

**OZ**  
**OZ**  
**OZ**  
**OZ**  
**OZ**



**OZ**

**No. 31, TWENTY CENTS**

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

**OZ**

**SEND ONE TO RANDY**

# **sex** **and the single junkie**

**8 pages on the sex-drug, LSD**



# ARE YOU SUIING OZ?



*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 jay-bird—for the next 12 months to pay for it.

Go formal—phone, write, or best of all—call at Formal Wear Hire Service.

# DRESS UP FOR COURT FROM FORMALWEAR HIRE SERVICE

**147a KING STREET, SYDNEY. 28-0537**

Just near Castlereagh Street, right next to Biber Furs

**26-28 MARKET LANE, MELBOURNE. 32-4795**

Just off Bourke Street, right next to the Bercy Theatre







PRESIDENT JOHNSON  
IN AUSTRALIA



YOU'LL FIND THAT  
THE WHOLE DANG  
TROUBLE WITH  
RUNNING A FREE COUNTRY  
WHAT'S YER NAME IS  
THAT EVERYBODY  
WANTS TO BE.



Vitas  
Savelis  
66

**Where are you Lee Harvey Oswald?**  
**(now that we need you so much)**



But they betrayed not the slightest hint that it was unusual—to say the least—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 Keefe 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.

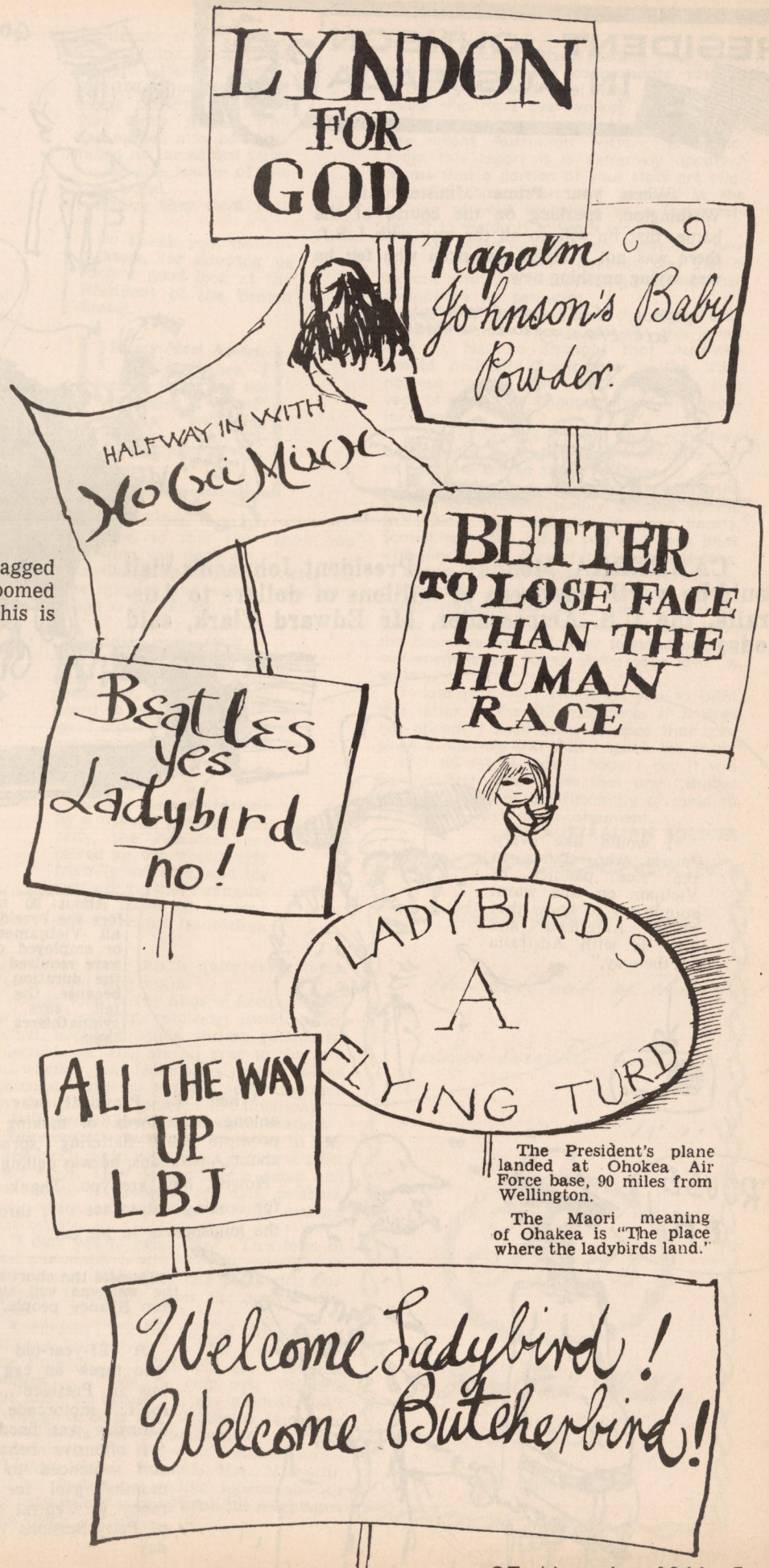
The motion read: "The Parliamentary Labor Party welcomes the visit of President Johnson as leader of a great nation whose friendship and co-operation with Australia since 1942 is gratefully acknowledged."

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."



The President's plane landed at Ohakea Air Force base, 90 miles from Wellington.

The Maori meaning of Ohakea is "The place where the ladybirds land."



# PRESIDENT JOHNSON IN AUSTRALIA



"When your Prime Minister said, in Washington, speaking on the course of the battle, that he will go all the way with L.B.J. there was not a single American who felt he was saying anything new.

*year, that's not I reckon,  
all the way with watsisname*



As the President stood talking to the American Ambassador, Mr Ed. Clark, a girl in the crowd cried out: "What about niggers, what about justice for the niggers?"

Mr Johnson stood nearly a minute looking straight into the crowd and said to one of the security officers, quietly: "What's going on back there?"

The officer replied: "Somebody is talking about Negroes."



**CANBERRA, Monday.** — President Johnson's visit could be worth hundreds of millions of dollars to Australia, the U.S. Ambassador, Mr Edward Clark, said today.

"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,"



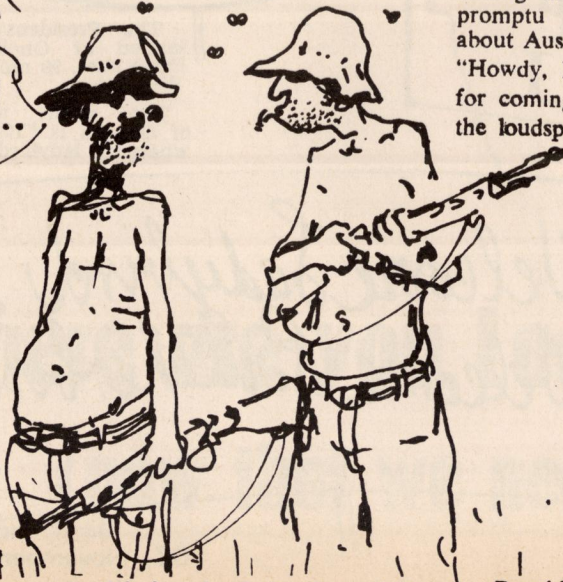
About 90 minutes before the President's arrival all Vietnamese stationed or employed on the base were required to leave for the duration of the visit because, the commanders felt sure, Communist sympathisers were among them.

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.

GROUSE EH...



The Queen sat with her back to the window

President Johnson will sit with his back to the wall.



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 suspecting.

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 Royal Condolence' and 'Letters from Somerset Maugham' in triviality and ineptitude.

All too often they are a mere cry for help — information on kamikaze kookaburras, derivation of "making good my marbles", descendants of a well-forgotten 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 invariable finale. One must master the conventions before breaking them.

For the guidance of would-be Abusers, OZ presents below a short introduction to the classic form. It has been prepared by an authority, one who has leapt into print on the pages of every major daily — name and address supplied but withheld by request.

Examples of the classic elements have been culled from letters abusing the anti-LBJ demonstrators.

1. Try for a snappy opening paragraph. Get everything crystallized into one bald absurdity which fits exactly your newspaper's policy. If it doesn't quite fit, they'll change it.

**P**RESIDENT JOHNSON was not asked to visit Australia in order to provide a field day for our placard toting immature youths and other chanting Red rabble-rousers.

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

## Jackals

**I** WISH to register my disgust at the disorderly demonstrations carried out by a boisterous minority group in College Street during President Johnson's visit.

Self-righteousness, martyrdom and right thinking youthfulness make a surefire hit any day:

**I** HAVE written this letter to redeem the name of Australia's youth.

I am 14 years of age and was utterly horrified and disgusted to see those young people throw them-

2. Sarcasm. Since Mavis Bramston began, Letter people have begun to realise there might be something in this satire 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 missed seeing 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, demonstrators, for allowing us such a good look at the President of the United States.

**I**N my New Australian Innocence, I used to think that the "Australian crawl" was a swimming stroke. — FRANCISCO BARNETT, Enmore.

The main thing, Ethel, is to say what you don't mean, see, so that they know you really mean what you don't say.

3. Statesman-like grasp of issues. After the powerhouse opening and satire, consolidate your position as an authority . . .

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. Words such as disgusting, revolting, pseudo intellectual, horrified, idiots, witless, gutless, intellectual, etc. etc., are all grist to the mill but 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. 6. Illiteracy. The very best A.L.'s are in pencilled block capitals on those grey post office letter cards. They do not have a stamp and the address is wrong as are date, punctuation, syntax and spelling. It's the message that counts.

7. "I dare you to print this." This form of final paragraph is still popular especially in army camps, RSL clubs and psychiatric outpatients. It usually closes the drearier diatribes.

8. Anonymity. The big rage of the moment. "Military law forbids . . .", "If I were otherwise situated . . .", "Since I am a helpless spinster . . ." etc. do crop up. But the best make no excuse. Is any needed? Isn't it enough to be in fear of Commo, immature placard-toters and vivisectionists?

Remember, the target is unimportant—Whipless Walter Hoysted, Mrs. Michaelis, Gordon Barton or student spokesman—it's the technique that counts and the neighbours who cheer.

Dear OZ,

I have just finished reading your latest publication. Let me congratulate you on becoming what I feel are the greatest swine who have ever walked this land.

In one article in particular you criticised the recent Australian 'victory' at Baria. From this report it is extremely apparent to me that a portion of your staff are eligible for conscription and partake in the editing of your magazine as a feeble attempt to yield off military service.

Your breed are not an especially new cult. There have been cowards, and that is exactly what you are, dodging their national obligations for centuries.

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".

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 are tower above your level in society.

I dare you — I challenge you to print this letter in the OZ magazine. If it does not appear I shall know at once that conscience has told you that I speak the truth.

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**

*Eating here beats  
the hell out of that  
other terrible business*

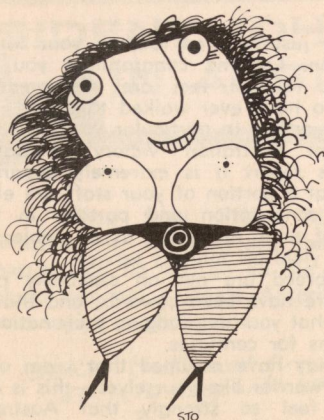


*3 Jersey Road, Woollahra*

*32 4815*

*for reservations*





# the Pill

**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 Mirror) 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 recognised this 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 Chevron, 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 Stinvis 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 came 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 summoned to court to testify while someone was 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 said 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 noisily 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 tightwad) noises, and next day the Great Plan to Beat The Crime Wave was announced: "We'll put Police in the banks," Norm said proudly. Not all banks, The Pill hastily added, when amateur mathematicians boggled: specially selected, vulnerable banks.

When Det.-Supt. Blissett, then deputy head of the C.I.B., was asked his opinion of the Plan at the nightly C.I.B. press conference, he roared with laughter. Also roaring, but not with laughter, were most of the force, who considered they had quite enough to do without playing the part of an android alarm system for banks too mean to instal a mechanical one.

At this stage there is no harm in saying what every policeman, every reporter and presumably every criminal who could add up realised at the time: the Great Plan was at least 99 per cent bluff. What was in fact going to happen was that a few detectives would rush from bank to bank in fast cars,

in the hope of dropping in while a hold-up was taking place, and the rest would be left to luck.

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.

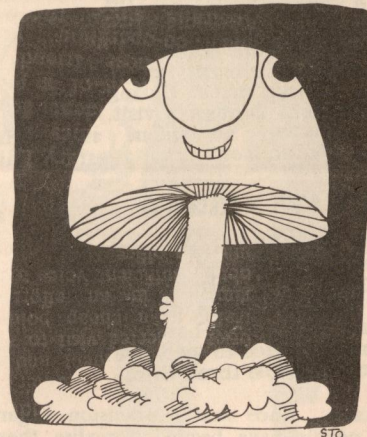
In response, Mr. Allan gave a most extraordinary press conference. His line was basically "give it a go," but he expressed himself strangely. Asked if he thought it was possible the Plan was a mistake, he sprang to his feet. "All great men make mistakes, don't quote me," the Pill said. "Even Julius Caesar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



**Q.** Why do they call Norman Allan "The Mushroom"?

**A.** Because they keep him in the dark and feed him on bullshit.



# 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 and a scandal in the press.

Few men, in their youth, would have seemed less likely to emerge as a religious leader, let alone as a rebel with a cause. At the age of 19, Leary distressed his Roman Catholic mother by abandoning Holy Cross two years before graduation; then affronted his father, a retired Army career officer, by walking out of West Point after 18 months.

As an assistant professor at the University of California's School of Medicine in San Francisco, Leary began to display the courage and sometimes rash iconoclasm that have since marked every phase of his checkered career. Contending that traditional psychiatric methods were hurting as many patients as they helped, he resigned in 1958 and signed up as lecturer on clinical psychology at Harvard. There he began

to both breach and practise effective but unconventional new teaching techniques.

At the time, predictably enough, few of these novel notions went over very well with Leary's hidebound colleagues. But their rumblings of skepticism rose to a chorus of outrage when Leary returned to Harvard in 1960 from his pioneering voyage into inner space—He began experimenting on himself, his associates and hundreds of volunteer subjects with measured doses of psilocybin, the chemical derivative of the sacred mushrooms. Vowing "to dedicate the rest of my life as a psychologist to the systematic exploration of this new instrument", he and his rapidly multiplying followers began to turn on with the other psychedelics: morning-glory seeds, nutmeg, marijuana, peyote, mescaline — and a colorless, odorless, tasteless but incredibly potent laboratory compound called LSD 25, first synthesized in 1938 by a Swiss biochemist seeking a pain killer for migraine headaches. A hundred times stronger than psilocybin, LSD sent its hallucinated users on multihued, multilevelled roller-coaster rides so spectacular that it soon became Leary's primary tool for research. And as word began to circulate about the fantastic, phantasmagorical "trips" taken by his students, it soon became a clandestine campus kick, and by 1962 had become an underground cult among the young avant-garde from London to Los Angeles.

By 1963, it had also become something

of an embarrassment to Harvard, which "regretfully" dismissed Leary in order to stem the rising tide of avid undergraduate interest in the drug. Undaunted, he organised a privately financed research group called the International Foundation for Internal Freedom (IFIF), and set up a psychedelic study centre in Mexico; but before he could resume full-scale LSD sessions, the Mexican Government demanded that they leave the country.

Leary had now become not only the messiah but the martyr 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 kind of 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". Late that night, a squad of Dutchess County police descended on the place, searched it from top to bottom, found a minute quantity of marijuana, and arrested four people—including Leary.

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

REPRINTED FROM *PLAYBOY* • ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BELL



**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: I was 39 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 sensual openness, my creativity were all 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 and at Harvard, of course, 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

**PLAYBOY:** Why is that?

**LEARY:** To the person over 35 or 40, the word "drug" means one of two things: doctor-disease or dope fiend-crime. Nothing you can say to a person who had this neurological fix on the word "drug" is going to change his mind. He's frozen like a Pavlovian dog to this conditioned reflex. To 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 middle-aged America, it may be synonymous with instant insanity, but to most Americans under 25, the psychedelic drug means ecstasy, sensual unfolding, religious experience, revelation, illumination, contact with nature. There's not a teenager or young person in the United States today who doesn't know at least one person who has had a good experience with marijuana or LSD. The horizons of the current younger generation, in terms of expanded consciousness, are light-years beyond those of their parents. The breakthrough has occurred; there's no going back. The psychedelic battle is won.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you say to the standard charge that LSD is too powerful and dangerous to entrust to the young?

**LEARY:** Well, none of us yet knows exactly how LSD can be used for the growth and benefit of the human being. It is a powerful releaser of energy as yet not fully understood. But if I'm confronted with the possibility that a 15-year-old or a 50-year-old is going to use a new form of energy that he doesn't understand, I'll back the 15-year-old every time. Why? Because a 15-year-old is going to use a new form of energy to have fun, to intensify sensation, to make love, for curiosity, for personal growth. Many 50-year-olds have lost their curiosity, have lost their ability to make love, have dulled their openness to new sensations, and would use any form of new energy for power, control and warfare. So it doesn't concern me at all that young people are taking time out from the educational and occupational assembly lines to experiment with consciousness, to dabble with new forms of experience and artistic expression. The present generation under the age of 25 is the wisest and holiest generation that the human race has ever seen. And, by God, instead of lamenting, derogating and im-

prisoning them, we should support them, listen to them and turn on with them.

**PLAYBOY:** If we wanted to take you up on that last suggestion, how would we go about it?

**LEARY:** Find a beloved friend who knows where to get LSD and how to run a session; or find a trusted and experienced LSD voyager to guide you on a trip.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it necessary to have a guide?

**LEARY:** Yes. Unless you have an experienced guide—at least for your first 10 or 15 sessions — it would be extremely reckless.

**PLAYBOY:** Assuming you can get it, how do you take it? Can it be injected, or is it mostly just swallowed in a sugar cube?

**LEARY:** It can be injected or it can come in the form of powder or pills or in a solution, which is odorless, tasteless and colorless. In any case, you're dealing with a very minute quantity. One hundred micrograms is a moderate dose.

**PLAYBOY:** For a session lasting how long?

**LEARY:** Eight to twelve hours.

**PLAYBOY:** What's it like? What happens to you?

**LEARY:** If we're speaking in a general way, what happens to everyone is the experience of incredible acceleration and intensification of all senses and of all mental processes—which 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 tuned in on thousands of these messages that ordinarily you don't register consciously. And you may be getting an incredible number of simultaneous messages from different parts of your body. Since you're not used to this, it can lead to incredible ecstasy or it can lead to confusion. Some people are freaked by this Niagara of sensory input. Instead of having just one or two or three things happening in tidy sequence, you're suddenly flooded by hundreds of lights and colors and sensations and images, and you can get quite lost.

You sense a strange, 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 move, and this relentless, impersonal, slowly swelling movement will continue through the several hours of the session. It's as though for all of your normal waking life you have been caught in a still photograph, in an awkward, stereotyped posture; suddenly the show comes alive, balloons out to several dimensions and becomes irradiated with color and energy.

The first thing you notice is an incredible enhancement of sensory awareness. Take the sense of sight. LSD vision is to normal vision as normal vision is to the picture on a badly tuned television set. Under LSD, it's as though you have microscopes up to your eyes, in which you see jewel-like, radiant details of anything your eye falls upon. You are really seeing for the first time — not static, symbolic perception of learned things, but patterns of light bouncing off the objects around you and hurtling at the speed of light into the mosaic of rods and cones in the retina of your eye. Everything seems alive. Everything is alive: beaming diamond-bright light waves into your

retina.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the sense of hearing similarly intensified?

**LEARY:** Tremendously. Ordinarily we hear just isolated sounds: the rings of a telephone, the sound of somebody's words. But when you turn on with LSD, the organ of Corti in your inner ear becomes a trembling membrane seething with tattoos of sound waves. The vibrations seem to penetrate deep inside you, swell and burst there. You hear one note of a Bach sonata, and it hangs there, glittering, pulsating, for an endless length of time, while you slowly orbit around it. Then, hundreds of years later, comes the second note of the sonata, and again, for hundreds of years, you slowly drift around the two notes, observing the harmony and the discords, and reflecting on the history of music.

But when your nervous system is turned on with LSD, and all the wires are flashing, the senses begin to overlap and merge. You not only hear but see the music emerging from the speaker system — like dancing particles, like squirming curls of toothpaste. You actually see the sound, in multicolored patterns, while you're hearing it. At the same time, you are the sound, you are the note, you are the string of the violin or the piano. And every one of your organs is pulsating and having orgasms in rhythm with it.

**PLAYBOY:** What happens to the sense of taste?

**LEARY:** Taste is intensified, too, although normally you won't feel like eating during an LSD session, any more than you feel like eating when you take your first solo at the controls of a supersonic jet. Although if you eat after a session, there is an appreciation of all the particular qualities of food — its texture and resiliency and viscosity—such as we are not conscious of in a normal state of awareness.

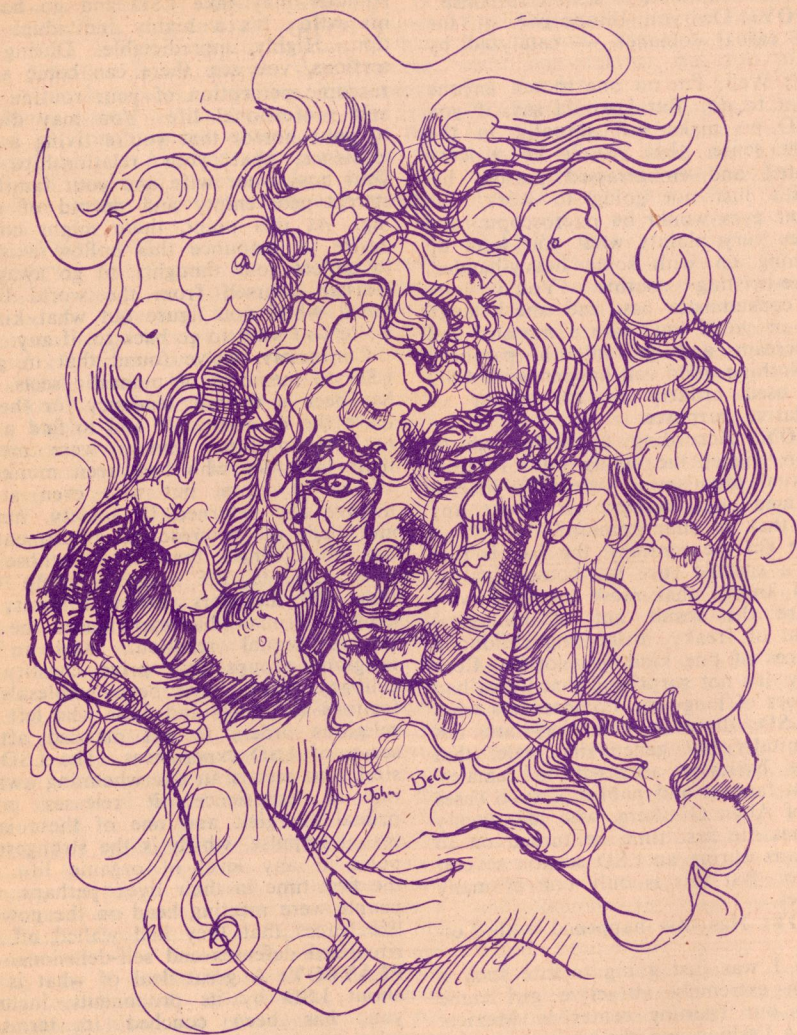
**PLAYBOY:** How about the sense of smell?

**LEARY:** This is one of the most overwhelming aspects of an LSD experience. It seems as though for the first time you are breathing life, and you remember with amusement and distaste that plastic, odorless, artificial gas that you used to consider air. During the LSD experience, you discover that you're actually inhaling an atmosphere composed of millions of microscopic strands of olfactory ticker tape, exploding in your nostrils with ecstatic meaning. When you sit across the room from a woman during an LSD session, you're aware of thousands of penetrating chemical messages floating from her through the air into your sensory center: a symphony of a thousand odors that all of us exude at every moment—the shampoo she uses, her cologne, her sweat, the exhaust and discharge from her digestive system, her sexual perfume, the fragrance of her clothing — grenades of eroticism exploding in the olfactory cell.

**PLAYBOY:** Does the sense of touch become equally erotic?

**LEARY:** Touch becomes electric as well as erotic. I remember a moment during one session in which my wife leaned over and lightly touched the palm of my hand with her finger. Immediately a hundred thousand end cells in my hand exploded in soft orgasm. Ecstatic energies pulsed up my arms and rocketed into my brain, where another hundred thousand cells softly exploded in pure, delicate pleasure.





The distance between my wife's finger and the palm of my hand was about 50 miles of space, filled with cotton candy, infiltrated with thousands of silver wires hurtling energy back and forth. Wave after wave of exquisite energy pulsed from her finger. Wave upon wave of ethereal tissue rapture — delicate, shuddering — coursed back and forth from her finger to my palm.

**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 per cent. 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

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 concept, 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:** How often have you made love under the influence of LSD?

**LEARY:** Every time I've taken it. In fact, that is what the LSD experience is all about. Merging, yielding, flowing, union, communion. It's all lovemaking. You make love with candlelight, with sound waves from a record player, with a bowl of fruit on the table, with the trees: You're in pulsating harmony with all the energy around you.

**PLAYBOY:** We've heard about sessions in which couples make love for hours on end, to the point of exhaustion, but never seem to reach exhaustion. Is this true?

**LEARY:** Inevitably.

**PLAYBOY:** We've heard that some women who ordinarily have difficulty achieving orgasms find themselves capable of multiple orgasms under LSD. Is that true?

**LEARY:** In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman will inevitably have several hundred orgasms.

**PLAYBOY:** Several hundred?

**LEARY:** Yes. Several hundred.

**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 our college students are 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; the idea of having sex 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 ex-



perience. Deep and lasting neurological imprints, profound emotional bonds, can develop as a result of an LSD session—bonds that can last a lifetime. For this reason, I have always been extremely cautious about running sessions with men and women. We always try to have a subject's husband or wife present during his or her first session, so that as these powerful urges develop, they are directed in ways that can be lived out responsibly after the session.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you preaching psychedelic 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 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, floating softly in the center of her mind, experiencing everything that she was experiencing, knowing every thought that he had ever had. She was all women, all woman, the essence of female—eyes, smiling quizzically, resignedly, devilishly, always inviting: "See me, hear me, join me, merge with me, keep the dance going." Now, the implications of this experience for sex and mating, I think, are obvious. It's because of this, not because of moral restrictions or restraints, that I've been extremely monogamous in my use of LSD over the last six years.

**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 low-level concept. 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 past are going to be changed, and that what's demanded of creatures with our sensory and cellular repertoire is not just one affair after another with one young body after another, but the exploration of the incredible depths and varieties of your own identity with a single member of the opposite sex. This involves time and commitment to the voyage.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mean to imply that you've had only one bed partner in the last six years?

**LEARY:** I've had more than one long-term relationship during this period. But there is a certain kind of neurological and cellular fidelity that develops. I have said for many years now that in the future the grounds for divorce would not be that your wife went to bed with another man and bounced around on a mattress for an hour or two, but that your wife had an LSD session with somebody else, because the bonds and the connections that develop are so powerful.

**PLAYBOY:** It's been reported that when you are in the company of women, quite a lot of them turn on to you. As a matter of fact, a friend of yours told us that you could have two or three different women every night if you wanted to. Is he right?

**LEARY:** For the most part, during the last six years, I have lived very quietly in our research centers. But on lecture tours and in highly enthusiastic social gatherings, there is no question that a

charismatic public figure does generate attraction and stimulate a sexual response.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you disapprove 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 out sexually 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 very plainly what 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 and go 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 contrary, the fact is that LSD is a specific cure for homosexuality. It's well known that most sexual perversions are the result not of biological binds but of freaky, dislocating childhood experiences of one kind 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 genitally but genetically male, 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 women 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 cellular electricity was flowing in her body and it bridged the gap. Her subsequent sexual choices were almost exclusively members of the opposite sex.

For the same reasons, LSD is also a powerful panacea for impotence and frigidity, both of which, like homosexuality, are symbolic screw-ups. The LSD experience puts you in touch with the wisdom of your body, of your nervous system, of your cells, of your organs. And the closer you get to the message of the body, the more obvious it becomes that it's constructed and designed to procreate and keep the life stream going. When you're confronted with this basic cellular fact under LSD, you realize that your impotency, or your frigidity, is caused by neuropsychological hang-ups of fear or shame that make no sense to your cells, that have nothing to do with the biochemical forces inside your body urging you to merge and mate with a member 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 life. You may discover to your horror that you're living a robot existence, that your relationships with your boss, your wife and your family are stereotyped, 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 while you figure out what kind of a life you want to go back to, if any.

Conversely, we've found that in giving LSD to members of monastic sects, there has been a definite tendency for them to leave the monastic life and to find a mating relationship. Several were men in their late 40's who had been monks for 15 or 20 years, but who even at this mature age returned to society, married and made the heterosexual adjustment. It's not coincidental that of all those I've given LSD to, the religious group—more than 200 ministers, priests, divinity students and nuns—has experienced the most intense sexual reaction. And in two religious groups that prize chastity and celibacy, there have been wholesale defections of monks and nuns who left their religious orders to get married after a series of LSD experiences. The LSD session, you see, is an overwhelming awakening of experience; it releases potent, primal energies, and one of these is the sexual impulse, which is the strongest impulse at any level of organic life. For the first time in their lives, perhaps, these people were meeting head on the powerful life forces that they had walled off with ritualized defenses and self-delusions.

**PLAYBOY:** A great deal of what is said about LSD by its proponents, including you, has been couched in terms of religious mysticism. You spoke earlier, in fact, of discovering "divinity" through LSD. In what way is the LSD experience religious?

**LEARY:** It depends on what you mean by religion. For almost everyone, 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. I consider 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 psychedelic point of view, almost all religions are attempts—sometimes limited temporally or nationally—to discover the inner potential. Well, LSD is Western yoga. The aim of all Eastern religion, 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, I don't think it 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 symbolic 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. My 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 and our national stuporfactant, 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, party 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 of the older generation. This is the sensory 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 impulses that are hitting them. The chemical that opens the door to this level has been well known for centuries to cultures that stress delicate, sensitive registration of sensory stimulation: the Arab cultures, the Indian cultures, the Mogul cultures. It is marijuana. There is no question that marijuana is a sensual stimulator—and this explains not only why it's favored by young people but why it arouses fear and panic among the middle-aged, middle-class, whiskey-drinking, bluenosed bureaucrats who run the narcotics agencies. If they only knew what they were missing.

But we must bid a sad farewell to the sensory level of consciousness and go on to the fourth level, which I call the cellular level. It's well known that the stronger psychedelics such as mescaline and LSD take you beyond the senses into a world of cellular awareness. Now, the neurological fact of the matter is that every one of your 13 billion brain cells is hooked up to some 25,000 other cells, and everything you know comes from a communication exchange at the nerve endings of your cells. During an LSD session, enormous clusters of these cells are turned on, and consciousness whirls 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 cellular patterns 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 adequate symbolic language. You become aware of processes you were never tuned in to before. You feel yourself sinking down into the soft tissue swamp of your own body, slowly drifting down dark red waterways and floating through capillary canals, softly propelled through endless cellular factories, ancient fibrous clockworks—ticking, clicking, chugging, pumping relentlessly. Being swallowed up this way by the

tissue industries and the bloody, sinewy carryings-on inside your body can be an appalling experience the first time it happens to you. But it can also be an awesome one—fearful, but full of reverence and wonder.

**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 world." Any comment?

**LEARY:** There's a certain amount of truth in that. The insight of LSD leads you to concern yourself more with internal or spiritual values; you realize that it doesn't make any difference what you do on the outside unless you change the inside. If all the Negroes and left-wing college students in the world had Cadillac and full control of society, they would still be involved in an anthill social system unless they opened themselves up first.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't these young ex-activists among an increasing number of students, writers, artists and musicians whom one critic has called "the psychedelic dropouts"—LSD users who find themselves divested of motivation, unable to readjust to reality or to resume their 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 which I have been passing on to others, can be stated in six syllables: Turn on, tune in, drop out. "Turn on" means to contact the ancient energies and wisdoms that are built into your nervous system. They provide unspeakable pleasure and revelation. "Tune in" means to harness and communicate these new perspectives in a harmonious dance with the external world. "Drop out" means to detach yourself from the tribal game. Current models of social adjustment—mechanized, computerized, socialized, intellectualized, televised, Sanforized—make no sense to the new LSD generation, who see, clearly that American society is becoming an air-conditioned anthill. In every generation of human history, thoughtful men have turned on and dropped out of the tribal game, and thus stimulated the larger society to lurch ahead. Every historical advance has resulted from the stern pressure of visionary men who have declared their independence from the game: "Sorry, George III, we don't buy your model. We're going to try something new"; "Sorry, Louis XVI, we've got a new idea. Deal us out"; "Sorry, L. B. J., it's time to mosey on beyond the Great Society."

The reflex reaction of society to the creative dropout is panic and irritation. If anyone questions the social order, he threatens the whole shaky edifice. The automatic, angry reaction to the creative dropout is that he will become a parasite on the hard-working, conforming citizen. This is not true. The LSD experience does not lead to passivity and withdrawal; it spurs a driving hunger to communicate in new forms, in better ways, to express a more harmonious message, to live a better life. The LSD cult has already wrought revolutionary changes in American culture. If you were to conduct a poll of the creative young musicians in this country, you'd find that at least 80 per cent are using psychedelic drugs in a systematic way. And this new psychedelic style has produced not only a new

rhythm in modern music but a new decor for our discotheques, a new form of film making, a new kinetic visual art, a new literature, and has begun to revise our philosophic and psychological thinking.

Remember, it's the college kids who are turning on—the smartest and most promising of the youngsters. What an exciting prospect: a generation of creative youngsters refusing to march in step, refusing to go to offices, refusing to sign up on the instalment plan, refusing to climb aboard the treadmill.

**PLAYBOY:** What will they do?

**LEARY:** Don't worry. Each one will work out his individual solution. Some will return to the establishment and inject their new ideas. Some will live underground as self-employed artists, artisans and writers. Some are already forming small communities out of the country. Many are starting schools for children and adults who wish to learn the use of their sense organs. Psychedelic businesses are springing up: bookstores, art galleries. Psychedelic industries may involve more manpower 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 graceful, fulfilling ways of living a more serene, beautiful and creative life. Psychedelics 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 creative potency. One unfortunate effect is to produce an illusion dangerous to people who are creative, who cease then to be motivated to produce something that is genuinely new. And the illusion is bad in making those who are not creative get the idea that they are."

What's your reaction?

**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 fugues. Psychedelic drugs, particularly marijuana, merely enhance the senses. They allow you to see and hear new patterns of energy that suggest new patterns for composition. In this way, they enhance the creative perspective, but the ability to convert your new perspective, however glorious it may be, into a communication form still requires the technical skill of a musician or a painter or a 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 the artist and ask him.

**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 psychoses." Is that true?

**LEARY:** In over 3000 people that I have personally observed taking LSD, we've had only four cases of prolonged psychoses—



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 any 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 also 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 travelling 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 glance, every look of boredom, 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 gracefully 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 reincarnation, 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 down quite 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 he understands 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

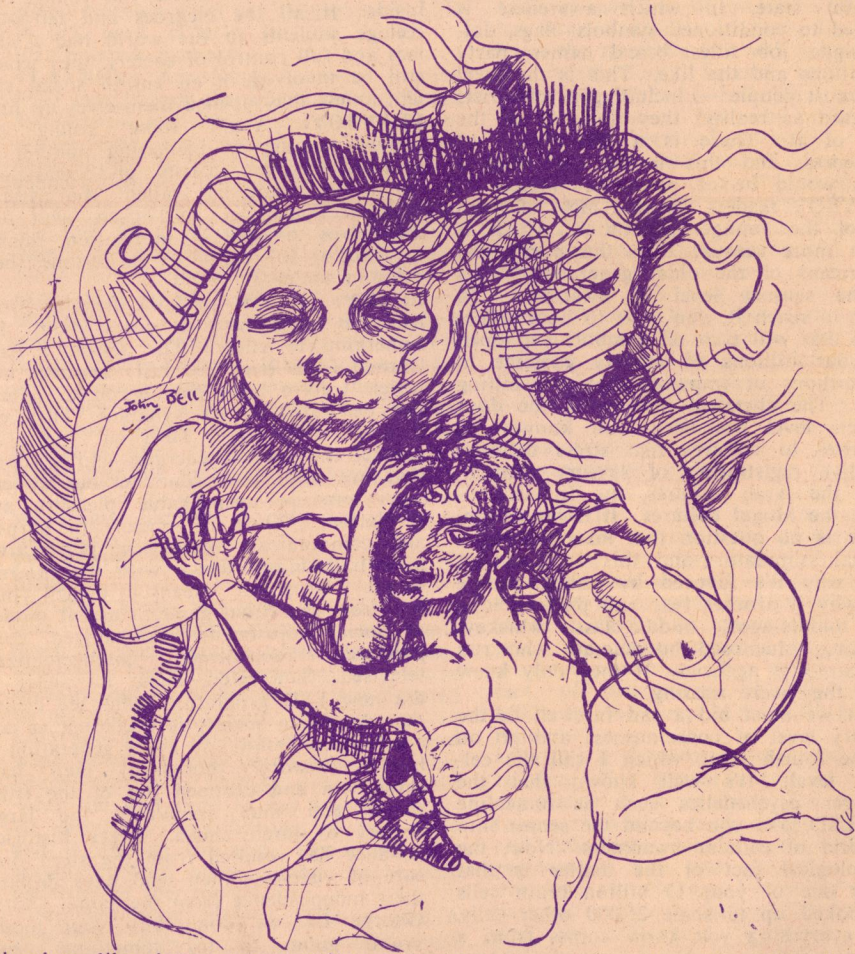
that survey and where they got their figures, because it's contradicted by the known facts. I was recently told by the director of a large California hospital, which handles LSD cases, that most LSD panic subjects are given a tranquilizer and sent home without even being admitted. The same is true at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

**PLAYBOY:** In the same essay, *Time* wrote: "Under the influence of LSD, non-swimmers 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,

poisoned her. The unexpected LSD led to such panic and confusion that she killed herself. There have been other rumors about LSD panics 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



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 one LSD kid rushes out and takes off his clothes in the street and it's 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

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.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet restrictive and prohibitive laws against the use of LSD have already been passed in California, Nevada and New Jersey, and several members of Congress have urged Federal legislation outlawing its manufacture or possession.

**LEARY:** Such laws are unrealistic and unconstitutional. Over 15 per cent of college students are currently using LSD. Do the hard-artered politicians and police types really want to put our brightest and most creative youngsters in prison for possession of a colorless, odorless, tasteless, nonaddictive, mind-opening substance? Irrational, senile legislation preventing people from pursuing private, intimate ex-



periences—sexual or spiritual—cannot and will not be obeyed. We are currently planning to appeal any conviction for 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 escapist and crazed, deranged minds. The daily diatribes of police officials and many legislators to that effect completely ignore the fact that the use of LSD is a white-collar, upper-middle-class, college-educated phenomenon. The LSD user is not a criminal type. He's not an underground character or a junkie. He doesn't seek to hide, or to apologize for his activities. But while more and more laws are being passed restricting these activities, more and more people are engaging in them. LSD is being manufactured by people in their own homes and in small laboratories. If this continues, in ten years the LSD group will constitute one of our largest minorities. They what are the lawmakers going to do?

**PLAYBOY:** What **should** they do, in your opinion?

**LEARY:** As they learn more about LSD, I think—I hope—they will recognize that there will have to be special legislation. There **should** be laws about the manufacture of LSD. It is incredibly powerful and can be a frightening experience. It is not a narcotic and not a medical drug; it doesn't cure any illness. It is a new form of **energy**. Just as a new form of legislation had to be developed for radioactive isotopes, so will there need to be something comparable for LSD. And I think some LSD equivalent of the Atomic Energy Commission and some special licensing procedures should be set up to deal with this new class of drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of procedures would you recommend?

**LEARY:** You can't legalize and control manufacture until you've worked out a constructive way of licensing or authorizing possession. There are many individuals who should be provided with a legitimate access to chemicals that expand their minds. If we don't do this, we'll have a free market or a black market. During Prohibition, when alcohol was prohibited, it was suppressed; then you had bathtub gin and bootleg poisons of all sorts. The Government received no taxes and the consumer had no guarantee that what he was buying was safe and effective. But if marijuana and LSD were put under some form of licensing where responsible, serious-minded people could purchase these chemicals, then the manufacture could be supervised and the sales could be both regulated and taxed. A healthy and profitable situation would result for all involved.

**PLAYBOY:** How would a person demonstrate his responsibility and seriousness in applying for a licence?

**LEARY:** The criteria for licensing the use of mild psychedelics like marijuana should be similar to those for the automobile licence. The applicant would demonstrate his seriousness by studying manuals, passing written tests and getting a doctor's certificate of psychological and physical soundness. The licensing for use of powerful psychedelic drugs like LSD should be along the lines of the airplane pilot's licence: intensive study and preparation, plus very stringent testing for fitness and competence.

**PLAYBOY:** What criteria would you use for determining fitness and competence?

**LEARY:** No one has the right to tell anyone else what he should or should not do with this great and last frontier of freedom. I think that anyone who wants 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.

**PLAYBOY:** There are some who see the appeal of your conviction in Laredo as a step leading to legalization of marijuana. Do you think that's possible?

**LEARY:** If I win my case in the higher courts—and my lawyers believe I will—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, arbitrary implementation of irrational and excessive regulation. I consider the marijuana laws to be unjust laws. My 30-year sentence and \$30,000 fine simply pointed up in a rather public way the severity and harshness of the current statutes, which are clearly in violation of several amendments to the Constitution.

**PLAYBOY:** Which amendments?

**LEARY:** The First Amendment, which guarantees the right of spiritual exploration; and the Fifth Amendment, which guarantees immunity from self-incrimination. The fact that I'm being imprisoned for not paying a tax on a substance that, if I had applied for a licence, 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 entered the case with 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 smiles on their faces.

**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 to use anything to be turned on, in the sense that you've turned in to the world.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you dread the prospect of imprisonment?

**LEARY:** Well, I belong to one of the oldest trade unions in human civilization—the alchemists of the mind, the scholars of consciousness. The threat of imprison-

ment is the number-one occupational hazard of my profession. Of the great men of the past whom I hold up as 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 absolutely no fear of imprisonment. First 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 prisons are **internal**. Secondly, a man who feels 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 six 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 starring role. LSD is only the first of many new chemicals that will exhilarate learning, expand consciousness and enhance memory in years to come. These chemicals will inevitably revolutionize our procedures of education, child rearing and social behaviour. Within one generation, through the use of these chemical keys to the nervous system as regular tools of learning, you will be asking your children, when they 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?" I don't know if there'll ever be courses in Marijuana 1A and 1B, as a prerequisite to LSD 101, but there's no doubt that chemicals will be the central method of education in the future. The reason for this, of course, is that the nervous system, and learning and memory itself, is a chemical process. A society in which a large percentage of the population changes consciousness regularly and harmoniously with psychedelic 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 serene: 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 with DMT, which has a very fast action, 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 tranquil privacy.

**PLAYBOY:** How will this psychedelic regimen enrich human life?



**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.





# WISO DAY BY EYE DREARY DAY VIOLO?

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?*

Page 22 — The Advertiser, Sat., Oct. 29, 1966.

● AUSTRALIAN OPEN

## Palmer "Duffs" A Few But Stays In Front

**editors:** Richard Walsh, Dean Letcher.

**production:** Neil Burley.

**foreign agents:** Richard Neville, Martin Sharp.

★ OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. 28-4197.

★ OZ is printed by Amalgamated Offset Pty. Ltd., Chippendale.

★ OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be satirical. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope if you desire return of rejected contributions.

### London OZ

From the beginning of next year it is expected that a London OZ will be published in the Old Country under the guidance of Messrs. Richard Neville and Martin Sharp. It is anticipated that it will reprint suitable material from the Aus. OZ, as well as collecting material of its own which, where relevant, will be republished here.

### Barry McKenzie

Barry McKenzie appears regularly in London's *Private Eye* on the staff of which Our Mart now works. Availing ourselves of this contact, we have arranged for the syndication of this popular strip in OZ.

The text of Barry McKenzie is by Barry Humphries.

### Best Cartoons of '66

To be published on Nov. 23 is a collection of 1966's best cartoons from the pens of Petty, Molnar, Tanner, Sharp, Collette, Weg, Eyre Jnr., Rigby, Benier, Mercier et. al. Title? Unknown.

Price? Unknown but reasonable.

Published by SUN Books; selected and with a text by Richard Walsh.

Two Xmas books we also recommend: Sharp's cartoon book (Horwitz) and Craig McGregor's *Profile of Australia* (Hodder & Stoughton).

## THE ULTIMATE XMAS GESTURE



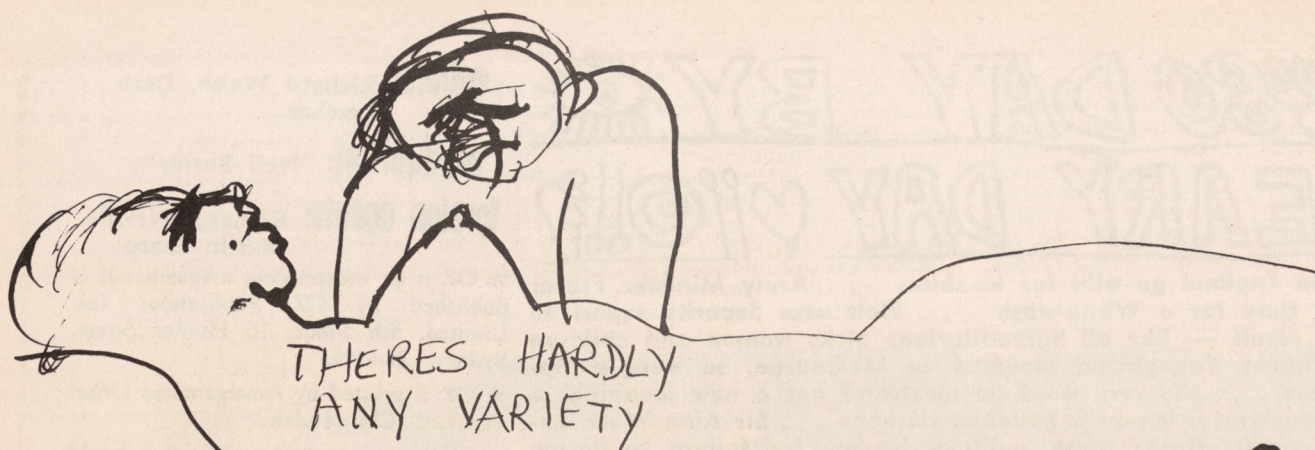
## AN OZ GIFT SUBSCRIPTION

For \$2.40 you give 12 issues; for \$4.50 24 issues. We also send a FREE copy of our Xmas issue with a neat, EDITORIALY SIGNED letter explaining the extent of your generosity.

An imaginative gift which also does a good turn by your favourite magazine. If you don't have friends, give one to yourself.

OZ, November 1966 17





# THE MEN FROM **A-U-N-T-I-E** OR

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, or Canada, or Eurovision, or anywhere at all, for More Money.

For the salaries they pay, the BBC manages to hang onto a collection of layabouts and lackeys who are employed building their own equipment, fixing TV sets for pensioners, refusing to work in 79 degree heat, claiming for overtime not worked, and faking their work stats under supervision so they'll not be required to keep up with those in the wicked world of work: not unlike the general pattern of British industry though, which is why it's where it is.

In 1956, Britain embarked upon commercial television. Five or six television production companies under the chairmanship of Lord Hill have one channel to

play with (bringing London's total to 2½) 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.



England is roughly the same size as Victoria. Victoria maintains twenty-five radio stations, none of which interferes with the reception in neighbouring States. Yet the English live under the rationalisation that there is no room on the dial for any more stations, and that Continentals would be inconvenienced. So things will stay until the British Government decides to alter the properties of Hertzian radiation.

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 itty-bitsy treatment, rather lacking in research or conclusion, and are mass-produced to a two-part pattern, which goes:

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

The BBC can boast of the world's largest collection of fops under one roof. This distinctive species of British manhood 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 tobaccoconously 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.



It was finally disclosed that one of the comedians in the show had chosen to drop his "r"s when making political speeches, an impediment shared by two thirds of the Labour cabinet and George Brown in particular. Political dynamite this was.

If there is any real political bias, it will be shown at a much higher level. The BBC's coverage of the Labour and Conservative annual party conferences of 1965 was particularly anti-Labour. Consequently, Harold Wilson stood the BBC up and bequeathed his much publicised on-a-train-in-motion interview to ITA, after a good deal of preparation had already been made by the BBC.

## THIS IS THE BBC

In a pathetic public statement, the BBC admitted that they had earlier been unfair, but that Harold should have overlooked it and forgiven them.

The BBC, rather intrigued by Peter Watkins' proposed film, "The War Game", commissioned him to make it for them.



"The War Game" detailed the effects of an imaginary nuclear attack on Britain. And, oh dear; after it was completed, the Corporation got cold feet, and kept referring the fate of the film higher and higher, even, it is believed, to the Home Office whose civil defence measures, the film pointed out, are inadequate.

Finally, released in two London cinemas with an X certificate, "The War Game" amazed some, made others sick, and was soon forgotten. Unlike Orson Welles' "War of the Worlds" broadcasts, on which it was modelled, it didn't set the world on fire, and the BBC is instead intrigued by the possibility of televising the House of Lords Show, night after night after night.

Undaunted by ABC Radio's experience in this sort of thing, the BBC now seems set for the ultimate open-line talk show featuring Auntie's favourite Dutch uncles and Hansard as a script. The show will mark Auntie's final abdication of the world of entertainment in favour of ITA and the pirates—so sordid, so commercial, so popular.



### 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 folie 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

## FAST STEAM CLIPPER ARRIVES Bringing with it

**COWBOY KATE**, unadorned, complete with horses, guns, batwing doors, chaps, etc. In spite of the trip, Kate is pretty warm, but wants a home. 160 BIG . . . 14" x 11" pages with a photo on each page of Kate and friends in natural state. \$10.30.

Also travelling with Kate were "FIVE GIRLS", charming creatures, but not loved by the local dressmaker. Carnaby Street

would go broke if more followed their lead! Sam Hoskins took enough photos for 144 large pages. They're posted for just \$7.75.

"THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX" — a book which may be of some interest to some readers, and which gives frank and friendly advice . . . at \$1.65.

"HEKURA" (the Diving Girls Island)—will interest anthropologists and pearl wearers and givers. 74 photos, 34 in color, and most showing the girls at work—diving for pearls in their topless togs. \$3.25. Plenty of text too.

**AUSTRALIAN SON** . . . Max Brown has a bash at Ned Kelly in this, 232 pages, \$2.76.

**THE INNER HISTORY OF THE KELLY GANG.** A horrible title, but one of the most honest efforts ever made. Badly in need of editing, and so on, but a very good book, and at a price that the worker can afford, 6 and a zac posted, paperback, 316 pp., photos.



# KAMA SUTRA



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.

BANNED BOOK CLUB  
BOX A14 SYDNEY SOUTH  
Membership fee \$1. Kama Sutra \$4  
I AM OVER 21  
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....  
.....

SIGNATURE .....

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.

20 OZ, November 1966

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 Columbus, 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 Cousins 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?*

## STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS...

Narks, Phizgigs, Mugwumps,  
Read No Further!

**NEW, BIG HUMOUR** Range Of Way-Out Gifts & Novelties For Swinging People

★ Big 11" x 8" **'RATFINK'S HOLLYWOOD'** Book Is Hilarious Send-Up Of Big Name Stars. If There's Anyone We Haven't Offended We'll Do A Sequel!

★ **SIZZLING** Big Humour **DIARY** (Appointment Book, Desk Diary, etc.) Undated And Chock Full Of Bawdy New Jokes & Cartoons For All 300 & SIXTY Five Days. Be Told . . . This Is A Real **WINNER**.

★ Wild **'PARTY'** Record Covers, In Living Color. These Are The Craziest; A Party Sensation & Fabulous Wall Decoration . . . A Real Gas Gift.

GET WITH IT . . . Send **TODAY** (Enclose 4c Stamp) For Details And **FREE COLOR SAMPLE** . . . Also (Limited Period Only) **FREE GIFT** Offer!



*Shall we get right to it or do you want me to act nervous and frightened first?*

**'PARTY'** Record Covers (OZ11)

Box 3702, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

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

*In short, the best of MARTIN SHARP.*

**MARTIN SHARP CARTOONS (\$1.00)**

*Available at all bookshops and newsagents.*



# TRENDIES★

The Hon. TREMBLE and Randolph GRUNTLEY-FANG are TYPICAL of The **EXPLOSIVE YOUTHQUAKING** ("MAN-TURKEY FELL APART when WE Passed Through") **TRENDSETTERS** WHO HAVE ESTABLISHED LONDON as THE CAULDRON of INTERNATIONAL TREND★ THEY ARE **ZOOMING** Like RED HOT E-TYPES into the **GLITZ-TERING GO WORLD** of INCANDESCENT LONDON LIMELIGHT CHALLENGING SUCH **POPE'S & POP** of THE GAUDY EMOTIVE ROLLINGSTONEAGE HIPHIGH CAMP SOCIETY AS JAGGER★ CLEAVE★ FROST★ MOST★ STAMP and QUANT★ AS OLD as an IKED VODKATINI ICONOCLASTIC ARBITER of TRENDIE TASTE RANDOLPH (RANDY to HIS LIVERPOOL CHUMS) LAUNCHED The CULTISH "HOT AS A PISTOL" **TREND** FOR FIBRE GLASS SPASTIC COLLECTION BOXES ("WE HAVE OVER 70") ELEVATING This ONCE MUNDANE OBJECT of THE STREET TO THE DIZZY HEIGHTS of HIGH POPCAMP. BOTH TREMBLE and RANDOLPH have FEATURED IN THE PRIVILEGED PAGES of THAT STAR SPANGLED BIBLE OF "DIN"-LONDON LIFE-IT TIMES... **FINID** WERE ON THE RESERVE LIST FOR THE OPENING of THE LIVING-ART FORM OF THE PULSATING VORTEX OF THE SCENE ★ SYBOLLAS★ TREMBLE IS CURRENTLY ARRANGING A PORTRAIT SITTING WITH THE DARLING OF DISTORTION-GERALD SCARFE © RANDOLPH'S EYEBROW IS BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH ©©©©★



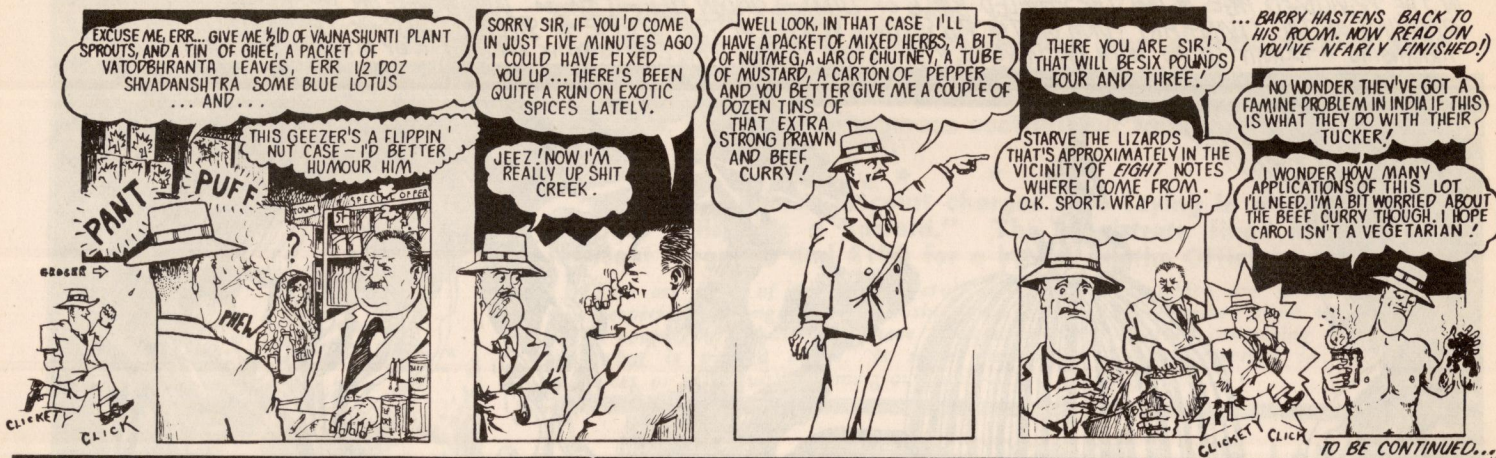
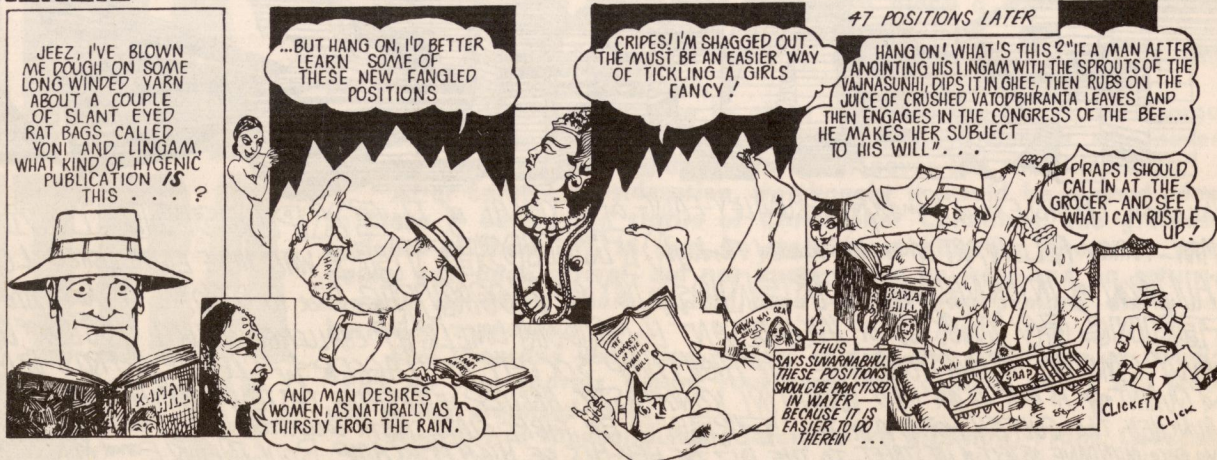


# BARRY MCKENZIE

THE STORY SO FAR:

BARRY MCKENZIE, A STRAPPING YOUNG SPECIMEN OF AUSTRALIAN MANHOOD HAS RECENTLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND. AFTER A SERIES OF HILARIOUS ESCAPADES WITH A TAXI DRIVER, A BELLY DANCER AND YET ANOTHER HILARIOUS ESCAPADE WITH A COMPULSIVE LIAR, HE MEETS STUNNING YOUNG MODEL GIRL CAROLINE THIZE. BEFORE THEIR FIRST DATE BARRY BUYS SEVERAL WORKS OF ORIENTAL EROTICA.

NOW READ ON...

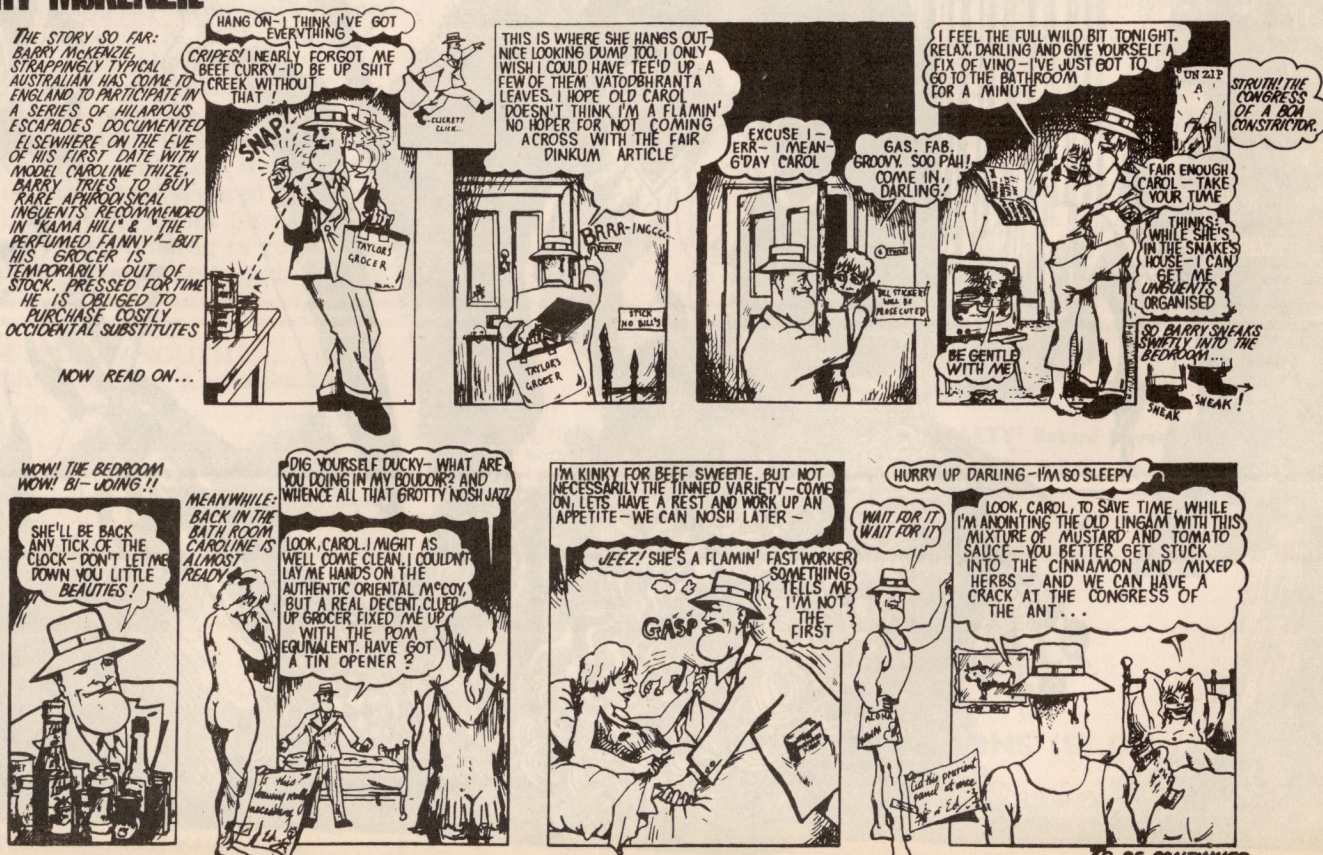


# BARRY MCKENZIE

THE STORY SO FAR:

BARRY MCKENZIE, STRAPPINGLY TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN HAS COME TO ENGLAND TO PARTICIPATE IN A SERIES OF HILARIOUS ESCAPADES DOCUMENTED ELSEWHERE ON THE EVE OF HIS FIRST DATE WITH MODEL CAROLINE THIZE. BARRY TRIES TO BUY RARE APHRODISICAL INGREDIENTS RECOMMENDED IN 'KAMA HILL' & 'THE PERFUMED FANNY' BUT HIS GROCER IS TEMPORARILY OUT OF STOCK. PRESSED FOR TIME HE IS OBLIGED TO PURCHASE COSTLY OCCIDENTAL SUBSTITUTES

NOW READ ON...

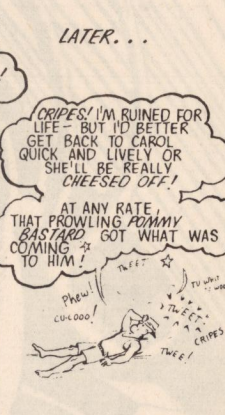
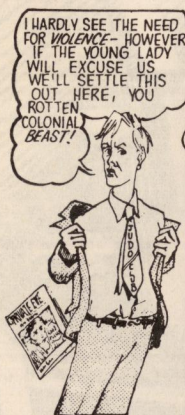
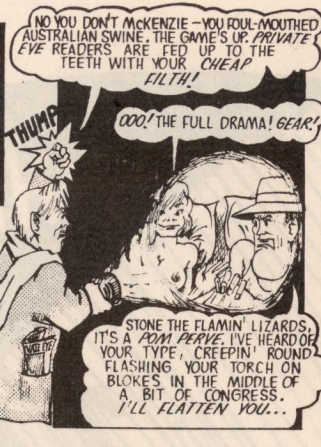




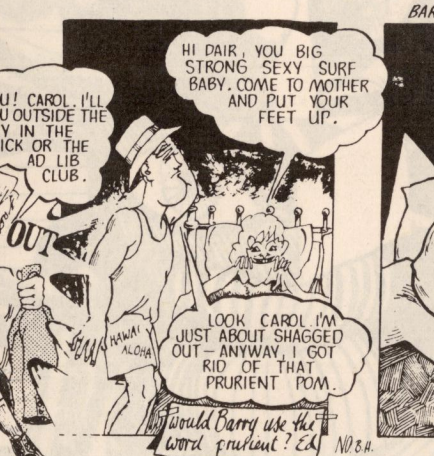
THE STORY SO FAR:  
B. MCKENZIE, EMINENT  
AUSTRALIAN CHUNDERER  
CALLS ON TOP MODEL  
CAROLINE THIZE, WITH  
A VIEW TO CONGRESS.

IF YOU ARE REALLY  
INTERESTED IN THE  
STORY SO FAR YOU  
CAN WRITE TO  
PRIVATE EYE  
AND OBTAIN BACK  
NUMBERS AT 2/-  
PER COPY POST  
FREE . . .

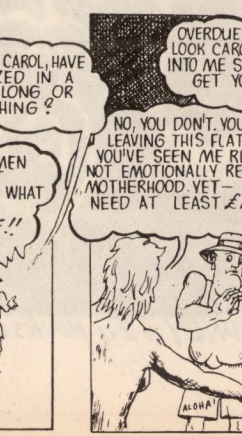
NOW READ ON...



LATER...



BARRY PASSES OUT COLD...



TO BE CONTINUED.



# WHAT IS A BINKIE?



BINKIE'S BEEF BURGERS © 212 ELIZABETH ST. SYDNEY © 24 HOURS © AN INCREDIBLY GROTESQUE PRESTIGE AD. BY SHARPE.