

Letters to the Editor

Various Authors

1966

To the Editor:

I have unfortunately been one of the many observers of that bloated piece of miscarried construction the UNIROYAL TIRE on I-94. [See "Get That Tire!" FE #19, December 1-15, 1966.] It would be best to have the tire destroyed by indirect means, i.e., through use of mind manipulation, have someone destroy it for us.

I will now present some of the ideas I was given:

1. Paint a hammer and sickle on it and call the HUAC and/or the John Birch Society.
2. Disguise it as a giant birth control pill and invite the Pope for a visit.
3. Disguise it as a draft card and burn it.
4. Inform George Lincoln Rockwell that it is a secret Jewish weapon for ruling the world.
5. Paint B.F. Goodrich over the Uniroyal symbol.
6. Tell Stokley Carmichael that the tire wants white wall for Christmas.
7. To make use of it, run a blind pig in it, maybe even plant pot in it, run an opium den in it, run a whorehouse in it. maybe even hold a happening in it.

Cindi Lee
Detroit

To the Editor,

I have a misunderstanding about the latest issue of the Fifth Estate. On the front you show a big picture of a tire and you want to start a movement to Get That Tire. I don't really get your reasoning behind it. You compare it with such structures as the Eifel Tower and the London Bridge, But I do not see the connection. I am not living in Detroit so there might be more behind it. Why is the tire so obscene? I think its rather pop-artish.

Also, what happened to BACH ON ROCK and the Karmic Strip? They both seemed worth keeping.

Dave K.
East Lansing, Mich.

To the Editor:

I hope you were kidding about your grand crusade.

If you are going to throw your small weight around, there are dozens of better and more likely causes. To live in Detroit, you must cultivate a sense of humor. Don't you see the fantastic surreal qualities of an 80 foot totally useless tire? No doubt the idea of building it was spawned by some Zen Bhuddist Monk who worked undercover at Uniroyal. Everyone connected with it must have taken a wild trip on some super-hallucinogen to go through anything so monumentally freaky.

In the event that you are sincere in your appeals to your readers for ideas, I propose/volunteer for the formation of a suicide squad to paint, in 80 ft. red letters, the word "LOVE" on the side of the tire. This simple decoration would induce bursts of cosmic mirth from all passers-by. The tire would fulfill its destiny by becoming the largest hallucination machine in the Midwest.

Isidor Strom
Detroit.

To the Editor:

In recent months it has become increasingly apparent that there is an all-out campaign on to promote rumors about the dangers of LSD. Psychiatrists who have never taken LSD are issuing sanctimonious warnings. Law enforcement officers who have never taken LSD are muttering about harsher laws and stiffer penalties. Worse than this is that some young people who would normally be interested in taking LSD are sometimes wondering whether they should really do it.

The time has come for some outspoken opinions from the other side. Those of you who read Allen Ginsberg's article, "The Great Marijuana Hoax," in the November issue of *The Atlantic* realize that people are beginning to speak out.

As Allen points out in his article, now is not the time to be defensive about marijuana or LSD. It is foolish to defend these drugs by simply saying that they aren't dangerous. Not only aren't they dangerous, but they have been greatly beneficial to most people who have used them.

We must begin to point out the benefits in an attempt to offset the "information" being fed to the public through the mass media.

They must be told of the people who have ended up with happier and more fulfilling lives after the experience of these drugs. They must be reminded that Cary Grant attributes his new found familial happiness to an LSD experience. They must be reminded that 12 LSD sessions did more for Constance Newland's "adjustment" than 6 prior years of psycho-analysis.

It is time to show them people who never cared for music before the LSD or marijuana experience and now can sit entranced at the complexities of symphonies. Show them art lovers who were color blind one day before. Show them the previously crippled poets who were unable to lift a pen before the experience.

It is time to show them many things, but we must do it carefully and slowly. It is time to destroy the paranoia that has kept us silent for so long. It is estimated that from 2 to 25 million people have taken LSD and tens of millions are smoking marijuana.

The time has come to turn on the rest of the world. When you are up against the wall and being asked to sacrifice your life in Lyndon Johnson's war you really have nothing to lose.

J. Knecht
Detroit

To the Editor:

Your article "Ellis in Draftland" in the last issue [FE #19, December 1-15, 1966] was well written and informative in all but one area: that of applying for conscientious objector status with your draft board. This article suggested that this be the last resort of the draft dodger.

Let me say that this should be the first resort for anyone seriously in doubt as to whether he wants to go into the army or not.

I'll go along with any other means to escape Lawless Hershey, but as long as filing for C.O. is his game, let's reserve it for those really willing to take the time to play it to win.

Richard Hurley

Detroit

fifth Estate

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