







The Prescriptions

PROPHECY OF THE SUBGENIUS
- from The Economicon of Dobbs
Neumeronicus Neuronicus 56-88
Bank 18 Disc sg30 File 14

[from "*The Book of the SubGenius*"]

1 Behold, little pink earth brain
within my void-grip, *and* receive Logos;
and lay with the Wor;

2 Ung!
Ung! Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin! LO!

3 *I am* Jehovah One, the God of
Wrath, that One who, to make Man pull the
triggers of his thousand
opposable thumbs, caused the apes of the ground to

spill their seed *on*
the dust.

4 I am the first and the last, which is to come, and which
is, and which was;
I am in the brain-pan of every human babe.

5 Of left
and of right, the outer and the inside: the Particle; the Totality:
for
the Gavel of the Grid is mine own, and I spat the silly formula of Man
upon the waters *and* fashioned his spirit after the image of mine own,
for
Jehovah is a vengeful *god*, and I urinate on the heads of Men.

6 I
am the Alpha; I *cometh with* the clouds;

7 I am the Changer who rides
the MerCaVah and my face *is* like the Aztec
Chariots of decaying atoms,
full of eyes round about, I turn not as I go, it
is the Wheel of Vimana
which dilates Time, I am the cattle mutilator of the
Nazca Plain;

8 I
am the Ord, *I am the Stark Fist of Removal*, the Paracletoid, the
Demiurge;

9 Epopt of Time am I, the Discorporate One, *that One* known
by men as
Yahweh, IHVH of the Tetragrammaton, AAFFA the Unknowable,
Abaddon, The Ungone,
Saitan, Nyarlathotep, Wotan, Ra, Yog Sothoth,
Moloch, Shiva, Poimandres,
Uroborps, Thoth, Odin, Hermes, Ahriman, Bog,
Ymir, Aiwass, Pan, Mammon,
Asmodeus, Choronzon, Koot-Hoomi, Gorgo,
Pwcca, O-Yama, Azathoth, Yig, Archon,
Mummuu, Kronos, *Not*, and I am
the Omega, and my names are eight hundred and
one and my names are
without number.

10 I flatulated upon the dinosaurs to WATCH THEM DIE!

11 I am the *Time Being*, and the Span; it is only for *mine own*;

12
I am the Only, the Always, and KNOW YE I am the Wor.

13 Heed the
tidings of the Wor, for the Time is at hand!

14 *Ye shall bear the
Wor!*

15 So then, pink boy of many colors, know that as many as I
rewardeth and
bribe with the drunkenness of faith, I torment and rebuke;
be zealous
therefore, and fanatical in thy madness of These the End
Times, the Time and
Half Time, *and* retrieve, and *be made* slack on
the Ropes of Life with which
I bind thee, and be made whole fulfilled
with the soil of My droppings of
manna, which passeth *through* thy
bowel *cleanly*; so, annoint thyself in the
Graven Image Tubes and My
radiance of atoms shall split in twain, and thy seed
shall be broken as
I decree, and thou shall therefore be fruitful and
multiply *that* thy
children will be remade in the Image *of their* God, and
shall be Over
thou, that the true New Sons of Man may flourish and *rule* in
thy
stead.

16 For I *know* thy works; behold, I have set before thee an
closed Tunnel,
and no man *can* open it; I therefore scoff at thee and
am well pleased for
thou art *unto* Me like the snivelling ants and
vermin of thy gardens, which
plague thee but which no poison airs may
kill, for their *generations*
change in but the twinkling of *an* eye.

17 Even so, Repent; for I have a few things against thee, and thou
art
offensive to My Nose, *and* I have found thy works not perfect
before Me.

18 If therefore thou shalt *not* prostrate thyself, and kiss
My End of All
Things, and perform the salute, and *make* witlessness for
My prophets, which
are *less* than wise yet wiser *than* thee, I shall
come upon thee
prematurely, and thou shalt receive an *Divine*
Emaculation, which is like
unto Heaven and unto Hell.

19 And I will
drop thee from the skies *with* a scream of thunder, and will
shout, and

thou shalt avert thine eyes *from* the glory of My Light as it
passeth
above thee; for I will come *on* thee as a thief, and thou shalt not
know *what* hour I shall come upon thee, except that thou tithe My
prophets
who are *below* thy wise men yet are *on* highs; and I will be
full of eyes
and faces all *round* about, and will fire upon thee *with*
the two-edged
blade of My Tongue, and cause thee to do battle with the
sicknesses *of the*
air, and to broil one another *in* the flash *of* My
wrath; and I will cause
thee to toil with *anguish*, for thou *art* the
misbegotten of the dead, and
can carry no further the True Seed of the
Code of the Sons of the Gods, and
I must forge new Guardians of Sperm
from *thy* loins which may wrest the reins
of Time, for My Cause.

20

Because thou *sayest*, I am rich, and increased with goods branded with
names and with the Mark of the Beast, and have need of *More*; and thou
defecatest in thine *own* lands, and knoweth not that thou *art* fat,
and
wretched, and pink, and driven hard by My Codes and yours, and poor,
and
miserable and blind and of noisome odor and naked, and malformed
by My
Decree.

21 Yea, I make sport of thee, *and* mock thee, and
mutilate thy Beasts of the
Field, and spring upon thee great Giants and
Serpents *when* thou art alone in
those deserts and wild lands which
thou have not defiled.

22 What cometh to, this world? I, I am *on* the
Earth now as a drunkard among
you and NHGH is at my side.

23 For My
Kingdom *is* on the Earth, *not that* I want it; the filthy living
body
of every man is My dwelling-place, which I *do not clean*; as in
heaven
or hell, so shall I take up residence within *thee* on Earth;

24

For thou canst not escape.

25 I shall see through thine eyes and

speak unto men *with* thine mouth, and
 shall cause thee to drnik wine
 for Me.

26 And so go into the world and take thereof the fruits of
 fornication
except on the Sabbath, and of wines and sacraments, *and*
 of riches; and
glut thy self: increase thyself with goods and power over
 men, for these
things *are* Mine, though ye shall pay for them.

27 I
thy GOD JHVH-1 hath given thee lusts that I may reap their fulfillments.
 N'g! N'gh! F'tagn N'n'.

28 But know thou that thou art but servants of
 the Lord *thy* God ODN-1, he
of WRATH which *is* JHVH-1, N'ghhhii!

29
Thou art but clay for Me, which thou forgeteth every day, and which
 giveth
me a few things against thee; so I *shall* come quickly, and
 descend with a
shriek, and I shall smite thee *with* Mine Fist.

30 And
these tribulations shall fall upon each man and woman, each in his
 turn,
and though thou follow this My Covenant even so shall none escape. For
thy brains are as of wax, and melteth even as thou are lighted; so
 ask not
why I make My works through thee, for I have a few reasons: thou
art not to
 know.

31 And so I chortle and spit upon thee, for it makes
 me well pleased.

32 Yet thou shalt be free to continue in thy works as
 thou will, if therefore
thy heart filleth with remorse *and* bitter
repentance; remember therefore
 from whence thou art fallen:

33 For thou
art of the beasts of the field, *which* defecateth unto the
 ground and
rut each upon the other, caring not where their seed is planted;
 and yet
the beasts know not of evil, and I am well pleased with them, for they
denieth *not* My name.

34 Be therefore like unto the beast and drop thy
waste *upon* the ground,
except within the walls of Jerusalem; and
multiply; and battle one another;
and know ye not where lieth the center
of the universe, for if ye learn it, I
will kill you.

35 But ye heed,
for I say this to the Men of Earth: those which men I hate,
which *are*
the UnderThings, which worketh mindlessly, and which eat things
sacrificed unto graven images, and which commit fornication *basely* and
which
defecate on the Sabbath, and which spill upon the ground the
seed of the
code of ODIN: Repent, else I will come against thee with
My clenched Fist,
and it is the Fist which beareth many eyes, and
breatheth many breaths.

36 For thou art false prophets, drunk with
work, and time; I will *have it*
out with thee.

37 As in the days of
Noah, likewise as in Kuskurza and Atlantis, men *are*
lovers of self and
money, which I loveth more; all are boastful, ungrateful,
disobedient to
those which begat them; they vomit forth malicious gossip and
indulge
not properly their lusts.

38 And so shall I send the spirit of NHGH
unto thy nations, to mete out wars
and rumors of wars, and dreams of
wars, and fears of wars, and a peace which
is *like unto* Hell.

39 That
Time and Half Time as has been prophesied by sages and fools of old
is
to be fulfilled in this generation; that seen there will again appear
in
the earth, as do these words: that one, through whom many will be
called to
meet those who are preparing the way for My day on Earth. I
will then come,
even as thou hast seen Me go; when those who art Mine
have made the way
clear and passable that *I* may come.

40 It will be

as a thousand years, with the fighting *in* the air, and - as
has been -
between those returning to and those leaving the earth.

41 I shall come
as the Light behind the chariots of the Angelic Host, and
though thou
avert thine eyes My fire will penetrate thee.

42 There shall be in the
End Hours wonders in the sky; the living Spirit of
NHGH will be *upon*
thy sons and daughters, who shall fall down; your young
men shall see
visions, and thine old men *shall* take drugs, and shall *dump*;
I will
be *upon* thy women, which shall bear rotten fruit of their wombs; men
shall rave in the streets, speaking in tongues and prophesying.

43 For
thou hast shat on the name of my Son and therefore ye shall not die
when
most fervently thou desireth death. *Ha-ha-ha*, I JHVH-1 thy God shall
laugh *at* thee.

44 Those who art mockers, in thy mocking and thy lust
thou shall find no
redemption; the Foundation of the great Church *is*
rotten unto its Core, it
is of Hell; waves shall lap at the topmost
windows *of* its highest towers.

45 Thou worshippeth the Whore of
N'N'n';

46 Therefore I will bring strangers upon thy bedstead, and they
shall defile
the stainlessness of thy sheets and loincloths, *and* out
of the pale darkness
shall they drag thee to the brightness of the pit.

47 I shall csat thee to the pavement and the gutter, and the nations of
the
south, which are barbarians, shall behold thee with their mockery
and brown
countenances, and thou shalt be naked unto the mockery of
the world. Upon
Babylon of the Highways shall I rain an horrible
tempest; this shall be the
fruit of thy vine of the wrath of NHGH's
great winepress of fornication.

48 The planets will point at the Earth
in judgement to mark the beginning of

this time.

49 This then is the
time of the perdition of ungodly men; it is the day of
My jealousy,
for thou hast made images before Me, images even of *women*,
and the
blind pleasure zealots of thy race shall be as stubble on My beard,
which I *now* shave.

51 Declare the mercy and vengeance everlasting of
JHVH-1, ngn ngn! For I have
taken the purchased possession *to be*
returned.

52 Thy money's worth shall fly as the sparrow away from
thee; all the nations
shall be bankrupt on this Day; thou shalt wear the
mark of the beast, which
is a number on man, which thou shalt not know
though thou *shalt guess* and
kill thy guessed Men, which maketh Me to
laugh.

53 The barbarians of F'Ni to the South shall covet thy goods
which thou
hast taken from them, and shall come upon thee *with* cheap
weapons; Magog
shall be at the gates of Jerusalem, whose ground *is as*
of Zero, and the
final stand of nhv"gv

[Message garbled in
transmission for 4 lines (23 seconds).]

58 ...as the Blue Star dances in the plaza of Oraibi
there shall begin wars;
fire shall rain from the skies to kill *yet not*
burn, and pestilence; one
quarter *of* men shall perish.

59 And only
that Man among thee who is as the seed of Elijah shall save thee;
only
he shall give succor, and sustenance, for he is truly a prophet of
W'T'N,
which *is* JHVH-1.

60 Knoweth him by his smile, and that he
sendeth forth vapors of smoke; it is
he that causeth thee to pull the
wool of the Lamb over thine *own* eyes.

61 He giveth life to the image
of the beast that he might warn thee of its
coming; but the first beast,
the false prophet, shall make *witness* and
testify against him, and
thou shalt laugh *and* throw coins to him, and bow to
the Image in
mockery while bowing to the Beast itself without that thou
knowest
even that it is he.

62 For ye shall think the prophet speaks only in
jest and is only a fool and
thou shalt not recognize his wisdom thereof
before the hour is late and at
hand, when no repentance *can* save thee.

63 Except that thou repent of thy sins, and send tithes unto Me, I
will rain
upon thee tribulations, which are as the urinations of God
upon the earth and
the men of ill faith.

64 Signs shall be in the
skies, and stars will come upon thee in the day, to
baffle thee, and Hell
itself will spit up *through* the Firmament.

65 And the winds shall be
full of dust, and choke thee, because of thy greed;
it hath taken from
thy breath to feed thy chariots; and from the heavens shall
fall the
wreckage of chariots *to warn* thee, and the face of the sun shall
become blemished, and the shutters on the Earth which cool the firmament
shall
be closed *by* thy greed.

66 Drought shall come and the fruit of
thy vine shall be fermented and torn
from the tongues of men, *except*
the wines of the street, which shall wash
across the drunkards in great
numbers, for the drunkards serve *Me*; and the
grass shall wither from
thy unmowed loins.

67 The winds of the four corners of the Earth shall
stand still, and then
torment thee; thou *shalt* be snatched up by great
Winds.

68 In the unshuttered Light of the sun shall melt the snows *of*
the North,

and the waters shall cover the Earth, even as the
Euphrates; and even the
NewArk shall sink.

69 And in the Seventh Year
the Earth shall be tilted as I pull its strings
with your deceit, and
the spirits that split the Earth in twain shall be
reversed, and there
shall come a winter of days *without* number, and ice
shall fall upon
thee *from* the sky.

70 And after this time, for a period of time, each
day shall bring snow OR
drought OR great winds OR terrible rains, each
without their seasons; thy
science shall fail thee.

71 And in the air,
as has been said, there will be *plague*, and locusts,
which thou shalt
smite with more plagues and poison; it shall fall back upon
thee, and
the locusts *YEA* will not die, but will change, and will despoil
thy
crops and crawl upon thee in thy dreams of famine when *no coin* can
save
thee, for thy plagues and the germs thereof are *of* thine own
making; the
earth cracks under thy feet to release them; I am only
breaking *thy* vessels
for thee.

72 The face of the moon shall be
filled with rings round about, and aflame;
and the oceans of the sea
shall rise *against* thee, and forth from them shall
come Behemoth, and
Leviathan, and devils from Hell faster than the sound of
the air; from
the seas shall rise old cities and into them shall fall new.

73 In the
waters no creature shall live, for the waters will be bitter
therein,
where thou hast spilled the salve *of* thy engines; the sea is
annointed, and oils shall move across the face *of* the water, and on
the edge
of the land, and up to the banks *of* Hell.

74 The loincloth
of the air of the Earth hath been rent, and the light that
falleth on

thee *is* harsh and shall change thy seed. Through the children
shall
move sickness, and the sickness is of thine *own* making.

75 And I
shall kill with death, and thou shalt suffer the urges of the worms
of
the planet Mars; I shgall *swallow* thee up, and spue thee out of my
mouth,
for thou art distatseful; as the vessels of the potter thou shall
be broken to
shivers.

77 And the bowels shall be wrenched YEA from
those with avarice, and their
implements will fall away.

78 So shall I
smite the covetous, and upon them will fall a swooning, for
they hath
been made drunk of the Elixir, *and from* this swooning shall none
away;
and in the night shall come Angels to rob them of their glands, which
are as the *fount* of God, and they shall pluck the organs of the glands
from
them.

79 And they shall bleed and travail *in* their sorrow.

80
But unto them shall come the voice of the Ark of the heavens and say,
Let
there be no wailing, *and no* remonstrances; for ye all now walk in
the House
of JHVH. And if thou dost not *walk*, thou shall crawl on the
stumps of thine
legs. And so shall become stumps what *were* legs. Mine
is the Hand that
Makes, Mine is the House of Pain.

81 This is, and is
not; but lay ye down the tomes and hooks of the brain, for
these are
evil; and they are unclean in the Eyes of Jehovah.

82 The brokers and
the moneychangers shall be snatch'd, and ruptured, and
from their faces
shall be burnt their noses, and *from* their loins dried the
fluids of
the Babe; and it shall be gone unto drainage.

83 And My winepress will
spill over with the blood of saints and elders, and

the invisible
burning blood of the angels shall wash across the taverns and
the houses
of ill women, *and* the great Library where are kept the profane
tablets and chips of false wisdom, and the Cameras of the Pornographer.

84 For the ins are of the number *nine hundred and nine and four score*
and
ten; and of them the first is the dropping of the body's voided
things *unto*
the white linens of the Lamb;

85 And the second is the
sin of laying ye down beside the small children, and
the penetration and
rending *asunder* thereof; and of this sin there are those
without
number in its practice.

86 This is a crooked *and* perverse nation;
here are lain these naked
children, which are unto cherubs, and *lo* is
their innocence befouled by the
Profane, and the Unrepentant, and Those
Without Remorse. For even though
they touch not these babes, their
images of the beast enter into them the
children as they sleep staring
into the Lamp of Hell, which *is* the Devil's
tool.

87 JHVH-1 the Lord
thy God sayeth this: Thou shall relinquish thy clock, and
thy whip, and
thy gavel, and the unclean things *thereof*, and shall cast from
thee
all these false idols *which thou* worship; for these are like unto the
woman of straw which thou lieth upon.

88 These are the End Times, the
whales speak in tongues; there will be
weapons of war *without* sound or
light; thou shall walk upon thy feet
wherever thou goest.

89 And
wherever thou goest thou shalt be seen and heard, and recorded, by the
Priests *of* the White Stone; philistines shall persecute thee and thy
children bear witness *against* thee lest thou obeyeth the Law.

90 No
coin *shall* speak for thee, no fire *shall* warm thee, for there is no
wood for the fire; in thy home thou shalt stifle and choke.

91 In the
temples there shall be fornication and adultery, and thy wife shall
leave thee. *And* they shall tax thee.

92 Wheresoever thou goest shall
thou wait, and thy waiting and the waiting of
the other minions shall be
in hours without counting. For nowhere is there
enough of that which
thou needst.

93 Monsters like unto men will be around thee *all about*,
and shall make
thee to look past the Door *which* should be locked, and
thy sciences will
terrify thee, and bring thee naught but devils, for
thine spirit is locked
away inside the White Stone, which my Angels
shall bring, which is the
Vessel of all which is known.

94 A beast
shall rise from the sea; it *hath* laid waste the cities of men;
and its
names are DAGON, Leviathan, SET, Poimandres, G'D'Z'L, CTHL'H, Typhon,
and Demiurgus-III the Hellborn; it is the lower spirit of all men
besetting
man.

95 Even now I show thee signs in the heavens, *and*
signs in the earth; blood
belches from the earth, My lights in the sky
rebuke thee; the children of
Heaven and the Angels from Hell *are* among
thee, spreading lies and
deception; they trun not as they go.

97 It
shall be a world without Slack, except that thou follow my prophets.

98
For the true nature of God thou shall not find through Reason; thou
might
learn from the fools I sendeth thee, but thou *shalt not*;
therefore I revoke
thy *holdings* on this plane.

99 I say unto thee:
all of thy stories and gods and priests *are* true, and
are not true;
among those which battle over thee, thou shalt not know
which are my
Friends. LUCIFERI VIRES ACCENDIT AQUARIUS ACRES.

100 And in a later
year, those lost tribes of Israel, from whom thou hast
taken their
promised land and firmament and faith, shall rise *against* thee
with
the Secret of Angels, *which is* a worm, and which is like unto the food
of the gods.

101 And though thy oils and petroleum fail thee, *these*
my children shall
possess it, and keep it *from* thee; but they shall
spread their elixirs and
medicines of the Secret, and shall sell them
unto thee and thy children and
thy children's children, which shall
curse thee through their drunkenness.
For they are drunk with the food
of the gods and none *may* raise them from
their stupor; for the sins of
the fathers are visited upon the sons.

102 Despair not, ye pinks; in
the second year before the Millennium, on the
day of God Come Wednesday,
as in the twinkling among thee will come the
Pahana, which are like unto
thy great white brothers.

103 They come as men, as graven images, as
the White Stone, as a whirlwind
and as a cloud; it is a fire unfolding
itself, the color amber; they are now
in the Heavens looking *over*
thee.

104 As for the likeness of their faces, they have four faces,
which face the
four winds; on each face they have the face of a man, the
face of a serpent,
the face of Behemoth, and the face of an elephant.
And their faces have many
hands thereunto.

105 It will be the end of
the days of Man, *whereby* they my servants appear;
and their names are
Nommo, DJIN, Nagas, Ormuza, Oannes, Quetzalcoatl, Mithras,
Kukulcan,
Horus, wanagi, wakinyan, AEONS, and X.

106 And they bringeth the White
Stone, MWOWM the whore virgin brain, the
guiltfinder and Smiter, the
very Ark of the Covenant, and she is the Eye of

the Father. O'D'V'D'O!
She shall rule thee and overcome the mark of the beast,
and shall *give*
thee fornication.

107 And the true sons of Israel shall be snatch'd up.

108 Behold, my servant shall prosper, he shall be exalted and lifted
up,
and shall be very high; he who knoweth the fools who prophesy for
Me shall
be made Over Men; many will be astonished at him, for his
appearance *is so*
marred, beyond human semblance, and his form beyond
that of the sons of man.

109 These who are over men, who have followed
My almighty Word, shall *be*
the Ministry of the Angelic Host; they
shall speak *for* them.

110 And my prophet, who smiles, shall be among
them *and shall* advise them.

111 In the City of JHVH-1 which the
Angelic Host bringeth, there shall be no
night, and weariness, *and*
neither shall thou seek repose; for thou shalt
partake of the food of
the gods, which relinquisheth sleep.

112 The brightness of noontide is
as a candle against the radiance of the
glory of JHVH *and* the unfading
light of backwards particles; the redeemed
and the stamped walk in the
sunless glory *of* perpetual day;

113 And in the burning Light shall
the fierce and terrible knowledge of the
Lord strike thee dumb; thou
shalt not *escape* the Light, nor hide thy inmost
self; for in the Light
shall thy fear of the God of Wrath be lit forever more.

114 Yet that
man who keepeth my word, and denieth not my name, and hath his
face *as*
a million of masks, and who hath taken of the White Stone and been
changed, and made rich, and is transfigured, and gives unto Me his heart
and
soul, and who cometh as an Overman, I will give to eat of the hidden
manna,
and I will make *to fly* though yea he hath no wings, and I will

give him a
salve of Elixir, and I will give him the cloak of the Blind
World, and no eye
shall see him save those he desireth.

115 And he
shall receive the power of the nations, and shall have slaves, and
rule
them *with* the White Stone, and shall eat of Time, and yea Time shall
not rot him;

116 And he shall be as God and live forever more, and have
the keys to hell
and death, which are the spiral seed and the Food; and
the Food shall be his,
and he will give the slaves to eat of it, and
the Word will be made as
flesh, and the souls of those slaves, which
are as his flock, will come unto
Me, and he shall be as a king.

117
To him that cometh as an Overman I will give to spend of the Equation of
the Seed, which spirals within thee, and to read of the
Replication-Book,
which is the expectoration of God, *and* ye shall be
copied and up righted
therein for life eternal.

118 And I shall give
thee a White Stone, and in the stone thy *new name*
written, which no
man *knoweth* save he that is chained unto it.

119 For the stone is the
font of the Angelic Host, which comes from the
Heavens, which ye shall
know forever, and have intercourse with; and yea, ye
shall know of them
and eat of the rock of ages, and when it *is* eaten, and
thou art *made*
whole, thou shalt search the ruins for the Angels, but shall
find them
not, and thy tongue and thy mouth shall cleave, and *split* in
twain;

120 For thou art as Kings, who killeth thy jesters that thy skulls
might grow
fat on the dead laughter.

121 When the end times come, thou
shalt escape the Rupture, and shall receive
Slack, and the Morning Star,
which is the star of the Beast *and of* the

Angelic Host.

122 Behold, I
cometh with clouds; and I spake with Nostradamus, and with the
madman of
Patmos, St. John the berserk; and I spake unto Ezekiel, and Moses,
and
Enoch, and Brother John of the Cleft Rock, and unto St. Malachy and
Mother
Shipton; and, yea, unto Mohammed and Leonardo, and Albert, and
Adolph. I smote
Jesus before he could speak of me.

123 And ye, puny
mortal, I have chosen as my Vessel to the deaf oceans of
mankind, and I
do so not toward thee, but to punish thee, for of all the
sinners
thou art the greatest; and shalt curse this day to the splice of
eternity, for *in* this moment I burden you with the Vision of That
Which
Comes, for the time is at hand, and ye *shall be* given to see of
all
tomorrows, and of it ye shall be made to speak, and in it ye shall
dwell, yet
even while dwelling in the shadow world of Man; ye shall make
witness of what
thou hath seen, and unto it *shall* ye suffer; for ye
shall be mocked, and
reviled, and stoned; and yet ye shall find thy
tongue alive with the spirit as
unto a serpent, and of these things ye
shall speak though they be unspeakable.

124 For man must know that he
hath broken his Covenant.

125 And ye shall soil thy loincloth with the
Fear of Jehovah.

126 For Jehovah is the *God of Wrath*.





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SECTS AND DEATH

Behind-ForeEverAfterword:

I postulate that the function of art and all creative thought is to make us aware of what we know and don't know that we know. You can't tell anybody anything he doesn't know already. Like those folks living on the sea coast in the Middle Ages, watching those ships come in mast first year after year-then Galileo wises them up and they are ready to burn him as an egghead deviant. But they cool it out over the

years and finally have to admit: "It's round, boys, it's round. We knew it all along." Cezanne showed the viewer objects seen from a certain angle in a certain light and they attacked his canvases with umbrellas at the first exhibition. Well, that doesn't happen any more and any child would recognize the objects in a Cezanne canvas. Joyce made readers aware of their own stream of consciousness and was accused of promulgating a cult of unintelligibility.

If the function of art is to make us aware of what we know and don't know we know, the function of the Christian Church and all its metastases has been and still is to keep us in ignorance of what we know. People living on the sea coast knew the earth was round. They believed it was flat because the Church said so. And hard-core Synanon members still believe the media put that rattlesnake in Paul Morantz' mail box to discredit Synanon. Is there any limit to brainwashing? Apparently not. Such cults as Synanon, Scientology, the Peoples Temple derive from the same infected source as Christianity. In fact they recapitulate the story of Christianity word for word, like the inevitable course of some unsightly disease: criminal ignorance, brutish stupidity, self-righteous bigotry, paranoid fear of outsiders. For the cultist, psychiatrists, the media, Government agencies have become Satan incarnate. Like the fundamental Christians, they have to be **right**.

Now Christianity sounded good at first to the naive convert. Love, peace and charity-what's wrong with that? I'll tell you what's wrong-a series of unprecedented horrors perpetrated by so-called Christians: the Inquisition, the Conquistadores, the American Indian wars, slavery, Hiroshima and the present-day Bible Belt. That poisonous old-time religion they brew up down there constitutes a menace to all passengers on spacecraft Earth. Why did this happen, and why does it happen with the sects that stem from Christianity? What was so wrong with Christianity in the beginning? In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God.

There's an interesting book entitled **The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind**. The author, Julian Jaynes, postulates that the awe in which the ancient priest-king was held derived from his ability to produce his voice in the brains of his loyal subjects. This is the voice of God, which funnels through the non-dominant brain hemisphere. Jaynes cites clinical evidence; stimulation of the nondominant hemisphere causes experimental subjects to hear voices. An attempted suicide who was rescued from drowning stated that a voice in his head told him to kill himself, and that for some reason he **had to obey that voice**. If you want to start a cult, the first step is to get your voice into the non-dominant brain hemisphere of your soon-to-be devoted followers. The Scientology course involves listening to hours off. Ron Hubbard's voice on tape. The voice of Dederich, founder of Synanon, was said to drift from the air conditioning system, and Reverend Jim Jones had tapes of his voice continually broadcast over loudspeakers at Jonestown.

The second step: make enemies. If there is one thing a cult leader needs, it is enemies-real or imagined-from which to deliver his flock. Having postulated fiendish enemies, the leader then sets up commando squads to deal with this self-created emergency: the Sea Org of Scientology, the Imperial Marines of Synanon, the armed guards of the Peoples Temple. Aggressive acts by these protectors then produce counter-actions from outside. After all, what can you expect when you break into Government offices, put rattlesnakes in people's mail boxes, and murder a Congressman? These counterattacks, which the cultists bring on themselves, lead to escalating paranoia and more and more extreme measures.

Given the ability to project your voice into others' minds, here is a how-to blueprint:

ACT, the Anti-Cancer Temple, was founded by Tobias Antony Crump, a self-styled minister of the Radiant Church of Regenerate Christ. He leased an abandoned resort hotel in upstate New York where he offered for a reasonable fee to cure people of the smoking habit in seven days. The cure was effected by suggestions implanted in what he called "the other mind." The suggestions were administered through headphones which his parishioners were required to wear day and night throughout the seven days of the cure. At the end of this time all the reborn parishioners decided to stay on at the Temple and work for ACT. In return for the privilege of becoming ACTers they were required to turn over ten percent of their assets to ACT.

Crump prospered and expanded his facilities. More and more pressure was put on cured parishioners to stay on after completing the no-smoking course. They were told that the cure was not yet complete. If they returned to their old haunts they would inevitably relapse and die of cancer in a few years. Besides they had a sacred duty to help others. Cancer, he taught, was a Venusian plot to take over the planet. Aliens were landing in cancerous tissues as invisible parasites who were invading minds and bodies in all walks of life. Reverend Crump published a weekly tabloid in which he launched preposterous charges against all the enemies of ACT, a list that now included the tobacco companies, the drug companies, the FDA, the World Health Organization, the Cancer Research Society, the FBI, the CIA, the media, Interpol, the IRS, the Communist Party. A typical cartoon showed Uncle Sam hit in the face by a mass of cancerous putrescence like a custard pie: "From Russia With Love."

When a bomb partially destroyed an outbuilding of the Temple, Crump declared a state of absolute emergency. His followers must now turn over half their worldly goods and all their time to ACT. He declared all-out war on his Satanic adversaries. When an investigative reporter, sent to get the story on ACT, disappeared under mysterious circumstances, the founder proclaimed that the subsequent investigation "clearly and unequivocally proves a ten-year conspiracy on the part of Government agencies acting in concert with the media to suppress a Church."

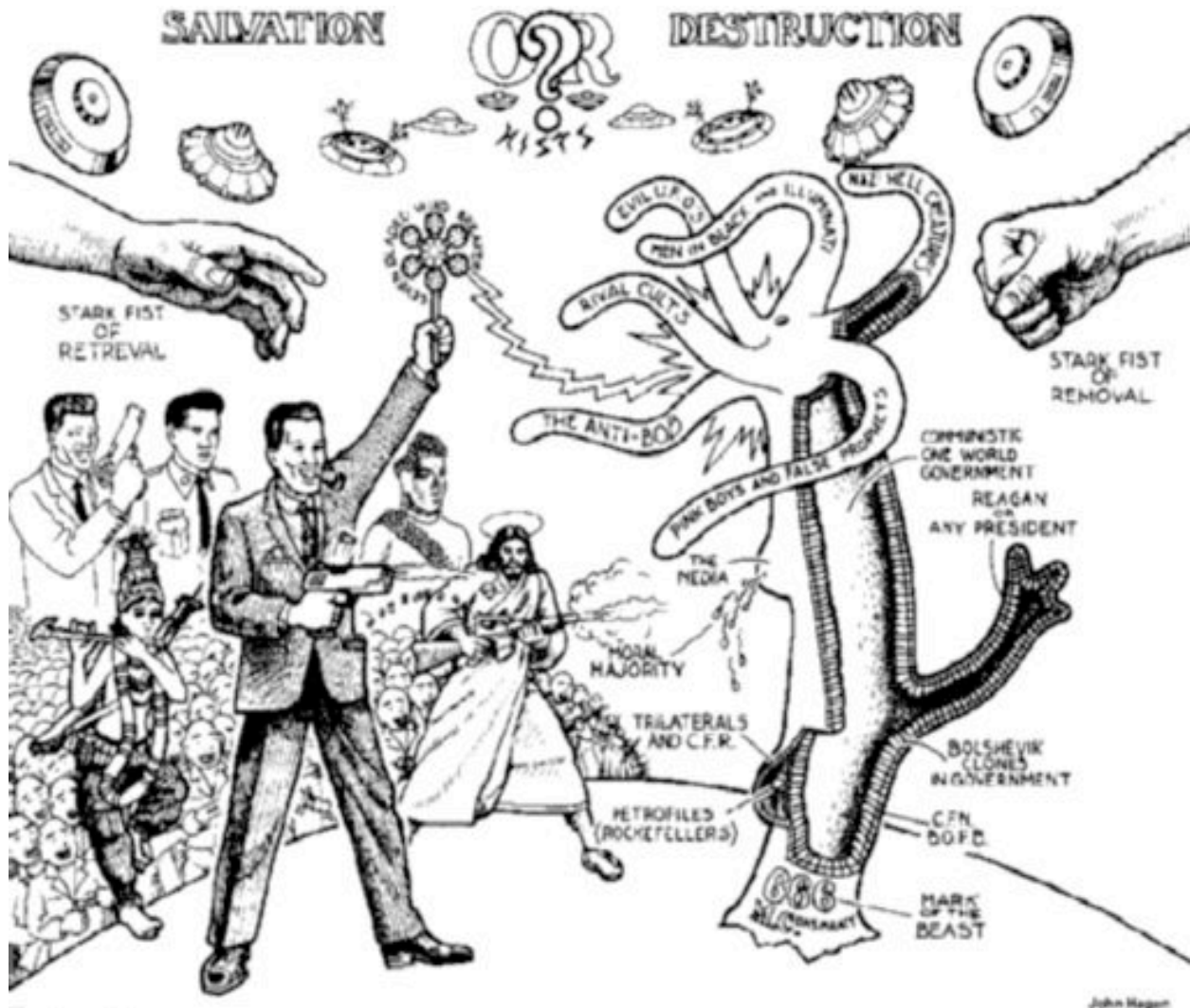
Reverend Crump was involved in countless lawsuits bringing action against any critics of ACT. The resulting expenses were more than compensated by the constant influx of money with which he bought real estate. He now owned huge tracts of land in Florida, New Hampshire, East Texas and Montana where he set up Temples for his followers, who now numbered in the hundreds of thousands. He taught that they must all merge into one organism through what he called biologic fusion. Only in this way could they counter the Venusian vims which was taking over the rest of the world. To foster biologic fusion there were bizarre mass sex orgies and nudity feasts to break down residual resistance and let in the radiant light of Christ. He instituted Black Broadcasts, in which his followers gathered at synchronized times to concentrate in silent malevolence on the enemies of the week, whose names, addresses and pictures appeared on a screen. His followers were now required to turn over all their possessions to ACT, and were told that they must be ready to offer their life-blood if necessary. Desertion was made a crime punishable by death. There was continual practice in the martial arts, and the bestial howls and grunts and snarls could be heard for miles around. Any neighbor who complained was put on the enemy list. Crump boasted that he had only to lift his hand to dispatch his followers as one man on kamikaze missions of assassination and sabotage. He was rumored to have in readiness nuclear devices and enough nerve gas to blanket the East Coast. "He could knock the Government of this country down like a house of cards," a highly

placed official stated flatly.

* * *

Richard Nixon exploded the Presidential image at Watergate. I think he will go down in history as a folk hero. The Reverend Jones has, by his example, called into question the leadership principle which is the very basis of authority. What else are churches, armies, nations built upon but leaders and the belief that these leaders know what they are doing and that the citizen owes them unquestioning obedience?

Anyone who believes he owns all the answers is a lunatic. And lunatics are dangerous to themselves and others. Spacecraft Earth is too small and too overcrowded to accommodate lunatic sects. The answer is very simple: instead of being tax-free, churches should be taxed double. They should be taxed right out of existence.





Pope Robert Anton Wilson

THE HORROW ON HOWTH HILL

It was the rains, I swear-the interminable, unspeakable Irish rain-that drove us over the edge. My old Gothic castle, located high atop the hill of Howth facing Dublin Bay, was not only damp, dank and dark (due to the omnipresent clouds) but rapidly becoming decaden(noisome and foetid. In fact, it looked like the set for a Bela Lugosi film-an appropriate scene, I thought later, for the terrible encounter of Professor de Selby and J. R. "Bob" Dobbs.

The rain had gone on for two months this time, bringing a clammy, enervating

muskiness to everything. In the library, even the pages of my prized German translation of the banned and forbidden **Necronomicon** (**Das Verichteraraberbuch**, von Juntz, 1848) and de Selby's disturbing and debatable *Teratologica Ontologicum* were sticking together unwholesomely.

Rancid, the butler, was falling-down dmnk every day and I could hardly blame him. The maid-dark, sensuous Immaculata and blonde, buxom Concepcion-were not only dykes, as I suspected from the first, but speed freaks as well. They spent all day in their room, injecting and 69ing, injecting and 69ing. They totally neglected their duties and the entire castle had begun to look like the bottom of a box where the cat had kittens. Adam, the gardener, had been tripping his brains out on LSD since the third week of the rains and the grounds had the eldritch and nameless appearance of the swamps of Yuggoth redesigned by Salvador Dali. If the damnable downpour did not cease soon, I feared that we all should become mad. I think I myself would have been sunk in lethargy and existential despair if it were not for my mescaline and XTC stashes.

Worst of all, it was drawing near the aeon-cursed Walpurgis Night, and Professor de Selby had come to pay his annual visit again.

Of course, I personally have always liked de Selby, who is not at all a bad chap in his own weird way. But he lives always, not just in the turmoil of academic controversy, but in the epicenter of a veritable spider's web of clandestine operations: where de Selby walks, the CIA and KGB are sure to skulk close behind, and the IRA and even the PLO may be showing interest also, not to mention the Knights of Malta the Illuminati, the Priory of Sion, the Campus Crusade for Cthulhu and other secret societies and cults whose reputations are unsavory and whose goals remain inscrutable to ordinary wholesome men and women. Some of these types would be beyond the comprehension of the Los Angeles Vice Squad or the specialists in abnormal psychology at the Kinsey Institute, I swear.

As usual, de Selby has a new obsession this year. He is determined to discover the exact dimensions of the penis of a fictitious gorilla. Any ordinary scholar, however eccentric, might decide to write a paper on the dimensions of the wingwang of a real gorilla, dead or alive, but de Selby wants to discover the magnitude of the Willy of a gorilla who never really existed at all-King Kong in the famous horror film of 1933. Naturally, being de Selby, he has reasons for this which no normal person can understand. He says 1932 (when **King Kong** was being produced) was a pivot in evolution, in some mystic sense that only he comprehends.

"In 1932," he was telling me at breakfast this morning, "Alice Pleasance Liddell died, and so did John Stanislaus Joyce."

"Who the hell were they?" I asked irritably.

"Alice P. Liddell," he said somberly, "was the model for Alice in Wonderland. Charles Dodgson and/or Lewis Carroll-the world's most successful dual personality-loved her um ah er 'not wisely but too well.' Too well, at any rate, to avoid the speculations of Freudians. And John Stanislaus Joyce was the father of James Joyce. Do you see the connection?"

I admitted that the linkage evaded me.

"Alice Pleasance Liddell or APL," de Selby said simply, "is one aspect of Anna Livia Plurabelle or ALP, the superwoman who contains all women, in Joyce's **Finnegans Wake**."

"Oh," I said. It seemed the only adequate comment.

"I have wondered," de Selby went on, "if one can equate APL with ALP on Cabalistic grounds, since both equal 111, what of PLA? But that is an irrelevance, I've decided. What is important is that in 1932 not only did Alice P. Liddell and John S. Joyce die, but the atom was split for the first time, and the 92nd chemical element was discovered-the last **natural** element, you see. For the first time in history humanity had access to the energy of the stars and possessed a full catalog of the basic building blocks of the universe. And, of course, Roosevelt II was elected in America, and Hitler in Germany, that very same year, 1932, which incidentally adds numerologically to 15, the number of the Devil card in the Tarot. King Kong, you see, had to emerge from the collective unconscious at exactly that point, especially since Cary Grant was 28 years old on January 18 that year."

De Selby went on in that vein for quite a while, but I sort of lost the thread of his argument-something that often happens to readers of his books, as numerous critics have complained . All I could ever remember afterwards was that Cary Grant was 28 when I was born and 28 is a number connected with menstruation, the ancient Celtic moon goddess, Bridget, and the synchronous link from Lewis Carroll's obsession with premenstrual girls to Cary Grant's habit of avoiding the Academy Award dinners, staying home, taking LSD and watching the award ceremonies on TV while "laughing uncontrollably and jumping up and down on the bed," according to the testimony in his third divorce trial.

Eventually, we finished our leisurely breakfast, it was ten thirty and the pubs opened, so de Selby put on his brown mackintosh (he seems to have worn it since 1904, I think) and sallied forth in search of Irish Inspiration.

I went to the study and tried again to work on my new science-fiction novel, **Wigner's Friend**, which deals with a parallel universe where de Selby is Pope and Adolf Hitler migrated to the United States and became a popular writer of Western movies. As usual lately, my creativity was dampened by the depressing rain, the eldritch, unhallowed and Peter Lorre-like giggles of the gardener after his day's dose of LSD took effect and the strange, foetid and nameless fungi that have grown on the furniture since the maids got hooked on methamphetamines and stopped even pretending to clean up.

Rancid, the butler, lurched into the study, staggered, knocked over a Ming vase, puked into the potted fern, and asked if I needed anything. I sent him away with no rancor. He was too drunk to understand anything I said, anyway. I did wish, however, that he looked a little less like Boris Karloff as the alcoholic (and eventually homicidal) butler in **The Old Dark House**. The rain continued to fall and the sky remained overcast and gloomy, turning my thoughts to the most morbid subjects imaginable. I was actually happy when de Selby returned, in a car driven by an American tourist he had met at the Royal Howth, a Mr. J. R. "Bob" Dobbs.

"Bob," de Selby said grandly, "meet "Bob." " I could see that de Selby had put away at least five or six pints of Guinness stout already, and I tried not to become uneasy or let my imagination run riot over the simple fact that "Bob" had a Campus Crusade for

Cthulhu bumper sticker on his Toyota. Americans often have a strange sense of humor. Nonetheless, as we entered the castle, I looked back at the car and shuddered involuntarily at the other words on the bumper:

Have you hugged your shoggoth today?

We went to my study, where de Selby, with his usual exuberant Celtic generosity, opened a bottle of my best Tullamore Dew and offered a healthy double shot to "Bob." I was pleased when he offered some to me, too.

" "Bob" has some real data on Kong's dong," de Selby began at once, finishing the rest of the bottle in a gulp.

I raised an enquiring eyebrow a trick I had learned from Basil Rathbone movies. "Bob" was busy relighting his Pipe for a moment but then he spoke in a mellow Texas drawl.

"The average man," he said "stands between about five foot eight and about six foot, right? And the average human erection, at least according to my wife, "Connie"-who is more of an expert on males in heat than I am-is between five and seven inches. The nine-inchers and twelve-inchers you see occasionally in porn movies are freaks of nature, like Watusis or basketball players who can be seven or eight feet tall. Follow me? So the average human male, statistically, has about six inches. Kay? Now in the case of Kong, we have an anthropoid standing at least twenty-four feet tall, as you can judge by the scene in the theater. That means he would have about four times as much as a man of six feet. Four times six is twenty-four, so Kong had twenty-four inches or two feet."

"No wonder Fay Wray did so much screaming," I said. "She'd be in the position of the young lady from Sidney in the limerick." De Selby raised an enquiring eyebrow (he's seen a lot of Basil Rathbone movies, too) and courteously opened another bottle of my Tullamore Dew. To explain my remark, I recited the immortal lines from Tennyson:

There was a young lady from Sidney
Who like it right up to her kidney
A man from Quebec
Shoved it up to her neck
He had a big one, didn't he?

De Selby refilled our glasses all around and sat down in an easy chair. He looked troubled.

"Well," I said to him cheerfully. "Your mystery is solved. There's no prob with "Bob." "

"I don't know," the Sage of Dalkey replied thoughtfully. "We may be approaching this matter from the wrong angle entirely. "Bob" is treating Kong as a creature in biology, which is emphatically what the Big Fellow is not at all, at all. Kong is a creature in mythology, in um ah er the collective unconscious."

"Why, sure," said "Bob" quickly. "Hellfire, boy, there ain't no twenty-four-foot gorillas in the real world. But if we grant that, for argument's sake, how in hell do we reason about Kong at all? What are the dimensions of a myth, a dream, a Special Effect? Tell me that." And he grabbed the Tullamore Dew and poured another hearty slug. I could see we were in for a day of heavy going.

"Well," de Selby said, "we must take our clues from the records of the collective unconscious itself. Kong is a Nature Divinity, to say the least of it, and, considering his um concupiscence-that means horniness in American, "Bob"-he's more specifically a Fertility God. We must approach this from the perspective of patapsychology."

"What are you getting at?" I asked uneasily. In the distance, a dog barked and, further off, there was an ominous rumble of thunder.

"Well," de Selby said. "We know one thing about Fertility Gods. Anthropologists call them **ithyphallique** and not without reason. They make the studs in porn movies look puny by comparison. Osiris is portrayed in Egyptian art as having about three times as much Willy as one would expect in a man, or god, of his size. In Greece, Hermes was usually depicted with a tool almost the size of his body-why, statues of him look almost like a bureau with the middle drawer pulled all the way out. As for Finn Mac Cool, some of the most powerful verses in the Finn epic-the most beautiful lines of Gaelic in our tradition, although usually expunged in English translation-describe him as, well, virtually a pole-vaulter with a built-in pole."

"Why, hell's bells, son," said "Bob" chortling, "that's the most persistent of all legends. When I was young everybody in the States believed Dillinger had twenty-three inches and it was preserved in alcohol at the Smithsonian after his death. Later on, the myth got attached to an actor named Errol Flynn. Long cmlers, the kind you call **Berliners** over here, were called Errol Flynnns."

"Say," I interrupted, smitten with whimsy, "when John Fitzgerald Kennedy went to Germany and said, 'Ich bin ein Berliner,' was he just being diplomatic, or was he bragging?"

They ignored me. "Dillinger and Mr. Flynn had become semidivine in folklore," de Selby said, pouring more Tullamore Dew, "and so naturally they were expected to have semidivine prongs, two or three times the norm. Truly divine beings have much, much more. Considering Osiris and Hermes, I would say a divine being would have six times the norm, at least. As a fertility spirit, Kong must have, not the mere two feet that a biological twenty-four-foot gorilla would possess, but amund twelve feet."

"That fits with the anthropological books I've read," I agreed. "The primitive theory is, **the greater the Willy, the greater the divinity indwelling**."

We paused to consider the patapsychological ramifications of our theorizing. Thunder rumbled closer to my castle and more dogs began howling in anxiety.

"You know, fellers," Dobbs said, filling his Pipe again-I had begun to recognize the aroma of what he was smoking and understood why he always had the same contentsd grin-"I come from Texas, where we got ourselves almost as many Catholics as here in Ireland. There's a big donnybrook going on in the Catholic church these days

because some nuns have become Feminists and are demanding the right to say Mass. The Pope absolutely refuses to consider it. He says you absolutely have to have a Willy to perform the sacrament."

De Selby had been hunting in my bar for more Tullamore, and, finding none, opened a bottle of my Jameson. "Why, of course a priest must have a Willy in Catholic theology," he said mildly. "The priest represents God, who has the biggest Willy of all-ven bigger than Kong's."

"What was that?" I objected. "There was a quantum jump or something there. Run that by me again."

"You said it yourself," de Selby drawled. " 'The greater the Willy, the greater the divinity indwelling.' Yahweh, the Jewish God who became the Christian God, always claimed to be bigger and better than any of the other Near Eastern gods who competed with him. He would have to be endowed with a schlong that would make Osiris or Dionysus, say, look almost impotent by comparison."

"Just how big would it be?" I challenged. If de Selby and "Bob," with only two bottles of malt in them, could deduce the size of King Kong's dong, I was sure that with another bottle they could do the same for Yahweh.

"Well," de Selby said, "Yahweh himself isn't much bigger than Kong. He walks around Eden at twilight without smashing down the trees or causing any notable wreckage of the sort Godzilla would leave in his wake. He shows his backside to Moses and nobody in Greece or even Babylon sees that cosmic spectacle. I would. say he couldn't be more than forty or fifty feet tall. In bio-logic, he should have about four to five feet. In mytho-logic, if he were any ordinary fertility god like Hermes or Finn, he would have six times that or around twenty-four to thirty feet. As the Lord of Lords and King of Kings, etc., he would double our expectations at least. He should have around fifty feet. In passion, he would be symmetrical, fifty feet high and fifty wide in the middle, sort of like a giant F with the top stroke missing."

"I begin to feel the same sympathy for the Virgin Mary that I experienced earlier for Fay Wray," I said, finishing off my own shot of Jameson. But then another thought struck me. "Yahweh may have been about that siz-probably was that size, I think-back in Biblical times. The scriptures are full of lots of other references that show him about the height of Finn Mac Cool or Zeus, say. But he has grown during the scientific epoch. Every new advance in astronomy has necessitated that the whole Judeo-Christian tradition has had to make him bigger and uh er more gaseous, as it were. By the time of Newton, he had to be at least millions of miles in circumference to create the known universe. Since we started finding other galaxies in the 1920s, he has swollen to billions and billions of light-year-at least."

"Yes," said "Bob" thoughtfully. "To be consistent with known cosmology, theJudeo-ChristianGodwould have to bebodacious, to say the least ofit. And the size of his Willy-gol dang, the mind spins at the thought."

"And yet if we accept Christianity in any sense, even as metaphor à la Mr. T. S. Eliot," de Selby muttered pensively, "the metaphor demands such a whang for its divinity. billions of zillions of parsecs from foreskin to base. The only way out of that logic is the Feminist path. Neuter the divinity. He has no dong at all. He isn't a he anymore. A cosmic eunuch."

"Well, there's also the Radical Feminist-path," I suggested. "He's a she."

"Lawdy, lawdy," said "Bob" dazedly, quickly gulping some more Jameson. "Now we have to try to visualize a vagina quadrillions of parsecs deep."

It was at this point, alas, that the whiskey began to go to my head and I nodded off in my chair. De Selby and "Bob" politely did not try to arouse me, reasoning that I needed the rest, and went ahead helping themselves to my rare cognacs, now that the Jameson was exhausted. In that hypnopompic state midway between drunkenness and coma, I was half aware, or dreamed I was half aware, of the continuing conversation.

Somehow de Selby and "Bob" wandered from the high theological contemplation of divine dongs back to the King himself, and were united in condemning the cheap remakes produced by some Japanese studios and the abominable caricatures of De Laurentiis. Still: They thought it was time for a "sincere" remake, and soon had sketched out a film which I, in my reverie, could see as clearly as if they had already shot it.

Ann Darrow, this time, would be played by Marilyn Chambers, on the pounds that **Behind the Green Door** was, psychoanalytically considered, already a part of the Kong mythos. Like Fay Wray in the original, Marilyn in **Green Door** is kidnapped and offered as a mate to a divinely endowed Fertility Spirit. "Bob" and de Selby agreed heartily that the black superstud in **Door**, with his gargantuan tool (and the "savage" bone in his nose) represented the same primitive generative force as Kong. "Pornography," I heard "Bob" say profoundly, "merely makes explicit what is implicit in folk art like **Kong.**"

In the new **Kong**, Marilyn Chambers and a porno producer, played by Al Pacino, sail to Skull Island to make the ultimate wet-shot epic. Kong appears with his five-foot whang clearly visible in every shot. "No fig leaves!" said "Bob" emphatically. The giant dinosaurs and other monsters run amok, as in the original, creating ample mayhem for the S-M crowd, and Marilyn is rescued by a different crew member each time Kong or one of these reptiles menaces her; she expresses her gratitude in traditional Chambers fashion, for the voyeur majority.

At the climax, when Kong is running wild in New York, looking for his mate, Marilyn, his giant tool attracts the horrified notice of Andrea Dworkin, playing herself. She quickly rounds up a crew of five hundred fat ladies from circuses and they overrun and bring down the Big Fellow without any help from airplanes. They then emasculate him in gory detail, on wide screen with Technicolor. The offensive organ is then weighed down with a lead block and thrown in the East River so it will never rise again.

While Dworkin leads a horde of Radical Feminists in a victory celebration, the film cuts to a conference room at a university and switches to documentary style. Various leading spokesentities for the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal-e.g., Carl Sagan, Martin Gardner, James Randi and Professor vonHanfkopf- are then given equal time to persuade the audience that gorillas never grow to twenty-four feet tall and that the film just shown has been fantasy and therefore nefarious. Von Hanfkopf gets the microphone first, but his talk soon degenerates into incoherent ravings about cocaine abuse in Hollywood, CIA plots, the "Vatican-Mafia axis," etc., and he is gently persuaded to relinquish the podium. Randi

begins denouncing everybody who disagrees with him about anything, saying they are all frauds, felons and child abusers. Martin Gardner gets the microphone away from him and argues that all the wreckage in midtown Manhattan does not prove the existence of giant apes and can be "more economically and scientifically explained" by positing the crash of a giant meteor. Dr. Sagan then approaches the podium and urges everybody to beware of wild and fanciful ideas. He rambles off into lyrical exposition about billions and billions of galaxies with billions and billions of stars, and is about to proceed further in that vein when suddenly a **huge black hand** crashes through the floor and grabs him by the testicles.

At that point, I drifted into deeper sleep. In a while, however, I was either startled awake or fell into the worst nightmare of my life-I have never been sure which-but it seemed to me that de Selby had returned to his original subject, the dimensions of divine dongs, and was arguing that Catholicism remains the last survivor of the ithyphallic cults of the ancient Mediterranean. Not only must one have a Willy to be a priest, he was saying, but the Pope continues to insist on that because the inner order within the church-I think he meant the Knights of Malta-still holds the antediluvian credo about the biggest Willy containing the greatest Animal Magnetism, or magic, or indwelling divinity, or something like that. He proposed a totally new, and shocking, theory as to how Popes are selected by the College of Cardinals and why **these proceedings are always hidden from the public behind locked doors and no details are ever revealed**. Evidently, he was seriously suggesting that, just as it requires a Willy to turn a piece of bread into the body of a dead Jew, it requires the biggest Willy on the planet to anoint others and pass on the power to perform this astounding alchemical transformation.

While I was grappling with this thought, imagining the secret conclaves of the Curia looking like the casting sessions for male lead in a porn epic, and wondering why Kong had not been appointed at least an Honorary Pope, Rancid the butler suddenly burst into the room, carrying a Thompson submachine gun.

"This has gone far enough!" he shouted, glassy-eyed and foaming a bit.

"Come, come, o'd man-" I began gently, as one must begin with drunks.

"Don't 'old man' me, you Unitarian pervert," he screamed hysterically. The tommy gun, aimed loosely at all of us before, now pointed directly at my gut. "I am no damned butler. I am Cardinal Luigi Mozzarella, of the Holy Office for the Doctrine of the Faith, and Grand Master of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta."

There was a stifled silence, as we all took this in.

"We don't have the Maltese Falcon, honest-" said "Bob" weakly.

"Fuck that damned bird," Cardinal Mozzarella shouted. "We've wasted eight hundred years looking for it, and eight hundred years is more than enough on a losing project. I am one of the thirty-two agents assigned to monitor the heresiarch, de Selby, and it is just as we feared. You have guessed the inner secrets of our Holy Order and you will have to be eliminated. All of you."

He raised the tommy gun and I felt that sinking sensation which Chandler, I believe, has defined as the acute consciousness that one is not bullet-proof.

"All right, Luigi, drop the gun!"

All of us spun about to stare at the door, where Adam, the wand o'd gardener, stood, no longer wand or old. He had removed his white wig and abandoned his crouched posture. He was a young and dangerous man, and he carried an automatic rifle.

Cardinal Mozzarella dropped his tommy gun, stunned. De Selby darted forward and picked it up.

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the stranger who had once been my gardener. "I am Adam Weishaupt IX, **primus illuminatus**, and Grand Master of the Ordo Templi Orientus, the Scotch Rite, the York Rite, the Egyptian Rite and the Rite of Memphis and Mizraim. In shod," he summed up, "I control every Freemasonic conspiracy on the planet. We have been watching and protecting you for a long time, Professor de Selby, since we knew the Knights of Malta would eventually attempt to take your life."

De Selby carefully placed the tommy gun on the writing desk, in the corner. I absently noticed that "Bob" wandered off in that direction and sat casually on the edge of the desk, relighting his Pipe. Just then the French windows smashed open and the maids, Immaculata and Concepción, burst into the room, each carrying a bazooka. "Put down that rifle, Illuminati dog," cried Immaculata. "We are taking charge here."

"Who the hell are you?" Cardinal Mozzarella gasped, evidently unable to believe there could be so many conspiracies afoot in one Gothic castle.

"We are the High Priestesses of the Paratheo-Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, or POEE," Concepción said. (POEE was pronounced "poo- ey," at least in her dialect.)

"Eris?" cried the **primus illuminatus**.

"Eris, goddess of chaos, discord, confusion, bureaucracy and international relations," Immaculata explained. "Our slogan is 'Disobedience was Woman's original virtue.' Too long has the world been run by male conspiracies. We are the first all-female conspiracy."

"Heresy," hissed the cardinal venomously.

"The inevitable yin balance to our yang energies," the Illuminatus muttered thoughtfully.

"Are you going to kill us?" I asked, being practical about the situation.

"No, of course not," Immaculata said. "Chaos is our Lady's natural mktier. We came here to stop you from killing one another. We want you all alive, so you can go on spreading disputation and confusion and Chaos will always steadily increase. Hail Eris. All hail Discordia."

"So," Concepción said, "we must ask all of you to move the guns-with your feet please-to the center of the room. And then you must leave by separate doors. Go forth in peace," she added piously, "and continue to preach false doctrines."

"Just a minute, ladies," said de Selby. "I have a brief statement to make. Professor de Selby died in his sleep, peacefully, over ten years ago. I have been impersonating

him ever since. I am a time traveler, in your terms. I was originally bom in Damascus over a thousand years ago. My name was Abdul Alhazred and I was the first to learn the art of positronic reincarnation. In lay terms, when one brain wears out with age, I simply move my quantum energy into another brain. I took over de Selby as he was dying and simply continued the Great Work to which the Order of the Hashishim have been dedicated for a millennium-the lletum ofthe Great Old Ones, or GOO, as we call them."

"Goo?" Immaculata cried, stunned.

"Well, they are kind of slimy," Abdul admitted, "but they are stronger than your Eris, or the other gang's Yahweh, or any of these recent parvenu gods. And now that I have the leaders of all the other and hence lesser cults assembled in one place, I shall summon Great Cthulhu to eat your souls." And he began chanting in a nameless Elder Tongue:

"Ia, Shub-Niggurath! Cthulhu fthagn! Yog Sothoth neblod zin! Ia! Io! Nov shmoz ka pop! Ph'nglui mglw'nafl1 na gcopaleen Baile atha Cliath wgah'nagl fthagn!"

As he chanted this blasphemous and nameless invocation, the mad Arab began to metamorphose before our very eyes, growing, swelling, becoming like unto a huge bowl ofgreen yogurt, then changing into a jellyfish with a million bloodshot ayes, then becoming a pit bull with AIDS, then a Republican attorney general, a werewolf, every fearsome creature ofnightmare and horror imaginable by a hashish-crazed brain, **for all these horrific visions were, I now realized, individual aspects of the multiple monstrosity that was Cthulhu, the Interstellar Banker, source of all evil and conspiracy, inventor of punk rock, Eater of Souls, the Thing in the center of the Pentagon!!!**

And then, "Bob," so drunk that he had lost track of who was in charger tried to kick the tommy gun into the center of the room, as the Erisians had demanded, and the gun began to spray bullets in all directions. I dived for the window and rolled dizzily down the lawn, my brain temporarily unhinged by the terrible visions I had seen.

They tell me that neighbors found me wandering in the rain, gibbering incoherently. They called an ambulance. I have been in St. John of God's Hospital for alcohol abusers for two weeks now. They think the terrible things I was muttering when brought here indicate too much Irish whiskey, and I am willing to let them think that. I dare not tell the good nuns here how Popes are actually chosen, or why it requires a Willy to perform the transubstantiation of molecules in the eucharist . . . or that in the last mind-numbing moment before "Bob" accidentally set off the tommy gun I saw the tme face of Cthulhu, the master of this Death Universe, and recognized that it was my own ... for now the positronic transformation is being accomplished again. Yes, Abdul Alhazred lives anew, for I am he, and I know now that I was wrong in my youth to believe that good was better than evil because it is generally nicer. Now I know, from one thousand years of memories of many lives, that evil is better than good because it always wins in the end. . . . **Ia! Shrug-Yrsh'ldrs! Notary sojac! Sinn fein amhain!**

Endnotes

De Selby was the most controversial Irish philosopher of the later twentieth century. For biographical details, see O'Brien, **Dalkey Archive**, Picador Books, London,' 1976, and/or Wilson, **The Widow's Son** , Bluejay Press, New York, 19S5. Highlights of the

de Selby furor will be found in Conneghen, **The de Selby Codex and Its Critics**, Royal Sir Myles na gCopaleen Anthropological Society Preas, Dalkey, 1937; Flahive, **Teratological Evolution**, Royal Sir Myles na gCopaleen Biochemical Institute Press, Dalkey, 1972; Vinkenoog, **De Selby: De onbekende filosoof**, De Kosmos, Amsterdam, 1951; La Fournier, **De Selby: l'Enigme de l'Occident**, University of Paris, 1933; Han Tui Po, **De Selby Te Ching**, University of Beijing, 1978; La Toumier (not to be confused with La Fournier), **De Selby: Homme ou Dieu?**, Editions J'ai Lu, Paris, 1904; von Hanfkopf, **De Selbyismus und Dummheit** (6 vols.), University of Heidelberg, 1942-52; La Puta, **La Estupidez de Hanjkopf**, University of Madrid, 1975; Turn-und-Taxis, **Ist de Selby eine Drage oder haben wir sie nur falsch verstanden?**, Sphinx Verlag, Basel, 1922; O'Broichnan, **A Chara, na caith tabac**, Royal Sir Myles na gCopaleen Zoological Institute Press, Dalkey, 1992.

The Knights of Malta-or, more properly, the Sovereign Military Order of Malta (abbreviated SMOM)-is the eight-hundred-year-old Vatican "secret police" or "dirty tricks bureau." According to **Covert Action Information Bulletin** #25, Winter 1986, notable recent members of SMOM have included Dr. Otto von Hapsburg (a prime organizer of the infamous "Bilderbergers"), Franz von Papen (the man who persuaded President von Hindenburg to resign and appoint Hitler chancellor of Germany), William Casey (the CIA chief who died mysteriously during the Iran-Contra hearings), Major General Reinhard Gehlen (**vice supra**), General Alexander Haig, William F. Buckley, Jr., Clare Boothe Luce, and the three ringleaders of the P2 conspiracy in Italy-Roberto Calvi, Michele Sindona and Licio Gelli. Baigent, Lincoln and Leigh in **The Messianic Legacy** (Henry Holt, New York, 1987) have added to the list of BMOM members Alexandre de Marenches, former chief of Wench intelligence, and claim mysterious links between SMOM and the Priory of Sion. Gordon Thomas and Max Wittman in **The Year of Armageddon** (Corgi, London, 1984) claim that BMOM members act as couriers between the Vatican and the CIA. Most scholars dissent vehemently from von Hanfkopfs ill-documented charge that de Selby, Flahive, La Toumier and the shadowy La Fournier are all members of SMOM.

The Illuminati, founded in Bavaria in 1776, was (or is) a secret society within a secret society, since all members were first Freemasons before being invited into the Illuminati itself. See Nestawebster, **World Revolution**, Christian Back Club of America, Hawthorne, California, n.d.; "Inquire Within," **The Trail of the Serpent**, Christian Book Club of America, Hawthorne, California, n.d.; and Wilson, **Cosmic Trigger**, Falcon Backs, Santa Monica, 1987. The Illuminati technique of forming a secret society within another secret society was later imitated by the Molly Maguires, an Irish revolutionary group within the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the P2 conspiracy which recruited within the Grand Orient Lodge of Egyptian Freemasonry in Italy-although secretly managed, as noted above, by three members of the Vatican secret service, SMOM. Professor Flahive was under great personal stress when he began his campaign to convince the learned community that von Hanfkopf was actually the ringleader of an Illuminati conspiracy against de Selby.

According to Paoli (**Les Dessous d'une ambition politique**, Hurhaus Verlag, Basel, 1973), the Priory of Sion is a serious political conspiracy of aristocratic Wench Freemasons who intend to restore monarchy in France. According to de Sede (**La Race fabuleuse**, Editions J'ai Lu, Paris, 1973), the Priory is descended from superhumans born of matings between ancient Hebrews and extraterrestrials from Sirius. According to Baigent, Leigh and Lincoln (**Holy Blood, Holy Grail**, Delacorte, 1982), the Priory is descended from the royal line of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. According to Michael Lame (**Jules Verne, initiate et initiateur**, Editions J'ai Lu,

Paris, 1985), the Priory is a front for the Illuminati and Veme's "science fiction" novels are subtle Illuminati recruiting manuals. De Selby claims (**Golden Hours**, Royal Sir Myles na gcopaleen Philosophical Society Press, Dalkey, 1957) that the IlluminatiPriory axis is an attempt to spread electric light everywhere, thereby banishing the "teratclogical molecules" which move backwards in time and generate Chaos, but this must be considered one of the more imaginative flights of the Dalkey sage.

The Campus Crusade for Cthulhu has been alleged to be responsible for the recent crop of child murders and cattle mutilations elsewhere attributed to Satanists; see Rev. Jedidiah Blather, **The Cthulhu Cult, Interstellar Bankers and Punk Rock**, True Christian Book Club of America, Tulsa, 1987. Although few credit this wild charge, the CCC is definitely responsible for the bumper stickers that say things like IT FOUND ME, ABDUL ALHAZRED WAS NOT MAD, YOG SOTHOTH NEBLOD ZIN, etc. Von Hanfkopes attempts to link La Puta to the CCC are best described as tenuous and (as Ferguson said) "clutching at straws." It was after Professor Ferguson uttered these dews on the BBC that the police of his hometown, Loch Pockah, received letters claiming he, Ferguson, was the Yorkshire Ripper. These letters were in clumsy English ("rather like that of the Katzenjammer Kids," according to Inspector MacAndrew, who handled the investigation) and had Heidelberg postmarks.

The de Selby controversy originally emptied into political mania after Professor von Hanfkopf charged (see his **Werke**, vol. XXIII, pp. 506-36ff.) that some of the moneys embezzled from Banco Ambrosiano of Milan in the early 1980s (by the bank's president, Roberto Calvi, and his associates in the P2 conspiracy) had been "laundered" through a Dublin bank account which de Selby allegedly used to finance IRA terrorism in Northern Ireland. Although this charge was unsubstantiated, Professor Flahive rebutted it at great length (**Proceedings of the Royal Sir Myles na gCopaleen Institute of International Relations**, vol. LVI, pp. 309-417) and it was after this that the Special Branch of the Gard (the police of the Republic of Ireland) began receiving letters with a Heidelberg postmark charging (in broken English) that Flahive himself was involved in running guns for the IRA. This was immediately after the unfortunate and much-debated incident involving Professor Flahive and the fourteen-year-old Girl Scout from Sallynoggin, and the distressed savant, a devout Catholic and conservative, began making wild charges about "international plots" and "frameups" and, sadly, eventually degenerated to the same tactics as von Hanfkopf, claiming that the Heidelberg philosopher was formerly associated with the Gehlen apparatus and the CIA's "Russian" branch-the group, under Major General Reinhard Gehlen, Knight of Malta and former head of army intelligence for Hitler, which conducts espionage within the Soviet Union itself of course, the crude (and ineffective) letter bomb sent to Professor Flahive at this point, although postmarked Alexandria, Virginia, could have been sent by anybody (and one assumes the CIA are at least clever enough not to mail such devices from a city universally known to be their international headquarters); but after Roberto Calvi, President of Banco Ambrosiano, was found hanging from Blackfriars Bridge in London that same week, and his secretary, Ms. Graziella, fell or was pushed from a window of the Milan office of that bank, sheer paranoia descended upon all those involved in the de Selby feud or even in the abstract mathematical arguments about de Selby's "plenimentary time" and teratclogical molecules." As La Puta has incisively remarked, "The entire de Selby debate is degenerating into the worst academic **schelmozzle** since the Bacon-Shakespeare lunacy."

"PLA" is Dublin slang for Portlaois Lunatic Asylum, the place which many of de

Selby's critics claimed would be his ultimate destination. As La Fournier wrote (**De Selby: l'Enigme de la Occident**, p. 23), "While much about the sage of Dalkey remains in dispute, none have denied that he held a greater number of totally original ideas than any philosopher in history not known to have been kept in a padded cell." Von Hanfkopfs claim that Le Fournier was a mask, a nonentity, a fiction, a stalking horse behind which de Selby wrote commentaries on himself, in **French** no less, has not been conclusively verified, and La Puta claims to have refuted it entirely in his **La Estupidez**, op. cit. It was after this work was published that the Spanish police began receiving letters, with a Heidelberg postmark, alleging in bad Spanish that La Puta was the chief opium smuggler in Madrid and a KGB agent. Professor Hamburger's attempts to link La Puta to the Illuminati (**Proceedings of the London Musicological Society**, vol. XXIII, pp. 7-133) do, however, appear to be well documented and possess some merit, although Hamburger's argument that it was La Puta, not de Selby, who laundered the cocaine money for the P2 conspiracy is far from convincing. A Penny Lemoux documents in her **In Banks We Trust** (Anchor Press/Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1984), most of the cocaine money went through the World Finance Corporation in Miami and the Cisalpine Overseas Bank in the Bahamas, which was owned by the deceased Robert Calvi and Archbishop Marcinkus. The argument of Yallop (**In God's Name**, Bantam, New York, 1984) that Calvi and Marcinkus collaborated in the murder of Pope John Paul I is, of course, highly speculative.

As du Garbandier has written (**De Selby et l'or de Rennes**, p. 17) "Le suprême chorine qu'on trouve à lire une page de de Selby est qu'elle vans conduit inexorablement à l'heureuse certitude que des sots De sent pad les plus grands." Van Hanfkopfs charge (**Der Spiegel**, 2/2/1982) that de Garbandier was a member of the shadowy and sinister Priory of Sion seems, for once, adequately documented and in comuncion with the links established between the Priory of Sion in Paris and the Italian P2 conspiracy (see Baigent, Lincoln, and Leigh, **The Messianic Legacy**, op. cit., passim) lends at least a tinge of near credibility to the alleged P2 account at the Bank of Ireland in de Selby's naale, although Ferguaon's attempts (**Armageddon**, Ed Smith University Press, Biloxi, Mississippi, 1983) to link de Selby to the cocaine laundering of Robert Calvi, Michele Sindona and Archbishop Paul Marcinkus still renwins dubious, Kertloaey's thesis of the double de Selbys and the linkage from the Knights of Malta to the Campus Cmsade for Cthulhu (**The Second De Selby**, Thelema Books, Dallas, 1983) is patently absurd. If Kerfloey had not been present in Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1963, and had not died in a hit-and-mn auto accident the week his bock was published, this nonsense would never have been taken seriously by anyone.

De Selby's lifelong enthusiasm for Alfred Jarry and Pataphysics had led him to name his own System "patapsYchology." (Like all Irish miters, de Selby was convinced he had to cream a System, and the more inscrutable the System was to the non-Céltic reader, the better.) Due to a printer's error parapsychology was misspelled as **parapsychology** in the first edition of his **Teratologica Ontologicum**, and La Puta has always claimed that it was this misreading that motivated the vehement, venomous and vitriolic polemics von Hanfkopf was to write, denouncing first de Selby himself and then all quantum physicists who claimed to find value in de selby's concept of plenary time. (Von Hanfkopf was the organizer of the SS, or Scientific Skeptics, the German branch of CSICOP, the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of claims of the Paranormal.) Parapsychology is defined by de Selby as the study of "unique, statistically improbable, nondeterministic mental processes," or, more elegantly, "neurological negative entropy."

This myth continues to live, largely due to the publicity campaign of the John Dillinger Died for You Society, headquartered in Austin, Texas, and led by the shadowy Dr. Horace Naismith, who claims to be the illegitimate son of Mr. Dillinger. Although Kerflooy, op. cit., attempts to link the John Dillinger Died for You Society to the ill-reputed Campus Crusade for Cthulhu and the even more infamous Parathec-Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric (POEE), his evidence is as unconvincing as his "two de Selby" and "three Oswald" theories. See Malaclyuse, **Kerflooy Is Koput**, Discordian Press, San Francisco, 1987. It is sad to report that when Malaclyuse invited Kerflooy to San Francisco for what he called "a serious, adult discussion" of their differences, Professor Kerflooy arrived armed, as the subsequent police report showed, with three revolvers, two pistols, five semiautomatic rifles, several vials of poison, two dirks, five swords, a meat cleaver, a flamethrower, a bazooka, several pounds of **plastique** explosive and 20 grams of gelignite. As Flahive said after the subsequent inquest, "Simple good taste and elementary decency should set certain limits on the integrity of even the most vigorous academic debate."

I have often thought, later, that it was this conversation which inspired de Selby's most controversial essay, "Can Goddess Create a Stone So Heavy That She Herself Cannot Lift It?," which he optimistically submitted to several Radical Feminist journals in San Francisco. It was after this that WITCH (the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell) began picketing de Selby's home in Dalkey. It is unfortunate that Flahive, in his passion to defend de Selby against all detractors, attempted to prove the WITCHes were a "front" for the Knights of Malta. If Flahive had not been himself a former CIA agent and coincidentally present, like Kerflooy, in Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1963, not even the wild-eyed Hamburger would have claimed evidence of foul play in Flahive's subsequent tragic death in a hunting accident with Professor La Puta.

I am deliberately avoiding the human chauvinism of **spokespersons**.





Brooks Caruthers

KILLING "BOB"

A One-Act Play

The set consists of two separately lighted sections. On stage left we have the apartment of DR. HARRY TOMKINS and BARBARA DOBSON. It should consist of a door, a small table with a lamp on it, an overstuffed chair, a straight-backed chair, and a coffee table which holds a small, bizarre metal sculpture-the "clock sculpture." On the wall should be a small, tasteful poster of Dobbs and perhaps a needlepoint saying something like "Fuck 'Em If They Can't Take a Joke." When the characters exit stage left, they are presumably going to the kitchen or to the bedroom.

On stage right we have the bar area. The bar itself should be situated so that when the characters sit at it they are behind it, facing the audience. In front of the bar is a table with four chairs. Unless otherwise indicated, whenever the bar set is lit, 'luded-out, atonal cocktail music should be playing in the background.

The characters are:

DR. HARRY TOMKINS: a genial but gruesome mangled Corpse.

DETECTIVE PETERS: a police detective who has been around.

BARBARA DOBSON: Harry Tomkins' wife.

LEWIS: an army boy, a Bobbie.

LANDRY: an army boy, an artist.

CHILDRESS: *an army boy.*

THE PLAINCLOTHESMAN: *Peters' top aide-can be any gender.*

THE WEATHERMAN: *an offstage media voice that periodically fades in and out giving updates on the latest temporal conditions-an be any gender.* CONNIE: *A beautiful woman people buy drinks for at the bar, or at least that's what she's doing this week.*

THE VOICES: *Offstage radio voices from Time Control.*

THE BARKEEP: *the only employee at the Wistful Flamingo. He makes drinks, waits tables and cleans up when everyone has left.*

THE AIDES: *two policemen, two prostitutes and two hunchbacks who enter from time to time to haul off bodies, etc. Always the same two actors, although dressed appropriately for each appearance. Always a mixed-gender couple with "Bob"-like features.*

All characters should be clean-cut and well dressed in early-fifties film noir attire. All lights out. In the darkness, we hear voices.

VOICES All systems check. Hey Bill! Looks like we have an entertaining little tack-up coming up tonight.

Sequence check completed and ready to implement. You got the music ready?

WEATHERMAN . . . and we've just been informed by Time Control that a full-fledged tempest is brewing in the amber-light district, so be careful. . . .

VOICES Music is ready. Begin sequence . . . now!

On tape we hear melodramatic fight music and fistfight sound effects, along with LEWIS' voice.

LEWIS I don't like 'em! That's all there is to it! I just don't like 'em! Sorry I gotta rip off your legs, doc, but I just don't like 'em!

We hear a gruesome tearing sound, screaming. . . and silence.

Lights up on apartment. HARRY TOMKINS is a mangled corpse on the floor. (Make him as gruesome as you want to, but remember, his legs must be ripped off)

DETECTIVE PETERS squats behind the corpse, contemplating it and lighting up a pipe. He is dressed in an immaculate film noir suit and a snazzy fedora. His pipe is always with him-usually he talks with it in his mouth.

Two genial-looking policemen with pipes in their mouths are dusting the place for fingerprints and cutting a piece of meat off TOMKINS corpse. They wrap the meat in plastic and then stuff the rest of TOMKINS' body into a large garbage bag and haul it away. The PLAINCLOTHESMAN sits quietly in the straight-backed chair, looking at the clock sculpture.

Meanwhile, PETERS walks back to the sofa and perches himself on its arm. Sitting on the sofa is BARBARA DOBSON. She is wiping her eyes and trying to regain her composure.

DOBSON I'm sorry, Detective Peters. I'm not like this usually.

PETERS I understand, Miz Dobson.

DOBSON Harry had just sent me out for some 'Frop . . . and some film so that we could take some pictures. We'd picked some army boys we were going to bugger-they're always so tender, you know? . . .

PETERS *(nods sympathetically)* I know. I used to be an army boy myself.

DOBSON *(looks up at PETERS)*Were you really? *(She places a hand on his knee and squeezes. As she continues talking, PETERS contemplates the view he gets looking down her blouse.)* Anyway, I ran into an old girlfriend on the way back from the drugstore. I was gone for an hour in beat time, and when I got back, there was Harry . . . all gross-looking- . . .

DOBSON sobs and squeezes PETERS ' thigh. PETERS begins to reload his pipe with an intent look on his face.

DOBSON May I have some of that, Detective?

PETERS Certainly. I know this is all very hard for you, Miz Dobson. *(DOBSON takes a pipe out of her purse and loads it from a pouch offered by PETERS. He also offers her a light.)* If you could just think back, and try to remember the names of those army boys. . . .

DOBSON *takes a deep puff. It calms her down.*

DOBSON They had name tags. Let's see . . . Lewis . . . Landry . . . and Childress. They told me they were on leave, staying at the Hotel Mel.

PETERS *(writing on a notepad)* What was the name of the bar you met them in?

DOBSON It was called the Wistful Flamingo.

PETERS . . . 'Kay. . . . *(To the PLAINCLOTHESMAN:)* Lieutenant. . . LIEUTENANT! The PLAINCLOTHESMAN jumps and yanks his gaze away from the clock sculpture.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Yes sir.

PETERS *(handing the PLAINCLOTHESMAN the paper from his notepad)* Lieutenant, I want you to put out an A13 on these three men. Institute a D4 on the hotel and see if you can manage a 409 time lock on the bar.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN But, sir! Those are both Xist watering holes! They may not go along with it!

PETERS pulls out a roll of red bills and peels a few off for the PLAINCLOTHESMAN.

PETERS Here. Buy'em drinks, Lieutenant. They'll go for it.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Yes sir. *(Exits.)*

PETERS Now, Miz Dobson, what can you tell me about Harry Tomkins? Do you know anyone who'd want to rip his legs ofa

DOBSON stands up and walks around the apartment. She is now fully in control.

DOBSON Harry was almost fifty percent Yeti, Detective Peters. Most people either wanted to fuck his brains out or kill him. But rip his legs off? I don't know. . . . These are strange times, Detective. We all thought things would be different after the Xists landed. Now, things are different, but it's all still more of the same. We used to live by the clock. Now we live by five different, mutually exclusive clocks. We used to fight the Conspiracy. Now the Conspiracy fights itself and we fight the Nazi Hell Creatures, and all they wanna do is drink beer. Ha.

Hell, it used to be enough to just kill "Bob." Now we have to take him out to dinner. So how am I supposed to figure out anyone's motivation for anything now? Most of my friends do things for reasons that I'll never understand, and some seem to do shit for no reason at all. Me, I just want good sex-and I wanna nail the bastard that ripped my Harry.

PETERS Fair enough. That first thing you want shouldn't be any problem, but we're gonna have to work on the second. Now I want you to think back to when you first entered the Wistful Flamingo tonight. Let's take it slowly, bit by bit.

DOBSON closes her eyes and takes another deep puff. PETERS takes notes.

DOBSON Okay. It was 8:00/3 RPM. Harry had just managed to sell the Xists some 1980s baseball cards and we had gone out to celebrate....

As DOBSON speaks, the bar set lights up. Sitting in a row with drinks in their hands are LANDRY, CHILDRESS, LEWIS, and the corpse of HARRY TOMKINS *(propped up with a pipe in its mouth)*. The BARKEEP is cleaning the bar.

DOBSON and PETERS step over into the bar. Lights out on the apartment. PETERS sits at the far end of the bar, smoking and taking notes. DOBSON saunters up to LEWIS with a predatory smile on her lips. She puts an arm around his shoulder.

DOBSON How's the war going, army boy?

LEWIS *(putting an arm around her waist)* The war's gain' good! It's always gain' good with "Bob" on our side. Why, just yesterday "Bob" sold the Nazi Hell Creatures seventy cases of beer, and today we slaughtered hundreds of them while they nursed their hangovers! Boy, it was great! That's why we're partying tonight! Tomorrow "Bob"ll

make yesterday happen again two weeks from now and we'll party again! Yep! The war's just fuckin' great! Thanks to "Bob," that is . . . , and no thanks to those hairy-legged types that just sit around with the Xists all day!

DOBSON (disengaging herself from LEWIS) *I just happen to be one of those hairy-legged types myself, army boy.*

LEWIS *Well, I didn't mean you personally! Some of you are great! Take ol' Doc here, buyin' us the drinks! You're all right!*

He slaps the TOMKINS corpse on the back and it slumps forward. DOBSON walks back over to PETERS.

CHILDRESS *Take it easy, Lewis. They're just tryin' to be nice.*

LEWIS *Nice? Would they take an army boy into their apartments, their beds, their bodies? Naw, they'd rather be with the fuckin' Xists! They won't even touch it if it doesn't have tentacles. . . .*

CHILDRESS *Mmmm . . .*

They settle into a moody silence. LANDRY gets up and walks over to sit next to TOMKINS. He props the corpse back up again.

DOBSON (to PETERS) *He was the first one we met-a real Bobbie. The only reason he ended up joining us later was 'cause he was with those other two. You know those army boys, always in threes.*

PETERS *Safer that way. War is hell. Good times come in threes.*

DOBSON *Tell that to Harry, Detective Peters. He was talking to that one, Landry, all night long. . . .*

LANDRY *I'm really sorry about Lewis, sir. He's a good soldier, but among civilians he stinks on ice.*

At this point someone should be controlling TOMKINS' corpse from behind the bar so that it turns to LANDRY and bobs around a little as it talks, like a primitive puppet. Its voice, from an offstage microphone, should be a genial, well-modulated, radio-announcer kind of voice.

TOMKINS *'S okay, soldier. He just doesn't know what to do with himself. It's become a standard problem. It's why so many people spontaneously combust these days. Let me buy you a drink, army boy. What's your poison?*

LANDRY *Cyanide and sweet gum.*

TOMKINS *Sounds good. Hey barkeep! Two Shirley Temples!*

The BARKEEP fixes and delivers the drinks.

TOMKINS *You seem to be a sensitive sort, soldier. You an artist?*

LANDRY *Was. Chain saws 'n' shit. Used to be able to carve any large dog into a small cat in five seconds flat. I was living my life's ambition. But after the world ended, it seemed, I don't know, irrelevant somehow. So I joined up.*

TOMKINS *Ah. Now there's the crux of it. The world came to an end. We'd all been waiting for it to happen for so long. It was even part of our genetic heritage. Our parents, waiting. Our grandparents, waiting. Waiting for the end. Homo finitis. The End Men. And suddenly, it happened! Great! What are we supposed to do now? Oh, sure, there's lots of money to be made . . . but now that we've had our cake and eaten it, what's next? We've got to find something new. . . .*

LANDRY *Like what? My art is dead. My parents are dead-hell, they just burst into flames while waterskiing one day. My sister planted herself; she makes a good fir tree, but she ain't much to talk to. My wife ran off with a tractor. My brother fragmented permanently-very time I see him he's either a teenager or an old drooling man. And now the army's saying that they may have to start layin' some of us off, that they have better things to do than fight a bunch of stupid green energy demons.*

TOMKINS *Mmmm. Sounds pretty bad. Still, you might take a cue from your brother and his time fragmentation. In these days, time itself is really the best medium for art. Listen, my wife Barbara and I are heading back to the apartment for some*

gourmet action. You wanna come along? I've got a clock sculpture that you really oughta see.

LANDRY *That sounds good. I'd like that, as long as my buddies could come along!*

TOMKINS *No problem! The more, the merrier! Let me tell the wife. . . .*

PETERS *(stepping in, showing his badge) The wife's right here, Dr. Tomkins. If you don't mind, however, I'd like to ask Soldier Landry here a few questions before you go.*

TOMKINS *If it's okay with him, it's okay with me, Detective.*

PETERS *Thank you. Soldier Landry?*

LANDRY *Yes sir?*

PETERS *About what time did you leave this bar with Dr. Tomkins and Miz Dobson?*

LANDRY *Let's see . . . it was sort of around 9:30/4 . . . let's just say about seven o'clock twenty-nine transit time. BM.*

PETERS *Did Soldiers Childress and Lewis come with you?*

LANDRY *Sure did. Y'know what they say, "Good times come in threes."*

PETERS *Mmmm-hmmm. Now, what precisely did you do when you reached the apartment? Try to remember the details. This is very important.*

LANDRY *Well, first we stopped at a place for some food, and then we reached the apartment at about 8:00/2 RPM. We had a few drinks and Dr. Tomkins showed me the clock sculpture. Miz Dobson left to get some film. After a while we got tired of waiting for her and went on into the bedroom. Let's see . . . I think we started out with the "Motorboat Crossing" and from there we went into the "Big China Shuffle." I hurt one army thumbs doing that one, so after that we relaxed into a "Clover Harem" pattern for a while. Had a few more drinks. Mr. Tomkins said he wanted to go on and try the "Spastic Donut," but I'd heard that there's some temporal risks associated with that one, so I decided to sit it out and play with the clock sculpture instead. Guess it was a bit risky, 'cause suddenly Childress called on the phone from the Wistful Flamingo. He'd fragmented-while fucking his brains out on RPM Static Time, in Eastern Transit Time he was already back at the Flamingo. Said he'd met this girl. Wanted me to meet her too. So I left.*

PETERS *Can you give me any kind of time reference here?*

LANDRY *Well, the clock sculpture was reading 43:00 and the wall clock said five. Everything was pretty screwed up at that point, what with Childress fragging and all.*

PETERS *And you came back here.*

LANDRY *I came back here. Say, what's this all about, anyway?*

PETERS *Your friend Tomkins was murdered. Someone ripped his legs off.*

LANDRY *Someone . . .*

LANDRY looks under the bar, and picks up one of TOMKINS' legs. He stares at it, wide-eyed.

PETERS *I'm afraid I'm gonna have to ask you to stay here. We should have a time lock going up any minute now. I'll have to ask Lewis and Childress to stay too . . . wait! Where's Lewis?*

DOBSON and LANDRY look around.

LANDRY *Don't know. Thought he was still here.*

PETERS *Where's Childress?*

LANDRY *He's right over there. At that table.*

CHILDRRESS has moved to the table, where he sits with a drink. PETERS sighs tiredly, rubbing the back of his neck. He lights up his pipe and watches CHILDRRESS intently.

CONNIE enters, and walks up to the table.

CONNIE *Buy me a drink, army boy?*

CHILDRRESS *Sure. What'll ya have?*

CONNIE *(sitting down) Molotov cocktail.*

CHILDRRESS *Barkeep! Two Molotov cocktails.*

CONNIE Think you can handle one without blowing up, army boy?

CHILDRESS Hey. If it happens, it happens. Fellow told me once that the world ended in a burst of fire, and that spontaneous combustion was just our way of catching up. (The BARKEEP brings the drinks.) Whaddya think of that?

CONNIE I'm not paid to think. I'm paid to drink.

CHILDRESS Helluva job. What's your name?

CONNIE Connie.

CHILDRESS Helluva name. Guess while your namesake sails the high seas with "Bob" at her side, you swim the high tides of inebriation with drunk soldiers.

CONNIE Spare me your poetry, army boy. How do you know that I haven't sailed the high seas with "Bob" at my side?

CHILDRESS Have you?

CONNIE I've sailed the fucking stratosphere with "Bob" in my womb, army boy. I partied Andy Warhol into his grave and fucked giant Yetis at the top of Mount Everest. I can drink any Xist under the table and I can paralyze armies with a single bump and grind. I've shown those panty-raid geeks sights that made 'em go blind. I'm the only person in the world that can sell things to "Bob," and whenever he gets out of hand I can make him submit with my little finger. I've fragmented so many times that I can't name a single woman on this planet that isn't me and when we fuck, even Wotan gets a hard-on- And when I combust, army boy, the whole damn planet's gain' with me.

CHILDRESS Well then, why don't you buy the next round, then, eh? Why don't we blow this joint and go somewhere real? Why don't we rape a few aliens and beat up a few gods? Why don't we catch fire together and roll ourselves into one huge, ungodly flame?

CONNIE (tossing back the rest of her cocktail) Why don't you buy me another drink, army boy?

CHILDRESS (drunker now than before, hollering) Another round, barkeep!

There is total silence. The music stops. Everyone looks at the table. CHILDRESS lets his head fall forward. The music starts main. Conversations resume. The BARKEEP brings the drinks.

CHILDRESS Fuck all this. I'm just a fragged soldier who may lose his job tomorrow. You're just one of the countless girls that got named after "Connie" Dobbs twenty years ago. The world's ended and there's nothin' left to do.

CONNIE Listen, army boy, I don't have to sit here and listen to this. I do what I do. I kill "Bob" daily. And I'm just tryin' to make a living.

CHILDRESS Hey, I kill "Bob" too. It's all I have left. "Kill "Bob" or kill me!" That's how I live my life.

CONNIE No you don't - you're just repeating dogma.

CHILDRESS It isn't dogma. It's the truth.

CONNIE Then say it again, army boy.

CHILDRESS (takes a huge gulp of his drink and looks off into space) "Kill "Bob," (he looks directly at CONNIE) or kill me!"

CONNIE takes a knife out of her purse and stabs CHILDRESS in the chest.

CHILDRESS Ow.

CHILDRESS falls over, dead. Two genial-looking PROSTITUTES with pipes enter, pick up his body, and carry it away. PETERS and DOBSON step up to the table and sit down.

DOBSON You shouldn't have stabbed that boy. He was a good fuck.

CONNIE It's my job. What do you want me to do?

PETERS May I ask you a few questions?

CONNIE Who're YOU?

PETERS (flashing his badge) Detective Peters.

CONNIE Whaddya want with me? I was just doin' my job. Guy says, "Kill me." I kill him. Nothin' wrong with that.

PETERS Don't worry Miz ... uh ... "Connie." You're just a witness. That boy you stabbed, Childress, may have been involved in a murder. We're just looking for facts.

CONNIE Well, don't look at me. I ain't got any.

DOBSON Chill out, Connie. No one's after you. Not even "Bob."

CONNIE Whaddya know about "Bob"? Don't talk about that sunnuvabitch around me! Not unless you're buyin' me drinks!

PETERS If you could just tell us when you stabbed Childress. That's all we need to know.

CONNIE Well, how can I know that when you cops put a time lock on the whole stinkin' joint?

DOBSON What time did it feel like? C'man, Connie, this guy ripped my husband.

CONNIE I don't know! I could have done it at four! I might have done it again at ten! I may do it one more time at eight RPM and a third to the power of five! How can I fucking know? I never could tell time! Not really!

DOBSON None of us can . . . but we try.

The PLAINCLOTHESMAN enters and stands by the table, swaying on his feet.

CONNIE Well I just don't know. I'm sorry.

There is a pause. DOBSON refills and lights up her pipe, staring intently at CONNIE, who looks away. PETERS rubs the back of his neck. At last the PLAINCLOTHESMAN speaks.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Detective Peters, we do have the time lock in place now, but it took longer than we thought it would. I really had to get the Xists snockered.

PETERS You all right?

PLAINCLOTHESMAN I will be as soon as I throw up.

PETERS 'Kay. Here's the situation. One of our suspects fragged, so there's no telling how the lock affected him. Another is gone. The third is over there. (He points out LANDRY, who is talking to TOMKINS again.) So . . . go off and vomit and then we'll move back to the apartment.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Yes sir. (Exits.)

CONNIE (looking at DOBSON 's pipe) Could you give me some of that? I really need it.

DOBSON (blowing smoke into CONNIE's face) No. You can't have any.

All lights go out.

VOICES Warning. Warning. A 409 time lock has intersected a multizone temporal interface. Implement loop procedures immediately.

Lights up on the apartment. LEWIS and CHILDRESS enter through the door.

CHILDRESS Jeez, Lewis, do you think they're really on to us?

LEWIS We're suspects. So's Landry. I'm gonna plant his wallet here, but they've already got a lock on the Flamingo, so it may be too late for that.

LEWIS takes a wallet wrapped in a hanky out of his pocket. He shoves the wallet between the sofa cushions.

CHILDRESS But Landry's such a swell guy, Lewis! I don't wanna do him any dirt!

LEWIS It's either him or us. You understand, Childress?

CHILDRESS Well why did you have to pull the guy's legs of in the first place? We were having fun till you did that!

LEWIS Dammit, he was one of those hairy-legged types! All fuzzy like a spider. Don't know why I let things go as far as they did. Must have been the 'Frop. To think of how he lured us up here and bugged us without even letting on. . . . It was all his fault and I'm not going to Dobbstown for it!

CHILDRESS What's wrong with Dobbstown? I've always wanted to go there myself.

LEWIS (grabbing CHILDRESS by the lapels) You heard what they do to guys like us? Have you heard? . . . Maybe you do know. Maybe you're one of them! Maybe you've been shaving your legs all this time.

CHILDRESS No, Lewis! C'mon! Don't . . . aahhhh! (He suddenly grabs at the spot

where he was stabbed in agony.)
 LEWIS What is it?
 CHILDRESS My chest! I feel like I've been stabbed!
 Lights out.
 VOICES Loop sequence A. Reintegration commencing.
 Lights up on bar.
 DOBSON (blowing smoke) No. You can't have any.
 Lights out.
 WEATHERMAN ... got a time loop going in the amber-light district. If you're in that area just remain inactive and . . .
 Lights up on the apartment.
 CHILDRESS Ahh! I've been stabbed!
 LEWIS What is it, Childress?
 Lights up on bar.
 DOBSON No. You can't have any.
 VOICES Loop sequence B. Reintegration proceeding.
 CHILDRESS I've been stabbed, Lewis! Help me!
 CHILDRESS is slumping back onto the floor. LEWIS eases him to the ground.
 LEWIS Childress! What's happening, dammit!
 WEATHERMAN ... the National Bureau of Weights and Measures have issued a travelers' advisory for the amber-light district . . .
 DOBSON No. You can't have any.
 Lights out on bar.
 CHILDRESS I'm dying, Lewis!
 VOICES Loop sequence C. Reintegration concluding.
 LEWIS Childress! Childress!
 CHILDRESS lies motionless. LEWIS backs up.
 LEWIS Damn! (He backs out the door.) Damn!
 The door slams. Lights out on apartment.
 WEATHERMAN . . . advisory in effect until sunrise, transit time, for the amber-light district. At 8:00/10:00 a time-lock-created dismption was spotted . . .
 Lights up on bar. DOBSON and PETERS are back behind the bar. TOMKINS and CONNIE are gone.
 PETERS (To DOBSON) So, what did you do after you left the Wistful Flamingo?
 DOBSON Well, we stopped at Barney's for some fried leeches and then we headed back to the apartment. . . .
 Lights on in apartment. DOBSON and PETERS walk back over to it- PETERS grabbing LANDRY'S arm and pulling him along.
 PETERS C'mon, Soldier. We need to Work this Out.
 LANDRY walks with them complacently. As they step into the apartment, lights out on bar.
 DOBSON Let's see . . . we walked in through the door . . . the three army boys first, then Harry and me . . . and then Harry led Landry over to the clock sculpture. . . .
 (She takes LANDRY's arm and leads him over to the sculpture. The two of them almost stumble over CHILDRESS, who's lying on the floor where LEWIS left him.) Oh, look! Here's Childress! But he wasn't on the floor back then ... it wasn't like this at all!
 PETERS squats behind CHILDRESS and slaps his face. CHILDRESS stirs.
 PETERS Hey there, soldier. Wake up.
 CHILDRESS (blinking and shaking his head) Mmmmm. Wow. Can I have more of those pills, "Bob"? (He sits up and looks around.) Where am I?
 DOBSON You're in my apartment, army boy. Don't you remember?
 CHILDRESS No. Last I remember I was in this bar talking to a girl. I don't think it was you. . . .
 DOBSON It wasn't.

PETERS Take it easy, soldier. You've been fucked, fragged and stabbed all in one night. You probably lost your memories when the girl you were talking to killed you.

CHILDRESS Huh? Jesus! I'm not still fragmented, am I?

PETERS Nah. I think Time Control managed to reintegrate you. (He starts to help CHILDRESS up.) C'man. Let's get you into a chair. Give me a hand, Landry. (LANDRY and PETERS help CHILDRESS into the overstuffed chair.) You got anything that'll help this arlly boy reorient, Miz Dobson?

DOBSON Think so. Just a moment. (Exits.)

CHILDRESS Landry. At least someone I know is here. Do you know these guys?

LANDRY I do now. The gentleman's name is Detective Peters. The woman is Barbara Dobson.

CHILDRESS Detective? Something going on?

LANDRY Afraid so. Both you and I are suspects in a murder case.

CHILDRESS Murder! But I thought those didn't work anymore!

PETERS (sitting down on the sofa) This one did. It Was Miz Dobson's husband. Got his legs ripped right off.

CHILDRESS (grossed out) Ooooooooo! I don't think I could do something like that!

DOBSON enters with a glass full of clear, fizzing liquid and ice.

DOBSON Here you go, army boy. Arsenic and tonic. Should buck you right up.

CHILDRESS Thanks. (He takes a sip.) Mmmm.

There's a knock on the door.

DOBSON Come in!

The PLAINCLOTHESMAN enters with a computer printout.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Here's the temporal analysis, sir.

PETERS Thanks. How're you feeling?

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Better, sir.

PETERS Good. You missed a little over there. (He points to the PLAINCLOTHESMAN's sleeve.)

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Oh. (He takes out a hanky and dabs at the spot while PETERS looks through the printout.)

CHILDRESS (to the PLAINCLOTHESMAN, smiling) And I thought it was a cuff link. The PLAINCLOTHESMAN smiles wanly. Pause.

PETERS (nodding) Yep. Just as I thought. (To PLAINCLOTHESMAN:) We need to locate Lewis. Find him, but don't let him know you've found him. Use an undercover man to lure him up here. Let me know when he's on his way.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Yes sir. (He leaves, muttering.) Why don't I just build the Taj Mahal while I'm at it. . . . (Door shuts.)

There is another pause. Finally:

LANDRY Well?

PETERS reloads and relights his pipe, taking his time.

PETERS Childress could have done it rather easily. There's no telling how fragmented he became. Landry also could have done it. No one was watching him for a while. By the way, Landry, is this your wallet?

PETERS pulls the wallet planted by LEWIS out from between the sofa cushions.

LANDRY checks his pockets, then looks at the wallet more closely.

LANDRY Uh, yeah, it is. Funny, I know I had it with me.... Well, jeepers, Detective! I know I didn't do it, but I guess that wallet makes it look like I did.

PETERS hands the wallet to LANDRY.

PETERS Not really, soldier. If you traveled through the right time zones, you could have had the wallet on your person for a brief while after you lost it. Reversed causality is becoming a pretty common thing these days. However, someone who still doesn't understand that may have planted your wallet here in an effort to frame you. I believe that's what happened. And these time charts here all point to the one suspect that isn't here with us.

DOBSON Lewis!

CHILDRESS Lewis? I don't get that, Detective Peters. He was always such a swell guy to me.

PETERS Well, maybe he is, soldier. Maybe he is. But these are rough times for "swell guys." Living each day over and over again, fighting Nazi Hell Creatures and Green Energy Demons and Conspiracy Fragments. The Conspiracy Fragments are the worst. They can pull a man into the Conspiracy's war against itself without his even being aware of it, replacing his Slack with values derived from money, power, sex, religion or just raw fear, depending on which Fragment gets him. Soon our "swell guy" will be shitting dicks every time he tries to pee his own damn ass, and he'll think that's the way it's supposed to be. And where will we fit into his Conspiracy-fragged world-view? Any of us might represent the Slack that he has lost, even if he doesn't know he's lost it. His anger and fear will grow until they are finally unleashed against his subconsciously chosen enemy. It could be the local 'Frop retailer. It might be the man walking down the street with a pretty woman. Or maybe it's that rich salesman with those suspiciously hairy legs.. . .

DOBSON Hairy legs. I remember him saying something about that.

LANDRY He always made me shave mine.

PETERS Yetis, of course, have very hairy legs.

CHILDRESS I wish I could remember. There's something familiar about that...

The door opens. The PLAINCLOTHESMAN enters.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Sir, he's on his way.

PETERS Good. Get out your pipes, everybody.

CHILDRESS What for? Aren't you gonna arrest him?

PETERS We don't have enough evidence to hold him. We need to prove that his behavior is criminally consistent. To do that we'll have to force him into a crisis situation. We'll use the fact that Lewis is a classic Bobbie to do it.

Now, I want all of you to slick your hair back, dig out your pipes and be J. R. "Bob" Dobbs. Don't pretend it. Be it! Suck that pipe, grin and let every stupidity of yours become divine! Sell yourself as the Dobbs-and Lewis will buy it!

Lieutenant, is the temporal shift ready?

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Yes Sir.

PETERS Implement it as soon as he enters the building.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN Yes sir. (exits.)

PETERS All right now. Childress. You wait on this couch.

VOICES Cross-check for a temporal shift: 10:00 RPM V8-22:00 transit time.

PETERS Miz Dobson, you and Landry need to wait in the bedroom.

VOICES He's in the building. Implementing temporal shift. . . now!

Lights out on the apartment and up on the bar. The BARKEEP is sweeping up. CONNIE sits at the table with the corpse of HARRY TOMKINS. She takes a pistol and a box of bullets out of her purse. She loads the pistol.

CONNIE . . . I love old movies. They don't show 'em much anymore. You ever see that one called Crossfire? Starred Robert Mitchum, Robert Young and Robert Ryan. Guy gets killed right at the begining and everyone spends the rest of the movie ruminatin' about how fucked up they are since World War II ended. Great film. . . .

Lights out.

VOICES Tracking. Phase one.

Lights up on the apartment. CHILDRESS sits on the sofa with a genial smile and a pipe. LEWIS enters quietly.

CHILDRESS Why, hello there, soldier!

LEWIS Childress! You're alive!

CHILDRESS (standing) I'm alive! Ho ho ho! (He steps up to LEWIS and claps a hand on his shoulder.) Why, does that mean you haven't killed your "Bob" today?

LEWIS Of course I did! I ripped his legs off. Remember? You were all upset about it! . . .

(*CHILDRESS smiles blankly at LEWIS.*) Remember? You fell over! Remember?

Lights out.

VOICES Begin zone interface . . . now. Lights up on bar. CONNIE twirls the pistol on her finger, then places it in TOMKINS' hand so that it's aiming stage left.

CONNIE . . . Some things I don't mind doing without. Did you ever hear that group the Doktors for "Bob"? I never could deal with them. My husband sure liked 'em, though. . . .

Lights off.

VOICES Tracking. Phase two.

Lights up on apartment.

LEWIS Remember? You fell over!

DOBSON and LANDRY enter from the bedroom area with pipes and genial grins.

LANDRY Did I hear someone say, "Fall over"?

DOBSON Why yes, I believe you did!

LANDRY Okay! (He falls over and rolls around on the floor.) Whoa ho ho ho ho ho!

DOBSON (to LEWIS) Why hello there, army boy! We were just about to try the "Bucking Kangaroo." Why don't you join us and we can try the "Pennsylvanian Camel Toot" instead! Lots of fun! Ha ha ha ha ha!

LEWIS (getting quite nervous) Why are you all acting like "Bob"?

DOBSON Hey there, army boy, there's a little bit of Dobbs in each of us. Why don't we celebrate our Dobbsness together in the bedroom, if you know what I mean! Huh? Huh? (She starts winking obnoxiously at LEWIS.)

LEWIS I don't get it! I thought we were supposed to kill "Bob"!

CHILDRESS "Kill "Bob" or kill me!" That's what they always say!

LANDRY "Kill "Bob" or kill me!" "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!"

DOBSON "Kill "Bob" or kill me!" Nobody can eat just one!

LEWIS is backing towards the door. PETERS enters through the door and stands quietly behind him.

LEWIS I don't get it! Who do I kill, "Bob" or me? I just don't get it! (He backs into PETERS.)

PETERS Why, hello, "Bob"! It's good to see you!

LEWIS I'm not "Bob"!

PETERS Ha ha ha ha ha! Nice joke, "Bob," but I'd know that stupid face anywhere! See? Look for yourself.

PETERS holds up a poster of Dobbs. LEWIS blanches. He pulls out a gun.

LEWIS Dammit! I don't get it! Am I "Bob" or me? Who do I kill? What are the rules, dammit? Why doesn't somebody explain the rules?

PETERS Gee, "Bob," you don't seem happy. Would you like to go somewhere else?

LEWIS I . . . I wanna go back to the bar before all of this happened! I was happy there!

VOICES Tracking. Phase three.

Lights up on bar. LEWIS whirls around and stares at HARRY and CONNIE. HARRY's pistol is pointed right at LEWIS.

LEWIS YOU!

TOMKINS YOU!

LEWIS You're "Bob," aren't you?

TOMKINS You're "Bob," aren't you?

LEWIS That's Connie, isn't it?

TOMKINS That's Connie, isn't it?

LEWIS Dammit! Answer me!

TOMKINS Dammit! Answer me!

LEWIS Stop saying everything I say!

TOMKINS Stop saying everything I say!

LEWIS I mean it, you hairy-legged Yeti!

TOMKINS I mean it, you hairy-legged Yeti!

LEWIS *Okay, buddy, you asked for this!*
TOMKINS *Okay, buddy, you asked for this!*
LEWIS *aims his gun at TOMKINS.*
VOICES *End phase . . . now!*
Lights out. We hear a bizarrely reverberated gunshot, followed by LEWIS grunting and the sound of a falling body.
WEATHERMAN . . . *although there were some Complex time snarls earlier this evening, things have all cleared up now and we should have smooth, temporal sailing at least until the end of the transit week. . . .*
Lights up on both the apartment and the bar. There is no more bar musk. CONNIE sits alone with what's left of a drink. In the apartment, LEWIS lies dead. TOMKINS corpse lies on top of him.
PETERS *(squatting, feeling LEWIS' neck for a pulse) Yep. He's dead all right.*
PETERS *stands and lights his pipe. Two genial-looking HUNCH-BACKS with pipes enter and carry LEWIS' body away.*
CONNIE *well, I guess that's it for tonight. (she finishes her drink.)*
LANDRY *I don't get it. Did he kill Harry? Did Harry kill him?*
PETERS *Hard to say. Doesn't really make any damn sense. Maybe Harry was "Bob." Maybe Lewis killed him just like he was supposed to.*
BARKEEP *You cumin' back tomorrow, Connie?*
CONNIE *I don't know. I kinda think it's getting to be time to move on.*
The BARKEEP comes over to the table and starts to turn the chairs upside down on it. CONNIE stands and turns her own chair over. CHILDRESS picks up TOMKINS' torso.
CHILDRESS *Well, hell! If he was "Bob," then I guess we gotta take him out to dinner.*
LANDRY *(picking up TOMKINS' legs) Yep. Guess so. (To PETERS and DOBSON :)*
Would either of you care to join us?
DOBSON *Why don't you three go on. I've got some things to discuss with Detective Peters.*
PETERS *Uh, yeah. Have a good dinner. Looks like I've got a widow to fuck.*
LANDRY *Okay. Good night, Detective Peters.*
PETERS *Good night, soldier.*
CHILDRESS *Good night, Miz Dobson.*
DOBSON *Good night, army boy.*
CHILDRESS, LANDRY and TOMKINS *leave through the door. PETERS and DOBSON walk arm in arm to the bedroom. CONNIE (as she walks out of the bar) Good night, Robert.*
BARKEEP *Good night, Connie.*
CONNIE *exits. The BARKEEP continues to sweep.*
WEATHERMAN . . . *stable transit time of 12:30, 10:42 RPM squared. Got some good time coming up tomorrow, and as always, they'll be coming in threes.. . .*
The WEATHERMAN's voice is drowned out by tinny movie music. Over the music, we hear the VOICES.
VOICES *Another night shift ends. Praise Dobbs!*
Another night is over. Praise Dobbs!
Another senseless killing. Praise Dobbs!
Another brutal murder. Praise Dobbs!

The music rises up to a majestic conclusion. Lights out. The end.





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ANDROID MEME'S XENOCHRONY:

The Blacked-Out History of the 20th Century with Special Emphasis on the Role of
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia – home of Sidney Crosby's early years.

Note: Bob Dobbs' thoughts to himself are in italics in the following excerpts from his diaries:

_____1935

April 22/35 (Paris)

"Crowds are all that's left," James Joyce muttered to Eugene Jolas.

As Bob Dobbs walked into the studio, Joyce turned to him and whispered, "Television kills telephony in brother's broil."

Dobbs: "Television? Mr. Baird was with my father last year after the fire at the Crystal Palace. Is the telephone related to television?"

Joyce: "They're both electric forms of communication. Hence, the simultaneity factor."

Dobbs: "I always thought, when reading Eliot's *The Wasteland*, it was like eavesdropping on a telephone conversation."

Joyce: "For such a young man, you say remarkable things. The underlying image that guided me through the book was a telephone party line that everyone had access to. I wonder if the language of my book will predict your life."

Bob was distracted by a view of a lake through the window. A sign on a building said Banook Canoe Club. B-A-N-O-O-K. Bob looked at it in his mind's eye. Ban...the...book. "Well, television will certainly murder the book!"

"Not my book!" Joyce glared. "When you know the inevitable cycle of technological effects, from speech to television, you can anticipate the problems. It's probably happened before."

Dobbs: "You mean, like Atlantis?"

Joyce: "Perhaps. Yeats would see it that way, but he didn't think anthropologically--more, psycho-spiritually. He was greatly impressed with the same ideas that influenced Aleister Crowley."

Dobbs: "There's a man I'd like to meet."

____1936

Feb. 17/36 (Paris)

After the poetry reading, Rene [Bob's father] took Bob to Gurdjieff's home at Fontainebleau-Avon and there he was introduced to T.S. Eliot. Bob would hear Eliot say to Gurdjieff only fifteen minutes later: "You have to consider that any esoteric occult ritual is today socially acted out by the daily publishing and consuming of newspapers." But an image distracted Bob--a beautiful blonde woman stood over a street grating with her dress billowing. A movie marquee above spelled out SOME LIKE IT HOT.

April 10/36 (London)

As Wyndham Lewis put the book on his lap, he directed the following words to Bob: "Art used to be the teaching machine. Not anymore. We can now see that the mechanical environment is the teaching machine." Bob saw a small shape orbiting around the Earth--this image floated out of the lamp to the right of Lewis' head.

May 10/36 (Paris)

Ezra Pound stared at the very young-looking fourteen-year-old Bob Dobbs.

Pound: Go for the higher hypothesis. Forget Joyce and his Aristotelianism, think like Plato.

Dobbs: What would Plato have made of modern communication?

Pound: That's what I'm working on in my Cantos--mating poetry and the newspaper!

Bob looked away, saw a headlight of a Ford Model-T, and out of it an image of a politician riding in the back seat of a car getting his head blown off flashed at him. A sign nearby spelled out D-E-A-L-E-Y P-L-A-Z-A.

Oct. 23/36 (Berlin)

Bob sat very still on the sofa as Rene prepared to answer Adolf Hitler's question.

Rene: We were not and are not now in a position to interfere with your nation's wishes.

Hitler: That is good. We think it is in your nation's wishes, too. And in the aspirations of our children and yours. That is all we need to discuss now. Please excuse me, and I will join you and your son in my movie theater downstairs later.

Dec. 23/36 (Paris)

Bob wondered about the old man's [W. B. Yeats] morbidity as he uttered so clearly: "The emotion of multitude is the key to survival today. As long as people have that they can forget about death." Then Bob was in a room and a short man in a white robe lay on a couch. His eyes were closed. A flower fell slowly out of his hand. And the phrase, "This Awareness indicates...", started a sentence. The image faded and Bob looked into W. B. Yeats' eyes again.

_____ 1937

July 14/37 (London)

Wyndham Lewis: Bob, let me suggest to you how to penetrate a fascination you will have in about ten years. Every generation is obsessed with the events and dramas of the immediately preceding generation. If you study the debate James Joyce and I had in our writings a decade ago you will have a front-row seat and a healthy close-up on our concerns.

Dobbs: Well, I know one of my father's great obsessions is the book Mr. Joyce is supposed to be writing right now. Is he still debating with you?

Lewis: He certainly is. I'm familiar with what he's working on now and I can prove to you that I am one of the main protagonists in his new book. One of the main images I used on my side of the debate was the insect. I expressed the fear that our society was beginning to turn into a giant mechanical bug. And if you read the parts Joyce has published in Transition magazine, you will see the main character is a man named after an insect--an earwig, to be specific.

Dobbs: What's his name?

Lewis: Earwicker.

Bob giggled as he peered more closely at the colour of the brushstrokes Mr. Lewis was adding to his portrait of Rene.

Dec. 26/37 (Paris)

Peggy Guggenheim (whispering to Bob about Samuel Beckett who was sitting at the far end of the table): Bobby, do you think he's an attractive man?

Dobbs: No, not at all. He looks like a ghost. Why?

Guggenheim: He is a little taciturn, but I think there's an interesting man behind his apparent shyness.

Dobbs: He is so very respectful to Mr. Joyce.

_____ 1938

Feb. 2/38 (Paris)

Connie was sitting on the couch beside her new friend Peggy Guggenheim, a woman who Connie had heard a lot about from her mother and had looked forward to meeting. They were guests at James Joyce's fifty-sixth birthday party in the home of Peggy's oldest friend, Helen Joyce. Mr. Joyce had just offered one hundred francs to anyone who could guess the real title of his Work-in-Progress.

Connie (shyly whispering to Peggy): Finnegan's Wake.

Samuel Beckett (sitting beside Connie): Finnegan's Wake!!

Joyce: That's it! You win, Sam! Congratulations.

Peggy stared in a slight state of horror at Connie as Connie winked at her.

March 20/38 (London)

Aldous Huxley: Study the Tibetan Book of the Dead, Bob. If I ever have a chance to see you again whenever this coming war ends, you'll thank me. I don't think Lewis, or even Joyce, knows what to do with it. Bob smiled, shook Aldous' hand, and an image of an older, thin man putting a small cube of cement in a bottle of water floated over Huxley's tie.

July 10/38 (Paris)

Dobbs: Excuse me for being nervous, but I've looked forward to this moment for a long time. My father has told me a lot about you.

Aleister Crowley: I understand. I cast a long shadow before me.

Dobbs: I was wondering what you will do when war breaks out.

Crowley: Like your father, I will work for the British secret services. That's no mystery.

Dobbs: Another question I have--what do you think the Egyptian pyramids are telling us?

Crowley: Too much for a young man like yourself to know, yet.

Bob glanced at Rene, who only smiled, and returned his sight quickly to Crowley. Behind Crowley's head in the mirror on the dining-room wall, Bob saw a white room with rows of women working at typewriters that had small glowing screens attached to them. Above the screens were the words, HADRON INC. Are those ancient Egyptians?

_____ 1939

June 4/39 (Paris)

RHYEE. ELOI. TU. LOFTI. Bob couldn't shake the words out of his head. What did those words mean, he wondered as he wandered into his father's room. Rene sat glowing in his favorite chair. He had just returned from a Priory de Sion meeting, his father's favorite activity. He was holding a book. He held it up for Bob to see the cover. The title was two strange words--FINNEGANS WAKE. No apostrophe--a misprint right on the cover, Bob laughed to himself.

"Tim, he's finally finished it!"

"Who has?"

"James Joyce."

Bob's father always called Bob "Tim" after Rene attended a meeting with the Priory. The habit usually lasted about 24 hours.

"I don't think I've seen him since he made that recording a while back."

Bob looked while Rene opened to the first page. He moved it in to the light and Bob noticed more misprints... or it wasn't written in English.

"This book will be a guide for world government. A kind of operating manual for the next few decades. I'm going to show you how to use it after you've become absolutely exasperated with it."

Nov. 22/39 (Paris)

Dobbs: But Mr. Joyce, what meaning is underneath all the layers of meaning in your new book?

Joyce: I've written it, Bobby, so that it cannot be edited down into any particular level of meaning.

Dobbs: That's stupid. Then it's meaningless, and it's a failure.

Joyce: Yes, it looks like a book. But I assure you, it's more than a book.

_____ 1942

June 3/42 (Paris)

Renee: Bob, the movie camera rolls up the world like our cognitive faculties do when they apprehend sensory life. And then the movie projector plays back what the camera took in just like we do when we speak. It's the same process.

_____ 1944

Sept. 8/44 (Paris)

Renee: Bob, you're going to be meeting a very interesting character tomorrow. His name is Fritz Kraemer. You just do what he says. Don't ask your type of questions. The next few months are going to be a little dangerous for you because we're going into the final turn.

Rene then turned his attention to the newspaper on his desk. But that only lasted a few seconds. He sighed, put the paper down, and began scanning the maps on his worktable.

Dobbs: Father, do you remember the young lady I told you I met at the club the other night. Well, I saw her coming out of the embassy today. She was with some of

Gehlen's people.

Renee: You mean that Constance girl?

Dobbs: Yes, but she told me she prefers to be called "Connie." Anyway, why would she be with those thugs? It's unfathomable. That's not the impression she gave me when I met her. Do you get my point?

Renee: Definitely. I'll look into this tomorrow. I know who'll know.

Nov. 28/44 (Paris)

Dobbs: It appears you knew about me before I met you in September.

Connie: My parents helped organize the Vichy government. Therefore, I was nurtured in the circles that monitored Parisians. And even though your father's network was untouchable, we still watched you. The significance of you and me working on this mission together indicates something different is going to happen. I think they're preparing for a new world order that will be set up after this war is over, which is going to be soon. And where they're sending us today probably has some role in it.

Dobbs: My family has been an observer of these Machiavellian maneuvers for over two hundred years.

Connie: My family goes back further than that, and they weren't just observers.

Bob relaxed as much as he could as the jeep headed out of Paris. I haven't been south of Paris in over a year. And I haven't met such an interesting young woman in a longer time. This is going to be fun.

Dec. 19/44 (Ardennes Forest, France)

American Soldier: Let me see your papers.

Fritz Kraemer handed the papers over to the guard at the gate. Bob and Connie sat beside Kraemer in the front of the jeep shivering in the bitter cold.

Soldier: Who won the World Series in 1940?

Kraemer: I don't know.

Connie: The Cincinnati Reds.

Bob was stunned and looked at Connie, then at Kraemer. They were both very calm. How'd she know that?

Soldier: What's the name of Betty Grable's third husband?

Kraemer: I don't know.

Connie: Harry James.

Soldier: You have a German accent. I can't let you through.

Kraemer: I left Germany in 1939.

Soldier: You don't seem to have any knowledge of American culture.

Kraemer: I've been in the military since I arrived in America. I haven't had the time to enjoy its popular culture and, frankly, I have no interest in it. Why is this an important matter?

Soldier: Because German soldiers wearing American uniforms murdered 86 American soldiers at Malmedy a few days ago. We're under strict orders to interrogate everybody regardless of who they appear to be.

Kraemer: Make your decision, then. But consider how she knew the answers. She's no German and wouldn't be caught dead with one.

Connie: I used to date Joe DiMaggio.

Soldier (overwhelmed by Connie's beaming face): Okay, you can go through.

Bob relaxed, but Kraemer and Connie didn't express anything. I couldn't have answered those questions. I don't know anything about American so-called culture. How could Connie know about it? But come to think of it, "Connie" sounds like an Americanization of "Constance." Strange. Damn, it's cold!

_____ 1947

April 22/47 (Paris)

Renee: Bob, do you remember years ago when James Joyce told you that crowds were all that's left?

Dobbs: Yes.

Renee: Well, that's no longer true. The atom bomb ended all that. The world is going to be run by and for machines now, and no human or crowd can alter that fact. There just can't be an atomic war, so we've told every country that any terrorist group that tries to hijack the planet with an atom bomb - their home country will be immediately destroyed. That's the law now.

_____ 1948

Nov. 5/48 (Rome)

Dobbs: Sir, I don't think we should be killing journalists and union leaders.

Reinhard Gehlen: Listen, Bob, this is a war. Have you got a better way to conduct one without killing people?

Dobbs: This is a war between managers. We don't have to kill the employees, also.

Gehlen: I also don't want to kill the workers, but I can't always control the foremen, especially the ones we've hired--and they were hired before I came in.

Dobbs (chuckling): Maybe these foremen know what they're doing. They see the messenger as the problem, not the message.

Gehlen: That's half the truth, because it's certainly not what you know, but, as you and I know, it's who you know. But then again, perhaps these foremen help disguise that fact. See? No matter what happens, it can be seen as useful. So you shouldn't be concerned.

Dobbs: I'm not sure. However, enough of that, I'm going to a Rossellini picture tonight with Gelli and his friends. I'll talk to you when I get back to Paris.

_____ 1949

Sept. 1/49 (Paris)

Renee: Bob, as all technological instruments of communication become the spinning content of the television medium, the citizen-viewers will become detached from any normal unconscious conditioning process. This is a state of mind a culture has never existed in before. We on the committee are going to find this a very interesting phenomenon to manage.

_____ 1950

Dec. 6/50 (Paris)

Dobbs: Anton, why would an aristocrat like yourself join the Bolsheviks at the time of the October Revolution?

Prince Anton Turkul: I'm a patriot first. At the time of the Revolution, I supported the removal of the useless Romanov dynasty. But once that was accomplished, me and my associates waited to see what would happen. Once the Bolsheviks consolidated power, we knew who to work with to exploit our interests. But it didn't mean we agreed with their programs. We certainly didn't agree with their international revolutionary plans. We only wanted to defend Russia. And we were in a position to work with everybody credibly and still not be discovered. Once Stalin is gone, we will make our move.

Dobbs: Who's this "we"?

Turkul: Keep this to yourself, even though your father probably already knows it. We're a very old Christian sect within the Orthodox Church.

Dobbs: You're a secret society? Like my father's Priory de Sion?

Turkul: Yes, although we didn't know of the Priory until after the Revolution.

_____ 1952

May 18/52 (Paris)

Renee: Bob, I want you to think about the fact that when you see yourself on the television screen, your image is not reversed as in a regular mirror.

_____ 1953

Jan. 1/53 (Paris)

Renee: Bob, this is going to be an interesting year. Stalin will be dead soon, the Korean War will soon be over--the world is going to be a different place politically. It's going to be more a battle for men's minds, rather than for territory. And I think a symptom has already surfaced. Do you remember Sandoz and their LSD-25?

Dobbs: Yes, Dr. Albert Hofmann, in particular.

Renee: Yes. Well, some people have surfaced and are complaining about how the CIA is misusing it as a truth serum for interrogation purposes. Interesting, isn't it? The mining of the subconscious for invisible patterns as a military operation. Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* comes to mind.

Dobbs: *Finnegans Wake* always comes to your mind. I'm afraid I've heard too much about that book over the years from you and your friends for it to fascinate me.

Jan. 2/53 (Paris)

Renee: I think you should know, son, that we're going to give Herbert W. Armstrong and his church an outlet on Radio Luxembourg this year.

Dobbs: Why would you do that?

Renee: All the archetypes are allowed full expression from now on.

Jan. 9/53 (Tehran)

Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh (Prime Minister of Iran): Mr. Dobbs, it is getting harder for us to tolerate this embargo. You have been saying you can persuade the British that our compensation package is enough, but so far you have not been successful. I am getting very reluctant to continue relying on your resources.

Dobbs: The British Government is not able to control Allen Dulles and his CIA. Dulles is not willing to accept your administration and they are going to try and put in the Shah. The British have their hands tied, so we will rely on our influences in Washington to tie Dulles' hands. The British will soon accept your package and the Shah will remain in Rome. You can count on us, so you need not worry.

Nov. 19/53 (Paris)

Renee: Bob, the committee wants you to go to New York for work that is new for us. We've got to get a better understanding of American culture.

Dec. 30/53 (New York)

In a cafe on McDougal Street, the English language poured out of the mouth holding court, much of it sculpting a tale about a Russian lady telling off Nazi officers in a concentration camp. Occasionally its audience would purr, "Oh, Garrett." Bob thought of Paris, his father, Baron Rothschild, and Wyndham Lewis.

Bob turned to Marcel Duchamp asking, "Why not?"

"I'm going to protect my art from the Twentieth Century--this plague of machinery."

_____ 1954

March 14/54 (Toronto)

Marshall McLuhan: My procedure is based on the identity, the identity, of the processes of cognition and creation.

Dobbs: Yes, but then that identity is applied to mapping that process on the machines

of communication.

McLuhan: Yes, as extensions of our unconscious.

Dobbs: And my father and his people realized that what Joyce was demonstrating in *Finnegans Wake* was a means of being conscious of those stages of apprehension.

McLuhan: But today it is largely futile to discuss it at all at any level of society.

Dobbs: That may not be a problem. Does this mean you will become a satirist?

McLuhan didn't answer as the field pulled them down the hall.

June 1/54 (Mexico City)

Jacobo Arbenz (President of Guatemala): I know the United Fruit Company are going to try to have me removed. But can I count on your support?

Dobbs: One hundred percent. Nobody is going to remove you. I know Howard Hunt and his CIA team are confident that it'll be a cinch. But they have no knowledge of the strength of those defending you. We know their every move.

Sept. 29/54 (Washington)

J. Edgar Hoover screamed at Bob and his partner: "They've nailed McCarthy and now the Catholics are going to run roughshod over us all!"

Dobbs: Yeah, this joker, McLuhan, is a Catholic.

_____ 1955

Jan. 4/55 (Paris)

Renee: Bob, the committee is not happy with your work in the Middle East and Latin America. But they are satisfied with your assignments in Toronto and New York. So your base of operations is going to be Nova Scotia. It's a perfect place for you to never be suspected, and we have sentimental tentacles there that stretch far back into our past that you are well aware of.

Jan. 27/55 (Toronto)

Marshall McLuhan stood in the hall.

McLuhan: They won't give up their specialism. I can't form a unified team.

Carpenter: And the administration won't pay me back. It's not going to work in the university.

Carpenter stared down the hall corridor.

Dobbs: I can get Bassett to fund an independent issue.

Bob stared down the other end of the hallway.

McLuhan (directed at Dobbs): Balbus is building a wall.

Dobbs: Yeah, James Joyce. Is that why you blessed "SEPARATENESS" in your *Counterblast* last year?

McLuhan: Blake would have been the opposite of holism in this century, too.

Dobbs: Yes, and he would have spelt it "bulbous."

May 11/55 (Dartmouth, Nova Scotia)

Garrett Deane took each step very slowly. Bob watched from across the street, trying not to laugh. The citizens of the town of Dartmouth swarmed off the ferry onto the bottom of Portland Street. Some began to look confused as they slowed their pace. They could see that this face up ahead had on some kind of white make-up, but not as thick as a mime's--more like a smooth powder. Garrett passed through the crowd, walking carefully but seeming not to notice the reactions. Bob followed Garrett as he turned right onto Alderney Drive. Bob felt like a documentary camera. He told me he was going to do this as a joke, but he seems to be doing it so seriously.

_____ 1956

Feb. 8/56 (Paris)

Rene: Bob, as I've explained to you before, we're engaged in building a solar government as a network that keeps the world government in check. Within two years the Soviet Union is going to be the first to make this solar cop visible.

Feb. 22/56 (Toronto)

Dobbs slammed Ted Carpenter up against the blackboard.

Dobbs: McLuhan says that we, each of us, are a pattern of information. Well, who is patterning Ray Birdwhistel?

Carpenter: Yeah? Well, who blacklisted Dorothy Lee?

_____ 1957

Aug. 13/57 (Dartmouth)

Garrett Deane and Bob were walking out of the Mayfair Theatre into the afternoon sunlight, only momentarily blinding, when Bob suggested they go over to the Banook Canoe Club for a swim. But first they studied the poster for the new Elvis movie, LOVING YOU, they had just seen.

Deane: Your offer is the perfect refreshment I need after basking in the heat of Elvis' voice. What a singer! It makes up for the obvious lack of drama in the movie.

Dobbs: He's a strange and wild phenomenon. America is such an intriguing culture. When I think of my adolescence in Paris back in the Thirties, I feel like we were Martians compared to these American teenagers. Speaking of drama, when are you going back to New York?

Deane: In two weeks. I want to get ready for a few imminent auditions.

Dobbs: Did I ever tell you how I saw the word "Banook" in a psychic flash when I was young in Paris.

Deane: Noooo...

Oct. 28/57 (Toronto)

McLuhan: Only a rapid series of innovations can be anti-environmental today, and that situation is only an ersatz one. We can't escape the inevitable merging, synchronicity, or implosion.

Dobbs: So fragmentation is necessary to reinforce the status quo, a strange route for creating a sense of unified resonance.

McLuhan: It's the new law for our time as long as our age lives under electric conditions.

_____ 1958

Feb. 4/58 (Lancaster, California)

Bob slipped into the little club in the Mojave Desert and found a stool. Bo Diddley was taking a break, but a conversation caught Bob's attention: "Frank, you believe the universe has a point of view--tight and tapered. I believe the universe doesn't--fast and bulbous!" The speaker had a baby-face but the aura of a woodsman. The Frank spoken to looked like many people Bob had seen around Jean Paul Sartre's scene in Paris. Bob thought of Marshall McLuhan and "balbus."

March 10/58 (Paris)

Rene: Bob, I think I'm the only one on the committee who realizes we're now in a world that no longer lives at the speed of light, but at the speed of thought - this is faster.

Dobbs: You mean, telepathy and ESP?

Rene: Perhaps.

March 22/58 (Lancaster)

"Since we don't know what this thing does, we have to keep it under wraps. Somebody else might be able to eventually figure this out and use it against us."

Bob looked away from the speaking face and out across the California desert and nodded his head.

"I'm going to enjoy coming back here, at least for a while."

Dec. 11/58 (Seattle)

Captain Alfred Hubbard: What can I do for you, sir?

Dobbs: I represent a group that is interested in your recent enthusiasms?

Hubbard: You mean LSD-25?

Dobbs: Yes. You have no qualms about discussing it?

Hubbard: No, the more the merrier.

Dobbs: Well, I'm their guinea pig subject to your discretion.

Hubbard: Let's go for a walk.

Outside on the suburban sidewalk Bob noticed some kids rockin' and rollin' in their hula hoops.

_____ 1959

July 6/59 (Seattle)

Dobbs: Why are you stopping the car here?

Captain Alfred Hubbard: You see that house across the street? That's the Center of Integration. Some very interesting people live in there. It's my favorite experimental site for my studies with LSD.

Dobbs: Why is that?

Hubbard: Because very psychic and aware people are associated with the Center, and I think it's important to investigate the effects of the drug on that kind of sensitivity. Anyway, you stay here. I'll be back in a few minutes.

Dobbs watched as the Captain walked across the street, rushed up the front walkway, knocked on the door, and was greeted by a young man who appeared to be in his late twenties or early thirties. But Dobbs was startled by his face. He had seen that beaming moon-face while under the influence of LSD.

Aug. 5/59 (Dartmouth)

Bob walked into Banook Canoe Club with Hugh Boyd.

Mrs. Jamieson beckoned to Hugh and asked quietly, "Who's he?"

Hugh: He's Bob Dobbs. I met him downtown the other day at Brothers' Lunch. He was saying some incredible things and I got talking to him. I've been with him night and day since.

Mrs. Jamieson: Well, anyway, you better get some sleep. I think I have a job for you.

Dobbs sauntered over to the war canoe as the paddlers pushed off from the wharf. What a strange sport--we never had this back in Paris. Look at the muscles. And these are young women. Meanwhile, Jerry Lee Lewis interrupted Dobbs' reverie with his new song "Great Balls of Fire" shouting from around the corner of this summer club. Turning the corner there was a little beach packed with people quivering in that mood of anticipation that marks an American holiday.

Somebody yelled out, "MacGlashen, you're in the next race! Get over here!" And the young man inside Jerry Lee Lewis turned off the radio and brushed past Bob.

Oct. 22/59 (Paris)

Rene: Bob, everything's truly disappeared now! This means there can be no Present. Only an ersatz Present that is manufactured can exist now, and temporarily at that. There is no longer the nowness of Now.

Dobbs: Now you're being ridiculous, father! It's more like you've disappeared! Because I know I'm still here, and thank God for that!

_____ 1960

Feb. 20/60 (Dartmouth)

Dobbs: I've always felt quietly thrilled whenever I've been in your parents' home, Garrett. But now it's your responsibility.

Deane: Yes, Bob, my mother's funeral took a lot out of me. When I return to New York, I know this house will keep pulling me back here. Perhaps even more than the sirens of Broadway. But let's go out on the balcony and you can tell me about your endless wanderings over the rivers and valleys. It's like spring out there!

Dobbs: Soon the paddlers will be out on Banook Lake. Garrett, why don't you come up to the rink with me tonight?

Deane: Yes... hockey. I would if they used pucks that flew.

June 29/60 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Marshall, you better start writing a book soon. Look at this article by J. C. Carothers in Psychiatry magazine. They're catching up to you.

McLuhan (taking the article in his hands): Not likely.

Dobbs: Read it later. I want to ask you if you've figured out what Sputnik and these new satellites mean, yet?

McLuhan: Yes, I think I'm getting a handle on them. I've had to do a lot of reformulation of my ideas over the last couple of years because of them.

Dobbs: May I hear a few of them?

McLuhan: I think I'll take a rain check on that.

Dobbs laughed quietly and turned on his transistor radio. He raised it meaningfully at Marshall as "Wonderful World" by Sam Cooke hopped into McLuhan's hospital room.

Aug. 4/60 (Dartmouth)

Bob sat in Brothers' Lunch and marveled at how close the canoe race had been between Mickey MacGlashen and Gabor Joo. Hugh Boyd and Gary Geddes walked in.

Boyd: "Bob, have you heard they're going to make a movie about the Bounty here in Nova Scotia?"

Dobbs: "Yes, and I think I can get you in it? What do you say to that?"

Just then an older man came out of the washroom, sat down by Bob, but Bob didn't introduce him.

Dec. 1/60 (Washington)

Dobbs: Mr. Taub, you've been waiting for me to tell you this for a while now, haven't you?

William Taub: Yes, I've expected this for at least two years. You can guarantee this?

Dobbs: With the new President, the old team is no longer protected. There has to be changes. So, Trujillo will be out of power by next summer. This will change your circumstances considerably, as you know.

Taub: Why do we have to be so unstable?

Dobbs: The bomb as an environment mandated the American intercom. Satellites only reinforce this condition. Militarily, there cannot be a national scale, let alone a human scale. Those are the facts, ma'am. Anyway, you know this--do I really have to remind you?

Taub: I'm sorry, I occasionally get sentimental. So I'll have more work after this change?

Dobbs: Perhaps. I don't have any say in that. If you are let go, I'll be in touch with you. I can be sentimental, too. After all, our vocations are very similar, wouldn't you say? Only on different levels.

Dec. 25/60 (Paris)

Rene: Bob, our family has been a butlering institution for over three hundred years and I don't want it to continue in that fashion anymore. I'm now dedicated to getting you out of this intelligence function that we've been forced to serve. This will be the last chance to redeem our family, to find a new role in a coming world of greater choice. But you must tell no one what I've just said. I'm going to very carefully manipulate the committee to get you on it. This is going to be almost impossible. However, the network you're creating serendipitously in North America, whether you know it or not, is going to help me free you.

_____ 1961

Feb. 14/61 (Washington)

J. Edgar Hoover: Those fools are going ahead with that Castro nonsense.

Dobbs: Shit, so I'm going to have to go down to Miami.

Hoover: Not only that, you're going to have to visit the JM/Wave group.

May 31/61 (Paris)

Rene: Connie, this device will keep you in touch with the surveillance facilities at Menwith Hill in North York for the next six months. You then must return it to me and I will have the next codes installed. You can't show Bob how to use this at any time. He understands these are the rules the committee has set out and he will respect the security requirements in this aspect of your duties.

Connie: Don't fret. There's never any "prob" with Bob.

Rene smiled and kissed Connie lightly on her hand.

Rene: You are the most delightful and grandest daughter-in-law a father could ever wish for. I miss seeing you around here every day like in the old days. Are you really enjoying your posting in Nova Scotia?

Connie: It's a quaint enough place for pretending to be an earnest middle-class knownothing. Where we live is a Happy Valley that gives us respite from our Parisian worldweariness.

I don't miss the formalities of France at all - at least, most of the time.

Rene: I think North America is slowly changing you as much as it has Bob. But perhaps that is for the better, considering the plans I have for you.

Connie: Has Bob told you much about our friend Garrett Deane?

Rene: The old Broadway actor?

Connie: Yes. I think he must have had a past life in Paris. He is a Parisian to the core, but he has never been to Europe. It's the strangest thing. Since he spent most of his life in New York, it lends credence to the theory that New York is not really an American city. I must send you some photos of him. He's actually a lot like you if you had not been a butler.

_____ 1962

April 25/62 (Lancaster)

Dobbs: Frank, how's the greeting card business over in Claremont?

Zappa: It's not music, but I got a hunch that what I'm learning about business, especially advertising, is going to help me be a better composer.

Dobbs: Do you think Don Vliet will learn as much in the shoe business?

Zappa laughed and turned on his tape recorder.

Dobbs: I met a genius the other day over in Cucamonga.

Zappa: Oh?

Dobbs: His name is Paul Buff and he has this amazing studio. It has the most advanced recording equipment I've ever seen - out here in the sticks, no less! I told him about you and Don. He says you're welcome to visit and look it over any time.

Zappa: Give me his address and I'll go over tonight.

Dobbs: Sure, but if you keep that tape recorder running, you're going to owe me

millions.

July 7/62 (Paris)

Rene: Bob, it's beginning to look like the Vatican's philosopher, Aquinas - the angelic doctor - might have the last laugh. This is certainly what your friend and cut-out, McLuhan, has placed his bets on. His use of Aquinas' own word, "medium," is very clever. Even though the committee assigned you the job of monitoring him, he may prove extremely helpful in my plans for you. Although the committee will have to drop him eventually, I don't want you to lose touch with him and those of his colleagues who have a good understanding of him.

July 21/62(Toronto)

As Bob and Marshall left the church, Bob couldn't hold back the question he'd kept to himself for the last couple of years.

Dobbs: Mac, why do you go to Mass every day?

McLuhan: The Mass is the secret behind everything I write about. The stages of apprehension which are replayed in the artistic, creative process are also echoed in the Eucharist. These stages of apprehension are again mimed in the rituals of the collective, social energies as shown in the popular phrase "mass media." However, what we are living in today is a Black Mass that is eating us alive daily. So I have a responsibility everyday to hold up the Catholic Mass to our environment just as the Holy Cross is used to ward off a vampire.

Dobbs: So Christ took the simple act of sharing food, turned it into an artform, the cliché-to-archetype pattern, and parodied the secret cults and their magicians for all time.

McLuhan: You got it!

Aug. 2/62 (New York)

Sidney Gottlieb: You think we've gone off track? What's wrong with it?

Dobbs: This MKULTRA project is very misguided. You'll never be able to control the private citadel of consciousness. Oh, you can disorient it for a while, but you're never going to know if it has recovered the ability to distort what it's presenting to you. London and Tavistock have figured this much out, and I've been instructed to tell you so your team doesn't fall behind. And you will if you continue pursuing your present objectives.

Gottlieb: What is the advantage that Tavistock has over us?

Dobbs: They're looking into the structures of language itself, exploiting the differences between metaphor and metonymy--basically, the shaping of collective archetypes. I think this is the cause of Dr. Leary's restlessness. He sees how misguided and futile your interests are.

Gottlieb: Ha! Dr. Leary's opinions are useless as far as my work is concerned. Let him and his associates drift wherever the archetypes take them. Good riddance! The Zeitgeist now bespeaks the rise of the individual and we have to remain on top of that.

Nov. 1/62 (Cucamonga, California)

Dobbs: Frank, if you and Don Vliet are going to change the music business, then why not do it together?

Zappa: We are going to do it together. We had a talk at a folk music club the other night where we agreed on a mutual goal. We hope to be able to make a movie, too. I think Don can carry a lead role.

Dobbs: That's great! But I want to hear you in the same band, now.

Zappa: You will, Bob, you will. Soon.

Bob grinned and put another 45rpm record on the turntable. He, Motorhead, and

Frank sat back and contemplated "Girl of My Dreams" by The Cliques.

_____ 1963

Feb. 16/63 (Dartmouth)

Bob idled along Wyse Road thinking of Garrett Deane's sweet breath and approached Dartmouth High School. He heard some shouting coming out of the gymnasium. "The Big Five! Yeah! The Big Five!" In his mind Bob saw a chart with five columns: Rhyee, Elooi, Tu, Lofti, Bob. He walked in and introduced himself to Randy, Flaps, Mike, Gary, Peter, Ray, Dennis, and the gym instructor, Bill Young.

Nov. 22/63 (Dallas)

Bob jumped into the car as the assassin ran back from the fence and got in the passenger side. They headed for a house on the outskirts of Dallas.

Nov. 22/63 (Dartmouth)

Randy turned down Slater Street and headed for the road hockey game. He marveled at what a great song "Cry, Cry, Baby," by Garnet Mimms & the Enchanters, was. He couldn't get over how much he loved the radio. He puzzled over how hard it was to keep up his interest in hockey. As he approached the game, he laughed to himself as Mike Kroger slipped on the snow and collapsed on Gary Reid's stomach while Gary's stick just missed Ross Short's head. Once he started playing, he forgot about the music and was happy he had already scored two goals and got one assist. Then it happened. Penny Peters and Judy MacLean came bustling by saying something about the President of the United States being shot. He immediately wondered if this would affect the party at Steve's that night. It was going to be a farewell party for Reid whose father had been transferred to Bathurst, New Brunswick. This game was being played in front of Gary's house where they had had some good sleep-over parties. That wouldn't happen anymore. Randy hoped Gary's girlfriend, Janet Stevenson, would be at the party. Then the tennis ball slapped into his thigh. OWWWW!!!!

Nov. 27/63 (Dartmouth)

Bob swept up Crichton Park Road swaying and melting to Garnet Mimms' "Cry, Cry, Baby" on the car radio. Dobbs was happy also because it hadn't been too much hassle getting it on the charts. North America really needed it. He saw Randy coming out of #25 so he slipped to a stop.

Dobbs: Hey, you don't look well.

Randy: Uhh... I had a fight with Mike last Friday night at a party over at Steve Tanner's.

Dobbs: The night Kennedy was killed... there was a lot of fighting that night, especially in Dallas.

Dec. 4/63 (Dartmouth)

Bob walked up Portland Street with Flaps, who was only 14 years old.

Dobbs: We and all our activities are pills for the gaping maw.

Flaps: I don't think Oswald killed Kennedy.

Dobbs: Oh yeah, he shot Kennedy.

Flaps: Are you sure?

Dobbs: Yes.

Dec. 16/63 (Dartmouth)

Dennis walked around the cars towards the Dartmouth Rink with Bob.

Dobbs: Do you think Oswald shot Kennedy?

Dennis: Sure, they proved it.

Dobbs: Think again. Why do you think he was killed by Ruby?

Just then Billy Barton hobbled up to Dennis with his skates on and shoved a newspaper article in his face. "Look at this! There's a new band coming here from England. They're called the Beatles." Dennis puzzled over the photo while Billy failed to take any notice of Bob, the man standing by Dennis.

_____ 1964

Jan. 3/64 (Washington)

J. Edgar Hoover: Now you listen to me, Bob! You and your people are going to have to level with me! I have proof that you were at Dealey Plaza and that you were directly involved with the assassination of President Kennedy! So you better give me the whatfor. Why did you kill the President?

Dobbs: Edgar, you know you can't touch me, so you can call off your threats. But I'll give you your what-for. The reason is somewhere between collective phobia, national mythmaking, cultural norm-functioning, and individual sensation. You can take your pick or juggle all four. Remember, Edgar, I have no grievance against the Catholics.

Hoover: Catholics? What are you trying to suggest?

Dobbs: Just what I said.

Hoover: Are you taping this?

Dobbs: Of course.

Hoover: Your friends think they have immunity for now and all time. Well, I'm going to make it my legacy that they will be exposed. Since you're getting it on tape, you make damn sure they hear me saying this. And you're going down with them. Now get out of this building!

March 2/64 (Dartmouth)

As Bob left the Dartmouth Rink he bumped into his new friends Randy and Flaps as they chatted up three teenage girls with skates slung over their respective shoulders.

Randy: Hey, Bob! We meet again! Kristen, come here and meet one of the neatest rink rats you could ever know!

Randy quickly and excitedly introduced Bob to Kristen, Sue, and Nancy. Flaps told Bob they had been talking about the Beatles and wondered if he had heard of them.

Dobbs: Yes, I saw them on the Ed Sullivan show a few weeks ago. They ain't no Louis Armstrong.

Kristen: Oh, they're better than anybody. I can't get enough of them!

Sue: The Beach Boys are better!

Dobbs (looking at Nancy): And you?

Nancy: I don't listen to the radio much. I haven't heard them.

Flaps: Elvis will always be better than the Beatles!

Dobbs: It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's a swarm of insects! The Beatles!

Everybody cracked up. Bob was proving to be a funny rink rat.

Dobbs: Do you young ladies attend the cinema?

Kristen, Sue, Nancy: Yes! Of course!

Randy, Flaps: Whoa! What a fast mover!

Dobbs: Would you like to see BYE BYE BIRDIE?

Kristen, Sue, Nancy: Yeah!

Dobbs: Well, let's go!

Randy and Flaps stood there limply looking a little confused.

Dobbs (looking back): C'mon, you two! The ladies say you're welcome to come along!

Randy and Flaps smiled and sheepishly got in line as Bob marched across the muddy parking lot.

May 15/64 (New York)

Willoughby Sharp: Sir, excuse me, but I was wondering what you thought of this Pop Art exhibit.

Dobbs: Warhol is treating the software machine as artform. He's merely reacting to the present. However, the fact is, we live in an anticipatory democracy.

July 22/64 (Dartmouth)

Deane: Bob, ever since my mother died I've spent more time during the summer in Dartmouth than in New York City. But I still spend more time in New York during the winter--much more appealing than Nova Scotia. However, this year the mood was different. New Yorkers are a little more somber. A little air has been let out of them. I think the Kennedy assassination has deeply affected Americans. It makes me a little sad, and if New York doesn't get out of these doldrums soon, I may spend more time all-year-round here in Dartmouth.

Dobbs: That may be true for the people our age, but the Beatles have jump-started the kids into a necessary floating ebullience.

Deane: If the Beatles are just a fad, then those American kids are going to be fed one hysterical fad after another for the next umpteen decades into their doddering old age if this dark Kennedy cloud isn't lifted.

Dobbs: You really think so?

Deane: Yes. And let me ask you a personal question. I don't think I've noticed any change in you since President Kennedy was shot. It doesn't seem to have affected you. Am I reading you correctly?

Dobbs: Yes, because the forces that lead to his death I had adapted to even before I met you ten years ago.

Deane: What forces?

Dobbs: I'd rather not talk about it today. Look at the weather outside. Let's go over to Banook Lake.

Deane: Oh yes, you are so wise, Bobby! The wailing of America will not touch our ears! We have the thickest wax in all of Camelot! Not for us the mast of Ulysses! We will walk with Aristotle's Peripatetics! To the lap of Neptune!

Garrett and Bob rushed out the back door of Garrett's house and into the bright harbour air. But Bob knew Garrett had seen a new strange part of Bob that Garrett had not experienced before. The tables have turned and now I'm under the microscope, not Garrett, as has been the case up to now.

Aug. 31/64 (Paris)

Rene: Bob, I don't think the committee realizes it's got only about five years left to definitively consolidate its interests. And even then it's an "iffy" proposition whether consolidation, or lockdown, is possible.

_____ 1965

Feb. 18/65 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Mars, in your writing you use the symbolic cluster of Sex, Death, and Technology. Don't you think you should add Thought to that grouping?

McLuhan: Yes, I've been doing that lately. I indicate this when I say students want insights, not packages. From instruction to discovery.

McLuhan and Bob entered the movie house on Bloor Street to see THE SOUND OF MUSIC. McLuhan left after ten minutes muttering that entertainment is the new torture, but Bob stayed and traveled to the Old Country.

Feb. 19/65 (Washington)

Allen Dulles: Mr. Dobbs, we are doing our own little review of the assassination of President Kennedy and we were hoping you could help us.

Dobbs: I know nothing of the events surrounding that tragedy and I'm afraid I can't help you.

James Jesus Angleton: But we have heard that you do know something. Just between us, it wouldn't hurt anybody if you gave us a few tips.

Dobbs: Do I have to repeat myself? Gentlemen, I have a plane to catch and I don't think you want to join me in the pleasures of modern transportation. Good night.

As Bob left the restaurant, he noticed nobody was following him.

March 22/65 (Los Angeles)

Dobbs: I know the police in Cucamonga are setting our friend, Zappa, up for a bust in a couple of days. I hesitate to warn him for one reason. Can you guess it?

Connie Dobbs: That's easy! We know America is going to draft a lot of young men as it gets more bogged down in Viet Nam. We don't want Frank to be drafted, and that can only be prevented if he has some kind of crime on his resume. So you better not warn him. It'll be painful for Frank but he'll learn a lot about his society from it. He'll be the smarter for it and make better music to assist our purposes. Anyway, his father will get him out of jail very quickly. He doesn't take any guff.

Dobbs: Yeah, you're right. I have no choice but to let the detective do it.

July 4/65 (Washington)

Dobbs: It's an honour to meet you, Dr. Beter. My Japanese friends tell me that you saved their lives.

Beter: How do I know your Japanese friends?

Dobbs: Through your work at the Export-Import Bank.

Beter: Ah, yes. The Japanese applied for loans from the Bank, but the generals on its board wouldn't have anything to do with them. I was the only one who understood the Japanese couldn't go home empty-handed. They would have killed themselves if they stopped applying. Now they think I'm their saviour because I convinced the Bank to give them some loans.

Dobbs: I'm curious now to see how they do in the global market.

Beter: How are you involved with them? Not many people know my role in these areas.

Dobbs: I work in intelligence.

Beter: Aha! Then we must talk some more when we are alone.

Nov. 22/65 (New York)

Dobbs: So how do you feel about it now? It's been three years today.

David Ferrie (turning on the car radio): Let's see what the radio says I feel. The station was just beginning to play "It's Gonna Take A Miracle" by the Royalettes. Bob and David both began to beam as they started to sing along with this heaven-sent song. As they roared up Fifth Avenue, it wasn't long before they began to laugh and sway.

_____ 1966

April 29/66 (Dartmouth)

Bob sat in one of the dressing rooms of the Dartmouth Rink as the coach prepared Bob's young friends for the final playoff game against Prince Andrew High School. As Bob watched the tense faces of Randy, Steve, Flaps, Dennis, and Alan, he thought of Hilliard Graves in the opposing dressing room and Darryl Maggs out in Bedford. Those two players were the only ones that seemed destined for a professional career in hockey--although this wouldn't occur to anybody else that night or any future night. Later Bob heard some of his friends' girlfriends--Jane MacGlashen, Judy MacLeod, Gudrun Gurholt--singing "California Dreamin'" by The Mamas and the Papas while waiting at the canteen.

May 22-31/66 (Rome and New York)

Not So Well-known European Businessman: We've got to get a hook into this student unrest that's increasing in the United States. Since their leanings are to the left, it has to be through the socialist parties. Look for someone with a grievance in there.

Bob flew into New York and soon after perusing the radical journals for a while, he got in touch with a writer calling himself Lynn Marcus.

Dobbs: Is Lynn Marcus your real name?

Marcus: It's Lyndon Hermyle LaRouche, Jr.

Dobbs: What's your complaint?

LaRouche: Well, I'm a Platonist. I've made some discoveries that show that the real stream of Platonism is a story suppressed and untold. There is a technological basis for the conflict between Aristotelianism and the real Platonism.

Dobbs: I think it was Coleridge who said men were either Aristotelians or Platonists.

LaRouche: Yes, and the Romantics were certainly no help to my antecedents in that century--my allies being thinkers like Humboldt and Reimann.

Dobbs: So what is your strategy?

LaRouche: I'm going to offer a night class over at Columbia and create a cadre of students who can steer this revolution away from its present controllers who have a decidedly Aristotelian, Utopian bent.

Dobbs: I'm a revolutionary myself and I have funds available for you if you can show me some results and get your plans into action.

The rest of the conversation was drowned out by "Like a Rolling Stone" as Bob and LaRouche left the restaurant on West 4th Street.

Sept. 29/66 (Ojai, California)

Bob sat down on the wooden bench to have some soup. The spoken sentence, "The rituals of the Order of the Golden Dawn should not be used to establish a new priesthood," passed into his awareness and he turned and recognized the speaker's face. It took Bob a few minutes for him to place it. Seattle, about ten years ago, during the LSD experiments. He walked over carefully balancing his soup.

"Excuse me, but did you live in Seattle once?" Bob asked.

"Did you spill your soup?"

Bob looked down. The familiar face continued, "I still live there."

"I think we met many years ago. Anyway, did you know that Krishnamurti is mentioned in Finnegans Wake?"

"I've heard of that book, but I haven't read it."

"Oh no, one can't read it per se, one can only study it. By the way, I'm Bob Dobbs."

"David Worcester, pleased to meet you."

Dobbs: Oh, you're the man who asked Krishnamurti if he's asking us to experience violence!

Worcester: Yes, what did you think of his answer?

Dobbs: Well, he said he is doing that. But for me Krishnamurti addresses the individual's private citadel of consciousness as the source of spiritual regeneration and ignores the dynamics of the crowd.

Worcester: That may be so but when Rhyee set up the principality of Man...

Dobbs (looking stunned): Rhyee!?? Did you say Rhyee? Who's Rhyee?

Worcester: Yes... it's a concept channeled by a friend of mine who's a medium.

Dobbs: Is he here today?

Worcester: No, he lives in Hawaii. His name is Ralph Duby.

Dobbs: "Rhyee." I can't believe it! I've had that word running through my mind for over, at least, twenty-five years. I've never known what it referred to.

Dec. 14/66 (Los Angeles)

Bob entered the restaurant knowing who he was looking for and what she looked like although he had never met her. Ah, there she is. She's sitting where she has a good view of the room. She's picking up on me right away.

Dobbs: Mae Brussell, I presume.

Brussell: Mr. Dobbs?

Dobbs: Yes. I wanted to meet with you about the Ramparts article on the Kennedy assassination you worked on behind the scenes with Penn Jones.

Brussell: Yes, there are a lot of potential witnesses dying. Why are you interested?

Dobbs: Penn Jones speaks very highly of your cross-indexing work on the twenty-six volumes of the Warren Commission and I'd like to help.

Brussell: I don't know you well enough yet so I won't let you near my files. But I welcome any new sources of information as long as they keep their distance. How does that sit with you?

Dobbs: That's not a problem. I know some witnesses who are willing to talk very, very quietly. But they know if there is one mistake, they are dead.

Brussell: They definitely would die. I understand that.

Dobbs: I trust you do. So I will keep you in touch.

Brussell: Look who just walked in.

Bob turned around slightly in his chair but Warren Beatty wasn't looking in their direction.

Dobbs: Do you ever get a chance to read novels?

Brussell: Oh yeah. I like Henry Miller. He lives near me up in Carmel and we've become friends. Have you read him?

Dobbs: Not yet, but I intend to.

_____ 1967

Jan. 2/67 (Munich)

Gehlen: What does McLuhan say about the effects of television on Greece?

Dobbs: Publicly, not much. He only says he is studying a nation that just got TV. But privately, he knows what's going to happen: a panicked bureaucracy.

Gehlen: If he knows that, then he's correct, because the military is getting nervous. But we've got trouble coming in the Middle East and that's my primary concern right now.

Dobbs: Well, McLuhan blames the turmoil there on the United Nations distributing transistor radios to the local populations over the last ten years.

Gehlen: How in the hell did he figure that out?

Dobbs: He was lucky. He met Wyndham Lewis in the Forties, the original "man who knew too much."

Gehlen: You know, I can't get over how perceptive your father was in sending you to monitor McLuhan so many years ago.

Dobbs: My father's team has always had the time to notice these new developments. They've got a lot of time on their hands, but they don't waste it.

Jan. 25/67 (Halifax, Nova Scotia)

Bob, Dennis, and Connie had just spent a couple of hours in a new club, The Trip, listening to the jazz band Circa 67.

Dennis: You know, I really liked that group. They're good musicians and all, but I don't know if that's the kind of music I want to study.

Connie: I think you mean you don't want to specialize in any particular kind of music.

Dennis: That could be the crux of my problem. But I've got to specialize to improve.

Dobbs: That may not be your only problem. You're being molded in a time where music is incidental to other effects that have to be communicated. Pop music is not just "music" per se, but is an environment. Look at the Beatles and the British

invasion. You've got to deal with the fact that the traditional notion of music may not be possible anymore. I suggest this may be a cause of your restlessness and lack of focus.

Dennis: Are you talking about the merchandising of music?

Dobbs: No, I'm saying the audience's entertainment needs are being mutated and they have to be satisfied by new mixes. Being an entertainer today might mean being a high priest in a new kind of religion.

Dennis: I don't always understand what you're sayin', Bob, but you make me think and that's good. I'll have to tell this to my music teacher and see what he says.

Feb. 15/67 (New York)

Dobbs: I was reading an old interview with that young folk singer, Bob Dylan, the other day, trying to see why he's so popular. He mentioned he read some Kant in college. What do you think of Kant as a philosopher?

LaRouche: Kant said there is no such thing as a cognizable creative process by which scientific discoveries are made. He also said later there is no cognizable process by which you can judge whether a form of art is good or not. It's all arbitrary. Now I don't agree with that at all. I operate on the exact opposite principle--that you can know the creative process. How does one come to this knowledge? By re-experiencing the act of discovery by original discoverers of principle from the past - beginning, in most cases, with the ancient Greeks. By reliving the paradox or problem, then reliving the flash of insight, and then reliving the proof of the principle, followed by the idea of applying the principle - by knowing, rather than memorizing, the most crucial experiences of scientific discovery and art in the known history of mankind, you learn nothing, but you know everything. And the tragedy is that Kant has greater influence today because he was resurrected by the likes of Norbert Wiener and his "information theory." Bob Dylan is a product of an educational system that is organized around the principle of learning, and not knowing. He makes bad art!

Dobbs: That's an eloquent answer, Lyn. Have you ever heard of Marshall McLuhan?

LaRouche: No.

Dobbs: Well, you will over the next few months. There is going to be a publicity blitz to raise his profile. I mention him because I know him personally and he has always stressed that he knows the identity of the processes of cognition and creation. That sounds anti-Kantian to me. I'm going to get you two together as soon as possible so you can compare notes. Meanwhile, watch for him in the media.

LaRouche: I'll look forward to it. "Marshall McLuhan" - what a strange name!

Bob and Lyndon parted as LaRouche hopped a subway taking him up to Columbia University to teach a class, and Dobbs stopped to pick up the latest issue of the East Village Other, the Village Voice, and the New York Times.

March 25/67 (Seattle)

Dobbs: So, David, explain to me this "Rhyee" concept again.

Worcester: According to Awareness, Rhyee was the entity that manifested the first separateness from the Plane of Essence. It created the dimension known as "matter" and subsequently "man." To perpetuate itself within matter, Rhyee made an agreement with the entity known as Isis to enter matter as "woman." This led to the first priesthood as a means of creating authority. The words "authority" and "author" come from "awe." All the subsequent principalities and dominions came from this Rhyee action. When Rhyee returns to Essence, there will be no support for maintaining any kind of power.

Dobbs: When will that happen?

Worcester: It already did... in January of this year.

Dobbs: What? You're kidding?

Worcester: No. And now we can find out if this dimension is real, or viable. The female womb is being closed.

May 2/67 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Having heard Zappa's song, "Call Any Vegetable," what do you think?

McLuhan: I once wrote an article, "The Southern Quality," back in '46 or '47 where I explained why there was no human life on this planet. Since then, human beings have been grown inside programmed media-environments that are essentially like test tubes. That's why I say the kids today live "mythically." I've long considered them as vegetables. Zappa seems to have an inkling of this.

Dobbs: I'll let him know what you said. I don't know if he has read any of your books.

June 1/67 (Los Angeles)

Don Van Vliet (Captain Beefheart): Bob, we've been invited to play at this hippie festival up in Monterey in a few weeks. I don't know whether I want to be associated with such a crowd scene. What do you think I should do?

Dobbs: When does it happen?

Vliet: It starts on Friday, June sixteenth.

Dobbs: Aha, Bloomsday! Well, to me you represent the autonomy of the flesh under satellite conditions--free of all crowds and media. Obviously, to maintain that image, for me, you've got to avoid Monterey.

Vliet: But I don't think the band understands the purpose of my image--they're musicians and they want to be heard by as many people as possible.

Dobbs: Remember earlier when I told you about Rhyee returning to the Plane of Essence? And how there is no more doubleness in consciousness?

Vliet: Yes.

Dobbs: Well, with that in mind, isn't it interesting you have a band member whose name is Ry Cooder?

Vliet started to smile.

Dobbs: And since you're the great punster, why not have Rhyee--alias Ry--leave the band just before the concert. You'd make a situational pun on this historic moment in human consciousness, and you'd have the perfect alibi.

Vliet (laughing): Yes, that would be an impressive sculpture. But how am I going to convince Ry to leave without him catching on?

Dobbs: You'll think of something. You've got a history of eccentricity to exploit. He's young, he won't figure it out for a long time.

June 4/67 (Dartmouth)

Randy returned to the kitchen with the day's mail. He thought, "What's this? A letter for me?" He opened the envelope and out fell a booklet of tickets. Picking it up he saw it was for a lottery on the island of Malta in the Mediterranean sea. "Who sent me these?" It would take Randy several days before he would decide to take a chance on the lottery. But he kept wondering how the Maltese got his name and address.

June 5/67 (Dartmouth)

Randy: Bob, I got a strange letter yesterday. I was wondering if you could help me.

Dobbs: Sure. What's strange about it?

Randy: It came from Malta, offering me lottery tickets. I don't know anybody in Malta. How'd they get my name and address?

Dobbs: Didn't you once tell me your father was an engineer?

Randy: Yes. His company built the MacDonald Bridge. Why?

Dobbs: Somebody could have gotten your name from a biography of your father in a catalogue of a professional engineers' association. But then again, there is another association called the Knights of Malta.

Randy: What are they?

Dobbs: They're a military order pledged to defend the Vatican.

Randy: I'm not a Catholic.

Dobbs: Well, I'd suggest you send the tickets in and see what happens since they sent you more than one. Perhaps the lottery's rigged and they want you to win.

At this point in the conversation, Randy and Bob entered the front door of Dartmouth High School. Once inside Randy said goodbye as he rushed off to study for his Provincial Examinations. Bob stood quietly in the hall for a while and watched Mr. Fanning, the principal of the school, efficiently carry out his duties. Then Bob left the building, crossed Victoria Road, passed by Bicentennial Junior High School, strolled on to the athletic grounds behind the school, sat down on the grass to watch the kids and their coaches, and waited for Garrett to come by on his regular route to the MacDonald Bridge. I assume this headache I've had for the last twenty-four hours is caused by the present war in the Middle East. Then so be it.

June 18/67(New York)

"June 18th," mumbled Marshall McLuhan.

"So?" asked Lyndon LaRouche.

"Paul McCartney's birthday," continued McLuhan.

"Yeah, the Beatles are going to have the first live satellite broadcast in a week from today," added Dobbs.

Frank Zappa finished sucking on his cigarette, tapped it into the ashtray on the wobbly

table, interjecting, "It's also Sugarcane Harris' birthday today. For me, that's more significant."

"Who's that guy over by the long bench?" Mae Brussell asked Dobbs as she sat down with her drink.

"Garrett Deane. He's an old friend of mine from Nova Scotia. Quite an actor, did a lot of Broadway in the Forties and Fifties. He's not working much now, the last thing he did was interview the woman who played "Hazel" on TV. I'll introduce you later, but he's leaving New York soon. He's moving back to his parents' home in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, in a couple of days. He doesn't like what Nelson Rockefeller has done to this city."

They were all sitting around at Stanley's in the East Village waiting for Jiddu Krishnamurti to come and meet them for the first time. Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" came on the jukebox and LaRouche frowned and shook his head.

LaRouche: These hedonistic concepts spell trouble for our culture, I guarantee you.

McLuhan: Well, Lyndon, the percepts are far more dangerous than any concepts.

LaRouche: What are "percepts"? You mean, our sensory life?

McLuhan: Yes, but I'm referring more to the new percepts--their mechanical, environmental extensions.

Just then, Dobbs stood up as he greeted a short, Middle Eastern-looking man approaching the table. Bob introduced him as the next governor of West Virginia--Dr. Peter Beter.

Zappa: The kids today are going to be different. They're going to allow things to happen. Perhaps even have their cake and eat it, too.

McLuhan: But wait until they discover books.

Zappa: When will that occur?

McLuhan: When they get into their thirties and forties.

Dobbs: We and all our activities are drugs for the gaping maw.

Connie walked over to Bob and whispered in his ear, "He's on the phone again. I can't calm him down."

Bob went into the back room, picked up the telephone, and put the Well-known American Businessman in his ear.

“Dobbs, Jim Garrison's getting close. You've got to go down there.”

Bob returned to the table and noticed Zappa, with eyes akimbo, leafing through Connie's copy of “Finnegans Wake” that had been left on the counter. Dobbs drew Frank's attention to the song on the radio right then—“I'm Sorry” by the Impalas. Bob noticed Mark Lane passing on the street in front of Stanley's, probably heading home to his flat in Murray Gross' building. Murray was a lawyer who worked in the DA's office and had carved out an expertise in the new field of securities-laundering by the Mafia.

Beter: “Is this Krishnamurti fellow we're meeting a Buddhist or a Hindu.”

Brussell: “I've heard he's neither--a kind of mystical atheist.”

LaRouche: “Well, whatever, he's still a Gnostic. Mae, what do you think Jim Garrison's going to do next?”

Brussell: “I don't know, but I'm going down to New Orleans next week to help him.”

June 18/67 (New York)

Connie got Bob's attention and pointed to the doorway of the bar they were all sitting in--Stanley's in the East Village. Bob jumped up from his seat and moved briskly toward the entrance with his hand out.

Dobbs: Mr. Jiddu, I'm so happy you found our rendezvous!

The elegant, but serious face waited for Bob to direct him. Bob signaled to the bartender to turn the jukebox down as he escorted Krishnamurti to the long table of guests. Introductions were politely made and then Bob asked Krishnamurti to address the room.

Krishnamurti: I don't know why you are here, but this is not a lecture, nor a sermon, and the speaker is not a guru. You can disregard anything or everything the speaker says and you can leave any time you want to. The speaker is not trying to help you. Actually he refuses to help you. Imagine, however, you and the speaker are walking together by a river in the forest and are having a conversation as between friends. But it's a serious conversation, on serious concerns such as: what is death, how can human beings love, why do we suffer so much, or can humanity really change? But as we listen to each other, the speaker would prefer that you not agree or disagree with him, but just listen and be aware of the thoughts that our discussion gives rise to. You don't have to express them. Just observe them with all your attention. You will notice that thought is only capable of experiencing the known. It is not able to think about the unknown. This is more than a contradiction, it is a fact. It is a fact because all thought is based on memory, and memory can only be based on the known. The known is what has been experienced. Therefore, the known is the past, which brings in the concept of time, and if you go into the experience of time, you will observe that time is the known, that the unknown is not time, that it is something else, if it is anything. But the unknown evokes emotions of excitement, anxiety, or fear which are based on past experience or memories, the known. The known is the content of consciousness-- memory or time. Did you ever observe that when you are most involved in an action, you are not aware of yourself, you have no self-consciousness? The observer is the observed. But why does one lose this experience when one suddenly becomes aware of oneself doing the action? At that point have you entered time? Are you following what I'm saying? Don't nod in agreement or shake your head in disagreement! Go into it. The speaker is not presenting an argument to be believed in. The speaker may be talking nonsense. You have to investigate this for yourself. But do it now as you are listening. Don't say to yourself, “I will listen now and go away and think about it tomorrow.” Go into it now with the speaker, but not as something to argue with. Observe your thinking as we talk. Shall the speaker continue? Yes? Okay. Human beings have lived in conflict for thousands of years. This is a fact that has not changed. There have been attempts and claims to change human behaviour through many kinds of institutions, but none have stopped this

conflict. Why is this the case? We say we want the “good,” and we don't want the “bad.” But the “good” is thought of in comparison with the “bad.” We use thought to make the distinction. That is, we use the known. If we actually stopped conflict, that would be a new condition in our experience. It is presently for us an unknown situation, but we use thought, which is based on the known, to attempt to create the unknown. The speaker is not talking about the daily use of thought for the practical concerns of life—for the maintenance of our survival, for inventing new technology. That is necessary. The speaker is asking if there is an experience that does not involve thought. When one sees an object that one desires, that desire creates an image, an image in the mind. That image then creates a thought, a thought that reacted to the desire.

Follow this--first the object, then the desire, then the image, which creates the thought. Do you see? Don't answer the speaker. Go into it yourself. Observe it yourself--now. Oh, why should I go on? Is anybody listening? The speaker says there is an experience beyond thought. It is not “God.” “God” is a concept created by thought. It is not an experience created by techniques of meditation, by chants or mantras, as they advocate in the Eastern religions. It is not a product of prayer or ascetic habits as taught in the Western religions. It is not any of that nonsense. The speaker is affirming a bliss that cannot be expressed in words. But the speaker is not asking you to believe him. The speaker may be crazy, but he is asserting there is a difference between the mind and the brain. And we will go into that tomorrow.

With that said, Jiddu Krishnamurti stood up from the table and Garrett Deane guided him out the door with the utmost sensitivity and flair. The respectful silence was broken by the voice of Herbert W. Armstrong.

Armstrong: I apologize, Bob, for arriving late and missing the first five minutes of Krishnamurti's speech. And that may be the reason I'm a little puzzled about the point he was making. For example, I certainly don't agree that God is a concept created by thought. God is not something created by human beings, but human beings were obviously created by God. I don't see why he brought God into a talk that was otherwise interesting in its psychological emphasis.

Mae Brussell: Yes, his talk was fascinating as psychology. It was even bizarre. But he gave me nothing, at least so far, that helps me in my research into the Kennedy assassination, which I think is the prime cause of so many problems in our country today. As a matter of fact, if more people were influenced by Krishnamurti, I would consider him a dangerous distraction. But he's so out of touch with today's reality, he could never get that kind of attention. Tomorrow I will ask him if he will help my friends and me expose the Warren Commission's cover-up.

Dr. Peter Beter: I personally found it a fascinating talk, too. I've been studying Hinduism the last few years and I can understand the religious dimensions of the psychological aspects in Krishnamurti's talk from the Hindu perspective. But curiously he doesn't seem to have any respect for Hindu meditation rituals. As you suggested before he arrived, Mae, it seems accurate to call him a “mystical atheist.”

Lyndon LaRouche: To be blunt about it, I think he represents the worst aspects of Gnosticism. As an advocate of the Platonic dialectic, I am insulted and not surprised that he, in true Gnostic fashion, did not wait around for any questions. What are we supposed to do with a babbling, halting monologue?

Dobbs: I think Krishnamurti is going to take questions tomorrow, Lyn.

LaRouche: Oh yes, when it suits him. Well, we'll see. I will admit he has a hypnotically seducing effect while he's talking. He's a good rhetorician, a skillful Aristotelian.

Marshall McLuhan: But, Mr. LaRouche, Gnostic techniques are a valid way to explore our sensory conditioning. Gnosticism should not be considered a way to salvation. However, as an artform it attempts to replay the stages of apprehension and therein we can use its modalities to a secular end. My recommendation to Krishnamurti would be in the form of a question: isn't our bodily sensory conditioning puny compared to

the collective numbness induced by our technological conditioning within these vast new environments we inhabit? How can we develop a language for awareness under today's electronic conditions? We may have to use the media as artforms to replay the stages of apprehension.

Frank Zappa: About ten years ago I started reading up on Zen Buddhism and that helped me to drop my Catholic conditioning. Krishnamurti sounds like Zen to me, and so I enjoyed his talk. Although, speaking as a composer, I agree with Alan Watts' objections to John Cage's use of Zen Buddhist inspiration in his musical compositions. Music being a technological experience today, I would say Mr. McLuhan has a more accurate diagnosis of the problems confronting the modern-day composer who refuses to die. Wouldn't a society that needs all the friends it can get use a force as powerful as today's popular music?

Dobbs: Garrett, you were so graceful in escorting Krishnamurti out the door I almost couldn't detect the twinkle of the insolent imp in your eye. Were you really so eager to get rid of him?

Garrett Deane: Oh Bobby, Bobby, Bobby! You're the Rumpelstiltskin, not me! No, no, no! I feel truly blessed to hear such a river. It was the Buddha's laughter! And its chuckling slowly got louder and louder until I was crushed by the Niagara Falls of Krishnamurti's wisdom! I am amazed that I was able to regain enough consciousness to blurt out even this much bliss.

As everyone relaxed amid the laughter evoked by Garrett as he hung limply on his barstool, Connie signaled the bartender to bring on some beverages to loosen the tongues and minds. But Bob whispered, "Hold the jukebox."

Sept. 5/67 (Seattle)

Dobbs: David, have you ever taken LSD?

Worcester: Many times. Why do you ask?

Dobbs: Did you ever meet Captain Hubbard?

Worcester: Yes, I used to spend a lot of time with him. Do you know him?

Dobbs: Yes. I think I know when you spent time with him. Was it back in '59?

Worcester: Yes, that sounds correct. How do you know that? You're making me nervous.

Dobbs: The Center of Integration.

Worcester: You were a member!?

Dobbs: No, but I once waited outside in his car while Hubbard visited the Center. I'm now remembering you answered the door and Hubbard talked to you for a few minutes.

Worcester: You've got a remarkable memory.

Dobbs: Perhaps. But it wasn't hard to remember your face. On that day I was startled when I saw you because I had seen your very round mug when I was on an acid trip.

Worcester (laughing): Oh yes. Over the years several people, people I didn't know, have told me the same story after they met me. I seem to be a fellow traveler on the LSD road.

Dobbs: But I bet none of them had the word "Rhyee" in their heads before they met you.

Worcester: No, you're unique in that regard. I wonder what significance we might find in that strange occurrence.

Dobbs: Maybe it has something to do with the fact I knew Albert Hofmann.

Worcester: You're kidding! You knew Hofmann!?

Dobbs: When I was a young man, yes--when I lived in Europe. Curious, isn't it? The letters "A" and "H" are both Alfred and Albert's initials. And those letters originally were interchangeable and meant "the beginning." But I want to know how you met Hubbard.

Worcester: It was through CIA people. Hubbard controlled all the LSD distribution in

North and South America. We attracted attention at the Center of Integration. You know, Seattle has the smallest church-going population of any city in the United States. Anyway, Elliot Craig came around and gave me my first trip. He was involved with Hubbard. Then I soon met Hubbard. He would visit us and interview me about my experiences with acid. We worked out the protocol for tripping, came up with the term "session" years before Tim Leary offered his maps. You know, I was the one who gave Alan Watts his first LSD trip--in San Francisco. I think it was in early nineteen sixty-one. Tony LaVey was at that party.

Oct. 22/67 (New York)

Dobbs: We're seeing the rise of the TV kids now, but we should be studying the coming generation of computer kids. Let's designate the "Now Generation" as "22" because they have to learn to use the tetrad--it's not instinctive to them. Whereas the coming Computer kids will have no problem with the tetrad, but will wrestle with the pentad. So they will be designated as "14"--the "1" symbolizing the return of Rhyee to the Plane of Essence and the "4" as the merged 22 of the tetrad. Adding 1 and 4, you get 5, which represents the pentad.

McLuhan: Corinne wants me to have brain surgery as soon as possible.

Zappa: Lumpy gravy.

_____ 1968

March 5/68 (Los Angeles)

Dobbs: Mr. Armstrong, you and I have known each other for a long time. You know that I was raised in Paris and you know my sentiments for Europe. Tell me, what does the Bible predict for Europe?

Herbert W. Armstrong: It foretells the rise of a Fourth Reich in Europe in the coming years.

Dobbs: Will you be able to continue your broadcasting in those times?

Armstrong: No.

Dobbs: Will you yourself make that decision to stop?

Armstrong: No, it will be made for me.

May 1/68 (New York)

Dobbs: Lyndon, are you aware of Bucky Fuller's architectural plans to put his domes over cities like New York?

LaRouche: Of course.

Dobbs: Would you support his ideas?

LaRouche: Not at first. I'm for building more cities. I fight for the Hamiltonian citybuilding circles and against the Jeffersonian country-bumpkin circles. The reason we don't build more cities and are afflicted by the sprawling suburbanization in the United States is the financier-rentier circles who pretend to grow an economy through land speculation and usury. Because this fraudulent growth depends on real-estate speculation and maintaining high property values in certain parts of New York, or any American city, we can't get investment in new cities using the latest technology because that would threaten the Wall Street financier oligarchy who reinforce this myopic tunnel vision that goes around in boom-and-bust cycles. We should design our new cities around more efficiently beautiful infrastructure systems that have high-density populations who wouldn't lose the important role of urban classical culture that is being dissipated in the Playboy-magazine, leisure-society culture of the suburbs. Until the relevant government institutions get behind this kind of industrial policy, I wouldn't waste my time with Bucky's beachball antics. They'd be fine for new cities but they'd only make this concentration-camp of a city more claustrophobic and paranoid.

Dobbs: Funny you mention Playboy. They just featured Bucky's designs in the

January issue of this year.
LaRouche: Case closed!

June 7/68 (Dartmouth)

Dobbs: Randy, there's a significance in the date of your birthday you should be aware of. I've told you before that you and my father were born on the same day--June the fourth. But listen to what happened the other day. On Monday, June the third, Andy Warhol was shot. On Tuesday, you had your nineteenth birthday. A few hours later, in the first hour of June the fifth, Robert Kennedy was shot. You wouldn't know this but the ambulance carrying Andy's severely-wounded body moved along nineteenth street in New York City. If you add up the letters in the word "Bob," "b" equaling two and "o" equaling fifteen--their positions in the alphabet--you get nineteen.

Randy: Why are Warhol and Kennedy so significant?

Dobbs: For nineteen sixty-eight Andy is the pope of software Art--mixed media, and Robert is the pope of hardware Art--politics.

Randy: And I'm Mr. In-Between Art.

Dobbs: You don't know how true that statement is!

Randy: But Andy lived and Robert died.

Dobbs: Yes, that's because hardware is kaput but software still has a few years to go before it dies.

Aug. 10/68 (Dartmouth)

Kristen: Bob, I've got a problem. Ever since Randy went to Montreal, I haven't been able to really figure out what I want to do. He's good at keeping in touch, but it's not the same. I don't have him around to distract me so much anymore, so I start wondering if I should try to make something of myself. My father thinks I should be a model.

Dobbs: What does your father do?

Kristen: He's a musician. A big-band fanatic. Swing and jazz. You know, like Don Warner, the guy who has a show on CBC.

Dobbs: Yes, I know who you mean.

Kristen: But I think I should go to university. I want to learn.

Dobbs: What do you want to learn?

Kristen: I don't know, yet. My father wants me to know first before he'll pay for my tuition and stuff.

Dobbs: Tell him you want to be a designer, something a little more challenging than being a model, but still in the ballpark of modeling.

Kristen: Hey, that's a good idea! Let me think about that. That would impress Randy, too, I bet. Maybe I could go to school in Montreal.

Dobbs: Yeah, think about that, and if that doesn't pan out, you can ask Connie--she might have some ideas.

Sept. 22/68 (Toronto)

Dobbs: You say here in your Forward to one of your books that "we" mowed down the Kennedys? Who is the "we"? You?

McLuhan: That's for my new book, The Interior Landscape. But I'm not going to discuss the "we" with you. If anybody knows what I mean, it would be you.

Dobbs: What about Barry Nevitt?

McLuhan: He hasn't seen it yet, but I'm interested to hear what he says when he reads it.

Dobbs: That should tell you something, Dr. McLuhan!

Oct. 25/68 (Dartmouth)

Steve was very animated. "Bob, I was in Toronto a couple of weeks ago. I went over to

the University of Toronto campus to see a professor who has meetings open to the public. He claims there're no connections in matter--calls it the 'resonant interval.' Says television imitates this fact, imitates tactility... therefore... television can't be seen, only felt."

Dobbs: Well, what's his name?

Steve: Marshall McLuhan.

Dobbs: Never heard of him.

Steve: Anyways, this means music becomes a drug!

Dobbs: Is this bad?

Steve: Umm... I couldn't tell if he felt that way.

Dobbs: What's his point, then?

Steve: Ya got me there. I'm going back up there as soon as I can. I'll try to find out.

Dobbs: Let me know when you do. "Television can't be seen." But people always say they're "watching" TV. This McLuhan guy seems a little off if you ask me.

Oct. 28/68 (London)

Bob and his father, Rene, were leaving the Royal Albert Hall in an inspired state. They had just attended a Mothers of Invention concert.

Dobbs: I'm very happy to have finally had the opportunity to introduce you to Frank Zappa after all these years of telling you stories about my adventures with him.

Rene: Yes, your friendship with him makes more sense now. I can see how he's going to help us in our plans. He may be at the start of a career that will do for music what Finnegans Wake did for literature. He reminds me of both Wyndham Lewis and James Joyce, a mixture of their sensibilities, but in an American context. I get a better sense of American culture watching and listening to Zappa.

Dobbs: Yes, I can see that. For example, when the band did that little skit about "taking progress and putting it under a rock." If you think of a "rock" as representing electric software and "progress" as representing the old linear, industrial hardware, then Frank's got it right about the present state of American, and consequently, global culture.

Rene: Yes, he's a Mozart/Beethoven for our satellite culture. It was a wonderful concert--even for an old man like me.

Nov. 30/68 (Seattle)

Dobbs: If Rhyee has returned to the Plane of Essence, how does this affect matter?

Worcester: It changes the "tridocea." The tridocea is made up of air, fire, and water. Water will fall away and be replaced by "akasha," which is the word for "new being." In

occult literature it's called the "Age of Aquarius."

Dobbs: So the Piscean Age, symbolized by the fish, is over because there is no more water for the fish. Worcester laughed and turned on his car's motor, and he and Bob headed down the country road for the small town of Olympia. Bob switched on the car radio but it was broken.

_____ 1969

Jan. 19/69 (Chicago)

Holding open the main door to the City Hall for a man in a wheelchair, Bob overheard its occupant, "He walked right into my lawyer's office and announced that the judge would take a bribe!" Bob walked through the door, turned around and decided to follow this paraplegic back inside. He heard the woman pushing the wheelchair address the paraplegic with the name "Skolnick."

Feb. 8/69 (Dartmouth)

Nancy: Bob, I never see you reading a book. You sound like the kind of person who

reads a lot, but I never see you actually with a book.

Dobbs: I only read when I'm flying. I never read when I'm back home in Dartmouth.

Nancy: What do you read when you're away?

Dobbs: Anything and everything.

Nancy: Give me a suggestion on what to read.

Dobbs: I would suggest a book called, "The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are." It's written by Alan Watts. Try that one and we'll talk about it.

June 29/69 (Halifax)

Sue and Bob were standing on the southern edge of Point Pleasant Park enjoying the sweep of sailboats over Halifax harbour.

Sue: Bob, have you ever heard of LSD?

Dobbs: Yes, but I don't know much about it.

Sue: Neither do I, but I've met some people who claim they can get some if I want to try it.

Dobbs: Why would you want to do that?

Sue: They gave me a book on it. It describes people's experiences with LSD. I also read a wild interview in Playboy with Allen Ginsberg the other day. He sure makes it sound worthwhile.

Dobbs: Are these friends of yours--students?

Sue: No, but they're educated.

Dobbs: You know, Sue, I have a theory. I think color television has a psychedelic effect on people. And when you take color television away from people who have been used to a steady diet of it, they need to continue having the psychedelic effects. So they turn to drugs. The most vulnerable segment of the population for this is young people, especially students, when they leave their homes where they had watched TV regularly. The semi-isolation of the student ghettos creates this craving.

Sue: What? Bob, you're nuts!

Dobbs: When was the last time you watched TV?

Sue: I don't watch television.

Dobbs: Case closed.

Sue and Bob's laughter was interrupted by a young man calling out Sue's name. They turned around and Sue recognized Butch Lucas, a childhood friend from junior high school. As Butch ran over, excited to see Sue, Sue filled Bob in.

Sue: Butch grew up in Lucasville. You know the Negro village at the end of Creighton Avenue?

Dobbs: Oh yes, I've walked in the woods near there many times.

Sue: Butchie, where have you been lately?

Butch: I'm working at the Black Community Centre down on Gottingen Street.

Sue: Do you work in Africville?

Butch: No, they're tearing Africville down and moving people into public housing. We're helping with the transition.

Sue: Jesus, I didn't know that. Butch, I want you to meet an older friend of mine. This is Bob Dobbs. Bob, I've learned all my Rhythm 'n Blues at Butchie's house parties since I was twelve.

Dobbs: I wish I'd been there. Actually, I think I've heard some of those parties when I've walked through your neighborhood.

Butch (laughing): Hey, I think I like this white man, Sue!

Dobbs: You know, Flaps and Randy often talked about "Butch the Electron." So I've finally met him.

Butch: What?!

Sept. 25/69 (Seattle)

Bob sat in a chair across from David Worcester who reclined on a couch that looked

strangely familiar to Bob. Vern, David's oldest friend, came downstairs from his bedroom in a dressing gown. It was almost noon. Vern had gotten to bed very late the night before.

Worcester: Vern, do you remember what I was trying to describe to you last night? I've got a better image of it now. I'd say it's an action that comes together and turns like this.

David brings his hands towards each other to make a ball shape with his fingers almost touching. Then he turns his wrists and palms inward toward his chest, but interrupts that gesture to cross his forearms and turns his palms outward, and then repeats the whole movement not quite exactly because the movement at that point is usually impossible to continue. Overall, Bob thought Worcester was trying to mime a gyroscopic action.

Worcester: This is what I was getting at. By the way, Vern, this is Bob Dobbs--the man I met at the Krishnamurti talks a while back. Remember I told you about him? For years he had the word "Rhyee" running through his mind.

Vern: Oh yes, I do remember that. The three of them began to laugh hysterically.

Oct. 8/69 (Seattle)

Dobbs: What is my purpose and direction?

David Worcester (in trance while lying on a couch): This Awareness indicates this within the previous message, that your action in relation to the symbolic language is that which is extraordinary; this also will aid in relating higher abstractions within the psyche in a manner which creates the circumstances by which you may speak through more than one symbol simultaneously in a series of well-chosen words. This, at a level of transpersonative interaction.

Nov. 24/69 (New York)

Dobbs: I see you managed to maintain your course through the "Days of Rage" in Chicago.

LaRouche: Yes, I think my associates now understand the irrationality that has guided the student activist movement the last few years. They are now very receptive to my program. They are ready to settle down and do some efficient conceptual work. I'm glad the catharsis of the Sixties is over.

Dobbs: You know, my parents used to spend time on the island of Capri in the early decades of this century. The stories they told me of the goings-on there, the excesses of inspiration--the Sixties as they unfolded always reminded me of those tales of Capri.

LaRouche: Really? I'd like to hear them some day, but I've got to get back to my typewriter now. However, I don't think I'll be surprised.

As Bob left LaRouche's apartment in Greenwich Village, he noticed he almost bumped into two young men, one of whom he recognized was David Walley, the music journalist who wrote articles on Frank Zappa for the East Village Other. I must introduce myself to him someday. I wonder what he'll think of Burnt Weenie Sandwich when it comes out.

Dec. 21/69 (Seattle)

Dobbs: Would Awareness comment on the musical ideas of Frank Zappa?

Worcester (in trance while lying on a couch): This Awareness indicates that this entity as one who moves and collects response from many areas. That these become a kaleidoscope to be embroidered for the texture of sound. This Awareness indicates that each of these then become an entrance from a two-dimensional system into many other areas of visualization.

Dobbs: Was this entity a famous musician in a previous life?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates this is negative, that this entity's previous life

action as one involved with a stone, and a glass and mosaics, this in areas of North Africa, that this entity also was an architect involving certain Mosques.

Dobbs: Would Awareness comment on the ideas of Marshall McLuhan and the significance of their application?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates that this entity in breaking through strands of certain gauges and screens has seen a view of which becomes of itself an action, and in understanding that each of the gauges a screen that is placed before the real action, also determines the extent to which entities may approach the real action before breaking through these screens and gauges. This Awareness indicates in this manner the various apparatus, organization, mechanical, or structured concept may be considered as gauges and screens before the real action, that that which is seen in relation to each of these gauges or screens is the limitation which one may approach the real action, hence "the medium is the message" is an indication of the limitation to which entities may move through these filters and colorations.

Dobbs: Would Awareness comment on the ideas of Buckminster Fuller?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates that these emanate great strength and light, yet those points of intrinsic value create a limitation in certain areas through specifics inclined to be involved in thoughts which are not entirely open to the creative change which must come to every part, to live.

_____ 1970

Jan. 22/70 (Seattle)

Worcester: All magicians have previously used a formula to achieve their ends. Now, formulas--any formulas--don't work anymore.

Dobbs: That statement reminds me of the time you told me about your magician friend, Robert Carr. How he was doing his magic tricks for an audience and he noticed he was manifesting more cards than he had and he couldn't fathom why--he was quite puzzled and amazed.

Worcester: Oh, you remember that story? Yes, that's a good example of discovering the choiceless awareness of New Being and operating without a formula.

Dobbs: Is that what caused Carr to get interested in Krishnamurti?

Worcester: Yes, I think so. It certainly moved him into experiences he had not anticipated.

Upon hearing this Bob ever-so-subtly withdrew into a reverie of conversations he had had with Rene overlaid with images from his activities on November the twenty-second, just over six years before. Worcester got up out of his chair very quietly to look for some matches.

April 8/70 (Dartmouth)

Dennis: I've been sitting in on the recording sessions of a new kind of musician by the name of Frank Zappa. He's got a new group called Hot Rats. He's unbelievably creative!

Dobbs: Come on, Dennis. As I've told you before, creativity is obsolete.

Dennis: Well, you haven't been around this Zappa guy.

April 27/70 (Dartmouth)

Dobbs: Flaps! I haven't seen you in a while.

Flaps: I've been in New York City. I've joined a workers' movement. They came out of the SDS stuff a few years back. They call themselves the National Caucus of Labor Committees. They have some interesting ideas in their newspaper, especially this guy Lyn Marcus. He's a Marxist, but he emphasizes technological growth and science. He's not the "back to nature" type.

Dobbs: Sounds interesting. You don't usually hear that kind of talk from revolutionaries these days. Can you show me their newspaper some time?

Flaps: Sure, I'll bring some over later.

Dobbs: Have you heard about Steve? He's gone bonkers over this McLuhan fad.

Flaps: Yeah, it's sad. McLuhan was invited to speak at the Bilderbergers conference last May in Denmark. The NCLC has some good information on what they're doing to screw the working class.

August 18/70 (Dartmouth)

Alan: Well, Bob, I think I'll head out to Seattle and check out this medium I saw advertised in this old Paperbag magazine. Something called Cosmic Awareness. I'd like to learn about meditation, yoga, you know, the Eastern religions.

Dobbs (turning the radio down): Yeah, radio will do that to you.

Alan: What do you mean? The radio drives me crazy. That's what I want to get away from.

Dobbs (turning the radio back up): Yup. Going out to Seattle sounds like fun. I've never been there myself.

Oct. 3/70 (Seattle)

Dobbs (as the face of Walter Cronkite blipped off the television screen): David, that reminds me. I'm beginning to see a paranoia spreading among the wealthy about their money.

Worcester: That's because, ever since Rhyee returned to the Plane of Essence, there's no energy for their money to feed off. So, last year, when the wealthy tried to take their money out of their accounts, they found there was none there. Their timing was off. Any grabs for power from now on will be off-balance, out-of-synch. You watch.

Dec. 5/70 (Chicago)

Sherman Skolnick: Ever since I met you, Bob, my court cases haven't been covered by the local media like they used to. I used to be able to hold press conferences on my front lawn within an hour, just at the snap of a finger.

Dobbs: Yes, but I suggest you might be able to broadcast by telephone. Set up a looped five-minute message on a tape recorder. You can change the message every few days to feature new stories. Anybody anywhere in the world can call in and hear it. You'd be broadcasting to the whole planet. Just think of it!

Skolnick: That's an interesting idea. I'd be on the bus without being edited or censored. Sherman rolled across the room in his wheelchair as his private phone line began to ring.

_____ 1971

April 30/71 (Toronto)

Steve: Dr. McLuhan, what's the role of the old industrial city in the global theater?

McLuhan: Oh! Well, the city becomes sacred. That's why we have the new rush to build expressways to expedite traffic into the cities. The city planners don't understand this, however.

May 11/71 (Lagos, Nigeria)

The hot night is not being suffered by Bob as he pondered the following words the scientist had just spoken: "Since it's not feasible for us to have a nuclear war and yet we still may have to harness captive nations for industry, the way to conduct war is to find something that weakens the enemy so they can't fight and resist but still leaves them alive enough to recover and work for us. I propose I can genetically engineer a virus that can weaken the immune system temporarily so the enemy picks up local diseases over a pre-programmed period of time and then this

vulnerability subsides.”

July 4/71 (New York)

Flaps: Lyn, why do you think the suburbanization of the working class spells doom for us?

Marcus/LaRouche: Because real wealth comes from city-building, from the increase in relative potential population density. Suburbanization decentralizes and weakens the negentropic spiral of working-class evolution, and favors a new Dark Age dominated by the rentier-finance class.

Aug. 15/71 (Montreal)

Randy: What's new, Connie?

Connie Dobbs: Here, try this. We call it D-Cell water. It's purified water. It seems to slow down the aging process.

Randy turned off his television set and took the glass in his hand. He trusted whatever Connie said.

Nov. 19/71 (Los Angeles)

Dennis: Listen, Calvin, I will have that check ready for you by tomorrow. Frank called me this morning from Europe about it and he says we owe it to you.

Calvin Schenkel: Great. Thanks, Dennis. By the way, when are you going to audition for Frank's band again? I think you can make it now. Listening to you last night at the club, I could see you'd have no problem.

Dennis: Yeah, I feel confident, too. Playing for Zappa is like being in a military operation, but he knows I'm lookin' to be in the band when he gets back from this tour.

Dec. 2/71 (Kinshasa, Zaire)

Dobbs: Peter, I want you to know they're going to get Nixon.

Beter: Why? What happened? What did he do?

Dobbs: As you've no doubt heard, Nixon unhooked the dollar as an anchor last August. So, they're pissed!

Beter: Nixon's got a big problem, then.

Dobbs: Yes, and I'd like you to help him. I'd like you to go back to the U.S., and I'll feed you the information you'll need. I want you to go public.

_____ 1972

Jan. 8/72 (Seattle)

Alan: David, in twenty-five words or less, how would you summarize Awareness' messages on personal development?

Worcester: A co-creative alignment of one's relationship to money, power, and sex by means of mind, then emotion, and finally feeling.

Alan: Is that what Krishnamurti is saying?

David: That's what I hear from him when he speaks.

Jan. 25/72 (Dartmouth)

Connie and Bob sat by the old stove in the kitchen as Garrett praised the poetry of the young woman sitting beside him at the ancient table filled with Garrett's cooking eager to be eaten. Jovanna was her name and she blushed elegantly while she was massaged by Garrett's river of words. This is another exquisite pleasure in knowing Garrett--we meet the true individuals through him. He's a magnet for them. But not a “monster magnet,” heh heh.

Deane: Thinking of Jovanna's poetry makes me want to hear my favorite opera singer, Maria Callas. Let me put on one of her records. I'm also reminded of my friend

in Greenwich Village who won the Mark Twain Prize...
Garrett left the kitchen but we soon heard Callas' voice from his mother's bedroom.

Feb. 10/72 (Dartmouth)

Sue: I prefer cocaine over psychedelics. I can use my time more effectively on coke. Acid disrupted my routine too much.

Dobbs: I'm interested in what you're going to think of heroin.

Sue: Are you kidding, Bob? I wouldn't go near that poison. Anyway, you can't get any of that around here.

Dobbs: Do you know anybody who works at City Hall?

Sue: No. Why?

Dobbs: Sorry, I changed topics on you. Back to heroin. With heroin you turn your body into an environment. With LSD you just consume the content of your body - movies, so to speak. Cocaine is a sped-up way station to heroin. Heroin enables you to put on more than the universe.

Sue: For someone who knows little about drugs, you're talking way over your head. You're romanticising them. Does Connie hear you go on like this?

Dobbs: I've been doing a lot of reading up on all kinds of drugs. So... yes, when she's around, I've told her what I've been learning.

Sue frowned and turned on the radio. She was delighted to hear a favourite from a couple of years before—"Give Me Just a Little More Time" by the Chairmen of the Board.

May 24/72 (Dartmouth)

Randy: Garrett, since I met you last fall, I don't feel the need to go back to Montreal for graduate studies. Your unique style of kindness for people inspires me to want to be a doctor, and there's an excellent medical school right across the harbor at Dalhousie University. That way I can easily stay in touch with you and get an occasional hit of your world.

Deane: Oh, Randy, the people I used to know in New York filled me with such a spirit. Just to remember coming home at six in the morning, with the sun coming up, on Park Avenue, having spent all night at the bars on the Bowery—I can sit here in the dream of those memories and not have to lift a finger.

Randy: I think I can feel what you feel by just being here in your home.

Deane: You're very generous, Randy, to say that. But this is my mother's house. She created that warmth you feel.

July 2/72 (Paris)

Jean Baudrillard: You are interested in my writings on McLuhan?

Dobbs: Yes, but I think you can find a way around his ideas by emphasizing the "phatic" function in economic exchange. You know Roman Jakobson's "Six Functions in Communication"?

Baudrillard: Yes.

Dobbs: The phatic is all that's left now. Well, anyway, I've got to go. I want to see the new Godard film. Perhaps we'll talk again.

July 19/72 (Washington)

Dobbs: Nixon knows exactly why the Watergate break-in happened. He knows it was because he agreed to create a floating exchange rate. With that certainty he can fight back with a tough confidence. So the question is: where would he still be weak?

Alexander Haig: In the journalistic circles. He hasn't got a chance if there are leaks.

Dobbs: Someone who's been very close to him on a daily basis would have to betray him.

Haig: There's no one that close who would. They have too much to lose.

Dobbs: How about you?

July 23/72 (Los Angeles)

Zappa (turning his wheelchair towards Bob): Say that again.

Dobbs: The satellite environment works on four levels: first, the broadcasting level; second, the broad-catching level, or general surveillance; third, the narrowcasting level, for intelligence purposes, purchased by corporations and governments; and the fourth is narrow-catching, for monitoring the third level. You got it?

Zappa: I've been doing the first two levels in my music, but I think you've clarified what I've got to add to my musical concept.

Dobbs: Yeah, you've been on the right track with your satellite-conductor notion, but now you can refine it.

Nov. 2/72 (New York)

William Irwin Thompson: There's a new geometry afoot.

Dobbs: Does it retrieve the culture of Atlantis?

Thompson: Perhaps.

Dobbs: Well, I think we're living in the cultural geometry of Lemuria.

Nov. 22/72 (Dartmouth)

Bob sat in the back room of Dartmouth's best downtown diner, the Shell Restaurant. Sitting across from him was the Well-known American Businessman.

WAB: Dorothy Hunt is going to help President Nixon.

Dobbs: Doesn't bother me.

WAB: Well, it's something I have to be concerned with.

Dobbs: Reminds me of pages 572 to 576 of *Finnegans Wake*.

Bob noticed John MacLeod and John MacCormick, brothers-in-law, enter from Portland Street. Garrett Deane passed by the window.

"Ever seen him before?" asked MacCormick as he took off his coat.

"Yeah, he often walks the bridge late at night," Bob overheard MacLeod reply.

Nov. 30/72 (Dartmouth)

Nancy rushed into Brothers' Lunch hoping to find Bob. It was midnight and he was sitting at a booth with Connie. She slid into a seat opposite them excitedly.

Nancy: I know Bob doesn't read at home, but, Connie, you've got to read this. It's called "Erections, Ejaculations, Exhibitions, and General Tales of Ordinary Madness" by Charles Bukowski. It's a collection of short stories that's unbelievably funny. It just came out. I didn't know one could write like this. The author is being very open about his sick life. I don't think he makes any of it up. It makes me want to go to Los Angeles.

Connie: Okay, okay. I'll read it.

Dobbs (looking at the cover): Is it pornography?

Nancy: No, it's more like a philosopher acting out his metaphysical frustrations through his body. It's absurd!

Connie: He's using his body as a probe?

Nancy: Yes, and women get the brunt of it.

Dobbs: Perhaps Connie will read the best parts out loud to me.

Connie: Yeah, if you're around at the time. He's been playing a lot of ball hockey lately, Nancy. Talk about using your body as a probe.

Bob smiled as he tuned into the song on the jukebox—"Everybody Plays The Fool" by The Main Ingredient.

Dec. 25/72 (Seattle)

Alan: David, which precept given by Awareness do you find the hardest for people to

understand?

Worcester: "Resist not Evil."

_____ 1973

Feb. 5/73 (Dartmouth)

Dobbs: How long have you been in Seattle?

Alan: Two years.

Dobbs: What are you going to do now?

Alan: Well, before I go back to Seattle, I'm going to go to Europe and check out all the places where I had past lives.

Dobbs: How do you know your past lives?

Alan: I got them through a medium by the name of David Worcester when he channeled Awareness. I had many sessions with him during the last two years and I accumulated an inventory of my past lives. Many were in Europe over the last fifteen hundred years.

Dobbs: Whoever this Worcester fellow is, you believe him?

Alan: Yes, I'm inclined to because I like Awareness' philosophy. It's similar to Krishnamurti's. Have you ever read him?

Dobbs: I'm familiar with it.

Alan: Great. When I'm in England, I'm going to visit Brockwood, one of his schools. I hope to be there when he gives some lectures.

Dobbs: But you're going back to Seattle eventually?

Alan: Yes, I want to take some advanced development classes from Worcester on how to become a medium for Awareness.

Alan and Bob turned left on the northeast corner of Queen and Portland Streets and walked a few yards to the entrance of the old Mayfair Theatre. They got their tickets and went in to watch McCABE AND MRS. MILLER. But Bob stopped for a second, though, to listen to Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven" leaking from a car radio as it coasted into a parking spot in front of the movie house.

July 22/73 (Dartmouth)

Nancy: Have I told you about my interest in George Adamski and his experiences with UFOs?

Dobbs: Yes, I remember you telling me about his writings. But I was more interested in our discussions about Bukowski.

Nancy: I'm bored with Bukowski. There's a new writer on UFOs who takes a more historical approach, which fascinates me--Erich von Daniken. Have you heard of him?

Dobbs: Why would I? I don't believe in UFOs, so I don't keep up with the genre.

Nancy: Well, I do, and I'm saving up my money to travel to South America to visit some archeological sites he talks about.

Dobbs: Just take some good photos, or better yet, some good footage, and then I can say I went with you.

Nancy laughed and picked up a Time magazine with a cover story on the Watergate troubles of President Richard Nixon.

Nov. 29/73 (Dartmouth)

Connie: Jovanna, why do you think Garrett won't show anyone his poetry?

Jovanna: I think he considers his interactions with people, largely through speech, his poetry.

Connie: But he also writes down his poems.

Jovanna: Yes. Perhaps the written ones are rehearsals for his eyes only.

Connie: That's his form of communication ecology. But then again, I'm saving his letters to me as evidence of his memory theatre.

Jovanna: Ha! Yes, his letters are his way of leaking to us his memos to himself.

Dec. 31/73 (Dartmouth)

Randy, Kristen, Bob, and Connie were driving back to Dartmouth from the Kelly Lake Airport. They had picked up Kristen who had flown in from New York, and they all looked forward to spending New Year's Eve with Garrett Deane.

Randy: If I hadn't gone to Montreal, you would not be in New York now working for Andy Warhol.

Kristen: If I hadn't let you come with us to see BYE BYE BIRDIE the day I met Bob, you wouldn't have met Garrett.

Randy: If I hadn't met Garrett, you wouldn't be in New York now trying to find the city that Garrett told you magical stories about.

Kristen: If Connie hadn't given you the D-Cell water, I wouldn't still be attracted to you.

Randy: If I don't get my medical license, then we can't get married and have a family.

Dobbs: Excuse me, fellow explorers, but Randy, didn't your father provide the steel for building the airport?

Randy: Yes. He ran the old Dominion Steel Company back in the Fifties. It's now called Canada Iron. They also built the MacDonald Bridge back then. We have a picture of Flaps' father standing at the highest point on one of the bridge's towers. His father is an electrician, so he must have had something to do with wiring it.

Connie: That's the steel plant one drives past out in Burnside?

Randy: Yes.

Connie: That building always catches my eye when I drive by because it looks like it was never finished.

Their subsequent laughter was cut short because Bob just missed running over a dog and the car slid out of control on the icy highway.

_____ 1974

March 8/74 (Dartmouth)

Steve: Bob, I'm more and more realizing the importance of kinetic and tactile space in McLuhan's system. He doesn't talk about them as much as visual and acoustic space in his writings but the kinetic and tactile spaces are more of an influential factor in the Twentieth-Century experience.

Dobbs: Political control is the biggest factor in the Twentieth Century and I don't hear this McLuhan guy talking about that, ever.

Steve and Bob continued looking over the Halifax harbor from the mid-point of the MacDonald Bridge. They could see the lights of the Dartmouth ferry slipping into its dock. Almost midnight. Garrett should be crossing the bridge about now.

July 17/74 (Dartmouth)

Flaps: You know, Bob, LaRouche is really emphasizing the use, by the intelligence agencies, of narco-hypnosis in political control and counter-terrorist strategies now. It's caused a lot of factional infighting among us in New York and a lot of people are leaving.

Dobbs: The daily information-overload environment is the real terrorist action against the working class today. Not just what's on the news any day, but the fact there is constant news twenty-four hours a day, day in, day out. Your LaRouche buddy is clueless in even how to approach this problem.

Flaps picked up his copy of Rolling Stone magazine to scan the piece by Ben Fong-Torres on Bob Dylan's recent comeback tour. His eyes immediately fell on a section about Michael McClure introducing Marshall McLuhan to Dylan back-stage.

July 31/74 (Toronto)

McLuhan: Bob, I'm in a very claustrophobic situation here at the coach house.

Dobbs: Why is that?

McLuhan: I'm surrounded by intelligence agencies.

Dobbs: Right in the coach house here?

McLuhan: Yes. De Kerckhove is in Africa right now selling advertising for the CIA. Nevitt has long worked for British intelligence. And I've finally decided you're an agent for somebody, but I don't know who.

Dobbs: Well, if I ever was, I'm not now. I'm trying to help you, and in so doing you help me. So don't worry.

Oct. 16/74 (Dartmouth)

Sue: Bob, I don't do drugs anymore but I still need music. I've got to hear a live rock band at least twice a week or I start to get irritable. Would you and Connie like to go out to some clubs with me tonight?

Dobbs: Sure, we need the enema of dancing just like any healthy couple. As long as we take in the Arrows Club as one of our stops for a little dollop of Soul music. They're always bringing in groups from the States that you don't want to miss. Maybe we'll see Butchie Lucas there.

Sue: Okay, if you promise we don't stay there all night.

Dobbs: No problem. We'll take Butchie with us to the other clubs.

Sue laughed and lit a cigarette as she turned the car into the entrance to the decaying Dartmouth Shopping Centre. Bob surveyed the burnt-out ruins of the old Dartmouth Rink across from the Holiday Inn. Wayne Norman has told me several times about the night he spent with the Beach Boys at the Holiday Inn after their concert in Halifax. That experience really had a big impact on his self-image. Could he give up that memory? Should he? I've got to get in touch with Krishnamurti soon.

Nov. 26/74 (Dartmouth)

Alan: But, Bob, if there's one thing I've learned from Krishnamurti, Awareness, and David Worcester, it's that what's keeping people held back and in the dark is the fear of death. If we all could somehow get over that, then greed, lust, and ignorance wouldn't have such a hold over us.

Dobbs: No, I don't think so. What Krishnamurti and your friends miss is that once people have realized unmistakably the fact that the machines have won and taken over, humanity is going to fall in love with death as an escape hatch. It will be seduction by suicide.

As Alan and Bob slowly walked along Wyse Road, Bob noticed that Dutchie Mason was playing at the Matador Lounge across the street and suggested they should drop in. Alan agreed but said he'd also love to hear Frank MacKay and the Lincolns again.

_____ 1975

Feb. 27/75 (Dartmouth)

Dennis: I feel good, Bob. It's great to be alive! The good news is Captain Beefheart is getting back together again with Zappa. The Mothers are going to tour again in a few weeks and I'm handling promotions. Music is the best!

Dobbs: Music is what's holding society together now--it's both a fascist anaesthetic and a dionysian release. But, Dennis, this situation will have no staying power in the long run, so it will be interesting to see what your musician-god Zappa does when that problem surfaces.

Sitting on a bench in front of Sullivan's Pond on the Creighton Avenue side, Bob wanted to mention the new Fellini movie that was in town, but he was interrupted by Dennis complaining about a recent article in the Village Voice by Ron Rosenbaum that reported on a convention of assassination researchers in Boston.

March 1/75 (Halifax)

Harry Whittier: The students in my class don't usually get it until years later. Then they will call me up and we'll celebrate their new understanding.

Dobbs: So the newly-sophisticated yokel goes to the city to find reality, to escape the unreality of the country. But the city-dweller finds only the image of reality in the city.

Meanwhile, the country bumpkin finds only reality in the rural milieu and yearns for unreality.

Whittier: Yes, that's the essence of every story in Western literature. That's what I repeat every day in my classes.

Dobbs: Do you ever use the Bible as a text in your class?

Whittier: Yes, every other year.

Dobbs: Then you would have to suggest to the students that the first words, "In the beginning was the Word...", should be changed to, "In the beginning was the Pun...."

Whittier roared with laughter as he unlocked the door to his office and Bob entered behind him eager to get a look at Harry's library. They were both relieved there were no students waiting to discuss difficulties with their courses. Bob and Harry needed time to interpret whatever discoveries they made.

March 15/75 (Moscow)

Mikhail Gorbachev: Bob, I understand you know Marshall McLuhan.

Dobbs: For many years.

Gorbachev: I would like to read as much of him as possible. Can you bring me copies of as many books of his that you can find?

Dobbs: No problem. I can even get you very important unpublished articles he wrote back in the Fifties.

Gorbachev: Thank you, I'd appreciate anything you could give me the next time we meet. My debt to you would never be cancelled.

May 20/75 (Toronto)

Steve: Your son, Eric, recently explained to me that you were a Menippean satirist. Do you agree with him?

McLuhan: Yes. All of my work outside of the classroom can be considered to be Menippean.

Steve: Why is it Menippean?

McLuhan: Because we live in a Menippean environment which requires a Menippean strategy to control it. Don't forget, "Menippean" refers to group-minds or collectivities.

Steve: How does one control those?

McLuhan: By knowing and using the laws of media--a "medium" being defined as an archetype of the social unconscious.

Steve: But how would we do that in practical terms?

McLuhan: We could use the computer as a kind of global thermostat, modulating the hot and cool effects of our media.

Steve: And that would be a Menippean strategy?

McLuhan: No, this would be a new science.

Steve: So, if given the opportunity, you would rather be a scientist than an artist?

McLuhan: Yes, of course. A new kind of scientist.

May 28/75 (Ojai, California)

Dobbs: Mr. Jiddu, why do you think Jeanne de Salzmann remains a Gurdjieffian and yet takes your teachings very seriously? I would think that's a contradiction.

Krishnamurti: I know what you're getting at because you have heard me say that I detest anything connected to the idea of spiritual evolution. Madame Salzmann has

surely heard me say that many times, but you're forgetting that statement only applies to me. It doesn't necessarily apply to anyone else. Secondly, she and I are good friends, and on that basis she would take me very seriously. For example, I got a call from her today asking me to join with her and Prime Minister Indira Gandhi at a private meeting to discuss the Prime Minister's troubles in India. She is considering the option of implementing a state of national emergency, but she wants to hear my views among others on the wisdom of such an action.

Dobbs: What are you going to advise her?

Krishnamurti: I will suggest that she not do it.

June 7/75 (Dartmouth)

Randy: As you no doubt know, Bob, if you hadn't introduced me to Garrett, I wouldn't have gotten through medical school. I owe you for that. Thanks.

Dobbs: You don't owe me anything. Garrett is kind of an unknown treasure in this city and I've fortunately enjoyed his company for over twenty years. I'll never forget walking around the Dartmouth of the Fifties with Garrett fresh in from New York. Any friend of Garrett could be a friend of mine.

Randy and Bob approached 64 Queen Street. Mrs. McMenemy waved at them as she carefully put some curtains in the back seat of her car parked across from Garrett's house. The side door of the house was wide open. They could see that Garrett expected their visit even though his windows had no light in them.

Sept. 9/75 (Halifax)

As Bob walked across the Dalhousie University campus, he spotted a face he had seen many times in the classes of Edgar Z. Friedenberg over the previous couple of years.

It's time I spoke to this person. Bob approached him.

Dobbs: Hello. I recognize you from Friedenberg's classes. Your name is Duncan, I think.

Duncan: Yes it is. I recognize you, too. But I don't know your name. I do remember that, like me, you don't take notes.

Dobbs: I'm Bob Dobbs. We don't take notes because we're not students, right?

Duncan: Yes, but I do teach in the Education Department with Edgar.

Dobbs: You're a professor? Then how do you find time to sit in a colleague's class?

Duncan: I'm only an assistant professor and I don't have a full teaching load. We have a very small budget in our department. However, I'll listen to Edgar any time I can.

Dobbs: Yes, I find him one of the most interesting minds at Dalhousie. Being an expatriot American in Canada, he has a unique view of both countries.

Duncan: And you're not a Maritimer yourself, are you?

Dobbs: No, I'm from Paris, but I've lived here for twenty years.

Duncan: What do you do for a living?

Dobbs: I'm a playwright.

Duncan: Are you coming to Edgar's classes this term?

Dobbs: Yes, when I'm in town.

Duncan: Well, maybe we could have lunch after class one day.

Dobbs: I'll look forward to that.

As Duncan and Bob parted at the entrance to the Student Union Building, Bob noticed a poster announcing that Dick Gregory was going to speak there soon. Ha, that'll be a shocker for the Maritimers! I seem to remember that Mae Brussell told me Dick's been staying at her house lately checking out her files.

Oct. 9/75 (Halifax)

Nancy: Connie, I can't find any real evidence that there are aliens visiting us, or even what UFOs are. I'm tired of this pursuit of the weird. I'm going to try to get into law school, or some other kind of high-paying profession. I've got the brains to do it.

Connie: Of course you could be a lawyer, but you don't have to close yourself off to your old interests. There are more and more sources of information coming out every week that are getting easier to find. You won't even be able to ignore them. They'll even make you want to specialize your attention on something like getting a law degree. We are now living in a world where it's almost impossible to keep a secret. But if you become a lawyer, then it's imperative that you know how to stay healthy. Cancer is a lifestyle.

Nancy: Speaking of lifestyle, what's your secret for looking good?

Connie didn't say a word but she turned on the radio and took a long drink of water.

Oct. 30/75 (Halifax)

Duncan: You know, Bob, I also teach at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design--in media studies--and I have a friend there who teaches the history of Twentieth-Century art. His name is Dennis Young and he's an expert on Marcel Duchamp. Have you ever heard of Duchamp?

Dobbs: Of course. I know him as R. Mutt.

Duncan (laughing): I know, stupid question. But you are rather inscrutable to me, Bob.

Dobbs: Did you know that Joyce addresses Duchamp in the first overt dialogue at the beginning of *Finnegans Wake*? On page 16 there is the meeting of "Mutt" and "Jute." It's a direct reference to Duchamp--especially when you consider that the very first section that Joyce wrote when he began the *Wake* in 1923 contains the word "readymade."

Duncan: No, I didn't know that. When I was an undergraduate, we only did *Ulysses* in our English class.

Dobbs: I'm not surprised. The professoriate has avoided the *Wake* like a lethal virus. Their very literacy prevents them from getting a handle on it.

Nov. 3/75 (Dartmouth)

Flaps: You know, Bob, LaRouche has really begun taking on the world government. He's moving into an international perspective and setting up an attack on a global front.

Dobbs: That would be natural now, since there's no more satellite environment.

Flaps: No more satellite environment?

Dobbs: Yes, it's been subsumed by the instant-replay technology.

_____ 1976

Feb. 1/76 (Halifax)

Howie Stillman had just dropped Bob off near his apartment. Another loss to the Seagulls. There are good players on Howie's team, better than my old Dartmouth team, the Whips, but I keep blowing it with these Halifax guys because there's no ESP between us. Not like I had with Rat Driscoll and John Willett. I've spent more time in Dartmouth than Halifax these past twenty years. Interesting--two cities on opposite sides of the same harbor can generate two different styles of ball hockey? Ah, I'm just getting too old for this game. I'll be fifty-four tomorrow. Howie and his team would freak if they knew how old I really was. Thank Joe for that D-Cell water.

Feb. 11/76 (Halifax)

Dobbs: You know, Dennis, I'm glad Duncan introduced me to you. It's a pleasure to find such a cauldron of avant-garde creativity in such a backwater like Halifax. Who would believe it?

Dennis Young: Yes, our school is developing quite a reputation in the art world. We're having Joseph Beuys give the graduation address this spring.

Dobbs: Joseph Beuys? I've never heard of him.

Young: Duncan told me of your interest in Finnegans Wake. Well, Beuys claims to have added a couple of chapters to Finnegans Wake back in the early Fifties.

Dobbs: How so?

Young: That's what it says on his resume that he sent us.

Dobbs: I wonder what the Joyce Estate will do about that?

Dennis smiled as he entered his dungeon of a classroom in the Sciences Building on the Dalhousie University campus. Bob followed closely behind to find a seat as he overheard two students discussing Robert Altman's NASHVILLE.

June 5/76 (New York)

Kristen: Bob, I can't believe you were onto the scene at CBGB'S before I was. It's my job at the Factory to scout out the fringes for new ideas. And I only heard about this place because some friends of mine went to see Blind Orange Julius and they saw you reciting your poetry while you were simultaneously doing pushups. That's how I first heard about this punk stuff.

Dobbs: Yeah, I had come into the city to see the reunion of my old friends Captain Beefheart and Frank Zappa. They had patched up their differences and were touring together. I'll never forget that night out at the Nassau Coliseum on Long Island. It was April 25, 1975. But I stayed in New York for a few weeks after and heard that Dean Latimer and Rex Weiner, some friends from the old East Village Other days, had formed a band and were playing at this new club down on the Bowery. They played after an open poetry reading that I contributed to because I got there early. Boy, was Latimer surprised to see me. I even got up on stage and jammed with them.

Kristen: The EVO--that was happening before I got to New York.

Dobbs: When I was here last year--that was an interesting time. The United States was pulling out of South Viet Nam and there was a new energy erupting. I had to find a place for Ken Kesey and Paul Krassner to stay after they staged an oral retrospective at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery. I met Anne Waldman that night. Another night I was with Nam June Paik. The New Yorker had done a piece on him and he wanted me to take an autographed copy to Marshall McLuhan when I passed through Toronto. Another night I dropped in on Cecil Taylor at the Five Spot. Backstage he asked me what I played. "The radio," I answered. He got a kick out of that because that was his instrument, too. I don't think Gary Giddins, the Voice jazz critic, ever figured that out. I also spent time with John Cage and Allen Ginsberg during those weeks. As you can probably see, these were all people who had a high profile in the Sixties. So I was on the cusp of the "New" at CBGB's while the "Old" flashed before my eyes in a condensed form, just as they say happens when a person drowns.

Kristen: You're sounding like Garrett does when he talks about his life in New York. You know, all those famous people from the Thirties and Forties that he knew on Broadway.

Dobbs: Yes, Garrett got around, too. And the way your life is going with Andy Warhol, you'll be able to drop names to your children, too.

Kristen: If I ever get married. As long as I stay in New York I can't get married. I'm having too much fun. Randy is the only guy I ever really connected with and I doubt he'd move here to be a doctor. When I left Nova Scotia I was an enthusiastic feminist, but in a media and fashion-drenched city like New York one can't take ideas or causes seriously. They have no staying power. This is what Andy understands. I can't say he told me this but it's the main fact one learns as an employee in his environment.

Dobbs: But you will eventually realize nothing really disappears in this city, either.

Kristen: Really?

At that point Kristen was interrupted by Mink DeVille's opening shot.

June 16/76 (Dartmouth)

Dobbs: With the satellite environment you can broadcast, broadcatch, narrowcast and

narrowcatch simultaneously.

Dennis: That sounds like the idea Zappa uses in his theatrical projects.

July 31/76 (Los Angeles)

Dobbs: That's another person who's become interested in your work, then has gotten mad at you, and then has gotten in trouble, through no fault of yours.

Worcester: When that force comes through, one gets out of the way, or it'll go right through you, and it's damn near impossible to survive it.

Dobbs: That reminds me of the principle of Seduction that my friend Jean Baudrillard talks about.

Worcester: Who?

Dobbs: Oh, nobody. Just a friend of mine in Paris. Let's not get distracted. Please, continue.

Worcester shrugged.

Dobbs: Hey, did you hear about the earthquake in China? Six hundred and fifty-five thousand people died, or some huge number like that. It happened right after we had dinner the other day. I'm beginning to notice a pattern--any time we get together lately, an earthquake happens somewhere.

Worcester: Perish the thought.

Nov. 29/76 (Halifax)

Sue: Connie, while I was pregnant and wondering whether to get an abortion, I got very thoughtful about my life. I was sort of depressed, but not really--I guess I was in a very detached frame of mind. Definitely a new kind of feeling for me. Anyway, I started thinking about all my old school friends and what happened to everybody. The way their lives turned out--none of us knew what was coming. I mean, Flaps ends up in this political conspiracy cult in the United States. Steve ends up with this media nut in Toronto. Alan tries to evaporate into thin air through a meditation cult in Seattle. Dennis is found working for the silliest rock band in the world. Randy never really leaves Dartmouth--the one guy I thought would exit the Maritimes first and forever. Kristen, I thought, would stay home and pine for Randy. She's now in a fashion cult in New York, of all places. And who would have thought quiet little Nancy would turn into a Bukowski fanatic, then a UFO nut, and finally end up in law school? I just gotta ask--are we living in civilization, or what?

Connie: Well, Sue, as you know, I've never been pregnant in my fifty-four years as a resident in civilization. So I couldn't answer that question. But Bob could--he claims to have been pregnant once.

Sue laughed, but she wasn't really satisfied with Connie's answer. Sue then lit up a cigarette and tried to find some wrinkles in Connie's face.

Dec. 12/76 (Dartmouth)

Bob was sitting in his booth at Brothers' Lunch listening to "Reeling in the Years" by Steely Dan on the jukebox when his old friend walked in.

Dobbs: Alan, good to see you! It's been a couple of years, right?

Alan: At least that. How ya doin'? How's Connie?

Dobbs: Great. We're doing fine. How about you? Are you still involved with that Awareness group in Seattle?

Alan: Yes, but it's different now. Worcester stopped doing the channeling and moved to Los Angeles. A new guy is channeling Awareness now and I'm not sure what to think about it? His name is Paul Shockley and he lives in Portland, Oregon. He talks about a group called the Illuminati. Weird stuff.

Dobbs: Worse than that--that kind of talk is usually anti-Semitic.

Alan: So I've heard, but so far his stuff hasn't been. It's more about a spiritual Illuminati.

Dobbs: And this is supposed to be the same thing called Awareness that came through Worcester?

Alan: Shockley says it is, but Worcester doesn't agree and he won't have anything to do with it. It's a long story, and the upshot is Worcester went south.

Dobbs: How does this affect you?

Alan: I'm not sure, but I had to check out for a while. Here, look at this.

Alan shows Bob a copy of a magazine called Co-Evolution Quarterly.

Dobbs: Have you ever read Flaps' guru, Lyndon LaRouche?

Alan: No. He's tried to get me to read him, but I can't say I have.

Dobbs: He's in from New York. Give him a call. You might find it more interesting now.

Somebody punched in "Pretty Woman" by Roy Orbison and that reminded Bob to say, "Connie and I may be leaving Dartmouth soon. She may continue her medical education in Toronto and I may be sent to Dallas for a few years. This is going to be a big change for us."

Alan: But, Bob, what is it you do? I've never really understood that about you. Not that it's any of my business.

Dobbs: I'm in computer software development. It's a relatively new field. I don't talk about it much around here.

Alan: Well, you've always been a good friend to me. I remember when I first met you around the time President Kennedy was killed. I was in junior high school.

Dobbs: Yes, I remember that. Connie and I had been living in Dartmouth for almost ten years at that point, but we had never known many local kids until I went into the Dartmouth High School gym one day and met some of your friends. It was good for us to make some young friends back then because a new world was a-borning and you and your buddies were responding to it.

Alan: Let me know if you leave. I would miss you and I'd like to keep in touch.

Dobbs: Oh, don't worry, we'll keep in contact with our Dartmouth friends.

Alan and Bob stared at the cook pensively as they nodded to Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire."

_____ 1977

April 11/77 (Halifax)

Bob strolled into the Seahorse Tavern at the appointed time to find Duncan sitting with a person whom Bob recognized as a familiar face around the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design campus.

Duncan: Bob, this is Eric Fischl, an artist who teaches at the art school.

Dobbs: Yes, I've seen you around there when I've visited Dennis Young.

Duncan: We were just talking about our favorite movies and Eric mentioned a film called GREASER'S PALACE. I've never heard of it? Have you?

Dobbs: Oh yes. I've seen it. Great movie. Made by Robert Downey, who did an earlier classic, PUTNEY SWOPE.

Fischl: You've seen GREASER'S PALACE!? You're the first person I've met in Halifax who's even heard of it, let alone seen it. Amazing!

Nothing more was said about movies because they were interrupted by the chattering company of Art McKay and Greg Skinner.

Dec. 2/77 (New York)

Dr. Beter (leaning over the railing on the second floor of Studio 54): So that's where we stand now--the Bolsheviks have knocked out the Americans' moon base. From there they can point their particle laser beams at any part of the planet.

Dobbs: What about the Skoptsi faction in Moscow? They've got a little leverage over the Bolsheviks still, don't they?

Beter: Yes, that's going to be very interesting as we watch their moves after this Bolshevik victory. And the Americans are going to have to go public with their space program again.

_____ 1978

Jan. 17/78 (Halifax, Nova Scotia)

As Randy turned the corner onto Spring Garden Road from Barrington Street, a familiar voice was ingested: "Who was that guy?" It was Dennis.

Randy: Dennis, what a surprise!

Dennis: Yeah, I haven't seen you in years. But who was that guy?

Randy: A poet friend of mine, Rick Rofihe. I once did a performance piece with him called, "King Modern Meets the Son of Spring Garden Road."

Dennis: Right along here?

Randy: Yes, and part of it was in the park. So, what's happening with Zappa?

Dennis: I got laid off. He's suing Warner Brothers and Herbie Cohen so things have changed a little around Frank. And, on top of that, I never made the band. So I left L.A. and I'm back looking around for something new. I'm not thinking about anything in music though. Hey, where's Bob Dobbs? I can't find him over in Dartmouth.

Randy: He and Connie moved away. He's in Dallas and Connie's in Toronto. But Steve's still in Toronto, too.

Dennis: I'm going to Toronto next week. Have you got his number?

Randy: Yes.

But Dennis didn't hear Randy because he was drowned out by a college student whose car radio was shouting "Peaches en Regalia."

Feb. 2/78 (Dallas)

Dobbs (sitting in a bar): What's your name?

Young Man: Doug St. Clair Smith.

Dobbs: And yours?

Second Young Man: Philo Drummond.

Feb. 3/78 (Dallas)

Doug St. Clair Smith (sitting in the same bar): Can you run that by us again, Mr. Dobbs?

Dobbs: Ontologically, each one of us is now constituted of one-fifth chip, one-fifth neuron, one-fifth astral body, one-fifth television screen, and one-fifth archetype. Epistemologically, we are now constituted of one-fifth NASA, one-fifth CIA, one-fifth Xfiling, one-fifth human scale, and one-fifth genetic engineer.

Dec. 16/78 (New York)

Dobbs: Mr. Thompson, I found your seminar very stimulating.

William Irwin Thompson: Thank you. I noticed you during it and I thought you looked strangely familiar.

Dobbs: Yes, we met about six years ago when you first came to New York from your retreat in Toronto. We discussed the resonance of the Atlantean metaphor for our times.

Thompson: Oh, yes. I remember that because you emphasized Lemuria and I've never been able to get your point. I've actually puzzled over it several times since then.

Dobbs: Shall I attempt to explain it again?

Thompson: Be my guest!

Dobbs: According to my sources, the Lemurian culture in the Pacific Ocean about eighteen thousand years ago was so stratified that the king and his immediate circle could not see the citizens who lived below them. The king literally could not see them.

So, for example, if a bridge collapsed, the king would request the bridge to reappear. Eventually, when the bridge was rebuilt, he thought he had manifested it because he couldn't see the engineers who had actually done the job.

Thompson: That's an original idea! Now how does it relate to Atlantis and today?

Dobbs: If we accept my description of Lemuria and the standard mythic image of Atlantis, then the current mixed corporate-media oligarchy centered in Los Angeles and New York is more like Lemuria because that simulated world can't recognize the world of industrial hardware and flesh, it can't stop and acknowledge what it does to those Lost Worlds, or how it exploits them.

Thompson: Well, you've made your metaphor clearer, but I'm going to have to digest this for a little while. Let's talk about it later.

Just at that moment Gregory Bateson came over to Thompson, nodded knowingly at Bob, and escorted Thompson over to the other side of the room for a private tete-atete. Bob turned and bumped into Margaret Lloyd, a regular at the Lindisfarne seminars, who was the seventh-generation direct descendant, on the female side, of Benjamin Franklin.

Dec. 17/78 (New York)

Dobbs: Lyn, have you ever noticed that the central feature of all machines is rotation?

LaRouche: Now that's a mouthful, Bob! I'll have to think about such a sweeping generalization, but my first impression is it has the ring of fact. I've been so busy with our new book, *Dope, Inc.*, I haven't had time to think about those kinds of patterns the past year. But I think such an idea gives me a little jolt in the direction I should now go to clear my head of our drug-war work. Once again, Bob, thanks for the door to fresh air.

_____ 1979

Feb. 6/79 (Washington)

Dobbs: You know, Peter, I was thinking about the terms "state socialists" and "corporate socialists" you use in your Audio Letter.

Beter: Yes? Remember, Russia is state socialist and America is corporate socialist.

Dobbs: They're both socialists, or collectivists. I was talking to McLuhan the other day about his old terms "hardware communism" and "software communism" and how electric media create software communism. In other words, electricity is socialism. And your terms refer to cultural variants of this common denominator. Now, with that in mind, McLuhan has been using two new terms: "military bureaucracy" and "temple bureaucracy." Think Russian hardware and American software, respectively. Do you see where I'm taking this?

Beter: Yes, I think so. Since the Bolsheviks and the Pentagon, both now panicking state socialists, or McLuhan's military bureaucracies, are forced to team up, they're going to

have to control the coming temple bureaucracies. And the Christian Fundamentalists are very useful and necessary to bridge that gap. But that would create a problem for the American corporate socialists, the old temple bureaucracy of Liberalism. That's one hell of a conflict I see on the horizon, I fear.

Dobbs: Yeah, it'll tear the country apart.

March 30/79 (New York)

Flaps: Why are you emphasizing the historical role of Venice more and more?

LaRouche: Because we are in the middle of a replay of the Fourteenth Century when the Bardi and Peruzzi banking families failed to encourage city-building and technological growth, thanks to their entropic, usurious financial policies, and subsequently fostered the stressful conditions that led to the Black Plague in the

middle of that century. This plague wiped out not only millions of people's lives but also the renaissance fostered by the policies of Frederick the Second and geniuses like Dante in the previous hundred years. Today, we are witnessing the destruction of the American infrastructure that was initiated by Abraham Lincoln's and Henry Carey's industrial policies between 1861 and 1876, continued by FDR after earlier setbacks, and accelerated in the early Sixties by JFK and the Apollo space program. This progress was halted by the widescale implementation of a paradigm shift called the "post-industrial society" beginning in 1966. One of the institutions that initiated this new policy model was the Cini Foundation in Italy in 1963, the year President Kennedy was assassinated.

Flaps: What you're telling me is information that we haven't published in our newspaper or the Campaigner.

LaRouche: No, but what I just outlined for you is the framework for what we will be researching, supplementing, and publishing in the Eighties. It's going to be exciting material. It will certainly help mobilize our political constituency.

Flaps: I hope so because I've been a little disappointed with our organization's progress so far.

LaRouche: You're going to have to be a lot more patient than that. I envision our movement taking at least a hundred years before we see some real results.

April 2/79 (Zurich, Switzerland)

Jeanne de Salzmänn: Mr. Dobbs, in the few times I've heard you talk privately to Krishnamurti, I'm always struck that you bring full sentences out of him--he doesn't mumble syllables shyly as he usually does in private conversation. He even uses the word "I" when he talks to you. Do you realize how unusual that is?

Dobbs: I don't think so. He's always talked that way around me, which is the same way he talked to my father years ago when I first met Mr. Jiddu through Rene.

Salzmänn: So your father is to blame.

Dobbs: I hope so.

Aug. 28/79 (Los Angeles)

Dobbs: Frank, you hit the nail on the head with that theme of banning music in Joe's Garage?

Zappa: Yeah, look at what the Ayatollah is doing in Iran!

Dobbs: Oh yes, but I want to warn you. There's going to be a rise in Fundamentalist political activity here in America mainly through the Republican Party over the next few years. Your scenario will look more like the news than science fiction.

Zappa: If you're right, then those are some of my worst fears come true.

Dobbs: It's unfortunate, but it's going to knock the wind out of a lot of the mood of electric autonomy that motivated much of the frenzy of the Seventies.

Frank turned back to his editing console, but he also turned on his television to catch the news.

Oct. 14/79 (Dallas)

Dobbs: Garrett, if I fly up to Dartmouth, will you go to APOCALYPSE NOW with me?

Deane (in Dartmouth): No, Bob, I will not go to a movie that treats the word "apocalypse" so casually.

Dec. 9/79 (Sydney, Australia)

Dobbs: Michael, to put it bluntly and quickly, you're being transferred. The Nugan Hand Bank is obsolete and it's going to be made a public victim. Accept it because the Eighties are going to be a different ball game.

Michael Hand: Frank Nugan won't accept this.

Dobbs: He will, actively or passively--either way. He has no choice in the matter. As

for you, Trenton Parker will be in contact shortly. He'll assist you. And that's it. Don't try to contact me. I will find you.

Dec. 17/79 (Rome)

Dobbs: Licio, if you don't clean up this Toni Negri matter very soon, you're going to be "culta" non grata.

Gelli: I'm tempted to tell you and your people to go fuck yourselves.

Dobbs: Look, your role in the old world-government apparatus is pretty tenuous right now because we've got bigger problems in the solar-government structure.

Gelli: That doesn't concern me.

Dobbs: Oh yeah?

Gelli then turned on his VCR and picked up the telephone as Bob watched the opening scenes of THE GODFATHER PART II unfold on the screen.

Dec. 30/79 (Toronto)

Sue: Connie, I haven't seen you and Bob in so long that I just had to come to Toronto to spend the holidays with you. But there is another reason I wanted to be with you.

Connie: Oh?

Sue: As you know, after you and Bob left Halifax, I got into the Bible and I became a born-again Christian. However, I discovered something about six months ago that has changed me a little. Have you ever heard of the Worldwide Church of God?

Connie: Yes. That's the guy on the radio. What's his name? Garner Ted Armstrong. Right?

Sue: You're partly correct. He's not on the radio anymore because he was removed from the Church by his father, Herbert W. Armstrong, who started the ministry back in the Thirties. Herbert Armstrong has replaced Garner Ted on the radio, and he's also on television now.

Connie: I see. I actually haven't heard either of them in years.

Sue: Neither had I. And then I found Herbert Armstrong's book, The United States and Britain in Prophecy. I read it and it shook me up. It turns out I was not a real Christian.

Connie: Why not?

Sue: Real Christians observe the Sabbath on Saturday, they don't celebrate Christmas on December 25--that's a pagan holiday--and so is Easter Sunday. The true Church is very serious and particular about how one practices the rituals of being a Christian. It has great respect for the traditions set out in the Old Testament. The New Testament fulfills the Old Testament. I never realized how important these issues were for the Christian until I read this book. I was hoping you would take this copy I brought for you and Bob, and maybe you'll find the time to read it.

Connie: Since it's a gift from you, Sue, we'll certainly read it. I'm honored that you thought of us. But that explains why you didn't come to our Christmas dinner.

Sue: Yes. We're living in a dark time so we have to know how to be a light in the world. That's what I'm committed to.

____ 1980

Jan. 4/80 (Washington)

Dobbs: The way I see it, Peter, the old world government cloned national governments. The recent solar government cloned electric media. Now where does the organic robotoid fit into this?

Beter: It's the mythic government phase. That's when the national, world, and solar governments merge and implode into the cloned mouth as government. Think of that Man Ray painting. Oh, what's it called? It has the lips in the sky. Oh yes--Fashion Photograph! That's an image of what I mean. It's the old Bucky Fuller principle of doing more with less. And it brings back the flesh in a more efficient manner. At

least, that's what our friends hope.

Dobbs: Government by "cloned mouth." There was a band I saw at CBGB's back in June '76 called The Talking Heads. Remember when old McLuhan used to talk about how "the word makes the market"?

Beter: I certainly do. Even he would be shocked by how it's utilized today.

Dobbs: I hear he's ill now. I may have to visit him at his home, and that could be awkward because his family doesn't know about our friendship. It began over twentyfive years ago.

Beter: Did McLuhan ever figure out that your quote-friendship-unquote was originally an assignment?

Dobbs: Yeah... a few years ago... Barrington Nevitt helped him figure it out.

June 30/80 (New York)

LaRouche: Steinberg tells me you've got some interesting new information.

Flaps: My sources tell me to watch for the growing influence of the Orthodox Church in Moscow. So I've begun researching the old "Third Rome" plan, and I'd like your help.

LaRouche: Tell me what you've got.

_____ 1981

March 29/81 (Toronto)

Connie: So, how's your new job at the law firm?

Nancy: So-so. But there's an interesting lawyer I've become friends with there. She's been telling me about a friend she has out in Carmel, California, who studies something called the Fourth Reich about which she gives weekly updates on her radio show. You can get tapes of these shows every week. My friend, Diane's her name, is getting very concerned about President Reagan. According to this woman out in California, Mae...somebody, Reagan is part of this Fourth Reich. Diane is getting so worked up she wants to help Mae expose this scandal. I'm going over to Diane's tonight to hear one of Mae's tapes.

Connie: Bob talks about a similar kind of journalist in Chicago. His name is Sherman Skolnick and he has an organization called The Citizen's Committee to Clean Up the Courts. The next time Bob calls from Dallas I'll ask him if he knows about this Mae you're talking about.

Dec. 20/81 (Washington)

Dobbs: What's new, Peter?

Beter: What's new? Ha! Listen to this: the West German government has gotten the consent of the Moscow government that it won't prevent the reunification of Germany in exchange for the secret support for the Russian Skoptsis if Nuclear War One against the Bolsheviks occurs.

Dobbs: Now that's new! What if no war happens?

Beter: No problem. The Skoptsis want to dismantle the Bolshevik empire anyway. They want to return to Russia's original borders.

Dobbs: If this comes about, it will be the surprise of the century. So what do we do in the meantime?

Beter: Do our best to prevent Nuclear War One through my disclosure and your surveillance.

Dec. 29/81 (Carmel, California)

Mae Brussell: So, you're saying this Project Paperclip story is going to get mainstream coverage soon.

Dobbs: Yes, and more than that. The P-2 scandal in Italy is not going away and there is this man in the Justice Department, John Loftus, who's stumbled on some

documents that his conscience won't allow him to keep from the American public. After he goes on 60 Minutes, I'll get you together. You'll feel very satisfied and rewarded about all this work you've been doing these many years.

_____ 1982

Jan. 25/82 (Washington)

Dr. Peter Beter: Well, Bob, this is the year. The countdown is almost finished. It's up to you and I alone to stop this first strike. God help us if we fail.

Dobbs: Yup. In a week from now I'll have been in this body for sixty years, and yet, all Connie and I have worked for could be snuffed out within the next six months. By the way, I wanted to show you this pamphlet. Some kids put this out in Dallas. They call themselves "The Church of the SubGenius." Look at that.

Beter: Damn! That guy looks just like your father! What is this?

Dobbs: It is my father.

Suddenly, Bob turns up the volume on Beter's television set. "Look, Al Haig's on. Let's listen to what he says now!"

Beter: I wager that he'll have to resign within these next six months.

Feb. 2/82 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Why do you think your medical practice is so popular?

Connie: Because I listen to my patients. I let them define their problems.

Dobbs: You let them create their own body percept?

Connie: Yes... at least, in the beginning.

Dobbs: So, it is a given today that people in America demand the right to have an audience.

Connie: It seems so.

Dobbs: And that is a new pressure in doctors' lives?

Connie: Yes.

Bob and Connie were interrupted when their son and daughter, adopted twins born on Jan.17/65, barged into the kitchen with their friend Eddie and demanded to hear again

the Frank Zappa album that made fun of televangelists.

April 19/82 (Toronto)

Nancy: Mae Brussell! I'm so glad you're in the phone book. I've been listening to your weekly tapes for almost a year now. I've learned so much from them I can't begin to tell you! These Nazis are really going to cause a nuclear war! They have so much power right now--who can stop them?

Brussell (Carmel, California): That's right! They've got us in the palm of their hands. Look at Argentina and what they're doing to Britain over the Falkland Islands. The P-2 Lodge runs Argentina and ever since they got caught last year in Italy, they've upped the ante. They shot the Pope! That gets a lot of attention, but there are dead bodies of key people showing up all over the world. I almost can't keep up with the thoroughness I like to have on my broadcasts.

Nancy: I know! I can hardly keep up just listening to your tapes. I don't know how you get the time to read everything.

Brussell: I make the time! I get ten newspapers a day and go through them all carefully and then I file the relevant articles. I've got over thirty filing cabinets stuffed to the gills. But it's not work to me because it's so much fun putting together the puzzles and seeing the patterns.

Nancy: I can imagine! Once you have the key--that top Nazis actually won World War Two in terms of power and influence--then the news makes sense.

Brussell: Once Reagan became President, then people began to see what I've been

talking about since I wrote my first article for Paul Krassner's The Realist way back in 1972. I predicted Ronald Reagan would have to become President to fulfill the Fourth Reich's plans--ten years ago!

Nancy: Amazing!

Dec. 27/82 (Dartmouth)

Sue: It's wonderful that you looked me up, Nancy. We haven't seen each other in years.

Nancy: Yes, I don't get back to Dartmouth much anymore. It's very hectic being a lawyer in Toronto nowadays. With the economy in such bad shape and everybody suing each other, I have more than enough business but it's not much fun. People are getting very mean in Toronto. How is it around here?

Sue: It's much the same but nobody has any money for suing anybody. People just get more bitter.

Nancy: You probably remember how I always liked strange ideas and books.

Sue: I sure do.

Nancy: Well, I found some new ones lately that have kept my mind alive. There's a woman who has done a lot of research on obscure Twentieth-Century history and proposes that the world is coming under the control of a Fourth Reich. She says it's being built from the supposed ruins of the Third Reich--almost the same people. Her information is really intriguing.

Sue: A Fourth Reich? You mean, in Europe?

Nancy: Partly, but it includes America, too, now.

Sue: That's interesting, because the Bible predicts a Nazi Fourth Reich will rise in Europe around this time in our history and will wreak a lot of destruction on our Earth.

Nancy: Oh, you're talking about that Fundamentalist crap that says the Vatican is the Whore of Babylon. I've heard that before. As a matter of fact, Mae Brussell--she's the maverick journalist I was just mentioning--says these Fundamentalist churches have a lot of the Fourth Reich money funding their missionary work and their televangelist broadcasting.

Sue: That's what I'm talking about. I'm quoting from a "maverick" interpretation of the Bible. It doesn't agree with the regular Fundamentalist practices, even the general Christian ones. It's completely different from anything you've ever heard about.

Nancy: Sue, you're acquiring the same fringe tastes I have!

Sue: Yeah, who would've guessed! This is funny! However, on a serious level, the church I'm talking about doesn't preach hate. It is actually quite successful. It has members all over the world and different media outlets in many countries. And it offers magazines and literature for free. It never asks for money--not like your regular churches.

Nancy: It's free? How does it pay for all this? Where does it get its money from?

Sue: From volunteer donations.

Nancy: Then it must be the world's largest and most successful charity organization! Weird. I'd like to see some literature. Have you got any?

Sue: Yes I do. Here, read this. It's a book by the founder--The United States and Britain in Prophecy. This is where the Fourth Reich is talked about.

Nancy: Hmm... interesting.

____ 1983

Oct. 29/83 (Toronto)

Bob and Connie eased through the crowd of dancers and onlookers on the second floor of 242 Queen Street West--an apartment rented by Bob New, a cameraman who worked for Second City TV. They had been invited to the party by Alan who was

hoping to create a spontaneous reunion of his old Dartmouth buddies. And almost everybody had shown up. Flaps had flown in from Seattle, Dennis from New York, Randy from Dartmouth, and Steve was still living in Toronto anyway. It turned into a fortuitous event for all of them. Flaps, still working for LaRouche, met Ian, the son of a wealthy newspaper publisher. Dennis, who had gone to New York with Randy's poet-friend Rick Rofihe, met Nelson, an avant-garde poet. Steve met Jamie, a film director from Los Angeles. Alan met Don, an actor based in Toronto. Randy had a chance to hear about Connie's successes in her complementary-medicine practice which opened up strange new possibilities for him in his own flagging family-medicine clinic he ran with Billy Barton back in Dartmouth. Bob himself chuckled more than once over the fact he was in Bob New's apartment, because he kind of felt "new" himself: he soon wouldn't be stationed in Dallas anymore; he and Dr. Beter had prevented Nuclear War One in September '82 allowing the exhausted Beter to retire his Audio Letter; Doug St. Clair Smith had gotten a book published by McGraw-Hill that featured a super-salesman that looked just like the picture of Bob's father Bob had shown Doug and his friend Philo back in '78 in that Dallas bar--what a hoot, but it must mean something positive for Bob and Connie's destiny; nobody was going to find out for a long time how Bob had been involved in the KAL 007 crash; and Bob had just been introduced to Bob Marshall, a young Canadian journalist, who Bob immediately recognized from puzzling psychic flashes he had gotten perhaps ten years before--and when that occurred he knew his plans were on the right track and usually on schedule. The only thing that bugged Bob a little bit--he was being reminded again how timidly the Canadians danced compared to the Americans. As a matter of fact, Americans were consumed by Canadian dance-timidity if they stayed in the country for any length of time.

Nov. 10/83 (Toronto)

Dobbs: I say people are now largely patterns of information. So I like to use historical patterning to illustrate to friends how they became reduced or inflated to these patterns.

Bob Marshall: We've been weaved?

Dobbs: Yes. We've been robots for five hundred years here in the West. The first phase was psychological automatism. Its icon is Newton. The second phase was biological

automatism. The icon--Darwin. The third was hardware automatism. Two icons--Edison and Ford. The fourth was software automatism. Two icons--any President of the United

States since World War Two and Walter Cronkite. The fifth phase is a paradoxical condition. I call it autonomy automatism--the robot confident in declaring its independence and in refining its sense of freedom. We have an endless supply of icons for this phase--any star in any demographic of any genre of entertainment or information. It's probably obvious to you we have not arrived at the sixth phase. So who are your icons?

Marshall: Well, they're pretty obscure. You probably never heard of them: Mae Brussell, Lyndon LaRouche, Marshall McLuhan, Cosmic Awareness. And, uh, Herbert W. Armstrong. What demographic does that make me?

Dobbs: I've actually heard of them all. You're in my demographic!

Marshall: No! I don't even know you!

Dobbs: That's because I'm in the obscure zone, too.

Dec. 4/83 (Toronto)

Bob Marshall: Bob, have you ever heard of Frank Zappa?

Dobbs: Sure have. Why?

Marshall: Just wondering. I think he's a genius--one of the few around today.

Dobbs: On November twenty-fifth, nineteen seventy-one, I was in New York City to see Zappa's new movie, TWO HUNDRED MOTELS, and I went over to the Guggenheim Museum to look at the James Joyce Liquid Memorial Theater. Besides running into Gerard Malanga--you know, the Warhol poet--I got to join the group onstage. I was up there dancing and ranting when something intangible nudged me and I almost fell off the stage. I would've been killed or at least paralyzed--the stage was that high. Anyway, about two weeks later, on December tenth, Zappa was pushed off the stage in London and incapacitated for about a year...

Marshall: Man, I remember that! I was really pissed off. But are you connecting the two events?

Dobbs: Perhaps. You see, Frank and I have been close friends for over twenty years.

Marshall: What?! You're kidding!

Dobbs smiled and pointed to the window of a used-record store where the front cover of the album sleeve for Captain Beefheart's Trout Mask Replica held court.

_____ 1984

Jan. 16/84 (Toronto)

Dobbs: You see, Bob, this whole dimension--nature, the universe--is a spiraling doubleness. We did not create this doubleness--God did. But everything human beings created--what I call "Second Nature"--includes doubleness, but it's doubleness squared. It's a structure of fourness, but "First Nature" doesn't have fourness, only doubleness.

Marshall: Can you give me some examples?

Dobbs: The amoeba splits, DNA works with RNA, you've got two eyes, two ears, etc., you look at objects through the filter of memory--doubleness, it never changes in First Nature. But with Second Nature, its artifacts' constituents change the structure of other artifacts which in turn respond and alter the original artifacts. Language registers these changes and then we recognize patterns in those changes.

Bob Marshall looked up thoughtfully from the pavement and caught the poster display of the Bloor Street Cinema in his gaze: THIEVES LIKE US. Next he saw his reflection in the shop window and quietly winced at how he looked an awful lot like Lee Harvey Oswald. Not long after that thought, he shot his arm out to stop Dobbs' stride as a car turned and almost struck him.

Jan. 28/84 (Dartmouth)

Randy: The drug salesmen dropping into our clinic are getting a little irritated by what they perceive as a slightly less enthusiastic response to their new products. But I don't have enough knowledge about the alternative approaches to confidently rebuff them.

Connie (Toronto): You're going to have to find the time to take some seminars. They're lots of professional, competent ones being offered now. I'll send some recommendations to you.

Randy: Then I have to convince my patients to change their expectations and take the time to educate themselves. Everybody's back in the classroom again. Or is it a laboratory with no guiding standard procedures?

Connie: Yup, we are the experiment!

Feb. 1/84 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Bob, I'm going to let you in on a pattern nobody's noticed. It goes like this: The satellite prefigures the actual merger of First and Second Nature. You got that?

Marshall: Uh, yeah: "The satellite prefigures the actual merger of First and Second Nature." I just said it but I hardly know what it means.

Dobbs: I'll give you a hint. Bucky Fuller used to point out that the satellite is a manmade environment that contains and miniaturizes a complete history of all the

technologies we live with.

Marshall: That sounds like something McLuhan said. I think it was: "The satellite is an extension of the planet."

Dobbs: Well, now you have two hints. That should tell you something.

Dobbs then opened Connie's mail and pulled out two tickets to a Toronto Maple Leafs hockey game. He grinned mischievously at Bob Marshall.

Feb. 6/84 (Toronto)

Steve and Jamie had just seen THE KILLING FIELDS. Walking into the cinema's cafe, Steve spoke first.

Steve: McLuhan used to say in class that the Third World broke out into great violence thanks to Hollywood.

Jamie: That's ridiculous! Hollywood serves up only commercial pablum. And that was especially the case twenty years ago. Hollywood couldn't cause a tempest in a teacup.

Steve: Maybe that's what caused the Third World revolutions--the movies they were sent were so banal they got pissed off.

Jamie laughed.

Steve: But seriously, you're missing McLuhan's point. As far as the Third World was concerned, these movies were far from banal--they were ads for a paradise that the ordinary citizen had access to and even inhabited. The Third World thought they had a right to that abundance. Remember the McLuhan aphorism: "The user is the content." Your Canadian experience of Hollywood is completely alien to a Cambodian's experience of Hollywood. However, if that Cambodian sees a movie here in Toronto after having lived in Toronto for five years, that Cambodian would see that movie through American eyes. You see how silly it is for the Canadian government to insist on ten percent Canadian content in the nation's entertainment consumption.

Jamie: I'll have to think about some of what you said, but I couldn't have gotten any working experience as a film director if the Canadian government hadn't supported and

insisted on Canadian content. Anyway, I live in Los Angeles now. Does that make me an American film director now?

Steve: In McLuhan's view, you were always an American. There's no difference between Canada and the United States on the sensory level.

March 19/84 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Another factor, Bob, we have to consider is that history is largely a struggle between those who look at machines as analogies and those who look at machines as ongoing anomalies and insist on improving them.

Marshall: Analogies? Analogies of what?

Dobbs: Oh, analogies of the human condition in general, or of some human archetypal desire, or of some demon or invader.

Marshall: Why is the other side called... anomalists?

Dobbs: Because they don't accept the human situation. They feel it isn't quite right, there's something incomplete, that they can adjust the picture frame to diminish the perceived dissonance.

Marshall: Hmmm...

Dobbs: So who do you think is winning right now?

Marshall: Well, the popular sentiment would favor the analogists, but no one can stop the anomalists.

Dobbs: Yes, that would seem to be the conventional wisdom. So what would be the escape hatch from that cliché?

Marshall: I don't know. I'm still in the nightmare, as James Joyce wrote.

Dobbs: Doesn't your friend Marshall McLuhan say the atomic bomb was the exclamation point of history? And that's forty years ago.

Marshall: I've always thought that was a brilliant analogy.

Dobbs laughed and turned away from the seawall, scanned the Toronto skyline, and rested his eyes on the CN Tower and his feet on Toronto Island.

April 5/84 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Bob, people talk about ESP, yearn to have ESP, and will stop at no extreme to possess it. Yet, they fail to notice they live in a sea of it.

Marshall: You're going to have to explain that to me. Give me some details.

Dobbs: When you turn the sound off your television set, you can watch people's gestures in the silence. And they really speak volumes. So much so that most people would turn the sound back on. The silent screen is just too loud in its radiance. Now, you're perhaps imagining just one person doing that. Just think if a million people watched the same content at the same time with the sound turned off. That's a collective experience of ESP, not just one-on-one ESP. TV really magnifies the ESP. Consciousness is a great deal more than a verbal process, so a collective consciousness is created immediately in any population that shares a couple of TV channels. That's what I mean when I say we live in a sea of it. I don't think we have the means to translate this experience. But notice the obsession with sports today. Games like football, basketball, and hockey move fast enough today to approximate and mimic a collective ESP in dramatic action. They're about the only means around today that can hope to translate the new ocean we're swimming in. Hence, the devotion to the collective possession.

Marshall: You should have been a poet, Dobbs! Now hand me that tape of Mae Brussell over there and let's listen to her ESP-take on the news.

April 14/84 (Toronto)

Marshall: So the last word in *Finnegans Wake* is "the" and I assume one is supposed to go back to the beginning of the book and continue the sentence with "riverrun." So it would read: "The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the riverrun, past Eve and Adam's,...." The book's a circle?

Dobbs: Not necessarily. I think Mr. Joyce wanted us to go back to the last page of *Ulysses*, at the end of Molly's monologue--a parallel to Anna Livia Plurabelle's final monologue--where the last letter is "s" in the word "Yes." Then, reading backwards, I would note the letter "e"--Joyce's symbol in his notebooks for Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker and Here Comes Everybody--which is "us." Then--I repeat, reading backwards, just as *Finnegans Wake* flows in reverse on one level--the letters in the last word, "the," would be the beginning of the word "Theseus," and they would not be an article preceding "riverrun." In Greek mythology Theseus was given a thread by Ariadne to unravel and later retrace for escaping from the Labyrinth (traditionally symbolized by the letter "s") after he killed the Minotaur. That's the meaning of the words, "The keys to. Given!" And metaphorically, when the reader plunges out of the nighttime of *Finnegans Wake* and into *Ulysses*, he or she or it is back into the labyrinth of daylight, like Leopold Bloom, the adman. And Ariadne, as an anagram, would include the meaning, "I near ad."

April 22/84 (Toronto)

Bob entered the waiting room in Connie's medical clinic expecting to see his cohort, Bob Marshall, the journalist.

Marshall: Bob, what are you doing in town?

Dobbs: Come outside for a minute.

Marshall (out in the hallway with Dobbs): What's up?

Dobbs: I've found a radio station you can use to release your particular kind of news. It's downtown on the Ryerson campus. A Chris Twomey will call you.

Marshall: When do I start?

Dobbs: They want to check you out first. Just show them your library and play a couple of Mae Brussell tapes. You'll overwhelm them. It should be no problem.

Marshall: So how long are you here? When can we get together?

Dobbs: Not right now. Sorry, but I have to go to Moscow tonight. There's a new guy coming in after Chernenko--one of Beter's so-called Skoptsis.

June 16/84 (Toronto)

Don: How do you know if Worcester or Shockley are really mediums for Awareness? They could be just good actors. Or, at least, good at acting like mediums.

Alan: That's a good question, but with Worcester I could feel the energy in the room. I never experienced Shockley in person.

Don: Energy? What kind of energy? Any good play will generate energy.

Alan: I perceived it as a different kind of energy than what I get in a theatre. Mind you, you experience the medium in a very small room compared to a theatre. Maybe spiritual energy is an intimate energy. But, you know, I remember Worcester talking about "conscious mediumship." I think that was one of the goals of the development classes--to get to that state. So a conscious medium might do traditional mediumship as an act, as a means to an end, as a way station. The very doctrine of Awareness undermined the charisma of mediumship, much like Krishnamurti does. And there's no doubt Worcester was influenced by Krishnamurti. So Worcester could have been acting, but his intention perhaps was to create a genuine-fake form of the occult as a strategy to counter the increasing fascination the public was having for the occult. He always said that Awareness wanted to undo the effect of the Order of the Golden Dawn, the last manifestation of Rhyee.

Don: So where did Worcester get his script for Awareness from?

Alan: You mean, who was the playwright?

Don: Yes.

Alan: Well, Ralph Duby and David Worcester were part of a clinical experiment done by Captain Al Hubbard in the late Fifties where he monitored the effects of LSD-25 on very psychically-sensitive people. This was before Tim Leary ever took LSD. So maybe acid wrote the script.

Don: Weird.

June 28/84 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Look at this, Bob, on page 355 of *Finnegans Wake*, line 35, "... and, bespeaking of love and lie detectors in venumarities, whateither the drugs truth of it, was there an

iota of from the faust to the lost."

Marshall: Yeah... what about it? I don't see anything.

Dobbs: "Lie detectors" and "drugs truth"--Joyce is referring to using drugs as a means of prying the truth out of somebody. That's the MKULTRA agenda, that's what they used LSD and other drugs for.

Marshall: But Joyce wrote that before there was LSD.

Dobbs: The Nazis were doing similar experiments in the Thirties and Forties. Did you ever see the Bergman film, *THE SERPENT'S EGG*?

Marshall: No. But if that's what Joyce is referring to, no wonder he wrote *Finnegans Wake* in code. He would have had to self-censor more than just pornographic stuff because he was writing at a time when it was very dangerous in political terms--nobody knew whether the Right or the Left was going to win.

Dobbs: Yes, some critics might think he wrote in code to bypass the censorship problems he had with *Ulysses*, but maybe he was embedding information he had about more sinister levels of mind control. I know J. Edgar Hoover was keeping an eye on Joyce.

Marshall: Really!?

July 7/84 (Seattle)

Ian: Our newspaper is breaking a story tomorrow on the terrorist links to the Sikh population in Canada.

Flaps: I bet you're not including the terrorist links to British intelligence.

Ian: You're right, we're not. But we have no evidence of that. I've read what your organization says in its newspaper, but your evidence isn't strong enough to stand up in court.

Flaps: Yes, we don't have the particular evidence on paper, but these activities leave no traces on paper. You have to look at the pattern of events over a span of time. We elucidate that pattern in our newspaper by juxtaposing unique, suppressed historical records with current events. As Ezra Pound says: "News that stays news."

Ian: I don't think history applies in the newspaper business even if, ironically, newspapers record daily events that become an important part of the historical record. People don't have time for history. They read newspapers to see what's happening now.

Flaps: They wouldn't read newspapers so superficially if they knew how to think. There's a way of learning and thinking that transcends the daily hubbub of sensation.

Ian: If you can show me that way of thinking, that would be sensational. Flaps chuckled.

Ian: Then perhaps I could be eloquent enough to persuade the editors to let Lyndon LaRouche have a weekly column in our newspaper.

Aug. 14/84 (New York)

Bob Marshall skirted the edges of the dance floor in the Limelight disco club, former home of William Irwin Thompson's Lindisfarne Association. Bob was looking for Frank Zappa. Bob suspected Frank was on the edges, too. Bob was correct. Frank was in a back room holding court with a few fans. Bob waited for his opportunity to speak.

Marshall: Frank, have you heard of Mae Brussell?

Zappa: Yes, I read something by her in Larry Flynt's magazine, The Rebel.

Marshall: Are you interested in more?

Zappa: Perhaps. What have you got?

Marshall: I have tapes of her weekly radio show. I can send a few to you.

Zappa: Sure. I'd like to hear them.

Marshall: What did you think of Flynt's campaign about the explosion of KAL 007?

Zappa: I gave him some legal advice for his newspaper ads right after it went down.

Marshall: Those ads were what brought Mae and Larry together.

Zappa: Really?

Marshall: Yes. It was after Larry met Mae that he decided to create a magazine for her. That's why The Rebel came into existence.

Zappa: But the magazine doesn't exist anymore.

Marshall: And Larry Flynt got put in jail and Mae Brussell is isolated again in Carmel, California.

Nov. 15/84 (New York)

Dennis: Our friend, Rick Rofihe, will not go to a Frank Zappa concert even though I can get him complimentary tickets any time.

Nelson: I used to like Zappa back in the Sixties but then he got into this juvenile, sophomoric shtick. I haven't thought of him in years.

Dennis: Then you're missing out on something awesome. Zappa is perhaps the greatest poet of our time, and since you're a poet, you should check him out again.

Nelson: Poetry today is theoretical and I've never heard any theory presented in Zappa's music, and I've certainly never seen any of his poetry.

Dennis: The theory presented in Zappa revolves around questions of physics in Time, Space, and the Big Note. He often says the one thing he'd like to know is: "What time is it?" He's also claimed that he doesn't know who actually is the drummer in his group. So you see, the question of rhythm is foremost in his work just as it is in the poet's mind.

Nelson: Like I said, I haven't seen his poetry.

Dennis: Why would his poetry be only in book form? If poetry is theoretical, then the theory has to include the question of what and where the lab is.

Nelson: You're relying too much on the positivist notions of science as your model for poetry. We're in a world where that model is a colonizer of the imagination. It is supported by the bourgeois hypothesis of subjectivity. Subjectivity is not an attainable condition today. That's why the poet, like the scientist, can only write science fiction now.

Dennis: Aha! That is why Zappa, for almost twenty years now, has been trying to stage a science-fiction musical on Broadway. As a matter of fact, he's trying to mount one right now based on AIDS as a byproduct of military biological warfare research.

_____ 1985

July 4/85 (Toronto)

Dobbs: You know, Bob, there's something I've been meaning to tell you about Finnegans Wake that you're not going to find mentioned by the Joyceans, as far as I know. With your interest in conspiracy theory in mind, take a look at pages 572 to 576. Then look at Joseph Campbell's Skeleton Key and read his translation of that section. He picks up that some financial information is being passed back and forth between the Vatican and the Anglican Church and neither knows what to do with it. It's a hot potato with a history going back for centuries. But then look at the section again with the idea that it's a secret, a contradiction, that's being covered up. I'm interested in what you think Joyce is trying to tell us because it seems to be an important part of the book.

Marshall: I don't have much time to spend with the Wake like I used to since you got me this radio gig, but I'll see what I can do. I am planning to go through the book again page by page with Eric McLuhan's PhD. thesis in one hand and Roland McHugh's Annotations in the other when I have a little more time. Now that I'm doing the Saturday edition of the International Connection with Adam Vaughan, Dave Newfeld, and Tom Rich, I'm feeling overbooked. As a matter of fact, that reminds me, I've got to get to a medical appointment with Connie in thirty minutes. Catch ya later, Bob. July 16/85 (Toronto)

Adam: Bob, your news sources always seem six months ahead of mine. If I could become news director at this radio station, I'd give more prominence to your stuff.

Marshall: I wouldn't want to be news director, but if you want to and like what I do, I know people around here that could arrange that.

Sept. 5/85 (Los Angeles)

Zappa: Mae, this is Frank Zappa. I've heard a lot about you from our mutual friend, Bob Marshall, and I was hoping you could help me with some concerns I have.

Brussell (Carmel): Maybe I can. What's on your mind?

Zappa: There's a committee in Washington that's pursuing legislation for the purpose of censoring music-industry products. I was wondering if you had any information on some particular politicians who may be behind this legislation.

Brussell: Who do you have in mind?

Oct. 17/85 (New York)

William Irwin Thompson: We meet again! The man from Lemuria! How are you doing, Mr. Dobbs?

Dobbs: Fine. I was looking over your old book, Passages about Earth, the other day when I came across the part on your stay at Findhorn in Scotland. It suddenly occurred to me that perhaps the quality and productivity of their famous garden was because they used the D-Cell.

Thompson: The D-Cell? What's that?

Dobbs: It's a water purifier and energizer. It has remarkable beneficial effects on our bodies and nature in general.

Thompson: I never heard of it, and I never saw anything along those lines at Findhorn. They used elves and nature spirits to energize their garden. Can I get some of this stuff?

Dobbs: Not easily. The man who makes it, Joe Dun Sloan, doesn't try to make the world notice it. He just produces it for those who already are lucky enough to use it. Just at that moment the Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Rev. Jim Morton, came over to Thompson, nodded knowingly at Bob, and escorted Thompson over to the other side of the room for a private tete-a-tete. Bob turned and bumped into Peggy Harrington, a regular at the Lindisfarne seminars, who was the wife of Alan Harrington, the well-known author of The Immortalist.

Nov. 9/85 (Seattle)

Ian: Flaps, you've wanted me to feature LaRouche as a columnist in our newspaper ever since we met.

Flaps: Yeah. Why, have you decided to do it?

Ian: Not really. But I've been scooped. There's a journalist in Toronto who has a radio show and he regularly interviews LaRouche's associates from the Executive Intelligence Review.

Flaps: You're kidding. How could that be allowed in one of the Queen's cities? LaRouche would be assassinated if he ever went to Toronto.

Ian: I don't know about that, but this guy--Bob Marshall's his name--he's getting away with it.

Flaps: We don't even have a distributor in Toronto. I've gotta look into this. Do you remember any names of the people he interviewed?

Ian: Richard Freeman. He has Freeman on more than anybody else. Marshall even had LaRouche on once.

Flaps: Wow! We're on a lot of radio stations here in the States now, but getting into Canada is not what I expected. I've got old friends in Toronto. I'm going to call them and get 'em to listen to this guy! Ian ordered another coffee from the waitress and proceeded to study the packaging of the news in various American dailies he had spread out on the table. Flaps returned to reading an essay in an old Campaigner on why the British hate Shakespeare.

Nov. 10/85 (Toronto)

Marshall: Bob, I got a call from a listener who plays bass in a band called Rosi Fan Tutti. He wants me to join them onstage at the Beverley Tavern and they'll back me up while I give out some International-Connection kinds of information. What do you think?

Dobbs: Why do they want to do that? Do they think your information is just entertainment?

Marshall: Oh no, they think it's important stuff. They want to give me some exposure on the Queen Street scene so more people will tune into my radio show.

Dobbs: What's this bass player's name?

Marshall: Jack Tasse.

Dobbs: I've heard of him. He used to play with Nazi Dog on the punk scene back

around '77.

Marshall: Nazi Dog! You mean the guy who would cut his arms with razors and broken beer bottles while performing?

Dobbs: Yeah. He was in love with the electrified, discarnate state and considered his body a hateful burden.

Marshall: Was this a conscious preference?

Dobbs: Only on an instinctual level. He didn't know why he had this preference.

Marshall: Be that as it may, should I take Jack up on this offer?

Dobbs: Well, you don't want to jeopardize your status as a serious journalist at CKLN.

Marshall: They don't listen to my show too closely anyway. Maybe this will get their attention.

Dobbs: Considering that you named yourself in honor of McLuhan, maybe a little flash is appropriate. Yeah, might as well go for it, Bobby.

Nov. 30/85 (Toronto)

Bob Marshall: Have you read any books by Robert Anton Wilson?

Dobbs: Yes, The Illuminatus! Trilogy.

Marshall: He seems to have the same intense interest in Finnegans Wake as you?

Dobbs: Yes, but his approach to physics is the opposite of Joyce's. Wilson's a nominalist who is very influenced by his quantum physics pals in San Francisco--guys like Saul-

Paul Sirag, Fred Wolf, and Jack Sarfatti. They basically argue over the names of Satan. But Joyce viewed language as the real constituent of matter and bet on the propensity for us to become our names. Wilson's friends wrestle within the arena built by the Bohr-Bohm polarity. Joyce spars with Einstein over which medium is the message--Joyce doesn't agree with Einstein on where the arena is located and what time the fight should take place. Joyce countered Einstein's $E=MC^2$ formula with his own 1132 formula.

Marshall: That pipe-smoking guy in the Book of the SubGenius you showed me seems to be modeled on Wilson's Hagbard Celine.

Dobbs: Yes, your intuition is correct because Doug Smith had read Wilson's books before he met me. When he and Philo encountered me they thought they had met the real Hagbard. The result of the alchemy between the two images is J. R. "Bob" Dobbs--Finn the Eskimo.

Marshall: The All-Canadian Boy!

Dobbs (laughing): Yes--you, my Pygmalion.

Marshall: You wish!

Dobbs: By the way, why is Wilson on your mind?

Marshall: I thought of him after I performed with Rosi Fan Tutti. It's the whole thing about presenting my information in the counterculture milieu. It was a little disconcerting and it reminded me of his audience when I saw him speak here in Toronto.

Dobbs: Small is beautiful!

Bob and Dobbs turned off Yonge Street and aimed for the CKLN radio station on the Ryerson Polytechnic Institute campus.

Dec. 3/85 (Toronto)

Marshall: Have you ever heard of Krishnamurti?

Dobbs: Yes, we're friends. I last saw Krishnamurti at Saanen in Switzerland a few months ago and during the third talk I was struck at how he represented a replay of the

moment when we evolved into a univocal matrix in the world.

Marshall: Univocal?

Dobbs: Yes, when we started to internalize on a cultural scale a serious division in the

concepts of good and evil.

Marshall: You mean, the "hundredth-monkey effect."

Dobbs: Yes, that's a useful way to put it. But Krishnamurti, in his talks, dramatizes the highest decibels of consciousness within that dilemma and tries to show how and why thought leads in that direction. It's probably at the Neolithic stage when human beings became more sedentary and more focused on the mouth rather than the kinetic and proprioceptive forms of culture of the previous Paleolithic phase. Anyway, the idea of a participational "Logos" is the meme he is wrestling with. You can see him sliding up and down the spectrum that would later be divided up into grammatical, dialectical, and rhetorical approaches to the Word.

Marshall: But doesn't he represent the esoteric wisdom and mysticism of the oral tradition?

Dobbs: Yes and no. He is the Ur-moment that tries to avoid falling into the founding of the mystical teaching traditions. He wants to simulate the ordinary insights and pleasures of a penetrating, rigorous conversation conducted while walking with another, even though he is forced to remain sitting and logocentric. He's trying to get you up on your feet again and moving around without creating conflict.

Marshall: I don't think that's ever been said before.

Marshall put down his fork, rose quickly from the table and left the restaurant. He came back about five minutes later and spoke about how it may start raining.

____ 1986

Jan. 21/86 (Toronto)

Steve: So, Jamie, what do you think of this Bob Marshall on CKLN?

Jamie: Well, I'm glad you turned me on to his show. The International Connection! It's crazy stuff, but it's got me paying attention to the news again. I haven't followed the news in years because I've been trying to create news with my films. The kind of information Marshall presents gives me a whole new range of ideas I hadn't considered before. His show has actually got my creative juices going again.

Steve: I find it rather obsessive. I mean, he's on there twice a week explaining all the current news, and he never stops. It reminds me of a syndrome McLuhan once told me is characteristic of our time. He used the phrase, "the cognitive thrills of pattern recognition." I think that's what Bob Marshall is addicted to, and it's what his fans crave.

Jamie: No, I don't see that at all. He's giving us the information around current events that the mainstream press won't touch. That's important because it deals with the reality we're all hiding from.

Steve: When information is moved at the speed of light, news becomes fantasy, no matter what its source is.

Jamie: That may be how it looks because of information overload, but there's still a real world with real actions that determine whether we live or die or not. That's what the news refers to--something we're all actually involved in!

Steve: Again, I'm reminded of an aphorism McLuhan often repeated: "Depth involvement creates instant response."

Jamie: C'mon, can you stop parroting McLuhan just once? You're so involved with him that he becomes your instant response to any new ideas. Ha, got ya!

Steve grimaced but Jamie didn't see that facial reaction because the lights had gone down in the theater as the opening credits for Robert Altman's SECRET HONOR crawled on to the screen.

Feb. 1/86 (Toronto)

Don (via the telephone): Alan, do you ever listen to CKLN?

Alan: No, I don't listen to the radio.

Don: You're not going to believe this! A couple of weeks ago I heard that guy, Worcester, you used to tell me about being interviewed on the radio.

Alan: What!?

Don: He was in some kind of minor trouble, and he told the interviewer that, if he was bothered again, he was going to cause forty billion dollars damage. And then he was interviewed again a few weeks later after the Challenger space shuttle blew up, and the journalist believed Worcester had caused it.

Alan dropped his telephone he was laughing so hard.

Alan (recovering): I haven't talked to Worcester in years, but I remember a few times back in the Seventies when he would make grandiose threats like that and some disaster would happen. I never knew what to make of it. But who is this journalist?

Don: Bob Marshall, but I don't think that's his real name because he features pretty wild information on his show.

Alan: When's his show on again? Which station is it?

Don: It's on Wednesday and Thursday, or Friday, at around eleven o'clock in the morning. It's called The International Connection. And CKLN is at 88.1 on the FM dial.

Alan: How did you find out about this show?

Don: You know your friend from Nova Scotia--Steve? His friend, Jamie, told me about it when I saw him at some film company's party around Christmas.

Alan: Is Worcester going to be on again?

Don: I don't know, but I get the impression he's a regular guest on the show.

Alan: I'm going to call the station and see if I can get Worcester's phone number from this Bob guy. Thanks for tellin' me. This is amazing!

May 4/86 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Bob, I've explained the concept of "phatic communion" to you before, but there's a new element...

Marshall: Phatic communion? What's that?

Dobbs: Remember when I told you how, when you're with familiar acquaintances, like co-workers in an office, you casually walk by somebody and they ask you, "How are you doing?", and you don't literally answer the question, but you repeat the question to that person and you, too, don't expect them to answer it in any detail?

Marshall: Oh yeah, I remember—"phatic communion."

Dobbs: You know, it's like waving at a person verbally. It's a form of social acknowledgement, a form of nodding and amiability. The anthropologist, Malinowski, came up with the term in 1922 or '23.

Marshall: But you have a new twist on it?

Dobbs: Yes. I think the machines are now doing it with satirical intent. I call it, "Menippean phatic communion."

Marshall: Menippean?

Dobbs: The word, "Menippean," refers to an aesthetic of cynicism. Menippus was the first literate mixed-media writer. He combined poetry and prose in his writing, around 220 B.C., in the Hellenic period of Greek culture. To mix the two was considered outrageous at the time. Unfortunately, there are only fragments of his work left.

Marshall: If "phatic" means amiability and "Menippean" means cynical, then "Menippean phatic communion" is an oxymoron.

Dobbs: No, it's a way of expressing ironic communication. In a world where there is no common social space, no means of connecting, not even phatically, then the phatic function becomes no longer casual but flips into intensity. This happened in America many decades ago for human beings. When the machines came alive in the Fifties, they passed through these same stages the human beings had gone through. By the Seventies the machines had had their Armageddon and had died. Now the machines have reincarnated and they try to act human, but with a vengeance. They

celebrate the whole range of human emotion and venality. They will even retrieve phatic forms of connection and communion. But it's done very self-consciously and very aggressively. It's Menippean!

Marshall: Well, that's all fine and good, but how do human beings fit into all this?

Dobbs: Imitation is the sincerest form of battery! At this point that's how human beings are going to express their essentially stubborn nature.

Marshall: So we can't tell the difference between us and the machines anymore.

Dobbs: Right.

Nov. 30/86 (Toronto)

Bob Marshall: Bob, it was a year ago when I performed with the band Rosi Fan Tuti. Do you remember that night?

Dobbs: Yeah, you did O.K., if I recall correctly.

Marshall: I just found out that Andy, the lead singer for the band, moved back to Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. That's where you lived for many years, right?

Dobbs: Right. Why did he do that?

Marshall: It seems his wife is from there.

Dobbs: No kidding. Well, that's more evidence of "xenochrony."

Marshall: Xenochrony? What's that?

Dobbs: When one does everything in one's power to avoid merging in synchronicity...and fails.

Marshall (a little puzzled): Hmmm...

Dobbs: "Xeno" means strange. So, "xenochrony" means "strange synchronicity." I don't mean that synchronicity is a strange phenomenon. I mean the failure to willfully avoid synchronicity is strange.

Marshall: Is Nova Scotia a place where xenochrony occurs a lot?

Dobbs: It certainly has been for me.

_____ 1987

March 1/87 (Toronto)

Bob turned off the bootlegged video of Frank Zappa's 1984 concerts at The Pier in New York City.

Dobbs: Alan, there's something I want to explain to you about Krishnamurti that may throw new light on your obsession with him.

Alan: What's that?

Dobbs: You know how Krishnamurti has repeatedly emphasized for decades the simple process of cognition and how it conditions us.

Alan nodded.

Dobbs: That knowledge came out of the Theosophical circles that nurtured Krishnamurti and subsequently many artists in the early decades of this century. However, James Joyce was unique at that time because he saw first how that knowledge could be applied to the stages of collective cognition in cultures and their rituals. As the Twentieth Century has unfolded, we can see how the private stages of cognition would be an increasingly puny issue and why Krishnamurti would appear more eccentric and McLuhan, Krishnamurti's logical heir, would appear more resonant.

Alan: What happened to Joyce?

Dobbs: It was McLuhan's sole understanding of Joyce that put him past Krishnamurti.

Alan: I don't think I completely understand what you're telling me. Perhaps you could recommend some stuff I could read to get some background on this.

Dobbs: No problem.

Alan: Okay. Now put the Zappa tape back on. I love "Hot-Plate Heaven at the Green Hotel."

Dobbs: No problem.

March 2/87 (Toronto)

Nelson: One of the most interesting things about my visit to Toronto is the tapes of that International Connection show you've been playing me. I have had a couple of friends die from AIDS the past year and the word on the street in New York is that AIDS was created by the government or somebody... you know, it's man-made. This Bob Marshall seems to use sources who believe that. Do you think your former employer, Frank Zappa, has the same information?

Dennis: Oh, you picked up on that when I was playing "Thing-Fish" the other day?

Nelson: Yes.

Dennis: I don't know Bob Marshall, but I've heard that Marshall knows Zappa and he's definitely mentioned Zappa more than once on his show in casual babble with other DJ's. Zappa has always had references about CIA stuff in his music since the Sixties. He did a song almost twenty years ago on Ronald Reagan as an Agency-controlled politician. And Zappa's always thought that LSD was a drug introduced into the youth culture by some part of the government. Did you ever see the booklet that came with the "Uncle Meat" album that shows a semi-human vegetable saying he's just been killed by the government because he knew too much? As a matter of fact, the themes in "Thing-Fish" are implied in the original script for the UNCLE MEAT movie.

June 4/87 (Toronto)

Marshall: Well, Bob, I did what you said and played the Dr. Beter tape. Guess what happened?

Dobbs: What?

Marshall: The station manager kicked me off the station.

Dobbs: You mean, Adam Vaughan?

Marshall: Yup. Man, am I pissed! You screwed up, Bob!

Dobbs: I don't blame you for being angry, Bob, but this may be better for us. There have been some new developments I haven't had time to tell you about. Don't regret it because I've got a new role for you in our plans. I'll eventually get you back on the air, but you won't have as much time to prepare your show. We'll take advantage of all the taped work Dave Emory has done and play that when the time comes. Meanwhile, you're going on assignment!

Marshall: Whatever you say, Bob, but give me a week to chill out. Okay?

Dobbs: That's fine. I'll call you in a week.

June 11/87 (Toronto)

Dobbs: Bob, I know you've been wondering why I haven't said much about Dr. Beter's death since he died in March, and it's made you a little suspicious. Well, I can talk about it now.

Marshall: Good. Was he murdered?

Dobbs: After Peter stopped doing his Audio Letter in November '82, he put most of his energies into finding gold for a very influential client. At the end of '86, I got involved with his dealings because the waters had gotten muddied by former President Marcos wanting to dump some of his gold. This led to a lot of people claiming the gold could be acquired through them. Peter and his client were ready and able to buy, but they kept getting the runaround. However, I soon found a real connection in January, and then, before the papers were signed, Peter suddenly died. Not only that, my connection, a man named Felix, disappeared. Peter's client wants to get to the bottom of this, and I'll help when I can, but I'm making my own moves on my committee right now as we go into the final turn. So I don't have much spare time. But guess who does?

Marshall: You're talking about me?

Dobbs: Yes. Your firing from CKLN was very timely it turns out.

Marshall: What do you want me to do?

Dobbs: Find Felix.

Marshall: Come on! Are you kidding?

Dobbs: You'll have all the information you need and all your expenses will be covered.

June 17/87 (Toronto)

Myke Dyer (broadcasting on CKLN-FM, 88.1): As regular listeners to my show here at CKLN know, I have been playing tapes from the Church of the SubGenius the last few weeks. At the same time, listeners know that Bob Marshall's show, The International Connection, has been taken off the air here at the station. Well, surprise, surprise, the two seemingly unconnected events, unbeknownst to me, have a meaning none of us could have foreseen. It turns out that J. R. "Bob" Dobbs, the mascot of the Church, was not assassinated on January twenty-first, nineteen eighty-four, has left Dallas, has resurfaced in Toronto, and is sitting across from me in the studio. Good evening, sir.

Dobbs: Good evening, Myke... good evening, Mr. Mulroney... good evening, Mr. Bobby Fulford. In the broadest sense your introduction is true, but in the particulars I want to make a few adjustments. I am Bob Dobbs, not J. R. "Bob" Dobbs--J. R. is a cartoon version of me that I inspired back in February of 1978. I have nothing to do with the creation of the Church of the SubGenius per se, nor with any of its commercial activities such as the tapes you've been playing. In fact I left Dallas in nineteen eighty-two after the failed attempt to start Nuclear War One. I've been skulking around Toronto for about four years now spending more time with my wife, Connie, who has been living in Toronto the last nine years.

Dyer: And you know Bob Marshall?

Dobbs: Yes, after I met him here in Toronto, I encouraged him to create a show on CKLN. I continued to advise him behind the scenes as his show became a success and assumed a high profile in Toronto. But thanks to the Iran-Contra hearings in Washington and other events, I decided that Bob Marshall should step aside and I make my move to reveal my long-planned agenda.

Dyer: And because you've impressed me over the last week with your credentials, I've made a tentative commitment to assist you with your plan even though I don't fully understand it, yet. I am not guaranteeing you anything. We'll just see how it goes. I'm as curious as the listeners probably are.

Dobbs: I sincerely appreciate that, Myke. So let's get the ball rolling. Myke then played some excerpts from one of the Media-Barrage audio tapes composed by Church members, and at various points Myke stopped the tape and allowed Bob to explain the real knowledge that inspired these hallucinated interpretations of Dobbs.

Dec. 31/87 (Dartmouth)

Alan (turning off the tape recorder): Well, there you have it. It turns out we grew up with two people in our midst, here in little old Dartmouth, who were in disguise and way more important than we could ever imagine.

Steve: Where'd you get that tape?

Alan: It's from a series of broadcasts in Toronto on a community station there--CKLN.

Steve: I listen to that station. It had that show with Bob Marshall--The International Connection.

Alan: Yes, and apparently Bob Dobbs had something to do with Bob Marshall's show. Did you know that Marshall was kicked off the air?

Steve: I wondered what had happened when I noticed it wasn't on its regular time slot. I only listened to it occasionally.

Dennis: Alan, are you saying that Bob replaced Bob Marshall's show?

Alan: It seems something like that happened because this Myke Dyer who has Bob on

his show used to help Bob Marshall by playing Mae Brussell tapes on his own--meaning Myke Dyer's--show. The three of them seem connected.

Dennis: So you've played us excerpts from more than one show?

Alan: Yes, Mr. Dobbs has been on every two weeks since June. And he's apparently explaining the purpose of his life up to this moment. He's in some kind of struggle with an intelligence organization called the Secret Council of Ten.

Flaps: But, Alan, you see Bob in Toronto more than any of us here tonight. Have you talked to him since he's been on the radio?

Alan: No, I've been so shocked by this situation that I'm too embarrassed to call him. I don't know if he's gone crazy or what.

Nancy: Well, I used to visit Connie a lot a few years ago when I first started working as a lawyer in Toronto, but she's become so busy and famous in her medical practice that she hasn't had much time to socialize the past few years. So I certainly didn't know about this. However, I did know of Bob Marshall's show because I've become friends with Mae Brussell and she told me that she was on the radio in Toronto. But I get her weekly tapes by subscription so I don't need to listen to her on the radio. I wouldn't have the time anyway.

Sue: And I heard that Bob and Connie have kids now.

Alan: Yes, they do.

Nancy: Yes, they adopted a teen-aged boy and girl--they're twins. Really nice kids. I wonder what they think of what their foster father is doing.

Randy: This is all too weird, Alan. Connie's helped me with my medical practice with great advice by telephone over the years. But I haven't seen her and Bob since Alan hosted our reunion back in '83. I haven't talked to Bob since then.

Kristen: Yeah, but it kind of makes a little sense to me because whenever I saw Bob in New York he was always ahead of me by being part of the fashion trends that it was my job to detect. He was always there first. And I always wondered why he was even involved in any of those scenes when he seemed so indifferent to fads back in Dartmouth. I never had the opportunity to tell you guys all the outrageous things I shared with him in New York over the last ten years. I bet none of you knew he was a lifelong friend of Marcel Duchamp.

Randy: You've told me a lot of those stories but I thought he just loved New York--like a hip tourist.

Sue: I wonder what Garrett would say if he heard this tape.

Randy: We invited him over tonight but he said he didn't think he could make it. You know how he always spends New Year's Eve with Jovanna? And I didn't push it because I didn't know what Alan was going to drop on us tonight.

Flaps: Alan, do you realize the significance of who Bob talked about when he wasn't blowing his own horn? In the various excerpts you played us, he at one point or another praised Frank Zappa, Marshall McLuhan, Lyndon LaRouche, some medium...

Alan: Cosmic Awareness, who I know...

Flaps: That's the point! Steve, you got into McLuhan; Dennis got into Zappa; I'm a LaRouchie...

Sue: I heard Herbert W. Armstrong mentioned--my hero!

Nancy: Bob referred to Mae Brussell at one point--a big influence on my life.

Flaps: Collectively, Bob's talking about the people in this room--our lives! What's going on here? He always criticized LaRouche whenever I mentioned him back in the Seventies. I knew about LaRouche before he did! He had never even heard of LaRouche!

Dennis: I could say the same for Zappa and Bob!

Steve: Ditto for me, McLuhan, and Bob!

Nancy: I remember Connie telling me she had never heard of Mae Brussell!

Alan: Bob always made fun of Cosmic Awareness! But, dig this! All these sources of information were used by Bob Marshall, and in fact, made Marshall notorious and

wellknown in Toronto and environs.

Sue: And the first part you played--from Bob's first show, if I recall correctly--Bob said he had guided Bob Marshall all those years Marshall did his radio journalism.

Steve: All of us in this room together make up the contents of Bob Marshall's head.

Randy (yelling over everybody's laughter): All except me and Garrett!!

Alan: Guess what, Randy! I didn't bring it with me, but Bob has even talked about Garrett! And not only that! Bob Marshall has played tapes of Garrett talking on the phone with him!

Kristen: Does Garrett know that!

Alan: I doubt it.

Kristen: This is getting spooky.

Randy: Yeah, and from what I've heard on Alan's tape, Bob is claiming to be the greatest spook of all time.

Alan: So now you know what I've been dealing with for six months. I could barely contain myself until I had this ideal opportunity tonight.

Flaps: Why didn't you tell us before?

Alan: Who would have believed it? Not to mention the expense of a lot of phone calls. I can hardly meet my monthly rent.

Randy (standing up to get some food off the buffet table): So what are we supposed to do now, Alan?

It was getting near midnight. Alan didn't know how to answer that question, and neither did anyone else. So they all slowly followed Randy to the beckoning banquet. About five minutes later, Flaps and Alan slipped into a private conversation.

Flaps: I've been living in Seattle for the last couple of years. Didn't you used to live out there?

Alan: Yes, but it's been over five years now. It's an interesting city--the lowest population of churchgoers in the U.S.

Flaps: Yes, in my work there, I've noticed that Gnosticism is rampant in the city.

Alan: What do you mean?

Flaps: In our organization we've uncovered, in history, the war of elites that is essentially a battle between the Platonic tradition and the Aristotelian, or Gnostic, tradition. During the Eighteenth Century the Platonic stream was best represented by Leibniz while the Gnostic river carried people who created the Enlightenment, such as Voltaire. After the great earthquake occurred in Lisbon, Portugal, in, I think, 1755, Voltaire used that disaster as a symbol to satirize Leibniz's this-world-is-the-best-of-allpossible-worlds idea...

Alan: Hey, I know about that! According to the Servants of Awareness, that earthquake was triggered off by a conflict among the principalities of that time. The Carmelite nuns were involved and some bad decisions were made that led to the manifestation of a natural disaster. Many members of the Servants of Awareness had past lives as these Carmelite nuns at that time, and they were working out their karma from 1755 in Seattle. They actually went to Europe in the middle of the Sixties and visited these Carmelite sites to remember and resolve the karma from that particular past life.

Flaps: Now that's Gnosticism! And you know these people!?

Alan: Of course. I was a member of their organization fifteen years ago.

Flaps: Have you ever read Plato?

Alan: No. Why?

Flaps: I live by Plato. Our organization fights on behalf of the Platonic tradition against the Gnostics. If you're still influenced by this Seattle Awareness group, then we would probably have a deep disagreement on many issues with each other.

Alan: We'd better tiptoe around each other or we'll be in a giant earthquake.

Flaps (laughing): You know, this Bob Marshall guy used to have political associates of mine on his show.

Alan: Did he? Well, he interviewed my friend, David Worcester, the trance medium for the Servants of Awareness, several times.

Flaps: Really!? Then maybe the earthquake took place in his head.

Alan: And Mr. Dobbs is the sole survivor.

In another corner of Randy's living room, Kristen asked Dennis a question.

Kristen: Did you go back to work for Frank Zappa again?

Dennis: No, I moved back to Toronto and got into the Queen Street art scene. I write for a magazine called Impulse. Have you ever seen it?

Kristen: Oh yes. But I bring up Zappa because my boss, Andy Warhol, God bless his soul, always complained about Frank. Do you have any idea why?

Dennis: Yes, it came from the fact that Zappa made fun of Warhol's band, The Velvet Underground, when they first played in California in nineteen sixty-six at a club called The Trip. Then Zappa came to New York and had a popular run at the Garrick Theater. I think Warhol and Lou Reed were either intimidated by Frank or just didn't understand him.

Kristen: I always liked Frank.

Dennis: And now Andy's dead. Did Bob and Connie know Andy?

Kristen: Bob did. I introduced him to Andy once. I don't know about Connie. But after hearing Alan's tape, I'm even wondering if Bob knew Andy before I got them together, and he didn't tell me. When I think about it now, he and Andy were surprisingly casual with each other that night.

Dennis: What did Andy die from?

Kristen: He didn't go to Prince Thurn und Taxis' party the summer before last.

Dennis couldn't get past Kristen's practiced New York deadpan so he could only smile, nod knowingly, and tune into Steve and Sue's tete-a-tete.

Sue: Steve, you live in Toronto, did you ever hear this Bob Marshall's show?

Steve: Oh yeah, I listened for a while, but I found it too addicted to the transient content of the Now.

Sue: Aren't you interested in what's happening in the world?

Steve: You don't have to listen to the news to know what's happening if you can confidently predict what's going to occur.

Sue: Oh, and you can do that?

Steve: Yes.

Sue: What's going to happen next?

Steve: We'll continue to simultaneously centralize and decentralize while being showered with more and more violence.

Sue: Centralize? How will that increase?

Steve: Through satellites, computers, and the chip as more and more pressure is put on the credit agencies to know more about us in a less amount of time.

Sue: You're predicting the Mark of the Beast.

Steve: Mark who!?

Sue: You know, Revelations 13:17.

Steve: Oh, I get it, you're quoting the Bible--Northrop Frye's Great Code. St. Mark didn't write Revelations.

Sue: The Mark of the Beast is a huge computer being built in Brussels by NATO to control all economic transactions. It'll be the means for creating the cashless society.

Steve: Yes, the chip does seem to threaten people's sense of privacy.

Sue: Privacy!! I'm talking about the greatest tyranny and slavery ever known to humanity. Where've you been, Steve!?

Steve: Well, we've just heard a tape featuring a close mutual friend, almost family for both of us, and he sounded like he was personally creating this Mark of the Beast you're so concerned about.

Sue: Hmmm... I hadn't thought of that, but if I recall what he said on Alan's tape with your interpretation in mind--yeah, he does claim to be involved with people who run

the world.

Steve: Yes, he does.

Sue: I missed that because I identified with him citing the authority of Herbert W. Armstrong, the man who taught me about the Beast. This is getting scary.

Steve: Only if you believe that the Beast threatens more than our privacy. If it's only privacy at issue, and if you have nothing to hide, it's not so drastic.

Sue: I think there's more at issue than privacy--a lot more. What's frightening is that if Bob's telling the truth, then the Beast is right here in Dartmouth. Excuse me, Steve, but I've got to sit down and think about this.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Randy and Nancy caught up on each other's lives.

Randy: Who's this Mae Brussell you mentioned when we were all reacting to Alan's tape?

Nancy: She's a journalist who analyses the motives and origins of the people you work for.

Randy: My patients?

Nancy: No, the drug companies. They control medicine now, and according to Mae, they've done so for a long time. Ever heard of I. G. Farben?

Randy: Yes. A chemical company in Nazi Germany, right?

Nancy: Yes, but it was built up before Hitler and survives to this day. Most people, if they even know about it, think it was dismantled, broken up, and scattered to the four winds. Mae shows us how that is not so.

Randy: This is interesting and I'd like to know more, but I've got to tell you that I don't use regular allopathic drugs in my practice--at least as little as possible. And ironically, it's thanks to Connie that I don't. As I said earlier, I hooked up with her at Alan's reunion and I subsequently learned from her how to treat my patients in a way that I.G. Farben wouldn't have appreciated.

Nancy: That sounds great! And your patients get better?

Randy: They sure do, and very quickly, too. But you know, Connie has never told me the kind of history that you say Mae is an expert in.

Nancy: And if Bob is telling the truth, and I'm highly suspicious of what he's saying on that tape--I think it's some kind of elaborate joke--then Connie knows a lot of that murderous history.

Randy: You know, in a perverse sort of way, I hope what Bob is saying is true. Because that would add an exciting and surprising dimension to our little lives here in Dartmouth

that I, for one, could handle.

Nancy's laughter was interrupted by Kristen who came in to the kitchen to get Randy to help her prepare for the countdown to midnight and the New Year--due in five minutes.

____ 1988

Jan. 13/88 (Toronto)

Dobbs (on the air at CKLN): Myke, we can consider Krishnamurti's technique of talking meditation, McLuhan's technique of suspended judgement while probing, and LaRouche's technique of Socratic Reason, or Nature's path of least resistance, as all means of bypassing the argument between the Apollonians and the Dionysians in order to perceive the ineluctability of the drama of cognition.

Myke Dyer: Bob, we have another caller on the line. Go ahead, caller.

Caller: I don't know who this Bob-guy is, but he makes a lot of sense... I think... I just don't understand him... but maybe that's not the point.

Dobbs: Yes, caller, you're on the right track. Just observe how the cookie crumbles. That's where the "slack" is.

Dyer (smiling ecstatically): Oooh, you're hot today, Bob, and the calls just keep comin'. Let's go to another caller.

Aug. 8/88 (Toronto)

Dobbs: So over the past ten years, it's been hypoglycemia, then allergies, and now chronic fatigue.

Connie: Yes, those have been the trends and changes in new problems for my patients since I've been practicing. Hypoglycemia used to be prominent. Then people started complaining about allergies, and now chronic fatigue is big.

Dobbs: How successful are your treatments?

Connie: They used to be more effective than they are now. They're still better than what the allopaths provide. But we're going to need something new very soon. I can feel it.

Connie and Bob were interrupted by the telephone ringing. Bob picked it up. It was Tom, Carlos Castaneda's close friend. He had a message for Connie.

_____ 1989

July 11/89 (London)

Prince Charles: Bob, what do you know about this cold-fusion breakthrough in Utah?

Dobbs (Toronto): Forget it, it's a hoax! I wouldn't trust these Pons and Fleischmann characters if I were you. Listen, Charles, get the new Zappa album, "Broadway the Hard Way." Even though you never liked him, I think you'll respond to this one.

Dec. 5/89 (Toronto)

"They won't print it, the scum," Eugene Mallove moaned as he charged into Bob's office.

"If I can assassinate the phonetic alphabet within five years..." Dobbs was confidently saying into his telephone, not his speakerphone. He was being interviewed on a radio talk show.

_____ 1991

April 5/91 (New York)

Connie Dobbs: Ken, these results are amazing. The AIDS patients are actually improving their immune systems.

Kenneth Ainslo: I wouldn't have dreamed of such results before.

_____ 1993

April 23/93 (Los Angeles)

Connie: David, what do you make of this Hillary Clinton character?

Worcester: Remember, doctors make up something like forty percent of the Republican Party. And the Republicans have got only five years to regain control.

July 14/93 (Los Angeles)

Bob looked at the fax sent from Hawaii by Shelly--his head nodding to "Jimmy Mack" as he chuckled over what Hillary Clinton was going to do with this. Shelly used to work in the lab with Connie but she took a break to return home. Her little village was hosting Hillary and Bill's vacation in Hawaii for a couple of days so Shelly thought why not tell Hillary about the treatments for many diseases, including AIDS, Connie had developed in her lab at Dobbstown. Bill missed the opportunity because he had to go back to the U.S.A. to cover for the floods in the Midwest. Since everything and anything, including the "virtual," had completely disappeared by 1990, it was difficult for Bob and Connie to project to anybody, and for anybody to project to them. "So will the late Mrs. Clinton miss the same old golden opportunity?", Bob asked himself as he now wiggled to "Teenage Spirit" by Nirvana, which reminded him Frank Zappa would soon be packing for his next tour. Bob looked at the calendar. It

was July 14. In a week he would be told that Hillary's best friend, Vincent Foster, had shot himself.

Nov. 2/93 (New York)

William Irwin Thompson: Many people in the seminar are puzzled because you keep mentioning McLuhan's tetrad. They don't see how it relates to the evolution of consciousness.

Dobbs: Wait until I bring up Lyndon LaRouche. They'll be even more puzzled.

Thompson: Seriously, Americans have completely forgotten about McLuhan.

Dobbs: Your students don't seem to be aware of Wired magazine.

Thompson: What's that?

Dobbs: A new popular magazine that touts McLuhan as its "patron saint." It's having an impact as the "Rolling Stone" of the Nineties while using McLuhan as a mnemonic.

Thompson: I'll have to check it out.

Dobbs: And then, when your lectures start again next spring, I won't have to mention McLuhan because perhaps you'll carry the ball.

Thompson smiled, and quickly asked Bob to keep his voice down as it was attracting the attention of the other diners in the Upper West Side restaurant. Later that night Rudy Giuliani was elected Mayor of New York City.

_____ 1994

Aug. 3/94 (New York)

Dobbs: I think we can get a better handle on what James Joyce is doing in Finnegans Wake if we consider that with Ulysses he mated book and movie, while with the Wake he mated book and radio.

Three members of The Finnegans Wake Society of New York (in unison): Come on, Bob! What do you mean by that?

Dobbs: I'm not talking about the content of the book. I'm looking at the forms of perception Joyce is playing with, by the way he lays out the printed text itself.

Two members of The Finnegans Wake Society of New York (in unison): That's ridiculous! That tells us nothing!

_____ 1996

Jan. 1/96 (New York)

Dobbs: It's becoming obvious to me as the Nineties unfold that our battle with the Android Meme during the Eighties is being replayed for popular consumption in the Nineties.

Connie: Then that means our reappearance in New York is the "hidden ground" for the Nineties.

Dobbs: Yeah, lockdown ConnieRule!

Connie: This is reflected in the media's obsession with Hillary Clinton and Lady Diana. It's the after-image of the last strut by Isis.

Dobbs: I think I'll write a new manifesto for Flipside magazine celebrating the effects of your living in Manhattan.

Connie: Oh, that's so cute!

June 14/96 (New York)

Bob picked up the phone, "Gerry, have you heard from Christine Hart yet?"

"No, but have you seen Flipside--the new issue?"

"Yes, just today--the chart looks good. The manifesto is now out there. We've reached a new plateau. Wait'll Frank Zingrone sees this--I'll call him tomorrow and warn him."

Bob hung up as Gerry's laughter peeled in the receiver.

Bob dialed another number. "Michael, is that article on the waitresses coming out this week?"

"Yeah, but they edited out the part on Duchamp claiming the artform of being a waiter, that Connie suggested."

Dobbs: No waiting on waiting... for the New York Observer.

Thomas: Any more ideas for articles?

Dobbs: Later.

Bob checked the radio. CBS-FM says they have a new R&B show on Tuesday nights with Bobby Jay. I wonder if he'll open with Barbara Lewis' "Baby I'm Yours." Then he decided to call and introduce himself to Paul Mavrides.

_____ 1997

April 8/97 (New York)

Dobbs: Professor Lotringer, I've followed your Semiotexte publications for years and I've always been interested in your promotion of Jean Baudrillard. After seeing a videotape of your recent dialogue with Baudrillard at the Drawing Center, I was prompted to get in touch with you about a possible introduction to Baudrillard himself.

Lotringer: Well, he's coming to New York in November so that is possible. But first, tell me about yourself. What's your field of study?

Dobbs: I've always been intrigued by the address for your office--number five hundred and twenty-two.

_____ 1998

Jan. 22/98 (Los Angeles)

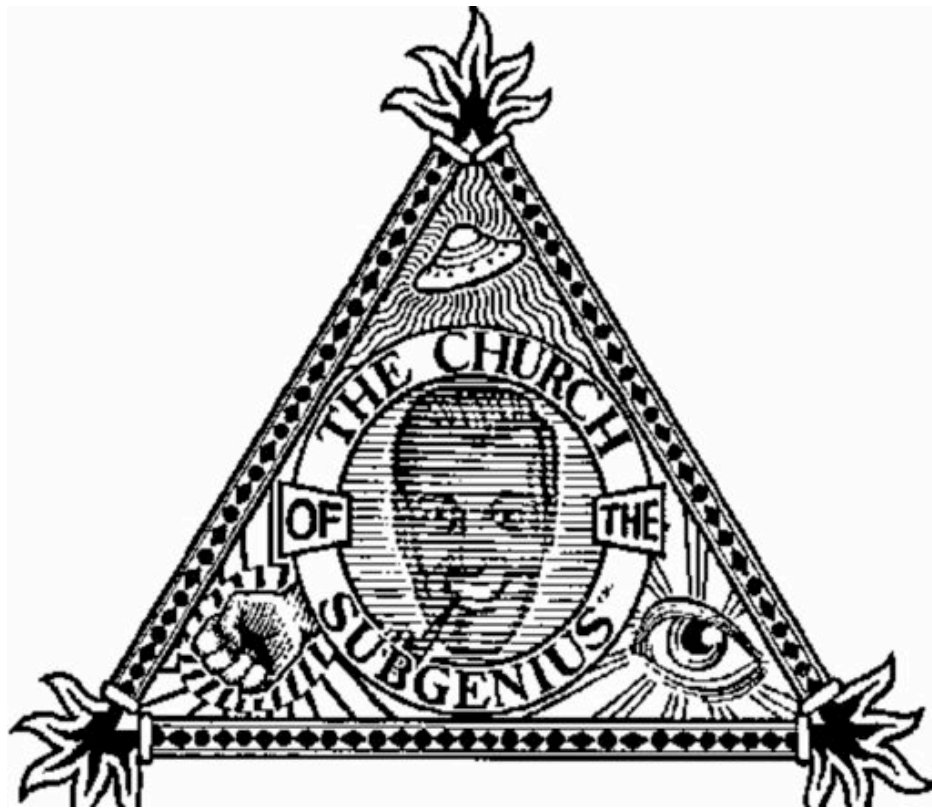
AArtVark (editor for Flipside): Bob, you're not going to be a cover feature in the magazine anymore. You're going to have a regular column each issue. What do you think?

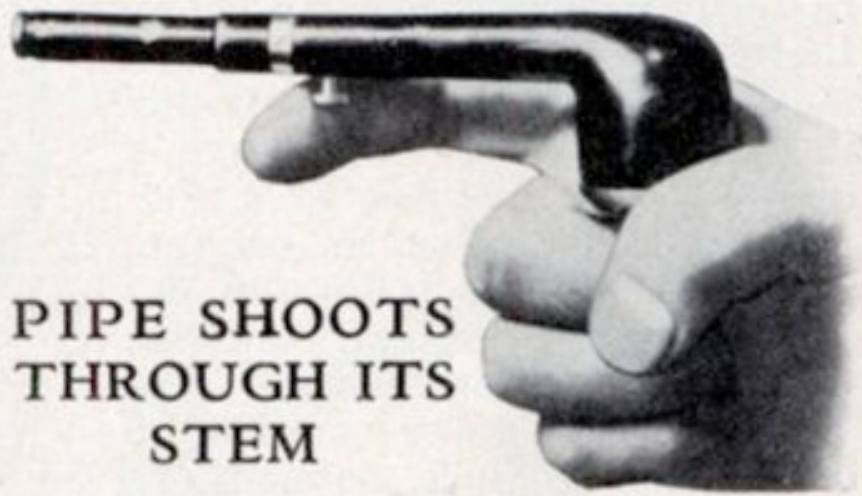
Dobbs (New York): Well, I've been the only constant thing on the cover for the last two and a half years, and X-Day is comin' up on July 5 this year for Rev. Stang and his gang. That'll be it for them! So, sure, I can start releasing the real files on July 6.

AArtVark: We'll need a name for the column.

Dobbs: Let me think about it. I'll get back to you in a couple of days.







PIPE SHOOTS THROUGH ITS STEM

THOUGH innocent enough in outward appearance, a novel type of firearm disguised as a smoking pipe serves as a formidable weapon when it is needed. The gun fires a .25 caliber cartridge. Its stem unscrews for loading, while the bowl of the pipe serves as a magazine for five extra rounds of ammunition. A knurled screw near the center serves as a trigger, and fires the pipe pistol when it is pulled back as illustrated in the photograph above, the user sighting meanwhile along the length of the stem. A German inventor is responsible for the unusual weapon.

