

THE ^{white} PAPER

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Larry Fritz/lan

Urban Renewal or, How Twenty-Four Inches of Snow Made a Better Place of East Lansing

By DALE WALKER

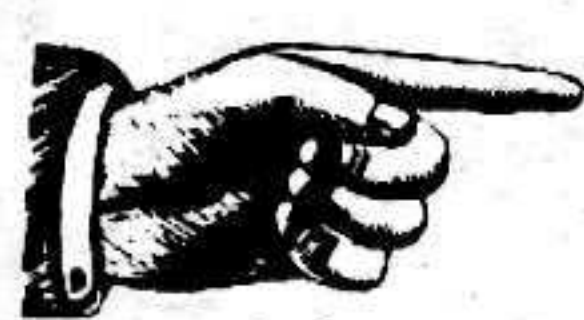
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Nature has accomplished with two feet of snow what God, Science, City Hall and the Free Enterprise System have been unable to do for decades. East Lansing is suddenly a better place to live. People seem freer and happier, and a sense of community has 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 Goodmanish "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

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EDITORIALS

Draft SDS, Not Beer

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

Several weeks after 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 formulation of the union it had been discussing, and began circulating a pledge to be signed by the union's "members" and another to be signed by girlfriends and other supporters of the members. This good 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 news of a pledge circulating does not really satisfy us. It strikes us as simply an extension of the incestuous 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' small membership here to in-fight and to persist in testing itself on the degree and congenity 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 intention 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 and much too entrenched in "The System" that wages wars to be hurt by a small, self-consciously radical protest, and, isolated, the protestors stand to be hurt more than their protest is worth.

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 it, in the way that will have the biggest impact on the Selective Service people. The point, theoretically, is to win people over to opposing the draft, which shouldn't be too difficult considering how many oppose the war in one way or another (see Eric Peterson's article, p. 3 this issue). The point is NOT to show the strength of SDS' faith in its politics, although some members seem intent on doing only this.

MSU SDS, already dangerously ahead of the national SDS timetable if it expects to be successful with its union, would do very well to concentrate its efforts on its current plans to reach high school students and young workers, as well as larger number of college students; it must remember that many people have not had the chance to think through issues of personally relevant politics such as the draft. The very valuable concept on which SDS has grown nationally is the introduction to the people of the politics by which they are ruled. The attempt should be primarily to gain the widest possible support for, even if not participation in, the union.

Meanwhile, more or less appropos of the above, we offer the following

THE PAPER

THE PAPER is published weekly during regular school terms by students of Michigan State University and a bunch of their off-campus friends. It is intended as a channel for expression and communication of those ideas, events, and creative impulses which make of the university community a fertile ground for the growth of human learning. THE PAPER hopes to help the university strive toward 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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FOLLOWING ARE THE TEXTS OF SDS' DUAL ANTI-DRAFT PLEDGES. INTERESTED READERS ARE INVITED TO SIGN AND CLIP THEM AND SEND THEM TO SDS (c/o THE PAPER, Box 367, East Lansing) FOR INCLUSION IN THE MAIN PETITION.

We, the undersigned, are young Americans of draft age opposed to United States intervention in Vietnam.

We hereby form an anti-draft union and declare our intention to:

1. refused to fight against the people of Vietnam;
2. refuse to be inducted into the armed forces of the United States;
3. resist the draft;
4. aid and encourage others to do the same.

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.

article reprinted from New Left Notes, SDS' internal newspaper, as an insight on the new left. It was prepared not by national SDS but by SDS' Radical Education Project, the Ann Arbor-based intellectual critics of the national organization.

16 Plagues

THE SIXTEEN PLAGUES OF PARTICIPATORY DEMOCRACY AND THEIR INSIDIOUS VARIATIONS. Catalogued by Dr. Vitreous Humor who hath cum to complete this work after the studie of manie a corpse.

(or "Physician, Heal Thyself.")

Surregionalism

Of which the substrains are:

- subway power
- prairie power
- cowboy power
- surfing power
- pussy power
- NO power

The Berkeley Analogy Syndrome

Symptoms: Victim tends to ignore small campuses, rhetoric sometimes resembles that observable in the Confrontation Syndrome. Argues for or against a tactic on the basis of that it either happened at Berkeley or failed at Berkeley. In the critical phase the victim reads Lipset. Death is incipient when the victim confuses Hal and Theodore Draper.

Resurrectionism

Of which the substrains are:

- historical resurrectionism; The infected will make counter-productive association with one or more of the following; Wobblies, Hitler, Spanish Civil War, Eleanor Roosevelt, Stokely.

-Port Huronism; Victim will display total ignorance of the contents of the Port Huron Statement.

-Indigenism; Victim clings to a mystical belief that the Truth will be discovered by the unerring actions of the Poor.

Staffe-caucus: An occupational disease for which there is no known cure. The infected will be extremely defensive and display a puzzling tendency to make the implausible plausible.

Cooptanoia

Symptoms: Neurotic compulsion to warn SDS members against going part of the way with RFK.

Positionism

Symptoms: The victim will always be prevailing upon the body to establish fraternal relations with the Good Witch of the South.

If not restrained will try to break into the mimeograph room at 3:00 A.M.

Humorlessness

Symptoms: The afflicted believe that this has a secret political purpose

Luce's Disease

Symptoms: Victim will display a marked ability to hold down a good steady job.

Agendaism: Spread by a virus which is invariably found in the presence of ob-structuralism.

Anti-agendaism

Symptoms: During the second day of a meeting the afflicted will stand up and ask who the hell wrote this agenda after the agenda debate has closed.

Irreledicism

Symptom: Victim believes that his opponent in debate has been taking drugs and says so.

Tautologism

Symptoms: Patient believes that, if given enough time, the people will decide on an ideology for SDS.

REPatitis

Symptoms: Patient believes that we can get McGeorge Bundy in the movement if we would only write more grant proposals for the Ford Foundation.

Corporate Literalism

Symptoms: Characterized by careful scrutiny of all National Office statements except fund appeals.

Theoretical Literalism

Symptoms: Patient is continuously searching the Media for a Message. To be found at the Flying Saucers Workshop.

In-groupism

Symptoms: Writing things like this

From NEW LEFT NOTES,

December 23, 1966



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; the war seemed far from the overstuffed couch on which we were sitting. But she said quite emphatically that the war was totally WRONG. Hers was a very basic, emotional reaction to the obvious horrors of war . . . to pictures of napalmed children and shattered soldiers. She obviously had nothing 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 from the next block simply because he lives there and is different. And SOME people think that way and probably always will. . . but other people don't.

It is possible to think that our involvement is a GOOD thing; there 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?

nameless peasants is the superiority of the American Way of Life. America is rich and efficient (at least superficially); the best thing that could possibly happen is for the rest of the world to become the same. (Perhaps this is the corrupt form of Manifest Destiny. Has the efficiency replaced the missionary?) Very basically, this is just self-confidence, a belief that we know better--but, by itself, that is rather uninteresting. To repeat: American values are American/economic ones, and it is the too-close identification of material goods with well-being that lies beneath the justification of the Vietnamese 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 entangled in it--and that it is therefore somehow basic.

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, though special-interest, magazine. The important characteristics of Vietnam, it was said, were corruption, inefficiency, confusion, and the lack of any really effective authority. The editor pointed out the tremendous amount of graft and waste and talked of the unnecessary misery of the population, especially through disease. Great potential was there, he said, both in the land and the people--look at what Japan had done since the war. This is 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 becoming. Vietnam too could have skyscrapers and support her own automobile industry. Vietnam too could become Americanized. What was needed was for the United States to go in there and ORGANIZE those people. They might not SAY they want us, but they would be grateful if they only knew. And democratic procedures could never work properly until a stable society had been set up.

Well, I agree with that editor on

some points--for instance, that democratic institutions in Vietnam a few years ago would have only hurt the country. And his whole argument made more sense than when it was a real possibility. But that's not the point here; the point is that taking that stand implied faith in certain values--and that that stand is not being taken any more.

It is well-established that SOME people have rejected substantially all American economic values, just as some people have rejected each set of values ever held by anyone. Kenneth Kenniston, to use one current example, calls these people the alienated; he says they comprise at most 5 per cent of the students at a fairly select group of American universities (with, I would suppose, a somewhat higher percentage of professors and a much lower percentage of the population as a whole).

Kenniston's alienated students of the '60s are only the latest in a long line of "romantic" critics of industrial mass society who have been around as long as that type of society. Their "complaint is materialism, and the goal is spiritual, aesthetic or expressive fulfillment" (from an article in the Journal of Social Issues, 1967). It is my complaint, too.

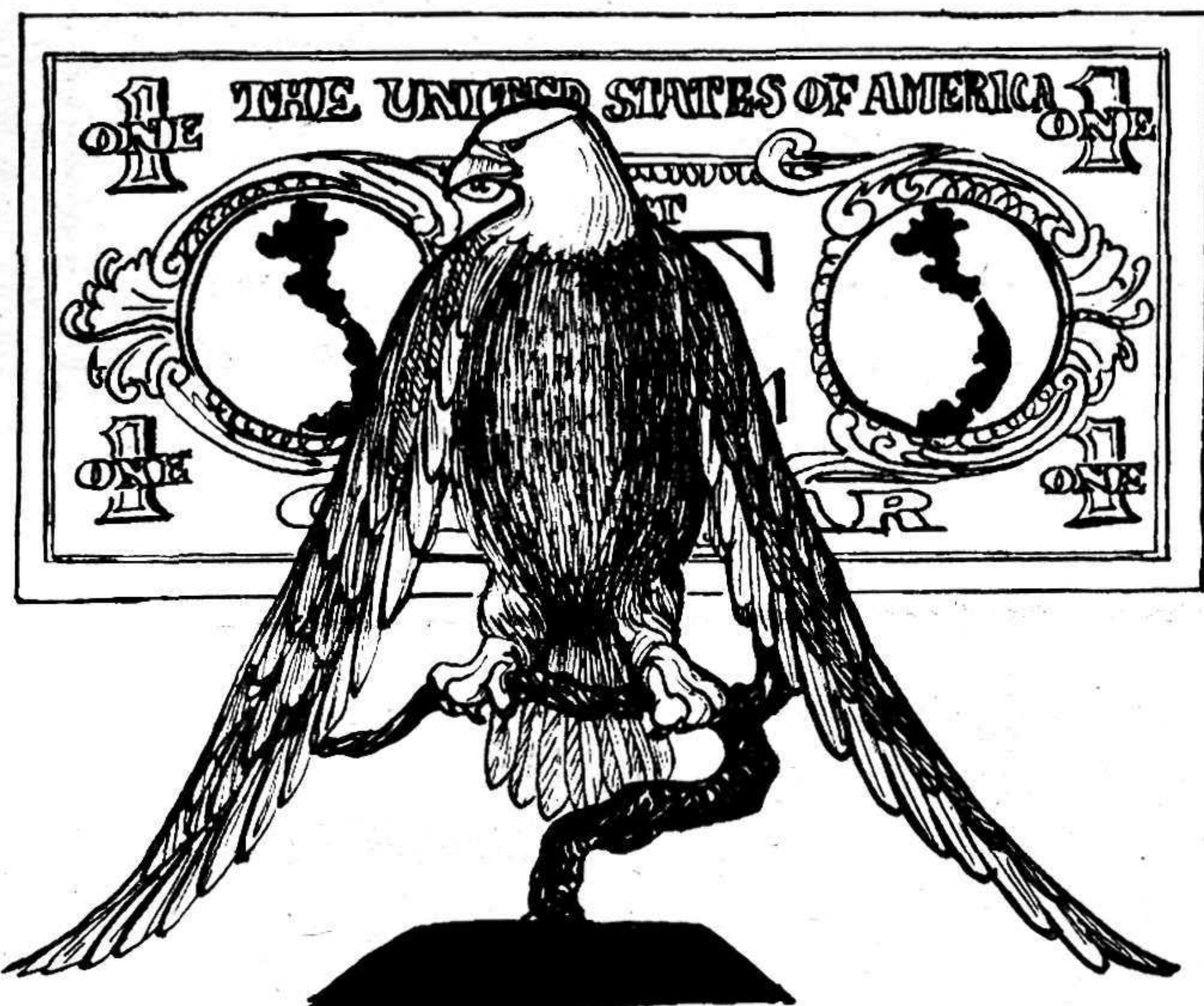
He knows, of course, that the alienated are not the only protestors of the '60s; in fact, much of his analysis is built around that awareness. He talks of a second group, the activists.

Briefly, these are the external, political protestors, essentially conservative in their values. What they object to is not American values, but that some people (significantly, OTHER people) are being denied what American values say they should get--education, the vote, economic opportunity. (Can I make one more plug? The goal of the civil rights movement is really to create black middle-class Americans, with all that implies. After all, what is education to most people involved in the movement? It's only a stepping-stone to a well-paying job.)

I think this classification into activists and alienated is inadequate. It doesn't explain 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 protests, as Edgar Friedenberg suggested last month

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in the same position today.

It may not be very flattering to the Left ideologists, but opposition to the war does not seem to be founded on any clear and positive beliefs--neither the class struggles of Marxism nor a strict pacifism. Neither of those positions, after all, has gained much new support recently (at least on a national scale); the popular cry is that Viet Nam is a different kind of war, an especially indefensible one, and that, say, World War II was a much different case.

Let me add that I don't think this lack of ideology is bad. I distrust detailed plans to save humanity; somehow they never work. (Look at China.) But OUR current anti-war sentiment indicates only a growing readiness for change. . . and so opens up a range of possibilities. This is potentially much more important than a mere change of establishments; for it indicates a widespread disenchantment with present established values. More specifically, it is a response to the complex of economic goals that has come to dominate and color almost all American values.

The predominance of this complex of goals can be seen by examining the usual reasons offered for our presence in Vietnam.

The United States, of course, MIGHT be there to protect its own interests. This may be a large part

True, those who believe that it exists tend toward an almost religious belief, a conviction of American moral superiority. But that conviction, again, turns out to be mostly of economic superiority. How many times have you seen the boom-town atmosphere of West Berlin contrasted to the depressed one of East Berlin? Wasn't there a general self-satisfaction (at least among those who were aware of it) that the USSR had to import wheat from North America a few years ago to feed itself? I won't even mention foreign aid.

Another assertion is that we are fighting for the freedom of the South Vietnamese.

At least on the individual level, there is here (at least theoretically) a real alternative moral justification. Taken broadly, this is the belief that people can hold today that corresponds to the widespread conviction that made them accept the sacrifices necessary for the two world wars. But again, in practice, it is tied to economic values--for how often have Americans realized that another people might self-determine anything but eternal Progress? And how often have they been hurt when another people did?

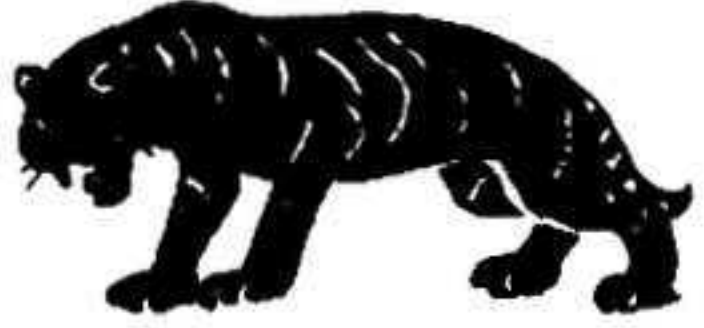
So by one road or another we are led back to the claim that what justifies what America is doing to Viet-

in person

Stokely Carmichael

MSU Auditorium THURSDAY FEB 9

Sponsored by ASMSU 2:30 pm

and MSU Friends of SNCC  ADMISSION

Friends of SNCC Memberships Will Be Sold at the Door FREE

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 parentis philosophy which has made MSU one of the nation's outstanding centers of mediocre mass education and Great Society indoctrination.

Bradford A. Lang
THE PAPER, December 8, 1966

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."

Grunge.

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 bitching 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 it is something which a good radical knows but sort of doesn't think about too often. Nevertheless, it is probably truer than 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 US showed up at Wonders Kiva dressed to the nines--with the single exception of Dave Hasenauer, who sported a beard, levis, and boots. The rest of them looked mostly kind of respectable, making Hasenauer look like a Hell's Angel by comparison.

The meeting was billed as a discussion of activism and United Students jointly sponsored by US and the Wonders Hall Scholastic Committee. In reality it was a regular meeting, but without the usual infighting (for the benefit of curious Wonders residents, of course). What it turned out to be was the last gasp of radicalism in US.

Steve Ballance gave the first report on the grading suggestion of the "fifteen history profs" (which I am sure will become a catch phrase like "Schiff case" and "ATL firings"). "We want to work out a proposal on which we can get the most support from both faculty and students," he said. What, may I ask, is the point of that? Is US planning on merely pushing for whatever the majority wants? What the hell kind of a radical (or even liberal) group is that?

The second project involves open houses; the committee is headed by Ann DeChant. Bugged down in red tape and MHA and WIC meetings, the committee had not accomplished a whole lot. When asked directly what the committee was trying to accomplish, Ann replied that they had first tried to get their own proposal, then decided to go along with MHA and WIC (the committee members were the only ones who showed up at the MHA-WIC open meeting). "It's about as far as we can get," she said.

Well, dammit, once again--what are they doing going along with MHA and WIC (two of the stodgiest, least imaginative organizations on campus)? If they do that with everything, they might as well close up shop; whether US as an organization existed or not, this campus would continue to stride into the future at the same rate it always has, thus putting

it so far behind by the time the revolution came that MSU would simply sink into the earth. Or something.

The relevant question was asked: "How many years can we expect before we get some action?" The proposal, said Ann, was to be before Fuzak within two weeks, which was a stupid answer considering the fact that no answer had been given to an earlier question of what could be done "to insure that Dr. Fuzak will sign it." The answer is, obviously, nothing, and nobody is going to sign anything unless they're forced into it.

The coffeehouse committee was next. Dave Macomber reported that the original idea had been based on "the fact that when Bessey Hall was closed we might not have a place to go anymore." 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 could be sold, obscene poets could read and exciting songs could be sung. I'll wager a tidy sum that none of those things will ever happen in the kind of place now being planned.

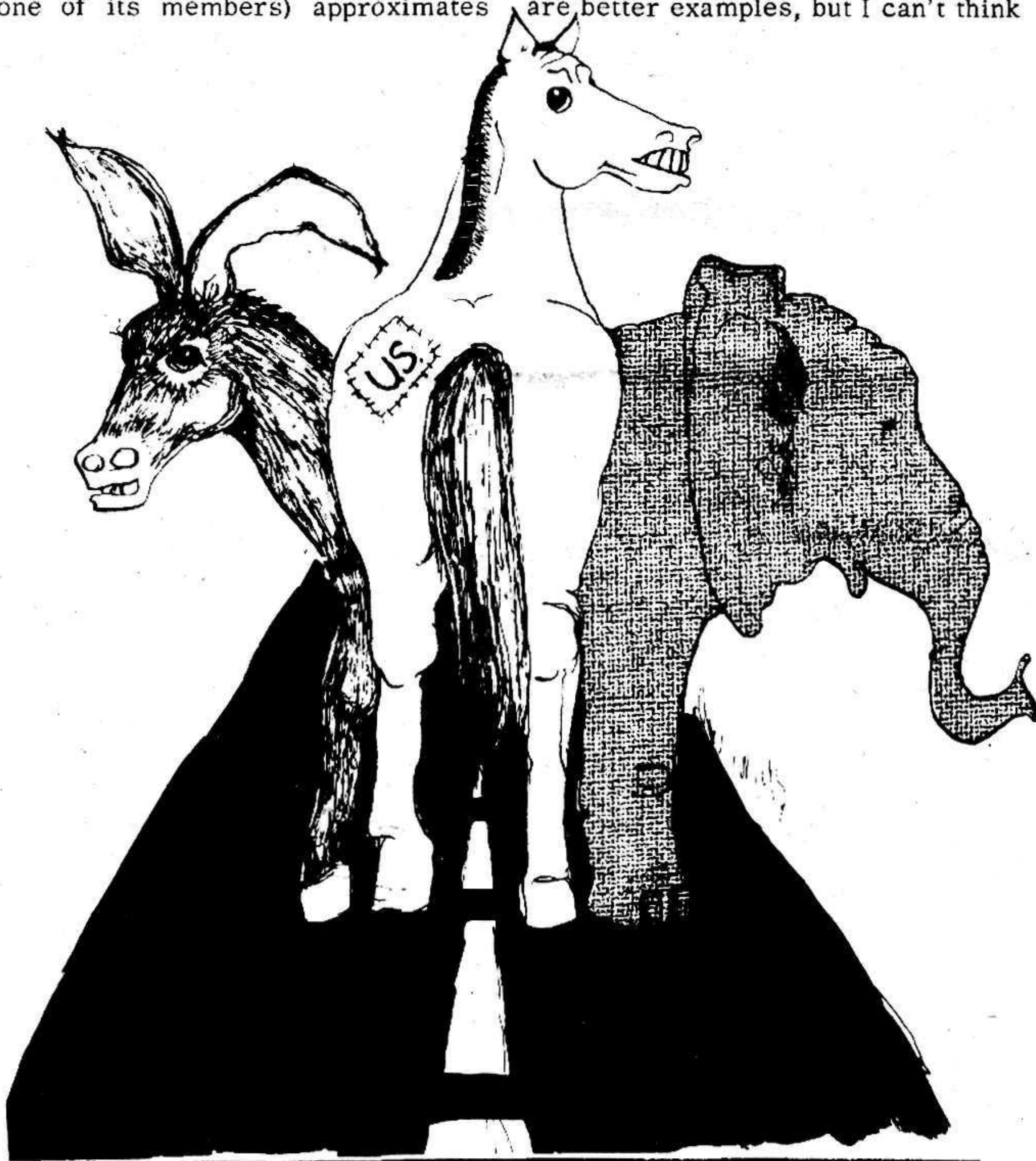
(By the way, for those of you who might be interested, ASS-MOO is planning on making lots of money on the Supremes' concert; Dave remarked that ASMSU doesn't "have any money for us right now, but after the Supremes' Concert they will." Hmmm.)

The final US project is, of course, the "boycott." Jane Munn, 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 hand-in-hand with 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

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Char Jolles Meets

What began about two weeks ago to be a rationally conceived, emotionally restrained article on university reform has evolved since then into a personal outcry--borne of the crushing realization that none of the dozen or so newly established student committees 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, passionless 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 various committees are hurting for applicants; the Academic Co-ordinating Committee of student government wanted five members 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 "appointed," and the likely result in ten sincere, responsible but rather passive members for every desperately concerned, personally involved likely agitator, like me--who, by the way, was selected for one of the two open positions on the Academic Committee of the Honors College; (2) the issues which will concern all of the academic 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 aren't likely to be dissatisfied with the whole academic system. While those who are concerned enough to get on these committees believe undoubtedly

*For those unfamiliar with the idiom ADS-Math-Dorm Crowd describes a mental condition which seems to characterize students who either won or took the tests for the Alumni Distinguished Scholarships (ADS) offered by MSU, who are good and/or majoring in math, and who always seem to band together in dormitories. They get excellent grades, form the core of Honors College, and are generally independent BUT PASSIVE thinkers--not boat-rockers. Many of the people who work for The Paper are or have been "in" the ADS-MDC.**

**Not to be confused with the AS-MSU-Soph-Rah Group which dominates most other student committees.

By CHAR ADS-MATH-DORM JOLLES, CROWD



the ADS-Math-Dorm Crowd

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 fresh 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 destroyed intellectually in the following ways:

1. Loss of intrinsic motivation. This manifests itself most acutely during finals weeks, when every latent 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 college of doing the former, and now finding the latter alternative positively humiliating, I generally don't go to the exam at all. (As a matter of fact, I have found that the most 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 indirectly apologizing ever since, perhaps aware now that it is humiliating for a student capable of worthwhile work to be forced to produce the mediocre.) Whatever motivated me for seven years to be an obedient academic goody-goodie no longer holds its own.

2. Loss of powers of discipline. This is related to loss of motivation. When I don't particularly want to do something, and when the usual methods of academic chastisement become more laughable than threatening, then I simply can't persuade myself to do it. I used to be able to read a book even if it bored me; I used to be able to spend more than ten minutes in the library--sometimes 12 hours--but, to give a representative example, ever since some

monster replaced those comfortable, wreaking-with-academic-tradition couches with plastic contour chairs, I find the library unbearable. I used to go to all my classes, even if they were at 8 a.m. in Fee.

3. Boredom with school work. Perhaps the most painful consequence for someone seriously intellectual is boredom with reading great books and writing about them and participating in class discussions.

(My responses are peculiar to me, of course. Friends of mine, with perhaps more spirit and strength of character, also feel bored, disgusted and humiliated with what they must do, but they do it anyway. Other friends have responded by dropping out.)

All of these problems, which are frustratingly self-perpetuating, are related to one essential development: awareness of the inherent humiliation in being forced to run an obstacle course and then rewarded for doing something so infantile so well. But as long as education is conceived as a competitive process par excellence, as long as we recognize no other alternative in evaluating students than incessantly bombarding them with deadlines, assignments, quizzes, exams, papers, then universities will be little more than training camps for road-runners.

Education must be an obstacle course where we are tricked into making blunders, or else there would be no way to evaluate/rate/grade us. Under the present system, professors cannot generally evaluate students by simply knowing them, watching them grow, or listening to them think and discover out loud. Too many people are in one class and for too short a time. As John Wilson, director of the Honors College, put it: "I have no patience with teachers who say, 'I can do with 20 what I can do with 100.' They are not taking full advantage of what they can do (with 20)."

"We need devices to break us out of the ten-week term, (resulting in) mastery of a subject rather than units

completed. It is not possible to suppose that all subjects can be mastered in the ten weeks."

Nor is it possible to suppose that the best possible teaching can go on under present conditions. The consensus among faculty and administrators seems to be that the teaching and learning process should make critical thinkers out of us all. This particular aim of education necessitates much more face-to-face talking between teacher and student than goes on now, and more "experience in critical writing," in the words of John Wilson. He is "in favor of any scheme which will promote the need for every student to endure the pain of coming to some reasoned conclusion." I am in favor of any scheme that allows teachers and students to hear each other think out loud and that makes their encounter essential to the learning process--for under present conditions class attendance is rarely considered indispensable to college education.

Eureka.

Underlying the following suggestions for educational reform is the assumption that the most desirable, most effective way for teaching and learning to go on is through teacher-student contact, as opposed to student-book, student-machine contact most of the time. I will qualify that at one point, but generally it is that conviction which sustains my answers to the questions raised by Provost Howard Neville in his recent speech before the Academic Senate.

Neville considers four areas of the undergraduate program: (1) basic reforms in teaching and evaluation, (2) education for the nonacademic and the nonprofessional, (3) the "explosion of knowledge," and (4) student participation in decision-making.

BASIC REFORMS IN TEACHING AND EVALUATION: Neville implies he is willing to be revolutionary here. "I hope the Committee will recommend whatever re-organiza-

continued on page 10

msu film society



brando:

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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 gettin 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
any thing 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're 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



Los Angeles Free Press (UPS)

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 1960, 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, and I'm 25 now, what're you gonna do
with all these fucking 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

continued on page 7

Seized in
Raid
DOPE RAID
John Sinclair
for Dope
Coit
Feb 18, 1965

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continued from page 6

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 lovely & free Warner
we're all human beings, & nothing you can do
can ever change the universe

I get up to change the record, Eric 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 than 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 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,
shoot her? Or lock her up? The problem is
what're you gonna do with your self, Warner Stringfellow?
Let me leave you with that. What will you be in 5 years,
Warner, an Inspector? Like poor stupid Jimmy Fike
at the House of Correction? Why don't you
quit playing games, Warner, & grow up to
be a MAN like the rest of us

(This is the story you wanted me to write about you,
Warner, the one you
asked me about again last night,
& it's the best I can do--

I hope you can hear it

Love all ways
John Sinclair
Detroit
October 6th, 1966

For Charles' birthday

Happenings In Music

Winter Concert

By CARL STENSEL

This Sunday, the MSU Orchestra, under the direction of Dennis Burk, will present its winter concert.

This concert has been dedicated to the Florence Opera House which, despite severe damage in the recent flood, managed to open its season only two days late. The orchestra has made contributions to help the musicians of the opera house replace some of the damaged instruments, and will be asking the audience to help.

There will be three pieces on the concert; the overture 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 overture had to be substituted. I was rather disappointed at this, as it has always been my (perhaps somewhat shortsighted) opinion that one of the chief goals of a college musical organization should be the presentation 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 has played; but the Rossini piece is not.

"Italian in Algiers" was written in 1813, and seems deservedly to have gone the way of most of Rossini's operas. However, its overture has stayed with us, and I doubt that there is a person alive who has made it through high school band and orchestra without playing it. It is dominated by woodwinds in typical Rossini style, making it particularly suitable to our somewhat string-weak orchestra. It is quite pleasant in its own way, and I suppose about as good a choice to fill out a program as anything else that is liable to be lying around in the orchestra's files. But I can't get too thrilled about it.

From here on in, however, the concert fares much better. I would like to generalize unjustly about the Passacaglia, opus 1, by Anton Webern, who incidentally was shot to death by an American military policeman. Although the piece is listed as opus one, it is not Webern's first piece. It was preceded by several others, most bearing a very strong note of Richard Strauss. This piece, written in 1908, finds Webern at the crux of his career, making the great step towards atonality. The Passacaglia is actually not an atonal piece, but comes about as close as it can without crossing the border. Tonality

plays such a minor part in the piece that its very direct methods of contextual organization probably contribute as much to musical unity as does tonality per se. Any number of people seem to feel that the Passacaglia is greatly indebted to the finale of Brahms' fourth symphony. I am not familiar enough with the work to go around making assertions of such a sweeping nature, but I thought that it was an interesting thought, and one perhaps worth remembering at the concert. This will be, incidentally, the first Michigan performance of this work.

When you get to the concert, you will notice that I haven't discussed the numbers in order of their appearance. This isn't because I've been following any significant journalistic criterion, but rather because I've been procrastinating. After all, what can I say in this short space to do justice to Charles Ives, the Frank Lloyd Wright of music. Actually, I think I've said quite a bit already, if you know about Frank Lloyd Wright, but somehow I feel that I can't get away with that.

I might try to get away by saying that Ives was born in 1874, the same year as Schoenberg. He studied at Yale, and had an opportunity to do some work under Horatio Parker, who seems to have impressed Ives not at all. He went into the insurance business after graduation and by the time he retired he co-owned the largest insurance agency in the United

continued on page 18

Dope Raid
The raid on the MSU Orchestra...
The raid on the MSU Orchestra...
The raid on the MSU Orchestra...

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POT, GO I..."

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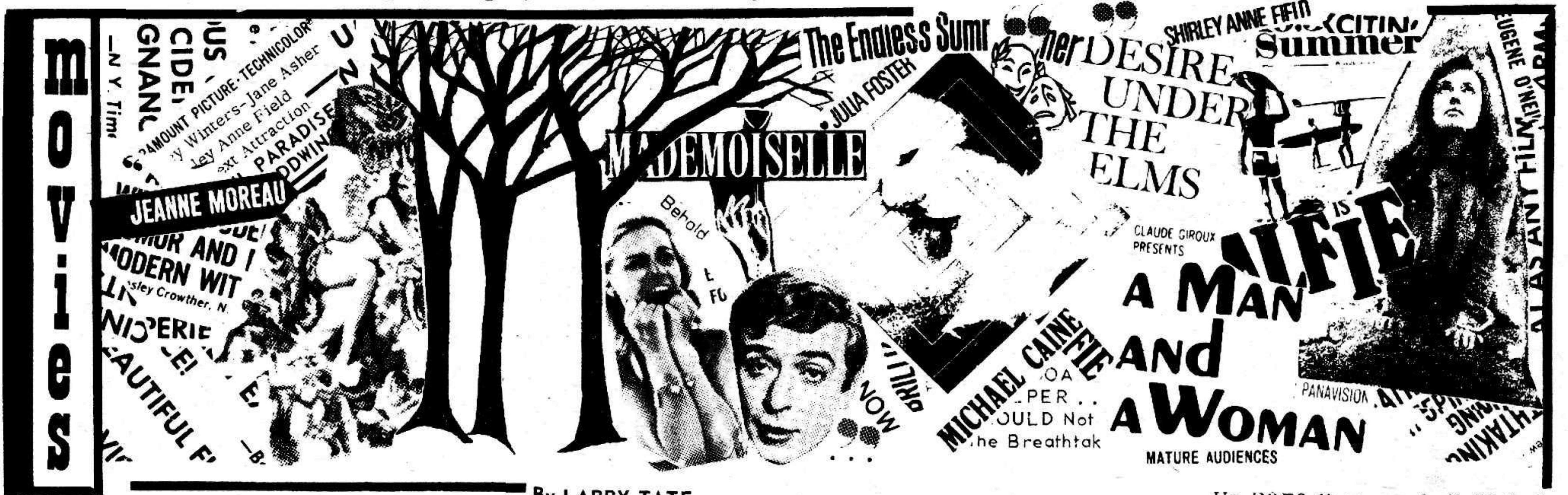
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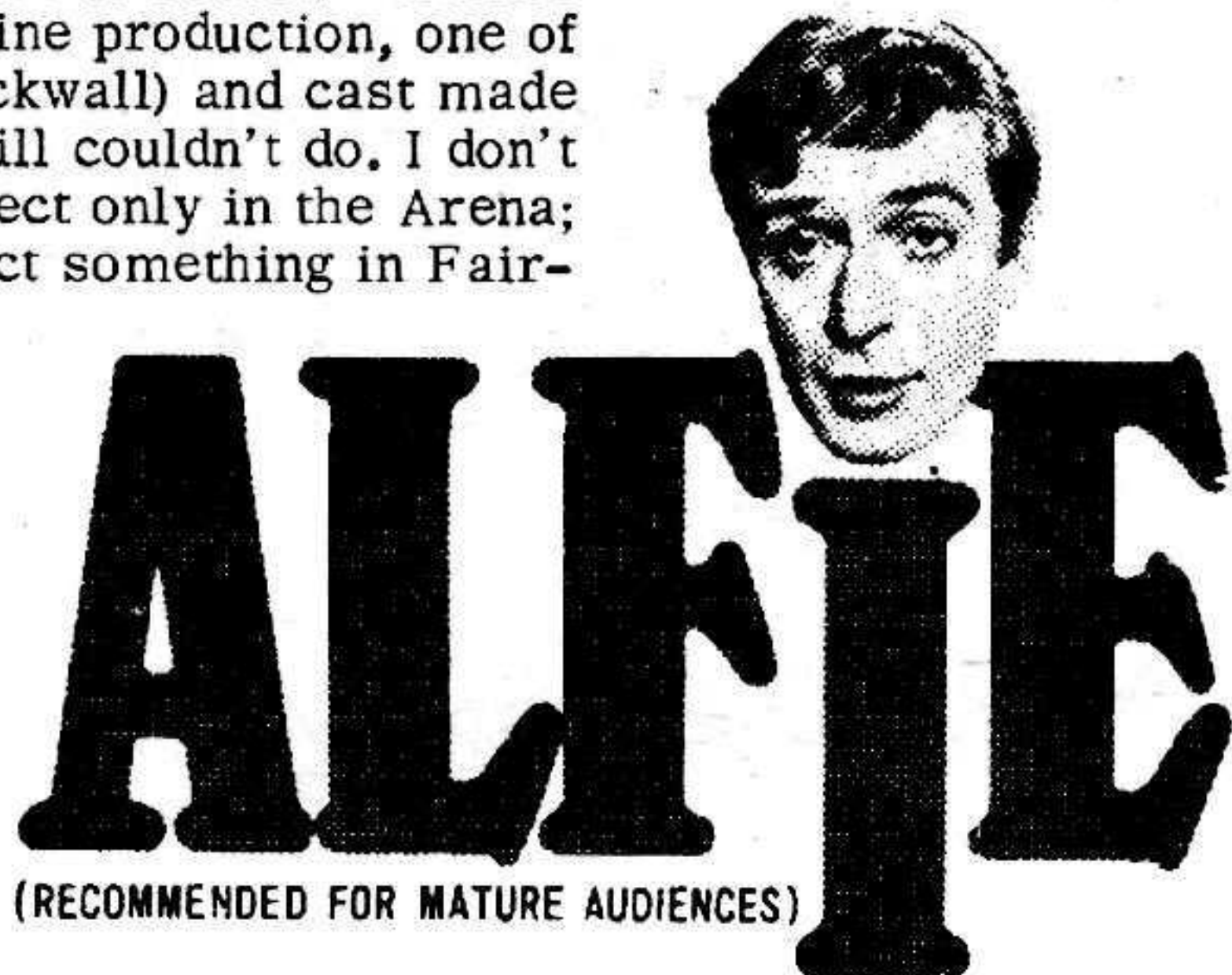
By LARRY TATE

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 at 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 "Generation" (which I don't regret). I just don't have time to review "Desire Under the Elms," and I apologize for that. It was a fine production, one of the best I've seen here. The director (Mariam Duckwall) and cast made O'Neill's play into an authentic tragedy, which O'Neill couldn't do. I don't know whether or not Mrs. Duckwall chooses to direct only in the Arena; if she doesn't she certainly should be allowed to direct something in Fairchild.

ALFIE I liked "Alfie" a lot. Which surprised me, because it looked so unpromising: another story of a young heel who lays every girl in sight (and seems to be having a great time of it) only to realize, finally, that he's been missing the REAL things in life. Quel drag, you know? It starts out like a real loser. The camera follows some scruffy little dogs to a parked car, where Alfie and a girl are making out. Then the girl's knee hits the horn; Alfie



gets out of the car, upset, and "discovers" the camera. "I guess you think you're going to see the bleed-in' titles now," he says straight at the audience. "Well, you're not, so you can relax." Whereupon the girl in the car calls his name and the title flashes on the screen, as he gives a coy little shrug.

He DOES "use people." While he lounges in a bathrobe letting one of his girls give him a pedicure, he says glibly that, after all, people should help each other. Looking at the camera he leers, "Well, that's what we're all here for, isn't it?" You feel a little chill.

But it isn't so simple as that. "Don't nobody help you in this life," Alfie says; that is how it is and HE can't change it. It's a mistake to get "attached" to anyone, because "sooner or later, that's gonna bring you pain."

Alfie doesn't ask girls to love him, because he doesn't want them to get hurt; to protect himself, he in turn refuses to love THEM. But, by growing fond of his illegitimate son, he falls victim to his own system. When the mother marries someone else, he is frozen out. Through the rest of his adventures he finds himself mumbling sadly about "this kid I used know." "You've got to live for yourself,"

he says to a straight family man, trying to get him to see things unemotionally. He tells him that a few months after his death his family won't care much that he ever existed. The man gets upset and says, "Stop, Alfie--you're hurting me." Alfie answers that he doesn't MEAN to hurt him, doesn't mean to hurt anybody. "I know, Alfie," the man says, "but you do."

What upsets the man is, essentially, the truth. Alfie says he knows "bleed-in' human nature," and he does. It is sentimental nonsense to think the living won't gradually forget the dead, to think that anybody is literally indispensable to anybody else. Let's face it: getting attached sooner or later DOES bring you pain.

On the other hand, it is cynical nonsense to think you can 1) avoid getting attached; or 2) avoid pain that way, even if you can. (And there are plenty of people who do get attached -- and hurt -- and it's less than human to abandon them completely to their pain.) Alfie finds out, finally, that: "If they ain't got you one way, they got you another."

The sentimental side is of course the one we're used to getting -- the old love-conquers-all, happily-ever-after crap. And there's a broad sentimental streak in the movie (e.g., Cher's singing "I believe in LOVE, Alfie," winsomely over the final credits). You can see it most strongly when Alfie accidentally sees his son again at a christening; as the family burbles out of the church, Alfie stands unnoticed, in the shadows, like a heroine from one of those great old soap operas standing outside in the snow as the son she can never acknowledge marries an heiress. (It's very distracting here, by the way, that the little boy we supposedly haven't seen in close to a year obviously hasn't grown a bit.)

More than once we're nudged cozily and encouraged to feel smug in our conventionally neurotic sex lives; after all, we're better adjusted than this poor Cockney bastard who doesn't

What Kind Of Man Reads THE PAPER ?



We don't seem to know. Our readers don't talk to us very much these days -- or write to us. Dear Reader, ask NOT what your country can do for you, ask what YOU can do for THE PAPER. Think, for example, how happy you could make us if you'd just fill out the little criticism form below and let us know what you think.

I THINK that your publication:

- ☐ is not as funny-witty-clever-entertaining as it used to be
- ☐ or should be.
- ☐ is too deadly serious.
- ☐ is too giggly-flippant-jokey and not serious enough.
- ☐ is not activist enough--not political enough.
- ☐ is not hard-hitting enough--is too cute and harmless.
- ☐ is too In-Group-In-Joke-elite-oriented-ISH.

I VERY MUCH:

- the poetry
- the reviews
- the drawings
- Dear Suzy
- East Lansing Notes
- Land Grant Man
- the cooking column
- the music column
- the news coverage
- the commentary
- the layouts

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DON'T LIKE

I ALSO: really really:

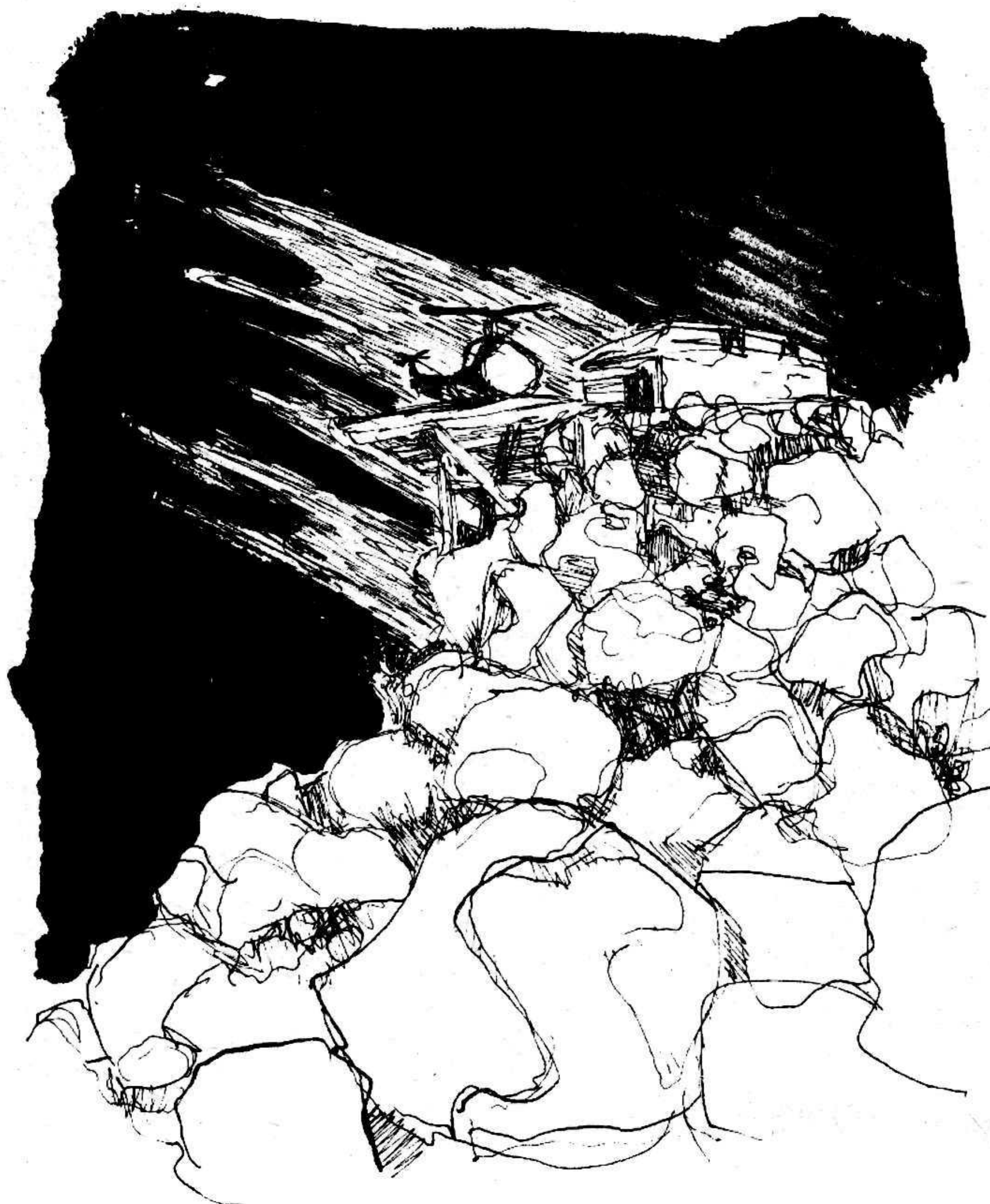
LIKED _____

DISLIKED _____

If the above form cramps your stylus, write to us and tell us in your own words. We like to have interaction with our readers.

SO: write letters to the editor; write to Suzy, write to DIEHL about East Lansing business atrocities; write to us about funny things you've seen; tell us about your summer vacation (just kidding).

ANYWAY, let us know you're still kicking.



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

... But beyond Artillery Plateau which, with its various units, still gives the impression of spaciousness, there are other, more nightmarish places, like the Rockpile... The Rockpile is a 1200-foot near-pyramid which, though overtowered by nearby mountains, commands a view of five valleys and cost the Marines dearly last summer when they had to dislodge determined VC machinegunners from it. Its top has enough flat space for two medium-sized dinner tables. Twenty Marines and two artillery FO's (Forward Observers) live on it for weeks at a time. Its helicopter platform is composed of a series of loose planks jutting out over a 900-foot sheer drop, and through what can only be called idiotic pride, the Marines insist on using their unweildy H-34 choppers, whose tricycle landing gear prohibits settling down on the platform; rather than using the Army's "Hueys" whose landing skids accommodate themselves easily to it. On the day I went there, a Marine returnee nearly lost his grip as a gust of wind pushed the H-34 from its landing-hover stance. For some mad seconds the man hung on by his fingertips until the door gunner and I dragged him in by his clothes. Yet this was a "good" day, because the weather permitted the landing of a chopper.

"One of the FO's once stayed for 43 solid days on The Rockpile. By the time they picked him off, he was throwing rocks at the passing jets."

Throwing rocks is a favorite pastime on The Rockpile. Sometimes the VC crawls right past the sentries of Lima Company at the base of the mountain and throws rocks at the Marines. They, in turn, throw them back. "Finally we threw a grenade every fifth time. THAT stopped them."

On so small an area, claustrophobia as well as boredom or the equally merciless sun or rain are real problems. The problem of what to do with the human excrement was almost insurmountable until a deep chimney was found to one of the uninhabited grottoes below. And then there are the monkeys, a thieving lot who often pilfer the meager rations. WHEN THE Marines routinely informed Lima Company Below that they were going to shoot some of them, the reply came just as routinely: "Are they VC apes or friendlies?"

From The New Republic,
January 14, 1967:

"'You Can Tell 'Em, Buddy':
Bernard B. Fall
from Vietnam"

A Last Dispatch From Jim Thomas

THE ROCKPILE, Nov 29, 1966

Dears Mike and Larry,
This is encouraging to me because 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,
when to love
protests an innocence
of wrongs committed not against your conscience
but by me, when memory
recalls only inadequacy
You may see what a grim business it is, my son,
to survive.

When boredom strikes, so does silliness; witness this exchange:

Payable Lima this is Payable Kilo over.
This is Payable Lima over.
This is Kilo. Request correct time over.
This is Payable Lima correct time is 2150 over.
This is Kilo. I copy 2150 is that correct over.
This is Payable Lima. I don't know if that's correct but that's what I have over.
This is Kilo. Rog out.
Payable this is Payable Kilo time check over.
Payable Kilo this is Payable time is 2148 over.
This is Kilo roger 2148 Payable Lima this is Payable Kilo over.
This is Payable Lima over.
This is Kilo you're three minutes fast over.
This is Lima thanks out.

Payable Kilo this is Payable Lima over.
This is Kilo go.
This is Payable Lima roger going request the correct time over.
This is Kilo correct time is 2150 over.
This is Lima roger Payable this is Payable Lima over.
This is Payable over.
This is Payable Lima request time check over.
This is Payable correct time is 2155 over.
This is Lima roger Payable Kilo this is Payable Lima over.
This is Kilo. I looked at my watch wrong over.
This is Lima roger out.
Payable Kilo this is Payable over.
This is Payable Kilo over
This is Payable let's watch that over.
This is Kilo say again over.
This is Payable disregard out.

Payable this is Payable Lima over.
This is Payable over.
This is Payable Lima how do you hear this station over.
This is Payable five by and smooth over.
This is Lima roger hear you loud and clear but slightly fuzzy do you have a cold over.
This is Payable negative over.
This is Lima roger you must have crickets in your area, out.
Payable Lima this is Payable Kilo over.
This is Payable Lima over.
This is Kilo let's try to avoid these superfluous (sic) transmissions over.
This is Lima you mean like this one over.
This is Kilo that's affirmative over.
This is Lima roger out.

This may be too drawn-out for publication, but such things boost morale endlessly.

addendum:

Payable this is Payable Lima over.
This is Payable over.
This is Payable Lima request to know status of crickets in your area over.
This is Payable roger crickets are few, far between, but noisy over.
This is Lima like radio operators over.
This is Payable roger operators out.

In one of my spurts, which seem connected with the full moon:

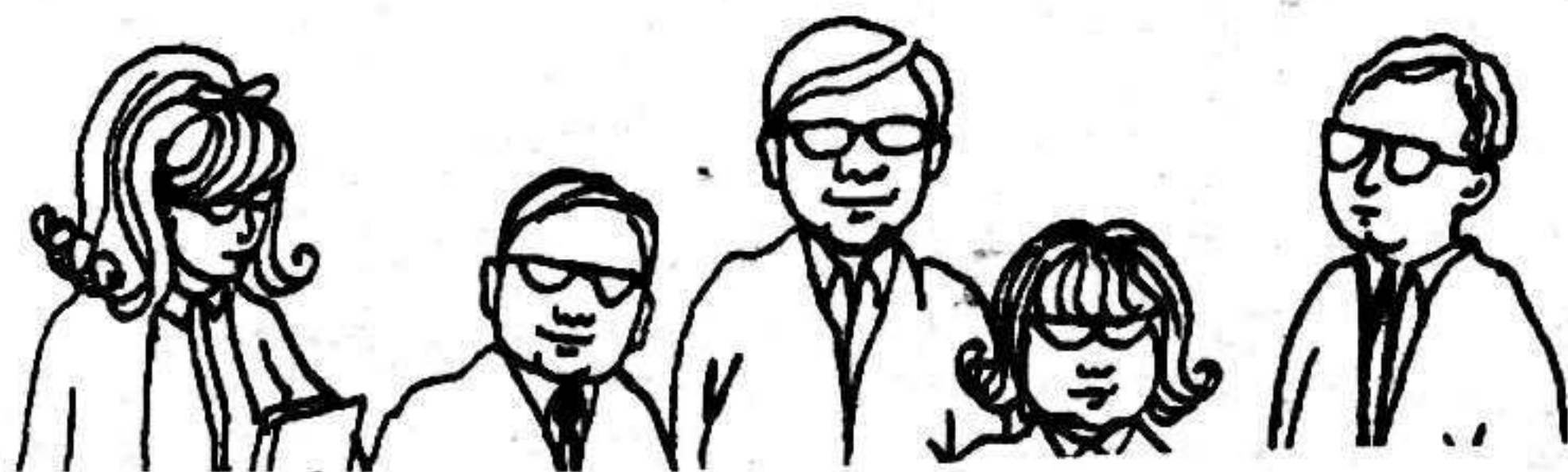
To a Rock Ape

Caught in barbed wire
quick eues no service
to a dull brain
in darkness movement
plunged, seemed to climb the wire
"second platoon, some animal
a monkey; it's dead"
of epitaphs: he sat
sunning, picked lice
tried to get through wire
"all secure. negative contact."

be prepared for more.

Jim T.

Char Jolles meets ...



continued from page 5

tion of subject matter, colleges, faculty, administration or educational practices that may be necessary to guarantee a vital program." He also suggests that "undergraduate education is NOT GOING TO BE IMPROVED greatly" under existing course offerings and traditional patterns of teaching and evaluation. (his emphasis) What does Neville consider "traditional"? The teacher-student, teaching-and-learning relationship? Commented James Rust, assistant dean of the College of Arts and Letters:

"The only teaching materials that most of us in this college know about is the book and a piece of chalk. I'm as conservative as most of my colleagues in this manner. History, literature, philosophy--I can't see how any newer system is much of an improvement. In the humanities, the one-to-one situation of learned man and eager student -- it's hard to improve upon that.

"All I can do as a teacher is point out what is worth reading and then help with the reading. Some of our teachers could take their teaching jobs more seriously; this, I think, would do more for the cause of undergraduate education.

"We need to do more experimenting, like with closed circuit television. But in the very nature of our subject matter we are limited. It's possible that there is more use for (experimentation) than we have any notion of. But how do you program Milton's Paradise Lost, for God's sake?"

If education is not to be more training of experts--a task easily and effectively supplemented and often assumed by technological devices--then any structure which permits the most possible teacher-student, master-disciple, human being-human being contact deserves immediate trial here. Justin Morrill College, with its emphasis on seminars and tutorials, represents such a structure; the consensus among most educator-administrators seems to be 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, and especially during the present period of expansion and excessive mobility, critics propose setting 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 students and the collegiate teachers, and conversation and commensalism of students with the same studies; and also to recruit by acquaintance rather than records." (p. 297, "Community of Scholars")

These are the major advantages to the small residential college, according to most educators: it serves as a "focal point, a loyalty" (Dean Rust) encourages "community" among students who share common concerns (John Wilson, and allows teachers and students to associate with each other for longer periods of time. But whoever recognizes the value of 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 curriculum and to keep open to the academically uncommitted student as many alternatives as possible.

The major drawback to the Justin Morrill model is its tendency to take teachers away from their departments of instruction, and integrate them into programmatic units--i.e., into small colleges that have a generally defined academic orientation (Justin Morrill: interlational relations, languages; College 2: science; College 3: social science). Wilson pointed out that decentralizing into small programmatic units could scatter departments--a factor that must be considered "but not inhibiting"--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, then I think it's a minor one, or at least, one that could be easily overcome, given some thought.

So, if Provost Neville and his Committee on Undergraduate Education wish to "improve greatly" undergraduate education, they might give the development of residential colleges priority over, say, the expansion of closed circuit television classes. The development of residential colleges is self-limiting anyway, as indicated by John E. Dietrich, director of the Educational Development Program (EDP); the demand, in practice, for such specially oriented programs is probably not as great as the demand for the small residential unit.

Which brings me to another suggestion I'd like to make (and which has been made before, and implemented elsewhere) about structuring undergraduate education: public lectures on announced topics, supplemented by library and laboratory work; groups of students concerned about or interested in a particular subject could approach departments or instructors to request particular lectures--or perhaps seminars. (Criteria would have to be established to determine who attends the seminars; with a public lecture system to replace courses and credits, gradepoint couldn't be a criterion; imagine, being selected for a course for some reason other than your unauthentic, delusory grade-point!)

This alternative deserves serious consideration, despite its apparent incredibility. It would greatly benefit the bright but academically confused, school-tired, seriously intellectual student, who would be able to flounder around freely for x years with impunity, pursuing academic subjects at whim, and maybe discovering who he is and where his intellectual passions lie. Assuming that young people will continue to enter college immediately after high school, any truly humane university scheme must allow for the uncertainty, the yet-undiscovered talents, the fickleness of its young inhabitants; I am convinced that declaring a major at age 19 or 20 is an empty gesture for most students.

The principle objection to the public lecture system undoubtedly concerns testing and grading. My suggestion, which is not by any means original, and which is a direct response to Neville's quest for new

methods 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; you would take them when you considered yourself ready. Pedagogical in nature, these exams, varied according to the nature of the curriculum pursued, would provide a framework or perspective through which the student could lend meaning to his accumulated learning. They would consist of glorified "thought questions," to evaluate, after all, the student's ability to think critically.

EDUCATION FOR THE NONACADEMIC AND THE NONPROFESSIONAL: 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 nonacademically, nonprofessionally-oriented student define vocational incentives.

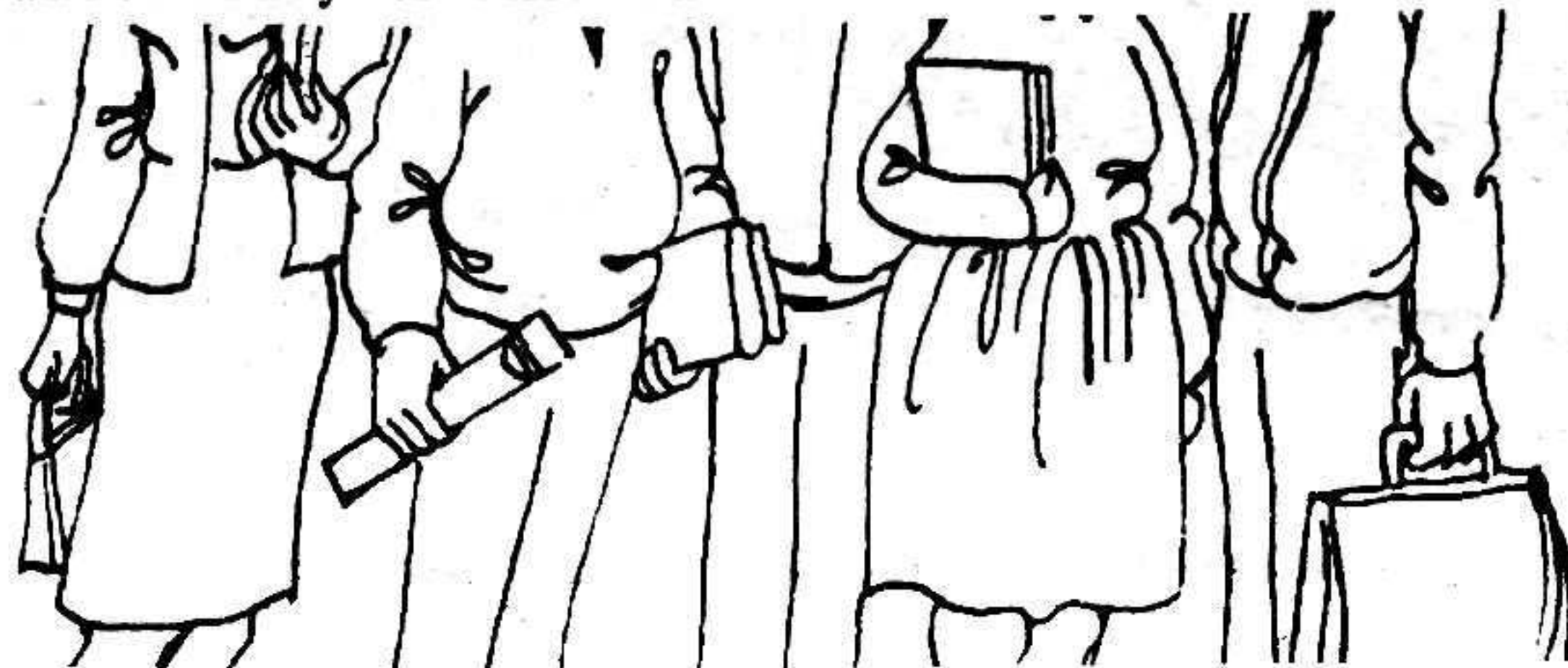
THE EXPLOSION OF KNOWLEDGE: Neville asks, "What is worth teaching," implying he realizes that there's no such thing as an "explosion" of knowledge. His question, of course, is almost unanswerable, but my feeling is that what is worth teaching is what people want to learn, whatever they must know to survive, whatever changes them, whatever makes them better.

Ample facilities should exist at every university to allow such

phenomena as the Free University to flourish; also, serious attention should be given to student requests for specific courses.

STUDENT PARTICIPATION IN DECISION-MAKING: Neville makes a false distinction between the "angry" and the "responsible" students, but we know what he's getting at and at least he commendably recommends listening to both groups. In the area of academics, however, as I've already pointed out, students have little to say, or at least those students who have managed to secure positions on the academic committees. I wish Dr. Dietrich hadn't been so correct when he said in an interview, "You're not going to get a critical view of the system by students who are successful in it. You'll get a critical view of the grading system not from those who get A's, but from those who are hanging by the skin of their teeth and working hard."

If students would stay away from course-teacher evaluation (which student government unsuccessfully undertakes every year), and get down to the business of evaluating their entire educational experience, perhaps they could contribute a valuable perspective on what's right and what's wrong with MSU. Theoretically, then, the best thing Neville's Committee on Undergraduate Education could do is listen to students; I have a terrible feeling, however, that the committee will take the "responsible" more seriously than the "angry."



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'boycott' was 'a very dangerous word to use.' When the merchants hear it, he said, they think of a bunch of students with signs parading around in front of their stores. 'This,' he said, 'is very primitive--it's effective, but...' (Laughter.)

Well, the merchants may be getting very nice right now, but (as Ron Diehl pointed out in the last PAPER) some of them have been screwing students for years and will continue to do so unless strong action is taken immediately. It looks like Diehl's criticism of ASMSU in his last column may be applied instead to United Students, and doubled in spades.

The final item on the agenda was a vote on whether or not US was going to send a letter to California condemning somebody for firing Clark Kerr. After much discussion (some relevant, most irrelevant), the pro-

posal was changed to a letter to the MSU Board of Trustees condemning them for their failure to elect a chairman (the implication being, of course, that somebody is playing politics with our education). Suffice it to say that the proposal was defeated by a large majority in a voice vote, thus setting the tone for US non-involvement in anything but the most trivial, specific campus issues. Goody.

Unfortunately, things have connections with other things. The open house policy cannot be divorced from in loco parentis; in loco parentis cannot be divorced from the whole pattern of American life which gives rise to wholesale denials of civil liberties, ridiculous sex laws, and (by the way) the Vietnam war. If United Students insists upon operating without cognizance of these connections, it will find itself operating outside reality, and thus without much real effectiveness.

A Request

LT.

The parents of Jim Thomas have written us asking for copies of his poems and articles; those we can supply. They also ask for a copy of the picture published with his obituary on the front page of the December 23 State Journal; that we just don't have. We ask anyone who may have that paper; or who saved a copy of the article; or who knows or has something that might be of interest to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, to send it to:

Roy O. Thomas
1371 Eastern Avenue
Morgantown, West Virginia

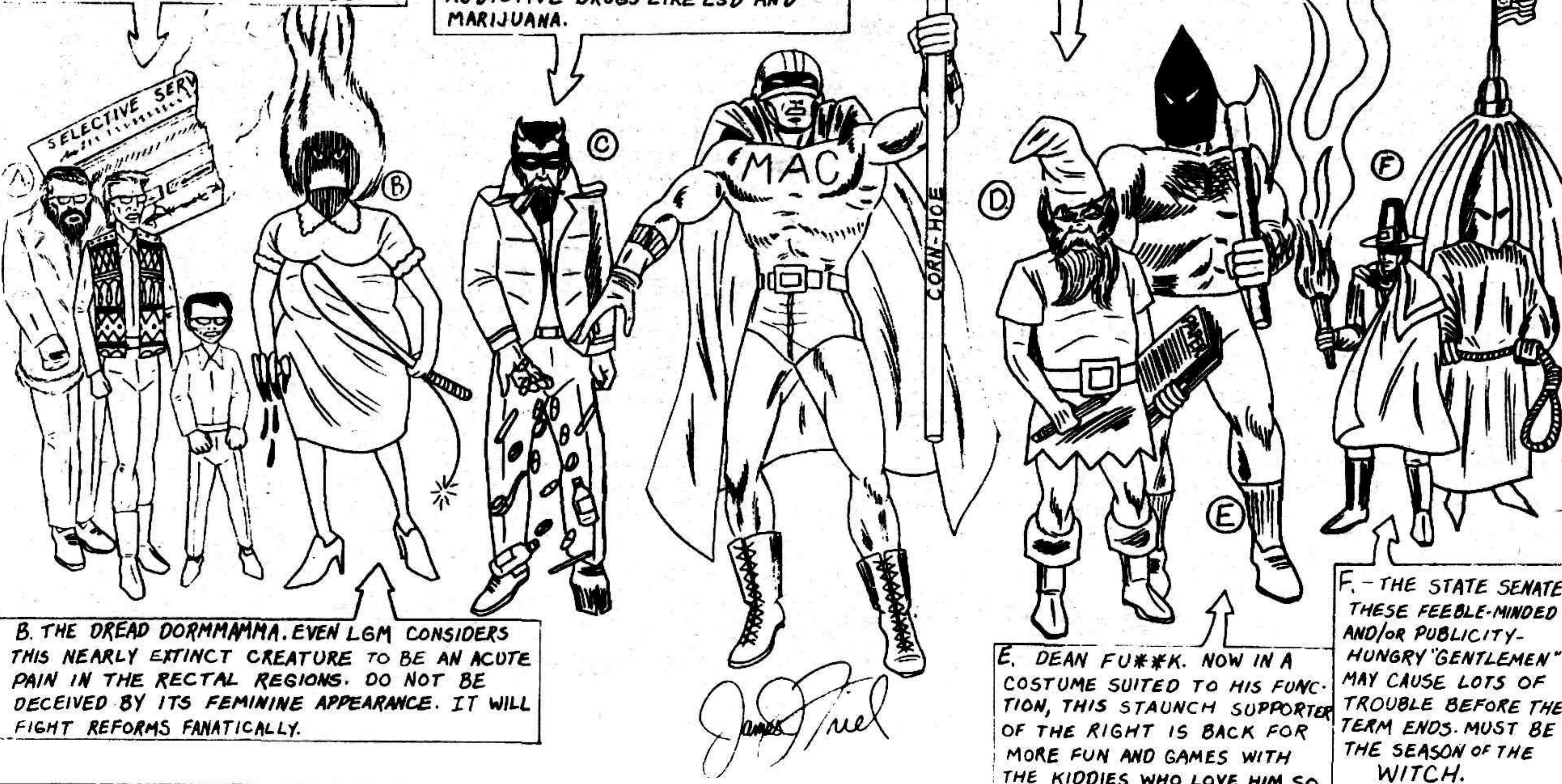
LAND GRANT MAN

HAS BEEN ABSENT FROM THE MIDWESTERN MULTIVERSITY CAMPUS, (AND FROM THE PAPER) FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS, DURING WHICH TIME HE HAS BEEN ON A VITAL MISSION TO M.M.'S WATERMELON PLANTATION IN NIGERIA, TEACHING THE INHABITANTS OF THAT COUNTRY THE BENEFITS OF FRIED CHICKEN. SINCE HIS RETURN, LGM HASN'T HAD TIME TO GET INTO TOO MUCH TROUBLE. SO THIS WEEK WE OFFER OUR READERS AN ADVANCE GLIMPSE AT SOME OF THE FRIENDS AND FIENDS LGM WILL ENCOUNTER IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.

A. THE DASTARDLY DRAFT DODGERS. THESE DIRTY COMMIE-RATS, RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS, MONEY, AND GUNS FROM MOSCOW, PEKING, AND NEW YORK, ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT THERE WOULD BE LESS KILLING IF THERE WERE NO ARMIES.

C. THE PERVERTED PUSHER. THIS VILE VILLAIN SEEKS TO UNDERMINE OUR WAY OF LIFE BY REPLACING SUCH HARMLESS, WHOLESOME PASTIMES AS ALCOHOL AND NICOTINE WITH VICIOUS ADDICTIVE DRUGS LIKE LSD AND MARIJUANA.

D. THE INSIDIOUS EDITOR. THIS PURVEYOR OF PROPAGANDA AND SELLER OF SMUT IS TRYING TO IMPEDE THE ORDERLY PROCESSES OF THE MULTIVERSITY BY PRINTING SUCH TRASH AS THIS.



B. THE DREAD DORMMAMMA. EVEN LGM CONSIDERS THIS NEARLY EXTINCT CREATURE TO BE AN ACUTE PAIN IN THE RECTAL REGIONS. DO NOT BE DECEIVED BY ITS FEMININE APPEARANCE. IT WILL FIGHT REFORMS FANATICALLY.

E. DEAN FU**K. NOW IN A COSTUME SUITED TO HIS FUNCTION, THIS STAUNCH SUPPORTER OF THE RIGHT IS BACK FOR MORE FUN AND GAMES WITH THE KIDDIES WHO LOVE HIM SO.

F. - THE STATE SENATE THESE FEEBLE-MINDED AND/OR PUBLICITY-HUNGRY 'GENTLEMEN' MAY CAUSE LOTS OF TROUBLE BEFORE THE TERM ENDS. MUST BE THE SEASON OF THE WITCH.

The Rational Observer: THE PAPER'S News of The Weak

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-Ashbury district. They read: What would be the result if all little kids used 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 19¢.) Do you know any little kids? Can a little kid shoot a fly at ten paces? Kids DIG water pistols. Cops dislike wet pants. If you were a cop, would you get out of your car to get squirted?

That afternoon local merchants began distributing free water pistols.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ATROCITIES DEPARTMENT:

Render Unto Caesar Award or, Secular Religious Proposal of the Week: "Attendance at the informal meeting appears to be by invitation, and the grace of the student board. The point is, they who give can also take away." (Ellen Zurkey, State News, Wednesday, Jan. 1)

What About Us? sub-Department: The eight dormitory newspapers have been given a grant of \$1000 a year by the State News. Corollary Where Does He 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 10¢ to 25¢.

MORE ABOUT CALIFORNIA POLICE DEPARTMENT'S DEPARTMENT:

Justice For All in the Land of the Free Purple Heart Citation: to two Los Angeles cops who, according to the Los Angeles Free Press (UPS), "are walking the streets free today despite the fact that both were caught red-handed taking home marijuana while on duty." They found it in a telephone booth.

The MSU RAs' Award For PDA Prevention: to the San Francisco Police Department, for the recent arrest of a young married couple on a charge of embracing too vigorously while in line of sight of a 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 WAR DEPARTMENT:

The Guns-And-Butter Award: to an Unidentified Potato Chip Company, which carried the following announce-

ment (next to a picture of a Marine standing at attention) on the end flap of one of its boxes: "THE MARINE CORPS BUILDS MEN! Train for duty on land, at sea, and in the air. See your local U.S. Marine recruiter."

The Do Unto Others My Dog is Bigger than Your Dog Award: to a group of Norwegian students who, irritated by anti-US demonstrations, have erected a replica of the Berlin Wall near the parliament in Oslo which bears the sign: "The Berlin Wall is a Breach of Human Rights."

The Undermining Media Award: to the federal government's new 10 per cent telephone excise tax which will be used exclusively to finance the Vietnam War.

The Ayn Rand Creative Altruism Award: to Col. Charles W. Van Way Jr., dean of students of the American University in Washington, D.C., who was recently quoted in the student newspaper as saying, in reference to the troops fighting in Vietnam, "They have shown understanding and compassion to the people of the country they are supporting and are proving once again the values of our society and the altruism of our people."

No Comment: A Dow Chemical Company ad in last Wednesday's State News carried the following headline: "If you're a '67 grad... YOU'VE GOT A DATE with the Man from Dow."

The Witch-Hunt Begins: "Six members of the state House of Representatives proposed a special investigation committee Wednesday to look into student activity on campuses of state-supported universities." (State News, Friday, Feb. 3).

Hot Employment Tip of the Week: From a GM ad entitled "TWO WAY STREET," we take the following unbelievable quotation: "Like many things, working for AC Spark Plug

Division of General Motors is a two way street. You give and you get. Here's what you give. Yourself. Your energies and ambition. Your talent and time. Your ideas and abilities. All that you are and all that you want to be."

The So You've Been Wondering, Too Award: to The First Presbyterian 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 friendly neighborhood movie theater) who are fighting tooth and nail to keep the state from running two hours afoot of "natural" time. Evidently, there is a strong Druidic lobby, since supporters of the movement 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 anticipated) decision to at last register 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 Managing: to the State News' Outlook column. Entropy is a drag.

Beyond Gold and Evil

continued from page 3

at the University College Symposium.

From Little Rock to Selma, national television made it painfully clear that conditions existed in the United States that could not be tolerated according to traditional ideals. As Friedenberg said, this condition generated a half-way protest, a relatively safe rebellion. Demonstrators asked only reform--but reform is change, and asking it required a lot of thinking, and the loss of a lot of faith in society as it existed. Civil Rights, thus, was a start.

Today, civil rights is . . . well, I hesitate to use the word "dead." But it is at least relatively dormant, Stokely Carmichael notwithstanding. And very few people would deny that Vietnam is a big part of the reason. The PRESENT scenes on the evening news certainly surpass any of our home-grown attractions. Vietnam is simply a more important issue.

Protest has changed accordingly. Instead of talking about the "white power structure", the East Village Other in 1967 ponders our world, "the shredded end of the Protestant Ethic--that monstrous and mutated child of the Industrial Revolution." Young men serve years for burning draft cards rather than days or months for walking on the wrong side of the street.

Dissent is also becoming more... could I say ecumenical? "The time has come for a Pow Wow, a Peace 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 hopefully erase any mutual skepticism remaining between them. What these two radical groups have recognized is that, despite their differences, both are engaged in moving



out from under the shadow of the Establishment into the sun of freedom. So they have decided to stand up together in what both hope will be a new, strong harmony." (EVO, Vol. 2, #4). On a more local level, a member of MSU SDS recently urged THE PAPER to become more politically involved: "we're both fighting the same attitudes."

But SDS, THE PAPER, and the West Coast groups are all pretty conscious and explicit expressions of dissatisfaction--and there is a second point to be made about protest: that it makes no sense to restrict the label "dissatisfied" to only that level.

For where does this analysis leave the girl I mentioned at the start of this article? She has never been in a demonstration, she belongs to no formal organization, and I'm sure she would be glad for a few hundred unexpected dollars. How can I say she is part of a general repudiation of economic values? Only by admitting that much of that repudiation may be confused and only half-conscious.

Let's go back to civil rights for a moment. Those television newscasts were seen by everyone, and if a few people went out to march, many more inevitably stayed at home with a vague unrest -- especially those young enough not to have formed values. Well, Huntley and Brinkley are still there now (and so is Harrison Salisbury), and a lot more faith has been lost.

"But that's so oversimplified," you say? Dying is simple. It really doesn't take much sensitivity to be aware of pain. If hundred-thousand-range casualty figures can be ignored (and they can be, by some people), the loss of a son or a brother or the boy down the block cannot.

"Yes, but how many families didn't lose someone in World War II?" That's just the point. THOSE losses

could be justified. Almost everyone felt that the issues were clear-cut; we had no real choice, at least after the war had started. Or consider World War I, which was to make the world safe for democracy. Even the Korean War was accepted; the Spanish-American war was popular despite making no more sense than the present one. They were all at least BORNE well--and there was always some enthusiasm.

Now look around. Where is there enthusiasm about this war? Where is there evidence that Americans consider it worthwhile?

There are certainly many individuals committed to the war--but even more certainly there is no sincere, emotional societal commitment to it. There are too many people like that girl, to whom the justifications that can be offered aren't good enough. Generally, a society more sure of the worth of its goals would not have the mood of the United States in 1967. A country

sure of its values would not tolerate the current levels of dissent.

Political protest and unrest do not explain this general discontent, of course. They are only symptoms. A thorough explanation would be very difficult to find. It is obviously going to deal with the failure of many strongly materialistic value system to provide a satisfactory basis for life, but there are many books you can read to convince you of that. There is more to be said than this.

There are still some funny facts left over; there are, for instance, economic reasons to be AGAINST the war ("guns or butter"). But my whole argument has been to include rather confused positions under "dissatisfaction"; that obviously leaves a lot of room for contradictions. Maybe I can explore some of them after mid-terms.



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 Alfie to see that he lives by at least a partial truth; compared with a girl who whines and incessantly asks him if he loves her, he seems halfway sensible. In his way, Alfie is like the guy in the Simon and Garfunkel song, "I Am A Rock," who says, "If I'd 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 pretty attractive, somehow. Besides, Alfie has fun -- and probably gets more out of life than most of us superior types do.

Still, Alfie is at least half wrong and he has to face it sometime. He sees his son in the church while a married woman is at his flat aborting his child; when he returns and sees the dead foetus, his face is distorted with unexpected grief. The unborn child is the (unconscious) symbol of the son he gave up, the only person he ever loved.

In the next scene he's decided to "settle down" with a middle-aged woman he likes for her unsentimentality, for the way she too is careful not to get attached. To show his affection, he brings her flowers for the first time -- only to find her with another man.

"What's he got that I haven't?" he demands.

With a mixture of amused contempt and simple that's-how-it-is frankness, she says, "He's younger than you are. . . Got it?" There is genuine affection on both sides, but they are both committed to their cynicism; he gives her key back and leaves for good. (This is a beautiful scene, easily the best thing Shelley Winters has done.)

Left alone and facing a distant dead end, Alfie is puzzled. He seems to have got most things his own way, but: "I ain't got my peace of mind, and without that you ain't got nothin'."

He looks at us and says, "What's it all about?" then with a little shrug adds, "Know what I mean?"

But your life, kid. WE know.

(I should add anticlimactically that 1) Michael Caine is of course perfect; 2) there are a few scenes -- especially a barroom brawl and a pseudo-comic bit in a doctor's office -- so bad they seem to belong in a different movie; 3) The picture is shot in bright, awful color that runs steadily against the grain of the story--which should have been in black-and-white; and 4) the entire

cast is excellent -- particularly Julia Foster as the mother of Alfie's child and Vivien Merchant as the woman who has the abortion.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN

"A Man and a Woman," another film critic has said privately, is great for putting you in the mood to go home and beat off.

I personally can't testify to that, but if it's true then the film is good for something.

Otherwise it's a chicly photographed fairy tale for pseudo-sophisticates that looks like an animated collection of ads from The New Yorker and plays like an adolescent daydream.

You know: it's like those what-sort-of-a-man-reads-Playboy ads, which always show a mountain climber or a deep-sea diver or something: just the sort of man that the sort of man who ACTUALLY reads Playboy--some pimply teenage boy who uses the centerfold for the same thing this picture may be good for--would really like to be.

The woman in "A Man and a Woman" is a glamorous fashion-model type who works in movies (though not as an actress); her husband -- a daring, romantic stuntman--was killed doing a stunt. The man is a professional racing-car driver; his wife--a beautiful psychotic--killed herself when he was injured in a race.

Even hip young couples (who couldn't, of course, be fooled if the film starred Rock Hudson and Julie Andrews) see the beautiful people doing exciting things and sigh, "Ah! The Real Us!"

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

MADEMOISELLE

This is not nearly as bad as everybody's going to tell you it is. Since the script is by Jean Genet, you shouldn't be surprised to find that 1) it deals with a fairly exotic kind of perversion; and 2) it deals with it in a romanticized, adolescent, but genuinely poetic way.

The film concerns a spinster (Jeanne Moreau) who expresses her frustrated desire for a handsome woodcutter by starting fires, causing floods, poisoning livestock--things that give him an opportunity to be heroic, but that he, as a foreigner, is blamed for. I realize it's strange, but at least the first half of the film is good enough to take you into the woman's bizarre sealed-off world where, away from human contact, the most outrageous things seem logical, even inevitable. The detail is beautiful as her fingers run across a row of ornate matchboxes



and finally settle on one for tonight's fire, as she arranges her hair and makes up her face to go out and destroy as an act of love.

Unfortunately, the whole thing teeters on the edge of parody and occasionally topples over. When the spinster and the woodcutter finally come face to face, he is (perhaps symbolically?) carrying a snake around his waist. He asks her to touch the snake. In an absolutely unforgettable moment, the snake crawls over her hand as they stare at each other and the woodcutter says, "This is the first time we've really met."

In the last half, beginning with a long flashback, the picture loses focus and fatally allows us time to reflect on things like plausibility. Still, I enjoyed it, even if I did stop taking it

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 steel and concrete covered up the city seems almost old-fashioned enough to be composed of wood and dirt. Straight lines, 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 the economy, the needs of government and science, but not the needs of human beings. That a snowfall could 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 unbearable for many). We have better ways of "defending" ourselves than ever before, yet we are less secure and more endangered than at any time in history. In the face of staggering material affluence, we are still unhappy.

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 misplaced 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 righteous in itself and needs no further justification. Our



Larry Fritzlon

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 pious are called Consumers.

Moral Escapism: Through this

false faith, we have assured ourselves that, if a man follows his wailer, 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 pious 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 asked 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 pious are called laymen, and the priests are Scientists.

Moral Escapism: We do not ask moral or ethical concern of the laymen 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. The ethics, we thought, were implicit. What will sell is Good. What the politicians can sell us is also Right. And, of 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 cannot, 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 a kind of power) soon become ends in themselves. They are then pursued as worthwhile in 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 "inevitable" long-term goals (real progress and a better world). The systems can be short-circuited. Loopholes can be found. The moral homeostasis is lost.

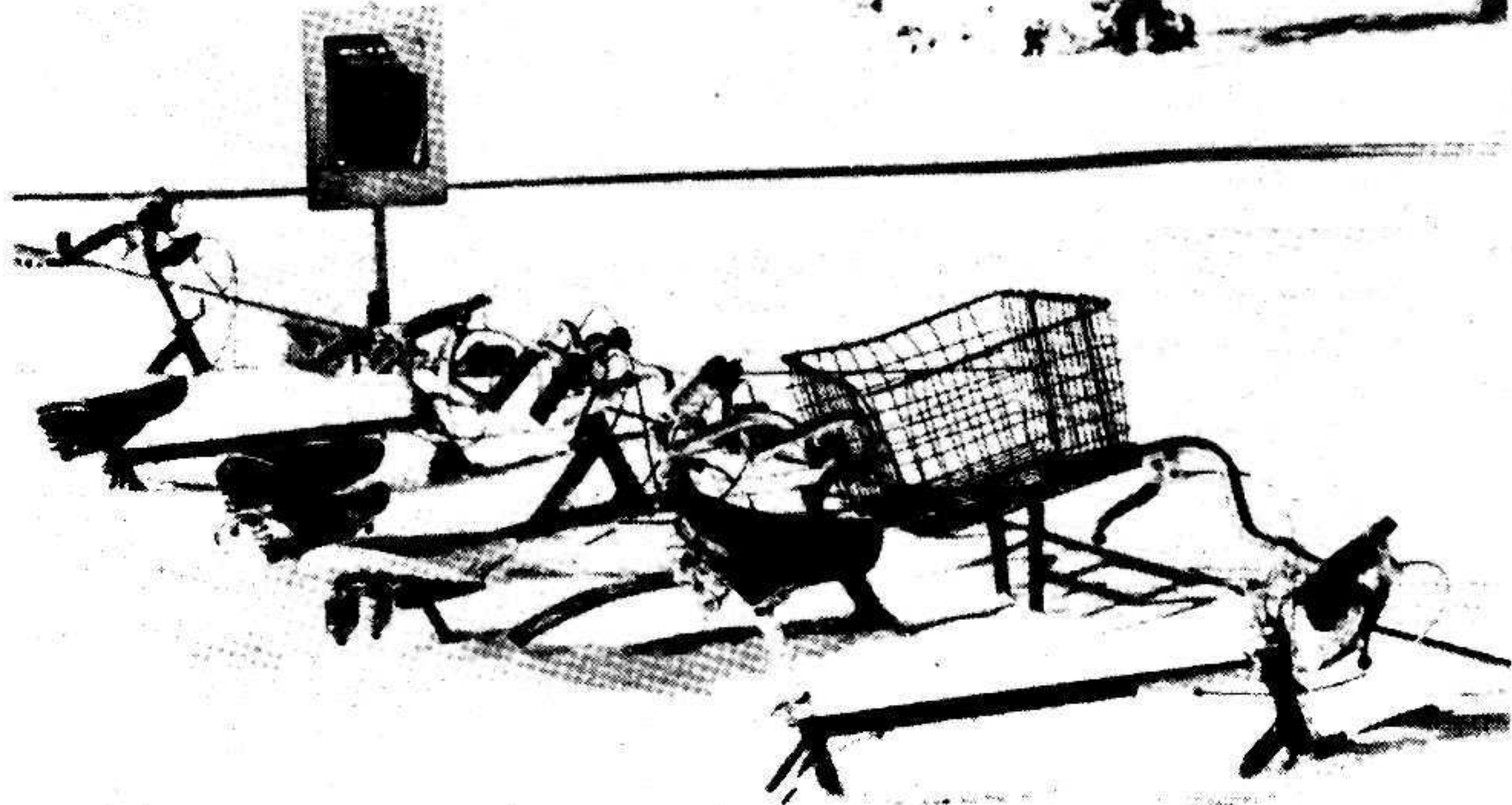
We are now losing our faith, and should be. Our gods are not dead, but they are dying, and the symptoms are everywhere:

BUSINESS: Ralph Nader has shown us. General Motors does not care about US. Con. Ed. does not care about the air we breathe. Madison Avenue does not care about the beauty of the cities we live in. The mass media do not care about the content and its effects. The goal of business is to SELL, and we should have known all along that what is good for us and what we can be sold on are two different things.

GOVERNMENT: We were given a choice in '64 between War and Corruption. We chose the alternative which promised the least bloodshed, but we received BOTH in spite of this. And then, loophole of all loopholes, we were SOLD on this. The American people were presented an elaborate series of fait accomplis 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 be forced are not the same.

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

continued on page 14





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 inevitability 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.



Larry Fritzlan

Urban...

continued from page 13

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



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

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.

3
"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.

6
"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?"
"ahhh, Not That Well. how 'bout Yourself?"
"Much The Same. Much The Same."

Unconscious Stream

Unwed ebon moonlight
Of caressing texturedness
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
Involuntal scribbings and scrawlings

Through mindless convolutions

Quiet minds broken
Battered in Environment

My Own Dark Passage

I am travelling now,
Among new graven masks and unfound dreams:
A stuttering attempt to bridge the gap between two worlds,
Between the rain and the morning.

With out-stretched hands the beggar grasps,
And finds in empty air a wind-swept grave.
Dark sky-roads pass by.
A turn, uneven movement, and rest.
Then into the light.

MARC RUBY

J. A. McGEE



Simple Simon and Garfunkl
met a pi man
going to the faire.
said single sighman to the sky man
let me taste your wheres
while
Alice had tea
in several broken watches
(the late important dates)
the gypsy mad hatter dreaming monkees
strangled hourglass in their hands
the loyal sport of Arthur
mingled base circus 476
sigh Heffnerson airplain
aches off
seafoam meerschaum
dancing Marys
christ strung on bosses
a flood strumming in his hyde
flurry up pleased, it's tyme

themesang the Thames
shakespeare avon calling down the years
during
yesterday today and tomorrow
you know later alwyas never won't
could merlin spell backwards?
writing on pentagramophones
the science faction
i can't get no sciencefiction
roiling stoned
somewhere
some wore Judas
Barabbas the Jaws died hoarsely
with the mawbone of an ass
the bower of the bible (cave to cadaver
death to breath
seth to beth
sheba to Saruman
mean wile
i just sat a round
and played
with my elf

DAVID HEAL



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?

SETH McEVOY

With
the gentleness of water
creeping down a square granite block
to a pool of clear water and rivulets
and rivers down further, further down the green hill,
gently I remember a certain such encounter.
The word that was spoken was soft as the morning
when the dark first gets broken and sunlight is forming,
as full of something as water at dawning,
baptismal and living.

VICTOR ST JOHN

When man and beast walk paw
in paw back into that ageless vaulted
slimy cathedral
(they once walked blinking from together)
When children break from eggs
on sun-warmed highway beaches gossiping
with turtle midwives
(about a marriage long since consummated)
And a dull red sun sets one last time
across the rusted sand of vacant windswept
continent
(the whistling dust reclaiming long forgotten dust)
Then will confusion cease, God breathe again
and living become plain.

MIKE DURPHY

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
scattered

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
constitutional cheese with grimy
iron-grip paws

NEO-CLASSIFIED

Lost or Confounded

WANTED: stimulating, male, intellectual, with shovel, to help me dig out of massive MSU snowdrift, i.e. ADS-Math-Dorm Crowd, Shaw mixer, Farmer's Week, and Polly Pan-Hel. Call Syd, 353-3156.

WILL THE person who took my coat at the bacchanale at Leslie St. two weeks ago Saturday please call Don at 353-8173. The songbook in the pocket has sentimental value . . . My mother gave it to me.

WANTED: GIRL who responded to last ad and fits the following description: Name: Ann...Campus Address: South Hubbard... Home: Grosse Pointe, but moving to Balmoral Apts., Southfield. Blonde hair and blue eyes. Call Doug - Shaw, 355-9087.

LOST: Polished gold wedding band with three diamonds in star shaped inserts. Lost on the way to Hubbard from the Women's (M last Thursday noon. Obvious sentimental value. . . Please return. Reward. 353-6527 Winona.

WOULD THE KIND, gentle, lovable, sweet, cuddly person who found my gold wrist-watch nesting in a Union washroom please call 332-4649. I will be eternally and internally grateful. There's a reward, too!

Sex

Would like to meet good-looking girl who can enjoy sex without emotional attachment, agrees that this is good, clean fun. Should be between 4'9" and 5'7", between 18 and 23. Intercourse welcome but not necessary! Call Dave, 355-9457--between 3 and 5:30 if possible.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT: Lonely SDS activist wishes beautiful buxom mistress. Fun and games desired!!! Must be free and uninhibited. No hippies or teenybompers. Call H, 337-9217.

Events

NORMAN AND SANDRA DIETZ AT RANDOM, man and wife, and other outrageous roles will be presented by the repertory THEATER OF CONCERN on Friday, February 17th, 8 p.m., at University Lutheran Church, Division and Ann Streets, tickets \$1.00 per person at the church office. -- The Dietz's play what may be loosely defined as a not-altogether-random assortment of original fables and vaudevilles and plays, many of them comic, most of them paced at breakneck speed. "Perhaps the least misleading thing to say about what we do," says Norman, "is simply to say that we PLAY in celebration of what it means to be human. In our playing we are concerned to provide for our audiences, and for ourselves, that occasion for community which we believe to be the theater's chief, if infrequent, contribution to the common life of man."

Would you believe that at 10:30 on Wednesday nights you can hear the music of India, Africa, Eastern Europe, the Far East, Middle East, Near East, Southeast Asia, South America, American Indians, and other non-Western traditions? Well, not all of them each time, but as many as Marta Nichols can fit into her program -- "Music Around the World" on WKAR-FM, Wednesday nights, 10:30.

SRL HAS ARISEN! True to the saying that "you can't keep a good liberal down," the Student Religious Liberals are holding, in addition to our Sunday night film series, a series of discussions Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. in the Old College Hall in the Union. We will talk about everything from sex to cybernetics and probably back to sex. Seriously, we will try to bring up issues that are meaningful in relation to the quality of human life.

ALLEN GINSBERG IS coming to East Lansing soon, courtesy of ZEITGEIST. Are you prepared? Is MSU prepared? Can you think of a place that seats 5,000 poetry fiends? Will MSU force him into the Civic Center in Lansing? Will MSU arrest him if he sets foot on campus? Will President Hannah give him a reception at Cowles House? Watch for news in your local rag.

THE FABLES is East Lansing's best-selling paperback. Culture-Fests are East Lansing's most popular form of mind blowing. Bessey Hall is East Lansing's most popular sit-in location. ZEITGEIST is Michigan's best-selling literary magazine. Allen Ginsberg is America's most widely read poet. All provided as a public service by Zeitgeist people. After a cruel autumn murder, ZEITGEIST is returning-- soon.

Beware! Beware! fearful and trembling gutless ones! A man, a poet, a messiah is arriving in East Lansing soon. From LSD to free verse to free love to freedom, there is no one to match him. Some missed Ferlinghetti; some missed Snyder; but only Brodyrats and U.S. members (previously of the Orange Horse) would wake up and discover that Allen Ginsberg has departed. ZEITGEIST predicts there's a poet prophet coming.

Offers

BUMPERSTICKERS: "MAKE LOVE -NOT WAR"; "TURN ON...TUNE IN... DROP OUT"; "Dump Johnson in '68"; "The Great Society...bombs, bigotry, bullshit"; "War IS GOOD BUSINESS...IN -VEST YOUR \$ON"; "Legalize Spiritual Discovery" --50¢ each -- Johnson, 528 Lakeview, Bayport, N.Y.

ANYONE INTERESTED in forming and or joining a French Club please call Karen Larson at 355-2443.

PSYCHEDELIC INCENSE-- Imported from India, \$1.00 packet ppd., also Sandalwood Incense Burner \$1.00 each ppd. Handicrafts. Long Playing Indian Records - Ravi Shankar, All Akbar etc., free price list. Indiacrafts, P. O. Box 853 San Francisco, Calif 94101.

UP TIGHT WITH THE DRAFT?

DON'T EVADE IT CONFRONT IT

Send \$1 for "draft packet" that includes Handbook for C.O.'s, Write Dept. Q, War Resisters League, 5 Beekman Street, New York City 10038

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING...Compilation of America's choicest give away items. You can get FREE SEX information, FREE SCHOLARSHIPS, How would you like to go to Europe...FREE? No contest, No gimmicks. FREE FOR THE ASKING! Send 50 cents today to:

Thad Foster
2202 W. Grand Blvd.
Detroit, Mich. 48208

50 VALUABLE THINGS AVAILABLE TO YOU. FREE FREE FREE FREE (50 cents is service charge)

IF YOU BELIEVE that you have PSYCHIC ABILITY, or if you wish to contribute to the advancement of parapsychological research, or if you would just enjoy participating in an experiment on ESP, Volunteer by calling 372-1620...7-11 p.m. T & TH or 9-11 W.

Grande Ballroom Posters, \$1.00 each or 3 for \$2.50. Send check or money order: Uncle Russ Travel Agency, 7729 Kentucky, Dearborn, Mich. 48126.

YOU WANT TO LIVE off campus, right? Of course. But Greeks aren't cool. And apartments necessitate being twenty-one and having lots of money. So what's left? Elsworth (men's) Co-op. What's a co-op? Well, call us at 332-3574, or drop in at 711 W. Grand River. It's the good life, boobie.



PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS February 7-13

TUESDAY, February 7

- 11:30 a.m.--The Creative Person--a visit with Canadian Richard Williams, a film animator who is generally cited as one of the few top-rank creative artists in his field today.
- 12:30 p.m.--Assignment 10--"Bombs Are Possible"--a discussion on whether or not the bomb is a real threat and an examination of the extent of Civil Defense preparation on the local level.
- 7:00 p.m.--Spectrum--"R and D: A March on Time"--an examination of the applied scientist's role in industry, focusing on Lockheed - California's Rye Canyon Laboratory, one of the country's most important centers for aero-space research.

WEDNESDAY, February 8

- 11:30 a.m.--Spectrum--"R and D: A March on Time" -- see Tuesday, 7 p.m.
- 12:00 a.m.--NEI Journal--"France Is Dead: Long Live France"--a documentary on the changes in France since World War II, which created a chasm between the old and the new France.
- 7:00 p.m.--Young American Musicians -- Pianist Barbara Nissman, graduate student at the University of Michigan, plays the Andante spianato and Grande Polonaise brillante, Opus 22, by Frederic Chopin and Ricordanza, one of the Transcendental etudes by Franz Liszt.

THURSDAY, February 9

- 12:00 a.m.--Your Right to Say It--"Vietnam and 'Managed News'"--Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, explains his opinion on the matter of withholding information from the public in times when the country's safety is involved.
- 7:00 p.m.--Great Decisions--"Communist China and the U.S."--the first of eight programs exploring the pros and cons of critical foreign policy issues facing the U.S.

FRIDAY, February 10

- 12:00 a.m.--Great Decisions--"Communist China and the U.S."--see Thursday, 7 p.m.
- 12:30 p.m.--CHOICE: Challenge for Modern Woman--"The Family Affair"--a discussion on the effects of modern technology upon the size and relationships of families.

WKAR FM 90.5 mc

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS February 7-13

TUESDAY, February 7

- 6:30 a.m.--"The Morning Program," featuring classical music, news, weather and Mike Wise (week-days).
- 8:00 p.m.--News, a quarter hour report, with Lowell Newton.
- 8:15 p.m.--"Scrapbook," interviews, feature stories, classical music and jazz with Steve Meuche (week-days).
- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Wait a Minim."
- 5:00 p.m.--"News 60," a full hour report prepared by the WKAR news and public affairs departments.
- 8:30 p.m.--The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert, with guest conductor Charles Munch and pianist Nicole Henriot Schweitzer. Program includes music by Berlioz ("Symphonie fantastique"); Ravel (Piano Concerto in G) and Roussel (Suite No. 2 from "Bacchus and Ariadne").

WEDNESDAY, February 8

- 1:00 p.m.--Operetta, "The Desert Song."
- 8:00 p.m.--"FM Theater," a BBC production of "The Hippolytus of Euripides."
- 10:30 p.m.--"Music Around the World" with Marta Nicholas (premiere).
- 11:00 p.m.--"New Jazz in Review" with Bud Spangler and Ron English.

THURSDAY, February 9

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Kean."
- 7:00 p.m.--The Detroit Symphony Orchestra in Concert, with Sixten Ehrling conducting. Music includes Dvorak's Symphony No. 9; Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite"; Respighi's "Neste Romane."
- 9:00 p.m.--"Jazz Horizons," til midnight, with Bud Spangler.

SATURDAY, February 11

NO LISTING

SUNDAY, February 12

- 1:30 p.m.--Recital Hall--Pianist Jose Rim-baldi, former graduate student at MSU, plays Sonata in C Major by Haydn; Etude, Opus 10, No. 6, by Chopin; and "Islamey" by Balakirew.
- 2:00 p.m.--News in Perspective--Among the topics under speculation is the relationship between President Johnson and the 90th Congress, especially on the basis of the Democrats' narrowed lead in the House.
- 3:00 p.m.--The Creative Person -- Joan Baez, one of the best-known American singers of folk songs in the world, outlines her political beliefs and talks about the opening of her school, the Institute for the Study of Non-Violence.
- 3:30 p.m.--Cineposium--the first in a series of programs offering a unique opportunity to view and to hear a critique of the works of new and established filmmakers.
- 4:00 p.m.--Your Right to Say It--"Is the 'Safe Auto' Possible?"--James Mancuso, board member and chairman of public relations at the National Automobile Dealers' Association, explains his opinion that the Federal Government's safety requirements for automobiles are unrealistic.
- 4:30 p.m.--NEI Journal--"What Happened Up There"--an adaptation of the Japanese-made film which won first prize in the Prix Italia--Documentary Division" for its account of the investigation following a plane crash in Tokyo Bay one year ago.
- 11:00 p.m.-- NEI Playhouse --"La Mama Playwrights"--an introduction to three plays by three young playwrights whose works have been performed at La Mama Experimental Theater Club in New York City, including Jean-Claude van Itallie's "Pavane"; San Shepard's "Fourteen Hundred Thousands"; and Paul Foster's "The Recluse."

MONDAY, February 13

- 12:00 a.m.-- News in Perspective--see Sunday, 2 p.m.
- 7:00 p.m.--Spartan Sportlite--filmed highlights of the Michigan State Relays featuring the world's best miler, Jim Ryan of Kansas, and a preview of the MSU-Indiana basketball game.
- 7:30 p.m.--Profiles in Courage--the story of Governor John Peter Altgeld of Illinois, who lost his governorship for protesting an unfair trial and insufficient evidence which convicted three defendants in Chicago's famous Haymarket Square bombing of 1886.
- 8:30 p.m.--Assignment 10--"The Senior Citizen Romp"--a report on the problems of senior citizens, their search for companionship and their need for activity and recreation.

FRIDAY, February 10

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."
- 8:00 p.m.--Opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor" by Donizetti, Performers include Lily Pons and Richard Tucker.

SATURDAY, February 11

- 11:45 a.m.--"Recent Acquisitions," Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachler listen to and discuss news recordings on the World Series label.
- 2:00 p.m.--The Metropolitan Opera, Live from New York. Today, a performance of Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes," with Jon Vickers, Lucine Amara and Geraint Evans. Conducted by Colin Davis.
- 7:25 p.m.--Hockey, MSU and Michigan. After the game, til 1:00, classics by request on "Listener's Choice."

SUNDAY, February 12

- 2:00 p.m.--The Cleveland Orchestra in Concert, with violin soloist Daniel Majeske and Louis Lane conducting the orchestra. Music includes Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite"; Bernstein's Serenade for Violin, Strings, Harp and Percussion; Lutoslawski's "Venetian Games" and Schubert's Symphony No. 5.
- 8:00 p.m.--"The Toscanini Era" with Gary Barton. Two hours of recordings led by Arturo Toscanini.
- 11:00 p.m.--"Offbeat" with Steve Meuche.

MONDAY, February 13

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Sweet Charity."
- 3:00 p.m.--The Grand Rapids Symphony Orchestra in Concert, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano, and Carl Karapetian conducting the orchestra. Music by Mozart, Verdi, Ravel, Schubert, Ponchielli and Puccini.
- 7:55 p.m.--Basketball, MSU vs. Indiana
- 10:30 p.m.--"Music of Today," the first of three programs featuring the music of Leos Janacek.

NEO-CLASSIFIEDS



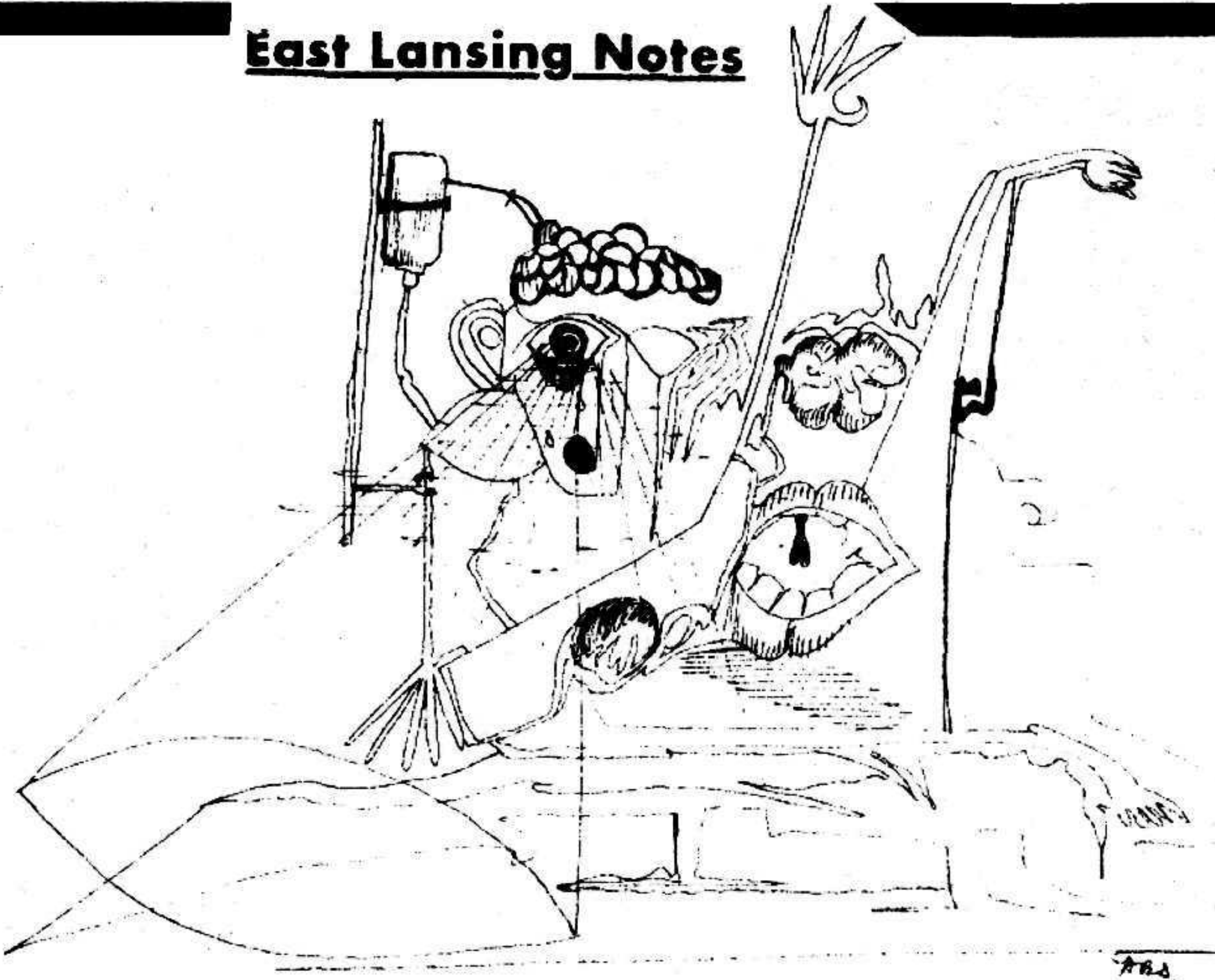
Box 367, East Lansing or 351-7373 (still cheap)

DEADLINE THURSDAY MIDNIGHT

50 words/\$1

50 words/\$1

East Lansing Notes



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 55-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 proves that some tax systems are fairer than others. An example is New Hampshire's lottery. The revenues from that type of legalized betting provide that state with excellent schools, etc., without a breath about a personal income tax. What is so ironic is that a lottery could also bail Michigan out of some of its financial straits were it not for some of our more pharisaical citizens and legislators. The WCTU lives!

Let me relate a recent scene at DeWar Cleaners. A lady stopped there to pick up some cleaning and asked to use the phone. While she was on the phone, Mr. DeWar took the packages and carefully placed them in her car. This is merely typical of DeWar's fine services. Also, speaking of good services, we have been advised that Fuller Standard Service (1100 East Grand River) has provided good, honest service to cars. It's too bad that many people won't find out about such good service because of overpriced gasoline.

E. L. Notes has no direct connection with the upcoming boycott planned by United Students. It is nice to see that some students are concerned enough about their part in the community to fight against anonymity. However, there have been some encouraging responses from most of the merchants in East Lansing in

seeking a cooperative understanding between stores and students. One such establishment is Miller Brothers' Shoe Repair (501 East Grand River). Several sources indicate that their prices are fair and they tend to be pleasant and prompt.

Also complimented on this week's tour was The Best Steak House. This is East Lansing's closest approach to a real, live restaurant so far. As most people know, as long as East Lansing has an immature approach to drink-

Diehl Attacks A Tax

ing and no restaurant is allowed to sell drinks, the quality of food will suffer immeasurably. Anyway, The Best Steak House serves a rather palatable steak dinner for about \$1.32 (to your order). One girl mentioned that she dropped some money on the floor there and one of the employees returned it to her, which is really rare of late.

Further comments on the meat situation include the following: A professional butcher made a review of food stores in the area for his son at MSU and found that one of the best (for meat) is Willard's HiLo (1400 East Michigan). Czubak's (1600 S. Logan) is also supposed to have good meat.

We have also been told that the photo developing service at the East Lansing Margin Store is of questionable quality. One customer had an entire roll of film ruined, including prints of the ruined film. The entire matter was referred back to the processor (Margin Store would not accept any responsibility) and nothing has been heard since. Thus, about \$3 was wasted through what was described as Margin Store's caveat emptor.

The last item is a suggestion regarding the vacation trip deals offered

to students. It would be interesting to find out if any or all of these travel bargains are not quite what they are billed to be. After last year's Rose Bowl trips some people complained about the accommodations they were given compared to the ones that they were led to believe they were going to receive. This issue stems in part from item 3 in the "terms and conditions of booking for ASMSU Easter trip to the Bahamas 1967," which states:

"If all seats on the chartered aircraft are not filled, the exact cost of the flight will be pro-rated between the members who have signed up for the trip, which may result in an increase in cost." Of course, it seems silly that a flight to the Bahamas might cost \$800 but what if only three people signed up for the trip?

Finally, our contribution to the Too-True-To-Be-Funny Department: the United States was recently described as the world's first over-developed country.

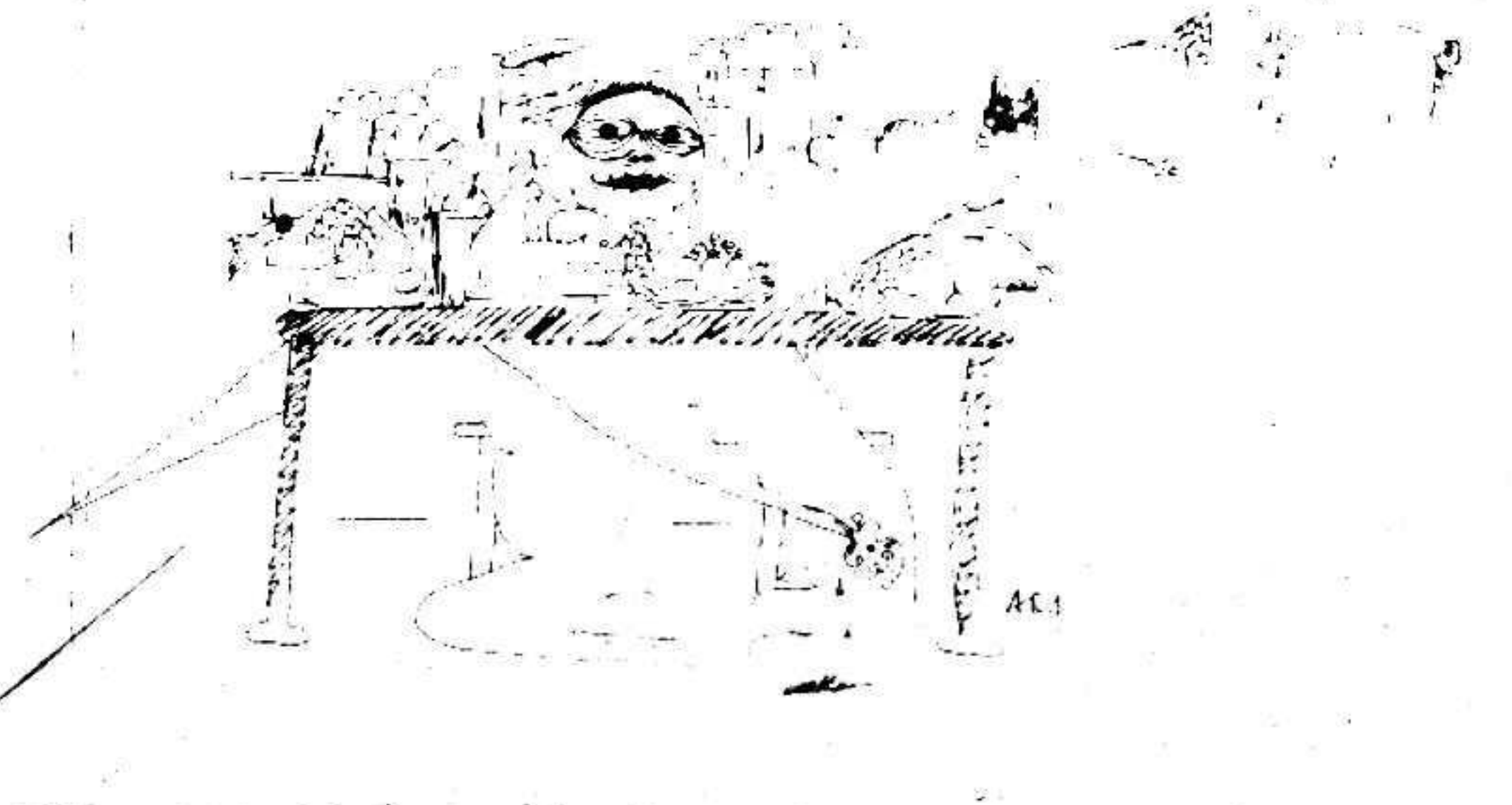
So, if you have any complaints which you would like aired or any compliments you would like distributed please call 351-7373 or write to Box 68, E. Lansing, 48823.

DIEHL

See How the Hungry Freak

Rice Conversions

By the WHITE WITCH



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, I mean to the letter--precisely. By the way, if they say "fluff" the rice, one simply stirs 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 hippie--Uncle Ho's Converted Rice ("A Marxism in Every Morsel").

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

The first dish is perverted kedgeree. The food from which this one is derived is a staple breakfast treat in old English mystery movies, and is made with fresh salmon. The scuzzy version is much simpler and less pretentious. Take two cups of cooked rice and set aside as you mix one can 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.

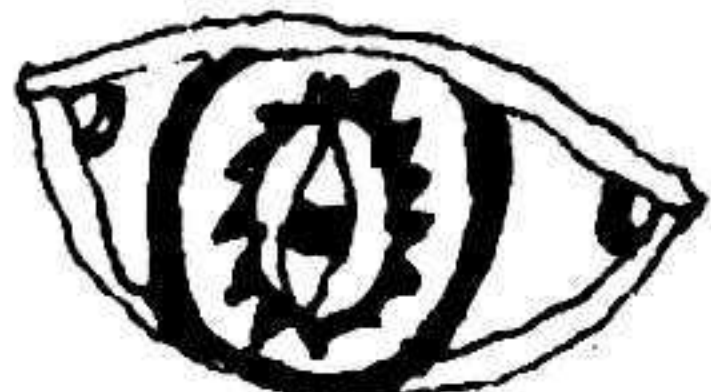
Next come the sauces, both calibrated for about two cups of cooked rice. The first, modestly entitled Simpering Simple Swift Sauce, is indeed child's play to make. Take one of those small twelve-cent cans of mushroom steak sauce and mix it with a can of tomato paste and a beaten egg. Add a pinch of rosemary,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

The second is so simple it's untitled. Just take a can of chili beef 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, cannily having saved the broth and picked the bones to save morsels of succulent tender meat. Cook the rice separately, preparing enough to provide one cup of cooked rice per quart of broth. When cooked, put into simmering broth. Dice in a small stalk of celery and a medium-sized carrot. Add a quarter cup canned corn. Season with lots of parsley, a pinch of poultry seasoning, some thyme and a touch of rosemary. Add a liberal if not

leftist sprinkling of salt and pepper. Add the diced chicken. Let simmer for an hour or so, stirring occasionally. The final offering this week, indeed the ultimate end of this article, is a recipe for a special meal. You know what a special meal is: when you girl moves in, when you try to reach your boyfriend through his stomach, when the computer has given you a 20-credit four-point for the last term and you weren't even enrolled; in short, any special or festive occasion. Have your local friendly butcher bone several chicken breasts. About two will be right for the quantities in this recipe. Now, melt four tbs. (tablespoons) butter in a skillet, adding a half cup celery (diced), one small chopped onion, and a quarter cup almonds. Cook over low heat while constantly stirring for 15 minutes. Add one and a half cups cooked rice, a half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons sugar, a pinch and a half of thyme, and two tablespoons grated orange rind. Stir for a while, then stuff the mixture into your waiting chicken breasts. Place them in a pan and baste them with a mixture of orange juice and melted butter. Cook them for 45 minutes at 325, then turn for another 45 minutes on the other side. Baste frequently. . .

(Next week: Better tea, or cooking with grass.)



The integral cotton candy Emily Dickinson compatibility award, expose division: To the university janitor 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, pin a button on your fur vest 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 individuals"?

Hypocrisy 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 product. They are a total loss if not used, and far more destructive if used.

The country which cannot tell an asset from a liability destroys her credit, as we have.

Margaret Butcher
Chestnut Lodge
Rockville, Md.

To the Editor:

How about running a memorial for the people Jim Thomas killed? They had no choice.

Stuart Dowty

LETTERS



Nonsensorship

To the Editor:

My personal definition of "Liberal Reform" is as follows: the creation of a complex organization or structure to hide rather than change existing injustice and to mollify rather than succor disadvantaged individuals and groups. Example: Article vii of the report of the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs concerned with academic freedom for students. This section of the report is ostensibly a victory for the idea of an uncensored student press. Paragraph A states in part that ".....faculty, administrators, and students who are not staff members may provide advice and criticism but shall not exercise any powers of veto or censorship over news or editorial content..."

Let's look at the structure which is designed to carry out this worthy

and reasonable goal. The present Board of Student Publications is to be replaced by a body known as the Advisory Board for the State News and Wolverine. The Advisory Board is to be made up of 4 students (2 nominated by ASMSU and appointed by the PRESIDENT and 2 selected from the student body by petition to the PRESIDENT, who shall make appointments), 2 non-voting administrators, and 4 members of the faculty selected "according to the pattern employed for establishing membership of faculty standing committees." In case you don't know what that last juicy bit of jargon really means, the procedure for the establishment of faculty standing committees on this campus is simply direct appointment by the PRESIDENT.

It is obvious that if the Administration retains control of the choice of editors, the Administration retains control over what is written in the State News. That is to say that a different State News would (freely) "happen" with Joe Fratman as editor than with Bob Hippy as editor. So the question of veto power over choice of editors is a crucial aspect of student freedom of press. Here is how the structure (set up, remember, to prevent censorship) works with regard to choice of editors. The incumbent editorial board designates its choices for new editors to the Advisory Board, which is free to affirm the choices or to choose among other students interested in the positions. No procedure is established, as far as I could see, for the possibility of a tie vote on the Advisory Board over choice of

editors. However, in other instances when there is a tie vote on the Advisory Board the issues are turned over to a committee called the Student-Faculty Judiciary. Presumably that body would be empowered to settle a tie in the vote for new editors as well. The Student-Faculty Judiciary is made up of 4 students appointed by ASMSU and 7 (yes, 7) faculty members selected again by the PRESIDENT. Decisions of this group can be appealed to the vice-president for student affairs whom I am just guessing is appointed by the PRESIDENT.

Anyone for negotiations and free elections in Vietnam, a Job Corps, or another Civil Rights bill?

Bertram E. Garskof
Assistant Professor of
Psychology

THE PAPER:

We have formed an electric blues group and we are very interested in getting in touch with anyone who could help us in any way.

For Peace,
Stone and Egg
202 Van Wagoner
Oakland University
Rochester, Michigan
48063

MUSIC

continued from page 7

States.

This last, rather unrelated-sounding fact is, I think, more important than its sounds. It most probably accounts for the fact that Ives felt himself free to write any kind of music he wanted. Feeling neither the pressure of his critics nor of his patrons, he was able to produce works which were years ahead of his time. He was able to anticipate in some way practically every significant musical advance of this century, and much of his music, now fifty years old and more, might have been produced five, ten or fifteen years ago. His financial independence also accounts, I suppose, for the number of unplayable and nearly unplayable pieces he produced. He wrote everything from a song for soloist and piano that required four measures of string quartet to one piece which is reputed to require ninety conductors. He even wrote some pieces (e.g. the Universal Symphony) which he never intended to be finished.

However, the second symphony, being a rather early work, is not as impossible as all that. This is not to imply that it is easy, but I shall have more to say about this later. The symphony is an almost unbelievable mixture of folk tunes, patriotic songs, hunks of Beethoven, Brahms, Dvorak, Bruckner, Bach, Wagner, and anything else that Ives felt like including. However, the piece is not a Peter Schickele production, and neither is it trivial. Nor is it a mere collection of random themes. The themes used are rationally chosen, and all are designed to add to the picture that Ives is attempting to convey. Whether you like modern music or not--whatever you like in music--I think you will find something to like in this symphony.

Unfortunately, I have a major reservation about this concert. A student orchestra is not a professional organization, and Ives' second symphony is not a Rossini overture. It is an extremely difficult piece that would be a challenge to most professional symphony orchestras, and I would say there aren't ten college orchestra directors in the country who seriously consider playing it. If the performance is successful, it will certainly be a tribute to the efforts of Mr. Burkh and of the orchestra members.

Dear Suzy Creamcheese,

This is a subtle cry for HELP!! Even though letters are imperfect means of communication (no non-verbal cuss and all that), I hope you will be able to see and understand the vast complexities of my peasized soul.

On my walk through the labyrinth of life I take all the wrong turns (and I've lost my string so I can't turn back).

Here I am -- 19 years old, college sophomore, and I'm everything that is wrong --

1. El. Ed. major (oh security, security);
2. Dormie (and I even like my ousemother);
3. Have a steady who doesn't drink or swear (until this year he thought pot was something to relieve yourself in).

To make matters worse -- I don't have pierced ears, I shower three times a day, buy my clothes from Knapp's Campus Center and I read the State News more often than THE PAPER.

I realize I'm a mess. A non-conformist, a societal reject in these modern times. My parents won't speak to me because I'm so straight. I've been kicked out of the house three times for wearing a skirt to dinner--even the SDS-Math-Dorm Crowd doesn't want me!

Suzy, I'm depending on you to mold me, conform me. I want to BELONG.

Love,
E.R.

Dear E.R.,

Ask Abby next time. With the fantastic cultural barriers of this modern world as they are, you can't expect an answer STRAIGHT from the HIP.

Need a solution to any problem, big or small, up or down? Ask Suzy Creamcheese, THE PAPER's handy-dandy, knowitall advice columnist, pictured here in all her wisdom.

Exchanges are likely published, unless specified. All problems will be Suzy care of THE PAPER. 367, East Lansing -- F.



(The following letter was not written to Suzy but was referred to her for analysis. Only excerpts appear).

The world is populated with a whole shitaree of hopheads and escapists. We live in a dream world mortally concerned over the fate of some South Vietnamese or of some black Alabamans or of three insignificant instructor's in ATL. When the hell are we going to wake up and realize that we aren't going to LIVE long enough to make any high-minded changes?

The first rule of life is self-preservation--you, you sleepy son-of-a-bitch are going to die! What the hell are you going to be about it? ...all considerations aside, the hick from Texas, his wife the bird, and their counterparts in Russia and China are going to murder you and me and that guy over there because we are stupid and they are criminally insane. To (sort of) paraphrase an idiomatic American nero: I know not what course others may take, but as for me -- BETTER READ THAN DEAD!

D.M.

Dear D.M.

In your case. . .NO.



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 hypnopedia. Anyway, my student and I then did in fact cultivate a very satisfying intimacy. Yet, to her surprise as well as to mine, the quality of her academic work has not improved a bit. She still gets D's in her exams. What is wrong?

H.H.

Dear H.H.,

About sleep-learning: "early to bed and early to rise" will perhaps make your student wealthy if she is healthy, but the rest was just thrown in for a rhyme.



Grading: Close

Dear PAPER:

You came very close to doing it in your editorial on grading (Jan. 23). Closer than my colleagues in the History Department, closer than 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 mean what they are supposed to 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 brutally.

No, not any of these. The important thing is that grades are a positive deterrent to learning (whether they are pass-fail, pass-fail-honors, or ranging from A to Z---, or percentiles). They get in the way, and, at least where those things that have to do with being "educated men and women" are concerned, there is, so far as I can see, no reason for giving them that would begin to compensate for their destructive impact upon the context of human learning and growth.

There are, certainly, some instances in which a strong argument can be made for grades--especially in professional studies. We would like to know that someone who suffers to operate on us has passed anatomy. But that does NOT mean that we have to begin the process of professional credentialing in undergraduate school or in high school, by saying that if Billy does not get an A in high school chemistry he will not be able to be a doctor (will not be able to enter the college, hence med school, of his choice). That is preposterous.

So what we must ask is not how to make grading more precise, nor even how to make it more humane. We need to start with the view that the need for grading must be established before any particular course is graded. (And come on, now, if "honors" students are REALLY honors students they do not need grades for rewards and incentives. Neither do we have evidence that if we did not fail people out of school they would stay around and clutter things up. They might leave, anyway.)

You cannot win acceptance for that view in the academic community but if you are going to bargain, you ought to start from a position that best serves your own interests.

Marvin Grandstaff
Assistant Professor
of Education

November 21, 1966

Professor John M. Reinhoehl
Committee on Student Affairs
G-62 Wilson Hall
Campus

Dear Professor Reinhoehl:

I was not on campus last year

when your committee was appointed and therefore I have not seen those drafts of its work dated prior to November, 1966. I am greatly impressed both by the quality and scope of the latest document prepared by your committee.

I would like to make some comments that fall into two categories: those referring to areas covered by your document, as well as comments concerning one area where I feel there is a significant omission in your committee's report.

Page 15: Item 10 states: "The student has a right to protection against improper disclosure of information concerning his grades, views, beliefs, political associations," etc. Exactly what constitutes an improper disclosure or to whom it would be improper to give this information should be defined. Most requests for such information come from employers and government agencies. Since certain of these areas fall within coverage of various state civil rights laws or the 1964 Civil Rights Act no such information should be given to private employers. In the case of government agencies investigating the politics of students applying for jobs requiring security clearances, I would hope your committee would make the following recommendation: 1) Any faculty member asked for confidential information regarding a student's job application should ask the investigating agency to submit the questions in writing. 2) The answers of the faculty member should be returned in writing with a copy to the person being investigated. 3) No information should be supplied to any governmental agency involved solely in checking a student's "loyalty".

Page 21: Item 3 states: "At least 72 hours prior to the hearings the student shall be entitled to the following...." I feel that 72 hours in some cases may be far too short a period of time for a student to prepare an adequate defense. It would be far more desirable to error in the direction of too long a period rather than too short. Therefore, I would suggest a minimum period of 15 days with the possibility postponing the hearing for an even longer period if there were extenuating circumstances.

Page 52: The office of the Ombudsman. Your committee has recommended that the Ombudsman be appointed by the President of the University. I think such a method of selection would hopelessly compromise him because in the eyes of the students, whether rightly or wrongly, the Ombudsman would be considered a stooge of the administration. Therefore, I think it is absolutely imperative for this faculty member to be elected by the students themselves either by a campus wide election or a selection process carried out by representatives of student organizations. Much of the success of the committee's recommendations will depend on a dedicated Ombudsman who has the confidence of the student body.

The major omission in the committee's report relates to the rights of students in regard to the university police and other law enforcement agencies. Some of the problems that arise are the following: 1) What protection do students living on campus have against police practices that would be illegal search and seizure if they lived off campus? 2) What protection do students have

against the practice of campus police taking pictures at political meetings keeping them on file and or 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? 4) What policy should guide these students who are asked by law enforcement agencies to serve as informers regarding the politics of other students? 5) What protection or redress should students have against members of the administration who either publicly or privately use what are alleged to be law enforcement reports to denounce the politics of students?

Although pages 11-12 deal with the maintenance of records at Michigan 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 abolish it and subcontract its duties to the East Lansing police in much the same way the University of Michigan does with the Ann Arbor police force. It should be noted that the development of the campus police with its peculiar dual 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 specific situations that have arisen over the past few years that lead me to make these recommendations.

Sincerely,
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 12

quite seriously.

This is Tony Richardson's best directing job, technically speaking. There is none of the crude nudging or cut-and-paste haphazardness that has characterized his recent films. The whole story seems to move in a dark, hermetic world plunged in evil and obscenity. Which is the idea.

SECONDS

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

Well, briefly: a middle-aged executive trapped in a life of quiet desperation is contacted by a mysterious and sinister organization that offers to arrange his "death" and "rebirth," with new fingerprints, a new voice, a new face, a new name, a new profession -- a new life, it seems. He accepts, and we are shown the steps whereby he is transformed into a young man (now played by Rock Hudson) and set up as an artist in a lavish beach house. But his new life is carefully controlled by the organization: a woman he meets and begins to love turns out to be an employee of the organization, assigned to smooth out his "adjustment," and his neighbors all turn out to be "seconds" like himself who turn on him viciously when he tries to talk of his true past.

For all the appearance of a new life, things haven't changed; he goes back to see his wife, posing as a friend of her late husband, to try and find out what went wrong. What she tells him follows from everything we've seen: he spent his life getting "things": success, a house in the suburbs, and all the rest. He didn't love or hate or feel much of anything, since he was so absorbed in getting what he thought he wanted. His new life, he realizes, has only been a new collection of things, as worthless as the old ones.

Once he has learned the truth, the organization can't let him live. (I meant to be briefer than that, but the more I think about the picture the more sense it makes and the better it gets.)

Except for a couple of lapses (like an unfortunate grape-pressing orgy), John Frankenheimer directs with precise, bitter brilliance; individual frames remind me of Richard Avedon's photographs, making the ordinary look bizarre and the bizarre look

ordinary. There is compassion in the film, but its essence is horror, the sort of horror you can feel in the corridors of one of MSU's newer dormitories -- all glass and cool colors and straight lines -- when you realize that, no matter what they say, this wasn't built for PEOPLE at all; it's the other way around, somehow.

Not too surprisingly, most critics panned the film and it died at the boxoffice. I don't really know why the best American films are often misjudged and ignored in America (cf., "The Group," "War Hunt," "Lolita") but the principle behind it is no doubt depressing as hell.

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 are seeing it) are not people who are likely to have seen its direct forerunners, like "Ride the Wild Surf" (with Fabian) and "Surf Party" (with Bobby Vinton). I, on the other hand...

The usual teen-rock-surf formula is to have Fabian sing a song, then cut to surfing, have Fabian kiss Annette Funicello, then cut to surfing, have Bobby 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, then surf, absorb local color, then surf -- etc.

One wave looks pretty much like another, frankly, and the search for the "perfect wave" the narrator makes so much of is in film terms about as exciting as a search for a perfect bowling alley. The narration in general is heavy and sophomoric, rather like the sort of thing that usually accompanies somebody's home movies.

Eruce Brown, who made the film -- come to think of it -- more or less as a home movie, is at least a good photographer, though, and surfing for long stretches is fun to watch. I couldn't say I MINDED the picture, exactly, but for God's sake, it wound up on some ten-best lists and is being treated as art. I haven't heard anybody calling "Ride the Wild Surf" art.

**collage
by
gary
roelofs**

