

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor
Sunday, March 27, 1966

Time to Cover Up

Those amply endowed cocktail waitresses who go about their daily chores dressed in little or near nothing will have to put on a good bit more when they dress for work if the proposed city charter amendment on the April 12 ballot does all its backers claim for it.

And what they put on will have to be more than the cloak of righteous indignation they have shown over the furor their scanty attire has caused.

As projected by its author and principal backer, Mayor Albert Isen, the charter amendment against topless attire in public would allow the people of Torrance to judge their own moral standards, a judgment now exercised solely by the state.

Approval of the amendment has been urged by the Torrance City Council, the Torrance Ministerial Association, and by a large number of individuals. It has drawn no public opposition.

Its approval by the voters at the polls on April 12 will force the State Legislature to act on the question of local powers in such areas because the legislature must approve all city charter amendments.

A community should be able to set the standard of moral behavior its citizens will permit. Getting the community's judgment on such a matter could hardly be done more soundly than at the polls in a municipal election.

We do not believe that the outlawing of topless attire in public is prudery or puritanical. It's merely what the decent citizens which constitute the bulk of our residents have the right to expect in their community.

We strongly urge a "YES" vote on April 12 on the Charter Amendment C.

To Berkeley: Left Turn

Discussing the development of the New Left, especially in the San Francisco Bay Area, noted Examiner reporter Ed Montgomery recently gave the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco an amazing example of the infiltration of leftist thinking into the school system. He cited an assignment given last January to a seventh grade class in a Berkeley junior high school which required the students to express their feelings about a series of statements, typical of which are these:

"If we wouldn't be so anti-Communist many of you in this classroom wouldn't have to serve in the armed forces."

"Why should some people have more than others? Under the Communist system everyone could have as much as the next person."

And, citing the "many inequalities in this country," "The Communists offer equality for all so why shouldn't we try their way for a while?"

Mr. Montgomery's comment on this test: "This, if you please, an assignment to the seventh grade class in Berkeley. Funny how all roads with a left hand sign seem to end up in Berkeley."

Opinions of Others

The present too-liberal system of unemployment compensation is in danger of being changed to the point of making it even easier for the work-avoiders to draw doles in lieu of work. Among other things, H.R. 8282, the bill now before Congress, would wipe out present regulations in many states which disqualify persons who simply quit their jobs or are fired for misconduct. No state and federal aid in any form is not free. And it certainly will not be free with respect to H.R. 8282. It will cost every employer dearly, and with what result? The unemployment compensation rather than go increasingly to those who deserve it, would go increasingly to those who do not.—*Delta (Colo.) Independent.*

Sen. Maurice Neuberger of Oregon is preparing to make her own effort in behalf of beautification of America. She plans to introduce bills that would put cross-country power lines underground. However, many see a real beauty in the great power poles. The tall steel towers, especially, look like great giants stalking across the landscape, beautiful in line, and imparting a feeling of power that is symbolic of their purpose. And, of course, such a project would be devastatingly expensive. There would have to be much research just to make high voltage underground lines possible.—*Huntsville (Ala.) News.*

The right-to-work certainly is a fundamental right and one which should not be denied. Without it, freedom disappears.—*Chestertown (Md.) News.*

Morning Report:

National party platforms have been on a sliding seller's market for 50 years and the new Republican plan for them just about amounts to a close-out sale.

The idea is to write one a year before the 1968 convention — when absolutely nobody cares what it says — instead of during the convention when a few diehards still show some interest. This way the TV audience will not be disturbed by conflicting viewpoints within the GOP.

Republican leaders remember that Mr. Goldwater, an honest man, ran on the platform and lost miserably. Without calling attention to it, he may have done better. He couldn't have done worse. After all in a campaign, a candidate, tied to a platform, can't run very fast.

Abe Mellinkoff

The Landlord's Hinting Again



Scientists Fear New Law May Halt Drug Research

(This drug raises many questions—it can be dangerous and yet it can be beneficial, it can alter the mind both pleasantly and unpleasantly and yet it's not a habit-forming drug. It's not a narcotic. It promises much in scientific research but it is certainly no plaything.)

The increasing use of LSD and other hallucinogenic drugs for non-scientific shenanigans has prompted legislation to further restrict drug traffic. Researchers who have legitimate reasons to continue their experiments are fearful that overzealous efforts to stop drug abuses may also stop valuable research projects in which LSD can be used beneficially. In a 1963 report on prolonged adverse reactions to LSD prepared by Dr. Sidney Cohen and Dr. Keith Diltman of UCLA, they warned that "when undesirable reactions and sensational publicity become associated with a drug, competent investigators are inclined to avoid participating in the careful, thoughtful studies which are necessary to evaluate it properly."

They conclude their report with the reiteration that "when properly employed, LSD is a relatively safe and important research tool."

How stringent are the federal Drug Abuse Control Amendments which became effective Feb. 1, 1966? Briefly, illegal possession of sleeping pills or barbiturates, pep pills or emphatamines and drugs that produce hallucinogenic effect becomes a felony. For the first time, inspectors from the Food and Drug Administration will be able to act as law enforcement agents, with the authority to serve warrants, make arrests and carry firearms. In other words, they will assume powers similar to the Narcotics Bureau of the Treasury Department. Their prime objective is to protect the public health from the effects of the inferior counterfeit drugs and to curtail overindulgence by those who might harm themselves or others. Furthermore, they maintain that illegal traffic in psychotropic drugs has become so profitable that it is attracting organized criminals.

Researchers hope that the legislation will not seriously curtail authentic specific projects, and therapists who have used the drug with successful results hope that its image will not be so distorted in the public mind by more stringent laws that future effectiveness will be reduced.

What are some of the applications of LSD that seem to be constructive? Psychotherapists report that it's a valuable tool in some cases

to achieve a more permissive relationship between the patient and the therapist. They claim it reduces the patient's defensiveness, transposes inner conflicts to visual images, and — in general — arouses new insights that are more readily acceptable to the patient. Dr. Cohen feels that the drug's ability to evoke a sharply objective picture of one's self sometimes provides the key to open the door to successful therapy, but he stresses that there is no evidence that LSD is a panacea or a treatment in itself.

Certain types of patients seem to be helped more than others. Those whose neuroses are caused by an excessively strict conscience, lack of self-esteem, and anxiety seem to be especially benefited.

The National Institutes of Health is currently conducting controlled studies to determine how helpful the drug may be in treating chronic alcoholics. Limited experiments indicate that more than half of the problem drinkers showed significant improvement when treated with 200 to 600 micrograms—a much higher dosage than is used for other types of illness. The stronger dosage is given to break down the ego defenses, so the patient can feel a sense of unity with the world outside himself. In such an open-minded state, the alcoholic is more apt to overcome his feelings of hopelessness in the belief that the slate has been wiped clean, that he has been reborn. In short, it appears to give many alcoholics restored faith in themselves. When statistical reports are available from the National Institutes of Health studies, it will be gratifying if they bear out the sketchy data from smaller experiments that suggest a more effective method of treating alcoholism.

A rare but humane application for LSD is discussed by Dr. Cohen in Harper's Magazine. It's plausible, he says, that a chemical with such a power over the mind might even alter one's attitude toward the ultimate adventure, the experience of dying.

The comments of a woman who knew she was in the terminal stage of her illness suggest that a small

dose of LSD like the one she received may make it easier to accept the inevitable moment—even the suffering—as part of a plan. "My extinction," she said, "is not of great consequence at this moment, not even for me. It's just another swing of existence and non-existence. . . I suppose that I'm detached—that it's away from myself and my pain, I could die nicely now, if it should be so. I do not invite it, nor do I put it off."

It appears that in those few cases where death is magnified as an insurmountable ordeal, LSD helps the patient to see his mortality in broader perspective. Thus one's own passing can be viewed as perfectly consistent with the immutable scheme of the universe, not as a private extinction. LSD often seems to have the remarkable ability to lift a conscious being from the physical confinement of his body.

It has been said that LSD is a bottle from which madness and mysticism can be poured. Certainly the testimony of the thousands who have taken it bears this out. For them, a kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria flew out into the world when this Pandora's jug was uncorked. But this fact presents no dilemma in itself. Science has no choice. No force on earth could put the cork back into the bottle.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Vonnegut Cult Alerted: 'Player Piano' Reissued

The growing cult of Vonnegut is alerted that "Player Piano" has been republished in a hard-cover edition. This first novel by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. appeared in 1952 to almost total indifference. In two subsequent works of original, diabolical humor, "Cat's Cradle" and "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater," Vonnegut's stock as an entertainer and social critic has soared. Luckier members of the Vonnegut cult have long since cornered the few copies of "Player Piano" distributed 14 years ago. Others have merely heard of it, thus making it one of the most famous unread novels in the literary underground.

The new edition of "Player Piano" may create a new series of pro-Vonnegut cells. This is a funny, savage appraisal of a totally automated American society of the future. It is loosely related to George Orwell's "Animal Farm," and just as loosely to "Alice in Wonderland." In reaching for comparisons, I find that Vonnegut works the same side of the literary street that Joseph Heller did in "Catch-22," but with a wider grin.

We observe life in an American Middletown, Illum, N.Y., a typical community in which people have been replaced by machines. The citizens have become a bored, lost welfare society dominated by engineers, plant managers and bureaucrats. There is even a machine called Check-r Charlie, which no human can beat at playing checkers, making the game less fun than it used to be.

The absurdity and dreariness of this society are described keenly with a shattering irony by a writer who suggests the S. J. Perelman of science-fiction. Vonnegut deals in madness and fantasy that begins to make sense about a half hour after you have finished reading it. His prose is ripe, sometimes over-ripe in the

Perelman fashion, but the satire is present to an almost Swiftian degree. Vonnegut builds his narrative of the electronics society to a point of counter-attack—a revolution led by the most brilliant man in Illum, a turned world who tries to give the work back to the people. The story becomes a strange, chilling, hilarious business that will not disappoint aficionados of "Cat's Cradle" and "Mr. Rosewater," and just may be one of the best novels of 1966, as it was of 1952.

We understand that Kurt Vonnegut Jr. once worked for the General Electric Corp. and is a scientist only in as much as he is interested in the science of living reasonably and kindly. He devotes himself exclusively now, based in a house on Cape Cod, to writing this cuckoo black humor—in tune with all sorts of human bewilderment including this fully automated universe that seems to be just over all our horizons.

But this melancholy potential hardly touches the

HERB CAEN SAYS:

GIs in Viet Nam Develop Brisk Mail-Order Trade

Junior grade crusade (continued): A few columns ago, I wrote about the S.F. trooper in Viet Nam who had written his aunt here, asking her to send him a supply of Band-aids, iodine and Q-tips which led to the obvious question: what are all those billions being spent for anyway? Now we find out that a Marine PFC, likewise in combat in Viet Nam, has written to the local Sears store requesting that they send him, COD, some gun oil, swabs and rods "to keep my rifle clean." Since Sears doesn't accept COD orders, a group of employees chipped in the necessary \$10 to send him the cleaning equipment, and again I ask: what are all those billions being spent on??

Macy's, generally apolitical, has Ronald Reagan's autobiography, "Where's the Rest of Me?," displayed against a dummy wearing a "Batman for Governor" sweatshirt, and I guess that answers the question. . . . Richard Nixon has a favorite story: about the toastmaster at a GOP banquet who said "And now, a man whose name is as familiar to you as your own—Nick Dixon!" . . . Papa! Knight Ben Swig and Chief Justice Earl Warren will be

in Israel July 4 to dedicate the John F. Kennedy Memorial Grove, after which our hearties will cruise the Mediterranean, out of Nice, aboard Ben's chartered 105-foot yacht. . . . Ronnie Schell, who would be the star of the "Gomer Pyle" TV show if there weren't all those other people on it, is in love at last. With somebody else, I mean. She's Sue

Barry "Eve of Destruction" McGuire, the hungry 1's \$8,500 a-wk. headliner, closed one week earlier than scheduled—but not because he wasn't doing business, which he wasn't; needed in Hollywood on a movie job (always leave yourself a way out). . . . Cartoonist Al Capp on the telly: "The trouble with going to the President's prayer breakfasts is that you don't know whom you're supposed to pray to."

San Francisco
Dryer, secty, to TV Producer Lee Mendelson in Burlingame, and he is plying her with expensive gifts: a four-leaf clover in plastic, a key chain with a tiny flashlight, a month's subscription to TV guide. You might say that he has lost his head.

The talkatill lounge. The Playboy Club membership key, a symbol of sorts, is about to disappear. This summer it'll be replaced by a plain old plastic membership card, to speed the book-keeping process. And did you know that each of the 500,000-odd members pays an annual \$5 "account maintenance charge"? Can you think of a faster way to pick up an additional \$2.5 million? Leapin' bunnytails

When the people: Robert Morley, the noted English actor, looked bemusedly at the menu in the Fairmont Blum's and then asked the girl on the next stool: "Do you think I should have the 'Schwarzade' or the 'C'est Si Bon' to go to sleep on?"

Girl: "That depends on which country you wish to dream about." Morley: "On second thought, I'll settle for 'Almondette Act of Aggression' with its 'royal bath of almond sauce.'" Girl: "Happy tossing and turning. . . . Depending on how you feel about Robert Strange McNamara, the Secty. of Defense, you might look twice the next time you pass 804 Balboa St., S.F. His birthplace.

ROYCE BRIER

Discipline of the Draft Good for Us All—Hershey

Among the more trying public characters of the day seems to be a certain General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service.

The General has been about a good spell, and thanks to the retrorocket publicity of the draft card burners and a tradition of protest going back to 1863, he is in some demand on the lecture platform.

He clearly dotes on this role, and as his television mileage rolls up he manifests fewer of the traits of a public officer and more of the endearing gifts of Bob Hope. Like Hope, his timing is good for audience appreciation, and as they say in show business (Hope himself says it), there are no straight men anymore.

It isn't that the Selective Service act is so damned funny. In a necessitous time like this, there is practically no whimsy in pulling the number of a young man whose life may be snuffed out in an Asian jungle a few months later.

But this melancholy potential hardly touches the

General in his public appearances, and indeed he seems to feel that if he can't make military service palatable, he can at least show it up with quips earning the admiration of childless octogenarians (the General himself is a hale 72, and loves his work).

Lately audience appreciation has seemed to swish serious thoughts through the General's head, and he has

World Affairs
taken to interlarding his droll sayings with fatherly advice to an anxious people, though there is no record he was appointed to this chair of philosophy, or that it is part of his duties as draft director.

For example, he told interviewers we have become addicted to the "soft" life, and implied the draft discipline will be good for us all. Yet he has faith in some "hardhood" left in us, and that this would emerge if the Viet Nam war took a turn for the worse.

You'll allow this is sport-

of him, seeing the "hardhood" of the American people was repeatedly demonstrated between 1775 and 1941, when he became draft director, a period of 166 years. During this time there was no Hershey to harden the American soul; though it is worth noting that countless prophets arose to call us soft.

The General has a lament that the people don't "understand" the Viet Nam war: "It's distant, it's dim and it deals with people they're not familiar with." The General hit it right on the button that time — the people DON'T understand the Viet Nam war. So why doesn't he sit down some day and explain it, 1954-66. like you explain sex to a kid. It's simple, ain't it?

The General further said that while people don't understand the war, they "like the prosperity it generates." This excursion into economics only proves what a polymath the General is, and it's good to know you have one as draft director. What a polymath? Oh, Leonardo da Vinci was one — knew everything.

Quote

I am concerned that just because we can build almost anything, we do build almost anything. — Prof. Hubert Hefner, Stanford.

It is so easy to sit in the ball park and boo the player who strikes out; but no one can hit a homer every time. — Chris De Lavigne, Pacific Palisades.

My husband and I live this way by choice. We're members of the voluntary lower class. — 20-year-old woman arrested at beatnik party.

My Neighbors



You can't vote

... unless you're registered.