

**editorial comment**

(The following editorial appeared in the Daily Collegian, January 17, 1972. It represents our views.)

**Legalizing marijuana**

Among the many causes which have been obscured by a sea of publicity is that of legalization of marijuana. However, it should not be forgotten or ignored simply because it no longer is an eyebrow-raising topic of conversation.

The facts are clear: marijuana, as many reputable researchers have stated, is not addicting and is in fact a relatively safe intoxicant - particularly when compared to alcohol which, although legal, is responsible for 30,000 highway deaths each year and for one-third of all arrests.

Most importantly, the present marijuana laws cause more harm to society than the substance they seek to prohibit. They have forced users to deal with organized crime, thereby feeding its growth; they have led to the imprisonment of thousands for an action which hurts no one, and they have fostered a weakening of respect for all laws.

Prohibition of alcohol was a dismal failure in the 1920s, leading to an unprecedented wave of crime, bribery, violence and government corruption. The same is happening today.

Even government advisory groups such as the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, the National Council on Crime and Delinquency and the National Commission on the Reform of Federal Criminal Laws have concluded that marijuana laws have done more harm than good.

The case of John Sinclair is an obvious example. Convicted of violating Michigan's laws, he was given a life sentence for giving two marijuana cigarettes to an undercover agent. The point is that there is no medical, legal or moral justification for sending those who use it to jail.

Prohibition of marijuana grew out of a puritanic, emotionally charged debate which had little basis in fact. It is time to take the rational approach and legalize marijuana before more lives are needlessly sacrificed on the altar of an unjust law.

**Free the Guerilla**

It has been over two months since the last issue of the Guerilla appeared at Highacres. (If you recall, the Nov. 8 issue was passed out at the bottom of the hill after having been banned from campus.)

It is our fervent hope that the Guerilla staff has not decided to halt publication due to the recent hassles of the administration and Senate, or for any other reasons. We are experiencing an awakening at Highacres and few people are intelligent enough to realize it.

We are dealing with more than the right of the Guerilla staff to distribute its paper on campus; in a larger sense, what happens here can and will affect all Commonwealth Campuses.

For those of you who have been too pre-occupied with pinocle or ping-pong or whatever else it is that the simple folk are constantly doing, distribution of the Guerilla has been banned from campus. Of course, it takes little knowledge to know that this is contradictory to the United States Constitution.

The existence of a periodical such as the Guerilla is essential on campus to maintain a favorable balance of ideas and opinions. We hope that this realization will soon become evident to everyone.

A proposal will be sent in the near future to University President John W. Oswald urging the amendment of Senate Rule III-D-8. It will be beneficial to every student, faculty member, and administrator if this out-dated policy on underground publications is repealed or altered.

**The blue-eyed boogey man**

by Mel Mundie

We have heard the voices of dissent from both individuals and groups. The voices have been heard again and again. The news media has been criticized for allegedly providing too much exposure to the left or to the right, and, depending on your point of view, to the vast middle-ground. Journalistic balance, however, is not the point I wish to make here.

I am of the firm belief that the sheer redundancy of a dedicated position, pro or con, will eventually become a deterrent. Repetitious rhetoric by the same individual or the same group begins to grate on the nerves. The message wears thin and the receiver is less impressed with each repeat of the sender's urgent message. One is almost forced to develop his own position early in the campaign.

Occasionally, an all-too-familiar position is revived in a new and unusual way. The message is the same, but the manner in which it is said is unique.

I am impressed by the unique way in which Carol Feraci reached President Nixon with her message. She stood with 16 other members of the Ray Conniff Singers before a group of some 150 VIP's gathered in the East Room of the White House last Friday evening. President Nixon was sitting just below the stage. Bob Hope and Billy Graham were among the other notables.

Carol held up a cloth sign that said, "Stop the Killing." Her voice was calm and there was a look of determination on her pretty face as she quietly said, "President Nixon, stop bombing human beings, animals and vegetation. You go to church on Sunday and pray to Jesus Christ. If Jesus Christ were in this room tonight, you would not dare to drop another bomb. Bless the Berrigans and Daniel Ellsberg."

There was a shocked silence. Conniff looked nervously to the right and then the left of the stage. He finally gave the downbeat and the group performed its opening number.

Think of it! So many had tried so often to reach the President with the same message. So many had failed. My inner-voice was saying, "I'll be damned! She really caught them. Amazing!"

The song ended and some members of the VIP audience began to boo. There were cries of, "Throw her out!" Conniff did just that. It would be more gentle to say that he asked her to leave.

Carol's dismissal took some of the edge off the incident for me. I was disappointed. Couldn't they see the beauty of her courage and conviction?

I do not imply that the President or Bob Hope or Billy Graham were among those who called for Carol's dismissal. I am inclined to think they were not. But how I wish one of them had stood up and defended her right to voice her opinion. How I wish one of them would have said, "I don't agree with what you say, but I admire the way in which you say it."

You don't have to be so thoroughly dedicated to one ideal as to exclude all others. Do you? Isn't there always some beauty?

The Boogey Man has blue eyes.



"No alcoholic beverages allowed on campus!"

**Greener grass grows here now**

by Richard Rockman

Since January 1 is now a few weeks behind us it would appear as though we have entered a New Year. On the surface, that is. But is it really a new year?

Some of us spent New Years the same way this year as we have so many other times in the past. Perhaps we made some New Years Resolutions to make us a more Perfect Person in the year to come. We were sincere when we formulated them, but we have forgotten them already, haven't we?

Many of us had a party on New Years Eve to celebrate the joys of the coming year. But today we don't feel any more joyous than we did a week before New Years Eve, do we? Where is that Happy New Year we celebrated?

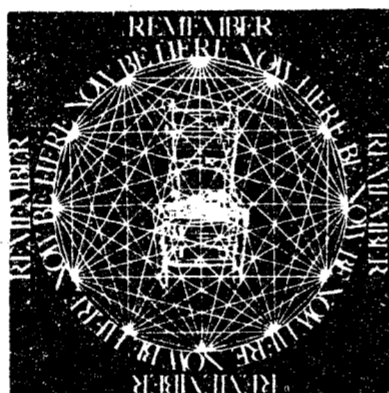
It is here. Only we do not know it. The reason for this may be in our concept of time and our concern for happiness.

When we are unhappy, we say to ourselves (if we are optimistic), "things will get better," or some such similar statement. We think of the fleeting moments of happiness we have had in the past and we realize the future will hold similar joys for us.

At that moment of unhappiness it is possible for us to note these states of happy-consciousness which we have had in the past and will have in the future. What, then, is stopping us from enjoying this happy state of consciousness at the moment of unhappiness (e.g., now)? Nothing, really. Try it. If you are stopped it will only be due to self-imposed mental limitations imprisoning you. And you don't want to be imprisoned, do you?

Happy New Now.

**Editorship of**  
**The Highacres Collegian**  
**Open Spring Term**  
 Anyone interested should see John Roslevich or Dean McCallus as soon as possible. Experience or training not necessary.



**book review**

BE HERE NOW by Baba Ram Dass (Dr. Richard Alpert, Ph.D) and the Lama Foundation (publisher), Crown Publishing, 419 Park Avenue New York City, New York 10016 (distributor), 1971, \$3.33.

"Ask yourself: Where am I?" drugs and how they turned him on to an extent and led him to the spiritual life.

Answer: Here. He tells of a most interesting experience he had under the influence of Psilocybin:

"A deep calm pervaded my being. The rug crawled and the pictures smiled, all of which delighted me. Then I saw a figure standing about 8 feet away, where a moment before there had been none. I peered into the semi-darkness and recognized none other than myself, in cap and gown and hood, as a professor. It was as if that part of me, which was Harvard professor, had separated or disassociated itself from me.

"How interesting...an external hallucination," I thought. "Well, I worked hard to get that status but I don't really need it." Again I settled back into the cushions, separate now from my professorship, but at that moment the figure changed. Again I leaned forward straining to see. "Ah, me again." But now it was that aspect of me who was a social cosmopolite. "Okay, so that goes too," I thought. Again and again the figure changed and I recognized over there all the different aspects I knew to be me...cellist, pilot, lover, and so on. With each new presentation, I again and again reassured myself that I didn't need that anyway.

Then I saw the figure become that in me which was Richard Alpert-ness, that is, my basic identity that had always been Richard. I associated the name with myself and my parents called me Richard: "Richard, you're a bad boy." So Richard was badness. Then "Richard, aren't you beautiful!" Then Richard was beauty. Thus develop all these aspects of self.

Sweat broke out on my forehead. I wasn't at all sure I could do without being Richard Alpert. Did that mean I'd have amnesia? Was that

what this drug was going to do to me? Would it be permanent? Should I call Tim? Oh, what the hell - so I'll give up being Richard Alpert. I can always get a new social identity. At least I have my body...But I spoke too soon.

As I looked down at my legs for reassurance, I could see nothing below the kneecaps, and slowly, now to my horror, I saw the progressive disappearance of limbs and then torso, until all I could see with my eyes open was the couch on which I had sat. A scream formed in my throat. I felt that I must be dying since there was nothing in my universe that led me to believe in life after leaving the body.

Doing without professorship or loveliness, or even Richard Alpertness, okay, but I did NEED the body.

The panic mounted, adrenalin shot through my system - my mouth became dry, but along with this, a voice sounded inside - inside what, I don't know - an intimate voice asked very quietly, and rather jocularly, it seemed to me, considering how distraught I was, "...but who's minding the store?"

When I could finally focus on the question, I realized that although everything by which I knew myself, even my body and this life itself, was gone, still I was fully aware! Not only that, but this aware 'I' was watching the entire drama, including the panic, with calm compassion.

Instantly, with this recognition, I felt a new kind of calmness - one of a profundity never experienced before. I had just found that 'I', that scanning device - that point - that essence - that place beyond. A place where 'I' existed independent of social and physical identity. Taht which was I was beyond Life and Death. And something else - that 'I' knew - it really knew. It was wise, rather than just knowledgeable. It was a voice inside that spoke truth. I

recognized it, was one with it, and felt as if my entire life of looking to the outside world for reassurance - David Reisman's other-directed being, was over. Now I need only look within to that place where I knew.

Fear had turned to exaltation. I ran out into the snow laughing as the huge flakes swirled about me. In a moment the house was lost from view, but it was all right because inside I knew."

Baba Ram Dass continued searching for spiritual experiences through psychedelics, continuously increasing the dosages, but discovered that no matter how much insight he achieved, no matter how high he got, he always came down again to his daily humdrum existence. He decided he wanted to get even higher, but he wanted to stay at that point of realization constantly. This caused him to eventually stop using drugs and led him on a search in India, a search for...for what?!

I will skip over many of his unusual experiences until, finally, Baba Ram Dass meets the man who is to be his guru (spiritual teacher).

A most amusing incident occurred when Baba Ram Dass first discovered his guru, and learned there was more to him than what met the eye. Baba Ram Dass relates:

"...I went to the car and got the little bottle of LSD and I came back.

"Let me see?"

So I poured it out in my hand - "What's that?"

"That's STP...That's librium and that's..." A little of everything. Sort of a little traveling kit.

He says, "Gives you siddhis?"

I had never heard the word 'siddhi' before. So I asked for a translation and siddhi was translated as 'power'. From where I was at in relation to these concepts, I thought he was like a little old man, asking for power. Perhaps he was

losing his vitality and wanted Vitamin B 12. That was one thing I didn't have and I felt terribly apologetic because I would have given him anything. If he wanted the Land Rover, he could have it. And I said, "Oh, no, I'm sorry." I really felt bad I didn't have any and put it back in the bottle.

He looked at me and extended his hand. So I put into his hand what's called a "White Lightning". This is an LSD pill and this one was from a special batch that had been made specially for me for traveling. And each pill was 305 micrograms, and very pure. Very good acid. Usually you start a man over 60, maybe with 50 to 75 micrograms, very gently, so you won't upset him. 300 of pure acid is a very solid dose.

He looks at the pill and extends his hand further. So I put a second pill - that's 610 micrograms - then a third pill - that's 915 micrograms into his palm.

That is sizeable for a first dose for anyone!

"Ah-cha."

And he swallows them! I see them go down. There's no doubt. And that little scientist in me says, "This is going to be very interesting!"

All day long I'm there, and every now and then he twinkles at me and nothing - nothing happens! That was his answer to my question. Now you have the data I have."

Spiritual insight abounds in the rest of "Journey" and the other three sections of the book. Section 2 ("From Bindu to Ojas") is filled with a hundred or so pages of words of wisdom printed within and without indescribably beautifully designed religious, spiritual, and occult drawings.

The third section of the book is entitled "Cookbook for a Sacred Life." It contains 30 chapters, each dealing with a different aspect of the spiritual life. Some of the topics include: yoga,

transmuting energy, breathing exercises, sexual energy, siddhis (spiritual powers), money and right livelihood, spiritual dance, meditation, time and space, psychedelics as an Upaya (Method), and dying. Each chapter has a section of "abundant and appropriate "Potent Quotes" on the chapter's particular topic by spiritual and religious leaders throughout history (including some by the Beatles and Dylan, as well.) Also included is a comprehensive glossary of many terms not always found in Webster's Dictionary.

The final section of the book is entitled "Painted Cakes, do not Satisfy Hunger" and it is a bibliography of hundreds of books that can be of great aid to anyone following the spiritual path as well as those who know little about it. The bibliography is further subdivided with respect to the essentiality of the books.

You might even be surprised to discover you may have already read or heard of some of them already, for among Lama Govinda's "Foundation of Tibetan Mysticism," Paramahansa Yogananda's "Autobiography of a Yogi," Martin Buber's "I and Thou" and "Hasidism & Modern Man," and the "I Ching" is also listed J.R.R. Tolkien's "The Hobbit" and "The Lord of the Rings," Thoreau's "Walden," Robert A. Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land," and the books of Herman Hesse and Aldous Huxley.

This review has only scratched the surface of the wisdom contained within the monumental work, BE HERE NOW. One can read and re-read the book forever. You probably will, if you buy it. After all, isn't forever here now?

(I would like to express my gratitude to the Lama Foundation for kindly allowing me to reprint portions of BE HERE NOW in this review.)

by Richard Rockman

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