

**THE
FAKE
REVOLT**

G. LEGMAN

for
Ray Gosling —
the man, —
from the
Author,
G. Legman.

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"... The psychopath is a rebel without a cause, an agitator without a slogan, a revolutionary without a program: in other words, his rebelliousness is aimed to achieve goals satisfactory to himself alone; he is incapable of exertions for the sake of others. All his efforts, hidden under no matter what disguise, represent investments designed to satisfy his immediate wishes and desires . . . The psychopath, like the child, cannot delay the pleasures of gratification; and this trait is one of his underlying, universal characteristics. He cannot wait upon erotic gratification, which convention demands should be preceded by the chase before the kill: he must rape. He cannot wait upon the development of prestige in society: his egoistic ambitions lead him to leap into headlines by daring performances. Like a red thread, the predominance of this mechanism for immediate satisfaction runs through the history of every psychopath. It explains not only his behavior but also the violent nature of his acts."

Robert LINDNER, *Rebel Without a Cause*.

"In this country, where new millions of psychopaths are developed each year . . . the hipster has shifted the focus of his desire from immediate gratification toward that wider passion for future power which is the mark of civilized man. Yet with an irreducible difference. For Hip is the sophistication of the wise primitive in a giant jungle, and so its appeal is still beyond the civilized man. If there are ten million Americans who are more or less psychopathic (and the figure is most modest), there are probably not more than one hundred thousand men and women who consciously see themselves as hipsters, but their importance is that they are an elite with the potential ruthlessness of an elite, and a language most adolescents can understand instinctively, for the hipster's intense view of existence matches their experience and their desire to rebel . . . the psychopath may indeed be the perverted and dangerous front-runner of a new kind of personality which could become the central expression of human nature before the twentieth century is over."

Norman MAILER, *The White Negro* (1957)

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THE FAKE REVOLT

IT IS TIME to tell the truth. The Gangsters of the New Freedom have moved in on a very broad cultural front, and are already mopping up your kids with narcotic drugs and drivelling pretenses of false revolt. You — you good Americans who are helpless to prevent your children from goofing out on marihuana and LSD, because you don't know how to stop drinking whiskey yourselves — you are waking up too late, if you are waking up at all. You are the biggest chumps and suckers in the history of the world. You have let your children be perverted before your eyes, out of stupidity, snobbery, and the hope of making a dirty dollar on the deal yourselves. I mean YOU. Not him — not them — YOU. Furthermore, it is *too late* now to do anything about it. Let that be said clearly: *it is now too late*. Nothing can be done. You are about to crash. Your bright day on the stage of world history is over, though you imagine yourselves still at high noon. You have committed the crime that cannot be forgiven, and cannot be repaired: you have destroyed your children. After the children are destroyed, the end is not long to wait. You have been weighed, weighed, weighed and found wanting. The Russians and the Chinese will divide you before this century ends. Today they smile pityingly over their tea, as they watch you helplessly dirtying up your final diaper: the only great country in the world that will have lasted hardly two hundred years.

It is time to tell the truth. As the noisiest part of the Fake Revolt is its pretention to being in some sense a revolution, the best place to begin studying its anatomy is in this matter of revolutionary pretense. Young people usually have a certain amount of fight in them, before they take jobs in the adult world and are beaten down to the same kind of silent despair in which their parents stumble through the meaningless last half or two-thirds of their lives: no dream, no hope, no love, and not much sex either. Young people do not want to be lectured to with the usual condescending flatulencies, which they know — nearly as well as the speaker — are just the same old crap. The day of the Fourth of July oration and the Commencement Day address is perhaps not yet over, because too many orators still want to get into the act, but young people are no longer having any. This is the one real and ageless part of the New Revolt: *no more lies!* It remains to be

seen, however, what is being peddled to them under the banner of the New Truth.

It is terribly easy to pervert kids, sexually and every other way. In fact, the two generally go together. All you have to do, as every Dirty Old Man knows, is offer them a bar of candy — or a stick of tea. The particular perversion that has been peddled this time, and that has taken, has three needles to its hypodermic syringe: a penny-ante social revolt (Ban the Bomb, Make Love Not War — a slogan that I have the dubious honor of having invented — and all the rest of it); a wildcat sexual permissiveness heavily accentuating the draining of sexual normality of all emotional meaning by being “cool;” and the purposeful peddling of dangerous social and sexual perversions and drugs. What spy, what Secret Agent 0069, what nefarious Foreign Power, German saboteur, Russian sputnik, or Martian thought-control device could be better calculated or do a better job of softening up the Great Amerikansky Schmuck for the kill? Also including the British and French, and other cheap imitators.

Freedom does not consist of the right to gun people down in the streets — neither in Texas nor anywhere else — nor to peddle drugs to adolescents under some horse-manure intellectual pretext of “expanding their consciousness.” Freedom for literature does not consist of the right to publish two hundred murder-mysteries, horror-comics, and flagellation novels per one erotic book allowed (recently); then to complain that there is too much freedom. There are still people going to jail for “obscenity” today, in America, sent there on some shystering tergiversation by the highest court in the land. Who’s going to jail for peddling sadism? Freedom of speech does not consist of the right of noisy minorities, such as the Homosexual International and their front-men, or camp critics and fag-hags, to seize control of propagandistic areas such as clothing fashions and other psychological nerve-centers, and peddle their perverted *shlock* to adolescents still trying to search their way through to normality. It is not freedom to put 15-year-old boys in faggot haircuts, and 13-year-old girls in lesbian and fetichistic whip-master skirts and penis-shaped neckties, just because there is no law requiring a certificate of psychiatric health before one can get a job editing a fashion magazine. (In which case they would all close tight!)

No one wishes to attack — not here, anyway — the chumps or “In”-characters: the hippies, the cool-cats, the swingers, the beats, the teeny-boppers already growing old (at seventeen), the psychedelic gang-bangers, crudwunkers, or whatever they will be told

by the promoters to call themselves next year. These are just the suckers or victims. I would like to see some attention put to the people *behind* the beatniks for a change. So far not a word has been said about them, except in the shrewdly written and incredibly illustrated “A Social History of the Hippies,” by Warren Hinckle, in *Ramparts* (San Francisco, March 1967), which must be seen to be believed. The gangsterizing of the New Freedom is now moving on to become big business. It has its own promoters, its own Psychedelic Stroboscopic Freak-Out peddlers, and protectors; its profiteers, lobbygows, and propagandists; its fashionable college-professor converts and amen-shouters; a whole tribe of perverts and shills, touting and turning everyone else on for a share of the take and for the right to stand around and pick up the vibrations at all the orgies. Perversion-pimps: the new racket.

What’s it all about? Why are these poisonous freaks, and the money-grubbing businessmen backing them, being allowed to pull the psychological guidestrings for millions of adolescents? As, last year, the “Mod” fashions, intended to make millions of American schoolkids dress like homosexual British dropouts and juvenile delinquents: an attempt which fortunately failed. But they tried, didn’t they? And they’ll try something similar next year, won’t they? While the lesbians running the fashion-magazines (particularly in Paris) will put all the girls in plasticized fetich-leather and fly-front pants, feeling each other up for the cover illustration. Who asked this international underground of degenerates in, like bad fairies at the christening, to puke into the punch-bowl? Who gave them their permit to run the children of a country — of the world, if they can swing it — into the ground? And who would leave a child, of either sex, alone with one of them for five minutes? Don’t make me laugh.

They’re not hard to recognize. They’re not hard to find. Names and addresses might be libel, or might sound like a planned anti-intellectual pogrom. (But who said these hardnosed psychological salesmen are intellectuals? — themselves?) Look for the Gangsters of the New Freedom at the arty-farty and big-business cocktail parties connected with advertising, with publishing, both magazine and book; with broadcasting, television, and the other — pardon the expression — “mass media.” Look for them in the offices of “modern art” galleries, and promoting “twentieth century music” and “underground” films, in temples of architectural bad taste specifically devoted (on public funds if they can wangle them) to these put-on arts, which are a shame to red-assed jaybirds.

Look for them at high-level college professoring and especially in the wily nepotism of research-granting, and all the rest of the new electronic and automated brain-stamping industry; in the international alphabet-soups of poppycock do-gooders anxious to fix their hot little mouths on that government teat *for life!* Look for them — if you have a nice strong stomach — in every and anything connected with the “legitimate” (read: homosexual) theatre today, now frankly of the Absurd as well as the Sick; and the motion-picture racket, not just at the freak “underground” edge, but right in the big-moneyed middle, now stinking to high heaven in its ultimate decadence of full-color blood-sadism, put-on art, and perverted sex.

The businessmen and bank presidents who put the money into all this, and therefore take the profits out, and occasionally the escalated army-navy bigshots and politicians who help it swing the really Big Money on occasion, will also be found here, along with the Colonel Blimp university administrators and other incompetent Jacks-in-office who hide the whole thing under their cautiously cretinous jibber-jabber. These can be told by their vague but terribly cheerful air of not knowing what the hell it is all about, but being too yellow to say so, for fear of jeopardizing their \$35,000 a year; of wondering whether the soundtrack is, as it so palpably seems to be, revolting hogwash for the public, or whether they too are supposed to mouth up a few modish shibboleths, and have them taught to their daughters in Eastern private colleges, as in the mammoth state brain-stamping factories of the Midwest, with twenty and thirty thousand students each: Kierkegaard, Picasso, Bartok, existentialism, the Marquis de Sade (after all, *the Atom Bomb is nothing but the Marquis de Sade on a government grant*), and, of course, LSD. The freeways are a slaughterhouse already, merely on booze and tea. Just wait. Turn on, General! — it’s psychedelic — the divine Marquee! BLLLOOOOM!!!

THE OSTENSIBLE goals of the New Freedom are too puerile to discuss, and, if intended to be taken seriously, are too hypocritical to fool a seventh-grade child able to operate a slide-rule and fool around with the equally bunkum New Mathematics. The New Freedom has no spokesman, except maybe Dr. Timothy Leary, the main road-show propagandist for LSD, and would be embarrassed to see its obvious intentions and secret loyalties frankly phrased. The people fronting for it at the present time, and the whole LSD press in which it chortles its triumphs and

announces its Monster Freak-Outs (“Genitals Must Be Covered”), seem to be entirely taken in by their own salestalk, which is not quite the same thing as being sincere. Nor would it matter if they *were* sincere, since what these cult-insiders are peddling is poison.

One reads and sees them, in their “Psychological” institutes and other condemned brownstones, on both east and west coast, confusedly sipping their own poison through paper straws, endlessly proliferating a verbal glup or protective slime by means of which they hope to make next year’s New Freedom gobbledygook palatable to the lower echelons of cult-insiders. Like those certain bugs that are said to drag brightly-colored lumps of dung around with them, in the form of big phoney heads or masks, to frighten off the bigger bugs that might otherwise eat them. They may get eaten yet.

Nobody really cares about these sick caricatures of leaders at all, except insofar as they are pulling the strings and pushing the psychological buttons (lapel-buttons, that is) that act on kids. These kids’ minds cannot be expected to be a whit better than those of their parents, who and which minds have also been reduced to a malleable pap, and for years longer, since the rise of the mechanical and electronic “media,” all of which are totally hitched to saleable products, and are themselves for sale (at very high fees per minute or inch of sucker time, million-strong), and which therefore call the tune as to what is to be the “message.”

Critics can be converted rather easily by a slice of the profits, giving them an institutional letterhead, or promising to get their picture on the cover of a national magazine. Men have been known to give up the gods of their fathers for less. When the “message” of the “media” is eventually controlled by perverts and hop-heads, with the money-backers banking the cash and asking no questions, and the whole operation made “understandable” to the suspicious public by professional turncoats and clowns hopping on the bandwagon, it is time simply to throw in the chips. Blow it all up and start over again. *Come on, you Atom Bomb!* That is the real message of the phoney New Freedom. No one has yet proved that there is any other New Freedom.

The whole little bit of honest, world-improving zeal somewhere in every idealistic kid (especially the girls), or even the panicky urge to get as far as possible away from the whole stinking old-peoples’ mess, like Huckleberry Finn, has already been racketeered into a meaningless choice. It has become a razzle-dazzle carnival swindle surging up into the higher brackets, operated with bumperstickers and lapel-buttons for the Our Gang

ten-cent trade; perverted clothing fashions, stroboscopic light-shows, and hallucinating drugs for the adolescent kids whose parents will shell out a little more cash before they are ready to kick them out in disgust; and, finally, swoopy phallic sports-cars for the wholly impotent sucker or chump, who has already knuckled under to the Job, and is psychologically down to nothing but the (rented) penis-symbol of his non-existent "status." *Brave No World.*

The real point, if not the conscious and intended purpose, is simply to make sure that the New Freedom is turned safely into something indistinguishable from the old *non*-freedom; or into just a new and not very convincingly soundtracked arty-farty version of the same old freedom for screwing and turning-on, but this time with and to perverted chicks, orgies, whippings, sick "happenings," marihuana, heroin, and LSD, instead of the now *déclassé* prostitutes and booze that were good enough for grandpa. The only group, if there is any group, that is trying to stop this are the narcotics control and "study" organizations, which have been described to me by a not-too-well-reformed amateur hipster and pot-pusher as *the biggest put-on in America*. He means that it is a known front-operation for the police, and a meaningless make-work project for third-rate social workers. But at least it is not a front-operation for the Fake Revolt, except when it goes around proudly and inexplicably turning on thousands to LSD. Quite a change from the *anti*-alcoholism lectures preceding World War I.

I can remember — and I'm not the only one — the intellectualized "Revolt of Modern Youth" of the 1930's and thereabouts, also largely centering about birth-control and sex, when nobody knew for sure whether Nazi Germany or Communist Russia was going to win, in the Armageddon or Twilight of the Gods that everyone saw shaping up. College kids felt they ought to do something; take sides at least. Most of them did nothing, and stuck to screwing and booze and not too much studying. Eat, drink, and be merry, et cetera. Tomorrow we die. Of the others, the "Revolt" faction, an interesting and sizeable percentage carefully shagged off their revolutionary impulses into something that would get them *fonctionnaire* jobs if the side they were rooting for won, but which would also not get them into too much trouble with the other side, if the side they professed to be on should lose. This is sad to recollect, but is true.

The phoney revolt of the period was marvellously summed up in the slogan of the hirsute or haberdashery approach to world

problems — still quite popular — "*Let's grow beards as a protest against War. That'll stop it!*" Humorous as this may seem today, and adolescent as its notion of the beard-as-bollocks evidently is, it's a lot better than the current motto being plugged by the Gangsters of the New Freedom: "*Turn on, cop out, and wear dark glasses. That'll make the Atom Bomb go away!*" Bumperstickers For What?

Let's get down to some brass tacks (just historically, you know: no offense in the world) about politics, banning the Bomb, and all the rest of it. The Fake Revolt was scared into existence by the McCarthyism of the 1950's. It cannot come out for anything radical without going to jail, so it has come out for Nothing. The Colombian students' movement of the same kind, under Gonzalo Arango, frankly calls itself "*Nadaism*": Nothingism. They've got it. The Fake Revolt movement is, very simply, a trick of the money & power Organization and its dead-end culture, whereby all real *révolté* emotion and art are siphoned off into degenerate static and snowblitz, which *are no danger at all to the status quo*. The revolt against punctuation, art anatomy and sexual normality replaces any revolt against the Atom Bomb and the profits system whose swan-song it is.

There is also a great plenty of subversive cash available, in the form of foundation grants and gallery and publication sales, for put-on art and its Katzenjammer "artists." The loonier the better, fellas! Paint out the Rivera and Orozco murals — too revolutionary — and replace them with post-office populist crap or wholly meaningless gubbidge. That is the real meaning of the glorification of nonsense, and is the secret (perfectly obvious, in fact) of the pyrotechnical meaninglessness of all the gestures, artistic, literary, and political, of the Fake Revolt. It also explains why, as anyone can observe, a lot more New Freedom magazines and newspapers will publish the word "shit" than the word "Communism," indicating exactly what the newly-advertised New Left is composed of. Identical is the equally mock courage of the same publications' expurgated female nude color-photos, cartoons, etc., invariably so posed as to accentuate the breasts, but to hide not only the girls' genital organs but even every last smidgen of pubic hair. *Bravo!*

As the intimidated bastard birth of McCarthyism, the Fake Revolt restricts itself very carefully to a purely negative position, in which napalm bombs and anti-civilian fragmentation bombs are attacked on an indignant humanitarian basis which has proved itself to be a joke since the days of the dum-dum bullet, a cen-

tury ago, and good only for getting marching students bashed by cops. The same is true of the Negro Freedom movement, especially as operated by whites. Getting bashed by the cops or by Southern sheriffs makes them feel "involved": an involvement threaded with a wholly weak and uncommitted sub-political radicalism that is petrified of having somebody call it Communism, but happily goes to jail (up North) for selling marihuana to government *agents provocateurs*. It is also of the greatest importance psychologically that *all the violence implicit in any Revolt is tossed in this way into the laps of the police*. The Revoltniks thus bask wonderfully in an exciting atmosphere of violence-without-guilt (and revolt-without-revolution), meanwhile announcing in their LSD newspapers what the next planned "provocation" of the police is to be.

Since, to the contrary of the common idea, the enormous majority of hippies and beatniks are inarticulate to the point of moronism, and without even any intellectual or artistic pretensions — a point best made by sociologist Ned Polsky, in his *Hustlers, Beats, and Others* (1967) — they specialize in a noisy and offensively meaningless show-off act, consciously intended to rouse up parents, cops, and other squares to fury. The nut hair-styles and bongo drums, also cop-kissing and pants-dropping, are primary forms of this cheap extrovert provocation. The drug thing is also largely intended to defy and provoke (that is its secret, and why it cannot be stopped), aside from being the ultimate cop-out.

It is for this reason that the hip or beat scene now largely consists, at the all-day-sucker or adolescent level, of roving gangs of freaky kids on tea, milling about wearing LOOK AT ME signs in public, and hoping to get the cops or local vigilante strong-arm squad to beat up on them, so they can make mock-pious noises of forgiving them, like a new Jesus Christ or Mahatma Gandhi, two reformers famous for the identical provocation technique, but with a *program* it was intended to implement. In the end, *a hippie or beatnik is a frantically self-advertising coward and parasite, all tired and "beaten" by a struggle in which he somehow never engaged*. As is well known, the female of the species is strictly a cosmetic mess and unappetizing dog, who ostentatiously rejects in this way both her sexual rôle and the possibility of attracting any sexually normal males. This is also perhaps intended to protect her from the prostitution into which she would otherwise be forced by her gypsy mendicancy and shameless gold-digging. In any case, the make-out and shack-up chick is already a prostitute, selling herself for a pad on the floor and a stack of drugs, under

the pretext of sacred or LSD "hospitality." And advertising in the classified columns of the far-outnik press, when finally hooked on heroin: "Keep me high, and I'll ball you forever."

Thus one sees these disorganized kids, pitifully gotten up like schizophrenic freaks and weirdos, surging like lemmings by the hundreds and thousands toward the presumed intellectual centers of the east and west coasts, not just at their Monster Freak-Outs (incredibly but authentically photographed in color in *Cavalier*, Dec. 1966, and in a shrewdly inconclusive thinkpiece in *Time*, July 7, 1967, joyfully totting up the newest drugs, in the way that *Life* originally launched LSD from Mexico), but also on the street-corners of the Italian and Negro depressed localities unwillingly chosen for this glory, doubtless as having once been the locales of the equally dithyrambic religious carnivals and dancing manias (the *tarantelle*) of former times.

From these vantage points of cultural *chic* and psychedelic *dernier cri*, these poor sickies gloat over their presumed superiority to their *alter egos* or crew-cut beatniks, the Catholic Action toughs and WASPS in flat-top hair-cuts, whom they incite by means of their flamboyantly offensive freakiness and furriner-status into throwing rotten eggs at them (don't worry, kids, it will be bullets later) from passing sports-cars on New York's MacDougal Street and Los Angeles' Sunset Strip. What Price Freakery? These are the self-advertised "flower-people" or neo-Thoreaux, who somehow never want to flee the city but insist on living in all its filth and stink on stolen groceries, dressed however like monkish hermits in beads and sandals, and enacting their "quietist" civil disobedience on the principal downtown shopping and entertainment boulevards in transvestist clothing, for the stated purpose of stopping the war in China. Who's bullshitting whom?

It was common for the *révolté* college students of the 1930's to express a certain patriotism for the presumed Socialist Future of the World. Nothing of this now remains. The current Revolt is all blown with the wind, and is strictly a question of fetichistic belts, Hindu-Nazi amulets and other weak-minded haberdashery, curiously married to jockstrap motorcycles, cowboy-killer boots, and long girlish hair (for boys). This fad is in part copied from the American frontier homosexual killers, such as Wild Bill Hickok, and in part imported from modern British homosexual delinquents and baby gangsters, whose hedge-psychoanalysts doubtless do not allow them to grow beards, as being too similar to the hated Daddy image, or to the even worse-hated Beatnik brother representing Intellect.

When your wind-blown, electronic-ukelele toting, motorcycle-riding, marihuana-smoking "folksinger" or composer hears the word *Intellect*, he too reaches for the safety-catch of his automatic, as earlier remarked by Baldur von Schirach, head of the *Hitler Jugend*. It was from this point of view, and by just such characters and their overfed business promoters (who, in more than one case, are their secret suppliers of drugs), that the American kids' perfectly sincere grassroots movement away from Tin-Pan Alley corn and masochistic slurpings, toward the reviving of folksong, has been turned almost entirely and at once into a hard-eyed commercial racket, with its own cash-on-the-barrelhead fake "festivals," and other repulsive con-games exploiting both the kids and the one or two leftover mountain and Negro folksingers.

The hoodlum types, the strong-arm faction of the Fake Revolt, have not been bothered to be taken in by the phoney "folk-song" revival, since they have their own — and much more authentic — rock & roll music, pounding out in all the heavy, maniacal rhythm of the Neapolitan *kitsch* from which it comes, the dream of violence of these degenerate toughs. Of both factions, the idolized dream is now a sinister mumbling about "New Times a-Comin'," which has only to be heard sung by its composers — as I have had the opportunity of hearing it — in black leather jackets, revving their motorcycles across lawns, and high as ferquing kites on marihuana, while swinging Nazi decorations, to make even the biggest jerk in the audience know precisely what is being threatened — or promised: a new Nazi trip to hell in a handbasket.

THE RÉVOLTE students of the 1930's, in America as in Europe, took their revolt very seriously, and were consciously in the hundred-year-old tradition of real Revolution — including guns and bombs — of the French Revolution of 1789 which started all this *Jacquerie*, as that of 1776 had not, and of the 1848 Revolutions of Garibaldi (the Liberator) and Karl Marx (the Enslaver). As such, they joined leftist organizations, and instituted kid-communist Leagues, and especially they printed organizational programs and Manifestoes — none of them as rousing as that by Karl Marx on which they were modelled, if the truth is to be told — and all in all did their best to make pests of themselves to the beleaguered college authorities representing the rich and hated middle-class parents putting them through college.

In a pitifully large majority of cases this wild revolt lasted just long enough for the hated rich middle-class etc. etc. to finish pay-

ing for the expensive schooling, and to give the sons good jobs managing their fathers' businesses, manufacturing human-hair chestwigs, vitamin-enriched crudwunkers, and non-union merkins (in six delicious flavors). Thereafter, the erstwhile redhot Communist sons somehow forgot all about the Socialist Future of Humanity, as they were too busy cruelly underpaying the elderly Negro women employees wading through the crud, or the flashy Puerto Rican teen-age girls threading the chestwigs and merkins; and bitterly fighting their attempts to unionize. We are all still waiting for the similarly exploited topless waitresses, or tit-whores, of San Francisco to form bare-breasted picket-lines in the street.

The Revolutionary daughters — please note: not the same as the Daughters of the Revolution — would have it even harder. Occasionally they were forced, by the sheer pressure of economic Need, to give up the Negro lovers by whose means they had expressed their bunkum social revolt and superbly managed to break their mothers' hearts (the real meaning of the whole thing), and married the highest-bracketed and shortest-pronged bucks they could find, who could be kept with their masochistic noses hard to the capitalistic grindstone paying for these *révoltée* young ladies' thirty-dollar manicures and three-thousand-dollar monkey-fur toilet-seat linings (wall to wall).

As it has recently become fashionable to brag in magazine articles to the effect that: "I Slept With Starlets At the Cannes Movie Festival," or "I Married a Red-Headed Bunny With a Ph.D." — didn't there even used to be a title like that about a Gorilla and the F.B.I. on Fire Island? — I hope I may be believed if I mention that I have personally *sat* on such a monkey-fur toilet-seat, earned in just that way. I have also, for that matter, sat on a 24-carat gold toilet-seat, in La Jolla, California (where these potties are advertised in the newspapers), when I had a brief university job there two years ago, as "Lecturer in Literature and Folklore," of which the real if informal duties apparently consisted of being expected to wean the teen-aged undergraduate girls back merely to marihuana, from LSD. (I failed.) Revolutionary Toilet-Seat, Where Is Thy Sting?

Hypocritical or not, as the 1930's type of parlor-pink Communists may certainly be suspected of having been, they did at least have the surface air of being engagé — of believing in something and being involved in something, however briefly, and, as insisted upon later when Senator McCarthy twisted their arm, however fatuously and mistakenly. It also satisfactorily siphoned off a certain amount of the ill-gotten gains of the rich daddies into

the Communist coffers supported by the sons, on the pay-for-your-guilt principle also operated by many religions and "charities," when the underlying principle is not, instead, shove-off-the-boat-Jack-I've-got-mine. The organizers certainly knew they weren't going to have any Revolution in the United States: "Comrades, in case of rain, the Revolution will be held INDOORS."

For me, as an unhappy spectator, whom no one would allow to join owing to the excessive timorousness of my prose style, the real charm of the 1930's bushwah Communism was the set of fine amateur theatricals it allowed of later — drawing more, for its inspiration, on the Marx Brothers than on Karl Marx — when rich Hollywood directors and highly-paid newspaper columnists who had formerly been the heads of their respective Communist Party and Young Communist League cells, as undergraduates at the University of Michigan, or Yale, fell all over their hundred-dollar Oxford brogans, and damn near bit halfway through their nude-art meerscham pipes (that's *living*, Comrade!) in their haste to turn each other in to Anti-American Committees and the F.B.I., as having been disabused of their youthful Communistic follies all of three weeks and forty-five minutes *later* than the patriots doing the turning-in . . . when the price was right. This was the Old Revolt. It will be back.

The New Revolt still allows of the occasional even lower comedy of an ex-Revolutionary who has now become an unsuccessful second-novelist or horror-comics gagwriter, and finds horror-comics to be somehow the new revolution, trying to make it as writer-in-residence at the University of Arschloch, Montana (142 students), by announcing that he was never really a Communist, but was only a Trotskyist, and hated Communists bad. This is known as keeping your wick wet, in case there is a good job going *the next time around*, if the Revolution should win after all: "Commissar, I never ceased boring from within. In my heart I hated that paranoid swine, Trotsky. Gimme the dough!" As Abraham Lincoln never remarked: If you can't lick 'em, kiss ass and JOIN!

Nowadays, you seldom have anything colorful like that. All the really beautiful belly-flopping, knee-crawling, and turning in of ex-friends and bedmates, is still being done by leftover Red Hots of the 1930's. It is not a paying racket anymore, since everybody has already been turned in twice at least, including your local pot-pusher, so put down that telephone. It isn't because the cops don't know *who he is*, that your children are taking drugs. It's because YOU brought them up to be patsies for anything any-

body offers them — "Tear off seven box-tops and the head of your mother, and you will receive this wonderful plastic cape, as worn by Flying Crud!" . . . remember? Now, when they offer them some other kind of crud, kids remember what you taught them (or allowed them to be taught by the "media"), and sop that up too.

The New Revolt nowadays consists therefore of a bunch of inarticulate long-haired adolescents, without leadership and without a program, trying to mouth prepared goon-bait such as "existential" and "psychedelic," being shoved on them by psychological pushers that nobody can arrest. If that's your kids and you don't like it, just be thankful they aren't members of the same Fake Revolt one layer down: the motorcycle fags and hoodlums who peddle their bodies to homosexuals in public toilets for money to buy Nazi insignia, but who are scared of girls unless there are enough other hoodlums present to gang-bang them or pull out their front teeth with pliers, and throw them to their death from apartment-house roofs. The dirty girls available for this type of work do not require description — either before or after. They are somebody's daughters too, and were also brought up on the "media," and hassled into frothing in their panties publicly over well-publicized pelvic crooners and other pop-culch offal. If you haven't a little LSD dropout in your home, just wander up and down your local Freak-Out Bar area, not forgetting a side-trip to the "S. & M." (sado-masochistic) or "Sadie-Maisie" homosexual bars, such as those on New York's fashionable East Side, for the meaner types of homosexual gangsters — also on motorcycles — and businessmen-delinquents on their off hours, soft-shod rich boys, and art-director types, who like to show what a super-cultured Elite they really are, by chewing dirty socks and beating each other to death. Pot, anyone?

Taking an old-line liberal position on the New Left "love-ins," now almost indistinguishable from the Rabid Rights "hate-ins," Stanley McNail cites in *Galley Sail Review*, No. 18 (San Francisco, 1967) a recent magazine "center spread of photographs, showing a student rally against Hubert Humphrey. On one side was a photo of a young longhair with a sign reading, "May napalm burn your fat face, HHH." On the other side a barefoot demonstrator carried a poster: "Burn, matha fuker!" (Spelling as in the original.) One is moved to inquire humbly — what in hell do such sentiments have to do with peace, or in fact with honor, decency, or integrity? . . . There was a time in this country when a man had to EARN the title of revolutionary. It took more than a

whiff of pot or a pink pill to produce a 'Big Bill' Haywood, a Joe Hill, an Emma Goldman, or a Gene Debs. Now, however, almost anyone who is willing to grow long hair, discard shoes, wear tinkling bells, puff pot or take 'trips' on LSD can attain instant revolutionary stature — assuming, of course, that he is not over 25. It used to be 30, but the limbo stick keeps getting lower."

Though a few eager-beavers at the lower levels of this New Revolt do still run off horribly sincere mimeographed manifestoes — the best are those in Gene Bloom's *Entrails* — most of them are lost in a juvenile and wholly verbal revolt, strictly concerned with the right of Free Verse not to use Capital Letters. (e. e. cummings.) This is a pretty weak come-down from Rimbaud's absinthe-colored VOWELS! a century ago, when all this crap was new and fresh, and some of the typographical gags were still funny. It is not particularly funny to plough through bad prose, broken up into short lines to pass itself off as poetry, describing pederastic intercourse with a horse, during flagellation (by the horse), in the largest possible number of incorrectly-spelled four-letter words. This shows the writers are not snobs, especially when the title of the magazine insults the readers — FUCK YOU — who ravenously pay for the pleasure. I suppose it's literary freedom, but why horses? How about something really snappy with an Alfa-Romeo? As to the rest of the far-outnik scene, or goon-show, particularly in New York, see John Gruen's *The New Bohemia* (Shorecrest, 1966), lovingly publicizing its "happenings," its fake poetry, its queasi-erotic home movies, etc., with photo-documents that give the show away only too clearly. Mr. Gruen plays down the drug thing as hard as he can, but nevertheless ends enthusiastically with the admission that: "the New Bohemia is berserk. The great, unknown, and forbidding territory of insanity is being tapped as a natural resource . . ." Every knock a boost.

Another important aspect of the New Revolt, and its Freedom, is the opposing of Police Brutality in the *Crusade to Legalize Pot* (there's somebody running for mayor in California on this platform right now), or *Colonel Lingus for President in 1969*. The bumpersticker approach to hallucinatory drugs and sex technique, which don't really belong in the same boat anyhow, except for people who really don't find sex interesting unless it is gimmicked up with the super-duper (but substitute) orgasms of drugs, miscegenation, flagellation, orgies, transsexualism, child-seduction, etc. Even so, it is all pretty small peanuts by comparison with De Quincey's *Opium Eater*, the literary thrill of the 1820's — most hippies are scared of "body" drugs, though plenty

of them end there — and Théophile Gautier's pot-parties in Paris, imported by the poet personally from the Middle East to liven up the three-way sex orgies at the literary salon of "La Présidente," Gautier also being responsible for the long-hair fad, as the latest kick of the 1830's — I repeat: 1830's. Face it, kids. There just isn't much virile zip to the New Revolt. No Revolt, and nothing whatever New.

The main feeling one gets, picking one's way through the sodden bodies and surly faces of the "flower-children" in these psychedelic pads nowadays, is that of a terrible and empty sadness and meaninglessness. Mostly, the kids just sit around among the unwashed dishes, scratching their unwashed armpits, screwing, etc. (you want details? — subscribe to their poetry magazines), and work themselves up on drugs to writing newer and worse manifestoes and poems, all in a bad imitation of the style of Walt Whitman's bad imitation of the King James Bible, also a century ago, or rather three centuries ago, but this time all beginning: "My armpits were green when I woke up this morning." Look, chump, you're lucky you woke up at all, the way you hit that snakeroot. Also, where does it say that free speech for poetry, or for "love," involves masturbating four- and five-year-old communally-held children for kicks? That used to be called the Black Mass. Now, all of a sudden, it's a Human Be-In, and a private Love Event around the old pad. Ya wanna play sex-games with daddy? Pardon me while I puke.

If pushed, which is kind of mean to do, your *révolté* acid-head will admit that this has all been done before, especially the drug bit (opium, absinthe, you-name-it), and that the original green armpits were those of a French 19th-century lunatic, Charles Lassailly (not to be confused with our own college-required Irish lunatic, James Joyce), and a homosexual Uruguayan hanging around the Paris of precisely a century ago under the phoney title "le comte de Lautréamont." Why bother with the imitators since, ending with F. T. Marinetti, the inventor of the Fascist movement, and his Dadaist-Surréalist goon-show of the 1910's, the "futurist" inspiration of the Fake Revolt in culture-lagged America of the 1960's, with its only-too-significant idolization and apotheosis of the Marquis de Sade, of whom one may be surprised to learn, in a review by one Alex Szogyi in the *New York Times*, that he is the author of the "sexual Bible, the Kama Sutra of the coprophilic cognoscenti . . . the last word on human perversion." (All the News That's Fit To Print?) That sort of leaves out the rest of us, doesn't it, that aren't paid-up members of the "coprophilic cognoscenti."

However, let's be fair. Leave us admit it: *nobody* has ever done it all before while listening simultaneously through ear-phones to juke-box garbage by surly and effeminate "folksingers" in fright-wigs, about "New Times a-Comin' You Old Bastards, You," and other soft-focus populist mush that couldn't even have got Christ crucified as a radical. (In those days you had to come out with your radicalism a little more frankly than that.) Or while riding a hot motorcycle backwards uphill wearing only a gilt jockstrap, while simultaneously making a Ketchupcolor "underground" movie of a gangrened dog having rectal intercourse with one's common-law wife and dead baby, the whole being artistically processed on endless IBM foldouts in the spookier elevator-shafts of decaying New York and San Francisco hotels — or even Marienbad spas — by Good Neighbor Sam dripping purple paint putridly from his pusillanimous pecker. And of course (need I be so crude, square, and un-hip as even to mention it) hipped to the gills on home-grown Mexican hemp-flowers, and Swiss-smuggled imitation poisonous mushroom-juice and cactus buttons, the which, as these poet-painters and "underground" movie-impresarios fervidly remind each other, the very singers of said juke-box garbage are *also* taking in the main vein — while laughing their way to the booby-hatch in their promoters' limousines.

THERE IS something about the drug thing that I don't understand at all, nor could the California student-hippies and gypsy-lemmings, and others in the east, inform my ignorance, though they seemed to see the whole thing very clear themselves. Even admitting all the fun about breaking one's parents' hearts, if there's no revolution to this Revolt (come *on*, kwitcherkiddin'!) where's the revolt about drugs? Sure it's great, sure it tears the lining out of your eyeballs, like a peyotl priest; but where's the revolt? How will it make over an ailing world that you're so sincerely sorry for, to lay on your side for two days and nights in some dirty girl's even dirtier pad — her not *able* to have an orgasm, and you not wanting one — both of you as high as steamboat whistles on alternate doses of marihuana and LSD? How does that help the ailing world? Will it really free the Negroes, where Abraham Lincoln (and the Jews) failed? How does the sexual piggery of sharing your girl or your wife with three to six other guys, at every end of her pink little anatomy, show your rebellion against your parents' bad old world? How does it expose the backside of your parents' ludicrous ideal of "Togetherness,"

for you to stand in line to gang-bang your own undergraduate wife, with her ass baby-oiled and her teats tattoo-painted like Art Nouveau easter-eggs? Sounds like "Togetherness" to me!

When I asked one particularly *révoltée* college-girl recently, who referred to falling in love contemptuously as "blowing your cool," why she figured she was in college at all, she said — including, perhaps too broadly, all the other students at the lecture — "I guess we're sent here so as not to get in our parents' hair Saturday nights on their wife-swapping parties." That is what is known as laying it on the line. On the other hand, where is the revolt? If the parents' sexual swinishness, when they are not being Together, is repellent (though "cool," god knows), why is the children's identical sexual piggery a *revolt*? Especially when funded on the same parents' dirty cash. Do tattooed teats make any difference — vaginally?

If the parents of both sexes booze, and they sure do, how is smoking marihuana a revolt? Because it goes through the nose instead of through the mouth? Both can be taken rectally, after all. What about peyote, LSD, heroin? Is it really copping out so cleverly on the *Buy-you-bastards!* ethic of a society one doesn't respect, to eat the offal of the town's vegetable dumps, and canned fish and curry stolen from supermarkets, at "Digger" free-lunches, to be able to pay for a trip on banana-crud? Is it really revolt to try to round up votes and get a bearded Digger or mock-saintly Provo elected mayor, governor, or Dictator, so he'll support a country full of shag-offs and cop-outs on government issued plankton-cookies and LSD? How, exactly, is it a revolt against muddled middle-class parents to try to crowd the government finally into becoming a parental welfare state composed of nothing but a mammoth *Food and Drug Connection*? Somewhere in the background those same despised and befuddled middle-class parents are still kept carefully on tap, still shelling out the dough (secretly from each other) to keep junior drop-outs of three sexes goofed up on pot or heroin. "Mama, I love you! Gimme that needle!" Them Times Is Sho' a-Changin'.

The nerve of a Revolt like this has obviously been cut, if it ever had one. It is freak stuff, geek stuff, difficult to peddle even to the sexually repressed, thrill-seeking middle-class snobs it purports to despise. Only the guaranteed safety of its meaningless non-Revolt has made it possible to peddle it at all. Psychedelic Charity Bazaars in Pasadena! Pass the vomit-bag. *It is the meaninglessness of the Fake Revolt that is its most attractive feature to its consumers.* It is a Revolt guaranteed never to be a revolu-

tion — only to be deliciously revolting. It is attached to nothing; it is in favor of nothing. It is going nowhere. It is not being parodied by the TV Dodge Rebellion. That's its speed! In the end, it is not really even against anything, but it is gropingly and sourly against *everything*, under the tutelage of a mock-pious Dutch hoodlum group proudly known to itself as the Provos (short for *provocateurs*: some people would brag about a wooden leg). And the even mock-pious fake-Utopians calling themselves Diggers — later, no doubt, Levellers, Quietists, and *Convulsionnaires*.

Stop here for a minute. It is precisely this angry, grumbling, wildcat hostility to everything, that will make the Fake Revolt the chosen vehicle of the next Hitler, for whom everyone is quietly waiting since the last elections, assassinations, etc., and who will naturally require drug-addicted goon-squads and a *Lumpen* "Elite" (on motorcycles) to scare you, the yellow-belly public, into frightened silence and guilty connivance, exactly as happened once before in living memory. Everybody remembers the science-fiction plagiarisms of Orwell's *1984* — swiped from Zamiatin's *We*, André Maurois' *1992*, Haldane, Aldous Huxley, and Cyril Connolly's *Year Nine*. Nobody seems to want to remember 1932. That is not the title of a book. That's the year everything really came to an end, starting in Germany.

Don't imagine for a minute that I'm the only sorehead still remembering Hitler and the German Death Camps, laid out and suggested in Céline's *Bagatelles pour un Massacre* and *L'Ecole des Cadavres*, works carefully omitted from this particular lunatic degenerate's complete works, now again being plugged as "in." The motorcycle hoodlums and surfers of the California coast, at least, want nothing more in life than big waves (of the Future?) and Nazi medals, German pilots' crush-caps, and *Hitler Jugend* daggers to sport, and will pay any price to get them; will even trade hand-engraved idols of the surfers' secret god, "Tiki," for them, though the German-language stores specializing in such items in the posh suburbs of San Diego generally prefer cash. (Cross-cultural note: most Iron Crosses now being peddled in America are forged by two pop-sculptors in Los Angeles.) Of course, the correct Nazi god is Wodin, not Tiki, but you gotta *Americanize* it a little bit, Adolf.

There is also the so-called "New Left" or New Radicalism, composed of competing groups of deodorized leftists, menopausal non-communists, and rich-boy snobs; and an even phonier and farther-out "Post-Marxism" and "Post-Freudianism" that certain cats are now trying to push, as the ultimate in nowhere-radical-

ism. Plainly put, instead of coming out desperately for sending the whole new generation of acid-heads to the hospital for the cold-turkey cure, or some other impossible but heart-warming solution, these would-be penthouse Big Brothers and opportunist fake-radicals of the Deodorized Left are already climbing all over each other in the slime of drugs, trying to figure out how, somehow, to exploit the mere mathematical existence of these confused and destroyed kids to push these "leaders" into political positions and finally into power.

The New Left is essentially a front-operation or "Social Democratic" Trojan Horse, intended to set up cadres to welcome the new Hitler when he comes. Blind, you are. Haven't you got any noses, either? The Acid-Head Party will be burning down the Reichstag any day now — surely you can SMELL the smoke! And will sell out, when they have enough votes, to exactly the same personalia. In the same way, the hoodlum drug-addicts and homosexual motorcyclists of the New Freedom — who've had two "Hell's Angels" movies already, exposing (*read*: glorifying) them, and will have more — are the intended S.A. goons, who will later be cleaned out, when they get inconveniently uppity, in another Night of the Long Knives, leaving the smoother goon-types of the S.S. (the "underground" movie-makers, addicted to the same drugs and the same brutalities) running the show. This too has happened within living memory. And always, of course, under the same mock-radical or "Nationalist Socialist" (Nazi) pose.

The moment is very bad. Every sincere observer gets a terrible smell coming off the American scene. It is only too easy to put down the hippies. It is very difficult to tell them what they ought to be doing instead. There are no leaders. On the one hand there are the superannuated lunatics of the Organization, whose announced program is napalm, the Atom Bomb, and the end of the world. On the other hand are the Red Guards, coming on strong, and far from intending to communicate (yet) with the enemy. The young people in America, and the opportunist businessmen and fake leaders pushing them around psychologically, have absolutely no other program than dressing like weirdos, turning onto more and more dangerous drugs, and putting on degenerate "happenings" and orgy scenes — in real fact, I mean: who the hell cares anymore about literature and "art" — under slogans and pretenses that we who fought for free speech have to accept as our responsibility and our fault: that love is a four-letter word but as strong as death . . . which is really only a quotation from the *Song of Songs*.

The intellectual and political alignments are shaping up fast, like thunderheads gathering, in ways impossible to accept. It is like the worst moment of the Civil War in Spain: everybody wants to be your bedfellow, and they're all crummy with fleas — crazy as bedbugs too, and trigger-happy. The whole scene trembles continuously on the paranoid edge of violence. The beatniks and hippies parade against the war in China, but what they're FOR is all wrong and humanly repulsive. The cops and crew-cuts are against the kids of a country being turned into sub-criminal cop-outs and drug-addicts, and that is certainly right, but they are precisely the ones who are also FOR the war in China, and bash the paraders — and that's all wrong. Wolf-dogs and armored trucks are now also being prepared for use against hippies, Negroes, or whoever says *boo* first. No leaders. No program. Just everybody getting ready to claw everybody else to death. While the Russians and the Chinese wait. Where do you go from here?

The most significant part is certainly not the crude hippie kids' phoney revolt, nor even the gang-dragging and gang-shagging of the provo-Nazi hoodlums. What is significant, and what is so evidently dangerous, is the attempted gathering of this proudly self-styled "underground" brew of *Lumpen* elements, under the riotously phoney leadership of lunatic promoters and publishers, and the penthouse direction of the wilier New Left, waiting for the day it can sell out its noisily Fake Revolt — not to any expected enemy worried about by the Army, F.B.I., etc. — but to the new Hitler. After all, let's face it: *Hitler would be elected President of the United States tomorrow, if they let him run as James Bond, Secret Agent 0069*. Anybody who doesn't understand this yet, needs his brains tested. It may even be that some of the curious, not to say queer, characters being fancied at present for this high office are specifically being dressed for the part on the basis of how well the public can be made to believe that they fit the hard-driving, heavy-screwing James Bond "image." In Your Heart You Know He's Hitler — and in your stomach you know he's sick.

COOL is the new venereal disease. Total affectlessness, the inability to *feel*, and the fear of touch, especially in sex. This is a self-perpetuating cultural perversion that, once set in — as I had the folly to prophesy correctly in *Love & Death*, twenty years ago, at the end of the article identifying "The Bitch-Heroine" — cannot be cured. The children catch it from the parents: sub-virile Pop and bitch-heroine Mom (dressed in men's clothes), who can only reproduce their kind, and will only pick mates who

match their sick neuroses. This is the key to the whole sexual screw-up of our time.

The Fake Revolt makes its most signal contribution to the destruction of love in the Western world, and of the Western world itself, by its whole-hearted carrying of the "Cool" disease, like a new Typhoid Mary, now that syphilis and gonorrhea have been brought under relative epidemiological control. The survival-value of "Cool" has nothing to do with its fashionable acceptance among cult-insiders on Madison Avenue, and the kid-chumps all over the country whom they pervert. The real point about affectlessness and *anomie* — "Cool," if you insist on showing how square you really are, by talking hip — is that it makes possible for the affectless person or "cool-cat," isolated in frightened narcissism, to do any and every rotten thing he or she is called upon to do by the Job. Naturally, the stuff required to do gets rottener all the time, and being a cool-cat even more desirable a pose, as the world gets ready to go down in flames and airborne plague-germs, under the paranoid pretext that it is America's Manifest Destiny to bring Capitalism and the Cross to Mars, and all the other planets, before Russia gets there first. Everybody pretends to be very worried about getting to the Moon and ruining it there, mostly so they can overlook what a bad job they've done about fixing it *here*. Earthlings, Stay Home!

Affectless persons deny to themselves that they are responsible for anything, or can even touch anything, and that (in perfect syllogism) anything can touch them. They are therefore free to *do anything* — and they do! This is the essence of what is known psychiatrically as the "criminal character," and popularly as *not having any feelings*. It is the essential part of the James Bond fantasy, the perfect spokesman of "Cool": the body-as-phallus penman or dreamboy of the chairborne commando Walter Mittys, who knocks off two murders in one night, also screws two girls, and blows up the world; and neither the murders, the screwings, nor the blowing up of the world means a goddam thing to him. Cool! — What next, Boss?

This is a last-ditch pose that makes just as rapid and sure the destruction of the individual's inner world and sexual potency (men and women alike), as the outer world's destruction that it necessarily implements and allows: even *demands*, in revenge for the nagging realization of one's increasing impotence at every level. The meaningless sexual act is replaced by the equally meaningless, but noisier, anal-sadistic explosion. Thus understood, the Madison Avenue cool-cat is nothing but a beatnik in a Brooks Brothers shirt. His napalm-dropping brother officer, Bringing

Christ to the Dead Gooks of Asia (by burning them alive in gasoline jelly, with their wives and children) is the same kind of beatnik, but in the more flattering silver-grey military shirt. It isn't the shirt, or beard — or even the motorcycle — that makes the beatnik; it's the affectlessness. Cool it, man! Turn on, cop out, salute twice, and PRESS THAT BUTTON! After all, what orgasm is half as great?

It comes as a wonderful moment of liberation for the emotionally-strangled coolster to imagine for a moment that he or she *believes* in something, even if that belief is only in the pyromaniacal blowing up of the world and getting rid of all that old bad stuff stinking up the planet (by getting rid of the planet). That is precisely the appeal Hitler made, and will make again. It is a bait planned for, and irresistible to, the helpless sucker for "Cool," dying for lack of human contact and involvement, in a self-inflicted aloneness. It would indeed be great to sweep away the dead vampirizing of the *rotten old futzes and their world* — as I have heard it called — but that is not what is going to happen. To the contrary, the one suicidal moment of revolutionary ardor still burning or smouldering somewhere in every cool-cat, is to be fanned to a momentary and self-destructive *kamikaze* flame, to serve the purposes precisely of those rotten old futzes.

The dream of the New Freedom and the New Revolt is already being savantly squibbed off into something of no danger whatsoever to the R.O.F. (Rotten Old Futzes) Organization. Into something indistinguishable, in fact, from what the big-shots of that very Organization also openly dream of: a sort of crude moral holiday, with gimmicked sex, drugs, and sports-cars speeding one to an at least temporary freedom from all human restraints, especially the ones against cruelty and egomania, as on business weekends — on tax-deductible expense accounts and swindle-sheets — with their sexier secretaries at hunting lodges and ocean resorts, or "trade fairs" (ho-ho) in Puerto Rico, Hamburg, or Las Vegas, or some other gook country where prostitution and drugs are wide-open, and underage ass of both sexes is pitifully cheap.

The Gauleiters of the Fake Revolt have no other master plan, and no other real intention than to cop out and crap out themselves, while teaching their drugged acolytes to do the same, and finally demanding a new government dole for them to do it on — the trick that will make the Revoltniks *elect* Hitler — and all in all larning them to be the new *Lumpenproletariat* needed, since the Negroes cannot be trusted this time to Uncle Tom out on cue, having already made their bid for Nazi party membership (albeit

second class) by announcing that they don't hate Capitalism: just "the Jews." Burn, Brother, Burn! Lemme see now, fifty percent of the population is less than twenty-five years old this year; in ten years that'll be sixty percent. Our job is to be the Party of all of them little shit-asses less than twenty-five years old. *Use Old People For Food!* And get the voting age dropped to eighteen! If you're old enough to fight for this country, you're old enough to smoke tea. Get it on those bumperstickers, man: Marihuana for President — WORLD PEACE THROUGH SHIT!

The Gangsters of the New Freedom plan to speculate, for one last lunatic moment, on the tiny margin left for hipsters, shysters, touts and exploiters, and for plain ordinary degenerates (disguised as hard-headed businessmen and horse-manure "philosophers," like their new god or Moloch: the Marquis de Sade), before the volcano blows up. Affectlessness and "Cool" are your vote for the death of the world. Affectlessness has the strange one-sidedness of being a lack of emotion only as to love. The inability to love does not by any means involve the inability to hate. To the contrary! Hatred and free-floating aggression against any helpless target are precisely the Freedom really being offered here as New. It is not new. *Call me Ishmael: My hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against me.* (Genesis, 16:12.) The violence of a hateful child, beating its mother's breast.

Meanwhile, with the noisy soundtrack of the phoney Freedom Train blooming up in the background, and with whirling orgasm-colored lighting effects (swiped from Thomas Wilfrid's "Color-organ" or Clavilux in the 1920's, which is a lot better, via Disney's *Fantasia*) dazzling the college dropouts and lapel-button chumps in front; they toss the *soma* of LSD and marihuana happily to all comers — and dream of getting the law changed immediately to make it legal — with plenty of meaningless mass screwing in fact, and even plentier wholesale sadistic fantasies in bestsellers, movies and television (those "*un-understandable*" mass media, you know), exactly as prophesied in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*. Real sadistic spectacles are also being supplied — airmail! This will keep everybody quiet and confused while waiting, like electroshocked animals in a slaughterhouse, for the end. It is better than Auschwitz, because no guards are necessary. Once hooked, the drugged victims *fight* to be allowed their place chained to the volcano. If I insisted here that this is all a plot, run from Moscow or Peking, or by the dark-skinned races infecting the whites with their habit-forming drugs, who could deny that it is a better plan for American disruption and destruction than simply racing rockets to the Moon?

Until the promised explosion, the Fake Revolt has no program except rotting out the heart and soul of the kids of the country, and in fact of the world; no other program than "provoking" the police (and thus helping to force the police-state into existence), taking hallucinatory drugs, and masturbatory and unemotional sexual intercourse and sadistic perversions with partners of indeterminate sex, gang-banged and traded back and forth, not even out of vice but out of dead disinterest. The only thing real about the Fake Revolt is the explosion voicelessly promised as its final act. And it will come. For the rest, there is nothing wrong with the New Freedom except that it is not free; nothing wrong with the New Revolt except that it is false, and no revolt — a revolt against nothing, and for nothing. A revolt begging for nothingness, and planning insanely to go down in the same nothingness in which it expects and intends the world to end. *Néant!*

THE INEVITABLE relationship between sex and violence for the criminal or Nazi-hoodlum type of cool-cat (James Bond), is identical with the relationship between sex and mysticism for the beatnik or far-outnik, the dissociated or "quietist" type of cool-cat. The *mandala* or Nirvana-nothingness courted by the beatnik is the anal-sadistic Atom Bomb explosion set off by the spy. Both arrive at the identical nothingness, and are after nothing but nothingness, if by opposite paths: the infantile omnipotence in which both crawl with their pants full to the top of the world, and blow it all up in a mushroom-shaped fecal explosion. This is why they also have as their common denominators: violence (forced guiltily on the cops by the beatnik or hippie) and hallucinatory drugs. What drives the new kid criminals to the yé-yé nothingness of jail, where many are ending through their open provocation of the police, especially as to drugs, is that — as expert Roy Morser puts it — "*They want to be controlled*, to take them out of the impossible barrage of stimuli they are subject to: not finding a way through the jungle." This is exactly the conclusion of Erich Fromm's study of Nazi Germany, *Escape from Freedom*, which also exposes the ultimate resolution of the Lumpen "non-conformist's" contradiction in his embracing of the ruthless parental power of dictatorship, and in the Nadaist yearning for the death of the world.

The remarkable *Ramparts* article, already cited, very significantly quotes Emmett Grogan, a 23-year-old psychiatric army bust-out, who is the Digger chief or Beau Sabreur and cop-basher

of the psychedelic community (Haight-Ashbury) of LSD gypsy-lemmings in the center of San Francisco, and who is already furnished with 5000 large dictator-style photos "of his own big blond face": "Grogan is very hung up on freedom . . . His heroes are the Mad Bomber of New York who blissfully blew up all kinds of things around Manhattan over 30 years [ago] because he just liked to blow things up, and poet Gary Snyder, whom he considers the 'most important person in the Haight-Ashbury' because instead of sitting around sniffing incense and talking about it, he went off to Japan and became a Zen master." This is about the equivalent, of course, of a Japanese Ph.D. or buying an Erector set in a department store on the Ginza, but the Japanese Zen-buffs are certainly not stating that quite so baldly yet. Meanwhile, what exactly is the relationship of Mad Bombing to Zen Buddhism? *Bombs for Buddha! Kill for Peace! Doublethink forever!*

Actually, the superficial mysticism is of no importance to anyone; the real thing being the blissfully Mad Bombing, like that of Erostratus, an obscure psychopath in 356 B.C. who destroyed the Temple of Diana at Ephesus — the seventh wonder of the ancient world — so that his name might be immortal. These egomaniacal psychopaths, with their dangerous craving for undeserved personal publicity, are always with us: pretending to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge at high noon, frying omelettes over the eternal flame in the Arc de Triomphe, starting nihilistic ego-boost movements (political and "artistic"), killing buffalos with dynamite "to rid the country of pests," and finally "purifying the blood of the race" by incinerating ten million Jews, Gypsies, Poles, and other helpless and disorganized people who cannot fight back and who cannot or will not join them.

The nauseatingly insincere mystic or occult gig of the new Lafcadio Hearn and Sadakichi Hartmanns of the Fake Revolt, with its bunkum translations of Japanese *haiku*, its white corduroy pajama-pants purity, its tapping in on the non-existent Jungian racial unconscious (Hitler's particular joy), its barnstorming the college towns to turn on the squares as far as the law allows, and all the rest of it, is only the most obvious soundtrack or come-on — the usual hot wind from the Orient, as I believe Henry Miller once called it, before he went in for the same thing himself. And never more obvious than when actually a soundtrack, at a Psychedelic Stroboscopic Monster Freak-Out, or LSD Road-Show. (*On the Road to Mandalá . . . ?*) Curiously enough, neither is the sex of any importance to anyone, for all the even noisier soundtrack concerning the Sexual Revolution and exhibi-

tionistic "Love." Fight Napalm With Kisses. The orgy-line forms on the right.

Nothing else would be necessary to demonstrate the artificial and put-on character of the so-called Sexual Revolution than its total disinterest in normal sex, ungimmicked-with cruelty, exhibitionism, miscegenation, or perversion. Nothing is more telling, in pegging it as an affectless counterfeit of sex, than its wholesale and announced orgiastic intent — wife-swapping, husband-ditching, gang-banging, and the rest — and the purposeful sexual approach to adolescents (of both sexes), also with the intention of perverting them to some type of gimmicked sex. No normals need apply. Quite aside from the total illegality and social dangerousness of all these perversion-peddling entertainments, naked balls, and other very ancient Witches' Sabbath activities, what they amount to from the inside, or consumer's point of view, is not a sexual liberation but simply a guaranteed method of having *no* relationship other than the sexual, thus excusing oneself beforehand for the inability to find any satisfaction even in that.

The moment has already moved on beyond the mere degenerate fantasies of New Freedom and "underground" films, in which clean young American boys announcing themselves as disciples of sado-mystic Aleister Crowley (are you kidding?) or of Nazi-sympathizer Jean Genet and the Marquis de Sade, produce hysterical and diseased items glorifying homosexual motorcyclists "cornholing each other with broken riding-crops," for the pure symbolism of it all, of course; and trying amateurishly to match the guaranteed European degeneracy of *La Dolce Vita*, and the sex-stinker films of Luis Bunuel and now Mai Zetterling. One hopelessly phoney put-on is advertised thus in the *Los Angeles Free Press* (March 17th, 1967) with a quotation from film-critic Arthur Knight: "The girls of New York's venerable Hotel Chelsea include a bull dyke who gets her kicks from shoving needles (sometimes doped) into the posteriors of the tender young things who come her way, a whiskey-sodden mother who sporadically beats her homosexual son with a whip while his lesbian girlfriend looks on approvingly from the next bed, a wealthy pervert who tries (in vain) to keep his young man away from the two teenagers who drop in from across the hall and offer themselves to him, and a hyped-up fanatic who beats and screeches after a girl he imagines has insulted him . . . Warhol's voice commands: 'We've got three more minutes.' Mustn't waste celluloid!" Come on, you Atom Bomb! What are you *waiting* for?

And, in the promised paradox of Oscar Wilde, the perverted

cupid surfing in on an earlier wave of the same decadence, "Nature imitates Art." An authentic letter published in the hippest of the LSD newspapers, the *Berkeley Barb* (December 2nd, 1966), describes the action at a California young-married and unmarried "swingers' " orgy — I have been invited to exactly the same sort of thing in Chicago and New York, if I would guarantee to bring along not-too-awful a dog in her early twenties — and expresses the anonymous writer's confused and wise-cracking but very real disillusion. This is a document worth study, paragraph by paragraph:

It was like a gigantic car wash. With three men polishing their skills on a single girl at one time, Saturday night's Sexual Rights Forum party [*the intellectual soundtrack*] was a far cry from last week's utopian "universal love" session eulogized by Sam Sloan.

In fact, the whole thing had large elements of the farcical. Three men proved themselves upon the prostrate body of the willing Lorelei; a round of applause for the stars went up from the spectators. Then someone suggested a second volley of claps for the supporting actors.

Nude couples danced in flickering strobe lights in the living-room, but the joke dragged on elsewhere. An irate husband refused to let his wife in the front door, protesting: "You got it last week. It's my turn now."

A young man asked a girl matter-of-factly: "See any guys you like?" "Yes," said she, "but — I'm not quite ready yet." "Well," said he, "when you are, clue me in and I'll round them up for you."

One slightly inhibited male who kept his pants on all evening said he was struck by the persistence of the American girl's teasing game: make out, she would; go down, she would not. [*What the hell is he complaining about? It's usually the other way around.*] Sadly, our friend said he is thinking of writing a sketch to be called, "I Was a Flop at a Sexual Orgy."

If this is universal love, I'll eat my halo.

The car-washers of Berkeley have their counterparts publicly in the famous Tijuana nightclub, with open access from the street, known to American students and sailors as "The Blue Fox," which is not its real name but any taxi-driver will know what you mean. What is staged here nightly, for audience participation, is ritual public cunnilingus — I trust I am making myself clear —

with very young American sailors in ill-fitting civilian clothes (rented from locker-houses in San Diego, nearby) being urged and shamed into partaking of this ritual communion — it can hardly be called anything else — by their beer-drinking mates and San Diego undergraduates of both sexes, by the dozens, cheering them on at tables circling the stage on which the girl stripteasers stand offering themselves, one by one, opening and closing their knees (between, er, communicants) with all the subtle invitation of Baja California octopussy, or purple-passion squid. The color-line is also drawn, as in many churches, Negro sailors not being allowed to partake.

To prevent anyone from missing any of the action, the proprietor or master-of-ceremonies also stands by, with the band (mainly on Saturday nights), with two hand-flashlights, to light up the central operating area. A real Hollywood production, you might say. The time I was there — for scientific and folkloristic purposes exclusively, you understand — an eighteen-year-old coed in the balcony offered to strip and put on the same act for tips, and buy the joint a spotlight with the proceeds. Doubtless one of those Berkeley car-washers. Damn snobs.

Even without the standard admixture of narcotic drugs, to help recalcitrant chicks make their first orgy scene, usually at the "mild" trio level of let's-you-and-her-both-go-to-bed-with-me, the polymorphous-perverse sexual aspirations of the Fake Revolt, or Sexual Revolution, are the most direct expression of its shipwrecked human affectlessness. The real purpose of orgy scenes such as the sailors' virile initiation ceremony, or *rite de passage* just described, is to give group support to scared sexual beginners and failures: the gang-bang ethic. The girls who partake are apparently floating off on the matching and opposite dream: that of the big earth-mother queen-bee, being "serviced" sexually by all these faceless studs — the interchangeable or replaceable men. To her this is not gang-rape: they are her harem. What is being exploited here is mutual sex hatred, and vying for position. According to Hell's Angel leader Frank Reynolds, in *Evergreen* (June 1967) page 24, public cunnilingus with an Angel Mama nymphomaniac — during menstruation — is the supreme Red Wing Patch or fish-queen ordeal of the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang: "It is considered the nastier she is, the more class is showed by the member who goes down on her in front of everyone." Though even closer to immemorial matriarchal rituals, the avowed intention here is to be brave and *bad*. The final such ordeal — auto-castration — is perhaps yet to come.

The sexual ideal of "Cool" is not only orgasm-without-guilt — which is merely its soundtrack, often self-convinced — but orgasm-without-partner. The rapid changing of sexual partners, and the purposeful choice of partners impossible to respect (white or black, as the case may be), or actually too young to know how to respond fully, are obvious methods of buffering the sexual act away from any possibility of human meaning, and draining out any meaning it might accidentally develop. Furthermore, the actual 3-in-1 oil orgy, involving kissing-HER-while-screwing-HIM, or screwing several other people (and the dog) simultaneously under the excuse of drugged drunkenness, not only necessarily and permutationally must involve sexual perversion, but is also, in the deepest sense, the setting up of a sexual hall of mirrors, or a thinning-out and cooling-down of the sexual charge and sexual relationship, to the point where there is really nobody present but the drugged orgiast, whose main emotion is an intense and frightened narcissistic concern *to touch no one*, except with the necessary tip of his or her penis or clitoris, and sometimes not even with that. The masturbator's dream. Obviously, a better solution would be a vibrating scalp-massage motor. At least, that positively solves the problem of the woman's orgasm, if that's a problem, though most frigid women do not really thank a man for forcing them — even by mechanical means — to the orgasm they are trying to withhold.

In the end, the Sexual Revolution's idea of sex is either something flagellational or coprophagous, or otherwise nauseatingly gimmicked up, or else falls into the ultimate estrangements of the orgy ethic, which are really a sort of ice-cold dildo-and-merkin combination. One is tempted simply to leave the dildo and merkin discreetly alone, with their motors turned on, and go home. Turn on, and cop out . . . what's the matter with that? This is also, of course, the unspoken meaning of all the contactless dances of the Twist type, which replace, rather than excite the participants to, this kind of sexual non-intercourse. The contactless dances also have the superiority over intercourse, that they do not expose the participants to the shame of having finally to demonstrate that they are sexually just no good in bed. They therefore express their clearest hostility and most real narcissistic pleasure by the formalized *leaving the other person out* of one's own gyrations. There is also a new dance coming, introduced by Chubby Legman, known as the "Honey-Fuggle Spit," which is done just like all the others, except that arses must be rubbed orgiastically with any person behind oneself at any time, while looking innocent and abstracted,

and the last gesture of the dance is to hawk heavily and *spit* in your partner's face. That should make the whole thing clear, even to the coolest cat.

At a lecture some years ago at Columbia University, given by Dr. Frederic Wertham, the only psychiatrist in America with the raw courage to come out, then and now, against sadistic comic-books and other "mass media" — while half a dozen other psychiatrists and professors are cleaning up side-money fronting for the same sadistic "media" — the extraordinarily important difference was drawn by the speaker, during the question period after the lecture, when the subject of sex in Russia came up, that (I am only paraphrasing): *the Russian idea is to forget about their sexual problems — and they certainly have them — by throwing themselves into socially useful work; while the new American idea is to forget about the social problems by throwing oneself into sex.* There you have the main thing wrong with the so-called Sexual Revolution in America. Far from being a revolution, it is a turning of one's back on the whole problem. It is a formalization of sexual as well as social estrangement, effected precisely at the moment when it is possible to be closest to another human being.

This makes extremely clear why the *perversion* of the sexual freedom we have all — or many of us — fought so hard to achieve, was so quick to arrive, and so disastrously thorough. Why the right to publish openly *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Lawrence's apotheosis of orgasm BECAUSE THEY ARE SOCIALLY VALUABLE, has become instead the pretext for swamping and overwhelming sexual normality in print and in life with a type of perverted stuff reaching its climax in the *Complete Works* of the Marquis de Sade, now announced in thirty volumes in France: more than have ever been devoted to the works of any other "philosopher," including Plato!

The whole meaning and purpose of the Fake Revolt becomes clear in the propaganda for perversion it wishes to promote. Its intention is nothing less than the destruction of humanity, under the banner of the New Freedom and the Sexual Revolution, by means of a poisoned enema of mixed printer's ink and hallucinatory drugs, intended to swell and erupt inside the body politic and destroy it. Freedom like that will blow us all to hell very soon. In any case, the plunger has already been pushed: the children have already been destroyed. What does it matter what happens to the rest of the *rotten old futzes and their world*? Meanwhile, until we're quite ready to go, the question is — politically, sexually, and every other way — Freedom For *What*?