

Turn On/Tune In/Drop Out

By Timothy Leary PhD

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Introduction

This is the first of a series of columns by Timothy Leary, Ph.D. spelling out a theory and method of becoming a conscious person. The blue-print for a new religion. The working plan for a new species. The subsequent columns will present detailed, practical, day-by-day, step-by-step instructions, for rearranging your life, for establishing a harmony with your nervous system, your cells, your molecules and the multiple energy networks around you.

The lessons are designed to be decoded at several levels of consciousness. They can be read when you are in a state of routine symbolic awareness. They can (and should) be read when your symbolic mind is turned down and your sense organs are turned on.

Check these words out with your naked sense endings; check them out against your cellular wisdom.

Lesson I

Turn on!

Tune in!

Drop out!

Theatre Party Blitzed

by Jim Brodey

The party to raise funds for the projected "Theatre Vee-Tal," held Saturday April 30th, (102 W. 3rd St.) was invaded by 40-odd plainclothes and uniformed representatives of the police, buildings and fire departments. Two summonses were served, for "failure to comply with administrative code" (?). This was the first violation of the promises of Mayor Lindsay, made several days before, that harassment of artists would cease.

The events, leading up to raid and closure of this party, are as follows:

Saturday afternoon: The loft of Irv Docktor was being cleared out in preparation for the "Party-Rock Happening"; musical instruments, lighting equipment, "fog-machines," etc. were being readied and set into place. A flying machine containing goggled female figures was being hung from ceiling of loft by wires.

3:00 pm—Fire Dept. somebody (he never identified himself) strolles in, noses around, asks what is going on, leaves.

A police inspector arrives, questions if beer and wine will be sold (they were, as advertised, *free!*); what party was being given for (there was a \$2.50 charge per person); he states that it is unlawful for more than 75 people to be in loft at same time (later, at night, he says unlawful for more than 5 at a time), and states that no one under 18 is permitted entrance where drinking of liquor is being done. He continues to question possible sale of drink, and now sale of food; keeps it up, walks around making notations in small notebook, collects sidekick from stairway-landing (who also makes notations in another notebook) and finally leaves. Later he is suddenly identified as "City Sheriff."

9:30—Entrance to second floor loft: stairs crowded with uniformed cops, fire department squads armed with notebook and flashlight. The party is already underway. Live thumping music from one green-floodlight-showered corner blares out to ticket desk on stair-landing where two people busily collect money, writing down names of people who enter (later, to have been used for mailing lists for theatre). The food and wine arrive and from within loft, eyeglass-raincoat man, steps up to serve summons. He first tries to give to people collecting money. Young girl: "There's nothing wrong at this party." Server—"Tell it to the judge." Cop (to both people): "If you don't have proper I.D.'s we'll take you down to the station." Girl

Lesson II

Turn on to your seven external sense organs and your seven internal sense organs. Turn on to your cellular wisdom. Turn on to your molecular blue-prints.

Tune in to the natural energy that covers this planet.

Drop out. Your body is not designed to deal with metal, stone, symbols, machinery. Start an orderly, peaceful sequence of detaching yourself from artifacts. Your symbol-addicted society tells you to turn off, cash in, cop out.

Your cells tell you to turn on, tune in, drop out.

Lesson III

Turn on! The human body is a galaxy of energy systems, memory banks, communication networks. The current model of a billion-year experiment in receiving, decoding and harmonizing with energy. The history of evolution is stored in DNA strands buried in your cells and available to consciousness. It is possible for the knowledgeable person to move consciousness precisely and planfully to these various levels. You can "turn on" with or (partially) without chemicals. In the next few months in these columns I shall teach you how.

Tune in! The human body is designed to adapt smoothly to the other energy systems in this planet. After you "tune in" you must be able to hook-up your expanded consciousness in a harmonious flow with the external world. In the next few months in these columns I shall teach you how to rearrange your movements and your environment.

Drop out! Modern civilization is a dangerous, insane process-destructive of man's natural

puts on her coat, but boy refuses. Cop places him under arrest (although, he was never taken to station, questioned or searched!) The summonses, meanwhile, are floating. They are tried on "Happening" director, Harvey Kramer, then, finally, served on theatre representative Ed Bailenson.

The uniforms and plainclothes begin to file past ticket-desk. Cops on landing, going through lists of patron-names. Boy at desk (still presumably under arrest): "We only got 8 bucks, you came too early." Cop: "That's what we came for." Meanwhile, at the street-level door, six uniformed cops have sealed off the party from arriving patrons and participating actors, dance troupe, and rock 'n' roll group carrying instruments and electric gear (to whom, group complained, the officers used "abusive" language). Thus the party, had been closed to the public, before even one violation of either fire or safety laws or city or state statutes had been sighted or announced.

Meanwhile, in loft above, dancing and eating of pounds of fried chicken, in full display. The representatives from "the corridors of power" congregate at the front of the loft, blocking the exit, shoving people aside and forming individual groups around the loft owner, Happening-director and theatre-director. Firemen began an intensive search with flashlights, guns and the usual small notebooks. Building inspectors are busy testing out toilet and sink mechanisms. From police-infested shadows of stairway landing, several men in sweaters, boots, dungarees began circulating through mash-potato crowd "inquiring" about drugs. One came on with me: "Say (low whisper) man, you got any grass on ya?" Later on, several musicians, complained of being approached by men of possible same description, questioning their possession of acid. Plainclothesmen, kept constantly questioning whereabouts of —The Fugs— (who were advertised, as appearing at party) and just what connection they had with this party. More questions about drugs. They (the cops) said that they

potential, murderous to other species of life, symbol addicted, anti-life. Drop out of the social game.

The generation of Americans under the age of thirty is a mutant species, sharing territory with a dangerous, deviant species (i.e. those over the age of thirty who are addicted to power, control and violence). To preserve your sanity and return to harmonious order you must quit your attachments to American society gracefully, lovingly, planfully.

Quit school. Present education methods are neurologically crippling and antagonistic to your cellular wisdom. Quit school internally by turning on and tuning in. When you have done this (and not before) quit school. For good.

American social institutions are made by robots for robots—lustful of and observed by materials, things, dead symbols. Quit your job internally and then (and not before) quit your job. For good.

It is possible to live in this planet without joining the anti-life social systems. I shall teach you how.

Exercise I

Go into a serene environment—a quiet room, a hillside, a beach, a garden.

Bring with you an unopened tin can, a candle, a piece of fruit (sliced open so the seed is visible). Have one shoe on and the other foot bare.

Observe these three objects and meditate on the fact that your body is two billion years old.

had gotten very good information that there would be a large amount of acid at this party. One uniformed cop (the one who had placed male-ticket-taker under arrest) insists that the plainclothesmen make everyone get undressed, and be thoroughly searched; he shouts for the music to cease, but he can't be heard over it. More firemen arrive and officials stream in and out of the loft building and stand around outside on the street, blocking the entrance. One artist, who had worked all afternoon clearing loft and setting his flying machine up, is denied entrance to party by police and after a few polite exchanges (by artist), the cops allow him to enter, but order his wife, to stay outside in the rain.

Up in loft, most of the uniformed cops leave. The "inspectors" still present, pound away, verbally, at possibility of sale of wine and food, also musical entertainment without first getting "full" city clearance and police o.k.

10:50—Firemen, mostly have left; NO VIOLATIONS FOUND! The order is given by plainclothesmen, through City Sheriff: "Finish eating, but leave as quickly and quietly as possible. The party is over!"

Two firemen, overheard on stairs, leaving: "Hey, what kind of party was this anyway?"

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