The Russians Are Coming! . . . on the back page
Prison Break, by R. Wm. Bryan
Little Press, 1968, 81.52
Available at Campus Books

R. Wm. Bryan's first volume of poetry opens like a prison break; quietly, with much skilled planning and the tense sweating of men with something to risk. The images are suggestive, casual, un alarming; they aim at taking by surprise.

The opening poem, "Coastal Poem," escapes in just that manner, the only flaw is why Bryan wants it to escape. The poem is about storms, with both natural and sexual allusions. The images are sexual, the associations clear to anyone with enough time to sit down and figure them out. But the language is hard, harsh, moving in bursts and gaps.

"Grill in our hair, our skin."

"With water ear rings dripping."

The gaps in "water ear rings dripping" calls attention to the image, but it helps the poem, as do the grating sounds of "Grill" skin, "ears," and "cliffs." The stop-and-go sound makes us dig for meaning: Why this particular tone? The last stanza.

Catch us
Involved on the sand.
Failures at drawing angels.

escapes in like fashion. The image is obviously very complex, with its hint at disillusioned children playing in the sand, sexual intercourse that is more skin than sharing, the curious contrast of "involved" and "failure." But is the poem worthy of the complexity? Is a prison break worth the risk, if you escape only into a dark-prisoned self?

**Prison Break**
R. Wm. Bryan

"Fishing" is perhaps the most satisfying poem of the volume, though his "Lichens at 11,000 Feet" and "Wreck on U.S. 2" are striking pieces of work. "Fishing" opens with monumental forces striking.

The Pacific and Oregon
Are stymied - their conflict
Remains on the beach.

With unprecedented clarity, Bryan moves us to the couple - the fisherman and Maria - who are the remnant on the beach." Bryan sets up the conflict carefully, contrasting Maria in isolation with herself, atop the cliff, removed from reality and the fisherman, numbed in reality, at the bottom of the cliff, equally isolated. The red coat invites violation as the numb feet invite hands to warm.

Bryan steps thoughtfully back from the poem in the next section, again relating the two on the beach to the monumental forces of the first section, restating the conflict.

The last section defines the situation, but does more than make images; we learn about the hopes and fears of the protagonists.

*On this front-line*
Is where we shall talk of truce: And we gather

Maybe in ambush.

The poem emerges clear and memorable, the double roles of stalked and stalked are left full of potential, for all of their kinetic force. The volume is worth buying for this one poem.

Bryan is certainly one of the more important voices in poetry to be heard in East Lansing. He knows what he wants to say, and he says it the way he wants: powerfully, subtly, intricately. But complexity is not the only way to go in the way of the poem, the man total of difficult images is equal wild - "images."

Once Bryan sits down to enjoy the simple process of fishing rather than waiting just for the difficult fish, he will give us many more "catches" like his poem "Fishing."

Softly, when no one's looking, I put bars on the faces that pass.

Like a child who sees slices of faces
outside his crib,
I remember
faded nights with
the slice-faced wavers
pacing in the black,
and turning the bars into razors, which sliced them into riboned bared
frog -- people -- means until they fell apart
slice by breaded slice
with the tomato ketchup
blood spilling over the sandwich floor.

The kid's homicidal, they said at my trial, sick and psycho, put 'im on ice.

And all I ever wanted to do was -- slip a little knife under my skin
and maybe smoke some bacon, and take my time to grow into myself
and not slice
ketchup-covered people
in rice and ghetto puddies
to prove my place of birth.

Drugs and draft and somehow morals they put me in a cell, until
slice by slice, I bar them out
and slip my mind on ketchup floors
and slide, slide, slice.

--David Gilbert
Seventeen years ago the United States was involved in a land war on the Asian continent. Due to political and military factors beyond the comprehension of a good part of the public, clear military victory had been excluded as a possible outcome. A mood of frustration arose out of the absence of that definite, decisive conclusion which Americans had come to expect from wars, and out of the apparent unwillingness of the Administration to do all in its power or the other to end the conflict. The time was right for a leader who could call for some definite action, who could do something to shake things up in complacent Washington and a previously little-known Midwestern senator named McCarthy came to take up this role. He achieved national prominence and a following that cut across a wide range of political affiliations. Soon, however, the established forces reasserted themselves, and McCarthy dropped from sight.

The mood of 1968, and of today, bears many resemblances to the mood of seventeen years ago. Today's liberals are quick to point out trends that smack of what has come to be called McCarthyism—a willingness to ignore inferences on civil liberties and an equation of dissent with subversion because of some imagined moral advantage it gives to the enemy. Lyndon Johnson is attacks on McCarthy's Nellies who are not supporting "our boys" have been enough to arouse anyone who values the ideals of democratic liberty and the right to dissent.

Today's liberals and radicals are much less likely to see a mere subtype of McCarthyism a willingness to ignore inferences on civil liberties and an equation of dissent with subversion because of some imagined moral advantage it gives to the enemy. Lyndon Johnson is attacks on McCarthy's Nellies who are not supporting "our boys" have been enough to arouse anyone who values the ideals of democratic liberty and the right to dissent.

The first McCarthy surely based his movement on irrationality. But was he not the major appeal of the second McCarthy his look, his intellectual style? Indeed, was it not the basis of an emotional appeal, the academic community and the upper-middle-class suburbs instinctively felt more comfortable with someone who spoke their own language? Furthermore, rational style and rational content are completely different matters. The fact that the second McCarthy did not shout or wave his arms does not mean in itself that he and he alone had grasped the true logic of the matter.

As the McCarthy presidential campaign wore on, its emotional basis became more and more clear. For example, was McCarthy's convention strategy based upon convoking the delegates that reason and popular opinion demanded his nomination? Hardly. McCarthy's hopes were based on convincing anyone from getting the first-ballot nomination, after which the panicked delegates, like frightened sheep, would reach out for the first familiar face in the crowd. And McCarthy's response to the position of Czechoslovakia reveals much less a dispassionate approach than it does the desire of a man to deny the existence of whatever conflicts with his own view of the world.

A diversity among one's followers reflects broad appeal. And often the broad appeal is the emotional one. In the late Forties the conservatives were essentially the first McCarthy from the start and some liberals staunchly condemned him through the argument that many "liberals" were". By the takeover of Eastern Europe and the extension of "criminal communism" tried to do out do each other in militant anti-Communism, in some cases almost handling their more civil-liber-
By WESTORPE
State News Staff Writer

"I'm an addict, a heroin shooter. I've been shooting junk into my veins since I was 13. I'm 32 now.

'I've been a whore since I was 14 to pay for my habit. Sometime I'll get up to $100 for a trick which will go for another shot of junk.

'I've been in prison two times and at the narcotics hospital at Lexington three times but they weren't able to help me.

'I'm tired of walking the streets in Detroit. I'm just plain tired of living.

'I'm just getting nowhere. I want to quit dope but I can't do it alone. What's left for me?"

This story is being repeated by thousands of people throughout the country-from Detroit to New York to San Francisco.

It is being repeated by males and females, by the rich and by the poor but mostly by the young.

They have one common hang-up—they are trapped by drugs. Everyday they pay anywhere from $25 to $500 to get more drugs.

They can't stop. They go to jail. They go to special hospitals for addicts. Nothing works. They're trapped.

Where can they go? What can they do? What's left for an addict? All he knows is drugs. It's his lifeblood.

A group of former addicts who have broken the grip that drugs had on them say they have the answers for the addicts who want to quit.

They say that there is hope for the addict who truly wants to quit the nowhere life he's living.

These former addicts have formed a group called Synanon. At Synanon, they say, the addict has a chance.

When an addict has decided he wants to kick the drug habit his battle is half won at Synanon.

It goes to a Synanon House or in Las Vegas. He asks for an interview with the house director, who's a former addict.

The addict has to show a honest sincerity about giving up his habit and returning to reality.

If he is accepted to become a member of Synanon he must withdraw from drugs 'cold turkey' without the aid of weaker drugs.

They take him into the Synanon House living room, lay him on the floor and let him kick and convulse the drugs out of his body. While he is going through the hell of the withdrawal, friends of his, former addicts themselves, talk to him and comfort him.

They give him warm eggnog to help soothe his aching and burning body.

Finally, withdrawal is over.

Now the addict weak from the physical and mental strain is given a hot meal—meat, potatoes, vegetables and coffee.

The former addict is immediately given a responsibility commensurate with his wobbly hold on his new life without drugs.

He may wash dishes, clean carpets, move furniture or even chop wood. Above all, he is given responsibility, even though at first it is a small one.

His basic needs are taken care of. He's got clothes to wear, a bed to sleep on, food to eat and a roof over his head.

The Synanon house with him.

After he's been at Synanon for a period of time, he starts to play games, the Synanon game.

The Synanon game is a bathroom where the addict has an opportunity to rid himself of his emotional waste.

About 12 or 13 people play the game. This is the addict's chance to say anything that is on his mind. He can just talk or play the role of the tough guy. He can jump up and down and swear like it's going out of style.

According to the rules of the game every player has a chance to cut down everything you say. It's like a verbal street fight.

In the game there's no set leader.

Anybody who wants to he can be the leader but to get it they have to verbally fight for it.

This is not group or psycho therapy even though it may have therapeutic value but so does a glass of water from a spring.

After a former addict gets his feet a little more solidly on the ground he gets more responsibilities.

He learns the lesson that to get anywhere he must rely on himself but he must also remember that he is a member of a team. He may gradually build his position to a salesman in the Synanon industries where he will make daily calls on the area businesses.

The addict home at Synanon is big. It has many rooms. The biggest is the living room which is decorated with modern art and furnished with big comfortable sofas and chairs.

There's a hi-fi where the Beatles or any other kind of records can be played.

The bookshelves are filled with books by Hemingway, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Melville.

There is a sewing room for the girls and a room for the boys to watch TV and to talk by themselves.

The long and friendly dining room has cloth covered chairs and there's a table cloth on the table.

There's a dog named Skipper, a 2 year old beagle who is constantly looking for companionship.

The former addict is part of this. He helps keep it running. He has a job to do. He has a responsibility. He's learning that to be a success he has to depend on his inner self for strength.

During a former addict's stay at Synanon which could range from a year to five or six years he will see many addicts walk away and never come back.

They are so trapped by the forces of drugs that they had to go back to the streets.

The reformed addict keeps living and growing at Synanon and constantly tempted to go back to his old nowhere type life he's reminded of a life pre-server hung on the wall which says, "hang tough."

I have not found what I wanted
I still am not content
So thinking, as I sit here
-Anonymous

I talk to one of the Synannons
At cold and sunless sky
Considering life's meaning
And mostly wondering WHY...-
-Mary Beard
Resist: letters from prison

By ALAN SCHULZ, 2012

EDITOR'S NOTE: We all have our conceptions of convicts: hard bitten men, who would as soon kill you as look at you; dangerous, undesirable, ruthless. Al Schulz is a convict. He was a student at MSU. He handed in his draft card and refused to be inducted into the Armed Forces. He is now serving time on a five year sentence for refusing to kill.

In these letters from prison, Al writes of his feelings and observations: of his philosophies and loneliness; of the soft and gentle men that hides itself under violence. His letters are not literary works: they are a man's inner questions.

"I'm not really a writer, and so some of what I tried to say may have been unclear, and as far as that goes, not perhaps as clear as even I could have made it had I been writing to make a point." His letters are touching: Al talks about these problems that we think of as cliches; but for him they are present, real and desperately urgent and significant parts of man's existence.

Behind the words, a man speaks.

AFTERNOON FRIDAY DECEMBER 4, 1968

It is hard sometimes for me to realize the magnitude of the decision I made to return my card, refuse induction, face five years in prison for the action. It all seems so natural to me - in action and the consequences - because I was used to it, and I've accepted it. When I think back to another time before - for no decision, or when someone approaches me and tells me that he has made the same decision and intends to face the same process as I have, I immediately have to remind once again what decision I have made. That does not mean I regret it when I feel the innuendos of it; it does perhaps amaze me that I did it.

The days actually pass too slowly, even considering that a lot of the days I have nothing really to do; it is only the looking forward and feeling of waiting that makes time pass slowly (... in ten weeks and one half weeks, only three days of it in March...)

As is usual with institution clothes, something is too large. This time, it's my pants, and I don't get a half until Monday because the clerk yesterday gave me wrong instructions. Typical.

I grew up with two beliefs. Everything works out for the best. Live doing what I feel to be right.

For many reasons, I live by those now. Every experience is a good experience, because I can always learn from it. Do what I feel to be right and just, and to hell with those that are afraid of doing such an eccentric. If the people who condemn me were to stop being such hypocrites and live the way they say they believe, I might respect them.

8 P.M. FRIDAY DECEMBER 4, 1968

So little it takes for me to feel down!

Visits of communions at San Francisco State College and in Rome gave me the strongest feeling of being cut off. Odd that I should feel that way, because when I was in Chicago this summer, I was actually feeling apart from the demonstrations, because I was "off into my own thing" with draft resistance.

And then reading "The Bell From The Sun," which has a map of Greece and Crete on the inside cover, I realized that I wasn't to be able to go there for a long, long time...

I wish I could be myself for a while, even if only a short while each day. This is such a goddamn absurd situation to be in, and it just said to it. Always, always in sight of someone else. Especially difficult after a summer with a life that has when I could always go off by myself if I wanted to. No wonder people get uptight in the cities...

This is a period of rest. I still have a feeling of relief at not having to get involved, of not having to talk, unless I really want to, of something I never really felt I could take for the luxury of before, and actually never wanted to take before, because there was too much to be done. Of course, it would be extremely nice if more people agreed with my stand, and of course the ideal would be if this stand wouldn't be necessary because the social evil had been eliminated. But God, I can only but my hand against the wall so many times, I'm tired.

The change in my life is making it difficult to judge others too quickly - to at least try to offer other people the same chance I have had to live. Not perhaps much more faith in my world and the people who inhabit it, (I ask around at the injustice, stupidity, cruelty) but a bit more when I see a rise in honest appraisal of the things we are. Maybe more faith in myself - because of my own attempts to eliminate hypocrisy in my own life - maybe not - because of my failures.

7:30 P.M. FRIDAY DECEMBER 6, 1968

One thing that actually worries me is the number of guys here with tattoos...

SATURDAY DECEMBER 7, 1968

"Cultural shock is the major problem, I have to learn to recognize it for what this place is, accept it as it is, and not let it get at you. It is a different society..."

Tack half a physical today (short, blood test, TB test, feces), the other half to come on Tuesday.

Anyway, I physically grew up in Saginaw, the great Mid West, went to a Lutheran grade school, and a backward Arthur Hill High School.

At the time of graduation, in a burst of misguided patriotic fever, I wanted to join the Marine Corps.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 7, 1968

There is beauty here also. As I walked out after dinner, I saw the controls of two jets in the evening sky. The remaining light from the sun lit the trails to a beautiful pink, and the dark clouds produced a contrast with the lighter sky. The silhouette of the large pine tree in the center of the compound stood like a challenge to the building walls, as if to keep out beauty and stiffliness.

Many reasons for that - I grew up with it, I'm born and raised in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and the Church.

To purify people, I came to MSU to begin with, having won National Merit and MHEAA scholarships, but only intended to stay until I turned it and could exist.

TUESDAY DECEMBER 10, 1968

Today is my third week anniversary. One week in Bay County, one week in Wayne County and now one week here. The 9th of November seems like yesterday - and yet also like such a long time ago.

I find that one of the harder things is to try to keep my clarity. It sounds strange, but I find that I'm tending to look at many things more simplistically instead of many confusing facets.

Through a conscious effort, I refuse to set my policy diacsotion and the like, I want to learn more about this place I am in, to call home and the way it functions first, and also I am still somewhat enjoying my rest from raping.

Before it turned 7 I found a USMC Reserve program and enlisted - summer training, 3 years commitment after graduation. My feelings: because other Marines were dying, I should enlist and help to fight and destroy, so they wouldn't have to die - forgetting about the lives of the Enemy, because they were the Enemy and the Enemy was always wrong. So I finished my freshman year as a Chemistry major and forestry major in Brody (dormitory). And went to summer camp in Virginia, 1966, learning to kill.

One guy is in here for sale of LSD, another for sale of heavy drugs, several others who were in Chicago. The only trouble seems to be that they are all eating "Fun, groovy, hip" and making the "revolution" out to be the "in thing." I can't stand that attitude of following for following's sake, to be a "revolutionary" because that's the thing they shouldn't not because they really believe it. Since I quickly acquired the nickname of Hippie, because I came to my long hair and mustache, communication is made more difficult sometimes because everyone generalizes too much. The same as on the outside, and yet different, because in here generalization reaches a point of absurdity.

I had my life planned - major in forestry, get my B.S. serve three glorious years, get my M.A. and Ph.D. By that time I'd be 35 and able to settle down.

I came back from camp - only slightly lessened in fever - and read all the papers I can get hold of, still I realize there is a challenge to do with institutional church, as I read of religious wars and cruelty, and realized that the other man's religion was merely different, because of environment and culture, not wrong. So why fight wars to convert the so-called heathens? One day I felt the doubt that perhaps political systems and nation states were the same way, but I quickly put it out of my mind.

I try to catch the news every night, and read all the papers I can get hold of, still I realize there is a challenge to do with institutional church, as I read of religious wars and cruelty, and realized that the other man's religion was merely different, because of environment and culture, not wrong. So why fight wars to convert the so-called heathens? One day I felt the doubt that perhaps political systems and nation states were the same way, but I quickly put it out of my mind.
Michigan State News, East Lansing, Michigan

Official Guide to Drugs

Bill Barr, ass't director of residence halls:
You know more about it than I do. You know how to get hold of it. You know who uses it. You know the safest times. It's absurd for me to tell you about it.

The penalty for marijuana use and sale is absurd. It's ridiculous. Marijuana is relatively harmless, and it's definitely non-narcotic. There are some here, of course, who feel otherwise. I think the drug laws will probably be changed in a while. But maybe they won't—who can tell?*

MIRANDA WARNING

1. You have the right to remain silent.
2. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.
3. You have the right to talk to a lawyer and have him present with you while you are being questioned.
4. If you cannot afford to hire a lawyer, one will be appointed to represent you before any questioning, if you wish one.

Eldon R. Nonnamaker, associate dean of students.

"I suppose the University does and doesn't have an official position. Basically, violation of statutes as they apply is the same for students as for anyone else. A statute applies to everybody. If a student or any other person breaks the law he is subject to the punishment the law provides.

The University in this case leaves punishment to those agencies which handle this. That doesn't mean that the university doesn't have a responsibility toward the drug-using student. The university's role is one of prevention, education and if possible, rehabilitation. It is my personal feeling that we do have a certain responsibility to develop an educational program on drug use and abuse.

The current state law especially with respect to marijuana makes it very difficult for some judges. If the student is apprehended and convicted for sale, there is a mandatory 20-year sentence in Michigan. Many judges, reluctant to sentence a first offender to 20 years in jail, reduce the charge to possession. The penalty under the sale law is too unrealistic. It should be left to the judge's discretion, his hands shouldn't be tied with mandatory penalties. The law's concern should shift away from the punitive and toward the rehabilitative and preventive. This is our own concern.

"I must emphasize that, in all this, the University is not a sanctuary. The student is just as responsible as anyone else in society."

Dick Bernitt, director of public safety.

We are dealing with the limited jurisdiction of campus law enforcement. Our problem is not primarily due to the existence of the University. It is localized in the metropolitan area of Lansing. It is, however, a largely college-age group in the greater Lansing area. Marijuana experience is expanding generally in urban communities even without a university. My personal observation is that this is a significant problem. Marijuana merits more research. The penalties for LSD were recently changed. I believe, to equal those of marijuana.

"As for the fairness of the laws, they are laws nevertheless and must be enforced. It is our job to do so. The University police do participate with area police in solving crimes. Criminal activity knows no jurisdictional lines. When it crosses these lines, joint investigation ensues.

Yes, the use of marijuana, if personal views have any merit, is definitely a social thing. The use of alcohol by those of my age, in my era, probably fit the same general pattern. Those whose lips tested alcohol didn't necessarily become alcoholics. One unfortunate thing with marijuana is that experimentation on the part of most of the users leads to experimentation with other dangerous drugs. Because this is not done under experimental conditions, an overdose could lead to addiction or considerable harm."

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COMPARISON CHART OF MAJOR SUBSTANCES USED FOR MIND ALTERATION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Official Name of Drug or Chemical</th>
<th>slang Name(s)</th>
<th>Legitimate Medical Uses (Present and Projected)</th>
<th>Potential for Psychological Dependence*</th>
<th>Potential for Tolerance (Leading to Increased Dosage)</th>
<th>Potential for Physical Dependence</th>
<th>Overall Potential for Abuse**</th>
<th>usual (Psychology)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alcohol Whiskey, Gin, Beer, Wine</td>
<td>Booze, Hooch</td>
<td>Rare Sometimes used as a sedative (for tension)</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>CNS depressant. Rel. Drowsiness. Impaired and emotional controlling accidents.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cannabis (Marijuana)</td>
<td>Pot, grass, tea, weed, stuff</td>
<td>Treatment of depression, tension, loss of appetite, sexual maladjustment and narcotic addiction</td>
<td>Moderate</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Moderate</td>
<td>Relaxation, euphoria, time perception, loss of motivation. (Probable CNS depressant.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Narcotics (Opium, Analgesics)</td>
<td>Op, Hophone, H</td>
<td>Treatment of severe pain, diarrhea, and cough.</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>High</td>
<td>CNS depressant. See intellectual functioning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marijuana</td>
<td>Hycodan, Cheracol, Rynfon, etc.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mescaline (Peyote)</td>
<td>Mescaline, Cactus</td>
<td>Experimental study of mind and brain function: Increased creativity and problem solving</td>
<td>Minimal</td>
<td>Yes (rare)</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Moderate</td>
<td>Production of visual, intellectual alterations, altered states of consciousness.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*The term "abstinence has sometimes been used to refer to the elimination of dependence, and the term "addiction" is used to refer to the combination of tolerance and abstinence (without withdrawal symptoms).

**Always to be considered in evaluating the effects of these drugs is the amount consumed, purity, frequency, the interval since ingestion, food in the stomach, combinations with other drugs, and the psychological and social condition of the user."

---

By Joel Perl, M.D. Former Consultant on Drug Abuse, United Nations and World Health Organizations.
Drugs: Interview

By Marlon Nowak
College Staff Writer

Editor's Note: The following comments are from a conversation with two MSU coeds who have had considerable experience with marijuana and LSD. These comments are representative of the attitudes held by the majority of the fifty drug users interviewed.

ONE: Okay, maybe it shouldn't be legal, but then neither should boozing. Marijuana is less harmful than cigarettes if you're using the straight pure stuff. It doesn't affect your job judgment as much as booze, like driving. With marijuana you know you can't drive. It's not a judgment suppressant-with alcohol your judgment is down.

TWO: And someone accustomed to using it can control it act normal under the influence, which a drunk can't.

Marijuana and other hallucinogens have no significance as far as leading to hard drugs-most of the users avoid hard stuff.

ONE: I had some heroniated grass once-I didn't like the high and I didn't like the day after... My contact can get it but there's no demand here for it. There isn't anyone I know that'll trust it.

TWO: Using grass is releasing tensions from home work. Most marijuana smokers don't like alcohol. Students don't have the time to get hung up on something narcotic, and could easily become alcoholic but don't want to.

ONE: Marijuana is absolutely not a narcotic-absolutely. The dictionary definition of a narcotic is an addictive drug, in which increased usage increased the tolerance. Marijuana is the opposite. When you smoke marijuana, there is no physical dependency-increased use brings decreased tolerance. And when you smoke grass you get so hungry and thirsty better than getting malnutrition from alcohol. You'll eat almost anything. There is no such thing as withdrawal symptoms from marijuana. I was straight for three months this summer with access and sources.

TWO: The biggest danger bigger than alcohol, worse than cigarettes is if you get caught. The laws are outrageously harsh. Most people I know that smoke marijuana know what they're risking with the law but are resigned to the risk.

ONE: Also, recently in the State News it was stated that there were no accounts of accidents in traffic caused by either hallucinogens or marijuana. I'm not sure...

TWO: Most people when they're stoned don't want to drive. Like, it's a hassle and it will bring them down.

ONE: They can't prove that anyone is stoned-unless they confess. I can't make that previous statement honestly-I'm sure some accidents have been caused by some falling asleep from pot or something. My mother isn't allowed to drive when she's on amphetamines.

TWO: Marijuana's association with hard narcotics comes from research showing that some 75 per cent of those hooked on heroin started on marijuana. This is often used against marijuana it's assumed to be irreversible. It just doesn't apply. Less than 7 per cent of smokers now turn to heroin, to hard narcotics, and not because of marijuana. They want escape, not hallucination.

ONE: Also another common misstatement is that all marijuana users start on cigarettes. I know a number of people who have never used tobacco, and who use marijuana.

The laws should be set up on the same basis as those for drinking caused by eitherolecule are unfair, too. In Europe, where there's generally no drinking age limit, there's a lower rate of alcoholism and it's also socially unacceptable to get drunk. I've never had a big desire to get drunk. My parents would say 'there's been no in the cabinet, if you want it, take it.' The laws for marijuana should be the same as possession laws for alcohol. They could then concentrate on the big pushers of the hard stuff. There are no real statistics on marijuana drug, a relatively harmless one, and on LSD. More than two cups of coffee a day brings about the same chromosome damage as LSD. The two major common drugs whose effects are unknown-like aspirin... We are being persecuted, and I mean persecuted, while people can drink to excess around campus, in a relatively small town, safely. All this police power used in drug raids and to track down marijuana really pisses me off.

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Usual Short-Term Effects***(Psychological, Pharmacological, Social)***

- Impaired judgment, reaction time, coordination.
- Frequent aggressive behavior and driving accidents.
- Depression, euphoria, increased appetite, some alteration of perception, possible impairment of judgment and coordination. (Probable CNS depressant)

Usual Long-Term Effects (Psychological, Pharmacological, Social)

- Distortion of energy and money from more creative and productive pursuits. Habituation. Possible obesity with chronic excessive use. Irreversible damage to brain and liver, addiction with severe withdrawal illness (D.T.S).
- Usually none. Possible diversion of energy and money.
- Constipation, loss of appetite and weight, temporary impotency or sterility.
- Habituation, addiction with unpleasant and painful withdrawal illness.

Form of Legal Regulation*** and Control

- Available and advertised without limitation in many forms with only minimal regulation by age (21, or 18), hours of sale, location, taxation, ban on advertising and driving laws. Some "black market" for those under age and those evading taxes. Minimal penalties.
- Unavailable (although permissible) for ordinary medical prescriptions. Possession, sale, and cultivation prohibited by state and federal narcotic or marijuana laws. Severe penalties. Widespread illicit traffic.
- Unavailable (except heroin) by special (narcotics) medical prescriptions. Some available by ordinary prescription or over-the-counter. Other manufacture, sale or possession prohibited under state and federal narcotics law. Severe penalties Excessive illicit traffic.

*Drug sample, inadequate health, educational or rehabilitation program probably price will be high, cause drug addiction and stimulate socially and mentally impaired clients with nothing for the other except sanctions price.

The effects of frequency, the users, combinations with other drugs, and most importantly the personality or character of the individual taking it and the setting and context in which it is taken. The determinations made in this chart are based upon the evidence of human use of these drugs rather than upon artificial experimental animal or animal research.

Tuesday, January 28, 1969
The Unimportant Life of Stanley Nichols

By CAMERON PHILLIPS

"Stanley dear, it's time to get up. Stanley, come on now. Her hand on your shoulder, gently encouraging you to arise and face the day. But then she walked away, out of the room, down the stairs, you could hear each footstep on that creaky old stairway, into the kitchen, she slammed the cupboard door. Stanley, if you roll over you can go back to sleep.

Your mother is shouting from the bottom of the stairway! Stanley! Please dear, get up or you'll be late for work again. Stanley, Oh, Mother!

Yes, Mother. I'm coming, you say. Too late, surely your mother is already up the stairs. Now Stanley, she's in the room with you, your uncle has been very kind to us. But he told me that if you were late once more he'd have to let you go. Please get up. And indeed Stanley, your uncle is a hard man. he would let you go.

"Alright, Mother. I certainly wouldn't want to lose my position at the bookstore. You climb out of bed, Mother wants to make certain. You are up. Good. You stagger down the hallway to the half-room. Shave today? No Shave! Brush your teeth, and hurry to the bookstore. Mustn't let Mother down again.

"Stanley!" your heavy-jowled uncle below, you're late again, damn you. How long do you think I can put up with this nonsense? He clashes bold of your shoulders and slams the door of the convenient shelf. He hurts. He approaches you angrily, "Stanley, if your father were alive today, he'd be away, out of sheer disgrace for the way you've turned out. You're just no good, no damn good.

Your father was a good man, Stanley. He was kind, but firm. He would always listen to you, try to understand your problems. But he would have expected you to earn your keep as a human being Stanley. Yes he would have. Look your uncle in the eye.

"Uncle Harold, you say would you like me to begin by sweeping the floor?"

But you're so tired Stanley. No, you're exaggerated, you're just your job. Be grateful and do it. Do it for poor Mother. For Father's memory.

Walk to the back room, pick up the broom, walk back out, sweep, brush, and forth. There's the corner you always miss. Between the rows of shelves, up and down toward the door, you shuffle. You shuffle, you shuffle. Stanley keep the broom moving, down the street, across the field, down the river banks, back and forth. Don't miss a speck. Don't you dare miss a speck. You are no good Stanley.

"Yes, Mother.

"Stanley, Mrs. Ralston told me today that she often sees you down by the river, walking alone, dear, and, she says it appears to her that you're talking to yourself. Is that healthy, Stanley, in order to do that? Poor Mother, her face looks so old, so tired. You are killing her Stanley, killing her with your selfishness."

Eat your supper, dear. I'm sorry if I upset you. I'm just so worried about you. Why don't you try to "Stanley?"

"Yes, Mother," you say.

Stanley, why don't you ever look at me, why can't we talk? Oh poor, dear old Mother

A dream of Los Angeles. That's where you should be Stanley. That's where the artists go. There no one tells you what to do, when to do it, how to do it or to do it over again. What you do is a part of yourself, and respected. Are you a creator of art, and everyone knows it. You go to the beach each morning to become inspired. You later drive to your office and write. You sent the manuscript to your friend Mr. Sweeney at the Studios and he phones you up to tell you how much he likes it, how much he'll pay you for it. You could care less. No one gets the rights unless you direct it. It's yours. "Look, Sweeney, you say. I'll discuss this with you later on today, can you meet me at my club for cocktails about four-thirty? I'm really quite pressed at the moment. Of course he can, certainly, and you hang up without saying goodbye. Because there is work to be done.

Work on a Broadway play, yes, and you want to create a beach on the stage. In order to do that, you'll need real sand. Real sand, sand from your beach, and you'll have to ship it to New York. Call your right hand man "Harold" you say. I want you to ship fifty cubic feet of sand from the Venice beach, shipped to New York, tomorrow. Take care of it. And you hang up. The play must be completed this afternoon.

Damn phone ringing again. You know it's Mr. Sweeney calling to ask where you are. Nicely of course, but a hit upset that you failed to meet him. Yes, yes, hello, yes, it's Stanley. Mr. Ralston, just a moment, I'll call her.

So Stanley, call your mother to the phone. And stop dreaming of being something you will never be. You are no good Stanley. An idle dreamer with absolutely no potential. The worthless progeny of two perfectly good parents. Vomits out of sheer disgrace for the way you have turned out.

"Stanley, Mother is calling to you. "Stanley, I want you to drive me over to Mrs. Ralston's house. Do you mind?" No of course you don't mind of course not.

"Stanley, won't you come in? Mary Jane has been wanting to see you for such a long time. It's a shame you two don't see more of each other, you know, since you grew up next door and were such good friends. She has lost a lot of weight since you last saw her. Quite a young lady now. I must say. Oh please do come in. Yes Stanley, the Ralston Family Reunion. Do go in, say hello to Mary Jane.

The Ralston's horse is without any sort of clutter. It makes you nervous. There are no windows, no pictures on the walls, no ash trays or magazines on the tables, and the air is totally without odor. A vacuum. Mary Jane sits waiting for you in the other room. You see her hunched over the hastily beaten up grand piano. She speaks as you enter:

"Why, Stanley! How have you been?" Eager to crush her in your arms? "I think not, oh Stanley."

Quite well, you mutter. "And you? What have you been up to?

Mary Jane, you've rearranged herself on the piano bench. "Oh, you know Stanley, rush, rush, rush, music lessons, projects, activities, pursuits. Such is life, I suppose. Hey, Hey Stanley, do you need air? Your face is turning purple! Mary Jane, why don't you play something for me? Something soothing, romantic, can you sweetly?" Mary Jane lifts her head and smiles. Well Stanley, how nice of you to...

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am very pleased to introduce direct from a ten-country tour of the Middle and Far East, Mr. Jazz himself, Stanley Carr! You sit coldly behind the closed curtains and listen to the thunderous applause. This is it, Stanley Carr. Carnegie Hall, Not had for a nineteen year old who never had a lesson in his life. Not to the man in the wing, the curtains open. Not to your bassist, your drummer, your mother in the front row there, cut it off. The world awaits your music.

This city was shaken to its very foundations last night by the pianistic magic of one heretofore unknown Stanley Carr, a nineteen-year-old from the Mid-West whose first engagement in New York was at Carnegie Carr. Is truly unique in this age of musical mediocrity. He is master of his instrument, master of his group, and master of his music. You simply must hear this young man.

"how much of you to ask me to play? I'd love to. Stanley, walk over and mass sage Mary Jane's young, strong back Gently, so as not to disturb her playing. That's it. Now hand over and kiss her on the nape of her neck, soothe her, excite her Stanley, but very gently. Squeeze her shoulders, kiss her again, she's playing a bit faster now, don't you think. Sweet, charming, gracious, involved Mary Jane. Too sweet, too charming, too gracious and involved for you, and Stanley there's a bit of a turmoil in your stomach no? Excuse yourself. You are just no good. Stanley, this is Dr. Meadows. Very well, Mother."

"Oh, Stanley didn't we say, "Dad" that you, Dr. Meadows wants to help you, dear. He can do it, he just doesn't cooperate please Stanley."

Well Mother, I would be happy to be helped, enlightened, absolutely. Yes, Dr. Meadows. Help poor Stanley.

(continued on page 9)
Come on Stanley. You've taken enough of this sort of abuse. Walk out the door quietly, quickly, and down the street, there, keep walking Stanley!

"I'm happy I tell you. I am happy!" But Stanley, stop that screaming. You do have a history of mental illness, now please, I know what's best for you and for everyone else. Come on, down to the river Stanley. To the river where we used to talk. We need to talk Stanley. We haven't talked for some time you know. I think I've been rather busy about this whole situation. I've let you set the course of your life for now, too many years. And what have you done? What precisely have you done with it? You've married that disgusting half of a woman, you've moved into your mother's home, you're somehow become a bookstore operator, you've given birth to a son who has all of your qualities. And that's what I would call a poorly run life. What do you think Stanley? Stanley! Stop that insane laughing and answer me. Why do you think about your life? What do you think Stanley Stanley Stanley Stanley? I think I should go for a cleansing dip Stanley. Wash off all the useless years of your life. Into the river Stanley, and please stop that laughter. Come on boy, wade out, slowly, save it, this is a rather religious experience, you know that of course. The years are being eaten away by the river. Stanley. The dreams are returning. You could have been a writer Stanley. You could have lived in Los Angeles. You could have been a poet. You were born with the talent. Wash out Stanley. Wash yourself clean of your self. Your poor mother Stanley. Your poor father Stanley. The only one who was so understanding Wash yourself Stanley. Think about your life. You've made quite a mess of it. Quite a mess indeed. Deeper Stanley, I'm holding you, deeper, clean your whole being. Do not let the current take you Stanley. Your body must be limp. Your mind must think of the years that are leaving you. Wasted years, worthless years, horrible years. Say goodbye to them, Stanley. Say goodbye to it all.

ARTS IN SOCIETY, V. II (Univ of Wisconsin Press 1969) p. 83
Available at Paramount News.

This issue of Arts in Society is entitled THE ARTS AND THE BLACK REVOLUTION, and its concern is to "reflect the conditions and roles of the Negro artist in contemporary life, to suggest the specific cultural problems of the Negro community, and to elaborate strategies toward the involvement of the Negro in our cultural life, and forestall the realization of his talents and creativity.

This is a weighty concern, and to get some sense of the Black cultural dilemma a dozen artists were asked a series of questions: Does the Negro have a special relationship to American society? Is there a psychic split between Negro and White cultures? Are you a Negro artist, or an artist who happens to be a Negro? Julius Lester: No one asked this question of Sean O'Casey, Yeats, or Joyce. They were Irish artists, proud of being Irish and would have branded the questioner as a "wanker of an Englishman.

To these intelligent questions one notices, first, the wide variety of answers—from the highly militant to the mildly indifferent. Second, one notices the names of such successful Black artists who seem unknown: Arna Bontemps, Wm. Grant Still, Hale Woodruff, Imamu Amiri Baraka, etc. These are people who either remain out of the White arts or who go unnoticed but then one has only to look at almost any important anthology of poetry and novels or to look at the portraits or posters of the decade to see that these poets were obviously excluded. It is difficult enough being an artist of any kind, and the questioner here investigated some of the difficulties of being a Black artist. To make the point that the Black artists are doing there is a section of Afro-American Art, and to point toward the future there is Programs for Change: A Symposium.

A.D.D.
Calendar of Events: Jan. 28 - Feb. 10

CALENDAR OF EVENTS JAN. 28-FEB. 10

TUESDAY, JAN. 28
Colloquy on Sexuality (1-4 p.m., Appelman) Student String Ensemble (8:15 p.m., MSU Center Auditorium) Pre-Law: 30 (2:30 p.m., 119 Engineering)

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29
Wrestling: MSU vs. Arizona State (7:30 p.m., I.M. Arena) Theatre: "Jekyll and Hyde" (7:30 p.m., Auditorium)

THURSDAY, JAN. 30
"Shop on Main Street" (9 p.m., Auditorium) Faculty Recital: Alexander Murray, clarinet, and David Remler, piano (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium)

FRIDAY, JAN. 31
"David and Lisa" (7 & 9 p.m., 119 Wells) "Chased Elbows" and "Scorpio Rising" (7:45 p.m., 119 Amphitheatre) "David and Lisa" (7:30 p.m., 119 Wells) "18 Little Indians" (Real Film Group) "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines" (7:20 p.m., Wilson) "Shop on Main Street" (9 p.m., Auditorium) Faculty Recital: Alexander Murray, clarinet, and David Remler, piano (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium)

SATURDAY, FEB. 1
"The Balcony" (PAC, Fairchild, through Feb. 3) "Hamlet" (7:30 p.m., Auditorium) International Club Seminar

THURSDAY, FEB. 6
"Sunset Boulevard" (7:30 p.m., 119 Amphitheatre) "Lamp at Midnight" (8:15 p.m., Auditorium) "Funeral in Berlin" (7:45 p.m., Recital Hall) Student Recital (8 p.m., Music Auditorium)

FRIDAY, FEB. 7
"The War Game" (7:45 p.m., 119 Amphitheatre) "The Prisoner" (Real Film Group) "Funeral in Berlin" (7:45 p.m., Wilson) "Eastern Canada," Don Cooper (8:00 p.m., Auditorium) AIDS Competition

SUNDAY, FEB. 8
Races Relations Sunday Activity: Band Concert (4-6 p.m., Fairchild) Monday, Feb. 8: Music of American Composers (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium)
THE LION
A cry rang wild from the lion herd—
Step by step, the jungle's kings prance forward,
Dust dry—few days, their threats arche 'water,
Gentle death blows in the calm sun air . . .

Boasts, pray for life and water as you step'
Close and closer, the mud mirage is thickening
Lion fur exaggerates to twitches of satiety
That will always be a dream, never live to water

High overhead the buzzard's shadow
In circling death, sweeps upon the lion's mane
Zebra's huddle—waiting in revenge
Against the kings who savored red-striped blood

Now green webs of humid leaves enclose the herd
Watch; the dry-tongued lions die before their peers.
Laughter overtakes the waning zebras, huddled.
The lion finds himself among the fed
—Paul Carrick

FLOWER CHILDREN
Sitting, listening to the hippies talk
Petals fall in circles on the floor
Voices step and start like morning rain—
Words and words, laughter beats the room
Against the zebra stripes that line the walls:
White-black, white-black, white-black, white-black
Out of doors the ground is wet
But here the candles burn
A certain peacefulness.
—Paul Carrick

TWILIGHT
Memories of nightfall and Lake Michigan
Your sand, soft, dampness at my feet,
Barefoot in a dialogue with Nature;
I feel heartbeats as the waves roll in
First harsh, then gentle—the seagulls
Moon-glimmering in a rendezvous:
First harsh, then gentle—moon breathing,
And lovers in the twilight
Too in love to hear
The weeping driftwood, weeping, weeping.
—Paul Carrick

Disaster and the frescoes
By DAVID GILBERT
Editors Note:
David Gilbert, College Director and English major, journeyed to New York to cover the exhibition of frescoes rescued from the Florentine flood of 1966. This is the first of a three-part series on the frescoes and their relation to modern life.
The Terror
In November of 1966, the river Arno gathered its lush, raving fury and heaved a flood of terror on Florence, Italy, burying the new-drowned dead with some of the finest examples of fresco painting from the 13th – 16th centuries. Tons of mud and silt squatted in the streets under the mirage of salty water.
The Absurdity
"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature' Art has traditionally held the 'mirror to nature', whether realistically or symbolically. Florentines stood, stupefied, before the destruction left by nature's swollen madness, as the Arno smashed the mirror of the capital of renaissance art into flaked and soiled fragments.

The Heroes
They arrived in dozens, some students, some craftsmen, some with a string of degrees behind their names. They reached into the muck of a city, and painstakingly pieced together a scratched and somewhat veined mirror from the scarred art.

Of all the massive work done perhaps the most exciting dangerous and imagination-gripping was the removal of the frescoes from walls and ceilings everywhere.

For a start, many of the frescoes are 'real' frescoes: that is, they are painted on wet plaster, so that a chemical bond forms between the paint pigments and the wall. That means a 'real' fresco sinks some 3 in. into the plaster itself. In removing frescoes, one is tempted to take the entire wall away. But besides being exceptionally bulky and difficult to move, the water-soaked Florentine walls presented the restoring experts with a monumental problem: the wet walls carried nitrates and other salts which destroy color causing it to crack and flake.

Following technique developed in basic form at least as far back as 1600, the restorers employed two methods of removal. The first, the affixing method, was used where the damage was not too serious, that is, where the color and the plaster or adhesion form a unit that is not easily separable. In those frescoes where the thin layer of color has begun to detach itself from the plaster the strappo method is used.

To quote Professor Ugo Procacci, Superintendent of the Gallery of Florence and Pistoia:
In both cases it is necessary first of all to affix canvas over the color, but there is a difference in the way the adhesives are treated. Those particles of color which are about to come loose must be temporarily fixed beforehand. The canvas, generally of double thickness, prevents the color and adhesives from cracking and falling off at the moment of detachment.

The plaster is then removed from the canvas, the strappo method, or painter spread on... which prevents the adhesives from cracking and falling off at the moment of detachment. The plaster is then removed from the canvas, the adhesion between the adhesives and the plaster is weakened.

Procacci continues: 'The fresco is then laid down on a flat sur-

Tuesday, January 28, 1969
THE BURP AND OTHER THOUGHTS
my cigarette eats the gurgling drummer's beard 'can't get no sat-to-fact-lion' a girl hobbles by with a white cast leg she leaves the bar on crutches I don't even know she cannot be helped
—Paul Carrick

There is another story behind how these frescoes made their way to the United States for a unique exhibition. There is yet another on how an intrepid College director got to New York to see the exhibition. The second part of this series will cover the exhibition itself; the effect of seeing the frescoes, not in churches or palazzi, but in a museum with squalling children and lecherous-eyed art historians. And a journalist or two.
EDITOR'S NOTE: Doug Elbinger, Justin Morrill sophomore, spent last summer studying at Leningrad State University. The pictures on this page and the cover were taken in farming country between Leningrad and Moscow. Elbinger found these people to be expressive of his general impressions of the USSR.

The land steps under their feet;
these are steppe people
Their flowered hands dream
on buttered days
when the roots of trees
unfastened themselves
and strode about like
houses on chicken legs
—houses of Russian grandmothers—
whose terrible magic
spun spells
on days of children
—the sound of mortar and pestle
the sound of fear