

The LSD**hang-up**

One man's journey to the Big Fella

By RICH VIVONE

Grant was a junkie and did not give a damn if anybody knew. The cops didn't bother him and neither did his enemies.

He came from the west coast and was on his way anywhere and everywhere as long as he could get it now and then.

He really wasn't hooked on the stuff but admitted he was trying awful hard. Marijuana? Hope. Heroine? Hope.

LSD—(lysergic acid diethylamide -25) was his food. It was the best because then he could be himself which means a bit screwed up.

"You take it, man, and you just go far away. It's a lover," he liked to say on that particular day.

"To die, who cares. I want to see the Big Fella anyway. I got a problem."

LSD is said to produce states similar to schizophrenia but Grant (I don't care what my other name is) was one anyway. He didn't need goofballs to send him up the tree.

Maybe that's why he tried flying last summer and found out too late his wings weren't sufficient. Neither was his talent. But he liked to try anyway.

"To die, who cares," he said more than once. "I want to see the Big Fella anyway. I got a problem."

Apparently his problem was learning to fly.

The first time I met Grant was one of those wickedly hot Okanagan days. That heat is in a class alone. Really, it is a desert with irrigation and is also listed in economic texts as a depressed area.

He wandered into a local watering hole to replenish his needs—the thirst and the craving. He did both well.

"Stuff isn't too tough to get around here in the summertime," he said but you knew he wasn't getting as much as he liked. "The stuff seems to follow the hippies around. Most of them don't use it but it is there if you want it."

On this particular day when the only thing that wets the tonsils is beer, Grant came in. I was sitting alone in the corner as usual and he came over. He sat down before asking if he could.

"What do you hear, what do you say," he said easily because he had watched James Cagney do it in the movies.

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As conversations go, we got around to the university people and to the hippies and the sociables etc.

Grant attended UBC for a few years but got tired of it. "The paks cost too much there, man. Too many on it. When that happens, you gotta move." So he moved right into my favorite oasis.

He explained what LSD did for him.

"See that mountain out there," he said. "Well, what do you see? Tell me now," he persisted. "Tell me what you see. Come on, go ahead. I want to know."

"I see rocks and trees and a park but the curtains on the window aren't helping. But that's what's there. Rocks. Trees. Bush." I emphasized each word.

He took about eight minutes to stop a Gargantuan chuckle that at times was cackle and sometimes a babble but mostly an idiotic horse laugh.

"You goofy," he said emphasizing words also. "Right in the head. You had it, fella. You don't live." At least not on that mountain.

"Now I tell you something. When I take my little something and go away out, there is no trees there. Ho rocks either. And no people and no parks and no nothing—just a beautiful piece of nature," he lied.

"If I want, that mountain will move. It will be human and talk to me. It will let me love it. It's art—beautiful art," he said.

"If I want, the mountain will move. It will be human and talk to me. It will let me love it. It's art—beautiful art."

People who talk like that end up in specially prepared homes. Grant found a home in a pill box that put him in a river. It was his transportation to see the Big Fella.

LSD? . . .

. . . not on this campus, sir

Our erstwhile bureaucrat here is Andy Kuiper, arts 2.

Those of you who graced this hallowed institution with your presence last year may remember Andy's comment on Bob Dylan.

This year he has obviously "graduated" to something with a bigger "kick", even though mounties don't wear spurs any more.

But all sick puns aside, Andy is the sort of guy you KNOW you can believe when he says he really does not know the ladies mentioned in his article.

By ANDY KUIPER

"There's a Sergeant Vegrevitch from the RCMP here, who'd like to see you about an Alice somebody-or-other," the receptionist told me.

"Please send him in."

He must have been six foot two or three, I noticed as he came into my office. I could tell at a glance that he wasn't a boy-scout, because he was wearing long pants. Besides, he had that may-I-see-your-driver's-license air about him, which somehow made me feel a little uneasy.

Turned out he was looking for an Alice Dee and a Mary Huana. We in the Registrar's Office are always glad to oblige anyone in any way we can, so I went to our registration files and looked up the desired names. Oddly enough, he seemed very displeased when I came back less than fifteen minutes later and informed him that neither Miss Dee nor Miss Huana appeared to be registered this year. His ungrateful attitude upset me. It really did. After all, it isn't easy to read those little holes in all those IBM cards, you know.

I wasn't too sure about the spelling of the Huana girl's name, so I spelled it back to him. By now he was shouting.

"Huana with a J. J-U-A-N-A, pronounced Hoo—ana?"

"Why the Jell, J-E-L-L, pronounced Hell, didn't you tell me," I retorted with inadequately controlled emotion. "That's a Spanish name, or maybe

Mexican. At lot of these foreign students register with the faculty of Graduate Studies only, perhaps you should inq"

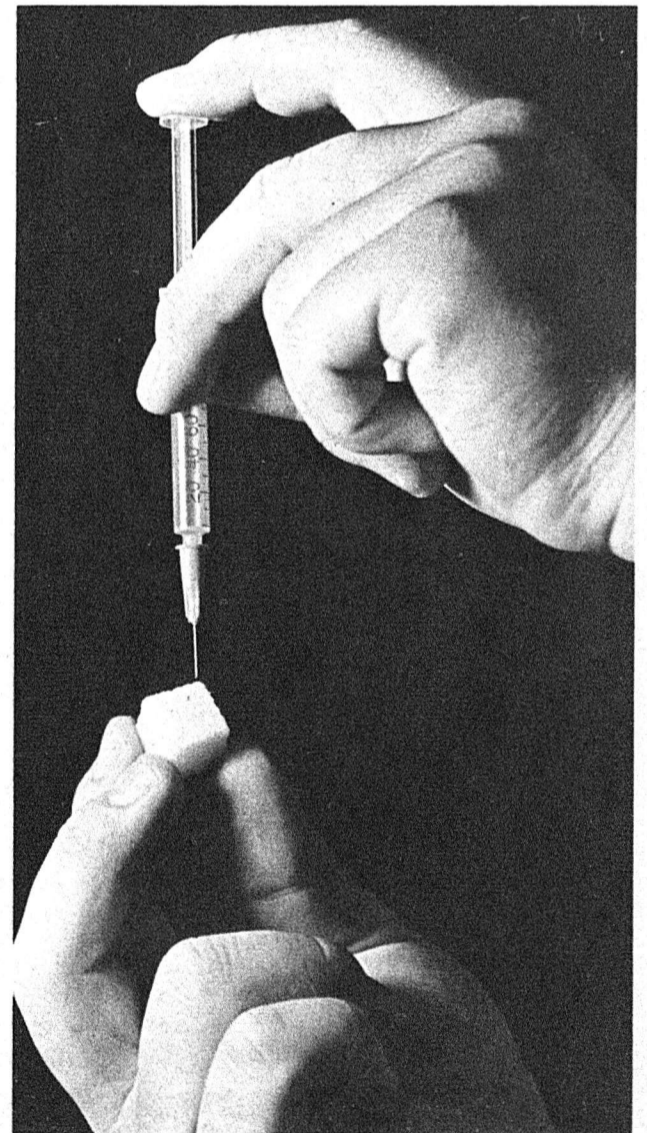
"I didn't expect you to have a record right in your office," he interrupted. He spoke very softly now, as if to humor me. "Alice Dee, Mary Huana, drugs, smoke, pot, don't you see?"

"Students may smoke anywhere they desire on this campus," I informed him, "although some may indeed prefer to do so in the privacy of a washroom, as you suggest."

I am now certain that this man had some type of emotional problem, because I distinctly saw him grab hold of the arms of his chair, as if he was having some kind of attack. He regained his composure, however, after a few seconds and said: "Alice Dee and Mary Huana are not students, they're psychedelic drugs. I am here to find out if they're available on this campus." To call respectable young ladies "drugs," even if they have psychological difficulties, is going just a bit too far. Besides, the term "available" has vulgar connotations, and I resented his insinuations. Granted, the girls in Lister Hall did create a bit of a scandal a few weeks ago by throwing a Lady Godiva party on the front law (I understand the horse was borrowed without permission) but, after all, girls will be girls, and I saw no reason for name-calling, even if there was a slight traffic tie-up in front of Lister that evening.

I decided to terminate the interview, as this had indeed gone far enough, so I said: "I can vouch for the integrity of our students, particularly of our girl students, who even share your motto 'We always get our man,' and you may rest assured that no practices harmful to the security of our country or contrary to the spirit of the musical ride are taking place on this campus. Now if you will excuse me, I must change the oil in the computer."

Without so much as a thank-you, he got up and left. Why the RCMP would send a man in his condition, I am unable to understand. His head was shaking as I watched him walk out to his car.



—Hiro Saka photo

A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR
... makes the medicine go down

Obviously, he had never attended an institution of higher learning as I had, to have such strange conceptions of campus life. Yes, I felt sorry for him.