We understand that this week marks the 25th anniversary of John A. Hannah's accession to the presidency of what has since been renamed Michigan State University. In his 25 years, Hannah has become rather noteworthy among American educators at the university level, and has made a number of statements representative of the thinking done by educators of his stature on the state of the modern American university and the social situation it serves. THE PAPER here reprint a number of these statements, so that its readers may know the quality of the man and the ideas we face in our presidency. We extend our congratulations to Mr. Hannah on his remarkable longevity as a university administrator. [Some of Hannah's statements on social issues, similarly excerpted.—The Editor.]

John A. Hannah On Education

"My plea is for a definition of education to fit the times. Let me suggest that educated men in today’s world is one who is trained and conditioned to be an effective citizen."

"We have been trained to fight the battle of the nation."


"Our colleges and universities must be regarded as bastions of our defense, as essential to the preservation of our country and our way of life as supersonic bombers, nuclear-powered submarines, and intercontinental ballistic missiles."


"...universities are among the most indestructible of human institutions..." Speech at the Big Ten Residence Halls Conference, May, 1961.

"Universities bear a heavy responsibility to the society that supports them to serve a continuing role as objectives-free from partisanship and hopefully free from self-interest bias." MSU Faculty Convocation, Jan., 1963.

"To say that those who work and study here need pay no attention to how these people beyond the campus feel about educational matters would be unrealistic in the extreme and politically suicidal in potential." Student Leadership Conference, Sept., 1966.

"The University does not belong to the leadership, any more than the faculty. It does not belong to the administration, or even to the Trustees. MSU belongs to the people of Michigan, who established it, who have nurtured it through the long decades, and who are entitled to sustain it. In the final analysis, MSU belongs to the larger social organization that is the nation, and of which the State of Michigan is but a part." MSU Faculty Convocation, Jan., 1963.

"The American people will expect us to continue to meet the needs of the larger society. We cannot abdicate our responsibility now and be true and faithful to those who maintain us, who support us, who have confidence in us. I am confident we have not really understood what the universities are about."

"At the Conference on Curricular and Instructional Innovation in Large Universities, Nov., 1966.

"Colleges and universities are not the agencies of the American people, through which they have in the past lifted themselves from economic, socially, politically and culturally--any other people anywhere in the comparable period of time."

MSU Faculty Convocation, Jan., 1963.

"This is not a new malady our colleges and universities are suffering from. It has been a matter of particular concern to teachers, with whom rests much of the responsibility for preparing young people to face the problems they will confront in the world after school."


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It would be sheer folly to predict the outcome of Saturday’s game, and every minute factor concerning the outcome has already been analyzed, so I will confine my remarks to a non-controversial subject — Muhammad Ali. To refresh your memory (or perhaps to supply you with strangely wonderful new information), Muhammad Ali is sometimes erroneously referred to as Cassius Clay.

On Monday, November 14, Muhammad Ali by 1:08 of the third round had bettered Cleveland “Big Cat” Williams in submission, been awarded a T.K.O., his twenty-seventh win without a defeat. Included in his 27 wins are two over the former world heavyweight boxing champion, Charles “Sonny” Liston. One would assume that inasmuch as both Liston and Cassius Clay made triumphal return to the United States after an impressive Olympic win, they were well-liked young men. He became the ward of a sponsoring group of Louisville, Kentucky businessmen. This was another radical departure from the fight game image of spendthrift bums; Cassius appeared to be level-headed as well as handsome and talented. But Cassius—or the Louisville Lip, as he was now called—went on his merry way, building himself up for a title shot with Big Bad Sonny Liston.

When he got his chance, a 7-1 underdog, he became the champion — and promptly got the public even more upset. For Cassius revealed the fact that he was a Black Muslim and changed his name to Muhammad Ali. Oh what a heinous crime! Everyone knew that civil rights was the “in” movement.

Then amidst successful defenses of his crown, Muhammad Ali was booed again. He admitted to being somewhat less than ecstatic about his Asian vacation. Once again a wrathful torrent of abuse was heaped upon him. Then when the poor man gave up his act as a promoter to become a respected champion, his sincerity was questioned. How can he win? Hopefully the conflicting title claims will be soon settled, as soon as Muhammad Ali beats Terrell. Six foot-six inches of a weak left jab cannot defeat the best boxer in the world today, and neither can anyone, else currently on the boxing scene. Muhammad Ali will be around for a while, possibly until he decides to retire, so the American public might as well settle back, quit judging the man by his personal life—which is his own business and not the public’s—and enjoy his professional skills.
The rally ended. About 200 people marched into the building and filled half of the second story office corridors. As a few people packed Dean Carlin’s office, the rest entertained themselves playing “Musical Floors” or “Let’s Have a Sit-In, Let’s Not Have a Sit-In.”

After Carlin made a few comments backing the faculty advisory committee and refusing to recommend an open meeting, he retreated and announced himself only available through appointments. While a few minutes he was booked solid for the remainder of the week.

At the heart of the meeting was the idea of demonstrating at the Faculty Meeting gained acceptance with the forty remaining committee members. Reliable faculty sources informed them that the meeting was at seven o’clock that night, eight o’clock, or eleven, in the meeting room, and sometime.

This resulted in a game of peek-a-boo with committee member Al Thurman through the locked door of the ATL office, which was not supposed to have been locked at the time. Thurman’s comment: “I cannot speak to have been locked at the time.”

The time and place of the meeting were to be decided by Strandness. Finally Brad Lang, coordinator of the rally, contacted Strandness at home. According to Lang, Strandness’ comments were essentially three: “I don’t know; I don’t trust you guys; there must be consultation,” no word on the meeting. (It is now rumored that the meeting did occur as scheduled.)

When the offices were empty and everyone had gone home except the forty “demonstrators.” Assuming that the meeting had been canceled, it was rumored that the sit-in (even the cops didn’t care) and to join a meeting of United Stuco to sometime.

That meeting, originally planned as a panel discussion of the purpose of U.S., lasted until someone mentioned the word “vigil,” whereupon the spirit of the early afternoon returned.

You can still Wednesday night feel that spirit when you walk into Bessey lobby. The vigil will continue until some faculty members stop playing “privileged” games and become “democratically responsible” to the people other than themselves.

In large part the sit-in is a response to all the evasions, irrelevant answers, and buck-passing the students have received upon asking a very simple question about the disissions. Why were these three men fired?

A bewildered crowd walked out of Bessey Hall at two o’clock Wednesday morning saying over and over, “But a sit-in is supposed to be hard work. A sit-in is supposed to be hard work.” She left behind her 125 ATL protesters in the main lobby which any minute could have dissolved into an “orange.”

The crowd was a menagerie of college joes, hippees, frats, agitators, sympathizers, fellow travelers, party girls, musicians, reporters, photographers, janitors and pizza delivery boys. They brought with them guitars, harmonicas, kazoos, a record player, an amplifier, Beatles records, a monopoly game, blankets, sleeping bags, thermos bottles, orange buttons, orange posters, tape recorders, cameras, radios, dedication to the cause and a festive spirit.

Outside, somewhere, there were thought to be many nervous campus police. A patrol car passed the building about every five minutes and was usually acknowledged with smiles and waves. Really only a token presence.

It must be said, however, that at no point were the participants disorderly. Despite the assertions of one or radio news reports the music stopped and the voices became whispered. The only lapse to anarchy occurred when someone brought in six large pizzas.

There was unanimous agreement that if the police requested them to leave they would quietly reassemble the “vigil” outside on the front lawn. Actually the campus police appeared indifferent to the whole affair. One commented later, “If they’re stupid enough to stay there all night, let them stay there all night.” It was rumored that higher administrative officials were equally unconcerned.

The events leading up the “vigil” began at one o’clock Tuesday afternoon with a rally in front of Bessey Hall sponsored by United Students and the Ad-hoc Committee on Academic Freedom. Approximately 1500 participants appeared to demonstrate their disapproval for the recently fired “ATL three.”

James Hooker, associate professor of English, spoke. He pointed out the paradox of Robert Fogarty’s pay raise prior to his dismissal. “They (the ATL Faculty Advisory Committee) really didn’t like having a guy that thought close to them.” Hooker said the Committee and especially University College Dean Edward Garlock on the AUP statement, have displayed amazing indiscrion and errors of judgment throughout the controversy.

Elaborating on this indiscretion, Charles Larrowe, professor of economics, paraphrased the American Mind thinking of the committee: “You’ve guilty of contemptuous disaffiliation. . . . you’ve been a disruptor influence on campus.” Their answers, naturally: “that’s a privilege matter between departments.”

He re-examination of existing procedures, and demanded consideration of the right to review. The Committee was busy erasing names with instant tenure and consequent “loss of authority.”

The fitings parallel the Schiff case of last year, Larrowe said. Faculty, as well as students should have reasons established for their dismissals be given written explanations and have the right to appeal.

Then, reading a letter from Ben Strandness, AMSG Board chairman Jim Graham revealed more clearly the committee’s hang-up on procedure as an end in itself. Strandness interprets the matter as a question of the committee’s integrity, of whether a decision can be free if it’s not privileged. An apparent contradiction. Graham objected that as a scholar, this being one of his main concerns, and not privileged. An apparent contradiction.

Graham concluded by paraphrasing his poem “The Orange Horse” (published in THE PAPER October 20), which has given the committee its symbolic momentum.

The last major speech was, of course, by Lawless. “I know the rules of the game, but I don’t accept them,” he think he was also speaking for his fellow conspirators. “I wore three lonely cranks crying in the wilderness.” He demanded the same rights of free expression in his professional duty that exist under civil law. He also concluded by reading his poem “The Orange Horse” (published in THE PAPER October 20), which has given the controversy its symbolic momentum.

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Theatre

The Medium Loses The Message

It was so long ago that I can’t be sure, but I remember "The Night of the Hunter" as a fine movie. Ten years or so have erased most of the plot and all the dialogue, but I can still see a woman’s corpse under-water, her long blonde hair streaming through the current. I remember Mit­chum in his black preacher’s outfit, al­ly and strong and the embodiment of pure evil.

Now the PAC is doing a staged reading of the book on which the movie was based, and for the life of me I can’t guess why. The pro­duction sticks halfway between the literary and the cinematic, and the result isn’t drama but poor litera­ture and poor cinema combined.

In the first place, the actors — mostly good actors, by the way — most of the time don’t get to act; they get to sit or stand and READ to us, like storybook princesses on TV kiddie shows. (Sometimes their intonations are pretty similar, too.

The first problem here is that what they read is mostly description, written to be read silently in a book. When we read a book, we expect to see with our mind’s eye only; in reading to us. The lighting is bright and constant, and there is most of the time intrinsically NOTHING to connect what we see with what we hear. There is, on the contrary, plenty that comes BETWEEN see­ing and hearing. A description is read of a character with his hands behind his neck, the actor in that role has his hands at his sides.

Character is described as "the one who never sleeps in his everlasting quest"; the description is fol­lowed instantly by another charac­ter’s wondering aloud, "Don’t he ever sleep?" (To which my reaction was, of course not, you fool — weren’t you listening?) Two of the actors have the roles of small chil­dren, and you can guess how well THAT works out.

There are more problems of that nature that I care to detail. The worst effect of it is that, simply, no characters come to life on the stage. Raleigh Miller, in the Mit­chum role, comes the closest, but he gets to act a scene only once in a while, then is stuck for fifteen min­utes reading to us or reacting while somebody else reads to us.

I should probably have gone into the plot before now, but I never had any talent for construction anyway. Mitchum played a Southern religious fanatic who married and murdered a series of widows for their money. He marries a woman whose two children know where a treasure is hidden, and terrorizes them. Raleigh has some of the fanatic menace the role requires, but he can’t fight either the memory of Mitchum or the adaptation. Neana Davidoff, as the widow, is very badly miscast.

The second problem is the quality of prose being read. On the basis of this production, Davis Grubb’s book must be a stinker. He has a good story, with suspense and in­teresting characters and possibil­i­ties for larger overtones (suggested by the line, "there are no words for a child’s fear"), but his percep­tion is unfailingly crude, his prose unfailingly purple: "Something is move­ing in the dark and secret world of night!" "She, who had loved so well and so unswitely..."

"Every child born of woman’s womb..."

He’s trying to be Simple and Folksy, obviously, but the result is just this side of Edgar Guest.

As far as I can remember, the movie managed to scrap the prose without losing the story and its power, to dramatize instead of just "adapt­ing." Really, the reason I regret seeing this production is that it makes me want to see the movie again, and I probably can’t.

Oh, well. Occupational hazard.
It's Hungry Freaks, Daddy

Tim Leary is coming to town this week. Gary Snyder was here last night. Psychedelia (medication - manifesting) Dr. S. David Solomon (Medley Medalion, G.P. Putnam's Sons, paperback, 950, available at Paramount News). I should warn you that one of the personal interviews is not very influential with the psychedelics who were quite capable of grasping the essence of the psychedelic state when a real effort was made to describe, Tillich, Isherwood, Henry Miller and others all comprehended the nature and the implications of these alterations in awareness, others could not. (Cohen "LSD," Nat. Amer. Lib., 1966, also at Paramount).

Most of the literature on the scientific investigation of the effects of psychedelics has, surprisingly (although several books have noted that a prominent publisher has experimented with these drugs...use your intuition and figure out who), been favorable, if not enthusiastic. The principle focal point of disent about the psychedelics has been the problem of its application. If so many persons have already experienced expanded consciousness, obviously not all of them were motivated by a bent toward purely impersonal scientific research, in fact, the removal of Leary and Alpert from the Harvard faculty was to a large extent precipitated by their "unscientific" methods of investigation. Leary: "We are engaged in what is called a transactiional research design. The researcher sees himself as part of the transaction, and is an active learner in the experiment. Most American psychology today is only a DESCRIPTION of what the researcher sees—it is the report of the researcher's experience in observing the subject, rather than what the subject is really experiencing. The subject-object method of research is inadequate for studies of human consciousness."

We are upon the dawn of a "new age," that is, the exploration of inner space (after the failure or frustration of other research, the Mholde for example), which the IFIF (International Federation for Internal Freedom) has been specifically opened by Leary, Alpert, etc. with the help of a few wealthy benefactors.

Yet there are numerous problems, aside from those manifestations of the psychedelic snake shedding its skin...classically psychedelic by Leary; the works of James Joyce, Aldous Huxley, Ken Kesey; the latter's album "Freak Out!" by the Mothers of Invention; the films of Andy Warhol, etc., of a "metaphysical" or sociological nature posed by the use of psycho-
On this campus and you would do the standards of performance are the standards of expectation and come more serious about it, too. At Michigan State University—and have some deep and serious indi­
ations of the university itself."

"...the danger does not lie in placing admission standards too low, but in raising them so high that we automatically limit the usefulness of the university itself."


"But not all human activities demand the services of geniuses. Lesser mortals can perform other tasks also of great importance to society. If college educations of good quality are required to prepare other able young people for useful roles, then, too, should be admitted to Michi­
gan State University."

"...Refinement of taste and improve­ment of judgment may be the special asset of truth, respect for others, rever­
ence, personal integrity, honesty—these are values society entrusts to the family and the church, for the most part. It is well that this is so, because the freshman year in col­lege is a little too late to start teaching the difference between right and wrong."


"It is a little late now to teach young people of college age the dif­ference between right and wrong. We can only build on foundations already laid: the home, the church, and the school."


"Most freshmen are taking their first tentative steps towards adult responsibilities — they are looking forward to running their own lives, and they will resent—though they say they won't—having the guidance of both the University and their parents as they try out their new­found wings."


"We would like to have you (the parents) understand and support the University's position on social con­trol and personal liberty."


"...The philosophy of the Univer­sity has not changed in the 100 years since it was established, and the goals in 1961 are the same as they were in 1861."


"We see old models, old attitudes, old methods, old values, being chal­lenged and changed in society all around us. Can we expect the universi­ty itself, a social instrument, to escape unchallenged and unchanged."

Conference on Curricular and instructional Innovation in Large Universities, Sept., 1966.

"...there must be an interest in, if not an enthusiasm to include, innova­tion on the part of students. Per­haps we can capitalize upon this by putting on a continuing program by challenging students to come forward with speci­fics—perhaps, under such conditions, they might help to a surprising ex­tent."

Conference on Curricular, etc., Nov., 1966.

"Confusion about values in our society is reflected in confused student values."

Conference on Curricular, etc., Nov., 1966.

"The hazard for the public is that higher education, puffed up with pride, will forget that public colleges and universities are public institutions for an important purpose: To pro­mote the good of society."


"...Be the story over? Have we done it? All tradition, all history tells us that we achieve our purpose by helping in­tellectuals find the right expression of their inherent capacities to the fullest to the end that they become useful, productive, and creative people. Self-fulfillment, yes—but that cannot be the only goal...."

"...there is here, I fear, that we may fail."

MSU Faculty Convocation, Jan., 1965.

"The values commonly recog­
nized as being within the sphere of higher education (are) academic freedom, integrity of scho­larship, spirit of free inquiry, dedica­tion to the pursuit of truth no matter where it leads, admiration for things of the intellect, perception of beauty, and all the rest."


"...In a second category of respon­sibilities, the Church would place the obli­gation to buttress and support other agencies of society, such as the home and the church."


"Refinement of taste and improve­ment of judgment may be the special mission of higher education, but love of truth, respect for others, rever­ence, personal integrity, honesty—these are values society entrusts to the family and the church, for the"
by karen smith

THE ADS-MATH-DORM CROWD
Malt does more than Milton can to tender citrus fruits, but in jargon—pert—then why bother to fight the escalation of the greater Lansing area, The State News suggesting the legalization of marijuana, police crackdown on student drug consumption seems to be much more thorough than the conventional approach. Instead of the part of the law enforcement agencies, there is engendered a greater disrespect for laws in general. Doubtless, the popularity of pot use continues to grow. Despite the spread of these drugs at all; that is a psychedelica panacea and the minimalist. For certain individuals the existence of any authoritarian and unknown police structure fosters unconscious fears about personal safety. Illicit activities in a community the size of the Greater Lansing area, especially the use of psychedelic "drugs" and the misconception and gross exaggerations (addictiveness, increased homicidal or suicidal tendencies) surrounding such activities, tend to arouse undue community pressures in mothers who should be handled more delicately (e.g., Cornell, Columbia, Brandeis, Harvard, and other schools have been reluctant to involve federal and state authorities in disciplining student psychedelic activity). In spite of the wealth of editorials by both the Michigan Daily and The State News suggesting the legalization of marijuana, police
The Orange Bell-Shaped Curve
By ERIC PETERSON

One thing that every Michigan State Natural Science student learns about is the bell curve, also sometimes known as the bell-shaped curve. The idea is simple: the extreme deviations from the average are rare, as is the wholly black or pure white dog.

Dog. Most things, dogs, trees or men, tend to have about the same amount of any given quality, with only a certain amount (essentially one standalone) more or less than that amount.

Fortunately or unfortunately, this law holds for man, in all his aspects, as it does for all things. There are exceptional men, though—

I think that Gary Groat, Ken Lawless and Robert Fogarty, members of another of our University College departments, are such men, and that most of the people who have become involved in their case are not. If we can find out in just what way we can find out in just what way these men are exceptional, I hope the real issues in their case will be a little easier to see.

First, let’s consider “The Orange Horse.” The way Mr. Lawless explains the poem, he was inspired to write it last spring when Spartan Stadium was being repainted. An orange primer coat had been put on the under side of the upper deck of seats—it was quite colorful. I could see it all spring from my dormitory window, and to say it stood out is an understatement. So all spring Term it was at least a minor topic of conversation around the dorm. It seemed you just couldn’t let all that color sit there without any comment. Some thought that green would have been more appropriate; others like the contrast to the dull red brick of the rest of South Campus. There was the type of impact that an orange stadium had on us.

But Ken Lawless saw a little more in it. He saw an orange horse, an orange Cedar, orange books—and in general the Orange Groves of Academe.

Now, the merits of his poem can and have been debated. Granted, it is no “Waste Land” or perhaps even an “I Am Waiting.” But it is good enough to tell us several things about Lawless. First (and obviously), he has got enough energy and insight to write the thing, in the first place. It is a work to turn out a poem the length of “The Orange Horse.” It takes some ambition. It also takes a lot of honesty. Everyone knows that we do not live in the Best of All Possible Worlds. Not everyone sees, not live in the Best of All Possible Worlds.

Yes, it is. The Orange Horse is representative of the similar in every way.

Well, for one thing, at least one thousand MSU students and faculty and maybe two thousand, stood outside all night long, shivering for academic freedom. I wish I could believe that all those hanging around were there because they really understood the seriousness of three fine teachers being fired or the need to protest the kind of life that a university is supposed to encourage. That would imply that they understood the importance of that kind of life.

It would also destroy my present doubts that, maybe because someone one needs an issue, a secondary concern for proper procedure has become more important than the real issue of what kind of people we should become.

Unquestionably, thousands of people were at that rally, people who presumably were eager to think for themselves and take up a cause, if necessary, people with respect for the real scholar with or without downward spirals. Dr. Garskoff stood up before them, and urged them to demand essay finals if the ATL would not do them in, and to turn in essays of their own, even if none were assigned...They laughed.

Common sense tells me that this was a crowd that had just been told about another rally, and not to make too much of their laughter. What was funny to them, the idea of the fight being flooded with thousands of unwanted student papers (and later, the idea of essays written on their behalf) or the very idea of writing those essays without any compulsion. I’m not about to go around making underratings of a crowd I do not know how hard it has been at times to get good copy for a 12-page PAPER when one has the whole university to draw on.

Also, after the rally, a good part of the crowd, led by Dr. Carlin and Dr. Strandness, on the way up, the girl ahead of me asked, “Did you see anyone? I don’t think if she was serious, but serious or not, she didn’t get an answer. Behind me, they were discussing hunting in the Thumb. Beside me was one student with a “Support Your Local Anarchist!” button; he seemed to be enjoying himself. I do know how hard it has been at times to get good copy for a 12-page PAPER when one has the whole university to draw on.

Sure, I could have pre-judged them; I could have known what I was going to see. And you can’t really expect Socrates and the whole Huxley family in Bessey Hall. But, I’m sorry to say, I wasn’t too sure...I do know how hard it has been at times to get good copy for a 12-page PAPER when one has the whole university to draw on.

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Also, after the rally, a good part of the crowd, led by Dr. Carlin and Dr. Strandness, on the way up, the girl ahead of me asked, “Did you see anyone? I don’t think if she was serious, but serious or not, she didn’t get an answer. Behind me, they were discussing hunting in the Thumb. Beside me was one student with a “Support Your Local Anarchist!” button; he seemed to be enjoying himself. I do know how hard it has been at times to get good copy for a 12-page PAPER when one has the whole university to draw on.

Sure, I could have pre-judged them; I could have known what I was going to see. And you can’t really expect Socrates and the whole Huxley family in Bessey Hall. But, I’m sorry to say, I wasn’t too sure...I do know how hard it has been at times to get good copy for a 12-page PAPER when one has the whole university to draw on.

Well, for one thing, at least one thousand MSU students and faculty and maybe two thousand, stood outside all night long, shivering for academic freedom. I wish I could believe that all those hanging around were there because they really understood the seriousness of three fine teachers being fired or the need to protest the kind of life that a university is supposed to encourage. That would imply that they understood the importance of that kind of life.

It would also destroy my present doubts that, maybe because someone one needs an issue, a secondary concern for proper procedure has become more important than the real issue of what kind of people we should become.

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"South Africa: Mandate For Change?"

By 'OLD RAWHIDE'

Yes, Virginia, there really ARE other important problems in this hand-sided world of ours besides Vietnam (though your name isn't Virginia, you may proceed); I have a hunch of a lot less anxiety problems talking about them, because I'm confusedly an amateur, and only a tittering in the background of the world besides free enterprise. Please no indictments, many experts around, but they seem a hell of a lot less anxiety problems anyway.

Who refused to be bought, Though not in a trice; 
In the last time and ordered all of its mandates, of which Southwest Africa was one, transferred to the new United Nations and its Trusteeship Council (It's somewhat ironic that South Africa was awarded the prize by the League after they took it from Germany in 1919 or 1920). Most mandates were so moved, South Africa refused, a lot of fuss arose, but not much action. For some reason South Africa insisted it belonged to them, the UN that it was under their control. It seems logical that if South Africa was responsible, as the administering power of the territory, to the League, and that since the term of the mandate by no means gave the deed to South Africa (one of the main elements in an eventual independence), she ought to play by the rules. What did she want with a mandate she had no right to? South Africa (isn't it obvious?—you guessed it—diamonds, diamonds that didn't even have to be dug out of the sands by hand (and very inexpensive hands at that)—Bantu labor).

This whole situation was slightly upsetting to the Africans, and even bothered the State Department (all you had to do was ask them, they'd be GLAD to tell you). But perhaps they remembered that the you-know-who (and I mean Gen. BULLMOOSE) had, along with the other Detroit-based companies, substantial capital investment in South Africa; thus the matter stood. Perhaps to gain moral support, since the World Court doesn't have much power anyway, Ethiopia and Liberia took the case to the Court in the late '50s. After many a postponement, the long awaited day of decision was dawed last May. Now what did the Court say about South Africa's legal right? Nothing. They were the way of all good legal bodies in a tight situation—they found that technicality. You see, and its quite obvious (I'm being a little tough in this case. The only body legally able to take it to court is the League of Nations Council, a conveniently long dead and gone world organization. This more than slightly upset the Africans, and, surprisingly, the U.S. When the General Assembly convened in September, the African nations were right there with the annual "Condom South Africa" resolution. This time the resolution had a chance in condemning South Africa, calling for UN intervention to assume its rightful place as the Trustees of the territory (Milton Dillow would call it "taking the law into your own hands")—but, this time, and probably due in large part to Arthur Goldberg, the U.S. did not abstain, it voted in the affirmative.

However the world is not, as nobody guessed, Hollywood, California; and the matter is far from solution. The UN has enough problems, thank you, such as figuring out how to pay for the long-ended Congo operation. For some reason, one might expect that South Africa perhaps won't give up without the proverbial fight. They seem quite prepared to stay; they now say that the legal milestone known as the Suppression of Communist Act, which provides for indefinite detention without charge for anyone suspected of being Communist (yes, an anti-Apartheid bill), can be extended to the territory and be made retroactive (ex post facto fake). The amendment is listed in South African law books).

But do not lose all hope. Some part of the question is that there is much more of a chance for positive UN action. This however is first complemented by the UN's dealing with its problems, no mean task; and South Africa and/or Southern Rhodesia not being able to go out in a white race war. But I for one am not willing to make book on either proposition.
there will always be those moments of despair when the soul turns on itself.

lost this friend, and gaining this enemy, we force encounter with the blank, hurting, cold, and unseeding look of the world.

to see, to destroy, but never touch us; as we thrust ourselves achingly from we-know-not-what and riddling the perfect pain of the mildly uncomfortable, victims of our own perspective.

possibilities of life, we place ourselves alone, afraid in some strange sacrifice to the godlessness of the world.

and there we hope to die, leaving our weakest and most fragile dreams as sitting prey for the devil outside and the devil within.

in these times our love is a shaking child and his blushing hatred of countless extinguished fires.

it is then surrounded by the secret wish that the world might become our assassin and frightened, baffled, at even this rejection, that we are saved.

slowly rising from the longest of sleep, lifted pulled snatched by we-know-not-what our spirit begins to rise.

our soul heated and mended devours life finding new in the old and turning that inner fire, which somehow always burns, for agony to joy.

once buried in the arms of our own hatred and locked in the grip of created fears— we are now free.

In some moment of peace lost in sorrow yet always far resting place the soul clouded by the very turbulences of our lives the comforting discomforting balance of our emotions for every joy and for each death a new love.

dele-walker

Happenings in Music

Conductor's Debut

By 'Corno di Caccia'

The big event of the week, one long awaited by the music lovers in East Lansing, will take place in the Auditorium at 4 pm Sunday November 20. We ought, however, to mention first, this fire, and tell you that there will be an interesting and challenging program of works.

Mr. Burkh, who joined the music faculty this fall, has an impressive background. Born in San Francisco in 1935, he made his debut at the age of 5 playing the Haydn D major piano concert with members of the San Francisco Symphony. Turning to the cello he was named principal cellist of the San Francisco Civic Symphony at 16. The next year he was invited to participate in a course for conductors sponsored by the Netherlands Radio, and was not only the youngest member but also the sole American invited to participate.

During his military service in Alaska, he acted as Robert Shaw's assistant in the preparations for the Anchorage Music Festival. After the conclusion of his military duties he was invited by Ferdinand Leitner, music director of the Stuttgart opera, to assist in opera and symphonic productions in that city, in addition to conducting in surrounding German cities and on the Armed Services Radio Network. Since 1961, Mr. Burkh has resided in Milan where he was assistant to one of the principal conductors at the famed La Scala opera house. Active as a guest conductor all over Italy, he has conducted numerous first performances including Britten's "Rape of Lucretia," Holby's "The Scarf," and Leonard Bernstein's "Trouble in Tahiti," in that very well-informed, critical atmosphere.

Mr. Burkh has won impressive notice in the press and numerous invitations to return for summer engagements at various festivals.

In addition to his work with the orchestra, he is in charge of the Opera Workshop and will conduct the performance of Czouque's "Faus" next spring in the University Auditorium.

East Lansing Notes

Miss, That Was A $10 Bill I Gave You

Dear PAPER Reader,

Exploitation is really getting to be the big business in East Lansing (if not everywhere). For example, Columbia is now scouting our College Bowl team, and the Journal of Intestinal Disease is scouting our dorm catasters, and "Dr." Pudnrome and the "Organization" are scouting you, do you feel worshiped? Or do you feel that your money is wasted? Ironically, your money is not being wasted. Let me explain.

We received a lengthy letter this week which discussed the problem of not watching money, other wise called shortchanging. Do you count change? It seems that a couple of people have witnessed some rather gross examples of sales people who in the haste of work overlook the difference between 1 and 10.

Also, did it ever occur to you that when you buy coffee for a friend you wind up paying 21 cents? This is one of Michigan's infamous tax tricks. So, next time just give "Friend" a dime and save a penny. Yeah, just 1 cent, but for a million coffee breaks that's $10,000 in which we keep instead of the state.

One other tip received recently was a warning about Mel's Auto Service at 1108 East Grand River. The person who contacted us claims that last summer he had auto trouble, went to Mel's, received a $40 estimate (which of course is not binding), wound up paying $65, had a check refused, drove home to Ohio, went to his own garage, and found that the work had to be redone. Apparently, Mel's had charged for new parts and installed used ones. Total cost was over $100 by the end of Ohio garage work.

Alaska is a place.

Also, if you own a sports car and are dissatisfied by garages, I suggest that you visit Stratton's Motors (1915 E. Michigan Ave.). They have an uncommon honesty and efficiency about their work which is a real rarity. If you buy a lot of records, you may like to know about Sam Goody's, a New York chain, has very low prices on all records, as well as special sales. For example, this week they feature 18 major labels at the following prices:

- 12" Single $1.87
- 7" Single $1.29
- 4.79 $2.99
- 3.79 $2.49
- 5.79 $3.49
- 6.99 $3.99

Even with postage costs these prices usually undercut East Lansing (list 4.79, sale 3.89). The ad for Goody's is usually in the New York Times Sunday or Monday, Sale ends November 19.

So, if you have any news about scores in the area, or if someone has been nice to you, call 351-7373 or write to Diehl at Box 66, East Lansing.

Additional thought—next week may the mighty South Bend warriors be humbly mumbled—Hall Mary Full of grace, Notre Dame's in second place.

dele-walker

DIEHL
THE BIG SLEEP, or What's Going On In the Big Tent

By LARRY TATE

In "Growing Up Abroad," Paul Goodman writes, "In American society we have perfected a remarkable form of censorship: to allow everyone his political right to say what he believes, and then to swamp his little boat with literally thousands of millions of newspapers, masses-circulation books, broadcasts, and public pronouncements that disregard what he says and give the official way of looking at things."

Exactly. For example, in the latest New York Review of Books there is an excellent article describing U.S. efforts to bring about negotiation on Vietnam and the rejection of these efforts by the American government. I read the article, and in books that none of us has read. Just now, everybody can see that Johnson doesn't want peace and never has wanted it. But then I remembered, "everybody" doesn't read the New York Review. "Everybody" reads The Detroit News and Life magazine and listens to NBC and WJMJ.

You can always get the truth in America, if you know you're being lied to and know where to look for it. But you can't get the truth if you're being lied to. And if you try to do so, or at least sense it, what are they to do about it?

There must be millions of people in this country now who know damn well that Johnson is lying to them. Why don't they try The New Republic or the New York Review or Ramparts and FIND OUT?

Try to get and answer at the question I want to quote from Christopher Isherwood, in a diary entry called "Exhumations." You probably haven't read the book, and there's no particular reason why you should. But Isherwood says in it surely said as well in other books that you've read but I haven't read, in books that none of us has read. Just as surely, there are things quite as good that have not been said in literature as there are things we have read, things that would be valuable to us if we only knew where to look for them. In the twentieth century, there is no book or article so well-known, so patently important, that its message is sure to reach those who need it most. Think about the implications of that.

Anyway, Isherwood (in an essay on Los Angeles) "To live sanely in Los Angeles (or, I suppose, in any other large American city) you have to cultivate the art of staying awake. You must learn to resist firmly but not tenaciously the unconscious hypnotic suggestions of the billboards, the movies and the newspapers; those

Listening to Joan Baez singing "We Shall Overcome," I was reminded of an Uncle Tom story. I believe, considered by many an "Uncle Tom," I'm stoned by a white mob which thinks that his slow approach, his not too preciousness, is why they'll tret and cry and scream and and and it's true, they want scapegoats, which is why they'll tret and cry and scream and And if the Free Press had only the Basic Truth (and of course we don't, thank you) we could get it to talk more about everyone. And if the Free Press had only the Ultimate Falsehood (which it doesn't) it would do to, and influence, most of Michigan.

But this isn't just our problem. It's the problem of ANYBODY who wants to stay awake, to decide for himself what he wants to think and do, and (if the Free Press won't, somebody else has planned for him. "To think, to discriminate, to use your own free will and judgment,"

Most Americans live planned lives; to some degree or other, we all do. And we can't know how much was planned for us until we escape. We couldn't know that education didn't HAVE to be a dreary, regimented round of daily classes until we left high school. We couldn't know we were adults until we escaped into the big tent. We can't know free, thinking, discriminating human beings until we escape the hypnotic control of the Great Society, until we see that there's more than success and fun.

But now the maze is worn with corpses and the people know it's not a great place to be, at least not in any way. So what do they do? They vote Republican. We all know that the election just past proved that the Free Press has no desire to continue the War in Vietnam, outspoken dissidents are considered book, Communists, Communism is hated, fearlessness is tolerated, if tolerated or used to argue legitimate grievances. Even minor concessions are actually construed as Berkeley's Free Speech Movement temporarily succeeds; Mario Savio is denied re-admission to the school rewarded for liberty; Goldwater loses the election; his platform is absorbed by the mainstream. We can legally sit in Southern restaurants; Lester Maddox is heir-apparent for the governorship of Georgia. The whole world seems fascist, or so inclined.

Men have for centuries confronted the possibility of a hostile universe, but we are now faced with a hostile earth. Thus, many of us have turned to the head-advocated Dionysian creativity—his exhor- tion is now taking hold, Others without artistic agility are also able to turn "creative" under the influence of the psychedelic drugs—pot and acid in particular. However, while these drugs will change us, the rest of the world remains unchangedly hostile, and our lack of interest in the impossible task of changing the world compounds the very immutability.