

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

We understand that this week marks the 25th anniversary of John A. Hannah's accession to the presidency of what has since been renamed Michigan State University. In his 25 years, Hannah has become rather noteworthy among American educators at the multi-versity level, and has made a number of statements representative of the thinking done by educators of his stature on the state of the modern American university and the so-

cial situation it serves. THE PAPER here reprints a number of these statements, so that its readers may know the quality of the man and the ideas we face in our president. We extend our congratulations to Mr. Hannah on his remarkable longevity as a multi-versity administrator. (Soon: some of Hannah's statements on social issues, similarly excerpted.)--The Editors.

John A. Hannah On Education

Unflinchingly Compiled
by CHAR JOLLES

"My plea is for a definition of education to fit the times. Let me suggest that educated man in today's world is one who is trained and conditioned to be an effective citizen."

MSU Founders Day speech, Feb., 1955

"...In the course of my recent tour of duty in the Department of Defense, I was dismayed to learn of the concern of our military leaders about the mental attitudes of the young men serving in the uniforms of their country, particularly those who had been called to involuntary duty through Selective Service. The attitudes of many of them ranged from annoyance through resentment to downright anger because their private lives had been interrupted for what they did not consider to be a good reason.

"This is properly a matter for concern to military leaders...for the rest of us, too....It is a matter for particular concern to teachers, with whom rests much of the responsibility for preparing young people to face the problems they will confront in the world after school.

"This is not a new malady our military forces....

"I believe the primary and secondary schools can make education serve the individual and national interest by preparing youngsters for military service and life under conditions of stress as well as by preparing them for college, or for a job or profession.

"This is no plea for indoctrination for universal military training nor a plea to support any specific foreign policy. It is, in simplest definition, a plea for a better job of preparation for citizenship in an era when good citizenship entails a period of military service in defense of the country against a real and present danger....

"I would not even shrink from putting the word 'indoctrination' to the kind of education I have in mind. If we do not hesitate to indoctrinate our children with a love of truth, a love of home, and a love of God, then I see no justification for balking at teaching them love of country, and love of what this country means."

"The Schools' Responsibility In National Defense," May, 1955

"Our colleges and universities must be regarded as bastions of our defense, as essential to the preservation of our country and our way of life as supersonic bombers, nuclear-powered submarines, and intercontinental ballistic missiles."

Parents Convocation, Sept., 1961

"...an educational system adequate to serve as an effective instrument of national policy. . ."

Commencement of the National War College and the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, June, 1959.



JOHN A. HANNAH, Suitable For Framing

"In this shrinking world, with the menacing cloud of communism ever more visible, we would agree that it is essential that all of our young people understand the true nature of communism and its threat to the values and virtues so precious to a free people."

American Council on Education address, Jan., 1961.

"We feel that we really have no acceptable alternative to being active in the international field...We cannot plan to educate only citizens of Michigan, or of the United States. We must prepare our students to be citizens of the world."

Speech given at the Continuing Education Cooperative Extension Conference, Oct., 1960.

"I have explained perhaps a hundred times over the years why the university cannot involve itself in controversial issues across Grand River Avenue."

Speech at Student Leadership Conference, Sept., 1966.

"Can we so manage affairs that our universities, servants of society as they are, can reflect the spirit of the times, as (James) Bryce would have them do, without yielding to the point of destruction, as (Jacques) Barzun warns they may?"

Speech at the Conference on Curricular and Instructional Innovation in Large Universities, Nov., 1966.

"...universities are among the

most indestructible of human institutions...."

Speech at the Big Ten Residence Halls Conference, May, 1961.

"Universities bear a heavy responsibility to the society that supports them to serve a continuing role as objective critics--free from partisanship and hopefully free from self-interest bias."

MSU Faculty Convocation, Jan., 1963.

"To say that those who work and study here need pay no attention to how these people beyond the campus feel about educational matters would be unrealistic in the extreme and politically suicidal in potential."

Student Leadership Conference, Sept., 1966.

"The University does not belong to the students. It does not belong to the faculty. It does not belong to the administration, or even to the Trustees. MSU belongs to the people of Michigan, who established it, who have nurtured it through the long decades, and who continue to sustain it. In the final analysis, MSU belongs to the larger social organization that is the nation, and of which the State of Michigan is but a part."

MSU Faculty Convocation, Jan., 1963.

"The American people will expect us to continue to meet the needs of the larger society. We cannot abdicate our responsibility now and be true and faithful to those who maintain us, who support us, who have confidence in us. I am confident we have no intention of doing so."

Conference on Curricular and Instructional Innovation in Large Universities, Nov., 1966.

"Colleges and universities are but the agencies of the American people, through which they have in the past lifted themselves farther--economically, socially, politically and culturally--than any other people anywhere in the comparable period of time."

Commencement address, Colorado State University, June, 1963.

"...Tyrants have always sought to suppress education as an enemy to their ambitions, or where suppression was unfeasible or impracticable, to control the educational institutions so they could be made to serve their masters' nefarious aims."

University of Nigeria Convocation, Oct., 1960.

"(The University) has been defined for us recently as 'an institution which serves as a community of scholars whose members include its faculty, students and administrators.' It seems reasonable to ask whether such a definition is adequate. It bothers me on several accounts."

Student Leadership Conference, Sept., 1966.

"A better definition, in my view, is that a university is a social institution of which faculty and students are integral and inter-related parts."

Student Leadership Conference, Sept., 1966.

continued on page 6

JOHN U.S. JOHN U.S. JOHN U.S..... PLEASE???

LAND GRANT MAN
 VIII. LAST WEEK, LGM FELL INTO SOMETHING BIG. THIS WEEK HE MUST CLIMB FROM THE DEPTHS...
 WRITTEN BY STU JONES.
 DRAWN BY JIM FRIEL.
 LETTERED BY FRODO.
 DESERTED BY B. LANG.

I'VE DONE IT!! - STOPPED PRODUCTION OF THE P.M. CATALOG! OH, WELL, IT WAS OUT OF DATE ANYWAY! NOW WHERE WAS I GOING...? I REMEMBER!

MAC

MEANWHILE, IN A BLASE' HALL OFFICE...
 HOW ARE WE GOING TO COPE WITH THESE STUDENTS?
 I WISH JOHN HADN'T FALLEN INTO THAT HOLE!
 GOOD GRIEF CARLING, GET OUT FROM UNDER THAT DESK!

OUTSIDE...
ORANGE POWER!!
 I have it! Greek Fire!
 POUR IT OUT THE WINDOW!!

BACK INSIDE...
 CARLING, COME HELP US!!
 (NOT ON YOUR LIFE!!)
Rats! We missed!
 DOUSE THAT RABBLE!

BACK OUTSIDE...
MYAHH! YA MISSED!!
 STRIKE FOR US! LAD THE REPUBLIC!!

SOMEWHERE UNDERGROUND...
 UGGH!! WHAT A MESS! FOR THE SAKE OF TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY, I MUST GET OUT!

OH, HO! - A SEWER! THIS SHOULD TAKE ME SOMEWHERE NEAR THE RIVER!!!

OOMPPPH!! I WONDER WHAT'S UP THERE?! MOVE OFF THAT MAN-HOLE COVER, YOU CRAVEN VARLET!!

A RALLY! THE IDEA OF DISRUPTING TRAFFIC!
 AND THAT'S...!! - WHY I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS ONE OF OURS!
 CLANG!

WOMBATS RISE!!!

NOW, JIM CRACKER, CHAIRMAN OF A.S.M.M. WILL SPEAK!
 ORDINARILY, I DON'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO STUDENT OPINION, BUT...
 STOP IN THE NAME OF THE ESTABLISHMENT!

BACK INSIDE...
We are saved!
 IT'S LGM!!
 IT'S...!

BACK OUTSIDE...
 BASE TRAITOR! YOU'VE SOLD OUT TO THE FORCES OF EVIL!!
 NO! THIS IS WHAT THE STUDENTS WANT!!
 THE STUDENTS!! THE STUDENTS!! THE STUDENTS DON'T COUNT!

SUDDENLY, THE CROWD RUSHES FORWARD...
 HALT! CEASE AND LIBERTY! DESIST - MPPFF!
 EQUALITY! FRAT GET THE RATS!

BACK INSIDE...
 Flee the wrath of the Mob!
 HATE TO LEAVE YOU, DEAN CARLING, BUT I JUST REMEMBERED A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT...
 WHAT! DON'T GO! THEY'RE COMING FOR ME!
 CONTINUED...

The Water Closet

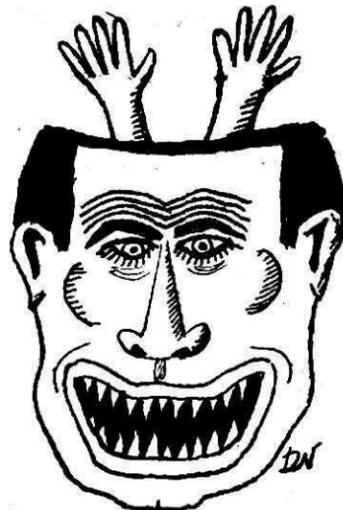
And In This Corner...

by W. C. BLANTON

It would be sheer folly to predict the outcome of Saturday's game, and every minute factor concerning the outcome has already been analyzed, so I will confine my remarks to a non-controversial subject -- Muhammad Ali. To refresh your memory (or perhaps to supply you with strangely wonderful new information), Muhammad Ali is sometimes erroneously referred to as Cassius Clay. On Monday, November 14, Muhammad Ali by 1:08 of the third round had bettered Cleveland "Big Cat" Williams in submission, been awarded a T.K.O., his twenty-seventh win without a defeat. Included in his 27 wins are two over the former world heavy weight boxing champion, Charles "Sonny" Liston. One would assume that inasmuch as both Liston

bouts were billed as championship fights, the winner would be the titleholder until he loses a bout. Not so, said the World Boxing Association (referred to hereafter as the WBA). Muhammad Ali is no longer the heavyweight champion of the world. In forty-six states Ernie Terrell is recognized as the champion. How did this happen? Terrell won a series of fights after the WBA declared that Ali was not a fit champion. He had not behaved himself in public as a true champion... as Joe Lewis did. When Cassius Clay made a triumphal return to the United States after an impressive Olympic win, he was a well-liked young man. He became the ward of a sponsoring group of Louisville, Kentucky businessmen. This was another radical

departure from the fight game image of spendthrift bums; Cassius appeared to be level-headed as well as handsome and talented. Soon, however, young Cassius began to lose supporters, as his out-of-the-ring antics detracted from his skill inside the ropes. Just imagine the audacity and gall of a professional athlete who dared to predict the exact round in which he would knock-out his opponent! And what's worse, he did it! Consistently, too. But Cassius--or the Louisville Lip, as he was now called--went on his merry way, making predictions, pounding on other challengers, and building himself up for a title shot with Big Bad Sonny Liston. When he got his chance, feigned hysterics clouded Cassius' warnings



that he would "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," so the 7-1 underdog became the champion -- and promptly got the public even more upset. For Cassius revealed the fact that we was a Black Muslim and changed his name to Muhammad Ali. Oh what a heinous crime! Everyone knew that civil rights was the "in" movement. Then amidst successful defenses of his crown, Muhammad Ali boo-boomed again. He admitted to being somewhat less than ecstatic about an Asian vacation. Once again a wrathful torrent of abuse was heaped upon him. Then when the poor man gave up his act as a promoter to become a respected champion, his sincerity was questioned. How can he win? Hopefully the conflicting title claims will be soon settled, as soon as Muhammad Ali beats Terrell. Six foot-six inches of a weak left jab cannot defeat the best boxer in the world today, and neither can anyone else currently on the boxing scene. Ali will be around for a while, possibly until he decides to retire, so the American public might as well settle back, quit judging the man by his personal life--which is his own business and not the public's--and enjoy his professional skills.

border border border border border border border border

THE PAPER

PAPER PEOPLE

- PAPER Weight. Michael Kindman
- PAPER Cutter. Laurence Tate
- PAPER Mate. Gregg Hill
- PAPER Dolls. Carol Hurlbutt, Char Jolles
- PAPER Knives. Brad Lang, Doug Lackey
- PAPER Tiger. Stephen Badrich
- PAPER Backwriter. Dale-walker
- PAPER Wrappers. Barb Brown, Arnie Strasser, Karen Smith
- PAPER Hanger. Denis Trover
- PAPER Route. The Lounge(s)
- PAPER Boy. Jack Laks
- PAPER Clip. Judie Goldbaum
- PAPER Cup. Russell Lawrence
- PAPER Towels. Ron Diehl, Bill Kunitz, John Wooley
- PAPER Roses. Ann Barton, Merrell Frankel
- PAPER Airplane. Carol Schneider
- PAPER Bag. Mabel Pierce

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

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ORANGE POWER



OR,

THE FUNCTION AT THE JUNCTION

By GREGG HILL



Jim Ebert

A bewildered coed walked out of Bessey Hall at two o'clock Wednesday morning saying over and over, "But a sit-in is supposed to be hard work. A sit-in is supposed to be hard work." She left behind her 125 ATL protestors engaged in a huge party in the main lobby which any minute could have dissolved into an "orangey."

The crowd was a menagerie of college joes, hippies, frats, agitators, sympathizers, fellow travelers, party girls, musicians, reporters, photographers, janitors and pizza delivery boys. They brought with them guitars, harmonicas, kazoos, a record player, an amplifier, Beatles records, a monopoly game, blankets, sleeping bags, thermos bottles, orange buttons, orange posters, tape recorders, cameras, radios, dedication to the cause and a festive spirit. Outside, somewhere, there were thought to be many nervous campus

really didn't like having a guy that good that close to them." Hooker said the Committee and especially University College Dean Edward Carlin, in his remarks on the AAUP statement, have displayed amazing indiscretion and errors of judgment throughout the controversy.

Elaborating on this indiscretion, Charles P. Larrowe, professor of economics, paraphrased the American Mind thinking of the committee: "You're guilty of contemptuous disaffiliation. . . you've been a disrupt-

To protest as strongly as possible."

Gary Groat, the enfant terrible of the ATL underground, defined the situation: "The whole affair reminds me of President Johnson's hernia... routine, but complicated." Now the people want to see that scar. A Groatesque analogy. Citing his contribution to Zeitgeist and the American Studies program, he remarked, "They didn't have good reasons for dismissing us. They had very good reasons for keeping us."

A partial answer might be found in what Bertram Garskoff termed "chicken interpersonal reasons." Garskoff, an assistant professor of psychology, insisted that "how you come on, fit in," your respectability and social poise and acceptability, are key factors in appointments. Would you, as a respectable professor, take Gary Groat to lunch or marry your sister to him?

Tying in the broader issue of academic freedom, Garskoff asked the crowd if they could do more than accept without questioning. To counter this academic momism students should write independent essays, write on the back of IBM multiple-choice test sheets, call seminars. His final comment: "Will you be remembered as the Kill, Bubba, Kill! generation or the Change, Hannah, Changel generation?" (A girl with a huge Kill, Bubba, Kill! button on her sweater stood in front of the crowd chuckling.)

Then Fogarty spoke and said once more, "I was given no good professional reasons why I was not rehired." He claimed his criticism of the ATL department was not genteel, but was certainly constructive and to the point. He believes there is no separation between teacher and scholar, this being one of his main points of criticism. Finally he defined the "cooperative system" as meaning "cooperate or leave," at least in the minds of the ATL heads.

The last major speech was, of course, by Lawless. "I know the rules of the game, but I don't accept them." I think he was also speaking for his fellow conspirators. "We aren't three lonely cranks crying in the wilderness." He demanded the same rights of free expression in his professional duty that exist under civil law. He concluded by reading his poem "The Orange Horse" (published in THE PAPER October 20), which has given the controversy its symbolic momentum.

The rally ended. About 200 people marched into the building and filled

half of the second story office corridors. As a few people packed Dean Carlin's office, the rest entertained themselves playing "Musical Floors" or "Let's Have a Sit-in, Let's Not Have a Sit-in."

After Carlin made a few comments backing the faculty advisory committee and refusing to recommend an open meeting, he retreated and announced himself only available through appointments. Within a few minutes he was booked solid for the remainder of the week.

At that point the idea of demonstrating at the Faculty Meeting gained acceptance with the forty remaining people. Reliable faculty sources informed them that the meeting was at seven o'clock that night, eight o'clock, not at all, the next night, in the meeting room, and someplace.

This resulted in a game of peek-a-boo with committee member Al Thurman through the locked door of the ATL office, which was not supposed to have been locked at the time. Thurman's comment: "I cannot speak in the absence of the chairman." Ben Strandness was supposedly at home ill. The time and place of the meeting were to be decided by Strandness.

Finally Brad Lang, coordinator of the rally, contacted Strandness at home. According to Lang, Strandness' comments were essentially three: "I don't know; I don't trust you guys; there must be consultation." No word on the meeting. (It is now rumored that the meeting did occur as scheduled)

By then the offices were empty and everyone had gone home except the forty "demonstrators." Assuming that the meeting had been canceled, they voted to break up the sit-in (even the cops didn't care) and to join a meeting of United Students at seven o'clock.

That meeting, originally planned as a panel discussion of the purpose of U.S., lasted until someone mentioned the word "vigil," whereupon the spirit of the early afternoon returned.

You can still (Wednesday night) feel that spirit when you walk into the Bessey lobby. The vigil will continue until some faculty members stop playing "privileged" games and become "democratically responsible" to people other than themselves.

In large part the sit-in is a response to all the evasions, irrelevant answers, and buck-passing the students have received upon asking a very simple question about the dismissals: Why were these three men fired?

BRAD LANG



LARROWE SPEAKING

police. A patrol car passed the building about every five minutes and was usually acknowledged with smiles and waving.

It must be said, however, that at no point were the participants disorderly. During announcements or radio news reports the music stopped and the voices became whispers. The only lapse to anarchy occurred when someone brought in six large pizzas.

There was unanimous agreement that if the police requested them to leave they would quietly reassemble the "vigil" outside on the front lawn.

Actually the campus police appeared indifferent to the whole affair. One commented later, "if they're stupid enough to stay there all night, let them stay there all night." It was rumored that higher administrative officials were equally unconcerned.

The events leading up to the "vigil" began at one o'clock Tuesday afternoon with a rally in front of Bessey Hall sponsored by United Students and the Ad-Hoc Committee on Academic Freedom. Approximately 1500 participants appeared to demonstrate their support for the recently fired "ATL three."

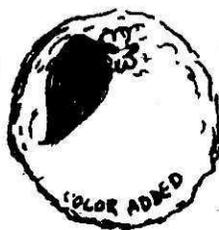
James Hooker, associate professor of history, spoke first. Pointing out the paradox of Robert Fogarty's pay raise prior to his dismissal, Hooker concluded, "They (the ATL Faculty Advisory Committee)

have had a negative influence on campus." Their answers, naturally: "that's a privileged matter between departments." He called for re-examination of existing procedures, and demanded consideration of the right to review. The Committee confuses giving reasons with instant tenure and consequent "loss of authority."

The firings parallel the Schiff case of last year, Larrowe said. Faculty, as well as students should have reasons established for their dismissal, be given written explanations and have the right to appeal.

Then, reading a letter from Ben Strandness, ASMSU Board chairman Jim Graham revealed more clearly the committee's hang-up on procedure as an end in itself. Strandness interprets the matter as a question of the committee's integrity, of whether a decision can be free if it's not privileged. An apparent contradiction. Graham objected that as a result of this type of thinking, the student has only the right to learn and not the right to participate in academic matters. He emphasized that the case is not merely a departmental squabble, but is a full-blown issue of academic freedom.

Alan Schaffer followed. Speaking as a faculty member (assistant professor of history), he stressed the right of the faculty to make decisions within its own structure without outside pressure, because without this right the administration could intervene on its own behalf. This particular case was mishandled. "Strandness has exhibited plain simple ineptness. . . he's simply hiding behind that committee. . . the decision was Strandness' and his alone." Still speaking as faculty member, Schaffer stated his inability to protest and placed the role on the students. "Your role is to protest,



RELATED ARTICLE

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1500? 2000?

Theatre The Medium Loses The Message



By LARRY TATE

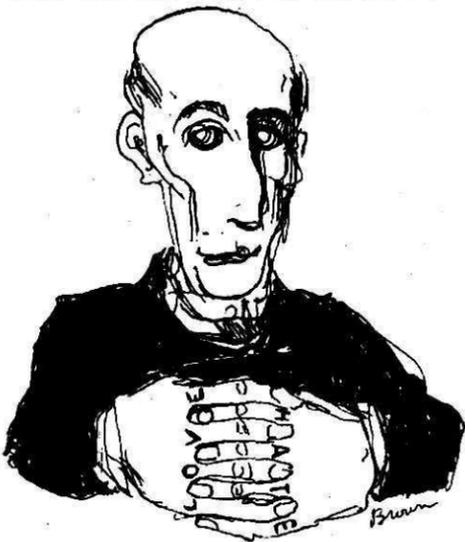
It was so long ago that I can't be sure, but I remember "The Night of the Hunter" as a fine movie. Ten years or so have erased most of the plot and all the dialogue, but I can still see a woman's corpse underwater, her long blonde hair streaming in the current; I remember Mitchum in his black preacher's outfit, sly and strong and the embodiment of pure evil.

Now the PAC is doing a staged reading of the book on which the movie was based, and for the life of me I can't guess why. The production sticks halfway between the literary and the cinematic, and the result isn't drama but poor literature and poor cinema combined.

In the first place, the actors -- mostly good actors, by the way -- most of the time don't get to act; they get to sit or stand and READ to us, like storybook princesses on TV kiddie shows. (Sometimes their intonations are pretty similar, too.)

The first problem here is that what they read is mostly description, written to be read silently in a book. When we read a book, we expect to see with our mind's eye only; in this "adaptation" we're forced to sit and watch five actors dressed alike and carrying scripts; they move around a little, but mostly they don't even play to each other, much less try to express visually what they are reading to us. The lighting is bright and constant, and there is most of the time intrinsically NOTHING to connect what we see with what we

hear. There is, on the contrary, plenty that comes BETWEEN seeing and hearing. A description is read of a character with his hands behind his neck; the actor in that role has his hands at his sides. A



character is described as "the one who never sleeps in his everlasting quest"; the description is followed instantly by another character's wondering aloud, "Don't he ever sleep?" (To which my reaction was, of course not, you fool -- weren't you listening?) Two of the actors have the roles of small children, and you can guess how well THAT works out.

There are more problems of that nature than I care to detail. The worst effect of it is that, simply,

no characters come to life on the stage. Raleigh Miller, in the Mitchum role, comes the closest, but he gets to act a scene only once in a while, then is stuck for fifteen minutes reading to us or reacting while somebody else reads to us.

I should probably have gone into the plot before now, but I never had any talent for construction anyway. Mitchum played a Southern religious fanatic who married and murdered a series of widows for their money. He marries a woman whose two children know where a treasure is hidden, and terrorizes them. Raleigh has some of the fanatic menace the role requires, but he can't fight either the memory of Mitchum or the adaptation. Neana Davidoff, as the widow, is very badly miscast.

The SECOND problem is the quality of prose being read. On the basis of this production, Davis Grubb's book must be a stinker. He has a good story, with suspense and interesting characters and possibil-

ities for larger overtones (suggested by the line, "There are no words for a child's fear"), but his perception is unfailingly crude, his prose unfailingly purple: "Something is moving in the dark and secret world of night"; "She, who had loved so well and so unwisely. . .": "Every child born of woman's womb. . ." He's trying to be Simple and Folksy, probably, but the result is just this side of Edgar Guest.

As far as I can remember, the movie managed to scrap the prose without losing the story and its power, to dramatize instead of just "adapting." Really, the reason I regret seeing this production is that it makes me want to see the movie again, and I probably can't.

Oh, well. Occupational hazard.

2 prisoners with a wall between working, cursing, struggling, chipping to remove enough to peek through the work lasted years then at last it was done!

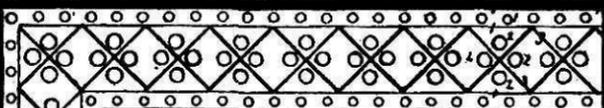
"Took a long time."
"Sure did."

"I'm in for life."
"Me, too."

at last they gave each other a finger and returned to their bunks

T/38:107

Dave and Chuck use Curl-Free



WKAR FM 90.5 mc

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS November 17-23

Thursday November 17

- 6:30 a.m.--"The Morning Program," classical music, news and weather reports with Mike Wise. (Every Monday through Friday)
- 8:00 a.m.--News with Lowell Newton. (Monday through Friday)
- 8:15 a.m.--"Scrapbook," music and features with Steve Meuche. (Monday through Friday)
- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Simply Heavenly."
- 5:00 p.m.--"News 60," a full hour report by the WKAR news staff.
- 9:00 p.m.--"Jazz Horizons," til midnight with Bud Spangler.

Friday November 18

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical "Irma la Douce."
- 8:00 p.m.--Opera, Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," a 1951 broadcast recording fea-

Saturday November 19

- 11:45 a.m.--"Recent Acquisitions," with Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachler, listening to and talking about a new CBS recording of Baroque concerti, and an album featuring Bach cantatas.
- 1:15 p.m.--Football, MSU and Notre Dame. After the game, "Album Jazz."
- 7:00 p.m.--"Listener's Choice," classics by request til 1:00 a.m. Phone 355-6540 during program.

Sunday November 20

- 2:00 p.m.--The Cleveland Orchestra in concert. George Szell conducts music by

Beethoven (King Stephen Overture); Mozart (Symphony No. 40) and Sibelius (Symphony No. 2).

- 4:00 p.m.--The MSU Symphony Orchestra in concert, live from University Auditorium. Music by Weber and Dvorak.
- 8:00 p.m.--"The Toscanini Era," hosted by Gary Barton, and featuring music conducted by Arturo Toscanini. Tonight's program features music by Haydn, Gluck, Suppe, Wagner and Respighi.
- 11 p.m.--"Offbeat," Steve Meuche presents "Africa Belongs to the Lion."

Monday November 21

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "How to Succeed in Business....."
- 7:30 p.m.--Opera, Wagner's "Tannhauser."

Tuesday November 22

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Redhead."
- 8:30 p.m.--The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in concert. Conducted by Thomas Schippers and Josef Krips, featuring mezzo-soprano Shirley Verrett. Music by Barber, Rossini, Purcell and Brahms.

Wednesday November 23

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "The Girl Who Came To Supper."
- 8:00 p.m.--"FM Theater," Aeschylus' "The Choephore," the second part of the Orestian Trilogy.
- 11:00 p.m.--"New Jazz in Review," Ron English and Bud Spangler listen to and talk about a new album by drummer Max Roach.



The Pot Calls the Kettle Black Award goes to the Roman Catholic cardinals and bishops of the United States, who decried the Johnson administration's financially pressuring the poor toward birth control by declaring that it threatened to impinge on the freedom of choice of the poor.

MSU Folklore Society Presents

Nov. 18
7:30 p.m.
75¢

Erickson Kiva

THE QUESTING BEAST --having distributed its original issue of 1000 orange buttons--would like to thank THE PAPER for its contribution and regrets the unheimlich disappearance of all other persons and organizations whose contributions might have made a further order possible.

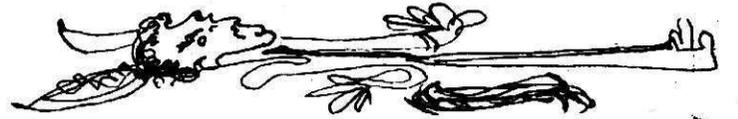
Finest Collection of Paperbacks in Town

1545 East Grand River



By DAVID FREEDMAN

The Turned-On World



It's Hungry Freaks, Daddy

Tim Leary is coming to town this week. Gary Snyder was here last night. Psychedelica may not be your bag, daddy, but it's hitting town this week. Holy satori.

I ought to straighten out wound-up readers a little bit first, though. My reading on pschedelic (mind-manifesting) chemicals is not very extensive, but the best text I have seen is "LSD: The Consciousness-Expanding Drug" edited by David Solomon (Berkley Medallion, G.P. Putnam's Sons, paperback, 95¢, available at Paramount News). I should warn you also that I have no personal knowledge of the state of mind induced by psychedelic chemicals, but I can attempt to justify this article:

"Thus it comes about that we are all divided into two classes: those who have taken the mushroom and are disqualified by our subjective experience, and those who have not taken the mushroom and are disqualified by their total ignorance of the subject!" (Gordon Wasson.)

"I know many people unfamiliar with the psychedelics who were quite capable of grasping the essence of the psychedelic state when a real effort was made to describe. Tillich, Isherwood, Henry Miller and others all comprehended the nature and the implications of these alterations in awareness. Others could not." (Cohen "LSD," Nat. Amer. Lib., 1966, also at Paramount).

Most of the literature on the scientific investigation of the effects of psychedelics has, surprisingly (although several books have noted that a prominent publisher--and spouse? --have experimented with these drugs ...use your intuition and figure out who), been favorable, if not enthusiastic. The principle focal point of dissent about the psychedelics has been the problem of its application. If so many persons have already experienced expanded consciousness, obviously not all of them were motivated by a bent toward purely impersonal scientific research. In fact, the removal of Leary and Alpert from the Harvard faculty was in large measure precipitated by their "unscientific" methods of investigation: Leary: "We are engaged in what is called a transactional research design. The researcher sees himself as part of the transaction, and is an active learner in the experiment. Most American psychology today is only a DESCRIPTION of what the researcher sees--it is only the report of the researcher's experience in observing the subject, rather than what the subject is really experiencing. The subject-object method of research is inadequate for studies of human consciousness."

We are upon the dawn of a "new age," that is, the exploration of inner space (after the failure or frustration of other research; the Mohole for example), for which the IFIF (International Federation for Internal Freedom) has been specifically founded by Leary, Alpert, et.al., with the help of a few wealthy benefactors.

Yet there are numerous problems, aside from those manifestations of the psychedelic snake shedding his skin (the products termed "classically psychedelic" by Leary; the works of James Joyce, Aldous Huxley, Ken Kesey; Albums like "Freak Out" by the Mothers of Invention; the films of Andy Warhol, etc.), of a "metaphysical" or sociological nature posed by the use of psche-

delics in our society. (If this begins to seem déjà vu, you're invited to skip to the last few paragraphs or try again in two weeks, in the next installment.)

There has been great controversy in formal religious circles over the validity of religious mystic experiences induced by an LSD (or other psychedelic) state. One very interesting facet of this controversy is the hypothesis that man first emerged from his primeval state of consciousness by an accidental ingestion of a hallucinogenic plant "the experience (of which) might have had an almost explosive effect on the largely dormant minds of men causing them to think of things they had never

thought of before. This, if you like, is direct revelation." (Mary Barnard.)

"Phenomenology attempts a careful description of human experience. The question the drugs pose for the phenomenology of religion, therefore, is whether the experience they induce differ from religious experiences reached au naturel; and if so, how." (Huston Smith)

For religious skeptics"...ALL religion is at heart an escape from reality... (For the religious believers) One way to effect the separation would be to argue that despite phenomenological similarities between natural and drug-induced religious experiences, they are separated by a cru-

cial ONTOLOGICAL difference." "If the religion of religious experience is a snare and a delusion, it follows that no religion that fixes its faith primarily in substances that induce religious experiences can be expected to come to a good end." (Smith).

"Better religious living through chemistry!" (Alpert, LSD, Natl, p. 61)

"If I were...a cat among animals, this life would have a meaning, or rather this problem would not arise for I should belong to this world. I would BE this world, to which I am now opposed by my whole consciousness." Albert Camus, "The Myth of Sisyphus."

continued on page 8

THE PAPER PRESENTS

of INVENTION

Union

2ND FLOOR

8:30 PM.

James K. Polk Memorial Rock Band dance next term

hannah

continued from page 1

"We are historically, firmly, and irrevocably committed to mass education in this country."

American Council on Education, Jan., 1961.

"No, we have no reason to be afraid of either the pressures of today or the demands of tomorrow. If we, too, are planted solidly on footings of principles and values, then we can respond where response is indicated and resist when resistance is dictated without sacrificing either our institutional integrity or the national interest."

Address before the American Council on Education, Jan., 1961.

"When we say that we expect to have an enrollment of from 30,000 to 35,000 students on this campus by 1970...this is not the description of a goal. Rather, it is a realistic estimate of the levels to which we will move under the social, political and economic pressures of the times."

Residence Advisory Leadership Workshop, Sept., 1961.

"But not all human activities demand the services of geniuses. Lesser mortals can perform other tasks also of great importance to society. If college educations of good quality are required to prepare other able young people for useful roles, then they, too, should be admitted to Michigan State University.

"....the danger does not lie in placing admission standards too low, but in raising them so high that we automatically limit the usefulness of the university itself."

MSU Faculty Convocation, Jan., 1963.

"So I ask that when this team runs out on the field in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, and the cheers go up to be echoed back by the mountains, you see them not as athletes alone, but as representatives of a great group of universities."

Big Ten Club dinner, Dec., 1953.

"Our new educational programs have some deep and serious implications for our fraternities and sororities, too. We are going to become ever more serious about education at Michigan State University--and your organizations will have to become more serious about it, too. The standards of expectation and the standards of performance are going to be raised several notches on this campus; and you would do well to prepare for the change."

Residence Advisory Leadership Workshop, Sept., 1961.



"Reduced to simplest terms, the land-grant college philosophy is (1) that all of the problems of ordinary people are worthy objects of interest and attention on the highest academic levels; (2) that the benefits of knowledge, both scientific and humanistic, should be available to all of the people in order that they may attack their every - day problems armed with truth; (3) that the privileges of a college education should be readily available to all who are capable of benefiting from advanced training; and (4) that the investment of public funds in the training of individual men and women is justified on the basis of their increased potential for strengthening our democratic society."

University of Florida centennial, March, 1953.

"....the values commonly recognized as being within the special province of higher education (are) academic freedom, integrity of scholarship, spirit of free inquiry, dedication to the pursuit of truth no matter where it leads, admiration for things of the intellect, perception of beauty, and all the rest."

Big Ten Residence Halls Conference, May, 1961.

"In a second category of responsibility we would place the obligation to buttress and support other agencies of society, such as the home and the church...."

Big Ten Residence Halls Conference, May, 1961.

"Refinement of taste and improvement of judgment may be the special mission of higher education, but love of truth, respect for others, reverence, personal integrity, honesty--these are values society entrusts to the family and the church, for the

most part. It is well that this is so, because the freshman year in college is a little too late to start teaching the difference between right and wrong."

Big Ten Residence Halls Conference, May, 1961.

"It is a little late now to teach young people of college age the difference between right and wrong. We can only build on foundations already laid by the home, the church, and the school."

Parents Convocation, Sept., 1961.

"Most freshmen are taking their first tentative steps towards adult responsibilities they are looking forward to running their own lives, and they will resent--though they still need--the guiding influence of both the University and their parents as they try out their new-found wings."

Parents Convocation, Sept., 1961.

"We would like to have you (the parents) understand and support the University's position on social controls and personal discipline."

Parents Convocation, Sept., 1961.

"...The philosophy of the University has not changed in the 106 years since it was established, and the goals in 1961 are the same as they were in 1855...."

Residence Advisory Leadership Workshop, Sept., 1961.

"We see old models, old attitudes, old methods, old values, being chal-

lenged and changed in society all around us. Can we expect the university, itself a social instrument, to escape unchallenged and unchanged."

Conference on Curricular and Instructional Innovation in Large Universities, Nov., 1966.

"....there must be an interest in, if not an open commitment to, innovation on the part of students...Perhaps we can capitalize upon this feeling of discontent by challenging students to come forward with specifics...Perhaps, under such conditions, they might help to a surprising extent."

Conference on Curricular, etc., Nov., 1966.

"Confusion about values in our society in reflected in confused student values."

Conference on Curricular, etc., Nov. 1966.

"The hazard for the public is that higher education, puffed up with pride, will forget that public colleges and universities are supported by society for an important purpose: To promote the good of society.

"How can that best be done? All tradition, all history tells us that we achieve our purpose by helping intelligent young people develop their inherent capacities to the fullest to the end that they become useful, productive citizens of our democracy. Self-fulfillment, yes--but that cannot be the only goal...."

"It is here, I fear, that we may fail."

MSU Faculty Convocation, Jan., 1965.



Historical Religions #1

Long ago, in Water-Winter Wonderland, the great God Punt reigned supreme. Punt's believers numbered more than 20 legions. Every other Saturday, about 70,000 faithful followers crammed themselves into the amphitheater temple to worship great God Punt. Around noon, one could observe the massive pilgrimage trekking towards the temple from all directions.

The high priest, Holy Hannah, engaged Toughy Duffy and Biggie Gunn to arrange the bi-weekly worship services. Toughy Duffy sought out and hired 22 highly-ranked priests to perform the oblations upon the enemy.

Biggie Gunn was responsible for excavating the temple following snowstorms. For this important task, he purchased 700 shovels and sent forth a cry for civilian short-term laborers. He offered them the lucrative salary of \$2 per hour. Hundreds of young people responded, for they were short of the coin of the realm. Soon the temple was once again fit for worship.

Duffy's priests had many groups of enemies. The main ones were known as Purdue and Michigan. The arch - enemy --the hated one -- was known as Notre Dame. Something had to be done about Notre Dame because they had been attempting to unseat the great God Punt from his throne as supreme father. Some began to say that Notre Dame was the only real God. But Duffy emphasized to his priests that Punt was still No. 1. He further emphasized that his priests would offer up Notre Dame as a blood-sacrifice on November 19. The priests were instructed to dismember Harratty and Seymour early, and the rest would be simple.

Communion was consummated by the elder worshipers, while the younger, unconfirmed ones, were

forbidden to partake of the sacrament. The usual chalice was known as a flask, and it was filled with a multitude of soul-warming fluids.

There were many chants to the great God Punt. Foremost was, "Kill, Bubba, Kill!" The believers implored Priest Bubba to make haste with the blood-letting. Alas! Priest Bubba had trouble with his assigned task, because most of the enemy persisted in running away from him. As a result, a few deviated from accepted dogma and proclaimed that Bubba was, in fact, a myth.

All worshipers were required to make specific pledges to the benevolent God Punt. Since the younger followers weren't allowed to enjoy communion, they were placated by Holy Hannah, inasmuch as they were permitted to pledge at a discounted rate. Those who had failed to pledge early enough could still gain entry to the temple, but it required a much higher price. Most of this cost increase went directly into the pockets of criminals, for such activity had been declared heretical. Biggie Gunn's office was alarmed, and much high-level conferencing ensued.

The proclamation was issued that henceforth all student pledge cards would be clearly stamped "STUDENT." And so the problem was soon eliminated.

One day, new chants could be heard resounding throughout Holy Hannah's land, "God Punt is dead! God Punt is dead!" It was true. Some devil had let the air out of him. He lie prone, deflated, on the 50-yard-line. The chanting legions were transformed into dejected mourners until a few visionary prophets declared, "Do not grieve any longer. We have other gods--Sex, LSD, Money, Vietnam, and The Beatles. Let us turn to them."

And so the legions dispersed seeking their other gods.

see hall cultural committee and

msu film society

potemkin

friday nov. 18

8 pm

anthony hall

(members only)

wild strawberries

saturday nov. 19

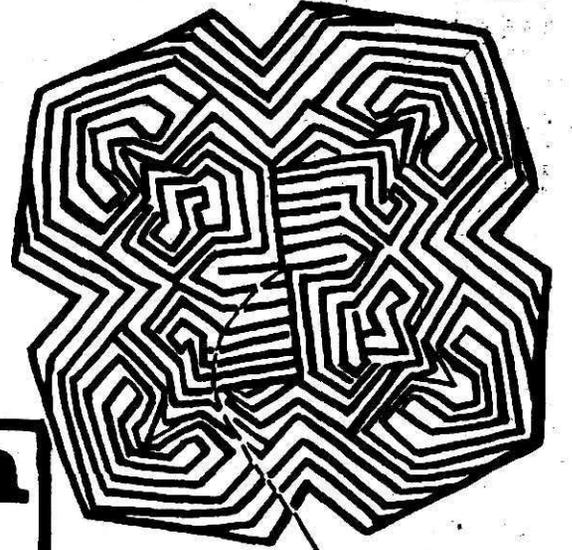
7 & 9 pm

conrad hall

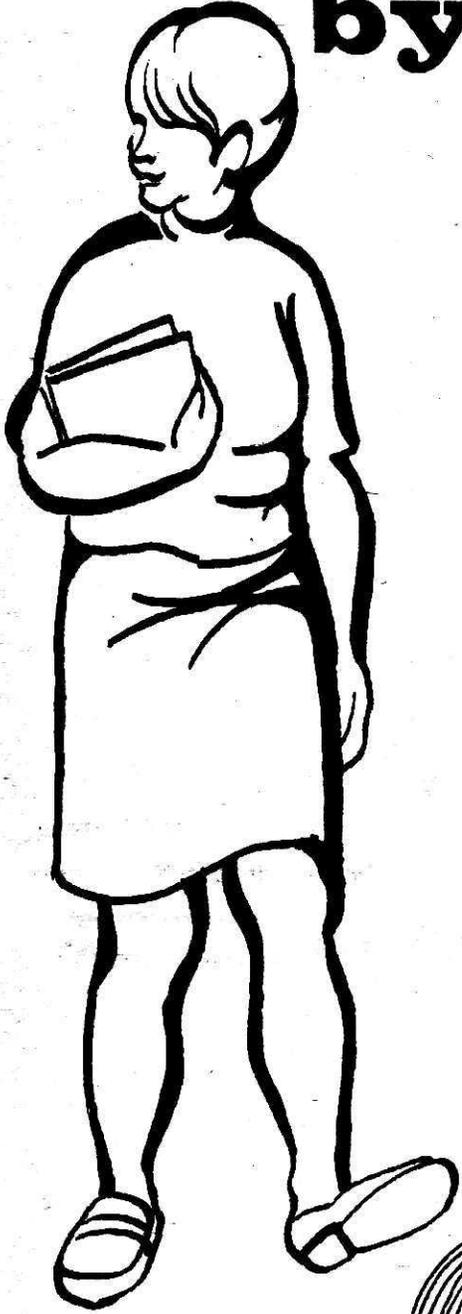
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50 cents)

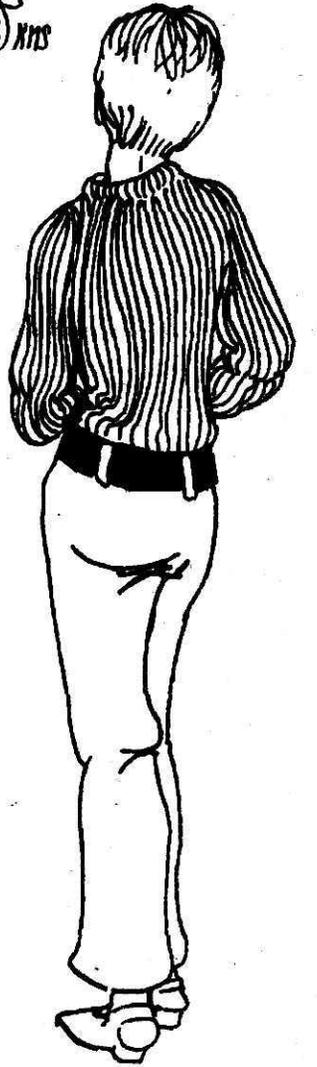
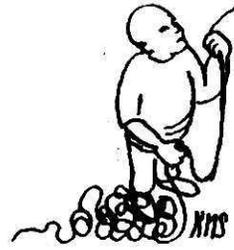




by karen smith



THE ADS-MATH-DORM CROWD



leary

continued from page 5

Which brings us to a further problem: "reality" and "gamesmanship." Dr. Sidney Cohen, an eminent psychologist who has first-hand knowledge of the psychedelic experience (17 trips in 27 years) argues that as "insanity" is differentiated from "sanity," so "unsanity," or the consciousness expanded, should be differentiated from insanity and sanity, and that each of these is a reflection of "reality," which cannot of course be glimpsed in its totality from any one state or level of consciousness at any one time. In the same book (LSD, NAL, 1966), Dr. Richard Alpert quotes William James: "No account of the universe in its totality can be found which leaves these other forms of consciousness (here, nitrous oxide euphoria) quite disregarded...At any rate, they forbid a premature closing of our accounts with reality. Looking back on my own experiences, they all converge toward a kind of insight to which I cannot help ascribing some meta-

physical significance." ("The Varieties of Religious Experiences," New York, The Modern Library, 1902, p. 371.)

Then there's old Plato and his caves. But, to my knowledge, Plato doesn't say much about life as a cosmic metaphor of a game. Yet nearly everyone who has had a psychedelic experience of any intensity has become (sometimes acutely) aware that man's behavior is patterned by the criteria of the game called society.

"A game is a learned cultural sequence characterized by six factors:

"1. Roles. The game assigns roles to the human beings involved.

"2. Rules. A game sets up a set of rules which hold only during the game sequence.

"3. Goals. Every game has its goals or purposes. The goals of baseball are to score more runs than the opponents...

"4. Rituals. Every game has its conventional behavior pattern not related to the goals or rules but yet quite necessary to comfort and continuance.

"5. Language. Each game has its

jargon. Unrelated to the rules and goals and yet necessary to learn and use.

"6. Values. Each game has its standard of excellence or goodness."

This article (from Solomon, begin p. 103), from an address given to the Congress on Applied Psychology in Copenhagen in 1962, is concerned with behavior change among criminals.

In this address, Leary recommended the use of psilocybin (a moderately potent psychedelic) to rehabilitate criminals. "...show people that their social identity and their entire cultural commitment is a game...They might be able to cut through irrelevant games rules to what is most relevant to survival and peace of mind."

"We seem to oppose any process which puts the game of here and now onto the long evolutionary timetable. This is a natural opposition and a healthy one. It is the greatest game of 'the game' versus the 'non-game.' Behavior versus consciousness. The universal brain-body versus the cultural mind. The ego versus the species. A dialogue old and holy, like the dialogue of sea against land.

"But this old game should be made explicit if it is to be fun. Unfortunately, the West has no concepts for thinking and talking about this basic dialogue. There is no ritual for mystical experience, for the mindless vision. What should provoke intense and cheerful competition too often evokes suspicion, anger, and impatience.

"The nongame visionary experiences are, I submit, the key to behavior change--drug-induced satori. In three hours under the right circumstances the cortex can be cleared. The games that frustrate and torment can be seen in the cosmic dimension. But the West has no ritual, no game to handle the CE drug experience. In the absence of relevant rituals we can only impose our familiar games, the politics of the nervous system, the mind controlling the brain. Physicians seek to impose their game of control and prescription. The bohemians naturally strive to impose their games of back-alley secrecy. The police, the third member of the happy, symbiotic drug triangle, naturally move in to control and prosecute."

Obviously, Leary's position has changed since 1962. Today it is turn on/tune in/ drop out. Obviously, as a friend remarked, Leary has turned on more since 1962, Zut and éhé, Drop out, from gamesmanship, from society, from "meaningful" human contact, in touch with the Cosmos, rejecting that sixth game criterion, the values of a society, without even considering them. Remove yourself from both the meaningful, pleasurable and the absurd commitments and values and goals of the world above and even the world underground. Not only don't touch me baby, I'm a TV

dinner, but don't touch me, I'm the lion that lay with the lamb. Just/drop out/. "Hatch your eggs in an athanor."

Our society is sick; however, there is a psychedelepanacea and the microcosm of the multiversity is an excellent social structure in which to observe the impact of the psychedelic mystique. THE most obvious factor affecting life in the multiversity is a growing feeling of paranoia. For certain individuals the existence of any authoritarian and unseen power structure fosters unconscious fears about personal safety. Illicit activities in a community the size of the Greater Lansing Area, especially the use of psychedelic "drugs" and the misconception and gross exaggerations (addictiveness; increased homicidal or suicidal tendencies) surrounding such activities, tend to arouse undue community pressures in mothers which should be handled more delicately (e.g. Cornell, Columbia, Brandeis, Harvard, and other schools have been reluctant to involve federal and state authorities in disciplining student psychedelic drug users). In spite of editorials by both The Michigan Daily and The State News suggesting the legalization of marijuana, police



crackdown on student drug consumption seems to be much more thorough than on student alcohol consumption.

In the face of this hypocrisy on the part of the law enforcement agencies, there is engendered a greater disrespect for laws in general. Doubtless, the popularity of pot coincident with warm assurances from the State News (headline: "Find No MSU Students Using LSD, Dope;" Aug. 18, 1966) is due in part to this opportunity to flaunt the authorities.

Certainly, it can be argued that if the use of psychedelic drugs is simply a passing fad--or if not, then tomorrow's adults will change the laws ("The Prophet is promptly jailed. A hundred years later his followers are jailing the next visionary!" Harvard Review, Summer 1963, Leary, Alpert)--then why bother to fight the spread of these drugs at all; that only encourages more to experiment. "Malt does more than Milton can to justify God's ways to man."--Housman.

More on the Underground and Leary in two weeks.

NEO-CLASSIFIED

Coming Events

The Bengali Club is showing "Pather Panchali," an Indian film with English subtitles, tonight (Nov. 17) at 8, 109 Anthony Hall. Admission free.

Dr. Fredric Reeve will speak on "Ethics and ????" to the Student Religious Liberals, Sunday morning at 11 a.m. in Old College Hall in the Union.

FLIC DEPT: Nov. 27, "Pepe" Cantinglas. Color. Dec. 11 "Midsummer Night's Dream." Trnka Puppets (Czech). Richard Burton, Old Vic Players on sound. Color. Exploring Cinema Society at Lansing Library 2:30 p.m. Students 50¢. Also low membership rates available. Jan. 8 Eisenstein's "Time in the Sun." More info. Call 485-8920.

Goods, Services, That Stuff

"THE TONIKS" direct from their smash road tour at Andy's Bar, Brooklyn. Leonard Bernstein says: "Out of Sight." Joe Potrzebie says: "The Toniks blow." The Toniks say: "Joe Potrzebie blows." Bud Weiser says: "The Toniks are as much a part of East Lansing as my church key." The Beatles say: "The Toniks? --never heard of them." The Toniks say: "Have you?" call 351-9359. (If you see Kay, let us know)

WANTED: Girl who answers to Sam or Ellen. Met you at party at 649 Evergreen. Please contact Steve Rossmore, 20301 Plainview, Detroit, Mich. 48219.

WANTED: Girl for spiritual, platonic relationship with veteran. Serious contenders only. Write P.O. Box 281, East Lansing.

JOIN THE UNDERGROUND; mine bat dung in Transylvania this summer! Hurry! Limited Opportunity! Call Livers at 353-8173.

We need fifth man now or winter term to share house three blocks from Berkey. Quiet study conditions, cooking, panelled basement for entertainment. We prefer someone in some way interested in meaning and significance of the various aspects of human experience--i.e., atypical, intellectual of sorts. \$12 per week. 332-5671.

Single room for rent in well-established East Lansing household. \$44/mo. Cooking and parking. Must see to appreciate. Cordial surroundings, tasteful furnishings in late monstrosity motif. Completely unsupervised. Call 332-6880. A real find for an uninhibited, congenial, tolerant girl.

LOST: one plain gold ring somewhere on campus. Finder please contact Smeagol at 353-7561. Purely sentimental value. Birthday present.

WANTED: Three girls to travel to Mexico City, Veracruz, Acapulco and points between from December 16 through Jan. 8 with three men on low budget, high fun vacation. Must have own car. Communal cooking. Sleeping bags. Dutch all the way. Call Ken, John or Duffy at 332-6521 after 5.

Personal

Three male graduate students are in desperate need of a coed (mother) who can cook. Free private room and board for cooking dinner, washing the dishes, and repair sewing. To begin now, as we may starve to death. Should be no transportation problem. Phone 485-4173.

Lee, What's 10 + 4? 7 + 7? 9 + 5? 13 + 1? 6 + 8? 12 + 2? What vegetable are you thinking of? The Troll.

enter my swirl
if you wish

i can give you life
the beauty of death
(meaning change)
and the strength of knowing

life goes...
and goes on
and rigor will not change that

you must not be afraid
swimming
and dancing
dying
and living

life is a pleasant chaos
strange beyond fear
complicated beyond worry

hollow big
and echo full

somewhere
and deservedly so
my terror has died
eaten by the rush of quick beauty

you may live
if you wish
this question
(it will not be wrong)

who is to say
that the dead are free...
dale-walker

NEO-CLASSIFIEDS

Box 367, East Lansing

50 words/\$1



or
351-7373

(still cheap)

DEADLINE MONDAY MIDNIGHT

The Orange Bell-Shaped Curve

By ERIC PETERSON

One thing that every Michigan State Natural Science student learns about is the curve of normal distribution, sometimes known as the bell-shaped curve. The idea is simple: the extremely tall or short man is rare, as is the wholly black or pure white dog.

Most things, dogs, trees or men, tend to have about the same amount of any given quality, with only a relatively few having substantially more or less than that amount.

Fortunately or unfortunately, this law holds for man, in all his aspects, as it does for all things. There are exceptional men, though--I think that Gary Groat, Ken Lawless and Robert Fogarty, members of another of our University College departments, are such men, and that most of the people who have become involved in their case are not. If we can find out in just what way we can find out in just what way these men are exceptional, I hope the real issues in their case will be a little easier to see.

First, let's consider "The Orange Horse." The way Mr. Lawless explains the poem, he was inspired to write it last spring when Spartan Stadium was being repainted. An orange primer coat had been put on the under side of the upper deck of seats...it was quite colorful. I could see it all spring from my dormitory window, and to say it stood out is an understatement. So all spring Term it was at least a minor topic of conversation around the dorm. It seemed you just couldn't let all that color sit there without any comment. Some thought that green would have been more appropriate; others like the contrast to the dull red brick of the rest of South Campus. That was the type of impact that an orange stadium had on us.

BUT Ken Lawless saw a little more in it. He saw an orange horse, an Orange Cedar, orange books--and in general, the Orange Groves of Academe.

Now, the merits of his poem can and have, been debated. Granted, it is no "Waste Land" or perhaps even an "I Am Waiting." But it is good enough to tell us several things about Lawless. First (and obviously), he has got enough energy and insight to write the thing, in the first place. It is a lot of work to turn out a poem the length of "The Orange Horse." It takes some ambition. It also takes a lot of honesty. Everyone knows that we do not live in the Best of All Possible Multiversities. Not everyone sees, or admits that he sees, "Hypocrisy/Vacuity/ Puerility/ Inanity/ Banality/ Cupidity/ on the parts of his/ Chancellor/ Dean/ Chairman/ Colleagues/ Students/ Self."

So what. Is this anything but a collection of impressively depressing words about a common feeling? Yes, it is. The Orange Horse is action. The Orange Horse does something about the problems he sees, in himself and his world. Perhaps a little rudely, he searches, he questions, he provokes. As Lawless and Groat and Fogarty have been doing at this university.

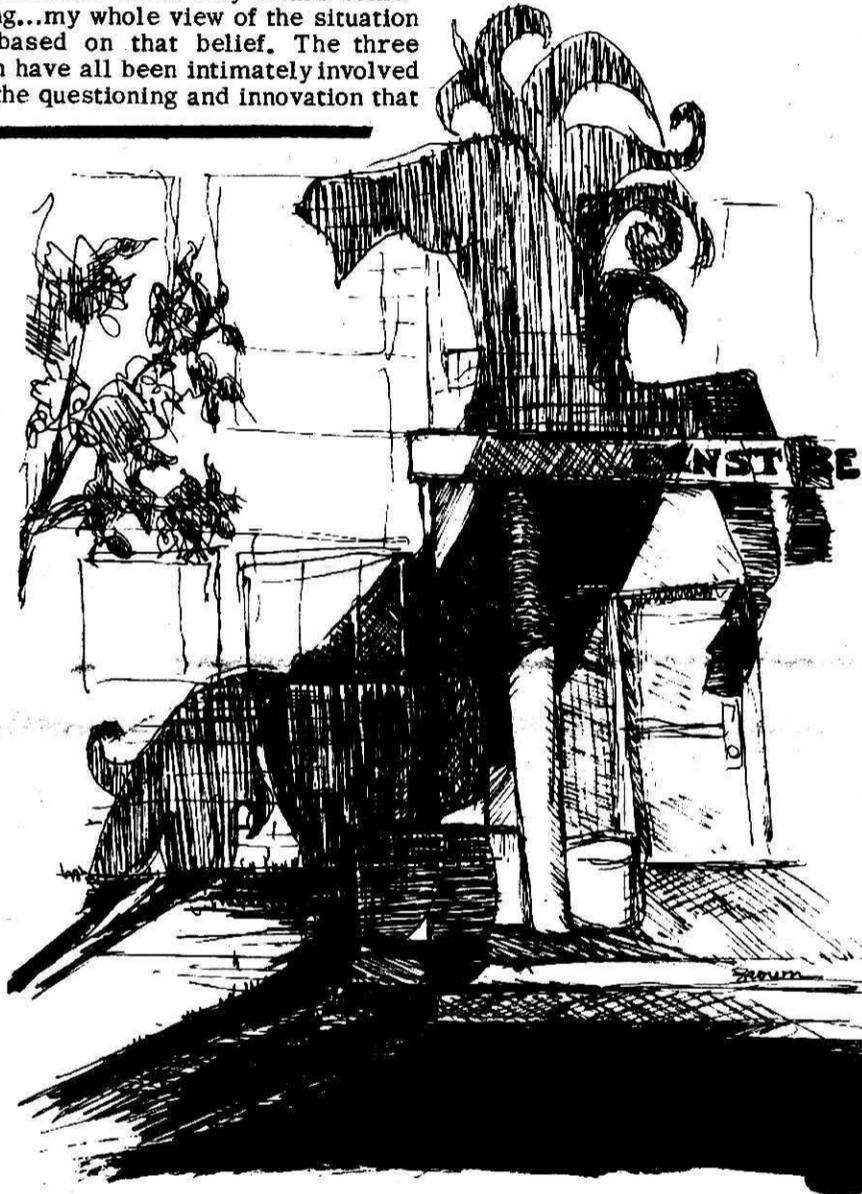
And THAT brings Zeitgeist to mind. Its merits, too, have been debated. But I don't really care how good Zeitgeist is; its success or failure depends in large part on factors (read: people) over which Groat and Lawless have no control. The important thing is not any particular story or poem or magazine--it is the type of

man that is necessary to attempt any of these things. Or that is necessary to attempt radical curriculum revisal, or risk disapproval of his peers and/or superiors.

The myths which have already become established about these men are a little frightening, and I don't have much faith in my ability to present the REAL "ATL 3" in full. For one thing, most of my information is second-hand. (Consider this my mandatory disclaimer.) But it is pretty trustworthy second-hand. I have no doubt that all the positive comment by students and faculty means something...my whole view of the situation is based on that belief. The three men have all been intimately involved in the questioning and innovation that

don't matter.

In a certain sense, even Groat and Fogarty and Lawless don't matter. I am not going to worry about whether any of them will ever be read in the ATL departments of the country--after all, you can't legislate genius. That is one bell-shaped curve you can't escape from. The question is one of attitudes, which CAN be formed and changed and moulded. Attitudes and ways of life don't have to conform to "normal" behavior.



must be part of the university, according to the public record.

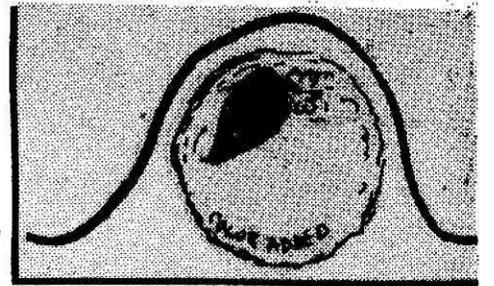
There are also a few personal observations I have been able to make in the past few days. Take, for example, this remark of Groat in his office after the rally: "our biggest poetry reading yet." These are not the words of a hardened, anti-administration radical. They are the regretful words of someone who would much rather be back in his classroom or hearing a poet he helped bring to campus. They are words representative of the similar interests of Gary Groat, Ken Lawless and Robert Fogarty, who must, after all the trouble of the last month rarded as a group and as something of a collective symbol.

They are rebels, yes. Boat-rockers, yes. Men with a cause, also yes. But men who have been continually working towards that goal, each in his own way. I think each of them would dearly love to see his students and colleagues engaged in the same type of positive search. Call their goal truth or self-respect or only self-awareness...the labels

That is what the whole mess is about.

Bertram Garskoff of the Psychology Department made some remarks at the rally about the difficulty of growing up in America without succumbing to mass-culture values. And without being paranoid about it, this IS the issue: the conflict between the questioning individual and a stratified and settled society. Spare me the talk about the power struggle within the ATL Department--I don't care. Spare me the talk about students' rights and no-tenured faculty rights--in this very political decade, I have no doubts that the organized aspect of ATL affair will get quite enough attention. Yes, you are right--it is absurd to ask for creative individuals under a repressive system. But you must have such individuals around, before the question can be raised.

If they had been left alone, that is what Groat and Fogarty and Lawless would have continued doing: urging their students to become what they can be. But they weren't left alone. And what has happened?



Well, for one thing, at least one thousand MSU students and faculty and maybe two thousand, stood outside of Bessey Hall Tuesday and shivered for academic freedom. I wish I could believe that all those hundreds stood for hours because they really understood the seriousness of three fine teachers being run out of the university for leading the kind of life that a university is supposed to encourage. That would imply that they understood the importance of that kind of life.

It would also destroy my present doubts that, maybe because someone needs an issue, a secondary concern for proper procedure has become more important than the real issue of what kind of people we should become.

Up to two thousand people were at that rally, people who presumably were eager to think for themselves and take up unpopular positions, if necessary, people with respect for the real scholar with or without doctorate. And Then Dr. Garskoff stood up before them, and urged them to demand essay finals if the ATL Dept. wouldn't vote them in, and to turn in essays of their own, even if none were assigned...They laughed at him.

Common sense tells me that this was a crowd that had just been told about eight jokes in a row, and not to make too much of their laughter. What was funny to them, the idea of the ATL Dept. flooded with thousands of unwanted student papers (and later, the idea of essays written on the back of IBM sheets), or the very idea of writing those essays without any compulsion. I'm not about to go around comparing tones of laughter. But still, I doubt that very many of the students who stood outside Bessey or even most of the smaller group that sat-in that night, will ever do any serious writing unless they are forced to. To make a stab at evidence, I do know how hard it has been at times to get good copy for a 12-page PAPER once a week--with the whole university to draw on.

Also, after the rally, a good part of the crowd decided to visit Dean Carlin and Dr. Strandness. On the way up, the girl ahead of me asked, "Where are we going?" I don't know if she was serious, but serious or not, she didn't get an answer. Behind me, they were discussing hunting in the Thumb. Beside me was one student with a "Support Your Local Anarchist" button; he seemed to be enjoying himself.

Sure, I could have pre-judged them; I could have known what I was going to see. And, too, you can't really expect Socrates and the whole Huxley family in Bessey Hall. But, I'm sorry I can't get over the feeling that marching around Bessey was quite a bit of fun for quite a few students--and that it wasn't really much more.

Everybody who stayed all night at Bessey is likely to dispute my statement that they don't care about the issue. But they care about THEIR issue, and I think it is the wrong one. Game, or not a game. Power-play or power blocs. Student rights and our students right or wrong and bureaucratic blunders. To repeat: it looks to me as if a few exceptional individuals were trying to raise an entire bell-shaped curve, but instead of succeeding, their Orange Rebellion has fallen victim to that same curve in the form of a semi-mass movement.

South Africa: Mandate For Change?

By 'OLD RAWHIDE'

Yes, Virginia, there really ARE other important problems in this hand-aided world of ours besides Vietnam (even if your name isn't Virginia, you may proceed). I have a hell of a lot less anxiety problems talking about them, because I'm confessedly an amateur, and only a semi-skilled one at best. There are many experts around, but they seem to be concentrating their efforts in designing a new, improved Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere centered in Saigon/Hanoi (vote for one only), so there's that much less competition in my field (Memo to Anti-trust Division, Justice Dept., Washington, D.C.: I'm just kidding, guys. I BELIEVE in competition. I LIKE free enterprise. Please no indict-

ments.). Anyhow, one of these mysterious difficulties surfaced recently in the pages of American journalism, and even made some front pages, though not the headlines. A strange country (of many strange countries) made itself known to world opinion--Southwest Africa. I have had an interest in this God (we'll skip the theology for the sake of the adjective)--forsaken corner of the earth since I had to do a term paper on it in the eleventh grade. I was young then and still could get infuriated over man's inhumanity to man. The atrocities committed on a defenseless people by the glorious Republic of South Africa, supposedly entrusted with the betterment of the territory, defy comprehension. Things were bad enough in South Africa itself (anybody ever

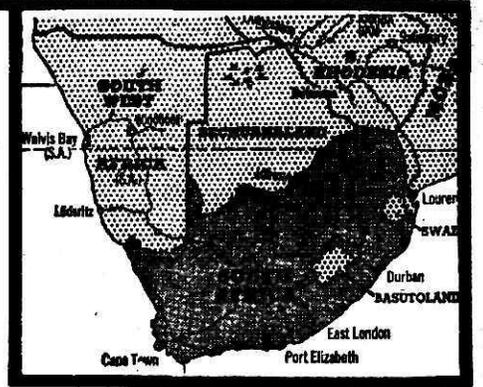
heard of the Sharpeville Massacre?) but for that sovereign (I hope not by the grace of God) nation to inflict its policies of white improvement by black suppression on a territory over which it has no legal right, was too--

"Wait a second" some (maybe one?) of you say. And I know what you will ask. That's right--the World Court (for technicians, the International Court of Justice) just ruled that South Africa does have a such right. Poor, misguided disciples of Henry Luce and Time. That's not what the Court said at all. We'll have that story after this message.

From my limited excursions into the world of law, I have discovered that when courts decide Important Questions, they operate under one of my colleague's law of life--Don't get left holding the bag. If the issue CAN be skirted via a technicality, it WILL be skirted via a technicality.

At the end of World War II, the League of Nations Council met for the last time and ordered all of its Mandates, of which Southwest Africa was one, transferred to the new United Nations and its Trusteeship Council (It's somewhat ironic that South Africa was awarded the prize by the League after they took it from Germany in 1919 or 1920). Most mandates were so moved, South Africa refused.

A lot of fuss arose, but not much action. For some reason South Africa insisted it belonged to them, the UN that it was under their control. It seems logical that if South Africa was responsible, as the administering power of the territory, to the League, and that since the terms of the Mandate by no means gave



the deed to South Africa (one of the aims was--get this--eventual independence), she ought to play by the rules. What did she want with a desert (as most of Southwest Africa is) anyway? The answer is coal, but in a slightly more compressed form than comes from Appalachia. That shape is--you guessed it--diamonds, diamonds that didn't even have to be dug out, but could be picked out of the sands by hand (and very inexpensive hands at that--Bantu labor).

This whole situation was slightly upsetting to the Africans, and even bothered the State Department (all you had to do was ask them, they'd be GLAD to tell you). But perhaps they remembered that the you-know-who of "What's good for the USA" (and I don't mean Gen. BULLMOOSE) had, along with the other Detroit-based companies, substantial capital investment in South Africa; thus the matter stood.

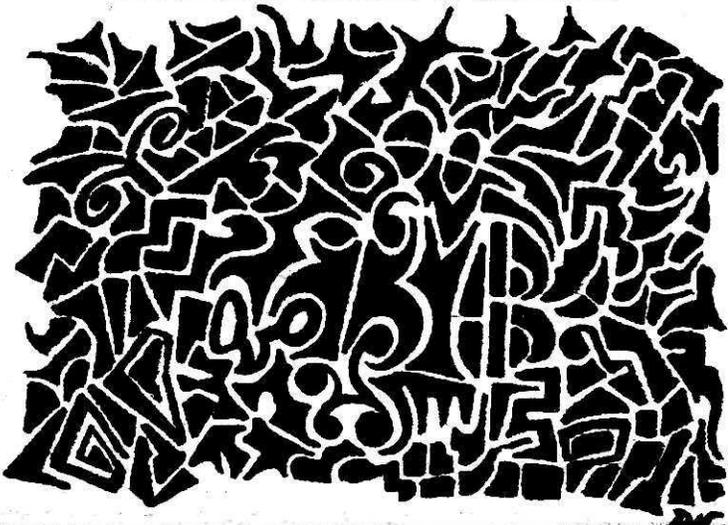
Perhaps to gain moral support, since the World Court doesn't have much power anyway, Ethiopia and Liberia took the case to the Court in the late '50s. After many a postponement, the long awaited day of decision dawned last May. And what did the Court say about South Africa's legal right? Nothing. They went the way of all good legal bodies in a tight situation--they found that technicality. You see, and it's quite obvious, individual nations can't be plaintiffs in this case. The only body legally able to take it to court is the League of Nations Council, a conveniently long dead and gone world organization.

This more than slightly upset the Africans, and, surprisingly, the U.S. When the General Assembly convened in September, the Afro-Asian nations were right there with the annual "Condemn South Africa" resolution. This time the resolution was stronger in condemning Southwest Africa, calling for UN intervention to assume its rightful place as the Trustee of the territory (Matt Dillon would call it "taking the law into your own hands"). But this time, and probably due in large part to Arthur Goldberg, the U.S. did not abstain, it voted in the affirmative.

However the world is not, as nobody guessed, Hollywood, California; and the matter is far from solution. The UN has enough problems, thank you, such as figuring out how to pay for the long-ended Congo operation. For some reason, one might expect that South Africa perhaps won't give up without the proverbial fight. They seem quite prepared to stay; they now say that the legal milestone known as the Suppression of Communism Act, which provides for indefinite detention without charge for anyone suspected of being Communist, i.e., a nti-Apartheid, be extended to the territory and be made retroactive (ex post facto must not be listed in South African law books).

But do not lose all hope. Some progress has been made, there is much more of a chance for positive UN action. This however is first contingent on the UN solving its problems, no mean task; and South Africa and/or Southern Rhodesia not blowing up into the world's bloodiest racial war. But I for one am not willing to make book on either proposition.

"THANKS ANYWAY"



from
The
PAPER
People

(no issue
thanksgiving
week --
next one 12/2)

deja vu department

THE FOLLOWING IS REPRINTED, FOR EFFECT,
FROM THE PAPER, Vol. I No. 3, January 20, 1966

Teacher "T"

I've heard of a teacher called "T"--
He shall not be you and must not
be me--

Who knew where he stood,
Though not in a trice;
Who refused to be bought,
Except at a price;
Who thought what he thought,
Even up in the air;
Whose positions, while firm,
Were never unfair--
Progressive conservative,
Rightside of radical,
Fond of alternative
Ways on sabbatical.

McCarthy explaining
(The writer, that is),
He found her a whiz;
The other disdainful
(McCarthy, that is),
He did not deride--
He knew it was raining,
And preaching spells pride.
As to black segregation,
It was not "black and white";
Unwise "agitation"

Is no path to right,
When it came to the bomb,
He favored the ban
But said, "Where I'm from
A man's still a man."
Thus spending his days on life's
fifty-yard line,

He looked in both ways and found
the game fine.
When at last it was called at
age sixty-eight,
He looked once again and said
it was fate.

Epitaph:
Here a faithful teacher lies,
Sung to death by lullabies.
He lived a life of much begun
And died with just as much undone.
BEN STRANDNESS

The author is chairman of the Department of American Thought and Language. The above poem is reprinted with his permission from the November, 1965, issue of University College Quarterly.--The Editors.

a scene
from
THE
DREAM
LIFE
OF
BALSO
SNELL



denis trover

there will always be those moments of despair when the soul turns on itself.

losing this friend, and gaining this enemy, we force encounter with the blank, hurting, cold, and unseeing look of the world

its gaze is blunt beyond words. it can destroy us, but never touch us; and it can never thrash us as we thrash ourselves

aching from we-know-not-what and riddled by the perfect pain of the mildly uncomfortable,

victims of our own perspective on the possibilities of life, we place ourselves alone afraid in some strange sacrifice to the godlessness of the world.

and there we hope to die leaving our weakest and most fragile dreams as sitting prey for the devil outside and the devil within

in these times our love is a shaking child trapped in the interminable night which we have made from dark pity and the blind self-hatred of countless extinguished fires it is then surrounded by the secret wish

that the world might become our assassin and frightened, baffled, at even this rejection, that we are saved

slowly rising from the longest of sleeps lifted pulled snatched by we-know-not-what our spirit begins to rise

our soul healed and mended devours life finding new in the old and turning that inner fire, which somehow always burns, from agony to joy

once buried in the arms of our own hatred and locked in the grip of created fears—we are now free

if there is faith to be had for us then it must come from the always mysterious and incomprehensible nature of this rescue opposed at every step by the savage determination of our despair

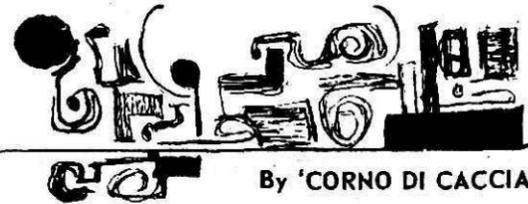
forever hating life we are forever forgiven

in some moment of peace lost in some near yet always far resting place the soul is lulled by the very turbulence of our lives the comforting discomfoting balance of our emotions for every joy a sorrow and for each death a new love

dale-walker

Happenings In Music

Conductor's Debut



By 'CORNO DI CACCIA'

The big event of the week, one long awaited by the music lovers in East Lansing, will take place in the Auditorium at 4 pm Sunday November 20. We ought, however, to mention first things first, and tell you that there will be an interesting and challenging Masters Recital at 8:15 pm Friday night in the Music Auditorium. Miss Marjorie Lowder, pianist, will devote her program to Sonatas by various composers. Beginning with two Scarlatti Sonatas, the program continues with the Sonata in A flat major, op. 110 by Beethoven, the Sonata in G minor, op. 22 by Schumann and the D minor op. 14 Sonata by Serge Prokofieff. Admission is free.

Mr. Burk, who joined the music faculty this fall, has an impressive record for so young a musician. Born in San Francisco in 1935, he made his debut at the age of 5 playing the Haydn D major piano concerto with members of the San Francisco Symphony. Turning to the 'cello he was named principal 'cellist of the San Francisco Civic Symphony at 16. The next year he was invited to participate in a course for conductors sponsored by the Netherlands Radio, and was not only the youngest member but also the sole American invited to participate. During his military service in

Alaska, he acted as Robert Shaw's assistant in the preparations for the Anchorage Music Festival. After the conclusion of his military duties he was invited by Ferdinand Leitner, music director of the Stuttgart opera, to assist in opera and symphonic productions in that city, in addition to conducting in surrounding German cities and on the Armed Services Radio Network. Since 1961, Mr. Burk has resided in Milan where he was assistant to one of the principal conductors at the famed LaScala opera house. Active as a guest conductor all over Italy, he has con-

ducted numerous first performances including Britten's "Rape of Lucretia," Hoiby's "The Scarf" and Leonard Bernstein's "Trouble in Tahiti." In that very well-informed critical atmosphere Mr. Burk has won impressive notice in the press and numerous invitations to return for summer engagements at various festivals.

In addition to his work with the orchestra, he is in charge of the Opera Work Shop and will conduct the performance of Gounod's "Faust" next spring in the University Auditorium.

East Lansing Notes

Miss, That Was A \$10 Bill I Gave You

Dear PAPER Reader,

Exploitation is really getting to be the big business in East Lansing (if not everywhere). For example, Columbia is now scouting our College Bowl team, and the Journal of Intestinal Disease is scouting our dorm cafeterias, and "Dr." Palindrome and the "Organization" are scouting students. Do you feel watched? Or do you feel that your money is watched? Ironically, your money is not being watched. Let me explain.

We received a lengthy letter this week which discussed the practice of not watching money, other wise called shortchanging. Do you count change? It seems that a couple of people have witnessed some rather gross examples of sales people who in the haste of work overlook the difference between 1 and 10.

Also, did it ever occur to you that when you buy coffee for a friend you wind up paying 21 cents? This is one of Michigan's infamous tax tricks. So, next time just give "friend" a dime and save a penny. Yeah, just 1 cent, but for a million coffee breaks that's \$10,000 which we keep instead of the state.

One other tip received recently

was a warning about Mel's Auto Service at 1108 East Grand River. The person who contacted us claims that last summer he had auto trouble, went to Mel's, received a \$40 estimate (which of course is not binding), wound up paying \$65, had a check refused, drove home to Ohio, went to his own garage, and found that the work had to be redone. Apparently, Mel's had charged for new parts and installed used ones. Total cost was over \$100 by the end of Ohio garage work.

Also, if you own a sports car and are dissatisfied by garages, I suggest that you visit Stratton's Motors (1915 E. Michigan Ave.). They have an uncommon honesty and efficiency about their work which is a real rarity.

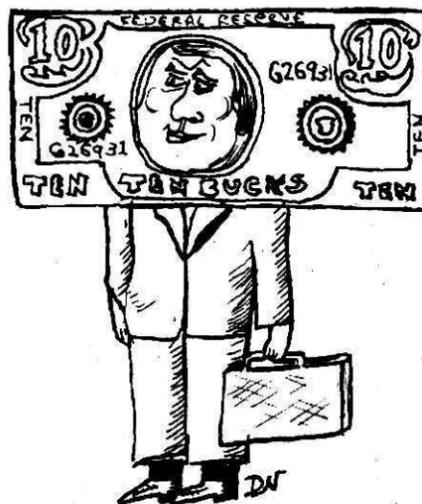
If you buy a lot of records, you may like to know about Sam Goody's. Goody's, a New York chain, has very low prices on all records, as well as special sales. For example, this week they feature 18 major labels at the following prices:

LIST	SALE
3.79	2.49
4.79	2.99
5.79	3.49
6.79	3.99

Even with postage costs these prices really undercut East Lansing (list 4.79, sale 3.89). The ad for Goody's is usually in the New York Times Sunday or Monday. Sale ends November 19.

So, if you have any news about screws in the area, or if someone has been nice to you, call 351-7373 or write to Diehl at Box 68, East Lansing.

Additional thought--next week may the mighty South Bend warriors be humbly mumbling--Hail Mary full of grace, Notre Dame's in second place.



SPACE FILLER

THE BIG SLEEP, or What's Going On In the Big Tent?

By LARRY TATE

In "Growing Up Absurd," Paul Goodman writes, "In American society we have perfected a remarkable form of censorship: to allow everyone his political right to say what he believes, but to swamp his little boat with literally thousands of millions of newspapers, mass-circulation magazines, best-selling books, broadcasts, and public pronouncements that disregard what he says and give the official way of looking at things."

Exactly. For example, in the latest New York Review of Books there is an excellent article describing U Thant's efforts to bring about negotiations on Vietnam and the repeated rejection of these efforts by the American government. I read the article and thought, well, it's out now; everybody can see that Johnson doesn't want peace and never has wanted it. But then I remembered: "everybody" doesn't read the New York Review. "Everybody" reads The Detroit News and Life magazine and listens to NBC and WJIM.

You can almost always get the truth in America, if you know you're being lied to and know where to look for it. But how are people to know they're being lied to? And if they know it, or at least sense it, what are they to do about it?

There must be millions of people in this country now who know damn well that Johnson is lying to them. Why don't they buy The New Republic or the New York Review or Ramparts and FIND OUT?

To try and get at the answer I want to quote from Christopher Isherwood, in a book called "Exhumations." You probably haven't read the book, and there's no particular reason why you should have. Everything Isherwood says in it is surely said as well in other books that you've read but I haven't, or in books that none of us has read. Just as surely, there are things quite as good that have not been said in books that you or I have read, things that would be valuable to us if we only knew where to look for them. In the twentieth century, there is no book or article so well-known, so patently important, that its message is sure to reach those who need it most. Think about the implications of that.

Anyway, Isherwood (in an essay on Los Angeles) "To live sanely in Los Angeles (or, I suppose, in any other large American city) you have to cultivate the art of staying awake. You must learn to resist (firmly but not tensely) the unceasing hypnotic suggestions of the billboards, the movies and the newspapers; those

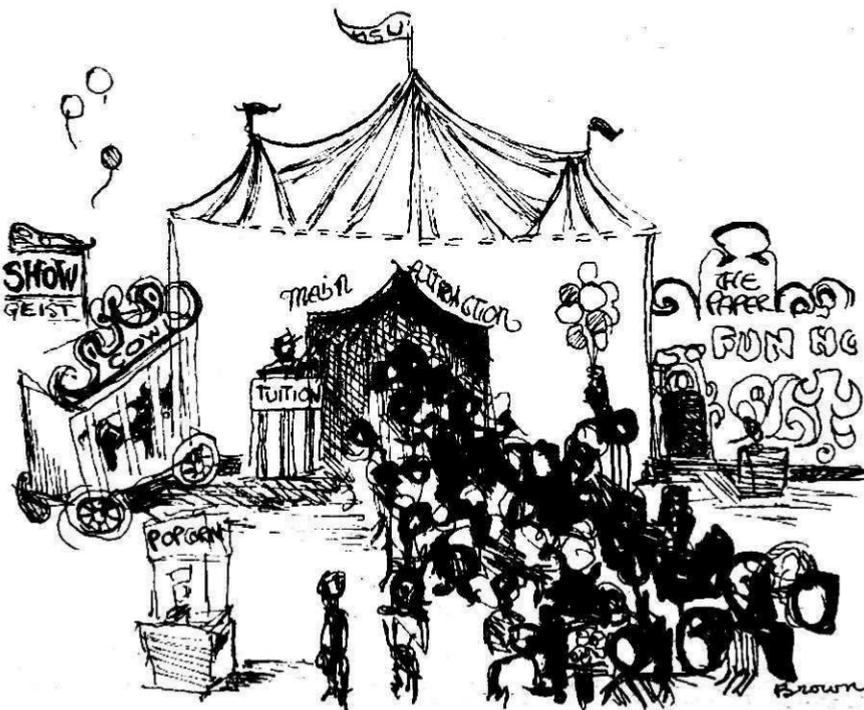


How to Stop an Idea Whose Time Has Come Department, Narcotics Division (from a State News article Monday): "Some MHA members agreed that it was beneficial to the student body to present lectures on subjects of controversial nature, but expressed concern about the possible adverse effect that Leary's statements might have on the student body."

demon voices which are forever whispering in your ear what you should desire, what you should fear, what you should eat and drink and wear and enjoy, what you should think and do and be. They have planned a life for you--from the cradle to the grave and beyond--which it would be easy, fatally easy to accept. The least wandering of the attention, the least wandering of your awareness, and already the eyelids begin to droop, the eyes grow vacant, the body starts to move

and power and sex and whatever else we're offered in place of humanity.

But that's it. Most people never escape; American society is a fantastically elaborate billboard maze, constructed so that only the luckiest and most intelligent can find their way out, constructed so that voices from outside the maze are drowned out by loudspeakers giving "the official way of looking at things"--which is that the maze is a great place to be. Why leave?



in obedience to the hypnotist's command. Wake up, wake up--before you sign that seven-year contract, buy that house you don't really want, marry that girl you secretly despise. Don't reach for the whisky, that won't help you. You've got to think, to discriminate, to use your own free will and judgment."

Most Americans live planned lives; to some degree or other, we all do. And we can't know how much was planned for us until we escape. We couldn't know that education didn't HAVE to be a dreary, regimented round of daily classes until we left high school; we couldn't know we were adults until we escaped "in loco parentis"; we can't know we're free, thinking, discriminating human beings until we escape the hypnotic control of The Great Society, until we see that there's more than success and fun

But now the maze is strewn with corpses and the people know it's

NOT a great place to be, at least not in every way. So what do they do? They vote Republican. We all know that the election just past proved nothing except that people know things are going to hell and wish they weren't. And hope things can be changed. But how? A little less bombing, maybe. A little more bombing, maybe. THEY don't know. They aren't supposed to think, anyway; their public servants will do that for them.

Voting Republican does as much good as reaching for the whiskey bottle, and there's not much to choose between them. Within the maze, there's no help. But people can't think their way out; they don't want the truth; they want scapegoats. Which is why they'll fret and cry and scream for years and never walk to the newsstand to buy a copy of The New York Review.

And here we are, putting out THE

PAPER every week, sending out a few thousand copies to disappear into the maw of this huge amorphous multiversity, described by its president in circus terms, where "a few students each year concentrate on the sideshows (like THE PAPER--LT) and miss the main event in the big tent." And what IS the main event in the big tent? You're guess is as good as mine, but it must be terrific, because most people at Michigan State AREN'T diverted by sideshows like THE PAPER, any more than most Americans read The New York Review. We're tolerated now, because it has been understood that the force we might exert in one direction (and I don't say we're doing nearly the job we ought to be doing, that we're telling nearly as much of the truth as ought to be told) is minor compared to the overwhelming forces that are pushing and pulling people into the big tent.

No matter WHAT we say or how well we say it, most of the people to whom it could be most valuable aren't going to see it. If we had the Ultimate Truth (and of COURSE we don't, thank you) we could get it to a few thousand people at most; and if the Free Press had only the Ultimate Falsehood (which it doesn't) it would get to, and influence, most of Michigan.

But this isn't just our problem. It's the problem of ANYBODY who wants to stay awake, to decide for himself what he wants to think and do and be, to reject the life somebody else has planned for him. "To think, to discriminate, to use your own free will and judgment" will be a fight every bit of the way. And like the New York Review and Christopher Isherwood and Paul Goodman and THE PAPER, you won't reach most of the people you could help; and like everybody, you won't be reached by lots of people who could help you.

Why do it, then? I guess you have to go by articles of faith; so I'll give you one from a highway sign I saw the other day: STAY AWAKE, STAY ALIVE.



Jean - Jacques Rousseau Award: Sign in a first floor window in East Fee (girls' side): "I DID IT AND I'M GLAD."

but some had opportunity to squeal. . .

Listening to Joan Baez singing "We Shall Overcome," I felt a wave of nostalgia. It was inexplicable for a while. I have actively been activist? beatnik? part of the Movement (?) for only a short while. I really don't have the slightest idea of what happened to Joe Hill, and I really don't give a damn.

Then I realized that the nostalgia was for a bygone era--one in which one could seriously believe that he could overcome. The byword of today's activist is "despair." There is no hope today. What do I see when I look about myself? LBJ goes out on a tantrum and sends another 10,000 men to Vietnam. Robert Kennedy, McCarthy's right-hand man, is the hope of the liberals. Leary and Alpert are dismissed from Harvard for the use of a drug which releases us from

our daily world of symbols. Martin Luther King, considered by many an "Uncle Tom," is stoned by a white mob which thinks that his slow approach is too fast, too presumptuous.

Although the majority of Americans have no desire to continue the war in Vietnam, outspoken dissenters are considered kooks, Communists. Communism is hated, feared rather than tolerantly derided or used to anticipate legitimate grievances. Even minor concessions are eventually overridden. Berkeley's Free Speech Movement temporarily succeeds; Mario Savio is denied readmission to the school renowned for liberality. Goldwater loses the election; his platform is absorbed by the Democratic Party. Black men can legally sit in Southern restaurants; Lester Maddox is heir-apparent for the governorship of

Georgia. The whole world seems fascist, or so inclined.

Men have for centuries confronted the possibility of a hostile universe, but we are now faced with a hostile earth. Thus, many of us have turned inward, into ourselves. Nietzsche advocated Dionysian creativity--his exhortation is now taking hold. Others without artistic agility are also able to turn "creative" under the influence of the psychedelic drugs--pot and acid in particular. However, while these drugs will change us, the rest of the world remains unchangedly hostile, and our lack of interest in the impossible task of changing the world compounds the very immutability. Viva la guerra para la democracial Would that I could believe. . .

RUSS LAWRENCE

