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 bipedalism 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 discernable 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 response 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 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 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...
So THE PAPER's Executive Board was sitting in the kitchen of our new office prior to the construction of the paper's first issue, and we arose as one and proclaimed the beginning of a new phase in the development of THE PAPER and radical politics and like that. The new phase is called "The Trend Toward Sapping and Lethargy Reverses Itself and dope Springs Eternal."

It's like this: Spring had arrived. THE PAPER seemed suddenly to be a minor drag to produce each week. Radical politics had become almost totally wrapped up in the ASMSU campaign, bringing a moderate influence to bear on United students. Serious cracks were becoming evident in the once-quasi-solid wall of the hippy community. Last term's nappy college drop-outs were becoming bored with their new bohemian life; something, in short, had to be done.

Speaking of changes, it was Bessey nail fail terra and the Lounge as themself during regular school terms by and many of their off-campus friends. 

THE PAPER is published weekly during regular school terms by students of Michigan State University and many of their off-campus friends. 

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And the Lounge as themself.

All the exciting things that happened afterward. Another Bessey nail fail term brought in all the new, young faces and gave rise to the new people who wanted to do anything they wanted to do. That isn't quite correct, however, since some things do not fit into the spirit of Gentle Thursday. We would like to be able to call a one-day moratorium on the Vietnam war and automobile accidents and business transactions and firings and all sorts of other things, but we simply do not have the power to do so. We can therefore only act as though we did. What would you do if such a moratorium were called?

We would go out by Beaumont Tower or Farm Lane Bridge or the Horticultural Gardens and rejoice with clothes of many bright hues and patterns. We would give things away to strangers and sing songs and be children and make love. We would perhaps find a band and not ask permission for them to play; in fact, we would not ask permission for anything, even for Gentle Thursday. We would celebrate the elections and read poetry and maybe write our own. For all these things may be done on a single day and with one joyous spirit, since all things are ultimately bound together in One.

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."

Pray for sunshine.

THE EDITORS
What REALLY Happened at the Meeting of CUE

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. 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—of students, indeed, the articulation 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 to 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 the papers I had submitted. 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 academic formalities of test and the murder of Oswald.

I have interpreted their inability to adjust to the pace of life required to excel in a competitive system as if they were not bright. 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

Auditorium

4:00

Students & Faculty—No Charge

continued on page 55
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) Support for national liberation movements throughout the world; 3) Support for the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam; and 4) Support for the U.S. policy of armed intervention against social revolutions throughout the world.

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 Front Unide de Liberation Nationale de Latinoamerica, Spartacist League—New York District, SDS—Free School, Chaparral, U.S. Committee to Aid the N.I.F., of South Viet Nam, Young Americans for Progress, 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 marshall.
Devastation Row

Talking about Michelangelo Antonioni's "Blow-up" is complicated by the two distinct ways in which it may seem as a get-rich-and-lose-the-cultural-phenomenon. I ought to say at the outset that I think the cultural phenomenon is somewhat more interesting of the two.

To achieve that 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, and in three weeks, so vividly, so vividly, so 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 Anna Karina), "Blow-up" takes us to the swinging London 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 audience, a mini-orgy with a pair of teeny-boppers, a photography session with a group of exotic captive rare birds, and a photography session with a group of exotic captive rare birds.

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 a bit at the surface, and a photography session with a group of exotic captive rare birds.

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 discovered 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's never sitting in judgment of anything. 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 the pace: 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. Next to 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, mod suits, mod shirts, not-looking, it occurred to me, particularly devastated.

"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 more interesting of the two.

The photograph session for example, has the wit and gentle fun at the whole chic, nonsensical business. The photographer, barking like a sheepdog, orders around the sort of models who always lurk and steal around plotting mischief. There are lots of nice, unaggressive little touches to go with the brisk sensuousness of the pace: 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.

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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 Malier and Jeff Jeffreys.

RAG: The form of what you've been singing...the sound has changed, right? Do you think you've really changed? Can you give us a sense of 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'm a singer who's singing in different ways. I'mbecoming more independent. 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.

But isn't it more to restrict myself all at once, I think, I think I would like to do films. I'm always astounded by the power of music that comes from films. Where it's 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 me as the first really unusual bell that's been struck since Dylan. Leonard Cohen is a great poet. And I think he wrote the first really unusual bell that's produced. It's happening in a different way than has ever been done.

RAG: Cohen is a great poet. And I think the form of what you've been writing for the theater in a different way, but it's produced. Is it a vanguard community?

LANGHORNE: It's taking over the theater very, very rarely, I think there aren't a lot of people who are capable of writing for the theater in a different way than has ever been done, I think that's what Cohen's been doing, and I don't think Cohen does it in a way that other people can follow. But one can say, you have to do certain things, one has to have certain credentials, or something?

COLLINS: I don't think there ever have been. I've never felt that there are certain things in my repertoire that sometimes I'll sing the way I feel I should, and I have no idea what that is. I've just been learning to sing that stuff. My father taught me how to sing, 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 talk about this whole cult of hallucinogenic drugs but it isn't unusual. It's happened in other countries, in other times and places. It's a form of giddiness about MY GOD they said, and it's being, and they really felt that that 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 changing...much more Indian in its whole concept than anything else, it's a continuum of concentration and expression and emotion that is the mechanism for communication now, except in a club, happens on a concert stage. I think it's unreality, but I do 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 who listens. It's kind of involved with communication, and that's what 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 unrealistic, I really disagree with you. You may have not experienced it as communication, that's all. I don't think it's unrealistic, 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 if you're not going with that trip, doesn't necessarily mean that it didn't happen for me, or for anybody who listens. It's kind of involved with communication, and all the teenagers listen to it, all the teeny boppers 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, 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 teeny boppers 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?

RAG: What do you feel about your music? What have you learned from your music?

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Visions of Mexico

BY ELLIOT RORR

Visions of Mexico is a series of pictures undertaken by an old man, standing alone, face lined with gray, alongside the tracks holding his unsold tamales, tears starting down. The boy, seventeen, a roadside shrine, standing in faded levis, 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, vans missing, abandoned, passengers inside, living somehow, laughing, sometimes. Flowerboxes on the big sliding doors. Huts, grass roofs, a light bulb, maybe a cow, perhaps a family, four, five, six, all young or old, none between. Men, hats, always hats, round brim, tassel on back, hats, hats and sandals, sandals soled with old tires.

Big signs, neon, Pepsi, Cerveza, like home, sell, sell, sell, got to get that last peso. Band walks the streets, two guitars, a bass, playing for a peso. Beggers, 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 classe, 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, coconuts, remains, floating in the sewage. Stations, 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.


Reprinted from THE INDEPENDENT Berkeley, California

Cesar Chavez

Director United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO
Organizing Farm Workers
Tuesday Apr 11 8 p.m.
Auditorium, Kellogg Center

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For Adults

Notorious Daughter of Fanny Hill

ALSO: The Doll That Shook the Town
involved who don’t feel like joining the "opposition," in the words of one student. They take to the idea more seriously than the affiliation or supposed influence of student government. It is in the interest of those who enforce the regulations of student government—the administration and trustees—and, more specifically, the office of student affairs. The student government is to be taken as a whole, as a group. It is only a part of a large corporation, and to create a pattern of a representative government to which they listen for advice. Nothing intrinsically wrong with this, since it establishes a partial power source. In fact, the reason it is worthwhile getting involved in this campaign—"Coon," of course—Blinon has mixed his involvement in United Students and the student government. He has been chairman of the ASMSU, and as chairman of the Off-Campus Council election to fill open seats is dominated by US candidates, and 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 consultation from student government. "Coon is easily swayed by the impressiveness of channels, and should get over his understandable worry about making a decision in that role, and also very involved in Off-Campus Council as one of Hopkins' aides. He refused to take too seriously the attention the students of the 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, and is presented in petition form to the new members of the ASMSU Student Board.

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, and is 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 throughout 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. Due process shall be the option of each individual student; therefore, no student shall be penalized specifically for missing regular class sessions, except when examina-

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 faculty or department, or major area concerned.

b) Faculty and administrators shall consider all student proposals and shall either make reasonable effort to institute the suggested changes or shall explain publicly why such changes are not feasible.

A Guide for Weary Voters

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<th>Senior Members-at-Large</th>
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Junior Members-at-Large

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<th>Terrence Cimino</th>
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<td>Harvey Dzodin</td>
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Sophomore Member-at-Large

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Women's Member-at-Large

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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. Students have the right to representation on all committees, both standing and temporary, which affect students. Codes of morality and censorship shall be determined by the individual; therefore no legislation shall be passed affecting these areas beyond that imposed by civil law.
ELECTIONS

tivity rather than from the demands of an external situation.

Steven T. Aven and Hopkins will vote as they should and will be uncharacteristic at-large repre
sentatives. Ross Mast, their opponent, is an undistinguished candidate, who tends to favor consensus and amelio
ration rather than clear definition of the needs of interest groups. Regardless
less of what else he says, this indi
cency promises to break down the potential of student government to confront the problems of getting along as students in a relatively hostile environment. This theme is echoed in the other races, in which student
interests should not be subordinated to these latent disorder qualities.

Cassie Beddoe knows all about this; she has worked hard for a number of years in the academic and administra
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"Blow Up":


doesn't CONNECT what he is showing to judgment. And that dislocation of sensibility is probably why kids don't notice his moralizing, why they think "Blow Up" is "funny.

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 has inherited the factory 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 says querulously, as if that settled the matter. (The obvious answer is: "No, of course not") Antonioni is trying to sketch out one of his usual portraits of successful people who feel there isn't anything ELSE. Like the cartoon of 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 people it works, since the characters are already set apart from us 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. At one point in "Vitalonno" 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 one 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 occurred, 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. The shot post of the boring, the inconsequential minutes, hours and days that somehow accumulate into a lifetime, the problem in that every newspaper has solved it, it wouldn't necessarily show that he was living in decadence without any visible future any more than anything else in the picture does.

"Waiting for Godot" can tell us something about the inanity of life, but it is not the same as Antonioni's. But it delves into the problem of that dislocation of sensibility. After the fact, considering their few inarticulate murmurings, 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 leerily on their blank, blissful faces, giving us all a thrill by vicariously letting us in on it, letting us in—and at one same time encourages us to think it's all ashes, ashes, and that we ought to be thankful for what we have.

This moralizing is easy but meaningless, because of the film's central overriding failure. Antonioni is often praised for his ability to see what is happening when nothing is happening, "hailed as the post of the boring, the inconsequential minutes, hours and days that somehow accumulate into a lifetime, the problem in that every newspaper has solved it, it wouldn't necessarily show that he was living in decadence without any visible future any more than anything else in the picture does.

The positive in "Blow up" is supposed to be the murder, which whatever it is, is not meant to be representative of anything else, not even the crime which 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 had been murdered, it didn't happen or as if he had been someone he knew.

Life is pretty trivial, I guess (heaven help us if Antonioni decides to expose the decadence of a Midwestern universitiy; swinging London would look pedestrian), 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 got into things I care about—my writing, my people I love—the world seems 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, actually) he is 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 continued on page 12
THE STUDENT AS NIGGER

By JERRY FABER

STUDENTS are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It’s more important, though, to understand why they’re niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers and their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the fifty-shilling of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First let’s see what’s happening now. In my department waiting for permission to have courses to take (in my department) stands outside the professor’s office. He is a nigger lover. In at least one room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. I ask in the student cafeteria, “I become known comfortable, as though there were a bad smell.”

The faculty and administrators keep an eye on, they won’t be too sloppy and they can’t make any mistakes. They’re too visible. They’re too smart; she doesn’t give a rat’s ass. The important thing to please her. Bark in kindergarten, you found that teachers' only children who stand in nice straight lines. And that’s where it’s been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and there couldn’t get out of the goddamn school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming led from Inmate Inmate. For a moment, I think the surface now and then, but him and clawing the fence.

there’s the infamous “code of dress.” In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal. Everything is tied to the ritual of fealty. If the hem doesn’t reach the floor, you have to change while he’s present. If you kick off, Boys in high school can’t be too sloppy and they can’t even be too sharp. You’d think the school board would be delighted to see all the grades dropping to school in private rooms, suit, ties and sherry brims. Uh, they’re too visible.

What school awards to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 15-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what they do to a student? They’ve got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

As black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what’s going on. Some know exactly what’s going on, and take it in stride while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what’s in front of them.

INWARD ANGER

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have no thoroughly introjected their masters’ values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State those are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they’re called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their toothless bells audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Supper, then the terrorists and teachers who created these brutes are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It’s time to find out why, and to do something about it, not just look at Mr. Charlie. The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom, some of them are more outspoken. They are still finding in the South who don’t know it. Tell the man what he wants to hear and he’ll fail your course.

When a teacher says, “jump,” student says, “jump.” I know one professor who refused to take my class for exams and required students to show up for tests at 5:00 in the morning.

Another, at exam time, provides answer sheets — each enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stuff their answer sheets into the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn’t a provis; he wants to be. He does it to get students back on track. He tells them that he once was a rebel, once he斗争ed his place. He calls a student cafeteria, ‘I become known comfortable, as though there were a bad smell.”

Many teachers in academic Lowndes County. The white man is an unwritten law barring students from using rooms which students may not go into. In at least one room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell.

In at least one room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. And they did, by God! Another, during a meeting of a class, one girl got up class time for exams and asked if I want it folded and passed over? I expected sirens, a rattle of guns, high fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming led from Inmate Inmate. For a moment, I think the surface now and then, but him and clawing the fence.

FOLLOW GODS.

Even more discouraging than this one-school approach to education is the way black students take it. They haven’t gone through twenty years of public school for nothing. They’ve learned one thing, and that is the only one thing during those twelve years. They’ve forgotten their algebra. They’re hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They’ve become uninterested. They talk about Jesus, they can’t follow orders. Fresher than I can to the surface now and then. Some recognize their condition, others are more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They are pathetically eager to please the man, to show that they are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they’re called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their toothless bells audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Supper, then the terrorists and teachers who created these brutes are going to burn in hell.

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Sometimes, when student leaders are black, they’re either ignored, put with the 2-S and spend their years outsidethe old plantation alternately active aggression. They’re unexplainably thick-skinned and subject to frequent spats of hostility. They misunderstand simple questions. They are still finding in the South who don’t know it. Tell the man what he wants to hear and he’ll fail your course.

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place, he calls a freshman a “nigger.” What school awards to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 15-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what they do to a student? They’ve got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

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for the sake of making matters of their students usually includes a rigorous schedule of classes, the students themselves. At all, the teachers have to be like black people. You stand expected, not because of them, but because their interactions and their language are different from yours. So when this first, worse, you may suspect that you personal is not the most men- dunging of persons. Whatever you can protect you from their.-

dear, the student’s guilt. The white

"WHITE SUPREMACY" The teacher’s fear is mixed with an understandable need to be seen as fair; but this is not a need which also makes him their. Ideally, a teacher should minis- the middle between himself and his students. He should not encourage them not to need him— eventually. But this is rarely the case. Teachers at some point are the or- of arcane mysteries. They are a new j瘪s. Even a more or less con- onections between teachers and students to how much work he always has to do— but doctors that takes them by surprise. They do not know in their normal lives. Indeed, they may even struggle to understand the concept of what a teacher is. This is not to say that teachers are not aware of the power and influence they hold, but it is to say that their awareness is often limited by their own experiences and socialization. As a result, they may be tempted to use this power in ways that are harmful or oppressive.

TEACHERS TEACHERS As a result, teachers often find themselves in situations where they must make difficult decisions about how to interact with their students. These decisions can be complex and challenging, as teachers must balance the need to maintain a certain level of authority with the desire to create a supportive and inclusive learning environment. In addition, teachers must also consider the unique needs and backgrounds of each of their students, which can vary widely.

EDUCATIONAL OPPRESSION Educational oppression is a real and pervasive issue in many schools today. It is often linked to broader issues of social inequality and marginalization, such as poverty, racism, and sexism. Educational oppression can take many forms, including discrimination, bias, and unequal treatment. It can also manifest as a lack of resources or support for students who are marginalized in other ways.

INTEGRATION AND DIVERSE LAWS Integration and diversity are important issues in education today. As our society becomes more diverse, schools must adapt to accommodate students from different backgrounds and cultures. This can be challenging, as educators must find ways to create inclusive learning environments that respect and value the unique experiences and perspectives of all students.

"Blow Up" continued from page 10

are made to how much work he always has to do) but were around with my older. I noticed because I was a film, a disaster, the Bath acid, and even competion. I didn't mean much and made oblique references in my deceptions--he could make an outright case of the sort that's made in "Blow-up," against me and my milieu. If I disposed of a story I'd probably re- post, at times, the police, but more on a few principles, and then again I might not. Either way, I don't think Antonioni would have had a meaningful statement about my life, if the people who have their dyes 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 Dreyfus is playing a cliche to his- phoned was his wife, then says, 'She's not my wife-- we just have some kids," then in a moment says, "No, no kids, just even kids. Sometimes, if one had kids, "just, to live with." A hesitation, then: "She's not. That's why I don't live with her." There are in- digations that he's a pretty good photographer (several of his pictures are good, I've been looking at them, anyway) and rather likes his work. He doesn't see him with anyone who could be called a real friend or a real lover; do we just assume that he's never in love with anyone at all? On the basis of what we see, I don't think it's a judgment we can fairly make.

THE STUDENT AS NIGGER

"The Student as Nigger" is a book written by James Baldwin. In the book, Baldwin explores the experiences of black students in predominantly white educational institutions. He examines the ways in which black students are marginalized and oppressed by the educational system, and the impact this has on their lives. Baldwin's analysis is grounded in his own experiences as a black student, and he draws on the experiences of others to illustrate his points. The book is a powerful critique of the educational system and its failures to provide an equal and just education for all students, regardless of race or ethnicity. It remains a seminal work in the field of education and a powerful call to action for social justice.
Many of my statements about the moral effects of the educational process seem to be supported by the present staff. Of the seven students present at the committee meeting, but only one other student actually spoke up in support of my views. Most of them spoke of the bad teaching that would happen, the grading system, or the relative value of having a teacher instead of a television set, or of the relative value of having a teacher instead of a television set. Above all, they all felt that the quality teaching as experienced by the professors (e.g., publish or perish, large classes, quality control) was all important. They all felt that the quality teaching as experienced by the professors (e.g., publish or perish, large classes, quality control) was all important. They all felt that the quality teaching as experienced by the professors (e.g., publish or perish, large classes, quality control) was all important. 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The Pistachio Nut Conspiracy

(Years ago, when the Federal law prohibiting sale or possession of pistachio nuts was relaxed, there were some arrears made for illegal possession sale and/or use of pistachio nuts that have remained unsolved to this day. Could you comment on that? Tureilar: In spite of accelerated Federal and local prohibition efforts there is a continuing rise in the traffic of this horrible narcotic.

1. 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 calling, "The Truth About Drugs." Let me read you a paragraph to make your question. "Pistachio nuts, drupaceous fruit of the pistachio tree (Pistacia vera) are commonly known as green, seed-like articles. In spite of the fact that they are often called "nuts" they are known to be highly addictive. As regards human consumption of these nuts, in contrast with the papillae and oral epithelium they are known to cause high levels of gastro-intestinal irritation. In addition, tainting of the skin is another common side-effect. In short, we are talking about a true poison.

2. In other words, pistachio nuts are legally but not chemically a narcotic?

T: I'd say it's a policeman who has to keep law and order in society.

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

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DEADLINE THURSDAY MIDNIGHT

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS April 11-18

TUESDAY, April 11

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

WEDNESDAY, April 12

12 noon -- Bulletin T. Journal -- "Goodpasture spin" -- An analysis of the dangers of smoking despite warnings, the hazards of a healthy lung.

SATURDAY, April 15

7 p.m. -- Recital Hall -- Pinetti Henry Ross Jr. plays Sonata For Chromatic Fantasia.

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" analyses of techniques for group selling presentations.

SUNDAY, April 16

12 noon -- Yesterday's Headlines--Films of headline events of the last week.

1:00 p.m. -- News in Perspective -- Three New York Times newsman analyzes headline events of the last week.

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

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

11:30 a.m. -- Tarot -- "Pistachio Nut Conspiracy" -- a new Denver Grammar bombshell made last year during a live performance at the lavender shade. Stars Brigitte Nielsen as male and Wolfgang Finzi as female.

SUNDAY, April 15

11:45 a.m. -- "Recent Acquisitions": Ken Beazley and Gil Hanover review new recordings on the angel. Medallion label.

2 p.m. -- The Metropolitan Opera: Live from New York, this afternoon, Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," starring Renata Tebaldi, Cesare Siepi, Franco Corelli and Fernando Corena. Directed by Fausto Cleva, 7:00 p.m. -- "Jazz Horizon": Bud Spealger presents new music of the moment.

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

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

11:30 a.m. -- Tarot -- "Pistachio Nut Conspiracy" -- a new Denver Grammar bombshell made last year during a live performance at the lavender shade. Stars Brigitte Nielsen as male and Wolfgang Finzi as female.

SUNDAY, April 15

11:45 a.m. -- "Recent Acquisitions": Ken Beazley and Gil Hanover review new recordings on the angel. Medallion label.

2 p.m. -- The Metropolitan Opera: Live from New York, this afternoon, Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," starring Renata Tebaldi, Cesare Siepi, Franco Corelli and Fernando Corena. Directed by Fausto Cleva, 7:00 p.m. -- "Jazz Horizon": Bud Spealger presents new music of the moment.

FRIDAY, April 14

12 noon -- Musical: "Guys and Dolls," a new Denver Grammar bombshell made last year during a live performance at the lavender shade.

SATURDAY, April 15

11:45 a.m. -- "Recent Acquisitions": Ken Beazley and Gil Hanover review new recordings on the angel. Medallion label.

2 p.m. -- The Metropolitan Opera: Live from New York, this afternoon, Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," starring Renata Tebaldi, Cesare Siepi, Franco Corelli and Fernando Corena. Directed by Fausto Cleva, 7:00 p.m. -- "Jazz Horizon": Bud Spealger presents new music of the moment.

SUNDAY, April 16

12 noon -- Musical: "Guys and Dolls," a new Denver Grammar bombshell made last year during a live performance at the lavender shade.

MONDAY, April 17

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

1:30 p.m. -- "Pistachio Nut Conspiracy" -- a new Denver Grammar bombshell made last year during a live performance at the lavender shade. Stars Brigitte Nielsen as male and Wolfgang Finzi as female.
By Ed Jilek

Beginning with this issue, this page 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 like trying to drink water through a straw.

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 stack up, day by day, the first three albums? Are the arrangements more complex, are there more moments of general more mature (or any other) value judgment (I choose to consider), have the performances improved, etc. Or has the group stagnated? In other words, have their albums shown more or less the same subject, or have they progressed in some general direction?

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

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 instruments (how do the artists handle this arrangement — 3.) 3. If lyrics are involved, do they say anything, or are they over-stated, trite or meaningless? 4. The interpretation of the song, if done live, in what style, in what manner. This a rough guideline that will be followed in a loosely subjective manner. Don't take it especially seriously.

"Younger Than Yesterday" — The Byrds. Columbia CL 2424, GHS 4422. 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 — 2:45
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 originality in choral singing and instrumental backing. Unfortunately, this quick success may have kept the group in this early style for just a little too long. This is with 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 parodies), accompaniment, or songs written by the Byrds themselves. Their own material 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 that this song doesn't have the aformentioned Byrds' sound, it's done in a resoundingly mystical way which makes the words appear more meaningful than they might be otherwise. "C.T.A-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 that 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 — 3:11
Pretty Ballerina — 2:32
She May Call You Tonight — 2:18
They Can't Take Your Love From Me — 2:48
I've Got Something On My Mind — 2:46
Let Go Of You Girl — 2:33
Get Your Feet Off My Doorstep — 1:46
Side B — 12:48
Walk Away Renee — 2:40

Fluidness which make them lastingly enjoyable. Often, the comparison of well written minor chords and somehow what 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 frequency 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. "Wake Away Renee" has to be one of the finest songs I've heard in a long time. The choral-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 go on the chart. "Lazzy Day" also has this hysterial quality 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

by MEG MACCLURE

This week Linda Vickerman, the Mezzo-Soprano who sang Bonzetti's O Mio Fernando in the Honors Concert, and Mary Garden will give his Graduate Organ Recital at 8:15 in the Music Auditorium, Sunday April 15. Linda Vickerman will give her Organ Recital at St. Paul Church in Lansing at 4:00. There will 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.