casserole

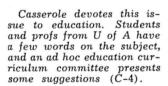
a supplement section of the gateway

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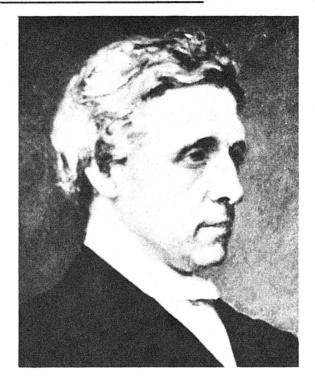
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The issue of teaching university teachers is reviewed on C-5, and a disillusioned teacher states his case.

Psychedelics are old hat, as Marjibell shows on C-2, and arts editor Terry Donnelly devotes C-6 to local theatre.

Credit for this week's cover goes to Chuck Lyall, Walt Disney, and Mrs. Mouse (Mickey's mommy).



Lewis Carroll (left)
and Robert Louis
Stephenson (right)
— two of the original
explorers of
psychedelia, and
a couple of
the first hippies



Psychedelia isn't a new thing it all started long, long ago

By MARJORIE BELL

"There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new, and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a mill race in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not innocent freedom of the soul."

An intellectual acid-dropper describing his first trip? Wrong. These were the sensations of Dr. Jekyll as he transformed himself into the diabolical Mr. Hyde of Robert Louis Stephenson's classic novel, written in 1885.

The drug LSD and its relations have a reputation of being contemporary evils, signs of deterioration of societal mores according to slanderers of the present generation. But the sensations described by users of LSD are hardly new.

TIME REVERSAL

Dr. Arthur Hoffer, a Saskatchewan psychiatrist who has experimented extensively with LSD will tell you one of the illusions commonly experienced by takers of the drug is that of time distortion and reversal. Condemned now as an unrealistic drug-produced sensation, the idea of time reversal met with wide acclaim when Charles Lutwidge Dodgson adopted the pseudonym Lewis Carroll and in 1896 penned the child's fantasy, "Through the Looking Glass."

Having just described how the King's messenger was in prison being punished preceding a trial to begin the following Wednesday, as a result of a crime he had yet to commit, the White Queen sud-

denly begins to scream.

"Oh, oh, oh!" shouted the Queen, shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off. "My finger's bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

"What is the matter?" she (Al-

ice) said, as soon as there was a chance of making herself heard. "Have you pricked your finger?"

"I haven't pricked it yet," the Queen said, "but I soon shall—oh,

Queen said, "but I soon shall—oh, oh, oh!"
"When do you expect to do it?"

Alice asked, feeling very much inclined to laugh.

"When I fasten my shawl again," the poor Queen groaned out: "the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!" As she said the words the brooch flew open, and the Queen clutched wildly at it, and tried to clasp it again.

"Take care!" cried Alice. "You're holding it crooked!" And she caught at the brooch; but it was too late; the pin had slipped, and the Queen had pricked her finger.

ACCOUNTS FOR IT

"That accounts for the bleeding, you see," she said to Alice with a smile. "Now you understand the way things happen here."

Dodgson's psychedelic imagery is not strictly confined to that incident or indeed to that book. The Jefferson Airplane, one of the chief expositors of the new music cult known as acid-rock, lifted the lyrics of their song, "White Rabbit" from Alice's experiences in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland", one of the foremost children's classics on the market.

Alice had ready access to various cakes, mushrooms and drinks that gave her the sensation of growing larger or smaller, according to which was convenient to her situation. Advice as to which size would be most convenient was administered to her from a belligerant caterpillar who perched atop a psychedelic mushroom and smoked a water-pipe.

SHE'LL KNOW

"When a hookah-smoking caterpillar . . . gets up and tells you where to go, go ask Alice. I think she'll know," they chant.

Although acid-rock is enjoyed by many gregarious souls, a large majority of actual acid-droppers are also adherents of the hippie cult, hailed as an affliction peculiar to this age and generation, whose chief mottos are 'make love, not war,' and 'tune in, turn on, drop out!'

Although early Christians were considered an affliction to the government and not to the standards of society, their views, nearly 2,000 years old, were much the same.

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love," the apostle Paul writes to the members of the church at Corinth. (I Corinthians 13:13)

JUST AN ECHO

Isn't the hippie view of the importance of love just an echoing of Paul's?

Christians "dropped out" of society, too. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord..." the same apostle tells adherents to the Christian faith. (II Corinthians 6:17)

Just as hippies have a fringe of hangers-on and pseudo-hippies, so Christians were troubled by unbelievers. A prime example was Judas Iscariot, who was one of the twelve disciples but in the outcome betrayed Christ into the hands of his enemies, signifying the one who called himself Jesus with a kiss.

Psychedelia and hippiedom are not new concepts, they're incredibly old-fashioned; non-conformists will have to look a bit further to come up with something different, and chronic complainers of societal decline should examine history more closely before they come up with a fresh gripe.



"GO ASK ALICE, I THINK SHE'LL KNOW"
... the original White Rabbit