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# THE PAPER

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East Lansing, Michigan, Week of March 6, 1967

## Allen Ginsberg: The Contexts of Poetry

By BARB BROWN

When Ginsberg came to Michigan State people went to hear him for various reasons: some were disciples, members of his cult; some were poets and people interested in poetry; and most were curiosity-seekers there to see the sideshow. (Step right up, ladies and gentlemen; SEE the real live beatnik-poet weirdo; he protests, he perverts, and chants mantras, accompanying himself with finger cymbals!) The people who came to see the

show weren't disappointed; he moved his bushy beard from side to side as he chanted, "Hari Krishna, Krishna, Krishan, hari dom," and clattered the finger cymbals; he shocked a large part of the audience with a vivid reference to his homosexuality; and he declared the war in Vietnam was over. (His own official proclama-

tion.) The show was pretty good: The only thing was that it got boring listening to the rest of the nonsense to make sure they didn't miss the good parts. An hour and a half is just too long to listen to anything. These people left first--quietly, only one or two at a time at first (after all, a dollar's admission is still a

dollar's admission) until all the rows except for perhaps the front two had empty seats.

The disciples, on the other hand, obviously loved every minute of it. I mean, here was the REAL thing, Baby, an honest-to-something-or-other prophet telling US about LIFE!

## United Students Meets The Pepsi Generation

"Hey people, now smile on your brother. Let me see you get together and love one another right now,"  
 from a song by the Jefferson Airplane

By BRADFORD A. LANG

About 1500 assorted hippies, curious freshmen, hostile jocks, frat rats, cops, reporters, cameramen, dormitory staff members, shy coeds, Akers residents, and possibly a few perverts gathered last Wednesday night at nine o'clock in the West Akers women's lounge seemingly to prove how stupid they could be. As a demonstration of opposition to repressive Public Display of Affection rules, the United Students Kiss-In was a gigantic bust; as an object lesson of sorts it was graphic as hell. Yours truly helped plan the damn thing, and I must admit that I really and truly expected to witness a heart-warming display of the Pepsi Generation's capacity for love and affection. After all, isn't this generation supposed to be less sexually inhibited than its poor, hung-up parents? Aren't we young and full of love and involved in a sexual revolution?

Just how wrong we were became evident as soon as I walked into the

lounge at Akers a little after nine o'clock and discovered one thousand sweaty people jammed into the room, standing on the chairs and tables, knocking over lamps and flowerpots, dropping cigarette butts on the carpet, and straining to catch a glimpse of what was said to be an orgy in the center of the crowd. There was no orgy, of course--only a bullhorn and a few rather distraught US officers trying desperately to bring some kind of order to the pushing, shoving, faceless masses. A few couples were making some attempts at physical contact, but they looked slightly silly and painfully awkward. Tinny voices squeaked out of the bullhorn, alternately calling for order and pleading for action. The crowd remained unmoved, and the furniture began to dissolve. Somebody shoved their way into the room holding aloft a cardboard sign advertising chapstick at five cents per application.

Ken Lawless was present for a few minutes at the beginning, supposedly





## Your Doubts Dispelled and Satisfaction Guaranteed

To the Editor:

I have been a reader of THE PAPER since its inception last year and have a collection complete except for Vol. 1, No. 2 (somebody borrowed that issue). I have watched your issues with interest this year because as the year started I thought I saw signs of your becoming just another anti-administration, more cogent and penetrating in their analysis, but with irrational arguments and inventive, having no suggestions of your own to offer. Happily, I see that I was wrong. Not only have your articles become more cogent and penetrating in their analysis, but your standards of writing have greatly improved with the increased emphasis you have placed on literature. I was sort of dubious of your ability to contribute to culture in East Lansing when I sent a subscription to my fiancé at Oakland, but now I'm very glad I did. Keep up the good work.

Yours in Peace and Friendship,  
Robert G. Knox  
Flint Junior

## A Surfer Speaks

Dear Mr. Tate,  
I'm sorry that you drew the conclusions that you did after viewing "The Endless Summer."

You see, those reviewers WERE exposed to Hollywood's garbage on surfing. They had to have been to have appreciated Bruce Brown's efforts. It's ironic that you chose "Ride the Wild Surf" because in its bass-ackwards way Hollywood did catch the grandeur and majesty of Waimea Bay, a feat that Bruce Brown long ago could attest to.

Maybe you can tell, but I am a serious surfer, somewhat displaced here at MSU, but never without thoughts of the greatest sport in the world today running through my head. I lived in Hawaii for 3 1/2 years and I'm now forced to bear the burden of East Coast surfing.

It's a shame that surfing has had to suffer outrageously at the hands



of Hollywood and the assholes who wear iron crosses and bleach their hair. The surfers you saw in "The Endless Summer" are REAL, and the perfect wave has to be a reality, just as a 300 game is to a bowler or Aspen is to a skier from Michigan.

It is hard to explain how I myself have frozen my ass sitting on a board with a 20 mile an hour trade wind turning me blue waiting for a good wave. Ask a beach-bell skier why he stayed on the slopes as long as humanly possible, then ask me why I drive myself to the limits of endurance to stay in the water in hopes of catching a better wave than the one before it.

I am also quite upset to your reference to Bruce Brown's film as a "flame movie." Since 1961 in Hawaii I have seen four of his efforts, and have enjoyed them thoroughly. In fact one was probably better than "The Endless Summer." But Brown realized that in order for something to SELL today he had to have the pitch -- THE PERFECT WAVE.

It is simple for me to see him wanting to get something REAL on surfing to the American public. It's also quite simple for me to see that public dismissing it for Annette's tits.

The story is this: the sea is the most powerful natural force man is faced with. When I catch a wave and tear hell out of it and laugh in its face as I pull out, I have beaten it -- the sea is mine for that moment.

If you fall to see this, you fall to see the art in "The Endless Summer."

Rusty Van Lydegraf

## What!

### Real PAPER People?

To the Editors:

I must retract what I said about PAPER People not being real people. Some dedicated person struggled against snow, ice, and bitter cold to deliver, personally, the back issues I'd been crying about.

May I assume that I have finally arrived -- have finally made your mailing list? If so, may I credit it to your forceful leadership.

The only problem, now is that I have moved to 1516G Spartan Village. I assume that will foul up your address-o-graph for several weeks, and by then, it will be the end of Winter Quarter. But that's OK, because of your recent heart-warming effort.

You could really drive me to the edge of ecstasy by seeing to it that THE PAPER is mailed to me on time for the entire Spring Quarter. I would not believe it!

My friends all say, "Oh, did you

see that article or poem in THE PAPER?" They say, "WHAT PAPER?" And I accuse me of being too cheap to subscribe--which is not the case, at all. I've subscribed to it ever since I've been here, I just don't get it regularly.

I, for one, appreciate your efforts at filling the journalistic gap. I am one of those "not-to-be-trusted 30-year-olds," who was there with you at the A.T.L. demonstration and vigil. You people were on the right side of that fight, because you were on the side of human rights and academic freedom. This is a tough, uphill struggle, and I can identify with any efforts to achieve these goals.

You are right when you or your friends imply that most older people are out of it. They have wearied of the fight, given up, retreated to their more comfortable family lives. This is unfortunate, but really nothing new. Change has always been the cross which the youth must bear.

In the final analysis, THE PAPER will have proven itself as the refreshing, vital voice of dissent in the community. And it will have guided the community towards realization of more humane policies.

Sincerely,  
Lyle L. Hanson

## Grading: Deterrent to What?

To the Editor:

Dr. Marvin Grandstaff writes that "grades are a positive deterrent to learning" in the Feb. 6th PAPER. Without specifying the objectives of learning, I don't understand how anyone can say what does positively influence these objectives. However, a review article (presented in the May, 1964 Am. Educ. Res. J.) indicates that typical student evaluation procedures are NOT a deterrent to learning. Instead, they are a positive aid to the type of learning the typical teacher wants accomplished. The unanswered questions are what should the student be learning and how should this be evaluated so we know it is learned?

J. Bolch

## On Pin-Rattling

To the Editors:

The current conflict over the purpose and direction of United Students stems from the acceptance by many people within the movement of two fundamental myths. The first is that there are these things called "rights" which are intuitively obvious to everyone and which the institutions of this society are pledged to protect. The second is that these institutions will

continued on page 11

## THE PAPER

THE PAPER is published weekly during regular school terms by Students of Michigan State University and many of their off-campus friends. It is intended as a channel for expression and communication of these 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.

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And the Lounge as herself



By CHAR JOLLES

The National Student Association will undoubtedly survive its put-down in the March issue of Ramparts magazine, despite the revelation of its financial connection to the CIA, because (1) anybody who isn't politically naive isn't very surprised, and (2) provincial student governments like the Associated Students of Michigan State University (ASMSU) still manage to vote for reaffiliation anyway.

It was common knowledge, at least among most of NSA's national staff and 20-25 regional directors that the association's International Commission was receiving State Department money under the table, and that its function was to support long-range interests of American Cold War policy. From that perspective one familiar with NSA is surprised that the money came from the CIA.

But the nation's spy organization apparently did not overtly influence NSA's international activities, according to Stuart Dowty, assistant professor of political science here and chairman of the association's Midwest Region from 1962-64. NSA was indeed dominated by the Cold War, anti-communist mentality—so much so that it refused to join the communist-dominated International Union of Students; students like Dowty, who believed that NSA should at least acknowledge the existence of IUS and send observers to its congresses, were considered too left-wing to be "trusted."

But NSA had to be more liberal than, say, John Foster Dulles, according to Dowty, "in order to function in international student politics"; for ours is the only national union of students that isn't socialist—with the possible exception of the South African Student Union. (But this union, Dowty pointed out, is anti-apartheid.) The point is, though, that NSA is liberal enough to avoid being laughed out of the international student community, but establishment enough to be a worthwhile investment for the CIA. It serves the same purpose, in government eyes, as the Peace Corps or student exchange program: it's a way of promoting the West, and it's nicer than guns.

An acceptably left-leaning institution like a national union of students can be a convenient political tool; consider this recollection from Dowty. NSA funneled State Department money to the Algerian Student



Union when the government couldn't possibly turn on its ally France and openly support the colonial rebellion. The International Commission of the NSA, then, is often supported morally and financially by the government, at the expense, it seems, of the National Commission. Dowty conjectures that NSA's domestic concerns (e.g. HUAC, civil rights) are more controversial on the surface than international issues like Peace. NSA, he noted, is the weakest domestically of all the national student unions. The National Commission, which has been in the past fairly isolated from the activities of the International Commission, seems to be more "honest," in Dowty's words. He recalls the NSA congress of Summer, 1961, when several Northern liberals who had been active in the civil rights movement wanted NSA to merge with SNCC. The motion was defeated by a narrow margin.

In general, however, NSA's stands on domestic and international issues reflect the liberal perspective often designated "establishment." The designation means that the students of this mentality believe, simply stated, in working within the system—in contrast to Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) who have become disillusioned with working through NSA, and rather than re-



last year faced open hostility to affiliation, took what he called the "dead issue" of NSA and managed no less than a tour de force. In the beginning the Board was 8 undecided against affiliation, and 5 for affiliation; in a meeting's time Graham drastically changed the ratio. With the stipulation that MSU concern itself only with issues that affect "students in their role as students," the motion to reaffiliate with NSA passed 11-1 (with member-at-large Lou Benson suspiciously absent). Graham has been accused of bad

everyone else on the Board seems to have been quite satisfied with the semantical concession granted by Graham; I have no idea whether they understand that it is meaningless at least two ways: (1) the actual voting at NSA conventions is merely a gesture for a number of reasons. The agendas are determined by the present national officers, for one thing; for another, the implementation of resolutions is up to the newly elected officers. (2) The phrase, "students in their role as students," is subject to many interpretations; the climate of opinion in NSA seems to be that students have every reason to concern themselves with the domestic issues and foreign policy of their society. To use the jargon of multi-versity presidents, it is the needs and demands of society that justify the modern institutions of higher education; students are, for the most part, social pawns, creatures of educational institutions that are the agents of a technological society. With their school so intimately, dynamically related to the society, I cannot imagine why students feel they have no right to make public declarations on social and political issues, of which they are too often victims.



main merely a faction within the association, have chosen to become "a student movement in their own right."

Dowty's words. The essential difference between NSA and SDS is exemplified by their respective stands on the war in Viet Nam: NSA is critical of US involvement from a racial perspective and views the war as a mistake; SDS sees the war as an example of the results of the social-political-economic system—"SDS is against the system that produced the war; it will not accept the anti-communist myth."

It is understandable that SDS simply ignores NSA rather than attempts to transform it from within, for NSA is effectively run by an oligarchy of five or six national officers, and a staff of 15-20 students hired by them to work in the field—either in national or overseas projects. This handful controls the organization from the top; it has to—otherwise NSA would be little more than a loose organization of unsophisticated ideologically unstable student governments like ASMSU.

MSU's on-and-off affiliation with NSA is typical of most student governments, according to Dowty. In a liberal year, the student government will vote to affiliate; in a conservative year, it will disaffiliate. This must be a "liberal" year for MSU, for Student Board chairman James Graham, who, as member-at-large

ting because he made the motion to reaffiliate just when NSA's link with the CIA had hit the press. But Graham knew from NSA sources about the Ramparts article before it was to be publicized; his timing was deliberate. He couldn't wait until reaction to the NSA-CIA news subsided, because he'd be out of office by then; so he and vice chairman James Garbine decided, in their words, "to meet the issue head on," and they brought the motion to the board a week before the Ramparts ads appeared in the New York Times and Washington Post.

Graham apparently knew his opposition well. Representatives from Men's Halls Association, Women's Institute, residence Council, Panhellenic, and all five members-at-large remained unmoved by the revelation of CIA connections; their main objections, apparently, concerned the possible political involvement of MSU delegates at NSA conventions. Shrewdly, Graham attached a meaningless qualifier to the motion: MSU delegates would not be permitted to vote on issues that did not concern "students in their role as students." This undermined the major objection to NSA affiliation as espoused most vehemently by member-at-large James Sink, who stubbornly voted no even when he had no more reason to dissent.



Making the Best of a Bad Situation Department (one in a continuing series) - from "Michigan Week" placemat used last spring: "No other state has as many college and university faculty members serving abroad on educational missions as Michigan."

In an effort to go beyond mere straight-line-thinking, Larry Tate's review of "Georgy Girl" last week was printed with a media-mix flair that made it an adventure in creative reading. This week the author has suggested that we return temporarily to more traditional forms. Herewith, the review as it should have read.

--The Executive Board

## Georgy Girl: Mixed-Up



By LAURENCE TATE

Movies are particularly vulnerable to a sort of artistic schizophrenia for two basic reasons. One is that, by their very nature, they tend even in the best of circumstances to be committee projects; the other is that they are, in the worst of circumstances (which usually prevail), subject to commercial pressures which make it difficult to do anything serious (hence uncommercial) story be made palatable to a large audience. Sometimes this can be accomplished by tacking on a happy ending; more often a serious film is provided with a conventional framework that disguises its purpose and neutralizes its effect.

I'm not sure what exactly happened to "Georgy Girl." The fact that it has two writers, one of whom wrote the novel on which it is based, may explain something. It isn't a very serious film even in its serious moments, but it has a promising character in Georgy, the shy overweight misfit who says she looks like a bromosaurus--around Meredith, her chic and popular roommate, and dreams of gambling with children in a magical world.

The film at first doesn't spare us Georgy's loneliness, and doesn't disguise her bitterness and desperation. When Meredith breaks a dinner date with her to go to a party, Georgy nearly gets hysterical; Meredith says disgustedly, "Well, if you're going to be suicidal again, I'll stay"; and a whole history opens up to us. We can see Georgy clinging, demanding, crying, and Meredith giving in finally, but not without making Georgy suffer for it. It isn't pretty at all. (And you really wonder how two such improbable people would get together in the first place.)

Early in the film Meredith's boyfriend Jos takes Georgy out when Meredith stands him up. Back at her flat she starts making love to her, but stops, although she begs him not to, realizing (he says) that she would inevitably turn it into a messy emotional hangup.

And Jos is right: though the title song urges Georgy to "bring out all the love you hide, and what a change there'd be," it isn't quite that simple. Georgy is desperately lonely, and desperately lonely people are poor emotional risks. For one thing, they CRY. Everyone who happens by looks to them like their last chance, and in their terrible insecurity they search for someone to whom they will be indispensable.

Ultimately Jos sees Meredith's shallowness and turns to Georgy, but Georgy by that time has turned elsewhere, to someone safer, absolutely dependent on her: Jos's and Meredith's baby. Jos tries to get through to her, but she has made up

her mind, and apparently without hesitation or much regret in effect forces him to leave her. That baby, if you care to speculate, is sure to be the victim of a possessive mother love that will leave her psychologically warped for life.

There are a few motivational inconsistencies even in the way the film presents this much of the story, but that's nothing compared to incredible framework. It's that of a pleasant little fairy tale. The formula is roughly: Georgy seemingly has nothing; Meredith seemingly has everything. But Georgy's heart is warm and Meredith's is cold and before you know it Georgy has won Jos over from Meredith, then rejected over him for the baby and a millionaire, while Meredith goes off (taking lost Jos) to her round of pointless, loveless conquests. Moral: nice guys finish first.

The film's fairy-tale side shows most clearly in the character of the millionaire -- a fairy godmother ill-disguised. He is a man of the sort of supposed lecherousness steps in again and again to save Georgy from probability and pain. She makes a fool of herself in belting an impromptu song at a party; he diverts her (and us) from the awful embarrassment she ought to feel by offering her a silly legalistic proposal to become his mistress. To get her to accept, he buys a fortune in things for the baby. His wife ultimately dies (even that is played as sheer whimsy), leaving him free to marry Georgy (allowing her to see down with her true love, the baby) and send the audience off cheerfully humming the title song.

In himself he is an appealing character, and James Mason plays him with a beautiful, inextinguishable problem is that there's another movie going on at the same time, in which probability and pain ARE at work and which won't fit into the neat structure of a fairy-tale. If the movie were a simple fairy tale, Jos would discover that it is Georgy, not Meredith, whom he really loves (because her heart is pure), and they would live happily ever after. But Georgy and Jos can't live together, and something has to be done quickly or things will get depressing; thus the millionaire. Jos is made to take all the blame for the split, made to seem irresponsible and callous when he's seemed fairly reasonable and sympathetic for most of the picture; and Georgy is absolved because she allegedly wants to "save people" -- like the baby. We aren't supposed to care what happened to HIM, (the rat), as long as Georgy turns out all right.

At the end The Seekers sing their hearts out, radiating sunshine all over Georgy's face. "I'll support you, Georgy Girl," they sing, "you go what you wanted all along" (or something close to that). Perceptive -- very perceptive.

There are reasons for the film's immense popularity. Individual scenes tend to be quite well done, as long as you don't ask that they connect. A lot of people don't appreciate

## Poison on Drama Day

By LARRY TATE

Saturday afternoon. Around the Auditorium the parking lots were packed with school buses from St. Clair Forest, Big Rapids, Port Huron, and similar places. High school kids swarmed through the Auditorium, setting up a holiday roar like stereophonic gingeale. The theatre department was out in force, dressed-up and name-tagged.

The youth of Michigan had been bussed to MSU to be exposed to the glories of living theatre; the event was known as Drama Day.

The play was "Arsenic and Old Lace," the youth of Michigan were first exposed to a little speech by a man who I guess was the director. He said the play was one of the funniest plays he knew of, and repeated that with minor variations for a minute or so. "Do have a good time," he said finally. "We're having a good time with it."

He disappeared and the curtains parted; the youth of Michigan were exposed to a dated, Jerry-built farce abysmally directed and performed. Then Drama Day was over. The next generation of Michigan theatergoers was probably wiped out on the spot.

I really don't know why a college group would want to do Joseph Kesselring's hack comedy about the sweet old ladies and their poisoned elderberry wine; in their sophisticatedness it rivals "Time Out for Ginger," and the dialogue reeks of thirty years ago, with references to the original "Frankenstein" movie as though it were new and half-serious discussions of the corrupting influence going to the theatre is supposed to have on the hero, a full-grown working man. It might be possible to play it deliberately as a period piece, but I don't see why you can't pick one that isn't arthritic in the bargain.

Last week's production got the worst of both worlds, by tossing in grating, conspicuous references to Ho Chi Minh, Edward Albee and others, so that all the unmistakably

nineteen-thirties characters seemed bizarre in a way they weren't even supposed to.

Given that the play is dated and scattershot in its humor (there is nothing in it, except for the elderberry-wine business, that isn't absolutely gratuitous--from miscellaneous cracks about drama critics to calling a character Dr. Einstein--Herman Einstein), timing is essential to doing anything at all with it; it has to be played very fast, with great elan and great delicacy. There has to be an air of hectic, nonstop nuttiness in the context of which a lot of things can be forgiven.

The production established no atmosphere at all; eventually I'm going to have to come right out and say that the actors read their lines like lethargic amateurs, but they weren't responsible for the funeral pace that turned the dialogue into an endless dangling conversation consisting mostly of feeble jokes. Giving the audience time to think was fatal.

Another reviewer has called the style of the production "light but realistic." Which is the trouble. Time after time we've seen productions of comedies of manners, comedies of ideas, comedies of character played so broadly that their realistic basis in human nature was lost. Now, finally, here is a play with no realistic basis in ANYTHING -- an absolutely shameless gag-show -- and NOW the company goes after realism. It's no wonder the play died on its feet. The few capable actors who were trapped in this thing did what they could in a lost cause. Mary Hardwick and Bill Stock had at least not disgraced themselves too much by the end of the first act, when I walked out. Frank Maraden had just come on, playing a Frankenstein's monster character. I hope he didn't go on to play for realism.

The kids probably had a great time on the bus rides home.

## THE PAPER

Vol. 1, No. 1

East Lansing, Michigan, Dec. 1, 1966

As We Begin:

We like to think that each issue of THE PAPER follows in some kind of chronological order, and we try to get the issues out to our subscribers roughly in that same order. Our mail subscription system, however (to put it mildly), has been existing in a state of total chaos lately. We really do regret this, so we have decided to make some attempt to right the wrongs done to our mail subscribers. Therefore,

if you are a mail subscriber and are missing any back issues which you should have received, please drop us a card or a letter and we'll send them to you at no charge. Someday, include in your letter any other gripes you might have about our service. Mail the whole mess to SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, THE PAPER, P O BOX 367, EAST LANSING, MICH., 48823. And keep your fingers crossed.

# Private Freedom and Public Policy

(. . . a plea for creative oligarchy)

by Don Mackenzie

Professor Lewis Feuer, a skilled if somewhat stale practitioner of the rhetoric of traditional liberalism, delights in pointing out that whishernans can write the Bird and not only get away with it but with establishment winging. The Yevushenko story, Yanqui version, Americans, and especially the intellectuals in America still enjoy freedom of thought to a degree unusual in history. No law prevents a girl from poetically attacking Vietnam in a Presbyterian magazine, even if the Defense Department does cancel its subscription.

The American anomaly is that while free discussion flourishes, public policy retreats to more and more unouchable regions. Unlike the German intellectuals allowed only to their silent thoughts while the Jews were burning, we debate the issues publicly on campus. We can publish manifestoes, resolutions, petitions, and sometimes even reports. But public policy hides on largely unperturbed. Out there in the iron law of oligarchy remains as viable as ever.

The privileged freedom of the American intellectual feeds his poignancy. Of all Americans, he is perhaps the most concerned, most free to criticize, and yet most impotent. All his talk, his thought and sometimes agonizing, over issues seldom makes a dent in public policy; his letters to the President cannot reshape our policy any more than SDS can, by taking thought, stop a locomotive. Confronted with this mammoth public insensitivity, we can re-tee into our private, if expanded, consciousness. Those of us more stubbornly intellectual can sit around and suck on our alienation. Then there is, of course, the avenue of protest.

The new left, like the right, distrusts the rhetoric of traditional liberalism. Assuredly this rhetoric has failed us. The Great American Electorate makes personnel decisions which bear only tangentially on policy. No one can espouse intelligently the model of rational-man Democracy. However, few of us can free ourselves from the liberal rhetoric as effectively as Stokely has. The liberal rhetoric is stubbornly dear to us; we feel compelled to pay at least lip service to the most compact majority. Any suggestion of elitism, a breath of anti-democracy, gives us feelings of discomfort, if not guilt.

We have inherited from the liberal rhetoric a tendency to speak of rights. We like to think that Sunday schoolers on our military bases should have the right to read a Presbyterian magazine if they want to. Despite the fact that Vietnam would rage on unchecked in the face of all the poems in the world.

The liberal rhetoric continues blurring issues. The Reagan-Kerr confrontation has been discussed in terms of a mythical separation of school and state which has obscured the few suggestions that the decision may have been simply foolish. The infamous

ATL controversy is a case in point. The liberal rhetoric prevailed though many of us didn't care whether the three instructors were liked by more than one percent of the students or faculty. A movement which in large part was in favor of more and more articulated professional standards rather than less of them, which would

is the redress of "specific abuses" of the teaching privilege. In the first place, flagrant abuses are not that common. And, given time, the obvious evils are mostly corrected. The sins of omission damage us more. What we most need is assuredly not protection. In a populist democracy, some students would undoubtedly pro-

the liberal rhetoric by letting the oligarchy run on as long as it doesn't step on us would be manifestly unsatisfying. We must seek, in short, to improve the oligarchy. Our goal should be, if such a creature can exist, creative oligarchy.

A creative oligarchy would demand of all its members not only a genuine interest in the issues it considers, but also a searchingly critical attitude and a rich concern for those affected by its actions. If this smacks of a kind of (horror!) activist elite, so be it. A creative oligarchy would continually strive to make more informed decisions. It would (yes, Virginia) seek the maximum of freedom within its valid goals. Let liberals take fright, we would not need too much protection from this kind of oligarchy.

There are stirrings now within the oligarchy here toward a more active student involvement in decisions which affect the university. These stirrings call for attention in the president's "state of the university" address. Specifically, the provost and others are engaged in investigating possibilities for student membership on faculty standing committee. The Student Academic Coordinating Committee is promoting the creation of student advisory committees on academics within colleges and departments. Assuredly, this will not spell an end to oligarchy.

The new Coordinating Committee is already viewed by some as having the curse of the establishment upon it because of its selection by the Honors College Board and an unrepresentative ASMSU. New opportunities for student involvement cannot guarantee a university with its finger on the throbbing pulse of every student here. What they can do, possibly, is broaden the base of the oligarchy here and press for more creative decisions.

Student advisory committees would themselves be oligarchical. They must be composed of students interested enough to take a long look at academic problems and discuss them reciprocally with faculty members. Their existence, in itself, would not automatically make for more creative oligarchy. It is not enough to "represent" students; it is not enough to gain a hearing; it is not enough to gain protection from abuse. We must seek an oligarchy more responsive to student needs and more creative in responding to them. We must seek a sharing of talents, energy, ideas in the face of the problems of mass educa-



have pursued a certain kind of probing excellence as opposed to that democracy of thought more aptly titled mediocrity, and which, if it stood in defense of any rights, defended the right to be unpopular, the right to face the whole compact majority and tell them they are wrong, if need be; this movement was mired in a liberal rhetoric which at times resembled a call for a student-based populist democracy which, as anyone acquainted with Professor Feuer's "average student" knows, would be disastrous.

Even Doug Lackey, in an otherwise perceptive article, succumbed to the rhetoric: "What students do need is not a positive hand in the administration of the university, but protection from the university. . . a clear statement of their rights. . ." Such a statement is appropriate to that paroxysm of liberal rhetoric known as the Academic Freedom Report, one of whose aims, as articulated by Professor J.F.A. Taylor,

claim their right to protection from ideas, in a national context, our 25 protection from the draft serves sometimes only to emphasize to us the painful folly of the war. Within the university, protection from the occasional vampire administrator would not relieve our awareness that the educational process, to which we devote more of our years than we would to the army is so largely out of our hands.

If we are to reenter the public in some way more constructive than attracting Life's attention by hitchhiking to Argentina, we must simply abandon the liberal rhetoric. It will be difficult, but hopefully rewarding. It would be senseless to pine for an end to oligarchy. The multiversity, for all its virtues, cannot be governed otherwise. Overcentralization can result in a situation more alarming than central control, a diffusion of decision-making power in which policy just exists and none is obliged to take responsibility. To preserve

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## GINSBERG

And each disciple sat there in ecstacy soaking up the way, the truth, and the light. They stayed until it was over and beyond: they went and sat at his feet at the Gables, and listened to the WORD.

Well, I'd heard of Ginsberg before and read Howl, which by process of elimination makes me a member of the middle group: people interested in poetry. For the most part we sat there on our hands and listened to at least half of what he was saying; applauded occasionally, yawned occa-

sionally, and left with a vague idea of what he was trying to say; something about the war, something about language, something about Kansas, all somehow related to Buddhism; and a certainty that whatever he'd said, he'd sure as hell repeated it a lot. Some of us left: we got hungry; others stayed: we got interested.

## THE PERSON

If Ginsberg didn't have that beard, he would be an innocuous, unspecified-looking person, perhaps a bit like the Jew who ran the corner meat-market and delicatessen when you were a kid. If he had gold-rimmed spectacles instead of the square black ones you'd know for certain he was a rabbi; he looks out-of-place in a suit and (was it a paisley?) tie, moreso than if he were in a black robe, or even without clothing altogether, which people tell me is how he is fond of appearing. (It is also said that he occasionally strips on stage.) He has a mystic quality about him that makes you think of him first as a prophet, not a beatnik poet. The point is that, he's sincere: HE didn't get up there on stage to give us a show; he didn't even just get up there to read us his poems, he was trying to give us a part of himself. Through his poems any poet wants to involve us in his human community. In a very Whitmanish sense he is a lover of the world; all his efforts to shock, inspire, or upset his listeners are to this end. There is, however, this distinction--as a person it is important that he is trying as a poet it is important that he succeed.

In a sense this is a cult. The difference between prophet and poet is only that nowadays we have no prophets and that poets express themselves. They predict, they protest, they denounce; they despair of and eternally hope for man. There seemed to be an indecisiveness in the audience, almost an unwillingness to applaud. Allowing for the fact that some people didn't like it enough, and some weren't sure when he hit the end of a poem, there was also a sort of respect for his ideas that precluded applause. The thing that is hardest to accept in Ginsberg is his openness in pouring out his emotion. He made a lot of people uneasy.

## THE POET

As a poet, Ginsberg has two things to

About two thirds of the way through the reading, Ginsberg announced that he had brought the original compos-



ition of one of his poems, and he thought we'd like to hear it. He hailed out a portable tape recorder. . . aha, I'd been wondering all the way through "Wichita Vortex Sutra" just how he got this particular stream-of-consciousness technique. Nothing is organized, he talks until he thinks he's got somewhere--quite a while--and stops. There are people who wouldn't call it poetry, and others who would say that it's an innovation. Certainly, it makes poetry a much freer medium.

Current, major poetry is long on subtlety; Ginsberg is not. Most poetry builds a frame around an idea, or else works as a puzzle; the reader doesn't quite know where he's being led until he gets there, and then, hopefully, a little light glows in his mind. It's a sort of gentle snare. Where most recent poets whisper, Ginsberg howls in agony. There is nothing subtle in: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness Starving, hysterical, naked. . ." in "Wichita Vortex Sutra" he rages openly against the way the average person's mind has been anesthetized to reality.

The question is whether these innovations are valid. Is there justification for (1) the length, (2) the repetition, (3) the loud directness, and (4) all of these as they relate to tape recorder stream-of-consciousness? Ginsberg wants to howl

loud enough to wake people up; unfortunately, in practice he seems to do the opposite. Why?

The primary problem is the use and misuse of the tape recorder. Poetry "written" in this form puts the audience or reader closer to the poet, it is more like conversation. . .

and less like poetry. This seems to be the primary problem; Ginsberg is in love with the sound of his own voice on the tape recorder. Enough is enough. It isn't that the entire audience is immature and unresponsive; even the most responsive and intelligent have a limited attention span. It is just self-indulgence to expect people to listen attentively to an hour of the same poem when it says the same thing over and over.

But then -- a lot of people did.

## BY JEFF SNOYER

A prophet had come: enthusiasts gaily passed out flowers and balloons and tossed candy into the crowd, and all the Believers came early. The audience had arrived with mixed feelings, mixed motivations, curiosity, and prejudices of all sorts. Some knew him already through his writings and other media, and respected him. Some came to verify the myths, to see the "radical" (radical, that is, in the popular sense of some vaguely subversive polkadotted carnival attraction). Others came distractedly from class, in various moods, with special interests, or merely -- distrusting media -- to "find out for themselves". But the majority, I think, came with inquisitive (open?) minds, expecting simply a poet.

Ginsberg arose and began, chanting in sanskrit for half an hour two short poems followed, and then he began his endless, endless "Wichita Vortex Sutra." EVERYONE listened for a while, and then there began to be a quiet metamorphosis in the crowd, spreading in little ripples and growing into waves.

Allen Ginsberg is a great poet, but he is too much of a 'cult' writer, something which limits his audience to those who are themselves alienated and those who are organized enough to get past his misleading defects. His poetry is rambling free-association and unrevised stream-of-

and continues through today's New Left and activist movement. Ginsberg, once almost totally autobiographical (Kaddish, Howl, Reality Sandwiches), now seems to have entered the larger world situation. He no longer relates his experiences to his emotions, but to a small village kind's reaction to his own reactions and to the inner workings of all he has known.

Allen Ginsberg came here, to MSU. He spoke of consciousness, of the Zen "emptiness is a form -- no path, no wisdom, no fear, because no obstacle. . . re-enlightenment." He spoke of Hell's Angels and he spoke of pollution. " . . . the city's leprosy of soot, rivers flowing with oil, brother fish floating dead." His poetry wants to love everything--LBJ, Derivishes, Chiang Kai Chek (" . . . Joy, thanksgiving, not hate")--but he turns on his car radio, and hears again of Vietnam. "3,500 in numerals," he says and in three thousand, five hundred human corpses gotten and twisted in the mud of some steamy jungle. "We are morally right!" the radio says. "Put it this way: far brings prosper!" A small village is razed by bombs: "Bad Guess," says the radio, "Bad Guess." A U.S. Army sign is seen: "Career with a future" . . . What will this 'future' bring? "Language is abused for advertisement, for power, for the contents, black magic by inferior magicians, sorcerers' apprentices working all the wrong formulas. . ." Ginsberg, impassioned, cries a desperate "War is numbers, numerals, abstract games -- tactical maneuvers," and reminds us about the dangers of language; something which "sounds good" is accepted as true too, too often. As he enlarges our eyes and opens us with reality, he says words of dissent -- and student apathy: "The fabled damnation of nations come true -- (and we are watching Captain Kangaroo on TV)." I looked up and realized--most of the audience had left to go to dinner. E.C.C.

## New Aphorisms

By DOUGLAS LACKEY

One swallow doesn't make a flock.

God is a psychological aberration in the minds of people one tends to dislike for other reasons.

The maidens of today are more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Harlem tea is black calling the kettle pot.

One finds the churches always turning to morality as a last resort.

It's not the case that men are more desirous than women. It is that women are more ignorant than men.

The only difference between my atheism and that of the general public is that I know mine for what it is.

(For philosophers only): article title and analysis: "All over again all over again."

Seduction is the art of combining a minimum of indiscretion with a maximum of direction. It is the rendering invisible of what is inevitable.

Artificial insemination is the way one spares the rod and has the child.

Heaven is the place where one is fortunate enough to be tortured. In hell they leave you alone.

An abcess is not a process.

consciousness, peppered with physical gross-out, hallucinatory wanderings, great ideas, great causes--all are very confused, very muddled. You can get all the points by sifting through enough of Ginsberg's poems (eventually repeats itself in Ginsberg's un-themes), but these points lose their cutting edge in the process. It is unfortunate that Ginsberg allows this rather self-defeating unabridged spontaneity, because it gives his poems a listlessness that is too often difficult to get past.

However well or badly he communicates to an audience or a reader, Ginsberg is still an indisputable leader of the literary and intellectual revolution/renaissance, which began with the 'beats' of the early fifties; it



"Kissing is something you have to take part in--it's no good as a spectator sport."  
Brad Lang



"As far as I'm concerned the kiss-in wasn't held."  
W. C. Blanton  
Chairman, United Students

# KISS



# -IN

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"The task of genius, and man is nothing if not genius, is to keep the miracle alive, to live always in the miracle, to make the miracle more and more miraculous, to swear allegiance to nothing, but live only miraculously, think miraculously, to die miraculously."  
Henry Miller



"There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law."  
Abraham Lincoln -- 1837



"For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning."  
Kahlil Gibran  
THE PROPHET



"The University is well structured, well tooled, to turn out people with all the sharp edges worn off, the well-rounded person."  
Mario Savio



"No doubt many of you have many questions about what actually occurred in Akers Hall last night."  
The Akers Hall Head Advisors

# Getting the Goods on the Bad Guys

**NOBODY KNOWS MY NAME:** The Memoirs of a Former Agent of the C.I.A. by Robert Hoakes (pseud). Taurus Books, 1967. 238 pp. \$5.95

By RICHARD A. OGAR

For a supposedly top - secret organization, one has to admit that the C.I.A. has had more than its share of bum luck. It would seem, in fact, that this band of recognized professionals in the spy trade has even been out-snooped by the amateur sleuths of the one-time lay Catholic magazine, Ramparts. It was Ramparts, one recalls, that first brought to light the triangle which bound together the C.I.A., Michigan State University and the Diem regime, and which has just this month exposed the agency's illicit affair with the National Student Association. These articles have brought to full perc the murky rumblings which have been bubbling in the halls of Congress for several years now, and may soon brew up a full-scale investigation of America's trench-coated saviors. But just in case the heat isn't quite high enough yet, Taurus Press has rushed into print a book certain to blow the lid sky-high -- the memoirs of a man who managed to turn the tables by infiltrating the C.I.A. itself.

"Nobody Knows My Name" is an underground book if ever there was one, for both the author and his publisher are pseudonymous. And no wonder, for Mr. Hoakes holds nothing back, exposing not only past plots,

stamp out spies wherever I found them. I soon learned, however, that spying was far too wide-spread to allow any one man to get at it all. So, forced to choose and prodded by ambition, I decided that nothing less than the C.I.A. itself should be my target."

He made his first move by joining the Boy Scouts, where, despite the constant battle with his conscience, he sought out and dutifully reported more than a hundred auto-erotic incidents, and nearly fifty group diversions, with which he found the weekend camping trips were rife. "I was, of course, torn with shame and guilt, for I remembered constantly the rage I still felt at discovering my own mother's treachery, but I always managed to recall my mission and keep the higher end in view."

His youth and adolescence were one huge social whirl, as Hoakes joined group after group, building for himself an image of absolute integrity. At the same time, he was improving his ability to ferret out the past and present sins of those with whom he came into contact. Yet, in one of the most touching sequences in the book, he tells how beneath the glittering surface dwelt a very lonely boy. "I was constantly surrounded by people who seemed to be my friends, but I knew that they were faking. The truth was that they all hated me, but didn't dare to show it because I had the goods on every one of those corrupt little bastards and they knew it."

It was not until after he had graduated from a New York college, however, that the C.I.A. first contacted him. In typical fashion, this first approach was made quite discreetly. He was attending a burlesque show near Times Square, hoping to scrape up something on the perverts and deviates who regularly attended these kinds of shows, when all of a sudden a stripper named Little Beaver tossed her silver sequin pasties into my lap. I thought it rather odd at the time, but pocketed the pasties as casually as I could, and went home after the last show. Back in my room, I was struck with curiosity as to the nature of the adhesive which could keep such things in place, yet allow them to be removed without pain. Imagine my surprise when I found written on the inside surface an order to appear at three a.m. outside a certain cheap hotel. There he was met by a man whom he later recognized as Little Beaver, and a second agent disguised as a Doberman pinscher. From that day on, Hoakes lost his identity as a private citizen and became a certified secret agent.

Always an exemplary agent on the surface, Hoakes nonetheless kept an extensive diary, and managed in his spare time to obtain photocopies of many top-secret documents, many of which are reproduced in a substantial appendix to the book. Most of this material eventually found its way into "Nobody Knows My Name." For example, Hoakes reveals how he and three other agents successfully landed a corps of 3,000 venerably infected prostitutes into Cuba shortly after the infamous Bay of Pigs invasion had failed. "It was somewhat



of a fiasco," he reports. "Within a week, half of the Guantanamo base was infected, and before the month was out, Castro had tossed every last one of them out of the country. Naturally the agency was distressed to find all of them back in Miami, but it was felt that, for reasons of national security, it was best to remain silent and let things take their course."

Equally disastrous was the attempt to infiltrate the Mattachine Society, Hoakes writes that "while it was initially difficult to work the agents into the Society, it later proved nearly impossible to get them out again. The agency was later embarrassed to find that the F.B.I. was also working with the Mattachinees, and that, of the eighty men assigned to the Society, all but four had been declared security risks and removed from the payroll."

And so it goes. In page after page, Hoakes reveals enough plots to fill a hundred drug-store novels: how

the C.I.A., in an attempt to bring Red China to its knees by starvation, straightened out 10,000 HUD's bound for Peking; how it attempted to infiltrate the World Gynecological Union in order to cut down the internal traffic in stolen microfilm; and how it almost succeeded in destroying the Catholic hierarchy by smuggling a band of nymphomaniacal nuns into the Vatican.

To read even this far is to feel the hackles rise on the back of your neck. But Hoakes goes on to expose the future plans of the C.I.A., and here the book becomes almost terrifying. However, I would rather not spoil the plot, if a pun is forgivable here, because I feel that every American ought to read this book for himself. In case you need a little extra prompting, though, there's one plan involving 5,000 one-armed Orientals, four crates of radioactive suppositories and a dog with an undescended testicle which you simply will NOT believe . . .



successful and otherwise, but the agency's future plans as well, should his identity, or that of Taurus Press (rumored to be the one-shot imprint of a well-established and generally conservative house), be uncovered, the severity of the consequent penalties can well be imagined.

Mr. Hoakes is apparently one of those rare individuals who finds as a child, the path he destined to follow, and devotes his life thereafter to bringing that early vision into existence. The moment of discovery for Hoakes, he tells us, came at the age of twelve when he discovered that his mother had bugged the family bathroom in order to catch him masturbating. "From that horrendous moment on," he writes, "I knew that my task in life would be to

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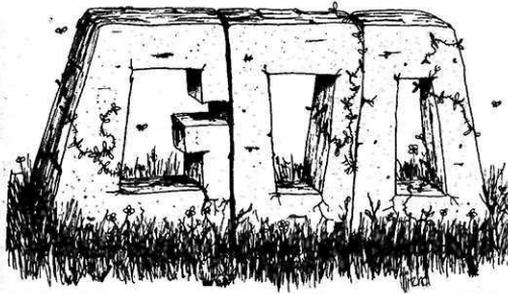
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## LETTERS

continued from page 2

permit significant changes in their power structure on request from the upper under their control (if the proper channels are followed).

But unfortunately the only way to secure these prerogatives for those outside the power structure is to be strong enough or clever enough to take them. This is clearly the lot of students at this university. We suffer everything from fraud and misrepresentation by the admissions office to structured invasion of privacy by the residence halls and yet any attempt to end abuses through "normal" channels usually gets buried beneath a mountain of red tape and petty bureaucrats. United Students will never be able to legislate change in this university, especially if they try to rely on Aesop machinery.

But it would be a mistake to assume that U.S. could ever gain enough power to demand change from the administration, simply because it is the values and interests of the Michigan

electorate which are served at this university and not those of the students. But this political orientation is the major weakness in the university power structure. Dr. Hannah is embarrassed by student unrest on this campus and has backed down several times in the past to avoid bad publicity. The most recent example being when he twice refused to bust us at Bessey when it became obvious that we weren't leaving.

To capitalize on this weakness U.S. cannot afford to be pulled towards moderation by the recent decrease in hard core scuzzies at the meetings. Since the power base of this university rests in Cowles House and the state legislature it is useless for U.S. to seek student support for popular issues. Real progress towards "student rights" can only come from a redistribution of power at this university and to accomplish that U.S. must be willing to openly confront the administration and "rattle the pins" of student government. They must enter the mind blowing business.

Peter Ryan

## FREEDOM

continued from page 5

tion. The fact most students may not even WANT a responsible voice in academic policy, let alone care whether they get one, is quite irrelevant. What matters is what those who DO care may contribute toward more open and original approaches to educational problems.

The new activity toward student involvement may bear, however, less attractive fruit. Such involvement may be seen as an end which, once attained, gives leave to rest content, rather than as, properly, a means. The existence of "channels" can become a loophole for a status quo which, because of them, conforms superficially to the liberal rhetoric. But grant us a hearing, however ineffectual, and this liberal rhetoric can disguise as Nirvana what is still, in fact, a wasteland. Being satisfied with a network of "representation" would be failing to realize that the system is NEVER adequate, that all needs are never fully met, that some kinds of problems are with us always.

Assuming that new channels for involvement will be excuses for the status quo is the surest way to insure their becoming so. Our experiment in creative oligarchy will fail if all those whom the liberal rhetoric has taught to distrust the establishment shy away from what they regard as its curse. This shying away is itself a part of the curse of the establishment. If those who would spearhead constructive change go wallow in alienation and let the oligarchy be oiled by self-congratulatory channel-worshippers, the gulf between the freedom to complain and the ability to influence policy will only widen. This is the danger attending our hopes for greater involvement. Thus, with these hopes and fears, those of us engaged in seeking such involvement begin our endeavor toward creative oligarchy. Blessed Leary, pray for us.

## kiss-in

continued from page 1

Therein lies the object lesson, What started out as a sincere attempt to point out the ridiculousness of trying to legislate sexual behavior in a huge university filled with young lovers turned into a sad comment on the educational system. Our system has failed to imbue students with an understanding of their own sexual natures and has saddled them instead with the necessity to be hypocrites and a resulting sense of guilt. The ones who escape this dehumanizing process—the ones who turn to groups like United Students and SDS—never realize how different they are from their fellows. Disasters like last week's Kiss-In are the inevitable result.

Next time some resident assistant somewhere in the great complex of dormitories on this campus decides that he doesn't like SUZY Coed and his boyfriend locked in a tender embrace over in the corner of the dorm lounge, he will probably think twice before asking them to leave. That estimation of the Kiss-In's success, however, misses the point. It is not enough to simply threaten abusers of student rights with the possibility of thousands of people making a shambles of their living quarters. It is more important to make sure that the protest is relevant; United Students tried to do this, but were defeated by their fellow students. I guess there won't be any more kiss-ins around here until some people learn to tell the difference between youth and immaturity.

The Words of the Prophets Award (IV): Scratched in the metal of a tape recorder in a language laboratory in Berkeley Hall: Le sobjonctif mange merde.



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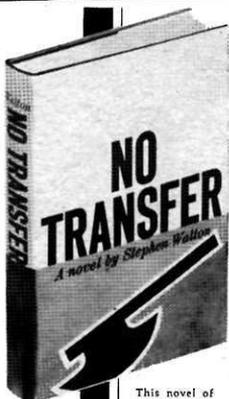
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