

THE PAPER

sad-eyed

of the lowlands

10¢

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East Lansing, Michigan, Week of January 9, 1967

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JIM THOMAS: 1946-1966

By LAURENCE TATE

The Lansing State Journal, Friday, December 23, 1966: "A former East Lansing resident and son of a one-time Michigan State University faculty member has been killed in Vietnam action, according to the Defense Department."

"Lance Cpl. James C. Thomas, 20, Marine Corps, died in action December 20."

The article reports that the deceased was "an East Lansing High School graduate and former MSU student."

"Burial," it ends, "will be in White Chapel Cemetery, with Marine Corps rites."

A photograph accompanies the story: the head and shoulders of a young man in uniform, smiling, with big ears.

And for Jim Thomas, who once said he wrote poems as "attempts at immortality," that was all. Poetry

is not the stuff of front pages. The headline called him a "former East Lansing GI," and having died as a soldier, he was buried with military honors--like millions of soldiers before him.

But Jim once said, "I believe in the facts--MEN fight wars." And that, really, is the thing, the thing you could never tell the State Journal or the Defense Department or Lyndon Johnson: there aren't any soldiers. When casualty lists are announced it is supposedly soldiers who have died. They are the anonymous thousands you hear about on newscasts every day. Soldiers are a necessary fiction, to keep us from what we would rather forget: that every day men like you and me are killing other men like you and me, for some reason or other.

Jim knew what it meant to be a man whose job it was to kill other men. He wrote a poem to his "enemy":

It is an affair between you and me,
This momentary madness that allows
Us, who toe no party lines when we're calm,
To engage in comparing reflexes,
Winner to walk still, and see. If behind
These eyes may grow remorse, it should be ours
To hold, together with no bit of balm
Save knowing we shared what mattered to us.
What do we care for his so lofty tears,
He who survives, since he never was here
To gain a part of our sorrows, our cares,
Knowledge of loss at what never will be?
We died, you and I, when we might have shared
Rice and a bowl of NUC-DOC, which is tea.

He said, "I believe in the fighting man and what he goes through, not what he does nor what he has done to him." He wrote that he had to "practice being hard."

Why, then, did Jim volunteer to fight in Vietnam? "The soldier," he wrote, "carries an idea into a God-forsaken country, where he fights to maintain it." He was not explicit and I do not in honesty know what idea Jim carried to Vietnam, to his death. Whatever it was, it seems he kept faith with it.

And whatever it was, he has died a soldier's death for it. When he was killed, casualties were either "light" or "moderate." American forces either won or lost, and Lyndon Johnson, Dean Rusk, and William Westmoreland were either pleased or displeased, if they heard about it. When Jim died, on December 20--as we all did our Christmas shop-

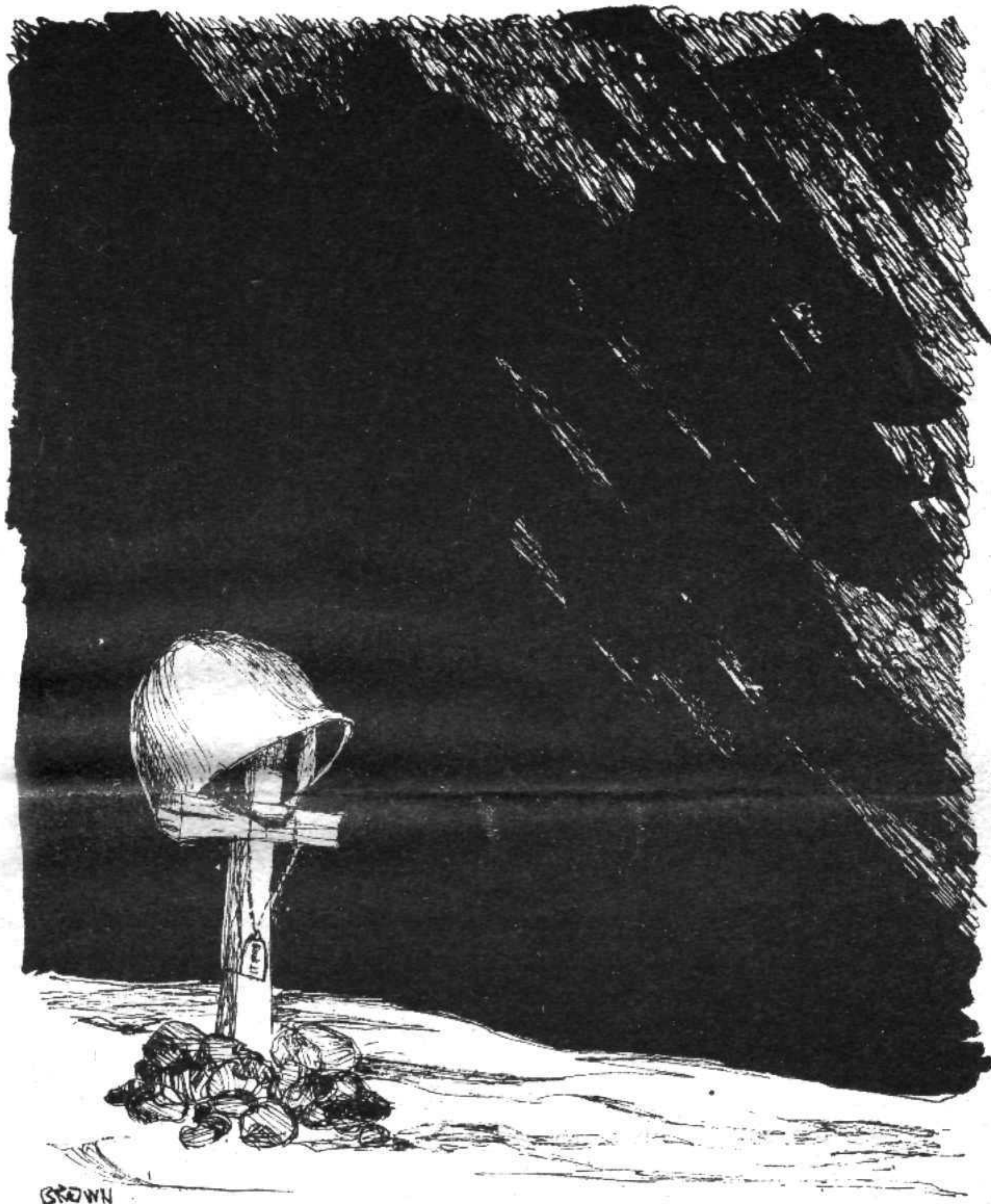
ping--he was advancing, or retreating, or just sitting in a bunker when one of their shells hit. Or perhaps it was one of our shells.

Jim is dead, and this is not the time or place to attack the cause in whose service he died. But I have my feelings, and just at this moment I wish Lyndon Johnson would die. I wish Robert MacNamara and Dean Rusk and William Westmoreland would die. But I know the killing would go on, somehow; and a million Johnsons and Rusks would never make up for one Jim Thomas.

America has lost a soldier, and America can afford that. But it has also lost a poet, and no nation can afford such a loss.

What is special about poetry (which most of us never read)? "For poetry," as W.H. Auden wrote when a great poet died, "makes nothing happen: it survives

In the valley of its saying where executives
Would never want to tamper; it flows south
From the ranches of isolation and the busy griefs,
Raw towns that we believe and die in; it survives,
A way of happening, a mouth."



Poetry is knowing, in all the ways that we can know things, and telling others what we know. It is in essence an act of love. Randall Jarrell (another poet who was killed last year) wrote, "People always ask: For whom does the poet write? He needs only to answer, For whom do you do good?"

I do not say that Jim had written great poems (though in time I think he would have), merely that he knew in the way a poet must know, and

could tell us what he knew. He complained time and again that he could not make his poems say all he wanted them to say; and he had so little time. But I know he loved poetry, and was proud of his work. He wrote of lovers and tiny lizards and poetry itself, and he wrote of war and death. The last letter I got from him, mailed at the beginning of December, includes two new poems and ends, "Be prepared for more."

There will be no more. But Jim had time to write:

And poetry may infuse paper
With delicacy precious
As a butterfly wing, inviting
The touch which would smear vein and color,
Tracery of letters and visions.

And:

Know well that I shall discover thee again,
For the mind lives by what has seared it;
No fallen star but whose ashes scatter
To the clouds, but whose dying kindles
Some poetic eye, or warms the fur
Of a beast that never sees it.

continued on page 9

EDITORIAL:

For Fun and Prophet. . .

We, like Atlas, are still here holding up THE PAPER's friendly, energetic little world, and we have come to suspect that, unlike Atlas, we really deserve some assistance. We are therefore issuing our annual or weekly or otherwise regular frantic call for people with strong backs and hands and heads to come and join us in our oftentimes sweaty, sometimes fun attempt to keep our warm, well-lit world suspended in the cold, timeless void of existence.

In other words, and without resorting to obnoxious metaphors, we wish you to know that you, too, can do indispensable things for what our editor once called "central Michigan's only unabashedly anti-dragginess organization." Specifically, we need writers, artists, photographers, poets, advertising people, businessmen, and circulation types. The last three we need almost desperately.

We would like to be able to hint at the possibility of salaries, but--the world being what it is and our financial situation being how it always is--we must be content to merely state that it probably won't cost you a cent to work for us. But we can say with sincerity that if you are enthusiastic, well-educated, and semi-housebroken, you will have no trouble becoming an integral part of the organization here at 601 Abbott Road. In fact, some of the people whose names appear on our brand new, improved masthead just sort of wandered into the office one day and, within a few weeks, became Very Important PAPER People.

You, too, can be a Very Important PAPER People. Give us a try. Write a news story or a feature article or a poem or something and mail it to us. Or fall by the office when you have some free time and ask one of our pretty secretaries if there is any work to be done. In no time at all, we'll bet, you'll be doing loads of fun work. And meeting loads of fun (if not to say funny) people.

Help us fill the void.

Please. (This is a really serious editorial.)

BRADFORD A. LANG

DEAR

SUZY



Dear Readers,

Starting in some future issue THE PAPER will begin a regular advice column aimed at solving the special problems of our brand of reader. Write to us about your hang-ups, your identity crises, your obsessions, anxieties, insecurities, repressions, depressions, regressions, rejections, dejections, perplexions, suspicions, superstitions, inhibitions, malnutritions, intuitions, apparitions, frustrations, alienations, sublimations, humiliations, etc.

Serious questions will receive serious answers.

Meaningless questions will receive meaningless answers.

Address all questions to Suzy Creamcheese (DEAR SUZY:) c/o THE PAPER, Box 367, East Lansing.

THE PAPER

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

Correspondence should be addressed to: THE PAPER
THE PAPER
Box 367
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Offices are located at 601 Abbott Road, East Lansing, Mich. Tel: (517) 351-7373.

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Editor. Michael Kindman
Editorial Board Laurence Tate, Carol Hurlbutt,
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Talking Another Rough Beast

I was born without art
When the ground was young
Cut of a dead Asian lady

He was born on the side
Of a hill/ rolled
Out and down a cord

My debut drew not claps
But pregnant flies
To afterbirth proceedings

A carrion crow ate up
The cord/ the soldiers
Witness the rolling baby

I was wrinkled red and
Covered with leaves
Laying at the soldiers feet

The soldiers question
Him/wizened native
Are you Viet Cong

A general issue voice
Said sanely to me/
You're a kid only

They tried to give him
Candy and Batman gum/
Left him Hoover independent

They were right and I was
A kid only/ and a
Wizened Viet Cong

DAVID HAENKE

The Water Closet

An Incomplete Resume

By W. C. BLANTON

Man's genius is especially useful to the sports fan--while at the same time undeniably irritating to those who could hardly care less about athletic competition. Television enabled even the most avid fan to get his fill of football during the past few weeks.

Everyone saw on the tube that the talented Michigan State gridders were impressively instrumental in the victories of the Blue, North and East all-star teams.

Phil Hoag played very well at defensive end, and Jimmy Summers, after a consistently excellent performance at his safety position, probably saved the win for the Blue team by perfect coverage of quarterback Jerry Southall's fourth-down pass in the last serious Gray threat. The come-back Blue victory was sparked by the clutch passing of Indiana's Frank Staurhoff and the slashing runs of Michigan's Jim Detwiler.

In the North-South game, Pat Galinagh demonstrated that he is a solid ball player in addition to being full of desire, as he helped Bubba, Jeff Richardson and Notre Dame's Pete Duranko put up a formidable wall in front of linebacking defensive captain Charlie Thornhill, who as usual was all over the field. State's Jerry West performed well, too, in the North offensive line.

MSU players were vital parts in the powerful East squad coached by Duffy which clobbered the West in the San Francisco Shrine classic. Gene Washington was all a tight end should be (except reportedly not too pleased at playing the position) all afternoon and caught one TD pass, after beating his man by about ten yards. Clint Jones scored one touchdown, rushed for over 100 yards, and had one run which simply has to be seen--it defies description. Dick Kenney booted six extra points and

a field goal, while Websterback George Webster received the outstanding defensive player award--no need to say more.

The South, as usual, mopped up in the major bowls. Tennessee dumped Syracuse, but not Floyd Little, 18-12 in the Gator Bowl, with John Mills' one-hand grab, the outstanding catch of the holiday season, being nullified by a penalty. Georgia methodically crushed SMU in Dallas. Alabama was fantastically speedy and tough in a strong bid for the national championship in completely outclassing a lumbering, stumbling Nebraska in the Sugar Bowl. Heisman Trophy winner Steve Spurrier got off to a slow start but helped sophomore Larry Smith lead Florida to an upset win over Georgia Tech in the Orange Bowl. John McKay gambled and lost in a bid for a two-point conversion, as Purdue edged Southern Cal in Pasadena.

The AFL and NFL picked league champions, and the Kansas City Chiefs looked pretty good--for about 30 minutes. Then the Green Bay Packers came on the field in Dallas, survived a Cowboy rally, and made the Super Bowl look as if it will be a mismatch.

UCLA and Louisville remained undefeated to stay at the top of college basketball, but Louisville's performance in the Wauker City Invitational (part of a disastrous MSU road trip) would indicate that Kentucky Wesleyan should be Number Two in major colleges instead of Just Number One in the small college division. Meanwhile Adolph Rupp's Kentucky Wildcats, who once won 129 straight home games, lost to Cornell in Lexington by 15 points. A new era is here.

And Australia retained the Davis Cup, naturally.

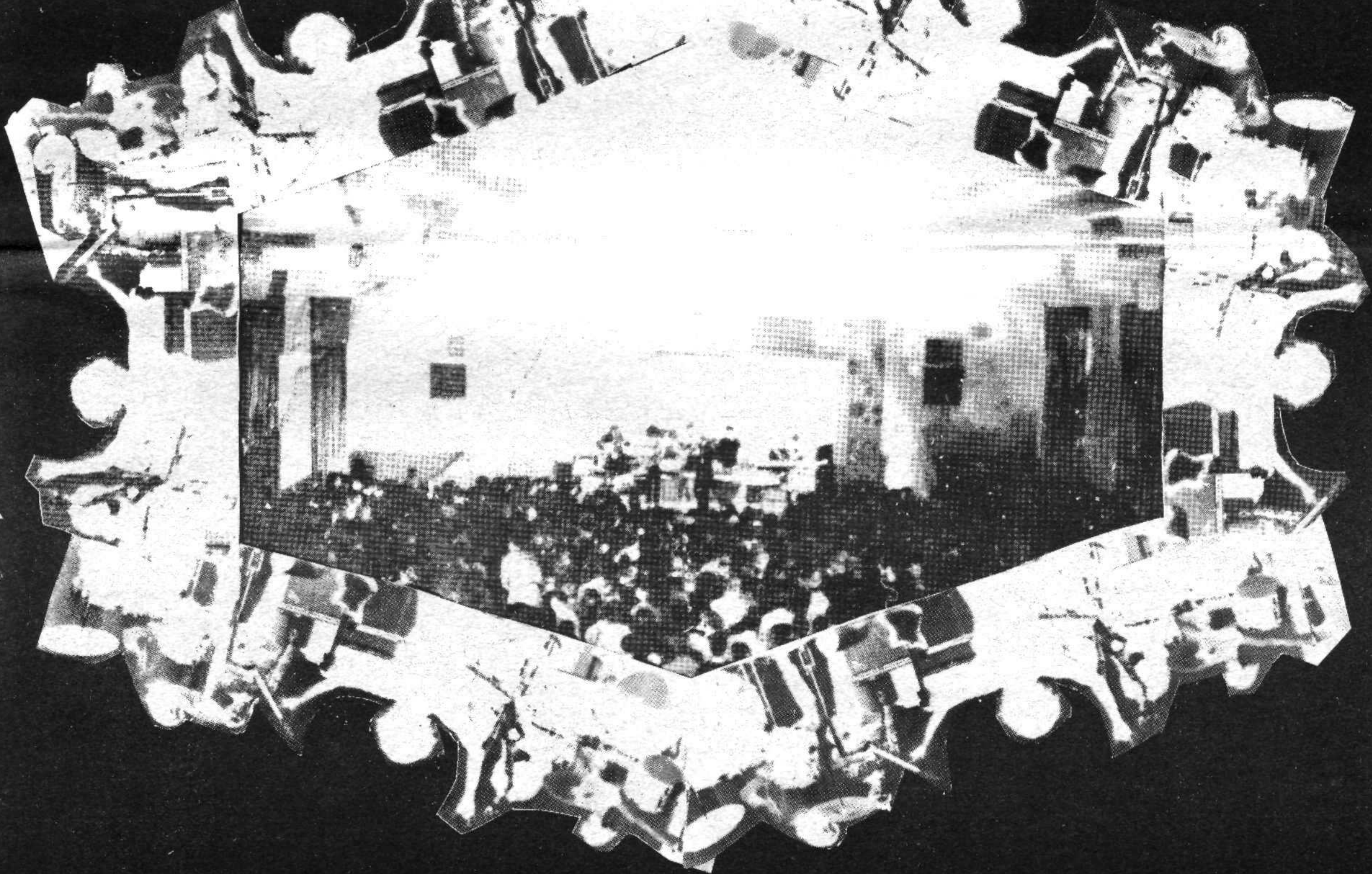
God Country and The Mothers' Apple Pie



Exposed hereunder please find several archetypal photopaths of THE PAPER'S first controversy celebration Freak Out, with the Mothers of Invention. It worked out; ask any of the more than 1200 people who owned one. Or try it yourself, in the controlled conditions of our next dance, next month with the SpikeDrivers.



Photos: Denis Trover



"Do you want it, baby? Do you want it bad?"
 "Yes, oh yes! I want it! I want it!"
 She screamed with pure animal delight as he handed her a subscription to

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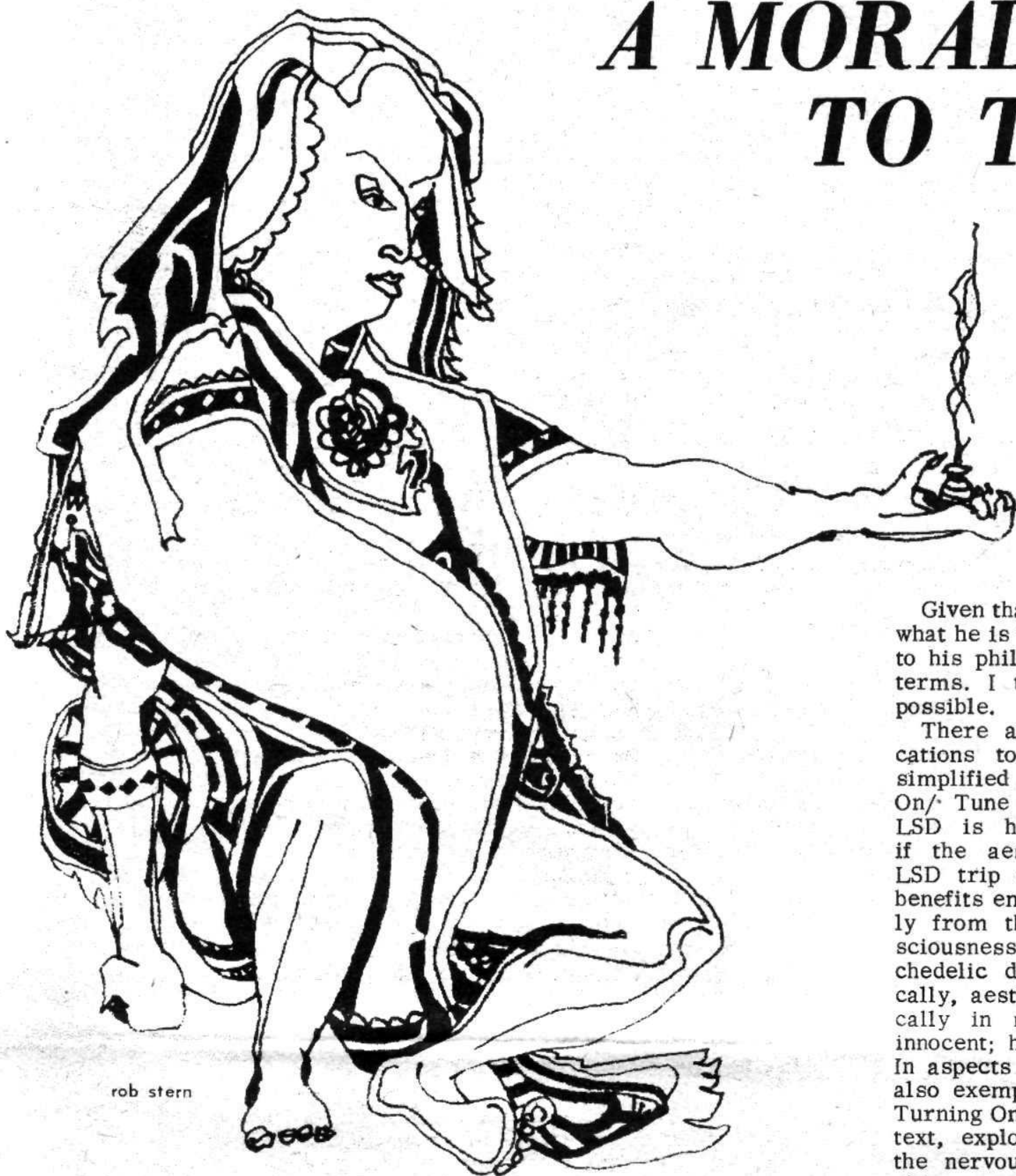
THE PAPER Box 367 East Lansing, Mich. 48823



at the risk of being called a moralist:

A MORAL CHALLENGE TO TIMOTHY LEARY

By CHAR JOLLES



rob stern

After all, if you can create any universe you want through your nervous system, if "the gateways to Eden are the sensors," then naturally you are no longer going to be satisfied with the two normal levels of consciousness: stuper (that of sleep or intoxication with alcohol, barbiturates, etc.) and symbolic awareness (normal, visible reality). Once you've been "up," then OF COURSE this world is "down." This world cannot begin to compete with Paradise.

The choice to drop out may or may not be inevitable or even highly probable but Leary is convinced (and he certainly should know) that there is a tendency for those who are tuned in to the LSD experience to choose social withdrawal -- in my words, withdrawal from the established society into self-contained communities devoted to exploring the worlds of perception and self-consciousness made possible by LSD. His conviction that dropping out is an inevitable alternative forms the basis of his philosophical formula and also of his prophetic vision. Invoking the gods of our time--science and history--which probably to some give his prophesy an aura of infallibility, Leary envisions the gradual disintegration of our contemporary social and political monolith into innumerable small self-contained, tribally organized communities.

So, dropping out--the third part of Leary's philosophical formulation--is more than an individual decision, it is a social gesture. It is a gesture that is at the same time socially irresponsible and personally responsible. It seems conceivable that many who see dropping out as the only way to personal moral well-being are torn between their own souls and the rest of the world. The moral dilemma is not whether or not to turn on and tune in, but whether or not to drop out. As an intelligent and articulate man, surely Leary recognizes that "all - pervasive change" is possible from within society, and that indeed no simple moral formula is readily available for those who want to change the world and who waver between retreat and involvement as the most effective means.

To invoke history for a moment, this moral conflict is as old as Leary's religious perspective; the truth still being inaccessible, all we have are questions. Permit me to pose one of them: Can we, especially those of us who are capable of rational thought, broad perspectives and energetic social action, afford Paradise now?

Given that Dr. Timothy Leary knows what he is talking about, any challenge to his philosophy must be on his own terms. I think such a challenge is possible.

There are serious moral implications to Leary's philosophy as simplified in the formula, "Turn On/ Tune In/ Drop Out," EVEN IF LSD is harmless physically, even if the aesthetic experience of an LSD trip is invaluable, even if one benefits emotionally and intellectually from the heightened self - consciousness made possible by the psychedelic drug. Scientifically, medically, aesthetically, and psychologically in most cases, the drug is innocent; hence, the Turn On/ Tune In aspects of Leary's philosophy are also exempt from moral challenge--Turning On meaning, in Leary's context, exploring the potentialities of the nervous system, releasing psychic energies from the manacles of symbolic modes of expression; and Tuning In meaning to discover the wisdom of the cells, to find the "revelation" that is within your own body.

However, the third part of Leary's philosophy of life -- the Drop Out part--is significant, not so much for its effects on the individual, but for its social implications. At a press conference held last term when Leary visited the campus, I asked him what "drop out" meant. The essence of his response was this:

Once you have Turned On and Tuned In, you will see that the only personally meaningful alternative is to Drop Out, which means to detach yourself from meaningless activities that further the inhuman, inhumane ends of our society. To Drop Out means not to take the social world seriously, to retreat from it, to ignore it. If enough people Drop Out, Leary says, there will be all-pervasive change.

Leary is convincing when he predicts that if the LSD experience has its richest impact, you will, in all probability, choose to "Drop Out."

THE FIFTH ESTATE PRESENTS

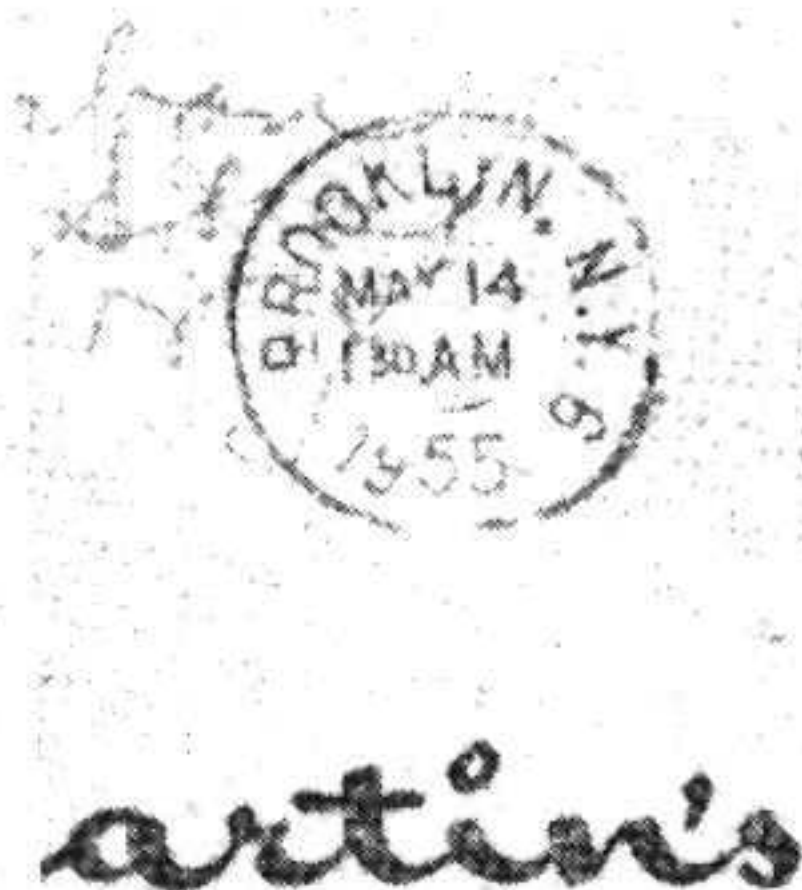


In a benefit performance, Friday, January 20, 8:00p.m.
Upper DeRoy Auditorium on the Wayne Campus in Detroit
Hear them do their new Reprise record "Baby Let Me Tell You" and
"High Times" Admission is \$2.00

LIFE



a
brief
moment
in
History



artin's

East Lansing Notes

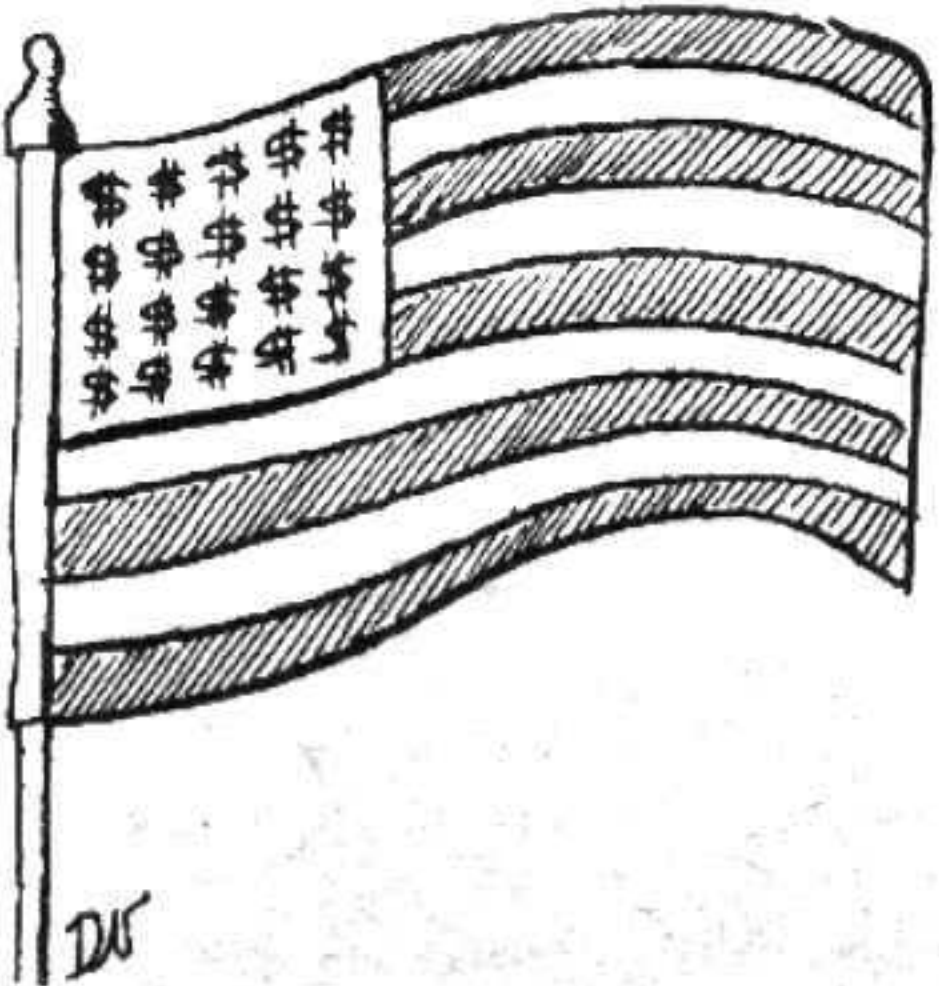
Prices:
Down East

Dear PAPER Reader,

How the hell are you? Well, if it's anything to you, Santa Claus got all of his toys at discount stores this year. Diehl has also just returned from an extended price study tour of the Greater New York City area and guess what, folks. Unless you buy nothing but nothing but cigarettes, New York City, yes, that "high-priced" Eastern cultural oasis, is actually, beyond doubt, far less expensive a place to live in than our very own East Lansing. How does that grab you, East Lansing Chamber of Commerce?

Anyway, let me tell you about New York. First of all, I went past a real live cleaners and there, right before my PAPER-reading eyes, was a big sign which read, "Shirts--23¢." Wow! I really flipped. Something like that would have great historical value. Just think--the 23-cent shirt cleaning went out with buffalo hunting in this area. Ha! Can't you see it back in 1855--a big teepee right on Grand River Trail with a sign saying, "Buckskins cleaned (folded or on hangers)--half ounce silver." The question is, did the pioneers boycott the trading post in 1855.

Meanwhile back in New York, prices are still lower. Besides having a liquor price war there is also a competition on beer prices. Super markets in New York are now selling six cans of Budweiser for 99 cents. Also seen in New York are signs



reading, "Haircut-\$1.25." The list goes on and on. Gasoline, clothes, food. As a matter of fact, right in New York is one Mobil station selling regular gas for 30.9 cents. How E.L. merchants can ignore all of this is incredible.

It is also known that bookstores around NYU and Columbia have competitive prices, at least on used books. Did you ever wonder who "fixes" used book prices here? Good question!

To be honest, some of you faithful readers did write to Box 68 recently. I'll pick one at random from the huge pile. Let's see--first letter suggests that for quality camera equipment the best prices are found at Hobby Lobby in Detroit or by mail from New York. Next best advice is Linn's Camera Shop, which gives liberal guarantees and service on cameras. Also, Van's Camera Shop has "one-day" film service which took five days at least once.

Next letter -- Don's (Trowbridge) Enco is supposed to offer 2 cents off gas to students. However, E.L. notes



knows that many people dislike the Big Three in the Harrison -- Trowbridge area, all of which are very expensive. By the way, if there is so much pressure to charge a lot for gas in the Lansing area then how come Holt gas stations charge 5 cents less per gallon? Funny, isn't it?

Further, Time Cleaners (E. Lansing) are known to have delayed work promised on certain dates. Moreover, Spartan Shop-Rite has high prices, a fact known to all who shop there.

Another letter--shattered illusion department: do any of you think one gets ten minutes of clothes drying for ten cents? Evidently this not so at the Sunshine Laundromat (Ann Street).

Number three letter has reached us about Mel's Garage. Evidently the quality of work at Mel's shows up through past patrons. The letter describes how a tune-up at Mel's wound up as costing over \$400 in overhaul and replacing of generator and voltage regulator, etc. A new engine would have been \$250. While we're on the topic of garages it has once again been brought to our attention that for foreign car service par excellence go to Stratton's (1915 E. Michigan). More people are satisfied there simply because they do authoritative, ethical work. Another laudible auto service is Don's Auto Trim (125 S. Charles). They do good work, have reasonable prices.

Anyway, in another important area, food, some people at Wayne State have started a food co-op buying service which is rapidly growing in popularity. Also at food, there are those who think that the Big "E" has overly stringent age check for buying booze. That reminds me of the time I was "asked for proof." I asked the kid who was selling the beer if he, too, was old enough. He got mad.

Last letter. Movies: This term Student Religious Liberals will sponsor "Potemkin," "Metropolis," "Citizen Kane" and David Bradley's "Julius Caesar" (all four for \$1.25) beginning Jan. 22, Union Rm 31, 7 p.m. Also, East Lansing Edgewood Church shows "Sons and Lovers," Jan. 13, 8 p.m., 75¢. Till next time, please urge friends to buy and abet THE PAPER.

In closing, Michigan State's television station is one of those cultural buds here. They broadcast many national educational television shows of very high quality, particularly on Sunday--Segovia Masterclass now at 3 p.m. Other excellent shows.

DIEHL

MOVIES

Games Critics Play

By LARRY TATE

I can't remember whether there's a section in "Games People Play" on ten-best lists. Probably not, since critics scarcely qualify as people.

Anyway, ten-best lists have about as much significance as class lists or laundry lists, and I want to make clear that I have no illusions about what I'm doing here.

Now, to get on with it. The list is made up of films, more-or-less current, that I saw for the first time in 1966. Some of them haven't come to East Lansing yet, which is too bad but what the hell. They are vaguely in order of preference, but in the last half the order is so arbitrary as to be beneath contempt.

- 1) "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (Mike Nichols)
- 2) "The Shop on Main Street" (Jan Kadar, Elmar Klos)
- 3) "The Group" (Sidney Lumet)
- 4) "Alfie" (Lewis Gilbert)
- 5) "Blow-Up" (Michelangelo Antonioni)
- 6) "A Man for All Seasons" (Fred Zinnemann)
- 7) "Morgan" (Karel Reisz)
- 8) "Loves of a Blonde" (Milos Forman)
- 9) "The Gospel According to Saint Matthew" (Pier Paolo Pasolini)
- 10) "Othello" (Stuart Burge)

The best actor of the year was Richard Burton in "Virginia Woolf." Others who were very fine were Frank Finlay in "Othello," Paul Scofield in "A Man for All Seasons," and Michael Caine in "Alfie."

The best actress of the year was Joan Hackett (Dottie, the one who gets herself seduced with such self-satisfaction) in "The Group." (I expect nobody on earth to share this opinion. If you do, please tell me; we're soulmates.) Others were Shirley Knight (also of "The Group"), Lola Albright in "Lord Love a Duck," and Elizabeth Taylor in "Virginia Woolf."

The best screenwriting of the year was Sidney Buchman's screenplay for "The Group." The best writing used in a film was of course Edward Albee's play "Virginia Woolf."

The best director was, I guess, Antonioni in "Blow-Up" and "Red Desert." There is no better director alive -- if he'd only write himself something to work with. "Blow-Up" is the closest he's come. If Antonioni

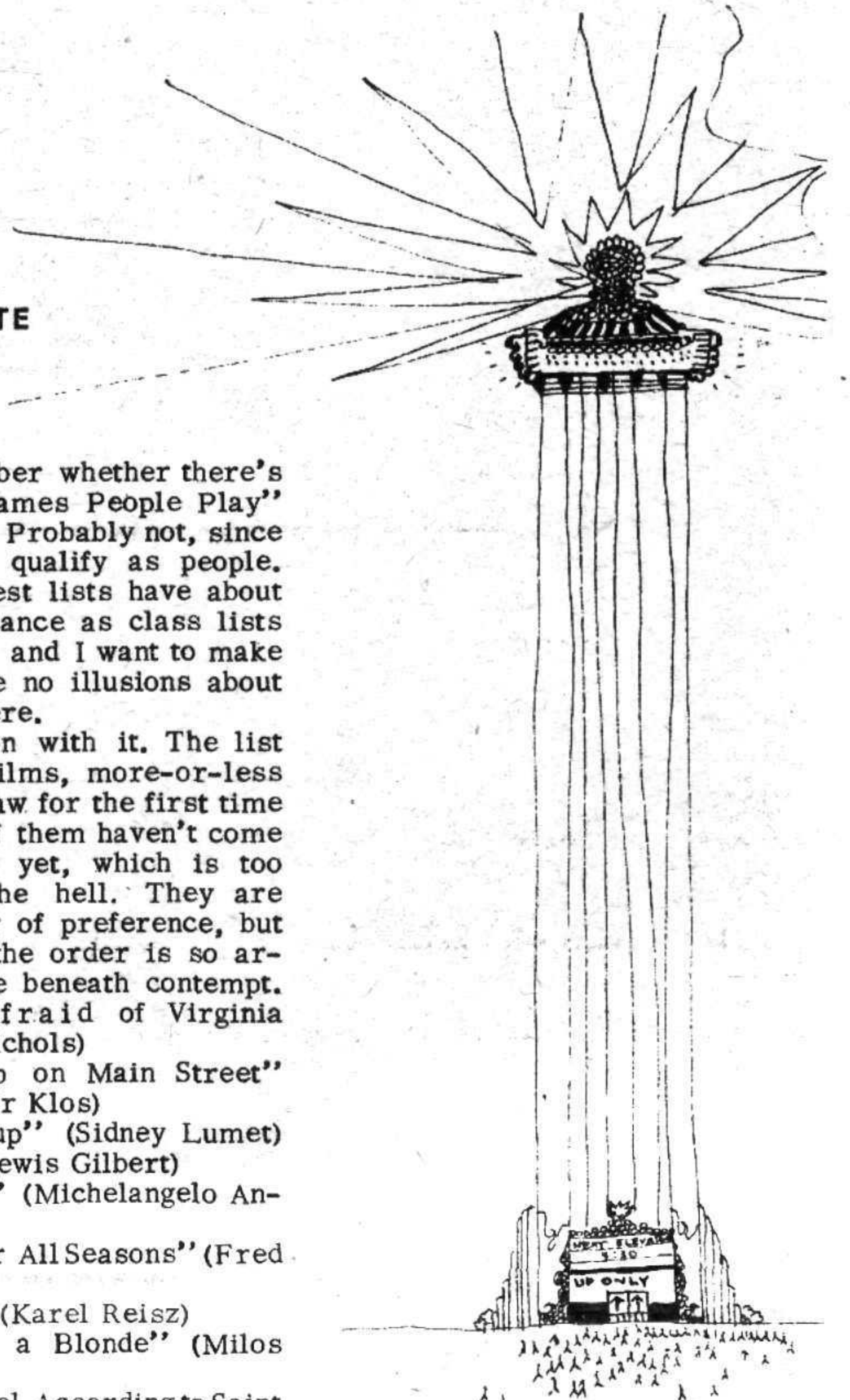
had kept out of it, Mike Nichols would easily have done the best work, with "Virginia Woolf."

I didn't make a ten-worst list; it would have been too depressing. If I had made one, "Fantastic Voyage," "Texas Across the River," "A Man and A Woman," "Arabesque," and "Lost Command" would have been on it. Contrary to popular opinion, "Dear John" would not have been.

So much for that nonsense. Now, current: "After the Fox" is usually pleasant and sometimes wildly funny. Peter Sellers is a genius at whatever it is Peter Sellers does--he isn't an actor, or a comedian, or a mimic, but some beautiful combination of the three.

"Seconds" is a completely absorbing film, strikingly directed. Confused, of course, but aren't we all? See it; I'll talk about it in detail next week.

Even if I had seen "Follow Me, Boys" I wouldn't tell YOU about it.



msu film society

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OTHER
THINGS

at



THE QUESTING BEAST

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Carol Schneider, former PAPER people, wrote the following letter to the author of a New York Times Magazine article on Saul Steinberg, the artist whose simple line drawings seem more real than the most detailed portrait, from her present home high in a snow-white eastern dormitory. -- The Editors

When the World Is

Dear Mr. Schonberg:

When I finished reading your article (Artist Behind the Steinbergian Mask) in today's NY Times Magazine section I could not decide if I should write to you, to Mr. Steinberg or to my best friend. Although my mother once told me to never speak to strange--in the sense of unknown--men, I decided to write to you. And send a carbon to my best friend.

You may not understand me. Don't be upset. Sometimes I don't either.

My weekend began, as most weekends do, with Friday. But on this particular Friday I saw, for the first time, Mondo Cane. In an almost intolerably hot, smoky, crowded auditorium. For the most part I was impressed with the picture. Yes, it WAS shocking, honest, frightening, candid, weird and grotesque. But it was also too long. Those bull-fights had me jumping out of my seat. With impatience, anxiety, boredom, frustration--and outrage. What idiots they must be to line up in front

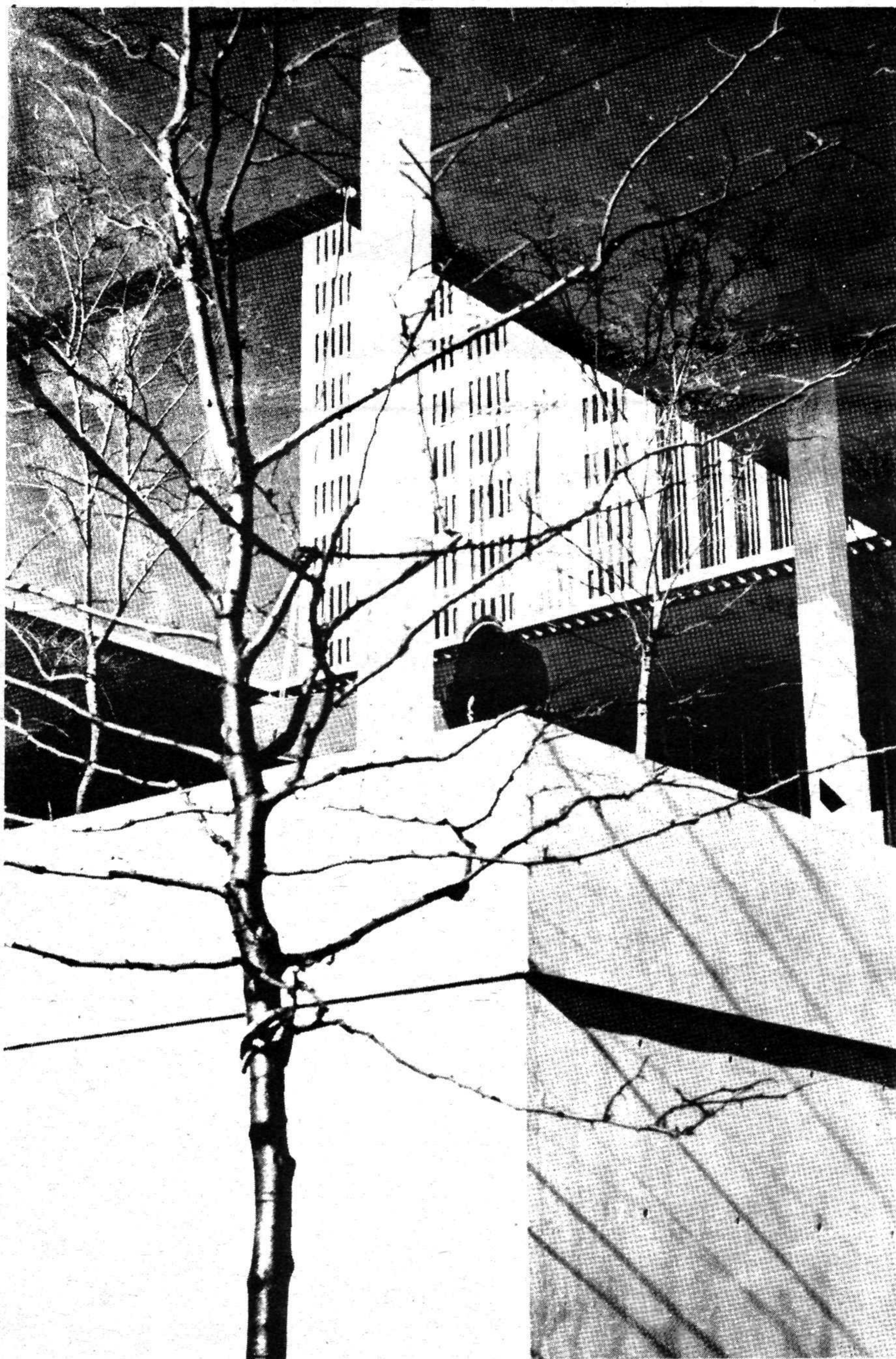
of a furious bull and challenge it to tear them to shreds. What nerve of the director to include these scenes in just this spot of an already over-long movie. But, hey, this is all real, part of "our world," inescapable.

I went home and played the drinking game. A novice, it didn't take too much Seagram's to make me dizzy, and--what--pensive. Then a long conversation with a friend in Michigan whom I'm going to visit in less than a week. A senior, in-

telligent, rebellious and publisher of an independent news-weekly of the Underground Press Syndicate, he announced he would probably not get a degree (from Michigan State University), and he doesn't care. God, is there no Order to this world?

Saturday brought an abortive day of shopping. Not only did the stores seem barren of clothing, but what was there did not fit. That's okay, the world is getting fat, and besides, what can you expect from downtown Albany? (Have you ever SEEN downtown Albany, no less shopped there?) Disgusted perhaps, I spent the longest most boring Saturday night in the history of the world right in my very own dormitory of the Albany State University campus. Imagine, if you will, our "New Campus." Designed by Edward Durell Stone, every one of the existing 27 or so buildings, as well as those still on the drawing board, looks exactly alike. Oh, the 20-story towers are 17 stories taller than the low-rise buildings, but basically, everything looks the same. And our glorious "New Campus" is, three miles from civilization--if that is an appropriate term for Albany--with shuttle buses running every half-hour to and from downtown. A distance of about three miles. Buses which stop at three places, which don't run past 12:20 a.m. (p.m.?) Overall weekend curfew is 1 a.m., with special 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. extensions permitted throughout the term. I digress. I studied, disinterestedly, did some laundry, smoked too much (something I started, to my dismay, one week ago), listened to the Mamas and Papas and the Beatles and wished I had had my Byrds album here, deciding at the end that I was a victim of time and circumstance. Original thinking, I know, but the logic of the world was at an angle kind of perpendicular to the minute hand on the clock I had looked at upside-down earlier in the day. I was in Albany but wanted to be in Michigan with my friends but also wanted to be in New York City in my Village apart-

Photos of the State University of New York at Albany by Paul Boor



WKAR FM 90.5 mc

TUESDAY, January 10

6:30 a.m.--"The Morning Program," classical music, news and weather, hosted by Mike Wise. (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. (Every Monday through Friday)

1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Wonderful Town," the original 1953 cast.

8:30 p.m.--The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert. Tonight's concert features pianist Hans Richter--Haaser and guest conductor Sixten Ehrling. The program includes Sibelius' Symphony No. 1 in e minor; Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3; and Ravel's "La Valse."

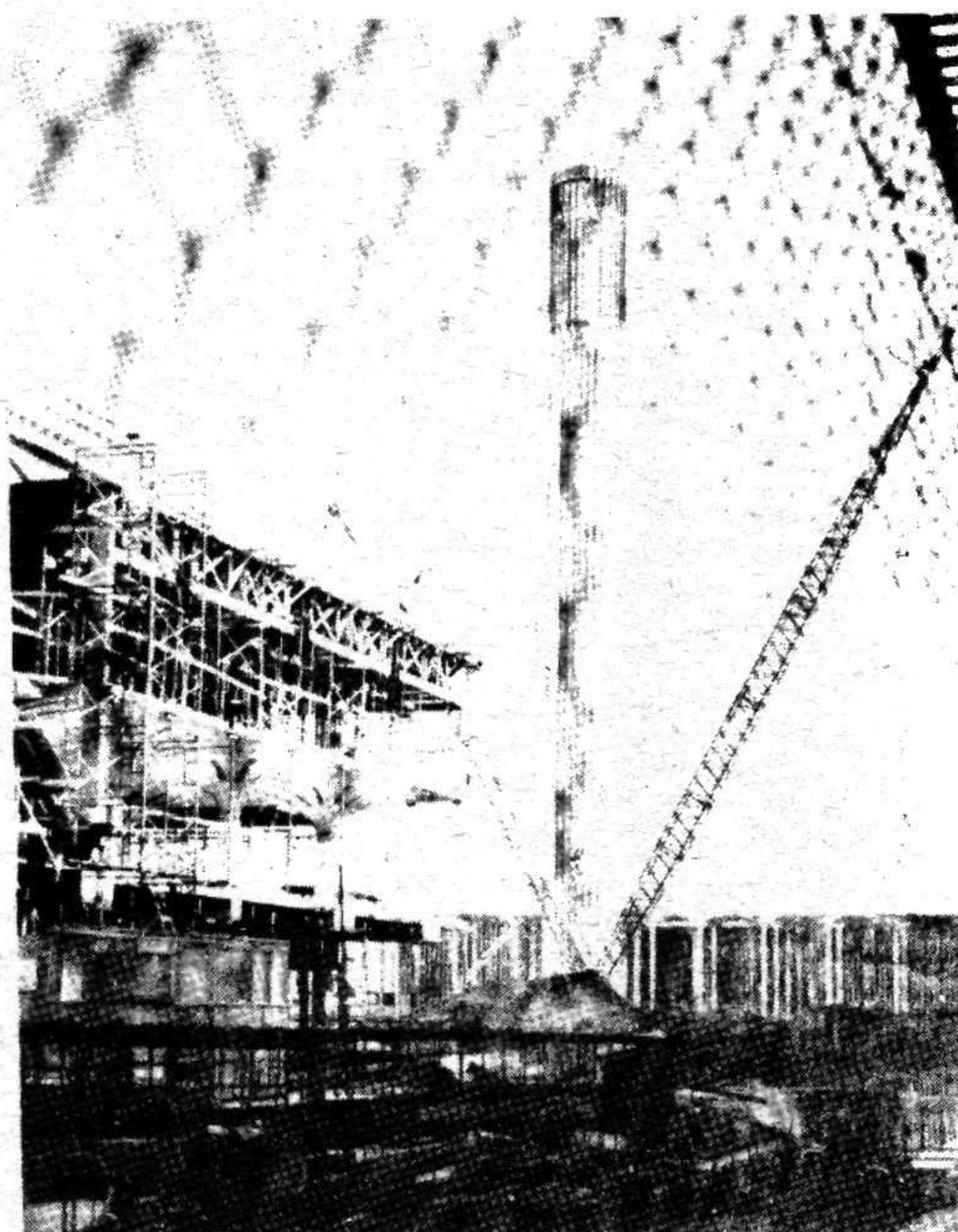
10:30 p.m.--Music Department Faculty Recital. The Beaumont String Quartet recorded in performance Friday, December 2, 1966, in the Music Auditorium. The program includes Beethoven's Quartet No. 2 in G; Barber's Quartet No. 1; and Ravel's Quartet in F.

WEDNESDAY, January 11

1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Paint Your Wagon."

7:30 p.m.--"FM Theater." Richard Burton in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus."

Kind of Perpendicular



ment but also wanted to be with all my New York friends and phone calls are not enough and I'm tired of writing letters and why do we have to be separated from the people we love.

Sunday was worse because I was stuck in a little office where I watch the student activities desk for five hours, and I had to read Book I of *The Faerie Queene* by Edmund Spenser. After work I was hungry, but the bent fork cafeteria was already closed and who can eat a machine sandwich and remember it is a bus ride downtown to even get to a crowded diner. Five more days before I leave this place for an extended Thanksgiving vacation in Michigan and I just may explode before the plane leaves Friday. Be calm, patient, tolerant everyone says. Don't let it get to you. No, don't let it get to you. Just fall in place and become a mummy. In a few years you may even be lucky enough to be ranked a fossil. But you'll have your teaching certificate, and in this day and age of progress and advancement, with education of such major importance to our nation's youth, you will be an asset. You will be in great demand. You will be called upon to teach our youngsters, our future leaders. Ho hum. Anyone for a cigarette?

Then I discovered Saul Steinberg, and that fantastic writer who captured so much of the Artist Behind... and made him immortal--forever in microfilm. Yes, "an exercise in linear metaphysics." "A kind of penetrating Angst." His work is simple, universal. Yet there is something more. Something that made me kind of unwind with each paragraph. Release the tension and frustration within me. For the first time I had patience to sit down and write about all this. There was some sort of breakdown of forces within, similar perhaps to the progressive simplification of Steinberg's cat. I like Don Quixote and I hate preconceived notions about modern art. Curves and squiggles are fun, and sometimes hold more meaning, or at least inspiration, than three-quarter profiles. I would love to travel with Mr. Steinberg, help him explore his Utopia. I would give up my typewriter just to speak with him for a few hours, watch him draw a few of his ideas, his realities. A perfect good buddy. I thank you, Mr. Schonberg, for letting me be introduced

to this wonderful man who paints his television screen black and nails its cord to the wall as a trophy because it is "too powerful." As a frustrated, but extremely interested and enthusiastic journalist I admire your style and ability to present your interview in what seems to me a structured stream of consciousness. I guess I'll be able to survive the next five days until my "escape" to Michigan. And partly because Mr. Steinberg tells me there is at least a teeny bit of order to this world. Forever and ever most sincerely,
Carol Schneider

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS Week of January 10 - 16

11:00 p.m.--"New Jazz in Review." Bud Spangler and Ron English listen to and discuss new jazz albums.

7:55 p.m.--Basketball, MSU vs Iowa. Right after the game, til 1 a.m., classics by request on "Listener's Choice."

THURSDAY, January 12

1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Golden Boy."

7:00 p.m.--The Detroit Symphony in Concert, featuring violin soloist Mischa Mischakoff and associate conductor Valter Poole. The program includes Wieniawski's Violin Concerto No. 2 in d; Prokofiev's Symphonic Suite; and Sibelius' Symphony No. 1.

9:00 p.m.--"Jazz Horizons," til midnight, with Bud Spangler.

FRIDAY, January 13

1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Walking Happy."

8:00 p.m.--Carl Orff's *Trilogy of Theater--Pieces*, "Trionfi," including: "Carmina Burana," "Catulli Carmina" and "Trionfi de Afrodite."

SATURDAY, January 14

1:00 p.m.--"The Metropolitan Opera, live from New York, with Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*."

SUNDAY, January 15

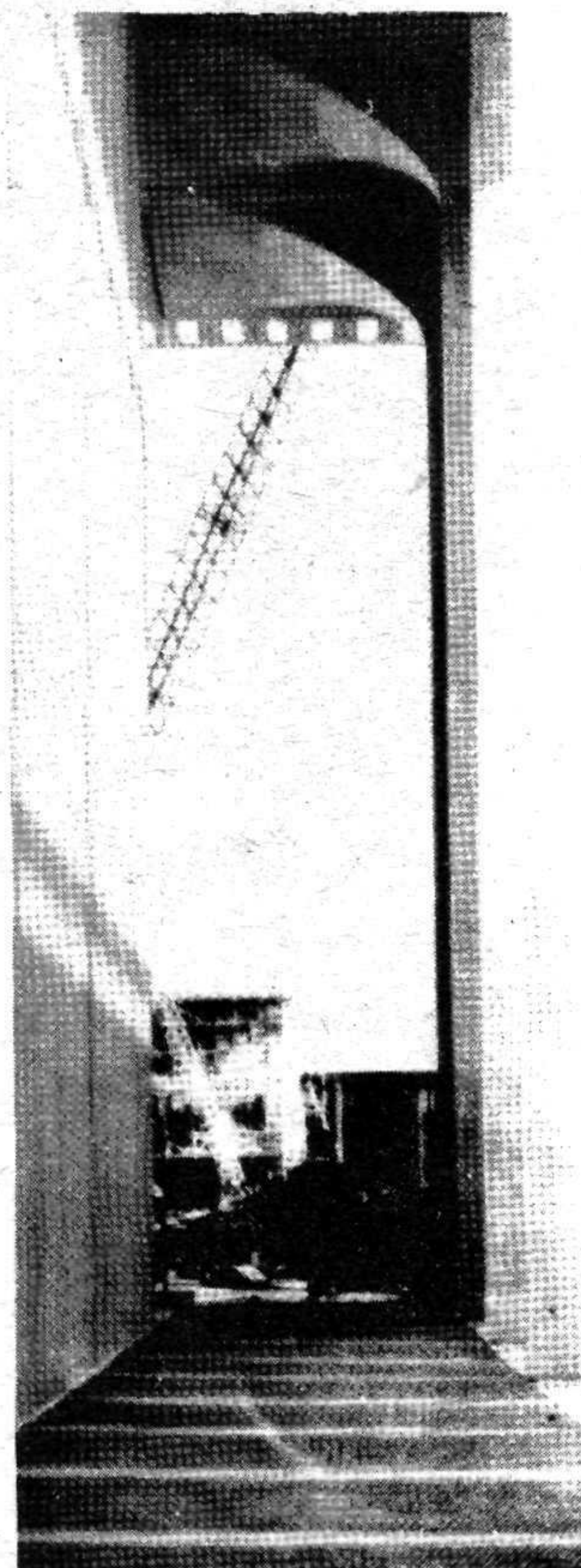
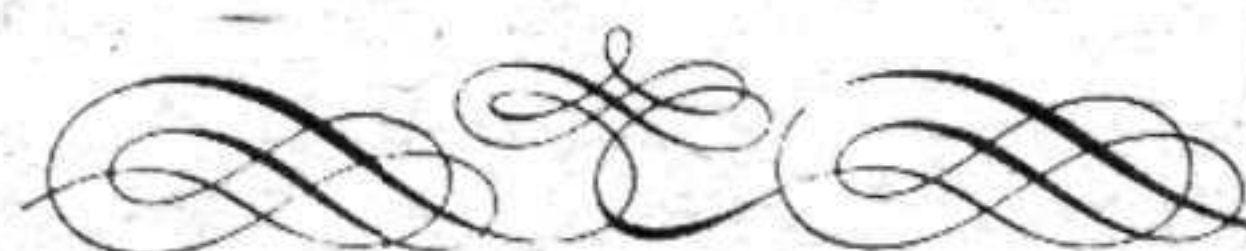
2:00 p.m.--THE Cleveland Orchestra in Concert, with guest-conductor Max Rudolf, and pianist Tong Il Han. The program includes Niesen's *Maskerade Overture*; Bartok's *Dance Suite*; Liszt's *Concerto No. 1* and the *Symphonie Fantastique* by Berlioz.

8:00 p.m.--The Toscanini Era, hosted by Gary Barton. Tonight, music by Sibelius, Thomas, Wagner, Strauss, Mozart, Debussy and Donizetti.

MONDAY, January 16

1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Half a Sixpence."

8:00 p.m.--"Opera from Radio Italiana," VERDI'S "Nabucco."



Poem Not Really to Mother (#2)

Who is the boy in the Christmas pictures?

Is it me?

Clean-skinned
silver-smiled
shiny-shoed
tied and suited to perfection
he has made his yearly appearance.

He stands in front of the three
but off to the side a little
so we can see that the tree, too,
has been groomed and dressed
for the occasion.

Once a year events such as these
bring back to me (and not gently)
the frightening possibility
of life as an ornament.

And so how was the picture caught?

Somehow, in some half-moment of still time
I was stopped by the blink of a shutter
as I passed through my changes.

It could only have been this one time:

but a day after the first haircut in months
and hours after being reunited with the
starchy world of clean clothes
(for the first time in weeks)

minutes after being puritied
through the Rites of the Bathtub

and seconds after my mirror witnessed
the surrender of the last hair.

It was then, and only then,
that the picture could have been taken.
Somehow, in the midst of all this,
I smiled, and the rest is scrapbook history
recorded once and for all:

a moment which never really was
and always will be.

And so he is still there,
that strange inhabitant
of the world of photographs
and the memories of parents.

He stands there in my place
in my shoes
in my house.

And, I suppose,

I should let him have all that.
It is his world
and he deserves it.

And yet I can't help feeling
the pain of being unseen
and jealousy
for being replaced
by such an imposter.

Yet I have never had the strength
or the courage to refute
this legend of myself.

I can never quite shatter
the Christmas spirit
or disturb the dreams
of such good people.

And, so, I have surrendered again to this myth.
I am hidden behind this image of myself
and cannot cry out.
I am the man behind the mirror
and cannot be touched.

Since I cannot learn my lesson, Mother,
can you at least learn yours-

Someday, this fact must be faced
by all of us:
The truth is, Mother
that pictures DO lie.

dale-walker

NEO-CLASSIFIED

Publicizing

Nashville Cats! Please help a poor broken-down foreign guitar with strained neck! No one knows where I came from but my name is Aria. Irving is going nuts with worry over my illness. Call 355-1403 or write Bill Butterfield, Betsi. Friends needed, too.

"the bead game is in new york city. at 236 sullivan street, to be exact. we have some of the grooviest earrings in the city (according to my two partners). how many people in east lansing have heard of us? not many, i bet. oh well. the bead game. the bead game, the bead game..."

Some in SDS are interested in beginning an "internal education" project, which will be focused around regular presentations and discussions of papers, findings, etc., of concern to the group. If anyone is sufficiently excited about what they've been doing along these lines to share their thoughts with us or want further information, contact Jon Aaronson at 337-1504 or 355-6607. (Note: we are not expecting the "last word" on any question. Our aims are to encourage personally and socially relevant re-

search in otherwise routine courses, and to make such research available to those outside a particular specialization.) The contributions of undergraduates, grad students, and faculty are equally welcome.

Sex

601 Abbott Road. 351-7373. Blue and saffron.

Would like to meet coed. Best if age 19 years or older, upper middle class white, intellectually inclined, 5'5" - 5'9" tall, likes sports, is moral, Protestant, comely. It be preferred if not majoring in sciences, for one person in Engineering and another in Biological Sciences. Call between 10 and 12 pm. 353-7590.

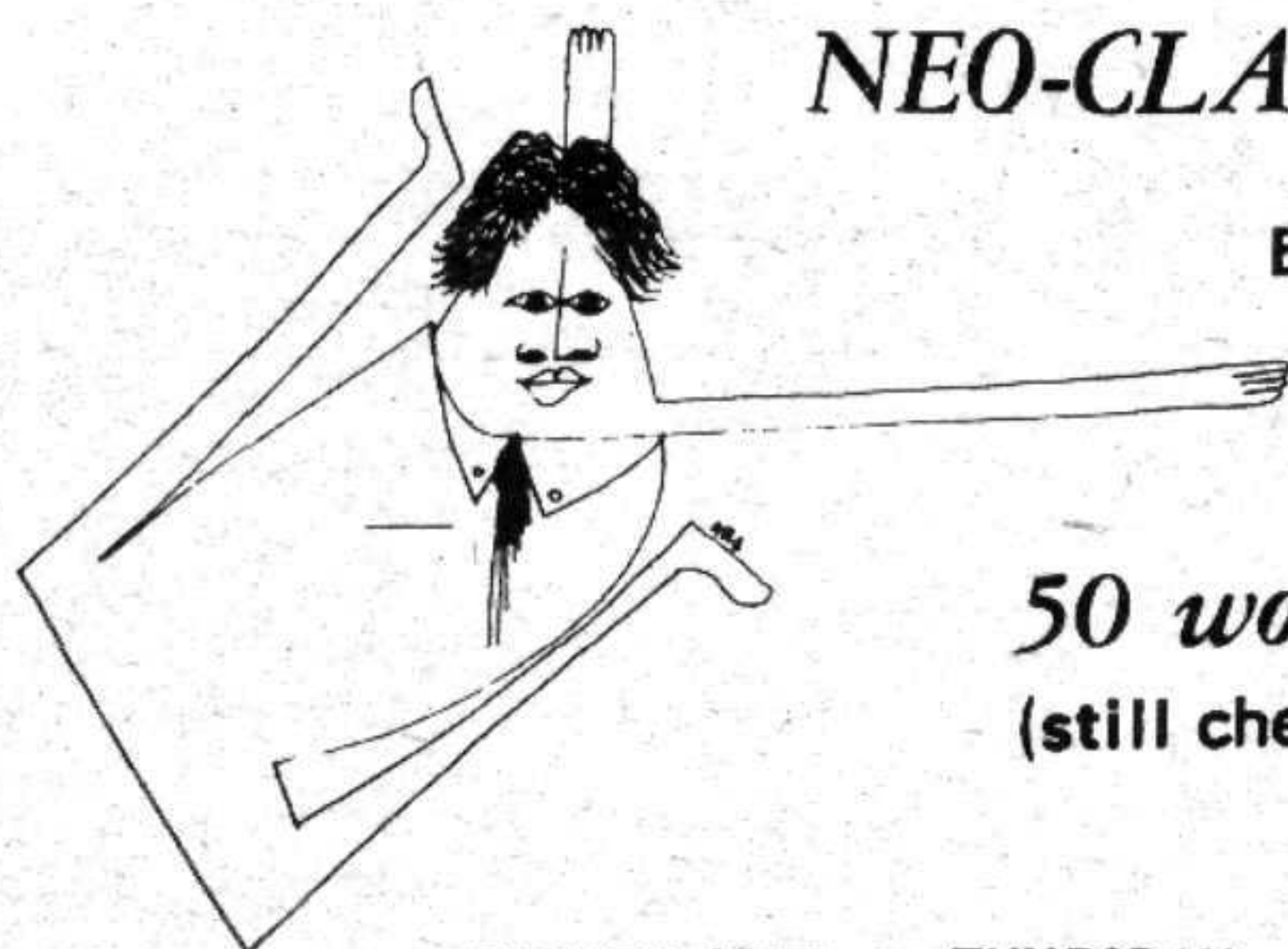
WANTED: Handsome girls interested in S.E.X. (Scientific Experimentation) group. Expert instruction. Prolific results. Call 355-4045 and ask for Don.

NEO-CLASSIFIEDS

Box 367, East Lansing
or
351-7373

50 words/\$1
(still cheap)

DEADLINE THURSDAY MIDNIGHT



WHAT IS THE PAPER?

That just might be for you to know and us to find out. If you have any ideas, comments or suggestions about the role and goals of THE PAPER, come to our

PUBLIC DISCUSSION



8:30 p.m.
Thursday
Room 31
Union

Conundra on Issue Number Nine

On Jim Thomas:

Mr. Thomas claims that Tate has an illusory concept of war, but perhaps the problem is that Mr. Thomas has an illusory concept of heroism. He argues that Tate's vision of war is derived from books, but his own view of heroism ("heroes are for the home front," etc.) is equally derived from books. I should think there is a home-front war and home front heroes, and the real war and real heroes. More generally, as a commentator on the war, Thomas seems annoyed with home-front critics, whom he probably considers "ignorant." But while we are in a poor position to know WHAT goes on in the war, he is in a poor position to know WHY the war goes on. The soldiers in the Great War's trenches knew too well the hell that was around them, but the reasons for it all were better known to one mathematician named Russell who sat it out in a London jail. And most of the criticism over here has been about reasons for the whole war, not about the conduct of its various parts.

There is a real and hellish war in Vietnam, though the people here know little of it. As for the real heroes one thing is certain--none of them are soldiers. For if a soldier is to be a hero, there must be some justice in his struggle, and there is no justice whatsoever in the struggle American soldiers wage in Vietnam. The only moments over there when American soldiers can be heroes come when they put their roles aside.

Mr. Thomas' role is somewhat ambiguous. He aspires to be a poet, of the sensitive, personal variety, that is, a lover. Yet he is also a soldier, that is, a killer, by choice.

He cannot safely retain both roles for long. If he chooses to be a poet, he stands a fair chance of being killed, like Owen and the rest in the First World War. If he stays a soldier, the poet in him will be his first victim. As Keith Douglas wrote before he died in the Normandy invasion:

For here the lover and killer are mingled
Who had one body and one heart
And death who had the soldier singled
Has done the lover mortal hurt.

"Black Power and the White Liberal":

Mr. Ogar's brilliantly articulate indignation is more righteous than rational. He is correct in castigating the liberals who reject Mr. Carmichael's ends, but off the track in attacking those liberals who quarrel with Carmichael's means. The ends concern the questions of value, and here Ogar can sound his moral trumpet. But the choice of means is a question of science, and science requires a coolness of thought Mr. Carmichael cannot muster. The old vision of the movement must indeed fall by the way, if that vision, as many have it, consists in a giant integrated lovefest with fried chicken for all. The movement should be towards respect, not love, and no average man will respect those who, when he kicks them, have no power to kick back.

But liberals can endorse Carmichael's ends and yet disagree on tactics. Consider a planning board for a vocational program for unemployed Negroes, consisting of Mr. Carmichael and a white man highly skilled in projects of this kind. (Here I only hypothesized that the white man is more skilled. Carmichael would call this

By DOUGLAS LACKEY

racist--but the real racist view is that the white man always and forever necessarily is the more skilled). Carmichael would demand that he be put in full command, since the board concerns the affairs of black men, even if the job requires on the spot decisions only the white man can make. It seems that here Carmichael's doctrine BLOCKS the drive for power. He would counter, of course, that the Negro cannot have power until he makes his own decisions, and his own mistakes. In this case, Carmichael makes the mistakes and preserves his self-esteem. Fine for him, but what about those Negroes still stuck without jobs.

"Turn On etc.":

Statistics have it that if humanity rests on its oars for another 25 years one third of the world will be reduced to starvation. Will Mr. Leary tell us then just to consider it all the "starvation game," another hang-up to be ignored on the road to illumination? Or perhaps there are a few things to be cleaned up on this level of consciousness before we toddle off to the next.

Leary feels that he answers deep spiritual demands of our culture, but he misinterprets his role. Rich decadent societies produce mystical cults not because they need them, but merely because they can afford them.

The Lovesong of J. Alfred Palindrome

LEE CARSON

Let us blow then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out upon the sky
Like mayonnaise on rye bread;
Let us go through certain halfly hazard dorms,
The sputtering norms
For horny kids in highway robber cells
Eating sawdust pizzas from Public Hells--
And through arguments that follow like the tedious streets,
With more insidious intent,
To lead you to an overwhelming urge;
Oh, while the pain's exquisite,
Let us blow, and make our visit.

In the rooms the women come, and go,
Talking of Larry Angelo.

The yellow fog that wipes itself upon the windowpanes,
The yellow fog that seeks release of Cosmic rectal pains,
Kicked its dung into the corners of the evenings
Sucked upon the pools that stand in rivers,
Let absorb into itself the soots of heaven,
Trampled University Terrace, made a leap,
And seeing that it was a warm spring night,
Squeezed the campus into death and fell asleep.

... And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I care?" and "Do I care?"
Time to smash alarms, ascend the bunk
(Locking against the casual punk--
He will say, "How his patience is growing thin")
My omened Army blanket, my shroud mounting tightly to the chin,
My wardrobe rich but modest, now defiled by a simple pin--
He will say, "But how his temper's growing thin!"
Do I care
To disturb the university?
... Shall I say, I have gone at 4 a.m. down empty streets,
To watch the vapors rising from my mouth
To mingle with the lonely kids asleep, dreaming of out windows?

... I have seen the moment of my gradepoint flicker,
I have seen the Honors College hold my cards and snicker,
And, in short, I am pimpled.

... Would it have been worthwhile (after all)
To have bitten off instructors with a smile,
To squeeze administration into a ball,
To roll it toward some overwhelming urge,
To say, "I am Paul Schiff, come from the dead,
Come back to show you all, I shall show you all..."
If one, settling a shawl by his head,
Should say, "That is not what I meant at all.
That isn't it (I think) at all."

No! I am not John Palindrome, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant busboy, one that may do
To swell a demonstration, make a scene or two,
Advise assistant deans, promote the school;
But at times, indeed, so apathetic--
At times almost the Tool.

I grow old... I grow old...
I shall wear the bottoms of my bluejeans rolled.

Shall I grow my hair behind? Dare I eat a Brody meal?
I shall wear my worn-out bluejeans, and walk upon the Beal;
I have heard professors singing, seal to seal,

I do not think that they will sing to me.

... We have lingered in the multiversity
By coeds ringed in gold and silver turn-
Til Redundancy ensouaks us, and we burn.

JIM THOMAS

continued from page 1

And:

Born of necessity, out of desire,
War cancers a nation, prime cause,
Removed from conflict.
Victim and carrier, the soldier
Travels great arteries and standing-places
With no civilian tranquillity.
He must go to sea, to wash on beaches,
To rest in the sea; go to, perhaps through,
Stumbling death. Survival dictates pride
In the visible signs; a special
Cap, a uniform of distinction
Signifying ferocity.
And there remain a nun who will pray,
One-armed men afraid to remember;
This he knows with the breath of his breath.
The setting out, the returning,
Are but stations of death;
And who can tell him, where are the dead--
Yea, and where the answer,
Prithee, beyond what star?

And more. Not enough to win him "immortality," but enough to show his love.

He cannot die again; there is that to be thankful for. I know no other soldiers, and when I hear a casualty report I will have to know only that men like you and me are dead, not that Jim might be. I feel tired, and--can I say it?--relieved.

It is ironic that I should now be writing about Jim, because, though we corresponded for six or seven months, I only met him once. There are those here who knew and loved him well, and it is for them far worse than it can be for me.

I met him just before he left here for San Francisco and, ultimately, Vietnam. In an article I wrote then I described him--strong-looking but "not like my image of a Marine." I expected a soldier and found a boy wearing glasses, looking quiet and scholarly and very much at home in the deserted corridors of Berkeley

Hall. "I had," I wrote, "a vague, fumbling desire to ask him about the war, but even if I had known what I wanted to ask or why I wanted to ask it, the question would have been in bad taste, somehow, in the cloisters of Berkeley." For the first time I was made to feel the presence of war, was made to understand that war was not remote but simply you and me meeting today in Berkeley Hall and tomorrow--where?

Jim saw the article, and answered in part: "I was appalled that you should see what you saw, and that I had a part in letting you see it. I'm only a person, after all, and not any sort of rider into the sunset."

Jim was a soldier, and far more than that a poet, and more than even that, perhaps, "only a person." I ended that article by saying, "I am afraid for Jim Thomas. And for all of us."

There is no more reason to be afraid, for Jim.

STEERAGE



From The East Village Other
(courtesy Underground Press Syndicate)



Riding the crest of time between the old year and the new it would seem prudent to see where the ship is being steered.

Last week scientists met at the capitol to discuss the emergency of the impending ruined ecology.

Whispers and rumors electrically travel through the wire of assassination: the President, Malcolm X, Dorothy Kilgallen, the 13 witnesses. The sudden cancer attack of Jack Ruby.

In less paranoid political circles the discussion rages as to whether or not a southern military oligarchy really is in power in Washington. More intelligent paranoids are wondering whether the CIA, having had such vast success manipulating foreign governments, is not now experimenting with the control of its own.

Since the current president has made Congress into a non-functioning ridiculed body of 500 some odd dirt farmers, held in subservient check by nothing more than crude blackmail, most people, it would seem, are ready to accept the fact that we do not have a representative government.

The population is balanced on the head of a pin, half of it living in the bygone days of the industrial revolution, the other half living in the promise of the 21st century. The older, practiced, powerful half

of the population is recreating their youth of war, nationalism and survival struggle. The younger half of the population, when not busy escaping the world that they have inherited, is thinking of peace in a unified world with a rational economy based on technologic abundance.

The extreme right and extreme left both intuitively sense that a bear is in the cave. Both are running scared from the form our technology seems to be taking -- totalitarianism.

Crew-cut college students, coming alive in the pepsi generation, are conditioned, but with increasing resistance, to go for the Cadillac, just like poppa did. The hairy ones are dropping out of the rote systems of education to pursue the ancient guru system.

Traditionally in most cultures youth turn for guidance to their elders. The new gypsy class has its Alan Watts, Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsberg none of whom are over 50. The shortage of elders has been produced by highly accelerated cultural changes which have divided the tribe. The young braves can no longer make any sense of the old-war-horse, big-stick-carrying elders.

Young leaders are coming forth and if we can interpret our future from their

trends we shall indeed not be saved from a ruined ecology, nor totalitarian technocracy, nor from mind and motive control.

The danger which fosters the rescuing power remains eminently a danger because the new gypsy class is slow to recognize its strength as a psychic, economic, political force. The danger comes from the rapid transformation since the atomic bomb of the ionosphere affecting the electromagnetic structure of our minds as well as the weather and magnetic field which has produced a subtle but radical change in environment and produced with the help of electromagnetic extension and psychedelic chemicals atomic children with radical, from their parents' point of view, thought processes. The differences produce fear in the older population which reacts blindly and hostilely, as a manifestation of the collective unconscious on a national scale. SEQUENTIAL, CIRCUITAL THINKING ENCOUNTERS LINEAR MECHANICAL THINKING.

In 33 years the millenium will be upon us. It is not too early to begin to consider ourselves the elders of the new millenium.

Walter H. Bowart



jerry ross

Paean to Boy Scouts & Birds

Prologue

There are Eagles in New Zealand
There are Eagles in Australia
There are Eagles in North Korea
But there are Eagles in America

1.

I am warm in the shadow
of the Scoutmaster
Green paramilitary man
Purveyor of knots
Said to drink on Saturday:
A man
Did good deeds at Anzio:
A man
A new green man among trees
A maker of fires
A tall straight man among flags
A maker of men

2.

I am warm in the shadow
Of the Scoutmaster
His hand on my shoulder
Warm
Rubbing

Epilogue

Whitman the Eagle
Balanced on a Texas Tower

Westmoreland the Eagle
Fanged among sparrows

DAVID HAENKE

Pressures of College Life Department: Sign in a first floor window in South Hubbard: "I want my Teddy Bear!"

Signs of the Times Department (III): Sign in a third floor window in West Fee: "LENNON SAVES."

Signs of the Times Department (IV): The MSU Bookstore (in the Center for International Programs) is "Notebooks for Lefties."

Niceness Is Dead Department: "Why weren't you invited to the party? Okay, I'll tell you: you have bad breath! Bad breath! --from a Micrin commercial."

Son of FSM, Part Two

The Strike Days

By MIKE PRICE

This is the second article in Mike Price's coverage of the recent student strike at the University of California at Berkeley. Here he describes events of the first days of the strike, which lasted nearly a week. -- The Editors

THE FIRST DAY: Thursday, Dec. 1.

Thursday morning was gray and drizzling rain. Walking up toward campus I could see makeshift signs in windows and on houses that had appeared overnight: "STRIKE." At the corner of Bancroft and Telegraph about 40 pickets were stretched across the campus entrance. One sign read, "Would Jesus Cross?" Very impressive strike leaflets had somehow been run off in record time and were being passed out all over campus. I guess it helps to have your own offset press.

Students milled around the plaza listening to the impromptu loud-speaker which was emanating from under the lee of the Union, out of the rain. Strike news was broadcast as reports of cancelled classes began to filter in, and students were urged to go to Wheeler Oak, in the center of campus, from where pickets were dispatched to man lines in front of all the main buildings. Students who crossed the lines did so with arms tightly clenched around books, faces set and eyes straight ahead.

Everyone was waiting for a decision from the Teaching Assistants. Their union had been in meeting since early morning. About 10:30 it came: AFT Local 1570 had voted to join the strike. This may well prove to be the crucial factor, since the TA's handle the bulk of undergraduate courses. Also the fact that an AFL CIO local is on strike will carry a lot of weight with the Teamsters who supply the campus, and with the other university employees.

As noon approached the plaza began to fill for the rally. This was an important moment because it had been decided the night before to resubmit the strike motion and the demands to the student body. By noon the plaza was packed with about 10,000 people. Newsmen who had been scuttling around all morning carrying wild assortments of film and electronic equipment had grouped themselves around the microphone in a tight semicircle.

Dan MacIntosh, student government president, spoke first. He announced the support of the ASUC Senate who had voted to join the strike by a close margin at an emergency session late the night before. MacIntosh went on to point out the difference between the student government's pro-administration role during the FSM in 1964 and their strike vote of last night. "It's time the student government started representing students," he said.

It was rumored that a warrant was out for Mario Savio's arrest and that he would be taken into custody as soon as he stepped on the campus. How they could have accomplished that in front of such a huge crowd short of using the National Guard was beyond me.

Either the rumor was groundless or somebody had second thoughts, for Savio soon appeared. He had arrived, he said, by a "conspiratorial route," and to prove it he held up a small, black lone-ranger-type mask. The crowd roared.

Savio then read the strike motion and asked for a show of hands; it was almost unanimous. The strike demands were reaffirmed by the same

margin; the vote was met with wild cheers. The strike was solid.

THE SECOND DAY: Friday, Dec. 2.

"Oh, I am just a student sir and I only want to learn; but it's hard to read through the rising smoke of the books you like to burn. So I'd like to make a promise, and I'd like to make a vow, that I've got something to say, sir, and I'm gonna say it now."

(Phil Ochs song, much in evidence).

"MORE STRIKE" -- "STRIKE MORE" read today's leaflets. It is the second anniversary of the Sproul Hall sit-in of 1964 and the rain is coming down in sheets. Picket lines still in place, placards disintegrating as fast as they can be made.

Last night the faculty met in closed-door session to discuss the situation with Chancellor Heyns. Heyns, who had just returned from whatever he was doing in the East, didn't show and sent another administrator, John Serle, in his place. The following leaked out through the "closed doors": though no vote was taken, opinion about the strike was evenly divided, as indicated by the applause that greeted the various speakers, pro and con. However, on the issue of the police on campus there is almost unanimous indignation.

At noon another rally. Back to Pauley Ballroom where it all started; again the place is packed and the sound is piped downstairs where more people stand in the lobby.

Announcement: Heyns has refused to meet with the strike negotiating committee due to the presence of a non-student on it. Ira Raskin (formerly FSM) comments: "I think I speak for you when I say to Chancellor Heyns he had better accept that non-student we have sent." (standing applause) The non-student goes by the name of Savio.

"They are insulting me and I won't stand for it and they are insulting you and I don't think you'll stand for it." (more standing applause, indicating they won't).

Stanford student body president David Harris appears to endorse the strike and comments on the broader implications. "The opportunity you've got is not limited to the campus here, but you can make a statement for students everywhere."

Faculty support petitions and a telegram from national SDS are read. Each one greeted with applause. Finally, Savio speaks and cites rumors that the District Attorney's office is seeking an injunction against the striking TA's. He appears tired, stuttering and speaking in halting phrases. Enthusiastically he adds, "A lot of things achieved in spirit in 1964 may in a few weeks become the letter of the law on this campus."

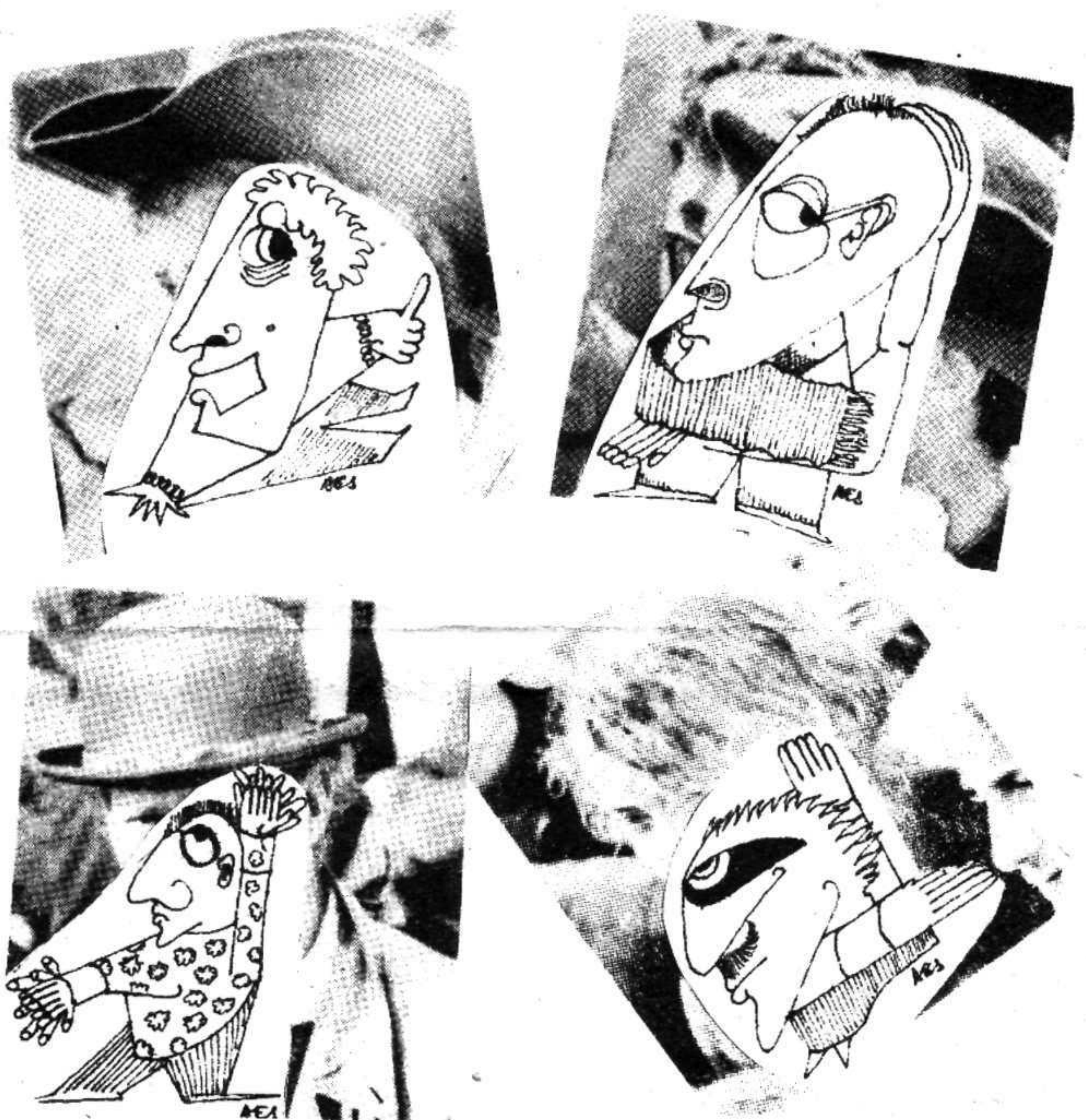
The rumored injunction has sobered a lot of people. If it is brought and the TA union violates it their leaders will be taken to jail (shades of Mike Quill). On the other hand, if the rumor is true it speaks for the strike's effectiveness. At any rate, this is for real.

This strike is now being led by a coalition of three forces, the strike committee representing the activists of the first mass meeting, the TA union and the student govern-



The Strike Demands

1. That students and non-students be accorded the same rights on campus as the military and other government agencies.
2. That amnesty from university discipline be granted all students involved in the events in the Union and the strike and the university do everything in its power to have criminal charges dropped against those students and non-students arrested in connection with the events in the Union.
3. That the university pledge that police will not be called onto the campus to handle political situations.
4. That the university grant judicial review, open hearings and due process in its conduct of disciplinary proceedings and that these be based on the Dec. 8, 1964, resolution of the Academic Senate.



Students at the University of California aren't pleased with a sterner attitude taken by the administration. But they agreed Wednesday to end a four-day strike and return to classes.

(STATE NEWS, December 8, 1966)



ment (ASUC). From the standpoint of solidness, ASUC is obviously the weakest link and Heyns has tried to exploit this by agreeing to speak with them exclusively. So far they have surprised me and everybody else by standing firm, with the negotiating committee which represents all three of the groups.

THE THIRD DAY: Saturday, Dec. 3.

"Accept and obey the prescribed rules or get out."

(Advice to Berkeley students from Ronald you-know-who at a Friday press conference).

Overheard on the plaza: "It's coming, baby."

(Unidentified prophet.)

ASUC, the student government, has started talks with the administration, though they still support the strike. Heyns still refuses to meet with the negotiating committee in spite of the fact that Savio, the non-student, agreed to change his status from full

committee member to "silent observer." Support still seems solid.

Things have settled down in contrast to the rather hectic events of the past few days. The strike committee has had a chance to get organized, apartments have been turned into offices, "Strike Central," "Press Central," etc.....and work committees have been set up; very reminiscent of the FSM.

THE FOURTH DAY: Sunday, Dec. 4.

Negotiation scene remains the same. Monday will be the last week of scheduled classes before finals. Time is on the administration's side and they are taking full advantage of it.

Much evidence of the improved strike organization. Information tables on campus dispatch the latest news. Sound trucks are patrolling the city arguing to keep it going. Plans are to have open forums all over the campus Monday with popular folk artists who are supposed to appear. Endless meetings.

ATL Aftermath

THE UNTENURED MIND

By JON AARONSON

It is unfortunate that the ATL Advisory Committee has chosen, privately as well as publicly, to withhold its rationale for recommending termination of three of their colleagues' contracts. However, the best available data (in the forms of rumor and speculation) bring to mind a story told to me a few years back.

It seems that once upon a time, Hegel and Schopenhauer were both teaching at the University of Berlin. And Hegel, being the Philosopher of the State, attracted great numbers of aspiring civil servants into his classes, for whom his teachings were highly recommended if they were to assume their rightful positions in the Reich. Schopenhauer was less favored. His lecture hall was much smaller than Hegel's, and even at that his students rarely made use of more than a quarter of the desks available to them.

The two teachers, the story continues, differed more importantly in their pedagogical styles. Since the custom was to leave the door of one's hall open, Schopenhauer would listen intently to his colleague's formally delivered lectures and teach his own students by commenting systematically on the sophistry of Hegel.

Whether or not this tale is at all factual is of little matter. What is pertinent is the question of conflict within the university.

Very few of us are likely to have been permitted immunity from a particularly obscene image which purports a democratic society to be a "marketplace for ideas." This image is no more widely employed than among academics, for whom one would expect reason to mean something other than a commodity. But this is the way we have been accustomed to consider ideas, and little can be done in this culture to change that. What can also be expected, however, is that academics take their rhetoric and themselves seriously. This expectation if fulfilled only with respect to part of the image.

Few academics would take issue with the assertion that ideas are (or are treated as) commodities. When pressed they might deny connection with so crude an ECONOMIC notion. But in practice most of us behave as if ideas were commodities, and what matters more?

What matters more, and what is more disturbing about the image in operation, is that the marketplace in the university as in the rest of society has lost its functional meaning. Higgly-haggle between buyer and seller has been replaced by the contracting of expert by client. And as the marketplace between university and society has broken down, the marketplace within the university has declined.

The point I wish to make here is that conflict -- higgly - haggle -- is as feared and devalued within the university as in the larger society. One gets the impression that the years spent teaching and writing prior to the confirmation of tenure represent more a period of initiation than one of apprenticeship. Surely, criteria of accomplishment are involved in both of these notions, but the standards are not the same in both cases. The criteria of apprenticeship turn on the learning of a skill or, if you prefer, an art. The questions which should be asked about an academic apprentice are: (1) Does he teach in a way which expands his students' capacities for reason and imagina-

tion? and (2) Does he inquire, reason, and write in such a way himself, which deepens his colleagues' insights into or broadens their sensitivity to the questions with which they are or should be concerned?

These standards are too infrequently given the priority they deserve. The questions raised with regard to confirming tenure more often revolve around the criteria of initiation: Does he get along with other faculty? Does he or is he likely to hurt their feelings or threaten their position, prestige, or self-esteem? Does he cause embarrassment to the department or

last phrase sound so hollow?) Those two questions relate to matters of reason and creativity. They assume conflict as indispensable. The second set of questions is much larger and more relevant to an adolescent play-group or a marginal industrial firm. It relates to matters of pedestrian interpersonal relations and routine bureaucratic management. It assumes conflict as the most dispensable of all values.

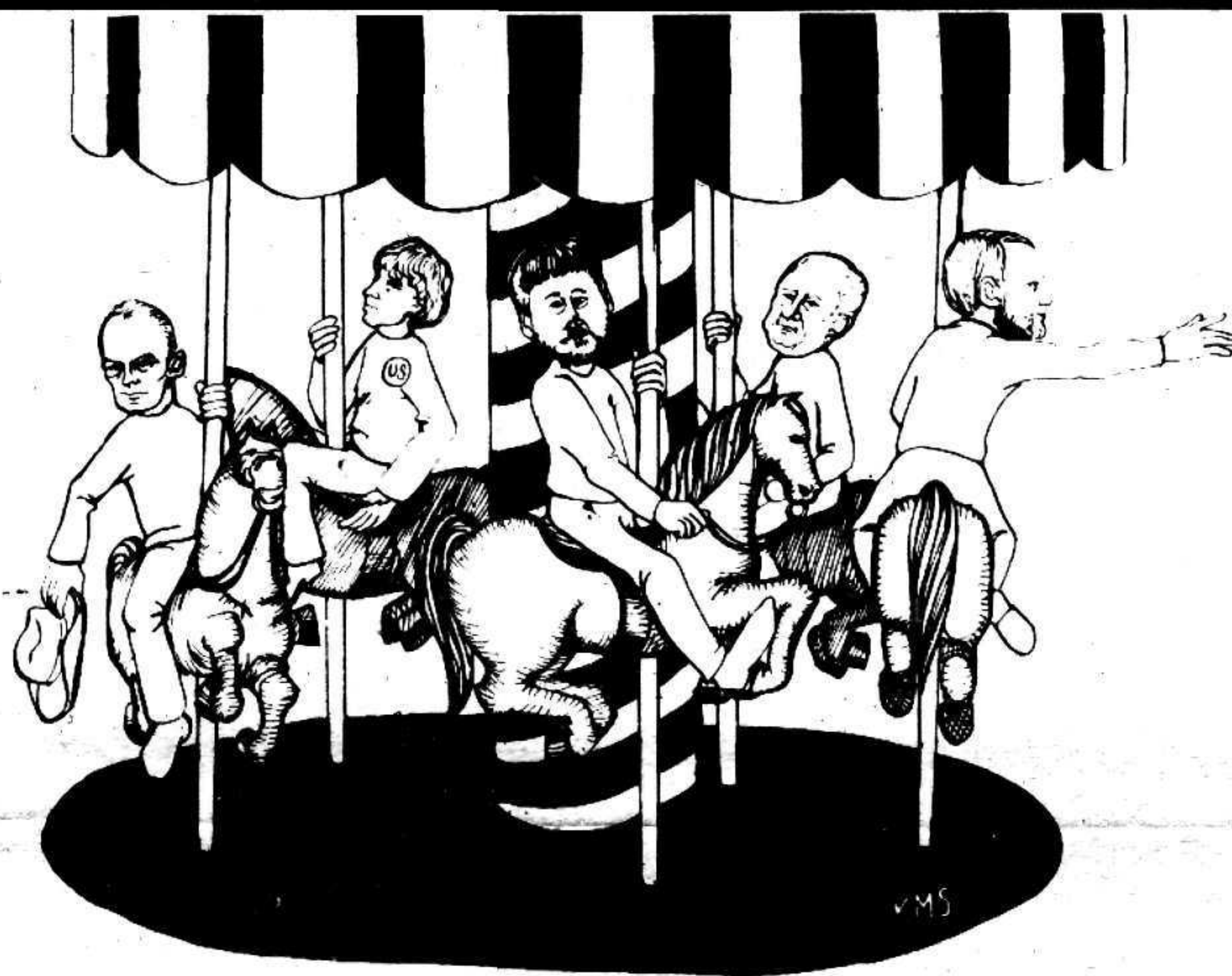
The larger American society is becoming increasingly paralyzed with anxiety about conflict. No longer should social change simply be non-

per se, then hope for an American condition presenting alternatives other than foreign war and domestic oppression, or peaceful, free success-as-usual would appear utopian.

Again from the information this community has been offered, the decision to terminate the employment of Fogarty, Groat, and Lawless appears to have been based largely, if not exclusively, on the Advisory's Committee's evaluation of their performance in meeting the demands of initiation. (The committee's protests to the contrary notwithstanding, the conception of a fraternity to gentlemen is far less democratic than that of a community of scholars). To me, the central educational value for a university is in the contribution it makes to a student's capacity for critical thought. This value requires conflict among teachers and between teachers and students. To substitute consensus on these levels is only to equip marchers for the parade. Oftimes conflict is more rewarding than pleasant. If teachers must suffer one another in order that their students suffer with them less, so be it.

For the poorly focused and unsuccessful as student demands for review or rejection of the case against "the three" was, the size of this protest--in comparison to the ones against the war and for reinstatement of Paul Schiff, for example--indicates that more students than usual at MSU were concerned and continue to be concerned about the character of education here.

It would seem that a relatively large number of students feel that the conflict generated by "the three" was at least tolerable, and probably more positively rewarding. It would seem that these students are troubled about an education which is canned and administered. It would seem that they were angry that three of the very few teachers who have not dulled their imaginations were disposed of by those who do. This is to say that this conflict is only symptomatic of another which remains unresolved. What is to be the nature of education at MSU? If we can't find it in us to think of ideas as qualities different from commodities, isn't it high time that we returned to the marketplace?



to the administration? Will he present a vision of reality or a model of behavior that might disillusion or disenchant his students with the visions and models which, by virtue of their conventionality, have thus far appeared self-evident? Is he a disruptive influence? Does he rock the boat? Will he place the machine in jeopardy of flying apart? Can he be controlled? Can he be trained to take over, when the time comes for the old managers to retire, and trusted to operate the gears so that they will mesh and turn in the future?

The first set of questions is smaller and more relevant to a mature intellectual community. (Why does the

violent, it must be "responsible" as well. Perceived threats from within and from without lead to demands for a consensus typified by the parade and the salute. There can only be a limited range of alternative beats, and very few are competently trained to be (responsibly) expert drummers.

If the story about Hegel and Schopenhauer is suspect or ostensibly absurd, it might reflect a feeling that such a situation is inconceivable today. If conflict has become intolerable in the larger society, is it at least tolerable within the university? If it is not tolerable here, where can it not be too threatening? If conflict is considered as a threat

The corporal world has lost its meaning for my fingertips.
My mind, convinced they lie, gives their message a minimum of not.
And floats, like an embryo in its amniotic sac,
beyond a well made wall of superficiality.
Dreaming of things that it will never have,
While telling others what it does not want.



The fer-de-lance of my existence has lost its armor plate,
And all throughout the pallid life I look at
the odor of a "mild brand" hangs.
Strangely, in this new condition, even that sweet balsam stings,
Then quietly my mind slips into a stupor of non-entity,
Almost happily, from fear of being smashed between the gilded pages
of another's tactfully, tastefully chosen words.

The road's direction is long,
And dark doors open on its branches;
A quiet peace pervades its directions;
And time puddles up in the corners,
To be washed away with the next rain.

I walk, and go quietly,
I reach for love,
And find the small droplets
That hang in the light.

MARC RUBY