

Student's attempt to mingle thwarted by faculty

By LAURA BRENNER
Of the Emerald

I slowly approached the unapproachable. Was it possible? Could it be true? Were these hallowed doors which had never before been interested in my hunger now begging me enter?

I placed my foot on the first step and then, the second? At last I was through the door. I had penetrated the Faculty Club lunch room. Oh, the ecstasy of the accomplishment!

But wait! The battle was only half over. Here was a major test. Where was the food? Was there any food? A Trick, most foul? But that sound, clanking dishes and contented grunts, somewhere at the end of the maze was the illusive food.

Adrenalin pumped into my brain and the tongue twitched with anticipation as the aroma of the sweet morsels grew stronger. A few false turns, but then, the line.

My adventurous self was anxious to talk to these members of the other class, but few would

even look my way, and I grew cautious from the unwelcoming stares. Perhaps I had come on the wrong day? And then, one of the elders, a member of the other class spoke up, "Why are you kids eating here, the prices are cheaper at the union?" By the time the "kid" gained composure to answer, the elder had moved on.

What were the prices? Hardly a need to pluralize price. Most of the choices fell into the category of \$1.00, one solid buck. Well it made decisions easier, and (to my delight) what made the decision easier was there were only five or six items to choose from. Is the person without choices free? I ignored the question, got the food, and sat. Sat at a long table where only two other brave little soldiers sat. No one else sat down at that table. The others filled every table with their serious laughter but when all the tables were filled they sought other rooms. No mingling.

I, hating to be merely an object of a projected capitalistic gain, decided to mingle.

"Oh, excuse me, ma'am, how do you like eating with the students these days?"

"Well actually, I haven't seen many here. It's still quiet. I suppose I don't know just yet."

Not finding these ladies totally hostile, I moved to a table of men boisterously laughing over old jokes. Suddenly the laughter stopped and they were looking at me.

"Excuse, listen, what do you think about the student invasion?"

"Think it's great. It livens the old place up. We don't talk to many students though."

I felt truly joyous at their words. I quickly moved to another table. "Hi, I'd like your opinion on the students eating..."

"In the first place," he butted in, "I am a teacher not a student."

"Yah, so, what's your reaction?"

"I don't want to be quoted, okay okay I tell you what I think. I think if the university had allowed the faculty club to serve liquor and wine, they could easily have made up the deficit without letting the students eat here. If the faculty club is going to be a faculty club it should be just that and not another EMU."

Trembling all the way back to my solitary table, I knew my dreams of student-teacher togetherness had been dashed. By this time only a few people sat in the lunchroom and I stuck out as a stranger. I ventured once more to a table where two of the others sat. Once more I asked if I could talk to them and the eldest looking up from his soup, his moustache dripping beans and barley said, "NO, I'd rather not, not while I'm eating." Was this because I was a student or wouldn't he talk to his friend either? Well, I would never know. The management was beginning to feel invaded and as the lady in white and her bossman approached me with the retraction of an invitation, the dissolving of a temptation, I didn't think I'd make the effort again to break through the walls of the sacred gathering place. Unless of course they started serving liquor and wine. Who likes having dry dreams, anyway?

Drug information center releases ninth analysis

This report chronicles those samples submitted to the Drug Information Center's Drug Analysis Project between January 3rd and January 15th. There were thirteen samples that break down into the following percentages:

Alleged LSD 30.76 per cent (4); actual LSD 61.52 per cent (8); alleged mescaline 23.07 per cent (3); actual mescaline 0 per cent (0); alleged cannabis 15.38 per cent (2); actual cannabis 15.38 per cent (2); alleged amphetamine 7.69 per cent (1); actual amphetamine 0 per cent (0); alleged cocaine 7.69 per cent (1); actual cocaine 0 per cent (0); alleged psilocybin 7.69 per cent (1); actual psilocybin 0 per cent (0); alleged methadone 7.69 per cent (1); actual methadone 7.69 per cent (1).

The Drug Information Center does not claim that these are the only drugs in the community. Rather these are those that were submitted to our free, anonymous drug analysis.

The ninth drug analysis project report is as follows:

1. code number EO-1-03-01; alleged content - psilocybin mushroom; actual content - traces of LSD, no psilocybin present; price - unknown; description - brown vegetable matter;
2. code number EO-1-04-01; alleged content - LSD; actual content - contains LSD only; price - 27 cents a hit; description - blue tab, ¼ inch in diameter.
3. code number EO-1-04-02; alleged content - mescaline; actual content - no psychoactive drug present; price - \$1.50 a hit; description - pale pink powder.
4. code number EO-1-04-05; alleged content - LSD; actual content - contains LSD only; price - unknown; description - purple-pink tablet, three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.
5. code number EO-1-05-01; alleged content - methadone substitute; actual content - 1.21 mgs methadone per ml. orange juice; price - \$1; description - colorless in orange juice.
6. code number EO-1-08-01; alleged content - amphetamine plus unknown substance; actual content - contains LSD only; price - \$2; description - white tablet, seven-thirty-seconds inches in diameter.
7. code number EO-1-09-01; alleged content - marijuana; actual content - marijuana (no substances added to this); price - \$18 per ounce; description - green vegetable material.
8. code number EO-1-09-02; alleged content - LSD; actual content - contains LSD only; price - \$1 a hit; description - white powder in clear capsule.
9. code number EO-1-12-01; alleged content - mescaline; actual content - contains LSD only; price - unknown; description - pale yellow tablet, three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.
10. code number EO-1-12-02; alleged content - cannabis (marijuana) with possible opium; actual content - contains only marijuana; price - \$10 per half ounce; description - greenish vegetable matter.
11. code number EO-1-15-03; alleged content - cocaine; actual content - no cocaine present; price \$60 per gram; description - white powder.
12. code number EO-1-15-05; alleged content - mescaline; actual content - contains LSD only; price - \$1.50 a hit; description - pink capsule with white powder.
13. code number EO-1-15-09; alleged content - LAS; actual content - LSD plus methamphetamine; price - unknown; description - purple tablet ¼ inch in diameter.

Joaquin Miller's UNWRITTEN HISTORY

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"I guess I belong to Miller; he has proved himself in so many ways - his books have proved him, his...affection has proved him..." Walt Whitman

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