

The Living Theatre at Chapel Hill, N.C. Spring of 1973.

Scattered among clumps of Magnolia trees, the frat houses are chomping away on the goodies that the jocks brought back from town. To soothe their rumination, the jocks are playing rock for them on little transistor radios. The jocks are polishing their cars at the same time. Long-haired beautiful youths bicycle along the winding paths, hand in hand, boys & girls, I mean. But there is a lot of soul-searching going on at the university also. Does a B.A. in biology entitle you to a waitress's job? There is Ali Baba's Center for Meditation. Jill Johnston, militant feminist, gave a lecture on campus only yesterday, April Fool's Day. And tonight, the Living Theatre will undertake Seven Meditations on Political Sado-Masochism. Starting time has been shifted from 8 to 10 p.m., for two other plays had been scheduled to start at 8! The place is the enormous polished floor of the Woman's Gym. Admission is free.

When, out of the academic calme, luxe et volupté, the crowd, a dark & seedy academic fringe, is admitted, the two dozen or so idealist demonstrators are seated in various approximations to the lotus position in a vast closed oval, their backs toward the crowd around them, looking at nothing, faces grave, all dressed in red &/or black, the colors of anarchy & socialism, though not uniformly at all, but in any loose garments desired, some exotic, many wearing amulets etc., generally in their 30s & 40s, however, rather than in their 20s, not stirring, except some a little, while the people file in & get seated on the floor. In the center there is a ceremonial arrangement of food & drink, honey, a kettle, something green in a bowl. Quiet.

An announcer (the same person throughout the ritual), his voice loud,

imposing, ceremonious, cries out the title of the evening's event. The celebrants intone a mild, wordless chant, just a few notes in harmonious sequence, repeated over & over again, ambiguous ~~BETWEEN~~ - the ambiguity of non-violence - between the inner peace of superior detachment & submission to life, - slavish or stoic, - maintained & growing more powerful (fascinating) throughout the celebration. The announcer cries out: "One. A meditation on domination & submission, with a text on the repression of sexual love." - Chanting. - One of the group (Ben Israel, I believe), with a posture, gait & face of easy but dignified assurance, haughtiness at peace with itself (a bit of acting this, he ⁱⁿ maintains it as mask throughout his performance in the first meditation) makes the rounds of the circle, everyone bowing from their knees as he passes, remaining with their foreheads on the floor after he has passed, advances to the center. A solo declamation, over the chant, by someone in the circle: "Obedience is the principle of love according to the state. Obey the father, obey the husband, obey the teacher, obey the policeman, ... the mayor, ... president, ... the rulers of the system & love them all." This & the following declamations are delivered in a didactic style & in a tone of stating simple truths or even just facts, but also the absolute truth, - obvious truths & self-evident first principles, - & with a quiet passion of indignation. Some are read from written texts, most without. They are addressed to no one. During this declamation, the Master in the center, pacing slowly, has been pouring three trails of water on the floor from the kettle, radiating from the center. A second declamation: "Sexual energy repression causes corrupt love. Sexual repression leads to violence." Three

individuals have followed the trails to the master on their knees, licking up the water. They remain there during the following, foreheads on the ground except when serving him. - Another text. - The Master is given a wooden stave by one of the three. Judith: "The state forbids free love & breeds forced marriage..." While she continues her long discourse, couched in antitheses, the Master advances on Julian, who is now kneeling with his back to the inside of the circle, & is baring one shoulder. X The Master strikes him three blows with his baton, the dull thuds on the bare flesh conveying a convincing note of punishing pain. Julian does not alter his expression (of pompous gravity, high seriousness), recovers his shoulder, turns. The Master proceeds around the circle repeating the procedure with others, three or four times, while Judith continues her elevated but impassioned analysis: the repression of sex promotes violence & repression by the state... The different speakers are clearly voicing their own opinions & concerns, & these clearly seem various, even divergent. They don't speak for the group, but as parts of it, invoking a generic unity of view-point, e.g. that sexual love is not part of the legacy of Cain, its perversion into domination & submission being induced by an interaction with political authority institutionalising it, & in this sense not intrinsic to it: to my mind a dubious theory, not only by its neglect of matters brought out by F. Engels, but of libidinal fixation: love is enslavement.- The Master, again at the center, hands the stick back to the slave, dips his hand in a dish of honey held out to him by another, makes another round, followed by the slave with the honey, has diverse individuals in the circle lick it off his dripping hand, graciously tendered them,

recoated from time to time. The chant all this while continues, & also Judith's solo rhetoric, the three serving slaves in the center are kneeling heads on ground, the slaves in the circle heads up. At some point, the Master has also begun to chant, in a pitch detaching his voice from the unison. He returns to the center, is handed water & towel, cleans his hand, & with one of the three servant slaves rejoins the circle, while the other two leave it.

A cry from the announcer: "Two. A meditation on authority with a text on government as a reflection of the master-slave relationship." The two slaves that had left it reenter the circle of truth with a pole between them over which hang many glistening identical chains, & ~~make~~ make the rounds, everybody getting their own. Julian: "The state ~~is the~~ sets sexual standards which support a male-dominated authoritarian sadistic system." - Others, taking their turn (throughout the show, the members of the congregation, 3 or 4 or more for each "meditation", speak up in counterclockwise sequence): "The state exists to protect the property of those who own more than they need."... "The state is the machinery of repression. Its function is to maintain the rule of one class over another."... "Slavery is the necessary consequence of the existence of the state." ...The rattle of the chains mixes harmoniously with the peacefully chant as the individual participants gradually, during the last of these speeches & after, variously draping their chains, - ornaments, - over their arms, necks & bodies, get up off their knees & assemble, again kneeling, in a tight formation of four columns just off the center. They get down on all fours, heads down, so closely together that their heads disappear & seem inside one

another's arses, & so start moving forward together, a red-& black crawling worm, image of a ^{collectivised} mass in submission. They are rattling their chains & chanting. As the head of the impressively disgusting procession reaches the end of the performance-space, these at the head progressively get up, & it splits into two single files, slowly, ~~with the high dignity of officials~~ circling in opposite directions, passing one another, round & round. The processionists, hands clasped over & under in front of them, with tight care placing one foot in front of the other, very erect, advance with the high dignity of officiants, from a rigid pelvis. This continues during the following.

^{three}
 "Third. A meditation on property with a text on ownership as murder." - "We are all owned... a pattern of ownership which is based on a sexual relationship in which the woman is owned by the man."... "In Chapel Hill, realtors are able to make renters slaves to their whim because the biggest slave owner of all, the University...Banks & such as BENC...make large profits from loans to realtors & corrupt contractors..." (a man in one of the files is shouting out this lengthy indictment from a text he is holding in front of him)... "Property has become more valuable than human life & this obsession with property kills the possibility of a meaningful life, meaningful work & meaningful love."..."Here in Chapel Hill, the University treats its low-income employees..."...Another text re the state & " the property-urge & the death-wish of brothers & sisters. The escape into the property-urge is a form of dying...our metamorphosis into a thing. Humanness is delivered up to thinghood. Thinghood & nothingness are akin...It is obvious that thingness

has its roots in our acquisitive urge....""So, in Chapel Hill, the streets belong to the merchants, & the people belong to the state." I suppose the indictments of the homicidal property-system prevalent at Chapel Hill mostly come from members of the Everyman Company. Some of the wanderers, draped in their chains, have begun to circulate among the audience asking individuals, looking them straight in the eye as they bend down "Am I your slave?" Whatever our retort, they deny it - everybody is & isn't everybody's slave....The files have dissolved, the chant continues, the circle reforms. Nothing, I believe, has been said about the "means of production".

The chant seems to swi^hth to another, brighter, slightly more assertive melody. "Four. A meditation on money, with a text on the false standard of exchange that enslaves the people." - "~~W~~ Under the money-system, all labor is wage-labor. Therefore all labor is slave-labor."..."Under the money-system, people die of starvation at the rate of one every 4 seconds, although we could produce...Money is superfluous."..." Under the money-system, men have to sell their labor & time as tho' their life & bodies were nothing but lifeless commodities."...A long declamation on money's historical subversion from mere token into "an idol in the profoundest sense...and it is in the monetary system that the decisive battle will take place." A loose formation of two rows of four has formed in the center, their arms extended, with the chains draped over them, each rotating in place in a somewhat individual style (e.g. Julian like a graceful music-box-doll, with a slight up-&-down swerve, faster & faster.) They start singing:"...My life

is two days for 32 dollars. My life is 4 days for 64 dollars. My life is 8 days for 128 dollars...My life is one week for 80 dollars. My life...When they reach the age of 40~~//they~~ & its ~~exlxa~~ worth, they collapse in a heap on the floor, chains clanging. They lie there for a moment, get up, rejoin the circle, playing with their chains bunched in their hands, orchestrating the now rather powerful continuing chant.

"Five. A meditation on violence with a text on police repression."
 - "War is a tactic of racism & imperialism. It is organised sadism."
 Two men out of the company are getting up slowly in different parts of the circle, with slow predatory steps stalk across toward a third opposite them, converging on him (a Negro). He ~~mimes~~ superficially mimes increasing perturbation as they approach. "The police department and the armed forces are the two arms of the power-structure...They use force to make you do what the deciders have decided you must do..." The two grab the third, pull him forward & back, then on his knees toward the center while the speech continues, & proceed to mock-torture him in a slow ritual of beating. They undress him. He is not resisting. Two others have left the kneeling circle & now reenter it with a wooden frame in which two saw-horses support a pole, rope & a & with a/field-telephone. His wrists are tied together under his knees, his ankles are tied, & as the speech ends, the pole is inserted under his knees, between his legs & arms, & he is suspended, an obscene spectacle, naked, balls sticking out over his arse, head down, over the saw horses. They insert the electrode at the end of the telephone's wire into his anus, it sticks white between his taut buttocks, they crank the phone, he screams . Beck: " In 1972, this

& other forms of police torture were reported from...(series of names of countries in South-America, Brazil among them, & elsewhere)..." Beck tells us that the field-telephone is manufactured by I.T. & T., that over 700 Brazilian police officers have been trained by Americans...He pauses intermittently ~~to allow to allow~~ for cranking & screaming. The screams are animalic. Beck is accusing the U.S.A. The people in the ~~xx~~ circle are gradually rising, starting to approach the scene of torture, Beck, continuing to speak, with them. They link arms, ring the torture-scene, watching. The torturers release the victim. (Since they grabbed him, their play-acting has been minimal, virtually nil.) The victim dresses, rejoins his seat with the others, the torture props are removed, the sound of the chains, toyed with by some, like that of temple bells accompanying the continuing chant. Beck's speech ending^s about when they are all reseated.

"Six. A meditation on death with a text on capitalism & the death-culture." Rhythmic clanging of chains all around: "Capitalism is a death-system which poisons our food, our..., our lives." Beck (reading): "Sexual repression leads to death. Economic repression leads to death. Racist repression...Intellectual...The bondage to death is the elevation of things over life & living ...People are forced to sell their lives...We are enslaved to death..." Very gradually, while $\frac{1}{2}$ the speech continues ("The sado-masochist script always ends in death..."), the performers rise & begin to dance in the central space, each performer by himself, his hands clasped, a stomping dance, the chains rattling. Once everyone (including Beck, still speaking) has joined in, ^{the dance is} accompa-

nied by an increasingly wild chanting, & growing more frenetic, then the dancers, now in fits, some shivering in approach to catatony, crowding together in the center, where they in different ways seem to be acting out^f dying: all freezing eventually into open-mouthed death-postures, ^{standing up,} ~~xxxxx/xxx~~ their bodies distorted^d, one woman vibrating her stretched-out arms violently after the others have all frozen around her, but then freezing also. An Artyadian vision of ~~death~~ by plague.

"Seven. A meditation on revolutionary change, with a text on the relationship between liberation & anarchism." The only one seated is Judith. She reads expressively, with emotion, while the frieze of agony remains in place, - a long text (Bakunin?) re the falsity of the belief that government or masters are needed, on the absence of such a need, on the ~~alternative~~^{alternative}: a society founded on free agreement & with voluntary association substituted for government, on the details of such an arrangement, on its not being a utopia...Beck, from the center:" But how do we smash the trance?" A girl's voice:"How do we get out of these chains?" Another:"How do we build the new society within the shell of the old?" "How do we free...blacks...draft resisters...the prisoners of the state's mental prisons...Jim Grant of the...Three...(long list of groups & individuals)...?" "How do we organise our strength & do what is to be done before it is too late?" Finally the first 3 questions are repeated, then: "How do we end this show?" (some laughter in the audience) "How do we break the bondage to a system that cultivates death?" Two or three spectators seated together get up & comme-

nce to free the members of the company, still compacted into the death-image, from their chains, others join in, those freed begin to move.

Spectators & performers mingle, talk. (Judith & Julian seem to have disappeared).

A public show on the town's main street where the campus opens up to it, was planned first for the following noon, then for the midday after, but did not take place. As of this writing, the Everyman Company plans to do a Crucifixion show on the main Street on Good Friday, leading from it into the scene on violence by a chase down the street, during which they catch the victim. Beck tells me that this piece was designed for an academic ambience, - a "highly intellectualised" piece; that among their plays, they consider it a "student community project". They are planning a revolutionising mission to industrial centers, there to perform, for working class audiences, in public places & institutions, appropriate variants from among the 50 or so plays they have developed, adapted to the locality & the audience, on the themes of the Legacy of Cain.

The dominant & persistent theatrical effort seemed bent toward creating a formal distance from the public, on the one hand, by the individual performers' ~~xxx~~ (notably Beck's) projection of an august spirituality, of purity of mind (childlike or not), of preoccupation with higher things, in short of being 'exgraoirdinary' (minimally: by the intensity or depth of one's troubled concern with oneself &/or the world), on the other hand, by a formal strictness of the procedures, & thus of the important event ^{put together by} ~~xxxxxxx~~ by them, a suggestion that the choreographic patterns of the group & ~~xx~~ ^{the studied regularities of} their stances, manners of motion, manners of speech were ritual, not arbitrary invention, but ⁺ dictated by the inward exigencies of the event & of the transcendentality achieved or approached (or of the difficult achievement of or approach to it): those creating the event, ~~as~~ ^{doing it as} moved by these exigencies, therefore not so much performers, as rather prophets in the Judaic sense, conduits of truth: performers only secondarily, namely insofar as that truth called for the manner of presentation in fact chosen. The degrees of d^eparture from this mode of presentation on the part of individuals, perhaps notably members of the local host- & seminal group, the Everyman Coompany, i.e. relatively relaxed, uneasy &/or directly appealing or communicative stances etc. seemed to underline the over-all formalistic detachment, alienation (both from the event created & from those it was created for, the public): while the - carefully preserved, it seemed, - individual variations within the mode of prophets relating directly only to God, & to the people only by a desperate concern for it, a concern itself dictated not by love, sympathy, or by a sense of

vealed, seemed to express not so much the fact that these individuals & their conceptions varied, as rather a requirement, resident within that truth itself, that they should vary. There was no feeling - & certainly no gesture, informal or formal, - that the group, collectively or distributively, cared for anybody (even one another, - or liked themselves); no reaching out in sympathy or concern to the individuals there that evening. It was a performance rather than an action, & certainly not the ~~xxx~~ action of trying to help any of us there. The event deplored a universal & many-leveled perversion of love into "sado-masochism" & a correlative universal death of human essence, of the creative liberty (spontaneity) of individuals; but on the one hand, the group & its members were not so much deploring them as demonstrating their deplorability, on the other, what was deplored was not humanity but its state, the evil, not the misery. The event did not express, nor was it designed to express love. It expressed rage (namely repressed rage) & it was designed to express outrage. We, the public, were being criticised for not doing things, for not even, like them, taking a strong public stand. Except when they ~~as~~ asked, in order to contradict our answer, if they were our slaves, they didn't look at us. Their circle excluded us. The formal distance of the prophets & of their ritual ~~xxxx~~ made an object out of the prophetic community & of its epiphany in ritual, a distinct & important fact, worthy of attention & consideration: a way of avoiding our regarding them simply as other people relating to us.

The theatrical event split into: display of the group itself (house or place of action, & messenger; fact of insubmission, martyrdom offered; - all style: flowing chant, geometric patterns, priestly appearance, colored in blood & death); oratory (read or declaimed; set & spontaneous); pantomimed parables & visual metaphors (illustrative ballet); temporal succession.

The show was the display of the group (in the act of giving birth to a local off-spring, viz. whatever the Everyman Company is turning into through its contact with the Living Theatre).

What the group was doing, ~~would in other cases have been the show itself~~ - the oratory & the pantomime, the message & its illustration, - was not the show, but part of the display of the group as object (defining it by the Truth in its collective head & by the business of ^{that Truth's} ~~its~~ propagation), & to some extent even just something incidental to ^{that} ~~the~~ display of prophets at work in the market place, viz. the particular "something" they had decided to do. The show was not what they were doing, but that they were doing it. We were given to see the artist at work (& saw that he - i.e. the group, - i.e. the Becks - had made politics his work): as in musical comedies we are sometimes given to see the star at work, or as in portrait parlors we are given to see the counterfeiter at work.

The work - art turned into prophetic politics - split into the message (the political prophecy) & its illustration (the art). Using the floor as a blackboard for demonstrating the lecture, they came right out & said what they had in mind: not an artistic thing

to do. But perhaps if the ideas had been in the images, these & not the display of the group would have been the show.

It was one thing after another because the connection between the different legacies of Cain had not been worked out./

It was all extremely simple, requiring no ability or skill, only conviction & discipline. The actions made do with a minimum of acting. The rhetoric, never sublime, was marred by the sanctified formulae of venerable doctrines & by the awkward, pseudo-technical modernisms ^{that manifest} ~~of~~ the semi-literacy furnished by a college education or by the unsystematic reading of autodidacts. No beauty was offered the senses: we were given an occasion to admire a lonely, passionate spiritual rectitude. The event was low-key: not at all a projection of energy toward us, nor at all an epiphany of liberated ~~energy~~ liberty, but the recitation of the litany of a dissident faith. We sensed the energy requisite for maintaining the faith & the testimony, but were not given of that energy, rather were asked to contribute to it by an unexpressed assent, the disposition for which it was hoped we had brought along.

That such a form of formal distance from the people (audience) - similar to that of the grander leaps of classic ballet, when it dazzles rather than merely pleases, & to that of Leninist parties echewing khvostism, - could not possibly have revolutionising effect is not obvious. But if effective, it would impose an authority (~~witthout~~ ~~shock~~ by shock, but without a traumatic revolution against ego), & this seems inconsistent with the professed objective

of anarchist de-alienation.

The stance of superiority carried no air of mastery: instead, the group seemed to offer themselves up for punishment, to be exposing themselves to destruction, their superiority - & authority - that of willing victims. This masochist glory of willing martyrdom is perhaps akin to the irritating superiority of the slave, whose slavery absolves him of any vileness his condition may compel him to consent to or to commit, of responsibility, & renders him unknowable, placing him beyond the furthest reaches of sincerity. Not asking for love, the group invites contempt, unjust attack, & specifically brutality.

The truth born witness to ~~w~~as that we are ~~anslaved~~, though we could be free, if only we would: held in bondage not by our masters, but by our proclivity toward, even passion for enslavement. For nowhere & in no way does the show make the point that man has a taste for domination. Masochism is our weakness. Its erotic & political manifestations reenforce one another (in a manner & with priorities left obscure by the group's scattered oratory). Somehow, given the resulting inhibited or self-destructive psyches & authoritarian communality ~~(government)~~, men annihilate themselves by an attachment to things (the aquisitive urge), by selling their lives for money (wage labor, - the Living Theatre's perspective on capitalism), by repressive violence (war, police), & by a literally toxic culture (a death-culture as way of life). Civilised society is the enactment of masochist phantasy. The way out is by (peaceful) insubmission, - relinquishing or repressing our desire

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Cf Pierre Biner's introduction to
Three projects pilotes pour le legs de
Lain, créations collectives du living
theatre au bresil, Paris, 1972.

to be slaves, our hunger for masters.

The central image of the show is of Voluntary & delighted-kn enslavement. Correspondingly, its affirmation is negative: master your slavish nature! It points to what is negative (ugly), - the ways of suicide. Far from celebrating, in word, tone or image, the wondrous powers of man, love, energy, daring (according to it, tools of suicide), it omits all reference to human essence. It is a negative theatre. Its image of man is that of the Old Testament. Little wonder that it is not loving. Presumably the reason is not only that it is a theatre for natural slaves, but also by ~~these~~ people experiencing themselves as slaves^x, thus feeling that the most they can come up with is passive insubmission, slavish denial of slavery, - the gesture, incidentally, cherished by sadists in their victims.

In the Becks' bible, Cain's fall has supplanted Adam's. The beautiful rituals of their (Brazilian) "pilot project no.1 for The Legacy of Cain" demonstrate that Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's ^{xx} perversity can be sublimated into the dominant idea & image of a powerful theatre, - the idea & image of the passionate victim. For such a theatre to ~~whether such a theatre could~~ cause insubmission (be revolutionary) ~~is doubtful~~ would, it seems to me, require it to attack its audiences. I don't see how participation in a concluding ritual of insubmission could do the trick. . A priestly ignoring of the audience, such as in the Chapel Hill production, not only avoids such an attack, but does not even let the spectator feel that he is the contemptible victim evoked. And some, to me suspect, delicacy seems to be preventing

the Becks' ~~from~~ unleashing their energies & genius on the development
- artistic or ideological - of that idea & image: as though
they did not want to see, nor wanted us to see, man's slavishness
clearly, neither in its fatality ~~or~~ nor in its delight. You get
only what you take.

* From Beck, The Life of the Theatre, San Francisco, 1972: (1)

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- 1: The imagination as the survival kit of the brain.
- 2: The work of the artist as the creation of solutions thru the exercise of the imagination.

We are waiting for certain answers. But the new artists say that there can be no leaders. End of Moses. Disappearance of Lao-tzu into the people.

The oil of my imagination is my slave mentality.

This is a book about the role of the artist in the revolution.

Croissy-sur-Seine, France. April 1970.

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The Maids.

The first time I put on the black silk panties I got a hard on right away. I felt humiliated in the garter belt. It felt good. I became a prisoner in the high heeled shoes. I had hot and cold flashes. I was delirious. I wanted to bow down and be stepped on. I put on the black uniform of

the slave and I was so unbalanced by the sensation of submission that I wanted, needed, to feel Madame's domination to balance me out.

"It is a play about man in the position of a lady's maid." Judith. "It is a play about the class structure. The torture. It is a play about the revolt of the oppressed classes and it is also about their inability to consummate that revolt. They can never stop imitating and wanting to imitate in fact, wanting to be Madame." "*Toujours l'esclave a singé le maître.*" Proudhon.

When I put on the panties it felt real, and I grooved with it. As if I had taken off the mask instead of having put one on. The pleasures and the humiliation, and all the illusions: that was what I played when I played *The Maids*: the humiliation and illusions of the servant class, the cheap grandeur of the upper class, the cheap grandeur of the illusions, of the swinish mimicry, the corrupt psyche of the Maids and of me and of humankind.

That's why I wanted to play *The Maids* and why I wanted to show it. The play is brilliant: I mean it throws off light, *rayonnante*. You can't play it anymore because the style of theatre in which it is conceived speaks only to the class whose position must be destroyed. Which Genet seeks to destroy. And all of us.

The class for whom *The Maids* was written, the upper classes and their intelligentsia, enthrall the mass not only with Chanel gowns but also with intellectual ballets, *panaches de mots*, waterfalls of words, dazzle, mystification, the whip.

The nature of my attraction to men, to the male body, is sometimes masochistic, sometimes sadistic. I am homosexual up to the waist. Most nights. And down to the neck. The nature of my attraction to women, the female body, is usually erotic; but it is rare that my body responds with the purity of Eros.

Can we not count among the by-products of industrial capital several generations of mechanized, cold, alienated fathers? And could that not account for a psycho-social phenomena: the lost papa people: an aspect of the homosexual syndrome: people looking for, trying to recover, the alienated love of their long lost fathers: the struggle between Eros and the caste system?

Masochism as the link to altruistic love. Judith.

In my own quest for reciprocal male love I seek to recover body warmth from the ice age of industry. It becomes part of my revolt. If the relationship is sado-masochist, it is born in some ways out of the feelinglessness of an ice age; and Sadism/Masochism are mechanisms for feeling something, even if it is pain. But feeling the pain, as Artaud conjectured, could open the door to other feelings, which may account for the link between masochism and altruistic love of which Judith speaks. Altruism is revolutionary. As is love.

Feeling like a slave (thru sexual inclinations), the masochist soon identifies with the whole slave class and with (its) suffering: and this evokes altruistic feelings. The act of identification engenders concern for the well-being of the slaves as a class. This leads to revolutionary action which—Genet repeatedly emphasizes—would succeed if the slaves (the Maids) can divest themselves of their schizophrenic desire to play the masters. That's the trick: the work of infusing new pleasures (values) into the culture (the psyche) sexually.

2

I am a slave who came out of Egypt. I have a slave mentality. Out of the house of bondage, into the house of employment. What an illusion, three thousand five hundred years ago, when we moved out of one culture into another, thinking we were going to be our own masters from then on! We got rid of a political master, and were too inexperienced to recognize the true function of the Paymaster, the Chief of Police, the Pillars of Society.

The prediction (when we were dancing around the Golden Calf): precious stones, warships, waste, doom, etc. We have not yet stopped dancing around that false god, metal, that does not feel, Mammon, idol of riches, and that's why we are still in the desert. When we entered the Promised Land we carried the Golden Calf with us, not on our backs, but in our hearts, and made the Promised Land into the desert, which is the only place where the Golden Calf ever is: because the radiance of the gold (radiation) dessicates the foliage, dries up the rivers (the blood), and the vessicles of the heart. The Golden Calf is the false promise.

Among my brethren are many who dream with wet pleasure of the eight hundred pains and humiliations, but I am the other kind: I am a slave who dreams of escape after escape, I dream only of escaping, ascent, of a thousand possible ways to make a hole in the wall, of melting the bars, escape escape, of burning the whole prison down if necessary.

Croissy-sur-Seine, France. April 1970.

(footnote to p. 16, l. 12, "slaves")