Urban Renewal or,

How Twenty-Four Inches of Snow Made a Better Place of East Lansing

By DALE WALKER

January 29, 1967

Nature has accomplished with two feet of snow what God, Science, City Hall and the Free Enterprise System have been unable to do for decades. East Lansing is suddenly a better place to live. People seem freer and happier, and a sense of community has developed overnight. It's as though the city has somehow loosened its grip on us. It's a holiday without obligations. No traveling. No gifts. No relatives.

Today, at least, the city is ours, I've seen the people in the streets all day, smiling as they pass. Ahead of me in Abbott Road is a football game. Boys against the girls. The air is vibrant and people are shouting. It sounds like a revolution. It's the victory, for a day, of man over machine—of snow over steel and concrete. Everybody laughs at the snowbound monsters buried at the side of the road. Obsolete. Useless. It feels good to have a sidewalk twenty feet wide.

"Off the grass!" and "Out of the street!" have no meaning. The boundaries have disappeared under tons of snow. The metronome which runs our lives has been slowed down to human speed. Now we can stand and talk awhile. We can congregate without "loitering" or "blocking traffic."

It all makes me long for the Currier-and-Ives world I've never had. Will I be the Oldtimer who remembers the Great Winter of '67, or is legend obsolete now that microfilm is here?

Classes have been cancelled and most businesses are closed. No one seems to mind. For a day or two we've been rescued from the Good-manish "useless work" and Learyish "meaningless activity" of everyday life. There are walks to clear and driveways to shovel, but this is useful work. Snow is a pleasant hardship, because it is relevant.

People are smiling. Their troubles aren't so terribly individual; our common misery is really joy. People
EDITORIALS

Draft SDS, Not Beer
By MICHAEL KINDMAN

Several weeks ago, it was first reported, there is now news to report about the Students for a Democratic Society's new anti-draft union.

At its meeting last Wednesday, MSU SDS at last adopted a formula for the union it had been discussing, and began circulating a pledge to be signed. The union's "members" and another to be signed by girls/friends and other supporters of the members. This new news gets the full support of THE PAPER; like SDS, we have long since tired of talking about how people are having their lives unjustly and unnecessarily upset by the demands of the Vietnam war, and are anxious to push for change that would free Americans from the draft.

But the idea of a pledge circulating does not really satisfy us. It strikes us as simply an extension of the incessant creeping radicalism that SDS has been engaging in at MSU practically since its inception and nationally for a shorter but equally frustrating period. Many of SDS' leaders seem only slightly aware that they are operating in a socio-political context to which they must make concessions.

The tendency of SDS' membership here to in-fight and to persist in testing itself on the degree and cogency of its alienation is exactly what has kept it from becoming a more broad-based organization. Without going into the strange psychological habits that drive a group of collegiate radicals to band together in their radicalism and repeatedly compare each other's politics, we can safely say that this is not the best way to build a radical movement, which was always the intent pursued in SDS' best moments.

The anti-draft union, even more than many other SDS activities, requires wide support both within and outside the organization; it is toward winning this support that most of the early efforts of the anti-draft program should be aimed. The reason is clear: the Selective Service System is much too big to be too difficult considering how many oppose the war and, "the Selective Service System has already been accused of being too polite a system."

In one way or another (see Eric Peterson's article, p. 3 this issue). The anti-draft union, even more than many other SDS activities, requires wide support for, even if not participation in, the union. The reason is clear: the Selective Service System is much too big to be too difficult considering how many oppose the war and, "the Selective Service System has already been accused of being too polite a system."

The national SDS anti-draft proposal (which, as we pointed out in our January 16 issue, is still unimplemented pending further preparations) depends on FIRST getting support for the idea of a union and THEN forming the union it had been discussing, and began circulating a pledge to be signed. The SDS national anti-draft proposal is already dangerously ahead of the national SDS timetable if it

The Berkeley Anology Syndrome Symptoms: Victim tends to ignore small symptoms of, and the importance of, the Vietnam war, and are anxious to push for change that would free Americans from the draft.

March 16, 1967

we, the undersigned, are citizens of the United States, opposed to United States intervention in Vietnam.

We hereby declare our support and encouragement of all men who will:

1. refuse to fight against the people of Vietnam;
2. refuse to be inducted into the armed forces of the United States;
3. resist the draft.

The opnions expressed in THE PAPER are solely the responsibility of THE PAPER.
BEYOND GOLD AND EVIL

By ERIC PETERSON

A few weeks ago in the Union lounge, a friend of mine told me she had finally made up her mind about Vietnam. I was a little surprised, because the war was so far from the over-stuffed couch on which we were sitting. But she said quite emphatically that the war was totally WRONG. Hers was a very forceful opinion which we were sitting. But she said that it was hard to counteract that reaction.

There are many, many Americans of the real reason—but it is irrelevant here, because the question is one of values. Protection of American interests without any further thought is pretty strictly analogous to bashing in the head of the boy for next block slim, because he lives there and is different. And SOME people think that way and simply always will, but other people don’t.

It is possible to think that our involvement in the G.O.C. thing, that is the view, for example, that America must fight World Communism somewhere, so it might as well be in Vietnam. Well, isn’t World Communism mostly an economic threat?

An example of how these beliefs work out in practice might make things clearer: Two or three years ago, when Vietnam was a real problem for thoughtful people, but had not yet escalated to its present size, I read an editorial in a national, special-interest magazine. The important characteristics of Vietnam, it was said, were corruption, inefficiency, and the lack of any really effective authority. The editor pointed out the tremendous amount of aid that lies beneath the justification of the Vietnam war.

It would be silly to argue that our values are purely economic; I have just tried to show that a materialistic orientation has become so widespread that you can’t discuss any of our values without getting involved in it—and that it is therefore somehow basic.

The Ohio State University, of the real heart of the argument, though I don’t remember just how much he emphasized it. Vietnam could become everything that Japan is—and that Taiwan and South Korea were being taken any more. Vietnam too could be a real possibility. But that’s not the part here; the point is that taking, for example, calls these people the alienated ones. His whole argument made more sense than when it was made more sense than when it was made more sense than when it was.

I think this classification into activists and alienated is inadequate. It doesn’t ordain some things that must be explained. Let’s try a more unitary view.

The first step is to think of the civil rights movement as a necessary half-way step towards the current Vietnam protestas, as Edgar Friedenberg suggested last month.

Stokely Carmichael

MSU Auditorium

THURSDAY FEB 9

2:30 pm

FREE

in person

Friends of SNCC Memberships Will Be Sold at the Door

Sponsored by ASMSU and MSU Friends of SNCC
Enter the Orange Liberal,

By Bradford A. Lang

The US platform will, I believe, represent a fundamental radical opposition to the whole land-grant, in loco parents philosophy which has made MSU one of the nation’s outstanding centers of mediocre mass education and Great Society indoctrination.

In the aftermath of the Glorious Bessey Hall Revolution, many people made many regrettable statements. Among them was the above sentence taken from the last paragraph of an article in which I pointed out that US was full of radicals who stood for the dismantling of the entire American system of higher education (not to mention the Great Society). The "guys on the ATL advisory committee are Liberals," I said, and would soon find themselves locked in mortal combat with the shining youth of the United Left.

I was wrong.

Of course, we all make mistakes, but that one was a blunder which I will probably never live down. For United Students is not only not radical, it is slowly becoming an organization which (in the words of one of its members) approximates "your friendly neighborhood Liberal's Club."

So we pick ourselves up and try a new analysis. To wit: United Students is certainly doing a good thing when it gets a lot of formerly uninvolved students deeply involved in correcting flaws in the system, but it is certainly not doing a good thing when it abandons its role as the necessary radical opposition within the confines of MSU politics.

There is a generally accepted hypothesis in the study of the history of social reform which says that most major changes in society are due to a small radical minority bickering about something ten years before change comes. (For example, Norman Thomas and the Democratic Party, Columbus, Christ, etc.; I'm sure there are better examples, but I can't think of them off-hand.) This is unfortunate, and is something which a good radical knows but sort of doesn't think about too often. Nevertheless, it is probably true that most things, and is certainly true with regard to the American university. If the Wonders Kiva meeting of US Wednesday before last is any indicator (and I believe it is), the good people of US are not only not thinking about it, they are not even aware of it.

The steering committee members of Kiva and Wonders Kiva, dressed to the nines—with the single exception of Dave Hauenauer, who sports a beard, Jevan, and boots—were certainly the clearest evidence of what a great idea, to be sure—Bessey Hall being the groovy place that it was for a while—however, before his speech was over, it was obvious that the idea had degenerated into what the final proposal (drafted by US and a group of East Lansing clergy) called an "ecumenical coffeehouse." I'm not quite sure what an ecumenical coffeehouse is, but I'm sure it won't be used for some of the things that Bessey was. US was supposed to be getting a place of its own, where revolutions could be planned, buttons and bumperstickers sold, obscene poems read and exciting songs sung. I'll wager a tidy sum that none of those things will ever happen in the kind of place now being planned.

But the way, for those of you who might be interested, ASS-MOO is planning on making lots of money on the Supremes' concert; Dave remarked that ASMSU doesn't have 'any money for us right now, but theorraine people, of course, did."

The final US project is, of course, the "boycott." Jane Hunt, speaking carefully and quietly to the assembled Wonders residents and press people, announced that "the word boycott is very unfortunate sometimes." It seems that US has been working hard to build up the local merchants (something that ASMSU hasn't been able to do, souls of moderation that they are). Nobody wants a boycott or a strike; the merchants have been very nice and might even agree to lower their prices just on the strength of their friendship with US. Later, Lennie Laks, another prime mover in the price study, announced that

continued on page 10

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**Stage Right**

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**THE PAPER, East Lansing, Michigan, Week of February 6, 1966**
Char Jollès Meets

What began about two weeks ago to be a rationalized, emotionally restrained article on university reform has now become an open personal outcry—borne of the crushing realization that none of the dozen or so newly elected student commit-

tees on academic reform is going to do anything truly significant.

The essential problem with the committees that have been and still are being formed in administrative departments, colleges, student government and the Honors College is the state of mind characteristic of many of the committee members. This state of mind has often been defined idiomatically as ADS-Math-Dorm Crowd, a category that includes many bright, often brilliant, articulate, witty, preternaturally well-groomed, passionate academic goody-goodies.

They are a diligent, sincere group, and normally I would be optimistic about any project they undertake—except academic reform. In the first place, the projects are not enjoyable to most of them; they are hurting for applicants; the Academic Co-ordinating Committee of student government was organized in a spurt from Honors College, and was still recruiting publicly over two weeks after the first announcement in the State News. Secondly, the committees are innocuous—in three ways, no less: (1) the members are sincere, conscientious, and the likely result in ten sincere, responsible but rather passive mem-

bers for every dozen desperately concerned personally involved likely agitator, like me—who, by the way, was select-
ed for one of the two open positions on the Academic Committee of the Honors College; (2) the issues which will concern the academically concerned committees are, with the exception of the grading issue, unlikely to lead to radical changes or experimentation in testing, scheduling and evaluating, but will largely center on making academic life more convenient; (3) students who have been successful enough to be in Honors College are not likely to be the ones charged with the whole academic system. While those who are concerned enough to get on these committees believe undoubtedly in the value of continued evaluation and improvement of our colleges and honors colleges, none of them seems to believe fervently in the problem; none of them seems to be motivated by—forgive me—pain.

It undoubtedly seems free-kish that one who has been successful academically should complain about it. But there is little that's more painful to someone seriously intellectual by nature than to watch himself de-

stroyed intellectually in the following ways:

1. Loss of intrinsic motivation. This manifests itself most acutely during finals weeks, when every la-
tent tendency manifests itself most acutely. For example, I have often been left with this rather hysterical set of alternatives: cram all night and get an A on the test, or go to bed and get a C. After four years in high school and three years in col-

lege of doing the former, and now finding the latter increasingly positively humiliating, I generally don't go to the exam at all. (As a matter of fact, I have found one effective way to rebel against finals week is to refuse to participate in it. I was reprimanded with an F only one time; the professor has been indi-

rectly apologizing ever since, perhaps aware of the danger inherent in the infantile belief that effective way to rebel against finals week is to refuse to participate in it. I was reprimanded with an F only once; the professor has been indirect-

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JOHN SINCLAIR, whose arrest in Detroit January 24 for sale and possession of marijuana followed two previous convictions on the same charges, wrote the following poem last October. It was originally published in pamphlet form by the Artists’ Workshop Press, of which Sinclair is a director. — The Editors.

The Poem for Warner Stringfellow,

Detective Lieutenant, Detroit Narcotics Squad, who has been single-handedly responsible for busting me on two separate occasions for possessing & selling marijuana and who stumbled into my new apartment last night by accident over a year since the last time he saw me & two years to the day after he first busted me --

Warner you are living in another century, this new one started while you were running around in circles chasing dangerous criminals to keep the city safe from marijuana & people like me -- "I know what you are," you told me last night, "and when I get you again you ain't gittin off so easy, I'll DROWN you you worthless prick" you said.

But it won't be so easy "next time," Warner, if there is a next time, because this whole new thing is getting so far out of your clutches you don't even know what it is -- except you can sense it with what senses you have left, you know somehow that things ain't what they used to be, that this world is changing so fast you haven't even got a place in it no more.

Your old-time power & control have no place in this world, Warner, & as long as you keep trying to hang onto them you'll just get farther & farther behind until you die, Warner, until you're dead. Not too long ago, Warner, I would have given anything just to get my hands around your neck and choke you to death.

But that time is past, there's no need of it, you'll die anyway anything will, when it stops growing & there's no more need for it in the world --

There's no need for you now, Warner, tho it may take 20 years before you or the people you have made it your life to lie to find out your uselessness & criminality --

You can't make me a criminal, Warner, you should know that by now, & your prisons & courts don't scare me any more, I know what you are & I don't hate you any more, I won't let you trap me in that tiny little bag of yours, I won't respond the way you have to have me respond because it's too late for that now, Warner, it's just too dam late for those games, the whole fucking UNIVERSE is right there in front of our eyes & it's all I can do to stay open to it now while it's still "my" time.

Even the 6 months you got me in your prison, Warner, only made me stronger & less afraid of the puny fear traps that are your only tool -- what you gonna do, Lieutenant Stringfellow, when you have to try to arrest all the people younger than I am who smoke marijuana every day & don't even care about you at all, when you come to bust them all they'll do is laugh in your face, you're so funny, you come on like someone on your tv set, all that 1930's shit, or 1950's, the century changed at 1965, you're as out-of-date as the House Un-American Activities Committee who tried to scare the young cats in 1966 & these cats showed us wearing Revolutionary War costumes laughing at you -- it's 19 sixty-six, Warner, there is no thing to fear except your jails, & they'll fall soon they're fallen now, they don't mean anything any more & even if you kill us all off that's no big thing Warner, we just get born again more & more aware of what's really happening in the universe but it's too late to kill us all, you missed your chance in 1959, before the whole thing really started you've been playing that funny shit for 2000 years & all you've got is a gun & a badge & a house in a nice neighborhood & a car & a tv set & you can't even talk to your own kids they just don't wanna hear it, you send them to psychiatrists & they go over to somebody's house & smoke reefer & listen to the FUGS & John Coltrane & Sun Ra & don't even think about you until they have to go home & what a drag that is, Warner, going home to their atrophied parents who are dying in their living room chairs watching BATMAN on tv & dancing the frug with Jackie Kennedy in their dreams. What kind of life have you got, Warner, when you have to sit & think about me for over two years, & I'm 25 now, what're you gonna do with all these funny kids who are crazier than I am & don't care what you do, you ain't nothin to them, & in four years Warner, half the U.S., population will be under twenty-five years of age.

You're HOOKED, Warner Stringfellow, you're strung out you've shot so much of that dope in your head that shit Harry Anslinger & Hoover sold you but all it is is JUNK, Warner, & you can't keep selling people junk forever they get hip to you, they don't want any more of it they've had enough, they want something REAL, Warner, & you just ain't got it to give to them.

They don't care about titles no more, Warner, a lieutenant ain't nothing but a cop, & a cop ain't shit. They wanna see who WARNER STRINGFELLOW is, & what he does with himself, that badge & title ain't gonna fool nobody no more not like it has, they'll do like I do & call you by your given name, that's all any man needs, you won't get me Warner, even if you lock me up again, because you're the one who's trapped in all that Aristotelian bullshit, the world is not black & white, it's all colors Warner, all you need to do is open your God-given eyes and see it & I hope you do, you're a man too, all of us are, and every man is made to be free.
I love you like I do any natural-born man
but you got to BE a man, Warner, not a cop
you got to open yourself up or be
shut off completely
as you are now
from the world of human beings
Come on out of that jail, Warner,
let your criminals go, you've just trapped them
in your silly bag, & there's no need for those games,
we're all lonely & free Warner
we're all human beings, & nothing you can do
can ever change the universe
I get up to change the record, Erich Dolphy
OUT TO LUNCH, it's seven in the morning & the world
changes too, it moves farther
away from where you are, my wife turns over in bed
she's probably dreaming about you -- you put her in jail too,
Warner, but only overnight, & you took her man away
for six whole months -- we celebrated our 1st anniversary
while I was in your jail, & it only made us stronger
& more together man before--you see
how puny your bullshit punishments are, & And now
we'll bring our own baby into the world
& see what it can do for you, even tho you want to
wipe out its father
even before it's a born
& my wife feels sorry for you Warner,
just to show you what you're up against with us,
she really won't play your silly hate games--
that poor man, she says, he must spend all his time
thinking of how he'll get us--doesn't he have
anything better to do with his life?
And what can you do with her, Warner,
shoo her? Or lock her up? The problem is
what're you gonna do with yourself, Warner Stringfellow?
& what can you do with her, Warner,
anything better to do with his life?

Winter Concert
By CARL STENSEN
This Sunday, the MSU Orchestra,
under the direction of Dennis Burkh,
will present its winter concert.
This concert has been dedicated
to the opera "Italian in Algiers," by Rossini,
Passacaglia, op. 1 by Anton Webern,
and Charles Ives' second symphony.
Originally scheduled in place of the Rossini overture was Mozart's
serenade for four orchestras, K. 286.
The music for this, however,
was unavailable, and so the over­
ture had to be substituted.
I was rather disappointed at this, as it
has always been my (perhaps somewhat
shrewd) opinion that one of
the chief goals of a college musi­
cal organization should be the presen­
tation of good but lesser known pieces
of music which its audience might
otherwise never hear. The Mozart
serenade is such a piece, as are
all of the other things which the orchestra's
has played; but the Rossini
piece is not.
"Italian in Algiers" was written
by the author.
"Italian in Algiers" is greatly indebted to the
sacaglia is greatly indebted to the
inspiration of such a sweeping nature,
will notice that I haven't discussed
the Rossini overture until now.
I might try to get away by saying
that Ives was born in 1874, the same
year as Schoenberg. I then turned
my attention to the Rossini overture.
I've been following any significant jour­
nalist criterion, but rather because
I've been procrastinating. After all,
that I can't get away with that.
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There hasn't been a real movie column here for about two months now, part of which is my fault and part of which isn't. This is an inadequate try catching up.

To clean the slate, I'll announce that I will NOT review the following films (any of which you can ask me about personally, if you're interested): "10:30 PM Summer," "The Professionals," "Little Peter," "East of Eden," "Rebel Without a Cause," and "Gambit."

As for plays: I did NOT see "Half a Sixpence" (which I regret) or "Gen­en", and a girl are making out. Then 1 VERY MUCH:

I ALSO: really really:

To clean the slate, I'll announce that I will NOT review the following

But it isn't so simple as that, "Don't nobody help you in this life," Alfie says glibly that, after all, people should help each other. Looking at the camera, as much as I know what we're all here for, isn't it? You feel a little chill.

What upsets the man is, essentially, the truth. Alfie is too giggly-flippant-jokey and not serious enough.

The sentimental side is of course too In-Group-In-Joke-elite-oriented-iSH.

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By this time I was forecasting a moderately-good probability of disaster. Alfie gets back in the car and drives off; ordinary voice-over narration picks up. The next scene, outside a theater, is no great improvement: (with a long-too-cute a-aside), but for the next ten minutes or so there are only a few asides, mixed with straight dramatic scenes and regular narration, and gradually your resistance weakens. Finally you give in and accept the asides, the narration, and all as an integral part of an artistic design.

This is crucial, because having an actor talk to you from the screen in unexpected, disconcerting; it makes you uneasy, like being accosted by a stranger on a city street. Paul Goddard

He DOES "use people." While he says glibly that, after all, people should help each other. Looking at the camera, as much as I know what we're all here for, isn't it? You feel a little chill.

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The sentimental side is of course too In-Group-In-Joke-elite-oriented-iSH.
A Last Dispatch

From Jim Thomas

THE ROCKPILE, Nov 29, 1966

Dear Mike and Larry,

This is encouraging me because it is a reflection rather than a preaching.

To an Unborn Pauper Child

By lamplight in some sodden bunker

When questions of rectitude rest with your father,

of wrongs committed not against your conscience

You may see what a grim business it is, my son,

By lamplight in some sodden bunker

When to love

THE ROCKPILE, November 29, 1966

I didn't know what to do with Jim Thomas's last letter when we got it, because it seemed to need a context to be effective. Recently I found Bernard Fall's description of the place where the letter was written. The relevant excerpt is reprinted below, along with Jim's letter. I think it gives you the situation.

LAURENCE TATE

To an Unborn Pauper Child

When questions of rectitude rest with your father,

of wrongs committed not against your conscience

You may see what a grim business it is, my son,

By lamplight in some sodden bunker

When to love
tion of subject matter, colleges, faculty, administration or educational practices that may be necessary to accomplish a particular goal. And it also suggests that "undergraduate education is NOT GOING TO BE IMPROVED simply by the usual course offerings and traditional patterns of teaching and evaluation, (his emphasis). Dr. Neville considers "traditional?" The teacher-student, teaching-and-learning relationship as far as the university is concerned, the student's right to choose, so to speak, the 'in-charge' of his accumulated learning. They would consist of glorified 'thought laboratories,' to evaluate, after all, the student's ability to think critically.

EDUCATION FOR THE NONACADEMIC

A public lecture system, with the opportunity for seminars, would provide the "exposure" to higher things that is the ideal of democratic education, without demanding that the nonacademic, nonprofessionally-oriented student define vocational incentives.

THE EXPLOSION OF KNOWLEDGE

Neville asks, "What is worth teaching?" implying that he realizes that with the "explosion" of knowledge. His question is, of course, a legitimate one; but my feeling is that what is worth teaching is what people want to learn, whatever they may know or whatever changes they, whatever makes them better. The simplest facilities should exist at every university to allow such a "boycott" was 'a very dangerous word used in the当作 (which has been lifted from the programmatic units -- i.e., into small colleges that have a generally defined curriculum, and also into the instructional relations, like, into seminar units, for example, College 2; science; College 3; social science). With a pointed out that decentralizing into small programmatic units of education might be considered "but not inhibit" -- and teachers want to be, and should be integrated into the departments of their concerns." If this is the major drawback to the residential college I think that almost one, or at least one that could be easily overcome, given some thought.

If I prove Neville and his Committee on Undergraduate Education wish to "improve greatly" understandings, within the larger administration. How is the mean size determined? It must be small enough for face-to-face relations; to insure frequent meetings of faculty and the college teachers, and conversation and combination -- particularly significant is the emphasis on seminars and tutorials, rather than a structure; the consensus among most educators today is that decentralizing the university into small residential colleges is the dreadfully expensive but necessary alternative.

Oddly enough, they agree with Paul Goodman, who writes: "Since persons are lost in the sheer quantity, diversity and massiveness of the universities, especially during the present period of expansion and excessive nobility, critics propose tidying up smaller Colleges, relatively self-contained and self-administering, within the larger administration. How is the mean size determined? It must be small enough for face-to-face relations; to insure frequent meetings of faculty and the college teachers, and conversation and combination -- particularly significant is the emphasis on seminars and tutorials, rather than a structure; the consensus among most educators today is that decentralizing the university into small residential colleges is the dreadfully expensive but necessary alternative.

What is the future of the Justin Morrill model? Basically, the Justin Morrill model is quick to point out that its most liberating context is the large university. The larger community must always be available to insure maximum flexibility of programs, and to keep open to the academically uncommitted student as many alternatives as possible.

The Justin Morrill model also suggests that the Justin Morrill model is its tendency to take teachers away from their departments and make them do research or work on announced topics, supplemented by library and laboratory study. The new residential college students who are interested in a particular subject could approach the school directly; to attend seminars or perhaps seminars, (Criteria would have to be established to determine who attends the seminars; with a public lecture system to replace courses and create an empty middle ground could still be sterilized; imagine, being selected for a course for some reason other than having a degree, unauthentic, dolorous grade-point!)

The principle objection to the public lecture system undoubtedly comes from the idea of "loss of control." To maintain that students are, in fact, "in-charge" of their accumulated learning. This principle is that, for many years, the real idea of the student as an equal participant in his education is not going to be the case.

The method of evaluation, is that we have comprehensive examinations, pedagogical in nature, administered at reasonable intervals. (These would not test how much you know, but what you have done with what you know. I know what the Justin Morrill model is quick to point out that its most liberating context is the large university. The larger community must always be available to insure maximum flexibility of programs, and to keep open to the academically uncommitted student as many alternatives as possible.)

The Justin Morrill model, which the student could lend meaning to his accumulated learning. They would consist of glorified 'thought laboratories,' to evaluate, after all, the student's ability to think critically.

If education is not to become more training of experts --a task easily and often accomplished and often associated by technological devices--then any structure which permits the combination of education and research, master-disciple, human being-human being contact deserves immediate trial here. Justin Morrill is its tendency to take teachers away from their departments and make them do research or work on announced topics, supplemented by library and laboratory study. The new residential college students who are interested in a particular subject could approach the school directly; to attend seminars or perhaps seminars, (Criteria would have to be established to determine who attends the seminars; with a public lecture system to replace courses and create an empty middle ground could still be sterilized; imagine, being selected for a course for some reason other than having a degree, unauthentic, dolorous grade-point!)

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The Justin Morrill model, which the student could lend meaning to his accumulated learning. They would consist of glorified 'thought laboratories,' to evaluate, after all, the student's ability to think critically.
The Rational Observer:

Cop-out of the Week: THE PAPER institutes a news-in-review column made of awards, departments, and other funny things to avoid having to report all the news that's fit to print. Dale Walker and Brad Lang take over the column's editorship, and the original idea -- sublime in theory -- plummets to ridiculousness in practice.

... Too beautiful to spoil by giving an award: San Francisco underground types, driven to distraction by police harrassment, have organized "Non-Violent Counteroffensive Number One/67." The morning after a particularly distressing example of police brutality, posters appeared all over the Haight-Assbury district. They read: What would be the result if all these kids added their WATER PISTOLS to SQUIRT the COPS in the lower abdomen, whenever they get out of their cars? (A water pistol costs as little as 19c.) Do you know any little kids? Can a little kid shoot a fly at ten paces? Kids DIFF water pistols. Cops dislike wet pants. If you were a cop, would you get out a fly at ten paces? (A water pistol costs as little as 19c.) Do you know any little kids? Can a little kid shoot a fly at ten paces? Kids DIFF water pistols. Cops dislike wet pants. If you were a cop, would you get out of your car to get squirted? (A water pistol costs as little as 19c.)

That afternoon local merchants began distributing free water pistols.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ATROCITIES DEPARTMENT:

Bender, University Award, or, Secular Religious Proposal of the Week: "Attendance at the informal 'The eight dormitory newspapers have been given a grant of $1000 a year by the State News. Corollary Where Does It Fit In? additional sub-Department: According to Wilson Hall Happenings, "the distribution of this money is currently being discussed with Dr. Eldon R. Nonnamaker, Associate Dean of Students, who is expected to make a decision in the next few weeks,"

The first mighty shot in the MSU Cultural Revolution was recently fired by MHA and WIC, who have banded together so that their movie program may provide, among other things, "better titles." The first movie in the series was "Captain Newman, M.D.," and admission was raised from 10c to 25c.

MORE ABOUT CALIFORNIA POLICE DEPARTMENT:

Justice For All In the Land of the Free Purple Heart Citation: to the San Francisco Police Department, for the recent arrest of a young married couple on a charge of embracing too vigorously in front of the neighborhood grocer. We also award Second Prize in the Universal Creative Protest Contest to the people who organized a Kiss-In in front of the jail to protest the arrests. We see this action as the second-to-the-last in an obvious progression of public protest demonstrations toward the ultimate protest against man's inhumanity to man. The First Prize is still available.

THE PAPER'S News of The Week

Division of General Motors is a given fact, you and give you and. Here's what you give, Yourself, Your energies and ambition, Your talent and time, Your ideas and abilities, All that are you all that you want to be.

The So You've Been Wondering, Too Award: To the First Presbyter- ian Church, whose sermon last Sunday was entitled "IF GOD IS DEAD WHY PRAY?"

Save Your Sol Department, I'll Follow The Sun Also Rises In The East Award: To the sponsors of the KEEP MICHIGAN ON STANDARD TIME campaign (now being waged in your own neighborhood movie theater) who are fighting both tooth and nail to keep the state from running over natural time. Evidently, there is a strong Druidic lobby, since supporters of the move- ment claim it will "disrupt religious practices," among other things. (Pop down and see their ad -- the sun is the star of the show.)

The Great Loco Motive Chase Makes Waste Department, Late Bloomers Division is filled this week with Jim Graham, who called the other day requesting favorable publicity for his long awaited (rarely and time) decision to at last organise his opposition to the war in Vietnam. THE PAPER, as requested, does not wish to embarrass Mr. Graham by mentioning the fact that he spent student money for a trip to a student leaders conference in Washington to announce that opinion.

A Special Award for Void Management: To the State News' Outlook column, Entropy is a draf.
Beyond Gold and Evil
continued from page 3

Let's go back to civil rights for a moment. Those television newscasts of those days were filled with the idea that every time young people went out to march, many more inevitably stayed at home with vague unease that they were especially those young enough not to have formed values. Well, Hunter and Brinkley were right, in a way. Berkeley and Oakland were black and white, and a lot more faith has been lost.

But you say? Yessir, I've been oversimplified, you say! Dying is simple. It really doesn't take much sensitivity to be a survivor. Ask Stokely Carmichael to say, in a different style, that he's in a different situation, that he's halfway sensible, in his way, Allee is more mayor than the guy in the Simen and Garfunkel song. Maybe, Am I Right, Rock, who says, "I'll never loved I never would have cried." Of COURSE, it's sick, but there are times in all our lives when being a rock begins to look precious attractive, somehow, besides, Alfie is fun and probably gets more of us out of life than most of our superior types do.

Dissonance is also becoming more, could I say ecumenical? "The time has come for a Peace Poem, a Pipe, A Gathering of the Tribes both political and psychedelic on Saturday January 14, Berkeley political activists and San Francisco's hippies have agreed to join in a love feast that will run a long talk, a reflection of on the edge of parody, a mechanism remaining between us. What these two radical groups have in common is that, as variables, both are engaged in moving out from under the shadow of the Establishment into the sun of freedom."

In the next scene he's decided to "settle down" with a middle-aged woman he likes for her unsentimental nature, for the way she too is careful not to get attached. To show his affection he brings her the first thing she wants: the abortion.

Sure, it's not incredible that people are taking this thing seriously, but it's depressing as hell.

MOVIES
continued from page 8

KNOW that love is the greatest thing since sliced bread, but as I said to start with--this isn't basically how the film works. We are involved enough with his problem to realize that he lives by at least a partial truth; compared with a girl who whines and incessantly asks him for money, he seems halfway sensible, in his way, Allee is like the guy in the Simen and Garfunkel song. Maybe, Am I Right, who says, "I'll never loved I never would have cried." Of COURSE, it's sick, but there are times in all our lives when being a rock begins to look precious attractive, somehow, besides, Alfie is fun and probably gets more of us out of life than most of our superior types do.

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MADEMISELLE

This is not nearly as bad as everybody's going to tell you it is. Since the script is by Jean Genet, you know what to expect already: 1) it deals with a fairly exotic kind of perversion; and 2) it deals with it in such a fascinating, adolescent, but genuinely poetic way.

The film concerns a spinster (Jeanne Moreau) who expresses her frustrated desire for a handsome woman (what I mean by "handsome" is not what you might think). She says, "I ain't got my peace of mind, and without that you ain't got nothing."

He looks at us and says, "What's it all about?" then with a little shrug adds, "Nothing much."

Bet your life, kid. WE KNOW.

I (should add anticlimactically) that I liked the film.

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This is probably the first time we've really met."

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Urban Renewal

continued from page 1

leave their houses and enjoy the outdoors. Neighbors speak to neighbors, even talk about the weather, just for once, has substance.

Work is shared. We all cooperate, since none of us are specialists. Even the police are helping out, instead of prowling the streets in search of money and respect. Today, in the brotherhood of car-pushers and snow-shovelers, we are one.

With the fatigue covered up the city seems almost old-fashioned enough to be composed of wood and dirt. Straight lined, square buildings and right angles have been bent and softened in the redecoration. The drifts, paths and piles of snow are monuments to the unconscious art of man and the natural beauty he has destroyed with his order.

There is a lesson here which should be obvious. Man has not made a better world for himself, he has failed at this most important task, and Nature, without trying, can beat him at his own game.

The “Progress” of the last twenty years has not been progress at all. We are making a faster world, a more orderly world, a more complex and scientific world, but not a more livable one. We are meeting more easily the needs of production, the needs of government and science, but not the needs of human beings. That a snowfall can so enhance our lives for a day makes this evident.

The world of twentieth Century America is advancing, but in what direction? We have a million labor-saving devices, but living is more complicated than ever (and unmanageable for many). We have better ways of “defending” ourselves than ever before, yet life seems more endangered than at any time in history. In the face of staggering material advancement, we are still unhappier.

Though our scientific, technological and economic advances have been remarkable, they have not been followed by comparable moral and spiritual progress.

Clearly the failing is not that we are unequal to the task; it is that we have not tried, consistently we have developed tools of great power and then misused them. We have misplaced our efforts and washed our values. The consequences should not seem surprising.

Americans have traditionally possessed an extraordinary faith in their systems and institutions. Our Way of life is right and it is also new and needs no further justification. Our society is so constituted that the good theoretically rises above the evil—in our factories, our laboratories and our legislatures—and no concern over the human consequences of these things is considered necessary.

This is our faith—our way out of perplexing issues. It is our knack for moral escapism. Unfortunately, this faith has not been justified, and the consequences of our apathy are rolling in. Our patriotic nihilism (“No evil exists in America”) is crumbling rapidly. Our old “God is not in his heaven (he has truly died or dropped out) and all is not well with the world, we have long since progressed to other gods, and it is these false faiths which have let us down.

THREE MODERN GODS THAT FAILED

THE BUSINESS GOD: We believe that capitalism and the free enterprise system functioning freely will inevitably lead us to a better world. The Business God is theoretically infallible. Though his main concern is money (the misplaced values), he must serve the interests of the people to earn this money. What is needed will be manufactured, distributed and bought. What is bad for us will never come into existence (or into the marketplace). The Good will be rewarded with Profits, and the Evil will be punished with Bankruptcy. This religion includes as objects of worship: the Budget, the Economy and the Gross National Product. The priests are called Consumers.

Moral Escapism: Through this false faith, we have assured ourselves that, if a man follows his wallet, he will be guided down the path of public service, though he walks backwards. Moral and humanistic concern is resisted in this enterprise. It is called Bad Business.

THE GOVERNMENT GOD: We believe that democracy and the Two Party System functioning freely will lead us to a better world. Our Government God is theoretically infallible. Though his real desire is for power (the misplaced values), he must serve the interests of the people to gain and hold this power. What the people need will be drafted, debated and endorsed. What is bad for us will die in committee. The Good will be rewarded with Election, the Bad with Defeat. Objects of worship: The System and the politicians themselves. The priests are called Good Citizens, Moral Escapism: We believe that those who seek power (for whatever amoral or selfish reasons) will ultimately be forced to serve the public interest, or their power will disappear. Moral and ethical concern need not be a part of them (and certainly not expected), it is Poor Politics.

THE SCIENCE GOD: We believe religiously that the pursuit of knowledge will lead us finally to Truth and then to a better world. The more we know, the greater our control over the environment, and the harder our enemies will fall. What we learn will be good for us. There is no evil in the game, because Truth is good. The Good are rewarded with tenure, grants, prizes and contracts. The Bad go unnoticed, Objects of worship: the white lab coat, the journals, the Wisdom and the Truth. The priests are called Scientists.

Moral Escapism: We do not ask moral or ethical concern of the Scientist since they are unqualified. Likewise, the priests in their quest for Truth must be left free. To ask otherwise is Unscientific.

These have been our Three Great Faiths, and our failings are obvious. We thought, were implicit, What will sell is Good, What the politicians can sell us is also Right. And course, what is True is also Good for us. Though these things are not equated. Good follows from them, for that is the nature of the universe and the advantage of our institutions. This canons, of course, be always true, and we now have learned the hard way what should have been obvious. Science, business and government contain their own values, and these, as long as we permit, are not humanistic ones. The pursuit of profit, the quest for power, and the search for knowledge (which is an end of power) soon become ends in themselves. They are then pursued as worthily as themselves, and the consequences are ignored. Since the systems are naturally NOT infallible, it becomes possible to reach these short-term goals (wealth, election, prestige, etc.) without achieving the longer-term goals (real progress and a better world). The systems can be short-circuited, Loopholes can be found. The moral homeostasis is lost.

We are now losing our faith, and should be. Our gods are not dead, but they are dying, and the symptoms are everywhere.

BUSINESS: Ralph Nader has shown us, General Motors does not care about us. We have all lost faith. But the goal of the game promised the least bloodshed, and we chose the alternative. We chose the alternative which promised the least bloodshed, and then, loophole of all loopholes, we were SOLD on this, the American people were presented an elaborate series of fair accomplishments and then taught to accept them by the best political P.R. man in the country. When public opinion, instead of governmental policy, becomes the dependent variable in the democratic formula, the system has been beaten. Lyndon Johnson stands as living disproof of the perfect selectivity of our system. The War invalidates its checks and balances. We have all lost faith, but the goal of politics is power, and we should have known all along that what is good for us and what we can force is not the same.

SCIENCE: Knowledge is power, and power in itself is neither Good nor Evil. Faith in science can never be absolute as long as man is fallible. Until substantial human progress is made it appears that every advance
Urban...

puts us in greater danger. Our fantastic technology has produced a society apparently less suited for men than for machines.

We have beaten many of our old enemies with our ingenuity, and we have invented others. Our medicines become diseases in themselves. Our machines kill us and replace us.

Psychology is used to resist change—to persuade, sell and propagandize us. Feeding knowledge and new means into our power structure has only made us less free, less safe and less powerful as individuals. And, in the face of this, science has declared itself morally not responsible for its results.

The point I am making must be clear. If we are concerned with human values and the creation of a legitimately better world, we must have these things as our REAL motives. No System, no faith, can assure us that politicians, scientists and businessmen seeking power, knowledge and financial gain will serve OUR needs. Where values are misplaced, loopholes will always be found and our ends will be lost in the struggle which we call the means. It is just such short-circuiting of the machinery for improvement which has left us wondering how we can be so miserable in the face of such fantastic scientific, legal and economic progress.

These issues are not as abstract as they may seem. The future will abound with conflicts where the needs of institutions go against the needs of men. We must learn to see these things and respond.

If we are to make a better world for ourselves, we must disclaim all belief in the inevitablity of progress, and we must ask of those in power that they TRY. We must ask of them that they act counter to THEIR values—that they forget at times what is Good Business, what is Scientific, and what is Good Politics and what is humane and morally superior. Someone must begin to lobby for the people.

Until our efforts are properly directed and humanitarian values find their place in the modern world, we will continue to be embarrassed by our failures.

Pray for snow.

Woman's Work

Big League Lisa,
What a broad!
She struts on unknowing streets
Obviously feeling
(No one cares for her)
(No one sees her waltzing
(to yet-unimagined dirges)
JUDY LONGLEY

Unconscious Stream

Unwed ebon moonlight
Of caressing текстуredness
Lights two sadnesses
Hostile child of depths
In madness sweetly wonders
Why he has such wrath
Sweet malice-sadness
Sees round corners of despair
Into remembrance
Totaled by danger
Destructed, deconstructed
Apart from my self
Melting to unconscious wanderings
Involuntary scribblings and scrawlings
Through mindless convolutions
Quiet minds broken
battered in Environment

JANGS

1
"What just
YOU are able to DO,
Baby,
is RESONATE!
YOU know,
Reflect
ImpLOsively!"

2
How he laughed
When I cited my loving,
And he's not a laughing man,

"Instead,
They have a FIRE hydrant in their LIVING room!"

4
"You KNOW I can't go THERE!
I can't go HOME!"

5
Something "KEEPING IN SHAPE!" sprinted past,

"He was like a TIDE going out for GOOD, Baby,
And YOU'RE sitting here MOONING over him."

7
"There's no TRYING to love you ABOUT it!"

8
"howdja come out in MATH last term?"
"ahh, Not That Well, how 'bout Yourself?"
"Much The Same, Much The Same."

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"Much The Same, Much The Same."

J. A. McGEE
Cross Word Puzzle

This ersatz proto-poem contains a large number of allusions. Some of them are far more obscure than others and are cleverly designed to resist detection by all but the most astute of individuals. THE PAPER challenges its readers to track down as many of them as possible and send them to us for validation by the author. Some kind of groovy prize will go to the genius who does the best job. Answers next week.

Hack-work Eight Miles High

What is better? To write in verse of freedom; to remind oneself of a silver sky-ship (not a bird or a plane or even what's his name) flying high and low with the speed of imagination, the formless form of an idea?

Or would you prefer to write and talk of a small child's kite, merely for the sake of a form; rhyme, scan, adhere to the norm. It seems to me that one way is unfettered and free and says something, but the other is beauty without thought. Perhaps thought and beauty are mutually exclusive?

I only said perhaps, soul brothers. Unfortunately even the complexity of our tongue sometimes leaves much to be desired. In order to make it fit, something must go. Besides, what rhymes with ectoplasm (which is a nice word) and means the ethereal beauty of a Dee Ann?

VICTOR ST JOHN

Government Patterns

tomorrow came
one day late
and

yesterday was early by two hours
time screamed in the hollow emptiness of limbo
the self inflicted agony of loss impinged the tortured mind

colorfully upon the dead ceiling
with
dull patterns hung from ethereal gallows

the noose hung the hangman
and

the trap dropped on two-legged rats
stealing
constitutinal cheese with grimy

iron-grip paws

DAVID HEAL
Dear PAPER Reader:

Back at Eberhard's, our secret reporter may have discovered just how the Big E does make a profit. They were recently observed to have charged 8 cents tax on a 99-cent purchase.

Over-taxing is vogue nowadays, as borne out by Michigan's own sales tax system. Consider that while we are cajoled into believing that there is a 4 per cent sales tax here actually that is a deceptive figure. For example, when you buy a 53-cent item you pay 3-cent tax which is a 5.45 per cent tax and when you buy a 13-cent item and pay 1-cent tax that is a 7.69 per cent rate.

Even in New York City where the established rate is 5 per cent there is no tax on certain necessities such as food, which some tax systems are fairer than others. An example is New Hampshire's lottery. The revenues from that and of legalized bottling provide that state with excellent schools, etc., without a breath about personal income tax. What is so ironic is that a lottery could also bail Michigan out of some of its financial straits without not harming one of our more Pharisaical citizens.

What is so ironic is that a lottery could also bail Michigan out of some of its financial straits without not harming one of our more Pharisaical citizens.

Hello again, scuzzy cooks! This week's featured food is that bland and somewhat righteous staple, rice. Rice is yummy, versatile and cheap. It can be used as the base of a meal, served as a side dish, or employed in other ingenious ways. Rice, in short, is a groove.

And, it's simple to prepare. Just follow the directions on the box or bag of converted rice. But be sure it's the easy quick-cooking kind you buy. And when I say follow the directions, mean to the letter—precisely. By the way, if they say 'fluff' the rice, I simply stir it gently with a fork when it's finished cooking. Also, just about all brands of rice are just the same, after cooking, so buy the cheapest. I'm told, however, that there's a new brand out aimed straight at the political hippo—Uncle Ho's Converted Rice ("A Marxism in Every Mor­sel").

This week's recipes include one casserole-type dish, two souces to pour over rice, a sou sou (using rice), and a spectacularly impressive Rice-Almond stuffing for chicken.

The first dish is a version of this one is derived in a staple breakfast treat in western England, and made with milk and rice. The scuzzy version is much simpler and less pretentious. Take two cups of cooked rice and mix as you mix one cup of undiluted cream of celery soup with one can of flaked, drained tuna, add salt, pepper, and a handful of parsley. If possible, also add a chopped hardboiled egg. When this mixture is thoroughly heated, fold in the rice and serve, serves four to six.

Next come the sauces, both calibrated for about two cups of cooked rice. The first, modestly entitled Simperring Simple Silestone Sauce, is indeed child's play to make. Take one of those small-twentfive-cent cans of mushroom steak sauce and mix it with a can of cream of mushroom, and a beaten egg. Add a pinch of rosemary, salt and pepper, a handful of grated cheese, preferably Parmesan. Cook until bubbly, then serve.

The second is so simple it's un­stitled. Just take a can of chin boll soup, undiluted, add a chopped green pepper, and heat, adding plenty of red pepper and salt.

Next comes the recipe for Absolu­tely Superb Chicken Rice Soup. This is a morning-after dish, canned hav­ing saved the broth and picked the bones to save morsels of succulent meat. Cook the rice separately, is a morning-after dish, cannily hav­ing saved the broth and picked the bones to save morsels of succulent meat. Cook the rice separately, then add the broth. Add a can of tomato paste and a quarter cup canned corn. Season with a good pinch of rosemary. Add a liberal if not left sprinkling of salt and pepper. Serve for an hour or so, stirring occasionally.

This issue stems in part to receive. This issue stems in part to receive.

The integral cotton candy Emily Dickinson compatibility award, ex­ pressed division: to the university min­ tor who said, "It's really nice to work over in Van Hoosen during break. They leave their beer right in the refrigerator."
Individualism Or
To the Editor:
Paul Goodman said it: "MSU is a nursery school." Does that bother you? Is a nursery school bad? Isn't the whole American capitalistic-fashioned system a nursery school? And is that bad?

Before you rise up red in the face, pick a button on your for wear and scream for a social change, you might wish to have in mind your ultimate goal, is it that you would like to see a society of free, creative, individual thinkers? First, what is a society, what holds it together? Free thought? Last, what is free, creative thought? What is individualism, something you try to get by instituting social change? What's your slogan, "Come on, group, let's get together and be hypocrites." Can be a fun game, as long as the game doesn't play you. That, would make you the game, wouldn't it?

Playfully yours,
Dexter Hamlin

To the Editor:
Your country has been counting armaments and poison gas as part of her gross national products. They are a total loss if not used, and far more than that.
The country which cannot tell an asset from a liability destroys her credit, as we have.
Margaret Rutcher
Chesnut Lodge Rockville, Md.

To the Editor:
How about running a memorial for the people Jim Thomas killed? They had a choice,
Stuart Dowty

Dear Miss Creamcheese,
A student in my Anthropology class, strikingly attractive in appearance, has been performing rather poorly. After two quizzes in which she received straight D's, she suggested that closer contact with her instructor, indeed, an intimate relationship with him, might improve her grades. Of course, I want to give everyone a chance to improve his (or her) grades; and I do believe in closer relations between faculty and students. Besides, who knows whether there is not something to hypnopaedia. Anyway, my student and I then did in fact cultivate a very satisfying inti-

macy. Yet, to her surprise as well as to mine, the quality of her acade-

mic work has not improved a bit.

The whole world is populated with a whole shatetree of hopheads and escapees. We live in a dream world mortally concerned over the fate of some South Vietnamese or some black Alabama or of three insignificant instructors, with whom, might improve her grades.

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Grading: Close

Dear PAPER:

You can't very easily close it to doing it in here editorial on grading (Jan. 23). Closer than my colleagues in the four grading must be established the State News, but you backed off too soon.

The very important thing about grading is NOT that our grading methods are invalid, that grades do not have evidence that if we support our- mean. Nor is it that our methods lack precision (of the sort that could be attained by adding pluses and minuses). Nor that grades are used capriciously and sometimes brutal-

No, not any of these. The important thing is that grades are a positive deterrent to learning. The reason is that grades themselves, rather than being anything that would be defined, Most requests for such information come from employers, from placement or from the State University, I doubt whether the campus police or law enforcement agencies off campus feel that they are in any way covered by those provisions. In regard to the campus police, at least, the easiest solution to these problems would be to contact the police. The State Police or the Ann Arbor police force. It should be noted that the development of the relationship with the sheriff's department is a recent development in the history of this institution.

I would be happy to meet with you or your committee to discuss the questions that either you or I might have over the past few years that lead me to make these recommendations,

Bob Repas
Associate Professor

[Editor's Note: Mr. Repas has received no reply to the above letter. The committee's report, as recently revised (not in accordance with the suggestions above), is now close to final passage.]

Movies

continued from page 2

quite seriously.

This is Tony Richardson's best directing job, technically speaking. Then none of the usual tricks are in his cut-and-paste haphazardness that has characterized his recent films. The movie's story is one of horror, black, dark, hellish world played in evil and obscurity. Which is the idea.

SECONDS

You probably didn't go see "Seconds" and it's not likely to be brought back to theaters. Personally, I probably tell you the plot before I go any farther.

Briefly, a middle-aged executive trapped in a life of quiet desperation is contacted by a mysterious organization that offers to arrange his "death" and "rebirth," with new fingerprints, a new voice, a new name, a new profession -- a new life, it seems. He accepts, and we are shown the strange and sinister organization that has been hired by a young man (now played by Rock Hudson) and set up as an artist in a bar. The man's life is carefully controlled by the organization; a woman he meets begins to love him, but the organization demands that he remain with them. Or else.

For all the appearance of a new life, things haven't changed; he goes back to see his wife, eating as a friend of her late husband, to try and find out what went wrong. What she finds is too much, and he himself is driven mad. Ultimately, we've seen: he spent his life getting what he thought he wanted. The usual teen-rock-surf formula in "The Endless Summer" is worthless as the old ones.

THE ENDLESS SUMMER

"The Endless Summer" owes its considerable success (financial) to its having been released as an "art" film, or at least a film of respectable artistic intentions. The people who have reviewed it (and most people who have reviewed it are people like the author of this review) are likely to have seen its direct forerunners, like "Ride the Wild Surf". This is the story of two surfers (with Bobby Vinton, I, on the other hand, an usual teen-rock-surf formula is to have Fabian sing a song, then cut to surfing, have Fabian kiss Ann-Margret, then cut to surfing, have gouge Vinton hit a bully, then cut to surfing, etc. You get the idea. If you go on this way for 80 or 90 minutes you've got a movie. The formula in "The Endless Summer" is to follow two surfers around the world. As it works out, they talk to the natives, then surf, get a ride to the next place, etc., until they reach a desolate, color local, then surf -- etc.

One wave looks pretty much like another and the "perfect wave" the narrator makes so much of is in film terms actually a rather dull scene for the perfect bowling alley, the narration in general is heavy and soporific, rather than thrilling, I'm sure that the usual sequence of things that usually accompanies somebody's home movies."

Student Rights and Response Abilities

When your committee was appointed to draft the Student Rights and Response Abilities, we noted the draft of its work dated prior to November, 1966, I am greatly impressed with the high quality and scope of the latest document prepared by your committee.

It is true that many of us are not the same in regard to the campus police and other law enforcement agencies. Some of the problems that arise in this regard are:

1) What protection do students living on campus have against police practices that would be illegal off campus? and seizure if they lived off campus?
2) What protection do students have against the practice of campus police and other law enforcement agencies of keeping them on file and then turning them over to other law enforcement agencies?
3) What protection do students have against the taking of their pictures on campus by either law enforcement agencies or private persons?
4) What protection should guide these students who are asked by law enforcement agencies to serve as informers or agents of law enforcement agencies of other students?
5) What protection or redress should students have against the administration of either public or privately use what are alleged to be improper disclosures of information concerning the politics of students?
6) What protection should guide these students who are asked to serve as informers or agents of law enforcement agencies of the politics of other students.

Although pages 11-12 deal with the University of Michigan, I doubt whether the campus police or law enforcement agencies off campus feel that they are in any way covered by those provisions. In regard to the campus police, at least, the easiest solution to these problems would be to contact the police.
collage
by
gary
roelofs