Drop Out or Cop Out



Timothy Leary

DROP OUT OR COP OUT

AND

HORMONAL POLITICS

TIMOTHY LEARY



 $\begin{array}{c} \text{Copyright} \ @ \ 1968 \ \text{by} \\ \text{the League for Spiritual Discovery, Inc.} \\ \text{Reprinted by permission of the Futique Trust.} \end{array}$

This LUMINIST edition published December 2005.

Drop Out or Cop Out

t's always been that way, and it will always be that way. There are two societies, two symbiotic cultures uneasily sharing this planet, two intertwined human structures, mirror-imaged like root and branch. The overground and the under-



ground. The drop-outs and the cop-outs.

There is the visible establishment—officious, federal, rational, organized, uniformed, at times grim, at times smug in its apparent control of external power-metal, machines, weapons. The cop-outs. The cops.

And there is the drop-out underground—loose, sloppy, foolish, tenacious, private, at times joyous, at times paranoid. Protected by its camouflage, conspiratorial laughter, the knowing glance, the facade of poverty, long hair, out-of-fashion dress, the covert subtle gesture, the double meaning, sustained by its access to inner power—touch, taste, sensual connections, laughter, smell, moist contact, ecstasy.

The external power structure is forever rent by struggles for material control, national rivalries, economic competition, political conflicts, ideologies of might. The boring battles of generals and politicians. The CIA versus the FBI.

The underground society is also divided on the basis of somatic, domestic, sensory, erotic, ritual, chemical preferences. The battles of clans and cults. Of magicians and saints.

This ancient duality has reached an evolutionary crisis point today. To see what's happening (and it's never reported in the papers), you have to be aware of this overground-underground ballet. But to see it, you have to be underground. The overground establishment today just can't see what's happening, can't accept the dedicated, enduring, inevitable existence of the underground. LBJ has no logical, rational categories to deal with the apolitical smile. The soft chuckle which comes from neither the left nor the right but some center within.

In earlier, wiser times this struggle was clearly recognized as the essential battle between God and the devil, in which the devil (who is always he who controls the external power) systematically switches the labels (for obvious tactical reasons) and calls the static, regulated, dry, grim, humorless, destructive anti-life GOOD and the free, ecstatic, sensual, moist, funny, joyous BAD. This doesn't fool the turned-on undergrounders, who are hip to the fact that God is a singing, swinging energy process who likes to laugh and make love and burrow, murmuring, underground.

The underground is always aware of the existence and reflex responses of the overground. Survival in the underground depends on your ability to anticipate the movements of external power. It's always been a capital crime to laugh, make love, and turn on barefoot in front of whitey's house, and these are the endemic, chronic crimes of the giggling young, the colored, the artists and the visionaries.

The structure of the overground is always obsessively and specifically organized. Read the rule books and directories. Today the whole freaky social structure is listed alphabetically in the yellow pages of the phone book. Read the section solemnly listing the local offices of the U.S. government, for example. Isn't that weird?

The structure of the underground is equally explicit and obvious to those in the know, but this knowledge is experiental, whispered, word-of-mouth, friend to friend and rarely written down. Can you write down a good joke? The telephone directory has no listing for the soft essences, the chemical secretions of life, love goddesses, alchemists, ecstasy drugs, astrologers, religious experiences, prophetic visions, fun, laughter, wry humor, the warm hand that slips under your pretenses and touches you in exactly the right place. Where are these classified?

The underground is always composed of the "outs," those who are alienated from the establishment power centers—involuntarily by deprivation or voluntarily by aesthetic-religious choice. The young, the poor, the racially rejected, the articulately sensitive, the spiritually turned on are curious, sensual, ecstatic, erotic, shameless, free, mischievous, rebellious, intuitive, humorous, playful, spiritual. Adults, the middle class, the cops, the government men, the educators, those people listed in the yellow pages, are not. No funny business here; this is serious.

In the past the polar tension between the two societies was balanced by the slow ebb-and-flow tide of history. Underground pressure builds up gradually over decades. An ecstatic upheaval from below—Christ, Buddha, Mohammed—then slowly a new hierarchy emerges. The glue which held the creaky network of society together in the past was the biological fact of maturation. Social movements come and go, but the kids grew up to be adults like their parents. Underground kids became underground adults, gypsies, Jews, hustlers, and artists. Middle-class kids become middle-class adults.

What is new and fascinating about the current upheaval is this incredible fact: the kids today are different. They won't grow up like Mom and Dad. This is not a sociological trend. It's an evolutionary lurch. The generation gap is a species mutation. Electronics and psychedelics have shattered the sequence of orderly linear identification, the automatic imitation that provides racial and social continuity. The kids today just won't grow up to be like their parents. They are pulsating television grids. They move consciousness around by switching channel knobs. Tune in. Tune out. Flick on. Correct image focus. Adjust brightness.

Technology moves energy patterns at the speed of light,

and psychochemicals accelerate and switch consciousness in exact proportions to nuclear power and electric circuitry. Your head is the cosmic TV show, baby. Alcohol turns off the brightness; methadrine jiggles and speeds up the image; LSD flips on 87 channels at once; pot adds color; meditation, mantras, prayer, mudras sharpen the focus. It's your head, baby, and it's 2 billion years old, and it's got every control switch that GE and IBM ever thought of and a million more, and it's hooked up in direct connection to Central Broadcasting Station WDNA, and you had better learn to treasure it NOW, because it's planned by the Great Cartel Monopoly Benevolent Corporation blue-print designer for planned obsolescence every 70 years, and there's no rewind and/or instant replay, baby, so turn on, tune in, drop out NOW!

Consider (as case history illustration) what happened to me yesterday. During the afternoon, voices hurtled at the speed of light up to the third floor at Millbrook from a West German TV producer, from a Japanese TV producer, asking to film the psychedelic scene at Millbrook. We had a dozen long-distance phone calls from people who tuned in last week to the nationwide program televised at Millbrook. An LSD baby was born to a couple living on the second floor—Negro mother, white father. At moonrise a new tepee, lined for winter living, was inaugurated at the camp of the League for Spiritual Discovery... fire crackling... scent of incense, pine branches, marijuana... 15 high people holding hands in a circle and chanting... the play of shadows on the white cone wall.

Before midnight a fifteen-year-old girl on an acid trip in Seattle phoned, requesting a copy of the League manual *How to Start Your Own Religion*. After midnight a college kid from Wisconsin phoned requesting help on a bad trip. At 3 AM my eighteen-year-old son Jack phoned from San Francisco. He had taken 1,000 gamma of LSD along with 1,500 other kids at a psychedelic ballroom... Owsley's free sacrament... psychedelic lights... acid rock 'n' roll. He stated quietly that he was illuminated. None of the parents' manuals tell you what to say when your kid announces he has done the Buddha bit, attained satori. Our sons aren't

supposed to become Christ or Lao-tse, are they? I said, "You're illuminated. Now what?"

Without a second's hesitation, he replied, "Now I illuminate." Wow! What manual is he reading? He had seen everything. How it all fitted together. All is one. He had been given \$17,000 by a teen-age love commune in L.A. to buy acid in San Francisco. Under LSD he had pulled a thousand-dollar bill out of his pocket and meditated and then burned it. The parents' magazines don't tell you what to say when your son tells you that he's burned a thousand-dollar bill because money is a paper illusion. Turn on, tune in, drop out, said Dr. Timothy Leary to the younger generation. Did I really say that?

Now I am standing, shivering, talking into the hall phone at three o'clock in the morning, holding the psychedelic prayer book I wrote in my hand, but it's useless because this son of mine with dilated pupils is 3,000 miles beyond me and is far wiser than any bible ever written by old men, read and recited by the sleepy, shivering, harassed father of two teen-age kids who have blown their minds with acid and talk quietly about Nirvana and illusion and the mind trip and the boring, repetitious hypocrisy of adult games, ("Daddy, please don't make me go back to the tired old game," said my daughter Susan after the hashish party in Hollywood.) I am the bewildered father of two unprepared kids who have experienced more than Buddha and Einstein and are floating with their generation out beyond my comprehension, and I may well be one of the wisest men ever born before 1945.

Listen—when I was a forty-year-old smart-aleck atheist Harvard professor and renowned research psychologist, illumination to me meant electric lighting, and consciousness was just the opposite of what poor Freud talked about. And I've taken LSD as much as and studied it more than anyone around, and I'm still left behind, carrying on my shivering shoulders at three o'clock in the morning the grief and bewilderment of every parent whose teen-age children are mutating through acid (lysergic and nucleic) up to a higher level of existence. I can't give my beautiful, wise, turned-on son any logical reason why he shouldn't

burn a thousand-dollar bill. And if you think you can, fellow parents, you just don't understand the problem which the Buddha saw and the DNA codes and which your kids are facing in psychedelic-electronic 1968.

Then I talked to the young man from L.A. whose thousand-dollar bill had been burned.

"How is Jack?"

"He's beautiful!"

I said, "My son is far out?"

Pause.

"No. He's a Taoist kid. He's one with the flow. You worry him with your worries. Trust him. He loves you."

The young man didn't even mention the loss of the money, and when I asked him about it he said, "Well, I've always wanted to burn a thousand-dollar bill. Hasn't everybody?" And this from a twenty-two-year-old who lives with his wife and two kids in a small house on \$200 a month.

I had trouble going back to sleep.

You see, don't you, that you learn nothing about the psychedelic underground and the electronic generation from the establishment press? Hippy is an establishment label for a profound, invisible, underground, evolutionary process. For every visible hippy, barefoot, beflowered, beaded, there are a thousand invisible members of the turned-on underground. Persons whose lives are tuned in to their inner vision, who are dropping out of the TV comedy of American life.

Fellow parents, if you have kids between the ages of eleven and twenty-five, chances are you've got the underground working in your own home. "What!" you say. "Horrors! One of our kids a secret hippy? What shall we do? Phone a psychiatrist? Read them the riot act? Call the police?" No. This time, let's try an experiment in listening. Let's initiate an intergeneration probe of peace and trust. Find the member of the underground nearest you—your own child, or your niece, or the boy next door—and consider him for an hour or two as a friendly ambassador sent to you from the world of the future. Listen to him.

Another way is to tune into the communication chan-

nels that carry the underground message. Read their newspapers. Every city in the country has its underground paper serving its young readers with the news they want and advertising the commodities they want in the language they understand. Read the *East Village Other*, the *Oracle* of San Francisco or the *Oracle* of Los Angeles, or read any college newspaper that is relatively free of faculty control. You'll be amazed at the consistency and sophistication of the new philosophy.

Listen to their music. The rock 'n' roll bands are the philosopher-poets of the new religion. Their beat is the pulse of the future. The message from Liverpool is the Newest Testament, chanted by four Evangelists—saints John, Paul, George and Ringo. Pure Vedanta, divine revelation, gentle, tender irony at the insanities of war and politics, sorrowful lament for the bourgeois loneliness, delicate hymns of glory to God. And the humor, the sharp, sincere satire of the "put-on," the mild mocking of the pompous, even of one's own inevitable pomposity, even of the ridiculousness of teen-age rock stars becoming holy men, and that's what they really are.

The "put-on," the soft-sell, the double-meaning, easy, relaxed, laughing flow with the Tao stream of life-that's what makes it hard to understand these kids. Our older generation has been enslaved by a heavy, melodramatic view of life. Pitiful Shakespeare! All those grim, suffering, ham-actor heroes sweating out the failure of ambition, the torments of jealousy, the agony of wounded pride, the passions of unrequited love. The Western world has been on a bad trip, a 400-year bummer. War heroics. Guilt. Puritan ethics, grim, serious, selfish, striving. Remember, Mom and Dad, the songs of our youth? The blues? The Stratford -on-Avon masochistic ragtime laments of Tin Pan Alley? Well, that's all over now, Daddy and Mamma Blue. The atom bomb and the electronic flash and the ecstasy drugs have held up a million mocking mirrors to that struggling, bloody, self-pitying, self-indulgent, noble, lonely, martyred stage-TV hero who is you, Mr. and Mrs. America, and that's how your turned-on kids see you and why they sorrow for you and wait to turn you on.

But to learn this lesson from your kids, you've got to groove with their electronic-fluid timeless point of view, which is both the newest and the oldest human philosophy, and accept their up-revision of Shakespeare in which Juliet's sleeping potion becomes a turn-on sacramental love elixir and Romeo took it with her in the tomb and they laughed in ecstatic revelation and pity at that old posturing Montague-Capulet hang-up, and they split together from Verona and opened a lute shop in Rome and stayed high forever after. And then Lady Bird Macbeth built a fire and lit a candle and some incense and put a tender chant on the stereo and rolled a joint of Scotch Broom, and she and Macbeth sat looking into the dancing flame and got soft and high and saw how foolish it was to struggle for the throne and dissolved into love for each other and for their rivals and prayed for them.

Above all, to get the message of the future, sit down with a youngster and relax and tune in to the new theme. You'll be shy and awkward. Your kid may be, too. That's natural. But stay with it and keep serene. Maybe your dialogue will start indirectly by listening together. The best way for any parent to dissolve fear and develop trust in the youngsters is to get the Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper" album or the Rolling Stones' "Satanic Majesties" and take it humbly to a kid and say, "I've heard that there's an important message in this record, but I need it explained to me. Will you talk to me about the Stones and Beatles?" And then get very comfortable and close your eyes and listen to the sermon from Liverpool (it could just as well be Donovan or Dylan or the Jefferson Airplane) and learn that it's the oldest message of love and peace and laughter, and trust in God and don't worry, trust in the future, and don't fight; and trust in your kids, and don't worry because it's all beautiful and right.

Hormonal Politics:

The Menopausal Left-Right and the Seed Center

he political spectrum which has colored social attitudes for the past 300 years has decreasing relevance today and by 1980 will have no political meaning.

Left-Right. Liberal-Conservative. Radical-Reactionary. Communist-Capitalist. Democratic-Republican. Whig-Tory. Labor-Management. White-Colored. Brooklyn Dodgers. Twenty-three skidoo.



The crucial variable in today's political equation is age. The basic areas which now divide men are hormonal. The key question to ask a candidate for office—or indeed, any person seeking to influence public opinion—has nothing to do with Vietnam or Marx of John Birch. The issue which determines who will be elected, who will be listened to, is: How much time did you spend making love last week?

Political experts puzzle over the results of recent elections, seeking in vain to find the left-right trend. But one single and simple clue will account, in almost every case, for the surprises and shifts in voting. Age. Can you think of an election return in the last two years which found a potent, seed-carrying candidate defeated by an oldster?

The Kennedy strategy board understands this secret.

So do Lindsay and Rockefeller.

War? Peace? Taxes? Race? Nope. Wrinkles.

The Republican party is making a comeback? Nope. They have been out. Paunchy, jowled Democrats are getting old in office. Outs tend to run younger candidates.

But the Republicans have failed to capitalize completely on this relentless biological advantage because candidate choice is still determined by the most senile members of the Grand Old (sic) Party. Does anyone doubt that young, virile, baby-begetting Rockefeller could have won in 1960 and then in 1964 if the GOP had run him? Does anyone doubt that the Republicans would win in 1968 if they nominated Percy or Lindsay or even new-father Rocky?

This power of hormones in the body politic will steadily increase in the next decade until it becomes the only issue in the 1970's. The current revolution is not economic or religious; it is biological.

Human beings born after the year 1943 belong to a different species from their progenitors. Three new energies, exactly symmetrical and complementary—atomics, electronics, and psychedelics—have produced an evolutionary mutation. The release of atomic energy placed the mysterious basic power of the universe in man's hands. The frailty of the visible. The power of the invisible. Electronic impulses link the globe in an instantaneous communication network. The circuited unity of man. Psychedelic drugs release internal energy and speed consciousness in the same exponential proportions as nuclear and electronic spacetime expansions.

Our children were born and have developed in a civilization as far removed from that of their parents as Des Moines, Iowa is from ancient Carthage. How few parents realized when they quieted their noisy kids by banishing them to the TV room that they were turning on the little ones to a mind-blowing electronic experience. Kiddies flicking the TV knobs. Switch on the news... LBJ talking... hard sell... switch him off... Channel 9... cereal commercial, hard sell... switch it off... Channel 3... Superboy... A-OK. Movement. Change. Flashing images. Simultaneity. Multiple choice. And always the hard sell, the come-on

promise, and the kids watching warily, catching on to LBJ's pitch and the Corn Flakes pitch, the disillusioning insight through the game facade to the inner essence. The inevitable development of the cool psychology. The hip one who deals with the continual inundation of shifting images, multiplicity of channels, the bending of space-time... Apollo rockets... DNA... overpopulation... the ambiguity of good-evil, rich-poor, strong-weak... The old movies replayed... endless reminders of the transience of custom and moral... did Dad and Mom really dress like that and dance like Fred Astaire and believe those pompous, bigoted, red-faced idiot politicians? The old movies, embarrassingly rerunning time backward... humiliating celluloid records of parental capers... reincarnation history best left unstudied if you want to preserve naiveté and enthusiasm for the social game and really cheer and cheat and struggle for liberty and Notre Dame and the boys on the battlefront fighting the Kaiser.

Spin faster and faster... flip on... switch over... turn on... compress time... this is CBC in Saigon... space out... tune in... focus... change channels... adjust brilliance... stroboscopic on-off... reality is a flickering grid of electronic images... narrow beam... stereophonic... sonic boom... freak out... put on... make out... turn on... drop out... nowthen... here-infinity. Wow! The electronic-atomic age is an IBM psychedelic trip kaieidoscopic rocket blast multiphonic and there is no escape and no cop-out, and at age thirteen you are confronted with the choice which the slow linear game of the past allowed you to avoid—robot or Buddha, grin and groove with it or you freeze like the smile on Shirley Temple's face on that late-night flick.

Mao and Ho and Grand Charles and LBJ and Nasser are old mannikin figures from a pre-1914 world which is over. Ta-ta. Goodbye now. A shadowy, dusty, jerky black and white newsreel where men strutted and killed for patriotic virtue, manifest destiny, abstract values, national prestige, revolted against the wicked and conquered the devil enemy who believed in czarism, Communism, Fascism, Hooverism, Catholicism, and all the old, dated chess moves. Mao and LBJ are blood-nerve brothers, twins of the

same steel bosom; they think alike. Their world view is basically the same. Like intertwined quarreling lovers, they are both committed to the same marriage—capitalism-communism. Both drank oil from the same maternal spigot. All the statesmen in the world have more in common with each other than with their own grandchildren. Ho loves Reagan; they share the same game consciousness, and they both avoid the bright, far-seeing eyes of their turned-on teen-agers. De Gaulle waltzes with Prime Minister Wilson, and they both turn off rock 'n' roll.

I remember the phone ringing at Millbrook and a voice with a Russian accent, strange to me but full of love and confidence in my love. "Hello, Tim? This is Audrey. Audrey Voznesensky. We have never met but we are old friends. We have much in common. When can we talk? They are giving me trouble, too."

And I remember the story of Allen Ginsberg being elected the King of the Carnival in Prague and riding in the float cheered by a hundred thousand Czech students while the old World War II Gestapo-style secret police watched and waited to bust Alien alone on the streets at midnight and deport him.

To a large segment, perhaps a majority, of our youth the social reality of the United States makes little sense. They are tuned to a different electronic channel. The reality of a middle-aged American is a fabrication of mass media. TV, newspapers, magazines determine what Mom and Dad believe, like, dislike, desire, value. CBS-UPI-AP-Luce—a million-mouthed monster blindly feeding on its own public opinion poll estimates of its own desires. Romney down. Reagan up. Filter cigarettes up. American Motors down. This social reality defined by electronic feedback is a completely artificial closed circuit—a consensual paranoia fabricating its own illusions. The struggle of images.

Romney and Reagan may fascinate middle-aged reporters who write for middle-aged editors in papers supported by middle-aged advertisers and purchased by middle-aged readers—all of whom convince each other that there is something real about the game of Romney and Reagan. But the majority of youth under twenty-five don't read the-

se papers. To them the ridiculous sequence of posture, bluff, deceit, bluster we force upon Romneys and Reagans is as dimly remote and insane as the thrashings of Mao and anti-Mao forces far away in China.

Who cares which impotent, tired old man grabs the power? Johnson? Kosygin? What's the difference? To a growing number of youngsters in America and Russia the political games of the menopausal are ridiculous and immoral. American and Russian editorial writers, equally middle-aged, denounce youth for hooliganism and disrespect for the law. Exactly. The hip youngsters on either side of the Iron Curtain feel amused contempt for police, politicians, educators, generals who struggle to maintain by force a pre-electronic, pre-psychedelic social ethic of war, worry, competition, threat and fear.

The American youngster is beginning to catch on to the frightening fact (already known by the veterans of the underground, the Negroes, the free artists, the delinquent poor, and the kids of Cuba and Russia) that the affluence and bribery of things and the carnival of televised athletic and political spectacles are the come-on for grim monolithic mind-copping social machines, and for those rebels who spurn the seductive bribe there awaits, on either side of the Iron Curtain, the gun and steel to coerce those who will not conform.

The American youngster who chooses not to buy the system is confronted with a consciousness-control tyranny classically Soviet in its disregard for his individuality. Compulsory education. Can you really believe this phrase, compulsory education? This means that if you don't go to the state brainwashing institutes built by the aging, you and your parents are arrested by policemen who carry guns.

Compulsory draft. If you don't want to kill to support the frightened policies of belligerent politicians (hawks, they are called), you'll go behind steel bars.

Compulsory inhibition of individual freedom to dress and move. The teen-age curfew. Armed police arrest kids for being in the street even with parents' permission. My son Jack was arrested and jailed along with 50 other youngsters for walking along Haight Street in San Francisco. I phoned the juvenile prison.

"Why are you holding my son?"

"He's a suspected runaway."

"He was there with my permission. Now will you release him?"

"No. The law says he must be held until his parent picks him up."

"But I'm in New York."

"Sorry, that's the law."

"You mean he has no civil rights in California? They can be held for no crime?"

"That's right. Until they're eighteen they have no civil rights."

"And after eighteen you'll draft them, right?"

Remember the photographs in your paper last September of the high school principal on his hands and knees measuring the length on the little girl's mini-skirt? And the compulsory cutting of hair?

The average Mom and Dad, sitting gently in front of the television set, are unaware of the complex guerrilla skirmishes raging in the streets outside the door between the kids and the menopausal society. The reflex instinct of distrust and suspicion of the establishment, the underground—Negroes, Mexicans, artists, Puerto Ricans, hippies, kids.

The youngsters see it. Skillful and experienced at handling the media and psychedelic drugs (on which they were nursed), they know how to react. Take, for example, the classic case of the Monkees.

Hollywood executives decide to invent and market an American version of the Beatles—the early, pre-prophetic, cute, yeah-yeah Beatles. Got it? They audition a hallful of candidates and type-cast four cute kids. Hire some songwriters. Wire up the Hooper-rating computer. What do the screaming teeny-boppers want? Crank out the product and promote it. Feed the great consumer monster what it thinks it wants, plastic, syrupy, tasty, marshmallow-filled, chocolate-coated, Saran-wrapped, and sell it. No controversy, no protest. No thinking strange, unique thoughts. No offending Mom and Dad and the advertisers. Make it

silly, sun-tanned, grinning ABC-TV.

And what happened? The same thing that happened to the Beatles. The four young Monkees weren't fooled for a moment. They went along with the system but didn't buy it. Like all the beautiful young sons of the new age—Peter Fonda and Robert Walker and young John Barrymore and young Steinbeck and the wise young Hitchcocks—the Monkees use the new energies to sing the new songs and pass on the new message.

The Monkees' television show, for example. Oh, you thought that was silly teen-age entertainment? Don't be fooled. While it lasted, it was a classic Sufi put-on. An early-Christian electronic satire. A mystic-magic show. A jolly Buddha laugh at hypocrisy. At early evening kiddie-time on Monday the Monkees would rush through a parody drama, burlesquing the very shows that glue Mom and Dad to the set during prime time. Spoofing the movies and the violence and the down-heavy-conflict-emotion themes that fascinate the middle-aged.

And woven into the fast-moving psychedelic stream of action were the prophetic, holy, challenging words. Mickey was rapping quickly, dropping literary names, making scholarly references; then the sudden psychedelic switch of the reality channel. He looked straight at the camera, right into your living room, and up-leveled the comedy by saying: "Pretty good talking for a long-haired weirdo, huh, Mr. and Mrs. America?" And then—zap. Flash. Back to the innocuous comedy.

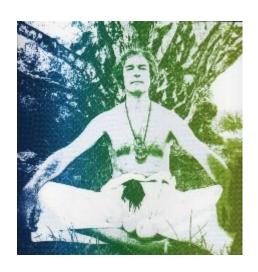
Or, in a spy drama, Mickey warned Peter: "Why, this involves the responsibility for blowing up the entire world!"

Peter, confidentially: "I'll take that responsibility!"

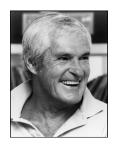
And Mickey, with a glance at the camera, said, "Wow! With a little more ego he'll be ready to run for president."

Why, it all happened so fast, LBJ, you didn't ever see it. Suddenly a whole generation disappeared right from view—Flick. They're gone! They won't vote and they won't listen to the good old promises and threats, and they won't answer Gallup Polls, and they just smile when we arrest them, and they won't be clean-cut, hard-working, sincere, frightened, ambitious toys like Khrushchev and I were.

Hey! Where did they go? Flick. Hey, McNamara, fix this set! Ban LSD! Adjust the focus back, call a joint meeting of Congress. McNamara, dammit, boy, fix this set! All I get are flickering, dancing flower swirls of color, and shut off that loud rock 'n' roll beat. McNamara! Westmoreland! Dammit, fix this set! All I hear is the steady drumming beat and laughter, and it's getting softer and it's fading away in the distance. Hey, wait a minute! Come back! Hey, where did they all go? •



Timothy Francis Leary (1920-1996)



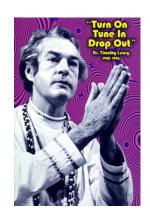
After a decade of practice as a clinical psychologist, Dr. Timothy Leary (1920 – 1996) began teaching at Harvard University in 1958. A turning point in his life occurred in 1960 when he ingested some psilocybin mushrooms during a trip to Mexico. Upon returning to Harvard he established a research project to study the

psychological effects of psychedelic drugs. This project involved giving psilocybin mushrooms to a number of artists and intellectuals, divinity students, prisoners, and others. He first experienced LSD in 1962 and subsequently included it in the research project. In 1963 he was dismissed from Harvard, largely because of sensational press reports about the project; he established a series of private foundations to continue the research. His advocacy of psychedelics earned him notoriety in the mass media and hero status in the blossoming counterculture of the 1960s. In 1967, with activists Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, he co-founded the Youth International Party (a.k.a. "Yippie!"), an attempt to bridge the cultural divide been political activists and the "hippie" subculture. In 1970 he announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor of California. The Beatles song "Come Together" was originally written for the campaign. His political career was cut short by an arrest for marijuana possession, possibly the result of planted evidence, days before the filing deadline for the primary. He was convicted and sentenced to ten years in prison. With the aid of revolutionary activists he staged a daring escape and fled the country, but he was eventually recaptured, and he spent most of the 1970s behind bars. In the 80s and 90s his research focused on the emerging cybernetic revolution and its possibilities for consciousness expansion. Leary succumbed to prostate cancer on May 31, 1996, and died at his home in Beverly Hills, California



LISA BIEBERMAN	
Session Games People Play: A Manual for the Use of LSD	\$4.99
Phanerothyme	\$4.99
C. CREIGHTON, M.D.	
Evidence of the Hashish Vice in the Old Testament	\$4.99
ALEISTER CROWLEY	
The Psychology of Hashish	\$4.99
DALE R. GOWIN	\$4.99
The Luminist Manifesto	\$4.99
Post-Apocalyptic Paganism	\$4.99
JACK GREEN	
Peyote	\$4.99
PETER KROPOTKIN	
Anarchist Morality	\$4.99
TIMOTHY LEARY	
Chemical Warfare: The Alcoholics vs. the Psychedelics	\$4.99
The Seven Tongues of God	\$4.99
The Banned Speech / The POW Communiqué	\$4.99
Start Your Own Religion	\$4.99
BRAHMARISHI NARAD	
Psychedelic Yoga	\$4.99
JOHN SINCLAIR	
Marijuana Revolution	\$4.99

Order securely online at www.Luminist.org/bookstore – order by email & send PayPal payments to dale@Luminist.org – send postal mail orders to Luminist Publications, PO Box 20256, Minneapolis MN 55420 USA – please make remittance payable to Dale R. Gowin – please add \$2 US or \$5 international to help with postage costs. Allow two weeks for delivery.



The underground is always aware of the existence and reflex responses of the overground. Survival in the

underground depends on your ability to anticipate the movements of external power. It's always been a capital crime to laugh, make love, and turn on barefoot in front of whitey's house, and these are the endemic, chronic crimes of the giggling young, the colored, the artists and the visionaries.