

collage

Tuesday, January 28, 1969

Michigan State News



The Russians Are Coming! . . .on the back page

BOOKMARKS

Prison Break, by R. Wm. Bryan
Lilith Press, 1968, \$1.25
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, unalarming; they aim at taking by surprise.

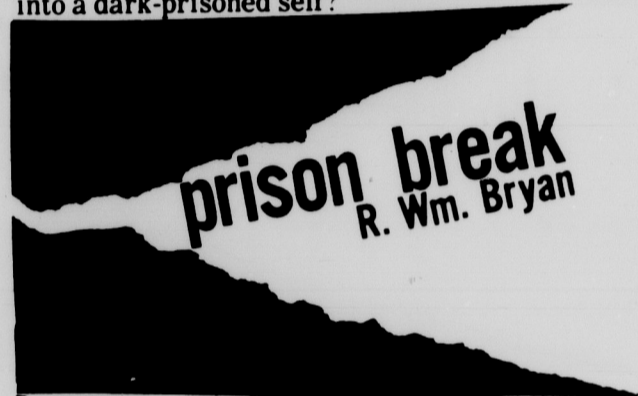
The opening poem, "Coastal Poem," escapes in just that manner; the only flaw is why Bryan wants it to escape. The poem is about storms, with both natural and sexual allusions. The images are sensual, the associations clear to anyone with enough time to sit down and figure them out. But the language is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

**Grit in our hair, our skin.
With water ear rings dripping**

The gaps in "water ear rings dripping" calls attention to the image, but it halts the poem, as do the grating sounds of "Grit," "skin," "curls," 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?



"Fishing" is perhaps the most satisfying poem of the volume, though his "Lichen at 13,000 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 remainder "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.

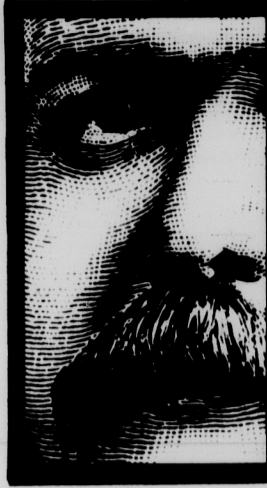
**On this front-line
Is where we shall talk of truce;**

**And we gather
Maybe in ambush.**

The poem emerges clear and memorable, the double roles of stalked and stalker 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 can get in the way of the poem, the sum total of difficult images is equal to the sum of the simple 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."



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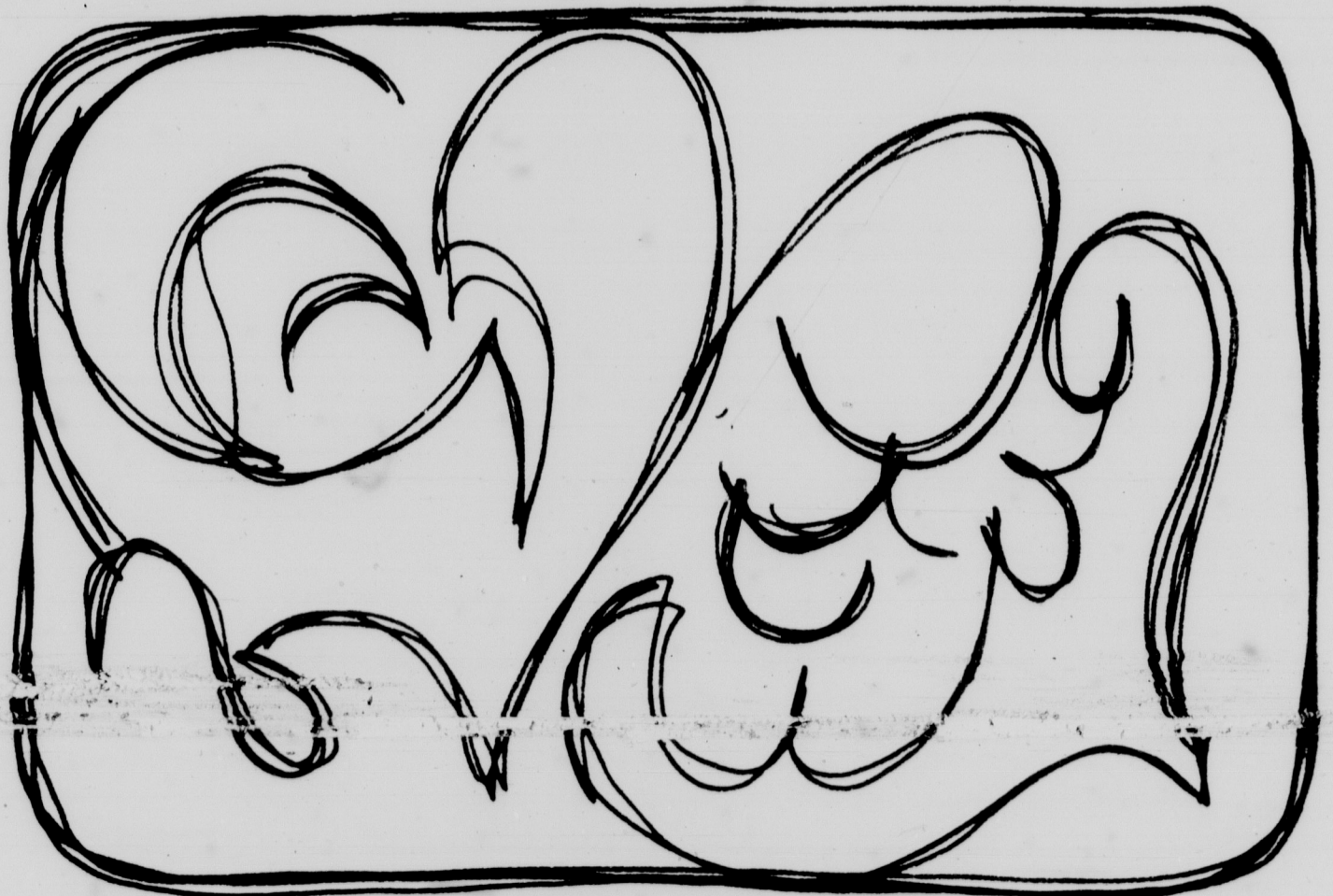
EDITORIAL

*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
jailed nights with
the slice-faced warders
pacing in the block;
and turning the bars into
razors, which
sliced
them into ribboned
boned
frag -- people -- ments
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 needle
under my skin
and maybe smoke some lawn,
and take my time to grow
into myself
and not slice
ketchup-covered people
in rice and ghetto paddies
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



The New McCarthyism

By HOWARD BRODY

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 in their wars, and out of the apparent unwillingness of the Administration to do all in its power, one way 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 infringements on civil liberties and an equation of dissent with treason because of some imagined moral advantage it gives to the enemy. Lyndon Johnson's attacks on the "nervous Nellies" who are not supporting "our boys" have been enough to arouse anyone who values the ideals of dynamic democracy and the right to dissent.

Today's liberals and radicals are much less likely to see a more subtle analogy between 1968 and the early 1950's. In some ways this more subtle analogy is actually more obvious, because it also involves a previously little-known Midwestern senator named McCarthy. This new McCarthy, coming to prominence in a year of frustration, became the hero of a widely divergent group of followers who



were disturbed over the actions and/or inactions of Washington. The Establishment managed, in due course, to thwart McCarthy's designs, but not before he had had at least one major effect on the national scene, by convincing the incumbent President not to seek a second term. Ever since the Establishment pushed McCarthy aside, he has been gradually fading out of the picture.

There are, of course, profound differences between the two McCarthys. First of all, any person of liberal bent will assume that their motives were completely different. In addition, the first McCarthy espoused an essentially negative cause, centered on throwing the rascals out, while the second McCarthy put forth a positive program (that is, if one makes the value judgment that going to war is a negative response and that achieving peace is a positive one). The first McCarthy sought to stifle dis-

sent; the movement of the second McCarthy was, on the surface at least, a triumph of dissent. But let us for a moment forget the differences and look for similarities.

One obvious similarity is that both McCarthys were essentially one-issue public figures. What the first McCarthy thought about anything other than Communism is today completely forgotten. As a senator, the first McCarthy could legitimately confine his interests in this way. The second McCarthy, as a Presidential candidate, could not, and he made an attempt in his campaign to make statements not only on Vietnam but also on domestic issues, notably civil rights and poverty. But, considering the awareness these statements generated in the public, the attempt was a failure. For all practical purposes, the second McCarthy's one and only issue was Vietnam.

It further appears that these two issues are essentially emotional ones. The United States embraced the issue of the "Communist menace" with an orgy of irrational enthusiasm; and, when it came to the morning after, tended to look back upon the destruction as a bad dream. Fortunately the dove stand on Vietnam has never become quite so frenzied (or perhaps the destruction was avoided only because of lack of power to wreak it), but the basic elements of irrationality are there. Since American policy in Vietnam has been characterized by step-by-step escalation rather than by major policy changes, a debate on the legitimacy of the basic policies eventually ends up reviewing decisions made under Eisenhower and Truman; and indulging in historical hindsight is a satisfying but generally unproductive activity. The real rationality of the issue, in the sense of broadness of perspective, was emphasized in 1968 only by Nelson Rockefeller when he urged a total review of American foreign policy to insure "no more Vietnams." But to listen to many of the "doves" is to get the impression that somehow everything will be all right if only this evil war can be ended.

The first McCarthy surely based his movement on irrationality. But was not the major appeal of the second McCarthy his low-key, intellectual style? Indeed it was, and this in itself an emotional appeal: the academic community and the upper-middle-class suburbanites 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 convincing the delegates that both reason and popular opinion demanded his nomination? Hardly. McCarthy's hopes were based on preventing 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 invasion of Czechoslovakia reflects 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 with the first McCarthy from the start, and some liberals staunchly condemned him throughout. But many other liberals, shocked by the takeover of Eastern Europe and the extent of the "criminal conspiracy," tried to out-do each other in militant anti-Communism, in some cases almost handling their more civil-liber-



tarian-minded colleagues over to the wolves.

The second McCarthy had a smaller but equally diversified base of support. It was disconcerting to some that McCarthy's largest support off the campuses came not from the ghettos, where the academic community's sympathies lay, but from the white suburbs. (Of course it was in these upper-middle-class suburbs that most of McCarthy's student followers were raised.) And the polls indicated, as the Atlantic Monthly pointed out in November, that many of McCarthy's independent and conservative supporters of the spring could be found five months later in the Wallace column. The Atlantic comments, "The two men's natures and ideological distance from each other appears to be less important in terms of this sort of support than the fact that both stood against the status quo and 'Washington.'" This comparison of McCarthy with George Wallace is revealing, since Wallace is often cited as a modern counterpart of the first McCarthy.

The McCarthy campaign of 1968 was a moral repudiation of the Vietnam war. Many people applauded this development, saying that it was about time politics developed a conscience. These same people forgot that the first McCarthy movement was also a moral repudiation of a (supposed) evil. If history has proved anything, it is that moral fervor is more conducive to burning witches than it is to dealing with political realities.

Politics surely ought to have a conscience. But here it is important to distinguish between politics based on principle, which, while pointing out desirable and undesirable actions, is still flexible; and politics based on morality, which is absolute and does not allow for debate or compromise. Morality has a tendency to exhibit itself as arrogance and self-righteousness, which toward the end of last summer's campaign became more and more characteristic of McCarthy's statements. Indeed the McCarthy movement, itself an expression of dissent, contained all the elements that end up stifling all dissent when they come to power. The attempts of a few, hopefully non-representative McCarthyites to deny Administration figures the right to be heard are a case in point. They do not have the right to speak because what they are defending, the war, is "immoral." It does not take much imagination to see where this sort of reasoning leads.

To those who say that the McCarthy campaign of 1968 accomplished nothing of benefit, I point again to President Johnson's decision to stop the bombing and to withdraw from the race. But now that the passions of 1968 have died down, some look at the hero. Those of us who have, packed away somewhere, a button that says "McCarthy" might remember that someday our grandchildren might find it. And there is no first name on the button.



synanon drug treatment and the game



By WES THORPE
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 22 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 \$200 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 no-where 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.

He 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 he has 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.

Black men, white men, Jews, protestants, Japs, wops, former felons all share 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 be 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 businessmen.

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.

As the reformed addict keeps living and growing at Synanon and constantly tempted to go back to his old no-where type life he's reminded of a life preserver 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

I stare out into the window
At a cold and sunless sky
Considering life's meaning
But mostly wondering WHY...

--Mary Beard

Resist: letters from prison

By ALAN SCHULZ, 26924

EDITOR'S NOTE: We all have our conceptions of convicts: hard bitter 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 in men that hides itself under violence. His letters are not literary works: they are a man's inner questionings.

"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 those 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 6, 1968

It is hard sometimes for me to realize the magnitude of the decision I made to return my cards, refuse induction, face five years in prison for the action. It all seems so natural to me - my action and the consequences - because I am used to it, and I've accepted it. When I think back to another time before my 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 realize once again what decision I have made. That does not mean I regret it when I feel the immensity of it: it does perhaps amaze me that I did it . . .

The days actually don't pass too slowly, even considering that a lot of the day I have nothing really to do; it is only the looking forward and feeling of waiting that makes time pass slowly (. . . in for two and one half weeks, only three days of it here in Milan.)

As is usual with institution clothes, something is too large. This time, it's my pants, and I can't get a belt 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 who say I'm crazy for being such an eccentric. If the people who condemn me would stop being such hypocrites and live the way they say they believe, I might respect them.

8 P.M. FRIDAY DECEMBER 6, 1968

So little it takes for me to feel down! Films of demonstrations at San Francisco State College and in Rome gave me the strangest

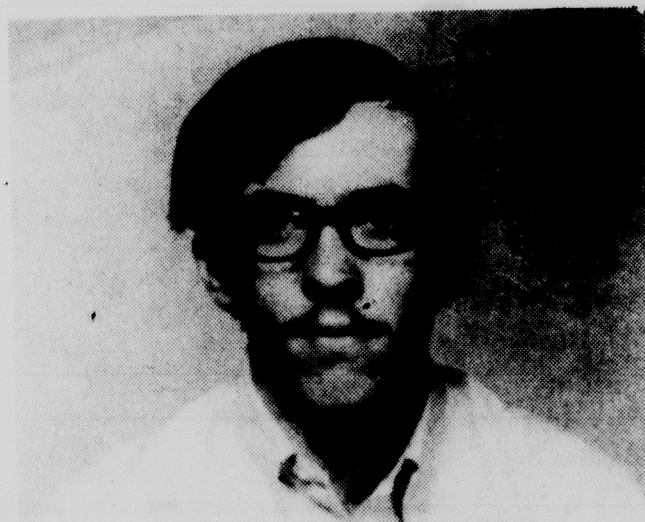
feeling of being cut off. Odd that I should feel that way, because when I was in Chicago this summer, I was actually feeling apart from the demonstrations, because I was "off into my own thing" with draft resistance . . .

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

. . . I wish I could just be by myself for a while, even if only a short while each day. This is such a goddam abnormal situation to be in, and I'm not used to it. Always, always in sight of someone else . . . Especially difficult after a summer with a VW bus 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, something I never really felt I could take 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 bat my head against the wall so many times. I'm tired.

The change in emphasis in my life: from judging others too quickly - to at least trying 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, (as I look around at the injustice, stupidity, cruelty) but a bit more when I see a rise in honest appraisal of the way things 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 amazes me is the number of guys here with tatoos . . .

SATURDAY DECEMBER 7, 1968

"Cultural shock" is the major problem. I have to learn to recognize it for what this place is, accept it in an offhand way, and let it go at that. It is a different society . . .

Took half a physical today (shots, blood test, TB test, forms): the other half to come on Tuesday.

Anyhow, 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 contrails of two jets in the evening sky. The remaining light from the sun lit the trails to a beautiful pink, and the dark clouds provided 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 which try to keep out beauty and stifle men.

Many reasons for that - I grew up with it, and the Church.

To pacify people, I came to MSU to begin with, having won National Merit and MHEAA scholarships - but only intended to stay until I turned 18 and could enlist.



TUESDAY DECEMBER 10, 1968

Today is my third week anniversary. One week in Bay County, one week in Wayne County and now one week in here. The 19th of November seems like yesterday - and yet also like such a long time ago.

I find that one of the harder things is going to be to keep my complexity. That sounds strange, but I find that I'm tending to look at many things more simplistically instead of many varying facets.

. . . Through a conscious effort, I refuse to get into policy discussions and the like. I want to learn more about this place I am to call home and the way it functions first. And also I am still somewhat enjoying my rest from rapping.

Before I turned 18 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 real Army discharges, several others who were in Chicago. The only trouble seems to be that they are all saying "Wow, 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 coming thing, and not because they really believe it. Since I quickly acquired the nickname of Hippie, because I came in with my long hair and moustache, communication is made more difficult sometimes because everyone generalizes far 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 30 and able to settle down.

I came back from camp - only slightly lessened in fever--and read about religions. After that, I no longer had anything 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 heathen? 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 watch the news every night, and read all the papers I can get ahold of, but still I realize how cut off I am. And I . . . and more . . . time completely cut off from the outside, is definitely a struggle to continue to concern myself with the outside, because the "down times" come when I realize where I am not.





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 educative 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 the society."

Official Guide to Drugs



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.



Bill Barr, asst. 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.

COMPARISON CHART OF MAJOR SUBSTANCES USED FOR MIND-ALTERATION

by Joel Fort, M.D.
Former Consultant on Drug Abuse, United Nations and World Health Organizations.

Official Name of Drug or Chemical	Slang Name(s)	Legitimate Medical Uses (Present and Projected)	Potential for Psychological Dependence*	Potential for Tolerance (Leading to Increased Dosage)	Potential for Physical Dependence	Overall Potential for Abuse**	Usual (Psychological)
Alcohol Whiskey, Gin, Beer, Wine	Booze Hooch	Rare Sometimes used as a sedative (for tension).	High	Yes	Yes	High	CNS depressant. Relaxation, drowsiness. Impaired and emotional control. Increasing accidents.
Cannabis (Marijuana)	Pot, grass, tea, weed, stuff	Treatment of depression, tension, loss of appetite, sexual maladjustment, and narcotic addiction	Moderate	No	No	Moderate	Relaxation, euphoria, time perception, possible hallucinations. (Probable CNS depression)
Narcotics (Opiates, Analgesics) Opium Heroin Morphine Codeine Percodan Demerol Cough Syrups (Cheracol, Hycodan, etc.)	Op Horse, H	Treatment of severe pain, diarrhea, and cough.	High	Yes	Yes	High	CNS depressants. Severe impairment of intellectual functioning.
Psilocybin Mescaline (Peyote)	Acid, Sugar Cactus	Experimental study of mind and brain functions. Enhancement of creativity and problem solving.	Minimal	Yes (rare)	No	Moderate	Production of visual hallucinations, time perception, mood expansion.

*The term "habituation" has sometimes been used to refer to psychological dependence; and the term "addiction" to refer to the combination of tolerance and an abstinence (withdrawal) syndrome.

**Drug Abuse (Dependency) properly means: (excessive, often compulsive) use of a drug to an extent that it damages an individual's health or social or vocational adjustment; or is otherwise specifically harmful to society.

***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

Drugs: Interview

By MARION NOWAK
Collage Staff Writer



Dick Does, counselor:

My perspective is not a realistic one at all. At the Counseling Center we're just interested in being of service to people who feel they need help. Problems caused by the side effects of drugs are, of course, no exception. At times we are associated with the legalistic position...

In the past few months we've realized that there are more students perhaps than is commonly known in the community having drug problems. Hence I want to make it clear to anyone with a concern that we are willing and able to help. Kids with drug problems specifically have not come often; the problems that are presented are not just drug concerns but the corollaries, sometimes the results of a bad trip or excessive usage of alcohol or amphetamines. There is a certain elementary and understandable fear among users of speaking freely with anyone not in their circle.

"Confidentiality is the key word in our relations with our students, our clients. As far as we're concerned, we're here to be of personal counseling service. I can make no diagnostic interpretation of marijuana's effects. Most students using drugs don't seem to be having problems--they can handle drugs.

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 legalized, but then neither should booze. Marijuana is less harmful than cigarettes if you're using the straight pure stuff, it doesn't affect your 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 hallucinators have no significance as far as leading to hard drugs--most of the users avoid hard stuff.

ONE: I had some heroinated-grass once--I didn't like the high and I didn't like the day after... My contact can get H 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 grass, 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 with 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 all hallucinogens or marijuana, I'm not sure which...

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 imagine some accidents have been caused by someone falling asleep from prescription drugs or something. My mother isn't allowed to drive when she's on antihistamines.

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 invertible. 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 minors. These 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 booze in the cabinet, if you want it, take it." The possession 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 true statistics on this drug, a relatively harmful one, and on LSD. More than two cups of coffee a day brings about the same chromosome breakage as LSD. There are many common drugs whose effects are unknown--like aspirin... We are being persecuted, and I mean persecuted, while people can't walk around Lansing, or the college 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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National Association of Student Personnel Administrators
Drug Education Project

Usual Short-Term Effects*** (Psychological, Pharmacological, Social)	Usual Long-Term Effects (Psychological, Pharmacological, Social)	Form of Legal Regulation*** and Control
depressant. Relaxation (sedation). Sometimes euphoria. Impaired judgment, reaction time, coordination and emotional control. Frequent aggressive behavior and driving accidents.	Diversion 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)	Available and advertised without limitation in many forms with only minimal regulation by age (21, or 18), hours of sale, location, taxation, ban on bootlegging and driving laws. Some "black market" for those under age and those evading taxes. Minimal penalties.
Relaxation, euphoria, increased appetite, some alteration of perception, possible impairment of judgment and coordination. (Probable CNS depressant)	Usually none. Possible diversion of energy and money.	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.
depressants. Sedation, euphoria, relief of pain, impaired intellectual functioning and coordination.	Constipation, loss of appetite and weight, temporary impotency or sterility. Habituation, addiction with unpleasant and painful withdrawal illness.	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 laws. Severe penalties. Extensive illicit traffic.
duction of visual imagery, increased sensory awareness, expansion.	Usually none. Sometimes precipitates or intensifies an already existing psychosis, more commonly can produce a panic reaction when person is improperly prepared.	Available only to a few medical researchers (or to members of the Native American Church). Other manufacture, sale or possession prohibited under state and federal drug abuse laws. Moderate penalties. Extensive illicit traffic.

the effects of frequency, the combinations with other drugs, and most importantly, the personality or character of the individual taking it and the setting or context in which it is taken. The determinations made in this

chart are based upon the evidence with human use of these drugs rather than upon isolated artificial experimental situations or animal research.

***Only scattered, inadequate health, educational or rehabilitation programs (usually prison hospitals) exist for narcotic addicts and alcoholics (usually out-patient clinics) with nothing for the other--except sometimes prison.

The Unimportant Life of Stanley Nichols

By CAMERON PHILLIPS

"Stanley," your mother whispered, "Stanley dear, it's time to get up, Stanley, come on now, son." 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? Ohhhh."

"Yes, Mother, I'm coming," you say. Too late to save poor Mother another trip 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 waits to make certain. You are up. Good.

You stagger down the hallway to the bathroom. Shave today? No. Shower? Brush your teeth. And you hurry to the bookstore. Mustn't let Mother down again.

"Stanley!" your heavy-jowled uncle bellows, "you're late again, damn you. How long do you think I can put up with this nonsense?" He clutches hold of your shoulders and bounces you off a convenient shelf. It hurts. He approaches you angrily, "Stanley, if your father were alive today, he'd-why he'd vomit out of sheer disgust for the way you've turned out. You're just no good, no damn good to anybody."

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 exaggerating. You've got 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, back and forth, there's the corner you always miss, between the rows of shelves, up and down, toward the door, closes behind you, shut your eyes 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, I mean, 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 ever... 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. There what you do is a part of yourself, and respected. You are 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 send the manuscript to your friend, Mr. Sweeney at the Studio, 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 can 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 good-bye. 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 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 5000 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 bit upset that you failed to meet him. "Yes, yes, hello, yes, this is Stanley. Oh, Mrs. 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. Vomit out of sheer disgust 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 Reject awaits. Do go in, say hello to Mary Jane.

The Ralston's home 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 badly 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, eh, Stanley?"

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

Mary Jane re-arranges herself on the piano bench. "Oh, you know Stanley, rush, rush, music lessons, projects, activities, pursuits. Such is life, I suppose. Hee Hee."

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, sweets!" 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 coolly behind the closed curtains and listen to the thunderous applause. This is it, Stanley, Carnegie Hall. Not bad for a nineteen year old who never had a lesson in his life. Nod to the man in the wing, the curtains open. Nod to your bassist, your drummer, your mother in the front row there, count it off. The world awaits your music.

"This city was shaken to its very foundations last night by the pianistic magic of one heretofore nearly 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 nice of you to ask me to play! I'd love to." Stanley, walk over and massage Mary Jane's young, strong back. Gently, so as not to disturb her playing. That's it. Now bend 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, this is Dr. Meadows."

"Oh Stanley, don't we that way, Dr. Meadows wants to help you, dear. He can if you'll just cooperate. Please, Stanley."

"Well Mother, I would be happy to be helped, delighted, absolutely." Yes, by all means, Dr. Meadows. Help poor Stanley.

(continued on page 9)



(continued from page 8)

"Mrs. Nichols, why don't you leave Stanley here for about an hour. We'll talk and see if we can't get to the bottom of this."

"Fine, doctor. Now Stanley, I'll be back soon. You stay with the doctor."

Dr. Meadows looks much like your father did, doesn't he Stanley? Of course, he is better looking, but the eyes are similar, and the chin. He paces around the room like your father did. He smokes a cigar, perhaps a little more expensive than Father's, and he wears the same sort of suits, drab, a bit too large in the trousers. Dr. Meadows is talking to you.

"Now Stanley" he says, "Your mother tells me that you got a little carried-away while visiting some friends yesterday, that you were sitting with your girl friend, a girl by the name of Mary Jane, and suddenly you ran out of the house, for no apparent reason, vomited on the front porch, and drove off in your mother's car at a rather high rate of speed. Now Stanley, what do you think about that kind of behavior?"

Yes Stanley, what do you think about that kind of behavior? Dr. Meadows would like to know. He's staring at you, waiting for your reply. Answer him Stanley, answer him. "I don't remember any such thing, Dr. Meadows. I was visiting some of my mother's friends with her, and I did leave, but I excused myself first. I told Mrs. Ralston how much fun I had had with her daughter, how much I had enjoyed the recital (Mary Jane played her piano for me), and then I left, on foot, not in the car." Well, Stanley that was just excellent. You spoke almost like a normal person. Almost, but certainly more normal than your mother. Terribly excited about the whole situation. "Doctor, why do you think my mother lied?"

Dr. Meadows sits there smirking, playing with his pencil. He is not sure who is the liar. Lie back and relax, Stanley. Look normal.

"Well, Stanley, I just don't understand this. Now, your mother and Mrs. Ralston said that you drove away, very fast. Are you sure you didn't drive?"

"Yes."

"What did you leave for?"

"Mary Jane was upsetting me."

"Oh, in what way?"

"She was playing badly."

"But Stanley, just a minute ago you told me that you had enjoyed her playing, didn't you?"

"Not at all. I told you that I had told Mrs. Ralston I enjoyed the playing. I didn't enjoy it at all, I could have done a much better job myself."

"I see, Stanley, I didn't know that you played."

"I don't."

"And yet you still could have done a better job?"

"Yes."

"But how, if you've never played before?"

"Because I was born with the talent."

"You were born with the talent?"

"Yes, I was."

Stanley, Stanley, oh Stanley, you had such a good start, and you ruined it all with that insane, that ridiculous little dialogue. Now he knows who is the liar. Now he knows what everyone suspects. You will spend many more hours with this man, Stanley.

The spirit died in Stanley, the voice no longer came. And without it, and with the help of Dr. Meadows, Stanley became a rather normal, happy person. He grew to enjoy his life at the bookstore, he enjoyed talking with his mother at the supper table. He enjoyed listening to Mary Jane Ralston play the piano, and spent many evenings with her. Stanley began to appreciate the comforts of his home, the television, the soft chair in front of it, the large basement where he could refinish furniture for his mother's friends.

Stanley was happy, and as the years streamed by, he remained happy. The year his mother died, the year he married Mary Jane, the year he bought half interest in his uncle's store, the year he and Mary Jane took their son to school for the first time, the year he had his gall stones taken out, the year he had his years passed by, happily, silently, swiftly, interminably...

Didn't they Stanley. Bit of a turmoil in your stomach? Excuse yourself. Now Stanley. Now.

"But Mary Jane is about to play her favorite concerto."

"Come on Stanley. You've taken enough of this sort of abuse. Walk out the door, quickly, 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 for some time you know. I think I've been rather big about this whole situation. I've let you set the course of your life for years now, too many years. And what have you done? What precisely have you done with it? You've married that disgusting hulk of a woman, you've moved into your mother's home, you've 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 we should go for a cleansing dip Stan. Wash off all the useless years of your life. Into the river Stanley, and please stop that laughter. Come on boy, wade out, slowly, savor it, this is a rather religious experience, you know that of course. The years are being eaten away by the water, Stanley. The dreams are returning. You could have been a writer Stanley, you could have lived in Los Angeles. You could have been a pianist. You were born with the talent. Wade out, Stanley. Wash yourself clean of yourself. Your poor mother, Stanley. Your poor father. Your uncle who was so understanding. Wash yourself, Stanley. Think about your life. I think you've made quite a mess of it. Quite a mess indeed. Deeper, Stanley. I'm holding you, deeper, clean your whole being. 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 good-bye to them, Stanley. Say good-bye to it all.


ARTS IN SOCIETY, V. ii (Univ. of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisc., 53706), \$1.50. 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 creative artist in contemporary life, to suggest the special cultural problems of the Negro community, and to delineate strategies and programs which might help to accelerate the abolishment of those forces which isolate and victimize 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 dimension 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 swine or an Englishman.")

To these intelligent questions one notices, first, the wide variety of answers--from the highly militant to the nearly indifferent. Second, one notices the names of successful Black artists who seem unknown: Arna Bontemps, Wm. Grant Still, Hale Woodruff, Earle Hyman, Norman de Joie, etc. These are people who either remain out of the White arts or who go unnoticed--but then one only has to look at almost any important anthology of poetry of a decade ago to see that the Black poets were obviously excluded. It is difficult enough being an artist of any kind, and the questions here investigate the special difficulties of being a Black artist.

To indicate what 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.




Paperbounds on your reading list?

THE W.A.S.P.

By Julius Horwitz

Paperback 95c

The W.A.S.P. is a blistering reading experience; a karate chop . . . Those who read the W.A.S.P. will pray that it is not true and yet know that it is. What really happens down those mean streets? Atrocities, murder, rats, addiction, homosexuality, right down to black babies being tossed out of Harlem windows--it's all here. Anyone who reads The W.A.S.P. must be prepared to know more than most care to. "A remarkable accomplishment."



THE 10 BEST-SELLING PAPERBACKS

1. Topaz	6. The Exhibitionist
2. Coffee, Tea or me?	7. Call Me Brick
3. Christy	8. Rosemary's Baby
4. Myra Breckenridge	9. Five Smooth Stones
5. Doctor's Quick Weight Loss Diet	10. Boston Strangler

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Calendar of Events: Jan. 28 - Feb. 10



CALENDAR OF EVENTS: JAN. 28-FEB. 10

TUESDAY, JAN. 28
 Colloquy of Sexuality (4:00 p.m., Auditorium)
 Student String Ensemble (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.)
 Pre-Law Club (7:30 p.m., 118 Eppley)

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29
 Wrestling, MSU vs. Arizona State (8:30 p.m., I.M. Arena)

THURSDAY, JAN. 30
 "Shop on Main Street" (7:30 p.m., Auditorium)
 "Freaks and Confessions of a Blatant Mother Scubba" (7&9, 109 Anthony)
 "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines" (7&9, Brody)
 Student Recital (3:00 p.m., Music Aud.)

FRIDAY, JAN. 31

"David and Lisa" (7 & 9 p.m., 108 Wells)
 "Chafed Elbows" and "Scorpio Rising" (7&9, p.m., 109 Anthony)
 "10 Little Indians" (Beal Film Group)
 "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines" (7&9, p.m., Wilson)
 "Shop on Main Street" (7:30 p.m., Auditorium)
 Faculty Recital, Alexander Murray, Flute, and David Renner, piano (8:15, p.m., Music Aud.)

SATURDAY, FEB. 1

"Chafed Elbows" and "Scorpio Rising" (7&9, p.m., 109 Anthony)
 "David and Lisa" (7&9, p.m., 108 Wells)
 "10 Little Indians" (Beal Film Group)
 "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines" (7&9, p.m., Conrad Aud.)
 "High Arctic" Lewis Colton Swimming, MSU vs. Michigan Gymnastics, MSU vs. Chicago Circle

SUNDAY, FEB. 2
 Arts and Letters Recital, John McCollum, tenor (4:00, p.m., Music Aud.)

TUESDAY, FEB. 4

"The Balcony" (PAC, Fairchild, through Feb. 15)
 "Hamlet" (7:30, p.m., Auditorium)

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 5

"Hamlet" (7:30, P.M., Auditorium)
 International Club Seminar

THURSDAY, FEB. 6

"Sunset Boulevard" (7:30 p.m., 109 Anthony) (8:15, p.m., Auditorium)
 "Lamp at Midnight" (7&9, p.m., Brody)
 "Funeral in Berlin" (7&9, p.m., Brody)
 Student Recital (3:00 p.m., Music Aud.)

FRIDAY, FEB. 7

"The War Game" (7&9, p.m., 108 Wells)
 "King of Hearts" (8:00 p.m., 109 Anthony)
 "The Prisoner" (Beal Film Group)
 "Funeral in Berlin" (7&9, p.m., Wilson)
 "Eastern Canada," Don Cooper (8:00, p.m., Auditorium)

ADS Competition
 Swimming, MSU vs. Indiana Wrestling, MSU vs. Northern Iowa
 Hockey, MSU vs. Wisconsin Track, MSU Relays
 Wrestling, MSU vs. Iowa

SUNDAY, FEB. 9
 Race Relations Sunday
 Activity Band Concert (4:00, p.m., Fairchild)
MONDAY, FEB. 10
 Music of American Composers (8:15, p.m., Music Aud.)

SATURDAY, FEB. 8

"Funeral in Berlin," (7&9, p.m., Conrad Aud.)
 "The Prisoner" (Beal Film Group)
 "King of Hearts" (8:00 p.m., 109 Anthony)
 "The War Game" (108 Wells)
 "Eastern Canada," Don Cooper (8:00, p.m., Auditorium)
 Hockey, MSU vs. Wisconsin ADS Competition
 Track, MSU Relays
 Swimming, MSU vs. Northwestern and Ohio
 Wrestling, MSU vs. Iowa

SUNDAY, FEB. 9
 Race Relations Sunday
 Activity Band Concert (4:00, p.m., Fairchild)
MONDAY, FEB. 10
 Music of American Composers (8:15, p.m., Music Aud.)

THE LION

A cry rang wild from the lion herd--
Step by step, the jungle's kings prance forward,
Dust dry--for days, their throats ache 'water,'
Gentle death blows in the calm sun air . . .

"Beasts, pray for life and water as you step!"
Closer and closer: the mud mirage is sickening,
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;
Zebras 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 stop and start like morning rain--
Words and words, laughter heats the room
Against the zebra stripes that hike the walls:
White/black, black/white, 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-glistening 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

THE BURP AND OTHER THOUGHTS

my cigarette eats
the gurgling drummer's beat
"can't get no sat-is-fact-ion"

a girl hobbles by with a white cast leg
she leaves the bar on crutches

i down my beer
knowing
she cannot be helped

--Paul Carrick



Disaster and the frescoes

By DAVID GILBERT
Collage Director

Editors Note:
David Gilbert, Collage 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 haunched 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 mirror of oily water.

The Absurdity

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." Art has traditionally held up 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 painfully 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 3/8 of an inch 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 1690, the restorers employed two methods of removal. The first, called the *stacco* method, was used where the damage was not too serious, that is, where the color and the plaster (or *intonaco*) 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 *intonaco* from cracking and falling off at the moment of detachment."

The plaster is then removed from the *arriccio*, the preliminary layer of plaster spread on the masonry by pounding the *intonaco* with a rubber hammer until the adhesion between the *intonaco* and its underlayer is weakened.

Procacci continues:

"The fresco is then laid down on a flat sur-

face, with the canvas still attached. All the *intonaco* must be removed from the back until the thin layer of color is reached. This thin layer of color is then glued to a canvas and mounted. . . Finally, the canvas covering is removed, from the front of the painting."

The *strappo* method differs only in degree from the above. The adhesive between canvas and painting must be stronger than that between painting and plaster. The canvas must be completely dry; then it is gradually and carefully pulled from the wall. Afterwards, the *intonaco* bits adhering to the painting are carefully removed from the back of the thin layer of color.

* * *

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 Collage 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.



ЕЩЁ РАЗ В СССР

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

