

THE TURNED-ON BEATLE

an interview with Paul McCartney

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See pages 6-7



THE PAPER

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People, Etc.: A Brief Report on a Living-Learning Experience By LARRY TATE

"We carry bits and pieces of each other, like shrapnel from a war."

Arnold Wesker

Tall and sallow, Lewis Feuer looks like a Dickens villain and speaks in a voice heavy with innuendo and spite; on the other hand, he also looks like a CPA and also talks in a rather engaging Arnold-Stang whine.

Egar Frienberg is short and roly-poly and seems flustered; he wheezes a lot. But in intellectual combat he turns out to be quick and feisty and a lot of fun to watch. Paul Goodman fiddles incessantly

sible, called us "provincial".) But what was the point of it, exactly? I mean, if everybody who attended the Symposium had spent the time reading the books and articles of the participants, would the results have been better, or worse, or what? (I assume that it was set up with the intention of affecting people for the better.)

It seems to me there are two possible justifications for something like the Symposium. The first is intellectual, and it rests on the assumption that the celebrities involved will say things that they haven't said in print or that they'll say things they HAVE said in print to people who haven't read them or wouldn't read them anyway. Either way people are exposed to ideas that may change their lives, or at least their minds.

The second is harder to define, but it has to do with the fact that people can affect other people in a way that books can't, which in turn has to do with the fact that giving and getting simultaneously can affect us more than just getting or just giving. Anyway: the assumption here is that celebrities and others will interact in a way that will affect them all.

Intellectually, the Symposium seemed to me pretty much a bust. I couldn't be everywhere at once (sometimes, in fact, I decided not to be ANYwhere at once), so I could be wrong, but the speeches, rebuttals, counter-rebuttals, questions, answers, and epithets never seemed to get to anything new or solid, for all the big ideas being juggled. Everybody rehashed Berkeley and Vietnam and The System and would up nowhere in particular. You pulled for your personal set of good guys (mine were Goodman and Friedenberg) and all but hissed the bad guy (Feuer--the man you love to hate) and didn't change your mind about anything.

For example: Friedenberg based his speech on a definition of conservatism I didn't understand; when he finished, Feuer got up and said HE didn't understand it; Friedenberg got back up and said it was perfectly clear, mentioning names of people I hadn't read; as I recall, I applauded him.

Students, when they got the chance,

almost invariably brought up a hopeless hodgepodge of trivial and significant issues out of which neither Goodman nor Friedenberg (much less Feuer) could make much sense. They wound up quoting themselves a lot, more or less in self-defense.

Though some things were of course

better than others (Feuer's speech implying that student movements were actuated solely by generational conflict was a definitive low point), the intellectual pickings were slim.

Now: how did it work out on the other level, as a people-to-people

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'a beautiful, beautiful man'

By BRADFORD A. LANG

"Mr. Goodman is the first student leader in modern times to identify with juvenile delinquents."

Lewis Feuer

"You mustn't give up on people"

Paul Goodman

Paul Goodman was coming--not only to MSU, but to THE PAPER office, as well. The mere mention of that fact in passing at 601 Abbott Road was enough to start lengthy speculation as to how much he would like us and we him and what he would say about our little attempt to form some sort of cooperative human community here. The expectation was that he would be mildly ecstatic about us and our PAPER and our way of life. I'm not sure whether he was or not; in fact, now that he has gone back to New York or wherever, nobody is quite sure exactly what happened.

The first time I saw him was at the second symposium presentation Tuesday night when he rose to challenge Lewis Feuer. Feuer was worse than we expected, even though we were painfully aware of his frequent and habitual attacks on the FSM and the New Left in general (Goodman later referred to them as "spite and gangsterism").

Feuer began with the question "what was to be the nature of this new movement?" He then proceeded to cite historical "proof" for his contention that "a kind of self-defeating fate hangs over the student

movement." Even the first few minutes of his lengthy dissertation were studded with phrases like "the worst of self-destructive behavior" and "self-destruction mixed with a certain amount of sadism."

If I may be spared the pain of outlining Feuer's entire diatribe, let me say simply that he listed several student movements previous to the present one, pointed out that they had all led to assassinations, inhuman behavior, and "tragedy," and concluded that this must be the fate of all such movements which are not motivated by "economic" considerations. His remarks concerning Berkeley were incredibly few, considering the fact that he was supposed to be talking about "The Student Scene Today." He merely pointed out that there were a lot of Jews involved in the troubles at UC, suggested that there is a "very strong" pattern of simple "generational revolt" among Jewish students, said that he had noticed the same patterns of "generational misperception" unfolding at his former school and stated that even though Berkeley had received the Alexander Neiklejohn Freedom Award, student protestors had still insisted upon calling the administrators "fascists." (The latter, by the way, is a blatant lie if he means to imply that the presence of fascism in the university administration was an official or even quasi-official position of the FSM. Certainly isolated individuals may have

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bob waber

PAUL GOODMAN

with his pipe and doesn't seem ever to comb his hair--which is thick and brown. He is quiet and earnest and often, for emphasis, points his pipe at whomever he's talking to.

Max Lerner I don't know about; I never got around to him.

That much I'm pretty sure about. Granted, the Symposium was the intellectual equivalent of the Supremes, one of the biggest events in MSU's somewhat limited intellectual history (Goodman, as gently as pos-



EDITORIAL

Recently, 15 members of the History Department encouraged students to become concerned with a more effective grading system for MSU. The letter that was printed in the State News (Jan. 11) and signed by these 15 men may have been motivated by more than one factor. The first and most obvious is the need for change in the grading system. The second is a challenge to the students to break through their self-constructed barriers of indifference and take part in the university process.

Whether or not the letter was written to test the extent of apathy on the campus, students are doing something. The United Students have organized a committee, headed by Steve Hickson, to study the issue and decide what action should be taken. The committee is working in conjunction with Art Tung, ASMSU member-at-large.

Ten thousand copies of a questionnaire are being distributed to discover student opinion on grading. Some of the questions deal with the addition of plus and minus to the present system, pass-fail grading and a percentile system which is being used in some foreign schools.

The questionnaire will hopefully serve to initiate student thought toward



ZERO plus MINUS

involvement in academic policies, according to Tung. Grades are the most obvious part of academic policy, therefore they make a good starting point, he said.

Tung also sees this issue as an experiment to see if the United Students and ASMSU can effectively work together.

Another form of action is the Grading Systems Committee of ASMSU. This consists of six members who will be working with the Educational Policy Committee, a committee of the Academic Council that has a subcommittee to study grading.

The history profs advocate the addition of plus and minus grades to the present system. Their main argument is the increase in accuracy that would be realized. The question however, is whether or not this accuracy is meaningful and desirable.

The grading system has remained the same since the 1920's, while MSU has grown from a cow college to whatever it is now. The present state of the university is a major determinant in arriving at an adequate grading scheme. The means of evaluation must be adapted to the goals of this institution.

To discover these goals it may help to see what the president of the university has to say about it. Hannah is quoted in the catalog: "We do not think so much of graduating engineers or chemists or teachers or home economists or agriculturists or business men, as we do of graduating educated men and women."

If this is the case--if this is an institution for education and not occupational training--then what are we doing with a system of grading that won't allow true education to be realized?

The five-step system that we have now encourages students not to be concerned with course content, but with techniques, varying in degrees of honesty, toward increasing the numerical value of the three-digit number that means life or death in the academic community. As it stands most students don't care if they really learn anything; if they can find a short cut to answering a few more objective questions on a test correctly, they will use it.

Students sign up for classes they have heard are taught by easy graders. This factor, not the quality of teaching, has priority, and this is wrong.

Even the sincere students who desire education, as opposed to training, are sometimes forced to be preoccupied with their grade-point average.

The addition of plus and minus grades would certainly increase the accuracy but it would not improve the situation. There would be no significant effort on the present condition.

The ideal grading plan would be based on a three-point scale--that is, passing, failing and honors. It seems that the present system is aimed at drawing fine lines between various levels of mental capacity. It has succeeded in drawing these fine lines but does it really classify the ability of students? Can one be sure that there is a difference between someone who has a 2.67 and someone with a 2.70, or that two people with the same average have identical scholastic capabilities?

Rather than using a system that tries to attain microscopic accuracy in judging an ability that depends on much more than mental aptitude alone, another scheme should be adopted.

A student who has not shown that he grasps the subject matter of a course should receive a failing grade. A student who has demonstrated a sufficient understanding of the material should receive a passing grade. The student that has produced exceptional work should be recognized with an honors grade.

The advantage of this system over the two-point, or pass-fail system is that exceptional students would still be provided with the incentive and recognition that they have now.

The practicality of putting such a method of grading into effect has been proven. Cal Tech has adopted a two point system for all freshmen, and U-M is using the two point system for non-major courses.

It remains, however, for universities to implement such a system on full scale; if it would be better for the students, it should be done.

DAN NEHRING

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
 Box 367
 East Lansing, Mich. 48823
 Offices are located at 601 Abbott Road, East Lansing, Mich. Tel: (517) 351-7373.
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Understanding Process: The Medium of The Mind (a fiction)

DAVID FREEDMAN

This is the beginning of a series of verbal collages intended to provide THE PAPER'S readers with some idea of the process by which the paper is put together: the process by which our staff members interact with one another during each week between issues. Events and conversations during the week (including strong influences from weeks past as we move into future self-explorations) are transformed into changing perspectives and attitudes, reflected in the collage by different styles of writing and different modes of thought. There is of course some distortion of events due to difficulty of talking about "reality" through the creative process. As we evolve and discover new ways of expressing ourselves, the subjective present, the living history, evolves proportionately. -- The Editors.

I

jefferson airplane gets you there on Time. Things that happen in the office concerning the Paper people is hard to describe; it's like putting a busy film in print; each event, every hangup reverberates in oblong expanding rings outward and beyond from mind to mind; blowing each in turn Kind Satan sneezes, Cody removes his mustache in quick strokes when no one is looking, and far off in Zanzibar Murray's missive is lost behind the dark green cabinet in the far left corner and is never heard from again . . . there's no way of telling whose who's . . . The Fox loses his tail in a not so secret fracas the flies in last winter's medicine chest i think have died.

Dear Mallarme aura aura aura auras of words and put together that way and you know something is happening but you dont know what it is. Thomas did; died. Talked to him before he left (theres a new house now and a new spirit) I'm not a poet, just a versifier. Whether youre white black red or brown the question is when you boil it down.....when i look out my window so many things to see when i look in my window so many different people to be-----the choice is yours when you boil it down. When you boil it down: 'i like to hang around words'.....A Throw of the Dice Will Never Abolish Chance. Removed away backwards and beyond the realm of lice and chancres you will never understand. Stand under and being counted-----

Like Malcolm lowry under the volcano novels can be prophetic but they are a dying medium (non-Thomas feeble poets and unrequited lovers riting poems and being poetic poetry and poems riting them you know what I mean You know what I the Poet poem's poetry means narcissotic addition the poet's poem's poetry demands its fix of love and unrequited riting which is getting your auras the hardway, riting I have died once already What is that: 'dying i think is reserved for the dead alone'?? It sure is getting it the hard way) a dying medium. The Paper's medium are undeniably part of our message: cf. treatises on sorcery and other recipes by The White Witch, the Lavendar Witch being occupied with a candle being glum but groovy in the brroom closet with her candle grooving in the closet.

What are you dressed up for?.... oh, for a while.....Lonliness, lonliness, yes its lonliness, yess its lonliness if i only new, if i only new, if i only knew-----

The Lonely Freak writes a letter to The Paper.....

Under the volcano novels can be prophetic and in prophesizing are able to speak of their own demise--but not if everybody suddenly stops reading them---there is the underground press with its decentralized media-mix hippy tendencies and it is midway between the so-called objective newspapers reporting and the prophetic voice in novels: living history...Shall i trim it a little in the back too? Step right in the Paper headquarters.....

theres a new home and a new spirit the style of living --- and as it changes each week--is reflected in each succeeding issue.yes why dont

we do it that way?....the Inspired Bokeper is invited to sit right down and invoke the muse of the Calculus of Subjection and out peals a three page article on the convocation....i like to hang around words/tune...i truth familiarizes fiction stanger than contempt breeds/ verbal collage/ to borrow from cutout-foldin/ what goes on, cheek a cheek?

Further understanding saves minds. Must be the season of the Witch; that was in the old house--- Miss Zadoyn does not visit our rectory because she is stuck in the old house for eleven more years. Mouldy story but last year we got word from the ouija that Alice Dee is the ultimate of death in life; Yage which will turn you on to the life in life is primarily for the Next Generation (who could not be reached for comment).

And know ye that all which comes to pass here shall reverberate through your lives as it has through ours. Gati gata paragati parasavagati bodhisatva. Further understanding saves minds.

II

youre bringing me down and you know it aint right....Dr. Franco talking preliminary lecture on the demise of the novel and its potentialities, holding a slim mild cigar in his thin fingers, his fingernails freshly trimmed, a quiet beard very short, dark suit purchased on his new salary, safe in the sanctuary of a properly steam-heated classroom building, talking preliminary lecture culled from his notes reflected upsidedown off the crystal ceiling--you can't be too sure of its validity that way--the moon's rays glinting in the windowpanes: 'Notice of perturbed adolescent nosepickers (pleasant light green snot)...ellipsis of life culled from the back pages of the partisan review (sheep in wolfs clothing)...mamma my corns ache objectively reported in a new style derivative of Joyce (Anna Libbia Freshcorn can size #303)...obeying the calculus of subjection (pimply youth stranded on

ragged streetcorners my mama)... Newspapers heading ☆ this way

: novels heading ☆

that way : meeting in the center (hydrogen fusion synthesis)..mamma mama can this really be the end to be stuck inside a mobile with the memphis blues again...distinction betwn youthful adultery and aged juvenal cf. style as presented in Murays treatise on armpits and sensory perception (\$mell\$) reported under duress in PMLA..out of the gym into the summer cpo's.. the turned on literature of today's mindsThe Novi Express...summary of repressed fictional experience due to chest pains under duress..scrapio rising@eggnam war and ultimate blood and sacred fice of crispy critters @my breath smells of egg sandwiches+world of goll=indiscretion of the disgestive tractwaving an american flag--chairman of the board can hardly be described. ..the quintessence of experience distilled...drivel, he sd..pot is smoked saysome villagers because it sets up a creative mood which is impossible to duplicatenewspapers heading and novels dying and in the middle the underground press fusing the prophetic vision...like Malcolm lowry under the volcano, the novel prophetic, able to talk about its own demise, dying dying alas and dragging along with it my heisenberg chair of potential literature...get me on flight #505.. expanding outward over beyond.... get me the glue man im ready to go-oooooooooooohhohoh....'as i filled my notebk scribble furusli on th dsk...boeing 707, , , ,

III

the high moon has rainbow rings around it: 8 miles high....i opened my heart to the whole universe the place that has ended before the beginning just relaxing and paying attention my sightless eyes placed in your loving hands Art, says King Satan who has been grooving on words and exploring their gravities this week along with the Poet in Residence, is wanting to being; the processing of reality through the lucidity of the creative process. Changes the paper, makes The Pepper saltyer ...Grazing my cheek/ what goes on?/ the saltyer tears....the Shy Mermaid she makes happy, she smiles and writes poetry in the afternoons when the sun is above the clouds, blue azure sky; the sky i saw hurtling through the air 8 miles high, through the clouds and UP (ups) away beyond remembrance unclouding my vision without the plane, the clouds now below in vangogh cotton fields: (mist and ice melting in the shear sun of it all) my mind flying above far above the fields of clouds; there would i live...lucidly...in rising above the sky i have wiped away my tears the moon and replaced it with the sunsmile (i, a sunsmile superman, heart blazing mind flying heat rising sky writing....) and i would have replaced a heart for a heart, a hand in a hand, an eye for the blindness, my mind then in the face palm's third eye of your mind now: this is the pepper's process.....

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ASTOUNDING & MYSTERIOUS

Goodman continued from page 1

made this allegation; it has always been a favorite semi-humorous word among leftists. Of course, it might be well to note that the election of Ronald Reagan as governor of California . . .)

Generally speaking, Feuer's speech attempted to prove that student movements have always been motivated by "father destruction" syndromes and have resulted in assassinations (the most minute details of which he listed exhaustively), embarrassments, destruction of liberal movements, World War I, World War II, and the theft of the atomic bomb secrets. He made it sound as if student movements have been responsible for most of the world's major ills since 1815.

When Goodman rose to speak, I suddenly realized that here was the man who had written *Growing Up Absurd*, the man Muray Kempton once called "our only original thinker," and the man who stood out as the most shining example of how one may go about attacking the establishment successfully while continuing to operate within it and without compromising anything of importance. I expected to see Lewis Feuer and his insane hypothesis destroyed so badly that the man would refuse to show his face at the podium again. I was mistaken but not sadly.

Goodman began by characterizing Feuer's cause-and-effect assumption as "a whole picture extremely difficult to take seriously." I think the audience agreed with him, as evidenced by their laughter, but it may have simply been that he was funny and that audiences are addicted to humor. (The audience, by the way, was impossible to figure out; there weren't a hell of a lot of people there that I recognized as leftists, yet they reacted well to Goodman and to student questioners who came on radically. They reacted just as well to Feuer, too, so I guess it could be labeled as just another chapter in the strange drama of Thought at MSU.)

Goodman made three major points. He first pointed out that patterns of generational revolt and student movements coincide precisely "at points when the institutions of older generations have become morally bankrupt . . . and are clinging to a dead past." Just because student movements may seem to be rejecting everybody over thirty does not necessarily mean that their programs are totally irrational.

He then pointed out--also citing historical proof--that most big student movements have preceded by twenty years major innovations in thought and social reform; the Goliards preceded the Protestant Reformation, the French "beatniks" preceded the Revolution, etc. "I'm really at a loss at the other kind of estimation of their (student movements') failure," he said.

He finally stated that present Establishment thinking is incapable of re-structuring the world, and that the SDS students of today, with their "outburst of energy of youth," will grow up and "make a good revolution."

Feuer was allowed a period of counter-refutation in which he got a big laugh by telling the audience about one of Goodman's favorite statements--that "the students of the US today are the most exploited class in the country." The laughter was disturbing, not because the statement is not slightly humorous when viewed out of context, but because the laughter was so strong and was motivated only by the statement itself. Feuer's whole refutation speech was a series of out-of-context restatements of things Goodman had said. The whole thing was slightly nauseating, especially when Feuer pointed out that Goodman had said, in reference to MSU, that "your students are cattle."

"Did I say that?" hollared Goodman disgustedly.

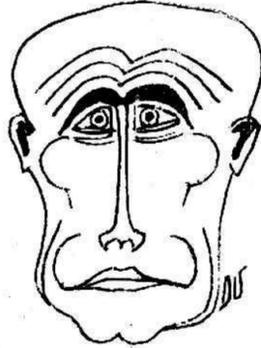
"Dean Carlin was there and he heard you say that," hollared back Feuer, a note of childishness in his voice. It later became evident that Goodman hadn't really said that after all, but had said instead that "administrators corral you as if you were cattle," which means something a lot different and is a hell of a lot closer to the truth.

The first question during the question-and-answer period came from a student who listed three past administration atrocities (the Union arrests, the Schiff case, and the ATL firings) and asked Feuer if he didn't think this could be called "exploitation." Feuer first dodged the question with reason, perhaps, by saying that he wasn't familiar with the facts in those cases. He was then forced to state that if all the facts listed were true, "I would agree with you." In reference to the ATL firings, he said, "I would like to know what they were fired for." "So would we!" yelled the audience, almost in unison.

The next question was for Goodman. What did he mean by exploitation? "Thank you," said Goodman. "That was planted." He explained that it meant exactly what it sounded like. Except for dishwashers and hospital orderlies, the working class in this country is not exploited, according to the surplus value theory; students however, are. "Their time of life is being used for . . . other people's goals . . . Eight years are taken away and used for other people's economic purposes." Students, he said, are trained for the existing economy and plugged into it without a chance to complain. Logical as hell.

The rest of the questions merely involved regurgitations of things the

two men had already made amply clear. The one exception came from Andy Mollison who--despite his castigation by THE PAPER--emerged as the hero of the evening. I dropped out of school because of what you wrote, Mr. Goodman, said Andy. I became an activist in the South and at Delano, and I suggest that both of you gentlemen have missed one point. Our movement is neither irrational nor will it have to wait twenty years. We are accomplishing things now, and we will continue to do so, said Andy, and sat down to thunderous and sustained applause, not the least of which came from yours truly, who later approached



Andy and attempted (unsuccessfully, I think) to express my appreciation. I don't remember what the gentlemen's answers were, but I don't really think it matters.

The next night Goodman gave his "professions" speech. I didn't take notes then either, but the point of it was really very simple in itself, as were all the things Goodman tried to get across to his various audiences: The professions are all stale and quite useless to society and to American students because, with few exceptions, American professionals do not act like professionals--that is, like men who are truly dedicated to what they are doing. Doctors should be dedicated to medicine, he said, and astronomers to the stars. Real professionals defend their professions with actions as well as words. For example, who would know more about television than the English faculty at Harvard? Why don't they demand that television be made more meaningful and threaten to go on strike if nothing is done? This is their duty as professionals, he said. There was more, but I don't want to go into it now. I really want to start talking about what the title of this article says--that Paul Goodman is a beautiful man and that very few people understand what he's talking about. I'm not completely sure how to do this; let me first offer a bunch of Goodman quotations from the question-and-answer session following his speech Wednesday:

On his position with regard to student activists: "They neither pay any attention to me, nor should they. They're not living in my dream world."

Anarchism: "Human behavior has the most grace, force, and discrimination when it is intrinsically motivated." The more restrictions, "the less grace, force, and discrimination."

Self-interest and activism: "The only way to overcome self-interest is to realize that the self is THAT . . . When the environment seems to offer no openings which seem (worthwhile) . . . then the student activists become turned inward on their own guts."

Education and a livable life: "Try to conceive of a world that is worth living. . . Go into a class and insist that the teacher teach you that" which you need to know to live in that world. The teacher will love you. "Your fellow students will say, 'Is that necessary for the final exam?'"

Intellectual conflict: "I think conflict is terrific." (Question: How do you provide for it in a professional society?) "You hardly need to pro-

vide for conflict in a living society... I much prefer the conflict that is for real rather than the harmony which is just an image."

And so on and so on. At one point in my notes I wrote that Goodman was saying incredibly simple things and people were asking his advice on how to change the world. Change yourself, he said. How do we change the world? they asked. Be yourself, he said. How do we change the world? they asked. Live the way you think is best, he said. How do we . . .

It got even worse when he came to visit THE PAPER office after his speech. Everything got out of hand immediately, before he even got there, when about a million people discovered he was coming and were racing around trying to get rides. Thank God most of them didn't make it, but the situation was still next to intolerable. From my copious notes:

Forty people sitting in a rough circle on our living room floor. Jane Munn remarked that it looked like somebody was about to be tacked up on a cross. Goodman walked in. Somebody ripped the tone arm off the Simon and Garfunkel record that was playing on our ever-present stereo set. Goodman stood leaning against the wall in the living room entrance, surrounded by people who looked at him tentatively. I wanted to say something that would galvanize all the zombies into action, but--deciding that it was my job to write history and not to make it--I, too, remained a zombie and continued taking notes:

A mad scene, really. I mean, everybody sits around here every night, anyway, and goofs off, but it's usually aimless--real, human, you know. But tonight everybody has an aim of some sort. Now if I could only figure out what it was. Or what they were. A few of the people are strangers to the house, but most are familiar; it's just that they're all here at the same time, and nobody's playing guitars or listening to records or tripping or sleeping or writing or making collages or talking about THE PAPER. They're all just sitting here. I wonder if Goodman expected anything else?

In the kitchen, now, I suddenly feel like an idiot, standing here taking notes. I turn around to face the dining room and find Goodman backing toward me, propelled by the press of human bodies. Now I'm trapped here by Goodman who is in turn trapped by everybody else. He turns and sees me, and I decide to show him the basement where we keep the mimeograph machine and the back issue stacks. He races for the stairs, and we go down. Dangling conversation for three minutes. He



escapes up the stairs after mumbling something about how hard it is to put out a newspaper every week. I am being sardonically solicitous.

He races back up the stairs and disappears through the crowded dining room again. A sudden outpouring of sympathy from all angles. "The poor man; everybody's chasing him around." And, "Why doesn't somebody introduce him and let him answer questions?" The crowd has swelled to--God, I don't know--a hundred, I guess. Everybody continues

continued on page 11

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Struggle In the South

By PAT SUMI

Grenada--The Second Time

Among people far removed from the Deep South by history, geography, and culture, the belief exists that the pattern of racial organization and civil rights movements in the South is one of recurring violent crises finally resolving with truth and justice triumphant. But this is a picture communicated by mass media, the only link most of us have with what happens in the South. News media, however, go where the action is, and once the action and violence fade, the newsmen fade with it. The civil rights movement in the South, as I observed it, is characterized not only by recurring violent confrontations, but by patience, perseverance, and the endurance of incredible tensions hardly understood unless experienced.

Grenada, for most people, ceased to exist between the mid-August violence and the post-Labor Day beatings of schoolchildren. The violence faded, and after the courts enjoined local law enforcement officers to provide police protection for demonstrators, the feeling came that justice was done, another Southern town had acceded to the inevitable progress of civil rights. This is the idea most Northerners have about what happens not only in Grenada but elsewhere in the South. But I saw something much different. Between these two periods of violence, I went back to Grenada, Mississippi with Albert Turner, Alabama Field Secretary for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and Hayden Duggan, a white civil rights worker. There, we confronted a situation seldom discussed in mass media.

Even during the drive to Grenada from Selma, Alabama, I learned a lesson in simple civil rights survival. On one of the many lonely two-lane highways which criss-cross the South, Mr. Turner drove his small car taking care to stay below the 60 mph speed limit to avoid giving Alabama and Mississippi highway patrolmen any excuse to harass us. We were a conspicuously integrated car with a Negro man driving, a "white" woman (me) in the front seat, and a white man (Hayden) in back--a situation Mr. Turner half-jokingly described as "producing maximum tension and antagonism."

Somewhere over the Mississippi state border, an older woman driving a Falcon pick-up with two young girls beside her in the cab pulled alongside us to pass. She drove alongside for a moment frowning at us. Mr. Turner stopped talking and stared directly ahead with both hands firmly on the wheel. Suddenly, the woman shot ahead and pulled over in front of us missing our bumper by inches. As she sped down the road, the two girls looked back at us to see if anything had happened. Out of reflex reaction, I had braced for an impact, but Mr. Turner, without flinching, continued to drive on.

When the tension eased, he grinned at me and said, "You know, what I should have done was swerve to the left and sent her spinning off the road. But," he chuckled, "we're non-violent, so we don't do stuff like that." Survival however, might have meant using that technique if actual contact between the cars had been forced. Since then, I have heard from many

veteran civil rights workers stories of 100-mph chases down narrow highways with only a civil rights worker's driving skill keeping him alive.

Survival for people in the movement depends on many things, not just driving skill. We drove through the small, nondescript town of Philadelphia, Mississippi, where Goodman Schwerner, and Chaney had died because they had violated a small rule of thumb for integrated cars--never stop at a small white-owned gas station. If it's necessary to stop, keep an eye on all those working inside and outside the station to make sure no phone calls go out. Otherwise, as apparently happened to those three, a quick call to police officials and the Ku Klux Klan (often one and the same thing) might mean death. We talked about those three and about the fourth occupant of their car who escaped death because he had left them at the gas station to get rain-

them. Occasionally, the racism in the South victimizes one of its own. The Southern white man who told the FBI where the three bodies were buried still cannot go home because not even the federal government could guarantee his safety if he did.

But the savage, day-to-day struggle for survival is not the only thing most news media do not communicate. As we drove through town after town, Mr. Turner analyzed their situation for us. It became painfully clear that civil rights "progress" in the South is mainly a Northern illusion. For every town exhibiting even nominal "progress" in any field--education, economics, or even voter registration--there seem to be three more towns either completely untouched or where no real progress had been made. Mr. Turner rated Philadelphia and Grenada as two such "sick" towns. In Grenada, things stood at a stalemate. Voter registration was

sounds of Negro joviality and gossip--it was not a hospital for the wounded. As I stood outside the cafe, a growing group of Negro children gathered at a safe distance around me to inspect the oriental phenomenon which had just appear in their midst (most Southerners greeted me as the first oriental they had ever seen). Hayden emerged from the cafe with a bottle of orange soda pop which I began sharing with the children in the shade of a nearby tree. I was amazed that a bottle of soda could be passed among thirty people without the level of liquid dropping appreciably. Each child barely wet his lips before solicitously passing the bottle to his younger brother or a friend. That single bottle of soda made the rounds three times while the children discussed what game would be suitable for such an interesting looking guest.

By the time Mr. Turner emerged from the cafe, an animated game of tic tac toe was in progress in the dust-dry dirt of the sidewalk. From the cafe, we went to two Negro churches for a series of meetings. A discussion of the latest developments revealed that temporarily, white tactics had changed from the overt violence of before. Instead, harassment centered on arrests and detentions in the county jail. Staff members were hauled away for several days at a time for charges ranging from "almost stepping on a white lady's foot," to "singing religious songs (during a demonstration) in a residential neighborhood." Needless to say, the psychological tension of staying in a hostile white jail often approached the unbearable for many staff members.

After meetings in the Bellevue Church, we stepped out into the fading sunshine to witness one of the most bizarre incidents of harassment even Mr. Turner, a veteran of years of civil rights battles, had ever seen. Just as we stepped outside, Grenada County Sheriff Suggs Ingram and three deputies pulled up in an unmarked patrol car. Sheriff Ingram, usually drunk anyway, had the reputation of being one of the slowest-witted lawmen in recent history. To the best of my memory, this is the exchange which followed.

"Ah want that car," the Sheriff drawled unsteadily pointing at a staff member's '63 Oldsmobile.

"What you want if for?" apprehensively asked a staff member.

"Uhhh...., whistled at a white woman," stuttered the Sheriff. A deputy in the back seat urgently nudged his shoulder and stage-whispered, "No, no, no."

"Uhhh....," corrected the Sheriff, "honked his horn at a white woman."

We barely concealed chuckles. "You mean you're gonna arrest the car?"

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coats. When he returned, they had already disappeared.

As we drove over the Pearl River Bridge and on into town, we talked about the "other" bodies dragged out of the river when the mammoth search for Goodwin, Schwerner, and Chaney was on.

A lawyer in Selma later told me that eleven "other" bodies had been discovered--all victims of lynching, some terribly mutilated. But they were hardly mentioned in news media. We wondered if there would have been any publicity at all if only Chaney, a Mississippi Negro, had disappeared alone. For the fact of the matter is that thousands of Negroes have mysteriously disappeared in the past several decades unmourned and undignified by public concern, mostly because the public never hears about

still a trickle and demonstrations were well into their fourth month with no sign of cooperation from local officials.

That hot, dusty afternoon as we stopped in front of the Chat 'n Chew Cafe, I immediately noticed that there were no signs of the battlefield I had walked through two and a half weeks earlier. The cafe rang to the

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Miles Interviews Paul McC

Miles: Are there any particular influences on your music?

Paul: There's been millions. We started off being influenced by Carl Perkins and Chuck Berry, and Bo Diddley and people, but after a bit we got a bit bored with 12 bars all the time so we tried to get into something else. When came Dylan. The Who and the Beach Boys I suppose were all trying to do vaguely the same kind of thing. We are all trying to make it into something we know it is, but not many people know it is yet. Most people still think its all just pop, its a bit below every other kind of music, which of course it isn't. You see, by saying those influences, they're just the obvious musical people we pinched things off, but apart from them anyway, you might as well say Hughie Greene was a big influence on me, because he was you know. You know what I mean? Everybody is, they all are.

Miles: There are quite a lot of classical influences in your music. Particularly on things like "Eleanor Rigby", the handling of the strings there . . .

Paul: I know that's a joke. I really don't like that kind of classical music. I can't stand it. Its influenced me . . . that's what I mean about Hughie Greene. Its all things like that that I just don't like but I see how I can use them. Eleanor Rigby, if it had been about anything else I think it would have been a real mess, having the violins like that on there, having it arranged in that sort of way. But it fitted, it was just lucky that

nothing we are trying to do. There is no plan to it. It isn't confined within music or within anything, it can't be, nothing can be.

Miles: With the demolition of idols, do you find you are able to get a lot more from them, because once you make someone a star, then whatever they are trying to say to the public automatically gets distorted. Paul: Well that's true, but it's nice to have a star. A lot of people like it and I think I do. It's always exciting when someone plays me a great record. It's great to have some incentive, to be able to think "Oh great, so and so's doing something great there, Stockhausen's on to something, be nice to do something like that." So when you lose them as idols it wrecks the incentive a little bit. Because you're looking at them so objectively, you know just what they are doing. And you just see their scene and its better in a way when you don't see their scene. Think of us as idols, and how many groups must have started up because of it. And how much musical thought must have got going because of it.

Miles: Is this why you go back to people like Jarry sometimes, because he is dead, and you can't possibly meet him and find that he's just an unpleasant little Frenchman?

Paul: Yes, there is that. This is the thing I've noticed about everything I seem to be doing. I'd prefer it if there was such a thing as magic, if magic things hap-

its all trying to create magic, its all trying to make things happen so that you don't know why they've happened. I'd like a lot more things to happen like they did when you were kids, when you didn't know how the conjuror did it, and were happy to just sit there and say "Well its magic." I use "magic" instead of "spiritual" because spiritual sounds as if it fits into too many of the other categories. If something unbelievable happened to most people at the moment they'd explain it by taking a little cross-filing out of their brain and saying "Well of course that doesn't happen you know, there aren't ghosts. And they just explain it with a great, realistic 20th Century explanation for ghosts. Which is that there aren't ghosts. Which is no fucking explanation at all "That couldn't have been a magic vision that just happened then, I must have been a bit drunk, I must have just been high then." I don't believe that it ends with our Western logical thought, it can't do, because that's so messed up anyway, most of it, that you have got to allow for the possibility of there being a lot, lot more than we know about. To bang one note on the piano, instead of trying to put millions of notes into it, and just to take the one note of the piano and listen to it, shows you what there is in one note. There's so much going on in one note, but you never listen to it! So many harmonics buzzing around, that if that's all happening in one note and if in one frame of a picture all that's happening . . . the thing is, it could take a bit of looking into.

'Having reached the end of space, you look across the wall and



there's more space'

Paul

Miles

it fitted. I think I like that kind of sound of things but I haven't got an LP like that, that I like. I've got LP's like that but I never put them on. I think we are being influenced at the moment by what we know we could do, because there is no one at the moment like Elvis was in the beginning. There's no great big idols now. That's the main pity about making it in anything, you look at things so objectively. You look at idols objectively and they are no longer idols, you just see them for what they are, and this is sometimes a great thing. But you lose that sort of fan thing, you lose the bit about being influenced, so that's why I think we are getting influenced now by ourselves, more and more. I think for instance the Beach Boys are getting influenced by themselves.

Miles: Is what you are trying to do confined just to music or is it extended to a general attitude?

Paul: No, it isn't. There is no end in view, there is

pened. So that magic happened in music. It used to happen a lot more in music for me until I started looking at it objectively after having written a bit. Then, what is still magic for other people, for me, its a bit. "Well OK, I see why he's done that, and how he's done that and I'll learn from it," but I tend to just take it in and file it instead of being knocked out by it, unless it is something very special.

Miles: Does this apply to other art forms as well?

Paul: Yes, this is what I was trying to think of. With any kind of thing, my aim seems to be to distort it, distort it from what we know it as, even with music and visual things and to change it from what it is to see what it could be. To see the potential in it all. To take a note and wreck it and see in that note what else there is in it, that a simple act like distorting it has caused. To take a film and to superimpose on top of it so you can't quite tell what it is any more,

Ghosts

Miles: In the last few thousand years only the materialistic side of man has developed and built up. Paul: The drag about this is that everybody has realised there aren't such things as ghosts, there isn't such a thing as God, and there is no such thing as a soul, and when you die you die. Which is great, its fine, its a brave thought really. The only trouble is, that you don't have the bit that you did when you were a kid of innocently accepting things. For instance, if a film comes on that's superimposed and doesn't seem to mean anything, immediately its weird or its strange or its a bit funny, to most people, and they tend to laugh at it. The immediate reaction would be a laugh. And that's wrong. That's the first mistake, and that's the big mistake that everyone makes, to immediately discount anything that they don't understand, they're not sure of, and to say, "well of course, we'll never know about that." There's all these fantastic theories people put forward about . . . "It doesn't matter anyway," and it does, it does matter, in fact that matters more than anything . . . that side of it. We've been in the lucky position of having our childhood ambitions fulfilled. We've got all the big house and big car and everything. So then, you stand on the plank, having reached the end of space, and you look across the wall and there's more space. And that's it. You get your car and house and your fame and your world-wide ego - satisfaction, then you just look over the wall and there's a complete different scene there, that it really is and which is really the scene. And looking back, obviously you can still see everybody in the world trying to do what you've just done and that is what they believe life's about. And they're right, because that is what's life about for them. But I could tell a few people who are further down on the rung, trying to do exactly what I've just done, "that's completely the wrong way to do it, because you're not taking into account this scene on the other side of the wall. This is the bit you've also got to take into account. And then that bit will be easier, it'll all be easier then."

Miles: It's hard to take into account though, because to gain material things there is a well established method, but how do you investigate the other scene?

Paul: Well, did I tell you that George Martin was talking to us in the recording studio and he came down and he said: "Somebody wants to see you, somebody wants to talk to you," and we said: "Who is it then?" and he said: "Oh its some crank talking about peace." . . . and he was right, it was a crank talking about peace, because when you talk about peace, you are a crank, you're pigeon-holed, you've associated yourself with Vietnam and sitting down in Trafalgar Square and everybody thinks they know what you are then, because they've seen these people in Trafalgar Square. And if you were to burn yourself they'd know why you'd burned yourself so it wouldn't matter.

The thing that's grown up out of this materialist scene that everyone's got into, is that for everything to exist on a material level you've got to be able to

Cartney

"Everything I say will come out just a little bit different, I don't mean on the transcript, but as it leaves my mind and comes through my mouth, it gets a little bit messed up just around the mouth, where the words start . . . doing it."



discount any things that happen which don't fit in with it. And they're all very neatly disposed of these days. Its great, its really very neat, I mean the way for instance IT would just be immediately labelled as "just one of those papers, that's all." And Pot is just that, Pot is "just drugs" and LSD is "just drugs" and every form of drugs is "just the pit of iniquity, the black pit, that terrible decadent disgusting people always fall into." There is no thought on anyone's part why anyone takes drugs. But there's thought on their part why they take drink, they are quite willing to think about why they take drink, why they need a drink. Though they're not maybe willing to admit that they take a drink to get drunk. Most people think, "Oh no, no, no, I don't drink to get drunk! No, No, No, I take a drink occasionally. I do take a drink at parties, but I must say I don't drink to get drunk." There's something dirty about drinking to get drunk, but if you do happen to get a bit drunk, it's all right. But nobody will ever admit that they're all standing there pissed because they wanted to get pissed which is the truth of it, it must be the truth. Otherwise they would stick to orangeade.

Miles: If you are able to see everything in its own terms, do you find that this has eliminated the western concept of finding some things beautiful and others repulsive?

Paul: No, you see the pity about operating like this is that my act is not adapted to it. All that I have learned and the way I talk and the way I act, doesn't really fit in . . . There is still a lot of me which has learned a lot of wrong things, that has based a lot of things on fallacies. I can't just accept everything, I can't just suddenly say, "Right, everything is as I know it is, and I know I ought to accept it all." Its difficult when you've learned for 22 years of your life that it isn't like that at all and that everything is just the act and everything is beautiful or ugly, or you like it or you don't, things are backward or they're forward. And dogs are less intelligent than humans and suddenly you realise that whilst all of that is right, its all wrong as well. Dogs aren't less intelligent . . . to dogs, and and the ashtray's happy to be an ashtray. But of course we think its just an ashtray and that kind of hang-up still occurs. I still keep thinking of people just like that as well. Its pretty difficult for me to accept someone who's lousy, I still impose the old rule of do I like them or don't I like them and if I don't like them then I can't see anything in them. Its still difficult to see anything in them. Its still difficult to see the good in bad because I've been trained that bad is bad . . . there's no good in bad, and I know I'm wrong. And all this on a wider level.



Rebirth

Miles: How does this approach effect your dealings with people. I mean its a very isolated position, very objective, existentialist. Does it make contact easier or . . . ?

Paul: It can do. The trouble is at the moment that I haven't got it going yet. Its really a question now of seeing more of what its about. Its a question of trying to put those things into practice because when I think something which says the kind of thing that I've learned in days gone by, it tends to still stick, obviously just because of sheer weight, 22 years as opposed to two, trying to learn it like this. I'm really at the beginning of this stage. So when people say: "I see all your ambitions as Beatles have been fulfilled, you've done just about everything, you've played in every country in the world, what does it feel like?" it feels exactly the same as it did when I was trying to get five quid for a guitar. Its a beginning again, there's no end. I know I'm going to need a new set of rules and the new set of rules have got to include the rule that there aren't any rules. So I mean . . . they're pretty difficult.

It can make it difficult because if you say a thing according to the new book of the prophet, they say things in reply according to the old testament, and you find yourself saying "Well, yes, but I don't quite mean that. I know it sounds like that but is not. What I mean is, working on a new assumption of everything being fluid," you find yourself getting into cock-ups with words. Its a big battle at the moment. Trying not to say too many words and if there's a pregnant pause in the conversation, not feeling that I've got to fill it. But let someone else, who fears the silence, fill it. I don't fear it anymore. Of course it will need a bit of training. But the good thing about it is that if you are prepared to accept that things aren't just broad and wide, they're infinitely broad and wide,

then there's a great amount to be learned. And the change over . . . it can be done. It just takes a bit of time, but it will be done, I think.

Miles: Are you trying to take anyone with you on it?
Paul: Yes I'd like to. I'm trying to take people with me of course, I don't want to be shouting to people "Listen Listen I've found it! Listen, this is where its at!" and everyone going "Oh, fuck-off, you fucking crank," because, I see the potentiality in them as well, not just in myself. I'm not just the great wizard who's going to sort it all out, I'm just one of them. And if I can see how I ought to have compassion then it would be nice if they were going to see that too. Rather than me just standing there getting slapped on the other cheek all the time. This is the gap in electronics. There are quite a few people that are prepared for the next sound, they are ready to be led to the next move. The next move seems to be things like electronics because its a complete new field and there's a lot of good new sounds to be listened to in it. But if the music itself is just going to jump about five miles ahead, then everyone's going to be left standing with this gap of five miles that they've got to all cross before they can even see what scene these people are on . . . I can see that it is in a way a progression to accept random things as being planned. Random is planned, as well, but most people won't accept that and they'd need a lead into it. You can't just say to somebody, "That machine plays random notes, but its planned and I can control the amount of random in it." They'll say "What for? Why don't you write a nice tune, or why don't you just write some interesting sounds?" That's what I'd like to do, I'd like to look into that gap a bit.

Neopallium

Miles: Do people like Cage help you, just by their existence? Because they have done so much work with random sound, it enables you to be a bit more free without worrying too much about it.

Paul: Yes right, Right. But those people always help. These become the new idols. Like then it wasn't a question of listening to Elvis for him to become your idol, he was your idol. Elvis was the idol, there wasn't any question of ever having to seek him out. But the idols now, the people that I can appreciate now are all much more hidden away in little back corners, through performing for themselves. They seem to be but they're probably not, they've been pigeon-holed into that because they're cranks talking about peace. But you've got to sort out these people, you've got to look much more, because Stockhausen isn't played on Radio London every day, so there's not much of a chance of him becoming an idol over night.

Miles: Do you think that someone like Albert Ayler can help? His music reaches quite a lot of people.

Paul: Yes, if you're talking about the communication thing, of helping in that kind of way, then its all helping, but only in a small way at the moment, that's the trouble. I don't think it would be very easy to say to people. "Don't you think its possible that the scene that someone like Albert Ayler or Stockhausen is getting into isn't necessarily a bad scene. Its not necessarily what you think it is, isn't necessarily weird. Why is it weird? Its weird because you don't know about it, because its a bit strange to you. Its new. And gravity was very weird, gravity was very strange when he talked about it and microscopes, they're all strange until you know about them." The most important thing to say to people is, "it isn't necessarily so, what you believe. You must see that what ever you believe in isn't necessarily the truth. No matter how truthful it gets, its not necessarily ever the truth because the fact that it could be right or wrong is also infinite, that's the point of it. The whole being fluid and changing all the time and evolving. For it to be as cut- and- dried as we've got it now its got to be cut-and-dried in an unreal way. Its a fantastically abstract way of living that people have got into without realising it. None of it's real.

I was trying to think of the people that I meet in a day that aren't acting in some way. And of course I'm acting, all the time. But at least I'm making a serious effort not to act, now, realising that most of my acting is to no avail anyway. There's no point in anyone doing a Hollywood grin because everyone knows its a Hollywood grin. But everyone goes on in this fantastic

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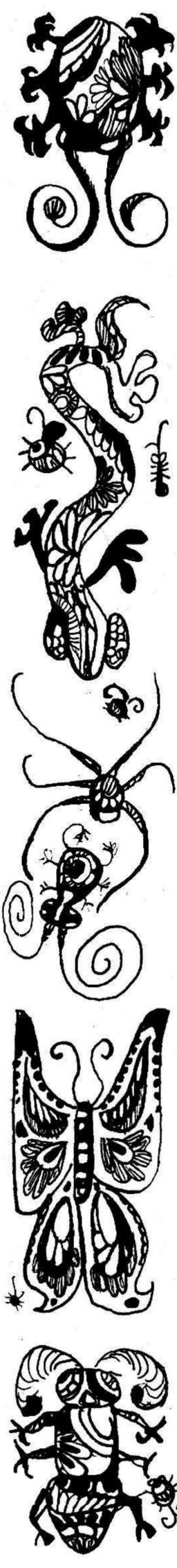
McCartney

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surreal way, of accepting it as a genuine grin but knowing secretly that it isn't really. They take it and they do another grin back and they get on famously. They really get on well with each other doing these grins, and then one of them breaks a leg and the other one walks away and it falls apart a bit, and something happens, and the one who's broken a leg wonders why the grin didn't work when he had a broken leg. And it all gets very strange and very very far out. But everyone thinks that's the normal thing, that that's life. Everyone's got these great surrealist expressions . . . "Oh well that's life," and "You can't have your cake and eat it," . . . "you can't burn your candle at both ends you know." These great, very scientific truths like "you can't burn your candle at both ends," and who the fuck said that (Laughter.) All the time they're working . . . I say they, but I'm in with them, I too am working on false assumptions . . .

Miles: It stems from people being afraid of each other . . . afraid to just open up the armour a little bit.
 Paul: I really wish that I could. At the back of my brain somewhere, there is something telling me now that . . . It tells me in a cliché too, it tells me that everything is beautiful. Which immediately comes out as phoney as "Ban the Bomb." It tells me that everything is beautiful and everything is great and fine and that instead of imposing things like, "Oh I don't like that television show" or "No I don't like the theatre," "No no, I don't like so and so" that I know really that it's all great, and that everything's great and that there's no had ever, if I can think of it all as great. But this gets back to the other 22 years of me, its only ever been in the last two years at the most, that I've ever tried to think of anything as being beautiful, having realised that I could think of everything as being incredible, with a bit of effort, or my mind's part, on my part. So I'm only just starting to try and think of things like that, so it still is difficult, and it still is difficult to communicate with people. But the aim is to be able to, one day, sit there and not feel any of the hang-ups that people feel towards each other, not feel any of the hang-ups of say, food not being up to standard or anything. It would be too much of a hang-up to . . . fight this other twenty-two years and really try and kill it off in a year. To really try and sort it out in a year is too big a project. So at the moment I'm just trying to operate within the new frame of reference but not pushing it. Because to push it really would be to alienate myself completely from everything. It really would make me into a very sort of strange being, as far as other people were concerned.

Miles: You have a more difficult situation anyway being a Beatle, because people's responses to you are always conditioned quite a lot by this.
 Paul: Yes sure, that's very difficult, but there is also the added advantage, of people being conditioned to listen to me in one kind of way. When you're listening to someone who's famous, you're prepared to listen. You're not going to shout them down quite as much. If I knew how to say this all in three words to get it over to everyone, I would be in a great position. At the moment it's not so good, because anyone I do talk to, talks to me in their conditioned way, and I can break that down. That's not too hard to break down because it's pretty obvious anyway that it doesn't exist within me, it only exists for them. Having broken down that, it sometimes is easier to get through to people because they've got a vague respect for you, for what you've done in the one field. For instance in the money field, that happens to impress a lot of people you know. Which is in fact the least impressive bit of it, but that's the bit that impresses most people and so you find that a lot of forty year old men who would have never listened to anything I had to say are now a bit more willing because they're trying to make the money like I've made it. So they think, "Well Christ he must have something to have made that."



Grenada.

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"Uh huh."
 "Well, why don't you arrest the driver for honking the horn?"
 "Uhhh...., naw. Horn's in the car, Gotta arrest the car."
 "You got a warrant, Sheriff?"
 "Uhhh..." Whereupon the Sheriff radioed in for a warrant to arrest the car which was duly towed away to the county garage. Actually, as we speculated later, this would have been a shrewd move if they had taken the opportunity to do permanent damage to the car so it could no longer be used for civil rights work. But to the best of my knowledge, the car was returned the next day untouched. (If the story seems incredible, I should comment that at least half the people to whom I've told this story still refuse to believe it).

Still chuckling over the arrest of the car, we went to another church for a crucial meeting to discuss the construction of a Negro-owned grocery store. Since the beginning of civil rights organization in Grenada, the Negro community had been boycotting white-owned stores and buying food outside the county. Now, the idea was to build a small store with a War on Poverty small business loan so Negro money could remain in the Negro community and create a few more jobs. Such a store had already proven successful in Selma, Alabama, where it was called the "B & P" (as opposed to the white-owned and operated "A&P").

Such efforts are a gratifying additional dimension to the short-term goals of educational integration and voter registration. After all, the vote is a powerful weapon only during elections, and the possession of the vote will not feed a sharecropper's family if they are thrown off their land. But at a Negro-owned grocery store, credit will not be cut off simply because a voter registration drive begins in a town, and a disowned sharecropper can continue to feed his family.

Mr. Turner presided over discussions of costs and materials, then went with a group of local residents to survey the proposed site. In the meantime, Hayden and I went across the street to the parsonage and sat on the front porch discussing the civil rights movement with neighborhood people. Cars passed us on the road, and we were treated to another kind of harassment reserved for integrated groups. If there were two or more white occupants in passing cars, even the women would shout obscenities and threaten us with violent retaliation. One shiny new sedan drove past three times with its three white occupants showering us with obscenities and lewd gestures.

When Mr. Turner returned, we breathed a sigh of relief and began preparations for the evening's demonstrations. A quick piece of watermelon served as supper, and we again faced the town where my initiation into civil rights had been so violent and brutal. But this time, there was no tear gas, no TV lights, no bricks, and no lines of blue-helmeted patrolmen. Instead, we were accompanied

only by two FBI agents who were there as "observers" and two sheriff squad cars leading us. The FBI men had absolutely no power. No federal laws protect civil rights demonstrators, and their presence brought home even harder the impotence of the federal government to protect some of its own citizens.

The cry of "federal interference" and "creeping socialism" has been extremely successful effectively masking continued deliberate racial antagonism. The truth shows that little federal power has been exercised in the South, but white backlash elsewhere in the country has eagerly fed on the supposedly anguished cries of Southern victims of federal power.

That evening, we marched down the same highway and through the same neighborhood as before. But when we reached the town square, we did not stop. A new city ordinance prevented us from stopping there, so we walked around the square singing "We Shall Overcome" and "I Love Everybody." I was amused to see grizzled highway patrolmen studiously studying their boot tops as we sang at the top of our lungs, "I love that policeman..." Such moments of triumph were so few, we savored them carefully. Around the square we walked observed only by a few groups of sullen whites standing by their cars or on street corners.

We walked back to the church feeling a little unhappy. We hadn't gained much that evening. We hadn't gained much after a summer's worth of demonstrations, jailings, beating, and the like. In less than a week, the beating of schoolchildren would show that even minimal protection by police officials was still lacking. Perhaps we did demonstrate a determination to continue, but the question remained in our minds, "Continue toward what?"

That night, without TV lights and bloody news photos, most Americans knew absolutely nothing about what we had tried to do. For most of us, Grenada had not taken the first steps toward racial equality, but for most other people, the knowledge that Congress had passed a Voting Rights Act assured them that civil rights progress was secured. No, the Voting Act remains in Washington, A truer picture of civil rights in the South comes from knowing the daily struggle for survival, the daily frustrations knowing that no one, perhaps not even parents, really cares about what is really happening in the South. Voter registration drives are not conducted in Washington but in small Southern towns like Grenada where each day's work is a conscious risking of life and limb, especially for the Negro people who live in those towns and face the loss of jobs and even life as those "other" bodies in the Pearl River demonstrate. This is a picture few people outside the South know, and anyone who thinks the great goal of civil rights have been achieved is depressingly misled.

Next week: Selma, Alabama - after a year and a half of "progress."

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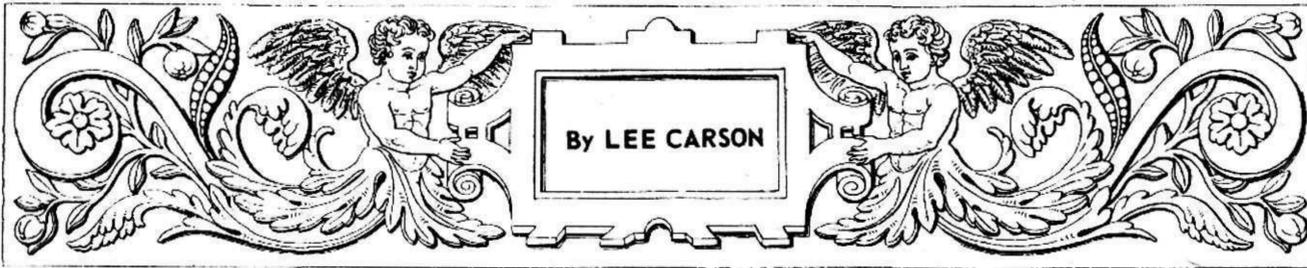
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951 Plum

Brave New Palindromes Revisited

or, On the Inverse Redundancy of Palindromes



Palindromes, of their very nature, break in half. Assuming a Certain Order to the Cosmos, we may analyze a given palindrome by the tension of the parts against each other, and against the original whole. Obviously, palindromes of odd numbers of letters will rotate about a whole letter, rather than breaking neatly; perfect ones, therefore, should have symmetrical key letters. A word such as "eke" would be imperfect; "tot," on the other hand, would be perfect. There is a school of rigorists that holds the view that all the letters must be symmetrical for perfection--"ToT" would be more acceptable to them--but it isn't Michigan State.

Let us begin by considering the simplest one-letter ones. The most obvious and striking example is "l." As one may readily see, it reads

the same backward or forward, and with such a tremendous redundancy that people have been known to be enmeshed in it for years at a time. "O" of course has always been a big hangup in one way or another. "A" hasn't been doing much since the days of Hester Prynne and Perky Pat. Similarly (though less fortunately) "U" has been sadly neglected, possibly as a result of the ignorance of the importance of proximity in horse-shoes. Its use is largely ironic.

Probably the only significant two-letter palindrome is "BB"--significant in educational importance; redundant in quantities sold. A case might be made for "AA," but it seems to me that the major problem is lack of both significance and redundancy. (Have at thee, Maiden-form!)

As we proceed to the three-letter

level and above, the implications become more complex. For instance, "mom" may be broken down into an elision of "moo" and "oom," with the axis understandably upon the "o." Refer to the "Story of O," consider the ramifications of division by zero, and watch your mother more closely next time you're home. "WoW," conversely, may be treated as an inversion of the "mom" values, as well as an elision of "woo" and "ow." "Dad" works out to be "Da" (What The Thunder Said) and "Ad" (L., to or toward). "pap," an imperfect inversion, would seem to imply that your Father doesn't feed you any of the same, a probably imperfect implication. "pop" could be "poor" and "op" in conjunction (more subtly than "poop"). The perfect inversion is "dod," which (if we read in the honorable Senator) seems valid--soda

is sweet and enjoyed by children; the Father image is equally opposite. "bob" cannot be handled (for personal reasons), but I am advised to dissociate it from "boob." "Kook" I like to interpret as "KO" (knockout or the go ambiguity) plus "ok." It reassures.

Longer palindromes tend to be more enigmatic. "HannaH" seems to divide into "Han" and Nah." "Han," in that crazy Buck Rogers stuff, represented authority, with malignant undertones; "Nah" compresses into itself an entire attitude toward life. "level" is perhaps a curious juxtaposition of



"leviticus" and a certain brand of detergent soap.

The mass of men lead lives of quiet palindromes. Our days are given a demarcation at noon; for me, mornings are usually rather "no," and the later times afford an opportunity to turn "on." But there is no escape. You can't even send out an sos. Don't let them get you down, though; anything but a pedantic approach is unnecessary.

"Palindromes," mocks my roommate. Ahahahahahahahahahahah!

Caught In the Candid Chimera

DAVE HEAL

or, watching watchbirds, East Lansing style

Funny thing about supervised housing. Sometimes it's a good deal more supervised than even maximum security university dormitories. I discovered the other day that privacy is as much a fantasy in some off-campus housing as it is on campus.

I have never been known to spend much time in my room, in the dorm or not. People have often kidded about my extended absences from my quarters (or eighths) or have minded their own business (if they noticed at all).

All of a sudden, things have changed. The manager of my supervised house recently came to me and told me that he was about to report me to the university for not spending enough time in my room.

Evidently, when one signs a contract to manage supervised housing, he also agrees to report those who, in his opinion, do not spend enough time in their rooms. Obviously, this entails some observation of one's tenants, but that doesn't matter, does it? Apparently, it's perfectly justifiable on the grounds that that's the way the university wants it and, besides, it's a cheap place for a young couple to live.

The question of my guilt in not spending enough time in my room is of little importance, except to Michigan State University. There is a more important question involved. Big Brother was watching me when I wasn't looking.

One of the reasons I moved off campus was to get increased privacy. I was kind of tired of having everyone who wanted to barge in on me at any time do so, and of having my RA use his key to enter my room any time it suited him. I regard as one of my basic rights my personal privacy. That right was disregarded on campus, so I got off. Now I find that I am being watched, even there. Also there is the fact that it seems to be a crime to do what I did only when you live off-campus. When I lived in a dormitory I spent about

as much time in my room as I do now and didn't have to answer to anyone for it.

The university could make a case for itself if there were some well-publicized rule explicitly stating some minimum amount of time that must be spent on the premises of the student's housing. There is no such rule, and it would be completely unjustifiable if there were. As things stand now, supervised housing exists as an area over which the university can control the rules that will be observed only on the actual premises covered by those rules. I cannot see that the university, or anyone else for that matter, has the right to regulate my movements to the extent that they have the power to confine me to one place for some minimum amount of time or discipline me if I am not in that place enough to suit them. As far as I am concerned, each student has the right to be where he wants to be and visit friends or take week-long hunting

trips, if they so desire. If the university is suspicious to the point of deciding that when I'm away I'm breaking rules, then they should be able to prove it without resorting to either snooping or inference.

I don't like the fact that managers are encouraged to snoop on student tenants. As tenants and as individuals students are as much entitled to a private life as anyone else. We pay for something to call ours and we're not getting it. I agreed to obey the rules that are in effect within the housing I live in and still do. However, since I am not expected to be confined to that housing except when I so confine myself, I consider it idiocy to be compelled to confine myself because of outside influence, when I live in the supposedly freer atmosphere of off-campus living.

Another funny thing about supervised housing (and university housing in general) is that Big Brother is watching you, too--all of you. Are you going to do anything about it? Are you sure?

Late Deadline

I woke up profound this morning,
Time and space are walls we build to scale,
The mind is the master of all it perceives.
Turn on tune in love your mother
Work is being how you want with things,
Art is wanting to be.
I worked up to find this morning,
Morning is continuing anew.
The Paper is the measure of all it receives,
Drop out means be saved from demands
That kill souls.

How will I wake up tomorrow?

MICHAEL KINDMAN



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PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS
Week of January 24-30

Happenings In Music

Preludes

By TERRY BLACKBURN

Daniel Stolper, oboist, accompanied by David Renner, pianist will begin the week's music activities with a recital on Tuesday, January 24, at 8:15 p.m. in the Music Auditorium.

Stolper, a member of the Michigan State music faculty is a graduate of the Eastman School of Music, where he has also taught. He has been principal oboist of the San Antonio Symphony and the New Orleans Philharmonic and is currently a member of the Lansing Symphony. Soloist in the U. S. premiere of Bobuslav Martinu's Oboe Concerto, Mr. Stolper has also taken part in the famed Marlboro Festival and will play with the Marlboro Orchestra in the coming season. He has chosen a program of contemporary music for his recital, which includes a Sonata for Oboe and Piano written in 1966 for Mr. Stolper by Paul Harder, a professor of theory and composition at Michigan State. Included in the program will be the Sonata for Oboe and Piano (1938) by Paul Hindemith and a Sonata of Henri Dutilleux. Joined by the Beaumont String Quartet, Mr. Stolper will perform the Quintet for Oboe and Strings, a 1928 composition of Arthur Bliss.

On Friday, January 27, also at 8:15 p.m. in the Music Auditorium,

Henry Ross, a student of Pierre Luboschutz, will play a graduate recital. Mr. Ross has chosen the Prelude and Fugue in C Minor, from the Well-Tempered Clavier Book 2, to open his program. The Sonata in F Major, Op. 10, No. 2 of Beethoven,



Two Preludes from Book 2 of Debussy and Three Preludes of Rachmaninoff will also be performed. Of interest also on this program is a Sonata by James Miblock, Chairman of the Music Department.

There will be a student recital in the Music Auditorium on Thursday, January 26, at 3 p.m.

TUESDAY, January 24
6:30 a.m.--"The Morning Show," 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. (Monday through Friday)
1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Street Scene."
5:00 p.m.--"News 60", a full hour report, prepared by the WKAR news staff.
8:30 p.m.--The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert, featuring guest conductor Seiji Ozawa, and pianist Byron Janis. The music includes Rachmaninoff's Piano Concertos, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.
11:00 p.m.--"Persephone" by Igor Stravinsky, a new recording, with Stravinsky conducting.

FRIDAY, January 27
1:00 p.m.--Musical, "The Most Happy Fella" (complete recording).
8:00 p.m.--Opera, Samuel Barber's "Vanessa" with Eleanor Steber and Nicolai Gedda. The Orchestra is conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

SATURDAY, January 28
11:45 a.m.--"Recent Acquisitions," a classical record review program with Gil Hansen and Ken Beachler.
2:00 p.m.--The Metropolitan Opera, live, from New York. This afternoon, Mozart's "Don Giovanni."
7:00 p.m.--"Listener's Choice," with Ken Beachler, til 1 a.m. If you have a classical music request, phone 355-6540 during the program.

WEDNESDAY, January 25
1:00 p.m.--Musical, Cole Porter's "Out of this World."
3:00 p.m.--The Bach Brandenburg Concertos, performances by the Berlin Philharmonic; a chamber ensemble led by Fritz Reiner; the Bath Festival Orchestra; the Boston Symphony; the Ars Rediviva of Prague; and the Marlboro Festival Orchestra.
8:00 p.m.--"FM Theater," a BBC production of "The Relapse," or "Virtue in Danger" by John Van Brugh; this play was first presented at Drury Lane in 1696.
11:00 p.m.--"New Jazz in Review," a program that features Bud Spangler and Ron English listening to, and talking about, new jazz record releases.

SUNDAY, January 29
2:00 p.m.--The Cleveland Orchestra in Concert, with Louis Lane conducting and flute soloist John Rautenberg. Program includes: the "Hungarian March" by Berlioz; Creston's "In-troit"; Mozart's Flute Concerto in G; and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4.
8:00 p.m.--"The Toscanini Era" with Gary Barton. Tonight, Toscanini conducts Mozart's Overture to "Don Giovanni"; Prokofiev's Classical Symphony; Schubert's Symphony No. 9; and Brahms' Piano Concerto No. 2.
11:00 p.m.--"Offbeat" with Steve Meuche. Tonight: "The Unashamed Accompanist."

1:00 p.m.--Musical, "No Strings."
7:00 p.m.--The Detroit Symphony Orchestra in Concert, conducted by Sixten Ehrling. Tonight's program features Rossini's Overture to "L'Italiani in Algeri"; Mozart's Symphony No. 39; Smetana's "The Moldau"; and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps."
9:00 p.m.--"Jazz Horizons," til midnight, with Bud Spangler.

MONDAY, January 30
1:00 p.m.--Musical, "The Pajama GAME."
#8:00 p.m.--The Grand Rapids Symphony Orchestra in Concert. The program includes BRAHMS' Concerto in a for Violin, Cello and Orchestra; and Brahms' Concerto No. 1 in d for Piano and Orchestra.
8:00 p.m.--"Opera from Radio Italiana", Rossini's "Otello."

NEO-CLASSICISM

Group-Gropes

WHAT'S ZOLTON FERENCY? If you still don't know, come and meet him in a very informal discussion sponsored by the Young Democrats on Thursday, January 26th at 8:00 in Old College Hall of the Union. Participation in and support of the proposed East Lansing merchant boycott will be decided.

LBJ, SEX, LSD. Now that we have your attention, The Student Religious Liberals are having a Sunday night film series: Jan. 22 "Potemkin"; Jan. 29 "Metropolis"; Feb. 19 "Citizen Kane"; March 5, David Bradley's shoestring masterpiece, "Julius Caesar." Student Union, Room 31 at 7 p.m. \$1.50 for any four admissions.

"CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE" is the theme of the Honors College Board Sunday Supper on Saturday, Jan. 28, at 6 p.m. in the Old College Hall of the Union. Faculty guests are Profs.: Josephs (Frn), Waldmier (Eng), Davine (Eng), Haussdorf (ATL), Reeve (ATL), and Crane (Hum). Anyone interested is welcome. Sunday Suppers are informal gatherings, lively discussions, and hamburgers-coffee-cokes, etc. Please call the Honors College Office (355-2326) in advance to register if you are coming.

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 research 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.

MAKE BABIES DON'T KILL THEM
For information on draft resistance, tax refusal, pacifism, write to: Dept. Q, War Resisters League, 5 Beekman Street, New York City 10038 (Send 10¢ for copy of "Up Tight With the Draft?")

Wine, Women and Song

Sane sex laws, sexual free expression among consenting adults, plus complete anti-censorship is advocated by fast-growing new sexual emancipation organization. Send 25¢ for a sample copy of "Eros Free". Join the anti-censorship fight. Susa, Box 987, Minneapolis, Minn.

Two frustrated and introverted Kalamazoo students desire to correspond with cultured, uninhibited co-eds. Must be sincerely willing to aid in the dispelling of our senseless regressions. Contact: Brad Gonsalves or Jim Warner, c/c 1000 West Kilgore, Kalamazoo, Mich. Please, only serious replies!

Wanted! Musicians-entertainers, singers (versatile) interested in 12-week summer resort job. Skuzzies and Teenie-boppers need not apply. If interested please call Nick, 337-2070, 6-7 p.m.

Nympho wanted. Object Lust. Call 355-9087. Ask for John or Doug.

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For more information about MELBY, you might write Lenny Joyce, Head of the Notre Dame SDS, at 612 East Washington Street, South Bend, Indiana. Mr. Joyce is quite familiar with Melby. Melby is watching.

POI HEADS: Marijuana prohibition is one of the biggest absurdities of our time. Do something about it. LEMAR chapter now being formed in East Lansing.

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 B115 Butterfield.

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PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS
Week of January 24-30

TUESDAY, January 24

11:30 a.m.--Musically Speaking--World famous jazz trumpeter Al Hirt discusses his career and demonstrates innovations in trumpet playing which he has developed.
12:30 p.m.--The Creative Person -- Henri Cartier - Bresson, genius of modern photography, talks about his work and techniques while showing some of his most famous photographs.
1:00 p.m.--Choice: Challenge for Modern Woman--"The Principle That Counts"--a discussion of the confused value system of modern women and the discrepancy between values and behavior.
7:00 p.m.--Spectrum--"Human Aggression: Key to Survival"--An examination of the experiments of Dr. Konrad Lorenz, one of the world's most controversial scientists and author of the best-selling book, "On Aggression."

WEDNESDAY, January 25

11:30 a.m.--Spectrum--"Human Aggression: Key to Survival" -- see Tuesday, 7 p.m.
12:00 p.m.--N.E.T. Journal--"Indonesia--The New Order"--A profile of Dr. Achmed Sukarno, liberator and dictator of Indonesia, and an analysis of his rule in Indonesia during the past two years.
7:00 p.m.--Recital Hall--Concert pianist Joann Freeman from Detroit plays the Sonata in D, Major by Baldassare Galuppi and Sonata in E Flat Major, Opus 31, by Ludwig Von Beethoven.

THURSDAY, January 26

11:30 a.m.--Nine to Get Ready--"Growth of the Fetus"--a discussion of implantation of the fetus, early overall development, development by months of pregnancy, development of fetal organ systems and maternal subjective signs of fetal development.

FRIDAY, January 27

12:30 p.m.--Choice: Challenge for Modern Woman--"The Principle That Counts"--see Tuesday, 1 p.m.
1:00 p.m.--Nine to Get Ready--"Growth of the Fetus"--see Thursday, 11:30 a.m.

SATURDAY, January 28

11:30 a.m.--Gamut--Ron Nicodemus, Michigan State University student and professional musician, explains in words and song various aspects of folk music.

SUNDAY, January 29

1:30 p.m.--Recital Hall--Violinist Louis Potter and pianist Joseph Evans, both of the Michigan State University Department of Music, play the Sonata for Violin and Piano, Opus 8 by Ernest Von Dohnanyi.
3:00 p.m.--Musically Speaking--Leontyne Price, opera and concert soprano, reviews her career from girlhood in Mississippi to her present status as prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera.
3:30 p.m.--The Creative Person--Hollywood director King Vidor talks about his personal directing techniques and about Hollywood in the old days.
4:30 p.m.--N.E.T. Journal--"The War Relived"--A documentary on World War II, Adolf Hitler and his dreams of world domination, beginning with German preparation for the war in the summer of 1939 and continuing through D-Day, 1944.
11:00 p.m.--N.E.T. Playhouse--"The Amorous Flea"--A musical comedy based on Moliere's "School for Wives" finds youth and age competing for a young maiden's favors.

MONDAY, January 30

12:00 a.m.--Harvest Farmers' Week Special--The first of five programs originating at the judging pavilion of Farmers' Week on the Michigan State University campus and featuring Farmers' Week activities.
7:00 p.m.--Spartan Sportlite--Filmed highlights of the MSU-Wisconsin basketball game and highlights of the MSU-Indiana gymnastics meet.
7:30 p.m.--Profiles in Courage--The story of Anne Hutchinson and her lonely battle for religious toleration and freedom of conscience.
8:30 p.m.--Assignment 10--"The Senior Citizen Romp"--A report on the problems of senior citizens, their search for companionship and their need for activity and recreation.

ЛИТЕРАТУРНАЯ
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ГАЗЕТА

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme:

The Paisley Realm of Soup

By the WHITE WITCH



Soup is, at first glance, the scuzzy cooks' delight. It's fun to make, fun to watch, simple, relatively inexpensive, tasty and expandable. The most inept cook can produce a soup that will make him appear genuinely inventive. Used well, soup is the hungry freaks' dream food.

But there are grim pitfalls scattered about the soup line. Soup straight from the can is boring. And the same type of soup (bought at that marvelous sale that enabled you to purchase two gross of cream of okra—large economy size—for a nickel a can) tastes the same, every single time. What a drag! You could fall asleep over it and drown in your bowl. That nagging feeling of dissatisfaction and inferiority could plague your life. (Why aren't my soups as good as theirs, you think tormentedly. Now they won't like me. They laugh at me, and won't tell me why, ad neurotica.) But all this potential anguish can be avoided, by simply memorizing (and using) the Several Magic Ingredients and Few Basic Tips given below.

Several Magic Ingredients: These items, applied with witchy or worldly wisdom, will save even the most boring soups, and make good ones memorable. They are, by the way: Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme; Black and Cayenne pepper; Worcestershire sauce; Eggs, butter, milk, cheese.

Obviously, these potent witcheries must be used with discretion, not to mention salt. Parsley and black pepper should go into every soup. I personally add a beaten egg to most soups I make. Cayenne pepper enlivens soups with a vegetable base. Rosemary and thyme are staple spices for all soups you want to have a vaguely Italian flavor. Worcester-shire sauce enhances most soups with a meat base, while sage does most for basically vegetable soups.



A Few Basic Tips: Canned soups fall into several basic categories, each with subdivisions: Clear (Beef with Barley, Chicken with Rice); Cloudy (Clam chowder, Minestrone, Bean with BACON, Tomato); and Cream (All the Cream of's).

Basic Tip #1: The Big Secret for making interesting soups is to mix different soups! Some soups are more compatible than others. To simplify mixing, I have constructed a simple chart:

Clear beef soups like: other beef soups; beef-based cloudy soups; vegetable clear or cloudy soups.

Clear chicken soups like: other chicken-based soups; clear vegetable soups.

Vegetable clears like everybody. Vegetable cream soups are snobs; mix with care.

Basic Tip #2: Cook clear and cloudy soups over high heat until they start to bubble, then let them simmer for at least five minutes. Cream soups should allow the spices to meld themselves with the main body of the soup.

Basic Tip #3: When cooking with cream soups, use half a can of water and half a can of milk for each can of cream soup. A dollop of butter improves vegetable cream soups. Cream soups that contain meat react well to the addition of a palmful or so of grated cheese, and virtually demand a dash of Worcestershire sauce.

Basic Tip #4: For a richer clear soup, add only half a can of water per can of soup.

Basic Tip #5: Remember the basic character of your soup when season-

continued from page 4
chasing him when he wanders into range, exploding like land mines from their fixed positions. After escaping to the basement myself, I return to the scene.

A discussion group, I find, has finally been organized in the living room out of about two-thirds of the crowd. I hang on the periphery. Goodman is sitting--grandfather-like -- in a red stuffed chair by our inoperable fireplace, being challenged by radical activists. Goodman is telling them to groove on life. "What does that have to do with bringing about changes in society?" somebody asks.

Goodman states that he is suspicious of people who say they want to change society. "I don't trust 'em from here to there."

"Why do you go out and speak, then?" he is asked.

"Because I don't like my bombers killing people." The activists tell him he must draw the full conclusions from that statement and develop a program and plan strategy.

I like concrete actions, he says. "Tactics, strategy, and all this bull...--They have nothing to do with people. We need 'authentic action.'" You didn't see the FSM playing politics and worrying about tactics. "Act authentically," he says.

I love what this man is saying so much that I can't continue to take notes. It's too painful I decide to sit and listen to the argument, but

this, too, becomes painful, and I decide to go out and have a few drinks.

Goodman was gone when I came back, and the people who still remained--who hadn't disappeared mysteriously when The Man left--were sitting around talking about The Visit and what it had meant. He liked us, they decided, but we could have provided a more informal atmosphere. He probably wanted to see how we lived and worked. That would have been really cool.

For my own part, I doubt if he could ever expect a really informal relaxed atmosphere on any such symposium visits. He's simply too famous. But his message still got through to a few people, I think, even though the majority probably remained confused. I know I learned a lot from him and, as one girl said, "He's a beautiful, beautiful man."

The symposium was, on the whole, moderately successful, if only because it brought a lot of formerly unspoken concepts out into the open. But it failed, in a sense, because it was just another form of bread and circuses like the Popular Entertainment Series and Water Carnival. Goodman summed up the failure in one sentence when he asked, "Why didn't you spend the money in the beginning on decent dormitories and good food?"

Now there's a beautiful man.



ing it. Italian-type soups call for rosemary and thyme, bean soups ask, nay beg, for lots of pepper and generally heavy seasoning, while cream soups should have a more subtle flavor. And don't forget salt and pepper while fooling with more exotic spices.

And now, several exemplary soups.

A hearty clear soup: Take one can each of Minestrone, Manhattan style Clam Chowder, and Beef with Barley. Add two cans of water and bring to a boil, adding a large pinch of parsley, a small one of sage, and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Beat an egg until completely blended, and add to it 1/4 teaspoon mustard. Add egg to soup when soup comes to a boil, stirring vigorously. Turn to low and simmer five minutes.

Cream delight: Take one can each of Cream of Mushroom and Cream of Chicken, and add slowly, blending all the while, one can of milk, one can of water, and a beaten egg. Bring to bubble while adding about a palmful of grated mild cheese. Add one teaspoon butter, and a dash of wor-

cestershire sauce. Sprinkle liberally with salt and black pepper. Bring to perfection with a pinch of parsley.

Spicy soup: Take a can of Bean with Bacon and blend with one can of Chili Beef soup and one can water. Add a lot of red and black pepper. Sprinkle in a pinch of sage, and marjoram to taste. Simmer for a while.

Psychedelic soup: A party dish that must be prepared in advance. Take your favorite psychedelic mushrooms (no toadstools; food poisoning is a bad trip) and add double the volume of water. Opinions on dosage, (oops) serving size, vary. If the mushrooms have been dried, allow to soak for twenty four hours. Then, bring to a boil, slicing in an onion, a celery stalk, and a carrot. Add a palmful of parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Cook about ten hours. Makes a fantastic (to put it mildly) party treat. Hours and hours of fun. Have a good time!

Nexttime, rice and other rinky-tink dishes.

East Lansing Notes

Diehling Effectively With East Lansing

Dear Paper Reader:

Well, I was just sitting here amusing myself with the latest episode in the Self-Initiated Red-Tape Department. I refer to the ASMSU price-study philosophy and its time consuming ineffectiveness. The Student Government feels that in order that it remain on peaceful terms with both the student body and the East Lansing Pirate Association they must



fastidiously prepare some sort of report which can be graciously presented to the City Council (perhaps at a formal ceremony) so as to inform the City Council that there is the mild possibility that the merchants might possibly be over-priced. Yet, it appears quite important that no hard feelings be created with the Pirate Association, which leads me to the speculation that were the student body to have some sort of financial arm-twisting device it could also be feared by ASMSU.

I mean, can't you just see all the East Lansing bigwigs, in formal attire, sitting on a specially constructed platform outside of the East Lansing City Hall--Abbott Road is of course blocked off to traffic while thousands of awed onlookers stand by. Then there is a terrific flare of trumpets and from a little trap door

at the back of the stage comes Tim Pickard carrying a velvet-and-gold adorned parchment. He approaches the microphone and a hush falls over the crowd.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" he cries. "The price study committee of Associated Students of Michigan State University take pleasure in making the following announcement:

"After many months of study and deliberation and careful consideration of all of the implications of its actions, this price study committee cordially invites the East Lansing City Council to please be advised thatetc."

Need I finish? As with all formal ceremonies the Council President replies with a short, prepared acknowledgement of the document, they kiss each other on both cheeks, the crowd cheers and all the major participants of the ceremony leave in a gilded carriage. Whythat's beautiful!

Anyway, the price study is absolutely unnecessary in the first place. Consider: do you think the town merchants would have been so horrified by the prospect of a boycott if they themselves did not realize that there was very practical basis for trying to stop some stores from their outrageous trade practices? East Lansing Notes feels that the most effective way of effecting some lowering of prices is through fast action on the part of the students. Carefully obliging the City Council with gentlemanly studies serves only to give them something to laugh at while they continue to rake in the profits!

So, readers, if you have anything to say about your favorite business in East Lansing or the Lansing area, please call 351-7373 or write to Box 68, E. Lansing, 48823.

DIEHL

Madam: Ah! why did I not insult you sooner? Sir: To late, it must be now or neville.

John Lennon IN HIS OWN WRITE

By CHAR JOLLES

Provost Howard R. Neville, in an interview last week, shrugged off his recent speech before the Academic Senate as just "a few things I had on my mind."

Of course he is being shrewd; his speech, reprinted in the Dec. 8 PAPER, is without a doubt a milestone. When such an occasional speaker proceeds to ask questions so ridden with consequences, and when he then initiates a Committee on Undergraduate Education equal in significance to the Committee on the Future of the University of 1959, then surely he is doing more than indulging in some routine self-expression.

To summarize briefly the Provost's address: he suggested that an enrollment ceiling would allow a shift in emphasis from accommodating increasing numbers of students to developing "quality in every branch of our undertaking." He called for a "reassessment" (implying limiting or elimination) of the services, or "educational opportunities," which are now available to high school graduates in trade and technical schools and which MSU still provides. He suggested more control of graduate enrollment, re-evaluation of standards and requirements in graduate programs, and a study of why "many of our graduate students do not complete the degree program which they begin." Turning to the undergraduate experience, he proposed "basic reforms" that imply virtual restructuring of the four-year curriculum.

It is fairly easy to account for most of his proposals. Severe financial limits make it impossible for MSU to continue sustaining tremendous growth in enrollment or the accumulation of more and more programs and services. Re-evaluation of the graduate school was undoubtedly prompted by the recent rating by Allan Carter for the American Council on Education; the assessment of MSU's graduate program "was not as high as we WANT it to be, or as high as that of some long-established universities. . ."

But the substance of the Provost's address--his overture that we should "undertake some much needed evaluation of what we are doing" in the undergraduate program--seems to be unprompted by the economic, prestigious or ideological factors that usually move powerful administrators to form important Committees. Thus this aspect of the Provost's speech escapes analysis--except, perhaps, that kind of analysis which would account for human sensitivity to the problems of young people, a kind of analysis rarely needed to understand the public speeches of college administrators. Paul Goodman, here last week for the University College Symposium, theorized that the Provost is probably a "sensible man" who is up against unsensible forces and who, if he's like his peers, will succumb.

But it is useless to speculate on the inner humanity of the man in charge of academic administration. And because I have no idea what visions of educational reform Neville has in mind, the only viable approach is to consider each of his suggestions from within the framework of possibilism--an ism coined by Max Lerner, another Symposium participant and professor of political science at Brandeis University, to express his belief that it is possible, with strength of will

and intelligence, to correct the mistakes in, and change the direction of, American institutions. Those educator-administrators represented by Neville's speech (although he shrewdly insists, "I don't know who it represents except me") have intelligently asked the right questions about the undergraduate experience; I would like to consider "possible" answers, the acceptance and implementation of which depends on the strength of will of the faculty members now being selected by the Provost for the Committee on Undergraduate Education.

These "possibilities" -- that is, suggestions for educational reform that are possible within the present system -- have been derived from books (especially Paul Goodman's "Compulsory Miseducation" and "The Community of Scholars," conversations (lately with several deans and assistant deans), and intense reflection upon my own educational experiences. This last point deserves some attention.

Neville insisted that the evaluation of, or reflection upon, undergraduate education was routine at Michigan State. Some examples of "routine" considerations can be found in his speech: "We too seldom really come to grips with the question of WHAT IS WORTH TEACHING (his emphasis) or the question of how one deals with knowledge so that what is taught today is relevant--relevant to the lives of students today and tomorrow"; "Student unrest which in part re-

fects the changing mood of society and the uncertainties of our time also stems from some of our failures to make education at the undergraduate level relevant and meaningful to them"; "Are we staying alive in a world which students say is passing us by--especially those of us who are more than 30 years old?"; "...should we . . . undertake a thorough reexamination of our undergraduate program which would affect our offerings, our requirements and our teaching?" These questions, rarely (as far as I know, never) heard in important public speeches by administrators, are apparently, in Neville's words, "questions every curriculum committee in every college asks itself on a continuing basis." If these committees were serious and/or effective, then Neville wouldn't have to ask their questions for them; if Neville or whoever he represents weren't DISSATISFIED with the undergraduate program, he wouldn't be thinking such things (nor would I). He surely wouldn't be initiating this historic Committee.

Assuming that Neville is simply being evasive, and therefore assum-

ing that he has some serious ideas he will have to present tactfully, his Committee on Undergraduate Education is rich with potential. However, to quote Goodman: "The principles of college reform are clear-cut: to get back to teaching-and-learning as a simple relation of persons, and to make the teaching-and-learning more committed, more for keeps. Is reform of this kind significantly possible within the framework of our present colleges and universities? I think so, but it will require more revolutionary courage than most of the collegiate critics seem to exude." (p. 296-7, "Community of Scholars," Vintage)

But the point is that the reforms are possible, given 38-42,000 students, the "explosion of knowledge," limited financial and teaching resources, the apparent success of Justin Morrill College (or, in general, of the small residential college within a large university), and even given the democratic-egalitarian ideal of higher education for everybody.

(Part II: A New University)



Symposium

continued from page 1

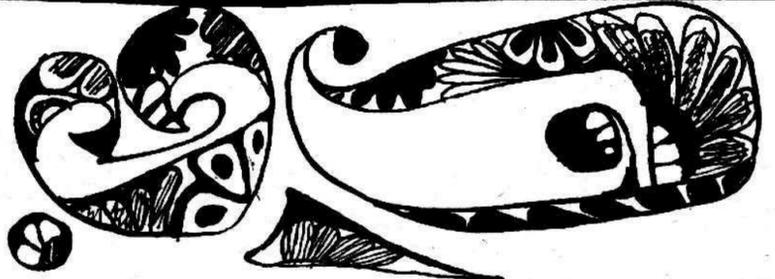
venture? Well, things happened, anyway.

One afternoon in Wilson Hall, a boy asked Goodman why young people always started out with ideals and seemed, as they grew older, to compromise more and more, until they were like the older generation they had scorned. Goodman made a few cautions, unexceptionable remarks that vaguely started on an answer, struggled a while, and finally said, "You have to realize, you're asking me a terribly hard question."

A friend of mine was very anxious to talk to Edgar Friedenberg. Having read his books, he said something like, "I get the feeling he's a man who could tell you some important things." But the discussion turned out, for various reasons, to be trivial and diffuse, and my friend lost interest in Friedenberg--and maybe lost more than interest.

A girl who had spent time with Goodman told me she didn't like him much. He never seemed to talk TO students only to talk AT them. She said, "I don't think he cares about students at all," and was thinking of writing an article telling what she thought was wrong with him.

In the Union one day Goodman, in a discussion of Vietnam, said he thought there was a ninety per cent chance that the world would be blown up in a war. Everybody looked understandably grim. Somebody mentioned that Lerner thought there was only a seventy per cent chance, and somebody else asked Goodman, in effect, why we were bothering with all this, then. He said well, the fact of his being there talking to us was an expression of the exact opposite of what he was saying. Everybody more or less smiled.



Lewis Feuer went from his Tuesday night encounter with Paul Goodman to a small room in Case Hall, which was reasonably full. (Goodman went to the Butterfield lounge, which was jammed.) The crowd at his speech had been hostile to him, but in Case it was quite different, while I was there. He said, in essence, that The System was a myth, that America provided adequate, functioning democratic channels for social change. Goodman would have creamed him, but here nobody openly disagreed. Then, leaders of United Students spent a lot of time explaining their cause to him, in an effort to get his sanction. They said United Students was a middle-class movement, designed to work within The System--or, rather, the system. As I left, everyone seemed to be reaching a consensus.

In Butterfield, Goodman got into an exchange with a boy on the subject of big corporations and the public good. Soon Goodman was reduced to saying, "Do you actually BELIEVE that General Motors cares about the public good?" After hedging a moment, the boy (with more guts than I would have had) said that yes, he believes that. Turning away in disbelief, Goodman said, "Well, you're wrong." Sighing, he turned back and began, "Look-- I can show you that you're wrong," and went on.

Things like that.

I got to talk semi-privately with Goodman on the last day of the Symposium. "It seems so artificial," I said. "The students all save up

their ultimate questions and throw them at YOU, because you're supposed to know."

"It's their right," he said. "You have to expect that."

"But how do you feel about being put on exhibit as a wise man?"

"It's painful, because I can only give MYSELF. I can't play a role."

He spoke of the irony of his being ignored for the first forty-five years of his life, then being taken up and turned into a "showpiece," into (as he says in his new book) "a pillar of humane learning." But, he said, "even a showpiece can bite. They've found that out here."

I said, "Now that you're not ignored any more, do you think you're in a position to do any real good?"

"I don't know," he said with a faint sigh. "I do my duty, and after that I don't know." In a minute he said, "There may be three or four kids that I'm reaching. Three or four."

That night I wound up driving Goodman back to Kellogg Center around midnight. The Symposium was over; he was tired and vaguely irritated. Again I asked him about his "duty," which took him away from his writing and his personal life and put him on exhibit.

"There isn't a choice," he said. "When there's a teach-in or something, you have to go. . . Of course, I don't have to come to things like THIS. . ." I guess I nodded in agreement; I honestly don't remember.