. I will get a seat in the front..." The doors open and no one runs. No Grateful Dead concert, this. With great restraint I *walk* to the front. I'm here to photograph the speakers. A "personal photography" project, i.e., I'm not being paid for it. What will I do with the photos? I don't know, perhaps I'll make devotional aids from them — scapulars, icons, 3-D postcards. There is supposed to be a spiritual aspect to creating a work without remuneration. A type of transsubstantiation takes place: the camera becomes a pyx wherein the wafer of celluloid, transluced, becomes Art. I envision Leary as high priest, his altar-ego passing along the rows of conferee communicants placing psychoactive photo-booth-size pictures of Ken Kesey on the tongues of aspirants to True Understanding of the Sixties. No, I have not premedicated myself for the event. I stake out my territory and repair to the foyer for a dose of one of my favorite enhancers — coffee.

Here and there I spy a look of vulnerable expectation, a hopeful searching look from an obviously psychedelized Seeker yearning for a Knowing Glint in the eyes of his



Tom Robbins: The sixties constituted a breakthrough, a fleeting moment of glory, a time when a significant little chunk of humanity quickly realized its world potential and flirted with its neurological destiny.



Ken Kesey: When I first started taking these drugs, it was the government and the CIA who gave them to us. You want to know why I believe in God? That's why. God has a sense of humor. God says "Americans are really seized up in their lower bowels, needing something to ooze them up. God thought, "let the CIA give it to them." When you get that feeling something's laughing, that's God.

fellows or, perhaps, a whiff of the wild fragrant Sixties still borne on this air-conditioned breeze. Obviously \$75 was quite a sum for some to drop on this event.

I join the line at the refreshment table. I'm rapidly closing in on Balzac's 50,000 cup lifetime-caffeine-intake record. I catch myself before Pavlov-doggedly saying "double-espresso" and, reconsidering, bark "large regular coffee, please." I immediately wonder at my action. I have plenty of money in my pocket (including the superfluous \$75)... Wait! I see what I'm doing. I'm showing solidarity with those of the post-Sixties generation who found themselves of age in the sclerotic Seventies when the Cosmic Juices were thrombosed, having seemingly missed all the good concerts, *versus* the espresso-drinking sport-jacketed deck-shoed Beemer-driving country-clubbed semiconscious Xerox copies (losing quality in successive generations) of their parents, who can painlessly squander seventy-five bucks for an Authorized Version of their own past, who were present at the major happenings but were as inert and unimpressible as Noble Gases, who want it on videocassette to play on VCRs some evening when not clutching their joystick in onanistic frenzy, blasting, with patriotic fervor, anything alien to themselves.

LSD AND HEGEL

Yes, I'm here on a "personal" photography project. Before now I made "personal films," a term I picked up from the avant-garde filmmaker J. J. Murphy. It covers any manner of cinematic license taken in the name of self-exploration. This type of film is composed with images so specific, so personally cathected that it seems miraculous that anyone other than the filmmaker can extract significance from them or, rather, create significance with them; yet, the further the film goes in, the more particular it gets, the more it becomes a mirror for the viewer. The universal is there and, yet, in a modified sense, still the personal: Baudelaire's *"De la vaporisation et de la centralisation du Moi. Tout est la."* Analo-

gously, with LSD, thousands erase the sharply defined edges of egos, blur into a Bacchantic ball of bliss, and later return to their particularized embodiments. They participate in the drug-assisted dialectic of individual thesis, universal antithesis, individual/universal synthesis. They become HallucinoHegelians. Now, theoretically, the more personal this Sixties Conference story gets, if it goes in sufficiently far, it may tell us something about the whole event. We go down this rabbit-hole and, trust me, we come out on the other side. So... hold my hand as I drift back into the theater, shouldering the canvas bag casually stuffed with Leica cameras and lenses, the most expensive glass in the world, as secretly pleased as a Hasid with a bundle of D-grade stones, and take a seat.

Benjamin Spock sits a few feet away, a man who had more of a formative influence on the people in this room than any one other person. "When the baby's hungry, feed him." There is no longer a standardized baby, but rather an individualized baby who is given personal attention. The baby knows its own requirements.

Abbie Hoffman, the opening act here, has exhorted individuals to ju-jitsu (or even nonviolently aikido) the collective hallucination known as the Government, to act according to personally held political belief, with imagination and humor. He's still doing it.

Timothy Leary's acronymic credo is "TFYQA" (Think For Yourself, Question Authority), the Apostate's Creed. Indeed, the only thing the speakers here have in common is their unabashed and unrepentant individuality. Being so solidly themselves they have, through some Idiosynchronicity, become emblematic of an entire culture.

DISSOLVE

It's the second day of the conference now and I'm despairing of having any personal epiphany. Intellectual box-lunches are prepared to munch on. Portion-controlled dishes are discreetly presented: appetizer

of Peace Movement, entrée of Woman's Movement, side dish of Sixties Literature and Philosophy, dessert of Sixties Music. I've eaten enough Mimi Farina, I have a vicious case of Intellectual Pica and need something earthier.

We sit quietly, docile, letting ourselves be entertained by stage acts for which we

...it was a holistic blender drink, a Gestalt Frappé, a Synaesthetic Slurpee...

(some of us) have paid good money. What was the cover-charge for the First Human Be-In? What do people remember from it — the headliners or their own exquisite savoring of sensory inundation and undulation? Things weren't served up on molded plastic plates with partitions to keep one thing from sliding into another — it was a holistic blender drink, a Gestalt Frappé, a Synaesthetic Slurpee — Kool-Aid and balloons and beads and dogs and children and incense and day-glo and sitars amid lovely waves of bliss on the sexual beach, frothing around in a Corporeal Pheromonal Pharmacornucopia...

I sit among people with tape recorders, notebooks, press packets, rapt in chromium dioxide, fearing they'll forget something. Who, during the 60's, was worried about forgetting things or selves? As Grace Slick said, "Anyone who can remember the Sixties wasn't there." I stare, abject and listless, at the \$10,000 worth of cold German glass eyes staring back at me. I've stopped taking photographs.

Up to me now trips a long-blond-haired twentyish girl with bangs and octagonal spectacles, with a breathless eagerness and midi-length gauze skirt and black leather shoes with straps wrapped round the ankles in Attic-Greek-Groves-of-Academe-style. Alas, poor child, Socrates would have fa-



Abbie Hoffman: The student activists now are much more suspicious and paranoid about conspiracies. For example, when us 60's veterans see William Casey get a brain tumor two days before he's to testify, we think in terms of the CIA neutralizing him. I tell this to the kids and they say "Abbie... that's way off. The whole thing's rigged! The Doctors, the hospitals, the papers. He's got no brain tumor at all!"



Dr. Benjamin Spock: I've been accused of corrupting an entire generation. They corrupted me!

vored your brother. "Are you interested in Science Fiction or Neo-Psychedelia?"

"The latter more than the former."

She turns and trips back with delicately-executed quick well-modulated tiny hops and springs the few steps to her companion, a tousled-looking specimen in a sport-coat from whom she grabs a magazine and to whom she breathes, "He's interested in Neo-Psychedelia!" in a manner which carries the Eureka: "We've got a live one!" She slips into my hands an oversized magazine, its cover a hand-tinted photo of two children dancing with abandon and ukeleles on a Navaho rug and an inversion of the same photo. She also hands me a flier for an event. The magazine is none other than Issue #3 of *High Frontiers* and the event a *High Frontiers* Monthly Forum featuring mathematician/cyberpunk writer Rudy Rucker. This comely lass who peers intently at me through glasses resting on the lower portion of her nose, from under a thatch of bangs, who reminds me somewhat of the Cowardly Lion, and her compatriot who has the dishevelled lucid air of a page of illuminated manuscript which, wadded up for package-filler, maculate with mead and monk perspiration, has been smoothed out with sudden recognition of its value, are none other than Queen Mu and her consort R. U. Sirius, the Shakti and Shiva of Neurotech Publishing, the Isis and Osiris of Neopsychopharmacolinguinal studies, haut-chefs of Cunnilinguini...

"What is your interest in or experience with psychedelics?" Mu inquires. Ah, the perfect excuse for a *FLASHBACK*... Here I am in white lab coat and hiking boots walking down a terrazzo Veneziano corridor in the Department of Psychiatry with a rack of test tubes filled with the blood of autistic children (a fastidiously specialized and perverse vampire), deep within the labyrinthine recesses of Billings Hospital at the University of Chicago. Having found the door to my, that is, Dr. D.X. Freedman's lab, I search for the key in my pocket, feeling like a particularly intelligent rat, one

with a brain of greater-than-average mass and complexity, having mastered this maze quickly. My pleasure center is activated... Oops, I haven't flashed back far enough ... FLASH... Holding a copy of *Research in Progress in the Biological Sciences*, I turn to the section on Psychiatry. The first entry describes research carried on by Daniel X. Freedman. Freedman's name is familiar to me from my reading; he gave intensive psychiatric interviews to heavy users of LSD and reported that there was no evidence of functional brain damage... although he *did* report that a certain paranoia-like quality was often present: the users feel there is a conspiracy going on, but one operating for the good. Synchronous City... I've been there myself. I now discover that Freedman isn't a renegade but the Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Chicago, Editor-in-Chief of the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, editor of the *American Handbook of Psychiatry*, and a member of the Governing Boards of the FDA and NIMH. His main interest is brain chemistry and the action of neurotransmitters. *This* is the man to talk to about an independent research project. I wonder, do you suppose *he's* taken LSD? What delicious irony if the head of stodgy Institutionalized Sanity is turned-on. Is this merely some Caligariesque fantasy?

Independent study is encouraged at the U. of Chicago. If you can get someone to sponsor you, you can do any kind of study; any type of liaison between consenting scholars is tolerated, any sort of profligacy is condoned in this atmosphere of intellectual promiscuity. I am engaged in constant neuronal foreplay and ithyphallic ideation, am saturated with synaptic sexuality, sizing someone up with, "What a set of frontal lobes!" or "I'd like to slide between *those* hemispheres!" Ahem. I have a certain flair for this sort of intellectual masquerade and the Department of Biological Sciences has miraculously given me carte-blanche to set up a research project.

It is the middle of January. I sit in the

ante-ante room (if you're important enough they up the ante) of D. X. Freedman's office wearing loden coat, cashmere scarf, and an expression of unwonted lucidity. D. X. emerges from his office, a slight, deeply-tanned man in corduroys and an alligator shirt. He looks at me, smiles, exchanges a few words with his henchmen,

“What a set of frontal lobes!...
I'd like to slide between
those hemispheres!”

and says to me, "You'd better come in now if you want to talk to me today. I hope you don't mind if I take some phone calls while we're together."

"No, not at all," I reply, thankful he's not charging me by the minute.

D.X. takes a call: "I have to give a presentation on LSD next week... FDA... mumble, mumble, mumble..." After the phone call, D.X. motions me into a seat close to his and asks me about myself.

I quickly sketch a checkered and cross-hatched career. "Ah, a child of the 70's trying to be a child of the 60's."

During this chat, which is not without intimations of a psychiatric interview or case-study compilation, I'm losing no time in making notes of my own: the large-capacity Mr. Coffee machine and the cigarettes D. X. is smoking the entire time I'm with him. He imbibes drugs continuously. He floats in a womb of books on psychotropic drugs. When he first emerged from his office he appeared as stress-free and fluid-moving as if he'd spent the preceding week on the beach on an almost-Virgin Island and had been freshly Rolfed on top of it. He glowed. Now these signs may not be directly compared to those exhibited by a Laguna surfer in communion with the Cosmos. It would be like comparing guavas and kumquats. What is needed is a Universal Stan-



Betty Friedan: In Judaism, there's the idea that you have to keep renewing the covenant. When the covenant had gotten too corrupted, Moses had to break the Tablet and had to write the testimony again for himself. That's what the 80's generation has to do. You can't go back. You have to do it for yourselves.



Tim Leary: We've got to be smarter than the institutions. The smart individual, thinking for his self or her self, is smarter than the committee.

dard...Ah! What better? Albert Hofmann is a gentleman of similar caste and noetic breeding. I haven't met him yet but I have anecdotal evidence from friends which suggests one of the symptoms of psychedelic enlightenment. "He looks like a Swiss banker, but with a certain... *Twinkle*," says one of my sources. Another relates, "He was up early in the morning tapping at my door, crooning softly, 'Are you awake, my dear?' On the way to breakfast he was whistling with brisk childlike abandon." (This on the morning after my informant turned Hofmann on to one of the not new, but newly appreciated, and newly outlawed, empathogens.) Uncoached, this same source described him as having "a sort of *twinkle*."

Ah, how to distinguish between robust mental health, and its coincident affect, and potentiated, catalyzed consciousness? Whence springs the *Twinkle*? Is LSD a sort of Windex for the windows of the soul? Would Blake now say, "If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would be seen as it is, infinite, with a lemon-fresh scent?" This requires further investigation.

D.X. runs through a list of his associates in the Department of Psychiatry with whom I might set up a research project as I scratch notes on FROM THE DESK OF... stationery. He concludes with his own laboratory. He is struck by an idea, "Raksha, the lab technician, is a Buddhist and refuses to decapitate the rats, perhaps you..." I immediately assure him that if it were a question whether I'd be an executioner in the service of the Neuronal Revolution or no, I am a practicing Jain who peels his morning banana with sealed lips so as not to inadvertently inhale, and sacrifice the life of, a fruitfly, or at least, spoil its day. No, I cannot see myself guillotining rodents. We conclude at this point and D.X. walks me through his office, his ante-rooms, and the hallway outside his office with his arm around my neck. "When you talk to these people, tell them I sent you."

D.X. has a sense of humor. I meaningfully marched the Haight-Ashbury semiotic

street sign past him, one which connotes an intersection of motivations off the merely academic roadmap. He has, nonetheless, turned me loose in a major psychotropic drug research facility. I feel as if something akin to turning the FDA over to one of the Furry Freak Brothers has just occurred. He, at the end of the Darshan, imparted a powerful mantra. As soon as "D. X. Freedman sent me" passes my lips, permission slips are signed by hardnosed bureaucrats, red tape cut with ceremonial shears. What took place was the empowerment ceremony known as *Gurukrpa* (guru's grace), which occurs more as a function of the disciple's devotion and readiness for illumination than any merit he may have accumulated. Challenged, I can now intone, "Do not fear, I am one of the pupils of Daniel X. Freedman, a bit dilated, perhaps..."

My own interest lies in the interstices of body and mind — the area of Biopsychology. Biochemophysiobehavioral phenomena provide the axes of investigation. There are so-called "mental" phenomena associated with neurochemical activity, but those are better left to poets; behavioral scientists are typically poor rhapsodists. The correlation between brain activity and mentation may be epitomized by the converse of the pithy Pythagorean paradigm, "As above, so below." The modern Doctrine of Signatures is: "As below, so above." When a cryptopsychopharmacologist tweaks a promising molecule into something alluring enough to float flirtatiously past the guards at the Blood-Brain Border Crossing with promises of a good time, when an alchemoPygmalion fashions an ivory-skinned Galatean neuronymphette with indole rings on her fingers, a eumorphic synaptic siren which mimics a neurotransmitter's action, or alters its levels, there is almost assuredly an alteration in "consciousness."

I'm tipped off when volunteers are needed for drug studies. Marian Fishman, noted cocaine researcher, who herself smoked cannabis for science in her student days,

doesn't advertise for volunteers, not wanting to be mobbed with candidates, but the word is, "She's doing a study where the subjects are hospitalized for two weeks and allowed to consume as much prescription cocaine as they want, intravenously or intranasally, under close medical supervision. You're given a very thorough physical ex-

...satin-trousered temptresses lazing on divans, wearing dark glasses, sipping hummingbird nectar from diamond demi-tasses...

amination first. You may be asked endless questions. You can schedule the session for a vacation period." I could use a physical and, unlike most Chicagoans, I look forward to a blizzard during Spring Break.

I report for duty in the Cocaine Cadre at Fishman's office wearing my official Dept. of Psychiatry-issue lab coat. A willowy woman in loosely-woven skirt and filmy blouse is in conversation with Fishman. She. I had never known who she was. Many times I'd followed the swish and sway of her hips as I made my way to the Cold Room to centrifuge homogenized rat brain for bio-assay. I would clutch my rodent hemi-





Deirdre English: The new right is the direct heir of the organizing of the new left. The right borrows our kind of language. Even Ollie North's attempt to portray the Contras as freedom fighters is an attempt to rip off the emotional appeal of some of the things that mobilized people in the 60's.



Abbie Hoffman: When I went over to France (recently), André Glucksman, a neo-anything philosopher, said "do you know what you accomplished? You added the idea to revolutionary theory that revolution could be fun. Only someone as silly as an American could do that."

spheres with high school awkwardness, hormones surging. O my Helen, my eyes are cast about on your Iliac crests; I, along with the 999, am about to launch... Coming to myself, I find Fishman casting me a dog-with-cocked-head look. I explain myself: "Ron P. told me you need volunteers for your study and I think I qualify..." "You've injected cocaine at least once a day for the past year?" She is curt: daily IV drug users are the only subjects she currently needs. My tipster will hear about this. "I'm doing a study you might be interested in," my Hippolyta rings in, "I'm gathering subjects' responses to various doses of tranquilizers." Fishman is on the far shore as I drift down the hall, my Psyche's words lapping over me as she gives me the details...

FLASHOUT

... A simple act of kindness: Queen Mu gave me her curious magazine and this gesture enhances my enjoyment as much as a tab of acid given freely at the First Human Be-In helped color the experience and ensure entheogenation... Oops: look out —

FLASHFORWARD

Queen Mu is the châtelaine of Quail House, her lair high in the Berkeley Hills. It has something of the air of a Taoist monastery, situated in a niche of great natural beauty and serving as a place of rest or waystation for world-weary consciousness pilgrims. A Cosmic Bed-and-Breakfast. Queen Mu is the Sylvia Beach of the East Bay who puts up (and puts up with) writers, medicine men, and consciousness explorers and nourishes them with exotic conversation and beet juice as well as doses of oat bran in their porridge to increase their output. Her vocabulary is a Websterian Elysium harboring satin-trousered temptresses lazing on divans, wearing dark glasses, sipping hummingbird nectar from diamond demitasses, pouting lips close to the snaking hose of a hubble-bubble, inviting you in silken whisper to explore their etymology, to live in syntax with them. As one of Anaïs Nin's greatest gifts was the art of creating an environment conducive to creativity, her



own as well as her friends', so Queen Mu serves the creative community as an Anaïs Ninja guarding them from the Boeotians.

R. U. Sirius, Rock-and-Roller, High-Performance Artist, and editor of *High Frontiers* is synonymous with Mutation. He grew up in Binghamton, New York, and is exactly what anyone would expect of a kid whose neighbor was Rod Serling. Every time I see him, French-police-siren-like notes sound in my head and I stand on the Astroturf welcome mat of the Twilight Zone. I'm faced with determining whether it is truly R. U. or merely a holographic projection in my mind; have I had enough coffee to detect an alias from an alien? He enters my consciousness like a virus injecting its genetic material into my brain, tricking my cells into a reverse-transcriptase replication of future-evolutionary traits. He is the incarnation of the New Phage. Talking with him is as refreshing as a dip in the community gene-pool...

Mu brings me out of my expatiatory trance with a gentle touch on my arm.

"Let's move down to the front", Mu says, indicating the row of seats reserved for the speakers. Mu, R.U., the photographer Peter Booth Lee, and I execute the half-crouched trot seen in WWII movies when soldiers move into disputed territory. I'm now at conversational distance from Tom Robbins, Ken Kesey, and the moderator, a man with a name similar to Rod McKuen,



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Tom Robbins: I think it needs to be established firmly, flatly, and finally that what we called the sixties would never have happened had it not been for psychedelic drugs. To talk about the sixties without talking about psychedelics, as the media has been doing for over a decade, is to be guilty of the most dishonest sort of revisionism. A conference on the sixties that de-emphasizes the contribution of psychedelics is akin to a conference on cheeseburgers that de-emphasizes the contribution of cows.



Ken Kesey: We're gettin' ready to fire up another punch.

who are slated to discuss 60's Literature; more precisely, to shoot the breeze, swap a few stories. They sit on folding canvas deck chairs. A back porch watching-the-sun-go-down philosophizing ambience.

Kesey proclaims the value of gifted liars, "like Tim Leary. We're up to our nose in facts. We want Story... we need Story."

Tom Robbins adds, "Art is nothing but a lie which is told as a way of getting to the truth."

Kesey, as if talking to a few friends he's had over for supper, starts telling a joke he heard a few years ago about Quasimodo. He then relates a recently heard continuation of the same joke. "What I'm doing now is waiting for the third part." He is delivering a parable on the 60's. "The joke isn't dead just because it's over. It's still going on."

The final panel discussion brings Tim Leary, Betty Friedan, Deirdre English, and Peter Carroll to the stage with Robbins and Kesey. This Babelogue most nearly approaches the exquisite dissonant savor of the 60's decade itself. In an effort to sum things up, the talk switches to more generalized and abstract musings. Leary breaks into Deirdre English's summation, in which she uses the word "we", like a thunderclap: "Who are you to say that for me? ... You're speaking for yourself? O.K. That's all I ask. You make me nervous when you talk about things being bigger than the individual human being." Deirdre English, composing herself after the startle, says, "We are now right on the dichotomy of the 60's. This is what the tension of the 60's was all about: the dialectic between the individual and the mass. There is no dichotomy; we're making a false polarity. There is no pure individual; the group is inside the individual. To think dialectically is crucial. The individual is in the group and the group is in the individual. To go in either direction... will lead you to doctrinaire dead ends."

Someone offstage signals to Leary to look at his watch. Leary jumps up, goes over to

Betty Friedan, grabs her by the hand, and says, "We have a plane to catch." Leary, who had been the voice of personal consciousness, and Friedan, who spoke mostly of social and political realities, walk off the stage arm-in-arm, the Dialectic Duo, a perfect Sixties Synthesis.

DISSOLVE

Mu sits with erect precision at her marble-topped editing table, wearing her black sackcloth habit. She has gathered round her her phraseological familiars: unabridged *Webster's*, the venerable multi-volumed *Century Dictionary and Cyclopaedia*, and enough volumes of vermiculated polyglottal parsing paraphernalia to do a revision of the *OED*. Her red pen is poised in scrubbed hand. She is ready to remove, with surgical sagesse, any infelicities in my article, leaving only a fine red line where once a tumorous twist of phrase fulminated.

She has barely begun palpating my corpus, laid out on cold examining table, when the sacred atmosphere is skewered by a shriek ...

"What have you done?" In a state of confused guilt, I start silently counting my sins on sweaty fingers. "My last confession was in third grade..."

"No. No. Not now. I mean this." She points to my Mu and R.U. sketches. "This is unauthorized." She examines the rest of the article.

"What is this? What does it mean?"

"Uh, maybe it's the drugs and... and... I've had a fever..."

"To the iris beds! It's too late now. It's inoperable. The only exculpation is exhumation. You will turn the soil, compost-haste!"

So, dear reader, I find myself up to the ankles in premium aged horseshit...

FREEZE FRAME

• • •

[Special thanks to my attending metaphysician, Doktor Asclepia Dharmabottom/ Jude Milhon, for biopsying and culturing this piece from an in-utero neopsychedelic roman à clef. — M.R.] Ω

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1) *Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream* (The Atlantic Monthly Press, New York, 1987) by Jay Stevens. Well-written historical account of the psychedelic movement in America. Focuses largely on the psychotherapeutic experiments of the 50's and early 60's and the subsequent counter-culture explosion.

2) *Steal This Urine Test: Fighting Drug Hypertension in America* (Penguin Books - Viking Press, New York 1987) by Abbie Hoffman with Jonathan Silvers. Abbie has called urine tests "a ritual that has little to do with drug abuse and a lot to do with controlling citizens," and proceeds with great humor to expose Big Government intrusion and "chemical McCarthyism."

3) *Dealing with Drugs* (Lexington Books, Lexington Mass. 1987) Edited by Ronald Hamowy. Enlightened libertarian contributions by pharmacologists, criminologists, lawyers, and economists on the "Consequences of Government Control." Published by the Pacific Research Institute for Public Policy.

4) *Albert Hofmann Festschrift* (EXpress Edition, Berlin, 1987) Contributions by scholars including Claudio Naranjo, Charles Musès, and Christian Ràtsch who also edited the volume. This neopsychedellic pop party exposé reveals the terrible truth about Queen

Mu and her many loves. Kinky but fun!

5) *Psychedelics: From Mysteries to Paradigms* (working title). Edited by Robert Forte and Stanislav Grof. A collection of unpublished articles by all the "Elders of the Tribe": Albert Hofmann, R. Gordon Was-

son, Alexander Shulgin, Richard Evans Schultes, Ralph Metzner, Terence McKenna, Jack Kornfield and others. Still looking for a good publisher!

6) *Persephone's Quest: Entheogens and the Origin of Religion* (Yale U.P., New Haven 1987) Final galleys proofed by R. Gordon Wasson just before his death. Reminiscent of *The Road to Eleusis*, here he teamed up with Stella Kramrisch and, once again, Carl Ruck. Includes a longer version of "The Buddha's Last Meal" and his curious interpretation of *The Book of Genesis*.

7) *Through The Gateway of the Heart* (Four Trees Publications 1987, P.O. Box 31220, San Francisco 94131. \$14.50 plus tax.) By Sophia Adamson. Sensitive and compelling vignettes on the therapeutic use of MDMA, largely conveyed in the patients' own words. Includes a section on "Guidelines for the Sacramental Use of Empathogenic Substances." Excellent Foreword by Ralph Metzner.

8) *Understanding Ecstasy: The MDMA Story* by Bruce Eisner. A comprehensive history of this potent, yet benign, tool, its therapeutic use over 20 years, and its legal vicissitudes. Being fought over by several publishers at this time.

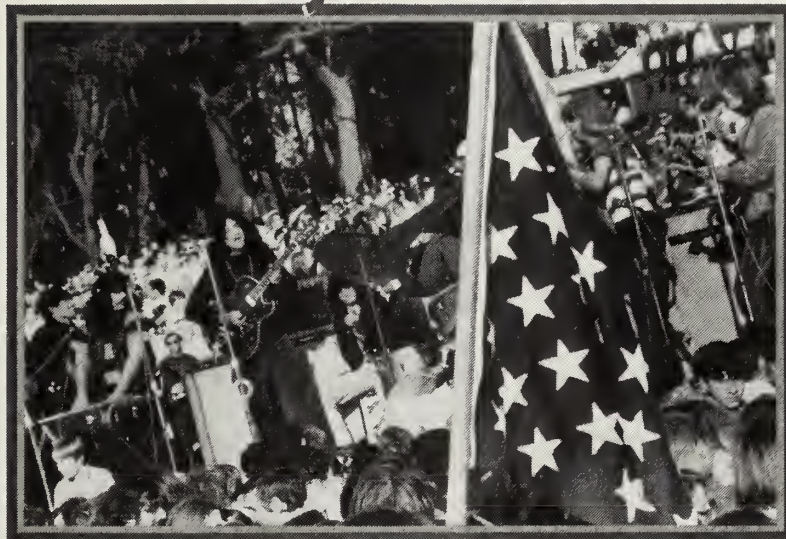
9) *Where the Gods Reign: The Plants and People of the Northwest Amazon*. (Synergetic Press, London, 1987.) By Dr. Richard Evans Schultes. One hundred early photos from the 40's and 50's from Schultes' collection and quotes from early naturalists. Fascinating read for ethnobotanists, human ecologists, plant conservationists, and armchair explorers.

10) *The Healing Forest: Medicinal and Toxic Plants of the Northwest Amazon* (Due in Spring of '88. Probably published by Charles Thomas, Springfield, Ill.) Dr. Robert F. Raffauf, foremost alkaloid specialist and medicinal chemist, joins Richard Evans Schultes in this massive compilation of over 2000 bioactive plant species culled from the 80,000 species identified in Amazonia. At 700-plus pages, destined to be a monument of scholarship. Ω



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THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CLEARLIGHT

Captain Clearlight is a man responsible for the distribution of more than two hundred fifty million 250 mcg. hits of LSD-25. He sold Enlightenment like Ray Kroc sold Big Macs.

In March of this year Newsweek published an article on "Aging Hippies: The Greying of Aquarius." There, gracing a photograph with his customary élan, was Captain Clearlight: all of six-foot-four in his hallmark Robin Hood cap disporting himself on a zebra-skin dais beside a stuffed Bengal tiger. The Newsweek team, however, clearly had no idea whom they'd gotten hold of. No particular mention — just another superannuated hippie in a group photo.

Captain Clearlight, however — let it be clearly stated — was never a hippie. Until 1967 he was an electrical engineer specializing in the design of microcircuitry, prototype machinery and production techniques, and the startup of new manufacturing businesses. He then met some LSD chemists, whom he described as, "just three scared hippies 'til I showed up." He applied modern mass-production techniques to psychedelic alchemy, and the rest is history...

What follows is a mosaic screed by the Captain, one of the highest-recorded prophets of LSD, pieced together by Morgan Russell.

"Clearlight was like a triple-headed hawk. Clearlight was the experience you had when you meditated on LSD. It was an opportunity to get near the Infinite. We made LSD from '68 to '75. It got to be sort of a way of life. It was like being the Lone Ranger. Being very careful and being very paranoid but not ever getting caught. Having lots of toys and lots of fun. We always knew how to find each other because we'd always stay at the biggest, most expensive hotel in town. I got all kinds of bonuses and large spending accounts. I'd spend \$40-50,000 a month. We kept all the money in an operating pool. Whenever we needed any money, we just took it out.

I decided which machine did what. I built the whole thing. I could machine or design or have built just about anything through my contacts because it involved megabucks. Everybody bought new cars and shit. I'd tell these guys, 'You know, this is industrial espionage. I might as well tell ya' out front. We're competing with the Japs. But we don't want to compete the way we're supposed to. So we let the Japs put it out and we mass-produce it.'

I would operate under about thirty different names. I couldn't write anything down, so I'd have to try and remember the names. It's impossible. I'd go somewhere and I'd try to maneuver people into calling me by name so I'd know who I was.

Trixie, this beautiful little lady about 22, and I took this big Cadillac and a lot of money and went up looking for a lab site in Oregon or Northern California. Can you imagine looking for something that no one was ever going to wander onto? I'd go to a town and rent a couple of rooms in a hotel and hire some college students. I'd give them a script and they would call all the realtors and then report to me on anything that sounded at all like it was isolated. Two or three college students making calls in each major town. I didn't want to send up *too* much of a flare. Then we just looked in a newspaper in Corvallis and it said "Shangri-la." It was an old 30-acre Oregon farm

on the side of a mountain, Mary's Peak, with some of the most beautiful Oregon barns. They had tin roofs, and as the clouds would go by you'd hear them shrinking and expanding. They were alive.

We were in Burnt Woods, Oregon, and we were burnt out, boy. I didn't want anybody coming up looking the place over, coming

I would operate under about
thirty different names.
I'd try to maneuver people into
calling me by name so
I'd know who I was.

around for taxes and this and that. My old lady's name was Mary. She was from Hollywood, a singer and a comedian and an artist. So I took Mary into town in the big silver Pininfarina custom Cadillac. The town had a gas station and a store and they were behind the same counter. I took her into

this store looking very strange, and I told the grocer that she was a starlet from down south and she had been raped by 17 bikers and that she'd never been the same since and we just had to keep her isolated

from the world and didn't want her to meet any strangers. 'If anybody wants to come in, just have them send me a letter in the mailbox. But please do not come to visit. If you want to bring good cheer, put it in the mailbox.' I told the taxman the same story





*The Captain in Elvis
Miami pool*

and added, 'I'd like you to assess me for the next couple of years.' We told the power company that we'd put a sauna in, so we could use all that electricity. We ran the sauna 24-hours-a-day. My wife really needed the treatment. I guess that word got out 'cause nobody bothered us and we cooked there for three years.

I had to build a thirty-by-thirty-foot building up there. We had nine barns on the place but the chemist, Pretty Boy Floyd, wanted a building behind the house so he wouldn't have to go so far for lunch. He cooked all the time. I buried cables from the house out to the lab. I was able to go through the back so that you could look at the place and everything looked normal and 300 amps were heading out through the garden under the ground."

CAPTAIN CLEARLIGHT ON THE LUXURY OF FRESHLY-CUT FLOWERS

"We used to get crystal flowers that were three to six inches in diameter. The LSD crystals were suspended in gelatin. We were making thirty-by-thirty-inch sheets. We'd have this absolutely flat three-quarter-inch thick, three-foot-square glass plate at the right temperature and we'd have the building the right temperature. We had a roll of foam tape about an eighth of an inch thick. We had the glass scribed for the shape and the dimensions and we had it levelled. We'd get all the tape on and then we'd just mix up a coffee pot with Knox gelatin, the LSD, a little alcohol, and water and stir it up

with a stirrer for quite a while. Then the chemist would just pour it around and get it so it would run into the corners.

Looking at it under ultra-violet light you'd get different intensities. They were fantastic. Acid crystals... acid flowers. Probably not many people in the world have seen those."

THE SCIENTIST OF SERENDIP

"I was walking down Grant Avenue one day trying to figure out how to increase production (the machine I had then cut 500 hits at a time) and I saw one of these pasta-making machines. They have two rollers that roll on each other and the sheets go in and the strips come out. So I built one of those, a machine that cut three-and-a-half grams a minute. All brass. It had a guillotine. The guillotine drove the blade and carried the shuttle so that the little hits would all stay right where they should. We made them a tenth-by-a-tenth-by-a-seven-thousandth. The quality was always the same... 250 micrograms. People would cut them into four pieces and call them Pyramids. The next machine I was building, which was almost completed before the cops got it, was going to make the hits a quarter of the size you're familiar with a fifty-thousandth-by-a-fifty-thousandth-by-a-seven-thousandth. Difficult to cut. These guys wanted everybody to get the full blast.

We only charged a thousand dollars for a gram. That was 4000 hits. Two bits a hit. We put out a price that anyone could afford. At two bits apiece, we were still making a lot of money. And we thought we were going to end the wars. If enough people could take it, they would see through the bullshit. We sold half-a-million dollars worth a month. It came in hundred dollar bills. We'd take them and weigh them. There'd be no hundred dollar bills in San Francisco when we'd be dropping a load. The loads would be in Halliburton briefcases with combination locks, three boxes inside each. I had them made down on Townsend Street. You had to lift one up in the right direction and



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hold it for awhile and it would slowly open. And then you still had to hold it up in another direction for awhile for it to slowly open again. It had white French regal brocade on the paper. It was really nice paper. It looked like a gift from Gumps. Each box held 26 packages the shape of cigarette packs. The packs contained 20 glass vials which held 200 hits each. I'm deathly against smoking, but I used this shape so the packs could be carried in your breast pocket without drawing attention."

CAPT. CLEARLIGHT ON OTHER SUPERHEROES

"Albert Hofmann appeared to be tremendously healthy, about seventy-some-years-old. Kind of square. Not redneck, but straight. He specialized in being happy and open. I asked him if he took LSD very often and he said, 'Oh, now and then.'

I asked him what he thought of what we did. He said, 'Well, it puts a lot of people at risk, people who haven't prepared themselves properly for the trip.'

Owsley I met at a Renaissance Faire. I was sitting waiting for someone and he was, too. Neither of us knew who the other one was. We were both waiting for the same guy. We were sitting in his booth at the Renaissance Fair. (He made bags, as I recall). He asked me, 'What are you into?' and I said, 'Oh. Little squares.' He knew instantly. He said, "My name is Owsley."

I introduced Owsley to his sixteen-year-old daughter who he didn't know existed. Some ladies had got ahold of me and said, 'We know this girl who has a daughter by Owsley.' He didn't know about her at all."

CAPTAIN CLEARLIGHT MEETS THE IDYLLWILD ALIENS

"I had a house in Idyllwild, a beautiful house. It looked like Snow White's house with shingles wrapping around the eaves, a lot of trees, brick walls, big, big parking area... they parked three flying saucers in my parking area.

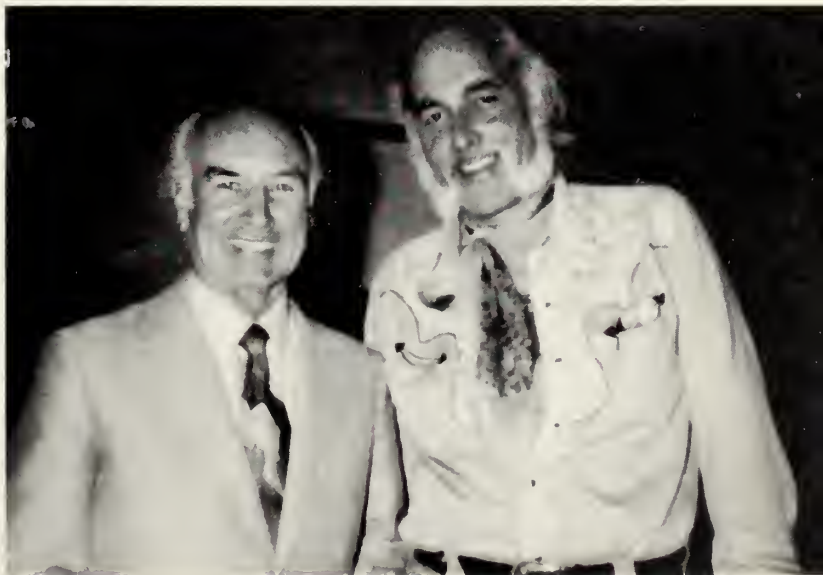
They looked like Tibetans. I'm sure they were from Tibet. They looked like they really had their shit together. One of them seemed like the leader; he had something strange on his hat or his jacket, like a couple of brass balls or a couple of horns. The crew looked like your standard bunch of Highway Patrol Cops, just standing around;

I was thinking "...if they've got uniforms, they've probably got guns. They're just waiting to have me on toast."

they weren't smoking cigarettes or taking a leak. Sitting in bed I could just see the tops of a few vehicles out there, all the same colour, kind of silver-olive drab, and the guys had brown uniforms; no big thing — the Marines are always running around somewhere. I assumed they were military. When I saw that they were Orientals, I stood up to look out and I saw flying saucers.

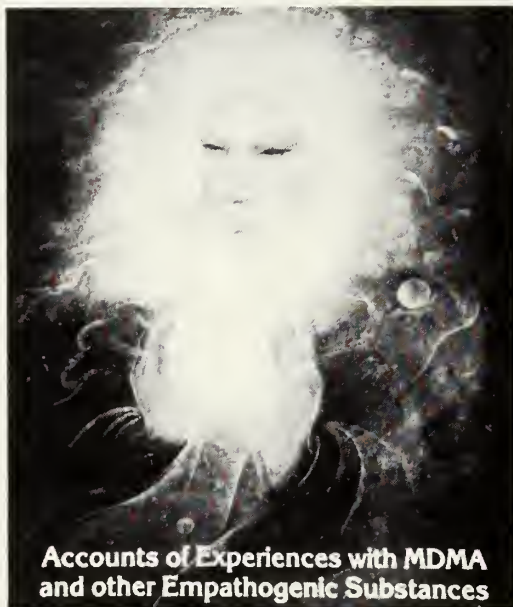
The girls were freaking out and telling me, 'don't go out there!' I was their ride to L.A.; without me they were stuck on the mountaintop. Everyone else from the party was gone.

I went over to the back door with my sack of traveling cash and threw it out into the



*The Captain and
Albert Hofmann*

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brambles and stickers. I was thinkin', 'well, shit, if they want me and if they've got uniforms, they've probably got guns. They're just waiting to have me on toast.' I'm contemplating what to do. I just sat down on the bed with the girl.

I became aware that there were five people in the room. I looked at the first one, blinked my eyes, and when I opened them again, I didn't see the person where I'd been looking and I thought, 'Well, *that's* pretty interesting.'

Their insides looked semi-translucent or transparent — it was like they didn't have a lot of water in 'em. They were like crystal electrical beings. Perfect. Beautiful. They must have been dressed like I expected them... either Roman, Grecian, or Manhattan. They looked sort of androgynous. So I thought, 'Well, I'd better pay attention.' So I looked intently at the next one and woke up out in the front yard what I thought was four hours later.

When I got the girls to the airport the next day they were really freaked out. They freaked out because they saw a newspaper and realized we had actually lost a day. They didn't want to talk about it at all." Ω

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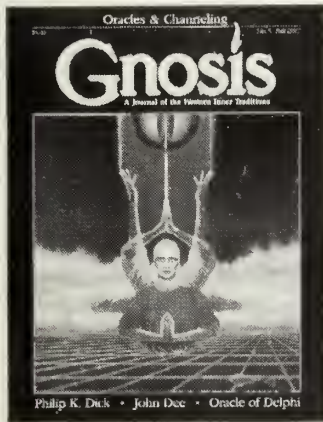
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The CIA, LSD and the Occult

Martin A. Lee is the author, with Bruce Schlain, of the bestselling book *Acid Dreams*. Here he talks to *High Frontiers* about some of the bits he left out of the book. In a recent telephone conversation, Marty continues to speculate — on the connection between Italian Fascist philosopher Julius Evola with his “spiritual warrior elite”, René Guénon (the French esotericist) and mescaline; on the reported fascination with psychedelics by Sartre, Maurice Merleau-Ponty and Henri Michaux. The links are intriguing if difficult to pin down. Clearly though, by the 1930’s, an awareness of hallucinogens had spread through artistic and literary circles in Berlin and other European capitals. Founded on the German Romantic fascination with delirants like henbane, it was fueled by Lewis Le-win’s *Phantastica* and Kurt Beringer’s *Der Mescalinaurausch* (1927). German Expressionist poet-physician Gottfried Benn described the “cerebral oscillations” produced by alkaloids in “*Provoked Life: The Anthropology of the Ego.*” Klee, Klüver, Hesse, and Jung round out the list of luminaries who reportedly dabbled in hallucinogens.

All this merely contextualizes the real heavy-duty experimentation with psychedelics which Joseph Borkin stumbled on in researching *The Crime and Passion of I.G. Farben*. A discovery which Borkin left out of the book was that I.G. Farben maintained, throughout the 30’s, a special secret division devoted to research on psychotomimetic agents. In *Acid Dreams*, Martin Lee detailed the Nazi mind control experiments with mescaline carried on by Nazi doctors at Dachau. Here he raises the interesting point that LSD, first synthesized in 1938, actually fell into the ambit of I.G. Farben when they gobbled up Sandoz that same year. Curiouser and curiouser! And what about the occult bureau within the Third Reich called the *Ahn-erbe*? And the secret societies operating within our own industrial and intelligence communities? Read on!



ILLUSTRATION BY TIMOTHY BERGLUND

HIGH FRONTIERS: Your book brought to mind the Seven Faces of Dr. Lao. It was like an allegory about human folly. LSD is the mysterious stranger who comes to town and everybody relates to him in their own strange way. They all get to manifest their character flaws and their positive traits in an intensified way through their interaction with him. I thought that, of all the characters in your book, LSD came off the most admirably. In doing the book, what did you learn about the nature of reality and about human beings?

MARTY LEE. It showed me that human beings have a fantastic capacity for self-deception. As to mystical implications of the LSD experience, I wouldn't want people who read the book to come away with the idea that those people who thought it was a sacrament got it wrong. And I would not want them to come away thinking that the perception of the infinite is beyond the grasp or is not the business of people in general. I would suggest quite the opposite. The drug, in and of itself, may not be a sacrament, but it *does* produce mystical experiences. I'd say that these experiences aren't inherent in the drug, they're inherent in ourselves. If it's an ecstatic drug, it is because we are capable of experiencing ecstasy. If it's an insightful drug, it is because we have insights waiting to be born. And if it yields mystical perceptions, it is because we have that potential for mystical perceptions. So, if anything, it reaffirms something very basic about human nature which cuts across all cultures and all times and that should not be beyond the grasp of people. It should be everybody's birthright to have those kinds of experiences and perceptions. This, of course, does not necessarily require a drug. But LSD certainly makes it easier or quicker. So I don't want people to come away thinking that the people who had profound mystical experiences got it all wrong. On the other hand, I wouldn't want people to think that the CIA got it wrong in seeing LSD as an anxiety-producing drug.

I came away from your book with this thought; when people try to put their own stamp on the psychedelic experience — and use it, either as a tool or a weapon — it becomes problematic. It's too unpredictable and doesn't conform to human goals, however noble.

I can easily understand how people like

...the CIA was like an unwitting midwife in the birth of the acid generation

Leary can assume that, because they've had these incredible experiences, that the experience is inherent in the drug and everyone else will have similar experiences. They were mistakenly attributing the experience to the drug rather than their own minds. Once you're thinking that way, the idea becomes to make this available to as many people as possible and then they will automatically share certain perceptions that will be interesting, insightful, helpful, positive perceptions. Things can only get better. I can understand how people could get into something like that, particularly when they had television and other mass media at their disposal. Not only did they have this substance that seemed to be guaranteed to produce a certain kind of positive experience but they also had the media at their beck and call. So they could get the message across just like that.

It was the combination of these two factors... for the first time in human history, you have massive amounts, millions of doses of a hallucinogen (a synthetic hallucinogen which is effective in minute amounts so that the potential supply is virtually unlimited, whereas previously you had only natural hallucinogens) and also for the first time you have social movements interacting with this powerful new perceptual technology, television, in a way

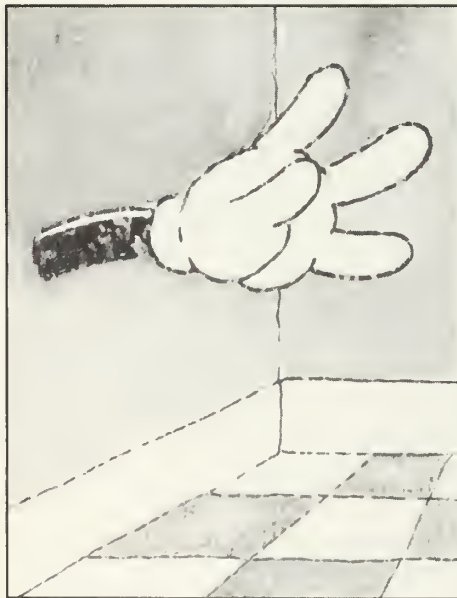


that has no precedent for the species. So you have these two powerful perceptual technologies intersecting, colliding with social movements. It created a situation which was so interesting and full of promise that people did not realize the pitfalls. Maybe

on the next go-around they would not make the same mistakes.

• *What made you want to begin research in this subject?*

I had participated somewhat as an "activist" at the tail end of the 60's and I identified strongly with both the political and cultural upheavals of that time to the extent that one can appreciate such matters at fourteen. I had an inherent interest in terms of this being my background or



roots. So part of it was trying to understand something about me and something about the culture which would shed light on something about me. It's historical and personal. I had a personal interest in understanding this. In terms of the CIA stuff, that grows from literary and journalistic interests.

Did that interest arise after the Church Committee as a result of the public testimony that went on there?
A little bit before. I was interested in the

Kennedy assassination.

You were researching the Lee Harvey Oswald aspect of that?

Yes, with some friends — we were working on a group called the Assassination Information Bureau. It was a legitimate, albeit poorly funded, grass roots group. We did some good work there against all odds. While we were down in Washington, everyone got into areas that seemed related to the question of the Kennedy assassinations. And I got into drug testing, mind control, initially thinking this would throw light on the whole assassination question, Mafia plots against Castro, things like that. Eventually I got much more interested in understanding what was happening with the CIA and drugs.

Very early on, I postulated the question, "What is the relationship between the subterranean CIA business and the counterculture sixties stuff?" I had a hunch that there was some kind of relationship and, by studying it, I might throw some light on what happened in the 60's. I wasn't thinking that there was some grand conspiracy where the CIA manipulated everything, but just thinking that there was an important relationship here.

You've been making it very clear in your lectures that your investigation of the whole relationship of the CIA to the psychedelic explosion has not led you to conclude that the CIA was behind it all but rather that the cat got out of the bag and then, once it did, the CIA did their best to keep an eye on it, control it, manipulate it... do all the things you'd expect spooks to do. But a lot of the people who read the book come away thinking that the whole psychedelic counterculture thing was just a CIA plot. Some conspiracy freaks are even saying that Leary was CIA.

That's terrible. I spent a lot of time talking to Tim and I really like him. In some ways the CIA was like an unwitting midwife in the birth of the acid generation. Leary himself likes to say that the CIA started everything but that's just a touch of Learyesque hyperbole.

As I see the picture, you have certain streams feeding into what is going to be the roaring river of the sixties upheavals, and one of these streams is the CIA army experiments. That overlaps with the scientific research community, mostly the psychotomimetic school. Then there are the legitimate aboveground researchers who are more of the psychedelic school, rather than the psychotomimetic school, and that overlaps with the literary circles, Huxley and so forth, and the Beats to some degree. The Beats form almost a third stream. It is a commingling of all these different streams that sets the stage for what happens. Granted, there are certain obvious sociological factors that make it a very ripe and fertile setting.

Did you ever suspect the possibility of there being some secret society, perhaps having some occult or magical purposes, manipulating the whole thing - the CIA, the acid... did you bump into anything in this area?
I did! And I didn't put any of this into my book, but I'll tell you. I have done research on secret societies and regarding the Catholic church, the Knights of Malta. I broke the story a few years ago about the CIA and the Knights of Malta. They are a very old order going back to the crusades, Freemasonry and that sort of thing. These secret societies do play a far greater role in history than most historians acknowledge.

First of all, everyone knows the Nazis were very much into the occult. There are rumors that Hitler experimented with peyote. We know that the Nazis experimented with mescaline at Dachau. Now consider that Hitler's inner circle was very much involved with the occult. They had an occult bureau within the SS called the Ahnwerbe. They were interested in the Tibetan stuff, interested in pre-Christian, Gnostic Greek pagan-oriented matters. These people appear to have been open-minded and receptive to the notion of altered states. The Nazis were really uptight about the Freemasons and tried to crack down on them —

they were aware enough to sense the power there.

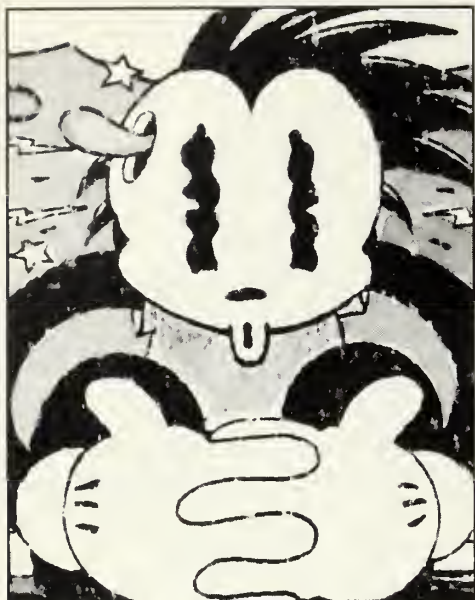
For the LSD story, Allan Dulles was in Switzerland during the war; at one point he was joined in Switzerland by Carl Jung, who had been in Germany up until 1942 as editor of *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie*, perhaps, the pre-eminent psychiatric journal.

...everyone knows the Nazis were very much into the occult. There are rumours that Hitler experimented with peyote.

That was when Jung, instead of talking about the collective unconscious, started talking about the racial unconscious and how Jewish archetypes were different from other archetypes. He started getting into some of that stuff. (I think there was a sleazy side of Jung, although he is an amazing figure, don't get me wrong. But there was a strange side to him that people like to forget.)

Jung worked with Dulles giving psychological assessments of the Nazi leaders and giving that information to the OSS. There is reason to believe Jung might also have experimented with peyote. He certainly was aware of such substances and had written about them and referred to them in certain contexts. I don't know if he had personal contact. It's quite possible Jung may have imparted to Dulles certain information about these chemicals, and it is under Dulles that the LSD stuff begins happening in a big way in the CIA. Dulles' assistant in Switzerland was Ann Bancroft, who was Jung's chief student at the time. (She has written a book, *Autobiography of a Spy*, published by Morrow.)

Something that I've given some thought to as far as the LSD story goes is this gap in time from 1938, when Dr. Hofmann first synthesized it, to 1943 when he discovered its effects. Before I go into this, let me put it



into context. I have no reason to doubt Dr. Hofmann's honesty or his story about how LSD was discovered. I hope to talk to Hofmann in Europe. We are really lucky to have him. A great guy. Such vitality. He is really one of the best advertisements for his product.

Nevertheless, there are some curious things that came up that I can't help but wonder about. One point of interest is that during the time when he made that discovery, Sandoz was linked, through cartel agreements, to I. G. Farben Chemical, which was the largest chemical company in the world and was really the backbone of the whole Third Reich war effort. I. G. Farben had extensive links with American pharmaceutical corporations. The legal aspect

of that link was represented by Sullivan and Cromwell which was the law firm Allen Dulles worked for. Dulles was in Switzerland not only as a spy but also as a businessman who was still continuing those links through secret associations between American corporations and the Nazis, which was all illegal and hush hush during the war.



I.G. Farben was so dominant during the war that they gobbled up everybody. Sandoz was a sitting duck. Generally speaking,

the way it would work is I. G. Farben entered into these agreements whereby they would have automatic patent rights to any new invention or discovery made by those corporations which were gobbled up by them through these cartel links. Therefore, should that apply to Sandoz, as I have every reason to believe it did from my study of how I. G. Farben operated, it would mean that at the time Hofmann synthesized LSD, technically speaking, that would have been the property of I. G. Farben, this monster corporation which was running some of the concentration camps and slave labor at Auschwitz, bad news business. What if Hofmann really knew all along what it was, or somebody else did?

Again, I'll put this into context. I don't believe that he is lying. But it is curious. It could certainly have been an accident, as Dr. Hofmann says. But on the other hand, even if the effects of the stuff weren't recognized until 1943, even then, technically speaking, through the patent agreements, it should've gone to I. G. Farben at a time when they were testing mescaline at Dachau. We can be certain that the Nazi high command was already aware of these substances. They do not just go testing such things without those very high up knowing about it and giving the orders.

Imagine if the Nazis had LSD? Or maybe Hofmann and company withheld the discovery for political reasons. The patent wasn't filed until 1946, three years after the supposed discovery of the effects. By then, the Third Reich was collapsing.

That is one story. There is another story which I did not put in my book. According to Captain Al Hubbard, Hofmann did not discover it in 1943, nor in '38, but much earlier. (Captain Alfred M. Hubbard was the spy who became the first Johnny Appleseed of LSD) According to Hubbard, Hofmann was part of a small group of people who were nominally connected with Steiner's anthroposophy group in the early 30's and they systematically decided and set out to make a peace pill to help mankind. They

saw the beginnings of the Nazi emergence, so they consciously set out to make something like LSD, which they did and then kept it secret from the world.

Now there is absolutely no evidence to confirm that, and Captain Al Hubbard is an exaggerator. Hubbard is an aggrandizer. He likes to be the one who knows. That's his character. But it's a curious story and I would not completely discount it. Hubbard knows a lot of things. The basic outline of one rather wild story he told a friend of mine proved correct, although some of the details may be exaggerated. This particular tale, I could not confirm.

Regarding secret societies — well, when you come down to it, the CIA *is* a secret society. And within the CIA, there are all kinds of secret societies operating. The Freemasons are in the CIA. The Knights of Malta are in the CIA, and other groups. These different secret societies are not just within the CIA but in the corporate world, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the FBI, the Defense Department, etcetera. These societies, if we understood them, might help delineate certain factions within the power elite.

I think it works on two levels. For the proletariat — for the rest of us — the Rotary, Masonry, doesn't really mean anything. But on the very highest levels, then you are dealing with very influential and powerful individuals. At that level, perhaps studying these different groups can shed some light on understanding different factions within the ruling elite.

I don't think that these groups represent vital mystical bodies or traditions. I think they're decrepit. They're like organized religion and don't represent a real mystical current anymore. They're fossilized structures.

I can imagine that if these groups have any mystical underpinnings and suddenly they're dosed with LSD, they might think... MY GOD! We've got the key to ultimate power now! That might have played a part in their enthusiasm for it.

My sense is that these societies have nothing to do with their original mystical roots. So in that sense they are not guarding mystical secrets. It is more like the secret machinations of the power elite. When you get to that level of power you know plenty of secrets but I don't think it has anything to do with the secrets of the mystical roots of Ma-

...when you come right down to it, the CIA is a secret society.

sonry. Now, certainly Masons are not supposed to reveal the rituals they go through. They lie in coffins with bandanas around their eyes, with pictures of severed limbs and heads dripping blood. But I think, at this point, it is mostly male bonding and such.

So, after all of this, what do you think about LSD? Do you have an existential or epistemological overview of what it's all about?

I'm aware that these views exist. I'm aware that people like Terence McKenna and Timothy Leary, and so on, have various models to explain these experiences.

Experience is concrete. One derives different metaphors, scientific or whatnot, to shed light on that basic experience. I don't have much way of responding to those theories. During this kind of social history research, I came to be hesitant to ascribe anything to LSD itself. I came away from it with a healthy respect for ambiguity and not knowing it all. Ω

Martin Lee is the Fearless Editor of Extra! which we heartily commend to all our readers. A monthly newsletter of FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting), it exhibits the same dogged investigative reporting as his bestselling book Acid Dreams. Write him at Extra! • 666 Broadway, Suite 400, New York, N.Y. 10012

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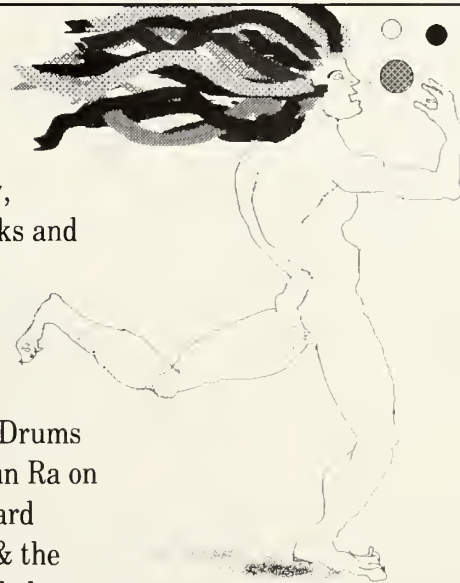
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Music & Consciousness Special Issue, Adrian Belew, Durk Pearson & Sandy Shaw on Psychoactive Soft Drinks and Designer Foods, Rudy Rucker on Cyberpunk, Mega-Mind Machine Reviews, Erotic Poetry of the Sixth Dalai Lama, Cris & Cosey, Gracie and Zarkov on Heavy Metal as Modern Mythology, **Raging Hormones** - PsychoSexology Column, Olatunji and his Drums of Passion, the uncaged John Cage, Infinite Survival, Sun Ra on Voodoo, Andrija Puharich, **Shamanic Giveaway**, Richard Stallman - Last of the True Hackers, Mystical Babylon & the New-Light Stirs, St. Silicon, Captain Crunch, and the whole Motley Mutant Menagerie and Cyberpunk Circus.



THE GOD I WORSHIP IS A LION
and I pray to him for
SPEED
POWER
&

COURAGE...

SYNAPSE BINDS THE MUSIC IN
DULL BAR HOLDS IT OUT
The meter is there,
in the shiplash of the throat.
It'll be a new image of God!
It'll be a new image of God!
It'll be a new image of God!

a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
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a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!
a new image of God!

Allen Ginsberg
sits on the grass munching
a tantric quatrain, surrounded by the Lost
Crusade to Free the Holy Land from the Fidel-
lovers and heads in borrowed necessities exorcise demons
in perambulation while God's own Police Force, those Troopers
of the brainstorm, our very own Hell's Angels, too hip to be pinned
down to someone else's Voluntary Mandrake-Mantra-Mandate
guard the lines of communication. Apocalypse on the grass!
Flowers! But wait: Allen tells us that everyone has
Missed The Point! Didn't they see the authentic
Buddhist priest, for the sake of God,
MEDITATING!?!...
Love from
The Anatolian Radio-Circus
And/Or
Municipal Rain Forest
David Gunguiser

From A DISPERSAL MANTRA FOR HIPPIES
by Eornom Yrrah

What else would the

LOVE A COP

TEACH A COP TO FUCK

HELLO OFFICER GERRANS, WE LOVE YOU

buttons be saying if it were
not precisely what they say.

Now what can I drop out of
Don't take your teaching pos
Ginsberg. Don't take my teaching pos
Cal... That's one way, but that
involves money. I need the money.
voice In Audition. You should ju
Ginsberg. But I've been giving in
Learn. See us as in the dark ages.
there are feudal lords and barons and
kings and dukes and so forth. And they
own the land because they've granted
and we're under bayonet point. We're on
Schyder. That's too paranoid.
Lear. On no doubt about that
Lear. The seed-carrying soft body
should not be embedded in steel...
I won't go to jail. No one should go to
jail. And I'm not going to provide any
kind of model for people to get their
spiritual purposes.

“...a dream of a newspaper with rainbows on it.”

ALLEN COHEN and the S.F. ORACLE

Allen Cohen is a San Francisco cultural treasure. His Oracle, (which he published and edited during its brief life, 1966-1968) remains the most colorful, playful, joyous and psychedelic underground paper of the 1960's.

His S.F. Oracle Multi-Image Slide Show, complete with commentary, was one of the best-attended and most interesting of the plethora of events connected with the 20th Anniversary of the Summer of Love.” Still living in San Francisco, Allen keeps the faith as a peace activist while earning his living selling hats.

The following material is excerpted, primarily, from the commentary that accompanied the slide show, with a few tidbits from an interview, conducted by Tony Seldin, which appeared in the latest issue of Third Rail.

A NEWSPAPER WITH RAINBOWS

“One night, in the spring of 1966, I had a dream of a newspaper with rainbows on it being read all over the world.

The political faction took the money and did the first issue of *The Oracle*, called “P.O. Frisco.” It had pictures in it of naked Nazi girls on couches, stories about concentration camps awaiting us in Arizona and articles on masturbation. Everyone saw that this wasn't what our vision, our hope and our excitement was about. So that faction sort of slipped away.

We wanted to destroy the subtle military-industrial influence over our minds implied in linear columns with its hoards of marching letters and lines and columns.

The Oracle and many of the thousands of underground papers were centers for a Renaissance of Art, Ideas and Poetry. Writers and artists contributed their work mostly for free. Many artists often preferred not to sign their names to their works. They felt that the works came through them and were not theirs, but belonged to the world.

There was an intention of communicating, stimulating and centering the psychedelic experience with both the form and content of the paper. *The Oracle* was intended to have a direct effect on consciousness. We felt that poetry had a linguistic purity and honesty that was a more direct communication than the linearity of prose.

The artist would create his work in an expanded state of consciousness with the intention of transmitting that state to the viewer of the art. So looking at an *Oracle*, could be a sort of occult trance experience communicated through the tabloid medium from one explorer of inner worlds to another, across the dimensions of space and time.”

HIPPIES & COPS: THE ANCIENT GAME

“The police didn't like the activity around the Psychedelic Shop, or free love, or poetry, or me, and decided to bust us all at once. As a pretext the San Francisco Vice Squad picked out Lenore Kandel's *Love Book*, a small book of poems about the



beauty and spirituality of the sexual act, using common names for our physical parts and much tantric and Hindu symbolism. The trial lasted 5 weeks as a parade of scholars, priests, nuns, sociologists, public health officials, doctors, poets, and psychologists testified on the nature of love and poetry. I brought roses to the courtroom from Jay Thelin's garden and gave them to judge, prosecutor, and jury. It was cosmic!"

TV ORACLE

"The question is how are we going to be able to capture the imagination of the American people, as we did in the sixties. The printed press is dead. I don't think you can get a message to a lot of people through the newspaper medium in America anymore. People are getting their major messages through the TV medium. We need a TV Oracle. We need a dramatic takeover with innovative programming. We need to get a hold of the means of distributing video images."

LSD REVIVAL?

"What would happen if we all took LSD again? I think the same thing that happened before. We wouldn't get any further unless we were able to solve the problems of cooperation and institutionalized *rigor mortis*."

RETROSPECTUS

"We successfully used the media to undermine the prevailing culture. We failed to change the institutions that make our societies indifferent to human need and to peace.

Without CoIntelpro and the FBI and CIA busting up the movement in this country, we might have had a revolution. We might not have been politically mature enough for that.

People often ask me "What were the effects of the Hippies or psychedelic movement?" I look around and I wonder what America would be like if we had somehow gone from



the grey-flannel-Eisenhower-McCarthyite-50's to the 3-piece-suit-Reagan-80's. The result of such a time-warp could have been a direct line to fascism or even holocaust without much resistance. The Beat and Hippie movements brought the creativity of an anarchistic, artistic subculture and a secret and ancient tradition of transcendental and exoteric knowledge and experience into the mainstream of cultural awareness. It stimulated breakthroughs in every field from computer science to psychology and gave us back the sense of being the originators of our lives and social forms instead of the hapless robot receptors of a dull and determined conformity. The freedoms that have become real to us cannot be beaten back. The values of compassion, creativity, social equality, love and peace will be victorious over war, fear, control and injustice. It is up to each of us to work together in creating a world that will survive and flourish." Ω

HYPERINTERACTIVITY TEARSHEET

Please fill in the following questionnaire (or a photo copied facsimile) and send it in to High Frontiers P.O. Box 40271, Berkeley, CA 94704 (Be sirius!)

1: Name (optional):

2: Address (optional):

3: Employment:

4: Sex and Species:

5: Annual Income:

6: You find yourself accidentally locked in the bathroom for a weekend. What would you prefer finding on the toilet tank? (choose 3)
 Reader's Digest Forbes High Frontiers Commonweal Soldier of Fortune Penthouse Covert Action Bulletin Scientific American Zippy the Pinhead The Pope Speaks

7: I own: a computer a television set a stereo record player or CD player? a VCR

8: What was the last thing for which you spent more than \$500?

9: You are at a party and are on your third glass of Cabernet Sauvignon. The host(ess) comes up to you, smiles, and tells you your wine has been dosed. What do you hope it is? (choose no more than two) a Satyriasis Agent LSD an Intelligence Increase Agent/Cognitive Enhancer Belladonna Quaalude Ritalin Steroids Tarantula Venom BZ Fly Agaric

10: List several hobbies of yours:

11: I go out for entertainment about once: a week every two weeks every month very infrequently never

12: I usually go out to: Films Night Clubs Dance, Opera, and other "High Culture" Events Professional Wrestling a Crack House Comedy Clubs

13: A list of my 3 favorite films:

14: I watch Television: several hours a day several hours a week very rarely never! several monitors tuned to different stations are on all of the time with the volume off and The Residents playing on the stereo.

15: A list of my 3 favorite TV programs:

16: I read ___ books per month.

17: The last 3 books I read were:

18: True or False: I Look Mahhhvellous! It is more important to look good than to feel good.

18: I spend ___ per month on clothes. I would describe my sartorial style as Chic and Elegant Deadhead Funky but Chic Hardcore Punk Totally Nekkid Brooks Brotherhood Slutty Nerdish

19: True or False: I feel Mahhhvellous! It is more important to feel good than to look good.

20: Do you take vitamins/supplements every day?
What vitamins/supplements do you take?
What else do you do for your health?

21: You go to a party hungry. You hope you'll find on the banquet table: (Limit of 2) Lox, Bagels, Halvah, and Knishes Hamburgers, Fries, and Cokes Fields of Wheat Grass Sculpted Spam Brown Rice and Sesame Seeds with Tahini and Seaweed Crudités with Aioli Ho-Hos, Ding-Dongs, and Jolt Cola Paté de foie gras, Bœuf Bourguignon, Chateau Haut-Brion, Salade Niçoise, Perrier-Jouet, Mousse au chocolat, and Chateau d'Yquem

22: I would describe my religious belief as: Christian Satanic Buddhist Satanic Buddhist Subgenius Bigger than a Breadbox Pagan Hollow Earth Agnostic Sculpted Spam Atheist All of the Above Other _____

23: Politically, I would describe myself as a(n): Paranoid Republican Terrorist Democrat Nazi Yippie Sculpted Spam Libertarian Practical Joker Post-Political Green Turning Blue in the Bathroom Communist/Socialist All of the Above Other _____

24: I would rather go out to dinner with: Allen Ginsberg Suzanne Sommers Fred Flintstone Oliver Sacks

25: What is your Power Animal? Tasmanian Devil Coyote Body Louse Lemur Phoenix Sloth Tapir Wombat Raven Dugong Stingray Bullwinkle Pit Bull Other _____

26: I find sex: Retrograde Funny Wherever I can Disgusting All-consuming Sacred Scary More Trouble than it's worth Other _____

27: OPTIONAL BONUS QUESTION

Describe your earliest peak-experience in 500 words or less.

The best response, as determined by a panel of huffy curmudgeonly semioticists, urban folklorists, and idiopathologists, will be published in *HF*. The winner and top five runners-up will receive a year's subscription.

THE RISE AND FALL AND RISE AGAIN OF ROCK AND ROLL

ALEX CAIN

It was twenty years ago that rock and roll reached its apex as a mass-movement social change-agent, twenty years ago that everyone in the world, it seemed, was listening to the debut of Sgt. Pepper's *at the same time*. In one respect, twenty years later, rock and roll as a mass-movement social change agent is as dead as a street possum. Witness Live-Aid, which everyone in the world, it seemed, *watched* at the same time. High ratings, big bucks, but by the next Monday morning — business as usual. No one dropping out of a system that perpetuates disgusting wealth and disgusting poverty practically next door to each other.

So rock and roll as a mass-movement social change agent is dead and, some say, so is rock and roll itself. It surely ain't what it used to be. We certainly don't live our lives by it anymore. Maybe a few punks and rappers and metal-heads do, but the rest of us? No fucking way. It is no more than an adjunct, a pleasant diversion from the problems of the day. I mean, who can really take it seriously anymore, on any kind of grand scale? We've got the new double-live Simple Minds album — they're gonna conquer America now, stadium by stadium. And they're gonna sing "Sun City" every night. Has anyone ever noticed where most stadiums are located? Can the folks who live near stadiums just fork out twenty bucks a ticket to see the bands who play there? Every stadium in the country is a home-grown Sun City. Maybe not by force-of-law, but certainly by force-of-money.

Still, despite the sorry sad shape of the rock and roll scene today, I hesitate to say that rock and roll itself is dead. I hesitate because I think of what Anais Nin said of the novel twenty (surprise!) years ago. "There

are frequent obituaries of the novel because (like the bad novelists) it is easier to kill off one's character than to diagnose him and solve his destructive impulses. So we kill off the novel because we do not like to say that it reflects the 'sick society' and that it reflects our divided selves rather than our integrations." (*The Novel of the Future*)

The future according to rock and roll is a no-tilt, ten-ball, bumper-pounding orgasm.

So again, it seems that rock and roll is dead *as a movement* — where it is no more than a fashion statement or a new dance step at best, simple-minded social-political babble at worst. But if rock and roll, like the novel, reflects society, then it must somehow also reflect the cutting edge, the direction in which we are moving. And if that is the case, the rock and roll underground should leave us feeling hopeful. For in the underground, diversity rules.

Like the world of William Gibson's *Neuromancer* and *Count Zero*, anything that can survive does. From the Butthole Surfers to the cyberworld lunacy of *Negativland*; from California to Des Moines; underground bands are thriving — and they only have two things in common — they don't give a shit about the status quo, and they've got life, energy, and power to spare.

The future according to rock and roll is unlimited freedom to *be yourself*, with the accompanying responsibility to find out just who you are and not prevent others from doing the same. The future according to rock and roll is a no-tilt, ten-ball, bumper-pounding orgasm of mutually cooperative individuality. Love on a level only dreamed of in the sixties; and as one of the great football fascists of twenty (surprise!) years ago was fond of saying: "The future is now." Plug in your guitar and grab it! Ω

Alex Cain is a science-fiction writer and rock and roll singer from Des Moines, Iowa.



PHOTO BY LISA McELROY

LOOK OUT!

THERE'S A BOWLING BALL ROLLING DOWN THE STREET

Camper Van Beethoven interview

LISA McELROY

The band who plans to ski Andorra and sail their own yacht club race during their first European tour has accomplished quite a lot in a year's time. Since their humble, but diverse, beginnings as pop-ska-folksters from Santa Cruz, Camper Van Beethoven has gathered a devoted college radio audience, toured the U.S. twice (once with REM), and have recorded three fine albums, two on their own label, Pitch a Tent. Their latest untitled release is full of verbal wit and psychedelic catch-phrasing. Throughout their triumphs (lead guitarist, Greg, sports new contact lenses) and traumas (the loss of a cherished guitar stand in Seattle), they remain one fun, neou-lined bunch. I interviewed singer/guitarist David Lowery and guitarist/singer/violinist/keyboard player, Jonathan Segel before their tour of the East Coast and Europe.

HIGH FRONTIERS: *Are you touring Europe because your albums did so well there?*

David Lowery: I really don't know how the records are doing over there. They won't tell us because that would mean they might have to pay us some money.

Jonathan Segel: It's way across the world, you know.

DL: In fact, because of the time lag, we can't play all of the songs because some of them haven't even been written yet.

JS: — That's right. When we were on the East Coast in October, we were still playing things off our first record. Out here, we play things we haven't even written yet. In Japan, they've already heard them.

HF: *Your latest album seems to be your most psychedelic, whereas your first album*

was more diverse, musically. Was that what you intended?

DL: This record (latest album) was recorded more in the studio. That's why it came out like that. We spent a long time recording and got into a lot of things like, "Well, let's record the guitar forward and the violin backwards and the reverb playing this melody with a tambourine..."

HF: A lot of your violin and country music sound like African music.

JS: You're absolutely correct.

DL: African fiddling is really cool.

JS: The intro to *Abundance (CVB, II & III)*, was based on this thing I thought I heard an African fiddler doing.

HF: Any videos out now?

JS: Peter Moody made a film to *Take the Skinheads Bowling*. It's really great, too.

SL: I like the fact that he did a video tour of San Francisco with this bowling ball rolling through all the places in the city in about five seconds.

JS: ... Lombard — it's the curviest street in the world, Chinatown...

DL: In Chinatown, he used a volleyball painted black. He rolled it down the street. You see it careening down the street and, in the background, you see this lady come out of this building. He says that she screamed, "Look out! There's a bowling ball rolling down the street!"

HF: Planning to play the Royal Palace?

JS: Yes. We're to be knighted there in the spring.

CVB have since returned from their European tour, un-knighted, but just last night I caught a new, partially animated video of Good Guys/Bad Guys on MTV. So you never know where those fuckers will turn up. As Jonathan once said of REM, "They're everywhere. In the refrigerator, under the bed..." Ω

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THE SWIRL ACCORDING TO CARP

A Meditation on The Grateful Dead

JACK BRITTON

It was vintage Carp all the way. Rich Carpenter danced around my living room doing his best Mick Jagger — even down to the long scarf, which he periodically flung across his left shoulder as “Sweet Black Angel” blasted out of the hi-fi. He had the pouting lips, the affected arrogance, and he slurred the words juuuuust right. I’ve listened to the Stones’ *Exile on Main Street* a thousand times since it came out in ’72, and I’m no closer to being able to decipher the words to “Sweet Black Angel” than I was when I bought the record. And Carp’s delivery wasn’t helping things. But I wasn’t about to stop him, because when Carp gets going you just want to sit back and watch. Carp *not* on psychedelics is a trip in itself, but Carp on two hits of Bloom County blotter acid — with Mr. P. Opus staring out at you from each little square — is really something. Especially if the Dead show he’d dropped for was a good one. And the one that evening at the Greek Theater in Berkeley was a hot one indeed. Sometimes, when the concert is only so-so, you get the introspective Carp at the end of the evening — not bad if you’re in the mood to watch a guy sit in a chair for three or four hours saying almost nothing. We have a saying: “The Dead giveth and the Dead taketh away.” And when you feel the paper slowly dissolving in your saliva, or the liquid drop sort of slides across your tongue like mercury, or the mushroom fragments form into a foul mush in the back of your throat, or the clear, powder-filled capsule shoots down your gullet like a toboggan, it’s anybody’s guess what kind of night you’re in for. But nine times out of ten it’s a great ride; if it wasn’t, you wouldn’t come back. Carp and I always go back. It’s not tempting the fates, really. More like going with a proven winner. If the Dead are playing West of the Rockies, we’re there, psychedelics in tow.

“What is it about the Dead?” I was wondering that night, watching Carp in his delirious dance. His belt was off now, and he whipped the ground in an uncanny mime of





Mick's sadism routine for "Midnight Rambler" from the Stones' '69 tour. "Mind the vase!" I shouted as the leather swooshed through the air with the rumble of some oversized Jules Verne bumblebee. "What is it about the Dead?" I asked, this time aloud, more or less in Carp's direction. "Why is it that the Dead's music is so perfect for psychedelics?" I was coasting in the final hours of another great mushroom high, a grin plastered on my puss. I didn't really expect Carp to reply. After all the answer was in my grin and I knew it. But the query stopped Carp's demon dance in its tracks. Without uttering a word, he tore the Stones album off the turntable and started fingering through a stack of discs before him. No point in protesting, I thought. There's usually a method to Carp's madness — better to go with it and see where we end up.

Mere moments later, Carp's eyes — all glint and twinkle— met mine. He raised an eyebrow in a mock-sinister arch, turned the stereo up another three notches, dropped the needle on the record and then shouted: "Here's why!" Instantly I recognized that we'd been blasted into the middle of "The Eleven," an incendiary jam off *Live Dead*. Guitars slashed against each other in heroic battle, seemingly ascending into the air above my very living room. The bass line riled across the fiery musical landscape and drums chug-a-chugged, spit-crashed and cracked, propelled, it seemed, by some mysterious force. And wheedling in and out of the lava flow was the birdsong of a diamond-bright organ. The music bubbled and undulated, the lead guitar repeating a riff again and again until it burst with supernova force onto the next octave plane and the rest of the band followed to start building it all again. I was breathless. And Carp was laughing, his eyes blazing.

"That's why!" he said triumphantly. "THE SWIRL! THE SWIRL!"

And I knew exactly what he meant. Things calmed down over the course of the next hour or so and that's when Carp, now coming down into that glistening end-of-L crys-

talspace, just started talking.

"The Dead are the only ones who play the swirl," he began, as a mellow Ry Cooder record bip-bopped in the background, its choruses of gospel singers occasionally punctuating our talk with little "Ooo-ooos." "In a regular band, the bass, drum and rhythm guitar move forward through the

"That's why!"
he said triumphantly.
"THE SWIRL! THE SWIRL!"

song in the same relationship to each other, as if they were three little trains on parallel tracks. The Dead's music doesn't travel that straight line. Instead, all the players move inside and outside of each other in an intuitive dance. No one is playing pure rhythm because they're all playing a rhythm. The melody might be primarily stated on lead guitar, but everything that everyone is playing at any given time is, in a way, an embellishment on the melody plus a rhythm. What I'm saying is that it's pure melody and pure rhythm. Get it?"

"Sort of," I said tentatively, knowing full well he was just getting into his rap.

"Lemme draw you a picture," he said, picking up a purple pen. "Think of the band like a little solar system, except, instead of the planets revolving around a fixed sun, they revolved around each other in random ways, swinging out of each orbit and into new ones, either around a single planet or even a





couple of planets at a time. “Sounds like you’re describing an out of control square dance,” I offered. “That’s not too far off,” he said. “When it’s all going smoothly — when they’re really at their peak — it melts together into a big ball of sound. You can still hear each element clearly, but overall, it’s that swirl.” He said the word reverentially, almost in a whisper. “And when they don’t quite have it together you hear a lot of banging around, musical collisions ranging from little fender benders to 100 mph head-ons, and that can build the swirl in itself!”

“Now, sometimes the music they’re playin’ is pretty straightforward and it’s not really too hard to grab some kind of handles and just bronc-ride it, but when they’re off the planet in a jam and the energy is flying every which way, you’re out there on you’re own — no sail, no rudder. It’s completely unpredictable, and therefore there’s no predicting your response to it, either. It’s the thrill of spontaneous creation and total propulsion into the unknown. And where do you find that in this day and age?”

“What psychedelics do is let you participate in the swirl. You can jump from planet to planet at your own speed in your own swirl, leaving thought behind. Because psychedelics both stretch and compress time — obliterate it really, if you’re lucky and it’s really happening — you become the swirl

with the band. Now I’m not saying you can’t get hints of that space without psychedelics...” His voice trailed off as if he’d lost his train of thought. Then he brightened: “But why would you want to?!”

He cackled that sharp Carp cackle and continued on his rave without missing a beat. “Do I have to give you the standard rap about the Dead?”

“Well,” I said, “what if I were trying to explain this to a non-Deadhead, non-initiate audience, say for a magazine piece?”

Suddenly, the door across the room slammed shut, and standing under the Moorish arch was big, bearded Tom Alyaso, resplendent in a black and white University of Zimbabwe T-shirt. “What are you doing an article on?” he asked as he drew a spliff out of a silver cigarette case. “Well, I wanted to try to explain why the Dead’s music is so perfectly suited to psychedelics,” I told him.

“Oh great. That’s all we need,” T.A. said, his characteristic cynicism coming to the fore. “An article that brings cops into the scene. How many times do I have to say it,” — Carp and I jumped on his sentence laughing ‘cause we knew what was coming next: “IT ISN’T COOL TO TALK ABOUT IT!”

“Yeah, yeah, we know,” I said. “Like the DEA has no idea that there’s still a psychedelics scene surrounding the Dead! When was the last time you looked around you at a Dead show? Narc-city, man!” OK, I was exaggerating a little. OK, a lot. But he knew what I was saying. If you’re cool, if you’re discreet, you’ll be all right. They can’t get in to see your brain... yet.

“C’mon Carp,” I said finally. “Give me the rap — in layman’s terms.”

“*The Rap* by Rich Carpenter,” he intoned solemnly, and then accelerated his speech so that it was almost a blur. I could see the speed lines coming off every “W,” every “P,” every word that raced by as he laid it down:

“Because-every-show-is-different-and-they-never-play-a-song-the

-same-way-twice-and-their-lyrics-are-open-ended-and-time-becomes-suspended-and-you-never-quite-know-where-it's-all-going-or-where-it's-been-'cause-one-second-you're-riding-in-a-Western-movie-and-the-next-you're-in-outer-space-and-now-we're-'Goin'-down-the-road-feelin'-bad'-and-then-you're-buttrockin'-to-Chuck-Berry-and-swinging-on-some-comet-tail-near-Andromeda-and-then-before-your-synapses-have-a-chance-to-cry-'uncle'-or-a-chance-to-say-'more'-it's-over-and-you've-laughed-you've-cried-but-daddy-o-I'm-here-to-tell-ya-you've-lived. Is that any clearer, Jack?"

"Indubitably," I said sheepishly, doing my best Stan Laurel. The record party went on for a couple of hours more — a glorious succession of Jimi, the Allmans, the White Album and even Laurie Anderson as dawn approached. We dropped the subject, 'cause actually T.A. was right. It isn't cool to talk about it. Not because it's going to bring a plague of cops on us, but because, if you're talkin' about it, you're not doin' it. And if that sounds like 79-cent Zen, you're right, but it also happens to be true. I guess, in the end, what it comes down to is this: the Dead's music was born in the swirl and over the course of 22 years, it's never really stopped. It's there to grab hold of, jump on to, dive inside of or gawk at in slack-jawed wonderment. It's trippier some days than others, more together some days than others. There are days when the swirl never quite gets up the steam to suck you in. And there are days when I don't have the energy to do any more than let it pass by... let it pass by. But the world is a better place for having the swirl—specifically for having an accessible and communal swirl. And whether you know what I'm talking about or not, whether you've seen it in action or not, you have to believe me that it's true. And the proof is that contented smile that seems to live permanently on Rich Carpenter's face. Carp knows. Ω

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DEADMANIA

PHOTOS BY LORD NOSE



"Why do you go to see the Grateful Dead?"

It's 1987 and The Grateful Dead have an album and a single climbing the charts. Their concerts are turning into mob scenes. Jerry Garcia is advertising Levi's jeans, *The Wall Street Journal* just ran an article about their economic empire, and the world's leading mythologist, Joseph Campbell, recently declared the Grateful Dead to be the antidote for the H-bomb. What's wrong with this picture?

America's neo-conservative trend is supposed to be the signed, sealed and delivered reality of our times. *The San Francisco Chronicle* recently dedicated an entire section of the Sunday paper to "The Death of Hip." Rock and roll is supposed to be made by long-faced, skinny, clothes-horses with corkscrew hairdos. Ollie North is supposed to be our national hero and "The Revolution" is a roller coaster ride at Great America ... NOW SUDDENLY, out of Edge City, comes ridin' the grinning skull 'n' roses with a message for America. "Reports of our death have been greatly exaggerated. We're *Coming ... coming ... coming around in a circle.*"



"a sense of community."



"the harmonic convergence."



"Only ones playin' that way."



Why not?"



"the girls take off their tops."



"only ones doin' it."



"Dress as you like, be as you are."

The Beastie Boys Don't Give a Fuck

— and they never did.
Only now they can let
more people know it.



by
Daniel
Rappaport

Illustration by
Charles Powell

MIKE D: If you're aspiring? Forget about it.

MCA: Forget about it, man.

MIKE D: The only reason we got where we did is 'cause we don't give a fuck.

By the end of the story Jay and I didn't give a fuck either. After two days of being submerged in the world of the Beasties, of trying to get in touch with the whole essence of what it is to be a Beastie, here we were after the show, standing in the middle of an empty Pizza Hut parking lot at one in the morning wondering whether we'd actually made contact at all. I knew I had a headache that could knock a horse over and Jay knew he had a seven hour drive to L.A. and a three hour flight to Austin before he would sleep, but neither of us knew if we'd got what we came for, the definitive Beastie Boys story, the story that no one else got. And if we could get laid along the way and get Jay discovered, that would be the icing on the cake.

In the beginning, the plan was fairly simple: We would catch the first San Francisco show, hang out backstage and soak in the scene a little, and then party after the show with the Beasties and the entourage of beautiful girlies that could be expected. Then the next day we would interview them as planned in their hotel room, where they would spill their guts to us. But were there two comps waiting for me at the door that evening? Nooooo! As usual someone didn't have their shit together. And were the people at Wolfgang's solicitous and helpful in correcting the matter? Of course not: everyone was a professional asshole that evening. And what does Wolfgang's do when they oversell a show? What else — cancel the guest list totally. "Hard Tickets Only! I don't care who you are! There is no more guest list!" Welcome to the world of the Beastie Boys. But hey, I can deal with it; I'm a journalist, a paid professional.

Someone should do a psychoanalytic study of doormen at clubs and the roots of their Napoleonic power trips. Fortunately, even Napoleon could be swayed by a beau-

tiful woman. Guest list or no guest list, no doorman can refuse the pleas of a shapely girl with big sad puppy eyes, especially the one we hooked up with that evening. Even Bill Graham himself, the Walt Disney of Rock and Roll, couldn't say no to Jennifer that evening. Unfortunately, after the show, Jennifer and her friend had no problem

**"This is the Safe Sex Tour, 1987.
We get twelve condoms
per night on the rider."**

saying no to Jay and me. But before I go into the major rag about how nothing went right that evening I'll just end it by saying that nothing went right that evening. We only caught the last two songs; there was no partying after the show, and as the Beasties' plans had changed, if we wanted to interview them, we would have to follow them down to Cupertino, a town so hip that they think MTV is counter-culture.

We meet Mike D, Michael Diamond

SEAN: (the Beastie's road manager) These dudes are from *High Frontiers*.

MIKE D: *High Times?*

DAN: *High Frontiers.*

MIKE D: *High Times!*

We meet MCA, Adam Youch

SEAN: (to Mike D) You been smokin' herb in here?

MIKE D: No, Ricky (pointing toward the miscreant) was. (Then, referring to us) This is Hicky and Dicky. That's, uh, Ricky and Adam...

MCA: What are your real names?

JAY: *Jay.*

DAN: *Daniel.*

MIKE D: This is Ricky. Ricky's a star, and herb coordinator on the tour, coordinates our bongos...

MCA: You don't really go by those names,

do you?

MIKE D: — Buzbees... (a combination frisbee and bong invented by the Beasties)

DAN: No, never.

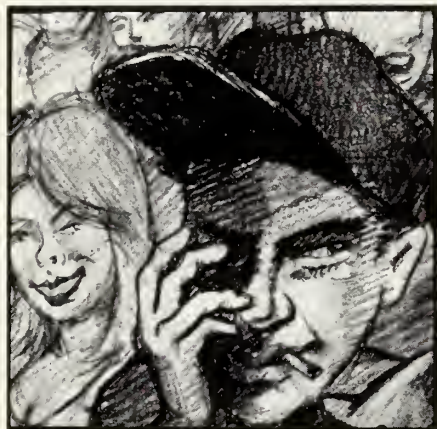
MCA: Mikey made that up?

MIKE D: Ya.

MCA: That's pretty —

DAN: *Could you put it into a rap song about us? I mean, you're gonna write a song about us when you're done, right?*

MIKE D: Yaaa.



King-Ad-Rock (Adam Horowitz, son of the playwright, Israel Horovitz,) the third member of the terrible trio, was ill, according to MCA, with a huge herpes sore on half his face and wouldn't be able to talk to us.

I guess at this point I should explain who the Beasties are and relate some of the pertinent information about them to you, the reader. But that would be a waste of my time. After all, if you still think that rap is a black talk show then you're a lost cause, and if you know better, then why should I bore you?

JAY: *Everything written about you says that this is your debut album, which it is, but you guys have been around for a while and...*

MIKE D: Six years —

MCA: I think the answer to that question is best answered with a... "yes".

DAN: *Do you want to elaborate on it?*

MIKE D: No, we're not "yes" men.

DAN: *You're "no" men? You're not men?*

TOM: (a close friend of the Beasties who travels and works with them) They can't really be classified at all, I think.

DAN: *As men?*

TOM: Excuse me?

DAN: *(enunciating) As men?*

MIKE D: "Yes" men?

TOM: S and M.

MIKE D: No, we're not talking about S and M!

DAN: *So you guys aren't pissed that everyone thinks you just started?*

MCA: I don't give a fuck what they think.

MIKE D: I don't give a fuck what people think. I think it's funny. We've been fuckin' playing together for six years. We played all the instruments on our album. People think we don't do a goddamn thing just because they think we're too young now to have done anything.

Perhaps a little background information is in order. In 1983, when they were still a hardcore punk band they tried to put together an album; however, after finishing the recording they realized the only good song was a rap song they had written as a joke called "Cookie Puss." They released it as a single; it sold out fast and is now impossible to find. At that point they switched to rap; their hardcore roots remained as an integral influence, and out of that dichotomy came today's Beasties, the attitude, the sound, and the success, namely their triple-platinum album, *Licensed to Ill*.

DAN: *Tell me about the original title for the album, Don't Be a Faggot. Who canned it?*

MCA: Wait a minute! You guys aren't here from the homosexual community, are you?

DAN: *No, we're from Berkeley. We're not from San Francisco.*

MIKE D: 'Cause we were warned about that.

DAN: *No, no, no.*

MIKE D: They're out to get us now.

TOM: Who's a homosexual?

MIKE D: Well, you are Tom, but... They're out to get us. It's plain and simple.

DAN: *Well they do want to know... in fact they specifically asked us to ask you if you were into safe sex practice?*

MIKE D: This is the Safe Sex Tour, 1987. In fact, we get twelve condoms per night on the rider.

(MCA pulls out some condoms.)

MIKE D: Wup, and there's a fine sample.

MCA: (to Dan) You want the red one or the blue one?

DAN: *The blue one. It's for boys.*

MCA: No, red's for boys also; pink is for girls.

Obviously, establishing a comfortable friendly rapport with the media is not the Beasties' major concern. They have a reputation for trashing reporters, trashing hotel rooms, and trashing anything else they feel like trashing, including Dick Clark. You see, Dick didn't like the Beasties playing with their dicks on American Bandstand.

**See Dick try to cut
the Beasties' second song.**

Cut Dick cut.

**See the Beasties kick
the microphone away from Dick.**

Kick Beasties kick.

It beats the hell out of prime-time, but you can rest assured Dick will not be re-playing it on "TV Bloopers". The only reason they weren't banned from CBS records in New York for allegedly stealing a camera is because they have CBS's top selling album. I'm still hoping they'll sign a closed circuit deal for a live telecast of "The Beasties Meet Robin Leech"; he deserves to have his Rich and Famous ass kicked.

(A man with a television camera is walking around the bus looking for a shot inside.)

MCA: Imagine if I run out here and kick this guy with the video camera in the back of his fuckin' head. Bastard. Fuckin' chink!

(MCA opens the door to the bus and hangs out and yells.)

MCA: Hey, get the fuck outta here, huh! Get him outta here! (He threatens to throw a half empty glass bottle of club soda) Hey! Hey!

TOM: Throw it, man!

MCA: Hey, get outta here you bastard!

TOM: Throw it, Youch (MCA) . That's Youch's father.

(MCA shuts the door and sits down.)

Okay, so maybe it was an absurd deluded fantasy to think that they would identify with us, let down their guard, drop the act, and

open up to us. Interviews with the Beasties generally do not read like Oriana Fallaci or resemble *My Dinner with André*. Yet Jay and I were a lot like them; you know the type, the East Coast-obnoxious-liberal-Jewish-middle-class-intelligentsia. Like Lou Reed says, "I don't wanna be a fucked-up middle class white Jewish college student

"See, I feel as though I'm sort of a graduate of my own elevator in my own mind hotel."

anymore; I just wanna have a stable of foxy little whores. Yeah, I wanna be black!"

MCA: Shawn, how did these guys get in here anyways?

SEAN: What?

MCA: These interviewer guys. Are you sure their credentials are all there?

DAN: *My credentials are all there.*

MIKE D: Are you sure these guys are on the up and up?

SEAN: Bill Adler set it up.

MCA: I don't know, I don't trust either of you guys.

DAN: *You don't trust me?*

MCA: You guys know Bill Adler?

DAN: *I called him on the telephone. I told him I wanted to steal some of your cameras and stuff.*

MIKE D: How'd you talk him into giving you an interview with us?

MCA: You know, it's a very exclusive thing.

DAN: *To have an interview with you?*

TOM: Did you have sex with Bill Adler?

DAN: *I did not sleep with Bill Adler.*

MIKE D: You had sex with Bill Adler.

DAN: *I really didn't. I slept with Bill Adler's girlfriend.*

MCA: All right!

DAN: *And I told her that if she didn't get Bill to get me an interview...*

MCA: She's pregnant, you bastard!

MIKE D: You slept with an eight month pregnant woman...

DAN: *Well, for the inter...*

MIKE D: You're a disgusting man!

MCA: You're lucky the baby didn't just fall out on your dick.

TOM: It's gonna come out with a big dent in its head now.

MCA: Really, you just fuckin' fucked some kid in the head!

SEAN: He's gonna have smeg on his head.

MIKE D: You goddam baby killer! Nip!

We revert to the usual inane questions.

DAN: *Tell me about your college careers. Did you guys graduate?*

MIKE D: No.

MCA: Not in so many words.

DAN: *Where were you going to school?*

MCA: I went to Bard and Mike went to Harvard. [Affects an academic voice] See, the thing is, you can look at college in many different lights. There is the looking at college in the sense of actually attending it for four years and walking away with the diploma, and there is the concept of spending your time learning, and then feeling as though perhaps you have graduated from college, when even maybe the government wouldn't recognize you in that fashion. And this is the sense in which I feel that we've all graduated.

MIKE D: See, I feel as though I'm sort of a graduate of my own elevator in my own mind hotel.

MCA: Brain hotel.

MIKE D: That too.

DAN: *So what are you going to do with the money?*

MCA: I'm getting a Lamborghini Countach, (yawning) and a loft, and swimming pool —

MIKE D: I'm just gonna buy —

MCA: (yawning) Sit around the Jacuzzi-

MIKE D: I'm gonna buy a whole lot of condoms.

DAN: *Throw them out on stage?*

MCA: I'm gonna get like a lot of shit that everybody else wishes they had. Like a jeal-

ousy kind of a thing.

MIKE D: You know, it's funny, 'cause people always had envy of me when I didn't have any money, and now that I got that green, I don't know *what's* gonna happen.

JAY: *You've probably done so many interviews, if you want to just talk about whatever, I mean, if there's something you want to talk about...*

MIKE D: Well, basically what we're looking for here, all we want out of this tour is to make a lot of porno movies. All right, I can give you the basic thing, which is, we play all the instruments on our album. We are writers on every song, and we are co-producers on the whole album. So just get that credit, just get that right out of the way so people know we're not a bunch of bums. And, beyond that, basically all we want out of this tour, other than having a good time, is to make as many porno movies as possible. Because, you can't do that type of thing with your girlfriend, you know? So you may as well do it with like girls you don't care about that you're gonna meet after the show.

DAN: *Well what about the girls outside?*

MIKE D: Those girls are too young. No child pornography,

DAN: *No child pornography.*

MIKE D: Child pornography is right out.

When it comes down to the nitty gritty, Rock & Roll in the eighties is about three things and three things only: music, money, and teenage girls. And the Beasties had a plethora of the latter, especially at the Cupertino show. From every cute 16-year-old trendy in Silicon Valley to the crack dealers in East Oakland down to the last artist to see Warhol alive, the Beasties were *the* latest thing, the thing everybody was talking about, the thing everybody was listening to, and the show everyone was going to.

MIKE D: You think you guys will get laid, get hooked up at the end of the show tonight?

Suddenly I felt a soft warm young female body with long blonde hair curled up to mine. She must have hopped into the pit from behind. One of the security persons came to drag her out but I flashed him my pass and said she was with me. I was rewarded for a while with kisses on the neck and declarations of love, but that ended as soon as I told her I was not going to give her my backstage pass.

During the break before the Beasties, three really cute young punky girls who were standing below the stage sat down next to me to talk to their friends behind the pit. They were proudly displaying the "guest after the show" passes they'd just acquired. I asked them how they got them and one of them, no older than sixteen, lifted her white t-shirt, exposing herself to me and replied: "We showed them our tits. How do you think we got them?"

FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT

*You wake up late for school
man, you dont want to go!
You ask your ma, "Please?"
but she still says, "No!"*

*You missed two classes
and no homework.
But your teacher teaches class
like you're some kind of jerk.*

*You gotta fight for your right to party!
Your dad caught you smokin'
and he says, "No way!"
But your dad's still smokin'
two packs a day.*

*Man, living at home is
such a drag.
Your mom threw away your
best porno mag.*

*You gotta fight for your right to party!
You gotta fight.
You gotta fight.
You gotta fight.*

The Beasties don't pride themselves on the complex sublimity of their lyrics, but perhaps that's why everyone knew the words. You don't have to be U2 to sing a song like it's an anthem, and you don't have to be Dylan to figure out these lyrics.

MCA: Do you guys know who he (pointing

You don't have to be Dylan to figure out these lyrics.

to Dan) is? He was in "Sixteen Candles." He was one of the brothers that was best friends with Anthony Michael Hall.

DAN: *I was.*

TOM: I don't believe him.

MCA: I met both the guys. I was just testing how much of a liar he was.

DAN: *I'm a good liar.*

MIKE D: See, he's a fuckin' liar man. See, now I know that he definitely isn't a man, cause he said he was and he's a fuckin' liar.

MCA: So what are we doing here guys? Let's get this whole interview thing rolling. I'm taking charge, tape recorder and everything (he seizes the tape recorder). Okay!

Coda

[assuming the stentorian
tones of Jack Webb]

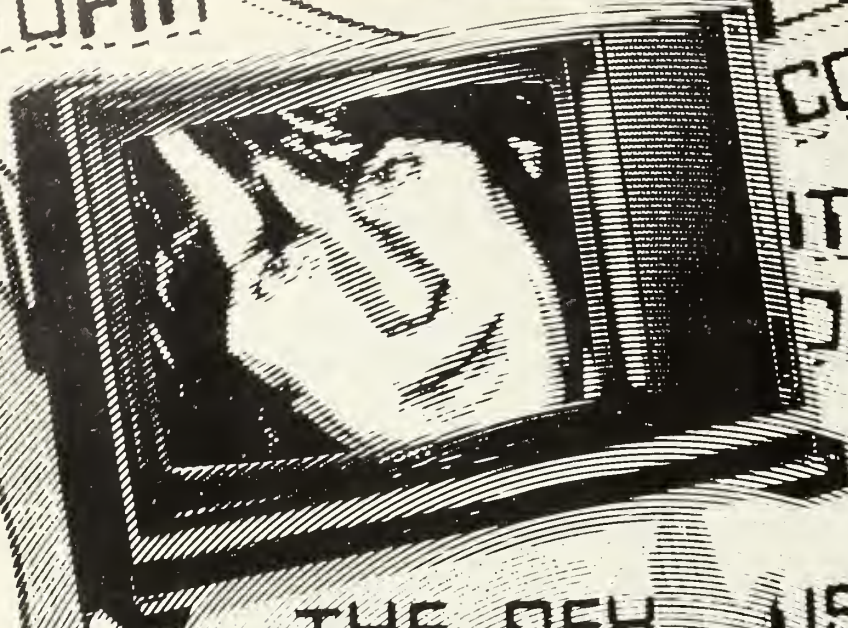
Rock & roll has always had bad boys. There have always been rockers with no tolerance or respect for society's norms. Spoiled and self-indulgent, they live without rules and wreak havoc in the lives around them. Blind hedonism and galloping narcissism drag them headlong down the path to perdition. Their youthful swaggering has not endeared them to members of the press who will privately exult in lost paternity suits, drug busts, passport denials, periodontal crises, embezzling managers and all the other little signposts along the road to Great America. Ω

UTOPIA

CORE ADDRESS

WITHERED JAGGIES

DOUBLE BUFFER...



...THE DEK US



???

"JOY STICH



IND
RE

TO

DESTINY DOWNLOAD

with Todd Rundgren

We now tune in to an informal exchange between rock star technomagician Todd Rundgren and teletch journalist Allan Lundell. It is the darkest part of the morning, just before dawn at the high tech wizards' gathering known as "The Hackers' Convention," high in the Santa Cruz Mountains overlooking Silicon Valley.

NIKOLA TESLA AND THE HORNY ARACHNOID ET'S

High Frontiers: What's the story behind that strange inverse triangular videcon teleprojection device depicted on your T-shirt?

Todd Rundgren: It's from a movie made in the 1930's, before the idea of television. Basically, the hero of the story starts receiving parts of a machine he didn't order in the mail, a big instruction book, stuff like that. Plus, he doesn't even know what the hell they are; the parts don't look like anything he's ever seen before. Well, he decides to start putting it together. Each new part he needs arrives in the mail right on time.

They finally got it working and it turned out to be a kind of future television set that picked up interstellar communication channels between extraterrestrials. In this movie, aliens came to Earth looking for people to help solve problems on another planet!? WHAT A JOKE! The human hero went to help a planet that was being bombarded by lassooed meteors heaved by these big arachnoid extraterrestrial insects that like to "manhandle" women. I warn you — It's really scary! And it reminds me of a real-life episode.

HF: What's that?

TR: I knew a guy who believed Tesla had



originally discovered anti-gravity and it had, somehow, been purposely buried in a New York City library. This guy claimed he had discovered Tesla's lost work and, for \$20,000, he could build a flying saucer. But in every other respect he was a totally rational, functional human being.

(Note: A man out of time, Nikola Tesla was a turn-of-the-century hacker and father of numerous modern-day inventions, including alternating current, and many radio and television components.)

HF: So, did he ever build his flying saucer?

TR: I don't think he ever got his \$20,000. I wasn't going to give it to him! Everyone has a passion. Some people's passions are well-placed, others aren't.

One of Tesla's theories was that you could set the atmosphere of the earth in electrical resonance and everybody would get free electrical power. The only problem is that anytime you'd get two pieces of metal very close to one another, you'd get a 4,000-volt spark! A small problem ...

TRILLION DOLLAR HEAD

They touch on the movie Brainstorms where a special headset technology was developed that transferred the real life experiences of one person directly into the brain of another.

TR: To be able to record the *sensory* information that somebody is experiencing is not incomprehensible.

Interview by
Allan Lundell

BioNerd (other participant at Hackers' Con): We now have the ability to noninvasively detect the activity of individual neurons in the brain. And did you know that we have discovered a huge amount of computer power within a single neuron?

HF: I've heard that a single neuron has direct access to the equivalent of a terrabyte of memory. So, at the present costs of chip technology, we could build a computer with many of the capacities of a single neuron for about \$250,000. And as our cosmic buddy Carl Sagan says so well, "There are billions and billions ..." of neurons in each one of us. And then there are billions of our species. Now, if we can only get system access...

TR: Yeah, we've got a trillion-dollar head. Decoding sensory information is still a formidable problem, though less of a problem than actually determining what somebody is thinking once that information has entered their brain. So the *Brainstorms* concept is not as preposterous as trying to figure out what the person experiencing the data actually subjectively thinks about what is happening.

MIND-MELDING AND MR. ED

HF: What do you think about actual telepathic experiences?

TR: I think there are mechanisms for that. There are communal experiences which evoke that as effectively as any machine could. When people get together with the intention to listen to somebody perform music, that is probably as much of a mind-meld as you are going to get.

*HF: Your album *Healing* seems to create a resonance between performer and audience.*

TR: I was really satisfied with *Healing* because I got pretty close to accomplishing what I set out to do. I was going through a clearing process myself at the same time as I was creating that record.

HF: Do you ever play with your voice and take on different accents to see how they structure your thoughts?

TR: I'm a singer so that's a given!

HF: So, when you are transmitting (speaking) on a different frequency, wouldn't it make sense that you would be receiving on a different frequency as well? Isn't it a different aspect of your being that comes through when you are singing than when you are talking?

TR: I guess it depends on the context in the same way that *Mr. Ed* may look completely stupid unless you are on drugs. Mind-set is an extremely important aspect of it.

SETTING AND SIGNIFICANCE

TR: Consider the inside of your brain as a specific setting. Some of the information that passes through your brain may have a great deal of importance to other people but no importance to you. Everything has significance in the proper setting.

That's why there are events like this Hacker's Convention. People don't pay one hundred dollars for the headache of driving up these mountain roads and sleeping on these shitty beds. They don't plan to go away with anything except a perception of what other people are thinking. Hopefully, there might be a consensus about some things. But even if there isn't, we're all getting a heavy download this weekend.

THE KARMA OF INPUT/OUTPUT

TR: In life, I hope to have left behind at least as much as I came away with. Then I won't feel guilty about exploiting anything I've gained.

Hacker: I hear the quality of your output is related to the quality of your input.

*HF: Or is it *Garbage In, Gospel Out*? In other words, perceiving the human organism as an energy conversion system evolving increasingly aesthetic forms of creation?*

TR: Now, I was speaking for myself. I don't know about the rest of you. I see the whole idea of creating your own reality as being selective about what you keep and don't keep. Ω

For more
information on
Todd Rundgren write:
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He's in Samadhi*

He's the most fascinating lover I've ever met

Was he a Martian?

Let me tell you how I met Glenn. It was ten years ago at a party at his house. He was a systems computer programmer who had been making floatation tanks for two years. He talked about things in a different way than anyone I had ever heard before. Not strange, just different. He questioned and explored things. Everything. The next day he called me and said, "I'm real scared of you, will you go out with me?" Obviously Martian talk. It was an offer I couldn't refuse.

Falling in Love

We went out to eat and talked and talked without noticing time passing. Just the pleasure of each other's company. He listened completely. He wanted to know everything. His enjoyment of life was endless. Being together was heavenly.

Full-time Samadhi

We wanted to be together all the time. We didn't want to go off to different jobs so making floatation tanks became our full time work.

Floating is amazing

We floated daily and something started to happen. We were feeling a new kind of loving and well being. The feeling was familiar. I'm sure you know it too. You feel absolutely alive and alert while peaceful and quiet inside. Sometimes you have it on vacation, getting away from everything and unwinding into total calm. Or you experience it with a group

of people when you all become an accepting, sharing, harmonious whole. Or you go backpacking alone, in nature's beauty, feeling the sense of awe and oneness with everything. A work project gives it to you. Total absorption in your task. Whenever it happens, you gain a new perspective on your everyday life afterwards. The common thread through these experiences is the feeling of unity, of not being separate. I know this is how I feel after I float. And this is the special way Glenn feels too. He's in love with the universe. You can see it in his eyes. They fascinate me.

An assisting factor

Some people heard about isolation tanks over the years and then thought they had disappeared. As any assisting factor that opens new territory, and doesn't get coopted commercially, some of us keep doing the research and spreading the word. The floatation/isolation tank is a first rate assist.

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MY DINNER WITH TIMOTHY

ANTERO ALLI

The Summer of Love lecture was over. As I walked backstage to set up for my scheduled interview with Timothy Leary, I was stopped by his press agent. Apparently Dr. Leary was under the debilitating influence of jet lag, lecture exhaustion and the Denver heat wave and so our interview was cancelled on the spot. Instead, I was invited, along with several others, to join the man for a late dinner. As I got into my car and wove through the downtown night traffic, fragmented flashbacks of contemporary American history flooded my memory. America, circa 1963... the unholy "sacrifice" of JFK, the mythic "White King" of our space-age future.

Everyone knows where they were on that fateful day and what they were doing when they heard the news.

Almost everybody who was around during the Sixties also remembers Timothy Leary. However, due to Leary's often wicked sense of humor and typically Irish tendency for being an incorrigible hooligan, his public image has been judged, smudged and defined accordingly. Unfortunately, this is also why many people do not have a clue as to his actual philosophical and psychologi-

cal accomplishments. Yet, one needs only to browse through any of the twenty books he has written over the last forty years to see the brilliant mind working behind that killer smile and adolescent public persona.

*These days, Dr. Leary lives in Beverly Hills with Barbara, his wife of nine years and their son, Zachary, thirteen. Here, he constantly confers with hundreds of professional artists, computer programmers, film directors, scientists, actors, producers, writers and other creative persons in a vast variety of inter-media projects calling for his expertise in what is now known in their inner circles as **cyber-punk**... the revolutionary interface of the human mind and advanced computer technology. Turn on, boot up and download...*

There he was, waving from the street. Inside the restaurant, coincidental music from the Sixties was blasting from a well-placed, quadrophonic speaker system. The environment had the look of a large, sophisticated pizza house with cathedral ceilings and towering windows, although it actually served soft-shell crab, shrimp creole and various assorted gumbos and pasta dishes. Everybody ordered drinks and, after they arrived, Dr. Leary poured himself a cold Corona, turned to me and asked, "So, what's up?" Without thinking, I nervously pulled out my mini-cassette recorder and awkwardly placed it on the table between us while non-chalantly asking him what kind of movie he'd make if someone gave him \$30 million to do anything he wanted.

TIMOTHY LEARY: I'd ask my wife first. On second thought, I don't think I'd make a movie. They're too cumbersome, structured like assembly-line, industrial-aged machines. I think movies will be passé in the near future when they'll be upstaged by more effective and engaging communication mediums. No, I don't think I'd spend the 30 million on a movie. I'd spend it on designing software and hardware for personal home computers encouraging us to

edit our lives better... to control our own screens. The last thing I want to do is control someone else's screen. That kind of imposition goes against the whole spirit of the Information Age. We're headed for advanced editing technology in the home.

SIXTIES ON NINETIES

Antero Alli: Do you think that the Nineties are going to bring the kind of cultural revolution we saw back in the Sixties?

It's a genetic, historic inevitability. The 20th Century is basically wave after wave of speed-of-light, quantum thought processes... from the birth of abstract art to jazz to radio to television to movies to compact discs and on into sophisticated editing facilities that will allow the individual the kind of immense creative and artistic freedom which has only been possible in major film studios.

POLITICS WILL BE OUTDATED

Politics will soon be outdated. People will vote with their money for the kind of personal quantum "knowledge appliances" they want. This is the next democracy...

The future is not with America or Russia; but with Japan. The losers of World War II are the future. This is because their military leaders have been totally discredited. So these countries have been forced to put all of their energy into producing silly things like consumer goods... great cars, great cameras, and great appliances.

REVERSIBLE DEATH

I intend to live a long time. I will probably evolve myself into some form of re-neutralization.

There are basically two types of death. There is the involuntary metabolic coma and that's when you're... klunk... gone! Then, coming up, there is a whole series of reversible deaths such as voluntary cooing or hibernation. I'm interested in those.

MVP — MOST VALUABLE

PHILOSOPHER

I'd like to be remembered as the MVP of the 20th Century... Most Valuable Philosopher of the 20th... no, 21st Century! (Laughter... clinking of beers... toasting) Here's to your health!

People will vote with their money for the kind of personal quantum "knowledge appliances" they want.

NANOTECHNOLOGY OF THE

8TH CIRCUIT

What's new with your 8-Circuit Brain theory and its applications?

Science has caught up with, and far surpassed, my vague, hopeful intuitions. The book *The Engines Of Creation* by Eric Drexler is all about the technology of the 8th circuit, nanotechnology. We will be able to stack atoms like we stack words in a word processor. Once you learn to stack atoms, you're building molecules. Then you can start self-replicating. This is a really hot issue now in the scientific community.

Drexler stayed at my house. No one in history can encompass this character. He might just be out of some kind of Mel Brooks comedy. Humor is *really* the revolutionary force of the future.

WHAT DOES WOMAN WANT?

Timothy, your book title "What Does WoMan Want?" sounds like a loaded question. What's the answer?

(whispers) Everything...

Only two people catch this and before the others succeed in getting Tim to repeat himself, the waiter arrives to take dinner orders. By the time everybody orders, nobody remembers what Tim said except the tape recorder. Ω

Antero Alli is the author of *ANGEL TECH: A Modern Shaman's Guide To Reality Selection*, *ALL RITES REVERSED: Ritual Technology for Self-Initiation*, and *The Akashic Record Player: A Non-Stop Geomantic Romance*; an upcoming novel.

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REALITY HACKERS: REPORTS FROM THE HIGH SCI-TECH FRINGE

The following segments are all excerpted from the first two issues of *High Frontiers Reality Hackers Newsletter*. Future issues of *High Frontiers* will feature an 8 to 12 page Reality Hackers section. Here is a taste of what's to come.

sirius' soapbox

R.U. SIRIUS

Welcome to *Reality Hackers*, the newsletter for those concerned with Access. The Reality Hacker hails the individual-right-to-know ethic and endorses the notion that information should be shared. She uses whatever tools are available to circumvent, break through or transform those programming glitches, bureaucratic obstructions and proprietary voodoo that limit the individual in her quest. The quest can be anything at all which the situation of being an embodied human being might have to offer. Embodiment connotes the reversal of entropy. As such, the Reality Hacker is in the front lines in the battle against entropy. But don't let it stop there! Legendary Berkeley-based Reality Hacker Severe Tire Damage is believed to have coined the popular and instructive slogan: "Reversing entropy is everybody's business." Here are some of the systems we will be accessing:

HACKING THE HUMAN BIOCOMPUTER

Reality Hackers are out to access, optimize and maximize the intelligence, energy, pleasure states, health and healing possibilities, visions, play and creativity, longevity, wisdom and humor residing in the brain, the mind, the nervous system, the senses and any other more subtle dimensions of the human biocomputer.

HACKING THE INFORMATION GRID

This concept actually requires a multilevel approach. There are those who are hacking the information of universe using the extensions of human knowledge we call technique and technology — our frontier scientists, mathematicians and philosophers. We believe that the sum total of all of the bits of information currently being received and processed by highly advanced human operating systems equals a total transmutation of the human condition into a higher level of ecstatic functioning. And we want access. NOW!

While the frontier scientist hacks into the information of universe, the evolutionary media artist hacks the information transfer technology and transmits the information being received by the frontier scientist. The unimpeded sharing of information accelerates the rate of human evolution by increasing peoples' intelligence and personal power allowing us to build upon and synergize one another's efforts and saving us from each having to personally reinvent the wheel. Conversely, secrecy keeps people "in the dark", disempowers them,

and creates information élites.

At the present time, secrecy, paranoia and proprietary attitudes are pandemic from Washington D.C. to Silicon Valley. In the post-Reagan era, we will see a very rapid and sudden reversal of this trend. Disinformation and information hoarding will be considered sociopathic behavior. Seen from an evolutionary perspective, disinformation and information hoarding are the major crimes against the species. In this context, the Reality Hacker is an Information-Age Robin Hood whose pleasure and duty it is to make certain that the latest breakthroughs and the hottest new information *not* be the exclusive property of authoritarian structures and information élites. Reality hackers promote self-government and self-determination by hacking the information grid and sharing that information with *everybody*.

HACKING BETTER TOOLS TO HACK WITH

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We want to hear from you! Add your intelligence to the transmission. Get in on the BIG HACK. The human species is about to get a major upgrade. Don't get left behind! Ω

LUCID DREAMING INDUCTION DEVICE

Romana Machado

Do the volatile and faint analog signals that our brains continually generate contain significant information about how we function? Can computer-aided signal processing and display technologies help us to extract this information? Through understanding the nature of the patterns of brain activity, can we find new ways to create the conditions that encourage optimal brain function?

Recent brain research is accelerating towards the answer to these questions. Previous approaches to the study of

the brain usually started with the medical or psychiatric model, which focuses its attention on disease. As a result, much more is known about malfunction than optimal function. For example, a fellow researcher complains that "it's difficult to get funding for the study of lucid dreaming because it's not a sleep disorder — it's like refusing to fund the study of intelligent thought because 95% of thought is stupid." Because of their expense, investigative technologies are often limited to clinical or medical use for many

ture and recognize that these are kundalini as far as anybody else saying "there's obviously going on here. Let's investigate." I don't know what is doing it. I'm doing it because these things



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Kundalini Relocates!

Kundalini Relocates was Reality Hackers' opening headline story. In an interview, Leonard Enos advanced a theory which anatomically localized the kundalini phenomenon in the lower brainstem and speculated on the relationship between kundalini energy and psychedelic drugs.

where the Indians maintain that these things are in the gross body. But then they go ahead and locate it in the spine and evolve an elaborate physiology.

The Indian model for the kundalini says that there is an ascending series of 7 centers?

L.E.: Yes. Their model is based on what they experienced physically. The symbolism may have been presented to them in dreams, trance or hallucinatory states. They perceived these centers as lotuses located along the spine. Kundalini is felt in the body, so one could easily surmise that these centers were, in fact, located in the spine. There has been a great lore for years where the Indians maintain that these things cannot be located in the gross body. But then they go ahead and locate it in the spine and evolve an elaborate physiology. Over the years, various Western authorities have

tried to equate these centers to nerve plexuses or to anatomical areas along the spine — the sacral, lumbar and cervical areas and so on.

It soon became obvious to me, that this was not occurring in the spine at all. It had to be occurring in that area of the brainstem called the reticular activating system. In the back of my book *A Key to the American Psilocybin Mushroom*, I first published the theory that if it occurred anywhere, it had to occur there. The theory was very crudely developed at that time, but I recognized it even then.

In order to really localize this phenomenon, one needs at least a basic understanding of these brain structures and of modern neurophysiology, and the functions currently ascribed to them. Kundalini is a very basic level of consciousness. It's connected with those things that keep us alert, keep us awake. It's a background phenomenon — it's not a specific phenomenon — and that's precisely what the reticular formation is.

The brain is so fantastically

complex that a case could be made for this phenomenon occurring in a number of different areas. In fact, I have other models besides this one. There are three or four different places in the brain where this *could* be happening. But aesthetically, and fitting the current data, it would appear to be occurring as a metastable special state of the ascending reticular activating system—not just the reticular formation proper, but also what they call the thalamic reticular activating system.

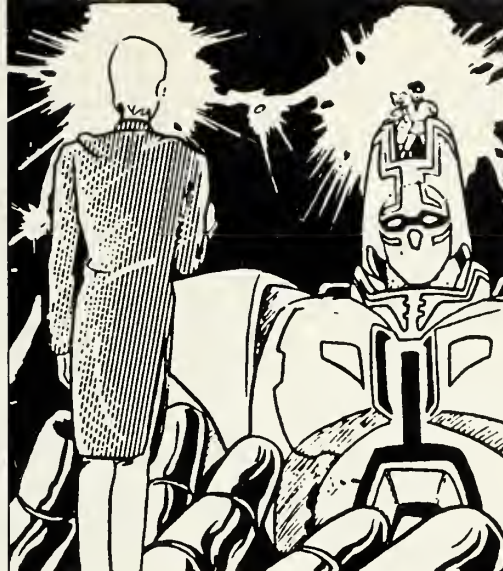
Over these last ten to twenty years, as neurophysiology, neuropharmacology and anatomical techniques have gotten much more specific and refined, it has become increasingly apparent that this chakra system could indeed be located in an aesthetic, satisfying way on specific areas of the brainstem.

Enos went on to specifically denominate these sites. This is but a fragment of the full interview which will be reprinted along with a sequel on Shaktipat in an upcoming issue. Ω

years after their introduction. Their use in other types of basic research can only begin long after clinical acceptance. Happily, our frustrating situation is ripe for change. Answering the interesting questions is rapidly becoming less expensive as the speed and power of computers increase. The idea guiding my work is to create tools for brain research that will be affordable for almost everyone.

At Lucidity Research Inc., a device is currently being developed that could be used by everyone to enhance brain function: a lucid dream induction device. Lucid dreams are dreams in which the dreamer is fully aware and therefore has the freedom to explore this commonly confused and unconscious fantastic state with complete clarity. Lucid dreaming has been proven by Stanford researchers to be a learnable skill. Our new device will help the ordinary dreamer to become lucid by providing a cue that will remind the dreamer of his or her intention to become lucid. Essentially, the device is a mask that covers the eyes. Sensors detect the eye movements characteristic of REM or dreaming sleep. When the triggering pattern of movements is detected, lights within the mask flash. Typically, these flashes of light are incorporated in the dream.

It really works! I had my first lucid dream while a subject in an experiment testing the device — on the very first night! In my dream, the lights became the brightly-lit face of the alarm clock near my bed, which I had just turned over to look at, assuming that I was awake. Suddenly, I noticed that I hadn't taken the mask off before looking at the clock. My hands flew to my face. No mask. I still wasn't sure that I was dreaming and I thought, "well, if this is a dream, then I ought to be able to do something ordinarily impossible like leaving my body..." Success! I was floating around the ceiling somersaulting in the air, cavorting with delight. Ω



fect permanent change.

I'm now developing a machine called the Ultron. To understand the

Ultron, you first have to understand the Hemi-sync. Hemi-sync works by giving you two sounds, one in each ear, that have slightly different frequencies. This difference produces what is called a beat frequency. For instance, when you put a frequency of 200 cycles in one ear and one of 208 cycles in the other, you cause an 8 cycle difference. The brain tends to track that 8 cycles. It tends to operate at 8 cycles. This causes the person to go into an alpha state automatically.

What I'm doing with the Ultron is transferring the same idea from sound, which only influences a small part of the brain, to electricity. I put one signal in behind the right ear and one behind the left ear. Effectively, we have one frequency going to the right side of the brain and a different one to the left side of the brain. This causes a variety of interesting effects. For instance, using a six Hertz differential at the endorphin frequency causes the person to feel like she or he just had an orgasm. This feeling lasts for a couple of hours. We're still determining frequencies on this. We have determined five definite, profound frequencies on this in the last 2 weeks. Ω

MORE MIND MACHINES FOR THE MASSES

In conversation with Ted Alsop of Mega Dynamics Incorporated. Ted investigates and markets the new mind technology tools. He can be reached at (213) 854-5959

The Indomax is my version of a neurologic therapy device somewhat like the device that Meg Patterson has pioneered in Great Britain. She determined the precise frequencies which cause the strong release of certain neurotransmitters. These frequencies have been determined in clinical studies, both with humans and animals. She uses hers in the treatment of drug addictions. I've found mine to also be effective in other areas including depression, chronic viral states... virtually any situation where there is an imbalance in the endocrine system. This machine can rapidly iron it all out. You see results within a 20-minute period and total results within a couple of weeks. It's permanent! With forty to fifty hours' use, you can ef-

NEURONAL MASSAGE MACHINE



Though less in the limelight, Charles Musès vies with Leary for the title of MVP (Most Valuable Philosopher) of the 21st century. His work on ultrasound, neuropeptides, and consciousness, though far in advance of its time, provoked a flurry of enthusiastic response when he presented it as the closing address of a plenary session at the Seventh World Congress of Cybernetics and General Systems held in London this September. Those interested in pursuing this groundbreaking research are referred to his chapter 26, "The Interface Between Biology and Quantum Physics" in *Self Organization* (E.F. Yates, Ed., Plenum Press, New York 1987). Here are some nuggets gleaned from a talk he gave at a High Frontiers Monthly Forum in May of this year.

Most of us are aware that there are huge tracts of unused DNA — "locked-up" genomes, in a sense — whose genetic functioning remains untapped. There are also, as we know, comparably enormous tracts of unused neurons in the brain. We, at the "Centre de Recherches en Mathématiques, Morphologie et Morphogénèse" — I and a merry band of real-time intro-nauts — are now seeking to induce the acceleration of higher-evolution feedback loops through gentle ultrasonic signals to the hypothalamic and paraventricular areas. These signals are, in a very real sense, "musical", and their emission is resonantly timed. The neuronal tracts we're ultrasonically "massaging" correspond to the neurosecretory areas governing metamorphosis in amphibians and the pars intercerebralis in winged insects.

Underlying this concept is the idea of

neuropeptides as the software of the nervous system contrasting with neurons as the hardware. Neuropeptides are the key to future evolution. The entire body-mind interface rests on neuropeptides. They also have strong links with the immune system which can counter novel antigens and rewrite on command, creating novel antibodies.

What we propose to do is use ultrasonic stimulation to unlock latent neurosecretory and genomal tracts. Some have estimated the untapped neurons in the brain at 90%. If these neurons could be triggered to secrete, we would have whole new peptides unlocking new genomes, and, ultimately, new powers. The specific areas in the brain that we want to focus on (in terms of releasing these new powers, this *Imago*, the butterfly of the creative demiurgic imagination) correspond to the area that governs metamorphosis in frogs and butterflies. This uncharted neural tissue lies deep within the brain. When subjected to the proper vibratory excitation, it can be functionally stimulated. We are now mapping out the effects of using different frequencies, carefully calibrating them, and keeping journals. We are groping our way around at the moment, being very careful to keep the frequency low enough (well below a Megahertz).

The concept behind all this is very much like the "Krell Mind Booster" in *Forbidden Planet*. Of course they forgot the monsters from the Id! We're trying to avoid all that. The emotions must become wise — we must develop what Pascal called the "reason of the heart" — or else we're wasting our time. Ω



THE ART OF SEXING QUARTZ

(PART 2)

by
Jabir'Abd al-Khaliq

Is your quartz crystal male or is it female? For more than a century, mineralogists have realized that quartz comes in two different genders, each with distinctly different properties — right-handed (male) crystals and left-handed (female) crystals. Until recently, crystal sexology has been shrouded in technical jargon and scientific mumbo-jumbo. Now, for the first time, guild secrets will be revealed to the public. Dr. Jabir 'Abd al-Khaliq shows how to determine the sex of certain euhedral crystals from their external form alone. Most crystals however are not euhedral and require more advanced techniques of sex determination. For these crystals, Dr. Jabir demonstrates optical crystal sexing techniques developed in his own laboratory. With this information and inexpensive materials from a local science shop, anyone can learn to sex crystals on their kitchen table. Part one of this two-part series appeared in Reality Hackers Newsletter.

The handedness or “sex” of a quartz crystal is due to the fact that its silicate molecules arrange themselves in long spirals all of which twist in the same direction. If the silicate spirals twist in a right-hand fashion — like the grooves in a right-handed screw — the crystal is right-handed (male); if the spirals turn in the opposite direction, the crystal is female. Such crystals are known as “optically active” and rotate the plane of polarization either clockwise or counter-clockwise, respectively.

A quartz crystal that possesses all faces commensurate with its internal structure (“euhedral” or “X-rated” quartz) can be identified as male or female from its form alone. The slightly subhedral R-rated crystal can also be externally sexed by examining the direction of striations on its faces. However the more common G-rated quartz gives no outward sign of the internal spiral arrangement of its molecules; the sex of G-rated quartz is hidden from the casual observer.



Dr. Jabir is an itinerant crystal sexer and long-time student of the quantum mechanics of everyday life. He can often be found plying his ageless trade along the bypaths and crooked ways of the Santa Cruz mountains.

In my practice I have examined thousands of quartz crystals and find that more than 90% of them are of the G-rated variety, their sex concealed. About one out of ten crystals displays the R-rated form with its characteristic sex-revealing striations. Less than 1% of all quartz crystals are X-rated: this beautiful euhedral form — openly displaying its mineral sexuality — is extremely rare.

The majority of quartz crystals cannot be sexed by casual observation. One must perforce resort to optical means. Fortunately the equipment needed for optical examination is inexpensive and small enough to fit in the traditional crystal-sexing pouch.

The essence of sexuality (for a quartz crystal) comes down to this: in which direction does it rotate polarized light? To determine a crystal's sexual orientation we need a few sheets of "polaroid" — a transparent greyish material that passes only one type of polarized light. The most common type of polaroid — called a "plane polarizer" — passes light that vibrates only in one plane. Plane polarizers are used in some sunglasses where their polarization direction (called the "easy axis") is oriented in the vertical direction. Polaroid sunglasses selectively block out glare which is generally polarized horizontally. The same polaroid film can act as a vertical or as a horizontal polarizer depending on how you orient its easy axis.

Another type of polaroid is the circular polarizer. Some circular polarizers pass light whose polarization rotates clockwise (right-circular polaroid). The left-circular polaroid passes light whose polarization rotates counter-clockwise, as viewed by an observer looking into the light beam. Circular polarizers are often used as anti-glare filters in front of oscilloscope or computer display screens. Unlike the plane polarizer which changes type as it rotates, a right-circular polarizer remains a right-circular polarizer no matter how you turn it.

A crystal's sex is determined optically by shining polarized light along its spine (or z-axis) and observing the appearance of cer-

tain diagnostic figures, either the "signum circulatorum" or the "signum spermati". (see illustration)

Shining light along quartz's z-axis is no easy job. The interfacial angles and refractive index of natural quartz are such that light travelling along the z-axis is totally reflected back into the crystal. For these same reasons most light entering the crystal from outside is bent in directions other than the z-axis. Consequently the most convenient crystal shape for optical quartz sexing is a thin (1-3 mm thick) crystal section cut perpendicular to the z-axis (the so-called "z-cut section").

To view the first diagnostic figure, sandwich the z-cut section between two plane polaroids whose easy axes are at right angles to one another. Hold sandwich up to white light. Put your eye close to the crystal and you will see a pattern of multicolored concentric rings, the "signum circulatorum" or "rainbow womb" superimposed upon a dark Maltese cross.

The colors of the concentric rings repeat themselves in the same sequence as the colors of the rainbow, namely red on the outside, then yellow, green and blue as you move towards the center. In other words, as they progress towards the pattern's center the rainbow colors move up the spectrum — towards higher light frequencies. The signum circulatorum has exactly the same appearance for both left- and right-handed quartz crystals. The sex of the crystal section is revealed by turning the polaroid nearest the eye in a clockwise direction (as viewed looking into the light beam).

As the near polaroid is rotated, the colors of the rainbow womb progress through a spectral cycle. If these colors move in the direction of higher frequencies (red to blue to purple to red again), the crystal section is female (left-handed).

The most convenient way to observe the direction of this spectral cycle is to watch the color changes of the central disc. Suppose the central disc happens to be yellow. Rotate the near polaroid clockwise. The

central disc will turn blue (upshifted spectrum) for male crystals, or turn red (downshifted spectrum) for female crystals.

The color scheme of the signum circulorum leads to a particular optical illusion that often aids in sex determination. If the colors are cycling towards higher frequencies (indicating a male crystal), the entire pattern seems to grow larger like water overflowing a circular spring ("expansions of the rainbow womb"). When the colors cycle towards lower frequencies (indicating a female crystal), the pattern seems to shrink ("contraction of the rainbow womb"). Rather than trying to determine the direction of spectral cycling, it is sometimes easier to sex a crystal optically by looking for the expansion or contraction of the entire pattern as the near polaroid is rotated.

A second method of sexing quartz that does not involve rotation is available if one possesses a right-circular polarizer. Replace the far plane polaroid with a circular polaroid. The observer then sees a pair of rainbow-skinned snakes (the "signum spermati") swimming in centrally directed spirals in either a clockwise (male crystal) or a counter-clockwise direction (female crystal). This double-serpent figure was first discovered by George Airy, Queen Victoria's Astronomer Royal. In his honor, these multicolored snakes in quartz are sometimes called "Airy's spirals".

It is no small leap to go from sexing polished z-cut quartz to sexing natural quartz crystals — some of them gem-faceted at odd angles or even mounted in settings — but making this leap is the crystal sexer's daily labor, a test of his skill and ingenuity. Using immersion liquids to counter internal reflections, and a small, color-corrected lens to project the diagnostic patterns outward, quartz's hidden gender is revealed to his practiced eye, made manifest in the expansion or contraction of the rainbow womb.

Now that you have sexed your quartz, what then are the occult properties of male and female crystals? It has been conjectured

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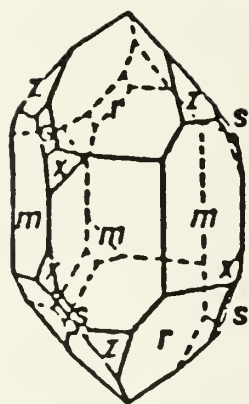
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that male crystals are useful for concentration, as talismans for business confrontations, final examinations and public speaking. Female crystals have been associated with healing, clear communication, and human connectedness. Research into the nature of silicate sexuality should gradually

enlarge and refine these occult correspondences. In my opinion, there's no better place to begin this research than with the crystal sex meditations in *al-Kitab al-Bilawr (The Book of Crystals)* attributed to my namesake Jabir ibn Hayyan:

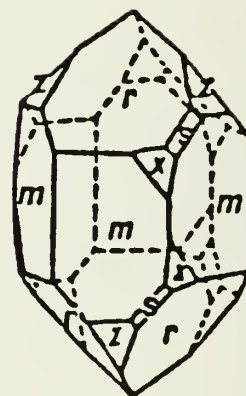
Left-Hand Quartz



"FEMALE" CRYSTALS

*Left, dark, negative, low
Shakti, yin, the receptive, South
The vagina, heart, cave, an oven
Ocean, moon, night, body
Ambiguous Rhea, Venus gathers
Hestia protects the hearth,
the stay-at-home, caring
Analog, quality, even, zero
Merging, East, Water, Earth
Space and melody
Yellow, green, and cyan
Music, the cat, the woman
Enduring forever*

Right-Hand Quartz



"MALE" CRYSTALS

*Right, light, positive, high
Shiva, yang, the creative, North
The penis, head, tower, a sword
Sky, sun, day, mind
Dependable Chronos, Mars scatters
Mercury guards the adventurous,
paths the explorer makes
Digital, number, odd, one
Dividing, West, Fire, Air
Time and rhythm
Red, magenta, and blue
Mathematics, the dog, the man
Beginning anew*

FOR THE RECORD

LOOK, SIDDHARTHA! THE NEW BEATLES ALBUM! FAR OUT! I'LL CONCEIVE MY LOVE-CHILD TO THIS MUSIC & I'LL NAME HER LUCY OR RITA OR VERA OR CHUCK OR DAVE!

I KNOW! I'LL SEND A COPY TO MOM & DADDY! THEY'LL FINALLY TUNE IN! REAL OUTTASITE! ... & DADDY'S RICH!

SCREW THE JOB AT THE CO-OP. LET'S TRIP...



HE CAN BUY THE HAIGHT & GIVE IT TO THE WORLD... AS A LOVE OFFERING! GROOVY, MAN! THIS ALBUM CAN PROBABLY EVEN END THE WAR! FAR OUT! IF WE SEND OUT ENOUGH COPIES, WITH WEED, TO ALL THE POLITICIANS & GENERALS...!!! WOW! I'M GONNA GET BUSY & END THE WAR RIGHT NOW!

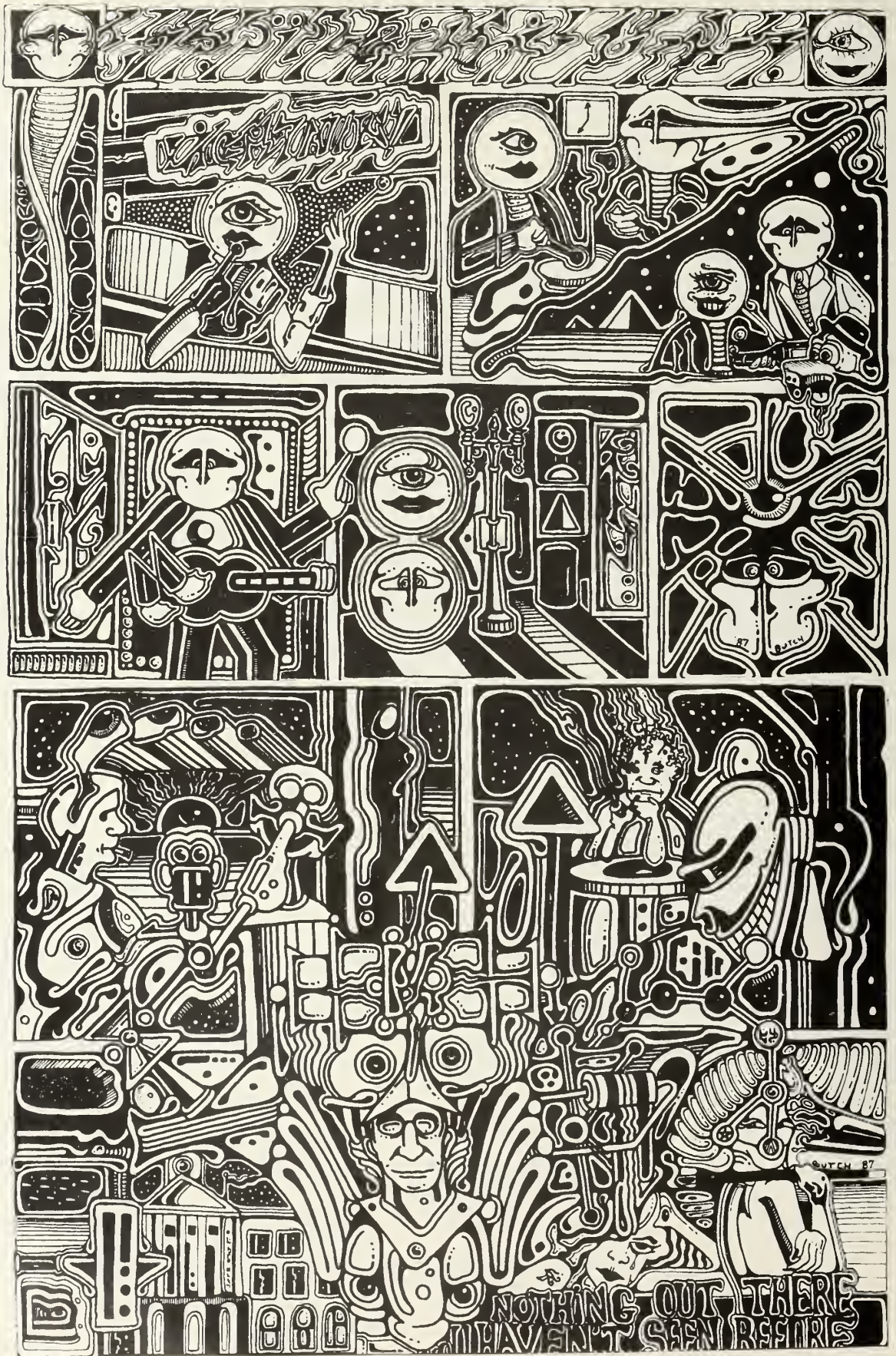
RAH



WHAT IS IT, SIDDHARTHA? GOT THE MUNCHIES? OH NO! INSTANT BUMMER!

NOW WE'LL NEVER HAVE PEACE & LOVE & FLOWERS & BROTHERHOOD & GOOD VIBRATIONS ETC., ETC...

BRADLEIGH S. STOCKWELL 1987



BY BUTCH CHRISTOPHER / COURTESY OF STREET MAGAZINE (BOSTON)

BACK WHEN I WAS A KID...

© 1987 TOM TOMORROW...

"YEAH...THINGS WERE REALLY HAPPENING IN THOSE DAYS..."



"I GUESS NONE OF US OLDSTERS WILL EVER FORGET WHAT WE WERE DOING WHEN WE HEARD THE NEWS..."

HEY FELLAS! GUESS WHAT?



"...THE BEATLES HAD RELEASED AN ALBUM CALLED 'SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND...'"

"HEH! IT WAS THE CONSUMER EVENT OF THE DECADE!"

SO UM...WHAT ELSE HAPPENED BACK THEN, GRAMPA?

OH, I DON'T KNOW...THERE WAS SOME SORT OF WAR...SOME RIOTING... AND STUFF LIKE THAT...

SAY, TURN UP THAT MUSIC SO YOUR OLD GRAMPA CAN HEAR IT, WILLYA SONNY?

QUICK! WHERE'S THE NEAREST RECORD STORE?

FOLLOW ME!



♪ WHEN I'M SIXTY-FOUR ♪

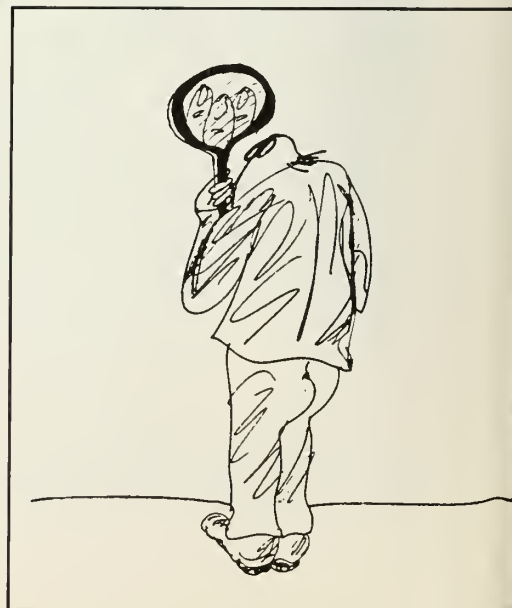
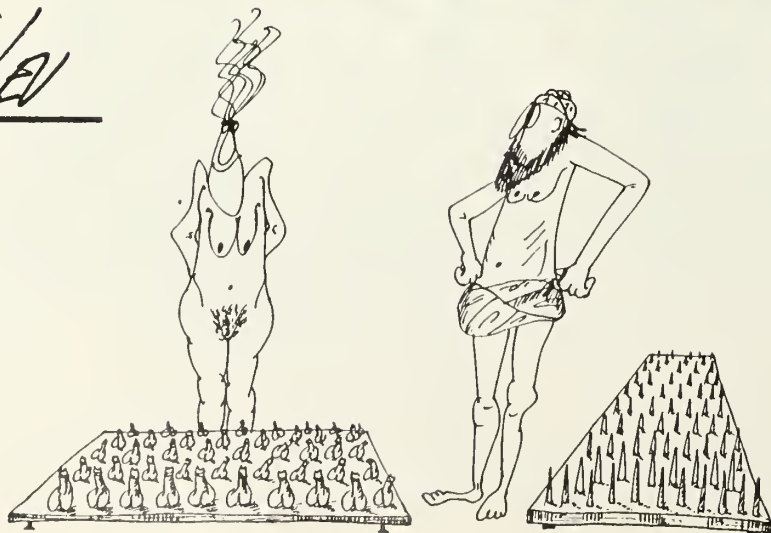


GROTOR

BY KENT DANISH
COURTESY OF STREET MAGAZINE (BOSTON)



GARLEN



RACE FOR AVATAR HEATS UP!

MAU MAU FOUND IN SACK WITH POP-TARTS "KALI IS STILL MY MAIN SQUEEZE" CLAIMS CANDIDATE

Plagued by a tendency to OD on psychedelics and shoot off into Hyperspace, Neopsychedellic Pop Party (NPP) spiritual leader Somerset Mau Mau appears to be a candidate without a cohesive political reality construct. Haunted by rumors that he and the goddess Kali are on the Astral skids, Mau Mau fielded questions from a group of confused reporters at a press conference held at the Tweek Crisis Center (TCC) early yesterday. He appeared coherent and in good health. Yet his avowals of fidelity to his goddess of two years rang hollow in the halls of the Center, surrounded, as he was, by a bevy of half-naked cheerleaders called the Pop Tarts. The man has a tendency to tell the Press one thing and do just the opposite. Who does he think he is?

"I'm the Avatar," he stated flatly, reaching for his beer. "The seeming paradox, the apparent inconsistencies in my behavior are just that. Maya. The Gland Illusion. How my constituency chooses to interpret this political teaching demonstration reveals much about my constituency. I remain centered and packed with personal power." The lights grew dim. He drained the Budweiser and continued.

"You see, I can tell the future. I know I'm going to win. Do you think I would fornicate with impunity if I didn't know the election was in the bag?"

This bombshell left the gaggle of reporters speechless. Mau Mau broke the silence with a hearty guffaw. "Gotcha again! The future is plastic, friends. When are you going to learn?"

We looked at one another sheepishly, shuffling our feet. Geraldo Rivera sobbed quietly in the rear. Was there something in the dip? The walls were beginning to breathe.

"No, you haven't been dosed, people. I'm giving you a taste of my shamanic powers. Just relax and let it happen."

Later, after the excrement was hosed down, we were each given a clean toga and a press kit. We mingled in the main party room, laughing and giving one another foot massages. A robot



ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN EDJINGTON

passed among us with a tray of designer condoms and sex toys. I chose a glow-in-the-dark French Tickler with "Vote For Mau Mau" printed on the neck. This is truly one strange political animal — quirky, yet ultimately likeable. There's no defense against unconditional love coupled with unbridled hedonism, I guess.

At noon, we waited for Mau Mau to emerge from his meditation chamber for the channeling demonstration. He claimed to have a direct link with the Logos, a decided edge for a potential Avatar of State. Though the hostile mood of the assembled Press had softened — some of us were nude and high on XTC — the question of his fidelity to the goddess remained. With the End Times (when the graves open and yield their secrets) just around the corner, these affiliations will play a key role in the coming election. Both Kali and the goddess Aphrodite, have contributed vast quantities of spiritual power to Mau Mau's campaign. Many think that Cthulu has also pulled some strings in high places, arranging meetings with key Illuminati figures and instigating barbarous whisper campaigns to discredit the other candidates. If the mind maggots have been released by the dark god, Mau Mau will win by default; the opposition will all go crazy. However, should he effect a balance of psycho-political power between the Dark and the Light, he could seduce the wimpy New Age forces and EST people into his fold, thereby swinging the election from the end of his Astral love gun. At least, that's the way I see it.

At three o'clock Mau Mau finally emerged from his chambers, the ever-present quart of Budweiser in his hand. He stepped up to the podium, his arms outstretched, as two Pop Tarts pulled off his maugical robe with a flourish. Once again the lights dimmed, as the podium and the nude candidate slowly began to rise. Apparently, we were to witness the Hard-On-In-Darshan spectacle.

This would be the first public viewing of the talking phallus phenomenon described in an NPP press release earlier this year.

Suddenly, the man we presumed to be Geraldo Rivera, pulled off his fake nose. "You're scum, Mau Mau," he screamed. "My daughter was blinded by unconditional love coupled with unbridled hedonism, you bastard!"

He pulled out a crossbow and fired at the candidate. Miraculously, the arrow seemed to penetrate Mau Mau and glans harmlessly off the crystal dome of the amphitheater.

"It's a hologram, people," explained Mau Mau over the PA. "A cheap magician's trick. Security informed me that a looney was loose in the Center. I had to flush him out. I'm sorry if I frightened anyone."

Once the hub-bub subsided, most of us decided to remain nude and talk about Higher-Consciousness. We formed study groups and discussed our core complexes and their relation to the state of the Overmind. Mau Mau would mingle with each group and summon Pop Tarts with drugs to help us over any impasse we might encounter. At the end of the day we plateaued out and agreed that we were personally responsible for our own salvation and the salvation of the planet, to boot.

With much hugging and laughing and high-jive, we prepared to leave the Center and re-enter the real world. Father Mau Mau insisted that we leave our wallets and purses at the Center. We were now New Souls and should start out fresh with new IDs and new money. Ω

*Devotee Sun Happy Pie
Big Ragin' River Retreat
Imola, California*

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