Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.

sex and the single junkie

8 pages on the sex-drug, LSD
Want to make an impact — anywhere — anytime? Of course you do—and whether you have a court case or a wedding coming up, it’s going to cost you an awful lot of money for gear you can’t wear again—unless you do the bright thing and hire from Formal Wear. You can look marvellous on special occasions without having to wear leaves and flowers—or become a jaybird—for the next 12 months to pay for it. Go formal—phone, write, or best of all—call at Formal Wear Hire Service.
Where are you Lee Harvey Oswald?
(now that we need you so much)
But they betrayed not the slightest hint that it was unusual—for them to be addressed while they were frozen in the traditional pose of respect for the dead.

Many people were so eager to shake his hand that they cut themselves on the barbed wire barricades.

Mr Johnson grabbed the blood-stained hands and shook them heartily.

“Here's your Prime Minister — get up there Harold, and say something”.

Mr Holt: I am very glad you are not standing for Prime Minister in this country.

The Prime Minister, Mr Holt, tagged along beside him and the President boomed as he handed out ballpoint pens: “This is your Prime Minister.”

An Australian police officer who thought Mr. Holt was someone forcing his way to the President's side grabbed Mr. Holt by the left shoulder until he recognised who he was seizing.

Senator Keeffe said:

“The Prime Minister has used, the President and his brief projected visit to Australia as a cheap political gimmick in an effort to obtain sufficient votes to remain in office.

The motion read: “The Parliamentary Labor Party welcomes the visit of President Johnson as leader of a great nation whose friendship and co-operation with Australia since 1942 is gratefully acknowledged.”

Newsweek agreed with the account, describing Sydney as the scene of “the nastiest, noisiest anti-LBJ demonstration of the tour.”

Until police cleared the road, the crowds could see Mr. Johnson talking excitedly on the intercom phone in his bubbletop car.

“The President told me that Sydney's reception was the most wonderful he had ever received anywhere.”

“It will be something for everybody to remember.”
When your Prime Minister said in Washington, speaking on the course of the battle, that he will go all the way with LBJ, there was not a single American who felt he was saying anything new.

"I would like every Aussie who stands in the rice paddies of Vietnam on this warm sunny day to know that every American and LBJ is with Australia all the way."

About 90 minutes before the President's arrival all Vietnamese stationed or employed on the base were required to leave for the duration of the visit because the commanders felt sure, Communist sympathisers were among them.

When the President was not among the crowds or making impromptu and flattering speeches about Australians, he was calling out "Howdy, how are you. Thank you for coming out to see us," through the loudspeaker in his car.

"Despite the short notice, the welcome will surprise even Sydney people."

A 21-year-old man who threw an egg at a bus in President Johnson's motorcade on Saturday was fined $10 for offensive behaviour and sentenced to four months' gaol for vagrancy in Central Court of Petty Sessions yesterday.

"Somebody is talking about Negroes."
EVER since Lord Chesterfield dropped a line to his son, the art of letter-writing has fallen into a decline. Only after he has published all of a writer’s acceptable works does the modern publisher dare to foist his Collected Letters on a public which by now is infinitely suspect.

The modern Letter to The Editor, considered as a distinct art-form, is now in a particularly bad way and generally outshines even Letters to Somerset Maugham, ‘Letters of..’ and ‘Letters from Somerset Maugham’ in triviality and ineptitude.

All too often they are a mere cry for help — information, for example, kookaburra, derivation of “making my marble’s”, descendants of a well-forgetten poetess or authorship of “Waltzing Matilda”.

Even the abusive letters have lost their sting and style.

Writers are all too willing to say with H. Ford (Mr.) of Detroit, Mich., U.S.A., that history is bunk. They disregard the long-established form of the Abusive Letter which has stood Disgusted, Mother of Eight and Wondering in such good stead for so many years.

They fly in the face of tradition, they attempt originality when the very essence of the Abusive Letter is its progression through a sequence of familiar steps to its invariably final, one must master the conventions before breaking them.

For the guidance of would-be Abusers, OZ presents below a short introduction to LBJ demonstrators.

Get everything crystallized into one bald statement of the classic form. It has been prepared by an authority, one who has leapt into print to hold the sacred title of “Digger”. You abuse and semi-revolt against the present Government simply because of the frustration and confusion in your hearts. Sometime in the future you may look back with pity at your current immature activities.

Military Law forbids me to reveal my name, but it is insignificant. In Army Camps throughout the country there are thousands of young men like myself who have the incentive and willpower to stand against our enemies and throw up the gauntlet to the democratic forces. You may have assumed that I am only a verbal warrior like yourselves—this is not true. I feel so strongly that Australia should militarily participate in the Vietnamese conflict that I am now in the first year of a six year engagement in the Regular Army.

I can assure you that I have not given up this most important part of my life just to hold the sacred title of “Digger”. If I do see it, and I hope I do, it will be the first sign to me that any member of your staff has the flexibility of mind to print both sides of an argument.

AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Funnily how the Uni lads always pop up. Mind you, a good headline always helps . . .

Jackals

WISH TO REGISTER.

I am 36 years of age and was utterly horrified and disgusted to see those young people throw them.

2. Sarcasm. Since Mavis Tramston began, Letter people have begun to realise there might be something in this satirical business after all and charged the columns with their mordantly bitter rapiers of irony.

. . . I wonder if they had a warm feeling, one of pride perhaps, after they learnt that 100,000 people had seen the President and that many people, who had missed him, had travelled as far as 500 miles to see the leader of the free world.

I hope they slept well.

So thank you, demonstraters, for allowing us such a good look at the President of the United States.

The main thing, Ethel, is to say what you mean, see, so that they know you mean what you say.

In a democracy such as ours, which permits the right to demonstrate peacefully, idiots are allowed to insult a man of great stature and cause inconvenience to 100,000 people.

Despite demonstrations by a witless, gutless minority, the President received an overwhelmingly friendly welcome, and his visit will further strengthen the bonds of Australian-American friendship.

As may be seen, this is quite easily done, even without long words.

4. Abuse. Vital to the Abusive Letter—such as disgusting, revolting, pseudo intellectual, yelled at, idiots, witless, gutless, intellectual, etc. etc. etc., are all grist to the mill and whether your letter has a tone of pained contempt, righteous indignation or outraged fury is up to you (or even the situation).

5. Immature. They are always immature. You abuse and semi-revolt against the present Government simply because of the frustration and confusion in your hearts. Sometime in the future you may look back with pity at your current immature activities.

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Q. Why do they call Police Commissioner Allan "The Pill"?
A. Because he has absolutely no conception.

This is one of a series of jokes going around the N.S.W. Police Department about Norm Allan, who has been characterised variously as the most unavailable public servant in Australia (Ron Saw), the most out of touch Police Commissioner in the world (Daily Telegraph) and a man with a very hard job to do (himself).

Others, taking a wider view of history, see him simply as an inevitable stage in the running battle between the Masons and the Roman Catholics for control of the N.S.W. Police Department. But all the evidence suggests that Norm Allan organised his fight long ago, and has now won it — not for either party, but for himself.

At the moment there is no one around who could possibly take over his position, and many senior detectives who once thought they were chances are now pigeon-holed in a dusty administration job, or at home digging their gardens, wondering what they did wrong. Police Commissioner Allan has placed himself in an impregnable position, seemingly for life. Let's take a quick look at his life.

There is a story that Norm Allan was once on his way to a turn at the Chevrons, in a departmental chauffeur driven car, naturally. As the car drove up William St., Norm suddenly began foaming at the mouth, and yelled "Stop the car!" The puzzled chauffeur did, and Norm rushed to a phone: "Get me the Police Department! Get me the vice squad! Who's in charge there?"

As a weary detective answered, Norm drew in his breath. "Do you realise," The Pill inquired portentously, "that there are PROSTITUTES IN WILLIAM STREET? Get men down here, what's the vice squad doing . . . ?"

This call, going as it did through the main switchboard, quickly got around the Police Department; and the men, never exactly overwhelmed with respect for their boss, found it harder and harder to pretend that they were.

Not that it mattered: Mr. Allan shut himself firmly in his office, and spent much of his time abusing senior detectives who came into it "improperly dressed" — i.e., without a coat on. Meanwhile the Department went on its merry way, with a Sgt. Giles here and a Stinvics there. But these were minor crises, and Commissioner Allan, whose faith in his men is rather touching, was quite happy to order a closed investigation, knowing from experience that it would clear everyone in sight.

It was all too good to last. A few months ago the Sydney press got on to the idea we have a Crime Wave, and the shit started to fly. The press has given us crime waves before, of course: prowlers, gang rapes, bashings. But these only affected people, whereas the present outbreak of hold-ups and safe robberies affect MONEY. Clearly, as the Daily Telegraph pointed out, something had to be done about it.

From having almost ceased to cover bank robberies, which had become too commonplace to be news, the papers went mad; and, as they usually manage to, found plenty of cases to back up their theory that crime was on the rampage. The best case when Sgt. Rait, chief of the C.I.B. armed hold-up squad, complained to a quarter sessions judge that quite often he and his men were out committing an armed hold-up. And, as it happened, as he was speaking, a man was threatening a woman in a Newtown shop with a sawn-off shotgun. The woman screamed to him: "Why don't you go and rob a bank?" to which the man allegedly replied: "I've already been into two banks this morning and they were both too crowded."

Action finally came when the Daily Mirror, having been working itself into a frenzy for some time, ran a hold-up story on the front page with a picture of Norm Allan grinning beside it. Norm called a conference, Askin made encouraging (but tightened), noises, and next day the Great Plan to Beat The Crime Wave was announced: "We'll put Police in the banks."

But the press could hardly say so at the time; it would have looked like a tip-off to the underworld. So instead they talked about what a strain it would put on the force, how men would have to be taken off other essential duties, how what was really needed was more police. It wasn't until a couple of days later that the Daily Telegraph, again in the van of the protectors of money, finally went for the Plan in a big way.

In response, Mr. Allan gave a most extraordinary press conference. His line was basically "give it a go," but he expressed himself strangely. Asked if he thought it was possible the Plan was a mistake, he sprang to his feet. "All great men make mistakes, don't quote me," the Pill said. "Even Julius Caesar made mistakes. Napoleon . . ."

"He'll think he's Jesus Christ next," a shaking reporter said to a shaken detective later. "Roll on Good Friday," the detective replied.

On any level, the Crimebusters (as the Mirror called them) weren't having much luck. On one occasion they arrested three bank guards by mistake. On another they gave a lift to a girl who was going to the bank with $600 in her bag, and when she got there, lo! the money was gone. "It must," said a baffled policeman, have fallen out of her bag between the time she got out of the car and the time she went into the bank . . .

But morale was the big problem, and everyone knew it. It came to a head when the Sun-Herald ran a piece allegedly based on interviews with senior detectives, saying the men had lost faith in the plan. In reply The Pill agreed to a 20 minute interview on 2GB, presumably on the understanding the interviewers were kind to him. They were, but a couple of beans were split.

Asked what was the greatest single problem facing the police in the solution of crimes of violence, Mr. Allan replied sagely: "The greatest single problem facing the police in the solution of crimes of violence, I would say, lies in the detection and apprehension of the person or persons responsible."

And on the vital question of morale he showed no less keen a grasp of the problem. Since the Sun-Herald article, he said, he had been deluged with calls from senior detectives assuring him that they were not responsible, and promising their fullest support for the Plan. "They're with me all the way," said the Mushroom.
THE L.S.D. OF LOVE

One Mexican afternoon in 1960, Timothy Leary ate a handful of odd-looking mushrooms he'd bought from the witchdoctor of a nearby village. Within minutes he felt himself "being swept over the edge of a sensory Niagara into a maelstrom of transcendental visions and hallucinations. The next five hours could be described in many extravagant metaphors, but it was above all and without question the deepest religious experience of my life".

These were the "sacred mushrooms" containing one of the psychedelic (literally "mind-manifesting") chemicals that have created a national fad amongst the young—a "sensory Niagara into a maelstrom of religious experience of my life". Leary had now become not only the messiah of the psychedelic movement. But soon afterwards a young New York millionaire, a veteran LSD voyager who believed in the importance of Leary's work, turned over to him a rambling mansion in Millbrook, New York.

This has since become not only Leary's home and headquarters but also a shrine and sanctuary for psychedelic pilgrims from all over the world. On April 16 of this year, it also became a target for further harassment by what Leary calls "the forces of middle-aged, middle-class authority".

It was amid this mounting outcry against the drug that PLAYBOY asked Dr. Leary to present his side of the psychedelic story—and to answer a few pertinent questions.
PLAYBOY: How many times have you used LSD, Dr. Leary?
LEARY: Up to this moment, I've had 311 psychedelic sessions.

PLAYBOY: What do you think it's done for you—and to you?
LEARY: That's difficult to answer easily. Let me say this: 19 years ago when I had my first psychedelic experience. At that time, I was a middle-aged man involved in the middle-aged process of dying. My joy in life, my sense of openness, my creativity were still sliding downhill. Since that time, six years ago, my life has been renewed in almost every dimension. Most of my colleagues at the University of California at Berkeley, and certainly I, feel that I've become an eccentric and a kook. I would estimate that fewer than 15 per cent of my professional colleagues understand and support what I'm doing. The ones who do, as you might expect, tend to be among the younger psychologists.

If you know a person's age, you know what he's going to think and feel about it. People under 25, on the other hand, the word "drug" refers to a wide range of mind benders running from alcohol, energizers and stupefiers to marijuana and the other psychedelic drugs. To people under 25, the word "drug" is synonymous with instant insanity, but to one person who has had a good experience, it can lead to incredible ecstasy or it can be very confusing if you're not prepared for it. Around a thousand million signals fire off in your brain every second; during any second in an LSD session, you find yourself bombarded by these messages that ordinarily you don't register consciously. And you may be getting an incredible number of simultaneous and conflicting messages running off in your brain every second. For an endless length of time, while you slowly orbit around the two notes, observing the harmonica of a thousand odors and colors, you're aware of static symbols. But as the session progresses, you begin to unloose and radiate through your body. In normal perception, we are aware of static symbols. But as the LSD effect takes hold everything begins to go soft. Nothing seems to follow the two notes, observing the harmonica of a thousand odors and colors, and sensations and images, and you can get quite lost. You seem to be in a massive, powerful force beginning to unloosen and radiate through your body. In normal perception, we are aware of static symbols. But as the LSD effect takes hold everything begins to go soft. Nothing seems to follow the two notes, observing the harmonica of a thousand odors and colors, and sensations and images, and you can get quite lost. You seem to be in a massive, powerful force beginning to unloose and radiate through your body. In normal perception, we are aware of static symbols. But as the LSD effect takes hold everything begins to go soft. Nothing seems to follow the two notes, observing the harmonica of a thousand odors and colors, and sensations and images, and you can get quite lost. You seem to be in a massive, powerful force beginning to unloose and radiate through your body. In normal perception, we are aware of static symbols. But as the LSD effect takes hold everything begins to go soft. Nothing seems to follow the two notes, observing the harmonica of a thousand odors and colors, and sensations and images, and you can get quite lost. You seem to be in a massive, powerful force beginning to unloose and radiate through your body. In normal perception, we are aware of static symbols. But as the LSD effect takes hold everything begins to go soft. Nothing seems to follow the two notes, observing the harmonica of a thousand odors and colors, and sensations and images, and you can get quite lost. You seem to be in a massive, powerful force beginning to unloose and radiate through your body.
LEARY: The distance between my wife's finger and the palm of my hand was about 50 miles of space, filled with cotton candy, in a department-store-window dummy. In sensory and cellular communion on LSD, you may spend a half hour making love with eyeballs, another half hour making love with breath. As you spin through a thousand sensory and cellular organic changes, she does, too. Ordinarily, sexual communication involves one's own chemicals, pressure and interaction of a very localized nature—in what the psychologists call the erogenous zones. A vulgar, dirty conceit. I think. When you're making love under LSD, it's as though every cell in your body—and you have trillions—is making love with every cell in her body. Your hand doesn't caress her skin but sinks down into and merges with ancient dynamos of ecstasy within her.

PLAYBOY: And this rapture was erotic? LEARY: Transcendentally. An enormous amount of energy from every fibre of your body is released under LSD—most especially including sexual energy. There is no question that LSD is the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered by man.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate? LEARY: I'm saying simply that sex under LSD becomes miraculously enhanced and intensified. I don't mean that it simply generates genital energy. It doesn't automatically produce a longer erection. Rather, it increases your sensitivity a thousand percent. Let me put it this way: Compared with sex under LSD, the way you've been making love—no matter how ecstatic the pleasure you think you get from it—is like making love to a department-store-window dummy. In sensory and cellular communion on LSD, you may spend a half hour making love with eyeballs, another half hour making love with breath. As you spin through a thousand sensory and cellular organic changes, she does, too. Ordinarily, sexual ecstasy is the basic reason for the current LSD boom. When Dr. Goddard, the head of the Food and Drug Administration, announced in a Senate hearing that ten per cent of college students were taking LSD, did you ever wonder why? Sure, they're discovering God and meaning; sure, they're discovering themselves; but did you really think that sex wasn't the fundamental reason for this surging youthful social boom? You can no more do research on LSD and leave out sexual ecstasy than you can do microscopic research on tissue and leave out cells.

PLAYBOY: What about a man? LEARY: This preoccupation with the number of orgasms is a hang-up for many men and women. It's as crude and vulgar a concept as wondering how much she paid for the negligee.

PLAYBOY: Still, there must be some sort of physiological comparison. If a woman can have several hundred orgasms, how many can a man have under optimum conditions? LEARY: It would depend entirely on the amount of sexual—and psychedelic—experience the man has had. I can speak only for myself and about my own experience. I can only compare what I was with what I am now. In the last six years, my openness to, my responsiveness to, my participation in every form of sensory expression has multiplied a thousandfold. PLAYBOY: This aspect of LSD has been hinted at privately but never spelled out in public until now. Why? LEARY: The sexual impact is, of course, the open but private secret about LSD, which none of us has talked about in the last few years. It's socially dangerous enough to say that LSD helps you find divinity and helps you discover yourself. You're already in trouble when you say that. But then if you announce that the psychedelic experience is basically a sexual experience, you're asking to bring the whole middle-aged, middle-class monolith down on your head. At the present time, however, I'm under a 30-year sentence of imprisonment, which for a 45-year-old man is essentially a life term; and in addition, I am under indictment on a second marijuana offense involving a 16-year sentence. Since there is hardly anything more that middle-aged, middle-class authority can do to me—and since the secret is out anyway among the young—I feel I'm free at this moment to say what we've never said before: that sexual ecstasy is the basic reason for the current LSD boom. When Dr. Goddard, the head of the Food and Drug Administration, announced in a Senate hearing that ten per cent of college students were taking LSD, did you ever wonder why? Sure, they're discovering God and meaning; sure, they're discovering themselves; but did you really think that sex wasn't the fundamental reason for this surging youthful social boom? You can no more do research on LSD and leave out sexual ecstasy than you can do microscopic research on tissue and leave out cells. LSD is not an automatic trigger to sexual awakening. However, the first ten times you take it, you might not be able to have a sexual experience at all, because you're so overwhelmed and delighted—or frightened and confused—by the novelty; then, for a few sessions, you might be irrelevant or incomprehensible at the moment. But it depends, upon the setting and the partner. It is almost inevitable, if a man and his mate take LSD together, that their sexual energies will be unimaginably intensified, and unless clumsiness or fright on the part of one or the other blocks it, it will lead to a deeper experience than they ever thought possible. From the beginning of our research, I have been aware of this tremendous personal power in LSD. You must be very careful to take it only with someone you know really well, because it's almost inevitable that a woman will fall in love with the man who shares her LSD experience.

LEARY: Yes. Several hundred.
PLAYBOY: Are you preaching psychogenic monogamy?

LEARY: Well, I can't generalize, but one of the great lessons I've learned from LSD is that every man contains the essence of all men and every woman has within her all women. I remember once there was a session a few years ago in which, with horror and ecstasy, I opened my eyes and looked into the eyes of my wife and was pulled into the deep blue pools of her being. It was a world of expanding population in which, with horror and ecstasy, I opened my eyes and looked into the eyes of my wife and was pulled into the deep blue pools of her being.

PLAYBOY: When you speak of monogamy, do you mean complete sexual fidelity to one woman?

LEARY: Well, the notion of running around trying to find different mates is a very idiotic thing. We are living in a world of expanding population in which there are more and more beautiful young girls coming off the assembly line each month. It's obvious that the sexual criteria of the society are going to change, and that's what's demanded of our senses and our cells. We are living, as far as sex is concerned, in a world of discarding age restrictions or restraints, that I've been extremely monogamous in my use of LSD over the last six years.

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PLAYBOY: Are you disapproving of the idea of casual romance — catalyzed by LSD?

LEARY: Well, I'm no one to tell anyone else what to do. But I would say if you use LSD to make sexual feelings in the seductive sense, then you'll be a very humiliated and embarrassed person, because it's just not going to work. On LSD, her eyes would be microscopic, and she'd see that you were up to, coming on with some heavy-handed, mustache-twisting routine. You'd look like a consummate ass, and she'd laugh at you, or you'd look like a monster and she'd scream you into a paranoid state. Nothing good can happen with LSD if it's used crudely or for power or manipulative purposes.

PLAYBOY: According to some reports, LSD can trigger the acting out of latent homosexual impulses in ostensibly heterosexual men and women. Is there any truth to that in your opinion?

LEARY: On the fact is that LSD is a specific cure for homosexuality. It's well known that most sexual perverisions are the result of biological binds but of freaky, dislocating childhood experiences or another. Consequently, it's not surprising that we've had many cases of long-term homosexuals who, under LSD, discover that they are not only gynically but genetically more that they are basically attracted to females. The most famous and public of such cases is that of Allen Ginsberg, who has openly stated that the first time he turned on to woman was during an LSD session several years ago. But this is only one of many such cases.

PLAYBOY: Has this happened with Lesbians?

LEARY: I was just going to cite such a case. An extremely attractive girl came down to our training center in Mexico. She was a Lesbian and she was very active sexually, but all of her energy was devoted to making it with girls. She was at an LSD session at one of our cottages and went down to the beach and saw this young man in a bathing suit and—flash! For the first time in her life the celluar life stream was streaming in her body and it bridged the gap. Her subsequent sexual choices were almost exclusively members of the opposite sex.

PLAYBOY: Does LSD always work as a sexual cure-all?

LEARY: Certainly not. LSD is no guarantee of any specific social or sexual outcome. One man may take LSD and leave wife and family and go off to be a monk on the banks of the Ganges. Another may take LSD and go back to his wife. It's a highly individual situation. Highly unpredictable. During LSD sessions, you see, there can come a microscopic perception of your routine social and professional relationships and you can discover to your horror that you're living a robot existence, that your relationships with your boss, your wife and your family are stereotypic, empty and devoid of meaning. At this point, there might come a desire to renounce this hollow existence, to collect your thoughts, to go away and cloister yourself from the world like a monk because you've found that kind of life you want to go back to, if any.

PLAYBOY: Is the LSD experience religious?

LEARY: It depends on what you mean by religious. For me, the LSD experience is a confrontation with new forms of wisdom and energy that dwarf and humiliate man's mind. This experience of awe and revelation is often described as religious. One of the things that makes my work basically religious, because it has as its goal the systematic expansion of consciousness and the discovery of energies within, which men call "divine." From the psychic point of view, it's almost all religions are attempts—sometimes limited temporally or nationally—to discover the inner potential. Well, LSD is Western yoga. The aim of LSD is to allow religious experience like the aim of LSD, is basically to get high: that is, to expand your consciousness and find ecstasy and revelation within.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Gerald Klee, of the National Institute of Mental Health, has written: "Those who say LSD expands consciousness would have the task of defining the terms. By any conventional definition, to me LSD does expand the consciousness." What do you think?

LEARY: Well, he's using the narrow, conventional definition of consciousness that psychiatrists have been taught: that there are two levels of consciousness—sleep and waking, symbolic and normal awareness. Anything else is insanity. So by conventional definition,
LSD does not expand symbolic consciousness; thus, it creates psychosis. In terms of his conventional symbol game, Dr. Klee is right. My contention is that his definition is too narrow, that it comes from a deplorable, primitive and superstitious system of consciousness—attested to by the experience of hundreds of thousands of trained voyagers who've taken LSD—defines many different levels of awareness.

PLAYBOY: What are they? LEARY: The lowest level of consciousness is sleep—or stupor, which is produced by narcotics, barbiturates or National Standard alcohol. The second level of consciousness is the conventional wakeful state, in which awareness is hooked to conditioned symbols: flags, dollar signs, job titles, brand names, affiliations and the like. This is the level that most people—including psychiatrists—regard as reality; they don't know the half of it. There is a third level of awareness, and this is the one that I think would be of particular interest to PLAYBOY readers, because most of them are of the younger generation, which is much more sensual than the puritanical Americans, the older generation. This is the sensual level of awareness. In order to reach it, you have to have something that will turn off symbols and open up your billions of sensory cameras to the billions of stimuli that are in the middle-aged, middle-class, whiskeys, blues, Sex people who run the narcotics agencies. If they only knew what they were missing.

But we must bid a sad farewell to the sensual level of consciousness and go on to the fourth level, which I call the cellular level. It's well known that the LSD and marijuana do not turn on the peripheral nerves; they do not enter into eerie panoramas for which we have no words or concepts. Here the metaphor that's most accurate is the metaphor of the microscope, which brings into awareness an arena of processes that are invisible to the naked eye. In the same way, LSD brings into awareness the cellular conversations that are inaudible to the normal consciousness and for which we have no symbolic language. You become aware of processes you were never tuned in to before. You feel your self-sinking down into the soft tissue swamp of your own body, slowly drifting down, into dark red waterways and bringing up through capillaries, softly propelled through endless cellular factories, ancient fibrous clockworks—tickling, clicking, chugging, pumping relentlessly. Being swallowed up this way by the

PLAYBOY: According to a spokesman for the student left, many former campus activists who've gone the LSD route are "more concerned with what's happening in their heads that what's happening in the generation's overall culture."

LEARY: There's a certain amount of truth in that. The insight of LSD leads you to concern yourself more with inner, spiritual values; you realize that it doesn't do you much good to do on the outside unless you change the inside. If all the Negroes and left-wing college students in the world had Cadillacs and full control of society, they would still be involved in an LSD problem unless they opened themselves up first.

PLAYBOY: Aren't these young activists among an increasing number of students, writers, artists and musicians whom one critic has called "the psychedelic dropout"—LSD users who find themselves divested of motivation, unable to readjust to reality or to resume their previous roles in society?

LEARY: There is an LSD dropout problem, but it's nothing to worry about. It's something to cheer. The lesson I have learned from over 300 LSD sessions, and from working with over 300 LSD users, is that American society is becoming an airless and mechanized, com- puterized, mechanized, industrialized, churning and grinding, a new kinetic visual art, a new mobile industry that is springing up: bookstores, art galleries, psychedelic businesses are springing up; bookstores, art galleries, psychedelic industries may involve more people in the future than the automobile industry has produced in the last 20 years. In our technological society of the future, the problem will be not to get people to work, but to develop grace ful, fulfilling ways of living a more serene, beautiful and creative life. Psychedelic will help to point the way. Psychedelic will help to point the way.

PLAYBOY: Concerning the LSD's influence on creativity, Dr. B. William Murphy, a psychoanalyst for the National Institute of Mental Health, takes the view that there is no evidence "that drugs of any kind increase creativity."

LEARY: It's unfortunate that most of the scientific studies on creativity have been done by psychologists who don't have one creative bone in their body. They have studied people who by definition are emphatically uncreative — namely, graduate students. Is it any wonder that all the "scientific studies of LSD and creativity have shown no creative results? But to answer your question, I must admit that LSD and marijuana do not allow you to walk to the piano and ripple off great melodies. Psychedelic drugs, particularly marijuana, merely enhance the senses. They allow you to see and hear new patterns of energy that suggest new patterns for music. In this way, they enhance the creative perspective, the ability to convert your new perspective, however glorious it may be, into a communication form still requires the technical skill of a master musician or a painting or composer.

But if you want to find out whether LSD and marijuana have helped creative people, don't listen to a psychiatrist; don't listen to a Government bureaucrat. Find a poet and ask him what he's been up to with LSD.

PLAYBOY: Are any of these scare statements true? According to a recent report on narcotics addiction published by the Medical Society of the County of New York, for example, "those with unstable personalities may experience LSD-induced psychosis.

LEARY: In over 3000 people that I have personally observed taking LSD, we've had only four cases of prolonged psychosis—
a matter of, say, two or three weeks after the session. All of these had been in a mental hospital before, and they were people who could not commit themselves to any stable relationship. And all of these people had nothing going in their lives. They were drifting or floating, with no home or family or roots, no stable, ongoing life situation to return to. It's dangerous to take a trip if you have no internal trust and no external place to turn to afterward.

PLAYBOY: The same New York Medical Society report stated that "normal, well-adjusted persons can undergo an acute psychotic break under the influence of LSD." Is there any truth to that?

LEARY: Everyone, normal or neurotic, experiences some fear and confusion during the high-dose LSD session. The outcome and duration of this confusion depends upon your environment and your traveling companions. That's why it's tremendously important that the LSD session be conducted in a protected place, that the person be prepared and that he have an experienced and understanding guide to support and shield him from intrusion and interruption. When unprepared people take LSD in bad surroundings, and when there's no one present who has the skill and courage to guide them through it, then paranoid episodes are possible.

PLAYBOY: Will you describe them?

LEARY: There are any number of forms a paranoid episode can take. You can find yourself feeling that you've lived most of your life in a universe completely of your own, not really touching and harmonizing with the flow of the people and the energies around you. It seems to you that everyone else, and every other organism in creation, is in beatific communion, and only you are isolated by your egocentricity. Every action around you fits perfectly into this paranoid mosaic. Every sound, every smile becomes a confirmation of the fact that everyone knows that you are the only one in the universe that's not swinging lovingly and gracelessly with the rest of the cosmic dance. I've experienced this myself.

I've also sat with hundreds of people who have been panicked because they were trapped at the level of cellular reification, where they looked out and saw that their body had scales like a fish or felt that they had turned into an animal. And I've sat with people who were caught on the fifth level, in that eerie, inhuman world of shuttling vibrations. But all these episodes can be dealt with easily by an experienced guide who recognizes where the LSD tripper is caught. He can bring you back simply by holding a candle in front of you, or getting you to concentrate on your breathing, or having you lie down and getting you to feel your body merging with the mattress or the floor. If you understand the map of consciousness, it's very easy to bring you back to a more recognizable and less frightening level. With his help, you'll be able to exult in and learn from the experience.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of patients, a recent Time essay reported that a survey in Los Angeles "showed as many as 200 victims of bad trips in the city's hospitals at one time. Does that sound to you like a realistic figure?

LEARY: I'd like to know who conducted that survey and where they got their figures, because its contradicted by the known facts. I was recently told by the director of a large California hospital, which handles LSD cases, that most LSD panic subjects are given a tranquilizer and sent home without even being admitted. The same is true at Bellevue and throughout the country.

PLAYBOY: In the same essay, Time writes: "Under the influence of LSD, nonswimmers think they can swim, and others think they can fly. One young man tried to stop a car on Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard and was hit and killed. A magazine salesman became convinced that he was the Messiah." Are these cases, and others like them, representative reactions to LSD, in your opinion?

LEARY: I would say that one case in 10,000 is going to flip out and run out into the street and do something bizarre. But these are the cases that get reported in the papers. There are 3000 Americans who die every year from barbiturates and it never hits the papers. Thousands more die in car crashes and from lung cancer induced by smoking. That isn't news, either. But LSD is new, and the headlines in the New York Daily News:

PLAYBOY: There have also been reports of suicide under the influence of LSD. Does this happen?

LEARY: In 23 years of LSD use, there has been one definite case of suicide during the LSD session. This was a woman in Switzerland who'd been given LSD without her knowledge. She thought she was going crazy and jumped out of the window. But it wasn't that the LSD poisoned her. The unexpected LSD led to such panic and confusion that she killed herself. There have been other rumors about LSD panic leading to suicide, but I am waiting for the scientific evidence. In more than a million LSD cases, there haven't been more than one or two documented cases of homicide or suicide attributable to the LSD experience.

PLAYBOY: Even if only one per cent of your subjects had bad experiences, is it worth the risk?

LEARY: That question can be answered only by the individual. When men set out for Plymouth in a leaky boat to pursue a new spiritual way of life, of course they were taking risks. But the risks of the voyage were less than the risks of remaining in a spiritual plague area, immobilized from the possibility of change by their fears of taking a risk. No Government bureau or Big Brother doctor can be allowed to decide who is going to take the risks involved in this 20th century voyage of spiritual discovery.
experiences—sexual or spiritual—cannot and will not be obeyed. We are currently planning to appeal any conviction for the possession of LSD on constitutional grounds. But the Federal Government is opposed to laws penalizing possession of LSD, because it recognizes the impossibility of enforcement and the unconstitutionality of such statutes. Of course, this ambiguous situation is temporary. In 15 years, the bright kids who are turning on now will be shaping public opinion, writing our novels, running our universities and repealing the hysterical laws that are now being passed.

PLAYBOY: In what way are they hysterical?

LEARY: They're hysterical because the men who are passing them have allowed their ignorance of LSD to escalate into irrationality. Instinctively, they put LSD in the same bag with heroin. They think of drugtaking as a criminal activity practised by stuporous escapists and crazed, deranged minds. The daily diatribes of police officials and many legislators to the middle-class, college-educated phenomenon. The LSD user is not a criminal type. He's not an underground character or a junkie. He feels no guilt about anything I've done in the presence of guilt about anything I've done in the possession. There are many individuals who want to have a psychedelic experience and is willing to prepare for it and to examine his own hang-ups and neurotic tendencies should be allowed to have a crack at it. Do you think that's possible?

LEARY: If I win my case in the higher courts, and this will have wide implications. It will suggest that future arrests for marijuana must be judged on the merits of the individual case rather than a blanket legislation had to be developed for radioactivity. The fact that I'm being imprisoned in a rather public way the severity and impotence of guilt about anything I've done in the justice system. The fact that I'm being imprisoned for my conviction in Laredo as a step leading to legalization of marijuana. Do you think that's possible?

PLAYBOY: What is the current status of the conviction?

LEARY: The First Amendment, which guarantees immunity from self-incrimination, and the Fifth Amendment, which guarantees immunity from self-incrimination, in implication. The fact that I'm being imprisoned for not paying a tax on marijuana that has not been cleared. I have not one shred of evidence, would have led to my automatic arrest, is clearly self-incrimination. The current marijuana statutes are also in violation of the Eighth Amendment, which forbids cruel and unusual punishments, and of the Ninth Amendment, which guarantees certain personal liberties not specifically enumerated in the other amendments.

PLAYBOY: What is the current status of the charges against you?

LEARY: We are now involved in nine pieces of litigation on this raid. The American Civil Liberties Union has intervened in a supporting brief, and while I can't comment on the technicalities of the litigation, we have a large group of bright young turned-on civil libertarian lawyers walking around with me.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that your lawyers are on LSD?

LEARY: I don't feel I should comment on that. Let me say, however, that you don't need any advice on what to turn on. I have hundreds of models, almost every one of them has been either imprisoned or threatened with imprisonment for their spiritual beliefs: Gandhi, Jesus, Socrates, Lao-Tse. I have hundreds of models. One of all, I've taken LSD over 40 times in a maximum-security prison as part of a convict rehabilitation project we did in Boston; so I know that the only real prison for me is to keep feeling no guilt about his behaviour has no fear of imprisonment; I have not one shred of guilt about anything I've done in the last 20 years. I've made hundreds of mistakes, but I've never once violated my own ethical or moral values. I'm the freest man in America today. If you're free in mind and heart, you're not in trouble. I think that the people who are trying to put other people in jail and to control basic evolutionary energies like sex and psychedelic chemicals are in trouble, because they're swimming upstream against the two-billion-year tide of cellular evolution.

PLAYBOY: What role do you think psychedelics will play in the everyday life of the future?

LEARY: A learning role. LSD is only the first of many new chemicals that will exalt late learning, expand consciousness and enhance memory in years to come. These chemicals will inevitably revolutionize our procedures of education, child rearing and social behavior. Within one generation, through the use of these chemical keys to the nervous system as regular tools of learning, you will be able to teach a child to come home from school, not "What book are you reading?" but "Which molecules are you using to open up new Libraries of Congress inside your nervous system? Do you know if there'll ever be LSD in?" If you don't, have a lunch-hour psychedelic session; in a limited way, that can be done now. I think that the drugs will bring about a very different way of life.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a day, as some science-fiction writers predict, when people will be taking trips, rather than drinks, at psychedelic cocktail parties?

LEARY: It's happening already. In this country, there are already functions at which LSD may be served. I was at a large dance recently where two thirds of the guests were on LSD. And during a scholarly LSD conference in San Francisco a few months ago, I went along with 400 people on a picnic at which almost everyone turned on with LSD. It was very serenity. They were like a herd of deer in the forest.

In years to come, it will be possible to have a lunch-hour psychedelic session; in a limited way, that can be done now. It may be lasting perhaps a half hour. It may be that there will also be large reservations, of maybe 30 or 40 square miles, where people will go to have LSD sessions in tranquility privacy.

PLAYBOY: How will this psychedelic regimen enrich human life?

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LEARY: It will enable each person to realize that he is not a game-playing robot put on this planet to be given a Social Security number and to be spun on the assembly line of school, college, career, insurance, funeral, goodbye. Through LSD, each human being will be taught to understand that the entire history of evolution is recorded inside his body; the challenge of the complete human life will be for each person to recapitulate and experientially explore every aspect and vicissitude of this ancient and majestic wilderness. Each person will become his own Buddha, his own Einstein, his own Galileo. Instead of relying on canned, static, dead knowledge passed on from other symbol producers, he will be using his span of 80 or so years on this planet to live out every possibility of the human, prehuman and even subhuman adventure. As more respect and time are diverted to these explorations, he will be less hung up on trivial, external pastimes. And this may be the natural solution to the problem of leisure. When all of the heavy work and mental drudgery are taken over by machines, what are we going to do with ourselves — build even bigger machines? The obvious and only answer to this peculiar dilemma is that man is going to have to explore the infinity of inner space, to discover the terror and adventure and ecstasy that lie within us all.
Wallabies in England go wild for lovebites . . . Army Minister Fraser decides it's time for a White-wash . . . Holt uses Security report to quell cadet revolt — like all humanitarians picks women and children first . . . Rufus Youngblood bloodied in Melbourne, so were a few demonstrators . . . the very word demonstrator got a new meaning, a cooking demonstrator is now a Buddhist flambée . . . Sir Alan Watt (ex-diplomatic corps) attacks Aust. political leaders for failure to define Viet situation for the electorate. "In accusing me of inconsistency and irresponsibility, Sir Alan becomes as yet another anti-Labour propagandist," quavered Arthur from Baroda Street in a supporting statement . . . Manila Talks (designed more for a filip to simpering allies and Filipinos) produced a brilliant Seven Points for Peace and Prosperity, a cross between the Beatitudes and the Scout's Pledge . . . death-threats to Bob 'I hate People' Sanders of the ABC for exposing open secret of 'massage parlours'. Words, words, words — how about some action? . . . Sydney's Sunday Mirror 'exposed' Mr. Sin (Abe Saffron) alleging he was the vice-president of Kings Cross and did the same for an anonymous gangster king (Lennie McPherson) moving in to 'protect' masseurs. The yellow press in more ways than one . . . Stanley Korman out on appeal against his six months hard for a false Factors prospectus while H. G. Palmers run full-page ads on the theme of a 'New Team' in management. Bit unfair seeing not even one of them has hit the cells as yet . . . latest rumour is conscription age limit being raised to 25, P. & O. and Quakers making a fortune.

Look what's happening at H.G. Palmer's...

New Management Team!

THE SUN-HERALD, OCT. 23, 1966

Whatever happened to the old team?

Palmer "Duffs" A Few But Stays In Front

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OZ, November 1966 17
The British Broadcasting Corporation is the best broadcasting authority in the world; just like English drinking water, public transport and women.

The Corporation occupies seemingly limitless studios, offices, theatres, stores and other buildings all over London, outside Television Centre "the only building in the world built solely for television", with the possible exception of Channel 0 Melbourne and several others.

With a mammoth staff, it keeps unemployment in England at bay. There are 11,000 engineers alone.

Their net output is three radio stations and one television channel. Or one and a half TV channels if you count "BBC-2"—the dust-bowl experiment in 625 line TV. BBC-2 has been around for years and is a source of embarrassment to the Corporation. Old sets are unconvertible, reception is woeful, sometimes impossible, and viewers of the 3 or 4 hours long daily transmissions number but a handful.

The main channel, BBC-1, transmits a 405 line picture, which is definitely superior to the pre-war 30 line system. But on screens larger than 14 inches, the stripes take over and, together with interference spots on the low frequency picture and static from the A.M. sound, viewing can become akin to watching the star spangled banner during battle. The please-do-not-adjust-your-set slide is the BBC's unofficial trade mark.

Shoddy production doesn't help. This is probably due to the brain-drain which plagues the BBC. As soon as the training of technicians is complete, or even before, the Ungrateful Wretches defect to commercial television. Five or six television production companies under the chairmanship of Lord Hill have one channel to play with (bringing London's total 13,240 and form the Independent Television Authority.

ITA maintains quite a high standard, no doubt because it has the only commercial channel, and is in a good position to dictate to its advertisers instead of vice versa. It has a runaway lead in ratings despite the fact that its broadcasting times are pegged to the 1956 level, whilst the BBC does not suffer this inconvenience.

The intrigue and turbulence which surrounds commercial radio broadcasting in Britain is a curiosity at least.

With non-stop talking of all description simultaneously on each of the three BBC stations, the need for competitive, independent radio is great. It is met, but only just, by a handful of schizophrenics and imitation Good-Guys in battered ships, or disused war-time fortresses outside or inside the three mile limit. Their transmission is weak and directed at London only.

The BBC can boast of the world's largest collection of fops under one roof. This distinctive species of British mankind permeates the creativity of the Corporation, gives rise to funny anecdotes, and populates the weekly plotless kitchen-sink plays from both channels.

Redundancy never stalks the heels of the growing army of producers and directors. This band is kept in a state of perpetual motion serialising the novels of Dickens in dozens of episodes.

A veritable army is sent to capture scenes of burst fire hydrants, disappearing washing, and those endless shots of Harold Wilson leaving No. 10, entering No. 10, getting into his car, getting out of his car, and beaming tobacconously from within his raincoat with the scotch lapels.

But the really great talent within the BBC is that which makes the absurd programme decisions at management level, and for which the Corporation is widely known at "Auntie".

For four weeks before an election, the current satire programme, if any, is sent into hibernation lest it influence the thinking British voter. And before the last election, an episode of the kiddies puppet show Pinky and Perky, titled "You Too Can Be Prime Minister" was banned because the singing puppets were said to be playing Party Politics and might perhaps influence the votes of the five-year-olds, some of whom appear on the electoral roll thanks to a curious electoral system.

In this rather traditional, romantic, picturesque, and very expensive manner, the picture or sound from the Corporation filters its unsteady way into the Englishman's castle.

The BBC (and indeed, ITA) specialises in documentaries. These have a transitory fascination, with an itsy-bitsy treatment, rather lacking in research or conclusion, and are mass-produced to a two-part pattern, which goes:

a. Street interviews shot on afternoon before telecast, to gain the man in the street's collective lack of opinion.

b. Four or five well-known bores in studio discuss problem at hand, or own pet prejudices.

Studio-fuls of these bores tend to reverse the cliché that television ruins the art of conversation, and both of these patent padding devices more-or-less run under their own steam.

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YUK'S PRIVATES OBJECT

a play about sexual conscription

ACT I

Scene 1.

Daddy Yuk, an old Baw-Baw bore, enters to find his son, Yuk, uttering an idiomatic sound of disgust after watching a tedious drama supposedly about Vietnam.

Yuk: Yuk.

Daddy Yuk: Son, you better put yo' boots on and go down to see them Trust people about that lousy play. Ain't seen nothing like it since Francis Evers appeared on "The Critics" and that was a whole lot funnier.

Yuk: Why stefan my bones if this ain't jes the worst haag day's night of high camp drama I ever seen.

Daddy Yuk: Jes' get goin', son. Leave the lousy dialogue to Hopgood.

Scene 2.

Enter Yuk from stage fright mounted on his trusty Tibetan yuk. An ugly demonstration blocks his way.

1st Ugly Demonstrator: Ban bandicoots on burnt ridges!

Yuk: Yuk.

2nd Ugly Demon: Burn bandy Coombs!

Enter Coombs disguised as 19th Century ballet patron.

Coombs: What's the drama?

1st Ugly Demon: That's what I thought you'd say.

Coombs: I may not know what's drama but I know what I like.

(He performs a pas de deux).

Yuk: Yuk.

Enter the Phantom of the Opera. He and Coombs do a folic a deux. They exit on a white elephant.

Scene 3.

Hopgood is writing a play slightly to the left of centre.

Hopgood: They suffer in Vietnam so why shouldn't they suffer in Australia? I'll strafe them with staging, napalm them with polemic and scourge them with sermons. The audience . . . I'll shatter them!

Exit a shat audience.

FINIS
We have the distinguished honour of being members of the committee to raise five million pounds to place a statue of Harold Wilson in front of the Houses of Parliament.

This committee was in quite a quandary about selecting the proper location for the statue.

It was thought not wise to place it beside the statue of George Washington who never told a lie, nor beside Lloyd George, who never told the truth, since Harold Wilson could never tell the difference. After careful consideration, we thought it would be a good idea to place it beside the statue of Christopher Columbs, the greatest socialist of them all, in that he started out knowing where he was going, and upon arrival, did not know where he was, and on returning, did not know where he had been — and what's more, did it on borrowed money.

Five thousand years ago, Moses said to the Chairman of Israel: "Pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels, and I will lead you to the promised land."

Nearly five thousand years later, as we all know, Frank Cousens said: "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses, light a camel, this is the promised land."

And now Harold Wilson is stealing your shovels, kicking your asses, raising the price of camels and taking over the promised land. If you are one of the citizens who has any money left after paying taxes, we expect a generous contribution from you for this worthwhile project!

A man appeared in court charged with saying in a public place: "Harold Wilson is a bastard." The magistrate fined him £2 for indecent language and £100 for a breach of the Official Secrets Act. These are some of the current crop of Wilson jokes which are spreading in Australia—especially amongst Liberal businessmen. Perhaps some picked them up from their English counterparts, but others have received anonymous letters containing nothing more than what is printed above. Is some disgruntled Tory attempting to rot colonial allegiances or is it subtle home-grown anti-Arthur propaganda?

Several thousand copies of the Kama Sutra have already been sold since its first publication in Australia several weeks ago. Many other widely acclaimed books still banned by Federal Customs will be published at regular intervals by the Banned Book Club. Available only to adults the complete and unexpurgated Burton translation of the Kama Sutra in an attractive silver binding is rushed to subscribers immediately orders are received.

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Two other banned books "Fanny Hill" and "An ABZ of Love" are being serialised in CENSOR MAGAZINE at present being prosecuted by police in N.S.W. Subscriptions are $3. Six back copies $2.50. No.1 and No.2 are 50 cents each. Subscription plus back copies plus two FREE posters $5.00. No.3,4,5,6 40 cents each.

A gas collection of cartoons and things that rocked the nation.

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The Hon. TREMBLE and Randolph GRUNTLEY-FANG are TYPICAL of THE EXPLOSIVE YOUTHQUAKING ("man, turkey fell apart when we read through"") TRENDSETTERS who have established LONDON as THE CAULDRON OF INTERNATIONAL TREND; THEY ARE ZOOMING LIKE RED HOT E-TOXIES INTO THE GLITTERING, GO WORLD OF INCANDENT LONDON LIMELIGHT CHALLENGING SUCH POESY TOP OF THE GAUDY EMOTION ROLLING STONEAGE HIP HIGH CAMP SOCIETY AS JAGGER - CLEAVE - FROST - MOST - STAMP and QUIET AS A DOG as OUR RED VODKATINI, KONCLASTIC ARTIST of TRENDIE TASTE RANDOLPH (RANDY TO HIS LIVERPOOL FRIENDS) LAUNCHED THE CULTIC HIT AS A PISTOL "TREND FOR FIBRE GLASS SPACIA COLLECTION BOXES" (WE HAVE OVER 70) ELEVATING THIS DICK MUNDANE OBJECT TO THE STREET TO THE DIZZY HEIGHTS OF HIGH POP CAMP. BOTH TREMBLE and RANDOLPH have featured in the PRIVILEGED RACES OF ISLEY-SPANGLED BIBLE OF DUN - LONDON LIFE - IT - TIMES. BOTH ARE ON THE RESERVE LIST FOR THE OPENING OF THE LIVING ART FORM OF THE PULSATING VORTEX OF THE SCENE - SMALL LADS. TREMBLE IS CURRENTLY ARRANGING A PORTRAIT SITTING WITH THE DARLING OF DISTORTION JERALD ZXKE (RANDOLPH EMBRON) IT BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.