

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



LSD—
A VANISHING
WORLD

Arthur S. Link

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LSD—A Vanishing World

"Once upon a time a man put on beads and became a hippie. Today the hippie takes off his beads and becomes a man—a free man."

These words were intoned as hippies paraded with a black coffin through San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury section proclaiming "the death of the hippie." Waving sticks of incense and small flags, they shouted, "Hippie is dead. Now we are free."

As a haven for youth in rebellion against middle-class society and its present values, the Haight-Ashbury section became synonymous with a life-style that advocated peace, drugs, free love, and a radical reorganization of society through the gentle persuasion of "flower power." If you had turned-in and turned-on, the Haight was the place to go to freak-out.

LSD became a hallmark of the movement, as did also marijuana; "speed," a type of amphetamine; and a new power drug called STP. The "high" derived from the latter could last three times as long as a trip on LSD.

But things weren't all peace and love. Life usually comes through effort, exertion, and work. Real satisfactions don't develop from the curiously cheerless existence of the hippies, as they sit hollow-eyed staring blankly out at the grimy sidewalk, "grooving," as they call it, waiting for something to happen. "We survive," said one when asked what their life was like. Obviously, many didn't even get this far. Things in hippiedom went from bad to worse. Hospitals had to deal with a stream of youth suffering from bad trips, or "bummers." With the increase of drug use came violence and murder. The police were forced to move in.

"Things have gone wrong," said Arthur Lisch, a leader of the Diggers, a group that served hot meals in Golden Gate Park. "With the death of the hippie, we will be reborn."

Little by little this same realization has come to thousands across the country who now have arrived at the conclusion that this gruesome existence isn't so "groovy" after all.

"They're never going to conquer the world by not working or by dropping out, because that's just running away," says a twenty-three-year-old operator of a child-care center in New York's East Village.

Ron Thelin operated his Psychedelic Shop on the edge of a big-city hippie area. Now it is closed, with a \$6,000 debt hanging over it. "The spirit is gone," he observed as the doors shut for the last time.

So the hippie life, the LSD existence, the drug approach to Utopia—all are beginning to show up in their true perspective. Instead of entering the gates of heaven, instead of idealizing love and beauty, the flower children are deciding that it all is indeed a vanishing world.



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★ Why do women get mixed up with drink? Part of the answer is in Dr. L. A. Senseman's article, "Women and Alcohol."

★ Marijuana is harmless, it is claimed. But what do the users themselves say about it? Read "Por' Luck in Fairfield County," by Pat Jordan.

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THE DESTROYING ANGEL

Thea Trent

SOME members of the mushroom family are anything but beautiful to look at. Those of us who have lived in the country can recall varieties which seem to spring up overnight in the farmyard or along mossy woodland paths. They were, for the most part, stubby little things. It was fun to gather baskets of these, with their pungent earth fragrance, and to bring them to the farmhouse kitchen to be cooked for dinner or canned for winter use.

But not all members of the mushroom tribe are homely, safe little things. One in particular is as lovely as a gardenia—but as deadly as a cobra. Its common name is the “destroying angel.” If even one of them appeared in a basketful picked by children, a wise mother would destroy the basket and the entire contents and scrub the pickers’ hands over and over with strong soap. Communities where this specimen is found often have stories of some small child who, enchanted with the beauty of the flowerlike fungus, had picked it and tasted it—either dying in agony or barely escaping death. This terrible growth is so beautiful, so innocent-looking! It stands erect on a rather long, slender, snow-white stem. Both the underflutings and the top are pure white and delicate in form. How could such a flowerlike growth be harmful?

This might be likened to the situation when LSD first appeared in our midst; it was thought to be harmless, perfectly safe, non-habit-forming. You sucked a lump of sugar, and then you saw all sorts of beautiful colors and forms! Sometimes you felt you were traveling on rosy clouds! One mother said: “When I saw the teen-agers sucking the lumps of sugar, I thought it was a little silly, but everyone said it was harmless.” Her son is now committed, insane, with a violent type of mania. The doctors attribute it directly to LSD. Whether there is any hope for recovery, or whether the drug has caused permanent brain damage, they are not ready to state.

A lovely girl, cherished by parents who sought to give her every advantage, spent two years studying in one of the famous art schools of Paris. When she returned, she seemed to have changed in some way, to have become withdrawn. On the Fourth of July of last year she stepped to one of the service pumps of a gasoline station, turned the hose over herself, and struck a match. Instantly she became a human torch, and though one of the attendants quenched the flames in a matter of seconds, she was burned with third-degree burns over 99 percent of her body.

This in medical records means certain death, yet she lived on for several weeks. At first, despite hideous agony, she refused narcotics, convinced, as she told later,



that this ordeal was necessary to escape hell. But when she was convinced that her view was wrong, she accepted the drugs ordered by the physicians. Her father reported that she confessed to having taken LSD all during her two years abroad and that the idea of suicide grew steadily. The doctors agreed that her act was caused by LSD. The grief-stricken father said he wanted the full report to be given. "If one young person can be prevented from taking this terrible LSD by what has happened to my daughter, I want it told!"

A young man got into his car one evening. With no regard for red lights or stop signs, he crashed at high speed into other cars, almost demolishing them, and seriously injuring a number of people, including himself. Of course the police suspected he had been drinking, but they found no trace of alcohol. Doctors in the emergency room learned that he had no recollection of getting into the car and driving, nor of the accident. Under questioning, he said he had taken LSD often in the past but had stopped for some time because he began to be afraid of the stuff. The medical diagnosis confirmed this to be a case in which the effects of LSD recurred long after the taking of the drug, adding that it was impossible to foretell which users could be so affected.

The newspapers report that a teen-ager, taking LSD, became convinced nothing on earth could harm him, that he was immune to all danger. After rushing through red lights on his motorcycle, without harm, he jumped in front of a train and was instantly killed.

These instances, all noted as news items in reputable papers, serve as specimens of what LSD is capable of doing, and the hideous menace it presents to its users. It was first found as a fungus on rye, but now is being produced synthetically very cheaply; and it is also being administered by hypodermic. Potential danger from its use exceeds many times that from heroin, morphine, or cocaine, for these narcotics are very expensive and under heavy penalty of the law. It came into use so slyly, but so glamorously. Article after article has been written about the ecstasy experienced by users—the glorious colors, the "trips" into heaven itself. But who is hiding the other side: the hideous madness, which may destroy the brain, the suicide drive, the recurrent effects which make every user as dangerous as a lethal bomb? Remember, the teen-ager who reads these lines may indeed experience a sort of Disneyland enchantment. But he may, on the other hand, plunge into a hell of madness from which he can never escape!

The deadly mushroom, the destroying angel, may look like a flower of exquisite purity! The reaching hand of a child does not see the death lurking in the snow-white flutings. But how many have died when they ate!

A well-known movie actor is reported to have held up a small vial of LSD, saying: "This little bottle is all that is needed for the peace of the world." Furthermore, he claimed he would give the drug to everyone—even his own baby!

It is even said that using LSD contributes to religious experience, the drug facilitating union with the divine. LSD: "The League of Spiritual Discovery." Have we wandered so far afield that we cannot approach God except by using a "mind-expanding" drug, a drug which has such a terrible possibility of disaster and death?

Indeed, how charming this destroying angel of the narcotics world seems at first—but how deadly it can be to those who are attracted by its lure!

A MEDICAL WARNING ON *LSD*

Duke Fisher, M.D.

UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute

MOST of us are aware that the use of hallucinogenic drugs is increasing among young people in colleges, high schools, universities, and various private schools. LSD—*l*-ysergic acid diethylamide tartrate—is perhaps the most popular of the current hallucinogenic drugs.

We have found that most students are not at all impressed when adults and parents preach to them that LSD is "a terrible thing" and at the same time adults continue to use alcohol, nicotine, and massive doses of tranquilizers. This kind of hypocrisy serves as a poor model for young people contemplating the use of hallucinogenic drugs.

Most young people are struggling with concerns about who they are, what they want to do with their lives, and what is important in terms of living. We have found that many are struggling with feelings of aggression and sexuality at this very important time in their lives. One of the tasks of this age is to find methods of accommodating these very important feelings.

Since LSD creates a drugged state that enables the young person to avoid dealing with feelings of aggression and sexuality, it lends itself very well to the people who have the most to lose from using it—the teen-agers. Many of the young people we have spoken to were particularly fond of this aspect of LSD usage—namely, that it enables them to avoid getting angry, having to experience sexual feelings, and having to get "involved with ego games of society." A rather characteristic reply is: "Why should I spoil something as beautiful as LSD with something as common as sex?" Unfortunately, many of the young people who continue to use LSD become increasingly withdrawn.

I believe that the increased frequency of hallucinogenic drug use among young people is especially significant for two reasons: (1) It is unpredictable who will have an adverse reaction to LSD; and (2) it is possible to have recurrent LSD experiences without using the drug again. We have encountered many people who have given up LSD, only to find that as much as two years later they are having panic reactions, paranoid feelings, and hallucinations without taking LSD again.

I consider it extremely important that information as to the knowable effects of hallucinogenic drugs be made available to students in high schools, colleges, and universities. There is a great deal of attraction to anything forbidden.

The more that LSD and the other hallucinogenic drugs are freely discussed and studied, the less desirable they will be. Sufficient evidence is available to blacklist LSD as a very dangerous and potentially harmful drug. Those of us who want to be of service to young people must stop simply cursing it and start providing information about the dangers of its use.

WHY WE KNOW ABOUT LSD

Lindsay R. Curtis, M.D.

THE GAUNT, blond, tousled-haired seventeen-year-old lay writhing and sobbing. An acrid stench rose from the filthy mattress on which his sweaty, half-naked frame lay in a contorted heap.

As he leaped to his feet he screamed: "They're doing it again. They're doing it again. My brains are gushing out. I'm losing my brains!"

Rollo was his name, but no one who had known him six months earlier would have recognized him. No one would have believed that Rollo had once made the wrestling team in college, or that he had maintained a three-point average up to this year.

On a dare, Rollo had taken a dose of LSD. The "trip" on which it had taken Rollo was a thrilling, kaleidoscopic journey down a rainbow-striped tube of pure ecstasy. The array of flashing lights played over never-before-experienced distortions of time, space, and sound. It was all too wonderful to describe. Rollo could scarcely wait for the next trip.

Once more Rollo "expanded" his mind into the great and untried unknown. Once more it was an indescribably exciting adventure into ecstasy. The rest of the world simply didn't know what it was missing.

What Rollo didn't know was that he was carrying out a frighteningly dangerous experiment, not only with his mind, but with his future. Why was this experiment so



Floating into fantasyland, the LSD user loses touch with environment.

frightening? Why so dangerous? Why does the top drug authority in this country term the use of LSD a "folly-filled game of chemical Russian roulette?"¹ Why does another expert call this drug the most powerful of our time?²

LSD, or d-lysergic acid diethylamide, is so powerful that a microscopic speck, one 280,000th of an ounce, can take a person out of the world of reality and deposit him in a schizophrenic-like state of disorientation for eight or ten hours. It can cause him to lose controlled contact with his conscious environment as

he floats into fantasyland. It can cause his plenary personality to disintegrate into a shower of uncoordinated, unrelated, disjointed hodgepodge of figmentation.

At best the action of LSD is unpredictable. While it may take its user on a fabulously pleasant trip into a new world of fantasy, the fairy godmother may suddenly, without explanation or warning, change into a monster, as in the case of Rollo. It may also unpredictably become a hideous vampire firmly leeching onto its helpless victim and refusing under any circumstances to relinquish its grip.

There is no way to predict when or under what circumstances the chameleon-like action of LSD may be totally reversed.

LSD is a hallucinogen. Hallucinogens cause us to hallucinate, to imagine we see things that really aren't there. These

drugs are also called "psychodysleptic," "psychotogenic," or "psychotomimetic" because of the psychotic-like (insane-like) symptoms they produce. Chronic users of these drugs prefer to call them "psychedelics," which means mind-manifesting.

Since hallucinogens take a person into a world of make-believe, a world of hallucinations, they have become a favorite of those who wish to withdraw from life and reality. LSD fills a person with a sensation of expansiveness, a feeling of having achieved, when actually he has never even started to achieve. The dreams of accomplishment remain unfulfilled except in the dreamer's mind. The tasks remain undone. Fantasy substitutes for reality.

LSD is not habit forming. There is no physical withdrawal effect except that the user must again face reality and life as it is. However, under the effect of LSD the user's judgment is impaired. Two reliable researchers consider it inadvisable for an individual who takes even one dose of LSD to make a major decision about himself for at least three months.³

Not only is LSD unpredictable, but its actions are far from being understood. It motivates certain processes that medicine has not been able to fathom. For instance, LSD may provoke severe mental depression or even schizophrenic reactions in otherwise normal individuals.³

Under the influence of these mental changes, as many as 8 percent become suicidal or even homicidal. One student, after hearing a lecture on the "beneficial effects of LSD on human health and happiness," decided to try LSD. His first psychedelic flight into fantasy took him out the apartment window to a ridiculous rendezvous with sure death.

Recent research, although not yet conclusive, points toward an association of LSD use with permanent changes in body chromosomes similar to those found in leukemia (cancer of the blood) and in deformed offspring. Indications are that even one dose *could* produce these changes. While these findings are not absolute, their threat is sufficient to cause a second look by any would-be LSD users.

And while we are considering the pros and cons of the psychedelics, while we are waiting for further research to confirm or deny our suspicions, let's summarize briefly the positive findings, the things we *do* know about them.

1. LSD is *not* physically habit-forming, but some individuals *may* become psychologically dependent upon it.

2. With the possible exception of some of its successors, Dimethyltryptophane and so-called STP, it is the most powerful drug we have today. One 280,000th of an ounce can take a person on an eight- to twelve-hour "trip."¹

3. It is one of the most unpredictable drugs we have today. Its action is not constant. Several so-called good "trips" may suddenly be followed by an indescribable nightmare-like trip.²

4. While the usual dose may have no ill effects, this same

Claiming religious insight, the LSD follower says he is "turned on," in order to "see with the eye of Christ," which he describes as the all-seeing, all-knowing image of the LSD religion.

dose can suddenly and unpredictably produce complete disorientation.

5. LSD may produce chronic states of paranoia and schizophrenia in previously *normal* individuals. Some psychotic states last from a few months up to two years.³

6. These trips, good and bad, may recur even months later without the user's taking any additional drug.⁴

7. An LSD dose is not accurately calibrated because it is produced under black-market, nonregulated conditions. Even the possession of the drug is illegal. To sell it or traffic in it is a serious offense.⁵

8. LSD does *not* increase the creativity of individuals.⁶ Most of their enthusiasm is based upon wishful thinking. In truth they have *stopped doing anything*.³

9. LSD causes a reduction in responsibility and judgment. In fact, two investigators consider it inadvisable for an individual who takes even *one dose* of LSD to make a major decision about himself for at least three months.³

10. About 13 percent of the users develop overwhelming panic, 12 percent become violent, 8 percent become homicidal or suicidal, and 16 percent require extended hospitalization, according to one report.⁷

11. Newer psychedelics like DMT and STP differ from LSD only in that they are more powerful. One dose takes a person on a four-day trip instead of eight to ten hours. And if the trip turns out to be a "bad" one, the usual antidote, chlorpromazine, doesn't work. Instead of providing relief, it seems to provoke convulsions, coma, and in some cases a near-miss with death.⁸

12. Although the research is still going on, there are strong indications that LSD produces changes in human chromosomes similar to those found in chronic myelogenous leukemia (cancer of the blood).^{8,9}

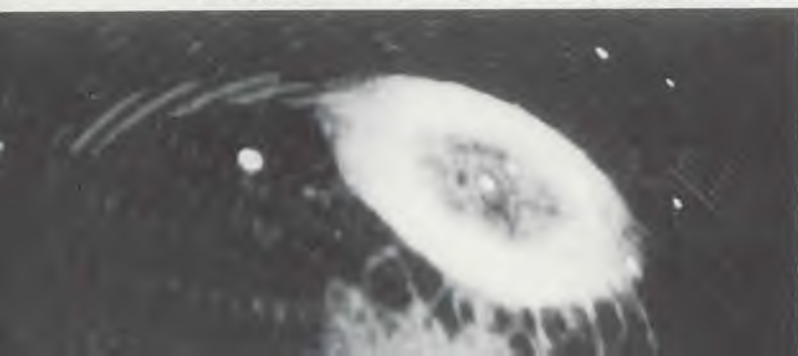
13. Research also points toward similar changes in chromosomes that could cause its users to give birth to deformed offspring.^{8,9}

Much will continue to be written about the psychedelics. The entire psychedelic discipline is growing like an unruly adolescent.

However, while we are waiting for the final word on some of these effects, let's not tamper with an unpredictable. The "mind-expander" in this case could become a "mind-exploder."

Psychedelics are not kid stuff. They are serious business. They can be *dead* serious.

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"Psychedelic" as a word proves highly commercial in sales displays and ad campaigns, whether the merchandise has anything to do with drugs or not. Just the idea seems enough to hook customers.

New adult game turns up in the stores, whether psychedelic or not, and uses the abbreviation for the infamous drug as a come-on. With this game you would create only an innocent "happening."

Simple check designs and dazzling color combinations provide op-art styles favored by psychedelic boutiques. This dress is viewed through refracting glasses favored by hippies.

PSYCHEDELIC SHOPPING

MERCHANTS have sensed a public conditioned to hallucinogenic matters and have found that sales of all sorts of products can be increased by inserting the psychedelic idea into the sales pitch. Thus attention-grabbing "psychedelic sales" are run by department stores and food markets. Large dress departments stock clothes in psychedelic designs, op-art, or paisley patterns that are the fashion in all things visual. Eye-searching psychedelic colors and designs animate the premises of stores that otherwise have nothing in common with the psychedelic shops.

Surrounded thus, disarmed adults and teen-agers alike conclude that psychedelia is a dazzling, untroubled, pipe-dream world that is much more fun to live in than ordinary reality. That

the drug world is a sickened, clandestine, criminal, dead-end existence is a dark story the drug-underground leaders remain silent about.

While the turn-on obtained through psychedelic shopping, viewing, and listening is strictly simulated, the stimuli involved are implicitly dangerous. When a person tires of their limited messages, there's a good chance he'll try satisfying his newly developed taste for hallucinogenic delights with a drug experience. That many shoppers for psychedelia have traveled beyond the window-shopping stage is demonstrated by the fact that marijuana smoking has become commonplace. Authorities estimated that perhaps ten million Americans, mostly youth, have tried "pot" at least once.

Photographs by Schiff, Three Lions

No item is too small to attract attention of psychedelic merchants. Even matchboxes carry a special op-art design. Men's ties in the background are psychedelic in design.

Psychedelic shops provide paraphernalia needed for "turning on," such as glass variations of the Turkish water pipe.

In psychedelic shops, pop bottles are distorted in surrealistic shapes, as if seen in drug-induced dreams. All wares here are aimed at tastes of drug users, like the eye-popping posters behind.



STP: A Deadly Trip



leo rosenhouse

MORNING newspaper readers along the Pacific Coast heard about it first—one of the earliest of deaths to be reported from the use of "STP" during 1967, and the victim happened to be a prominent graduate university student who lived in California.

"Some of his kookie friends gave him STP, and this caused his tailspin," a spokesman said. "This is the horrible part—a fellow student gave him STP knowing he had had a breakdown!"

The STP victim had been brilliant and was on his way toward an important career in the field of psychology when he mistakenly began to try drugs like marijuana and LSD as a personal research project to determine how much he could expand his mind. The process had led to a mental depression at a time when he was in reach of his doctorate degree.

Whether the use of STP induced suicide or caused an involuntary asphyxiation may never be known, but the drug did obviously send its victim on a very bad trip from which there was no return.

Is STP for real? That's what many thousands are asking themselves after being confronted with confusing reports of a new drug considered far more potent and dangerous than LSD.

The fact that STP happens to be the copyrighted identification for a well-established and nationally known oil product makes the matter all the more chaotic. The public has been accustomed to observing STP signs in service stations and garages and as stickers on automobile windows. Hopefully, the STP fad will vanish to reestablish the image of the STP symbol only as an oil additive.

According to the Food and Drug Administration, STP is

pure hippie terminology and stands for: "Serenity, Tranquility, and Peace." But does it?

"Many persons who have allegedly used STP have suffered severe reactions, according to experts from a number of hospitals," states the FDA. Because of the lack of information about the effects of the substance, the FDA considers its use extremely hazardous.

Doctors are now warning that atropine compounds, often used to combat effects of "bad trips" on LSD, could prove fatal when used with STP.

"STP is chemically similar to mescaline and amphetamine," an FDA representative advises.

Large doses of STP, which is considered at least four times stronger than a similar amount of LSD, can produce a high feeling for as long as three or four days.

It is not to be confused with "68," a product even more recent than STP. The Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia has lately researched LSD, STP, and "68," as well as other hallucinatory drugs.

"LSD is like being let out of a cage," a New Jersey health officer states, "while '68' and STP are like being shot out of a gun!"

Those who use STP pay approximately \$5 to \$10 per dose and may receive it in the form of a solution soaked into a sugar cube, as LSD was first popularly produced, or even purchase it in the form of blotting paper soaked with STP solution and then brewed or simply chewed or swallowed.

"STP Users: Do Not Take Thorazine, Seconal, or Other Downers for STP Bum-Trips," declare a number of signs in

free houses in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury District. "If You Need Help, Call Free Medical Clinic."

Such signs are now plastered elsewhere throughout the city by the Golden Gate, for doctors and health authorities recognize the dangers of STP. Unhappily, San Francisco has become known as the mecca for bizarre drug use and experimentation, and when a hallucinatory drug finds a popular following among certain San Franciscans, it quickly becomes a national rage.

San Francisco physicians call STP a megahallucinogen and are warning its users that the tranquilizers, sedatives, and other central nervous system depressants, which usually serve as calming antidotes for LSD highs, only act to accentuate the dangerous and ill effects of STP.

To combat STP, San Francisco opened a special clinic managed by a general hospital physician, Dr. David E. Smith. Opening in the summer of 1967, this unusual clinic was established in a dull-looking seven-room flat in the center of the Haight-Ashbury District, called "Hippieland."

The hippie clinic functioned uninterrupted until early October, 1967, when lack of funds caused its closure, but demand for its specialized services was sufficient to induce health authorities to create similar services in various existing health facilities in the downtown district. Like the hippie clinic, other facilities offer free care.

Dr. David Smith believes the original special clinic may reopen either with federal funds through a special grant, or from private donations, if not from the city of San Francisco itself.

Funds to reestablish the clinic are being accumulated through benefits given by entertainers and through the efforts of concerned parents of teen-age children who have ventured into the Haight-Ashbury District of the city.

Trying to reach the hippies through their own language, the hippie clinic placed posters throughout its halls and entrances admonishing, "Love Needs Are." The clinic functioned around the clock, and was staffed by volunteer medical doctors, pharmacists, and other related medico-social personnel. About 100 hippies daily were given attention.

"Ninety percent of the kids who came here, almost all between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four, usually didn't know where they might spend the night or with whom," a staff physician in attendance at the clinic reported.

"Some of the long-haired girls who came to the clinic were pregnant. After their physical examination, they were referred to community social agencies," the doctor continued in explanation. "Many of the clinic's patients were suffering from VD, or from hepatitis and other infections contracted from dirty hypodermic needles used to shoot amphetamines. These patients were often referred to city health agencies."

But the new and dangerous drug is now STP, and for so many young people it creates a bad trip in which the hallucinations are almost too severe to endure. For such victims the San Francisco hippie clinic had maintained a "meditation room" in which doctors and qualified personnel attempted to talk drug victims back down into a world of reality.

While the Food and Drug Administration has given its own hippie version of the meaning of STP, there are hippies who contend that STP came from drag race talk and somehow the term "STP" caught on among drag race fans who had hippie interests. Thus the identification was established.

For many, STP can be purchased in capsule form. In but a few minutes it causes hallucinations, some of which can be terrifying and drive the victim to violence—homicidal or suicidal.

Related chemically to atropine, and a depressant, it has a genuine use in surgery as a muscle relaxant. Misuse of STP not only leads to hallucinations, but to impaired breathing and irregular heart activity. When taken in connection with tranquilizers, STP causes severe nerve impairment which may lead to death. It is among the most dangerous and damaging of psychedelic drugs and is being manufactured illegally. Its formula is known to numerous chemists and it is not too difficult to make.

STP in any form is a deadly substance and a potential killer. Users not only menace themselves but endanger others through the hallucinogenic effects created by the drug which gives a deadly trip.



Which bottle contains STP? This drug, four times as powerful as LSD, causes the mind to misbehave, often resulting in sudden violence, self-destruction, or murder.



Users of STP resort to any novel means of challenging a society which frowns on hallucinogenics. This motorist's sign has a double meaning in that it can likewise refer to a well-known, nationally advertised oil additive.



Newsweek—James D. Wilson



There's Nowhere

to Go but Up

Blendena L. Sonnichsen

IT WAS A bone-chilling night in the Bay Area—fine rain drizzling through a brisk wind that made one seek shelter and the warmth of a fire. Out of sheer boredom, while waiting for my husband to return to our hotel room from the annual jewelers convention, I had slipped around the corner to browse in an import house.

I saw the "Mutt and Jeff" couple standing in the art department gazing intently at a picture frame the tall one held at arm's length.

They looked like the kooks or hippies one sees and reads so much about. One girl was dressed for Alaska in a dirty, quilted fur-collared coat, visored cap, and levis stuck in the top of thick-soled boots.

Long earrings of fine wire in loops the size of an orange hung below matted blond hair; enormous dark glasses nearly covered her face.

Her tall skinny companion's face was hidden by stringy dark hair that hung to the shoulders of her red-and-white T-shirt worn over levis so tight I wondered if she ever took them off. When I looked down at a pair of feet with the longest toes I'd ever seen, I knew this wasn't a girl—it was a man!

Customers and clerks slyly snickered as the man paid for the frame, slung it over the girl's shoulder, and strode to the door, head down, thumbs hooked in the top of his levis. I was interested, curious about this odd couple. Who were they? Where did they live; what did they do? Why did they dress so funny, wear dark glasses, and act so odd?

I could hear my husband say "Nosey" as he did when I got personal, but Phil wasn't with me now. I was alone and free to "snoop."

Hurriedly I followed the couple, nearly bumping them when suddenly they turned into a doorway. Heavenly odors of food filled the air as I was pushed into a line of people eager for food and warmth.

Before I realized what was happening, I also held a tray of food, and at the cash register paid \$1.19 before a sign that said "Sam's Steakery—A Plush Cafeteria."

I carried my tray to their table, set it down and dropped into the heavy wooden captain's chair. I was dragging the chair closer to the table when suddenly a howl of pain sounded, the

table tipped, and I had a lap full of hot coffee. The man beside me frantically pushed my chair, then he sat back and pulled up a dirty bloody foot which he cradled in his hands as he rocked back and forth moaning.

Handing the man some paper napkins for his foot I sat back limply in my chair, gingerly picking at my wet skirt. "This is what I get for being nose-y," I said to myself. Thank goodness Phil wasn't with me.

"I'm so sorry, mister," I apologized when the man quieted down.

"You set your chair on my big toe, woman. You mashed it," a deep voice said through the stringy hair that covered his face.

"I didn't mean to—it was an accident. Right now you've got to have that foot taken care of. Can you walk to the hotel around the corner? My husband and I are staying there. I'll get a doctor to look at your toe."

I expected an argument, but the man stood up carefully, ordered the girl, who hadn't stopped eating since the accident, to go home, and obediently followed me out of the restaurant. People stared at us curiously, and when I saw his bare feet on the cold cement I had goose bumps. The hotel desk clerk's eyebrows raised when I asked him to send a doctor to our room, but he said nothing. A few minutes later a tall gray-haired man knocked at the door and introduced himself as Dr. Poe. He glanced at my long-haired guest and opened his bag.

"You'll have to clean that foot so I can examine it," he ordered, and sat down in a chair to wait.

"I'll call the desk and see if they can give the man a room then you can examine it after he bathes," I said. "He's a stranger to me, but it's my fault he's hurt. I set my chair down on his toe."

When the room was arranged, I gave the man a pair of Phil's pajamas and his zories. Dr. Poe went with him to make sure he took a bath. I called room service for sandwiches and milk, then changed my wet skirt, left a note for Phil, and went across the hall to the man's room.

He'd evidently bathed, for he was sitting in a chair, his thin frame nearly lost in the pajamas, wet hair pushed behind his

s revealing hollow cheeks, dark eyes, and a hump on his nose that looked as if the nose might have once been broken.

"That's a badly bruised toe, and he'll lose the nail, but no bones are broken," Dr. Poe said, taping the bandage. "He'd better stay here tonight. I'll look at it again tomorrow."

I thanked him, and the man nodded. He hadn't spoken a word since the accident. I didn't even know his name.

"I'm Mrs. Sonnichsen," I said when Dr. Poe left. Silence. I sat down.

Suddenly a deep voice said, "I'm Brophy." He sounded peculiar.

"Is it Mister Brophy?" I asked politely.

"Just Brophy. We only use one name."

"We?"

Brophy stared at me hostilely, then looked down at his toe. "OK, OK. I know what you're up to. You think I'm a hippie."

"Are you?" I stood up and walked toward the door. "I'd like to ask you a few questions, but if you don't want to talk, that's your privilege. Good night, Brophy." I'd muffed everything. If I'd gained the man's confidence, I might have learned what made these people shun convention, band together in defiance of society that was demoralizing so many young people. How could we help them if we didn't know about them?

"Wait." Brophy's voice sounded pleading. "There's no use hiding things any longer. If I don't get them off my chest I'll go nuts. I've been wanting to change—"

"Change?"

"That's right, lady, change. Did you ever do anything stupid or foolish in your life you were sorry for? Did you ever go against your code of living? No. I don't think *you* would, but I did. I went against society, my parents, and *my* code of living. I'm twenty-three years old; my father is a famous eastern lawyer. Dad wanted me to study law, so I came to California; and I was doing all right until I drifted into this set of careless, lazy, long-haired, seldom-bathed people—people who think the world owes them a living; people who believe in free love and repression and wear dark glasses to hide the shame they feel for themselves. Oh, there are some who have no shame, and there are a few like the Daedals*—as they call themselves—who think they are smart enough to rebel and win against the conventional way of life just as I did when I listened to their arguments. But I knew later they were wrong—dead wrong."

"How did you know?" I asked, fascinated by his reasoning, his words tumbled out like water from a mountain stream.

*Daedals—Daedalus in Greek mythology who fashioned wings with wax joints that melted in the sun's rays causing the death of his son Icarus.

Many hippies have become disenchanted with the twitterings and twangings of LSD meetings and are reaching for something better.

"Because the things the hippies have done have been out of rebellion—from what, we aren't exactly sure. Some say their folks don't love them or care what happens to them; some say they want freedom; others say they desire to be different and shock people. Believe me, we do just that. I've learned we have no aims, no interest, no goals in life, no self-respect. After a few bathless weeks we even forget our own personal filth. We all smell the same—rotten—and, believe me, we become rotten. We lie and steal and cheat. We live together, not because of affection, but because of necessity, lack of money; we who get money from our parents share it with the unfortunates. This is bad because the unfortunates never get a job. Why should they, when a few pigeons will support them? Besides, who would hire us, dirty and stinky as we are?"

"You sound so bitter, Brophy," I said, shocked at what he revealed.

"I am bitter—bitter and disgusted. They told me I was a great painter, and I believed them. I couldn't paint a curb."

"I'm so sorry, Brophy."

"Don't be sorry, Mrs. Sonnichsen. For the first time I'm seeing myself as I really am—a dirty, promiscuous, vulgar hippie. I'm sick of lice, disease, people with dirty minds to match their dirty bodies. Worse than the dirt we wallow in are the narcotics so many hippies use and sell—stuff like LSD, STP, heroin, and other dangerous drugs. How did I get this way, I ask myself. I come from a family who lives well and respectable. We went to church on Sunday, we worked for a living, went to school, dated decent people. Why, why did I change?"

We sat looking at each other wonderingly.

"Mrs. Sonnichsen, do you have a pair of scissors I could use?"

I went across the hall to our room and got my manicure scissors and gave them to Brophy. He limped into the bathroom and closed the door.

"Now, why did I do that?" I thought uneasily. Ten minutes passed, and I heard water running. Then the door opened.

Out came Brophy, hair cut short and a little jagged but neatly plastered to his head. He had a different look on his face too—shy but proud as he held his head up and faced me. When he handed me the scissors and said, "Thanks," I started for the door, smiling.

"I'll square everything with you as soon as I get a job," Brophy said soberly. "I've made my decision. I've hit the bottom of the world, but I'm on the upgrade now. For me, there's nowhere to go but up."

Brophy—not his real name—has made good his promise. His hippie days are over; he has reunited with his family in Pennsylvania and is now enrolled at Penn State College. Thanks to a mashed toe, Brophy has joined the living again and is on his way up. What Brophy did, anyone can do.

This piece of "art" by a drug user expresses a complex and defiant attitude often assumed by misguided LSD experimenters.





"INSTANT INSANITY"

W. Cleon Skousen

Editorial Director
"Law and Order"

NOT everyone who tries LSD for the first time gets a violent reaction. One authority estimates that among first-time users about one out of twenty will go into a traumatic nightmare. As for the other nineteen, their reactions are unpredictable but will range all across the emotional spectrum. For some it will be a scintillating and exhilarating ecstasy. For others it will be relaxing, even stupefying. The cult of LSD users call any of these psychedelic experiences "good trips" if they don't end up "out of control."

But they never know when a bad trip will hit them. Just about the time a user begins boasting that he has become a real "acid head" and suffered no ill effects, a "bad trip" can sweep him into emotional oblivion. A bad trip can send him wandering down the highway seeking to "merge" himself with some speeding automobile. It can send him into epileptic fits, make him schizophrenic, or permanently impair his sanity. It may rob him of the will to live, and terminate in suicide. Others lose a sense of identity and cannot tell where the boundaries of their own bodies separate them from their environment. With some there is a feeling of deep despondency and an accompanying fear that it is wrong for them to go on existing.

Even where he has a so-called "good trip," the acid user often becomes a serious hazard to himself. His whole sense of reality becomes distorted. He thinks he can fly like a bird or walk on water. He can look at a crack in the sidewalk and shrink back as though it were the Grand Canyon, or he can look down from the top of a skyscraper and have the feeling it is barely inches to the ground.

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Scientists suspect that LSD produces its greatest impact on that part of the brain which decodes and interprets sensory impulses. As these sensory signals are paralyzed or scrambled, the patterns in the brain become flamboyant, twisted, and unreal. Sometimes the user thinks he can smell or taste the sound of music. Or, he thinks he can see the music. The capacity of the brain to associate the present with the past is also impaired. Perfectly familiar objects may seem completely foreign or unidentifiable. At the same time the most bizarre associations seem to cloud the conscious mind so that a user can be looking at a person and gain the impression that the person is dissolving away or turning into some deformed monster.

As with all psychedelic compounds, LSD not only diminishes the instinct of self-protection and self-preservation, but it removes the natural inhibitions. A professor of a Philadelphia university came out of his LSD spree to discover that he had been running naked and bleeding up and down the boulevard on which he lived.

From the point of view of the police, the problem of psychedelic drugs is not only what it can do to the user, but what the temporarily demented user often does to other people.

During January of 1966 four teen-agers on a binge with LSD rammed a house, killing a three-year-old child. The police found the driver of the car to be in a psychedelic trance. After being placed in a jail cell, this teen-ager tried to climb the wall shouting, "I'm a graham cracker—see my arm just crumbled off."

Furthermore, as Dr. Duke Fisher of the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute reports: "It is possible to have recurrent LSD experiences without using the drug again. We have

encountered many people who have given up LSD, only to find that as much as two years later they are having panic reactions, paranoid feelings, and hallucinations without taking LSD again."

A normal dose of LSD is so potent and microscopically small that it can be easily concealed. Because it is colorless as well as tasteless and odorless, it is extremely difficult to detect, especially in a liquid solution. In powder form the normal dose of 100 micrograms is so tiny it can hardly be seen by the naked eye. In a single ounce there are approximately 280,000 doses. This means that at the going rate of \$5 per dose, an ounce of LSD-25 would be worth approximately \$1,400,000. In liquid form LSD has appeared in small ampules right on up to large bottles labeled as mouthwash. Sometimes it may be found in crystalline form and packaged in capsules or it may come as bulk powder and in the form of tablets. The latter are usually dissolved in a sweet liquid or in water and ingested. Or the liquid may be soaked into a cube of sugar, an animal cracker, or a Necco candy wafer. It has even been found in chewing gum and the gummed flaps of envelopes. A common cigarette can conceal \$50,000 worth of LSD, or 10,000 doses.

In 1963 two professors were discharged from Harvard University for the alleged promotion of LSD among students. They were Dr. Timothy Leary and Dr. Richard Alpert. For several years Dr. Leary had been experimenting with exotic mushrooms from Mexico, and when LSD came along he boasted of becoming a regular user. He subsequently involved Dr. Alpert, and they were both discharged after it was allegedly determined that they had involved a considerable number of students in an institutionalized acid cult.

In October, 1966, a Federal statute went into effect making it a Federal crime to manufacture or possess LSD and certain other prohibited drugs. However, the Supreme Court then ruled that the use of peyote as a psychedelic drug in the religious ceremonies of certain Indian tribes is a Constitutional right which cannot be denied them.

As one might have expected, Dr. Leary soon organized his own tribal religion, using LSD, peyote, and marijuana as part of the sacramental ritual. He called his new religion the League of Spiritual Discovery. According to an article in the *New York Times* of September 20, 1966, Dr. Leary is demanding that the courts treat him at least as well as the Indians and allow his followers to legally consume these so-called "sacred" drugs of LSD, peyote, and marijuana in the "private shrines" of their own homes. Dr. Leary states that the goals of his new religion are to "turn on, tune in, and drop out." He describes "drop out" as meaning "to detach yourself harmoniously, tenderly, and gracefully from worldly commitments until your entire life is dedicated to worship and search."

But instead of "worship and search," medical authorities point out that what an acid user really does is to degenerate gradually into a mental vegetable, without ambition, without goals, without the will to struggle. Gradually the user with-

draws more and more from social contact as the inner core of his entire personality seems to wither away.

One of the most recent discoveries, this by the respected geneticist Dr. Maimon M. Cohen, is the fact that LSD not only damages the brain of the user but affects the human chromosomes, thereby leading to mental retardation and physical abnormalities in the offspring of LSD users.

It has also been recently revealed that ever since 1955 the United States military services have looked upon LSD as a chemical warfare bullet. They have pointed out that a single ounce of this concoction properly distributed could mentally unbalance approximately 300,000 people for a significant period of time. A few pounds of LSD dumped into the water supply of a major city would be enough to neutralize and disorient millions. This is why it has been looked upon as a chemical warfare weapon.

Some ten years ago, LSD was experimentally administered to certain military personnel without their knowledge. It was found that these troops soon ceased to function as a military force. Their discipline disintegrated into complete confusion. They were unable to respond to the most simple commands, and they could not perform the most routine tasks with any acceptable degree of accuracy.

The ease with which this brain-muddling chemical could be delivered to a whole population is contained in a recent report from Los Angeles which says, "Not only could it be distributed through the water supply, but it may be suspended in the air; and the inhalation is equally effective as a casualty producer."

At the present time, however, America's chemical warfare attack is not by enemies from abroad but by enemies within.

The Los Angeles report indicates that many young people are first exposed to neurostimulating drugs by pressure from their immediate associates. The first step is to "get high" on some form of medicated remedies available at the corner drugstore. They discover that anything which can be used can be abused, and they set about to discover what strange sensations might emerge from overdoses of common medicines. The favorites are referred to as "goofballs." The drug industry classifies these particular compounds as either amphetamines or barbiturates. The amphetamines are commonly called "pep pills" because of their capacity to stimulate the central nervous system. The barbiturates are depressants, used as tranquilizers and sleeping pills. To facilitate the safe distribution of these drugs for the medical profession, they are put out in twelve different colors.

The Los Angeles Police Department next discovered that after individuals have more or less fooled around with the abuse of medical drugs they tend to develop a curiosity to experiment with something a little more daring. Once again, it is not the professional pusher who usually gets a person to try something new, but his closest associates and friends. This next step is nearly always toward the hallucinatory drugs. The most popular ones at the moment are LSD and marijuana.

HAPPINESS

E. Jay Ritter

You'll never find real joy alone.

It wasn't planned that way,
For happiness was meant to share
With someone every day.

How very dull our world would be,
How sad would be our lot,
If blessings were kept to ourselves
And sharing was forgot!

For, like a flow'r, true happiness
Will ever grow more fair
And multiply its blessings, if
We only learn to share.

Finally, the Los Angeles Police report indicates that when a youth or adult has become somewhat accustomed to experimenting with LSD and marijuana, there is a very likely possibility that he will try the heavy opiates. This brings him to the disastrous nightmare of total drug addiction.

Many who experiment with drugs think that after their binge they will get rid of their heroin, hallucinations, et cetera, and get on with life. But it is not that easy. Here is a note from a former "hippie" which has been preserved by Bill Helper of the Long Beach Police Department:

King Heroin is my shepherd,
I shall always want.
He maketh me to lie down in the gutters,
He leadeth me beside troubled waters,
He destroyeth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of
wickedness of the effort's sake.
Yea, I shall walk through the valley
of poverty and will fear all evil.
For thou, Heroin, art with me.
Thy needle and capsule try to comfort me;
Thou strippest the table of groceries
in the presence of my family;
Thou robbest my head of reason;
My cup of sorrow runneth over.
Surely heroin addiction shall stalk me
all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the
dammed forever.

On the back of this note the author had added a postscript. It said:

"Truly this is my psalm. I am a young woman of twenty years of age but for the past year and a half I have been wandering down the nightmare alley of the junkies. I want to quit taking dope; and I try, but I can't.

"Jail didn't cure me. Nor did hospitalization help me for long.

"The doctor told my family it would have been better and indeed kinder if the person who first got me hooked on dope had taken a gun and blown my brains out. I wished to God she had."

Elastic

Mary Louise Cheatham

Sometimes courage
Shrinks so small
We wonder if
It's there at all—

But then when there's
A real demand,
It stretches like
A rubber band!

Well, such is the end of the "hippie" trail. And thousands of our young people are on that trail today. I like to think we can do something about it. I like to think the young people themselves will want to do something about it. The big job is really *education*. We have to somehow get the story to them in time. Preaching won't do it, but *teaching* might. I have faith in our young people. I'm raising eight of them myself. Somehow, I feel that if we really try, if we really concentrate on this whole narcotics fad, we can get our youth to see the futility of it, the stupidity of it.

In conclusion, may I therefore offer several suggested solutions.

First, it needs to be recognized and emphasized that the current narcotics fad is very much like a forest fire. It is self-expanding. Each inflamed goof-baller, psychedelic, and hippie tries to inflame and involve his friends. And like a forest fire it is also self-destroying, leaving in its wake the ugly burned-out and disfigured fragments of what used to be promising human beings.

Second, it is time to recognize that this forest fire of narcotic contagion can and should be contained. At this moment the legal machinery for the containment of narcotics is deplorably weak.

Third, there needs to be a widespread educational program designed to give narcotics a cultural taboo among both youth and adults. Laws are needed to contain the rebel element who pride themselves in creating chaos in society. The majority of the people will respond to an educational and cultural approach. The merit of such an approach was demonstrated in England. So long as they maintained a cultural contempt for narcotics addiction, the problem was amazingly well contained. Even their laws could be permissive so long as their cultural taboo remained wholesome and strong. But today there is growing alarm in England because the cultural breakdown has struck there just as it has here. The subculture has taken over. And England's permissive narcotics laws have allowed the same prevention gap to develop there as we have here.

Fourth, if we are to develop an effective program of education on narcotics, it must be initiated and maintained on the institutional level where the attitudes and cultural values of our youth are being formed. Initially, this is in the home, but ultimately it is in the school. As a rule, the elementary and secondary schools have done a fairly good job, but a devastating breakdown has occurred on the college and university level.

Fifth, it needs to be recognized that the creation of fads in human behavior is exactly like the creation of fads in dresses and bathing suits. People like to be in on the latest thing. Therefore, whatever the newspapers, magazines, radio, and TV start booming as the latest, grooviest thing will be bound to catch on. What I am trying to say here is that the mass communications media could perform a tremendous service by developing a code of ethics which provides that they will not give expensive page space and air time to stories which will obviously promote a fascinating interest in human depravity and narcotic debauchery. What I am asking for is not censorship, but an emphasis on reality.

So my message is not one of despair. There is plenty all of us can do about this current problem of psychedelics, hallucinations, and addiction. Certainly the challenge is sufficiently acute to demand the best from each of us.

It's Well Worth the Effort to Quit Smoking

Search for Cancer Cause

Within a year, viruses may be either found guilty or acquitted of causing human cancer.

A major new campaign using blood serum and tissue from 500 selected cancer patients has been reported by Dr. Robert J. Huebner, chief of the laboratory of infectious diseases of the National Institutes of Health. Core of the effort is the diversion of a significant group of cancer researchers to concentrate specifically on the virus question.

"First, we are looking for antibodies," Dr. Huebner explains, pointing out that if antibodies could be found to the tumor antigen, then perhaps their artificial stimulation could be a weapon against cancer—though he refuses to link the weapon with a vaccine or other preventive used to combat other virus-linked diseases.

Everybody Is in the Act

"The average adult uses three to five mind-altering drugs a day," says a San Francisco drug abuse expert.

"He uses caffeine in his coffee, nicotine in his tobacco, alcohol in his cocktails, narcotics in his sleeping pills, and stimulants in his morning wake-up pill," according to Dr. Joel Fort.

He feels that too much attention is being paid to youthful drug of-



Five smokers out of every six turn up their noses at cigarettes as dangerous to health, and not worth the money—yet they smoke! Who says smoking isn't an addiction?

fenders, obscuring "the much more serious problem of abuse by middle- and upper-class" adults.

Eventually, Dr. Fort says, drug users learn that for their own welfare they must "find ways to promote a meaningful life without the use of drugs."

Subtracting by Adding?

Do away with alcoholism by making more drinkers!

Eliminate the problem of drinking by doing more drinking!

This is a recommendation by the Federal Government in a report by a commission set up by the National Institute of Mental Health.

Permit youth easier access to alcohol, says the report, in "carefully controlled" settings. For example—

Serve beer in college cafeterias. Permit liquor advertisements to show alcohol being consumed by the whole family, including children, in a family setting.

Urge that alcoholic beverages be made available to young persons at church gatherings supervised by adults.

Reduce the legal drinking age across the country to a uniform eighteen years.

And all this to reduce alcoholism! Incidentally, all these recommendations were endorsed by the National Council of Churches.

Only one smoker in six maintains that cigarettes are pleasurable, safe, and worth the money, according to a Public Health Service survey. The other five continue smoking—although presumably they prefer not to—largely because they believe it is too hard to quit.

Says Dr. William H. Stewart, surgeon general of the United States: "As of now, cigarettes are causing one seventh of all the deaths in the United States every year. . . . One quarter of a million early deaths are traceable to cigarettes, out of a total number of deaths from all causes of 1.8 million."

He points out that cigarette smoking is a major cause of lung cancer, that it contributes to death from heart disease, that it is a factor in bronchopulmonary disease and other chronic conditions.

There is no simple, one-two-three recipe guaranteed to succeed for all smokers wanting to quit the habit, he says, but enough information has been developed to give smokers new encouragement.

"Of one thing we are certain: Simply wanting to quit is not enough. Motivation is only the first stage. You must be convinced—thoroughly convinced—that your reason is valid.

"Millions have decided it is well worth the trouble, and from a health standpoint I can vouch for their point of view. Human lungs can repair much of the damage caused by smoking, provided cancer has not yet developed.

"Healthy persons who break the habit can expect to live as long, or almost as long, as those who have never smoked.

"Just as important, they can expect better health, less illness, and a greater capacity to enjoy life.

"A final point on which all those who have struggled with the smoking problem agree, and it is the best solution of all: Don't start in the first place."

In This NEWS

★ What happens to a church with a liberal attitude toward drinking? See page 16.

★ Does the average person buy more drugs than are necessary? See page 17.

★ What is it that really drives one to drink? See page 18.



Though he may not at times know it, the average adult who smokes cigarettes and drinks coffee is using mind-altering drugs in the form of nicotine and caffeine.



Whether in connection with church responsibility, or in social or business circles, it is a known fact that wherever alcohol is used over a period of time, the effects of its use must be paid.

Alcoholic Priests Seek for Help Out of Their Plight

Roman Catholics have always adopted a liberal attitude toward alcoholic beverages. Now, it seems, they are paying the price.

"Guest House" is one of several centers set up for the purpose of helping Roman Catholic priests kick the alcohol habit and find spiritual rediscovery.

Founded eleven years ago by Austin Ripley, the retreat overlooks Lake Orion, a tiny community some forty miles north of Detroit, Michigan.

So far, 418 priests have passed through Guest House. Ripley says there is a two-year waiting list of priests who want to get in. "But we can't go any faster," he says. "I won't accept more than eighteen at one time. You can't treat them on a mass-production basis. You have to treat each man as an individual."

When a priest first comes to Guest House, he is given a thorough physical examination. If there is anything physically wrong, the condition is treated, regardless of cost. "We take away the priest's physical pain before we deal with his mental and spiritual anguish."

There is a staff of three psychologists at Guest House. Each patient must see his psychologist twice a week. Each one attends Alcoholics Anonymous meetings in nearby communities twice a week, plus frequent lectures by prominent doctors and psychiatrists who come to Guest House.

On weekends, the priests are encouraged to help a parish priest in the tasks of hearing confessions, giving sermons, and talking to parishioners with problems. Otherwise the priest's time is his own.

But no priest gets out of Guest House in less than four months. The longest stay lasted eighteen months. "We don't let anybody out until we're sure he's cured," says Ripley. "And by the time he leaves, with all those lectures he's attended, with the thinking he's done, each priest is something of an authority on alcoholism. He can advise others much better."

Of the 418 priests who have passed through Guest House, Ripley says 18 percent reverted to the bottle.

Smoking by Push Button

It's finally arrived—push button smoking.

The button is on a can of nicotine spray which a British scientist says may be "safer" than smoking cigarettes. Nothing is said, however, about the addictive qualities of nicotine.

Dr. Andrew Herzheimer, of the London Hospital Medical College, conducted tests with 100 volunteers. Whenever they felt like a drag, they sprayed instead—about one spray every 30 seconds for seven or eight minutes. This is about equivalent to the time it takes to smoke a cigarette.

The spray gives the same satisfaction as a cigarette but does not produce the harmful tars created by the high heat of a real smoke.

New Way to Quit Smoking

A group of students at Ithaca College in New York are carrying around worry beads, initiating a custom that faculty members hope will spread to other college campuses.

When a member of the group feels like smoking, he or she reaches, not for a cigarette, but for a bead. Fingering a string of worry beads is intended to take away the desire to smoke.

These students, about equally divided in numbers of men and women, are participating in a project which they hope will enable them to quit smoking.

"Students say that one of the reasons they smoke is that lighting and fingering of cigarettes give their hands something to do, especially when they are worried or under tension, and that this, rather than the actual smoking, eases their minds," explains Margaret Feldman, assistant professor of psychology. "We hope that fingering and playing with worry beads at such moments will be an effective substitute. In effect, we are trying to replace a bad habit with a harmless one."



Cancer Increase

Smoking could more than double the number of lung cancer deaths by the end of the century, according to projections by the National Cancer Institute.

These projections show that by the year 2000 lung cancer could cause 125,000 deaths a year, compared to 50,000 now.

Dr. John C. Bailar III, physician and statistician at the Cancer Institute, says the increased death rate would be "almost entirely" due to smoking. He emphasizes that the figures are projections of current death rates, however, and discovery of a "safe" cigarette or major changes in smoking patterns could alter the picture.

DDT Ban Asked

The National Audubon Society has called for a ban on the use of the pesticide DDT.

It claims that the continued use of DDT in the natural environment is "scientifically indefensible" because it causes "serious, permanent, and irreparable damage."

According to the Society, there are adequate substitutes for DDT, "but these substitutes are generally more expensive, so the temptation is to keep using DDT."

New Ashtrays

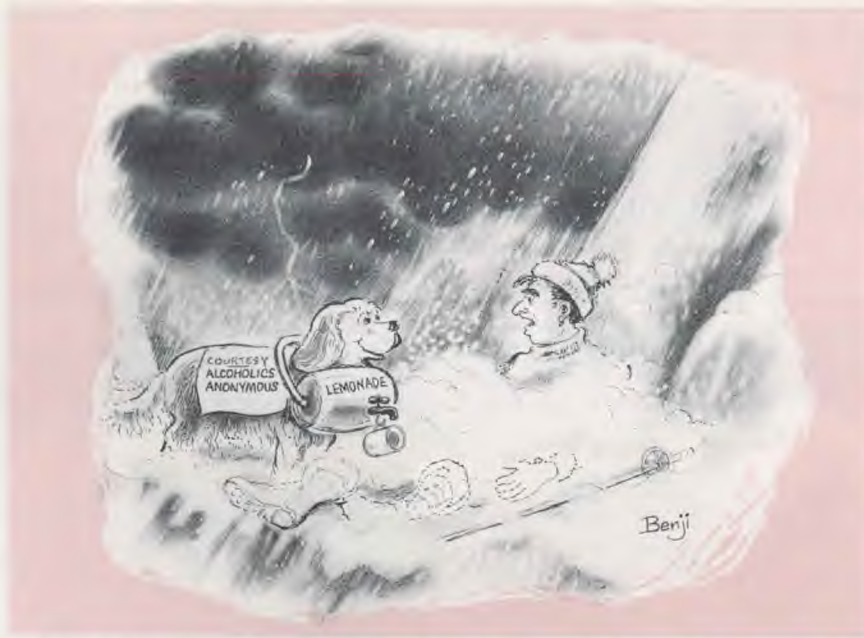
Ashtrays to discourage smoking are being distributed to hospitals, health centers, and doctors' offices by an antismoking group in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The ashtrays, prepared by the Youth Tobacco Advisory Council, carry this message: "This ashtray can be cleaned, but you can't clean your lungs."

Flying With Folded Wings



Air Force's F-111 displays its chief design asset, the wings that sweep back into a thin triangle for supersonic flight, then stretch out to provide more lift on takeoff and landing.



More Dangerous "Pot"

A more potent strain of marijuana, reportedly capable of addicting those who use it, is now being smuggled into the United States from North Africa.

There is no proof that common marijuana preparations used heretofore have made their users physically dependent on them, but with the more potent material there have been reports of withdrawal symptoms when users tried to abandon it.

This report, from the *Medical Letter on Drugs and Therapeutics*, notes that "advocates of lifting the legal restrictions on the use of marijuana state that it is no more harmful than alcohol and cigarettes."

However, according to the newsletter, there are more and more reports of serious emotional reactions and personality changes with the use of marijuana—including panic, gross confusion, impulsive and aggressive behavior, depression, and paranoia. These effects are compounded when the marijuana is combined with alcohol or pep pills.

Large doses of marijuana—or moderate doses in susceptible persons—can cause hallucinations and delusions.

Citing other medical experts, the bulletin says that laziness and personal neglect may follow the heavy use of marijuana, with harm to memory and intellectual functioning.

Money That Is Wasted

Out of every \$10 spent by Americans on drugs, \$6 is wasted because the medicine is unnecessary.

So says Dr. Frederick Wolff, director of research at the Washington Hospital Center and head of clinical pharmacology at George Washington University.

He believes that appetite-suppressing drugs are abused and greatly

overprescribed. "They are completely unnecessary," he says.

Dr. Wolff asserts that efficient, economical prescription of drugs would cut the United States medical bills enormously. "And I think it would be good for the nation's health." He declares that too many people now believe in taking a pill for every complaint.

He blames the situation in part on drug industry advertising, but in general on medical education. He advocates mandatory, frequent post-graduate courses in clinical pharmacology for practicing physicians.



Space Trapeze—Engineers take to old-fashioned bosun's chairs to make adjustments on the forty-foot antenna that constitutes one ground-link terminal in the United States Army's satellite communications system. The air-transportable antenna, largest of this kind, can be taken apart and erected along the line of a child's erector set, as the rear view of the second antenna shows.

WHAT WHO? WHAT
WHERE WHY? HOW
WHO WHAT WHEN
WHAT WHO WHEN
WHERE WHO WHY HOW

★ The German antiaddiction center has estimated there are about 500,000 alcoholics among West Germany's 55 million inhabitants. (AP)

★ Americans smoked some 551 billion cigarettes last year, an average of about 215 packs for every person eighteen years of age or older. (UPI)

★ An embassy worker in Rio de Janeiro was shot to death when he tossed a lighted cigarette inside a man's shirt. Just what they've been saying—those things shorten your life. (Huntsville Times)

★ Paraguay has exported an average of \$3 million worth of tobacco during the past five years, according to the National Agricultural Society. (UPI)

★ The Michigan State Medical Society has recommended that cigarette sales be discontinued in Michigan hospitals. "Hospitals are places where we foster the recovery of health, and ironically we permit the sale of a health hazard within the hospital itself," says Dr. Richard R. Rasmussen, chairman of the medical society's committee on respiratory diseases. (AP)

★ At least seven persons died from sniffing a glass-chilling product, while seeking intoxicating or psychedelic effects. Du Pont Company, one of the manufacturers, has issued a warning statement involving the misuse of the product. (Du Pont)

★ There are approximately 6.5 million alcoholics in the United States, according to the National Council on Alcoholism. This is an increase of at least 30 percent in the past ten years. (Parade)

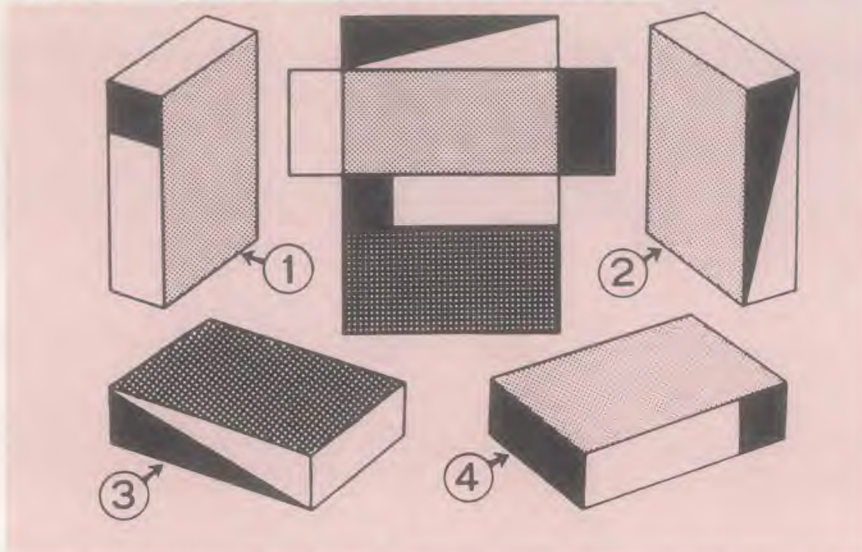
Heroes' "Image" Important

"Hero figures" on television and radio programs popular with children should be depicted as nonsmokers, says Dr. Donald T. Frederickson, director of the New York Health Department's smoking program.

Dr. Frederickson believes one way to reduce the social acceptability of cigarette smoking is for "the radio industry, but primarily the television industry—those responsible for developing programs that are beamed at children—not to have the hero figures smoking during the program.

"I think this is just not tolerable any longer," he adds. He also says that parents who smoke should "try to curb their own habit, to set an example." Children in homes where both parents smoke are at "a 100 percent disadvantage as it relates to becoming smokers."

ARE YOU PUZZLED? Singer Features



A FLAT PERSPECTIVE: Each of these four numbered cartons is made out of one flat piece of cardboard, like that shown opened out in the center of the illustration. Which carton is made from this center piece?

Alcohol— Dangerous Drug

Alcohol may well be more dangerous than marijuana, in the opinion of Dr. James Goddard, commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration.

If possession of marijuana were not a Federal narcotics offense, he says, he would not object any more if his eighteen-year-old daughter smoked marijuana than if she drank a cocktail.

Such a statement is intended, he explains, to point up the dangers of marijuana, not to minimize them.

"The statement that marijuana may not be more hazardous than alcohol can be misleading to those who are not familiar with the hazards of alcohol," according to the FDA director.

"It is estimated that there are 11,000 deaths from alcohol each year—and most experts regard that as a conservative figure. There are some four to five million Americans partially or wholly incapacitated by alcohol. Alcohol contributes to or is associated with half of our fatal traffic accidents."

Boredom Drives to Drink

According to the Soviet Communist Party newspaper *Pravda*, drunkenness is increasing in Novosibirsk, industrial city in Siberia.

The reason, *Pravda* says, is the habit of drinking on payday plus "the emptiness of leisure time and the inability to put free time to good

use." Seven out of sixteen persons interviewed by *Pravda* said they got drunk "out of sheer boredom."

Both aspects of life in Novosibirsk are reflected across the Soviet Union.

"Penny-in-the-Slot" Checkups

"Penny-in-the-slot medical checkups may be just around the corner," predicts Dr. David T. Lewis, Britain's government chemist. He points to a revolutionary machine which can go around the country doing routine blood tests on the whole population.

"Forty percent of the information about a patient's state of health is gleaned through laboratory tests on the blood," he says. "They can point to many conditions before the patient is aware that anything is wrong."

The new analyzer can do in one day the amount of work that four skilled technicians would normally take a month to get through. Another piece of equipment, which is designed to complement the first, can measure with amazing rapidity the number of cells and the redness of the patient's blood.

"True automation is an obvious target for the future, and the introduction of computer-controlled self-organizing machines into our laboratories and industries is obviously but a matter of time," says Dr. Lewis. "If these diagnostic instruments were linked to a computer, we might develop the robot doctor who would analyze our body fluids, take our temperature, measure our blood pressure, time our heart beats, diagnose our ailment, and even prescribe treatment."

High Spirits

Richard Armour

One for the road,
I have always felt,
Isn't exactly
A safety belt.

Working Cripples

If 330 men and women are on a company payroll, ten of that number are problem drinkers, and one out of the ten will end up as an alcoholic.

This is the national picture in the United States. One out of every thirty-three working persons has trouble—major trouble—with the bottle.

Father Fights Marijuana

A father who discovered that his teen-age daughter associated with marijuana users has helped form a fathers' vigilante committee to sweep narcotics pushers and users out of the area.

This effort in Rolling Hills Estates, California, a Los Angeles suburb, has broadened into a community-wide effort, and its members have turned to the local sheriff for help.

"We have had a 170 percent increase in juvenile narcotics arrests in six months, mostly marijuana and some LSD," says a sheriff's narcotics officer. "We knew we had a problem. But most of the parents ignored it."

"This is the best thing that's happened in this community for a long time."



Just another fish—Passing almost unnoticed by the local residents, the General Dynamics Star I research vessel is accepted as just another fish. The craft carries only one man, but it keeps him busy enough for several, taking pictures, monitoring instruments, and of course piloting the submarine.

Solution: No. 1

A GREAT king became so beset with worries over the affairs of his kingdom that he lost all peace and tranquillity of mind. He sent for his wise men and asked them to give him in a few words a philosophy to restore his serenity.

The wise men gave much thought and study to the problem. One day they presented the king with a ring. Puzzled, the king looked at it and wondered how it could cure him.

"Inside, sire. Read the inscription," said one of the men.

Slowly the king turned the ring and read the words, "All things are passing."

That was centuries ago, but people are faced with the same unhappiness today. A young woman went to her pastor in a state of extreme tension. Tearfully she said, "I worry about everything—my family, my health, and the future. These worries have robbed me of all peace of mind." She was given the following advice: "Each morning make a list of the things that worry you, and each night check off all those that did not happen." She followed his advice, and found that only a few of her worries actually became realities. When confronted with such evidence, she found herself able to cope with them.

Worry is as old as the human race. It has its roots in fear, which was meant to be a useful emotion, its purpose being to enable us to foresee and cope with danger in a practical way. When fear gets out of control, however, it becomes a neurosis, from which half of the world suffers today.

Have you learned techniques for controlling your worries? The following are a few suggestions:

1. Remember that very few things are permanent. "All things are passing." Some worries are short-lived, lasting only a few hours or a few days. We can deal with these. They will solve themselves one way or another. Other worries may be called long-term. In this case you must learn to take a long view of your problems and difficulties. Time, and your own personal courage, can bring you through.

Keep your eyes on the distant horizon, where one day the clouds will break and you will walk in the sun once more. Longfellow words this philosophy aptly,


"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Look around you at the burdens others are carrying, and by comparison, yours may look small indeed.

2. Acknowledging the futility of worry cannot always break this unhappy habit. On the other hand, there is something practical you can do. Replace every negative thought with a positive one. The mind is capable of only one thought at a time.

When you find your thoughts circling around over some worry, like a rat in a cage, deliberately replace that thought with another—a constructive happy thought. You can turn on the television, or open a book, and force yourself to concentrate. Each time your thoughts return to the worry, bring them forcefully back to the screen or book. The unhappy feeling may persist for a while, but sooner or later you will relax, and when the worry thought returns, it will assume normal proportions and lose its threat of catastrophe.

3. To sit still or lie still and permit worry to control your thoughts builds up tension, anxiety, and depression. You



"All
things
are
passing."

How to Control Your Worries

Marjorie Grant

must use your muscles in one way or another. Your hobbies may come in handy here—gardening, sewing, writing, painting, playing a musical instrument. Or if your physical strength is good, you may wish to turn to the more active hobbies, such as golf, bowling, tennis, swimming. Even housework can help. If you dig into some task you have been neglecting, tensions are released; and when you have finished, you will have an uplifting feeling of satisfaction.

4. Finally, and perhaps most important, turn to your religion for help. Most of us are more familiar with the philosophy of Christendom than with the others. Down through the ages people have turned to the Bible in times of stress and strain. Jesus Christ knew the meaning of fear in the Garden of Gethsemane. Think of how many times the word "fear" is mentioned in the Bible. (Worry and fear are almost synonymous. You cannot have one without the other.)

The twenty-third and ninety-first psalms are perhaps the most familiar, most often referred to for the troubled mind. It might help also to recall Christ's advice in chapter six of Matthew's Gospel: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

LISTEN Makes a Difference!



W. CORNIOLA

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