By LAURENCE TATE


The article reports that the deceased was "an East Lansing High School graduate and former MSU student."

"Burial," it ends, "will be in White Chapel Cemetery, with Marine Corps rites."

A photograph accompanies the story: the head and shoulders of a young man in uniform, smiling, with big ears.

For Jim Thomas, who once said he wrote poems as "attempts at immortality," that was all.

Poetry is knowing, in all the ways that we can know things, and telling others what we know. It is in essence an act of love. Randall Jarrell (another poet who was killed last year) wrote, "People always ask: For whom does the poet write? He needs only to answer, For whom do you do good?"

I do not say that Jim had written all he wanted to write, or that he would have), merely that he knew in the way a poet must know, what we care for his so lofty tears, and what he goes through, not what he has done or what he does nor what he does as we all did our Christmas shopping—he was advancing, or retreating, or just sitting in a bunker when one of their shells hit, or perhaps it was one of our shells. Jim is dead, and this is not the time or place to attack the cause in whose service he died. But I have my feelings, and just at this moment I wish Lyndon Johnson would die, I wish Robert MacNamara and Dean Rusk and William Westmoreland would die, but I know the killing would go on, somehow; and a million Americans and Russians would never make up for one Jim Thomas.

America has lost a soldier, and America can afford such a loss. What is special about poetry (which most of us never read)? "For poetry, as W.H. Auden wrote when a great poet died, "makes nothing happen; it survives."

And poetry may infuse paper With delicacy precious As a butterfly wing, inviting The touch which would smear vein and color, Tracery of letters and visions, And:

Know well that I shall discover thee again, For the mind lives by what has seared it: No fallen star but whose ashes scatter To the clouds, but whose dying kindles Some poetic eye, or warms the fur of a beast that never sees it.

Continued on page 9
DEBS
(if not to say funny) people.
pretty secretaries if there is any work to be done. In no time at all,
a news story or a feature article or a poem or something and mail it to
a few weeks, became Very Important PAPER People.
In fact, some of the people whose names appear on our brand new, im-
becoming an integral part of the organization here at 601 Abbott Road.
a cent to work for us. But we can say with sincerity that if you are en-
is—we must be content to merely state that it probably won’t cost you
advertising people, businessmen, and circulation types. The last three
once called "central Michigan’s only unabashedly anti-dragginess or­
ganization." Specifically, we need writers, artists, photographers, poets,
advertising people, businessmen, and circulation types. The last three
in other words, and without resorting to obnoxious metaphors, we wish
you to know that you, too, can do indispensible things for what our editor
You, too, can be a Very Important PAPER People. Give us a try, Write a
news story or a feature article or a poem or something and mail it to
us. Or fall by the office when you have some free time and ask one of our
prettiest secretaries if there is any work to be done. In no time at all,
we’ll bet, you’ll be doing loads of fun work. And meeting loads of fun
(if not to say funny) people. Help us fill the void.
Please. (This is a really serious editorial.)
BRADFORD A. LANG

Dear Readers,
Starting in some future issue THE PAPER will begin a regular advice
column aimed at solving the special problems of our brand of reader.
Write to us about your hang-ups, your identity crises, your obsessions,
pressures, insecurities, depressions, dejections, perpressions, super­
positions, inhibitions, malnutritions, intuitions, apparitions, frustra­
tions, allations, sublimations, humiliations, etc.
Serious questions will receive seri­
ous answers.
Meaningless questions will receive meaningless answers.
Address all questions to Suey Creamcheese (DEAR SUZY) c/o THE
PAPER, Box 367, East Lansing.

THE PAPER

THE PAPER is published weekly during regular school terms
by students of Michigan State University and a bussell Lawrence
off-campus friends. It is intended as a channel for expression and
communication of those ideas, events, and creative impulses which
make up the university community a fertile ground for the growth of
human learning. THE PAPER hopes to help the university
strive forward fulfillment of the highest ideals of learning and free
inquiry, by reporting and commenting on the university experience
and by encouraging others to do so.

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THE PAPER, East Lansing, Michigan, Week of January 9, 1967

Talking Another Rough Beast

I was born without art
When the ground was young
Of a dead Asian lady

He was born on the side
Of a hill/ rolled
Out and down a cord

My debut drew not claps
But pregant flies
To afterbirth proceedings

A carrion crow ate up
The cord; the soldiers
Witness the rolling ball

I was wrinkled red and
Covered with leaves
Laying at the soldiers feet

The soldiers question
Him/wizened native
Are you Viet Cong

A general issue voice
Said blandly to me
You’re a kid only
They tried to give him
Candy and Batman gum/
Left him Hoover independent

They were right and I was
A kid only and a
Wizened Viet Cong

The Water Closet
An Incomplete Resume

By W. C. BLANTON

Man’s genius is especially useful
to the sports fan—while at the same
time undeniably irritating to those
who could hardly care less about ath­
etic competition. Television enabled
the most avid fan to get his fill of
football during the past few weeks.
Everyone saw on the tube that the
talented Michigan State grid­

Phil Hoag played very well at
defensive end, and Jimmy Summers,
after a consistently excellent per­
formance at his safety position, prob­
ably saved the win for the Blue team
by perfect coverage of quarterback
Jerry Southall’s fourth-down pass in
the last serious Grey threat. The
come-back Blue victory was sparked
by the clutch passing of Indiana’s
Frank Stauroff and the slashing runs
of Michigan’s Jim Detwiler.

In the North-South game, Pat Gal­
linagh demonstrated that he is a
solid ball player in addition to being
full of desire, as he helped Bubble,
Jeff Richardson and Notre Dame’s
Petie Duran put up a formidable
wall in front of linebackers in the
vicinity of the Blue. North and East
all-star teams.

MSU players were vital parts in
the powerful East squad coached by
Duffy which clobbered the West in
the San Francisco Shrine Classic.
Gene Washington was all a tight end
should be (except reportedly not too
fantastically speedy and tough in a
strong bid for the national champion­
ship in completely outclassing a lum­
bering, stumbling Nebraska in the
Sugar Bowl. Heisman Trophy winner
Steve Spurrier got off to a slow start
but helped sophomore Larry Smith
lead Florida to an upset win over
Georgia Tech in the Orange Bowl.
John McKay gambled and lost in a
bid for a two-point conversation, as
Purdue edged Southern Cal in Pasad­
ena.

The AFL and NFL picked league
champions, and the Kansas City Chiefs
looked pretty good—for about 30 min­
tutes. Then the Green Bay Pack­
ers came on the field in the Dallas,
survived a Cowling defensive
captain Charlie Thornhill, who as
usual was all over the field. State’s
Jerry West performed well, too, in
the North offensive line.

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Gene Washington was all a tight end
should be (except reportedly not too
pleased at playing the tight end posi­tion) all
afternoon and caught one TD pass,
after beating his man by about ten
yards. Clint Jones scored one touch-
down, rushed for over 100 yards,
and had one run which simply has to
be seen—it defies description. Dick
Kenney booted six extra points and
a field goal, while Webberback
George Webster received the out­
standing defensive player award—no
need to say more.

The South, as usual, mopped up in
the major bowls. Tennessee dumped
Syracuse, but not Floyd Little, 15-12
in the Gator Bowl, with John Mills’
one-handed grab, the outstanding
catch of the holiday season, being
nullified by a penalty. Georgia methodically
smashed SMU in Dallas. Alabama was
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God Country and The Mothers' Apple Pie

Exposed hereunder please find several archetypal photopaths of THE PAPER'S first controversy cerebration Freak Out, with the Mothers of Invention. It worked out; ask any of the more than 1200 people who owned one. Or try it yourself, in the controlled conditions of our next dance, next month with the SpikeDrivers.

Photos: Denis Trover

"Do you want it, baby? Do you want it bad?"
"Yes, oh yes! I want it! I want it!
She screamed with pure animal delight as he handed her a subscription to THE PAPER.
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(please enclose payment)
at the risk of being called a moralist:

A MORAL CHALLENGE TO TIMOTHY LEARY

By CHAR JOLLES

After all, if you can create any universe you want through your nervous system, if "the gateways to Eden are the sensors," then naturally you are no longer going to be satisfied with the two normal levels of consciousness: stupor (that of sleep or intoxication with alcohol, barbiturates, etc.) and symbolic awareness (normal, visible reality). Once you've been "up," then OF COURSE this world is "down." This world cannot begin to compete with Paradise.

The choice to drop out may or may not be inevitable or even highly probable, but Leary is convinced (and he certainly should know) that there is a tendency for those who are tuned in to the LSD experience to choose social withdrawal -- in my words, withdrawal from the established society into self-contained communities devoted to exploring the worlds of perception and self-consciousness made possible by LSD. His conviction that dropping out is an inevitable alternative forms the basis of his philosophical formula and also of his prophetic vision. Invoking the gods of our time -- science and history -- which probably to some give his prophesy an aura of infallibility, Leary envisions the gradual disintegration of our contemporary social and political monolith into innumerable small self-contained, tribally organized communities.

So, dropping out--the third part of Leary's philosophical formulation--is more than an individual decision, it is a social gesture. It is a gesture that is at the same time socially irresponsible and personally responsible. It seems conceivable that many who see dropping out as the only way to personal moral well-being are torn between their own souls and the rest of the world. The moral dilemma is not whether or not to turn on and tune in, but whether or not to drop out. As an intelligent and articulate man, surely Leary recognizes that "all-pervasive change" is possible from within society, and that indeed no simple moral formula is readily available for those who want to change the world and who waver between retreat and involvement as the most effective means.

To invoke history for a moment, this moral conflict is as old as Leary's religious perspective; the truth still being inaccessible, all we have are questions. Permit me to pose one of them: Can we, especially those of us who are capable of rational thought, broad perspectives and energetic social action, afford Paradise now?
Dear PAPER Reader,

How the hell are you? Well, if it's anything to you, Santa Claus got all of his tact at discount stores this year. Diehl has also just returned from an extended price study tour of the greater New York City area and guess what, folks. Unless you buy nothing but nothing but cigarettes, New York is a hopped-up, highly-priced Eastern cultural oasis, is actually, beyond doubt, far less expensive to live in than our very own East Lansing. How does that grab you, East Lansing Chamber of Commerce?

Anyway, let me tell you about New York. First of all, I went past a real live cleaners and there, right before my PAPER-reading eyes, was a big sign which read, "Shirt—25c." Wow, I really flipped. This is clothing type that would have great historical value. Just the last 25-cent shirt cleaning went out with buffalo hunting in this area. Ha! Can't you see it back in 1855—a big teepee right on Grand River Trail with a sign saying, "Buckskin cleaned (folded or on hangers)—half ounce silver/' The question is, did the pioneers boycott the trading post in 1855?

Moving back in New York, prices are still lower. Besides having a liquor price war there is also a competitive price war in 1855—a big teepee right on Grand River Trail with a sign saying, "Buckskin cleaned (folded or on hangers)—half ounce silver/' The question is, did the pioneers boycott the trading post in 1855?

Dear PAPER Reader,

reading, "Haircut-$1.25." The list goes on and on. Gasoline, clothes, food. As a matter of fact, right in New York is one Mobil station selling regular gas for 30.9 cents. B tuition merchants can ignore all of this as incredible.

It is also known that bookstores around NYU and Columbia have competitive prices, at least on used and "fixes" used book prices here? Good news. It is also known that bookstores around NYU and Columbia have competitive prices, at least on used and "fixes" used book prices here? Good news.

Anyway, in another important area, food, some people at Wayne State have started a food co-op buying service. They do good work, have reasonable prices. Anyway, in another important area, food, some people at Wayne State have started a food co-op buying service. They do good work, have reasonable prices.

For ten cents? Evidently this not so

Anyway, ten-best lists have about as much significance as class lists or laundry lists, and I want to make clear that I have no illusions about what I'm doing here.

Now, to get on with it. The list is made up of films, anyway, that I saw for the first time in 1966. Some of them haven't come to East Lansing yet, which is too bad but what the hell. They are vaguely in order of preference, but in the last half the order is so arbitrary as to be beneath contempt.

1) "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (Mike Nichols)
2) "The Shop on Main Street" (Jan Kadar, Elmar Klos)
3) "The Group" (Sidney Lumet)
4) "Alfie" (Lewis Gilbert)
5) "Blow-Up" (Michelangelo Antonioni)
6) "A Man for All Seasons" (Fred Zinnemann)
7) "Morgan" (Karel Reisz)
8) "Loves of a Blonde" (Miloš Forman)
9) "The Gospel According to Saint Matthew" (Pier Paolo Pasolini)
10) "Othello" (Stuart Burge)

The best actor of the year was Richard Burton in "Virginia Woolf." Others who were very fine were Frank Finlay in "Othello," Paul Scofield in "A Man for All Seasons," and Michael Caine in "Alfie."

The best actress of the year was Joan Hackett (Dottie, the one who gets herself seduced with such self-satisfaction) in "The Group." (I expect nobody on earth to share this opinion. If you do, please tell me—we're soul-mates.) Others were Shirley Knight (also of "The Group"), Lola Albright (in "Lord Love a Duck," and Elizabeth Taylor in "Virginia Woolf.""

The best screenwriting of the year was Sidney Buchman's screenplay for "The Group." The best writing used in a film was of course Edward Albee's play "Virginia Woolf."

The best director was, I guess, Antonioni in "Blow-Up" and "Red Desert." There is no better director alive — if he'd only write himself something to work with. "Blow-Up" is the closest he's come, if Antonioni had kept out of it, Mike Nichols would easily have done the best work, with "Virginia Woolf." I didn't make a ten-worst list; it would have been too depressing, if I had made one, "Fantastic Voyage," "Texas Across the River," a "Man and A Woman," "Arabesque," and "Lost Command" would have been on it. Contrary to popular opinion, "Dear John" would not have been.

So much for that nonsense.

Now, current. "After the Fox" is usually pleasant and sometimes wildly funny. Peter Sellers is a genius at whatever it is Peter Sellers does—he isn't an actor, or a comedian, or a mimic, but some beautiful combination of the three.

"Seconds" is a completely absorbing film, strikingly directed, Confused, of course, but aren't we all? See it; I'll talk about it in detail next week.

Even if I had seen "Follow Me, Boys!" I wouldn't tell YOU about it.
When the World Is

Photos of the State University of New York at Albany by Paul Boor

My weekend began, as most weekends do, with Friday. But on this particular Friday I saw, for the first time, Mondo Cane. In an almost intolerably hot, smoky, crowded auditorium. For the most part I was impressed with the picture. Yes, it WAS shocking, honest, frightening, candid, weird and grotesque. But it was also too long. Those bullfights had me jumping out of my seat. With impatience, anxiety, boredom, frustration—and outrage. What idiots they must be to line up in front of a furious bull and challenge it to tear them to shreds. What nerve of the director to include these scenes in just this spot of an already overlong movie. But, hey, this is all real, part of “our world,” inescapable.

I went home and played the drinking game. A novice, it didn’t take too much Seagram’s to make me dizzy, and—what—pensive. Then a long conversation with a friend in Michigan whom I’m going to visit in less than a week. A senior, intelligent, rebellious and publisher of an independent news-weekly of the Underground Press Syndicate, he announced he would probably not get a degree (from Michigan State University) because, God, is there no Order to this world?

Saturday brought an abortive day of shopping. Not only did the stores seem barren of clothing, but what there was there did not fit. That’s okay, the world is getting fat, and besides, what can you expect from downtown Albany? (Have you ever SEEN downtown Albany, no less shopped there?)

Disguised perhaps, I spent the longest most boring Saturday night in the history of the world right in my very own dormitory of the Albany State University campus. Imagine, if you will, our “New Campus.” Designed by Edward Durell Stone, every one of the existing 27 or so buildings, as well as those still on the drawing board, looks exactly alike. Oh, the 20-story towers are 17 stories taller than the low-rise buildings, but basically, everything looks the same. And our glorious “New Campus” is, three miles from civilization—if that is an appropriate term for Albany—with shuttle buses running every half-hour to and from downtown. A distance of about three miles. Buses which stop at three places, which don’t run past 12:20 a.m. (p.m.?) Overall weekend curfew is 1 a.m., with special 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. extensions permitted throughout the term. I digress. I studied, disinterestedly, did some laundry, smoked too much (something I started, to my dismay, one week ago), listened to the Mamas and Papas and the Beatles and wished I had had my Byrds album here, deciding at the end that I was a victim of time and circumstance. Original thinking, I know, but the logic of the world was at an angle kind of perpendicular to the minute hand on the clock I had looked at upside-down earlier in the day, I was in Albany but wanted to be in Michigan with my friends but also wanted to be in New York City in my Village apart-

THE PAPER, East Lansing, Michigan, Week of January 9, 1967

Corin Schneider, former PAPER people, wrote the following letter to the author of a New York Times Magazine article on Saul Steinberg, the artist whose simple line drawings seem more real than the most detailed portrait, from her present home high in a snow-white eastern dormitory. — The Editors

Dear Mr. Schonberg:

When I finished reading your article (Artist Behind the Steinbergian Mask) in today’s NY Times Magazine section I could not decide if I should write to you, to Mr. Steinberg or to my best friend. Although I should write to you, to Mr. Steinberg or to my best friend. Sometimes I don’t either.

You may not understand me. Don’t be upset. Sometimes I don’t either.
ment but also wanted to be with all my New York friends and phone calls are not enough and I’m tired of writing letters and why do we have to be separated from the people we love. Sunday was worse because I was stuck in a little office where I watch the student activities desk for five hours, and I had to read Book I of The Faerie Queene by Edmund Spenser. After work I was hungry, but the bent fork cafeteria was already closed and who can eat a machine sandwich and remember it is a bus ride downtown to even get to a crowded diner. Five more days before I leave this place for an extended Thanksgiving vacation in Michigan and I just may explode before the plane leaves Friday. Be calm, patient, tolerant everyone says. Don’t let it get to you. No, don’t let it get to you. Just fall in place and become a mum­my. In a few years you may even be lucky enough to be ranked a fossil. But you’ll have your teaching certificate, and in this day and age of progress and advancement, with education of such major importance to our nation’s youth, you will be an asset. You will be in great demand. You will be called upon to teach our youngsters, our future leaders. Ho hum. Anyone for a cigarette? Then I discovered Saul Steinberg, and that fantastic writer who cap­tured so much of the Artist Behind... and made him immortal—forever in microfilm. Yes, “an exercise in linear metaphysics,” “A kind of penetrating Angst.” His work is simple, universal. Yet there is something more. Something that made me kind of unwind with each paragraph. Release the tension and frustration within me. For the first time I had patience to sit down and write about all this. There was some sort of breakdown of forces within, similar perhaps to the progressive simplification of Steinberg’s cat. I like Don Quixote and I hate preconceived notions about modern art. Curves and squiggles are fun, and I was times hold more meaning, or at least inspiration, than three-quarter profiles. I would love to travel with Mr. Steinberg, help him explore his Utopia. I would give up my typewriter just to speak with him for a few hours, watch him draw a few of his ideas, his realities. A perfect good buddy. I thank you, Mr. Schon­berg, for letting me be introduced to this wonderful man who paints his television screen black and nails its cord to the wall as a trophy because it is “too-powerful.” As a frustrated, but extremely interested and enthusiastic journalist I admire your style and ability to present your interview in what seems to me a structured stream of conscious­ness. I guess I’ll be able to survive the next five days until my “escape” to Michigan. And partly because Mr. Steinberg tells me there is at least a teensy bit of order to this world. Forever and ever most sincerely, Carol Schneider.

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS Week of January 10 - 16

THURSDAY, January 12
1:00 p.m.--Musical, “Golden Boy.”

SUNDAY, January 15
2:00 p.m.—The Cleveland Orchestra in Concert, with guest-conductor Max Rudolf, and pianist Tony Il Han. The program includes Nielsen’s Maskrekade Overture; Bartok’s Dance Suite; Liszt’s Concerto No. 1 and the Symphonic Fantasque by Berlioz.
8:00 p.m.—The Toscanini Era, hosted by Gary Barton. Tonight, music by Sibelius, Thomas, Wagner, Strauss, Mozart, Debussy and Donizetti.

FRIDAY, January 13
1:00 p.m.—Musical, “Walking Happy.”
8:00 p.m.—Carl Orff’s Trilogy of Theater-- Pieces, “Triumph,” including “Carmina Burana,” “Catulli Carmina” and “Triumfi de Afrodite.”

MONDAY, January 16
1:00 p.m.—Musical, “Half a Sixpence.”
8:00 p.m.—“Opera from Radio Italiana,” VERDI’S “Nabucco.”
Poem Not Really to Mother ( #2 )

Who is the boy in the Christmas pictures?
Is it me?
Clean-skinned
silver-smiled
shy-shy-eyed
stuffed to perfection
he has made his yearly appearance.

He stands in front of the three
but off to the side a little
so we can see that the tree, too,
has been groomed and dressed
for the occasion.

Once a year events such as these
bring back to me ( and not gently )
the frightening possibility
of life as an ornament.

And so how was the picture caught?
Somehow, in some half-moment of still time
I was stopped by the blink of a shutter
as I passed through my changes.

It could only have been this one time:
but a day after the first haircut in months
and hours after being reunited with the
starchy world of clean clothes
(for the first time in weeks)
minutes after being purified
through the Rites of the Bathtub
and seconds after my mirror witnessed
the surrender of the last hair.

It was then, and only then,
that the picture could have been taken.
Somehow, in the midst of all this
I emblazoned, and the rest is scrapbook history
recorded once and for all:

a moment which never really was
and always will be.

And so he is still there,
that strange inhabitant
of the world of photographs
and the memories of parents.

He stands there in my place
in my shoes
in my house.

And, I suppose,
I should let him have all that.
It is his world
and he deserves it.

And yet I can't help feeling
the pain of being unseen
and jealousy
for being replaced
by such an imposter.

Yet I have never had the strength
or the courage to refute
this legend of myself.

I can never quite shatter
the Christmas spirit
or disturb the dreams
of such good people.

And, so, I have surrendered again to this myth.
I am hidden behind this image of myself
and cannot cry out.
I am the man behind the mirror
and cannot be touched.

Since I cannot learn my lesson, Mother,
can you at least learn yours-

Someday, this fact must be faced
by all of us:
The truth is, Mother
that pictures DO lie.

The truth is, Mother
that pictures DO lie.

The Winston Churchill Mothers
Against Degeneracy in Our Time,
Baby Award: To the graduate asssis-
tant in the girls' wing of Wonders
Hall who, during the recent campus-
wide power failure and in the absence
of the housemother, ordered all men
out of the south wing. The doors
were then locked, and all males
attempting to pick up their Saturday
night dates were informed that they
should call the girls from the boys'
wing, then return and wait for them
to come out. The telephones, accord-
ing to reliable sources, were not in
operation at the time.

WHAT IS THE PAPER?
That just might be for you to know and us to find out, if you have
any ideas, comments or suggestions about the role and goals
of THE PAPER, come to our
PUBLIC DISCUSSION

8:30 p.m.
Thursday
Room 31
Union

NEO-CLASSIFIED

Publicizing
Nashville Cats! Please help a poor broken­
down foreign guitarist with strained neck! No
one knows where I came from but my name
is Irving. Irving is going nuts with worry over
my Illness. Call 355-1403 or write B115
Bunfield, Inset. Friends needed, too.

"the bead game is in new york city, at
236 sullivan street, to be exact. we have
some of the greatest earrings in the city
(according to my two partners), how many
people in east Lansing have heard of us? not
many, i bet. oh well, the bead game, the
bead game.

Some in SDS are interest­
ed in beginning an "in­
ternal education" project, which
will be focused a­
round regular presenta­
tions and discussions of
papers, findings, etc.,
of concern to the group.
If anyone is sufficiently
excited about what they've
been doing along these
lines to share their
thoughts with us or want
further information, con­
tact Jon Harrison at 337­
1504 or 355-6607. (Note: we are not expecting the
"last word" on any ques­
tion. Our aim is to
encourage personally and
socially relevant re­
search in otherwise rou­
tine courses, and to make
such research available to
those outside a partic­
tular specialization.)
The contributions of un­
dergraduates, grad stu­
dents, and faculty are
equally welcome.

Sex
601 Abbott Road. 351­
7373. Blue and saffron.

Would like to meet coed.
Best if age 19 years or
older, upper middle class
white, intellectually in­
clined, 5'5" - 5'9" tall,
likes sports, is moral,
Protestant, comely. It
be preferred if not ma­
joring in sciences, for
one person in Engineering
and another in Biological
Sciences. Call between
10 and 12 pm. 353-7590.

WANTED: Handsome girls
interested in S.I.X. (Scien­
tific Experimentation)
Group. Expert instruc­
tion. Prolific results.
Call 353-6445 and ask for
Don.

The Winston Churchill Mothers
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operation at the time.

NEO-CLASSIFIEDS

Box 367, East Lansing
or 351-7373

50 words/$1
(still cheap)

DEADLINE THURSDAY MIDNIGHT
Conundra on Issue Number Nine

By DOUGLAS LACKEY

Let us blow then, you and I, When the evening is spread out upon the sky Like mayaun pursing up in the sky.
Let us go through certain halizardwars, The sputtering norms For horn in high Henderson cells Eating sawdust pizzazz from Public Hills.
And through arguments that follow like the tedious streets, More with insolent interior.
To lead you to an overwhelming urge; Oh, while the pause's exquisite, Let us blow, and make our visit.
In the rooms the women come, and go, Talking of Larry Anderson.
The yellow fog that wipes itself upon the windowpanes, The yellow fog that seeks release of Cosmic rectal pains, The yellow fog that looks itself upon the windowpanes, The yellow fog that seeks release of Cosmic rectal pains.

JIM THOMAS

continued from page 1

And: Born of necessity, out of desire, War cancer a nation, prime cause, Removed from conflict.
Victim and carrier, the soldier Travels great arteries and standing-places With no civilian tranquillity. He must go to sea, to wash on beaches, To swell a demonstration, make a scene or two, To wonder, "Do I care?" and "Do I care?" Squeezed the campus into death and fell asleep.

More. Not enough to win him "immortality," but enough to show his love. He cannot die again; there is that to be thankful for. I know no other soldier when I hear a war report, I will have to know only that men like you and me are dead, not that Jim was dead, that I feel tied, and—can I say it?—relieved.
It is ironic that I should now be writing about death. When I was seeing your daily report I will have to know only that men like you and me are dead, not that Jim was dead, that I feel tied, and—can I say it?—relieved.

Extraordinary and other miscellaneous things to be cleaned up on this level.
The whole of the war rests on its oars for another 25 years.

Let me give you a few points that I think I can give you without giving you too much trouble.

I have seen the moment of my grade-point flicker, To say, "I am Paul Schiff, come from the dead," And I have seen the moment of my grade-point flicker, To say, "I am Paul Schiff, come from the dead,"

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And indeed there will be time To wonder, "Do I care?" and "Do I care?"
Time to smash alarms, ascend the bunk (Looking against the usual Norms.
He will say, "How his patience is growing thin!"
My omened Army blanket, my shroud mounting tightly to the chir, My wardrobe always through a simple pin.
He will say, "But how his temper's growing thin!"
Do I care To disturb the university? Shall I say, I have gone at 4 a.m. down empty streets, To watch the factory that is going on in the twilight.
To mingle with the lonely kids asleep, dreaming of out windows? 

... I have seen the moment of my grade-point flicker, I have seen the Honors College hold my cards and snicker, And, in short, I am pimped.

... Would it have been worthwhile (after all) To have bitten off instructors with a smile, To squeeze administration into a ball.
To roll it toward some overwhelming urge, To say, "I am Paul Schiff, come from the dead," Come back to show you all pant, show you all... 

If one, settling a shawl by his head, Should say, "This is not much meant at all.
That isn't (I think at all)."

No! I am not John Palindrome, nor was meant to be; Am an attendant busboy, one that may do To swell a demonstration, make a scene or two, Advise assistant dean, promote the school; But at times, indeed, so apathetic.
At times almost the Tool.
I grow old... I grow old... 
I shall wear the bottoms of my bluejeans rolled, Shall I grow my hair behind? Dare I eat a Brody meal? I shall wear my worn-out bluejeans, and walk upon the Beal; have the pleasure singers, sealing to oil, I do not think that they will sing to me.

... We have lingered in the multiversity By coeds in rings in gold and silver turn-

Till redundancy ensues us, and we burn,
Riding the crest of time between the old year and the new it would seem prudent to see where the ship is being steered. Last week scientists met at the capitol to discuss the emergency of the impending ruined ecology. Whispers and rumors electrically travel through the wire of assassination: the President, Malcolm X, Dorothy Kilgallen, the 13 witnesses. The sudden cancer attack of Jack Ruby.

In less paranoid political circles the discussion rages as to whether or not a southern military oligarchy really is in power in Washington. More intelligent paranoids are wondering whether the CIA, having had such vast success manipulating foreign governments, is not now experimenting with the control of its own. Since the current president has made Congress into a non-functioning ridiculed body of 500 some odd dirt farmers, held we do not have a representative government.

The population is balanced on the head of a pin, half of it living in the bygone days of the industrial revolution, the other half living in the promise of the 21st century. The older, practiced, powerful half of the population is recreating their youth of war, nationalism and survival struggle. The younger half of the population, when not busy escaping the world that they have inherited, is thinking of peace in a unified world with a rational economy based on technological abundance.

The extreme right and extreme left both intuitively sense that a bear is in the cave. Both are running scared from the form our technology seems to be taking -- totalitarianism.

Crew-cut college students, coming alive in the pepsi generation, are conditioned but with increasing resistance, to go for the Cadillac, just like poppa did. The hairy ones are dropping out of the role systems of education to pursue the ancient guru system.

Traditionally in most cultures youth turn for guidance to their elders. The new gypsy class has its Alan Watts, Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsberg none of whom are over 50. The shortage of elders has been produced by highly accelerated cultural changes which have divided the tribe. The young braves can no longer make any sense of the old-war-horse, big-stick-carrying elders. Young leaders are coming forth and if we can interpret our future from their trends we shall indeed not be saved from a ruined ecology, nor totalitarian technology, nor from mind and motive control.

The danger which fosters the rescuing power remains eminently a danger because the new gypsy class is slow to recognize its strength as a psychic, economic, political force. The danger comes from the rapid transformation since the atomic bomb of the ionosphere affecting the electromagnetic structure of our minds as well as the weather and magnetic field which has produced a subtle but radical change in environment and produced with the help of electromagnetic extension and psychedelic chemicals atomic children with radical, from their parents' point of view, thought processes. The differences produce fear in the older population which resists blindly and hostilely, as a manifestation of the collective unconscious on a national scale. S E Q U E N T I A L, C I R C U I T U R A L T H I N K I N G ENCOUNTERS. LINEAR MECHANICAL THINKING.

In 33 years the millenium will be upon us. It is not too early to begin to consider ourselves the elders of the new millenium.

Walter H. Bowart

---

**Paeon to Boy Scouts & Birds**

**Prologue**

There are Eagles in New Zealand
There are Eagles in Australia
There are Eagles in North Korea
But there are Eagles in America

1. I am warm in the shadow of the Scoutmaster
   Green paramilitary man
   Purveyor of knots
   Said to drink on Saturday:
   A man
   Did good deeds at Anzio:
   A man
   A new green man among trees
   A maker of fires
   All tall straight man among flags
   A maker of men

2. I am warm in the shadow of the Scoutmaster
   His hand on my shoulder
   Warm
   Rubbing

**Epilogue**

Whitman the Eagle
Balanced on a Texas Tower
Westmoreland the Eagle
Fanged among sparrows

**DAVID HAENKE**

---

**Pressures of College Life Department:** Sign in a first floor window in South Hubbard: "I want my Teddy Bear!"

**Signs of the Times Department:** (III: Sign in a third floor window in West Fee: "LENNON SAVES," (IV: The MSU Bookstore (in the Center for International Programs) is "Notebooks for Lefties.")

**Niceness Is Dead Department:** "whr weren't you invited to the party? Okay, I'll tell you: you have bad breath! Bad breath! --from a Micrin commercial."
Son of FSM, Part Two
The Strike Days

By MIKE PRICE

The Strike Demands

1. That students and non-students be accorded the same rights on campus as the military and other government agencies.
2. That amnesty from university discipline be granted all students involved in the events in the Union and the strike and the university do everything in its power to have criminal charges dropped against those students and non-students arrested in connection with the events in the Union.
3. That the university pledgse that police will not be called onto or over class times.
4. That the university grant judicial review, open hearings and due process in its conduct of disciplinary proceedings and that these be based on the Dec. 8, 1964, resolution of the Academic Senate.

STATE NEWS, December 8, 1966

Student at the University of California aren't pleased with a (STATE NEWS, December 8, 1966)
It is unfortunate that the ATL Administration has chosen, privately as well as publicly, to withhold its rationale for recommending termination of three of its tenured faculty. Attributed great numbers of aspiring Civil Servants into the university, for whom their teachings were highly recommended if they were to assume their rightful positions in the Reich. Schopenhauer was less favored. His lecture hall was smaller than Hegel’s, and even at that his students rarely made use of more than a quarter of the desks available to them.

The two teachers’ story continues, differed more importantly in their pedagogical styles. Since the custom was then to leave the door of one’s hall open, Schopenhauer would listen intently to his colleague’s formally delivered lectures and teach his own students by commenting systematically on the sophistry of Hegel. Whether or not this tale is at all factual is of little matter. What is pertinent is the question of conflict within the university.

Very few of us are likely to have been permitted immunity from a particularly obscure image which purports a democratic society to be a “marketplace for ideas.” This image is no more widely employed than among academicians, for whom one would expect reason to mean something other than commodity. But this is the way we have been accustomed to consider ideas, and little can be done in this culture to change that. What can also be expected, however, is that we shall not remain rhetoric and themselves seriously. This expectation if fulfilled only with regret.

Few academicians would take issue with the assertion that ideas are for all practical purposes commodities that can be bought and sold. Their purchasing power may be depressed, they might deny connection with so crude an Economic notion. But they would probably agree that if ideas were commodities, and what matters more? What matters more, and what is more disturbing about the image in operation, is that the marketplace in the university as in the rest of society has lost its functional meaning. Higgle-haggle between buyer and seller has been replaced by the contracting of expert by client. And as the marketplace between university and society has broken down, the marketplace within the university has declined.

The point I wish to make here is that conflict -- higgle-haggle -- is as feared and avoided within the university as in the larger society. One gets the impression that the young pedagogues’ opposition to the confirmation of tenure represent more a period of initiation than one of true competence. Their criteria of accomplishment are involved in both of these notions, but the standards of competence in both cases. The criteria of apprenticeship turn on the learning of a skill or, if you prefer, an art. The questions which should be asked about an academic apprentice are: (1) Does he teach in a way which his students’ capacities for reason and imagining?

(2) Does he inquire, reason, and write in such a way himself, which deepens his colleagues’ insights into or broadens their sensibilities to the questions with which they are or should be concerned? These standards are too infrequently given the priority they deserve. The questions raised with regard to confirming tenure more often revolve around the criteria of initiation: Does he get along with other faculty? Does he or is he likely to hurt their feelings or threaten their position, prestige, or self-esteem? Does he cause embarrassment to the department or last phrase sound so hollow? Those two questions relate to matters of reason and creativity. They assume conflict as indispensable. The second set of questions is much larger and more relevant to an adolescent playgroup or a marginal industrial firm. It relates to matters of pedestrian interpersonal relations and routine bureaucratic management. It assumes conflict as the most dispensable of all.

The larger American society is becoming increasingly paralyzed with anxiety about conflict. No longer should social change simply be nonviolent, it must be “responsible” as well. Perceived threats from within and from without lead to demands for a consensus typified by the parade and the salute. There can only be a limited range of alternative beats, and very few are competently trained to be (responsibly) expert drummers. If the story about Hegel and Schopenhauer is suspect or ostensibly absurd, it might reflect a feeling that such a situation is incoherent today. If conflict has become intolerable in the larger society, is it at least tolerable within the university? If it is not tolerable here, where can it not be too threatening? If conflict is considered as a threat to the administration? Will he present a vision of reality or a model of behavior that might dissuade or disenchant his students with the visions and models which, by virtue of their conventionality, have thus far appeared self-evident? Is he a disruptive influence? Does he rock the boat? Will he place the machinery in jeopardy of flying apart? Can he be controlled? Can he be trained to take over, when the time comes for the older colleagues to retire, and trusted to operate the gears so that they will mesh and turn in the future?

The first set of questions is smaller and more relevant to a mature and society has broken down, the road’s direction is long, and dark doors open on its branches; quiet peace pervades its directions: And time is not the concern of the marketplace? To be washed away with the next rain. I walk, and go quietly, I reach for love, And find the small droplets that hang in the light.

The fer-de-lance of my existence has lost its armor plate, And through all the pallid I look at the odor of a “mild brand” hangs. Starkly, in this new place, that sweet balsam stings, Then quietly my mind slips into a stupor of non-entity, Almost happily, from fear of being smashed between the gilded pages of another’s tactfully, tastefully chosen words,

Marc Ruby