

BRAVE NEW WORLD

**A
Different
Projection**

by John
Harland



A rebel of the sixties generation has now matured and found words for his thoughts. In San Francisco John Harland, at nineteen, and an eighteen year old runaway named Jill, joined forces to create a new world. They explored and rejected various alternative lifestyles before discovering what they wanted. Harland tells their experiences and findings and he tells much more.

Along with his examination of lifestyles he and Jill explored, he examines what's wrong with the establishment, with emphasis on manipulation by word-conditioning, and looks at many well-known doomsday books, such as Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD, Orwell's NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR, Zamyatin's WE, and H.G. Well's TIME MACHINE. This is a provocative, multi-dimensional book written from the perspective of a young man now backing his youthful thoughts and actions with experience and clear words. Harland may not be voicing the consensus thoughts of the sixties rebels but his world is startlingly new—and exclusively for the brave.

1.

Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* was widely read and discussed when first published in 1932 and, because passing time has corroborated the accuracy of his projection, this work has now become a firm point of reference. I want to refer also to George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*, Yevgeny Zamyatin's *We*, and H.G. Well's *The Time Machine*.

These doomsday books, as well as books fictionalizing what authors consider a desirable future, stimulate the thoughtful reader to evaluate behavior patterns and consider possible directions for social development. This interest in actively searching for a more acceptable lifestyle is the one that has priority from my perspective.

I want to say some things that I consider significant about the present world and about possible future worlds, and if what I say is going to have any value, it will have to appeal to the thoughtful reader. But, not liking to fly false colors, I want to admit at once that I am not a graybeard scholar. On the contrary, much of what I have to say is based upon my belonging to the generation of noisy kids in the sixties who considered everyone over thirty part of the old, decaying "establishment" and ourselves young saviors out to create an "alternate lifestyle."

As advance indication of my viewpoint, I can only say that I am not going to corroborate the doomsday books. I may even move toward the position of Shakespeare's starry-eyed Miranda, whose words, ironically used, supplied Huxley's title. However I want to begin by acknowledging the validity of

the doomsday prophets' projections. I think those projections follow logically from the most conspicuous present trends.

Zamyatin's *We* fictionalized that existing powers will alter

human nature by lobotomy-like operations on the brain. This does not appear improbable, but to me it is a less disturbing prospect than Huxley's projection. In both *We* and *Nineteen Eighty-four* the projected conditions are brought about by force. That leaves room for optimism. So long as overt force is necessary the doomsday does not appear inevitable; the need to use force implies the existence of a latent opposing force. The need to use force implies that the will to resist the trend has not entirely disappeared.

Huxley's book leaves no room for optimism. It shows a bureaucratic system admired by the lowliest worker as greatly as the highest administrator. The system has created a population of what some would call "slaves". However the "slaves" do not have to be coerced. All will to opposition has been broken. They love their servitude. When human animals have reached this state it is a point of no return.

In his foreword to the 1958 Bantam Books reprint of his *Brave New World*, Huxley, who called them slaves, summarized the conditions for making people love servitude. He explained that as political and economic freedom diminish there must be an encouragement of freedom in sexual promiscuity, freedom for daydreams under the influence of drugs, movies, radio, TV, et cetera, which will help reconcile all to the servitude that is their fate. In the same foreword he acknowledged that he gave his *Savage* an undesirable limit by requiring him to choose between the life of a primitive and an insane life in the projected Utopia. He stated that he had done so because at the time he found it amusing and quite possibly a true projection. Then he said that if he were to rewrite the book at the time of the reprint he would offer his *Savage* a third choice, a society composed of freely cooperating individuals devoted to the pursuit of sanity, that in so doing he would be giving the entire work some philosophic completeness.

However he concluded that a book about the future can be of interest only if its prophecies look as though they might conceivably come true. He chose not to rewrite what he had

done. Instead he pointed out that it looked as though the insane Utopia he had projected in 1932 was becoming a reality about six times as fast as he had predicted.

Today his projected approach to doomsday seems to be still further accelerated. Many of the "slaves" already love their "slavery." A few of us still do not.

Until the point of no return is actually reached, we are all subjected to the same dual persuasions of the jack ass with a carrot held in front of his nose and a stick prodding him from behind. Both methods of producing servitude always go together until the servitude is fully accepted. We, in Europe and North America, might do well to realize that when force is no longer necessary it is not a logical basis for pride.

What is happening to the human species?

The equivalents of sticks and carrots—that is, immediate physical prods and immediate physical enticements—are still used initially to make slaves of people, just as they are for enslaving other animals, and they always continue as back-up methods. But when dealing with people, the more complete enslavement is implemented by words. When the stage of words is reached the enslavement is much easier and more enduring.

The simultaneous use of sticks and carrots undoubtedly confuses limited-language animals to some extent and the confusion serves to weaken the will. But for human beings in the jackass role, words multiply the same sort of confusion to an infinite extent. The endless stream of words, stimulating thoughts that subtly distort reality, becomes like the patter of a magician, the patter that deflects attention from the movements of the magician's deft fingers. The word-patter washes out from the brain the inborn perception of reality and replaces it with a verbal distortion—in which the innate will becomes totally frustrated and ceases to direct action.

When the condition of verbal control without the use of physical force reaches this stage, "slave" is no longer an appropriate description. The more fitting description is "zombi".

2.

What can freedom mean to a zombi?

In his book Nineteen Eighty-four Orwell fictionalized that there was a motto to be seen everywhere: FREEDOM IS SLAVERY.

When radio and television came into mass production between 1920 and 1940, these new media for making and controlling word-conditioned people had theretofore undreamed of possibilities. With the aid of these mass media, words could be just as effective and much easier to use than physical lobotomies.

By the 1960's there were so many groups other than elected government officials into the manipulating game that government was not even identifiable as the only source from which oppression, or any such thing given a new name, could come. If a group other than the elected government got control of the mass media, the elected government could simply be manipulated out of existence and a new government manipulated into existence. With the people of the United States the most powerful in the world, and the ones most susceptible to manipulation, the world was in a dangerous condition.

The source was hard for us zombis to identify. The million verbal sticks held by the million hands annoyed us only slightly, but the million carrots were nauseating. Yet clearly it was not simply the identifiable government. Nothing more descriptive of the hands with the sticks and carrots could be found than "establishment".

We did not really know what we were opposing but, as late as the 1960's, some of us still had enough will left to oppose what we called the "establishment".

I led no student revolt at any big university. I made no

public display of burning my draft card while police standing by to arrest me looked on. I was part of the "movement" only as a water boy is part of a construction crew. But I became a young adult at the end of the sixties and something of the spirit of the times is not yet dead within me.

I am disturbed by the futility of that first impulse to resist. I cannot forget it. All efforts were nothing more than an emotional outlet for some remaining trace of our innate animal impulses. There was no clear battle strategy. There was no clear and positive objective or direction. I cannot even see the "major thrust" of most attempts to change the establishment, or create an alternate lifestyle, as directed against what was objectionable in the existing order. Instead I see them as actually moving in the history-old direction and accelerating the trend.

Certainly the objective spectacle was never that of grim-faced, frost-bitten, ragged soldiers, wading icy rivers in night's darkness and spurring their weary bodies into an attack against a well-rested, fully-fortified enemy in the misty dawn. In the jeans-and-leather-jacket-war against the existing order of things, the jeans were faded not because they had been worn through many skirmishes but because new jeans had been repeatedly put through establishment-cherished washing machines and dryers to give them the fashionable worn look. And it took very little scrutiny of the leather jacket to discover that it was not made of leather because leather was the only material for raiment in a wilderness where cloth was unavailable. The leather jacket was the finest, most supple, best tailored peice of casual looking clothing that long searches through establishment shops with profuse selections could discover. And the faces of those out to make a better world were the most pleasant, untroubled-looking faces of well-developed, well-nourished male and female young adult human animals ever to claim that they had a valid and serious grievance against the society in which they lived.

An extremely high percentage of all attempts to "break

away" served only to point out how complete the zombi-conditioning had been. The attempt described in Mark Vonnegut's *The Eden Express* shows able young people, with the ability and opportunity to do anything they want, seeking to escape from the existing order without identifying what they want to throw off nor what way of life they want to follow. It is sufficiently typical to be called a classic example. Most such efforts have simply convinced those who tried that they were foolish. Often they ceased to assert "what man has done, man can change".

Unmistakably, zombism created by words is more effective on the individual so conditioned than slavery created by physical force. But there is also another factor that makes words, when used to cloud perception of reality and frustrate natural impulses, more effective than sticks and carrots used in a world that is real.

Because man is a social animal, the all-important pattern that deflects attention from significant realities is transmitted from a highly conditioned zombi to a lesser conditioned one. Zombism spreads like an infection. It passes from parents to children so consistently that there actually becomes a question as to whether it has already been inbred in the human race. If not already inbred, at least it is already something seriously affecting human destiny. Humans now have a handicap that does not affect non-verbal animals.

A lion brought into captivity apparently has a strong memory that it was born free. After long servitude, a jack ass apparently ceases to distinguish between servitude and freedom; he begins to accept his condition as "the way things are." Nonetheless it is easy to find a jack ass and a jenny ass who have found the gate down, simply wandered away, and, in one generation, a baby ass is born free. They have taken no verbal conditioning along with them and passed it on to their offspring.

We humans, who tried to escape from the establishment, had a verbal conditioning that dated back to our first months in the cradle. We took it along with us. We were less than other animals; we were zombis.

3.

About as accurately as can now be estimated, life has existed on this earth for at least 3,000 million years, mammals for more than 65 million, man for perhaps 3 million, and the written history of man for less an 1/100th of 1 million. Somewhere in the dark unknown after man appeared on earth, and before the dawn of written history, man became conditioned to his existence as a non-sovereign unit of a verbally controlled group.

I do not know exactly how it happened, nor does anyone. I can speculate that before the evolving thought pattern could be clarified and accurately put into words, clever wordsmiths may have declared themselves to be spokesmen for the total universe—or for the abstracted sovereign essence of the total universe. Their cleverly twisted words may have made the first zombis. Or it may be that the tribe, vaguely conceived as an entity, was pushed into the place of the total universe as a possible sovereignty overriding that of the individual.

I do not know. I know only that all of man's recorded history is the history of manipulated zombis.

Sometime before that history began, the human race replaced any sincere and intelligent search for harmony with the total universe with a simple game that absorbed everyone's attention. The demonstrated ease with which zombis can be made had prepared the materials for the game. Zombis were the pawns or counter chips. The game consisted of manipulating the concept of sovereignty outside the individual so as to create the biggest and most powerful group.

We, who want to get out of that "establishment" game, look at the long steady curve of organic life, and we can see only admirable developments that come forth from some

seemingly miraculous motivation, a motivation that must still be buried somewhere within us. Then, less than 1/3000th of the distance back there is this sudden deviation from the direction of organic life.

We peer into the the dark past, where nothing is actually visible, and find the terrible happening too much for us to comprehend. Our minds are stunned.

All who have any remaining glimmer of perception know that, although beating sticks, stone knives, and brute force were auxiliary weapons, the critical weapon that did the awful job was words. Without words it could not have been done.

The zombi-conditioning was word-created; words are what keep it going.

And yet, occasionally, in years long scattered, some skilled poet picks up the same weapon of words that did all the damage and uses words to recarve forgotten images in the brain, images that even the blind sometimes see.

Archibald MacLeish looked at that little straight line stretch of time from the dark moment in pre-history to the present and, unlike the doomsday prophets, he wrote with the long-range perception of a true poet. However, like the doomsday prophets, he could see how far the play had already progressed. So he called his work: ACTFIVE. It opens:

"THE STAGE ALL BLOOD" and we see:

"... on the forestage Man

"Murdered, his wounds like words so many wounds—" then the question:

"Who shall speak the couplet for the ending of the play?" he searches for a hero and asks:

"Who will give right to the wrongs that death has done us—

"That we ourselves have done us worse than death?"

As we read on we find the thing I have just said in mathematics and graphs. It is better when given to us by a poet.

"Minute upon an immense plain "The mortal flesh and mortal bone "Are left among the stones to play "The man beneath the moon alone: —"

4.

When I first began to see the total recorded history of man as the history of man's madness, even though the historians made great effort not to call it that, I could only suspect that I, myself, was going mad. How could I conclude that substantially all the four billion people in the world could indeed be totally insane and still continue to muddle along? That conclusion was something that I had to continually re-examine. I am still doing that. But the facts are spread out before me and they do not go away.

All history, presented as something to study in order to "learn the wisdom of the ages" and passed on by groups of conditioned zombies, is the history of groups of conditioned zombies. The omission of all else implies: That's all there is—except the history of animal-like savages and a few renegade individuals. There is the further implication that dissenting individuals are ineffectual in the great scheme of things and so deserve no attention.

However if anyone looks closely one can find, scattered throughout such histories, indications that perception of a great reality based on the desirability of individual sovereignty has not been completely destroyed. The indications are few and the search must be pursued carefully. It is like panning gold dust from tons of gravel. But it is possible to find pay dirt. Or, to use the simile of Epictetus, who was highly conscious of individual sovereignty as a rare and precious thing, it is possible occasionally to find, in the drab cloth of humanity, a thread of purple. He wanted to be such a thread and his words, those of a freed slave banished from Rome in the first century A.D., are still repeated by individuals trying to resist zombism and trying to support the glow of light still feebly flickering in their own brains. He

said: "Of one thing always be aware, O man; what is the price at which you sell your will. If you do nothing else, do not sell your will cheap."

I, who am of European descent, I who have become part of the advance echelon of Western culture and am unhappy with what I have become, I who want to break away and find an alternate way of life, would like to know the actual direction of the culture from which I sprung. I go to the Icelandic Eddas and search through them for their meanings and know that, even there, in the oldest readable records, I am looking at stories that were distorted by their theocratic authors, presumably because they wanted to falsify the record.

Richard Wagner carefully studied the distorted fragments and used something he got out of them as the background for his Ring operas. The music of these operas attracts me and I puzzle over the meaning of the story thread that underlies them. There have been whole libraries written in analysis of that story thread.

I am not going to delve into that analysis. I am panning for gold; not writing a scholarly paper. I have looked at some interpretations, not systematically but because I thought I had seen color. I want to orient a change of direction from the doomsday predictions on something in Melvin Gorham's "An interpretation of Richard Wagner's THE VALKYRIE, A play in three acts."

Also at this time I want to admit that some of the language, language perspectives as well as terminology, that I have already used, and will continue to use, I have taken from that play and from other works by Gorham.

Possibly for the same reasons that Orwell chose a future setting for his work, Gorham gives a future setting to his interpretation of what Wagner portrayed as the past. In his foreword he says: "This interpretation of THE VALKYRIE is set in the first half of the twenty-first century to permit full freedom in translating the subconscious symbols into their present day counterparts. The concept of 'nation' might otherwise be an obstacle. The subconscious, of course, can

have no symbol for nation other than a living organism—a giant creature, man-like when looked upon as a thing with which communication is possible; dragon-like when looked upon as a thing to be fought. The mythology of the Northern Europeans was concerned with the undesirable aspects of the nations pressing in upon them from the Mediterranean shores. Nations, per se, were to them essentially undesirable, even as they became to the American Indians. The reverse concept, instilled in every school child in the current world, creates an understandable tendency away from letting the subconscious symbols of the Ring operas come up and find their counterparts in waking consciousness."

Can we, who have been zombi-conditioned from earliest childhood, ever imagine the difficulty involved in trying to warn non-zombis against "nations"?

How could a "nation" be described or talked about to anyone not zombi-conditioned? What symbols could be used? Giants? Dragons? Serpents?

How could non-zombis be warned against conditions in which they would become mere "parts" of entities called "nations"? What defense against these abstract monsters could be recommended?

In Wagner's symbolism, taken from old legends, there is a sword stuck in a tree which can be used to defend honor and slay dragons by the hero who has the ability to pull it out. Sieglinde shows Siegmund the sword and he pulls it from the tree.

In Gorham's interpretation, the symbolic sword and the symbolic tree are shown in the form that present day people perceive them. Linda (Gorham's name for Sieglinde) tells Siegmund about the "nation" of which she has been made an unwilling "part" or "citizen". She is of the same breed and background as Siegmund so she talks to him only about the individuals. She says, "Here perhaps ten out of a hundred are potential sovereigns; ten are dwarfs by breeding and temperament; and the other eighty are total zombis, nothing but ciphers. They resemble animated counter chips in

elections and they give mass inertia in battle, but simply follow 'the properly constituted authority'—the side on top. If Nibelung could be taken they would cause no trouble. All Nibelung could then be a base for full operations against FAFNER. The right ten in each hundred would be faithful. The needed weapon is here for the leader who can use it."

Linda's words can be seen as applying to the present day world. They make the fact that the direction of the "establishment" is backed by majority vote a less awesome thing. I do not know how many "dwarfs by breeding and temperament" our culture has produced and how many people are still only zombi-conditioned, but I find new strength in the probability that somewhere, buried in the tree of our common human heritage, there are others like me who are only waiting for the opportunity to regain their innate sovereignty.

As the story goes on, the fact that there can be no mixing of methods is driven home. The attempts to use the dwarfs' methods, even though the sought-for end-result is admirable, causes the downfall of Wotan and all the gods. It also results in the treacherous slaying of Siegfried-the-dragon-slayer, and results in the tragedy of the one woman on whom has been focused all the wrongs done by gods, men, and dwarfs. As a vulnerable, dissenting individual, Brunnhilde stands alone in a hostile world and knows that the spilling of all the blood in that world would not wash away the wrong that has been done to her.

Looking at what has been extracted from the garbled records, I, who have searched for an alternate way of life, wonder if some cherished and carefully guarded knowledge might have come down as my verbal heritage if the Orwell -portray ed- method-of -modifying-history-to- support -present-attempts-to-mold-the-future had not been practiced so zealously.

I look at the War Commentaries of Caesar and find "What makes a German tribe particularly proud of itself is to live in the middle of a wilderness, with as much land as possible

beyond its frontiers waste and derelict." I wonder if Caesar, being a soldier, made a mistake when he put a soldier's interpretation on the purpose. I wonder, also, if the "savage German tribes" themselves, the last ones to fall before the Roman armies carrying "civilization" to the Northern European "barbarians", may not even, after several generations of continuous physical defense, have forgotten why they so highly valued an impassible desert between themselves and all who had fallen under Rome's "civilizing" influence. I wonder if the wasted no-man's-land was originally cherished, not as a military defense, but as a cultural defense.

But if ever there was a mother lode of wisdom set down in words, the hope of finding it now has to be abandoned. I can only pan for dust. And when I have collected enough, I can try to discover if, when melted down, it can be fashioned into something of intrinsic beauty and value.

I want to take no further criteria of value from the establishment. I want to deal no more in the minted coin-of-the-realm that takes its value solely from the image of a Caesar, or other "authority," on its face. I want no more of that Orwell-portrayed "authoritative" history, minted by zombi-makers, that made up my compulsory zombi-conditioning called "education."

I cannot know my real verbal history. So I peer back into the darkness before written history and again orient on the only thing of which I am sure—my organic heritage, and the earth and water from which it came.

5.

Acknowledging the reality of widespread human madness, I asked myself how I could meet the world in which I lived. All people were mixed together and our ways of life were mixed. I refused to join the dwarfs in their game of verbally trying to control the zombis. But I had no Linda to show me those who were neither zombis nor dwarfs. I had to listen to words spoken by all humans, look for clues, and try to discover some way to make distinctions. Now I have begun to make some.

In Walden, Henry David Thoreau says, "I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born." When I find that attitude in any person I am quickened to new life by an evidence that I may have found someone who is neither a dwarf nor a zombi.

I need more words than Thoreau uses to state my attitude fully because I first need to state what I am rejecting. I admit that the total collective ideas and thought patterns that make up what is called civilization contain many flakes of gold in the dross. But only if it is acknowledged that the whole, as a whole, is a junk heap made by dwarfs with dwarf-purposes, can it be accepted as something from which bits containing value can be selected and put together. And it is the selector, not the selection, that is of the highest value. What is selected is not "the wisdom of the ages". The wisdom of the ages is in the child the day it is born.

Animals other than man largely retain the wisdom with which they were born and so give evidence of the wisdom that civilization has mutilated. The Tarzan books of Edgar Rice Burroughs have provided millions with a vicarious escape from civilization; they have served as a release-giving drug that helped to preserve sanity. I cannot say to what extent Burroughs so intended them. However, a

poet has made a clear statement. Deliberately, Walt Whitman, in his poem titled Walt Whitman, loafs and invites his soul, and comes up with these observations:

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd; I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins; They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God; Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things; Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived

thousands of years ago; Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth So they show their relations to me, and I accept them."

When the "movement" began, when we who were not yet total zombies tried to break away from the "establishment" and find "an alternate way of life", we appeared to have a ridiculous affection for a cruder past before the "plastic" age. We appeared to be trying to turn back time. I guess we were like children seeking the day of our birth, trying to find the wisdom with which we were born. We tried to grow our own food, milk goats, and exchange a tractor for a horse. Thoreau's brief attempt to do the same a century and a half before became our guide. This was because in Walden he had left some supporting words. We needed words. We had developed a zombi-dependence on words. We knew with our inborn wisdom that what we had to escape to was the organic world from which we sprung, the world of animals, of growing things, of trees, and that-more-difficult-to-understand-inorganic-world from which the organic, itself, had come—the earth, the oceans and streams, the mountains and the sky. We needed nights spent under the stars. But we had to have some words to tell us that our innate wisdom was valid. Thoreau had given us some support when he wrote:

"I went into the woods because I wished to live

deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to the lowest terms ... to know it by experience."

Some of us found some part of what we went into the woods to find. But few of us were able to put it all together. Almost none of us knew in what direction to go after we had found that first starting point.

All too many of us just recognized the starting point and could do nothing but try to tell about that starting point in words—as we had been conditioned to do. We sat outside our half-built shanties around a campfire under the stars and repeated to each other, "This is great, man. THIS IS GREAT." There was an inner warmth to the words, an animal feeling behind them no more articulate than animal sounds. I thought the animal eloquence raised our words to the highest heights. I contrasted our non-verbal eloquence to a memory I had of a girl quoting the whole of John Masefield's *Sea Fever* when several of us were out in a sailboat and the night seemed too calm for such disturbance. I had resented her words at the time because there had been too many of them and not enough real feeling for the sea. I thought our sparse words uttered with animal feeling were more articulate. But more and more when someone repeated, "Man, this is great," someone else's nod was accompanied by a funny smile. The twisted, friendly but resentful, smile seemed to say that even those few words were far less eloquent than the silent gaze of the dog lying by the fire. Gradually any such expression as "this is great" came to be a sheepish utterance.

Then we came to have a sheepish feeling about where we were and what we were doing—just because we could not

put it into words. We were fully conditioned zombies. Without our knowing it, something in us asked how we could think about a direction of development until the first move had been sanctified by a verbal statement.

Vaguely I began to suspect that our believing that what we were doing was great had to have a formal statement in words and be printed in commercial fashion.

An acquaintance of mine in San Francisco was a publisher, so I wrote what I thought was an eloquent and persuasive argument for the Tightness of our back-to-nature direction, and tried to get him to read it. Because I had got into his office by the claim that I was his friend, he did look at it, but he told me it had all been said by Ralph Waldo Emerson long ago and said much better,

"But that was long ago and he's no longer anything but part of a literature course," I insisted. "This is now, this is what's happening."

"Yeah," he said, "but I'll tell you something else that's happening now. There are more than thirty thousand new books published every year. The copyright office has them stacked in the aisles and hallways because it can't build new storage buildings fast enough to hold them."

I asked if he were implying that everything worthwhile had been said before and perhaps said better

"Who knows? Who will ever know? There's just too much. It's like the story in your school books about the leprechaun who showed a boy which tree in the forest had all the leprechauns' gold buried under it. The boy tied his yellow scarf around the tree and made the leprechaun promise not to take it off while he went home to get a shovel. When he got back he found that the leprechaun had kept his promise. He had not untied the scarf. But he had tied a yellow scarf exactly like it around every tree in the forest."

My publisher friend was very busy and I didn't want to impose further on our rather casual friendship. I went away wondering why an editor wanted to be an editor.

I went away and sometime later helped start an "underground" paper condemning editors who would not

publish what is really happening. As part editor of that paper I decided one thing: A pencil line marking out words may be a better path to wisdom than writing them. The ridiculous thing is that I am now writing words in condemnation of words.

I will at least do this: I will forgo quoting my own verbosity, arguing the Tightness of what we were doing, and quote from Emerson's essay on Nature that tells what we thought was great. Even Emerson may not be as eloquent as our animal sounds of approval, but somehow it seems the thing has to be put into words—so here is what Emerson says:

"At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he takes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find Nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. . . .The anciently-reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks and oaks almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommuncable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year."

"These enchantments are medicinal, they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own, and make friends with matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools would persuade us to despise. We never can part with it; the mind loves its old home: as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes and hands and feet. . . .The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet."

"It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of

water, and over plains; the waving rye-field; the mimic waving of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes; the musical, steaming, odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames, or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room—these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion. . . . We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty; we dip our hands in this painted element; our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura, a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with their private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the poorness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have early learned that they must work as enhancement and sequel to this original beauty. I am over-instructed for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. I cannot go back to toys. . . . I can no longer live without elegance."

And then, without naming it, he deals with the question of a sovereignty beyond the individual will:

"Man carries the world in his head, the whole astronomy and chemistry suspended in a thought. Because the history of nature is charactered in his brain, therefore is he the prophet and discoverer of her secrets. Every known fact in natural science was divined by the presentiment of somebody, before it was actually verified."

"The knowledge that we traverse the whole scale of being, from the center to the poles of nature, and have some stake in every possibility, lends that sublime lustre to death, which philosophy and religion have too outwardly and literally striven to express in the popular doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The reality is more excellent than the report. Here is no ruin, no discontinuity, no spent ball. The divine circulations never rest nor linger. Nature is the

incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated. . . . Hence the virtue and pungency of the influence on mind of natural objects..... Man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated. That power which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel, delegates its smile to the morning, and distils its essence into every drop of rain. Every moment instructs, and every object; for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain, it slid into us as pleasure, it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence until after a long time."

I now agree with my publisher friend that Emerson is saying very close to what I wanted to say and saying it better. But at the time his words seemed tainted because they were fed to us in school. He was part of some category of writers in an American Literature Course, and that was something that gave us a half credit or a whole credit in a year when we needed two more and had to fill in our schedule. He was part of the gravel going through the sluice box. Our education was the sluice box but that same education had already taken away from us our own selves, had taken the mercury of ourselves, that should have been underneath the gravel flow, selectively holding only the heavy gold. Or, put in the publisher's simile, Emerson's gold was under one of the trees in the forest when every tree had a yellow scarf tied around it. His words were something to sluff off immediately. Even before the next class. He talked about making friends with matter; that would have sounded awfully crazy in a physics class the following period.

Why? Why would it have sounded crazy? I could not have given anything resembling an answer if I had been asked that question then. Our education did not allow us to let the learning being poured into us settle and our own thoughts come through. Now I occasionally have a thought that I think I can call my own and I, myself, ask some questions.

Was Emerson's statement really as crazy as it would have sounded in a physics class? Emerson was obviously implying that objective and subjective knowledge of matter are different perspectives for focusing on the same reality. That seems to me a point worth considering. Why is it totally rejected: If it is valid, then one whole person might discover the secret of matter alone; but all the scientists in the world, limiting the method to objective analysis, could never discover it. Is there any reasonable basis for limiting the study to purely objective methods? Is it simply a swing of the pendulum from a past overemphasis on the "spiritual"? Why had the narrow "spiritual" perspective for looking at reality been set forth in the first place? Looking at what happened in the "spiritual trip", it is obvious that concentration on a search for something, when no answer could ever be found that would bring the search to an end, gave a continuing basis for group cohesion. If discovery of the secret of reality by exclusively objective methods is the impossibility it appears to be, then "scientific" study provides the same continuing basis for group cohesiveness as "spiritual" study. Underneath every direction that is blown up into a mass movement, is there nothing but the history-old game of finding some pretext for building the biggest group?

I did not have the thoughts I am now writing while passing between an American Literature class and a class in physics. I did not have time for any thoughts of my own. Such thoughts are not easy to formulate and it is almost impossible for one who has undergone zombi-conditioning to distinguish between what he, himself, thinks and what he has been conditioned to think.

It was about a year after I visited the publisher before I read Emerson, reread what I had written, read Emerson again, and decided that my friend, even though over thirty, was right in his opinion that Emerson had said what I wanted to say and said it better. By then I had also decided that my aversion to a prim kid quoting Masfield on a moonlit night under full sail was maybe just because she

was another guy's girl and I had no empathy for her.

Now I have lost some of my need to make my own freshly new combinations of words when clear words for what I want to say are already before me. I have begun to adopt the well expressed thoughts of some writers to express thoughts that are my own—if a zombi-conditioned human being can ever discover his own thoughts. I tell myself that, although I am using the words of others, I am making my own selections, and that the patterns I make of what I select are my thought patterns. At first I did not quote it except to myself but I found profound meaning in a couplet from one of Masfield's Sonnets:

"I touch the faith which nothing can destroy, The earth, the living church of ancient joy."

Now I am confident to look within myself for what I was at birth, carefully nurture any remaining trace of myself, look at the realities outside me, say, "This is great", and choose that as my starting point. From that point of beginning I see two opposing directions, like those at a crossroads, and, with my own will, I reject some parts of my zombi-conditioning that I have discovered. Then, as best I can, I choose a direction for myself.

I do not want to join in analyzing the "wisdom of the ages" by pouring over a word-distorted history with the hope of learning life's meaning.

I do not want to seek knowledge of life like the Greeks who endlessly tangled themselves in logic carefully reasoned from unsound premises.

I do not want to seek knowledge of life like the East Indians who sit and meditate and enslave apprentice beggars with promises of teaching them the path to ultimate knowledge as something purely subjective.

I do not want to seek knowledge of life like the Western scientists who peer into microscopes and telescopes and enslave apprentice helpers with promises that they are just on the verge of discovering the secret of matter and of life by looking at everything with detached objectivity.

I have concluded that living is not a science but an art. I am a living organism. I was born knowing about life. I was born with a sense of beauty and life is beauty—it is joy, truth, goodness, whatever word one gives to the organic impulse that says "yes" to life. That says: "This is it!" That says: "This is great!"

I can now quote great writers, not because I need the support of hallowed words, but because they say what I want to say and say it better. I have never been able to put my own words together as effectively as good poets but I recognize what I want to say in words from John Masefield's SONNETS:

"Here in the self is all that man can know
Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the power,
All the unearthly color, all the glow,

Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone,
Beauty herself, the universal mind,
Eternal April wandering alone. The god,
the holy ghost, the atoning lord,
Here in the flesh, the never yet explored."

6.

I wish I could assume that all possible readers of what I write were familiar with Melvin Gorham's Six Disciplines of Man's Being. Then I could use references to make what I want to say clearer. However if everyone had read and understood that work, I believe we would be living in a different world. So I will simply use some ideas I got from it in my own way.

I thought about trying to summarize its significant points. I believe I could make what he says clear to a child whose knowledge was that of a non-verbal animal, a child whose conscious thoughts about reality had come through its own experience. But I quickly discovered that I cannot summarize Gorham's "frame of reference" into fewer words than he uses, and make it clear to adults. Adults are not as wise as children. They have a background of generally accepted current concepts and they usually demand that those concepts be acknowledged. Many adults I have known have found it very difficult, either tentatively to put aside all currently fashionable ideas or to drag the cumbersome cargo through the first three disciplines, (1) time, (2) space, and (3) matter, as Gorham sets them forth. All seem to think they understand the remaining three disciplines, (4) organic life, (5) sex, and (6) man, merely because all can see them as distinct facets of reality. But Gorham's view of the first three opens a perspective for looking at the more familiar things that follow, which makes it possible for reason to join with the animal viewpoint. This reasoned support of the innate animal perspective gives a meaning, purpose, and direction to life, that runs counter to some civilization-accepted ideas. But it says what I want to say. It says "yes" to the natural universe and to the whole of evolution. In my reading of his Six Disciplines, I seemed to see

the whole universe take on a new significance when I had carefully followed through to the fifth discipline, sex. My waking consciousness developed a new intensity of the magnitude that the emotions experienced at puberty, but of a totally different sort. Gorham is not talking about procreative sexual relations. He is talking about sex, itself—what it means to each individual to have organic life split up into male and female.

He sees the innate feeling of maleness and femaleness, not only as something having extraordinary value in itself, but also as organic life's effort to prevent the thing that civilization tries to do to human animals. Civilization tries to make them into "persons", into sexually undifferentiated units. When word-imprintations have overridden the evolutionary direction and made maleness and femaleness seem unimportant, when individuals are conceived as "persons" without significant differences, when they are seen as unsexed "souls" or "citizens" having functional interchangeableness and no difference in perspective—then there is no obstacle to conceiving them simply as sub-units of an overall group entity. Civilization's objective has then been reached: The hypothesized group-entity has become the focus of attention.

Looking at my own memories—and seeing things now that I could not have put into words at the time of the experience—I want to talk about what it means to be an animal of a distinct sex in a world where other organic entities in the advance echelon of evolution are either male or female—where there are no "persons". I am not going to try to put my ideas into the language of philosophy. The best I can do is use myself as a tangible example of what I want to say, and hope that I can make my comments on every day experiences selective enough to point up what I see as significant.

If the significance is going to come across, what I have to say about sex must not be dismissed as simply a feeling that passes with youth—one that should properly be expected to pass. I want to talk about something different from

adolescent "love". Sex "education" has forced the first experiments with sex down to the earliest teens or lower and I was not less sexually experienced than the average person approaching the age of twenty in the Western world during the sixties. With several types of girls I had explored the currently popular practices of sexual sensuality. I had done this just as I had smoked marijuana, drunk various alcoholic mixtures to total unconsciousness, cast my "I Ching" to find support for insignificant decisions, submitted myself to the mood of turned-on drummers, and chanted phrases from Eastern religions in incense-clouded basements. All, including the sexual relations, were persuasive peer group tides of behavior that buried my innate impulses and perception; just as my school education buried whatever ability I might have had to think for myself.

What I have to say can be seen as significant only if the reader recognizes that I know the events, themselves, lack any distinguishing novelty—that they have no value in the current book-and-TV-filled world. I am not telling a story. I feel that I can choose my own experiences as examples because of their ordinariness, because they have no "story" value to distract from their use as examples. I am using specific events instead of trying to reach for a philosophical abstract. I see their significance in the fact that I was departing from the tide of peer group thought that values only what is new and startling. Instead, I was accepting the age-old, undecorated, innate perspective that existed millions of years prior to man. That pre-civilization perspective is what I want to present.

I see myself as leaving civilization's thought patterns, and responding to the pre-civilization perspective of an adult male animal, on a specific day in the Marina Yacht Harbor in San Francisco. My mother and father had long been separated and my mother had remarried and had a life apart from mine. After graduating from high school, I had been living with my father while I worked at various jobs; then my father died. That was about six months before the day I first want to talk about. The six months I had spent, not so

much trying to adjust to being absolutely alone in the world, as just living day to day, and letting the adjustment come when and if it happened. My father left no relatives or friends that became part of my heritage. Also, although he left me a little money, he left me no real estate to claim my attention. I was temporarily out of a job at the time but, after expenses were paid, there was still enough money so that I could live, before looking for work, about four months as my father and I had been living, or a little longer if I gave up the apartment and lived more frugally. Also I had a small sailboat that had been ours together. The point I want to make is that I felt absolutely alone—not lonely, not wanting people—just not part of people.

When my life came into focus I had given up the apartment and was down to buying food in "take-out" hamburger stands and grocery stores, instead of eating in "sit-down" restaurants. Whatever I bought I usually ate somewhere along the waterfront. There I sometimes had some fellow-feeling, not so much with the few human bums I came to know, as with the seagulls. I slept in my boat. There were public rest rooms and a bath house with hot showers in the adjoining park and my life was simple. My life seemed no more nor less complicated than the life of the seagulls. And I imagine that I was no more nor less happy. The time when I might have to "do something" was still far enough away so that I had not felt the pressure of it.

On this particular day I had already made my boat shipshape, the scrubbed deck had dried, and I was sitting on the cabin with my back against the mast, taking in sunshine and feeling companionable with the seagulls sitting on the pilings doing the same thing as I. A half hour before I began evolving into a "fifth discipline" being, I had seen the girl from a distance. She was of the age and had the curves that made my innate emotions recognize her biologically as my species. Further, her blonde hair flowed over a blue backpack she was carrying and that backpack gave me an added empathy for her. It said that what I saw was a self-contained person with at least no immediate social

tentacles around her. Speaking to my reason, that backpack said she was of my species.

Her joy in just living, just being, as she threaded back and forth along the piers looking at the boats, seemed to bring the whole sunshine drenched beauty of the harbor into focus. She embodied it all. She was a female of my species relating in a way I could understand to a reality that I cherished.

My eyes followed her movements as long as she was in view. Like the other things in the world all around me, she was simply something that to watch added to the goodness of life. Then she passed away from my view.

I went back to watching a seagull.

When I saw her again it was a sudden awakening into a dream-like reality. She was standing on the nearest pier looking at me; and she was as pretty close-up as she had appeared in the distance. She told me she had been standing there watching me watching seagulls for a long time.

We just looked at each other, smiled, looked some more and laughed at ourselves.

"Where you going?" I asked, and I noticed the newness of the blue pack.

"I'm going to see the world." She said it simply and expected me to believe it absolutely. I did.

"Where you from?"

"Fresno." She paused and tried to think of something friendly to say. "I haven't been to this boat harbor since I was twelve. I've always remembered these boats from that time and this is the first place I wanted to go when I left home."

I also began to work hard at thinking up friendly things to say. After we had asked and answered questions awhile she sat down on the pier and we talked about ourselves.

She had a family in Fresno, including two younger brothers and a sister. Her parents had known she was leaving on a hitch-hiking trip. They didn't like it but had told her they were not going to lock her in her room; she was eighteen. She had promised to write at least once a month

but not necessarily tell them where they could contact her. I told her about myself. I invited her aboard and she examined every detail of how I lived. I had some milk and some bread and sliced baloney. We sat on deck and ate and gave some to the seagulls.

She left her pack in the boat and we walked along the waterfront, got hot shrimp at the kettles on the sidewalk near fisherman's wharf, and went out on the cargo docks and ate them. We sat there a long time fully relaxed and relating with all our senses to the reality around us. We talked; we looked at each other; we walked along the waterfront some more; and we absorbed the unique reality that we were each just what the other could see, each individually self-contained, no puppet strings running anywhere. Finding each other to be so was a discovery of the first magnitude, an emotional experience that only a Robinson Crusoe could know fully.

We made no plans to stay together but we had no thought of parting. We said we were going to need some food, so we bought big bags of groceries, took them aboard and stowed them carefully as if for a long voyage. It was late afternoon when the stowing was complete and all was again shipshape, so we didn't go out into the ocean. We did take a little sail on the bay. When the sun was setting, all the buildings of San Francisco were darkly silhouetted between us and a color changing sky; the twilight with the lights coming on was a reality—a thing in itself; it seemed to relate to each of us as we had been relating to each other. I could sense that Jill was looking at the world I knew so well with her own eyes, just as I had come to look at it with mine, as if they were the first eyes that had ever seen it.

Darkness came and the stars were out before we got back and tied up again in the harbor. The feel of rough ropes and smooth sails in our hands, the taste of splashed salt water, the sound of our own laughter mixed with the cries of the gulls—every little reality was a newly wondrous thing. We sat together on the deck in the darkness with our backs against the cabin and a blanket around the two of us. We

drank in every moment, each one slowly and separately, and savored its full taste. We didn't want that day ever to end, even though we were vaguely aware in the depths of our animal beings that the night with us together was going to be still more wonderful. The little waves and the dying night breezes around the tall mast and rigging gently rocked us. One eternity passed into another eternity and beyond that was an endless stretch of other eternities. A new world was in the process of creation.

The next morning the new world was there and we lived in it for three weeks.

I have no ability to write poetry that can take essences and look at them from all perspectives as something separate from a specific reality; and if I tried I would probably mouth the poetic clichés of zombi sentimentality without saying anything. Philosophy would be the thing I suppose I really want to write but don't know how. I want to talk about what was significant, now that I can look back and reason about it. The first significant thing was that we were a male and a female of the same species and that made a world in itself. I am not talking about young people whose new-found love colors the one world that we all know for a brief period and makes it appear different to them. I am talking about leaving the world that is colored by civilization's perspective and entering the world of reality as wild animals see it.

For what seemed like a prior eternity, I had been alone, feeling a companionship with the seagulls as the only readily available substitute for companionship with humans. Although I had never thought of really breaking with the zombi-conditioned people that make up the whole human race, no imaginable relationship with humans seemed satisfactory to me. And yet I was a young, healthy male that happened to be human; I was polarized; I was a potential adult male in a world where the girls I knew, even those with whom I had shared faddish sexual sensuality, did not affect me as being either individual, adult, or female. At that time I had not thought about it that way; I just instinctively

rejected them. Also I had not been aware of any tension in me because people living zombi-conditioned lives did not seem to be of my species. But on this morning and for three weeks that followed the tension was gone. It was not the simple biological tension released by sexually-based-sensuality. It was the tension released when something confused that causes unnoticed straining comes into focus.

Jill and I made a world that was ours alone. Because there was no one else in it to upset the focus, it could be known as a reality.

We neither needed other human beings nor opposed them. They were just there, like the water and the sky and the buildings and the seagulls. We watched the seagulls; we said hello to people who wanted to speak. We watched individual human beings when they were doing something that caught our attention but it never occurred to us to think of any real relationship to them.

We thought of nothing but enjoying our world and each of us completed and made that world whole for the other. We sat on the grass at the Palace of Fine Arts and watched the swans. We walked in Golden Gate Park and sometimes noticed people. We walked in the Presidio in the sunlight and in the fog; we walked along the ocean beach in the sunlight, in the fog, and in the night when the stars, the sound of waves, and the salt smell of the sea were the whole of the universe. We spent evenings walking the downtown streets and enjoying the mood of lights and color and glitter and people. We sailed when the sea was in a lazy mood and we absorbed the lazy mood. We sailed when we had to fight wind and wave with the lee rail awash and we enjoyed the friendly fight with the sea. We made love and no ghosts of other loves intruded into our love making. We ate what we could buy ready to eat, we cooked on the little boat stove and were innovative in cooking in park kitchens, on the beach, and wherever we thought it would not upset people. People never interfered with us but we did not think any more about sheltering ourselves from people than we thought of sheltering ourselves from the wind or the fog. We

liked the wind and the fog; we liked the people in the same way. They were part of the reality of the world and were accepted as realities. The casual contacts were sometimes slightly unpleasant, more often pleasant, but we wanted no more than casual contacts and no one pressured us to have more. There was no one in our world but us.

My moorage fee was still prepaid for three months and, since we had enough money to buy food for maybe three or four months, we could have gone on longer as we were. But something in us brought that world to an end. Present day contraceptives make for an unnatural sort of consummate courtship, but courtship was what our three weeks together would have to be called—in the realities of prehuman animals. And then something in us seemed to say we were mated and we wanted to make a life together. I don't know who said the first word that moved in that direction but we were both ready for it. We began to talk of how our life together could be made.

I had worked at various jobs and knew I could make enough money to support us. My father had been an electronics serviceman who travelled a lot and I was familiar with being in a city apartment alone and carrying on the mechanics of living. We talked about how we could live in the ways we both knew and we had no impulse to do it. We were no less zombi-conditioned than others but our innate impulses were strong and each of us had provided an outlet for those impulses in the other without distorting them. Jill had set out to see the world, had found the world that some impulse in her had pressed her to search for, and I had been relaxed while allowing some direction-giving impulse to well up within me, and now it had. We wanted to conceive and have children and we wanted to create a life for ourselves together. But such a life required a world susceptible to being molded by something in the depths of our beings. Suddenly we discovered that no such world opened before us.

For the first time in three weeks we looked at the world we had known before we had met, and saw the familiar

human-thought-pattern distortion of the reality we had been enjoying. It was a different world from what we had been experiencing and a different world from what we wanted.

Choosing an existing pattern in a display catalog is not creating a life. Birds build nests, beavers build dams, and wolves find a cave. All non-human animals are dealing with a world of raw materials that they use to give substance to an impulse within them. They are not choosing patterns set before them objectively. The joy of creation that mating animals know is probably the same joy that made everything that exists in the universe. They are reliving that aboriginal joy of creation as an embryo relives the past stages in its evolution. The human consciousness has the potential to accent the reliving of that aboriginal joy for fuller understanding. Instead the human-race-world we were again looking at wanted to make us into something less than other animals. Before us were displayed a choice of fully articulated life patterns from which we were expected to choose. There was no creation. From the point of any choice, we could already see ourselves, our lives, our children as everything would be in ten years, in twenty years, in old age and death. We might make a well executed copy of a chosen life or we might make some messes in the execution, but we would be making a copy; the pattern was set. The outlines for us to color in were already drawn.

Such a pre-programmed zombi existence seemed to us less like the substance from which to make a world than like a prison in which, if we would make some show of respect for the established rules, we would be allowed to choose our own cells and exercise yards.

But we did not think these things in words as I have said them. My present words say what I now believe our thoughts were at that time. But at that time when we tried to put those thoughts into words, the words always tripped us up. There are so many commonly accepted word patterns from which to choose that it seems they must cover every possibility. And they don't.—Just as the lifestyles we could see spread out before us did not cover all possibilities. We

were not quite sure why but we knew we didn't want what we could see so, like insects exploring each inch of a lighted window pane, we searched our scant knowledge for other possibilities.

Just before my father had died, some casual acquaintances near my age at the place I worked had invited me to join them in trying to develop a pioneer-type life on an abandoned farm in northern California. At the time, the death of my father had deflected my attention. Now, because the prospect was vague enough to stimulate some creative impulses, this became our direction. We decided that we would either join them, if the invitation was still open, or, if not, look for something else of the sort. We put the boat up for sale and I got a brown backpack that had two days less wear on it than Jill's blue one.

With our packs on our backs, marking us as transients not belonging to the establishment, we went forth to discover a new world. Our relationship was not simply the shared sexual sensuality we had both known and rejected before. We had ceased to be civilization-manufactured zombies with some hint of sex still stimulating sensuality in the manufactured product, a product in essence and direction already asexual. We were "fifth discipline" animals.

Where we were going was unknown to us but what we had known together and were leaving had been real as the rest of our lives since early childhood had not. We had recovered our own childhood beings as adults and the intervening years had been blotted out. We had known three weeks as a male and female of the same species looking upon the world as a reality. There had been no zombi-conditioned outlook coloring our joy in each other and in the real world. The sunshine, the bay, the ocean, the parks, even the downtown area of San Francisco and the grocery stores where we bought food, were seen as Emerson talks about seeing the forest when he escapes from the city and walks in it. Other human beings did not appear to us as part of a group of which we also were units. They were something apart from us. They were merely part of the natural environment that

made up a world of space, even as the weather, and the days, and the nights, made up a world of time. We lived in the real worlds of time and space as a male and female of the same species who had found each other. It was only incidental that we were human. We could have been birds, or gophers, or gods, or coyotes. The space in which we lived could have been anywhere. And the three weeks could have been one day, one year, one hour, or all eternity. But it was a real time in a real space world that was complete in itself. We had met and each of us had known the other as a separate reality with a mysterious potential relationship that was an endless joy to explore. And during the time each of us had know what it is to relate to the total universe, something utterly different from individual humans, in the same, personal, fascination-with-differences-and-love-of-the-reality way that, as male and female, we related to each other.

From whichever is their point of beginning, philosophy and poetry merge into one when their seemingly separate goals have been reached—when a statement about some reality has been made without the distraction of any specific incident. Rupert Brooke, in his *Day that I have Loved*, said what I want to say about our feeling for what we were leaving and said it far better than I could say it. He told what it is like for a boy and a girl to have a time—a moment, a day—in which, fully and as intimately as if it were simply another being, like-but-different-from-each-of-them, they have known a total universe that for them has no other people in it. His words tell the essential reality of what we were leaving behind:

"Tenderly, day that I have loved, I close your eyes, And
smooth your quiet brow, and fold your thin dead hands.
The grey veils of the half-light deepen; colour dies. I bear
you, a light burden, to the shroudest sands,

"Where lies your waiting boat, by wreaths of the sea's making
Mist-garlanded, with all grey weeds of the water
crowned. There you'll be laid, past fear of sleep or hope of
waking; And over the unmoving sea, without a sound,

"Faint hands will row you outward, out beyond our sight, Us with
stretched arms and empty eyes on the far-gleaming And marble
sand. . . .

Beyond the shifting cold twilight, Further than laughter
goes, or tears, further than dreaming,

"There'll be no port, no dawn-lit islands! But the drear Waste
darkening, and, at length, flame ultimate on the deep. Oh, the
last fire—and you, unloved, unfriended there! Oh, the lone
way's red ending, and we not there to weep!

"(We found you pale and quiet, and strangely crowned with
flowers, Lovely and secret as a child. You came with us, Came
happily, hand in hand with the young dancing hours, High on
the downs at dawn!) Void now and tenebrous,

"The grey sands curve before me . . . From the inland meadows,
Fragrant of June and clover, floats the dark, and fills The
hollow sea's dead face with little creeping shadows, And the
white silence brims the hollow of the hills.

Close in the nest is folded every weary wing, Hushed all the
joyful voices; and we, who held you dear,
Eastward we turn, and homeward, alone, remembering... Day
that I loved, day that I loved, the Night is here!

7.

We turned away from a reality we had known and loved but we did not turn homeward. The establishment was not our home. We had none. Also we knew no place where, as a mated female and male, we could create our own world. Our first effort to find such a place taught us that the "establishment" from which we wanted to escape was not a physical thing.

One facet of what I want to say is so far removed from usual thought patterns that it will probably seem unconnected to everything else I am talking about. It is not part of what we learned in our first experience; it did not even enter our thoughts until much later; but it does tie to the general idea that what we wanted to escape from was not physical. It also deals with sexuality, with the meaning of maleness. So, recognizing that it may seem incongruous anywhere, I might as well inject it at this time.

We thought of escaping to a secluded place. Speaking the language that had been imposed upon us, we actually phrased it "get a little place we can call our own." It was at least a year later before we questioned what was implied by "a little place of our own" in the realm of abstract ideas. But now we look back at the very idea of "property ownership" and view it as cumbersome baggage we were dragging through our first attempt to escape from the establishment. I do not mean tangible things that we "owned" were cumbersome baggage; I mean the idea of "owning" things. We were trying to escape from zombi concepts but it never occurred to us that ownership, per se, was a zombi concept. Now it seems so to us.

Now it appears that the very idea of "ownership" is a part of the zombi conditioning that has to be thrown out if there is

going to be complete recovery from the conditioning as a whole. By that—and I want to state this clearly and unequivocally—I do not mean abandoning the concept of private ownership for group ownership—communism. I feel that statement necessary because in the sixties so many of my age thought "communes" were a way to an alternate lifestyle. I don't want to be misunderstood. I see any concept of "ownership" simply as an attempt to rationalize, to expediently firm up and formalize, a continuing relationship between the individual and the group. "Commune" moves even further in that direction than "private ownership". However, both are so far removed from my thoughts that I see them as essentially the same. They are both part of a presently accepted relationship between individual and group that was begun back in some distant past; and once begun had to be thought about in some way. I believe that spurious thinking gave rise to the concept of ownership. I no longer accept it.

My position is this: An individual has no need for a concept of ownership. Food becomes part of an organic entity when it is eaten; until that time it is simply seen as part of the universe external to the self. The universe does not "own" it. The individual does not "own" it. When there is a group effort, such as that made by a pack of wolves in bringing down a deer or other big animal, the kill is eaten immediately and no problem is left to puzzle the thoughts. But when human gatherers and hoarders make a group effort to get something desirable to all, and it is not immediately disposed of, when it is there to be looked at in the day and thought about in the night, it takes on a special character. It is seen as separate from the total universe, but is not yet part of any organic entity. In some long-forgotten attempt to identify its special character the concept of ownership was born. The concept has been verbally perpetuated and built upon.

We have no knowledge as to what sort of thing was first conceived as being "owned". We do know that the American Indians ridiculed the idea that anyone could "own" the land.

But the invading people, carrying as part of their conditioning the thing called "Western culture", looked upon land ownership as fundamental to their way of life. I might as well use land as anything else to illustrate my view of the abstract idea.

The concept of land "ownership" comes into being only after the victors have been successful in a group effort that kept or pushed other groups from some area. It is on division of the spoils obtained by group effort that the idea of property rests. Any discussion, after the concept of ownership is accepted, as to whether to have division of land, itself, or simply division of products from land merely tends to bury in the subconscious the implication that group "ownership" exists. After that premise is accepted it follows that an individual might acquire "ownership" as an individual by subscribing to some plan for a group-enforced authority to make a division.

"Ownership" as a concept is accepted by most adults as axiomatic; it is imprinted on the mind of every human child so early that it seems inborn. The concept, itself, is seldom questioned even by the most thoughtful. But the early childhood acceptance of it becomes a tool for the more conspicuous zombiism. I want to examine the tool.

As partial support of my position that "ownership" is a zombi concept, I want to point out that the word has no meaning in legal language. Legal terms are a little more precise than the general zombi words and can be more easily discussed. In legal terms one does not "own" property or territory; one has "title in fee simple". Historically the term was more clearly understood than it is now. It means "title by fidelity to the commander of the fighting forces that now holds, by force of arms, a certain area." Divisions are made and lines drawn to designate areas that are held by individuals "in fee simple." Private "ownership" or "group ownership" are the same in that they are both commitments to a group fighting force.

Natural scientists, trying to support either their own zombi-conditioning or the conditioning of those who finance

their research, have coined the term "territorial imperative" to designate a male wild animal's impulse to drive away intruders. The expression falls in with the verbally created zombi thought pattern. The term itself seems to imply that there is a natural basis for man's concept of property. I do not accept such an implication as valid. I believe that non-verbal animals have no such thought pattern as this term applied to their observed behavior implies.

A term "territorial imperative" used to designate the area from which a wild animal will chase away certain intruders and freely tolerate others, an area which a wolf, for instance, has marked with his urine, seems to be too strongly suggestive of zombi thought patterns to be accurately applied to unconditioned animals. I do not think the animal's urine marks say "I own this territory; this is mine." I think they say simply "I am here" and the emphasis is strongly if not exclusively on "I am".

If I were going to elaborate into a more sophisticated human thought pattern, I think the animal is saying: "I am creating a world."

Pushing still further, I see the animal as saying, regularly and routinely in his everyday way of life, what man says only when he rises to his noblest heights. The animal is saying what man says, when, for one high moment of self-assertion, the limitations of both territory and behavior that have been set for him by his zombi-conditioning are thrown to the winds and he reasserts his integrity as an individual. William Ernest Henley gave descriptive words for such a moment's high assertion in his *Invictus*: "It matters not how strait the gate,/ How charged with punishments the scroll,/ I am the master of my fate:/ I am the captain of my soul."

That is what I think the unconditioned animal is saying with his urine.

I am an animal, a heritage much longer than my heritage as a human, and one that I claim with much greater pride. I think that somewhere underneath my human zombi-conditioning there is something significant and I am trying to dig

underneath and tell what I believe were my natural and valid feelings as an adult male animal with a highly satisfactory mate and an impulse shared with her to create a world. It was not a territorial imperative. It was an impulse to either fight or escape from anything that interfered with the creative expression and untrammelled growth of our mated beings—and that growth required something more than physical territory.

8.

If what I have to say in this chapter is worth reading it is only because common events are viewed from a different perspective that is worth considering.

Mark Vonnegut's *The Eden Express* tells the same story that thousands have to tell about groups of young people looking for an "alternate lifestyle". I have already said that I think his book is a classic. Vonnegut is a vivid writer who gives enough detail about familiar impulses "to put flesh on his characters" and enable the reader to have a vicarious experience. Jill and I moved into the same sort of situation he described with the same sort of people. But I will not try to put flesh on what I have to say; I want to reduce to bare bones. I am trying to isolate certain facets of commonplace experience that I consider to be highly significant.

I will first give the bare bones background that was ours in common with all the others. We were seven couples at first; one had a year old baby. There were sixty acres of an old farm in northern California with a creek running through. On the land was an old house, mostly unusable, and an old barn. It was eighteen miles—twelve over a road that needed a four-wheel drive—to a little town with a supermarket and other conveniences. Things varied while Jill and I were there but when we first came two couples were living in campers, one in a tent, one in a trailer, one in the old house. One couple was trying to build a house and already had a lean-to shelter that kept the rain off.

Jill and I stretched a tarpaulin between trees and slept under it when it rained; mostly we just slept under the stars. We began to build a log cabin. Since we had lived on a boat and were accustomed to compact spaces, we designed our cabin accordingly. Its proposed size was a joke at first but its small size proved to be practical. We got it up, we got

a roof on, and we got a fireplace made of field stones with clay for cement. As long as we stayed there it never fell apart.

I can now see that our idea of building a log cabin was a culturally conditioned thought pattern, not a subconscious dream pattern coming up within us, as is a bird's idea of a nest or a beaver's idea of an underwater home, but it satisfied our mating impulse temporarily. For us the completely new act of felling trees, cutting notches, fitting them together, and all the myriad details of building were so much fun and required so much new creative thought that, as long as the building was uncompleted, we had a focus for our direction that absorbed all our thoughts.

Before the cabin was finished, two couples left, including the one with the baby, and three others came in. We had some unpleasant situations develop but generally we all got along pretty well by usual standards. Often we sat around the campfire and enjoyed being together. The evening campfire gathering became a ritual. Sometimes we sang, occasionally we danced. But even at the time it was happening I, and some of the others, had a disturbing feeling that we were acting out scenes from wagons-west-across-the-praries that we had seen so often they had made a mental pattern.

In spite of faint inner objections, usually unspoken, we persisted in the charade. We let our hair and beards grow long in an attempt to look like what we visualized ourselves to be—pioneers dealing with the natural world. We discarded the readily available clothes we had worn all our lives in favor of things with pioneer appearance—such things as awkward but primitive looking shoes and conspicuous suspenders. Some of the girls even wore long bulky skirts that were far less practical than the accustomed slacks. One man spent the best part of a whole week making a leather hat when he could have bought almost anything imaginable in the way of a ready-made hat for half the price he had paid for the leather itself; and the leather he bought in a shop just as he would have bought a finished hat. A girl

made candles by melting paraffine, mixing it with colors, and pouring it into various available forms. The results were a crude imitation of candles that were commercially available at half the price she paid for the raw materials, and the materials she had bought in a commercial shop. In an attempt to do something more conspicuously primitive she went back to the more time consuming process of making candles by repeatedly dipping the wicks into hot wax. Everyone else had some pioneer act that was a ticket to group acceptance. The girl living in the old house brought in a foot-pedal loom and spent endless hours hand-weaving cloth. Another girl criticized her for buying colored yarn instead of weaving patterns from naturally colored wools. She was talking about buying naturally colored wools—not growing sheep or goats. Looking at what others were doing, Jill and I had to admit to ourselves that our cabin could have been built with two by fours and plywood in a tenth the time we had spent cutting and hewing logs—and it would have been a more weatherproof structure.

I suspect that joy of creation is possibly the basic impulse of the entire universe, and creation because there was joy in it was very much the basic impulse to which we wanted to return. But to a very great extent we were not doing it. We were not creating a world of realities in which, as real persons, we could live and move and have our beings. What we were creating, and holding up before each other and before a great imaginary audience, was not a world of realities; it was an assemblage of imprinted symbols, tangible symbols but still only symbols. The world we were living in existed only in our conditioned thoughts. And even the thought-world was vague. We were not living in the past conditions that the pioneers had known and we were not building on the realities around us. Our innate concepts had been mutilated by civilization and we could not break away from our conditioning. We had no unconditioned instincts left and no thoughts that were reasoned from the reality of things in themselves.

A bird builds a nest, a beaver builds a dam to control the

water level in his house, and both gather sticks or logs or any available material by which to express the dream that was born within them. Everything they use is raw material to them. Beavers are notorious for "spoiling" forests but they were doing it long before man evolved and forests remained unspoiled. To the beavers the living tree is simply raw material and they are creators whose creative urge was inherited from the first cell that squirmed in the Cambrian fen. The urge might even have come from further back than that, but it was something innate, not something imposed from an external source. The tree expresses its creative dream and the beaver his. A narrow objective viewpoint may discover and concentrate on a conflict; but something that embraces and endorses the objective conflict along with the subjective creative urge makes up a whole that is loosely called "nature". Emerson lifts up this all-embracing "nature" before us as something on which to re-orient our civilization-distorted thought patterns. I think most of his words on the subject ring true.

But what is nature—what is natural? And what is unnatural?

I think the civilization from which we felt a need to escape was not a material thing but an unnatural thought pattern. I do not consider that a city is unnatural—physically.

In a vacant lot behind a warehouse near the waterfront in San Francisco, there was an old bum with whom I sometimes used to talk, who had built himself a house of any junk he could pick up. Old signboards made the roof, a still standing piece of concrete from the foundation of a wrecked building gave the major support, packing boxes carefully selected for size and shape made little storage areas; and from inside, when the light was right and you looked at it in the right mood, some bottles and other pieces of colored glass he had fastened with tar into the wall added a feeling that I knew the old man had deliberately created and allowed to continue because he liked it—as an effect seen for itself. Even as it is to the bird and the beaver so it was to that old man; everything he scrounged and used was to him

just raw material; when he adapted anything to his use he was using the thing as an intrinsic reality—not as a symbol. He was a real person in a real world.

With the completion of our cabin, Jill and I began to channel our activities almost exclusively into gardening. Before we had simply helped others garden while our minds were on our building efforts. Full time gardening was less creative than building and gave us more time to think. I recognize now that, with the completion of our house, we had lost our initial momentum. We had started to look with our own eyes at what we were doing and question: Why?

As far as physical problems were concerned, we had much more going for us than the pioneers. We had about twelve acres cleared free of stumps by whoever had been the early settlers. The soil was fertile, the growing season was long, and the winters were mild. I do not speak for the others but Jill and I felt competent to complete what we had started to do. We felt competent to build a new world for ourselves.

However we had bought an undivided tenth interest in the sixty acres. It was clearly understood that we were not a commune; we were going to live separately and merely enjoy being together and helping each other as we visualized the pioneers had done when originally settling the area. We had turned our backs on the establishment and had a stated objective of getting back to natural simplicity for a starting point. Still we, as eight couples, as sixteen persons, were a group; we had unthinkingly made a commitment to a group-consensus thought pattern.

Our preoccupation with symbols instead of realities was time-consuming but otherwise relatively harmless. It would have passed away with the passage of time spent in contact with realities as soon as necessity had made us recognize things as they are. But there were two factors that kept us from being real people building a real world for ourselves. One was the establishment as something apart from us, as something that could be expected to become a physical pressure some time in the future. The other was the establishment as it already had become part of our zombi

conditioning.

The second was the immediate problem. The first we might have been able to co-exist with throughout our whole life times before it pressed in on us as a real and tangible thing—just as Jill and I had done in San Francisco.

The establishment as something apart from us is easiest to talk about and I will do that first.

While we were living in this remote place our only disturbing contact with the establishment as something apart from ourselves was a building inspector and that was not very disturbing.

If he could have been considered as an individual, the building inspector was a nice guy. On his one visit he complimented all of us highly for the way we kept pits dug in advance and always immediately covered up garbage. He also approved that we handled our toilet wastes the same way. He seemed especially complimentary of what Jill and I had done. He did not officially approve but obviously liked our cabin and very much liked our fireplace. He said we should have had a permit. He also added (maybe as paradoxical advice) that if we had applied for one we probably would not have got it. When leaving he told all of us that we were required by law to get permits before doing any further building. We accepted as sincere the attitude he tried to convey: He tried to impress on us that he was just doing his job, that he was just a messenger bringing us the "will" of the establishment.

His visit was the subject of a whole evening's group discussion that night at the campfire. The consensus was that, as long as the same man continued to be the only building inspector we had to deal with, we could get by as we already had. We decided we would all go ahead without building permits.

We were young and we lacked the perception to see our zombi-conditioning but, although we did not then have unconditioned thoughts that could be turned into words, we were making what I now consider to be sound long-range judgments. We were trying to separate ourselves from the

establishment. I could not then even have the thoughts that are mine now; but, because we were implementing them at the time with action, while still unable to think them, I want to put those unthought thoughts into words at this point. Remembering my own motives and thinking them fairly representative, I want to look at the motives for what we were doing with my present reason.

We were not being any more dishonest in our dealings with the people committed to the establishment than an attendant in an insane asylum is being dishonest when he does not challenge a pathological patient who claims to be Napoleon. The people of the establishment had given no evidence that what we considered sane communication was possible. So we did not challenge the establishment. There is still no evidence that a sane discussion with the establishment is possible.

The establishment is made up of four billion people whose every action is predicated on a belief that they are parts of some fictitious entity (nation, state, etc.), a fictitious entity that has a "will" which takes priority over that of its individual components. Of course, every individual of the four billion does not really believe this but the significant acts of all are based on the belief. What they really believe remains closed inside them, or is merely let off as verbal steam. Their acts—and their serious verbal proposals for future actions—are all predicated on the insane belief as a working hypothesis. So in effect they are endorsing it.

If they are not zombis by belief, they are zombis by action. Everything they do is done within the action framework of zombis conditioned to sacrifice their own innate wills in order to perpetuate whatever fictitious entity is imprinted on their brains as "owning" or—unbelievable as it seems to any rational animal—being their physical environment. For example, they may actually think that a portion of the North American continent is the United States. They may even think that they, themselves, are parts of the fictitious entity called the United States, and to them the whole is seen as if it had a physical reality.

Can one be expected to have more respect for those who, knowing a psychopath is not Napoleon, commit their whole lives to acting as if he were, using that insane premise to accomplish real effects in a real world? I look upon zombis-by-action-only as worse than the simpler psychopaths. They are not zombis because of their incapacity to rise above the simplistic beliefs. They are zombis because their souls are so dwarfed that they can play the zombi game with full knowledge of what they are doing, because they can be satisfied with some momentary results grasped by the expediency of endorsing madness.

The prehistory view is the spectacle of millions of savages committing themselves to obey the "will" of stone idols or invisible gods. By a selective evolutionary process the practice has produced a posterity with an ever greater susceptibility to zombi conditioning. In lieu of the "wills" of gods they have now substituted the "wills" or "laws" of nations. The same zombi thought pattern continues. The human species now contains a vast proportion of individuals who are increasingly made unfit for anything but evolving into sexless, cell-like parts of an overall entity.

Such group-entities are realities only among certain social insects. Such possible group-entities are now unreal among human beings, in the sense that the group entity has not yet become a biological necessity for continued existence. But on the human level the zombis' real acts, implementing what they accept as a fictional entity's "will", give the fictional entity an effect of functional reality. As so implemented the fictional entity is like a massive dragon or dinosaur. It is too big for an ordinary individual to fight.

Like the first small mammals that co-existed with the massive bulk of the dinosaurs, our strategy in trying to break away from the establishment and regain our individual beings was to keep out of the way of the power we knew we could not fight. I believe another parallel exists. The dinosaurs lasted a hundred times as long as the human race has lasted and then became extinct while the mammals survived. I think the evolutionary trend is on the side of the

humans who regain their individual beings and against the establishment dinosaur.

Stripped of symbolism my view is this: A portion of the human species that rejects the establishment's fictitious entities may continue to hold a place in the advance echelon of evolution. Those who commit themselves to fictitious entities may survive for an indefinite time; but they will not remain in evolution's advance echelon.

The relations of a fictitious entity to the zombies who commit themselves to it has not yet reached the state of real-entity and cell-like-components. As of now, the individuals who compose it simply have no sociological sex, even as children who have not reached puberty have no biological sex. The fictitious entity, as it now exists, has taken on the relationship to those who compose it comparable to that of a surrogate parent. This provides an impetus for some of the zombies to attempt to identify with the surrogate parent; their feeling of identity with the fictitious entity, that they see in the role of a parent, gives them a pathological illusion that they themselves, are adults.

Jill, I, and some others coming to maturity during the sixties had strong impulses to become real adults. We had impulses to build our own worlds. We rejected the proffered path to the commonplace pathological illusion that we were adults.

As I now look back on the experience I see our contact with the building inspector as setting forth the two choices that zombi-conditioning offers to those who refuse to be satisfied with a pathological illusion of adulthood. They can be considered as "criminals". This simply means that they willfully reject zombi thought patterns and demonstrate that rejection. Or they can be viewed as children who may yet subscribe to zombi patterns. The building inspector, speaking for the establishment, was, in effect, saying to us: "You are nice children and if you continue to play nicely and don't mess up the yard too much, you can go ahead and play house."

I do not deny that we had little claim to being much more than children. But as children we still retained some semblance of mental health and a potential, not already hopelessly distorted, for growing up into adults. We were groping for reality.

Now everything is a little more clear and, looking back, I see the spectacle of biological adults playing house like little children as worse than the spectacle of *The Man with the Hoe*. Because of his discontent, *The Man with the Hoe* might rise to judge the world after the silence of the centuries. But the eternal children, transformed by a comfortable high-standard-of-living into pleasant-faced, empty-eyed zombies, usually have no such possible future. They eventually become the ones who carry on the establishment madness. Mark Vonnegut presents the classic pattern of what happened to the majority of those who were once the conspicuous "movement rebels" of the sixties.

We who did not follow the classic pattern could not clarify our thinking at the time, but in some vague subconscious way we could see the spectacle of the establishment as I have pictured it. We tried to avoid coming into conflict with it as the first mammals tried to avoid the dinosaurs.

9.

Escaping from the establishment external to us might have been entirely possible by our own efforts, but throwing off what had already become part of our own zombi conditioning was much more difficult. We carried the pattern for the establishment imprinted on our own brains. We were programmed to recreate it. Some of us were programmed to find the before-mentioned pathological illusion of being adults, and so the rest of us were up against their attempts to synthesize a surrogate parent for all. It took a little time for us to sense and rebel against what was happening; it has taken longer to go back over memories and find a satisfactory perspective for looking at them and coming to an understanding of what we had seen right before us.

Zombi conditioning includes devious snares. One is this: Any revolutionary who opposes the establishment is, by the very act of opposition, perpetuating it. The establishment is built upon fictitious entities. They exist only in the mind. The madness of assuming their existence is perpetuated by words. Words that disapprove aspects of something that does not exist perpetuate the concept of its existence as effectively as words that approve of it. Among us, who were trying to escape, Ruth's voice, raised against the establishment, first brought it back into our thoughts.

Ruth had such an endless catalog of facts and figures about what she considered the evils of big business and big government in her head that I could never imagine how she could have acquired them all when she was only twenty-three. She took on the role of verbal leader in the usual anti-establishment talk among us. This leader-role flattered her ego, so she tried to blow the remains of the political zombi-conditioning we were trying to leave behind

into something ever present—into something, anything, against which to direct her revolutionary tirades and make herself the focus of attention.

Her boy friend, or husband, or whatever he was, was not very vocal. But she had her biologically male counterpart. I point this out as a preface to saying that sociologically neither was male nor female; a revolutionary person revolting against an ideology has no sex. Also, of course, a fictitious entity as a surrogate parent is not a father nor mother; it is just a parent—no sex. So, functionally, anyone who identifies with it can have no sex.

Ruth's ally in recreating the establishment, even while opposing both the establishment and Ruth's basis for attacking it, was David. His own biological mate made a point of being aggressively silent by taking an East Indian meditative pose when joining the group around the campfire; but David was almost as verbose as Ruth. He opposed her on every point.

Ruth was opposed to the United States government as we knew it, opposed to capitalism as we knew it, opposed to a male-dominated society as she said we knew it without recognizing its evils. She advocated militant opposition to the establishment; she followed the communist line of preaching revolution as the only means to overthrow what she recited as the evils of the society that was familiar to us. When confronted with why she was among us, instead of doing her rabble rousing among restless mobs in some industrial city, her only answer was that the will to revolt had to be spread everywhere before the actual revolt could take place. I think the simple fact was her recognition that she could talk us down because we were mostly younger and less sophisticated, but that she could not be effective in a more intellectual circle. She liked to dominate others; she had the stuff in her that had been conditioned to recreate a surrogate parent.

David declared, making up in loudness for his inability to equal Ruth's speed in pouring out words, that force would never accomplish anything. According to his emphatic

statements the important thing was to spread brotherly love

and a spirit of cooperation so fully that everyone would come to recognize the folly of war.

When Ruth was not there David's constant and uninterrupted line was designed to create a picture in which everyone's choice was limited to advocating avarice, insensitivity, pollution of environment, rape, murder, theft, gang fights, political warfare, and all other sorts of offenses against man and nature on the one hand—or uniting in pure, openly expressed love of peace, love of the unpolluted natural world, and love of all mankind, considered as one family, on the other.

When Ruth and David were there together they jumped each others weak points by demanding to know what each proposed as a replacement for the existing order of things. It was ludicrously clear that both would recreate another establishment without any significant change. Nothing they said was worth remembering, only the fact that they were always saying what we did not want to hear. More and more the two pushed their soapbox type oratory into every group gathering until it was almost impossible to do anything when either one or both were there. Clearly everyone felt vast relief when both were absent.

I suspect that almost everyone was secretly of the opinion that I held in secret, that both were socially obnoxious and intellectually stupid, but, because no one wanted to be classed as like them by trying to talk them down, they gradually created a totally verbal world that was highly objectionable. While in a group gathering we had to live in that verbal world, fitted with fictitious entities, instead of the real one. We had brought the establishment with us.

Jill and I stopped joining the others at the group campfire every evening. We either stayed inside by our fireplace or, if the nights were very beautiful, which was often the case, we built our own little campfire and watched the sparks go up through the tree tops to join the stars. Don and Valerie asked if they could join us and get away from all the political ballyhoo that had taken over the bigger gathering. They

assured us that they would start no similar discussions. We were very happy to have them join us and no establishment or anti-establishment talk was brought in. We often sat together silently and even became ashamed of our words when we had only said of the reality, "This is great".

But no one who has ever used words can long forgo that use. We felt the need to assert ourselves verbally. As I have already told, I began writing about the wonders of a non-verbal natural world and tried to get my words published. And Don, one morning so as not to disturb our evenings of silence, brought over Melvin Gorham's Pagan Bible and told me that some of his own ideas were expressed in passages he pointed out and he would like me to read them if I should feel like it. I read them then, bought a copy of the book for myself soon afterward, and I still read it. But on the whole Gorham was not then expressing my thoughts, and I know he was not expressing Don's either. He was expressing thoughts that we had never had. At that time I did not begin taking language and thought patterns from Gorham and consciously adapting them to my own use—as I admittedly have done now. But I, at that time, felt strong agreement with the need Gorham expressed, in the passage Don pointed out to me, for building camps in the wilderness where sovereign adults and their potentially sovereign children could find a perceptive life out of earshot of dogma-mouthing zombies.

Don and I refrained from talking even about our own evolving ideas in the evenings. Those evenings remained free of all serious conversation other than our profound assertions regarding the greatness of that silence. Don was good on the harmonica and sometimes pulled it out and played softly. I noticed that he was very sensitive in his judgment of when the time was right and what music fitted the mood of the evening.

Another couple asked to join us in the evening and we were glad to welcome them.

I began to wonder what would happen if others came. There were eight couples at that time and we had already

become a three to five division. Another couple would make our evening campfire groups an even split. But Ruth and David apparently were ahead of us in thinking about that.

The word was spread that important matters concerning everyone were to be discussed at the next evening group meeting and everyone should be there. We all attended.

I had not realized that so many problems could be made out of eight couples living in close proximity until they began to be put into words. For example, not nearly all the cleared land was being cultivated but it was now concluded that we had to have a positive division; a committee was appointed to draw up a plan and make the division for the following year. Someone had noticed some inequality in hand pumping water into the tank from which everyone then used water under gravity. Now there was an endless discussion of how the pumping burden could be equalized. Ruth and David each seemed to be trying to sponser the most problems.

By the time the first meeting broke up enough problems had been presented, or as I thought, created, so that part of the solutions had to be "tabled" until the next night.

The next night there was at least three times as much unfinished business to be carried over to the following.

In less than a week, Jill and I again dropped out. Soon after Don and Valerie also came back to our now somehow less free and happy evenings. Although we accepted anything that a majority vote had decided with no questions asked, we could feel the resentment that we did not participate in the "official" process of making rules. Occasionally we went to the "official" gatherings to see if anything had changed. All change always seemed to be in the direction of more complications in which one would become enmeshed the moment he said anything whatsoever. The only significant thing that had happened was that Ruth and David had joined together to drag a controlling, force-backed concept from the establishment into our midst.

Our purchase of an undivided tenth interest in the sixty acres place had contained the understanding that all areas of disagreement would be resolved by a majority vote of the

owners. This provision was used to push every imaginable matter to a vote. Soon others joined Ruth and David in trying to get control of the meetings where the voting took place.

No rules were ever decided on that we could not live with. Also, except when tiresomely repeating insignificant or incompletely thought out ideas, there was no one there at any time who was not a reasonably nice person as an individual. As an individual, before she launched into her "political career", Ruth was an enjoyable person to know, and so was David. But when there was a constant attempt to synthesize something they called "the extended family" or "the tribe", and to give the synthesized fictional entity a holy character and a will of its own called a majority decision, then something that could not be fought had intruded into our world.

It was not a physical intrusion into territory. The physical realities around us were unchanged and were highly acceptable. It was an intrusion into the way of looking at those realities, of having inane verbal connotations associated with houses, with gardens, with the hundred-year old trees, with the very earth, and with everything we wanted to do.

Jill and I had dreamed up a vague world of our own and planned to have children as soon as we could fully decide on and create the sort of world we wanted to offer them. But somehow this unreal thing called "extended family" or "tribe" being pushed into that world was offensive just because there was a constant demand that its unreal existence be acknowledged on exactly the same level as if it were something real. If the pseudo-entity had been something having real existence, such as a menacing flesh and blood person, or a night-raiding bear, it could have been met and bodily pushed out. And as an added value, my doing the pushing would have articulated my counterpoint relationship to Jill as I visualized her bringing tenderness and love to our children, building an emotional aura of her femaleness that my maleness in action kept secure from any

paradise tainting invasion.

Such concepts as "nation", "extended family" and "tribe" are fictions created to increase group pressure on the individual, to make group relations compulsory. Natural gregariousness is already a more than adequate impulse without such word-conditioning.

Natural gregariousness is based on sex. Maleness and femaleness are not fictions; they are subtle realities. They have had innumerable forms of physical articulation for a much longer time than the human race has existed. Focusing on them with a will to learn what they have to say is partaking of a growth-giving nourishment that leads toward understanding the meaning and direction of total reality. For consciously analytical humans it is the beginning of significant knowledge. The concept of a fictitious group-entity imposed into the male-female relationship distorts this perception. The requirement that the existence of a non-sexual fictional entity be accepted as a value maker is a requirement that the individual submit to a sort of compulsion-backed interpersonal relationship that will destroy his instinctive perception and discretionary judgment.

The offensive fictitious entity being created and pressured upon everyone's consciousness in our little group was a very puny little embryo; but none of us knew how to meet it and throw it out. To acknowledge its existence was madness just because it was something too subtle to live with and too subtle to destroy. To verbally confront those who were striving to create it would do nothing but carry the confrontation into an endless verbal relationship. It would not remove the invader; it would make the zombiism we were trying to escape part of our world. This non-physical invasion, to which only verbal response was possible, not only frustrated my male impulse to chase off intruders; it also insulted my sane judgment of what was real and how a creative being relates to reality.

Fortunately for my sanity, my perception of the magnitude of the problem was, at that time, as limited as my

knowledge of the problem's solution. In trying to silence Ruth and David we had a standing remark that "if an atomic bomb left our little group the only humans in existence, the two of them would re-create Russia and the United States and try to enlist us all in a war fighting each other." We did not realize that it was a highly significant evaluation of things; we thought we were making a joke. At that time none of us had really started to reject our zombiism.

And, of course, we had not started to think outside the conditioned patterns. None of us had given the first thought to that all important difference between (1) adults agreeing to live by an unchangeable code of laws, and (2) adults agreeing to a system for the continuous making of laws, a system that subjects all individual will to the continuous synthesized "will" of the system, itself.

Without being able to put into words what I felt was wrong, I just knew that what was happening was something I did not want in the world Jill and I were trying to build. I knew that I, the male of our mating, could not defend the world we did want against the insidious intrusion. Jill and I agreed that we would have to leave.

All we could consciously do at the time, we did. We resolved to never again voluntarily accept any obligation to participate in anything that bound us to continuous group decisions. We had learned that we must not help to recreate in small groups (however congenial) what we had rejected by seeking to escape from the establishment.

Reluctantly we sold our undivided tenth interest to another couple for far less than we had paid for it and, of course, along with it we gave them our cabin into which we had woven so many happy memories. We put our packs on our backs and left to again thumb rides on the highway.

10.

Many attempts have been made to create a directory of alternate lifestyle camps, but by the very nature of things, such attempts must be doomed to failure. If the objective in establishing such a camp is to get away from it all, then, of course, the location of the hideout will be a closely guarded secret. On the other hand there are many pseudo alternate lifestyle camps that seek as much publicity as possible. They play various con games. The most commonplace is simply getting cheap or free labor from inexperienced back-to-the-landers by duping them into working fourteen hours a day, seven days a week for nothing more than bread and beans and a pile of straw to sleep on. There are "freeloaders" who make a career of trying to sponge off those making sincere efforts and out-con those playing the con game. Also there are writers and reporters who have no interest except to find a place with some angle they can blow up into a good story. Sometimes they seek out and publicize a sincere effort—but usually from a distorting "newsworthy" angle that makes the published information misleading. Trying to sort out information in alternate lifestyle circles is a much more difficult job than anything in the establishment. The "grapevine" is the best source; but still very unreliable.

Most young people who want to "break away" or "drop out" have neither enough money nor enough knowledge to buy land and do things entirely on their own. More important perhaps is another factor. It is often interpreted as gregariousness but I think it is something different from that. There is a need for others to say "this is great." John Steinbeck made much of this factor in *Of Mice and Men*. He was talking of lonely men. But among human animals the need for outside corroboration of what is being done, for "flankspotter's" report that shots are on target, is felt even

by a mated male and female.

A non-human mated couple often appear to want no contact with others of their species. The greater need in verbal animals may be due to conditioning, or may be due to the simple fact that they have had too much contact with unrealities. As the drifting men say in *Of Mice and Men*, every man needs somebody to tell him whether what he is thinking or what he thinks he is seeing is so or ain't so. Certainly when young people with an impulse to build a world for themselves are going to say four billion people are zombi-conditioned nuts it helps to have the opinion confirmed by at least a few others.

Even when we were sixteen persons instead of four billion, Jill and I found it reassuring, in our feeble attempts to throw off the zombiism that Ruth and David were bringing back, to have Don and Valerie join us when we rejected the establishment infiltration of our eight-couple campfire.

We wanted Don and Valerie to come with us in our search for something new but they decided to stick it out and see what happened. Two years later I tried to get in contact with them but could not and I never knew what became of them.

Now that I look back on it, I might say that, when Jill and I left the camp in California, we were as young mammals of the Cretaceous age, leaving because we had found a baby dinosaur one night where we had built our house; we wanted to get away before it grew up or the mother came to look after it. I might also think it a parallel to the story of the difficult-to-describe child and mother monsters in *Beowulf* that invaded the settlements of the North. (I wonder how many readers over the years have interpreted Grendel as a folk symbol for the establishment's fictitious entity as I have now done.) Neither Jill nor I had any such ideas when we left but vaguely we knew what we were leaving and our articulated thoughts about it have come later.

What we expected to find or do was so vague that we

cannot even remember our thoughts about that. All we remember is that we talked about it, asked the question of each other, had no answers, and laughed at ourselves. Still we had joy in the doing and no fears.

My father had gone to school in the South where apparently the requirement was routine that everyone memorize the first part of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* in Old English. Since he thought our San Francisco schools were lax in not requiring that, he got me to memorize a few lines. My mouth-full-of-hot-mush rendition of "Whan that Aprille with is shoures soote" came back to me when Jill and I hit the highway with our packs on our backs. I wondered if our move was a fully rational one. I wondered if, as it was with people in the days of Chaucer, we were simply responding to April's sweet liqueur rising in all the tender vines and were exhibiting a common folk-longing to go on pilgrimages. I made no conclusions. Realities soon pushed out such thoughts. It was spring, we were young, the weather was wonderful, and for the moment we two humans regained the truth-is-in-ourselves self assurance of non-human animals. It was just us two again, a mated male and female, tramping through a whole world in which, from our regained perspective, no one else but us existed.

However we were human; so we did not always simply take realities only when we came to them; we were zombi-conditioned to go on pilgrimages. Pilgrimages have predetermined destinations. We had two possible "shrines of freedom" in mind when we left. Both our destinations had been the subject of several news articles, one a full page spread in the usual bulky Sunday paper with a circulation extending over several states. But at the time we did not know that. All we knew had come to us through the grapevine and been accepted by us as confidential, inside information. Our two destinations were (1) a small town near the coast in Oregon and (2) a much more remote place in northeastern Washington. The Oregon place was nearest in our line of travel so we went there to check it out first.

We had a definite street address in the little town but it

turned out that the people we were looking for had moved and the woman at the address we had been given used a puzzling tone to say she could not tell us where they had gone. She did not simply say, "I don't know." A half day's detective work was necessary before we followed every lead we could get through various moves of headquarters and various changes of organization names to the back room of an otherwise abandoned old hotel. Three rooms were being used as an office and there were stacks of printed material, light tables, typewriters, mailing desks with postal scales and sealing machines, and seven or eight people. The people were all older than we were but mostly under that magic datum-point age of thirty.

I confronted a man who seemed to want to appear very busy, told him what we had heard, what we had done previously, and explained that we wanted an opportunity to join our efforts with others going in a similar direction. Having laid my cards on the table, I asked if he could tell us what they were doing. All the apparently-very-busy people had obviously been listening; a quick consensus was that Ellen should talk to us.

She left what she was doing, took us into the next room, offered us a seat on an old couch, gave us tea, and told us they had two thousand acres overlooking a beautiful valley with a river, three miles out from town. She showed it to us on an impressive wall map and gave us what seemed some double-talk that we interpreted as meaning they were selling shares in the whole, not individual pieces of land, and asked us how much investment we could afford. When she learned that we still had several hundred dollars she became very friendly toward us. However her answers to our questions were still so ambiguous that we couldn't make out whether this was some more of the group-control-of-individuals that we wanted to avoid or what it was.

I wanted to "avoid the tedious effort apparently required to make sense out of what she was saying until I knew it would be worth the trouble, so I asked her if we could go see the place and maybe meet some of the people living there.

Instead of responding in simple terms, she laid down a new verbal smoke screen, vaguely describing how various governmental agencies had thrown up so many silly requirements for building permits that nothing had yet been built. No one was living there at the time, but according to her, everything was just then being straightened out and construction would begin very soon. She did give us clear directions for getting to the place however, so we left to go see for ourselves.

Compared to where we had made our little cabin—and physically that place we had left we still compared to the Garden of Eden, itself—this was even more breathtakingly beautiful. It was bigger and more spectacular; there was a panoramic view. The partly forested land sloped down to a river running through a lush valley. We remembered the big wall map well enough to recognize that the land we were considering stopped at a railroad right of way before the river and the fertile valley. We had a disappointment when we began to look around and talk about how the area could be best used. The soil on the hillside was very poor; there were a few trees and everything looked greener than what we were accustomed to but we soon saw that most of the soil was too shallow and rocky for cultivation. We were puzzled by the whole experience but still had not made a judgment of it.

With food in our packs and our sleeping bags along with us, we were happy to simply settle down for the night, think and talk about everything, then go back and find out more. We had a wonderful night under the stars.

The next day when we tried to find out more; we talked to another girl but got the same feeling that something was going on behind a smoke screen. She gave us evasive answers to our questions and always brought the conversation back to what a tough fight with the townspeople and bureaucrats they had been waging for three years. Also we heard the repeated assertion that building would start any day now.

From later contacts by myself and others, I suspect that

Skinner's book, *Walden Two*, had suggested much of what was passing there as an attempt to get rid of the undesirable factors of the establishment. Like giving the name *Walden Two* to such a projected scheme as Skinner set forth, what was going on under guise of an attempt to make a good life, founded on basic realities, was something far more offensive to me than the more open advocacy of the establishment's power politics. It was con-man-type manipulators wearing masks to make themselves appear to be seeking, as we were, a way to implement an alternate lifestyle. The long-haired, bearded people, with brochures stacked high in the back on an abandoned hotel, were buying mailing lists of people who had shown an interest in back-to-the-land simplicity and selling them a legal entanglement from which they would have to quickly walk away at the loss of their investment, or get further involved and then try to escape like flies caught on gummed paper. Many who got involved moved from all over the country into the little town so as to try to watch over the money they had already put into the scheme.

The townspeople did not need to read Skinner's ideas on how *Walden Two* disciples try to infiltrate local politics to see what was happening. The *Walden-Two*-type-secret-planners had got the owner of the property to sell to them and wait for payment; meanwhile they lived on the proceeds for which they sold shares. They tried to marshall the duped investors into a pressure against the original residents who, unlike those in Skinner's fiction, showed a stubborn reluctance to being pushed around. The sellers of dream-inspired-confusion were not trying to build a self-sufficient independent community. They were trying to build a new town adjoining to and with more voter strength than the existing one and take over the local politics.

The last I heard, the local people were still finding excuses to deny building permits. This time my sympathies were on the side of the existing establishment as the less objectionable of the two. The existing little town impressed me as being inoffensive, and the invaders as being dwarfs by

temperament. The building inspector and the little fictitious entity he represented, created by zombi-conditioned people of innate good will back in pioneer days, appeared almost as pathetically heroic as the fabled little Dutch boy with his finger in the dike. But at the time, I could vaguely see the whole thing as our group campfire meetings blown up to what they would be in a generation of unrestrained growth. I only sensed what was happening but I was eager to get away.

Jill agreed and we left.

The very prospect of hitch hiking along the Pacific Coast in the spring, going north as the wild birds fly, wiped out for us the spectacle of dwarfs-playing-on-zombi-confusion in less time than it took to again find a vantage point for catching a ride.

We were again on our way to find a reality we could use to give substance to our dream, and that dream seemed to be coming more and more from something born within us.

Freedom Farm was our new destination.

We had three days of hitchhiking without finding anyone who wanted to push beyond casual contacts. On the surface most zombis are nice people and we enjoyed the trip. The brief, passing acquaintance with a great number of different people was as refreshing as a swim in the ocean.

When we started our last eight miles down a little-travelled, dirt road to Freedom Farm, where no more rides could be expected, the information we had received about where we were going came to the forefront of our consciousness. It was so unbelievable that we were ready to face a new world unassociated with any preconditioned opinions of what we might find. We were open to reality as a thing in itself. That was fortunate because we were in for a unique experience. In that last eight miles we left the establishment never to return. The final leaving was not essentially physical, but the physical realm of our journey just at that time seems almost symbolic in retrospect.

The wheat fields of Eastern Washington are constant reminders that every foot of land has recently had men with

tractors and farm machinery doing something to it. The wheat, although at first glance looking like aboriginal grassland, is growing in evenly spaced little mounds made by disks and the cuts are still faintly visible. The sky is vast, the houses so few that most of the time none are in sight, but this is part of the world's bread-basket and usually spoken of as "farm country". The enormous expanse of sameness and the little human habitation declare, by those machined mounds of earth, that four billion people have marked the whole area as part of a group activity. The wheat from less than an acre would give a farmer and his family more bread than they could possibly eat in a year, but a self-sufficient farmer on the land, eating bread from his own wheat, would be unthinkable. The land stretches from horizon to horizon in unbroken expanse and, except for the few days each year when a farmer might come out and observe contracted crews manipulating enormous machines, he looks over his farm only from his private airplane. His major relationships are not with land and growing things but with words, with market prices, government subsidies, interest rates, and politicians making false promises.

But as we walked those last miles these thoughts did not persist and oppress us. We simply knew the place was not what we were seeking.

However we were enjoying the young vigorously alive green wheat growing over an endless expanse of rolling plains under a blue sky. It seemed to go on forever.

The houses had long since all disappeared before we came to an abrupt edge of the wheat fields, came to a place where the land was too unlevel for big machinery. The rolling plains gave way and the dirt road we were following began to drop downhill between scraggy bushes; soon there were real trees. We saw wild deer and felt we had entered a new world.

The road wound on and we began to wonder about the directions we had received, until reassurance came in the countour of the earth. There was the expected little valley with the creek through it. Both the valley and the creek

were bigger and better than ours had been in California. We knew that Freedom Farm contained more than two hundred acres. According to the unbelievable rumor passed on to us, it was "owned" by no one. We had been told that we could just walk in and make ourselves at home.

The heart of the valley was open level land and some gardens were already laid out in unorganized fashion with the soil dug up ready for planting. The walls of the valley were fairly steep. Along some of these were a few small tents and a few small permanent or semi-permanent houses, or shacks most people would call them. We could see a few people around but no one welcomed us. Most people we saw looked at us with interest but with detachment and did not offer to speak. We spoke first and sometimes there was a response, indifferent usually, occasionally almost friendly, but not infrequently a cold analyzing appraisal of us when we spoke—without a word, without a smile, without a nod.

It was the middle of the afternoon when we got there, the weather was great, and we made a full, careful tour of everything before deciding what to do. Most of the people were young, there were a few small children and young teenagers, and there were some fairly old people, some men forty, fifty, or older.

We decided that the few who were tentatively friendly, sometimes almost apologetic for not speaking first and timidly anxious to make amends after we had spoken, were those who had recently come in as we had and would welcome allies. But we were in no hurry to make such an alliance. Instead we waited and made a definite overture to a man a few years older than we, whom we had seen come out of one of the more permanent houses.

We told him what we had heard about the land being open for settlement, and asked him if our information was right. He acknowledged that it was; his attitude was not unfriendly but he did not elaborate. I told him that we were not just bumming around for a vacation but that we seriously wanted to make a permanent home, and I asked if he could give us any advise about our trying to settle there.

He had obviously been studying us and forming an opinion. He said that he and most of the other permanent people there would like others "of the right sort" to stay and help make a good, self-sufficient community.

As she usually did, Jill let me do almost all of the talking, merely asserting her existence with an occasional highly sensible comment or question, but her very existence influenced this or any other man's attitude more than all the words I could ever say. He said he hoped we would stay around long enough to know what was going on; he pointed out an orange colored tent up the hill on the far side of the valley and suggested that we go over and meet the young people in it. He said they had been around about a week, seemed to be our kind of people, and we might get along.

Douglas and Joan were our kind of people; we immediately felt as if they almost made up for our loss of Don and Valerie. They invited us to camp by them and share their cooking fire. We accepted gratefully, got along wonderfully well, and after about two weeks getting to know as many people as would talk to us, exploring the valley and the surrounding country, talking with each other and thinking things out as best we could the four of us considered building one house for our joint use. We would all live in it together at first with the idea that we would have separate houses later.

Douglas and Joan had already ferreted out most of the solid information and some significant indications of things that were not put into words. I think the whole set-up there is significant. I suspect that a full, careful examination might provide more stimulus to understanding mankind's problems than could be found by studying the rise and fall of any "nation" or "culture" in history. The bare facts certainly seem to me worth telling.

A young man inherited two hundred and forty acres of land from his grandmother. He liked neither the polite establishment games, nor the dog-eat-dog anti-establishment "criminals". He wanted a free happy world of people cooperating just because they liked each other. He told all

his friends that anyone who wanted could come live on the land he had inherited. He pointed out that there was a big house already there; just come out and live; both the house and the land, everything, belonged to everybody and nobody. Build anything you like, he said, and it will all have the same status—belong to everybody and nobody.

His friends were hesitant because they recognized that by the existing system everything they built would legally be his. So he went down to the place where they have the property records and told the clerks that he wanted his name removed from the records as owner. He met blank stares. He told the same thing to their supervisors and got the same blank stares. Then he went to the elected officials and insisted that he wanted no one to own the property.

"Can't do that," he was told, "There can't be any piece of land anywhere in the world that has no owner. Every square foot of land on earth has been claimed by some nation. There can be a transfer of ownership but there can be no unowned land. Ownership is the basis for taxes. Taxes are necessary to support the governments that run the world. If you default on your taxes the county will claim ownership and sell the land to pay the taxes. If we are not going to have a communist country where the government owns all the land, there has to be private ownership. All the land has to be owned by somebody."

"Then I want to deed it to God."

"That wouldn't help. I don't think God would pay the taxes and we'd have to repossess anyhow."

"You would tax God and throw Him off the land if He didn't kowtow to the county?"

"The taxes are levied against the owner of record. The property reverts to the county if the taxes are not paid."

"Can I set it up so that anyone who happens to be living on the land at the time is the owner of record?"

"That might be possible. You might set up a non-profit corporation with a provision that the sole requirement for membership was residence-in-fact on a specifically described property. You would have to see an attorney about

something like that."

That was the way it was set up. There was a community house and people began building individual houses—all small, some fair, some "pigpen" shacks. A small school was built and the man who had given the land became the unpaid teacher. After a short while his wife refused to live there and slave for unappreciative people. She moved to a town fifty miles away. They had small children; the giver of the land stayed with her, driving back and forth five days a week to teach. They got divorced. He gave up active participation in Freedom Farm and moved away. The community house burned or was burned down. But some of the people stayed on. The land still belongs to a non-profit corporation and anyone who lives there can become a member.

The people in the surrounding community have a low opinion of the whole operation. The police raid occasionally when pressure of public opinion calls for something to be done "about what's going on out there" but mostly the area is without law.

To have law or not have law? I see that as a significant and still unanswered question for all mankind. But to have unclear, constantly changing laws, or an underdetermined mixture of law and not law—there is where a rub comes always. The bare bones seldom stick through conspicuously enough for the core of the problem to be seen. At Freedom Farm they do. Those already on the run from the law come in, are accepted on first name, or false first name, basis as is everyone. These transients have a temporary hideaway with no identity, push others around by force and threat of force with the knowledge that no one will be able to make a convincing legal case against them in court, then move on without leaving a trail when it seems the right time. Those wanting to stay permanently cannot openly meet illegal force with illegal force and hope to make a permanent life where police will be able to find them. The mixture of law and no law rules in favor of those who have the temperament to hide; it rules against those who want to assert themselves

openly and meet, head-on, the underhanded attacks of those who use the law for a shield.

We all recognized and carefully considered this condition at the time. For myself, a readiness to use force had not been conditioned out of me; it was the other way around. My father had once had boxing ambitions that he tried to pass on to me; he spent much more time training me to use my fists than he did teaching me poetry in Old English. And I became much better at it. I am six feet, on the line between heavy and light-heavyweight, and in a fair fight with gloves or bare fists there are few men outside professional fight circles I could not take very easily. But of course I knew that was not the kind of force we would most likely be up against at Freedom Farm. However the threat of force did not disturb me nearly so much as the threat of verbal invasion into my world—the sort of thing that I had recently experienced. After Jill assured me she would not be afraid, we decided to stay there. Douglas and Joan said they also would stay—with the intent to stick it out through hell and high water. We staked out and began spading up a place for a vegetable garden. Also we began detailed plans for our house.

But before we had started building we met the Old Man.

11.

The Old Man came alone in a car that was not impressive by any standard other than that of Freedom Farm. It was a little different from most cars there just because it looked and sounded as if it would run without hours of tinkering. That gave a first impression that was borne out by further details. Newcomers were always first classed as freeloaders or not freeloaders. He was not a freeloader; he had a bedroll and apparently plenty of food. He picked a campsite without looking around very long, picked it with good judgment as if he had been there before, which we later found out that he had.

Joan at first said that she thought he was a little scary looking; he was a big man with hard facial features. But he did not tie up with what we suspected as being the real criminal element: five men and two women who stayed together as if afraid each might give the others away.

After a day and a night he seemed to have analyzed everybody; then he made a positive overture of friendliness to me. He saw me alone, asked me some questions about myself, then invited me to have a cup of coffee with him at his campfire and, while I sipped the hot coffee, he pumped me thoroughly about the four of us, Jill, Joan, Douglas and myself.

He seemed to like what he heard because he invited us all to have dinner with him that evening. We accepted.

It was a fine meal cooked over his campfire and graciously hosted. There was even wine, good wine served in glasses. He had remembered everything I had told him in the afternoon and used the knowledge to draw everyone out so completely that we all learned some new things about each other.

As the evening went on, I wondered more and more what his purpose in deliberately seeking our acquaintance could be. Clearly he had no need to sponge off us. I thought he must be planning to draw us into some scheme of his, perhaps some elaborate heist. I was alert to any possible clue but he gave none that I could read. After we had eaten the unusually good food he had cooked, he steered the conversation into abstract channels, into what seemed just pleasant, casual after dinner talk. He asked us our opinion about the long-range implications of "resident-equals-ownership" at Freedom Farm, asked us to compare it to the American Indians' lack of a land ownership concept, told us about laws in various cultures that were not familiar to us, and asked us our opinion about what kind of society such laws would eventually produce.

He channeled the conversation into a strong focus on the subject of laws and the way of life that grows from each kind of law and, as this is important to what came later, I will give his opinions as he then expressed them.

He saw three possible ways of life for reasonable humans capable of thinking, discussing things, making deliberate choices, and making agreements. These were:

First: Total anarchy as wild animals know and accept it. Since this no-law condition is the one on which the universe is built, he saw no basis for questioning its supremacy.

Second: A group forcing the will of its controller or controllers, majority rule or whatever, on dissenting individuals. He considered that the only pretense of reason that can be set forth for this is a conclusion drawn from a falsified history as a premise. The falsified history is slanted to show that nothing significant is ever accomplished without group effort. The conclusion drawn from the false premise is that the group must have power over dissenting individuals in order to preserve group unity.

Third: He saw true human history as showing that groups have always been manipulated by words into unreasoned action, into action that offends all reason. He saw the only possible guard against this as being deliberated agreements

between sovereign individuals with such agreements designed to protect individuals from group pressure.

The Old Man stated that the third was his choice and said that, whatever short-term efficacy group actions may appear to have, total evolution consistently shows that individual sovereignty is the only long-range efficacious practice; that individual sovereignty is the underlying foundation of the evolutionary system.

Someone questioned if he thought the three systems he had set forth covered every possibility.

He said, "Every possibility that can be examined reasonably."

Then he said that, in the garbage dump world we know, all three of the ideas are mixed together in a way that confuses reason. He said that the confusion is often deliberate because everything is a game of power politics—a game of trying to get control of confused zombies by any expedient possible. In this game those who gain power do so by deliberately using any spurious reasoning they think will win the acceptance of whatever groups can be most useful to them; they have no sincere commitment to anything but power. The game of power politics perpetuates itself and excludes everything else. This can have but one result—an ever more complete and widespread zombiism.

His position was that, since history shows how completely groups, as groups, can be manipulated, commitment to individual sovereignty by all reasonable persons is the only hope for breaking up the power-politics game. He asked for our opinions.

It seemed that he really wanted to know our opinions— not simply stimulate conversation.

None of us, of course, wanted the existing world of power politics; we were already trying to get away from that. We recognized and acknowledged his description of it as valid, and as accurate as we could have made it. Considering the possibilities that were backed by some semblance of reason, we all said that we would join him in his choice of individual sovereignty if we could see any hope that it would work.

However none of us could visualize anything but a period of total chaos if it were tried. And it seemed to us that either anarchy or a reconstituted groupism would then grow out of the chaos.

I had given up the idea that he was planning some elaborate robbery or con game and was considering us as possible confederates. Instead, I had accepted a new idea that he was a scholar studying human thought patterns or simply a man who liked people. It occurred to me that he might like people as some people like animals, that he might recognize their different outlooks and simply enjoy discovering their different perspectives and vicariously identifying with each in the same way others enjoyed television, books, and movies. I began to suspect that in return for the enjoyment that he, himself, got out of it, he was simply probing our perspectives with words, that he was hosting conversation to enjoy our verbalized thoughts, even as he had hosted a good meal cooked over his campfire to enjoy simple animal gregariousness.

But this was not the case. There was a long-range purpose behind his every word and action.

He brought out some printed copies of laws and asked us to read and comment on them. These I want to cover at some length.

They ignored the concept of property as completely as the American Indians did. They were clearly designed to uphold individual sovereignty by restricting group force. The group was called upon to enforce the usual laws against murder, mayhem, sexual offenses, perjury, and forceful restraint. Then there was a law that no additional laws could be made or enforced by a group, that any group of two or more persons who attempted to make and enforce additional laws would be considered as a conspiracy against individual sovereignty and all acts against such a group by individuals acting alone or together would be construed as self-defense. Everyone had full police authority in enforcement of the laws. Also, within a framework of simple, stated rules regarding public notice and voting procedure, everyone had

authority to conduct trials that would be lawfully binding. All laws were only for serious crimes; the invariable penalty for the guilty was death within twenty-four hours.

In controversial matters there was no group decision nor group force. Individuals had the choice of being in a category where, as individuals, they could engage in mortal combat to settle differences with others who had chosen that category. This could be used to advantage against demagogues seeking to form power groups. The conditions of combat were carefully spelled out and were designed to preclude the historical sort of duelling. Also, no one who was not in the mortal combat category could participate, nor be required to participate.

There was no marriage law, but a woman's formal choice or choices in the matter of sexual relations was highly significant. The usual death penalty was a possibility for anyone having sexual relations with her if not formally chosen by her and if she wanted to bring charges. It was classed as statutory rape.

Perhaps the most significant thing about the laws was that they had to be accepted or rejected as a body and once accepted could not be changed.

After discussing them theoretically for awhile in the same way we had discussed other possibilities, the Old Man zeroed in on them by asking each of us, individually, the hypothetical question: If you could choose between living under those laws or the ones under which you now live, which would you choose?

We were all inclined to make the hypothetical choice to live under the immutable laws rather than under a government where laws were constantly being changed so fast that not even full time politicians and full time lawyers could keep up with what was happening. But the idea of immutable laws was so new to us that we were not sure.

He stood up, obviously concluding the evening, suggested that we sleep on it, and said that he would like to hear our opinions after we had "let our subconscious minds play with the idea."

It seemed merely a way of continuing our acquaintance but that was agreeable to us. Also it was an interesting idea. We responded to his gesture that the evening was over, thanked him for his hospitality, and said goodnight.

We did think about those laws, discussed them among ourselves the next morning at breakfast, and agreed that they would make a radically different world and it might be a much better world, not only because the simplified laws could be fully understood and used, but also because it would make for far greater awareness of living and greater intensity of emotion.

When we saw him later we told him that we had all agreed that we would really like to try such a world. Jokingly, we said that if he ever found one like that to let us know.

We soon recognized that he had something serious in mind as I had first suspected, but his purpose was none of the things that had occurred to me.

He spent the next two days talking to each of us separately. At the end of the second day he told us about his own place. He said that physically it was similar to where we were, that he also would like to do what had been unsuccessfully tried at Freedom Farm in getting away from the property concept, but that his place was not open to anyone who came along as was Freedom Farm. No one could enter, even for a brief visit, except by invitation.

Then he invited us to visit, stay awhile on a work-for-rent basis, learn his concept of an alternate lifestyle based upon a simulated adherence to the written laws he had shown us, and then decide whether we wanted to help give his proposed way of life a long-range trial. Even in the long-range trial, enforcement of the laws was still to be simulated; eviction being the simulated death penalty.

The place was several hundred miles away but we did not need the whole night he gave us to think it over. We were as free as migratory birds; we all wanted to see what was there, to learn more about what he called a "conceptually different world", and so we rolled up our highly portable belongings and went with him.

12.

The physical realities of the San Francisco area—the bay, the bridges, the city buildings, the people, the seagulls, the expanse of waters, the ships gliding in and out of the golden gate, the fogs, the clear nights with building lights and stars intermingled—these images are an inseparable part of me. If there should be such a thing as individual reincarnation, I am sure they would be some of the notes that would make up the melody of my soul. They were the things around me when, as a being alone after my father's death, I first fully responded to my innate animal value-judgments that all the physical world was heaven itself and that my relation to it was good. If it were in the order of things for me to have a personal reincarnation I could well imagine that the San Francisco area might be a theme of my soul's being to such an extent that the innate memory, as an unarticulated theme, would make me a restless rover, pulled by an urge to go in search of something unknown, until at last I found it and recognized, by some innate affinity, the object of my search.

So I imagine it must be with non-verbal animals acting upon their inherited memory-melodies, memory-melodies that have remained uninfluenced by the sort of verbal pressures put upon the human animal. I can imagine that the bear is lured by something undefined within him until he finds a stream where fish can be splashed out on the bank for delicious morsels, and where wild berries grow in the bushes alongside. And so with all wild animals. The deer wanders until a certain area in the cool depths of the forest is recognized as the long-awaited, the yearned-for place, that before was only a vague melody of being deep within him. The eagle soars until it finds a high rocky peak overlooking

vast distances and recognizes that peak as the place to build its nest. I have known the San Francisco area and it is part of me.

Before I met Jill, I had never even dreamed of a little valley but the dream may have been deep within me awaiting the right moment to make itself felt. I have wondered if the sought-for image in my mind had been verbally imprinted by the casual friend at work who told me about the place in Northern California. I think not; I think the verbally created image was only incidental. As birds fly north and south, as grazing animals migrate with the growing season and the mating season, I was moved by something in me to leave San Francisco and hunt a secluded valley because the real innate adult sexual impulse had welled up within me. As long as I, myself alone, was the focal point of my relations to the total universe, I was not the same as I became after I met Jill. Before I was an unsexed person. I was a solitary individual enjoying a physical world external to me, enjoying it on an I-thou basis, almost as if the whole universe outside me was another person and my physical relation to it was a conversation between us two. Under such circumstances San Francisco was the most desirable place I could imagine.

The mating impulse that I gladly accepted asked for hills around me and Jill, walls to keep great crowds of people out. With packs on our backs and little to guide us, Jill and I already had found two such little valleys and both had, as physical images, satisfied the joint search we were making for a mating location. The Old Man took us to another that met the same image affinity inside us.

When the four of us first got here, the people, of course, were of great interest to us. But, for me at least, the physical area was of more immediate importance. Now that I try to recall my first impressions, I guess almost everything seemed a little better than the other two places. The soil was more fertile, the rainfall a little heavier, and the vegetation more vigorous. Some little houses already built were more solid, had real masonry fireplaces, spring water piped in

under gravity, and other details that seemed better than we had known. However it was not the comparative improvements over the other valleys that was significant; it was the similarity. Again, the whole physical world spread out before us was a self-contained, hill-walled valley with a stream running through.

The place selected by the Old Man showed his understanding. He was consciously aware that valleys are chosen when the impulse is to build a little world that wants no cognizance of the big world outside. However, he not only was offering us a valley because he understood our needs; he also needed such a valley for his own purposes.

He already had a wife and three children near my age, so his was not the simple mating impulse. But it was close to that. He wanted to build a world that would be physically and psychically walled away from the outside madness, that would allow the impulses in the flesh, blood, and bone of human animals to rise to dominance over the influences of civilization as it is historically known. He had the bearing of a highly civilized man, and it seemed an unusual choice for such a man to make. We soon discovered that he is an unusual man.

He is not a back-to-the-simple-life addict; he likes gracious living; he thinks man is potentially superior to other animals because man is potentially a conscious creator, and, as such, man has a capacity for greater empathy with the creative values of the universe than other animals. He is concerned, not with simple unadorned survival, but with living as a consciously developed art: An art that deals with realities— directly and intimately—in order to heighten the emotions of day-to-day living. He thinks civilization destroys the major elements that could turn living-as-a-human-being into a creative art. He considers that, in addition to intimacy with "nature", the art of living as a conscious artist requires that each individual have a deep personal involvement with other real flesh and blood individuals—as entities that have verbally communicable wills backed by force. The "nations" keep, or "protect", their "citizens" from such involvement.

He set out to find a few human seeds, as little contaminated as possible, and nurture the first growth of an embryonic society of sanity, a society that would have no cognizance of a group-powered "government" as an entity.

His primary consideration was his decision to deal only with autonomous flesh and blood people—not words, and not word-controlled zombis. If he had been close to high political offices or military commands, I am sure he would have implemented what he wanted to do on a big scale that involved the conquest of nations. If he had been a pauper, he would probably have sought out a place where the people he related to were living the simplest life with the basic necessities. As it happened, he thought it feasible to offer twenty or thirty people a way of life that was objectively compatible with the lifestyle Jill and I had known since we met; and so, after questioning us at length, he included us among those to whom his offer was made. He was deliberately choosing people already accustomed to living the way he could most easily make possible for them so that no one would be impressed by any change in "standard-of-living."

The lifestyle he planned to host had to do with reasoned concepts to be accepted by reasoning people that would change their direction in time. Instead of opposing the direction of billions of years of evolution, as the human race has done throughout all recorded history, the new lifestyle would return to the direction of total evolution. The human species is now moving toward making the fictitious-group-entities into realities, so this change of direction means that the individual, not the group, must become the major force.

He was offering us a real alternate lifestyle, something that has no generally accepted record in the whole history of mankind. And now I reach the central substance of what I have to say. Because I, myself, have come to know it intimately, I can make this unequivocal assertion: There is a workable, a highly desirable, alternate to the lifestyle that all recorded history holds up as the only one possible. Mine has been the good fortune to participate, after his pioneering

in new ways of thinking had already been done. I feel impelled to tell others, who are seeking what I have found, that possibilities for such development unquestionably do exist.

The alternate is not complex; it is simpler in concept than what is historically known. But the complex, attention-attracting game everyone is playing must be abandoned before the grand simplicity of the reality can be seen. The differences in daily living are subtle and understanding the significance of those subtle differences is not easy. Almost everything I have already written comes from my new experience; throughout this work I have been trying to hold to a non-zombi perspective. But, after my own zombi-conditioning, slighter than most, coming to an understanding of the differences in action necessary for a real alternate to the establishment lifestyle has been the most difficult thing I have ever accomplished. And to try to put the subtle differences into words for people who want something different from what they now have, when most already have thought patterns that may distort the subtleties of everything I must say—that is a task that I may be a fool to tackle.

From the first I have been consciously moving up on the task and now must try to carry on into that especially difficult area where people must ask—with understandable skepticism: What sort of values can an individual human have who disagrees with the direction the whole human race has been following throughout all written history? What can the pre-human values evident in a million, or a billion years of evolution mean to an individual human who has a life span of less than a hundred years?

That is a question that can be answered adequately only by ones whole being. And only millions of years of further evolution can pass judgment on the validity of the answer. I recognize my rashness when I try to answer, even tentatively, with words. But having gone this far I must try. However, I want to do a last minute further preparation with generalizations before focusing on precise points.

I have an animal mind that rejects some presently accepted sophisticated human concepts. To me, space is not the primary reality with time a fourth dimension of space. Time is the primary reality. I see all space-reality as moving through a direction in time. I think that the future of time, if it is to have any meaning when discussed by human beings, is a reasoned projection of a behavior trend in order to study its long-range effect. Moralities, or value judgments, must come from evaluation of long-range effects that can be brought about by will in the universe of time. The realities in space are in constant change. The direction in time makes the realities in space.

I have said that I think Huxley's *Brave New World* and Skinner's *Walden Two* are both based upon the same concept; they are both looking at the process of manipulating people who are not fully conscious of what is happening to them. This is the present day establishment-world. Huxley humorously projects the present direction in time to its logical full development; I see it as a valid projection, but one on which I make an unfavorable value judgment. By unfavorable value judgment, I mean that I, myself, will not voluntarily choose and give the weight of my will to that direction. Skinner, in an attempt to persuade his readers that his proposed insignificant differences from the historical world will make a paradise on earth, fictionally portrays a pastoral scene of pleasant people. The picture is not a logical development from his premises but it is the only argument he offers for what he is saying.

Infinitely more intelligent than Skinner, and far more concerned than Huxley, the Old Man clearly understood what he was trying to do when he offered us an alternate lifestyle with himself as host. He was not offering us anything different as it could be viewed in space from a single moment in time; that is to say, he was not offering us a conspicuous change in our daily life or standard-of-living as something that could be seen at the present moment; nor was he offering us a fictional picture of some attractively portrayed future moment.

Having decided that each of us sincerely had the will to make the change if we knew how, he was offering us the benefit of his pioneer work in thinking out the methods for reversing direction in time, and letting us make our own mental projections of where the change of direction would lead.

Also he was offering us something additional that would make it possible for us to go in the new direction. What can I call it? A rear guard defense against establishment pressures? A finger in the dike? Among us here, he has a unique function that is not part of the new lifestyle; it is a temporary necessity because the other lifestyle is out there pressing in on us. He acts as a caisson keeping back all physical intruders from the outside world and, in so far as he can, keeping back all zombi-making concepts. This includes the concept of property with which he, himself, has to remain thoroughly familiar because the outside world requires that someone here must act for the "owners". The land here has been deeded to a corporation having perpetual existence and those who go along with the new direction and stay here will have perpetual beneficial membership in the corporation. However they are not voting stockholders; they have no involvement in legal matters. He plans to pass his unique role to another individual or a limited group when he can no longer handle it himself. This role is not management of things here; it is dealing with the pressures outside. It is similar to the role of a scout or guide familiar with the language and customs of peculiar natives through which a safari must pass; he keeps them back by handling them with special skill so they do not become hostile. Someone has to act as a caisson as long as the world of zombis is out there.

Fifteen persons already were here when we arrived, three of the Old Man's generation, two children under five, and the others biological adults under thirty—our kind of people. The Old Man had been actively recruiting; when he brought the four of us to the valley there were nineteen. That was about the number he thought right for a nucleus and,

although others came and went later, so far as I know, we were the last ones who came from active recruiting efforts on his part. Some of us had friends that he was glad to have us invite for a visit and some of these stayed on. But now we grow in numbers almost exclusively because of new children being born here.

The Old Man and his wife originally bought the valley to be developed as a secluded family estate and built a rather good home for themselves and their three children. The man and wife still live there; two of the children have built little basic houses here for themselves like everyone else; the third is still exploring the outside world.

The Old Man is no less an unselfish idealist than the young man who gave Freedom Farm to anyone who wanted to live on it. His methods of doing things are just based on more knowledge of the world as it is. He has "been through the mill" and has none of the standard zombi-illusions. He has ideals but they are those where long-range objectives overrule momentary emotional impulses to ostensible generosity, or short-range expedience. In fact his ideals are those that have survived the total evolution of all life on earth; they are the ideals of animals. He implements them with all the force he can command as does any animal. Being human and being pressured into following human ways, he uses whatever force is feasible in the zombi world; at present this is the force behind establishment laws—but he looks upon it as I have tried to picture it, as brute force triggered by madness.

Unwelcome intruders are simply evicted as trespassers. That is using establishment laws regarding property "ownership". But as we, who are now getting rid of our zombi conditioning see his viewpoint, no concept of "ownership" enters in. He has only the regrettable necessity for remaining conversant with and occasionally using the psychotic path to triggering establishment force. We, who live here, uphold no concept of "ownership" as "moral". I do not mean that group ownership replaces private ownership; I mean no concept of "ownership" exists here that is not

thought of as zombi-conditioning to be eliminated from our thoughts.

What relationship can exist between individuals in a world that rejects any concept of "ownership", public or private, that is implemented by group force?

All wild animals have a good relationship based upon that condition. Without condemning the ways of wild animals, humans can channel the observable animal relationship into deliberated formalities. These formalities can do away with the need for guarding against sneak attacks with moment-by-moment vigilance. To quote the Old Man, "We can find peace and rest in the darkness, and freedom from the fear of what lurks in the shadows, if we have the strength of character needed to stand up and face the dawn with courage."

As regards comparison to the zombi-world, the big change is the absence of continuously made group rules or laws. The agreements or "laws" as first shown us at Freedom Farm by the Old Man are the projected future possibility on which all who are here have chosen to orient our present behavior. But to discuss them in more detail than I have already done would magnify a facet of this work out of all proportion to the whole.

Also it would not seem realistic to anyone observing things objectively. In the laws as written, all enforcement is based upon individual initiative. This includes the lawful possibility that an individual can take action against another individual or against any embryonic group force with someone's death very close to a certainty. This does not happen here. Death is only simulated by eviction. It is the best we can do in a zombi-world, but it is not objectively convincing. It is simply close enough to the reality so that we, whose interests are vital enough for us to consider it carefully, can compare it to how things would be if this valley were the whole world—if the laws could actually be put into practice—and then, as a discipline for our thoughts and behavior toward each other, we can look upon eviction as meaning the evicted person ceased to exist.

Replacing the simulated with the potential reality in our thoughts, sometimes requires much imagination; but our direction, indicated by the agreements, accepts animal behavior as the ultimate law. We have not sought to repeal it. Instead we uphold it as the tribunal of final appeal. The laws only require that the appeal to the ultimate tribunal follow the agreed-upon procedures that outlaw sneak attacks.

While we were still at Freedom Farm was a good time to first think about these laws. They are dependent on everyone having all the powers that the outside world gives only to police officers, judges, et cetera. None of us could imagine that we, ourselves, would ever have the slightest desire to violate any of them; but we could easily see that, if overnight they were imposed on the whole world, there would be chaos more terrifying than that of atomic warfare. At first, that imagined spectacle of the whole world, instantly trying to adjust to something utterly new, aroused our concern for the world at large and made the laws, themselves, appear impractical. We could see the sudden application of the cure as worse than the establishment's disease. But we were all of draft age, the Vietnamese was was on our minds, and we could clearly see that, once those laws were effective, mass warfare would never occur again, no matter how great the population became. That was a very persuasive argument; it was the first time any of us had ever heard a reasonable plan for eliminating mass warfare from the face of the earth. Now I am convinced that it is not only the first reasonable plan we had ever heard; it is the only one possible. Mass warfare is legalized mob action. The laws based upon individual sovereignty simply look at mob impulses and take away from the impulses in peacetime as well as wartime their shield of legality. However when we first thought about the laws, a lesser idea absorbed our attention, and became the focus for our discussion that morning at breakfast.

We tried to imagine Freedom Farm as totally isolated from the establishment and these the only laws in existence

for us. We could see that there would be problems; there would probably be some deaths during a period of adjustment and we would be less protected from the risk of death than if we had a police force standing between us and those inclined to violence. But we could imagine that the laws would be highly acceptable to many who, under the existing system, opt for "criminal" violence. We knew that criminals are often made and continue as criminals because conformity to ridiculously-complicated, unevenly-enforced laws insults intelligence.

I looked at what I saw as our criminal element at Freedom Farm and imagined that if we could seriously propose to live by the Old Man's laws, those assumed "criminals" might become law abiding; we might even become great friends. I had very much liked the appearance of two of the men and one of the women, and I had seen nothing wrong with any of them except that they were committed to a transient, hunted lifestyle.

Where we are now, no one is allowed to even enter the valley who cannot be expected to find violation of the laws shown us at Freedom Farm foreign to his impulses. Therefore the actual condition is this: We are living in a world as it would be if the laws had been in effect long enough for the invariable death penalty to have already weeded out most of the people who could not live by them. So as it works out we are not concerned with the laws, themselves, but with developing the way of life that would evolve if no others existed. They simply serve as a touchstone for orienting our behavior. So instead of talking about the laws, I will talk about the behavior patterns that we see as necessarily evolving from them.

We adults, who are here, consciously make the great effort necessary to overcome that portion of our zombi-conditioning which says that humans should live by a morality different from that of other animals. Our zombiism continually trips us up, but our children will grow up with no such conditioning that they have to overcome. The change in thought pattern makes for very subtle differences in our

daily life but for an enormous difference in our view of what we are doing in the long-range direction of our efforts.

A casual observer, looking at our lifestyle objectively, would see no difference between us and those committed to an opposing direction. We have the same human heritage as others and so appear to be the same. We are born helpless and needing more protection than our naked skins; we have shelters from the weather and clothes to keep us warm. We eat food that is very similar to that of all other humans. Shakespeare's Shylock would declare us to be the same. We have the same senses, affections, and passions as others; if you stab us we will bleed, if you poison us we will die.

The objective realities of how we appear to be living in any given moment are not what I want to talk about. I want to put only enough flesh on the bare bones to avoid any implication that we are unusual. I want to write only enough narrative to indicate that we are living beings.

When the four of us first arrived, our host gave us a detached house to stay in while we got acquainted with the place and the people here. The house was pretty basic but probably better than any we would have built if we had stayed at Freedom Farm. It had a stone fireplace, indoor plumbing, and a very good cookstove that burned the abundantly available wood. We were given a generous supply of good food, enough for a week or so, with the idea that we could make our own meals and get the feel of actually living here. Our host invited us to choose our own pace for getting acquainted.

No one intruded on us. However we quickly met everyone just by exploring the valley and running into people out working or out relaxing. In contrast to Freedom Farm, everyone was friendly, usually very cordial, coming over to introduce themselves and to welcome us as soon as they saw we were new. They often invited us to help if they were working, relax if they were relaxing, showed us houses they had built or were building, told us about sites where we might want to build, and about advantages or disadvantages they had thought of. Everyone seemed happy and full of

enthusiasm for what they were doing.

It all seemed a little bit unreal, as if, for no reason at all, we were being offered the world of our dreams as a reality; or, in an expression I picked up from my father, "offered the world with a little red fence around it."

13.

We could hardly believe our great good fortune in being offered the world of our dreams, so we kept looking for a magician's trick behind an illusion. Because we had come from the ordinary human world in which being softened up for some sort of con game was the most probable explanation, we kept wondering if that was what was happening to us. The thought got stopped over and over simply by reminding ourselves that we had nothing that anyone would want to con away from us. Also it was clear that most of the work being done by people here, that incidently increased property values, could have been done much more cheaply simply by hiring skilled workers. And no one could doubt that the Old Man knew that.

All who were here when we arrived had been here for several months, some for more than a year. Everyone apparently answered any question we asked without reservations, but the picture we got of the whole was rather confused. We had been conditioned to the establishment's thought patterns and had to make a complete reversal, something even more extreme than what Nietzsche called a transvaluation of all values.

If the required reversal in thought had been manifest by some conspicuous change in behavior patterns or way of life, it would have been more understandable. The difficulty was that the complete reversal seemed to involve no real change at all. The words "host" and "guest" were used so often that it sounded as if the people here were not even thinking about a new way of life but simply about better "etiquette". It sounded as if the focus was entirely on superficial behavior.

When we first observed that an invitation to help plant a garden, or help put a roof on a house, was not made in a

joking way that implied "of course I would welcome all the help I can get" but was extended as if it were a sincere selectively-made invitation, like an invitation to dinner, and accepted or rejected in that tone, we thought it was all affectation. Back at Freedom Farm, the Old Man had told us that was the way things would be here, but his use of the words "host" and "guest" had passed through our thoughts as not significant. We knew that hospitals, and even correctional institutions, tried to create a "nice" atmosphere by the mere use of the word "guest" instead of patient or inmate. We now were tempted to suspect that it was being done by all the people he invited here just to humor some eccentricity of their host. However since he did not seem to be the sort of person who would accept any hint of patronage, and no one here appeared to be the sort to go in for affectation it did not make sense.

The Old Man unquestionably was recognized as overall host of everything but, over and over, we ran into the statement, that in every social and work relationship invariably there was a host and there was a guest or guests. The word host did not refer to the Old Man in his unique role as caisson. That unique role was referred to as "overall host". Host, without a modifier, referred to him only when his overall-host-role was making no demands on him and he was free to act like everyone else.

Over and over, we asked about the focus on a host-guest relationship and asked whether the words had some special meaning here. We got the same explanations, over and over. The sameness did not come because everyone was mouthing dogmas or catechisms. Sometimes the explanations were in clear words by highly articulate persons, sometimes not so clear, but, although we could not comprehend the basic significance, there could be no question that we were listening to individual attempts to point out subtle points that had been perceived by that specific individual's reason.

Those who had been here awhile told us that no cooperative relationship other than host-guest was possible in a world of individual sovereignty because, first,

everything had to be voluntary, and second, there could be no structured continuity. There could develop no such thing as employer-employee relationship, no lawyer-client, no doctor-patient, et cetera, that injected modifying factors and, by reason of irreversible rigidity, began to give a group-society structure. They told us that the idea was for children to grow up with no interpersonal relationship other than host-guest in their thought or behavior patterns. Slowly, very slowly, the words began to take on, not so much new, as simply more precise meanings.

Now we can clearly see it is because the difference in behavior oriented on individual sovereignty and group sovereignty is made up of such subtle shadings, as were being presented to us, that covert perversion of "socially acceptable" behavior is easy for those who want to make and manipulate zombies. Here, a subtle difference from the outside world in the meanings of the words "host" and "guest", pointing to a subtle difference in the relationship, is the hinge on which the complete change of behavior direction moves.

And now, over and over, I might try to point out these subtle nuances and still never make clear what is now clear to me.

I, myself, am convinced that the slight, seemingly very slight, differences in social and work relations from what exist outside are highly significant because they are the changes that would be necessary for survival of each individual if there could be a total reversal from laws favoring group sovereignty to laws favoring individual sovereignty. So I recognize that I am talking about human culture as one talks about the culture of corn and beans. I am talking about consciously created survival conditions that are a selective influence unfavorable to those who thrive in a surreptitious human culture.

The way of life here that we are practicing, so far as zombie laws permit, can best be pictured in my own thought patterns by imagining the relations that would have developed if humans had evolved directly from wild animals

with no zombi conditioning. Every social and work relationship here is that between host and guest, and I can best see that relationship as it exists here by imagining it to be what would develop between wild animals dealing with each other if they could talk, had discussed everything intelligently, and, after such discussions, had formally rejected a human proposal to give up the inborn morality of their "wildness". This means: (1) No domestication for the one-sided benefit of a manipulator, whose motives have not been communicated to those being domesticated. (2) No slavery by the use of overt force. (3) No zombiism, where word-patter hides what is happening from those being manipulated, and, quite often, even from the word-conditioned zombis doing the manipulating.

The words "host" and "guest" were chosen by the Old Man as the nearest approximation in zombi-language, which is all anyone knows, to words that would convey the all-important factor that the relationship is voluntary. But here "voluntary" means more than it does outside; it means what a wild animal would consider voluntary—not what a wild animal does consider voluntary when it does not know the direction in which it is being led, but what a wild animal would consider voluntary if it had full knowledge of everything organized-group-power has done to human animals. The host invites whom, if, where, and when he likes, and can withdraw the invitation by asking the guest to leave. The prospective guest accepts or rejects, with no covert social pressure on his freedom of decision, and after accepting, can leave of his own choice at any time.

Outside, theoretically this condition exists; but, outside, practically, it does not. Outside, there is covert social pressure. Unspoken implications, implications that might even be denied in words, overrule the ostensible theory.

Here, our conscious efforts are directed toward removing any zombi-carry-over of a social stigma against absolute freedom of choice, with no politely-inaccurate excuses given. We know that polite-inaccuracy buries significant factors in the subconscious. And we know that acceptance of behavior

patterns without conscious evaluation and overt concurrence leads to zombiism.

We have to make a definite effort to overcome our zombi conditioning by seeing that no such vague reason as the group-consensus-considers-this-to-be-correct-behavior is allowed to bring pressure on individual decisions. We orient on the idea that, if the laws favoring individual sovereignty were functioning, group pressure could be broken forcefully by an individual. Under such conditions no intelligent person would jeopardize his life by trying to become a demagog. And the sort of "social leadership" that evolves into demagoguery would be viewed with disfavor. Simulated enforcement against group pressure here is real enough to keep the idea before us. We consciously try to make the subtle changes in our behavior that reason dictates would be necessary under the agreements.

A host's directions and wishes, expressed or implied—no matter how strange—are followed with good grace or guest will voluntarily leave or be asked to leave the field of activity. (Note that the active role of host controls a physical area—not a concept of property "belonging" to the host. All respect is for what the person is and does—not for what the person "owns".) Because the pressure of group-consensus is consciously guarded against, there is no stated or implied social contract, even as there is no legal contract here. Also there is no hint of obligation to reciprocate any social or work relationship.

Neither the role of host nor guest has a "status" value higher than the other because neither is seen as requiring more intelligence, grace, or providing more emotional enjoyment. The values to host and guest are seen as being in balance at all times. The host must plan and maintain this balance if the project he hosts is not to fail of its own inadequacy. The host has the satisfaction of creative expression as a compensation for his greater initiative, advance planning, and effort of leadership. The guest, in willingly submitting to the host's wishes, feels the relaxation that simply watches for the end results while studying the

methods. He also has the possibility of enjoying a planned surprise. It is as if the physical activity were a sport and the mental activity an adventurous mind-stimulating process, like watching a stage play. The only difference is that the guest is a participant. Like an actor joining others in reading a new script, he normally withholds judgment until it has been read through completely. If he is unfavorably surprised by finding it so clearly unacceptable to him that he must bow out midway, then, here, he is conscious that his host—not an abstract "society"—is the script writer. So discretion requires a prospective guest to accept an invitation only if he sincerely has a good opinion of his host's competence to effectively host the project and to carry him in the direction he wants to go. If he accepts and the relationship works out well, both host and guest have the enjoyment of congenial companionship.

Discussions of work or social activity are so worded that the relationship between host and guest will be clear to all. Everyone tries to make the wording of such discussions conspicuous enough to stimulate questions from children or newcomers who do not fully understand. All of us seek to expose and avoid any covert implications. The idea is to keep the host-guest relationship as clearly defined as the outside world, in precise detail, defines the relationship between players in an organized sport or card game.

There is a pitfall on each side of the host-guest path here and the path that runs between the two pitfalls must be clearly marked. On one side is the "pecking order" pattern of unthinking animal anarchy as modified by humans. On the other side is the, equally unthinking, zombi-conditioned pattern of individuals grouping together motivated by everybody-is-doing-it-so-it-must-be-right impulse.

The first is fully familiar as overt—but instantaneous and undeliberated—force-backed dominance in the non-human world. In the human world it degenerates into tricky, covertly-planned-and-executed "back-stabbing" social dominance. This is very conspicuous in the outside world and needs no discussion here.

The second is harder to see because it has no wild-animal equivalent. It is practiced by covert "in-the-know" implications between the controllers of group power, who "ease-out" from their "elite-in-the-know" clique all who are too honest to follow methods that cannot stand-up under open examination. Of course, this selective evolution of leadership by those committed to unstated innuendoes makes for ever greater zombiism both in the leaders and those being manipulated.

Our formalization of and careful attention to the host-guest relationship here, after the fashion of games in the outside world, brings to the surface our own carry-over of zombi-making factors, which we then can consciously reject.

Here, there are no group efforts as such; that is, there is nothing that has to wait for consensus or group decision. Whenever two or more persons have any social or work relationship it is always understood as being between host and guests. If something is conceived in the course of speculative conversation and there is any possibility of misunderstanding who is host and who are guests, the relationship is decided when action is decided. The decision consists simply of someone taking the initiative by assuming the role of host and inviting others, either specific persons or any who like, to be his guests.

Because this is the way we always do everything, no pressure exists to create undesirable relationships whether work or social. Natural animal gregariousness encourages both work activities of objective value that provide social enjoyment, and social relations of exclusively subjective value. These evolve into desirable ones, repeated and continuously modified, or die for lack of nourishment.

If anyone consistently shows no wish to host anything, nor participate in any work project or social activity hosted by anyone else, there is, of course, a tendency to make a generalization about that person that approaches ostracism. Group action to ostracize a dissenting individual is recognized as a tendency leading toward the undeliberated

group-cohesion that makes individual sovereignty impractical; it is consciously guarded against.

Of course, if an individual repeatedly rejects both host and guest roles with no cohesive-group ostracizing him, he, himself, is choosing isolation. Since the ability to survive without dependence on group cooperation is recognized as an essential factor of individual sovereignty, such isolation is accepted here. But there is a highly important factor involved. It really must be isolation—not withdrawal from activities within the valley and replacing them with activities outside. That is something which the Old Man, as overall host trying to simulate a new and separate world, will not tolerate if it seems to be building up—not diminishing as could normally be expected. As regards that person, he will simply withdraw his invitation as overall host and ask the person to leave.

At first the tendency to keep or build binding ties with the world outside this valley, was a big factor in separating those who really wanted this way of life from those who did not. The Old Man had thought much about the problem and tried to guide us. He wanted us to keep up our knowledge of the establishment, to keep in mind what we were rejecting. He encouraged us to set up a simple business outside to give ourselves some cash and a not-deeply-involved point of contact with the outside world. We did that. The business is simple enough so that we can rotate in operating it; most of us actually live outside for a few weeks out of each year. All of us go to plays or other outside entertainment, to public parks, museums, exhibits, and so forth, but we do so as inconspicuous strangers enjoying the novelty of a strange land. No one now here would want to be other than a visitor to the outside world. However, breaking the life-long tendencies was at first a confusing thing.

Jill and I had no problem. We had already developed an intense wish for blocking off the outside world. We have been here eight years now. We have two children, a boy six years old and a girl four. They understand and accept the interpersonal relationship they see here without any need

for explanations, simply because they have no ingrained patterns other than their instincts to which reasoned concepts have to be compared. They consciously accept the reasoned concepts because reason backs up instinct; they are not zombies. We find an indescribably great joy in looking at them and recognizing that, only one generation removed from zombism, they have been born free. Our mating impulse to build a new world has found an outlet for its full expression.

There were two sorts of persons who did not find everything they wanted in our valley.

The first were those with strong ties to specific friends in the establishment, those who wanted the acceptance, approval, or admiration of their establishment friends. They left here of their own accord or were asked to leave if the relationship with such friends was more important to them than breaking away and making a new world.

The second class were those who saw themselves as relating to the establishment as a whole, who could not throw off their zombi-conditioning that caused them to view themselves as part of some group. They felt a need to identify with or relate either to some specific fictitious entity (some specific body politic) or to something vaguely conceived as an entity embracing all humanity. I observed that most did not want to be a functioning part of such an entity as much as they wanted an ego-trip as a gadfly, as a radical, as a revolutionary in conspicuous revolt. It seemed to make little difference to them whether they were admired or hated; they simply wanted public notice.

In both classes noted above the creative impulse to build a new world was overshadowed by considerations of how that new world related to the world they were rejecting. Since our purpose was not to relate at all, they found no satisfaction here.

Jill, Douglas, Joan, and I found more opportunity and stimulus here to go in the direction we wanted than we had ever dreamed possible. I knew it would also have been heaven to Don and Valerie. I often remember them and

regret that, after I was sure of myself here and tried to find and ask them to join us, I could never make contact.

All of us have now built little houses that give us continuing joy because we continuously revise them to make them reflect our evolving concepts of a good house, instead of reflecting our zombi-conditioning of what is good. The same creative impulse is behind everything we do. There is much to be done before our direction can be fully changed. There is, of course, the change from a commercial to an individual scale in growing food and making all the things that improve human life over that of other animals. But that part works out easily.

The bigger and more important thing is changing language and thought patterns. More than one generation will be needed to accomplish that completely. Consider language alone. Even in the 850 words of Basic English there is a substantial percentage of zombi words that we need to quit using and forget. A still higher percentage of the average person's vocabulary falls into this category. We are writing a new dictionary; and, of course, all school books have to be rewritten, both to eliminate zombi words and to reverse the zombi perspective.

The impetus given to our ideas of creating a new world by the Old Man, instead of being a restriction on our half-formed impulses, is like a forceful wave coming up from behind and moving in the direction we want to go, a wave that invites us to ride simply by its existence, as an ocean wave invites a swimmer or surfer to ride it, if he has the necessary skill and daring.

The outside world is something we accept without trying to do much about it. We know that four billion zombies moving in full stampede cannot be made to completely reverse direction except by catastrophic action or by thousands of years of the normally slow changes that are characteristic. If neither catastrophe nor slow change causes a direction reversal, we think the bulk of the human race will fall back from the spearhead of evolution as the social insects did long ago. If so, we do not want to fall back with the

others. However we do not see their falling back as necessarily the end of the world. Possibly not even for them. We recognize that the total universe implements criterions of value that we do not yet fully understand; the dinosaurs perished; the social insects have survived; and the critical factors in both cases are not known. We do not seek to eradicate the social insects because they fell back and accepted biological changes that dropped them below the evolutionary plateau of sexual animals. Here, in our valley, some of us make a great point of raising bees for honey, and all approve of what the bee-raisers are doing.

In the same manner we accept the outside world. If all the outside world but our valley did not exist, we cannot imagine that we would not survive and have a steadily improving life as long as the earth might continue. But in addition to enjoying our visits to the outside, we benefit now by much that is manufactured outside which we cannot make for ourselves, and might not choose to make for ourselves even if we knew how and had thousands of years to do it. We accept what we find good in the outside world if we can take it without strings attached.

We have developed an alternate lifestyle. We have developed a whole new world in which we move in a direction as different from that of the world outside as the direction of asexual-life-evolving-into-sexual is different from the direction of sexual-life-regressing-toward-asexual. Realities are what life is made of and our life is real. There are no fictitious entities in it. Our children grow up with no words for fictitious entities in their language. That alone is an enormous difference.

Whether the human race goes with us or we become a diverging mutation, we intend to survive and continue in the direction we are going, here or somewhere else, together or separate. We know it can be done. We have regained the direction that has a demonstrated success for three thousand times as long as the human race has existed.

As both an emotional and an intellectual thing we enjoy the melody of time that our, now-recovering, beings can

hear extending through past, present, and future. Also each new day in the here and now seems good to us, extremely good. Without either sentimentality or such irony as Huxley uses we can accept the words of Miranda in Shakespeare's *Tempest* as applicable to what is before us: "How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world. That has such people in 't!"

14.

Remembering the trouble I had just seeing the total reversal of direction necessary to create an alternate lifestyle when the Old Man pointed it out, I look at what he did alone as almost unbelievably difficult. I have not asked him questions about his activities in the outside world and I would not now give precise facts if I knew them. But I have picked up enough incidental information to know that, even while he was searching for another way of life, he demonstrated his competence to play the game he was rejecting. He rose to a high administrative position in a big corporation, acquired enough "gilt-edged paper" so that he has all the money he will ever need, and also he became an organizational expert with a demonstrated working-knowledge of how zombis are controlled. Before that, when he was a young man, he was a local and Federal law enforcement agent, first on the street and then undercover. He knew the various thought patterns of individuals who choose a "criminal" lifestyle. Also he knew how susceptible to manipulation are all who think the "moral" thing is to cooperate with whatever laws or law enforcement practices happen to exist.

Although his experience was extensive, none of the knowledge derived from it was useful when he concluded that a completely new social and work structure was necessary to avoid the unscrupulous manipulation of honest people, especially those who are honest and trust others to be like themselves. He decided that any system founded on individual integrity must also be founded on individual sovereignty. But nothing, absolutely nothing, in existence was based upon workable practices for voluntary cooperation between sovereign individuals. There was a lot of lip service given to individual freedom but a functioning reality

was utterly unknown. There was not even any accepted concept for anything that could function.

In the world where zombiism is accepted as the way things are, conceptually creating "positions" and putting people into those positions is the only known procedure. When "put into positions", people are not the wonderful animals that evolution has developed. Instead they are imperfect mechanical robots that do not always function as the program intended. The good of the projected system takes priority over biological reality to such an extent that when things do not function, the most common "fault" pointed out is "the human element". The system offends all reason. But first conceiving positions and then putting people into them is so easy and produces tangible results so rapidly that it long ago became the only functioning procedure for human relationships.

A way had to be pioneered to even think about anything else. It could not be dependent on bringing together people who had or could be given some incentive to do what they were told, either moment by moment or by fitting them into preconceived "positions". It had to be dependent first on bringing together people who, when doing something entirely on their own initiative, would be as true as possible to their animal instincts. In addition, they had to have enough integrity not to "rationalize" their actions before the world-at-large, not to try to "justify" them to their zombi conditioning—and thereby carry on that conditioning. Looking to their instincts for guidance, they needed enough native perception and enough intellectual curiosity to try to find the, presumably valid, reason why their instincts are what they are. Then there was the need to create a system that backed instinct with reasoned behavior.

The whole thing appeared all but impossible.

But the Old Man was convinced that it was the thing most needed in the human race, and he had the unbounded energy and patience to keep probing until he conceived a method that would work.

When we first came here there was no positive pattern for

intersocial behavior that could be followed simply by imitation. We got some vague idea of the necessary direction reversal but we were all bumbling in our efforts. Looking back, it seems that we may have been allowed to do things with little or no guidance when more positive guidance by the Old Man might have been better. But maybe not. This has worked. The other might have worked faster but might not have worked at all. Things now go very smoothly and we have all learned by the trial and error method. Because of that our convictions about totally new social and work relationships are solidly based on realities that we, ourselves, have tested. Some procedures evolved very slowly. The Old Man made it easy for us to break physical contact with the outside world but breaking away in our thoughts was not so easy.

One of the first conspicuous things we did that now seems ridiculous was try to start a periodical along the lines of the non-establishment or "underground" periodicals that were popular at the time. We, ourselves, had only the first fleeting glimpse of what a real alternate lifestyle would have to be based on. But the total concept, vague as was our detailed evaluation of it, came upon us like the most glorious and colorful dawn. We could hardly wait to tell "all those other confused zombis to wake up and break away from their zombiism."

Three people, who were already here when the Old Man brought the four of us from Freedom Farm, had tried their hands at writing. One, who had been editor of his school paper, knew the mechanics of making paste-ups for camera-ready copy to be turned over to a commercial offset printer. I still had my own article that I had offered to my publisher friend in San Francisco; also I still had a few dollars that I was willing to throw into a publishing effort. It may be that I added the extra ounce of energy that precipitated the joint effort. If so it is not a cause for pride.

The Old Man did not encourage us but did not discourage us. My article went into the paper as a space filler. We needed space fillers. Much as we thought we had learned,

and eager as we were to tell it all, we still needed a little more copy to make a paper bulky enough to look as impressive as we thought it should. We asked the Old Man if he would like to contribute something. It was only a moment's impulsive grasping because our mill needed more grist. But to our surprise he actually brought us several typed pages. Our editor began speed reading them and said enthusiastically, "That's great. That just what we need. You really lay it on the line." Then knowing the Old Man's wish to remain unknown, someone asked, "Can we use your real name or do you want to use a pen name?" When he told us to use the name Ralph Waldo Emerson, we were slow in getting the joke at the expense of our ignorance in not recognizing the material. Everything was selected extracts typed directly from Emerson's essay on Self Reliance. It was when he gave us a volume of Emerson for proof reading his typed selections that I first reread Emerson's essay on Nature. Remembering what the San Francisco editor had told me, I felt pretty sheepish about letting my

own article titled Nature go to press. But I did.

Fortunately it took only one issue for us to give up our publishing effort. Nothing about the paper is worth telling but I will quote some parts of the Old Man's selection from Emerson.

Really, I am not as sold on Emerson as my quoting him twice at length would indicate. However doing so, along with the other sources of non-zombi thought patterns that I have given, is my acknowledgment that the war against the establishment was not born full-blown by us leather-jacket-rebels of the sixties. Except for differences in phrasing these could have been our words:

"What (is) in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered; and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody...."

"Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better

securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. . . .It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs."

"I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end that many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousand-fold Relief Societies; though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold."

"A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side. . . ? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars."

"As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect."

"Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For every thing that is given something is taken."

". . .The reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so

long that they have come to esteem the religious, learned and civil institutions as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is."

". . .The man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these." "Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him."

"What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? . . .We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and of thought."

"The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps."

"If we live truly, we shall see truly... .When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish."

"When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude examples and experience. You take the way from man, not to man."

"Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. . . .No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it."

"I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust

that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own."

After we saw that the first issue of our paper did not set the world on fire, we gave up our plans for further issues. We even felt sheepish that we had wasted our efforts on the first. Then the Old Man told us about his own similar experience. He had not told us first and used the experience to dissuade us; he let us try to publicize what we had learned and see for ourselves the total lack of the sort of response we had naively expected. I suspect that if he had not done so, we would not have accepted what he then told us as comparable to our own plans for leading the whole world away from its zombiism, even though his had been the same on a bigger scale.

About twenty-five years earlier, before most of us had even been born, the Old Man had written a whole book setting forth his view that dependence on individual sovereignty is the only alternative to the present mess of the human race. His words were stronger than Emerson's and, more important, his was not merely lip service. What he said was premised on the recognition that force is a value "of the essence" of the physical world and human beings who live in a physical world must accept force as a "moral" value. He pointed out that force, which obviously has a major functional importance in the inanimate world, carries over into biological evolution, and that perceptive people must recognize that force will "and of a right ought to be" used by humans. The only question is whether the group or the individual is to have the prerogative to use it. He tried to discover a basis for making a choice with the greatest care possible.

He dealt in realities. He set forth laws which included the individual's right to use force under certain conditions. The laws divided the use of force between the individual and the

group in such a way that the individual (in a world where the laws could be put into effect) could forcefully defend himself from any infringement on the portion of individual sovereignty that he had not already surrendered. The retained individual prerogative could not be taken away. The group could make no new laws.

The printed laws he had shown us at Freedom Farm were simply pages cut from his published book. All of us have now been allowed to read the whole. It is well written, logical, and convincing.

Like me, he had a publishing friend; but, unlike me, he persuaded his friend to publish his work. He did not regret his persuasiveness but he accepted the results as a bitter lesson that he had been forced to learn the hard way. The book got a little attention, mostly unfavorable, and none of the attention was what he wanted. He had naively expected a serious grass-roots political push to set up, on land already owned by the government, an area where the alternate society he proposed could be tried by those who wanted it. Instead, some of his ideas and some of his well turned phrases were picked up by those giving lip service to "individualism", those who clearly had no wish to give a functional substance to individual sovereignty. They wanted the opposite. In effect, his very words were turned around and used as weapons against what he wanted to accomplish. They were used simply as a new way to imply that majority rule is the effective way to implement individualism, as all brain-washed zombies were already conditioned to believe.

He had not focused his attention on public opinion enough to expect and be prepared for such a result. During his time as a Federal law enforcement officer he had carefully studied the U.S. Constitution and knew the fear its framers had of majority rule. He knew the great effort they had made to safeguard against a simple majority rule where, as they knew, legal action can be as easily manipulated as illegal mob action. He knew and liked people and had no fear of individuals, "criminal" or otherwise. He had the same fear of voting majorities as the framers of the constitution but,

unlike the framers of the constitution, he did not really know the public as a group force wholly subject to word manipulation. Naively he offered—to total humanity—a reasoned alternate to the system that almost everyone wants changed and expected reason to have its own appeal. He had no name that carried weight in the mass media, a name that, of course, can be acquired only by saying in a clever new fashion what all the mass-media-reading zombies have already been brainwashed into accepting as "the way things are." Of course, he wanted no such name, but he had not realized that only an "authority" can convince the public that an idea is reasonable.

Disgusted with himself that he had been so naive as to address the public at large, he bought out the publisher's stock of his books. He also bought up every copy he could get by an order to all booksellers on the publisher's mailing list. He even searched through used book stores and picked up some copies. Some complete copies he stored, then burned the rest, after cutting from a few the pages containing the laws. Probably even then he had the idea of someday using them in personal contacts, without revealing his authorship, as he had done when meeting us at Freedom Farm.

His experience as he told it to us helped keep us from making any further effort at publishing a periodical. All the others who were involved in our abortive attempt to say something in public print have pretty much adopted the Old Man's attitude. I, alone, am a renegade. Here I am still trying to write something in the hope that it will reach and encourage a few who want to throw off their zombiism.

And I confess that this is not my first effort at writing for the public since my fellow participants in the folly gave it up as a lost cause. I first wrote a long fictional work portraying our life here as I visualized it developing after several generations had expanded us into over five thousand people. The projection shows us living in a somewhat greater area than our present valley and living under our present laws with the laws actually functioning, not merely simulated. As an unpublished manuscript it has found a highly interested

audience here, but I admit that I wrote it for mass publication in the usual way. Its limitation to the audience here was not pre-planned. After I had written it with the general public in mind and had it rejected by several publishers, I tried to look at it from a publisher's viewpoint and recognized that, as science fiction, it would have no general appeal because it lacks the shock value of the bizarre. And as a proposed way of life it would have no appeal because it would seem an unrealistic Utopia. I think Huxley was right in saying that a book about the future can be of interest only if the reader thinks its prophecies might conceivably come true. Only those of us who have lived under the laws as simulated can believe that our way of life can work with the laws actually functioning. As a scenario for appraising our trends or for questioning a possible need to reorient our efforts, my fiction has a limited value for us and us only.

Maybe after the one effort I should have stopped. But, like a child playing with fire, I do not seem to be able to leave words alone. My frustration over the failure of my fictional effort pushed me into this factual look at the outside world and our relation to it as that relationship exists in the here and now.

The appropriateness of the above "fire" simile to my use of words made me recognize that, if the controversial gift made by Prometheus to foolish mortal men had been words instead of fire, it would be easier to understand his punishment at the hands of the other gods. Words seem to be just a little more than humans are competent to handle, and a little too appealing for humans to leave alone. In my opinion, the unscrupulous use of words—not the unscrupulous use of swords, nor guns, nor atomic bombs—is at the core of the human problem.

This is not something I am proclaiming as a new discovery that I have freshly made.

Throughout all recorded history the question of what to do about using words in a world of word-controlled zombies has concerned those who refused to become zombi manipulators.

There have been a few sacred or secret languages, carefully guarded from corruption. Sometimes written words have been exclusively singled out as the main problem. The opinion that written words should be used sparingly, or not at all, has persisted in many civilizations. Unquestionably the word is mightier than the sword because it is the thing that controls the sword—not in the hands of individuals—in the hands of manipulated masses. And now words can plainly be seen as the trigger that controls the atomic bombs. The potential thought-stimulating value of words conscientiously and carefully used among people of good will, is unquestionable. But there is a strong case that any actual use of words in a world of word-controlled zombies merely adds to undigested thoughts and thereby helps to frustrate native perception. So it follows that any use of words may simply have the long-range effect of increasing zombiism.

Here, in our isolated valley, we are all making a continuous effort to remove from our language all words for unreal entities and pass on to our children a cleaner language, more fully oriented on perceivable realities. On that we are all in full agreement. Two partially opposing viewpoints regarding word contact with the outside world are effectively before us in the relationship that exists between the Old Man and Melvin Gorham. Their expressed viewpoints are opposing but the relationship between them is partially opposing and partially symbiotic.

The Old Man contacted and became friends with Gorham when Gorham's Pagan Bible was first published in 1962. They are of the same generation and since that first meeting have been close friends. Several years before we came from Freedom Farm, Gorham had built a little house of sorts on the Old Man's place here and he has lived in it for as long as four months at a stretch during the time I have been here.

The Old Man, consciously and admittedly, has taken many of his ideas for action from Gorham's writings, and Gorham, consciously and admittedly, has taken much of the stimulus and ideas for his writing from his observations of what the

Old Man puts into action. The symbiotic relationship is so close that I, an observer, do not know where to give credit for the origin of some of the impulses. Fortunately nothing could matter less than "credit" to either of them. Gorham does not write to win fame and make money but because he has something he feels compelled to say. And the Old Man has only contempt for written words. He has stated his position as this: "The greatest artist is the one who, when he has something to say, will not accept words on paper, paint on canvas, carvings on stone, or even massive structures of steel and concrete as a substitute for the only lasting medium of communicable art in the universe; the enduring medium is flesh and blood and bone."

Gorham, in his *Curse of the Ring*, his interpretation of Richard Wagner's *The Rhinegold*, says something of the same thing in a scene between Wotan and Erda:

There is confusion-causing breakdown in a conference going on between Wotan and the "giants", the two greatest political powers in the world. In the confusion a beautiful and impressive woman slips in, followed by guards (Nibelung guards in cloth uniforms) who are about to remove her when she pushes them back with a gesture of her arms and addresses the room: "Show me the man who is like a god."

Wotan, who has been standing in deep thought, turns at the unfamiliar voice and, across the room she says to him, "Wotan, hear what I have to tell you. All who covet the Ring become less than gods—and less than men. Yield it, Wotan, yield it. The teras want it, yield it to them, and let them be damned."

"Who are you," Wotan demands, "that you slip into this conference unknown, and expect me to heed your warning?"

"My name is Erda. My father called me a child of the earth. But names are not important. All that's significant resides in reality. I am a woman and a man should recognize that I hold in my being all things that were, all things that are, and all things that ever shall be. This much only I can tell you in words. The attempt to lead by shaping men's

thoughts and ideals is the way to certain destruction. He who would shape man's destiny must work not with minds and emotions but with blood and flesh and bone."

She starts to leave, with the guards accompanying her, then pauses as Wotan says: "You speak a wisdom I once knew but had almost forgotten. In your words there rings a mystic might that I recognize. Hold a moment and answer this. Is all teaching wrong, even of truth?"

Pushing the guards aside, she turns again and says, "Truth? A verbal truth that is grander and better articulated than organic reality? A truth for man that surpasses his blood and being? You have been warned. My words have said all that words can say. Weigh them wisely." She turns away with finality. A guard opens the door for her, she leaves, followed by the guards.

In the above scene Erda has been introduced as an advocate of biological reality over words, and in Gorham's Interpretation of Wagner's *The Valkyrie* the artistic development of the idea grows to full emotional presentation when Brunnhilde, a daughter of Erda by Wotan, defies his verbal orders and creates the great drama of biological reality versus words that is to come to full flower in the long Ring cycle.

The drama is complex because the problem is complex. As Gorham does, I, too, take the position that condemning words, per se, is an over simplification. The Ring cycle presents the same position. From whatever source it came, the mythology embodied in the Ring operas seems to have brought to light and carefully set forth all the facets of the problem. It even presents this facet: The game with zombies as counter chips continues to be played because the problem is so complicated that not only the brain-washed zombies but also the natural, unspoiled, trusting Rhinemaidens cannot grasp it as a whole. This is stated in the story; the complication is further emphasized by the very length and complication of the Ring cycle production itself.

The continuing condition of word-controlled humans seems to me the most important thing in human

history—and all historians ignore it totally. Only individual artists, poets, dramatists, musicians keep presenting it for attention. Sometimes they seem to be looking at the reality anew; sometimes reworking fragmentary comments on the condition that have come down from the past.

It is easy to see the source of Gorham's present-day symbols in the subconscious archetypes on which Wagner structured the statements that his music emphasizes with such power. But it is more difficult to follow the derivation clearly through the mutilated fragments of Northern European mythology from which Wagner worked. Still it can be found by any who look for it. We who are here in this valley, trying to clean up our language and thought patterns, feel the identity in a surprising way. Trying to escape from our zombiism, we find ourselves moving more and more toward the laws, the morality, the language, and the way of life of the early Northern Europeans as seen in the fragmentary indications still found as mere specks in the streams that flow from prehistory times. It causes us to wonder how long the conscious struggle of biological reality against those who use words to produce and control zombis has been going on.

Zombiism, created and controlled by words, is the trigger that touches off the forces that people of good will must fight. The problem is that the control over zombis can change form so quickly and easily that an opponent has to constantly participate in the repulsive game in order to be sufficiently conversant with the constantly modified word-conditioning to fight it with words. And so we have the objective view of the zombi-cultures' rise and fall—the history of cultures as Spengler and others present human history.

At the center is the everchanging form of the Ring. The Ring is anything that can be made into something for which the currently conditioned zombis will strive. The Ring is the unreal entity that moves through the minds of zombis. This leaves a trail of tangible evidence in Spengler's concept of a culture. The Ring is anything that can be made into a

coin-of-the-realm, a symbol of status, a symbol of power—gold; position; a popular hero. It can even be a popular "ideal"; any ideal, good, bad, or confused garbage; non-violence or the violently aggressive patriotism which is the opposite—anything.

Spengler ends his *Decline of the West* with a generalization about cultures. He says that the next-to-the-last-phase-in-the-pattern is always money. He says that the last phase of each culture is that one where money is overcome by the only power capable of overcoming it—blood. Almost it seems that he is taking the same position that is taken by the Old Man and by Gorham: That he is heralding the eternal triumph of blood and flesh and bone—organic reality. But that is not his position. He is not looking at the real fact that the blood, flesh, and bone of the organic entity always survives when each word-controlled, coin-of-the-realm culture has run its course. The blood that he sees as always triumphing over money in the last phase of every culture is the blood of men born for zombi leadership, the inherent nature of a Caesar. In his viewpoint, the continuous cycle of another culture of the same pattern always being born when each old one dies is valid. He simply visualizes a new zombi leader who can overcome money, as the Ring, by perverting the innate respect for flesh and blood and bone into another form of Ring, a zombi concept of a chosen people.

All known history is the history of zombiism. Always there has been another zombi leader ready to seize the Ring and give it a new form. Always there has been a new soft spoken savior of the world, a new Caesar, a new fuhrer. Words are the instrument of his power.

Because historians have not recorded anything but the game of dwarfs controlling groups of zombis, there is cause to wonder if all stands against zombiism in the past have been what is exemplified by the tragedy into which Brunnhilde and Wotan must walk. There is cause to wonder if nothing is possible but the tragedy into which they must walk with their eyes clearly fixed on the devious distortions

emanating from schemers who work in darkness to turn the creative forces of the universe into forces of destruction.

Despite the spaces left blank by the historians, I think not. Neither does Gorham. Neither does the Old Man. Neither does anyone here. The very existence of the universe answers that these zombi forces have not long endured—as evolution measures time.

Although they have continued throughout all recorded history, they are not an enduring part of the overall scheme of things. Also, they are nothing occultly diabolic. They are nothing mysterious. They can be overcome.

We can clearly see the source of the destructive power and the methods those with dwarf souls use for diverting and using what, prior to zombiism, was creative power. There is only the question of finding the right strategy for fighting the zombiism which we refuse to accept.

Acquiescence is unthinkable. If words can do nothing more, they can assert that. And reassert it. And reassert it. Again and again.

Philosophers and poets tell of the continuing reality that zombi historians try to remove from their word records of what is worth attention.

Nietzsche, in his yes-saying to life, announces that the characteristic by which the new man, who must arise to surpass the present inadequate beings, can be recognized is this: He will cry at the very moment of mortal defeat, "Once more!"

Robinson Jeffers in *At the Birth of an Age* puts the same yes-saying to life in the mouth of the mortally destroyed Gundrun, "I will eat the whole serpent again."

Zombiism is acceptance of unreal concepts as "the way things are." We have seen reality opening up beyond the dark tunnel of our zombiism.

Reality offers no justification for any sort of supercilious irony when considering the possibility of a brave new world.

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