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PAPER

15¢

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East Lansing, Michigan
Week of April 11, 1967

An Elections Handbook

or, Don't Throw Out the Bath Water

Just Because the Baby Is Still Dirty or, How To Survive on Brutal Wednesday

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

This has been a year of heightened hippieism in MSU politics. One might say a year of expanded political consciousness.

Unlike the past couple of years, there has been very little tug of war between established power groups like student government and the State News on the one hand, and angry, exploratory protests like the Committee for Student Rights or THE PAPER on the other. This year, the established forces have very carefully and conscientiously explored the issues which provoked the original protests and come out openly courting the protestors. In response, the protest has become both more polite and, as protest, less effective. THE PAPER and SDS, both victims of considerable harassment in the past, have been left alone to "do their things," and United Students, this year's "in" group, has been very attentive to gaining recognition from the establishment rather than to raising new issues and concerns.

This leaves a strange dual nature

to this year's campaign for ASMSU Student Board seats. Several of the candidates come to the election out of the protest groups or out of the undercurrent of unrest which produced them. Moreover, all of the candidates have had to consider at least superficially such issues as student rights and power, student participation in academic affairs, and involvement by students in non-university matters.

This campaign is more issues-oriented than any student government campaign within recent memory. It has the feel of taking place in an environment about to burst into political sophistication -- complete with platforms, parties, debates, clashes. But not yet. This year, there is a discernible slate of United Students candidates, who vehemently deny being that, and a very strong current throughout the campaign of flirtation with United Students and dormitory-based power groups. There is comparatively little emphasis on personality or Water Carnival experience as a qualification for election.

In light of this, the candidates

and issues must all be evaluated in terms of how strongly and how articulately they will defend the integrity and sovereignty of the student body--the real issue in all the protests and campaigns--and how well they promise to do human things within the relatively inhuman and parasitic structure of student government. These are the criteria with which THE PAPER has judged the candidates, and the accompanying sample ballot indicates our recommendations.

When the student rights protests started several years ago, both at Michigan State and elsewhere, student governments were generally accused of playing in a "sandbox", of not concerning themselves with the realities of students' concerns. The characteristic responses within student governments was to get all worried about returning to where the action was. At MSU this resulted in ASMSU's liberalizing trend and in at least a partial co-optation of the energies of the direct action groups, to the point that United Students as an organization and some of its leaders

as individuals have seemed unable to determine a difference either in function or in tactics between government and direct action.

There is a difference between the two. In a relatively well-ordered university, as in a relatively well-ordered society, there is room and need for both, and even a possibility for an individual to participate in both, so long as he remains conscious of the distinctions between them.

Direct action techniques are good for getting people who have something bothering them involved in bringing about immediate change, both in their own lives and in their political environment. Witness the early days of CSR or the Bessey Hall sit-in, both of which involved many new people in a more open personal style (which in itself solved some of their problems of alienation) and both of which also achieved most of their political goals. Student government, on the other hand, is good for winning respect for the students' position and for keeping those people

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Speaking of changes, it was Bessey Hall fall term which brought in all the new, young faces and gave rise to

Perhaps on Gentle Thursday you will join us--by being gentle in your own way. And, as the editor of THE RAG wrote, "If this Gentle Thursday is successful, maybe we will have another Gentle Thursday, and then a whole week of Gentle Thursdays, and then a whole month of Gentle Thursdays, and then a whole year of Gentle Thursdays. AND THAT'S THE REVOLUTION."

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Subscriptions. Steve Crocker
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What REALLY Happened at the Meeting of CUE

THE PAPER begins many series, and finishes few--but this time, we feel more confident than usual. Following is the first of a term-long series of articles by Char Jolles on the operations of the new Committee on Undergraduate Education. In addition, THE PAPER will print any statements made to the Committee that we feel are significant, as well as any letters we receive relating to the Committee's work. We also plan to reprint articles from the Underground Press that bear on the questions CUE is considering; this week, see "The Student As Nigger" from the Los Angeles Free Press.

By CHAR JOLLES

My appearance before the Committee on Undergraduate Education last Tuesday proved to be a moment of profound revelation for me; I learned much to my frustration and anger, that I--and perhaps a significant number of my classmates--have worked for four years to develop our intellectual talents and achieve a sense of moral well-being--in a place where we didn't belong.

Before I explore why it must be that I am out of place at Michigan State, and before I discourse on the committee's oblique understanding of the moral effects of the educational process, I must say that the committee members really care, that they should be trusted and encouraged, and that I don't mean to give them any bad publicity.

This faculty committee, which was conceived publicly in a speech last November by Provost Howard Neville, and then given full authority by President John Hannah to do virtually anything with the undergraduate program, has been inviting students to speak on a number of topics; already prematurely criticized for inviting only honor students, the committee intends and has always intended, to hear all kinds of students with absolutely no stipulation of articulateness.

Upon receiving my invitation to speak to the committee on "the quality of teaching" at Michigan State, I composed a short piece, which in its final form was the following, presented at the Dean's Conference Room of the Student Services Building on Tuesday, April 4:

"I understand that I should talk about the quality of teaching at Michigan State from my personal viewpoint. This is an important assumption in my case because I am convinced that my feelings about education are shared by only a few.

"The quality of teaching has not been a problem in my experience. For the most part, my teachers have been scholarly and exciting. This has been especially true of my major department, the Department of Romance Languages.

"I know that there are many bright, serious students who have been profoundly disappointed. I don't represent them; my teachers have not disappointed me as scholars or as intellectuals.

"However, I have been very unhappy with the effects of the structure in which teaching must take place; for it is a structure which tends to victimize the student and undermine the quality of his learning. It is the quality of learning rather than the quality of teaching which in my experience has given rise to feelings of frustration, humiliation and demoralization--a state of mind unaffected by excellent teaching alone.

"May I emphasize that I know I do not represent the average student, or the Wunderkinder--who are more malleable intellectuals, and who can do excellent, creative work under the present system and still maintain a

sense of moral well being. I represent instead the minority of bright, serious students who cannot or WILL NOT adjust to the pace of life required to excel in a competitive system.

"But the formal structure in which teaching must take place demands--or is seen to demand--the quantification of learning in the form of grades, and a barrage of term papers, quizzes, exams, reserved reading in the library, oral reports. The emphasis somehow shifts from doing the work well to simply getting the work done; for me, and for others like me, getting the work done in the required amount of time often necessitates producing mediocre and/or incomplete work. As a result of this situation there is often a loss or respect for the academic formalities of testing, grading and paper writing, because they seem to be ends in themselves. Teachers seem to be forced by the numbers of students, courses and scholarly or administrative obligations to place more value on the formalities and less on the intellectual and moral development of individual students.

For example: two different professors on three different occasions, considering me a good student and assuming that whatever I did would be adequate, gave me an "A" grade WITHOUT READING--hence, without commenting on--term papers I had written. The experience of writing a paper is virtually worthless unless the professor responds to it, but my professors simply did not have the time.

"I could make several points about the quality of learning, and tell you several stories. But because my statement must be short, I will make only one now:

"The 'System'--which is that organization of intellectual life consisting of ten week terms, finals weeks, grade points, course credits, class meetings, etc.--the 'System' in my experience has not been conducive to quality in my academic work or in my relationship to you."

I found it essential to place rhetorical emphasis on my emotional responses to Michigan State; as an honor student, I had to compensate for the possibility that my "academic success" would detract from criticism of the quality of learning and lead the committee to believe that I was either modest, or brilliant but lazy. Rather am I convinced that there exists a significant minority of students at Michigan State who are bright, who care about cultivating their brightness, but who find the manner in which they must work distasteful; many of them have withdrawn from academia completely and lapsed into a state of indifference; others have interpreted their inability to adjust as a sign of their intellectual limitations, of their insurmountable mediocrity, and have approached a state of demoralization that is ridiculous at age 21. I have seen this in others; I have felt it myself.

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ASMSU GREAT ISSUES

Presents

MARK LANE



MARK LANE is a New York lawyer who has practiced law for over fifteen years, almost exclusively as defense counsel in the trial of criminal cases. Following the assassination of President Kennedy Lane formed the Citizens Committee of Inquiry to investigate the facts surrounding the assassination and the murder of Oswald.

Many of Lane's findings are included in his book "Rush to Judgment", and now lectures on them at the Auditorium on Wednesday, April 12.

AUDITORIUM

Wed. April 12 4:00

STUDENTS & FACULTY--NO CHARGE

A Mild - Mannered Reporter . . . Harrison Salisbury on Vietnam

By ERIC PETERSON

Anyone with wire-rimmed glasses a grey moustache and a name like Harrison Salisbury really should be British. It doesn't seem right for him to talk in a profoundly normal American tone, complete with abbreviations and without even the decency of a Brooklyn accent.

But there he was, last Thursday night, and that was how he talked, and half an MSU auditorium of people had come to hear where it was really in Hanoi. (And maybe everybody else has stayed away for the same reason; I know at least one girl who didn't go because she "wanted to hear about newspapers, not Vietnam.")

I had read his dispatches from Hanoi last December, as I suppose nearly everyone else in the Auditorium had; but I haven't read his recent books or articles, so some of his points were fresh to me. But, then, I found myself more interested in the man than in what he was saying.

So if you want to find out about his "position" in detail, read those books—I'm not going to make it my job to summarize it. I wouldn't expect to find in them any dramatic solutions to The South-East Asian Problem, or a moving account of children's suffering—because that is just not Harrison Salisbury. You'll only find a pretty good approximation to the unvarnished truth (realizing that such a thing doesn't exist) and a few recommendations that are almost maddeningly sensible. Unfortunately, a simple statement of the situation can be very upsetting these days; witness the sensation caused by Salisbury's original reports from North Vietnam.

And he is, after all, a newspaperman—which was as obvious in his

speech as in his direct reports. Consider his procedure in Hanoi, as he described it to us: he went out looking for bomb damage within the city, talked to residents of the area when he found it, checked their reports against the authorities', then talked to his own friends in neutral embassies in Hanoi. . . and added his own observations—all of which he considered in the light of his experience, both of how different types of bomb explode and how dif-

ferent types of people act.

That sounds unobjectionable, as I write it down here—but certainly not anything that would really work. It has an air of unreality about it, an artificiality akin to the way this whole war sometimes seems like an Avalon Hill war game—complete with charts of casualty trends, but lacking people. And it would be tempting to dismiss Salisbury as just another reporter playing that game.

But it can't be done. For one thing,

the man is just too competent at his job. In the example I used before, his investigation of bomb damage in Hanoi, one of the things he stressed most was how it feels to try to pilot a plane through the kind of defenses that Hanoi has, "when you've got to jettison all your bombs and get out of there before you get killed." And his more general comments on the war were filled with predictions about what certain people are likely

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A Revolutionary Contingent

By GREGG HILL

A revolutionary contingent will march in the New York version of the Spring Mobilization to End the war in Vietnam on April 15. The Ad Hoc Committee for a Revolutionary Contingent, a coalition of "further left" groups and organizations, hopes to recruit a thousand marchers to carry the banners and to wear the costumes of national liberation movements throughout the world.

To march in the contingent, a participant is required to accept four basic positions outlined by the Committee: 1) Immediate, unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Vietnam; 2) Defeat U.S. imperialism everywhere; 3) Support national liberation movements throughout the world; 4) Support the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

In an advertisement in the National Guardian (April 8, 1967), the Committee contrasted its position to that of the liberal-pacifist. During the last two years "the U.S. 'peace' movement has succeeded in becoming, in effect, the government's 'Loyal Opposition.'" With the deliberately ambiguous slogan of 'Stop the War Now!' it has obscured the most fundamental character of the war in Vietnam: that it is a ruthless, predatory intervention by U.S. business and military interests to drive back and crush a social revolution—a revolution that is the only road to liberation for the Vietnamese masses.

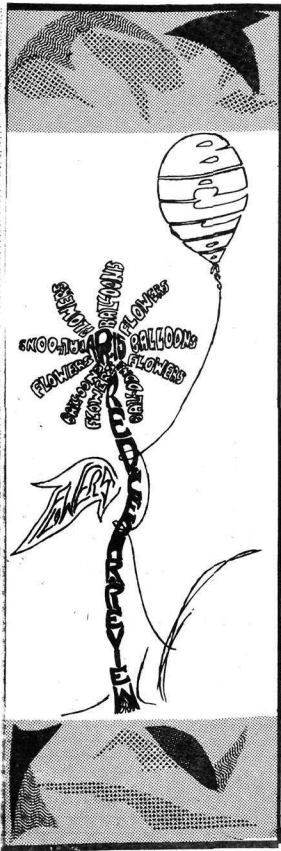
It goes on to say, "We are not neutral in this struggle but rather are FOR THE VICTORY of that revolution. We feel that any demand less than the immediate unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Vietnam lends objective support to

the U.S. policy of armed intervention against social revolutions throughout the world."

The Ad Hoc Committee for a Revolutionary Contingent is endorsed by the Frente Unido de Liberacion Nacional de Latinoamerica, Spartacist League—New York District, SDS—Free School Chapter, U.S. Committee to Aid the N.L.F., of South Vietnam, Young Americans for Progressive Israel, and various affiliated and unaffiliated individuals.

In the past, revolutionary organizations have been excluded from peace parade activities by the liberal-pacifist Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee. (Originally dominated by SANE and the Committee for Non-Violent Action, more recently by more radical groups). The present policy of the Parade Committee and of the nationwide Spring Mobilization Committee is non-exclusion and open membership.

While some trouble may be expected within the ranks of the parade, the real trouble will come from the outside -- militant conservative groups and assorted fascists. The revolutionary contingent is providing its own marshalls.



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challenges you to alert your conscience to the moral and political injustice intentionally directed against the people of Vietnam by American military activity there.

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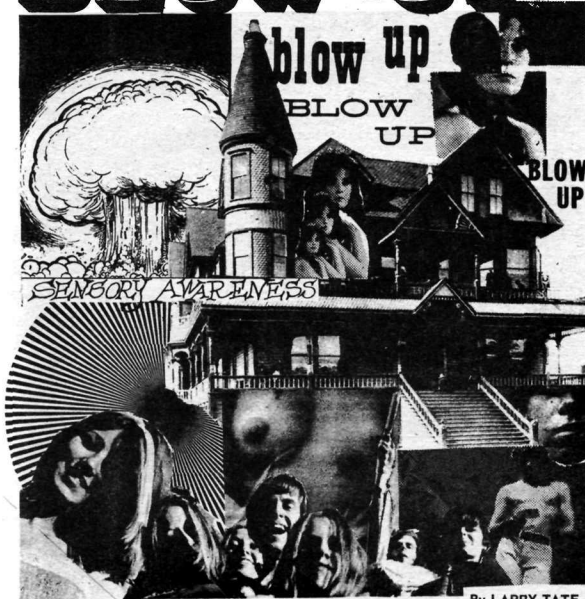
- Films and discussions on conscientious objection plus other alternatives to the draft will be held Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 10 and 11, in the Union.
- Films sponsored by The Angry Arts Against the War in Vietnam. Continuous showings at the Union, Thursday, April 13.
- Sign and circulate the anti-war petition now being carried around at MSU.
- Express your discontent to LEJ and Congress.
- Help form statewide transportation car pools to Detroit. Call 355-8965, 355-3067, 332-5358.
- Join civil rights, church and peace groups in support of Vietnam Week (April 8-15).

National Mass Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam Now!

Saturday, 15 April 1967

United Nations, New York

BLOW-UP Devastation Row



By LARRY TATE

Talking about Michelangelo Antonioni's "Blow-up" is complicated by the two distinct ways in which it must be seen: as a movie and as a cultural phenomenon. I ought to say at the outset that I think the cultural phenomenon is somewhat the more interesting of the two.

When any film achieves a great popular success it is worth asking why. In the case of something like "The Sound of Music" the answers are not hard to come by: the fantastic grosses "Blow-up" is taking in are, to put it very mildly, somewhat more difficult to account for.

Antonioni's previous films--slow, bleak, and dispassionate--could have served as textbook illustrations of the kind of thing that might be art but would never sell. "Blow-up" is fundamentally not so different from its predecessors; but fundamentals rarely determine anything as capricious as commercial success, and its surfaces are very different indeed.

Where "La Notte" or "Red Desert" dealt with the relatively unglamorous angst of conventional middle-class neurotics (played by people like Monica Vitti, Marcello Mastroianni, and Jeanne Moreau), "Blow-up" takes us to the "swinging" London we hear so much about, following a day or so in the life of a handsome young fashion photographer who accidentally photographs a murder. In the course of the film we see, among other things, a pot party, a rock club where a musician smashes his guitar and causes a riot by throwing it to the crowd, a mini-orgy with a pair of teeny-boppers, and a photography session with a group of exotically costumed models as colorful and tremulous as captive rare birds.

Though the pace is as slow and the action as seemingly random as ever, precisely Antonioni's use of this new, livelier environment is responsible for what success the film has. At its best the film is a pleasant, lightly satirical, rather documentary-like study of the mod milieu, poking gentle fun at the whole chic, nonsensical business. The photographic session for example, has the witty debunking quality you always get by looking behind the scenes. The photographer, barking like a sheepdog, orders around the sort of models who look so poised and ethereally elegant in the pages of Vogue, making one get rid of her chewing gum (Not on my floor," he growls, and she puts it behind her ear), yelling at them to "Rethink it!", all to background music by the Lovin' Spoonful. In the act of photographing another model he gets so excited that he winds up on top of her clicking frantically to a very funny mock climax.

There is a low key humor to much of the first part of the film. The photographer lets his phone

ring several times nonchalantly, then dives headlong for it and scrambles to find it under a chair.

He reports into his car radio-phone that he should buy an antique shop because, "Already there are queers and poodles in the area," and the official-sounding voice comes back "Please repeat--WHAT is in the area?" Trying to get a candid shot of a pair of lovers in the park (who will later turn out to be victim and murderer's accomplice,) he elaborately sneaks from tree to tree in a parody of the cartoon villains who always lurk and steal around plotting mischief. There are lots of nice, unaggressive little touches to go with the brisk sensuousness of, say, the various shots of him speeding in his convertible through the more attractive districts of London. It's hard not to enjoy it, if you just relax and take it for what it is.

This part of the film pretty much concludes when the photographer studies his pictures from the park and discovers the murder; the rest of the film is of interest mostly as a cultural phenomenon. I think the best way to get at it is to tell you what happened as I stood in the lobby of the State Theatre waiting to see the movie for the third time. Near me there were a group of middle-aged faculty types, one of whom had seen the film before and was praising it to the others. "It's really great," he said. "It just devastates the whole mod generation." At that point the doors opened and the audience streamed out; among them were many youngsters in paisley, mod caps, and mini-skirts, not-looking, it occurred to me, particularly devastated.

In her review of "Blow-up" Pauline Kael wrote, "Antonioni is the kind of thinker who can say that there are 'no social or moral judgments in the picture': he is merely showing us the people who have discarded 'all discipline,' for whom freedom means 'marijuana, sexual perversion, anything,' and 'who live in decadence without any visible future.' I'd hate to be around when he's making judgments. And yet in some sense Antonioni is right: because he

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DOES LSD IN SUGAR CUBES SPOIL THE TASTE OF COFFEE????

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An Interview with JUDY COLLINS Part 2

Reprinted from THE RAG, Austin, Texas
(Courtesy Underground Press Syndicate)

This is the second part of an interview with Judy Collins and her accompanist, Bruce Langhorne, following their recent Austin concert. Rag interviewers are David Mahler and Jeff Shero.

RAG: The form of what you've been singing...the sound has changed, right? Do you think you've really changed your style? Where do you see yourself heading?

COLLINS: Well, I want to do a lot of different kinds of things. I don't think I've changed my basic feelings about my music or what I do. I think I've changed some of the vehicles. You know, I'm singing different kinds of songs. But I'm also growing, and that's important because I'm learning about the difference, for instance, between a singer who sings a song in like a monotone voice and one who stands with no guitar and makes you feel everything with his body. There's a long distance between those two people. They're doing the same thing in a way, but they're doing it differently, and one sometimes is better than the other and one is able to say more things.

I don't think I want to restrict myself at all, I think, I think I would like to do films. I'm always agitated by...where's the music, where's it coming from? It's absolutely rare, and since I don't write, I have to look and search and find out what it is I want. Leonard Cohen strikes the first really unusual bell that's been struck since Dylan. Leonard Cohen is a great poet. And I think he's going to be a great singer and writer.

But where else is it? Brecht? Well? Very rarely a song from the theater...very rarely. I think there are a lot of people who are capable of writing for the theater in a different way than has ever been done. I want that. I don't know, it's a very big question, but it's something that I think about a lot.

RAG: What about performing? Now, were there any songs tonight that you didn't really want to sing or felt that you had to do because, as a folk singer you have to do certain things, or give out credentials, or something?

COLLINS: I don't think there ever has been. I've never felt that, I've felt that there are certain things in my repertoire that sometimes I'll sing depending on how I feel. I had no idea I was going to sing that damned Silver Dagger thing tonight, but I wanted to make a point to people, I don't even know what it was.

RAG: Where is Dylan now and all the psychedelic groups?

COLLINS: Well, first of all, we are not rare. We are not a rare breed. We kind of, I think, tend to feel precious about this whole cult of hallucinogenic drugs, but it isn't unusual. It's happened in other countries, time and time again. At the time of Proust everybody had laudanum, and they really felt that this was something important that they were doing, and it was, because what came out of it was a change.

I think this is also what's happening to music. Psychedelic music is much more Indian in its whole concept than anything else. It's a continuum of concentration and expression and feeling, and it's the ability to concentrate not only as a performer on a long train of thought, but as a listener, so that you get into something. It's not new at all and it's ruled by the same laws that rule art all the time, that it's not going to be great, simply because it's induced by drugs. It can happen because of drugs, and because there's talent in the first place--the things that make it happen also when you're straight. But the important thing with the musical revolution that's happening is that people are learning to listen, and have a longer train of thought.

RAG: Is it folk music?

COLLINS: Oh no, I don't think it's folk music at all. But I think it's cultural music. I think it's growing out of a culture and therefore maybe it will become folk music. I'm using the word folk music in the Webster's Dictionary sense. Because, ethnic music means pertaining to a certain culture, a rather isolated culture.

RAG: Is the psychedelic community an isolated culture?

COLLINS: No, I don't think so. I don't think it's isolated at all. I think that's its great advantage, that it's not isolated.

RAG: Is it a vanguard community?

COLLINS: Probably.

LANGHORNE: It's taking over the function of the churches.

COLLINS: Definitely. It really is. You know, how incredible every time...you must feel occasionally the sort of giddiness about MY GOD they want to make this ILLEGAL! It's incomprehensible that they want to make this illegal. What a strange thought.

RAG: You know there's a bill pending here which would give, what ten years for the second offense for possession of acid.

COLLINS: Jesus Christ....

RAG: People talk about that the



country is in a death force kind of thing and the movement is a life force. Say that LSD is a life force... it makes people more human. We see that a lot of the singers that are very popular have been into that and a lot of the pop songs really reflect it. All the teenagers listen to it... all the teenyboppers and all the high school kids do. Hick country guys in Austin listen to it, Dylan stuff, the Spoonful...What does all that mean? How much impact does it have?

LANGHORNE: It's just that the message of all the LSD songs is awareness.

RAG: Do Dylan's words really affect how people think?

LANGHORNE: Sure. We are all men, and you know, like the sickest psychotic is you, to some extent. And the far out songs are simply illustrating a trip.

RAG: What do you feel about your music and what it does in the concerts you sing?

COLLINS: Well, you see, I take a trip when I sing. Rarely I have a bad trip. Most of the time it's good and it's involved with communication. And that's where I think the major value of what I do is, for me and for anybody who listens. And whatever is encompassed in that whole experience is what I want to say, you know, right? It's the whole thing and I do it and they receive it. I receive from them, too. This happens. I don't know exactly what that is, but

it happens.

RAG: Maybe you shouldn't be on a stage as you were tonight, I was watching from the audience and thought that that was really wrong. And as I watched and the time went on I was particularly watching Bruce, and I couldn't even gauge the distance because of the lighting effect, etc., and it took on an air of unreality. Maybe if you're going to sing, you should be right in the middle with no kind of lighting, or anything.

COLLINS: I don't think it's unreality. I really disagree with you. You may have not experienced it as communication, that's all. I don't think it's unreality, but I do think there will come a time very soon where a lot of the barriers that we put between each other, including the situation where one sings on a stage, will be changed. I don't know whether you'll be in the middle of the room or whether you'll sing only to a few people. But I think that the best possible means of communication now, except in a club, happens on a concert stage.

And you know, if you're not going with that trip, doesn't necessarily mean that it didn't happen for me, or for anybody else, or that it couldn't happen for you, in another circumstance. But you may be beyond that to where you want something else. And I think those barriers like how we talk to each other and what games we have to play with each other, will gradually become less and less until we don't have to do those things.

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- ____ 9. Sterilize LBJ, No More Ugly Children

- ____ 10. Support Mental Health or I'll Kill You
- ____ 11. Frodo Lives
- ____ 12. Jewish Power
- ____ 13. I am a Human Being, Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate
- ____ 14. Nobody for Governor!
- ____ 15. God is Alive and Well in Mexico City
- ____ 16. Where is Lee Harvey Oswald Now That We Really Need Him?
- ____ 17. Con Ed Tried to Gas Us Today



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Visions of Mexico

BY ELLIOT BORIN

Life is a series of pictures untaken

*An old man, standing alone, face lined
chin of gray, alongside the tracks holding
his unsold tamales, tears starting down*

*The boy, seventeen, a roadside shrine, standing levis faded
pack dusty, eyes looking at his boots, wondering, where, why
The girl, watching, young, black hair, long, hands rough, seeing
the old man, the boy, wanting one, not caring the other*



*Roaming through Mexico, isolated camera, seeing life in flashes and collages
Cattle cars, slats missing, abandoned, people inside
living, somehow, laughing, sometimes, flowerboxes on the big sliding doors
shacks, grass roofs, a light bulb, maybe, a cow, perhaps,
a family, four, five, six, all young or old, none between
Men, hats, always hats, straw, round brim, tassal on back
hats, hats and sandals, sandals soled with old tires*



*Kids playing soccer, yelling, fighting, being young - but staying alive
Chiclets mister, chiclets, shine, shine here, chiclets, staying alive
Cocos, cocos, tamelas, tacos, tacos, tack-ooohs, women
stalking the train, yelling, pleading, barking, staying alive
Metal pails, over their arms, newspapers in squares for the hot tacos
Tamales, wrapped and steamed in paper towels, for sale, all for sale
Tacos, trieze una peso, three, one peso, eight cents, big money eight cents*

*Big signs, neon, Pepsi, Cervaza, like home, sell, sell, sell, got to get that last pexo
Band, walks the streets, two guitars, a bass, playing for a peso
Beggars, legless, armless, old, sitting on corners, dazed, uncertain
hoping, for luck, twenty centavos, or ten, or five, 5/8 of a cent
Bread, wine, work, maybe, life, hard, empty or not, they smile, somehow, sometimes
Yet, vouch for me mister, Si?, I go to America, work for you
I work good, been bracero before, Bakersfield, Delano, Stockton
all over, take me with you mister, I work good, work good*

*Segunda clase, cheap travel, unheated old coaches, wicker seats
People moving, all belongings on train, bales, boxes, crates
Men, women, kids, same toilet, full, overfull, tacos, tamales,
cocos, remains, floating in the brown sludge
Station, kids jump on, walk through train, jump off
Big man, mustache, handsome, standing in the front selling tonic
cures anything, mental illness to warts, all powerful
Women, maybe forty, her three kids, spitting, out the window,
experts, never missing, coughing and spitting*



*Mexcali, tourist trap, bright shiny, walk across the border
Home, customs, show I.D., small pox vaccination
where you coming from?, where you born? where? WHERE?
Open that case, what's in this? what'd ya bring back?
Brought back?, not much, a dish maybe two, and film, lots of film
Mind film, taken by eye, developed by heart, fixed in memory
Undeclarable, non-taxable, unreachable by your prying fingers
A part of soul, Mr. Customs Uniform. A part of soul*



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California

Cesar Chavez

Director United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO

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ELECTIONS

continued from page 1

involved who don't feel like joining "the opposition."

It is a mistake to take too seriously the affluence or supposed influence of student government. It is in the interests of those who empower student government--the administration and trustees and, more specifically, the office of student affairs--to keep student government well-heeled and enshrined like the executive branch of a large corporation, and to create the illusion of a representative government to which they listen for advice. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with this, since it establishes a potential power source for students and offers partial involvement and communication to many who would otherwise remain disassociated.

In view of this, however, student government must be seen as only one of several kinds of channels open to students with something to say. Like anything else, it must be viewed as a tactic rather than an end in itself; it is a mistake to consider a problem solved once it is discussed by student government--some problems are better discussed elsewhere, and in any case student government is at best a lobby. The interest-group, semi-professional organization of ASMSU particularly insures this.

In fact, the reason it is worthwhile getting involved in this campaign--and the reason it is definitely worth voting this Wednesday if one is eligible--is that it offers a significant

opportunity to extend the liberal trend within student government and therefore to heighten the sense of political sophistication which has begun to develop. As one candidate whom we are not endorsing points out, any political or administrative experience is helpful to one entering student government and, anyway, any student government experience is instructive to those with other kinds of political aspirations. This need not work to the disadvantage of the constituency.

A discussion of the reasons for our choices will give pertinent examples of this theory put into practice. Two of the races, senior at-large and women's at-large, are easy to decide. Of the three senior candidates, only one need be eliminated to fill the two seats, and only one of the three women running is in any way qualified to fill the open position.

Greg Hopkins, now president of Off-Campus Council and as such the only incumbent member of student board running again, is one of the most sincere and consistent defenders within student government of the feelings of those students not so involved. He has voted well in ASMSU, and has led a campaign to make Off-Campus Council (practically a vestigial organization by its very definition) a spokesman for the views of the disenfranchised, mainly by involving many United Students people and independents in it. (In fact, the Off-Campus Council election to fill 11 open seats is dominated by US candidates, and

A Guide for Weary Voters

Senior Members-at-Large

☒ W.C. Blanton

☐ Ross Mast

☒ Greg Hopkins

Junior Members-at-Large

☐ Terrence Cimino

☒ David Macomber

☐ Harvey Dzodin

☒ Richard Ostreicher

☐ James Edlin

☐ David Penz

☐ Peter Ellsworth

☐ Chuck Rose

Sophomore Member-at-Large

☐ Steven Brown

☐ Terry Mulchahey

☒ Brad Lang

Women's Member-at-Large

☒ Cassie Beddow

☐ Cindy Mattson

☐ Penny Kahn

it is hoped by much of the organization that good results in this election will seat Jim Friel of US and Land-Grant Man on the Student Board as chairman of OCC.)

Like Hopkins, W.C. ("Coon," of course) Blanton has mixed his involvement in United Students and student government. He has been chairman of US during most of its existence, albeit unnecessarily cautious in that role, and also very involved in Off-Campus Council as one of Hopkins' invitees. He refused to

run formally as a US candidate, which is a mistake; his platform is identical with the US "student bill of rights," a fact he could have used as a campaign tactic, and anyway it is his role as a leader of a direct action group to demand departures rather than conciliation from student government. 'Coon is easily swayed by the impressiveness of channels, and should get over his undue respect for authority per se. His leadership is best when it emanates from his own beliefs and sensi-

The Student Bill of Rights

Following is the complete text of the United Students' "Student Bill of Rights," an enumeration of basic rights and needs of students in today's university. It is currently being signed by interested students, at booths in the Union and Berkey, in order to be presented in petition form to the new members of the ASMSU Student Board.

- I. Male and female students have equal rights under law; therefore, no rule, policy, or restriction shall be instituted which discriminates on the basis of sex.
- II. Students have the right to select that form of housing most suitable to their own individual tastes, needs, study habits, and financial circumstances.
- III. Students shall have open access to their housing accommodations twenty-four hours a day.
- IV. Students have the right to institute rules dealing with courtesy and the entertainment of guests through the smallest effective governing group.
- V. Privacy is a basic human right; therefore, no entrance shall be made into a student's living quarters except by invitation, or in case of emergency (fire, natural disasters, etc.) or emergency drills, or upon presentation of a legal search warrant.
- VI. Class attendance shall be the option of each individual student; therefore, no student shall be penalized specifically for missing regular class sessions, except when examinations are scheduled. Policy in the latter case shall be determined exclusively by the faculty.
- VII. Students have the right to participate in determining curricula.
 - a) Students wishing curriculum changes shall have the right to petition for such changes to the particular college, department or major area concerned.
 - b) Faculty and administrators shall consider all student proposals and shall either make all reasonable effort to institute the suggested changes or shall explain publicly why such changes are not feasible.

- VIII. Students have the right to competent instruction. In order to insure this right, students may evaluate their instructors and have these evaluations considered in decisions concerning promotion, firing, and course assignment of instructors.
- IX. Current information concerning course and section assignments of instructors shall be easily accessible to the student body.
- X. Available campus facilities shall be open to non-student organizations and individuals upon presentation of a petition signed by no less than one hundred students.
- XI. Any organization whose membership is composed of at least 50 percent students shall upon application be recognized as a student organization and shall be allowed full use of available facilities.
- XII. Students have the right to representation on all committees, both standing and temporary, which affect students.
- XIII. Codes of morality and censorship shall be determined by the individual; therefore no legislation shall be passed affecting those areas beyond that imposed by civil law.
- XIV. Students retain their full rights under the Constitution of the United States of America and civil law.
- XV. In cases involving alleged infractions of University regulations:
 - a) No person shall be compelled to bear witness against himself.
 - b) No person shall be subject to be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense.
 - c) The accused shall have the assistance of counsel for his defense.
 - d) No cruel or unusual punishment shall be inflicted.
 - e) A person shall be tried by an impartial jury of his peers.
 - f) A person shall have the right to call witnesses.
 - g) A person shall be informed of the nature and cause of accusation.
 - h) The accused shall have the right to confront his accuser.

'Blow Up':

doesn't CONNECT what he is showing to judgement. And that dislocation of sensibility is probably why kids don't notice his moralizing, why they say "Blow-up" is hip."

The film is basically moralistic, condemning what it shows in ways ranging from subliminally subtle use of color to heavy dialogue like the exchange when the photographer says he's tired of London and wishes he had lots of money. His friend shows him a photograph of a pathetic old beggar and says, "Free to do what? Free like him?" The photographer signs acquiescently, as if that settled the matter. (The obvious answer, I would think, is "No, of course not.") Antonioni is trying to sketch out one of his usual portraits of successful people who have all the bourgeois ethic has encouraged them to want and are beginning to wonder whether there isn't anything ELSE. Like the cartoon of the two middle-aged angels sitting on a cloud, one asking the other in horror, "You mean this goes on FOREVER?"

The thing is that Antonioni's moralism is usually directed at normal middle class types like you and me, which for obvious reasons makes it difficult for audiences to take. Directed at weird London swingers who are more interesting to watch and at a safe distance from the bulk of the audience, a defect becomes a virtue overnight. The hippies go to identify; everybody else goes for the same reason they went to "La Dolce Vita": the film shows an exotic, sophisticated (and, I might add, sexy) environment--giving us all a thrill by vicariously letting us in on it, letting us "in"--and at the same time encourages us to think it's all ashes, ashes, and that we ought to be thankful for what we have.

Perhaps the moralism should be explained in detail. Antonioni intends to use the murder as a catalyst to reveal the shallowness of the photographer's life, to show his inability to come to grips with anything as serious as "real" as death. When the photographer first discovers that a murder has been attempted and thinks he has prevented it, he is easily distracted by the teeny-boppers into the orgy before it occurs to him that he may NOT have prevented it after all. Then he returns to the park and finds the body.

At this point if he were sturdy and moral instead of "decadent", he would presumably report the whole thing to the police. Why he doesn't is, again to put it very mildly, not made clear. After all he has done a superb bit of detective work to discover the murder in the first place; now that, he knows and can identify the accomplice, his life is surely in danger. He hears vague clicklike sounds while he is examining the body and could feel there is a frame-up plot against him. It seems to me that there is little question of morality and immorality, but mostly one of common sense and stupidity. For the rest of the film the photographer only wanders vaguely, rather as if he'd been hit on the head or something; when the films of the murder are stolen, he apparently intends to go back and photograph the body to get evidence; he tries to find a friend to go with him. Since getting evidence is pointless unless he's going to tell the police, I don't see why he doesn't contact the police first and let THEM take the picture (anyway, what good would a photograph of an anonymous body do if there was no proof of where or when it was taken?) Nothing the photographer says or does is the least bit illuminating.

Anyway, he finds his friend at the pot party and is persuaded to stay and smoke instead of photographing the corpse. This is presented (I think) as a moment of moral crisis. "I'm not a photographer," his friend says quite reasonably when asked to go along, to which the photographer portentously responds, "I AM." When he gives in and goes to smoke, we are supposed to feel that he has been judged and found wanting. I don't understand why. The only moral principle involved is that it is a citizen's duty to do what he can to see that criminals are brought to justice, and he never even gets close to anything that purposeful. The photographer, whatever his faults, is not presented as a fool (you don't get to be a big success

in ~~the~~ ~~world~~ without being pretty damn shrewd!) and I ~~strongly~~ ~~cannot~~ ~~ascertain~~ that he would behave as he does in this situation; and I cannot see what difference it would make even if he just said he didn't want to be involved and dropped the whole matter. It would be reprehensible, in the way but certainly not to the degree that the 38 witnesses to Kitty Genovese's death were reprehensible, but it wouldn't necessarily show that he was living in decadence without any visible future any more than anything else in the picture does.

"It just devastates the whole mod generation." Sure. It is in this last section, although it has been present from the beginning, that Antonioni's moralism seeps into almost every frame. The photography combines sensuousness and detachment (in a way that reminds me somehow of riding through a beautiful sunny day in an air-conditioned car), using chilled, vaguely unhealthy colors and pictorial compositions just shading toward the abstract, the geometric; but it clearly reaches its most striking in the orgy, when romping naked bodies are seen and laughter and delighted squeals are heard, all against a cold background of crumpling lavender paper.

In his late wanderings the photographer comes upon a copulating couple, and the woman, obviously bored with what she's doing (ah, decadence!) signals to him and shortly comes to him to ask his "help" with her entirely cryptic relationship. They cannot communicate, needless to say, though, considering their few inarticulate mumbblings, it is easy to see why. The crowd at the rock club looks bored and dispirited; when the photographer discovers the pot-smokers the camera lingers leeringly on their blank, blissful faces although the photographer, who surely has been around, would hardly be as shocked as Antonioni (plainly is). I've seen faces just as blank and blissful on people who've had a few beers, but Antonioni jumps at the pushover chance to devastate the mod generation by making them look like pop-eyed freaks.

This moralizing is easy but meaningless, because of the film's central overriding failure. Antonioni is often praised for showing "what is happening when nothing is happening," hailed as the poet of the boring, the inconsequential minutes, hours and days that somehow accumulate into a lifetime. The problem is that every negative implies a positive, and if the presentation of the boring and inconsequential is not somehow seen in the light of its positive (whether that positive be true anguish, true joy, true insight, true integrity or what) the result will be no more meaningful or interesting than what is depicted. "Waiting for Godot" can tell us something about the inanity of life--an Andy Warhol soup can can only BE inane.

The positive in "Blow up" is supposed to be the murder, which whatever it is not meant to be trivial, as everything else in the film is. We are supposed to measure the unreality of the mod generation by the reality of death. But it doesn't work for the simple reason that we are inevitably insulated from what we can't see. After the fact, the photographer discovers that a stranger has been murdered; it upsets him as it would upset anyone, but it isn't the same, can't be the same, as if he'd really seen it happen or as if it had been someone he knew.

My life is pretty trivial, I guess (heaven help us if Antonioni decides to expose the decadence of a Midwestern multiversity; swinging London would look purposeful by comparison), but when a boy I hardly knew died, I cried, and so did other people who knew him no better than I did. For a time anyway, we saw life in perspective and the seeing wasn't trivial, even if everything else was. And when I get into things I care about--my writing, people I love or have loved--my life is a good deal less trivial than it is when I spend a day more or less killing time, as the photographer does in "Blow-up" except for the time (not very much really) he spends worrying about the murder.

If Antonioni photographed a day in my life when I didn't bother to work much (as the photographer doesn't in the film--which means it obviously can't be a typical day since references

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A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" — and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because

A black and white illustration. In the foreground, a man in a dark suit and tie is speaking into a microphone held by a man in a white lab coat. They are standing in front of a brick wall. In the background, a person is walking on a path under large trees.

general timidity which
continued on page 12



The Student as Nigger

continued from page 11

Teachers to make niggers of their students usually involves a more specific fear — fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bryan's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance — and parade a slender learning.

WHITE SUPREMACY

The teacher's *ego* is mixed with an understandable need to be admired and to feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy." Ideally, a teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him — eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the desire to give and the desire to hold them in bondage to him. I can find no other explanation that accounts for the way my own subject, literature, is generally taught. Literature, which ought to be a source of joy, solace and enlightenment, often becomes in the classroom nothing more than a source of anxiety — at best an arena for expertise, a ledger book for the ego. Literature teachers, often afraid to join a real union, nonetheless may practice the worst kind of trade-unionism in the classroom; they do to literature what Beckmesser does to song in Wagner's "Meistersinger." The avowed purpose of English departments is to teach literature;

too often their real function is to kill it.

Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white man so fearful of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and which makes the castration of Negroes so deeply entrenched in Southern folkways. We should recognize a similar pattern in education. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

BLEEDING BRAINS

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sado-masochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher — a kind of intellectual rough trade — and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and snooty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flagellant. With us the perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter — sanitized and abstracted, thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now in both high school and college classes: everyone determined not to be embarrassed, to be very up to date, very cosmopolitan. These are the classes for sex, sex, as Feiffer puts it, "can be a beautiful thing if properly administered." And then, of course, there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom: the "off-color" teachers who keep their classes awake with sniggering sexual allusions, ob-

scene titlers and academics. Menendez. The sexuality on *Jeopardy*, it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

What's missing, from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's actually happening — the awareness of hairy goatees underneath the petti-pants, the chinos and the flannels. It's not that sex needs to be pushed in school; sex is pushed enough. But we should let it be, where it is and like it is. I don't insist that ladies in junior high school lovingly caress their students' cocks (someday, maybe); however, it is reasonable to ask that the ladies don't, by example and stricture, teach their students to pretend that their cocks aren't there. As things stand now, students are physically castrated or spayed — and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia: because they're a threat.

ONCE A NIGGER

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less choice than the black man of getting out of his back. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an even uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

DANCE OR DUNCE

I like to folk dance. Like other novices, I've gone to the Intersection or to the Museum and laid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades, no prerequisites, no separate dining rooms; they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, MIT,

remembered a folk dance class. For his first he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel and the hornpipe." And then the teacher graded him, A, B, C, D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because MIT took that dance class trying to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great, right? Get your hands in some clay? Makes something? Then the teacher announced that a 20-page term paper would be required — with footnotes.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they fuck. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it. I'm the Adolph Eichmann of English 323. Simon Legree on the poetry plantation. "Tote that lamb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness — over 16 years — to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years, just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in other countries.

INTIMIDATE OR KILL

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade

faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college for a rebel is a little like going for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and they could out the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at — a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons — their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

'Blow Up'

continued from page 10

are made to how much work he always has to do.) but wandered around with my Polaroid because I was TIRED of work, dammit, TIRED of East Lansing, and everybody in it—a day when I met people who didn't mean much to me and made oblique references to my depression—he could make an airtight case of the sort that's made in "Blow-up", against me and my milieu. If I discovered a murder I'd probably report it to the police, but more out of fear or reflex than any moral principle, and then again I might not. Either way, I don't think Antonioni would have made a meaningful statement about my life, just as I don't think he says anything in particular about the photographer's life. Even in what we see he seems to have a certain sense of humor and a certain ability for self-mockery (as when he tells Vanessa Redgrave that a girl who has phoned was his wife, then says, "She's not my wife really; we just have some kids," then in a moment says, "No—no kids. Not even kids. Sometimes it FEELS as if we had kids. She's just...easy to live with." A hesitation, then: "No), she's not. That's why I don't live with her.") There are indications that he's a pretty GOOD photographer—(some of the photos we see for his new book looked good to me, anyway) and rather likes his work. We don't see him with anyone who could be called a real friend or a real lover; do we just assume that he has no friends, no real lovers? On the basis of what we see, I don't think it's a judgment we can fairly make.

To a point "Blow-up" has genuine virtues, but most people miss the fun, the whiffy, the lovely sensuous flow of the first part because they're so busy being shocked and murmuring about the emptiness of it all. Hardly anybody in the theatre dared to laugh at the copulation-by-camera scene I mentioned, and many have cited it as a revelation of the sterility of love in our society and lord knows what all. It was FUNNY, dammit, and people who only saw a depiction of corruption and sterility weren't getting their money's worth—though they were getting what they wanted, I guess. The kids who think "Blow-up" is hip because they don't worry about connections and subtleties got a lot more that was real from the film than the generation-devastators did.

What ANYBODY got from the ending I confess I don't know. Ideally, in the intellectual scheme of things, the moment when the photographer throws the imaginary tennis ball back to the mimes, then hears the imaginary smashing of the ball against the imaginary racquets, he should just for a moment see his life in perspective, have a moment of illumination before triviality returns. All I can see that the scene could show is his understanding that things you can't see are real too, that (in short) spirit is as real as body. If there had been anything to build up to this, the scene would have been magnificent. It might be interesting to imagine the story to which it would have been an apt conclusion; THAT is a movie I hope Antonioni can make someday.

CUE

continued from page 3

Many of my statements about the moral effects of the educational process were affirmed by the other seven students present at the committee meeting, but only one other student echoed my thoughts in her speech. Most of them spoke of the bad teaching in their particular departments, or of the relative value of having a teacher instead of a television set, or of institutional obstacles to quality teaching as experienced by the professors (e.g. publish or perish, large classes). But, Beverly Twitchell, who attended the meeting both as a speaker and as a State News reporter, and who seemed apologetic that she wasn't in Honors College, told the committee how MSU offered an education that could be described as a frustrating race against other students, and against time. As soon as a student becomes interested in a subject, he has to prepare for an exam, or write a paper in a short amount of time, she said, adding that grades were often based only on exams at



the end of the term. Her concluding remark, quite lucidly stated and well supported by the content of her talk, provoked a rather distorted response from the committee; she said, simply that college should be stimulating and not frustrating.

The committee members addressed most of their comments to Beverly and me, and although they spoke with compassion and earnestness, they seemed to miss the point. For example, Arthur Adams, history professor and chairman of the committee, interpreted Beverly's desire for unfrustrated intellectual "stimulation" as a desire for an entertaining performance from her teachers, and then he proceeded to expound on the necessity for hard, often tedious and uninteresting work.

Obviously, Beverly meant that it was very difficult under the present system to pursue IN DEPTH any subject that happened to be stimulating; and I meant that the present organization of academic life did not permit me the time to reflect upon vast quantities of information which hard work required me to absorb.

The committee members immediately grasped the implications of our

remarks. If we were correct in our assessment of the quality of teaching and learning, then very basic changes would have to be made in the undergraduate program. With great anguish in his voice, Willard Warrington, representing Evaluation Services and University College, asked, "What can we do?" John Wilson, Director of the Honors College, cautioned the committee against eliminating the possibility of radical proposals, like, say, breaking out of the ten week term; his remark about considering radical proposals seriously was unheard, but his example of the ten week term provoked a lively (and rather hackneyed in my view) discussion of the vices of the 15 week semester.

Obviously, the problem of breaking OUT of the ten week quarter is not going to be solved by breaking INTO the 15 week semester. The problem is to have a system that is flexible enough for students to work at their own pace WHEN APPROPRIATE. For instance, the procedure of granting grades of "incomplete" and determining deadlines should perhaps be the responsibility of the professor and not as it is now, of the dean of the college. Undoubtedly more basic reforms will have to occur before the dominant values here can ever reflect an emphasis on quality work rather than speed and dexterity; unfortunately the committee will not be able to rely on students to suggest these systematic reforms, for they lack the experience or knowledge of organizational alternatives.

The substance, then, of the committee's response concerned the moral effects of a system which tends to hinder certain bright, serious students from doing worthwhile work. Wunderkinder (e.g. fellowship winners) have the intellectual resources to overcome the institutional obstacles; average students care only about passing courses and getting degrees. The rest of us? Remarkably Warrington to me after the meeting had been adjourned:

"You know, I think your problem may be a matter of personality--positive to be sure--but I don't think there's anything we can do about it."

But it was Chairman Adams who showed perhaps the greatest understanding when he said to me during the meeting,

"You don't belong here."



Gentle Thrustday

To the Editors:

My first reaction to Gentle Thursday at MSU was surprise, I sort of figured this would be the last place GT would get to, I'm glad it's coming, PAPER, but I think you've missed the most important element.

First, let me assume you borrowed the idea from an article in New Left Notes a couple of months ago. I've lost my copy so I can't quote from it. And I wasn't in Texas when they pulled off a GT there. But the feeling I got from the Texas SDS correspondent's article was that the purpose of the whole thing was to improve (or create) communication between SDS and straight people. The concern was of the self-ghettoization of SDS people and of the communication gap created because scuzzys don't look like or talk like or act like the masses who identify with the "campus culture." Gentle Thursday was not an SDS attempt to commit wholesale moral imperialism on the masses, but an effort to get everybody together for a day with the common idea that they

CAN be gentle to other people, and from that common idea, to talk to each other.

The NLN article was a good one. It was almost poetic. But the important thing about it was that EVERYBODY could understand it; nobody, from the right of center to the left of making whoopee, will admit he is incapable of being gentle. But when you define GT as being a day on which everybody will "do exactly as they want," you may get some people flying balloons but the chances are they will be flying their own balloons. Let's get the sorority chicks to take a scuzzzy out for lunch; let's get GT across so that people will say hello to people they've never met before. Let's get the spirit of GT spread around--why not get the State News into the act? After all, for most people, GT is an automobile. And not EVERYONE reads THE PAPER.

If your idea of Gentle Thursday is self-entertainment and an airy acknowledgment of spring, then Gentle Thursday will be followed by another Typical Friday,

Yours,
L.E. Klein

Salisbury

continued from page 4

to do. He even pointed out the similarity--which many men would have been reluctant to do--between the pressures on and responses of Hanoi in 1967 and London in 1943.

That Harrison Salisbury is a good reporter, and as such a good psychologist, is alone no guarantee of anything. The important thing -- and one not very easy to pin down--is how his knowledge of people affects him. First of all, obviously, the man is not a dove (given the rather arbitrary classification of people into doves and hawks by emotion rather than position). But he's not a hawk, either--and I don't think it's an adequate explanation to simply say that he is a reporter.

I have rarely seen a man who seems less affected personally by what he is saying. . . professionally. Maybe it's not fair to make that kind of distinction--but Harrison Salisbury is one of the most consistently uninspired speakers I have listened to in a long time. With an explosive topic like Vietnam, and a personal reputation such as he enjoys, I expected an intensely interesting talk. And some of the points he made--such as the dangers of a course of continued escalation of the war, and the observation that a large part of our policy rested "on the thread of one man's life--Mao Tse-tung's"--WERE intensely interesting. But he emphasized none of that -- by rhetorical tricks or out of conviction, take your pick; as a matter of fact, he didn't emphasize anything. He didn't laugh, either. He only SMILED twice--once at the thought that the pictures of North Vietnamese bridges in Life magazine this week are in color, while he had only been able to get black and white. I don't remember the other time.

He didn't do much of anything except plod along, making his points, piling them up and drawing conclusions that seemed inevitable, if a little uninteresting. Every once in a while he would string two or three modifiers together, as "the com-

pletely horrible, destructive nature" of modern bombing...but if you didn't listen carefully, you'd miss them completely. He even managed to say that the damage to any one of a number of European cities in World War II was many, many times worse than North Vietnam has sustained--without seeming to think--no, excuse me, feel--that it matters.

But all that apparent non-involvement doesn't make Salisbury a hawk; to listen to him, in fact, makes any talk of hawks and doves seem silly at best, regrettably accurate at worst. Admitted that he is not exactly a member of the Love Generation; granted that he is not the kind of person to whom you give flowers, as someone gave one to Kenneth Kenniston the night before. I'll agree that he doesn't wear his values on his sleeve. But he certainly comes to better conclusions than most people either in power or out; that there is not easy and certain solution, neither eternal escalation nor complete, unilateral withdrawal; that the most reasonable thing to do seems to be to work towards a psychological climate in which negotiations can take place, and that it is awfully stupid to refuse to recognize the situation for what it is.

So I don't worry about games with Harrison Salisbury. He may not be the best speaker in the world, he may be a very different type of person than those with whom I am used to agreeing about Vietnam--but I trust him. He really does have the welfare of all the people as his goal. And he would never have inspired the writing of "MacBird."

In Vietnam last Thursday night, the bombs fell and people were torn apart. In East Lansing, I applauded the Assistant Managing Editor of The New York Times with somewhat more enthusiasm than politeness. And he stepped back from the podium finally smiled and bowed a bit towards the crowd, as if he had just finished a rather successful talk before the ladies of the Chautauqua Club.



Open STAFF Meeting

Past, present, and future staff members equally welcome.

WED. APR. 12
8:30 UNION ROOM 37

The Pistachio Nut Conspiracy

(Years ago, when the Federal law prohibiting sale or possession of pistachio nuts was passed, controversy raged. Many people still contend that authorities have made basic errors in interpretation of causes and effects. Socio (Randy) Tutelar, officer narcotics bureau, Detroit Police, volunteered to give frank, revealing answers to several important questions in this matter.)



SALT ADDED

Interviewer: Last year more arrests were made for illegal possession sale and/or use of pistachio nuts than in any previous year. Could you comment on that?

Tutelar: In spite of accelerated Federal and local programs there is a continuing rise in the traffic of this horrible narcotic.

I: You say "narcotic," yet hasn't research actually shown that pistachio nuts are technically neither drugs nor addictive?

T: Believe what you like. I have here one of our police administration textbooks called, "The Truth About Drugs." Let me read you a part of the book which answers your question, "Pistachio nuts, drupaceous fruit of the pistachio tree (Pistacia vera), are harmless looking, green, seed-like articles. In spite of the fact that they appear harmless, they are known to be highly addictive. As regards human consumption of these nuts, on contact with the papillae and oral epithelium they are known to cause high levels of gustatory sensation. In addition, tainting of the skin is another common side-effect of pistachio nut consumption."

I: In other words, pistachio nuts are legally but not chemically a narcotic.

T: I'd say it's a policeman not chemists who have to keep law and order in our society.

I: According to a recent article, penalties for the sale of pistachio nuts range from 20 years to life.

Do you believe these penalties are fair?

T: Anyone that tries to corrupt young people ought to be given the chair! I got a kid! I KNOW!

I: You are known for many prosecutions through joining pistachio-nut consumption groups. Have you ever eaten pistachio nuts?

T: Who needs to eat them? We know that they are illegal. That's enough.

I: That is, you base all of your beliefs on the say-so of others?

T: We have a very tough school we have to pass before we join the narcotics squad. They just deal with the facts.

I: In trying to prevent pistachio nut consumption do you believe you have some useful alternative to offer the people?

T: Our job is to uphold the law. I: You mean you only see your actions as the duties of a job and not the fulfillment of a need or improvement in society?

T: We don't have the time to listen to each one's case. The point is they're violating the law. They ask for trouble.

I: Assuming that some one enjoys pistachio nuts in the privacy of his own home, do you feel that there is still reason to break in and arrest him?

T: Any way we have of stopping consumption is okay. The place is not important, its the act.

I: You do condone the infiltration of a small group of people, say, gaining their confidence, then prosecuting them all?

T: If my mother did it it still wouldn't be right. Don't you see?

I: One last question. Don't you feel that if pistachio nuts weren't against the law that people wouldn't be so anxious to take them?

T: Nol If people didn't take them there wouldn't be any need for the law, but you always have a few law breakers.

Exeunt

--Next week (maybe) an interview with a former pistachio nut addict. DIEHL.

NEO-CLASSIFIED

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Coming Events

WATCH FOR the Supreme Be - In Created by G. O. D. Music.

BOGART'S "THE MALTESE FALCON" with Peter Lorre, Sidney Greenstreet, Sunday, April 16, Student Union, room 31 at 7 p.m. Admission by donation. Coming soon, Busby Berkeley's "42nd Street" and a Mack Sennett program. Exploring Cinema Society & Student Religious Liberals.

Personal

FLOWERS and balloons??? And Red Cedar Review? And flowers, balloons, balloons and flowers, and Red Cedar Review and balloons and flowers.

PAPER Readers: As concerned and activist readers of the campus community and because your decision in the election will radically affect the composition of ASMSU for the coming year, I urge you to consider my candidacy based on a constructive program to reorient ASMSU to the student.

HARV DZODIN

10
wmsb-tv

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS April 11-18

TUESDAY, April 11

11:30 a.m. -- The Creative Person
"Touch Clay -- A Ceramic Experience" -- An examination of the works and personality of ceramicist Dik Schwanke, concentrating on the influence and motivations that shape his work.

WEDNESDAY, April 12

12 noon -- N.E.T. Journal -- "Smoking Spiral" -- Increased smoking -- despite warnings, it is hazardous to health.
7 p.m. -- Recital Hall -- Pianist Henry Ross Jr. plays Sonata for Piano by MSU's James Wiblock.
7:15 p.m. -- "House on the Waterfall" -- Frank Lloyd Wright's "Falling Water" House.

THURSDAY, April 13

7 p.m. -- "Crisis of Modern Man" -- Is There a New Morality.

FRIDAY, April 14

12 noon -- "Crisis of Modern Man" -- Is There a New Morality.

SATURDAY, April 15

9:30 a.m. -- Selling -- "Group Selling" -- An analysis of techniques for group selling presentations.

SUNDAY, April 16

12 noon -- Yesterday's Headlines -- Films of headline events, including "The Russian Revolution" and "Peace Treaty in San Francisco."

2 p.m. -- News in Perspective -- Three New York Times newsmen analyze headline events of the past month.

3 p.m. -- The Creative Person -- An exploration of the childhood and development of one of Canada's leading new post-novelists -- Leonard Cohen.

3:30 p.m. -- Cineposium -- An analysis of a film by Ronald Sossi entitled "Good Friday," about a psychopath and a little boy who meet in the deep interior of a church.

4:30 p.m. -- N.E.T. Playhouse -- "The Old Glory: Benito Cereno" -- Pulitzer Prize winning poet Robert Lowell's adaptation of Herman Melville's classic story about oppression and insurrection aboard a Spanish slave ship.

MONDAY, April 17

11:30 a.m. -- Cineposium -- see Sunday, 3:30 p.m.

12 noon -- News in Perspective -- see Sunday, 2 p.m.

7:30 p.m. -- Jazz Ensemble -- The MSU Jazz Band under the direction of Robert Curaworth with host-commentator Bud Spangler performs Wright Eyes, The Thrill is Gone, What's New, I Left My Heart in San Francisco and Watermelon Man.

8:30 p.m. -- Polygon -- Host-producer Norm Cleary and Dr. Roger Shuy of the Department of English explore some of the "hidden" languages that man uses.

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS April 11-18

TUESDAY, April 11

6:30 a.m. -- "The Morning Program": classical music, news and weather reports, with Mike Wise.
8:00 a.m. -- News with Lowell Newton.
8:15 a.m. -- "Scrapbook": news, features, interviews, and a wide variety of music, hosted by Steve Meuche.
1:00 p.m. -- Musical: "Finian's Rainbow."
7:30 p.m. -- "A Chance to Grow": the topic of tonight's program is "Getting Married."
8:30 p.m. -- The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert: conducted by Rafael Kubelik, with Pierre Fournier, cello soloist. Program includes Haydn's Symphony No. 102; Schumann's Cello Concerto in A, Op. 129; and Dvoak's Symphony No. 8.

WEDNESDAY, April 12

1:00 p.m. -- Musical: "By the Beautiful Sea."
8:00 p.m. -- "FM Theater": "Luv."
10:30 p.m. -- "Music Around the World": tonight Marta Nicholas presents a program devoted to stringed instruments from around the world.
11:00 p.m. -- "New Jazz in Review": Ron English and Bud Spangler review Andrew Hill's latest Blue Note release, "Compulsion."

THURSDAY, April 13

1:00 p.m. -- Musical: "110 in the Shade."
8:30 p.m. -- "Holland Festival, 1966": This evening's program features works by 18th century Netherlands composers.
9:00 p.m. -- "Jazz Horizons": Bud Spangler presents modern jazz til midnight.

FRIDAY, April 14

1:00 p.m. -- Musical: "Guys and Dolls."
8:00 p.m. -- Opera: Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," a new Deutsche Grammophon recording made last year during a live performance at the Bayreuth Festspielhaus. Stars Brigit Nilsson as Isolde and Wolfgang Windgassen as Tristan.

SATURDAY, April 15

11:45 a.m. -- "Recent Acquisitions": Ken Beachler and Gil Hansen review new recordings on the Angel - Melodiva label.
2:00 p.m. -- The Metropolitan Opera: Live from New York. This afternoon, Ponnchelli's "La Gioconda," starring Renata Tebaldi, Cesare Siepi, Franco Corelli and Rosalind Elias. Directed by Fausto Cleva.
7:00 p.m. -- "Listener's Choice": classics by request, til 1:00. Phone 355-6540 during the program.

SUNDAY, April 16

2:00 p.m. -- The Cleveland Orchestra in Concert: Louis Lane conducts and cellist Jacqueline de Pre in the soloist. Program includes Beethoven's "Creatures of Prometheus" Ballet; the "Quattro Poemi" by Henze; Elgar's Cello Concerto in E; and Rimsky - Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol," Op. 24.
6:00 p.m. -- "Netherlands Concert": The Limburg Symphony performs music by Mozart, Berlioz, Khachaturian, Puccini and Wagner.
8:00 p.m. -- "The Toscanini Era": Gary Barton presents a performance by Verdi's opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera."

MONDAY, April 17

1:00 p.m. -- Musical: "Showboat."
8:00 p.m. -- "Opera from Radio Italiana": Haydn's "Orfeo and Euridice."
10:30 p.m. -- "Music of Today": the second of three programs dealing with the music of Artur Honegger.

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DEADLINE THURSDAY MIDNIGHT

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Records

Byrds, Left Banke: Up and Down

By ED JILEK

Beginning with this issue, THE PAPER begins a review column of new pop LP's, mainly because of the almost total lack of unbiased, critical analyses of pop records -- not only in the Lansing area, but in the entire field of music literature. Such magazines as Hi Fidelity give fine reviews of new classical and jazz albums, but when it comes to the popular market the reviews are short and inadequate, and are handled with a general air of condescension that testifies to lack of communication between the "new wave" of popular music and an older generation. On the other end of the scale, the Hit Parade crowd is biased to such a degree that to take any comments from them seriously would be a minor insanity.

The long-playing album is an art form in itself; as an art form, it must be judged primarily as an entity.

The basic criterion to keep in mind is the unity of whatever is referred to, be it a single cut, the entire album, or the consideration of the latest album in relation to the previously recorded works of an artist.

First, taking these three points in reverse order, how does the latest album compare with, say, the first three albums? Are the arrangements more complex, is the material generally more mature (or any other value judgment I choose to consider), have technical qualities improved, etc. Or has the group stagnated? In other words, have their albums simply been variations on the same theme, or have they progressed in some general direction?

Second, the album as a whole entity, that is, as the "art form" previously mentioned.

Finally, there will be stand-out or sub-par cuts from every album, and they will be noted in the reviews. The reasons for their value rating will be given, of course. A guide to what I look for in individual songs: 1. The arrangements of the voices and musical background; 2. How the artists actually handle this arrangement; 3. If lyrics are involved, do they say anything, or are they overstated, trite or meaningless? 4. The interpretation of the song, if done by someone else at an earlier time.

This is a rough guideline that will be followed in a loosely subjective manner. Don't take it especially seriously.

"Younger Than Yesterday" -- The Byrds. Columbia CL2642, CS9442. Side A -- 13:35:

1. So You Want to Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star -- 2:05
2. Have You Seen Her Face -- 2:23
3. C.T.A. - 102 -- 1:50
4. Renaissance Fair -- 1:50

5. Time Between -- 1:52
6. Everybody's Been Burned -- 2:59
- Side B -- 13:53:
1. Thoughts and Words -- 2:59
2. Mind Gardens -- 3:20
3. My Back Pages -- 3:06
4. The Girl With No Name -- 1:48
5. Why -- 2:45

When the Byrds originally hit the pop scene, their distinctive sound was a major reason for their almost instant success. The arrangements of "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Turn, Turn, Turn" quickly familiarized the public with their particular chordal singing and instrumental backing. Unfortunately, this quick taste of success may have kept the group in this early style for just a bit too long. This is what the Byrds' fourth album and third producer, and yet their vocal and instrumental arrangements are virtually unchanged. Most of the songs in "Younger Than Yesterday" sound as if they could have been taken from any of the earlier albums.

Even so, the material that is done is a curious combination. The first two albums contained either folk songs (including Dylan) done with electric accompaniment, or songs written by the Byrds themselves. Their own songs tended to have a good melody and beat, although the lyrics were ordinary at best. The third album,

technically, but has a certain lyrical quality that is very uncommon. Thematically it reminds me of Simon and Garfunkel's "I Am a Rock," although the images are quite different, "Everybody's Been Burned" is beautiful if for no other reason than that this song doesn't have the aforementioned Byrds' sound. It's done in a resignedly mystical way which makes the words appear more meaningful than they might be otherwise. "CTA-102" has the special effects I find rather annoying because they detract from the musical quality of almost any song. Most of the other songs, however, have the typical Byrdlike quality. It's unfortunate that the new producer has failed to re-arrange the Byrds' style. It may well be this failure that will reduce the Byrds to nothing more than a mediocre group.

"Walk Away Renee/ Pretty Ballerina" -- The Left Banke. Smash MGS 27088 SGS 67088. Side A -- 15:11

Pretty Ballerina -- 2:32

She May Call You Up Tonight -- 2:18

Barterers and Their Wives -- 2:56

I've Got Something On My Mind -- 2:46

Let Go of You Girl -- 2:53

Evening Gown -- 1:46

Side B -- 12:48:

Walk Away Renee -- 2:40

fluidness which make them lastingly enjoyable. Often, the combination of well written minor chords and somewhat strange, yearning lyrics leaves a lasting impression long after the stereo has cooled off. But at points in certain songs, jagged, unfinished edges wear through the soft veneer, and serve to remind one that, after all, this is only their first lacquered attempt.

These points might be better handled with a little more experience, and the maturity that I'm sure they're capable of.

"Walk Away Renee" and "Pretty Ballerina" are the single hits with which you are no doubt familiar and so need no further glorification. "Barterers and Their Wives" has to be one of the finest songs I've heard in a long time. The harpsichord and vocalization are done with a fine balance that does justice to the gently warning lyrics.

"Evening Gown" is a good rock number, accompanied by a most unbaroque harpsichord that belies a frantic quality of shaded energy. I'm sure this could be released as a single and do well on the charts. "Lazy Day" also has this hysterical resignation in its theme (musical and lyrical), although the singer can't handle the high notes. Most of the other songs do not have really great



under a new producer, focused on material related to air travel for some reason. (It's been said that these songs refer to drugs, but in this case I think not.) The electric folk material was done again and seemed to gain intensity, and the rest of the material was done rather well.

Enter this album, under new producer Gary Usher. "My Back Pages," an old Dylan song (released as a single, yet, is done precisely like those in the first album. A few other songs have the lyrics and effects characteristic of the third album. But the Byrds in trying to write their own, new material have produced many "incomplete" songs. The lyrics are barely more imaginative than before, and the songs tend to sound similar in melody to the previous albums. In relation to their earlier albums, the songs on this LP (with a few exceptions) show only a small, fumbling advancement. The Byrds aren't stagnating. They are trying to develop. But the potential might not be there.

On the other hand, if this was the only Byrds record you had ever heard, you wouldn't be disappointed. It's only three albums of the same sound that wears down one's resistance. Anyway, the album is a good one as the pop market goes, and probably close to the best that the Byrds have done.

"Mind Gardens" probably hits the hardest, for it is not only well done

What Do You Know -- 2:57

Shadows Breaking Over My Head -- 2:34

I Haven't Got the Nerve -- 2:13

Lazy Day -- 2:24

Whenever a new group puts out their first album, especially if its title reflects their hit single, I envision five or six songs like the lead song, and the rest of the record stocked with lifeless reproductions of someone else's material. Even after the record jacket proclaimed that every song in the Left Banke's LP was self-written, I was still expecting most of the cuts to have the same sound and arrangements--but after the first listening, it became apparent that there was a group that had really scored, at least with this album.

The diversity of material is quite pronounced, although there are a few songs that have a tendency towards blandness. If there is a definite similarity between cuts, it lies in the quality of the voices, and the fact that there is no vocal accompaniment except in two songs. But the instrumentation is handled well, and for the most part, is appropriate to the lyrics involved. Mike Brown, who had a hand in composing a majority of the songs, plays a talented harpsichord and electric piano. The keyboard instruments and the often-used chamber arrangements lend a baroque feeling to a number of the songs. Amazingly, the same songs have a definite rock beat and

lyrics, but move well.

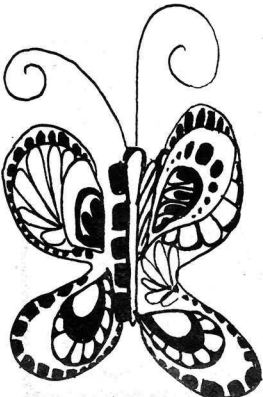
It seems that a conservative estimate would put the Left Banke about an album ahead of themselves. They have a good sound which isn't killed by repeated use, and the arrangements are good. Since they write their own material, they can mature faster than the average group. If they can keep producing at this rate, there is no reason why the Left Banke couldn't become one of the finest, most original groups around.

(Coming: Rolling Stones, Mamas and Papas, Spencer Davis Group, Mitch Ryder, Blues Magoos, Velvet Underground, West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band, Four Tops.)

Happenings In Music

By MEG MACCLURE

This week Linda Vickerman, the Mezzo-Soprano who sang Bonizetti's O Mio Fernando in the Honors Concert, Sunday will give her Senior Recital at 8:15 in the Music Auditorium, Sunday Albert Bolitho will give his Graduate Organ Recital at St. Paul Church in Lansing at 4. There'll be two Student Recitals, one on Thursday, April 13, and one on Tuesday, April 18. The second of these will be the Phi Mu Alpha (Music Fraternity) American Composers' Concert. BOTH RECITALS BE IN THE Music Auditorium at 3.



WARNING: THIS WEEK'S STRIP IS EVEN MORE OF AN IN-JUKE THAN USUAL!

LAND GRANT MAN

MR. PRESIDENT PALINDROME IS ATTENDING SOME ROUTINE WORK IN HIS OFFICE, WHEN--

CHIEF! THE SITUATION HAS COME TO A HEAD! THEY'RE CONVENING A SUMMIT CONFERENCE OF THE SUPERHEROES!

AT LAST! THE INSIDIOUS ELEMENTS WILL BE GLOATING OVER THEIR PLANS FOR THE SPRING QUARTER! WHAT DESTRUCTIVE NONSENSE IS AFOOT?

IT'S SERIOUS! THE STUDENTS ARE PLOTTING TO TAKE OVER! THEY'RE USING THOSE OLD SLOGANS AGAIN, LIKE "FREE SPEECH" AND "STUDENT RIGHTS". YOU'VE GOT TO CALL... WASHINGTON!

BUSHWAH! I'LL HANDLE THIS MYSELF! YOU CAN'T DISTURB THE SACRED VACUUM OVER JUST ANYTHING. IF I'M NOT BACK IN 24 HRS.---

PUT THROUGH MY PENSION APPLICATION... AND... BE STAUNCH, MR. WEMBLY-- SMYTHE YOU'RE NOT YEEP FOR NAUGHT.

PRESIDENT PALINDROME STRIKES HIS CANE ON THE FLOOR, SAYING THE SACRED WORD...

MMOOOOO

POULTRY!

AND IS INSTANTLY TRANSFORMED INTO LAND GRANT MAN!

NOW, IN MY DEVILISHLY CLEVER G-MAN DISGUISE, I'LL INFILTRATE THIS MEETING. BREAK THE CASE.

SAVE THE TRADITIONAL POWER STRUCTURE, AND, INCIDENTALLY, COVER MYSELF WITH GLORY.

AND SO, LGM ENTERS THE MEETING BEING HELD IN THE UNION GRILL--

I WANT TO JOIN THE RANKS OF SUPER-HEROES AND FIGHT FOR NOBLE (YECH) CAUSES.

WHO CARES? LOOK AT THAT RIDICULOUS GET-UP! HE'S GOT TO BE ONE OF US.

WHO ARE YOU?

CUT THE CRAP AND LET THE MAN SIT DOWN!

FORGET IT! IN OUR BUSINESS IT'S SAFER NOT TO KNOW!

MY NAME IS--

MAC

HOW DO YOU SPELL THAT?

THIS IS THE HOBBIT, TINYKIKE, THE 'COON, MOTHER HOOKER, AND THE REALITY CHILE. THE STRAIGHT LOOKIN' CAT IS A MILD-MANNERED REPORTER FOR THE PUBLICATION.

WHO ARE YOU?

WHY THE ETERNAL MYTH; THE WHITE KNIGHT; RULER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH; SLAYER OF DRAGONS; SACRED COW; THE CRUSTY OLD FART; AND FATHER OF US ALL.

ISN'T THAT SORT OF TRING?

WELL, IT IS EASY TO GET CONFUSED.

LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS-- WE'RE HERE TO DISCUSS THIS TERM'S NEW ISSUES

HOW MANY PEOPLE CAN WE RECRUIT BY SUBVERTING RA'S?

WHO ARE WE? WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHY ARE WE HERE? WHAT IS A RADICAL?

HOW MANY BOARDS CAN 2 MEN LIFT IF THEY'RE 12x17 AND WEIGH 250 lbs. APIECE?

HOW MANY SIGNATURES DO WE NEED TO GET TO PUT SOME ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN THE WALLIAMS REPORT?

ARE WE GONNA SIT HERE ALL NIGHT? STICK YOUR Z& RIGHT IN THERE, STRANGER!

I'VE GOT TO SAY SOMETHING, I'LL BLUFF MY WAY THROUGH.

HOW MUCH WOOD COULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK IF A WOODCHUCK COULD CHUCK WOOD?

INSTANTLY--

TRAITOR = SABOTEUR

BANK!

SELL-OUT!

POW!

FAKE!

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT HIM, WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?

THAT'S NOTHING, HOW DO WE FEED HIM; WHO'S GOT THE BREAD?

I PREFER WHOLE WHEAT.

NEXT WEEK: THE MISSING PRESIDENT; OR; WILL VICE RUN RAMPANT AT THE MULTIVERSITY?