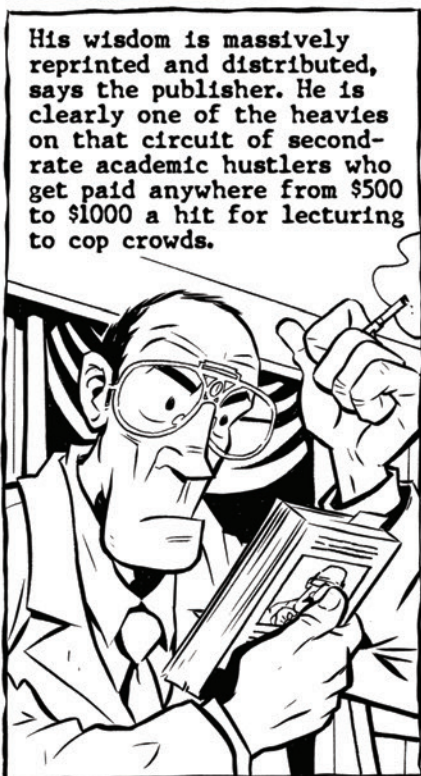
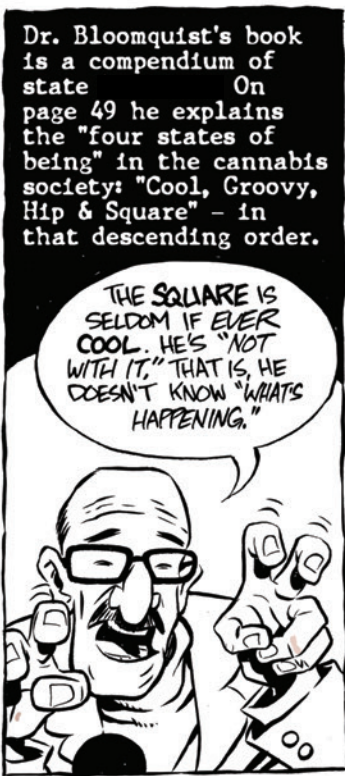


Dr. E. R. Bloomquist, MD, was the keynote speaker, one of the big stars of the conference. He is the author of a paperback book titled 'Marijuana', which - according to the cover - "tells it like it is."



His wisdom is massively reprinted and distributed, says the publisher. He is clearly one of the heavies on that circuit of second-rate academic hustlers who get paid anywhere from \$500 to \$1000 a hit for lecturing to cop crowds.



Dr. Bloomquist's book is a compendium of state. On page 49 he explains the "four states of being" in the cannabis society: "Cool, Groovy, Hip & Square" - in that descending order.

THE SQUARE IS SELDOM IF EVER COOL. HE'S "NOT WITH IT" THAT IS, HE DOESN'T KNOW "WHAT'S HAPPENING."



BUT IF HE MANAGES TO FIGURE IT OUT, HE MOVES UP A NOTCH TO "HIP" AND IF HE CAN BRING HIMSELF TO APPROVE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING, HE BECOMES "GROOVY."

AND AFTER THAT, WITH MUCH LUCK AND PERSEVERANCE, HE CAN RISE TO THE RANK OF "COOL."



Bloomquist writes like somebody who once bearded Tim Leary in a campus cocktail lounge and paid for all the drinks.

This is the kind of dangerous gibberish that used to be posted in Police Department locker rooms.

KNOW YOUR DOPE FIEND.  
YOUR LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT!



DEPARTMENT of PUBLIC RE  
KNOW YOUR DOPE FIEND.  
YOUR LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT.

YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SEE HIS EYES BECAUSE OF TEA-SHADES, BUT HIS KNUCKLES WILL BE WHITE FROM INNER TENSION AND HIS PANTS WILL BE CRUSTED WITH SEMEN FROM CONSTANTLY JACKING OFF WHEN HE CAN'T FIND A RAPE VICTIM.



HE WILL STAGGER AND BABBLE WHEN QUESTIONED. HE WILL NOT RESPECT YOUR BADGE. THE DOPE FIEND FEARS NOTHING. HE WILL ATTACK, FOR NO REASON, WITH EVERY WEAPON AT HIS COMMAND - INCLUDING YOURS.



BEWARE. ANY OFFICER APPREHENDING A SUSPECTED MARIJUANA ADDICT SHOULD USE ALL NECESSARY FORCE IMMEDIATELY. ONE STITCH IN TIME (on him) WILL USUALLY SAVE NINE ON YOU.



GOOD LUCK.



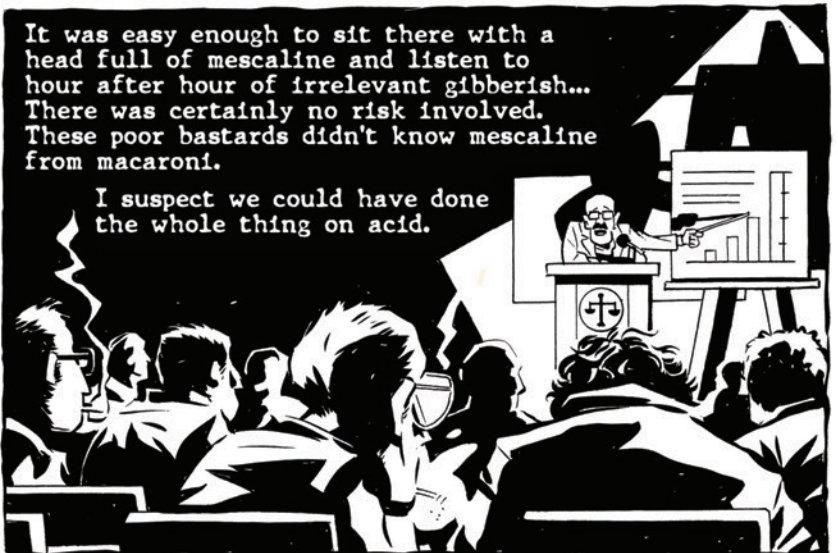
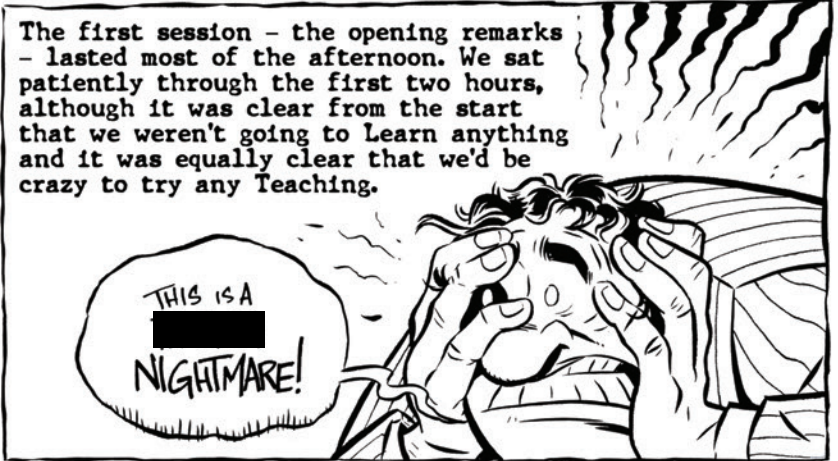
THE END

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# 7. If You Don't Know, Come to Learn... If You Know, Come to Teach

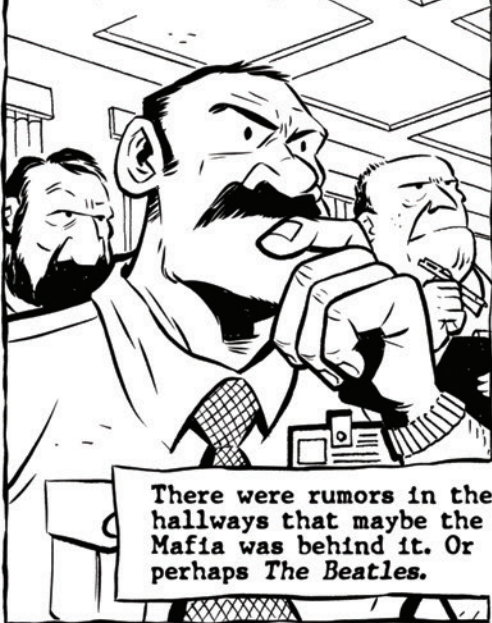
It was clear at a glance that this Drug Conference was not what we'd planned on. The room fairly bristled with beards, mustaches and super-Mod dress. The DAs' conference had obviously drawn a goodly contingent of undercover narcs and other twilight types.

These were the people who made my attorney nervous. Like most Californians, he was shocked to actually see these people from The Outback. Jesus, they looked and talked like a gang of drunken pig farmers!



The first session - the opening remarks - lasted most of the afternoon. We sat patiently through the first two hours, although it was clear from the start that we weren't going to Learn anything and it was equally clear that we'd be crazy to try any Teaching.

Here were more than a thousand top-level cops telling each other "we must come to terms with the drug culture," but they had no idea where to start. They couldn't even find the [redacted] thing.



There were rumors in the hallways that maybe the Mafia was behind it. Or perhaps The Beatles.

I'LL BE DOWN IN THE CASINO. I KNOW A HELL OF A LOT BETTER WAYS TO WASTE MY TIME THAN LISTENING TO THIS [redacted]



I HAVE TO GET OUT! I DON'T BELONG! HERE!



By the time he got to the exit the whole rear of the room was in turmoil. Even Bloomquist seemed aware of a distant trouble. He stopped talking and peered nervously in the direction of the noise.

Probably he thought a brawl had erupted - maybe a racial conflict of some kind, something that couldn't be helped.



WATCH YOURSELF!

[redacted] YOU.

GOOD RIDDANCE.

I stood up and plunged toward the door. It seemed like as good a time as any to flee.



PARDEN ME,

I FEEL SICK.

This time a path opened very nicely. Not a word of protest. Hands actually helped me along. They feared I was about to vomit, and nobody wanted it - at least not on them. I made it to the door in about forty-five seconds.