

Paternoism

As Issac Campos notifies us in *Home Grown*, the American war on marijuana didn't start with Harry Anslinger, it started with the Spanish Inquisition.

The Inquisition's targets included Muslims, witches, Jews (including *conversos*, who pretended to have converted to Catholicism) and plants associated with Satan. This is not some far-out, unprovable hypothesis of Campos's; it's a documented set of facts that have been hiding in plain sight.

Nor is the anti-marijuana aspect of the Inquisition merely an interesting historical footnote. The Inquisition is still with us, still going on. Yes, it had to go underground in the mid-19th century. But its adherents in the church hierarchy simply pretended to give up their holy war while actually pursuing it with relentless zeal. They are the ultimate *conversos*.

Tod Mikuriya, MD, once made up a bumper sticker that said "Drug Police: Armed Clergy." His message came to mind recently when the *New York Times* ran a piece about Joe Paterno's education at Brooklyn Prep, a Jesuit high school in Crown Heights. The article named some other distinguished alumni of Brooklyn Prep: Joseph Califano, John Lawn, and Robert Bennett.

Joe Califano is the founder and president emeritus of the Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse (CASA) at Columbia University, the leading Prohibitionist think-tank. From Brooklyn Prep he went on to the College of the Holy Cross and then Harvard Law School. In the '60s, as the Vietnam war heated up, he was a Special Assistant to President Lyndon Johnson —first as liaison to the Defense Department, then as the White House liaison to

Congress.

After LBJ was dissuaded from seeking re-election by the peace movement, Califano joined the powerful Washington law firm Williams & Connolly.

Jimmy Carter made Califano his secretary of Health, Education and Welfare (1977-'79). When Reagan was elected in 1980 he went back to lawyer/lobbying in D.C.

He founded CASA in '92 and is its leading mouthpiece to this day. (In July 2012 he was on John McLaughlin's show decrying the devil weed, etc.) Califano has published 12 books —most recently "How to Raise a Drug Free Kid —the Straight Dope for Parents."

John Lawn, who ran the Drug Enforcement Administration under Ronald Reagan and George Poppy Bush, is the bureaucrat who rejected Judge Francis Young's recommended decision in the suit brought by NORML to move marijuana from Schedule 1 (dangerous drug with no known medical use) to Schedule 2.

The federal government had stalled for 14 years before Young, an administrative law judge reviewing the evidence for the DEA, conducted a hearing that itself took two years. Young famously concluded in 1988 that marijuana is "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man" and that provisions of the Controlled Substances Act "require" its removal from Sked 1.

John Lawn sat on Judge Young's finding for another year, then nixed it with a stroke of the pen. NORML appealed and in 1994 the D.C. Court of Appeal confirmed that the head of a federal agency could indeed ignore the findings of an administrative law judge.

Bob Bennett is the older brother of Bill, the Drug Czar under Reagan. (The family had moved to Washington, D.C., by the time Bill was ready for high school, so he went to Gonzaga.)

Bob Bennett attended Harvard Law and spent most of his career at the aforementioned Williams & Connolly. His high-profile clients included Caspar Weinberger, Reagan's Secretary of Defense who helped orchestrate the Iran-Contra weapons deal; Judy Miller, the *NY Times* reporter who fanned the flames for invading Iraq with

"A culture of reverence for the football team"



PENN STATE FOOTBALL COACH JOE PATERNO was educated at the same Jesuit prep school as leading Drug Warriors, including Joe Califano and John Lawn. After it became known to Paterno that an assistant, Jerry Sandusky, was a child molester, Paterno took part in a cover-up involving Penn State's top administrators, and Sandusky went on abusing children for many years... Sexual abuse is more heinous than physical abuse. Perhaps if the latter had not been tolerated at Brooklyn Prep, Joe Paterno would have not tolerated the former at Penn State... An investigation of the cover-up by former FBI Director Louis Freeh noted "a culture of reverence for the football program" at Penn State.

"It wasn't hell you were afraid of, it was Father Engel."

false reports of weapons of mass destruction; and neo-con chicken-hawk Paul Wolfowitz who got bounced from heading the World Bank after it was revealed that he had arranged excessive compensation for a lady friend.

Bob Bennett also served on the Catholic Bishops' "National Review Board for the Protection of Children & Young People."

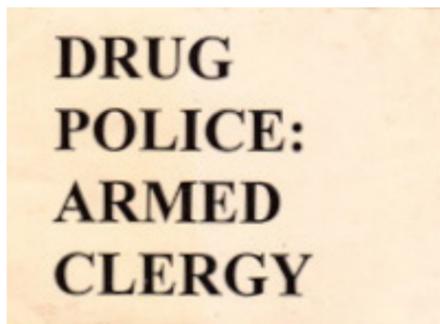
He and the other lads at Brooklyn Prep could have used some protection themselves in their formative years. "The prefect of discipline was the Rev. Frederick W. Engel, a tall priest with the fists of a

"If somebody was out of line, he gave him a shot in the head."

trained boxer who could instantly silence an auditorium filled with 300 shouting boys," wrote Joseph Berger in the *Times*.

"It wasn't hell you were afraid of, it was Father Engel," said Gerry Uehlinger, class of '67, now a trial lawyer in Maryland... Paterno, class of 1944, also learned not to cross Father Engel. "If somebody was out of line, he gave him a shot in the head," Paterno told *The Philadelphia Inquirer*."

The quasi-religious zeal of the Drug Warriors is not that hard to understand. "Father" smacked them around, so they have to smack us around. Forever and ever.



STICKER MADE BY TOD MIKURIYA for consciousness-raising purposes.



JOE CALIFANO, BOB BENNETT, BILL BENNETT EXUDE SELF-SATISFACTION as they advise parents on how to raise their children. Don't you want your children to grow up to be just like these three mean, dull blobs of pomposity?

'Reefer Madness' in Mexico continued from previous page

The church never stopped impressing the message on the masses. According to one observer quoted by Campos, "The horror that this plant inspires has reached such an extreme that when the common people, having little inclination to research the facts, see even just a single plant, they feel as if in the presence of a demonic spirit. Women and children run frightened and they make the sign of the cross simply upon hearing its name. The friars hurl their excommunications against those who grow and use it and the authorities persecute it with such fury that they order it be uprooted and burnt, imposing cruel penalties on whom they find it. In a word they believe that it is a weed that has come from hell and the ignorant masses curse and scorn it."

The absence of a "counterdiscourse" to all the marijuana-causes-madness stories led Campos to suspect that the phenom-

enon of people running amok on weed had some basis in fact. Although he initially assumed that a given drug would have identical effects on all human populations, he soon realized that more than pharmacology is involved when people flip out or bliss out on drugs. He concluded, "The effect of psychoactive drugs are actually dictated by a complex tangle of pharmacology, psychology, and culture —or 'drug, set, and setting,'"

In the second half of *Home Grown* Campos explains why the set and setting in which *campesinos* consumed marijuana (often along with alcohol) might indeed have produced an inordinate amount of crazy acting-out. We won't give away this part of the story, dear reader, because you really should buy Campos's serious, insightful book. And/or request that your local public library order a copy.

"The power of a simple placebo to radically alter my state of consciousness impressed me deeply. The contribution of the mind to the observed action of a drug was certainly real, and I decided it was possible that this contribution was a major one.

"One has been taught to assign the power of a drug to the drug itself, without considering the person into whom it goes... There is a personal reality of the recipient of the drug that plays a major role in the definition of the eventual interaction. Each of us has his own personality, and each of us will construct his own unique drug-person relationship."

—Alexander Shulgin

Great Joe Bob (A Regional Tragedy)

He was a panhandle prince
Schoolboy football king
They told him "Hi" in the halls
'Cause he could run them balls
But it was rumored (down deep) he was mean
He dated high-tone girls
With frosty pom-pom curls
But he never gave out his ring
He was the best of the best
He met the grid-iron test
An there ain't nothin as American
An clean

He was the pride of the backfield
Ahhh the hero of his day
Yeah he carried the ball for the red and blue
They won District Triple-A
An his name made all the papers
As the best they'd ever had
Yeah so nobody understood it
When the Great Joe Bob went bad

First he lost his scholarship
To Texas Tech
For drinking during training
An breaking the coach's neck...yeah
Then he got suspended for acting obscene
Around the Cum-Laudy, Cum-Laudy
Daughter of the Dean
So...

He took up with a waitress
Named Loose Ruby Cole
While she was hoppin' tables
Down at the Hi-D-Ho
An he met her on the sly
When her daddy weren't around
Yeah but he stopped making yardage
When he started messin' 'round

(chorus) He was the pride of the backfield...
Yeah it spread like a country wildfire
That something big had gone all strange
Joe Bob the Greatest Halfback
Was actin half-deranged
He'd been seen out with this woman
Gettin drunk and havin fun
Yeah he growed his hair, then gived up prayer
An said, "Football days is done"
Then...

He and old Loose Ruby
Robbed a Pinkie's Liquor Store
An had a run-in with the law
When they's runnin out the door
An Joe Bob's fate was sealed
For the next century
Yeah he traded in the pigskin
For the penitentiary

(chorus) He was the pride of the backfield...

—Terry Allen