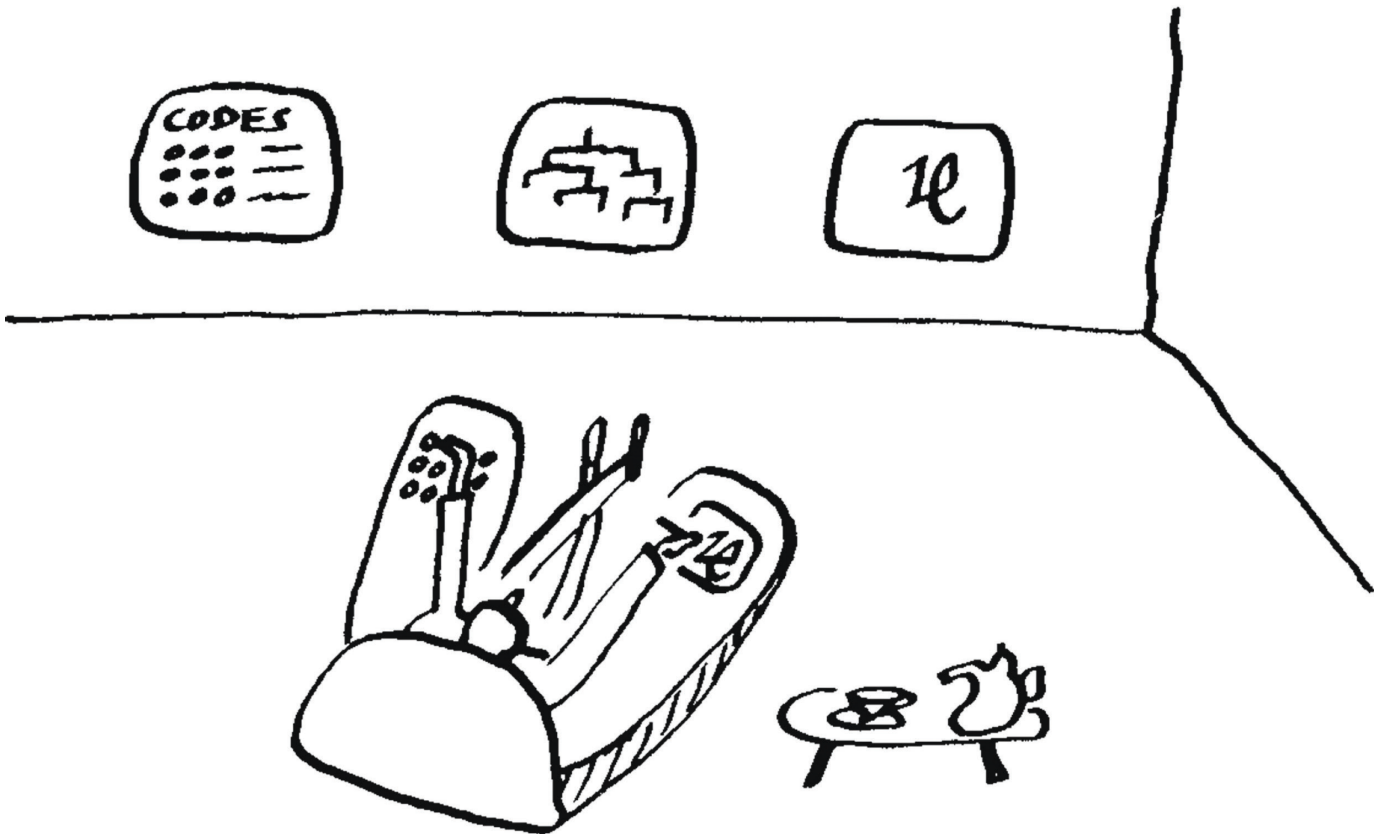


YELLOW ALERT

A Better Outlook for Cybernetic Man



YELLOW ALERT

THE COLOUR IS fresh or feverish. A lounge patinated by cigar smoke. Morning light ending a restless night. An abstract period; yellow is for decision making and suspended animation. Cuban Cohibas. Precious wood. Business and pleasure. Green is for green felt. Roulette and Billiards. Coasters, old plants with thick leaves, diagrammes, military, maps, tacks, open air. Reddish is for mahogany, teak, palisander. Blue is for the screen and the window high above the city. Green black marble. Light yellow money.

DARK RED: He looks inward and knows what it takes.

FELT GREEN: He writes a letter, a quick decision, for someone else. No crossings.

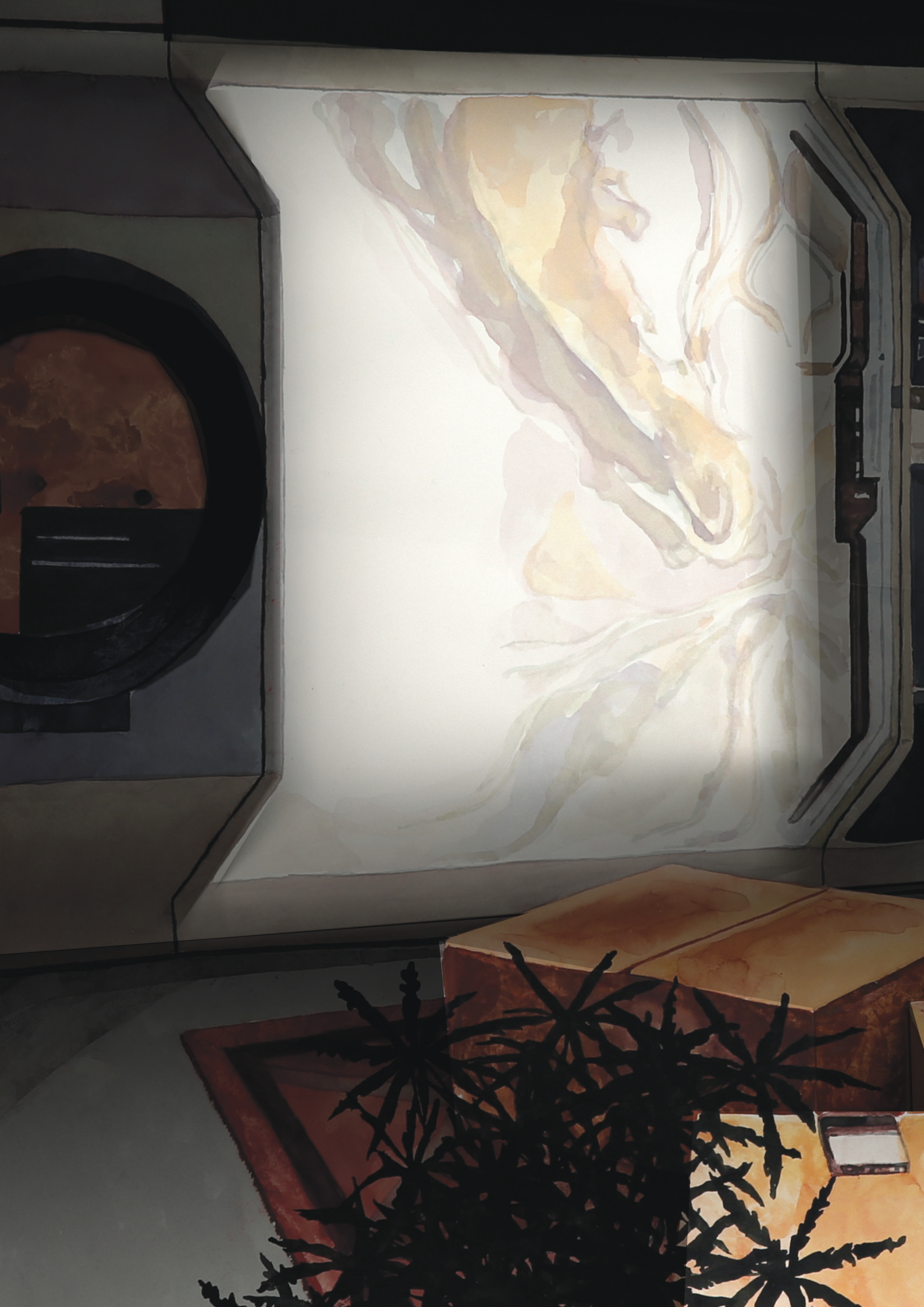
YELLOWISH: He sits down with a cigar and a long drink.

REDDISH ORANGE: Either a voluminous leather armchair or a more delicate white fiberglass chair tightly covered with coarsely woven, woolen fabric.

LIGHT BLUE: The screen changes images by it self. Incomprehensible infographs—this action forwards that to this decision-maker and so on.

FELT GREEN: One authoritarian looking graph resembles a modernist painting.
Bauhaus font and concrete abstraction













FOR THE FIRST TIME since the accident he feels his legs again. Not just phantom sensations, but real legs. And how strong they are! Like a calf on grass he runs, at first staggering off, but for every step steadier and steadier. The lab staff try to grab him, but he's too big, too uncontrolled, they don't stand a chance.

And then he's out, outside, on some kind of recreational track. The white shirt open and fluttering as he jumps the first obstacle then the next. He overtakes the amazed soldiers. Or are they just athletic scientists? The sensation of moving, of muscle and tissue obeying his every command. He doesn't have to think, just move. The air filling his lungs, the sun light in his eyes—it is as if until now he has been robbed off all his senses, not just those of his legs.

Exhaustion hits him at once. His tall, slender body almost collapses, as if it flickers, right before he gets himself seated on one of the huge wooden logs on the muddy course.

Dr. G approaches him. It's the first time he sees her like this—like him. She throws a bottle of water towards him as she nonchalantly passes. "You have to be patient J" she says. "It takes time to get used to the new body. But I am impressed. The adaptation normally takes weeks. Months even." He looks at her with a weary and boyish grin. It's easy to tell—he is happy and it's been a while.

Dr. G escorts him back to the barracks. He is not objecting and when he lies down in the pod he's tired to the bones, but content, a feeling he had forgotten existed.

Back in the lab next morning, J and N are linked up again. J wakes up in a different room with the staff and others like him. Within a few moments, J is making his handler





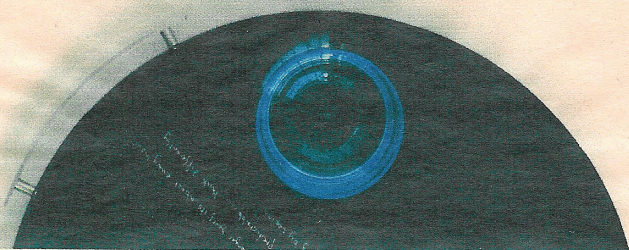
Remember that evening at C when we drank lengthy draughts of the shared illusion from the void within the glass? As the night wore on we gradually synchronised our bladders and stood, in the garden, J R beneath the starry firmament discussing Plato.....or was it Aristotle?

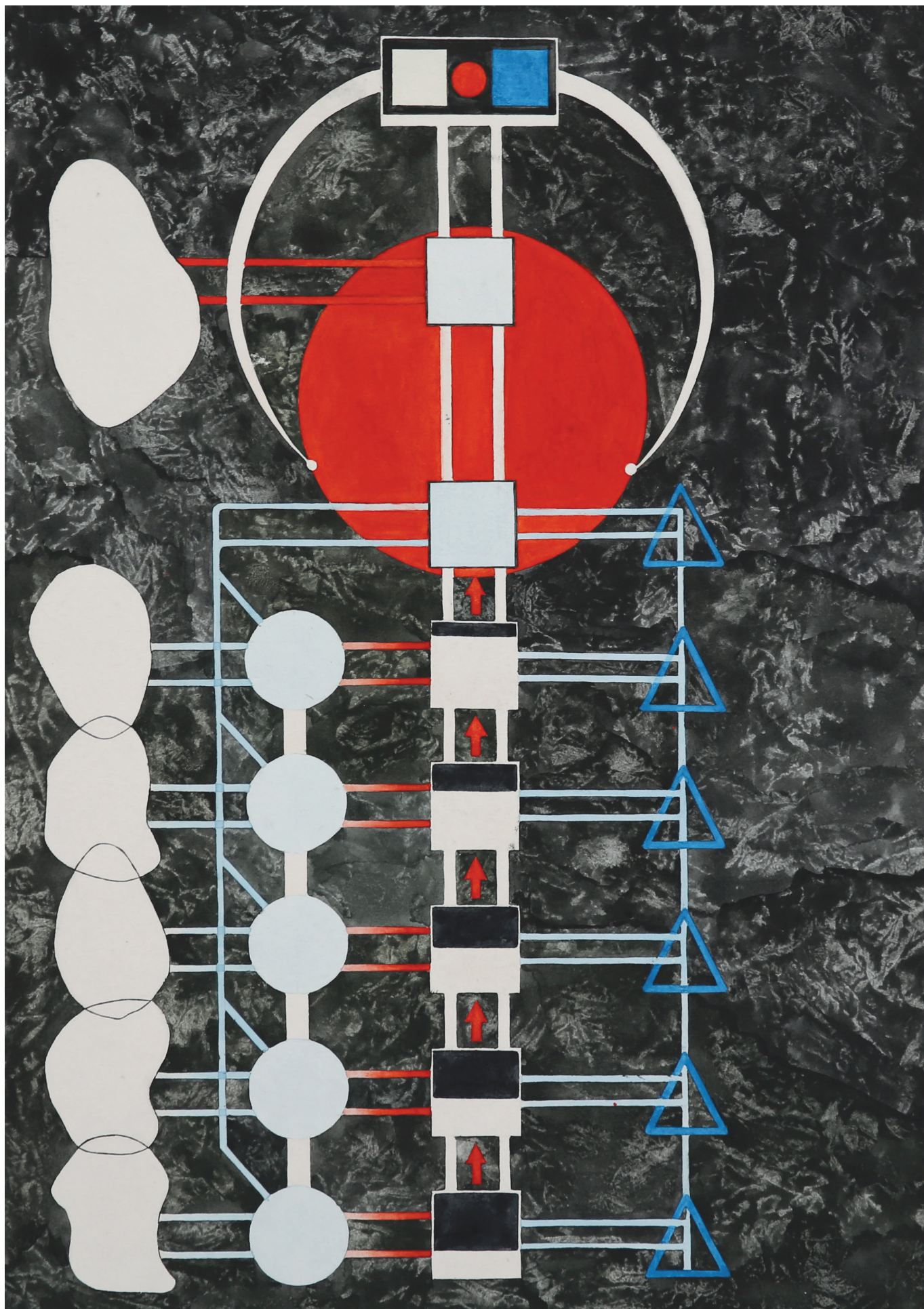
Contrast this with that afternoon in the Athenaeum, where we quaffed and gnashed our way through the wine list and menu. Once again we stood in perfect accord, this time in the gentlemens' powder room, 'inspecting' the exquisite marble (none of your common porcelain here), as you held forth (in a manner of speaking) on negative entropy.....or was it the reverberations of icosahedral space?

And how many grapes went into the void?

By the way, at that club of clubs how did they ever know if you were wearing a tie?







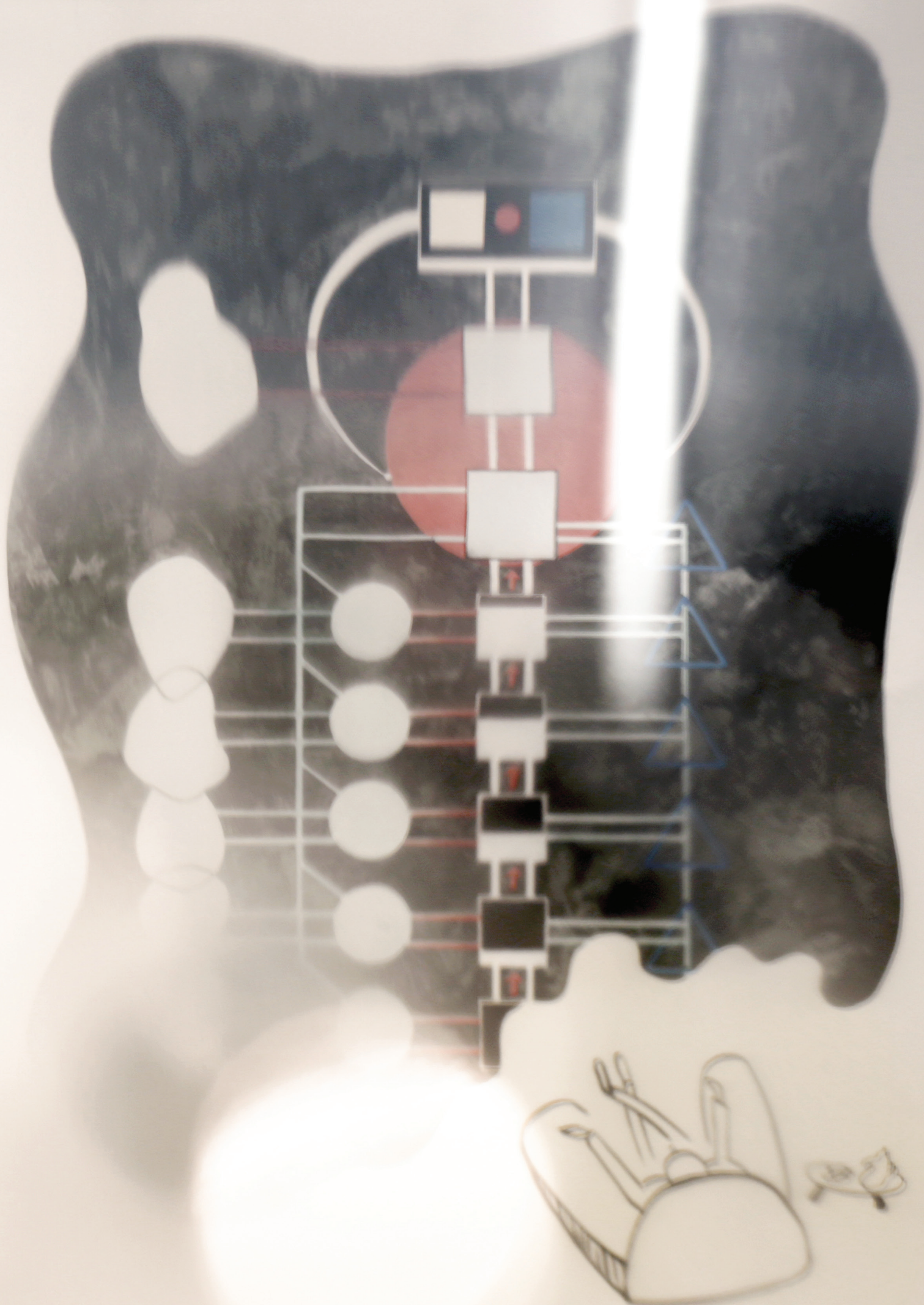
Science in the Service of Man

THE SCENE is a small airport at a vacation resort where a week-end conference on automation has been held for senior businessmen. Everyone is going home. The man in front of me at the desk finds to his horror that the flight for which he has a ticket is already full. “I am so sorry,” says the desk clerk soothingly. “We are having trouble with all the Flyaway Airline’s flights—something has gone wrong with their computer.” In the quiet of the little airport lounge, everyone is listening. A large man several places back in the queue leans forward and says loudly: “Excuse me young man; I am a director of the Flyaway Airline. We do not *have* a computer.” Some people laughed, but the general atmosphere turned to acute embarrassment.

Time and the mental space were now available to 'go cerebral' for the rest of the afternoon/evening. At some point I poured myself a long drink and sat down in the armchair for a concentrated thinking session. I have reached a difficult stage in current thought, and am haunted by problems of articulation: If I cannot give clear expression to ideas even in my own head, how shall they be metabolised to the benefit of anyone? A post-modernist might gain comfort from this circumstance, amusingly enough.

What shall post-post-modernists be called? Rationalists perhaps?! Be that as it may... back to the armchair, where this was not the topic. I've merely been trying here to explain why I'm unable to state what the topic was. It was substantive, however — not a lucid dreaming.

After what seems to have been about three hours, it came through to me that I was excessively thirsty – the glass must have been empty for about a couple of hours. Refill, for heavens sake! I bounded out of the armchair in which I had been immobile all this time. This was an ill-considered act. It was a definite mistake. There was no feeling whatever in my legs, which instantly buckled under me. Thanks to the bounding, there was a lot of forward motion too. I hit the tiled floor first with both knees, and next with the right elbow – on account of instinctively flinging my left arm up in the air to protect the empty glass.



Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like
CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best

THE OFFICE OF TOMORROW

Electronic controls will let the executive of tomorrow revolve the center section of his office to take full advantage of sunlight streaming through the glass walls. Face-to-face conferences through television will be held coast-to-coast, and intricate calculations of quotas or sales by territories will be turned out of the touch of an assistant's finger. Records will appear as if by magic from files automatically operated in the electronic age ahead.

YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE

For your pleasure today, the youngest whiskies in Seagram's V.O. Canadian were laid away six years

nd every night he goes home to a tiny cubicle of an apartment in a vast government housing project.

The room is reminiscent of a cell at a federal prison, which is pretty much what it is. The amenities look like they are from a 747, which is to say they are efficient, space conscious, and are about a hundred years old. There is a single fluorescent fixture, which casts a sterile light over the grimy walls. It flickers constantly.

One entire wall (all seven feet of it) is a TV screen. On it we get a wider view of the world, and it's nothing to write home about

WIDE SHOT as the glow spreads through the forest like a vast nervous system. In an aerial shot, it almost looks like a city at night, with arteries of light like freeways. The wave of luminosity spreads to the horizon in all directions.

FROM THE PROMETHEUS in orbit, we see the night side of the planet transformed into a vast reticulated lacework of faint luminosity. The continent... then the whole planet... is united in one vast energy field... terrifying in its scale as Gaia marshals her strength





e puts his face close to hers. She rubs her cheek against his. He kisses her on the mouth. They explore each other.

Then she pulls back, eyes sparkling.

N

Kissing is very good. But we have something better.

She pulls him down until they are kneeling, facing each other on the faintly glowing moss.

N takes the end of her queue and raises it. J does the same with trembling anticipation. The tendrils at the ends move with a life of their own, straining to be joined.

MACRO SHOT The tendrils INTERTWINE with gentle undulations.

J rocks with the direct contact between his nervous system and hers. *The ultimate intimacy.*

They come together into a kiss and sink down on the bed of moss, and ripples of light spread out around them.

THE WILLOWS sway, without wind, and the night is alive with pulsing energy as we DISSOLVE TO --

LATER. She is collapsed across his chest. Spent. He strokes her face tenderly.

J

N, you know my real body is far away, sleeping.

She raises up, placing her fingertips to his chest --

N

This body is real.
(she touches his forehead)
This spirit is real



The true holistic experience is of knowing a totality transcendently. But how is that to be communicated? It is experience beyond cognition; it is the experience of cognition itself. We do not prepare ourselves for communicating this kind of knowledge.

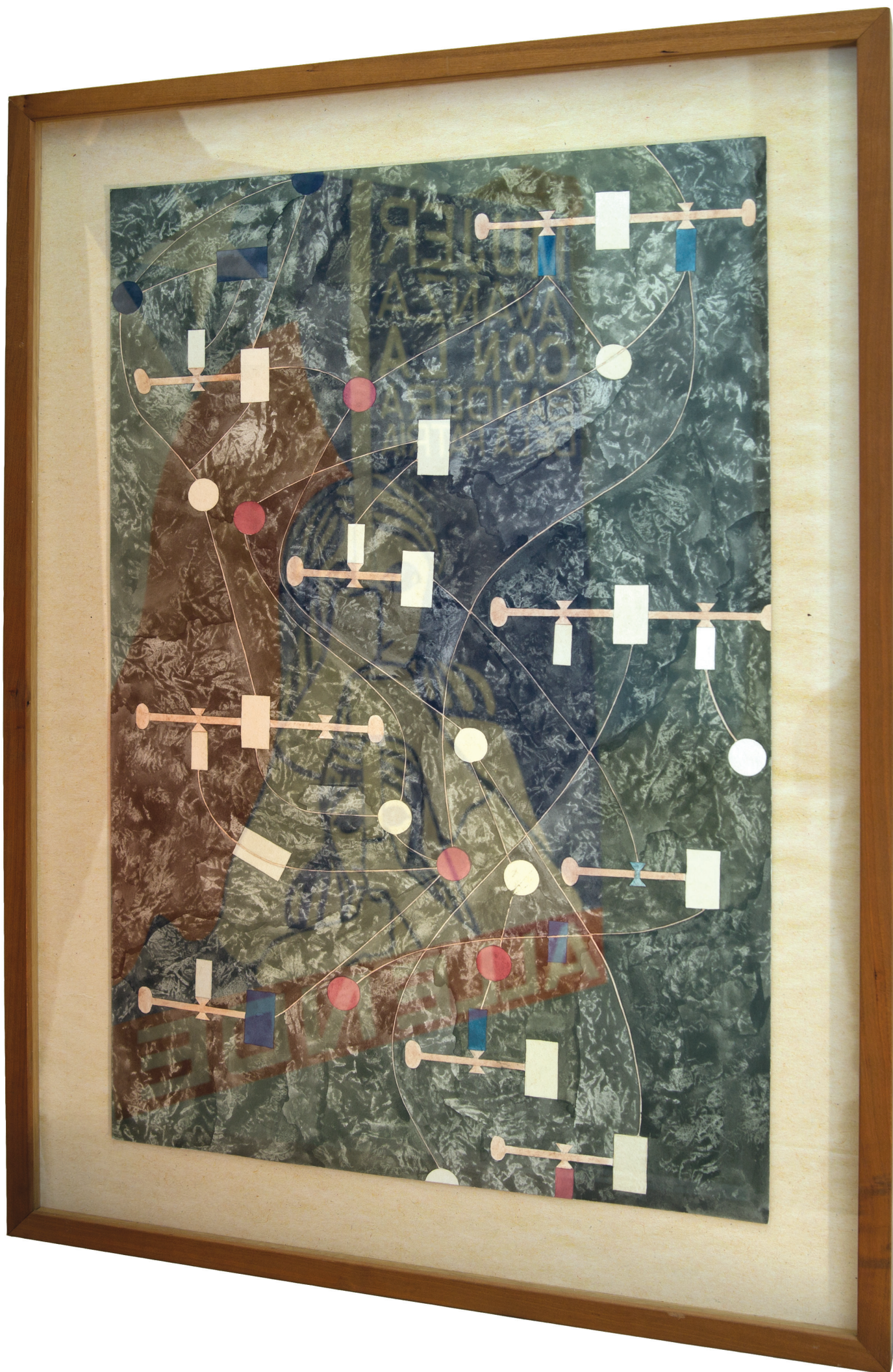


So, what is the uniform
basic commodity that
we have to deal with in
managing, in organizing?
Is there one thing
underlying the prob-
lems of men, materials,
machinery and money?
C O M P L E X I T Y

MUJER
AVANZA
CON LA
BANDERA
DE LA PATRIA



ALLENDE



What I like most about this diagram is that it regards both the past and future as ‘present.’ Our job is to, using the model, figure out how to put institutions, ethics etc, in the lower part of the diagram and not the top. (Though B warns about taking the model itself too seriously, calling models mistaken for reality ‘surrogates’.)

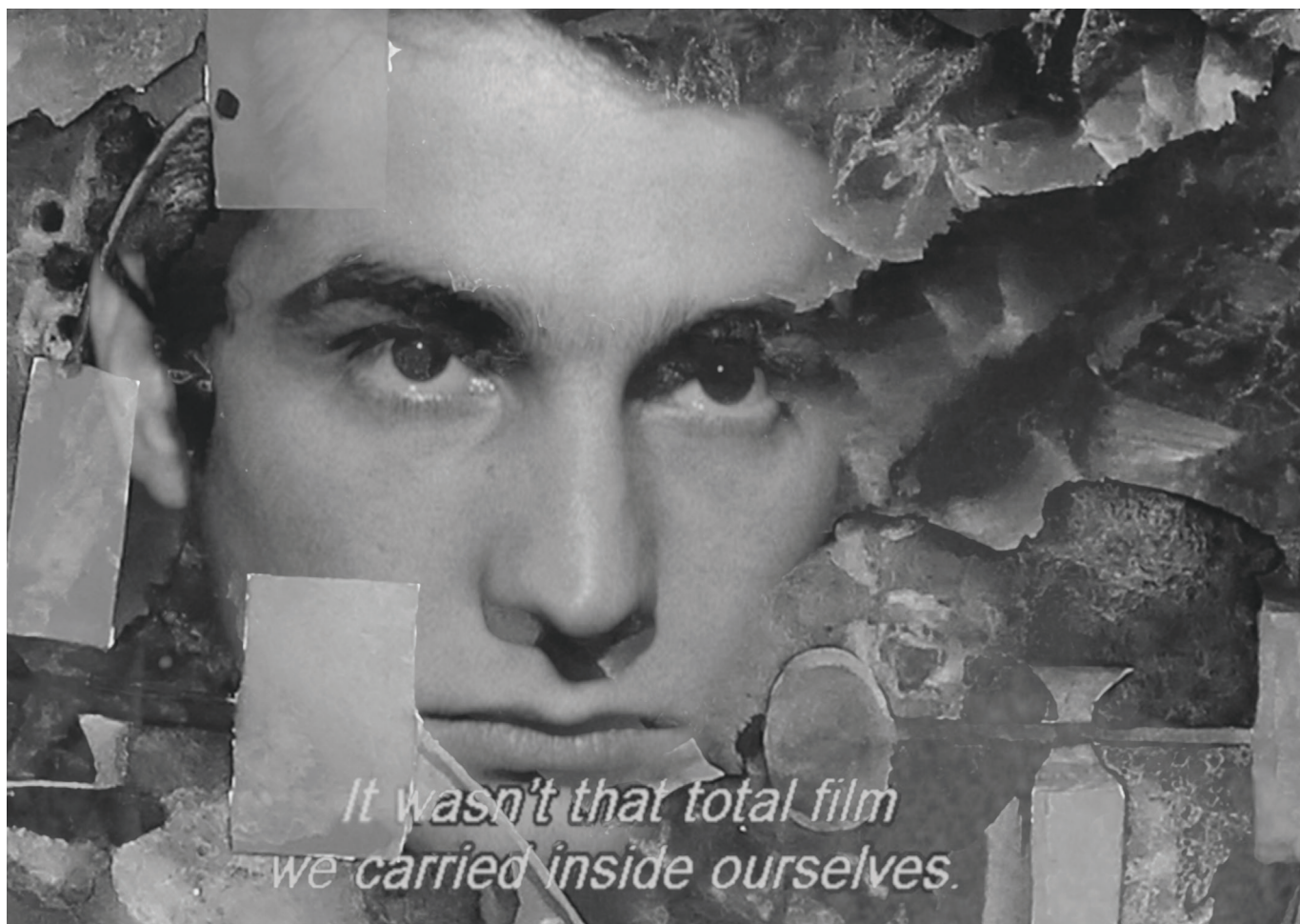




A glistening hexagonal chamber of modern magnificence, whiffing vaguely of carpet glue and fresh fiberglass. There are large, flat view-screens ensconced in two of the wood-panel walls. Another wall features an array of lights representing the sectors of the economy, each blinking at a frequency corresponding to the attention needed. The fourth wall holds a large metal board where magnets shaped as various symbols can be used to assemble economic flowcharts. The sixth and final wall features a glowing graphic of B's Viable System Model; a shrine to cybernetics. Tucked into one corner of the room is a mini-bar where these economic custodians can mix cocktails...

In the center of the carpet is affixed a circle of seven sleek white fiberglass swivel chairs... On each identical chair there is an ashtray at the left elbow and a cluster of glowing electronic toggles on the right. These control panels allow each chair's occupant to navigate the graphs, trends, and photos of the screens like a rudimentary hypertext.





*It wasn't that total film
we carried inside ourselves.*

The film we wanted to live.

