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Where it all went

At a party with some old hippies. Conversing with a woman who was once a highway child; now, of course, she's in real estate. She explains she had been a member of one of those hippie-fascist communities formed around some god-king wannabe. I mention the name of Mel Lyman,¹ she says, yeah, like that, I knew some of his people. I tell her I don't understand why anyone would join such a cult, it seems the very antithesis of the search for personal liberation that I thought had motivated us all. What had been the whole point of the movement. She says it was simple, really, like many others she was overwhelmed by freedom, and just wanted somebody to tell her what to do.

The more I think about this, the more appalling it becomes. Is that the secret of the social contract? that secretly, everyone just wants to follow orders? — I can't quite believe that. — But later, when during my abortive career as a union organizer I discover how badly my fellow workers *want* to believe that management has their best interests at heart, it does not come as a surprise.

¹ See David Felton, Robin Green, David Dalton: *Mindfuckers. A Source Book on the Rise of Acid Fascism in America*. San Francisco: Straight Arrow Books, 1972.