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Tim Leary at MSU:

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

Turn On/ Tune In/ Cop Out

The Michigan State News ran a front - page headline this summer, "Find No MSU Students Using LSD, Dope," and an article this fall quoting the director of the university health center on "Dr. O'Leary," the man who was deceiving the nation on the dangers of psychedelic drugs.

Things may not be as bad at MSU as this makes them seem, but it was into an atmosphere not terribly knowledgeable about psychedelics that Timothy Leary descended November 17, to speak before an audience of more than 4,000 MSU students and faculty on "LSD: Man, God and Law."

Most of the audience had probably had little or no contact with the tools of Leary's trade, and the questions turned in on slips of paper handed out by the ushers indicated little more than a Life magazine knowledge of the subject.

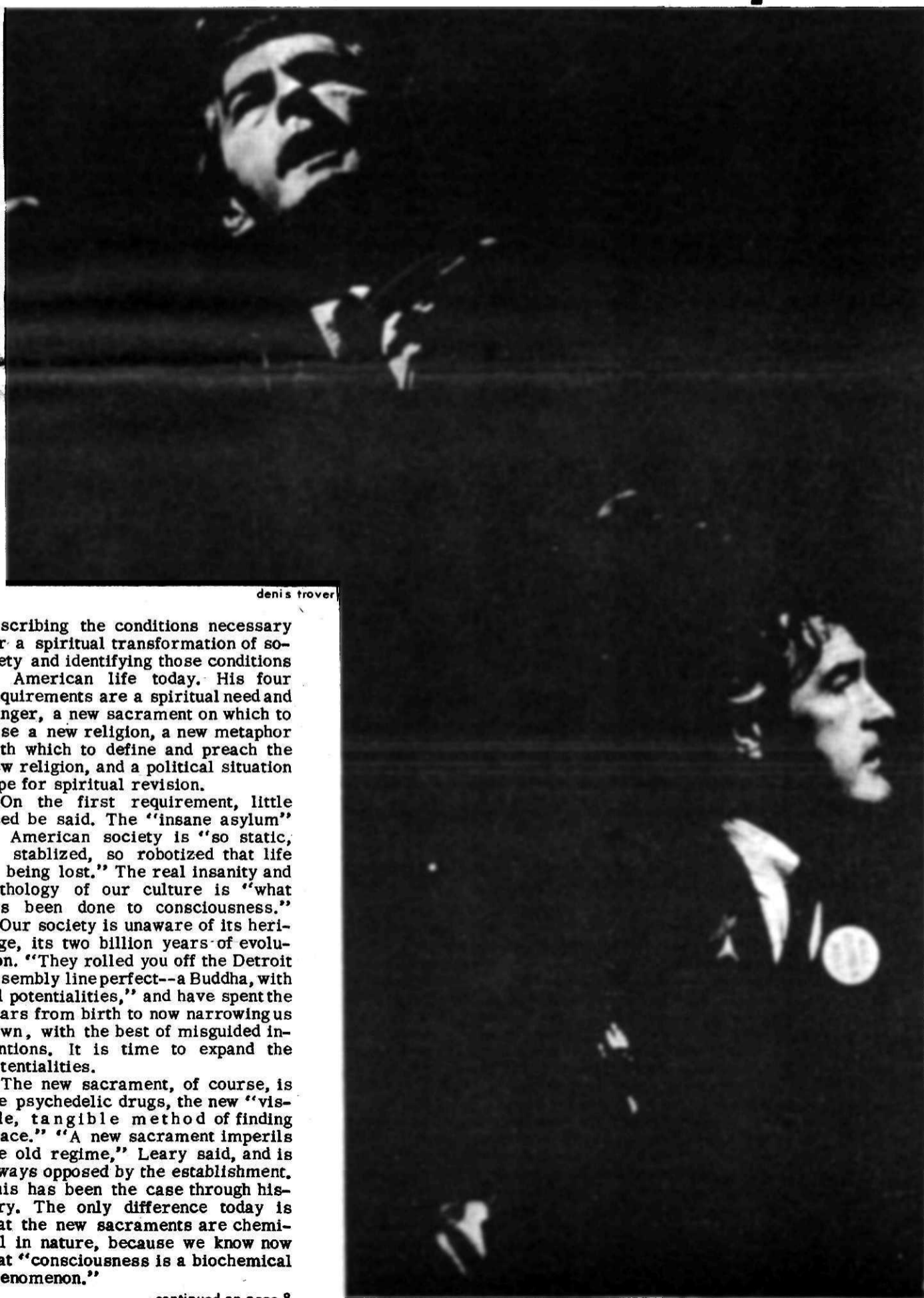
(The most frequently asked: "How can I legally obtain LSD and take it in a responsible situation?" Leary evaded the question the next day at his press conference, and talked about the dangers of modern life and the loss of spiritual training as a value in this country.)

In view of the relatively uninitiated nature of his MSU audience, it seems quite significant that Leary was honored with a standing ovation, and found himself praising his student government hosts for their open-mindedness about psychedelics. It was almost simultaneous proof of Leary's thesis as presented in his speech and later at a reception and press conference: that we are on the threshold of a new spiritual age, whose sacraments will be LSD and marijuana and whose disciples will be (or are) the young, the creative and the socially alienated of today.

Condescendingly (I have to believe) wearing a "Kill, Bubba, Kill" button on his lapel opposite a silver American Indian talisman, Leary began by talking about prayer: "Only those out of their minds can pray." With LSD he and his colleagues are "catapulted out of our minds down strange evolutionary tissue corridors, out of the twentieth century."

He identified his profession ("one of the most ancient in human history") as that of shaman, guru, alchemist, sorcerer. "We seek to reaffirm the divinity of the human being, we seek to get man out of the manacles of his mind," to help him find the "revelation that is within his own body."

This is undoubtedly not the way the audience would have described Leary beforehand, but more unfamiliar ideas (or so I assume; after all, Michigan State isn't a Berkeley, full of social dropouts) were to come. Leary spent a good part of his speech



describing the conditions necessary for a spiritual transformation of society and identifying those conditions in American life today. His four requirements are a spiritual need and hunger, a new sacrament on which to base a new religion, a new metaphor with which to define and preach the new religion, and a political situation ripe for spiritual revision.

On the first requirement, little need be said. The "insane asylum" of American society is "so static, so stabilized, so robotized that life is being lost." The real insanity and pathology of our culture is "what has been done to consciousness."

Our society is unaware of its heritage, its two billion years of evolution. "They rolled you off the Detroit assembly line perfect--a Buddha, with all potentialities," and have spent the years from birth to now narrowing us down, with the best of misguided intentions. It is time to expand the potentialities.

The new sacrament, of course, is the psychedelic drugs, the new "visible, tangible method of finding grace." "A new sacrament imperils the old regime," Leary said, and is always opposed by the establishment. This has been the case through history. The only difference today is that the new sacraments are chemical in nature, because we know now that "consciousness is a biochemical phenomenon."

continued on page 8

REVENGE-TOO (BAD HE)

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ART BY JIM FRIEL. WRITING (SUCH AS IT ISN'T) BY STU JONES. LETTERING BY FRODO.

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The Water Closet

By W. C. BLANTON

The deafening silence from more than 80,000 stunned spectators was indicative of the feeling across the nation when Michigan State and Notre Dame tied 10-10 in the game of the century and left themselves at the mercy of pollsters, sportswriters, barflies and other assorted arm-chair quarterbacks and coaches. The question of which team is really No. 1 will undoubtedly be debated for years, as well as Ara Parseghian's all-out college try--to tie.

Notre Dame was hampered by injuries, to be sure, but one of the greatest Irish strengths all year was depth; and the breaks of the game went with Ara's squad. That would seem to negate the cries about missing poor Nick Eddy and Terry Han-

Basketball Polls, Already?

ratty. MSU edges ND slightly in statistics and by a large margin in playing, as a champion should, but neither of those factors shows on the scoreboard. Who's number one? Michigan State? Maybe. Notre Dame? Hardly. Co-champions? Got any better ideas until Duffy's play-off system is adopted by the NCAA?

At any rate, the gridiron season is over, except for a few scattered contests and the bowl games in which the Southeastern Conference will demonstrate once more that it is the home of the best college football in the nation. Now the sports scene moves to such places as Memorial Coliseum, Madison Square Garden and Jenison Barn for basketball, the major winter sport of America.

Saturday is a day that has been a long time coming for many roundball fanatics. For on December 3, Lew Lacinder will play his first varsity game for UCLA. All pre-season analysis concedes the national title to the Bruins and an all-American slot to the 7-1 man who shoots, passes and rebounds like an all-Pro. So they say. Alcinder has plenty of help from Lucius Allen, Edgar Lacey, and others on Johnny Wooden's squad but perhaps the NCAA tournament should be held anyway.

There are a number of teams around which should be capable of giving the Bruins some trouble. In the West, there is Houston, with a big and talented Elvin Hayes, and Texas Western has five starters back

from winning the NCAA crown last year. Bobby Joe Hill and Big D Lattin just are not going to collapse when faced by Alcinder's press clippings.

Louisville should rule the Midwest with Wesley Unseld, said by some to be better than Alcinder, and Butch Beard and Jerry King up from UL's best-ever freshman team.

The Southland, which is in the Mid-East Region of the NCAA, will again be led by Kentucky and Western Kentucky. Adolph Rupp's Wildcats lost two men from last year's NCAA runner-up, but Der Baron will be able to win the SEC behind all-Americans Pat Riley, Louie Dampier and Thad Jarancz. Whether he will be able to claim supremacy in the Bluegrass State is another matter. The Hilltoppers of Western Kentucky return four men, including the incredible Clem Hawkins from the team that clobbered Loyola and barely lost to Michigan on an off-night last March. Rich Hendricks should fill in well enough to send the Hilltoppers to the NCAA finals, barring bad luck.

The Eastern Region has Jimmy Waler, i.e. Providence, and Duke. Bob Verga should get the Blue Devils at least as far as last year's third place finish, but beating Kentucky or Western Kentucky or, yes, even Michigan State could be tough.

To end the prediction game, let it be said that MSU will win the Big Ten, despite the loss of Bill Curtis and Stan Washington and the presence in the league of a veteran Northwestern club. Steve Rymal and John Bailey should be more consistent this season and with Matt Aitch a steady nucleus for leaping Art Baylor and super-soph Lee Lafayette to jell around exists. Even Super-gor should see plenty of action. We'll soon know.

THE PAPER

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THE PAPER is published weekly during regular school terms by students of Michigan State University and a few of their off-campus friends. It is intended as a channel for expression and communication of those ideas, events and creative impulses which make of the university community a fertile ground for the growth of human learning. THE PAPER hopes to help the university strive toward fulfillment of the highest ideals of learning and free inquiry, by reporting and commenting on the university experience and encouraging others to do so.

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Black Power and the White Liberal

By RICHARD A. OGAR

More than hotdogs, America loves villains. Never is the nation without a popular target for that insatiable malice which, along with violence, fills up so much of its leisure time. At the turn of the century it was the man in the black moustache; during the 20's and 30's it was the man in the black hat; since 1956 it has been the man in the black skin.

If I were asked to name the three most hated men of the past few years, I would have little trouble answering: Malcolm X, Muhammed Ali, and Stokely Carmichael. Malcolm is dead now, and even though his influence is still felt in the ghettos, the white community has by and large shrugged off the threat he once presented. Ali, however popular with blacks, is not an acknowledged "Negro leader," so his attacks on the white establishment pose little or no immediate danger. But Stokely is very much alive, and very much a leader, so it is he who must now bear the brunt of white racist hatred.

In most cases, popular villains are made, not born. And it is the mass media that make them. However startling the comparison, Carmichael's position today is much like that of Barry Goldwater in 1964: both men have been put on the defensive by an openly hostile press, and forced again and again to level charges of distortion and misinterpretation. Whatever the case with Goldwater, Carmichael's charges are indisputably valid: to read a news "account" of one of his speeches is to travel in a pressman's never-neverland. The quotes, I'll admit, are generally accurate; only the contexts are missing. It is quite apparent that no matter what Carmichael says—or how often—the white press will hear what it planned to hear: a calculated blend of hatred, violence and treason.

The reasoning behind this campaign of vilification is equally apparent: only by discrediting Carmichael can the white liberal maintain his illusion of racial tolerance, for Carmichael (along with lesser known figures like Jessie Gray, Dar Watts, Ron Karenga and Brother Lennie) favors not integration but independence. He is proud of being black. He doesn't want to be assimilated into white society.

For a white man, pride in color is so natural a phenomenon that no one outside the paranoid fringe even bothers to state it explicitly; white pride is simply a fact of life. For the black man, however, pride is presumption, a sign of that recurrent Negro malady, uppityness.

The red-necked hunkie in the South has always been offended by blackness, but the Northern liberal—up until the time that it became a source of pride—always seemed to be able to cope with it. He could even go so far as contributing to the NAACP, since it merely addressed itself to "colored people." He was willing to let Negro children tour his high schools, he learned to admire Ralph Bunche. In time he was even willing to help the Negro gain back his "rights"—so long as he could do it from on high, for he who "helps" is

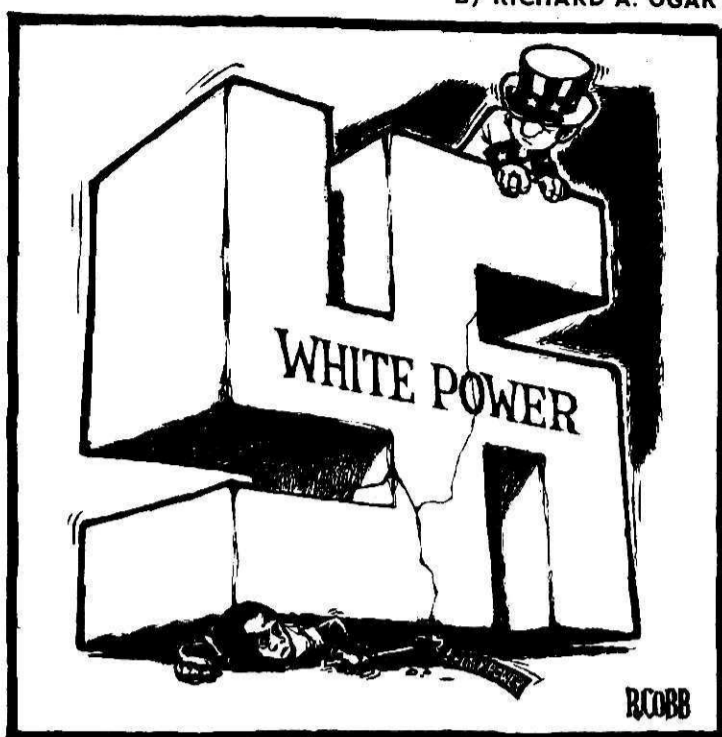
*Case in point: Carmichael recently appeared on the David Susskind show. Susskind, openly hostile, charged Carmichael with using violent and inflammatory language in his public statements. The following exchange took place:

Carmichael: Have you ever heard Martin Luther King say "We're gonna tear this place inside out and upside down"?

Susskind: Yes.

Carmichael: And do you consider that "violent" language?

Susskind: Not when Dr. King says it. Carmichael made the only natural response—laughter.



from the Los Angeles Free Press

obviously better off than him who is helped.

Liberal support of the Negro revolution is a sham, a smokescreen for white supremacy. The white liberal is simply a racist who's gone underground, a man who's joined them in order to beat them. Certainly he favors Negro civil liberty (a characteristic liberal phrase; it sounds so good that no one can in good conscience oppose it, and is so meaningless that no one can tell whether he has it or not), but only when obtained under the aegis of white paternalism. Only a racist, as Carmichael himself has pointed out, would flatter himself with the idea that he is willing to give the Negro the rights he was born with, yet this is the only posture the liberal is willing to assume toward "civil rights." He is willing to pay the piper (tax deductible) only if he is allowed to call the tune. No wonder liberals are outraged by a man like Carmichael who is willing to take anyone's money, but insists that Negroes decide how it shall be spent. This is the heresy

of Stokely Carmichael: that money donated to the Negro movement is Negro money thereafter.

This sort of thinking panics the liberal establishment: God only knows where it all might end! To counter its effects, the hired guns of the press are brought in to smear Carmichael out of existence, while the liberals themselves, always anxious to keep their own hands clean, take refuge behind the concept of "responsibility." Now the only meaningful sense in which the term "responsibility" can be applied to the Negro revolution is this: is this or that leader responsible TO HIS OWN PEOPLE? But this is obviously not what the liberal means by it: to him, a responsible leader is one who begs, pleads, cajoles; he appeals for charity and trades effusive gratitude for token progress. Such "responsible" leaders as Charles Evers, Whitney Young and Martin Luther King are the heirs of Steppin Fetchit, the court fools to the liberal monarchy.

Responsible leadership is ineffective leadership. Even mild-mannered

Dr. King has been accused of irresponsibility on those rare occasions when it looked like he might actually accomplish something IN NEGRO TERMS. Forgetting his customary buck-and-wing, King led a march into a determinedly anti-Negro Chicago neighborhood. This unforgivable act pulled away the veil of Northern toleration, and exposed the racist heart of America. When King had the gall to insist on continuing the marches, he and the marchers—not the white hate-mongers who had attacked them—were accused of inciting to violence. Faced with opposition, King gave in to his white bosses and regained their confidence.

But Carmichael will not give in, and this is what makes him so dangerous. The liberal is being confronted by a man who insists on being black, who assumes his rights rather than asking for them, and who knows a racist when he sees one. Carmichael isn't fooled by the hand that feeds him because he knows that he who does the feeding owns the animal.

Unable to domesticate him, liberals have been forced to make a mad dog out of him in order to destroy him in the name of self-defense. Whether or not Carmichael favors violence (and he does not), the charge MUST be laid against him if the liberal is to keep up his benevolent masquerade. Only by characterizing the concept of black power as the most virulent form of race-hatred can he continue doing what he has always tried to do—keep the Negro in his place.

The liberals are running scared, as the ever-increasing level of vindictiveness clearly indicates and panic may cause them to overplay their hand. They can't afford even the slightest error because Stokely is onto the game. He slips away from all the charges by the simple expedient of pointing out their source; speaking in Berkeley, he reminded his "self-appointed white critics" of a maxim from Shaw—"All criticism is a form of autobiography." Dig yourself."



I'm Dreaming of a White PAPER

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Happenings In Music

By CARL STENSEL

Professional Debut

On November 20, the MSU Symphony Orchestra opened its 1966-67 season, under its second new conductor in as many years. The afternoon was, I think, a rewarding one for all.

As a first comment, I think Dennis Burk, the orchestra's new conductor, deserves commendation on his program selection. The concert, which consisted of the overture to "Der Freischütz," by Carl Maria Von Weber; the Romanian Folk Dances by Bela Bartok; Good Friday Spell, from the third act of "Parsifal"; and the Symphony No. 8, Op. 88, by Antonin Dvorak, was certainly the best balanced to be heard here as long as I can remember.

The overture to "Der Freischütz" is not, like so many operatic overtures of its time, a mere medley of numbers from the opera; it is rather a symphonic movement in sonata form. It is, I suppose, just about what one would expect from Von Weber, had one never before heard it. Although I feel it to be the least well performed of the numbers of the concert, it was not at all unacceptable. There seemed to be some tendency among the musicians not to follow the beat closely enough in the early part of the number, resulting in a slight but noticeable sense of disorganization. At times, the harmonic parts seemed too muted.

The Romanian Folk Dances were originally written for solo violin, and were transcribed for piano, and then for orchestra. This is one of the most successful orchestral transcriptions of solo works that I have heard. It is "light" music which succeeds where other light music

fails, because it is not light where so much other light music is, namely in musical value. My major criticism of the Orchestra's performance of this work is that some of the multiple parts sounded rather muddled, and I feel that the work would have been more successful if performed by a smaller group.

Mr. Burk felt that the Wagner number would be a broadening experience for the members of the orchestra, most of whom had never played anything by Wagner before. Certain second violins thought that it was boring. I think it might have been less so had the tempo been a little faster. I thought that the pianissimo and piano passages in this piece were particularly commendable, as the ensemble was quite a bit larger than in the other numbers. Some of the crescendi and decrescendi in this number seemed somewhat abrupt. I feel that they would have been much better had they been smoother and more spread out.

I was a little dissatisfied with Mr. Burk's tempi in the Dvorak work. Although Dvorak's indicated tempi were almost all too fast to satisfy me, I think that the work should have been played somewhat faster than it was. This symphony impresses me as rather curious in that, if it is not performed very well, certain parts, such as the coda at the end of the third movement, and some of the flute solos, sound rather disconnected or out of place. The tempi at which Mr. Burk took the work seemed to foster such impressions in certain places.

In general, I think that the main failing of the concert was that the

tempi were too slow almost throughout. The orchestra was very good in piano passages, but I would have appreciated somewhat more volume during the loud passages which frequently sounded somewhat thin. The brass tended at some points to be rather loud, and the violins were, throughout the entire concert, too weak.

If you feel that what I have to say sounds rather picayune, you are probably right. This performance was certainly the best that the orchestra has given since I have been here, and certainly the orchestra lived up to all that could reasonably be expected of

it for its debut under a new conductor. This is the first time that I have been able to compare the orchestra's performance with professional performances of the same works, and not have to remind myself that the orchestra is a student organization; and I think that this is indeed significant.

This performance leaves me anxiously looking forward to the orchestra's winter concert, which will feature a very ambitious program consisting of Mozart's "Serenade for four Orchestras," Webern's "Passacaglia," and Charles Ives' Symphony No. 2.



This Weekend

By TERRY BLACKBURN

There will be two events of interest presented by the Music Department this weekend. On Friday, the Beaumont String Quartet will present a program in the music auditorium, and on Sunday, William Elliott will give a lecture recital in the choral room.

The Beaumont String Quartet, composed of faculty members, will give a program of classic, impressionistic and contemporary works. The Quartet--Romeo Tata, first violin; Theo-

dore Johnson, second violin; Lyman Bodman, viola; and Louis Potter Jr., cello-- will perform an early quartet of Beethoven, op. 18, no. 2 in G Major, and the String Quartet in F Major of Maurice Ravel. They are also scheduled to play the Quartet for Strings, op. 11, by Samuel Barber, which contains the famous Adagio for Strings.

In addition to responsibilities at Michigan State, three of the four men (Tata, Bodman and Potter), are members of the Lansing Symphony Orchestra, each man holding a first chair position with Romeo Tata as Concertmaster.

The Beaumont Quartet has given many concerts outside of Michigan State. Under Cap and Gown, they have given concerts in schools and have also participated in Young Audience Concerts, which are given primarily in grade schools. They have also given a series of concerts in Puerto Rico, and are interested in further concertizing outside of the United States. They will soon be heard in Battle Creek and at the Lavonia Schoolcraft College.

William Elliott, instructor of music literature, will present a lecture-recital Sunday in the choral room. Mr. Elliott will play two works, Sonata in A minor, K. 310 of Mozart and Sonata in A Major, op. 2 No. 2 of Beethoven. He will then discuss these two works, considering particularly the evolution of form, contrasting the Mozart work with the Beethoven.

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Who put all those things
in your head?



THE PAPER

Theatre

Notes on Hagiology

When a production of a play is truly disastrous, you're left with no feeling at all about the play and no heart for attacking the production. I mean, first, I knew a lot more about "Saint Joan" before I went to see the current production than I do now and frankly don't see that trying to illuminate or evaluate it in the light of what happened on the stage at Fairchild would do anyone much good; and second, if anybody can't see that the production is overwhelmingly incompetent, I sure as hell can't convince him.

I suppose, however, that I have a sort of duty to make a report on the accident, which I at least can't be accused of leaving the scene of.

Salient points:

1) If Karen Grossman had been playing Peter Pan, she would have been overdoing it; as Saint Joan, she was simply appalling. It would have been completely in keeping with her performances (all arms akimbo and broad smiles and kitchy-koo inflections) if she had turned to the audience and asked everyone who believed in saints to raise his hand to save her from the stake.

2) Anthony Heald, as the Earl of Warwick, moved through the play with the aristocratic grace of one who knows he is in the presence of

inferiors but is too well-brought-up to show it. Nothing showed up the deadly mediocrity-and-worse of the rest of the production like Heald's assured, articulate, persuasive--in a word, professional--performance.

3) In the time it has taken me to get to a typewriter I have lost my program and therefore cannot name any other actors involved; I feel the workings of divine providence here. Suffice it to say that Shaw's dialogue is for the most part written for people accustomed to using difficult words, making difficult grammatical constructions, and in general conversing in an urbane, intelligent manner; most of the actors here sound as if they memorized their lines phonetically.

4) Someone--I don't think the program mentioned who--has invented a narrator to mediate between the audience and the play, to introduce various scenes, play various roles, provide historical background, refer to things "Mr. Shaw" said, tell the girls in the audience they needn't worry about curfew--things like that. The device--borrowed from any number of recent British plays ("A Man for All Seasons" comes to mind first) and from Brecht and from God-knows-who-else--is a silly intrusion on the play. It reminds me of the silent-film production of "The Taming of the Shrew"

By LARRY TATE



which had the title-credit, "By William Shakespeare, with additional dialogue by Sam Taylor."

5) Shaw isn't guiltless in this enterprise, having written a lot of comfy - coy dialogue more appropriate to Peter Pan than Saint Joan; in the first half, particularly, Joan spouts enough simple peasant wisdom to make almost anybody retch. And Shaw spends a lot of time with trivial characters getting cheap laughs, all of which could be dispensed with.

6) I don't know the play well enough to recognize the cuts made in it; the one terribly obvious one--that of the breakdown of a vicious bigot who sees Joan burn--is a mistake. I'm just as glad I don't know about the others.

7) The set for this production--a simple wooden affair with ramps, platforms, and poles--is excellent, and the use of images on a screen at the back is imaginative. I guess I could commend the director for

maintaining a fairly brisk pace, within the limits of butchering Shaw.

8) I'm quite aware I've just talked around the issue without coming to grips with the play or the production. Anybody who can see this production and feel like saying more is welcome to do so.

9) Regardless of what I say or what anyone else says, this production will tour Michigan and Canada, bringing the joys of live theatre to the boon-docks for months and months. Isn't Culture wonderful?

Movies

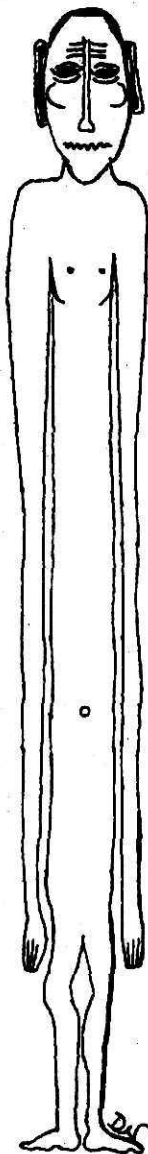
Very briefly.

"Texas Across the River" has about two funny gags in it, neither of which comes to mind at the moment. It operates on the premise that all your old favorite Western clichés can be resuscitated by nudging them constantly and winking like crazy. I can't think of any reason why anybody would want to see it.

"Zorba the Greek" was back. I don't share the general enthusiasm for it; characters set up to represent the Life Force turn me off, somehow. But it had its virtues--Lila Kedrova, Irene Pappas, Anthony Quinn a lot of the time. Mostly a botch, because nothing accumulates; it lurches from one life-affirming (or life-denying, as the case may be) incident to another, getting steadily artier.

Signing off.

dale-walker



Mother
recently
you took me
to your motel room
after we had dinner

the carpets were soft
the chairs were modern
and from your bed
i remember
you could watch t.v.

i saw buttons and dials
everywhere
they called it
"room environment control"
i think

you could
change the heat
the light
the radio
the t.v.
even as you lay in bed

in the next room
you showed me
the coffee-maker
we laughed over the
four aluminum foil packets
coffee
sugar
cream
and even two little wooden
stirrers

everything was so nice
so easy, so soft
so instant automatic remote-control
new
colorful
perfect

i couldn't stand it

can i ever explain to you
Mother
that i can never like
the Good Life?
can you ever understand
why i do not enjoy these things:

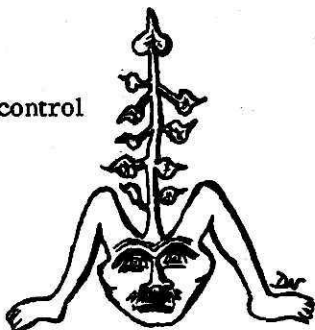
clothes too good to work in
carpets too good to walk on
couches too good to lie on

and these:

restaurants too good to laugh in
lawns too good for children to play
neighborhoods too good for excitement

can you understand
that i think houses
are for people
not the other way around
and that i can never like:

walls too good for hanging things
corners too good for piling things
floors too good for chair marks
tables too good for cigarette burns



do you understand
that i like people
better than atmosphere

i think about sick smiles on the waitresses
the false courtesy of the clerks
the businesslike manner of the businessman

i remember
the bellboy
nervous to be with
the big man who didn't even see him
and the powdered faces in the dining room
too richly decorated
to afford a smile

and i know
that i can never like:

faces too good for dirt
minds too good for thought
hearts too good for love

and i know
suddenly
why i can never like
the Good Life
Mother:

it's too good for living



BESSEY VIGILEERS!!

If you are missing pillows or blankets or things from the vigil, perhaps they are among those in a pile at the PAPER office. Please get them before the end of the term, as we are moving then and don't feel like carrying your things, too. Thanks. 217 Center St., E.L.



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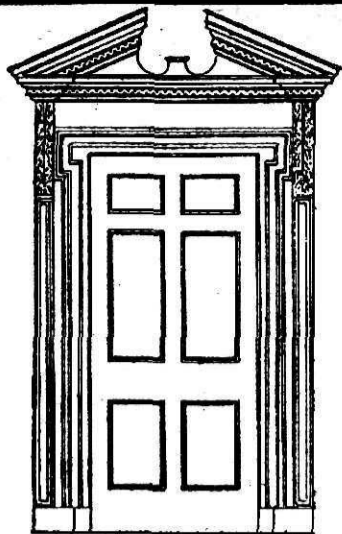
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(Second and last of nearly a series)

By DAVID FREEDMAN

Just as Timothy Leary developed his own formulation of society as a metaphor of gamesmanship, several contemporary American writers have reached interpretations of man's present spiritual evolution highly similar to the revelation often experienced by users of psychedelics. Three excellent "novels of the absurd," Joseph Heller's "Catch-22" (1962), Thomas Pynchon's V, (1963), Ken Kesey's "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1962), all first novels, approach the "terror of history" with parallel attitudes.

According to Mircea Eliade in "Cosmos and History: The Myth of the Eternal Return" (Harper Torchbooks, TB 50), modern man feels terror facing the irresistible, crushing forces of history (famine, wars, destruction) for he is unable "to find a meaning and a transhistorical justification for historical events." (p. 147)

Joseph Heller sees both the absurdity and the terror of history. "Catch-22" is set on the island of Pianosa in the Mediterranean during WWII. His superschemer Milo Minderbinder makes a contract with the Germans to bomb his own outfit. "This time Milo had gone too far. Bombing his own men and planes was more than even the most phlegmatic observer could stomach, and it looked like the end for him. High-ranking government officials poured in to investigate. Newspapers inveighed against Milo with glaring headlines, and Congressmen denounced the atrocity in stentorian wrath and clamored for punishment. Mothers with children in the service organized into militant groups and demanded revenge. Not one voice was raised in his defense. Decent people everywhere were affronted, and Milo was all washed up until he opened his books to the public and disclosed the tremendous profit he had made. He could reimburse the government for all the people and property he had destroyed and still have enough money left over to continue buying Egyptian cotton. Everybody, of course, owned a share. And the sweetest part of the whole deal was that there really was no need to reimburse the government at all." (p. 265-66)

Heller has taken the sufferings of modern man in the face of history and peeled away the superficial "meanings" we normally attach to the onslaught of historical events on

The Archetypal Freakout

our lives. History is absurd underneath, and Heller's perspective is that of an enlightened observer of events which still retain their meaning in the context of his novel. The unwritten law of "Catch-22"—like Gresham's law of adversity?—annuls itself. Yossarian has had enough bombing missions (leave is granted after a certain number of missions have been flown; the minimum number is raised every time he approaches it); he wants to selectively drop out. The only way he can get out is to claim that prolonged combat has driven him insane; but the catch is that anyone who wants to get out of combat duty isn't really crazy. (p. 47). "Catch-22" has meaning within its context, and the absurdity of history is itself a catch.

"Obviously, the metaphysical concepts of the archaic world were not always formulated in theoretical language; but the symbol, the myth, the rite, express, on different planes and through the means proper to them, a complex system of coherent affirmations about the ultimate reality of things, a system that can be regarded as constituting a metaphysics...If we observe the general behavior of men, we are struck by the following fact: neither the objects of the external world nor human acts, properly speaking, have any autonomous intrinsic value. Objects or acts acquire a value, and on so doing become real, because they participate after one fashion or another, in a reality that transcends them. (Human acts:) their meaning, their value, are not connected with their actual physical datum but with their property of reproducing a primordial act, of repeating a mythical example. Facts which show us that, for archaic man, reality is a function of the initiation of a celestial archetype." (p. 3-5)

The terror of history, which may lead to an individual's alienation from society, lies not only in the irreversibility but also in the absurdity of the historic process. Heraclitus: "one cannot step into the same river twice." Henry Reed: "And today we have naming of parts."

We see this process in another "absurd" novel, Thomas Pynchon's



"V." As in his second book "The Crying of Lot 49", which received mixed reviews this year, Pynchon is concerned with a spiritual search into the past. Yet, while Heller approaches history as an absurd continuum (albeit in disjointed interludes), Pynchon explores the "reality" (in symbol become cycle become reality) of historical "fact" from a vantage point far above the symbols.

The book takes place on two levels; one level is set in the 1950's and concerns the crazy antics of a group called The Wholly Sick Crew and their undefinable and inexplicable relationship to the second level, set in the decades around the turn of the century and before and after the First World War. In Chapter Three, entitled "In Which Stencil, a quick-change artist, does eight impersonations," is a past composed almost entirely of political overtones whose effects are only suggested as they extend from the past to the future, and whose causes are completely unknown. The entire espionage atmosphere and the suggestion of international intrigues of unfathomable consequences take on all the auras of symbols, but are here without meaning. These strange enigmas are seen uncoiling like the mainspring of a watch without hands, viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. (p. 141)

"V." had been connected, though perhaps only tangentially, with one of those grand conspiracies or foretastes of Armageddon which seemed to have captivated all diplomatic sensibilities in the years preceding the Great War. V. and a conspiracy. Its particular shape governed only by the surface accidents of history at the time. Perhaps history this century, thought Eigenvalue, is rippled with gathers in its fabric such that if we are situated, as Stencil seemed to be, at the bottom of a fold, it's impossible to determine warp, woof or pattern anywhere else. By virtue, however, of existing in gather it is assumed there are others, compartmented off into sinuous cycles each of which come to assume greater importance than the weave itself and destroy any continuity. Thus it is that we are charmed by the funny-looking automobiles of the 30's, the curious fashions of the 20's, the pe-

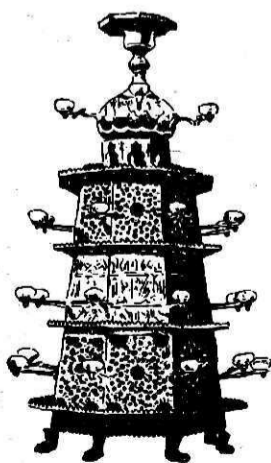
culiar moral habits of our grandfathers. We produce and attend musical comedies about them and are conned into a false memory, a phony nostalgia about what they were. We are accordingly lost to any sense of a continuous tradition. Perhaps if we lived on a crest, things would be different. We could at least see." (p. 141)

A refusal of history by pre-modern societies: "by virtue of this view, tons of millions of men were able, for century after century, to endure great historical pressures without despairing, without committing suicide or falling into their spiritual aridity that always brings with it a relativistic or nihilistic view of history." (p. 152)

"...it is not inadmissible to think of an epoch, and an epoch not too far distant, when humanity, to ensure its survival, will find itself reduced to desisting from any further 'making' of history in the sense in which it began to make it from the creation of the first empires, will confine itself to repeating prescribed archetypal gestures, and will strive to forget, as meaningless and dangerous, any spontaneous gesture which might entail 'historical' consequences." (p. 153-54)

Ken Kesey, in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," approaches the condition of modern man with precisely this kind of historic notion. Kesey's Cuckoo hero McMurphy takes refuge in the subhuman existence of a mental hospital ward run dictatorially by Big Nurse. This novel of the absurd is even more absurd than its companion novels, for Kesey looks BE-

continued on page 10



NEXT WEEK if we can think of anything special to put in it

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

ask your friendly local newsdealer to carry it, if he doesn't do so already

Stranger In Paradise Department (sign on a bulletin board at Albany State): Ride Wanted. I am looking for a trip to Millbrook, N.Y. Will pay travel guide five dollars. Contact Eric. Clinton Hall, 8701. (Penciled in below: How about 25 miles out?)



FREAK

THE PAPER'S

OUT!



ANNIVERSARY

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AND

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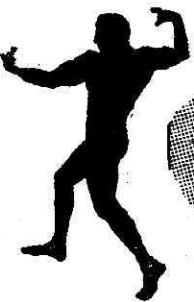
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of Invention

famed by various hippies

verve recording stars!

* autograph party friday at the disc shop

* dancing in various places in orange

and ultra violet - union 2nd floor

* lighting LIGHTING- strobes, colored

mists and other psychedelic effects;

* light show-- 2nd floor union

* movies, silent

* all to the sounds of THE MOTHERS OF

INVENTION

* poetry, art and other exciting happenings

(bring poetry or poets)

DECEMBER 9th

(friendly friday -- make the best of it)

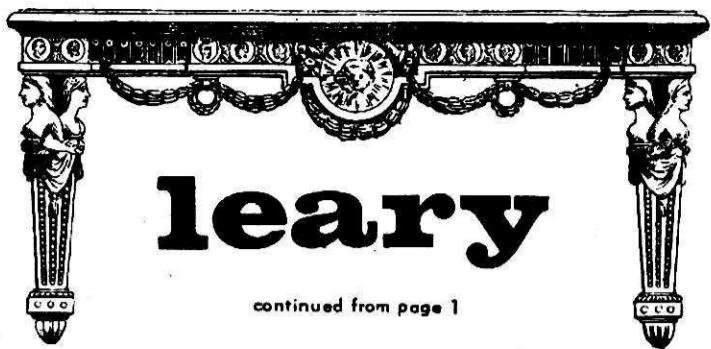
8:00 to 12:30



SEE THE WORLD IN THE RAW!



The MOTHERS PLAY DIRTY? YES!



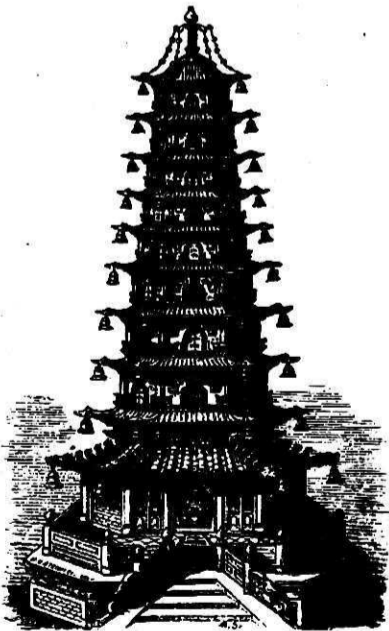
continued from page 1

"How can it be surprising that the next sacrament is chemical? Ours is a completely chemical society."

The new religious chemistry, Leary said, will allow us to use various chemicals to seek or expand the several levels of our consciousnesses. This all hints at the new metaphor of religion in science, the third requirement for a new spiritual age. Unlike the religious leaders of the past, today "we use the metaphor from which our new sacrament springs, the language of science."

The levels of consciousness so basic to Leary's explanation of the psychedelic experience are explained in the scientific metaphor: the two normal levels, stupor (that of sleep or intoxication with alcohol, barbiturates, etc.) and symbol awareness (what most people consider normal, visible reality), as well as the several levels of psychedelic consciousness: sensory (the level achieved by marijuana or low-dose LSD, in which the senses are 'polished'), somatic (achieved by moderate doses of LSD, giving the effect of "spinning through your own body"), and cellular (heavy doses of LSD, with which you "flip beyond your body, and confront terrains and vistas and energy levels which you've never seen." Departing from the explanation of a fourth "precellular" level given in published interviews, Leary extended the third "cellular" level to include an awareness of the "recorded memories of our cells," the point at which one becomes aware of "reality" as simply "one particular chessboard" among an infinity of possible realities.

"In order to discover this you have to climb out of the sticky black

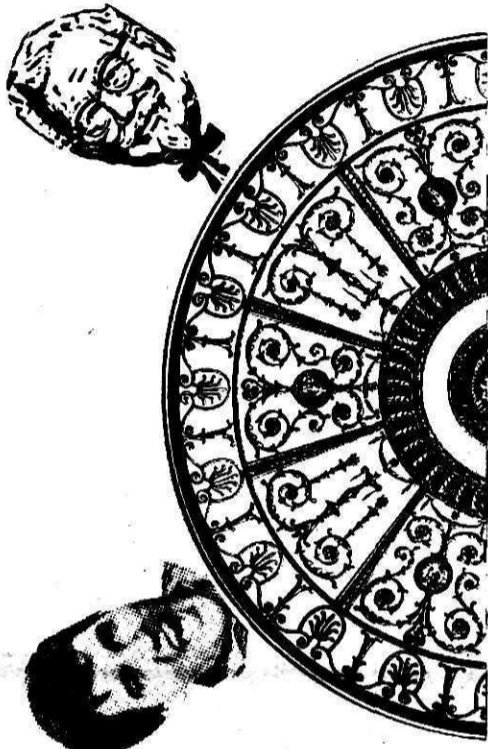


molasses of the chessboard that we're all caught in that we call normal reality."

Of the fourth requirement for spiritual change, the right political climate, Leary said, "The time to emerge, the time to come above ground, is when the sickness of the society is so obvious that large segments of the society are dealing themselves out." It does not take a psychedelic prophet to note that our society's out-groups have grown so extensive that the time is "almost ideal for the new breakthrough."

Referring to the cyclical view of history and spiritual change with which he views himself and his work,

Leary said, "Exactly at the point when society is so monolithic that you can't move, is when the big surge comes from underground." Sound like something we all live and know well today? Perhaps that is why Leary spent the remainder of his speech assuring his neophyte audience that the place to find divinity, indeed to find God, is within,



free from the laws of man which can only govern external affairs. (Thus the title of the speech, which was in danger of being forgotten.)

Each individual is his own God, and "the gateways to Eden are the sensors." "I can create any universe I want within my own nervous system," and only the individual can control what enters his senses. "Anything else is profanation," of which there is no shortage today. The inner mind is "the last frontier of freedom," Leary said, "guard it carefully."

And then, an optimistic conclusion. "Our side always wins," he said; the young generation always wins new rights for itself within 15 or 20 years when it grows up and takes over society. "Can't any generation catch on that the cycle continues? Can your generation catch on?"

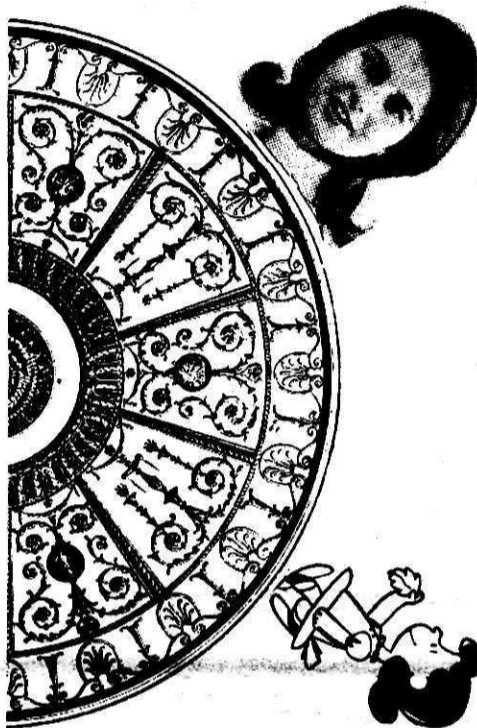
"You're going to see in your lifetime the LSD orthodoxy, the LSD sacrament," Leary said. And "you'll probably hear my name invoked to put down the next generation of visionaries. Don't let it happen."

Then, a standing ovation, and a lot of people filing out of the Auditorium to the accompaniment of speeches from the Orange Power vigil in Bessey Hall across the street.

That night, Leary spoke to a couple of dozen student government types and a few others (I felt like a sore thumb, no kidding) in a reception and, I understand, got smashed in a very orthodox way drinking beer at a bar outside East Lansing. The next morning, his press conference was attended by fewer than ten student government, State News and PAPER people, as well as by one radio station whose two representatives left early. The news media in Lansing, providing further simultaneous proof of Leary's contentions, seemed to be all but ignoring his presence in their territory.

We had a couple of chances to ask Leary specific questions that had not been covered by the general discussion of his speech and, in several opinions, to detect an inconsistency or two in what he said. I respect Leary very much and was enchanted by his soft-spoken manner (my favorite adjective for his voice is "powdery") and the sincerity (of course) of his presentation, and I do not consider the faults I found fatal, so I shall not be too harsh. But please consider:

On the one hand, Leary says, "I don't think anyone takes LSD for escape. You don't escape on LSD." "The people that don't have anything going that LSD charges up stop taking it." (That is, if your life is empty, LSD won't fill it; it can only



sharpen your appreciation of what is already in your life.)

And further: "It is inconceivable to us that the person who turns on with LSD doesn't set to work to make his surroundings reflect the beauty he has seen." And, "You have to turn on and tune in before you can drop out; dropping out without turning on is an act of rebellion and the best that



can happen is that you'll get power and you'll be the next establishment."

"This society can not hold together another 15 years." Within that period, many small political-religious-social communities will be forming, in reaction against the anthill tendencies of the larger society; the same return to basic forms of expression can be found in today's music, art, personal religions, communications media ("the inevitable way that the new religion grows").

I've juxtaposed these statements from Leary's visit (only slightly out of the contexts in which they were made) to show that attention to social issues, or extra-personal issues, is by no means lacking from the direction and structure of his thinking. Nor should it be, despite the increasingly general belief that, as Leary says, "No one (but you) can solve your spiritual problems" and "you've

got to detach yourself from the blind chase." Society is still with us, and most of it is still not turned on or dropped out; Leary seems to realize this in much of what he says.

But, when confronted with this question, Leary seems to react by shrinking back from contamination in the same way that most people shrink back from drugs.

To a question about social responsibility: "Repetition of the radical activities of the 20's and 30's is just as robot-like as going to a Sunday school in an Iowa small town."

The changes in perceptions and life-styles sought by the psychedelic prophets is "much more far-reaching" than any particular social change, including personal equality or peace; thus, for Leary, liberalism is meaningless. And what of the attempt, which some of us see pervading the alienated generation of today, to synthesize personal and social concerns, to apply to political situations the lessons of psychedelics?

"You have to root out relentlessly that part of the culture that is within you. The first work is internal."

(Minor inconsistency: despite this strong position, Leary is careful frequently to point out that he has "no business telling anyone else what to do"—which is also the reason he now calls the one-year moratorium on use of psychedelics that he called for last spring a great blunder.)

Anyway, it is hard to know what Leary thinks of the individual's role in society. He advised one MSU student who is facing a court fight on marijuana arrests to concentrate his attention on his defense, because his conviction that he is right will help him, and the fight for legalization will be made up of many such small encounters. And yet, "You must detach yourself from meaningless activities; do nothing from fear, nothing as a robot." What does this say for social responsibility? I'm not sure Leary knows himself.

A further question that bothers me is why Leary seems unable to see himself as the single-minded prophet of a particular psychedelic style, whose lessons will be—or because of the speed of our age, are now being—applied through many more methods and in many more contexts than he can predict.

He assigns himself a cyclical role in history parallel to that of the visionary prophets of other religions, and, consistent with his stipulation that his religion is one of science and instant communication, many seem willing to grant him this position. Then why can't he see that the psychedelic culture can not be limited to the strictly spiritual, strictly dropped out, strictly internal style of Leary and his Milbrook colleagues, or it will lose its place in the cycle of history?

No religion has ever grown exclusively by the beliefs of its prophets, and the new spiritual age promised by psychedelics will be meaningless to humanity at large unless its values -- and practices, which are inseparable -- can be translated into many different life styles for many different groups. Many followers of the psychedelic scene seem to be realizing this, but if Leary does, he kept it hidden in what he said at MSU.



The Narcotics Commissioner on Marijuana

The following letter, which is otherwise self-explanatory, was received in response to an inquiry on government policies on marijuana. -- The Editors

Treasury Department
Bureau of Narcotics
Washington, D.C. 20226
October 5, 1966

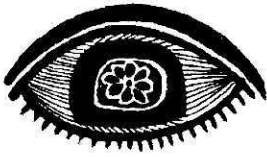
Mr. Laurence E. Fritzlan
28072 Pierce Avenue
Southfield, Michigan 48075

Dear Mr. Fritzlan:

In your letter of September 18, 1966, you pose a number of questions concerning restrictions which have been placed on marijuana by the Federal Government and the reasons therefor. An inquiry of such broad scope could hardly be well answered within the confines of this letter, however the principal facts and conclusions upon which the current Federal policies are based may be stated.

All competent medical authorities are in agreement that the active principles of marijuana, the tetrahydrocannabinols, are powerful and dangerous compounds when consumed by man. The potent parts of the plant have been used from very ancient times and it is thought to be the most widely abused drug in the world today. At the present time all efforts to discover a medical use for it have failed.

Psychiatrists tell us that chronic marijuana users present an extremely complex picture in which the use of the drug is but one aspect. There are many reasons why a person begins to use marijuana, such as a lack of social ties and warm relationships, the need for a feeling of superiority, delinquency and antisocial behavior, and feelings of depression. However, among those hedonistic young people who are at odds with the norms and mores of our society, there seems to be one formula which fairly well expresses the cause of the increased use of marijuana--that is: The world is viewed as a source of hostility and suffering, to be met, on the one hand, with an unending search for sensual pleasure, and on the other hand, with aggression, especially toward authority figures and with neurotic repetition of situations leading to punishment.



The formal list of reported physiological and psychological effects of the intake of marijuana is quite varied and lengthy. A recent medical symposium sponsored by the CIBA Foundation (Ciba Foundation Study Group No. 21, HASHISH, Its Chemistry and Pharmacology, 1965) summarizes the current research and opinions of leading medical authorities. To quote briefly from the conclusions of these studies:

"One can easily imagine the difficult situation to which society would be condemned if the selling of hashish (a form of marijuana) were legal.

"It is well known that taking hashish causes both pathological and psychic disturbances, thus rendering the addict a burden to society."

At the present time marijuana is the subject of world-wide prohibition as expressed in the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961. This repression has been found to be necessary not simply because of the harmful effects of the drug on the consuming individuals but also because of the antisocial conduct which its use engenders. There is a very strong, though poorly defined link between crimes of violence and the use of marijuana. There is some division among authorities as to whether this association results primarily from the cerebral changes which result from the use of the plant or if the explanation is rather that the drug is used to fortify the courage of individuals with pre-existing criminal propensities. There is much evidence for either proposition and no doubt both factors play their part.

Unlike narcotic addicts, marijuana users show no feeling of remorse--no sense of doing something which is unacceptable. They are indifferent to opinion about their actions, and they frequently try to persuade others to try marijuana. In that respect, the marijuana user is an even more active proselytizer than the narcotic addict. The marijuana user is unaffected by social disapproval or the deprivations which affect the behavior of normal persons. His chief interest is in obtaining marijuana for his transportation into another world and to get someone else to join him.

Marijuana does differ significantly from the opiate class of drugs in that its use does not produce addiction of the morphine type. Abstinence does not produce a physiological withdrawal syndrome in the user, however its use does result in a psychological dependence and an increasing consumption. For this reason marijuana is said to be habituating rather than addicting. Nevertheless, there is often a clear pattern of graduation from the use of marijuana to the stronger addictive opiates. Those who seek personal well-being and exhilaration through the artificial stimuli of drugs ultimately discover that the opiates have more to offer.

It has become popular, with those who would legalize marijuana, to claim that its use is no worse than the current use of alcohol. However, any comparison of marijuana with other substances such as tobacco or alcohol is extremely tenuous and problematic. There exist long histories of the widespread use of both alcohol and tobacco within our culture as opposed to the extremely limited and clandestine use of marijuana. The damaging effects of alcohol abuse have become well-known and con-

Pot Shot

stitute a major social problem. On the other hand it is only quite recently that modern technology and statistics have brought to light evidence of damage from tobacco consumption. The afflictions of marijuana, although far from being well explored, are nevertheless clearly manifested in immediate and gross changes in the individual's physiological and psychological state. All evidence indicates that it is a far more potent substance than tobacco.

In a basic sense, efforts to compare marijuana use with alcohol use are pointless. The similarities are superficial and based only upon partial considerations. Moreover the effort, no matter how successful, can produce no guide to action. Surely it is not valid to justify the adoption of a new vice by attempting to show that it is no worse than a presently existing one. The social damage which would result from a permissive use of marijuana cannot, like some finely balanced equation, be canceled out by placing a measure of social damage resulting from alcohol opposite it.

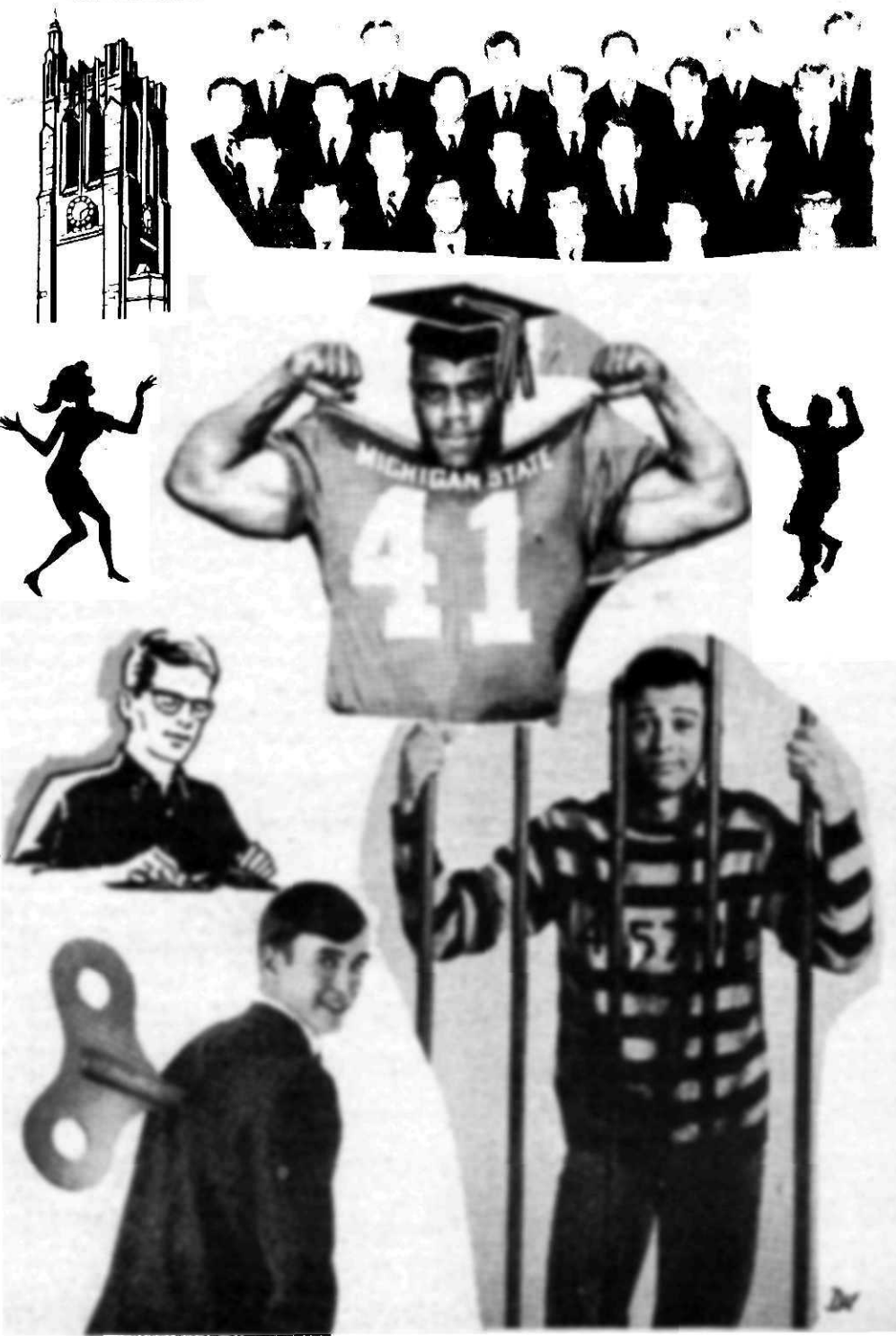
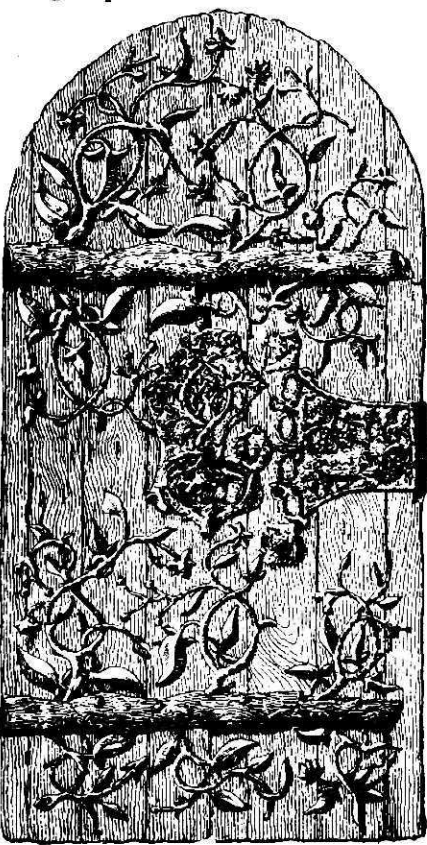
In regard to your inquiry concerning the activities of the Bureau of Narcotics, it should be remembered that this Bureau acts within limits prescribed by the Congress of the

United States and does not have jurisdiction over marijuana beyond this mandate. The Bureau undertakes an active program of law enforcement aimed at eliminating illegal trafficking in marijuana and narcotics. It does not engage in rendering medical or scientific opinions although it does attempt to publicize the more obvious evils of using these drugs habitually, and without medical need.

The current Federal narcotic and marijuana laws have been of great benefit in dealing with this Nation's drug problems. Nevertheless, there has been a growing recognition of the need to place further emphasis on rehabilitative efforts. Enclosed you will find the statement of James P. Hendrick, Acting Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, before the Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee on Narcotic Penalty Changes, outlining the Treasury Department's position in support of the Administration's Narcotic Addict Rehabilitation Act of 1965. This bill would permit greater latitude in handling certain individualize rehabilitative treatment, and, at the same time, leave intact the overall deterrent features of the mandatory penalty provisions contained in the Narcotic Control Act of 1956.

We have also enclosed other publications which contain information regarding the abuse of marijuana and other drugs.

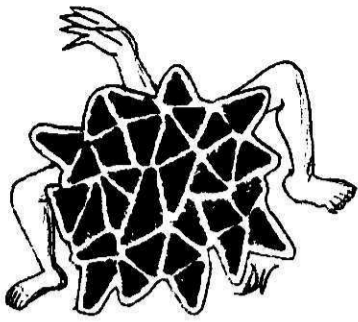
Sincerely yours,
John R. Enright
Acting Commissioner of
Narcotics



Freakout

continued from page 6

of a psychedelic seer, reaching that half-wake, half-sleep state in which the significance of objects and acts dissolves into the transcendent reality described by Eliade.



The asylum is seen in a sequence indistinguishable from that of a dream as an immense throbbing machine: "It--everything I see--looks like it sounded, like the inside of a tremendous dam. Huge brass tubes disappear upward in the dark. Wires run to transformers out of sight. Grease and cinders catch on everything, staining the couplings and motors and dynamos red and coal black ... They twinkle in all directions clean on out of sight; these flash pictures of the dreamy doll face of the workmen." (p. 79-80 Cuckoo)

The two points in modern man's freedom from history, opposition (implying death) and flight (implying degradation), are primarily elements of alienation. Alienation of man from society (outside an historical structure of evolved and inherited rules and rituals), man from man (beyond freedom and communication), man from self (without identity). In each of these drives the protagonists to paranoia: Yossarian reasons that everyone is out to kill him; Benny Profane is constantly fearful of the power of machines; McMurphy and Chief Bromden live in continual fear of the drugs and devices of the Combine. Underlying each of these cases is a basic distrust which Heller, Pynchon, and Kesey share of mechanical and technological processes far ahead of the spiritual development in man which must keep pace with

the complication and deversification of inanimate objects with moving parts, visible and invisible. For Kesey, acid-testing 1966 in California-psychedelics are a means of speeding up man's spiritual evolution.

The threat of mass society, computer takeover, and drug paranoia are factors in the inexorable modern terror of history that are specifically treated in a book which must at least be mentioned in passing--"Giles Goat Boy" (1966) by John Barth. His "Sot-Weed Factor" (1962) was warped history, but "Giles" is prophetic. A multiversity directed by a computer; the campus divided, warring; etc, all

parallel the contemporary scene of the Cold War. Clearly, this is more than terror--this is a vision (perhaps true at this moment) of HISTORY BEYOND CONTROL. As Eliade wrote of it, the power of total annihilation rests in the hands of a small minority; the freedom of man is nonexistent, except that "the modern man can be creative only insofar as he is historical; in other words, all creation is forbidden him except that which has its source in his own freedom; and, consequently, everything is denied him except the freedom to make history by making himself." (p. 136)

Lou Hallup Poll - No. 3

"What do you think about LSD?"

Sampling of Student attitudes toward LSD:

"They have a very good football team but don't rate too high academically." 12.3%

"You mean those new menthol cigarettes that Lucky Strike is putting out?" 9.8%

"They're all left-wingers the Commies have duped into opposing the war." 9.3%

"It's a good song--kind of old now. But I like the part where they sing:

"No, he'll never come back
No, he'll never come back
And his fate is still unlearned
..." 3.1%

"Ellis who?" 3.0%

"What do I think about laser beams?" 2.7%

"The Lansing Street Department? The pay's too low!" 2.6%

"Less tea is OK. I'm a coffee man myself. But I would like to see more beer." 1.6%

"What do I think of LSD? I'll tell you what I think. I think you Feds should get the heck out of here and leave us students alone!" .09%

"What do I think about LSD? Sure, what the heck! I can cut my morning classes." .06%

35.9%

(The remaining 64.1% is composed of those who didn't reply, didn't think, didn't hear the question, pleaded the Fifth Amendment, or were too high to know.)

dale-walker

NEO-CLASSIFIED

Event

DECEMBER 9 is The Event! Wish THE PAPER a happy birthday and Freak Out! Second Floor, Union, 8-12:30. Love Mother.

Goods and Services and Things

CHAPLIN, EISENSTEIN, Trnka, Roland, NYU Film Workshop, Kurosawa, Alazraki: How many do you know? Glad to help you discover them. Exploring Cinema Society. Memberships now available at "The Questing Beast," next to State Theatre. Student rates: \$1.25 for 3 admissions, \$1.75 for 5 admissions. Our phone: 485-8920.

Lost: One PALANTIR. Thrown away by mistake somewhere near Beaumont Tower. Assistance in locating it will be rewarded. If you've found it or wish to help, call Grima, 353-7646, or come to the McDonel Grill Thursday, Dec. 1 about 9:30 p.m.

A study group on Marxism is being organized by MSU-SDS. Weekly meetings will be on Sundays at 11 a.m. Readings will be discussed. Anyone with a serious interest should contact Stu Dowty at 332-0247 or 355-6606.

Co-op type situation winter or winter and spring. Unsupervised housing. 334 Charles St. (332-5358) Will run \$45-50 per month rent. Have been averaging \$6 per week board. Place for up to three men. Wesley Scholars House.

Room and board, \$170 a term, plus 6 hrs. a week housework, arranged to suit. Prospective members only. Elsworth Cooperative House, 711 W. Grand River. Come visit Tuesday evening, or call 332-3574.

Still Wanted: Fourth man for super high-class plus luxury apartment. Equipped with dishwasher, air conditioning, private parking place (outside), three friendly roommates and other features. Cedar Village, one block from campus. Take over lease immediately or next term. Call Gregg at 351-7373 at your leisure.

Personal

Mother. MOTHER! MOTHER mother... is mother coming mother. Friday a week, mother. Friendly Friday. Mother, it's a friendly freak-out. Do you want your mother, senses thrilled? It's coming soon, mothers.

Lansing businessman, 22, wishes to date Jewish girl. No hippies or wierdos, please. Phone 489-3638 between 7 and 10 p.m.

B. (friend), "A friend is a friend until they say goodbye." (10-1-66) If you are going please cancel the friendship with a personal appearance. Find Margie (355-6501) and you'll find me. Just look. M. (friend)

Remember your Mothers!!

Butterflies

Before tonight I thought I lived and breathed and was truly me in my own green-vegetable world. But now with crimson wings outstretched, drying, I look back on yesterday's pupation and...

You were there too yesterday, weren't you? I thought I saw you dimly through the shell-sitting, waiting in that not-quite-yet-life for metamorphosis. I see you clearly now, wings unfolded, tense, about to beat. Like me.

This is the way we were meant to be. Isn't it?

And all before was just a larval stage. Wasn't it? Preparation? And now we'll use our wings and fly, somewhere, and make more larvae, somewhere, and die, somewhere. And on, on, on.

And so before we fly, my love, please tell me can butterflies grow?

MIKE DURPHY

NEO-CLASSIFIEDS

Box 367, East Lansing

50 words/\$1

(still cheap)



or
351-7373

DEADLINE MONDAY MIDNIGHT

JIM THOMAS: More Notes from Vietnam...

Dear Mike and Larry,

I wanted to get this conversation about the LP down while it was fresh. About the open letter, it isn't an attack on you--publishers of mine are unique, and I wouldn't antagonize one.

What I said has validity and possibly redundancy. I figure it's better you have this than the monsoons which would take it in another day or so.

Till,
Jim T.

Listening Post

The doorway flapped up and we cupped our cigarettes against the moonlight. The Man Who Made Corporal slipped in far enough to let the poncho drape back behind him. "I'm dropping in for a cigarette. Got one?"

"Chesterfield's all."

"If you've got it I'll smoke it." He began to. There was a little silence punctuated by seepage, in periods and commas, dripping to the floor. After one semicolon Al spoke. "Which LP you got out?"

"Two. Three new guys out there, too."

"How'd that happen?"

"Sargent just picked three and thought later."

"We'll hear some shit."

I shifted under my blanket and scraped an elbow against a damp wall. "It's impossible to get comfortable in this son of a bitch."

"Trouble getting to sleep?"

"Drank too much coffee. Nervous, too. LP's on the line."

Al got the phone.

"They hear somebody walking around in some water."

"What else?"

"That's it."

"Might be a frog."

"Probably. Wait. Now he's playing around in the bushes. Takes turns between water and bushes."

The Man Who Made Corporal left.

"They think it's a monkey out there."

I settled back. It was a five-minute delayed double take.

"Al, monkeys don't like to get their feet wet."

"What?"

"Monkeys don't go wading."

"Yeah, because in 'Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion' they had to build a bridge. Their monkeys wouldn't swim."

"Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion."

"Yeah... They hear somebody about seventy-five yards out."

"Ask them what this guy appears to be doing."

"Sneaking up."

"Sneaking up -- at Seventy-five yards?"

"That's affirmative."

"That guy's a damned good sneaker."

Al told the post to hold fire and stay alert. I went to sleep half-way through Al's watch.

Till next,

This is a real message -- honest to God.
War is hell.
Hope you can use it.

A Chatty Open Letter to Laurence Tate

Dear Larry,

"To Die in Madrid," the phrase itself, possesses power and glory. First we read "to die," and the subconscious adds "how dreadful--how? Why?" Then comes the surprise, "in," which turns our inner voice to questions like "in horror? in honor? The clincher's "Madrid," relieving all uncomfortable speculations with a musical, romantic name. To die in a name isn't so bad, particularly if it sounds good. "Death in the Afternoon" has more laziness and ambiguity about it, for instance.

What I want to talk about for a while is the whole business of glory in war, and what I want to bring out is the fact that glory isn't there at all, but in you, just as "beauty is in the eye of the beholder." (If you were talking over coffee, you'd say "Yep" and change the subject.) Let's look at your review of "To Die in Madrid" in your Oct. 27 issue, at the last two paragraphs:

"By now we all know of the accident, the carnage, the stupidity, the insanity of war..."

All right, but Robert Benchley pointed up in one of his pieces that there's a world of difference between "knowing" and "knowing of."

I've mentioned this in my "He, Who Survives," referring more to people who revile "baby killers" and "home breakers" among the troops over here, while never coming closer than a newsstand to Vietnam. Some principle here, and the only way to state it honestly is this: we don't really care about your glorious thoughts, because you only "know of" "war's accident... etc."

No, glory is for the home front, veterans and history books. If you've noticed, the people who've seen the most talk least.

I've been leading to one thing -- I believe you've misinterpreted Orwell, at least that portion of "Homage to Catalonia" you quoted:

"It was like an allegorical picture of war; the trainload of fresh men gliding proudly up the line, the maimed men sliding slowly down, and all the while the guns on the open trucks making one's heart leap as guns always do, and reviving that pernicious feeling, so difficult to get rid of, that war is glorious after all."

You see, Larry, Orwell doesn't say your heart leaps with pride or anything else. It just leaps. To understand how and with what it leaps, you need only to be mortared once. Nor does he say that war is glorious,

merely that the feeling that it is, is pernicious. Pernicious anemia is difficult to get rid of, but it's not very nice; how many centuries did Europeans' belief in bleeding linger, and was it justified in anything but common thinking:

A person could get free of the chirosurgeon only by dying, and we die, in a way, when glory and the promise of it is amputated by conditions you know of from what you've read. Such is the power of romanticism and our heritage of war literature.

You quoted another of Orwell's lines, "No bomb that ever burst can shatter the crystal spirit." I don't remember the source of that, but I doubt Orwell confuses spirit with glory. Anyhow, this drifts. I have no ideas for oars or recollections for steering sweeps, and I'll close with: war's glory is like the Great South Sea Bubble--no bomb could burst it, but too much speculation--and it collapsed.

WKAR FM 90.5 mc

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS DECEMBER 1-7

THURSDAY December 1

- 6:30 a.m.--"The Morning Program," classical music, news and weather reports, hosted by Mike Wise. (Every Monday through Friday)
- 8:00 a.m.--News, with Lowell Newton. (Monday through Friday)
- 8:15 a.m.--"Scrapbook," music and features with Steve Meuche. (Every Monday through Friday)
- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "To Broadway, With Love"
- 5:00 p.m.--"News 60," a full hour news report by the WKAR news staff. (Monday through Friday)
- 7:55 p.m.--Basketball, MSU vs. Western Michigan (first game of the season). After the game, till midnight, "Jazz Horizons" with Bud Spangler.

FRIDAY December 2

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical revue, "Beyond the Fringe"
- 8:00 p.m.--Opera, Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," in Russian, produced by the National Opera House in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

SATURDAY December 3

- 11:45 a.m.--"Recent Acquisitions," with Ken Beachler and Gilbert Hansen listening to, and reviewing new classical recordings. (Program is now two hours long)
- 2:00 p.m.--The Metropolitan Opera, live from the new Metropolitan Opera House in New York's Lincoln Center. This afternoon's performance: Puccini's "Turandot."
- 7:55 p.m.--Basketball, MSU vs. Miami of Ohio. After the game, classics by request till 1 a.m., on "Listener's Choice" with Ken Beachler. Phone 355-6540 during the gram.

SUNDAY December 4

- 2:00 p.m.--The Cleveland Orchestra in concert. Today's performance features music by Brahms ("Tragic" Overture); Mozart (Symphony No. 41); and Beethoven (Piano Concerto No. 3 in c). George Szell conducts and pianist Emil Gilels is the soloist.
- 8:00 p.m.--"The Toscanini Era," hosted by Gary Barton. Music by Brahms ("Tragic" Overture); Dvorak ("New World" Symphony); Mozart ("Marriage of Figaro" Overture); Mendelssohn ("Italian" Symphony); and Moussorgsky ("Pictures at an Exhibition").
- 11:00 p.m.--"Offbeat," hosted by Steve Meuche. Tonight: a spontaneous, original Western drama.

MONDAY December 5

- 2:00 p.m.--Today, WKAR FM begins a complete cycle of Beethoven symphonies, conducted by Arturo Toscanini and Eugene Ormandy. One symphony will be heard each week-day afternoon at 2.

TUESDAY December 6

- 8:30 p.m.--"The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert. Kiril Kondrashin conducts Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 6.

WEDNESDAY December 7

- 8:00 p.m.--"FM Theater," tonight: "The Play of Daniel," a 12th century musical drama, presented by the New York Pro Musica.
- 11:00 p.m.--"New Jazz in Review," with Ron English and Bud Spangler. Tonight, they listen to, and talk about John Handy's newest album.

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Hilltop at Evening

We are as dust on Hamlet's robe
Playing nobility on hills
Of black velvet.

The earth's host to dreams,
Yet a speck spinning
Through velvet.

And notes on Hamlet's robe
Play to an audience for every
Dimension; groundlings and burnt-out gods
In black velvet.

Till maybe a long time,

JIM THOMAS



With One Eye Open

By BRADFORD A. LANG

The vigilers at Bessey Hall, so the story goes, were a bunch of "smelly, long-haired people" (overheard in the ATL faculty lounge) a group of dirty beatnik comsymps just trying to raise hell and get a free place to sleep. According to public opinion, we were, in short, stupid and insincere.

Not only is the view outlined above wholly false, it is downright insulting. Of course, we knew what kind of narrow-minded stupidity we would be up against when we first began the protest, but we were still shocked by the amount of it that we encountered. In an attempt to counteract the smears we were receiving, I decided to take an informal survey of what I called, at the time, the "superficial characteristics" of those participating in the sit-in. I passed out a makeshift questionnaire at approximately four in the morning on Thursday, three days after the vigil had begun. A large hard core of 140 students was present. To say that the results of the survey were "impressive" would be an understatement.

Among the dirty beatnik agitators present in Bessey Hall in the early morning hours on Thursday (and, of course, there is much overlapping here) were: three Alumni Distinguished Scholars (out of a total of less than forty in the MSU undergraduate body), 56 National Merit Finalists, six National Merit Semi-Finalists, nine National Merit letter of commendation winners, three College Bowl varsity and junior varsity team members (out of eight), at least twenty Honors College members, one winner of an MSU Presidential Scholarship, fifteen dorm officers, forty former members of high school honor societies, eight winners of State of Michigan higher education scholarships, 34 general scholarship winners, nine members of general scholastic

honoraries, two members of Mensa, three ASMSU General Assembly representatives, two former high school student council presidents, four members of Quill and Scroll, one U-M Regents Scholar, one ASMSU Board member, ten former high school valedictorians, two members of Green

fighting mediocrity and thus were guilty of treason. But that can't be true, can it? A university, by definition, strives for excellence, doesn't it? What is excellence if it is not intellectual accomplishment? Surely, when people find out what kind of people were involved in the protest,



Helmet, and one young man who placed fourth in Michigan high school math competition and 256th out of 2,500 in the Putnam National Math competition. In addition to this, on Friday night six of the ten ADS winners in the sophomore class were present.

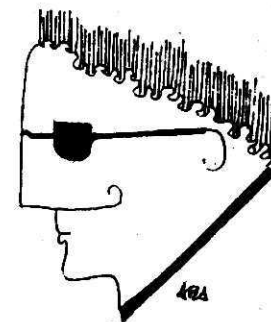
So there.

The general reaction among the vigilers was, "Goddam! This should be published!" My own reaction was one of amazement. I mean, I knew that the intellectual caliber of the gathering was probably rather high, but I never expected to find so many National Merit people (over half the crowd consisted of NMS winners on one level or another). And ten valedictorians! The accumulated brain power was enough to blow up Beaumont Tower.

And then I got angry. What right did they have to ignore us, to call us smelly people and misguided adolescents when--by their own standards--we were the best students in the university? What the hell were they trying to do?

And then I understood. Fogarty, Groat and Lawless were fired because they refused to be mediocre and to accept mediocrity. It wouldn't matter to the general public what sort of people we were; we were

Freak Out at Bessey Hall



cation within the framework of Michigan State University? What does it mean to be a student?

In the coming weeks, I shall attempt to answer these and other questions in terms of the ATL protest; I shall also try to make clear many of the facts surrounding the entire controversy, a controversy which I feel goes straight to the heart of the university experience.

I could begin this task immediately, I suppose, but I am just too damn tired. I must have time to calm down and try to attain some sort of perspective. After seven and a half frustrating days of living in Bessey Hall, going without proper sleep, skipping meals, arguing with silly people, being ignored by everybody, and thinking of nothing else but Gary Groat and the ATL Department, most of us are all set to freak out. Some of us have already. Quite a few have dropped out of school in disgust. We have all had our minds bent to such an extent that we will never be able to think about good old MSU in quite the same manner that we were accustomed to three weeks ago.

So be kind to us, fellow students, because we did it--honest to God--for YOU.

they will scramble to make their voices heard. Won't they?

I don't know the answer to that question. I wish I could answer in the affirmative and be sure of myself; I can't, and in my unsureness lies the key to the problems facing this and all universities. What in the hell is intellectual excellence, anyway? What is a university for? How does one go about getting a good edu-



The hang-up identity crisis psycho-neurosis Pocket

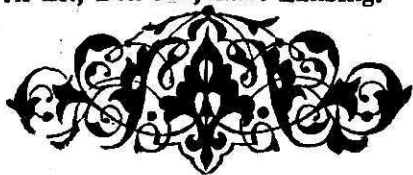
Dear Readers,

Starting in some future issue THE PAPER will begin a regular advice column aimed at solving the special problems of our brand of reader. Write to us about your hang-ups, your identity crises, your obsessions, anxieties, insecurities, repressions, depressions, regressions, rejections, dejections, perplexions, suspicions, superstitions, inhibitions, malnutritations, intuitions, apparitions, frustrations, alienations, sublimations, humiliations, etc.

Serious questions will receive serious answers.

Meaningless questions will receive meaningless answers.

Address all questions to Suzy Creamcheese (DEAR SUZY:) c/o THE PAPER, Box 367, East Lansing.



East Lansing Notes

Dear PAPER Reader:

So, where the hell are all the letters? The guy at the Post Office asked me to clean the dust out of Box 68. Are you all THAT happy with the P.F.'s? Oh, I know! You are... What's P.F.'s? That's the price fix system... You are all depressed by the weather. Look, everyone is affected by the climate in the "wet winter waterland." Santa Claus is coming in a pontoon boat this year.

Another note was recently received about Mel's Auto Service. It appears that "Mel" is less than honest in his approach. This time his oversight would have cost a front end rebuilding were it not for alert mechanics at Story Olds.

Have you noticed the extensive ads the Varsity runs about its liberal check cashing policy? Well, last sum-

mer, I cashed a \$5 check and was charged 25 cents service charge. Also, besides having very mediocre pizza, the Varsity also has exorbitant prices. For example--how about \$1.05 extra for three "items?" If you want very good pizza at a reasonable price go to Tony's (1012 E. Michigan). Tony is a nice guy besides, which is another good reason for going. He likes students.

Here is a compliment to K. Fisher, an MSU bus driver who is thoughtful enough to invite people to sit in his warm bus (at Shaw) on cold nights. He is worthy of praise for his courtesy.

E.L. Notes goofed. Just a short time ago we quoted gas prices and, shortly thereafter, ALL gas prices in the area (maybe the state) went up. At the present time the cheapest gas

station is on the north side of Kalamazoo St., in Lansing, just beyond the railroad tracks (away from E.L.).

Readers, we are trying to locate a dry cleaner in E.L. which was mentioned last year in the State News. No name was given but it was described as "an old, long-established" cleaner whose prices were low but which didn't want to start a widespread competitive price struggle. If you know about this unknown cleaner, or if you know of any good, inexpensive one please let us know. Recommendation of the week--don't go to Baryames Cleaners. They are incredibly overpriced.

Please send all news of E.L. merchants to Diehl, Box 68, E. Lansing, or call 351-7373.

DIEHL

***** Christmas Cheer *****