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.M425
.V66
v.57
no.13

Thursday VooDoo

1 MARCH 1979



RADIO MADNESS

page 1

DON'T SNUFF THAT FRAT

A Radio Play for the Deaf

Remember all those loveable, stupid antics involving Fenway House, the Football Club, a well-known news medium on campus, and a slight misunderstanding last fall? That real-life drama has been immortal-

ized in the following script. Only the facts have been changed.

by Steve Kopelson, with
apologies to Proctor, Bergman, Austin, and Ossman

*** Sleazy Tiredfighter, or Z. for short, and
*** Deadhead--two patients at Dr. Benway's Halfway House
*** A. Robert Barren (Bob, for short),
*** Granola Iceberg, and
*** Dean Dope -- three officers of the Mass. Tool and Die Company
*** Bonkers--a floozie
*** Placebo--the obligatory comic foil in this play
*** Dr. Benway--this character was ripped off from "Naked Lunch," but, if I didn't tell you that, most of you would have just assumed that it was a facile pun on Fenway House. In this play he runs something vaguely analogous to an academic methadone clinic.
*** Joe Cool--a compulsive politician plus assorted computers, commercial voices, coeds, off-mike voices, and the Clone Chorale

The play opens as Bob and Granola are just getting ready to actuate their plan to take over the Mass. Tool and Die Co. by framing our heroes for a devious act of incredibly grand larceny.

Narrator (off-mike): whither pun past feeble phantoms who swear by sport till end of day brings us by a combustible circus of resentment back to fenway House's Cloying Enchantments...

Clone Chorale: (singing)

Slea-zy Tiredfighter
He's a sap and a poor old blighter
Druggie Hashpipelighter
He's a student like you
If you're looking for a booster for the football team
You can bet he won't be there
You'll find him nodding off at the 24-hour shop
Popping his reds; he don't care
Doobie doo wah...
Slea-zy Tiredfighter
Just a student like you

Z.: Like me?
Clones: Just a student like you!
Bob: Stop singing and knock off those problem sets!
Clones: Just a student like you! ooooooooo...
Granola: Adolf! C'mon and start your breakfast!
Bob: Right on, Granola! [Tray clatters down. He pulls up a chair.] Whew! Shutting down student activities sure can work up an appetite!
Granola: Sit you down, father. Rest you...
Sound: The ending of "I Am the Walrus"
Bob: You know, today I'm going to bait the trap for that renegade frat. If I can dupe that dumb boy of yours into streaking the football game, I can have the whole frat system in the palm of my hand by Class Day! Where is Sleazy anyway?
Granola: He's up in McCormick selling his body for spare change. I'll go call him up.
Sound: Bedsprings squeaking
Coed: Oh! Z.! Oh my, my, my!
Granola: (on the phone) Slea-zy! Sleazy Tiredfighter!
Z.: Co- co- coming, ma'am!
Granola: He's so good with the coeds, Robert.
Bob: Stop calling me Robert; my name's Adolf.
Sound: Another clatter of dishes on a tray. Z. sits down and starts to eat noisily.
Bob: Don't eat with your hands, son. Use your slide rule.
Z.: Aw, gee, Bob. I'm just trying to save time. It isn't everyday I get to go to the homecoming football game.
Bob: You can say that again. Hurry up and finish your breakfast, son, and make sure you do just as I told you. Any fuck-ups could cost me my job.
Z.: Don't worry about me, Bob. No jock frat can keep you from becoming Dean-for-Life this time. Especially since you had the job custom-made for you.
Granola: Don't talk with your mouth full!
[Deadhead saunters off the cafeteria line, his shirt bulging with purloined donuts.]
Z.: Oh oh! There's Deadhead! Homecoming here I come! So long, Bob! See ya later!
[They run out.]
Bob: Oh, that son of mine...
Granola: He's not your son, Bob.
Bob: Stop torturing me, Granola!
[Z. and Deadhead do not go directly to the game.]

but drive off in a stolen campus patrol car to meet their connection. We rejoin them for their ride back to campus.]

Z.: Come on, step on it, Deadhead!

Deadhead: Aw, I'd love to, Z., but we'd look awfully stupid getting vicked up for speeding in a stolen cop car.

Z.: Speeding? Why, you dog, you, I didn't know you did that stuff. Here, take these. They'll bring you back down.

Z.: Aw, not now, Deadhead. They need me at the last meeting of the Tiddlywinks Club before the game.
Deadhead: Gosh, Z., I didn't know you masturbated.

Z.: Droll, man, droll.

Deadhead: You bet.

Z.: Gee, everyone else in the Massachusetts Tool and Die Company is into student activities but you.

Deadhead: Doesn't Bonkers count?

Z.: On her fingers and toes, Deadhead. You know that's just it.

Deadhead: What's that?

Z.: Well technology's the way of the future.

Deadhead: Yeah, but we're trying to head them off at the past.

Z.: Deadhead, what would you do if we got caught for streaking the big game?

Deadhead: I guess I'd just drop out of school again, split to the coast, and find God by crushing all-aluminum cans in a recycling plant.

Z.: You're kidding.

Deadhead: Or I could just go downtown and pick up a couple of girls!

Z.: Dammit, Deadhead, is that all you can do... pick up things...?

Deadhead: ...lint, cigar butts, communicable diseases...

Z.: Don't you remember what Dean Dope told us at the Pep Rally yesterday?

Deadhead: Dean who...?

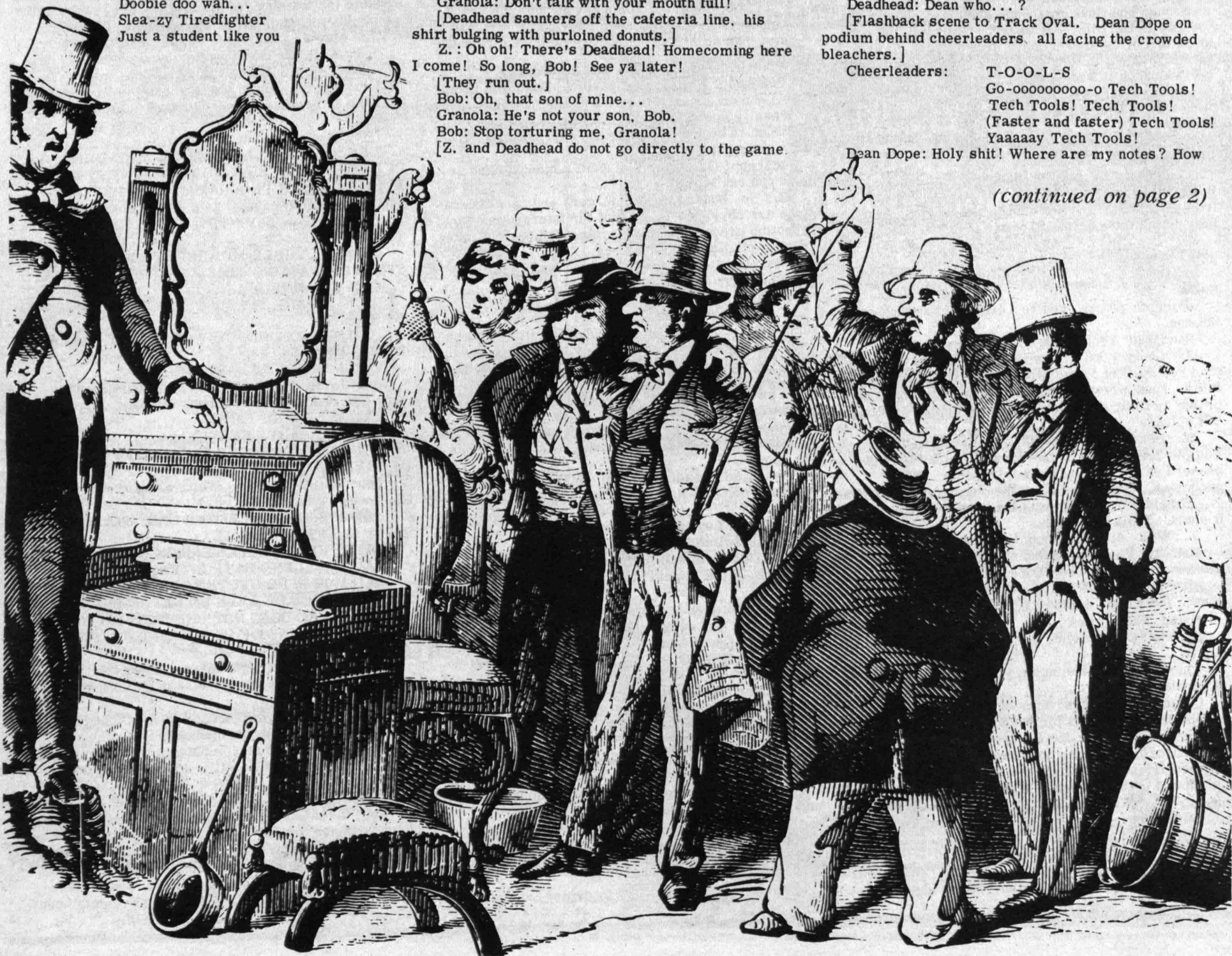
[Flashback scene to Track Oval. Dean Dope on podium behind cheerleaders, all facing the crowded bleachers.]

Cheerleaders: T-O-O-L-S

Go-ooooooooo-o Tech Tools!
Tech Tools! Tech Tools!
(Faster and faster) Tech Tools!
Yaaaaay Tech Tools!

Dean Dope: Holy shit! Where are my notes? How

(continued on page 2)



DON'T SNUFF THAT FRAT

(continued from page 1)

am I supposed to give this speech?

Off-mike voice: Hey idiot, you're on!

Dope: You mean this mike's been on all this time? Oh Jesus! Hey, Joe, ya wanna tell those cheerleaders to shut up? (To the crowds) G'morning tool--er, to all of you students! How'm I doing? Lemme hear it for me!

Placebo: (from the crowd) You're under arrest!

Dope: Ha ha! Ahem. I cannot help but think of the dumbfounded--er, founder of Mass. Tool and Die, who was the first to carve his name on the entablatures of this school...

Placebo: I've never seen his name on any tablets around this school!

Dope: "Science for the feeble--er, people," he said. "Give them government funding and they'll tow the line anywhere." We think it is a wise tool who is bridled by--er, stooge who is mired by--I mean fool who is hired by this principle.

Placebo: Who'd want to work under you as principal? Is that what we came here for?

Dope: Yes, through the bathroom window from Alabama with a banjo on my knee with the racked-up cue balls of that three-part score...

Placebo: I'd say the Doper's been slipped one too many 714 Rorers.

Dope: Er, rah, rah, rah! That's the spirits we have here.

Placebo: Fuck you!

Dope: So straighten up, pay up, and get deeper in debt! 'Cause we need more grinding from more of the cogs in the wheels of Mass. Tool and Die!

Placebo: Booooooooooooo!

Dope: Thank you for your decided inattention.

Placebo: Boooooooooooooooooooooo!

Dope: (off-mike) Fuck you too! (aside) That's the last time I'm going to take a bit part in a play like this without a script. Next week I'm gonna get a lead role in my own show. And I'm not going to have any Jewish writers either.

[The scene shifts back to Z. and Deadhead approaching the campus in their car.]

Z.: The Doper's right, Deadhead. What with Mass. Tool picking up the tab for all those third-world dictatorships, it really helps our Alma Mater for us to go deeper in debt.

Deadhead: Is that what you're going to do?

Z.: Aw, hell no! As soon as I get through with this streaking I'm going to put on some ill-fitting leotards, join a band of gypsies, and play in low-budget Shakespeare!

Deadhead: Hey, look, Z.!

Sound: Car screeches to a halt.

Z.: Where are we?

Deadhead: What're ya gonna streak through?

Z.: Great Deadhead's ghost, Caesar! Mass. Tool and Die... it's... disappeared!

Sound: The final crescendo and piano chord from "A Day in the Life" are heard. Gradually the confused talk of the homecoming crowd builds up to a clamor.

Deadhead: It's hard to believe there was a school here a few hours ago. The place looks like ground zero after a nuclear attack. What could have happened?

Z.: Your guess is as good as mine.

Bonkers: Hi, Deadhead.

Deadhead: Oh, hi, Bonkers.

Bonkers: I know who did this! It was those jocks from Fraudulent Barbers and Loans School! I bet they pulled this off just to blame it in you boys!

Z.: Don't jump to conclusions, Bonkers. How would you know who did this?

Bonkers: Well, I just have a good working hypothesis.

Placebo: Sleazy, you're a frat man, you've got to help us!

Deadhead: Yeah, what are we going to do?

Z.: Look, I don't know what's happened any more than you do. But I know who to call first. Gimme a dime. I can't believe campus patrol would have pay phones in their cars. (on the phone) Hello? Extensior 666, please.

Dr. Benway: Dean for Student Repairs Office. Benway here. Hold on one moment. (on the other phone) Let me tell you for a third time. No anchovies. [He slams down the other phone and takes Z. off hold.] Now what was that you wanted? Make it short. I'm a busy man.

Z.: Well, sir, it's about the school. It's gone...

Benway: You interrupted an intense group therapy session for that? Dean Dope will be going on the air in a few moments to tell you everything you need to know. I wish you wouldn't pester me so.

Sound: Phone click

Benway: (to a patient) It's your turn to spin the pickle...

Sound: Z. switches on the radio. Static and sounds of garbled speech.

Commercial voices: Schools for Industry! Schools for the Dead! Schools for Industry!

Joe Cool: Hi, I'm Joe Cool. Say, what chance does a moribund student government have of attracting new talent from students even more phlegmatic than itself in this hotbed of inertia? Right now the answer is, "Not Much." That's why I'm asking you to run for Degenerate Assembly from the Clean Living Group of your choice. Take the time! Get devolved! And take off a term...

Commercial voices: ...for Industry! Paid political announcement by the New Surrealist Light

People's Party. Mass. Tool and Die Cell.

Sound: More static.

Dope: All of us want to know, just as much as we want to know, who's responsible...

Bonkers: Fraudulent Barbers and Loans, that's who...

Z.: Shhh!

Dope: We have received reports from an informed Orange County, California, lawyer that the dastardly perpetrators of this senseless crime are right here in our very midst. According to our source, the culprits are none other than the residents of Dr. Benway's Halfway House. And it is this speaker's opinion that they are also practitioners of--I'm not making this up, you know, it's right here in the script--witchcraft!

Z. and Deadhead: Hey, he's talking about us!

Dope: I am therefore requiring all students to stay exactly where they are and to stay calm until the schoolnappers are brought to justice. The indolent have nothing to fear. Only the gullible will be disreputed.

Z.: We'd better get out of here before they come around looking for us.

Dope: So stay calm. Don't panic. Do not take a term off.

Z.: This is a trap! We've got to do something to keep them from shafting us and Dr. Benway's operation.

Deadhead: I'm starting the engine right now, Z. let's go.

Sound: Tires squealing off into the distance

Deadhead: I dunno, Z. Here we are at Fraudulent Barbers, but how are we going to find Mass. Tool?

Z.: We'll just have to walk around. Here, walk this way. No, no, no... this way.

Deadhead: I can't very well walk anywhere with you pushing me like that. You go first.

Z.: Well, this is the basement of Fraudulent Barbers. Why do I sense the presenece of death?

Deadhead: This is where they take all the old ideas when they go off to die.

Z.: Jeepers! The place must be haunted by generations of dead ideas.

Placebo: (appearing out of nowhere) Hey bro! Que pasa?

Z.: Uh, nada, compadre.

Placebo: Yeah, for sure. Mira, you got any reds?

Z.: Er, no--there's no serious threat of third party fanaticism as long as the two party system continues to provide leadership and the free market can supply all the goods and services that the consumers demand.

Placebo: No, man. Like you got any California Turn-Arounds?

Bonkers: Well, the righteous indignation of the taxpayers hasn't brought about any rollbacks yet, but it's only a question of time before the sentiment spreads.

Placebo: You're weird, Got any tabs?

Deadhead: You must be joking. Don't you know that a ban on non-returnable containers would result in massive unemployment? Roadside solid waste pollution is best resolved by private industry, given the appropriate incentives.

Placebo: Oh, wow, like don't you even have a joint you can share?

Z.: No, but corporate mergers and conglomerations are obviously the way of the future as we face mounting pressure from big labor and cartels controlling vital natural resources.

Placebo: I can't deal with you, man. (walking off) You're so-ooooo-o burned out!

Bonkers: What's that?

Z.: It's a sign. Let me see if I can make it out in this light. "Top Secret Computer Facility. Authorized Personnel Only. Absolutely No Admittance to Nosey Students." Well, they wouldn't make rules like that unless they expected them to be broken. Let's go in and investigate. Lessee, I used to have a master key... aha!

Sound: Heavy squeaking door opening slowly, then slamming shut quickly and loudly, echoing through the room.

Deadhead: (reading notice) "Welcome to the Manics Terminal Room. Do not fold, spindle, or mutilate."

Bonkers: I wonder what this does.

Sound: Switch flicking

Z.: That terminal over there just lit up with a hologram of the Doper! No, wait, it just disappeared!

Deadhead: Z-Z., I'm scared.

Bonkers: I'm going to get to the bottom of this right now. [She walks over to the computer terminal]

Manics: HELLO! M: MANICS 137; 17 USERS

Bonkers: login worker sysdybbuk

Manics: PASSWORD?

Bonkers: naklunch

Manics: HELLO WORKER! LAST SYSTEM UPDATE 12/6/78; GATE HAS \$ DECODE MASS TOOL AND DIE DESCRIPTOR ADDED. READY!

Bonkers: get doctor

[Hologram shimmers for a few seconds, dissolves and reforms as the image of Dr. Benway]

Bonkers: find building 77 mass ave

Manics: SEGFAULT... I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY. COULD YOU STATE THAT AS A QUESTION, PLEASE?

Bonkers: find building 77 mass ave?

Manics: DONE. DETAIL BUILDING NODE 77 MASS AVE, NODE BUILDING 10, NODE BUILDING 7... [Views of the different buildings appear as hologram displays.]

Z.: Deadhead, we've found it!

Deadhead: Wow! They've got Mass. Toll and Die taken apart, encoded, and loaded onto Manics!

Z.: This has never happened to any other major social institution before!

Deadhead: Hey, Z., look at this display over here!

Z.: What is it?

Deadhead: Dunno. It's got a label, though. I'll read it... "Number 10538, Stairway Building 7, Third Floor Wall, 'Heroic Struggle of the Architecture Department to Finish Painting the Stairwell.'"

Z.: No doubt about it, this is all that's left of Mass. Tool. And the Deans wouldn't pull this prank if they didn't have somebody they wanted to blame it on.

Deadhead: I can't believe they can just do this. I'm going to check around and see if I can't find where they put the real Mass. Tool and Die.

Z.: Hey, Deadhead, come back!

Manics: WORKER, TELL YOUR FRIEND TO PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT LITTLE MAN BEHIND THE CONSOLE. HE'S ONLY...

Deadhead: Dean Barren!

Z.: Bob! Bonkers, quick! Get a printout of all this so we can take it back for evidence.

Bonkers: I can't get anything out of this machine, it's crashed!

Bob: (to Z.) Thai's Bob, sir, to you, boy! I'm Institute Reichschancellor von Barren now, and nobody's tool! [He punches Z., knocking him out.]

Bonkers: Oh my...!

Sound: Slapping

Bonkers: Z.! Are you alright? Speak to me!

Z.: (coming to) Ohhhhhh... my head... yeah, I'm alright.

Bonkers: Then stop slapping me!

Z.: So, Bob, you must have gotten the job you really wanted!

Bob: Yes, son, now I am the Institute. And the Institute--us--wants me to tell it--you--just what you're doing with your hands on Number VT 105 comma Advanced Video comma w/slash Hologram Display and Manics Interface logged in by B. Bonkers! But don't worry, boys. Under the Uninformed Code of Dilatory Justice, you do have your rights. Bailiff, read from the Book of Recriminations, Chapter V, verse 7.

Bailiff: The abused may remain silent until proven guilty, and shall be presumed innocent until he opens his mouth. The abused is furthermore required to supply only his name, rank, and one good reason why he should be allowed to live, before the trial. He will be allowed one free phone call between the opening of the case and the execution of the sentence and will receive one copy, no smaller than 8 1/2 x 11 and suitable for framing, of his last words. These rules adopted by the Committee on Academic Discipline (CAD) May 6, 1927. Bob Pace, Recording Sec'y.

Bob: Well, we won't waste any more of your tuition dollars by putting off this trial any more. Bailiff, turn on the Committee and cue the first witness. Me, the people have a right to know what's going on here.

[Bailiff switches on computer.]

CAD 1: HELLO! MY NAME IS CAD, THE LATEST IN A SERIES OF TRIAL MANAGEMENT AND ORGANIZATION AIDS PROGRAMMED TO DEFEND TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY.

CAD 2: I CAN SAVE TIME BY ACTING AS A TWO...

CAD 3: ... THREE MEMBER COMMITTEE INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME AS A PROSECUTOR...

CAD 2: ... JUDGE...

CAD 1: ... AND DEFENSE ATTORNEY OFTEN DO BY ASKING

CAD 3: QUESTIONS TO WHICH THEY ALREADY KNOW THE

CAD 1: ANSWERS. PROCEED.

Bob: Hello, CAD. This is A. Robert Barren, your new chancellor, reporting for duty, sir...

CAD 2: ... DUSTY SHIRT...

CAD 3: ... DIRTY LINEN...

CAD 1: WE WASH OUR OWN DIRTY LINEN AROUND HERE, SERPICO.

Bob: Yes, of course. Well, perhaps you'd like to know why we turned you on.

CAD 1: WHY NO QUESWER CAN. STATE MAKEMENT QUESTION PLEASE.

CAD 2: KENT STATE TENSION RELEASE...

CAD 3: ... LEND RATE INTENSE FLEECE...

CAD 1: IT IS PREDICTED THAT BY 1980 NO STUDENT WILL BE ABLE TO REPA Y LOANS...

CAD 3: CAD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND YOU AT ALL. WHICH ONE OF US IS REALLY TURNED ON, ANYWAY?

Bob: Now hold it right there. Enter trial mode. Set Mass. Tool and Die vs. Sleazy Tiredfighter et al. Call witness Doctor.

CAD 3: OK, THE WITNESS IS A DOCTOR.

Bob: No, no, call Dr. Benway.

[Benway appears on computer's hologram display, with voice over. He is sitting transfixed in a full lotus position.]

Benway: Om mane padme om

Bob: Is that all you can say for yourself? I'd say your boys are in quite a bit of trouble here.

Benway: Trouble? Are you forgetting what they once were? The burned out amotivated academic junkies of this school. I took them and gave them forty acres and a mantra. My role has simply been

A Radio Play for the Deaf

to provide a halfway house for their scholastic detoxification. I don't know what cruel game you're playing, but my boys are as pure as this driven snow. (snort)

Bob: Well, in case you didn't know, these two are up on charges for conspiracy to steal Mass.

Tool and Die! And, I may add, succeeding in doing so Benway: Oh, come off it, Bob. The worst they could have done would have been to transport it to another level of reality, and that would be impossible.

Bob: Even under your influence?

Benway: It would still be necessary to expand some people's consciousness around here, and you should know at least as well as I that it's at least as difficult to expand a vacuum as it is to contain it.

Bob: Enough of this drivel. Didn't you know that the boys in your house have been leading the school in defaulting on their loans for some time now... (fading under)

Bonkers: (to Z.) So that's it! Fraudulent Barbers and Loans couldn't stand to have someone else beat them at their own game, so they organized the deans to eliminate Dr. Benway's operation.

Z.: But why would he have gone through all that about streaking the football game? You know I'll never be able to understand why...

Bonkers: A simple ploy to enrage the delicate sensibilities of the fans. Do you see what I'm saying?

Deadhead: Get your phenomenology straight. How could he possibly see what you're saying... (fade)

Bob: So, your honor, you see the troubles these degenerates have caused us. On behalf of Mass. Tool and Die, I demand the ultimate punishment for these two.

CAD 2: WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST? HANGING THEM BY THEIR NECKS UNTIL THEY FEEL SORRY FOR THEMSELVES?

CAD 1: OR PUTTING THEM ON EVERY MEDICAL SCHOOL'S BLACKLIST FROM HERE TO GUADALAJARA?

Bob: How about soaking them for everything they're worth? We should be able to reclaim at least some of our loss.

CAD 3: EVERYTHING THEY'RE WORTH?

CAD 2: FIVE AND TEN AT WOOLWORTH...

CAD 1: LIFE AND DEATH FOR WHAT WE'RE WORTH?

Bob: I dare say this play's gotten out of reach...

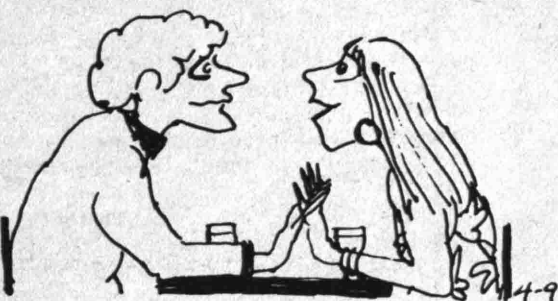
CAD 2: DO I DARE TO EAT A PEACH? I SHALL WEAR WHITE COTTON LAB COATS AND TALK OF FUNDS AND TEACH.

The End

ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME.
ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME.
ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME.
ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME. ME.



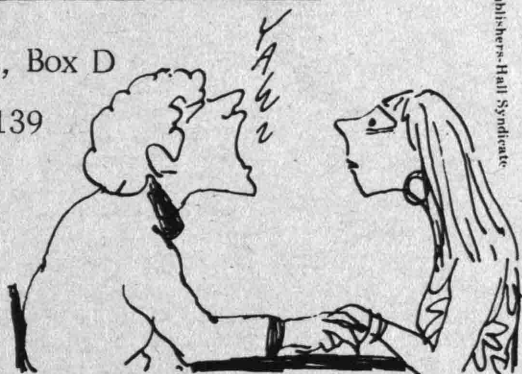
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Thursday VooDoo

Volume LVII, Number 13
1 March 1979

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If you claim this drug, LSD, is going to make a man a saint, a yogi, which needs months, years, a lifetime, you can better, more profitably, make a simpler drug, one that makes a man a doctor or a lawyer.
—Swami Satchidananda

LSD is a medicine—a different kind of medicine. It makes you aware of the universe... you realize how foolish objects are. But LSD is not for the groovy people, it's for mad, hateful people who want revenge. It's for people who have heart attacks. They ought to use it at the Geneva Convention.
—Bob Dylan

What's good enough for San Francisco is good enough for the world.
—Jann Wenner, of Rolling Stone

*Every town must have a place
Where phony hippies meet
Psychedelic dungeons
Popping up on every street
Go to San Francisco*
—Frank Zappa

Cool Aid and Cyanide Punks
—omnipresent Bay Area grafitto

(Caesar) can put on the package "Cyanide. Warning. Causes lethal stomach ache." But it's up to you to decide. Or it can say "Warning. Camel cigarettes. Causes slow and painful death by cancer." You decide... They can put on the package "Warning. LSD causes death and rebirth." You decide, because you are God within your body.
—Timothy Leary, to the students of MIT, 1967

I've taken LSD thirty-eight times. The reason I keep taking it is to get over the compulsion for counting the trips.
—Paul Krassner

Your teeth are clean, but your mind is capped.
—John Lennon

At a parent-teacher meeting in Marin County, one parent spoke up to suggest that the teachers provide for the students some sort of "intense experience." A short pause ensued. One teacher finally volunteered, "You mean like camping?" A longer pause followed.
—Herb Caen, in the San Francisco Chronicle

Show me that I'm everywhere and get me home for tea.
—Lennon-McCartney

If you were on a plane and the pilot was drunk, you could tell. But if he was on marijuana, you couldn't.
—Ronald Reagan

*In California, what do you call a Zen master with a five o'clock shadow?
Governor.*
—Herb Caen

Eat the Rich.
—graffito on Market St., in the S. F. financial district

Office Workers: Shred Bosses.
—*ibid.*

the last word

by Steve Kopelson

When I was about twelve I used to think I must be a genius, but nobody's noticed. I used to think, either I'm a genius or I'm mad, which is it? I used to think, well, I can't be mad because nobody's put me away: therefore I'm a genius... If there is such a thing as a genius, I am one... and if there isn't, I don't care.
—John Lennon

Don't Work-- Steal.
—anonymous Berkeley grafitto

But be careful.
—anonymous response to the above

Where's your sense of social responsibility?
—second anonymous response