Tim Leary at MSU:

Turn On/ Tune In/ Cop Out

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

The Michigan State News ran a
front-page headline this summer,
"Find No MSU Students Using LSD,
Dope," and an article this fall qu­
eting the director of the university
health center on "Dr. O'Leary," the
man who was deceiving the na­
tion 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 proba­
bly had little or no contact with the
tools of Leary's trade, and the ques­
tions 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
avoided 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 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 Ameri­
can 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 evolu­
tionary 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 un-

familiar 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 so­
ciety 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 heri­
tage, its two billion years of evolu­
tion. "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 in­
tentions. It is time to expand the
potentialities.

The new sacrament, of course, is
the psychedelic drugs, the new "vis­
able, 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 chemi­
cal in nature, because we know now
that "consciousness is a biochemical
phenomenon."
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, juries, to be sure, but one of the greatest Irish strengths all year was durability; and the breaks of the game demonstrated once more that is is not the time coming for many roundball fanatics. For on December 3, Lew Alcinder 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 help from Lucius Allen, Edgar Lacey, and others on Johnny Wooden's squad. Butch Beard and Jerry King up from UL's best-ever freshman team. Lacinder will play his first varsity contest Saturday is a day that has been a steady nucleus for leaping Art Northwestern club. Steve Rymal and John Bailey should be more consistent than 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, the Southland, which is in the Middle Region of the NCAA, will again be led by Kentucky and Western Kentucky, who, with Missouri and the 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 Jaroncz. Whether he will be able to support his Bluegrass State is another matter. The Hilltoppers of Western Kentucky return four men, including the incredible Glen 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.

By W. C. BLANTON

The Water Closet

Basketball Polls, Already?

Saturday is a day that has been a long time coming for many roundball fanatics. For on December 3, Lew Alcinder 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 help from Lucius Allen, Edgar Lacey, and others on Johnny Wooden's squad. Butch Beard and Jerry King up from UL's best-ever freshman team. Lacinder will play his first varsity contest Saturday is a day that has been a steady nucleus for leaping Art Northwestern club. Steve Rymal and John Bailey should be more consistent than 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, the Southland, which is in the Middle Region of the NCAA, will again be led by Kentucky and Western Kentucky, who, with Missouri and the 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 Jaroncz. Whether he will be able to support his Bluegrass State is another matter. The Hilltoppers of Western Kentucky return four men, including the incredible Glen 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 Water, 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, the Southland, which is in the Middle Region of the NCAA, will again be led by Kentucky and Western Kentucky, who, with Missouri and the 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 Jaroncz. Whether he will be able to support his Bluegrass State is another matter. The Hilltoppers of Western Kentucky return four men, including the incredible Glen 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.
Black Power and the White Liberal

By RICHARD A. OGAR

Dr. King has been accused of irresponsibility on those rare occasions when it looked like he might actually accomplish something in NEGRO TERRITORY. Forgetting his customary buck-and-wing, King led a march into a determinedly anti-Negro Chicago neighborhood. This undignified act pulled away the veil of Northern toleration, and exposed the racist heart of Americana. When King had the gall to insist on continuing the marches, he and the marchers—not the white hucksters 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 that the race, when he sees one, Carmichael isn’t fooled by the band 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 his talk favors violence (and he does not), the charge MUST be laid against him if the liberal is to continue his own game of doing what he has always tried to do—keep the Negro in his place, sound the race within the liberal, as the ever-increasing level of vindictiveness clears evident and panic must cause them to pay 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 them, and then he was accused of having incited the rift between himself and Ali, between himself and Martin, between himself and others.

The reasoning behind this campaign is simple. It is either Carmichael or Liberalism, and forced again and again to level charges of distortion and misinterpretation. Carmichael, who is not in the business of journalism, is in the business of journalism. Carmichael’s charges are indisputably valid. He has the news, and he has the facts. We turn to a pressman’s never-ending complaint: “So much ado for so little.” No, the given figures like Jessie Gray, Dar Watts, Charles Long, and others favor not integration but independence. How many liberal figures like Mrs. Roy Cane (Carmichael’s wife) favor Negro civil liberty (a characteristic liberal phrase: it sounds so right, it 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 is born with, yet this is the only sure cure the liberal is willing to assume toward “civil rights.” He is willing to pay the price. It is a form of autobiography. Dig yourself.

I’m Dreaming of a White PAPER

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.you can’t buy anything anyway. Send him two tickets to Winter Carnival and a package of Alka-Seltzer.

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Extra Names—enclose extra sheets of paper

THE PAPER, East Lansing, Michigan, December 1, 1966. 3
By CARL STENSEL

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 Burkh, 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, who had never before heard it. Although I feel it to be the least well performed of the numbers of the concert, it was at not unacceptably. There seemed to be some 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 in piano passages this piece were particularly commendable, as the ensemble was quite a bit larger than in the other numbers. Some of the crescendo and decrescendo 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. Burkh's tempi in the Dvorak work. Although Dvorak's indicated tempi were almost too fast to satisfy me, I think that the work should have been played somewhat slower than 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. Burkh 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 tempo 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 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 to 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," Weber's "Passacaglia," and Charles Ives' Symphony No. 2.
**Theatre**

**Notes on Hagiology**

By LARRY TATE

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, I know far more about "Saint Joan" before I went to see the current production than I do now and frankly don't see that it was 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 incident, which I at least can't be accused of leaving the scene of. Suffice it to say that Anthony Heald's as the Earl of Warwick, moved through the play with the artistic grace of one who knows he is in the presence of all the actors here sound as if they memorized their lines phonetically, and in general conversing in an urban, intelligent manner; most of the actors here sound as if they couldn't stand it.

1) If Karen Grossman had been playing Peter Pan, she would have been completely in keeping with her characterization. She was simply appalling. It would have been completely in keeping with her performances (all arms akimbo 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 artistic grace of one who knows he is in the presence of dieters 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, peremptory—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 for the most part written for people accustomed to using difficult words, making difficult grammatical constructions, and in general conversing in an urban, 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 prehistorical 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) 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" 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 overly 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 rech. 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—all 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 cliches can be resuscitated by madly bullying 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—Lilla Kedrova, Irene Pappas, Anthony Quinn a lot of the time. Mostly a hoot, because nothing accumulates; it lurches from one life-affirming (or life-denying, as the case may be) incident to another, getting steadily better.

Signing off,

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**Notes on Hagiology**

Marcia Johnson: HELP!

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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 scene, as we are moving things and don't feel like carrying your things, too. Thanks.

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Finest Collection of Paperbacks In Town
The Archetypal Freakout

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 simulation often experienced by users of psychedelics. Three excellent "novels of the absurd," Joseph Heller's "Catch-22" (1962), Thomas Pynchon's V. (1963), and Ken Kesey's "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1962), all first novels, approach the "terror of history" with parallel attitudes.

According to Miccas Eliaade in "Cosmos and History: The Myth of the Eternal Return" (Harper Torchbooks, 750), modern man feels terror facing the irreducible, 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, "Cannibals set on the island of Pianosa in the Mediterranean during WWI. His superchaser Milo Mindender makes a deal with the Germans to bomb his own outfit. This time Milo had gone too far. Bombing his plane and home and planes was more than even the most phlegmatic observer could stomach, and it led to the formation of High-ranking government officials purged to investigate. Newspapers in - vealed "derbinder makes a contract with the government for all the people and reimbursese the government at all." (p. 3-5)

The terror of history, which may lead to an individual's alienation from society, lies not only in the reversibility 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 a absurd common (albeit in disjointed interludes), Pynchon explores the "reality" of the 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 overthrow 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 aura of symbols, but are here without meaning. These strange phenomena are seen coinciding like the mainstays of a watch without hands, viewed through the wrong end of a telescope, (p. 152)

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 ran dictatorially by Big Nurse. This novel of the absurd is even more absurd than its companion novel, for Kesey looks BELOW the symbols, sees with the eye.
FREAK OUT!

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

The new religious chemistry, Leary said, will allow us to use various chemicals for the expansion of several levels of our consciousnesses. This all hints at the new metaphor of religion in general, the third requirement for a new spiritual age. Unlike the religious leaders of the past, today we use the metaphor from which our new sacraments spring, 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 lower 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 'Skip beyond your body, and confront terrains and vistas' and energy levels which you've never witnessed from the outside.)

A further explanation of a fourth 'precellular' level given in published interviews is 'Lear is 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 muckiness of the chessboard that we're all caught in that we call normal reality.

The fourth requirement for spiritual change, the right political climate, Leary said, 'The time to engage, the time to move, is when the sickness of the society is so obvious that large segments of society finally see 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 it can't move, is when the huge surge comes from underground." Sound like something we all live and know well today? Because that is why Leary spent the remainder of his speech assuring his neophyte audience that the place to find reality, 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 gates 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 sensors. "Anything else is projection," 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 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 Beasley 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 guess, a few others left. Perhaps, I felt like a sore thumb, no kidding? in a reception and, I guess, a few others left. Perhaps, I was so alone in my own nervous system, that I couldn't hear his speech. And yet, "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 you'll get power and you'll be the next establishment."

"This society can not hold together 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 during a small riot outside East Lansing. The next morning, his press conference was attended by many 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 presence, 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 powery') 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. People don't escape on LSD."

"The people that don't have anything going that LSD charges up stop existing. That is, if your life is empty, LSD won't fill it; it can only get to detach yourself from the blind chase." Society is still with us, and most still prove it or dropped out; Leary seems to realize this in much of what he says.

But, in dealing 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 and the political and social activities of the 20's and 30's is just as robot-like as going to a Sunday school in 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 any other liberal-ism is meaningless. And what of the attempt, which some of us see per­haps, as the most important attempt of today, to synthesize personal and social concerns, to apply to political situations the lessons of psychedelics?

"You have to root out relentlessly the type of religious that is within you. The first work is internal." (Minor inconsistency: despite this strong position, Leary is careful to point out that he has "no business making any judgments of what to do," which is also the reason he now calls the one-year moratorium on use of LSD "a foolish thing"

Anyway, it is hard to know what Leary means by this in the long run.

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."

And why? 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 new psychedelic style, whose lessons will be—or because of the need of our age, are now being absorbed by many more methods and in many more contexts than he can predict.

He assumes himself a cyclical role in history parallel to that of the visionary prophets of other religious persuasions, many small political-religious-social communities will be forming, in renunciation of the anachronistic style of Leary and his Milbrook colleagues, or it will lose its place in the cycle of history? No religion has ever grown exclusively from one prophet, and the new spiritual age promised by psychedelics will be meaningful only so long as it is not replaced by another, unless its values -- and practices, which are inseparable—can be translated into the lives of many other people 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 following letter, which is otherwise self-explanatory, was received in response to an inquiry on government policies on marihuana. — The Editors

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

Mr. Laurence E. Fritzlan
28072 Pierce Avenue
Southfield, Michigan 48072

Dear Mr. Fritzlan:

In your letter of September 18, 1966, you pose a number of questions concerning restrictions which have been placed on marrihuana by the Federal Government and the reasons thereof. 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 marrihuana, 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 marrihuana 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 marrihuana, such as a lack of social 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 marrihuana—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 use of marrihuana is varied and lengthy. A recent medical symposium sponsored by the CIBA Foundation (CIBA Foundation Symposia Group No. 21, HASHISH, Its Chemistry and Pharmacology, 1969) 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 brought if selling hashish (a form of marrihuana) were legal. It is well known that taking hashish causes both physical and psychic disturbances, thus rendering the addict a burden to society.

"Marihuana is the subject of world-wide prohibition by the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961. This prohibition 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 may result from its use. There is a clear strong, though poorly defined link between marihuana and other criminal offenses. There is much evidence for either proposition and no doubt both factors play their part.

"Unlike narcotic addicts, marihuana 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 marrihuana. In that respect the marrihuana user is an even more active proselytizer than the narcotic addict. The marrihuana user is unaffected by social disapproval or the depredations which affect the behavior of normal persons. His chief interest is in obtaining marrihuana for his transportation into another world and to get someone else to join him.

"Marihuana 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 marrihuana is said to be habituating rather than addicting. Nevertheless, there is often a clear pattern of graduation from the use of marrihuana to the stronger addictive opiates. Those who seek sensual well-being and exhilaration through the artificial stimuli of drugs ultimately discover that the opiates have more power.

"It has become popular, with those who have legalized marrihuana, to claim that its use is no worse than the current use of alcohol. However, a comparison of marrihuana 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 marrihuana. The damaging effects of alcohol abuse have become well known and continue to be 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 affections of marrihuana, 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.

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

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 marrihuana beyond this mandate. The Bureau undertakes an active program of law enforcement aimed at eliminating illegal trafficking in marrihuana 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 marrihuana 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 marrihuana and other drugs.

Sincerely yours,

John R. Enright
Acting Commissioner of Narcotics
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 motor and dynamo red and coal black...They twinkle in all directions clean on out of sight; these flash pictures of the dreamy doll face of the workers." (p. 79-80 Cuckoo)

The two points in modern man's freedom from history, opposition (implying death) and flight (implicating 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 protagonist of paranoia: Vossarian reason 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 Com- bine, Underlying each of these cases is a basic distrust which Heller, Pynchon, and Kesey share of machines; McMurphy and Chief Bromden live in continual fear of the drugs and devices of the Com- bine, 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 diversification of instincts which over time have become divided and multiplied. Every dream is a part, viable 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 multiverse 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 and LIGHT CONTROL). As Ellis 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 his history by himself." (p. 130)

"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? 9.3%
- They're all left-wingers the Combine has 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%

Lou Hallup Poll - No. 3

Lou Hallup

"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? 9.3%
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- 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%

(dale-walker)

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 yapping and... You were there too yesterday, weren't you? I thought I saw you dimly unfold, 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 with expanded wings and fly, somewhere, and make more larvae, somewhere, and die, somewhere. And oh, oh, oh.

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

MIKE DURPHY

NEO-CLASSIFIEDS

50 words/$1 (still cheap)

DEADLINE MONDAY MIDNIGHT

NEO-CLASSIFIEDS

50 words/$1 (still cheap)

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NEO-CLASSIFIEDS

50 words/$1 (still cheap)

DEADLINE MONDAY MIDNIGHT
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, it is just a reflection of the fact that you, unlike me, and I wouldn't antagonize one.

What I said has a validity and possibly runs counter to the outer you, and I wouldn't antagonize one. Me.

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 newstand to Vietnam. Some principles here, and the only trace honesty 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, whereas history is history because if it sounds good, "Death in the Afternoon" has more laziness and ambiguity to it. So leading to one thing — I believe you've misinterpreted Orwell, at least that portion of "Homage to Catalonia," of your idea that war IS glorious after all.

It was like an allegorical picture of war; the trainload of fresh men glistened proudly to the line, the mailed men sliding slowly down, and all the while the guns on the open tracks 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 states that war is glorious; merely that the feeling that it is, is pernicious. Pernicious anaemia 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 sense? Anyhow, this drifts. I have no thought later.
With One Eye Open

Freak Out at Bessey Hall

By BRADFORD A. LANG

The vigiliers at Bessey Hall, so the story goes, were a bunch of "smelly, long-haired people" forever trying to raise hell and get a free ride 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 names we were being called, but we were 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 (and, of course, the students were sleeping here): 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 members of high school honor societies, eight winners of State of Michigan high school 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 vigiliers 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 vậnators! The accumulated brain power was enough to blow up Beaulieu 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 the ATL Department, most of us are 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 our fellow students, because we did it—honest to God— for YOU.

The Hang-up

Identity Crisis
Psycho-neurosis

Pocket

Dear Readers,

Starting in some future issue THE PAPER will be a regular advice column aimed at solving the special problems of our brand of reader. Written by people who are experts in your identity crises, your obsessions, anxieties, insecurities, depressions, deprivations, dehumanizations, deceptions, perplexions, suspensions, superstitions, inhibitions, malnutrition, hallucinations, appraisals, frustrations, alienations, sublimations, hallucinations, etc.

Serious questions will receive serious answers.

Meaningless questions will receive meaningless answers.

Address all questions to Suzi Creamcheese (DEAR SUZY:) c/o THE PAPER, Box 307, East Lansing.

So, where the hell are all the letters? The guy at the Post Office is still good at his job. Another one, of Box 68. Are you all THAT happy with the P.F. or is it the fact that we are cashing 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 of if you know of any good, inexpensive one please let us know. Recommendation of the cleaners. They are incredibly overpriced.

Please send all news of E.L. happenings to DIENL, Box 68, East Lansing, or call 531-7373.

DIENL

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

East Lansing Notes

Merry Christmas! Here is a compliment to K. Fisher, an MSU bus driver who is thoughtful of if you know of any good, inexpensive one please let us know. Recommendation of the cleaners. They are incredibly overpriced.

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