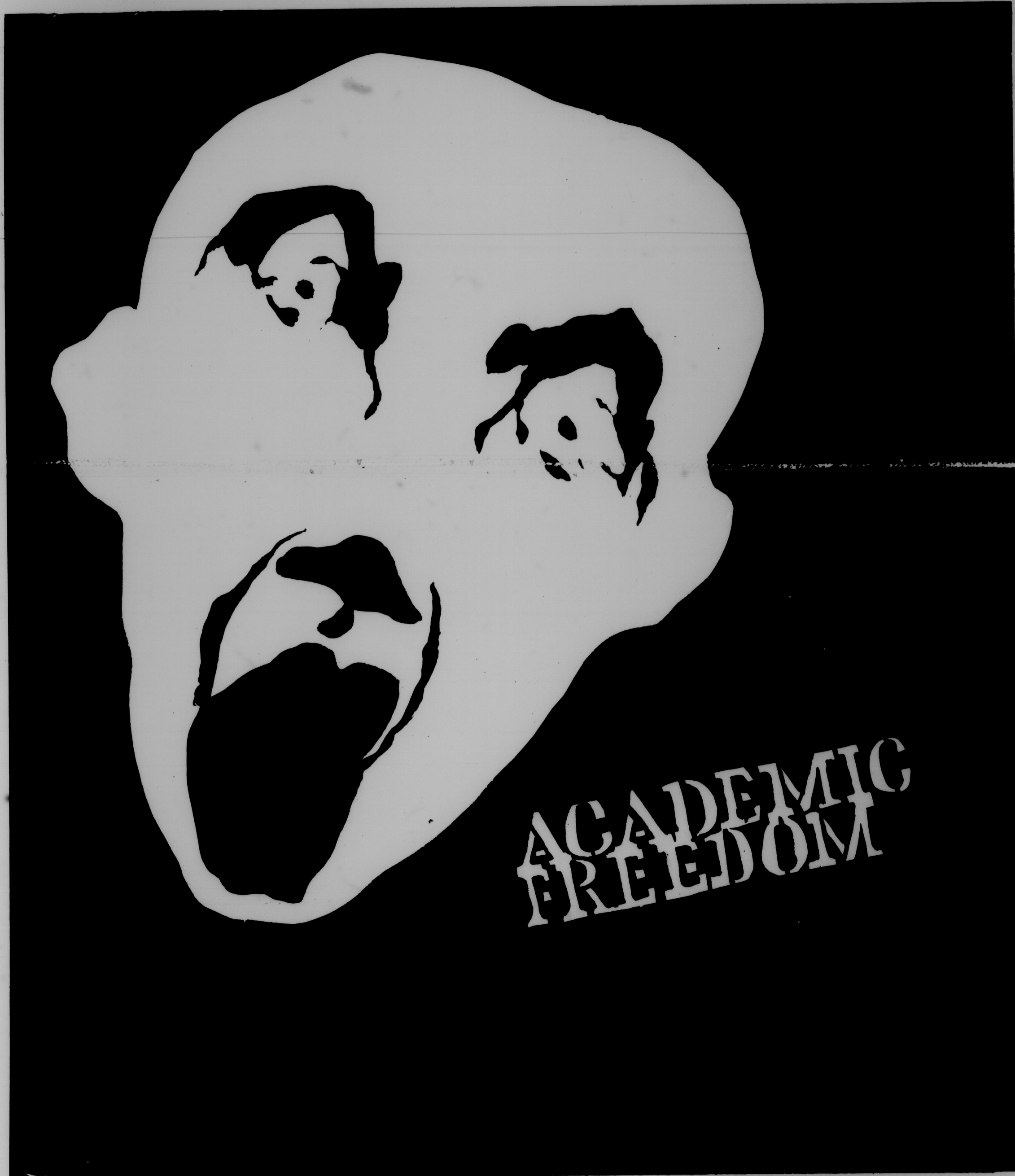


collage

The Biweekly Magazine of the Michigan State News

Tuesday, May 6, 1969



EDITORIAL



ZEITGEIST Volume II, Number 4 \$1.00 Available at local bookstores.

After reading another review of the current issue of ZEITGEIST, I went back to re-read the magazine. Surely it hadn't been all that bad.

Vander Molen's poem "American Woman", for example. So many pages of current literature have been wasted on the great American bitch, and Vander Molen has captured the best of all of them in a dozen lines:

and you
Crowded the doorway
With your swaying hips
Asking me to turn around
So you could use your knife
But no thanks
I'll stay under the chair
With my cat
Until it's dark
And you begin to cry

Ken Lawless' fables have always escaped me. He seems rather more interested in the sound of his own word-manipulations than in telling the reader anything, or even enchanting him in the time-honored tradition of fabulists:

"This was very ordinary, as all men advocate programs by which they will benefit directly, though the cleverest often disguise this with feats of prestidigitation which please and amaze the gullible."

(From "Black Power")

It sounds good, but...

In "Vulgarity And The Shark," it doesn't even sound good. There are ways of conveying senseless slaughter and inexpressible savagery other than "In another ritual of inexpressible savagery..."

Of Paul Weinman's three poems, "When You Wonder What To Do" is the most powerful. Unfortunately, at the pinprick of fear, he drops a bludgeon on the reader:

And I've been waiting three days for that truck to pass. It's true that hundreds of others have crashed by.

But not that one.

I know it's waiting in some swamp back there, just waiting for me to start out again.

And when I do, it will crush me under its wheels.

Then I'll need the bandaids.

B.B. Gasper-Woodford's excerpt entitled "Rape" should be read. I don't know what he's trying to say, or even why, but he reaches frequently into the lyrical.

Heather Dodge's poems hint of strange countries one would like to visit, but which you wouldn't plan on:

Grandfather died in a screaming ward that smelled like elephants
too vivid to be forgotten.

ZEITGEIST as a whole is about the same as its previous issues, with the usual mixture of interesting and non-interesting material. It has seemed to go more out of East Lansing for its contributors-only two of the 22 writers are indigenous talent. Perhaps Collage should send over a few manuscripts...

In the 16th century, the Catholic fathers asked Galileo to recant for what seems today a trivial offense: he merely observed that the Earth revolved about the Sun and not the other way around.

Four centuries later, administrators in our country have been asking demonstrators to recant, or at least to keep their observations to themselves. The sin of the protesters is also an observation about revolving (revolution): they have observed that the university should revolve about the students and not the other way around.

The basic trend in all innovative teaching today has been to center on the student: What does he want to do, what are his interests. What was recognized for centuries in judo--using the energy of an opponent to aid you--is being described as "experiments in motivational instruction," "organic learning" and the like. Briefly it means that in the traditional (for us) I-professor - teach-you-student-this-body-of-knowledge, the inertia of the students must be overcome by the professor before he can teach effectively.

The judo (and organic learning) principle merely waits for the opponent to put himself in motion, then utilizes his energy, instead of first trying to suppress it and then restart it in a new direction.

Unfortunately, few people are aware of the importance of the judo principle (and even fewer of the organic learning principle), particularly the administrators of today's universities.

They cannot understand why students--increasingly aware of

their own potentials--are not willing to have their energies and interests channeled into socially desirable and industrially marketable skills.

Frankly, few students would object to learning such skills in addition to learning more about themselves and whatever "trivia" about which they are curious. And it is granted that a vast majority don't care what kind of an education they get: They will be satisfied with whatever pap they are fed, as long as they get a diploma and a correspondingly higher-paying job than if they had not invested four years at playschool.

The vocal minority is not going to let itself be fed easily digestible and easily administratable pap. They are demanding non-metric evaluation, classes that are non-terminal, and in fact, a relatively unstructured curriculum as regards time. This is, at present, administratively not feasible.

In this issue of Collage you will find a number of comments by members of our teaching faculty regarding tenure, and an article or two concerning what is going on in the "academic system" today, and what innovative groups are doing to try to break away.

We propose no genuine solutions, but really offer this issue as the beginnings of a forum within our community. Those who demand a real education (both faculty and students) are to be encouraged to continue their demands, and those who don't particularly care should begin asking themselves what they are doing within an academic community.

We welcome comments.

Promises
Promises, promises
America
always
true bosom buddies
America and my
white girl childhood
embroidered
in basic outlines
rushing through
our virgin land
so quickly
that we never
saw the absurdities.
--Nancy Brackstone



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'... and that's where it all began'

Each year thousands of boys and girls in Michigan, through their unacceptable behavior, show that they cannot assume proper responsibility for themselves. --from "Program and Services for Juvenile Delinquency," a publication of the Michigan Dept. of Social Services.

By MICHAEL O'NEAL
Collage Director

In the city of Lansing, not far from Sparrow Hospital, there is a quiet area of trees and driveways opening up off the residential streets. Several hundred feet back, an irregular group of buildings is strung out. A large drab structure of stone blocks and large windows dominates the scene; several other buildings, small but equally barren, branch out in several directions. All of the buildings are very old. There are no fences, no walls; this could be the campus of a small college, or a convalescent home.

From one of the buildings steps a young boy. He is whistling an idle tune, his hands in his pockets, as he walks casually to another building. He pulls open the door and disappears inside. He is a juvenile delinquent.

The Lansing Boys Training School (BTS), housing 300 such boys, is one of Michigan's facilities for the care and retention of juvenile delinquents. The boys who are staying there have all been officially committed as wards of the state on delinquency petitions. The institution attempts to create an environment that will enable them to return to their home community and behave in what society considers a responsible way. Often, however, their home environment fights vigorously against them: 75 per cent come from broken homes; most come from an urban ghetto or a hostile rural community; a great number have minimal brain damage caused by malnutrition and "consistent, almost deliberate neglect of the child," as one BTS staff member put it. As the Department of Social Services pamphlet quoted above states, "Delinquency has its origins in the homes and local communities." The problem must finally be resolved there. The institutions and facilities provided by various agencies in the state "can only begin the process of rehabilitation by providing an environment where either failure or success will be realized."

Still, the four months to two years that a boy spends at BTS is a significant part of his life. The boy must adjust to an entirely new life style. His daily life is structured and complete: he puts in a normal school day as well as organized recreation periods in the afternoon and evenings. He now lives with 25 to 30 other boys in a dormitory-type cottage. No fences lock him in, but the boy knows that those who run away aren't gone long before the police pick him up. It's a new life for him, and however brief is his stay, the boy is affected by it.

What kinds of voices come from a school for juvenile delinquents? The following articles were written by boys living in two cottages at BTS and were made available by Charles Ashjian, an MSU student and BTS staff member. Perhaps they shed some light on the human side of juvenile delinquents and keep the issue from becoming depersonalized in sterile statistics. *Perhaps they remind us* of a massive social problem which results in hundreds of children each year becoming "state wards." Perhaps, also, they reveal something about the boys who wrote them, in terms of personal growth.

But above all, these are the writings of boys who, just like all boys, are children becoming adults in a difficult world.

My Life as an Adolescent

It all began on my 11th birthday, which was three years ago. Well I asked my parents for some birthday gifts and my mother said I could have any three gifts I wanted. A few days later, which was August 15, my parents had an argument and they were separated from each other. I was taken to a nearby Childrens Home where I spent three months before any truanancies. I had finally sat down and had thought about this just wasn't the place for me so being so hard-headed I went to go truant from this place. I was always thinking about my bicycle but neither my mother or father was around the neighborhood to buy me my bicycle so while I was on my truancy I had stole me a bicycle (Sting Ray) and thats where it

all began. I only stayed out on the run for about two hours after I had stole this bicycle. Later on that day I was picked up by Detroit Police officers and I was taken to the juvenile home and charged with tampering with unlawful property (which was for the stolen bicycle) and upon arriving at the Youth Center I had run away from the officers.

Later on that same day I had got together with a few of my friends and has stolen an automobile (57 Chevy) and we drove around the city and later that same afternoon we had got into an auto accident which did not pay.

I was taken to the hospital (Detroit General) and was pronounced in critical condition. I was also knocked unconscious when I had went through the windshield of the car.

After all my experience I found out you can't fool police officers, so it just doesn't pay, listen to my advice, please!

Age 14

Girls, Girls, Girls, and more girls

Well, let's start at about 19 or 20 months ago.



Well I was at a party and there was this pretty girl and I happen to be at this party with my two brothers Richard and Lonnie. Beverly this girl, was sitting in a far lonely corner by herself. I went over and said what you usually say to a beautiful girl, Hi I say. I introduced myself and she did the same. I sat talking to her for about two hours, and suddenly I kissed her and the usual thing that a boy and girl do we did.

I talk to her for about the next four days and weeks later I ask her to go with me. She excepted and we made love, and had fun for about 13 or 14 months and then I came up here to B.T.S. and I have been here for about 8 months. Oh the 2/19/69 she wrote and broke up with me. Well that's about all until I get out.

Age 14

My Dearest Nancy

One day as we walked and talked going down the street from school i asked her to go steady and then we laughed at what she said to that question but i told her that i was telling her the truth about wanting to go steady but she said it would take something but my looks to get here to go steady with me so i asked her to come to my house one day and when she did i showed her that i knew how to drive and she said she would go steady with me so now i'm happy about that but now she wants to quit me and go steady with a good friend of mine but i said that she was free to do what she wanted to do.

Age 16

Can I kick the habit of getting in trouble?

It started the 14th day of 1958. My father was mad at my mother for some reason or the other. Me and my little brother came in from school that day and we ate and helped our father around the house raking up the leaves and burning them on the curb. My mother was working at an electric company and my father was working at a steel company in Warren Michigan and my mothers shop was in East Detroit.

Well my mother got a ride home from a friend of hers every day and dropped her off in front of the house about 3:30, 4:00 every day. My brother and I was waiting for my mother to get home because we waited on the porch for her every day and was happy to see her get out of the car and walk over and kiss us and hug us because it make us feel that she really loved and cared for us. Our father was standing on the porch at the time and he pulled out a cigarette and broke it in half and told us to put it in our mouths and then he lit it and we started coughing

and chocking. I told my dad we didn't want it because we didn't like it and it didn't taste good. But he said to smoke it or he'll whip us with a belt, so we went ahead and tried to smoke it but didn't like it.

My mother looked at us and then looked at my father and starting yelling at him and then my brother and me ran off the porch and down the street to my cousins house because that was the first time we ever heard or seen our parents argue or fight. We got in front of my cousins house and went and knocked on the door but no one was home, so we didn't know what to do so we walked on down the street and then went to the Skating Rink and we saw two boys about our age and went and asked them if they lived around here anywhere, and they said they lived on the same street as us, and then they asked if we wanted to go with them walking around.

They asked us why we were hear and we told them the whole story about our parents and they were there for the same reason. So we walked on down the main street and walked into a store and bought some pop and chips and when we came out we all saw a brand new bike sitting in front of the store, and then one of the other boys said he had an idea, he said that he was walking all day and that he was tired of walking and wanted to ride that bike, but we told him that our parents would kill us if we stoled anything.

(continued on back page)

Tenure: standard or standstill?

By MARION NOWAK

The idea and rationalization of the tenure system in the American university has been a source of discontent since long before the activating of interest in the many specifics of academic freedom. The idea of tenure is quite simple: to protect. Job security in the teaching profession is considered as necessary, possible even more necessary, than such security in other vocations. E.C. Reynolds, chairman of the Theatre Dept. said tenure emerged "as a result of the arbitrary practices relative to hiring and firing in the academic community. Most importantly, it established a buffer of protection between outside forces and the University as a whole." This concept of job security in the face of controversy is emphasized by nearly all tenured faculty members as perhaps the most central idea of the system. Without it, several point out, they could very well be driven out of their jobs merely by the vagaries of popular opinion. With it, they can offer the diversity of opinion considered essential to education. So quite wholeheartedly the majority of MSU's faculty endorses this idea of the security of the tenure system.

Any system, of course, quite inevitably contains a flaw. "There is no perfect system," Reynolds said. "The flaws are a moot point." But are they? The most glaring flaw of this particular system is its protection of the undeserving; that is, the bumbling incompetent. One anonymous professor said,



"The mistake of tenure is that it assumes that everyone being protected merits protection. True, attempting a working definition of incompetency in a profession where "minimum-maximum" should not properly exist is impossible. But ultimately the incompetency question is facetious: incompetents are usually overtly, glaringly incompetents."

How to eliminate these bumlbers? Under the system, if they are tenured, there is virtually no way. So there they sit, protected in the name of improvement of education, wrapped in the doctrine of the sanctity of the robe (which cannot be revoked by human hands) and polluting their own atmospheres of academia with ironic, idiotic, self-perpetuating muck. But they like it, they like it.

Most tenured instructors, from E.C. Reynolds to Acting President Walter Adams, do not want the current system changed; this best-of-all-possible-worlds attitude can at best be termed a bold charge forward into the 19th century. Yet the tenure system cannot be allowed to stand as it is, merely in terms of what is supposedly the ultimate sanctity. Allowing waste to intrude on this (supposed) sanctity admits not just apathy but deliberate avoidance; and can human waste be in any legitimate terms avoided?

There are indeed several proposed solutions, both long and short term, that could alleviate various aspects of the tenure problem.

The most obvious solution, of course, is to eliminate the tenure system in entirety. "I guess I'm against it," Bert Garskof, asst. professor of psychology, said. "I guess I don't think there ought to be job security for teachers." This he largely believes to be because "the tenure system in practice seems to function as a blackballing mechanism for a very comfortable social club. And nobody has the right to security when the product

is not good." In addition to the "traditional" question of incompetence, Garskof has here raised a new objection: that diversity of an educator's opinions is not really considered, that it is indeed stifled. For these reasons, to really achieve diversity and to ensure that everyone will have equal job security, tenure should be eliminated. "Nice old men shouldn't get kicked in the snow--but neither should radicals," he said.

Several objections can be raised to Garskof's solution. The most obvious is the reason the system was created: as protection from public hysteria. The arbitrary actions of such hysteria have in the past gobbled up socialists, middle-of-the-road politicians and motorcycle freaks alike. Why "solve" the problem with a great leap backward?

Several other alternatives, two of which are already to some extent in working action, exist. The first of these stands on a very (very) long term scale. Specifically, this involves an intern training program for seniors and graduate students wanting to teach at a college level. Students in the program are familiarized with the "jobs" a professor fills. They prepare lectures, write and grade exams, plot courses and lecture, all the time under closer supervision than the average graduate instructor. One of the most successful aspects of the program is that it has convinced some students that teaching is not for them. Said one, "Otherwise, I might never have found out until it was too late."

A second solution, on a short-term scale of effect, depends heavily on the idea that results of the "test" are grounds for review of tenure. As in operation at Stanford, the program essentially is a final examination not just of students but of their instructor. Finals are given by instructors from outside schools who are qualified to teach the course they are examining. From student results on such an exam can be fairly well predicted the efficacy of an instructor. This is beneficial in two ways: not merely does it virtually force a faculty member to teach well, but it changes the two-camp atmosphere of the exam situation into a one-camp situation, uniting student and instructor against the common enemy of the "outside man."

Yet a third solution, an untested one, exists to the tenure problem: the voice of the students. As the unwilling audience of the incompetent, students are in effect forced into a position of abject acceptance. Creating a review committee with equal student represen-

tation to consider other educative failures than moral turpitude would be a step to correcting the extant problem.

Limitations, however, exist to such a suggestion. For example, the domain of such a committee demands definition. Students cannot enter the realm of hiring of faculty. The criteria for such a choice are so esoteric, and the abilities of applicants so vague, as to increase difficulty almost beyond the immediate realm of student perspective. (For instance, the school could attempt to buy Richard Hofstadter, foremost historical writer from Columbia. But the schools would wind up with a historian of status who ignores the classroom situation to concentrate on research: intellect and status, yet ultimately a lemon.)

But the realm of "firing" is the most apt domain for student participation. Evolving



beyond the necessity of "making do" with inferiors, such a plan ultimately incorporates the university idea of learning on a broader scale, involving also the learning of responsibility. The situation cannot be allowed to stagnate further. The students of the incompetents are indeed eminently qualified judges.

They are not, however, ultimately qualified judges. This, largely, all goes back to the reason for tenure's creation: free speech. In the McCarthy era, even this could not protect many tenured professors. And if Elaine Mishler loses her tenured job in the Wilson fiasco, it may well herald a McCarthy era. The variation of popular conceptions of "morality", coupled with the fact that the students are certainly not immune to mob vindictiveness (witness the 1966 ATL controversy) precludes their having the final say in firing. Such dominance destroyed many medieval universities, and has corrupted too many Latin American schools. But the voice, one of egalite, is needed, and needed desperately.

The tenure system, then, must be revised. In admitting its protection of incompetence and making no gesture to solve the problem, the system has only made a grotesque irony out of "protection." Too many things, attacking too many aspects of the problem, can feasibly be enacted to call it "perfect enough." Refusing to alleviate even a small degree of this stagnation stands as not merely academic arrogance, but practical blindness.

We want crashing through dandelions,
Enjoying the night sunshine
Of the children's flower,
Painting each other with butter,
Crossing wet fields and muddy furrows;
We chewed the stems of tall grass,
Then stretched to watch the stars fade.

I won't cry for dandelions that
Turn to fluff that floats away
Or for the browning grass
That packs on the moist ground,
The chill doesn't last long
And dandelions will grow again.

--Jennifer Hitchcock



On teaching and tenure . . .

Gertrude Nygren

Professor, Textiles, Clothing and Related Arts

Tenure slows down the possibility of a coup in a department. However, there are other subtle ways to encourage unwanted faculty members to remove themselves: counseling kids out of courses, not giving raises or recognition.

In the last analysis, on a day to day basis, I think everyone is his own prodder, but you do need evidence of support from time to time. Tenure is a tangible way of showing support, as is a raise in pay or rank.

In my experience, the people that are good don't pay much attention to tenure.

What students sometimes define as relevant or not relevant is a very curious personal definition. You can't rely completely on student evaluation because with less experience students are limited in certain insights.



Thomas Greer

Professor of Humanities

"When I came to MSU in 1947, students were not very critical. That was a time when there was a lot more to be critical of. We now have a far better MSU, but students are more critical. Students today sometimes lack perspective. They would be a bit happier with themselves if they could keep perspective. A bright young person of today ought to be having a happy experience on a campus like this. However, I am very pleased that students are expressing themselves instead of the panty-raid atmosphere of the past."

"Students wanted autonomy and options. They got that but now complain of confusion and the multiversity. The more benefits we have, the more you can complain about, because you can't complain about nothing. Much of the current complaining about the lack of academic freedom stems from the increase in freedom. It's the paradox between guidance and freedom. You just can't have both."

"The student at MSU has honestly been the focus of unending attention to make education the best that is possible."

"There is freedom for student organizations. There is academic freedom for students and faculty. In fact, no other campus offers more freedom for faculty to say what he wants."

"When you try to force a change on society or on the university, if the time is not right you bring on a fascistic response from society. Society will crack down. It's like an organism—try to stop it and it rejects you. Unfortunately, when you confront society outright, you will lose."

"I'd like to say again, a student who is unhappy here because of the institution is just cheating himself."

Robert Uphaus

Asst. professor of English

I would find the system of granting tenure acceptable so long as the conditions of tenure are clearly stated and are very visible—conditions such as teaching effectiveness, a minimal amount of publication, committee responsibilities.

I think non-tenured faculty have sufficient protection through the AAUP. Although it is slow-moving, it is efficient. For graduate assistants, I very definitely believe that they should have the rights of collective bargaining.

The non-tenured faculty person is in limbo.

I think students do have a voice, if they are responsible enough to fill out those critiques of professors. Those things are read.



Charles Cumberland

Professor of History

In all our discussion with respect to promotions and salaries, the functioning of a faculty member as a teacher is an element as important as any other, as important as publication record or committee work.

People who are not performing as well as they should generally get the cold treatment—they don't get a promotion, their salary isn't raised.

I do not believe that students should sit on tenure committees. First of all, there is no way for a student to be representative of student body opinion. Secondly, hiring and firing is a question of professional judgment. I respect students. I respect their intelligence. But when it comes to a question of professional judgment of this sort, I don't believe they have the experience necessary.

The ASMSU evaluation is only part of a general pattern. It is not very helpful. It doesn't ask the right questions in the right way. I can find out a whole lot more about my colleagues by sitting here and talking to my students and advisees.

There is a great misunderstanding as to what constitutes teaching. I do some of my greatest teaching right here in the office. Unless I'm available to students, I'm not doing effective teaching.

There is no system that can guarantee good teaching. I'm sure there are many people who abuse the tenure system in exactly the same way some medical men abuse the Hippocratic oath. The only thing you can do is to try to catch them early. It's an excruciating process.

The tenure system is devised primarily to do two things for the individual professor. One is to relieve him of some anxiety. Most of us are dedicated to teaching, and if we are bad teachers, it's mainly because we haven't found the key. If I were here on a one-year basis, I couldn't afford to experiment in my teaching. I wouldn't have time. The second thing the tenure system does is to prevent any kind of outside interference—to prevent someone in the department or someone in the upper administration from destroying the effectiveness of the professor, and to give the greatest possible intellectual freedom.

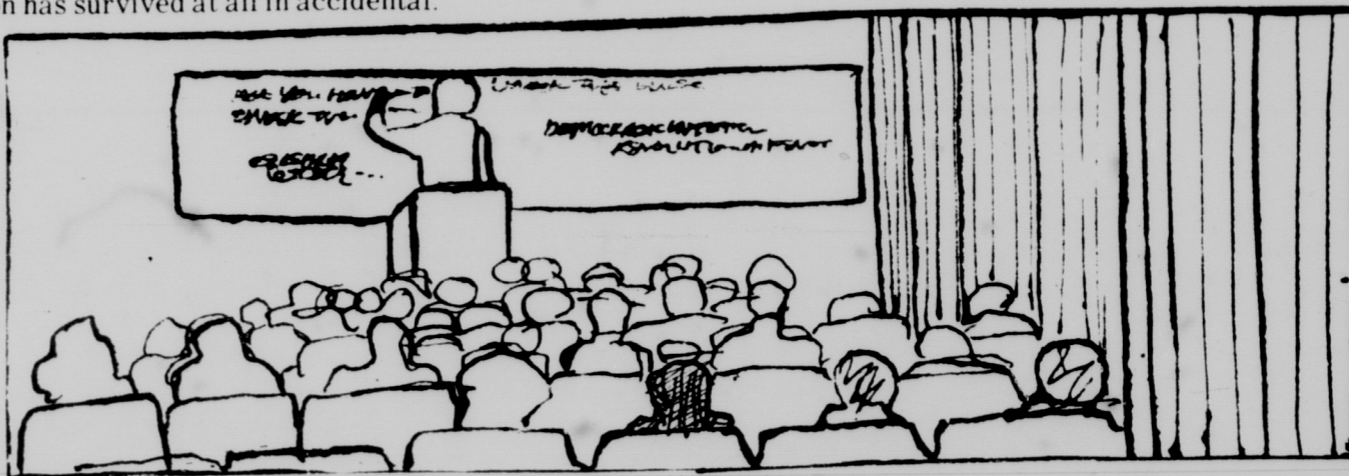


Harold A. McFarlin

Instructor in History

There is no such thing as academic freedom in large public universities today. The term, if it ever had extension in the real world, applied to a kind of educational practice now largely gone from America. The reason it is gone (hardly visible) is that few really desire to find academic (formerly "intellectual") freedom in the universities. The structure of the university today is the result of "external" interests which have had the power, money and influence to rape the schools. The interests are legion but some of the most successful in the recent past are primary and secondary professional educators, farmers, business corporations, the medical and legal professions, governmental bodies, and the most recent entry, Black America. What these interests seek in the universities are cadres, cadres not primarily intellectually free, but properly trained. Expressions of desire for academic freedom seldom if ever come from any of these interests; in any case such expressions would be spotted as disingenuous without delay. These interests have succeeded in establishing the principle that the university and higher education are instruments which they can use to achieve their own goals, regardless of the impact of all this upon the instrument itself. Higher education is unarguably relevant to the goals of all these groups, or, it seems, in the case of Black America and dissident students, soon will be. Now the pursuit of academic freedom is a hardly visible aspect of the university's functions. It is largely buried beneath the university's voluntarily accepted obligations to serve the interests it has shaped itself to please.

Academic, or intellectual, freedom has little verifiable utility, yet because of the enormous prestige of the word and the institution in which it was supposed to be found, no interest has failed to enhance its own prestige by having the training of its cadres combined with smatterings of general education. That general education has survived at all in accidental.





Barry Gross

Asst. professor of English

It seems to me that student judgments of teachers are too hasty. There's something wrong with a students' judging a man's worth on the basis of one class. There are so many different kinds of teaching. Somebody who's a lousy graduate teacher may be a very good undergraduate teacher. You may be a good seminarist but a lousy lecturer. To judge on that one class disregards so much of a teacher's experience and knowledge. I would hate to be judged on my 'bad days' or on a bad term. . . . Students rarely realize that teachers have personal problems just as students do.

I don't know if you can establish an objective system of evaluation. It would probably be too glib and, finally, inaccurate.

Gary Stollak

Asst. professor of Psychology

Students are naive not to think that poor teachers get some kind of punishment for their poor teaching.

The greatest innovations come from teachers feeling free to innovate. A great feeling of freedom comes from having tenure. I think this is unfortunate, but it's true. Many faculty members without tenure do feel free to innovate, but there are many who need the security of tenure.

I heartily approve of student evaluations, though I think that *Vieupoint* is not as good as it could be. My suggestion is that every time a teacher is outstanding or a professor is derelict in his duties as teacher, the students should send a reasoned letter to the chairman of the department, to the dean of the college, and to the president of the University. I think this procedure allows students to wield a great amount of power in tenure decisions.



Hugh Fox

Asst. professor of ATL

As my Prussian grandmother used to say, "Arbeit ist Freiheit"—work is freedom, work is salvation. You have to have a sense of security; you need freedom from fear in order to create.

How do you protect against dead wood in the department? By your criteria for selecting people in the first place. Look for energetic, creative people with high IQ's. What kind of people have they gotten in the past? Low-energy, conformist, non-creative people—because they fit in so well to the bureaucratic system. As I said, I don't think this necessarily applies now; I think changes have been made.

Harry Perlstadt

Asst. professor of Sociology

The tenure system doesn't emphasize teaching, because the people who make tenure decisions are trying to make a name for the department or for the university. Quality of teaching is not so visible to the rest of the profession as publication in prestigious journals is.

The tenure system does two things: it gives job security and it makes it more difficult for the faculty member to move. In this way it serves both the individual and the organization.

Whether students should be on tenure committees or not is a problem of trust. The students who actually end up on these committees are probably going to be the conservative, straight, maybe more professional types. But people who are in the vanguard of the revolution are the ones who give the image to students as a group. At the transition state towards student participation on tenure committees, the faculty would think the radical students are the ones who will get on these committees. It's a threat.

As long as non-tenured faculty don't think they're being exploited, and as long as they can see hope of getting tenure, they're not going to want to unionize.



Frederic Reeve

Professor of ATL

I approve of a tenure system, though I think it's becoming less and less necessary. The more that education is valued in the United States, the more possible it is to get a university position. Tenure was originally instituted to protect professors from outside interference—from the American Legion, Students for a Democratic Society, and so forth. But I hope administrators are becoming more conscious of the needs of the faculty and of the necessity to defend the faculty against community pressure.

I am strongly in favor of student evaluation of faculty, though student opinion shouldn't be taken as exclusive or final. I don't see why a responsible student shouldn't serve on a tenure committee—if for no other reason, at least so that he can be heard.

Justin Kestenbaum

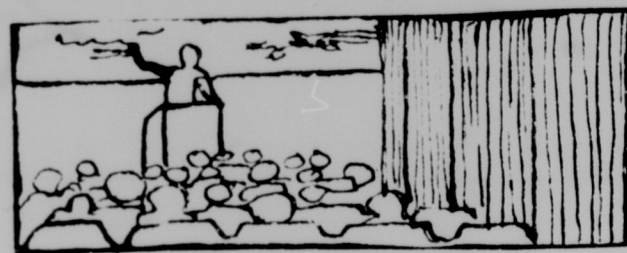
Associate professor of History

There are only three kinds of people who have jobs guaranteed for life: kings, federal judges, and college professors.

There is no way to guarantee good teaching. What constitutes good teaching? Who is to say?

Students have more voice than they know, at least in this department. For the most part, those faculty members who are highly regarded by students are highly regarded by their colleagues. I think that in general, student opinion is reflected in decisions about tenure.

(On tenure decisions): Believe me, it is an agonizing business.



Maurice Crane

Professor of Humanities

The tenure system gives job security to both good and bad teachers. That makes it better than any system which would deny security to good and bad alike, and worse than any system that could really differentiate between the two.

Differentiating is pretty hard to do, and when a professor is refused tenure, he frequently disagrees with his department about his qualifications, so that, as in a divorce case, each party fixes guilt upon the other.

The analogy with a marriage isn't perfect. A professor is free at all times to sever his ties with the university and to go someplace else, knowing that in this profession rolling stones frequently gather more than their share of the moss. The moment tenure is granted the lifetime contract is binding on only one party: the university.

Therefore, the institution is forced into its decision during the courtship period, when both parties are free, and must seek out signs of compatibility or incompatibility before the sacrament of tenure is administered.

It becomes either Marry In Haste Repent At Leisure or reject a hasty marriage (and quite possibly repent at leisure) and the choice is sometimes based on insufficient data. And yet, when the school asks for an extension of the engagement period, it appears to be stalling, and in fact may be doing the professor a disservice by prolonging his anxiety without changing its final disposition. Breaking off an extended engagement just before it reaches the altar usually causes recriminations on both sides, although it's still less messy than a divorce.

I suppose, though, that anyone who would force a marriage on someone he knew to be incompatible would also insist on his right to a lifetime contract in a department which did not want him. And you know what that kind of marriage does: it destroys the children.



Edmund Byrne

Asst. professor of Philosophy

As Dr. Lee mentioned in his interview with the State News, this university is more concerned with the process for making decisions on tenure than with the content of the decisions.

Department decisions are based on professionalism. In two years or five years, the profession may change. The fact that a professor may be relevant beyond a given interpretation of a profession is not of major consideration.

The basic dogma in tenure decisions is department of autonomy. Everybody gets shook if someone from outside the department can have an effect on decisions.

Academic side of freedom

By DAVID GILBERT
Collage Staff

The Free University: what it is

"All things to all people We have been taught by modern psychology to distrust the desire to be all things to all people, ever though our universities are largely constructed to be as much as possible to as many people as possible. So far our universities have failed to satisfy many, and we have, as a result, witnessed much campus unrest in the past years.

free feer

Free

UNIVERSITY



Yet some individuals have decided to keep the maxim "All things to all people," with several important modifications. The first is in the maxim itself: "all that an individual can absorb within the context of a group or solitude". The second is in the organizational structure, or almost non-structure, administering this maxim. A magnificent case-in-point is the Free University concept.

Free Universities exist all around the country: at the University of Denver, the University of Pennsylvania and MSU, to designate a few. They have a variety of philosophies, but all adhere to certain "strategic" groundrules.

There are no grades, no report cards and no competitive examinations.

School is entirely voluntary.

Students and teachers together determine what is studied, and to a large extent, how.

It is accepted that there is no meaningful difference between school and life, between learning and self.

It will be quickly noted that there is no provision made for research grants, elaborate teaching machines or facilities, or even precise architectural structures. Some Free Universities utilize already existing classrooms, others hold classes in private homes and apartments.

There are generally no restrictions on subject matter, on who can take courses or who can teach courses. There is no question of the tenure or competence of a teacher, since a teacher is defined operationally as one who can teach the course (student, faculty, or other individuals).

Students will learn best what they want to learn. The purpose of a Free University is to provide the resources whereby those who know what they want to learn will be able to find those who can teach them, and those who don't know will have the opportunity to find out. This philosophy is no different from that of most regular universities: the implementation is what makes the difference.

Beginnings and problems

Dartmouth Experimental College was begun by an excited undergraduate in November of 1966. With advice from friends and the townspeople of the Dartmouth community, he got support enough to put out, with a committee of committed individuals, a full-scale course offering that made the college the fourth largest in New Hampshire during its first term of existence. Classes met in private homes, fraternity houses, dormitories. The college was able to get a grant of money

which helped defray their costs, but eventually they began charging a slight fee for classes, which has since alleviated money problems. The major problem was found to be that the regular university courses take up so much of a student's time.

The Free University of Denver grew out of a Depth Education Group on education in Fall of 1966. One term later, the Free University had established itself as a group of students and faculty interested in exploring areas not covered by the university curricula. Undergraduate students mostly decided what courses were needed, but have freely used faculty

In the latter area, the list is so diverse as to stagger the imagination. Nebraska Free University offers "The Concept of the Incredible: Sea Serpents, Ghosts, Flying Saucers" as well as "Analysis of the Stigma of Being a Black American." The Free University of Denver has focused on conscientious objection, the history of the American Negro and the writing of William Burroughs. The Free University at MSU has offered "Conversational Polish", "The Legislature As It Really Is" (taught by a State legislator), "Modeling", "The Theory of Relativity for Laymen" and many poetry workshops.

What Now?

These are the semi-formalized structures which students themselves have set up. They illustrate the principle that students, like most people, tend from the less-defined to the more-defined situational structures. But at base the most important factor is a mutual respect between teacher and student, based not on grades, titles, years of life survived, or number of pages published. Nor is it founded on power plays, rudeness or fear. It is founded on the mutual desire to learn and explore our selves and our environment and to share that knowledge with others.

Time is the biggest enemy to combat. Learning is not a timed experience and the established universities work on a system that presumes a certain amount can be learned in a given space of time. The most urgent need is for free universities to consolidate their own structures -- not make them rigid, but iron out the difficult administrative whatnots that get in the way. The next step is to convince the regular universities to begin to adopt similar structures, or at least to permit students the time to take advantage of the free university program.

The requirements could easily be altered to permit that a certain number of hours be satisfied by Free University credits, which is what is being done at Davis Experimental College, at the University of California, Davis Campus.

Another possibility would be special credit programs for teachers, perhaps done through the Free University. When a professor makes a point in class, I may not be finished with it. To avoid disturbing the class and to further my own thinking, I would like to leave the room. This constitutes, under present systems, a breach of class rules-I must stay until dismissed--as well as grave discourtesy to the professor. On the contrary, I have paid him the highest compliment I could: he has stimulated me to think and discover. Professors could be taught to permit this type of contribution, based on the corollary that the student will later communicate his reason for leaving to him.

There are a number of other possibilities. One is to ignore the obvious efforts made by students to secure for themselves a better education. We have only to watch the demonstrations on our campuses today to see that there is a great deal of energy being directed not only to civil rights causes but to academic challenge.

Frankly, there are better ways of improving our educational facilities. The Students for Effective Education have their office in 326 Student Services Bldg. at MSU. They welcome any and all advice and help.

to teach. The major problems have been lack of places for classes to meet, lack of a central headquarters to alleviate communication difficulties and the inability to get enough students to agree on a meeting time due to the University (which has great demands on a student's time, and which has the more effective reward system at present).

The MSU Free University grew out of an idea by Mike Lopez, who set up the Free University almost single-handedly in winter of 1967. When one of his friends offered to teach of the university and began an orientation toward student-and professor-requested classes. The Free University office does little except arrange for publicizing of desired classes (people call up and say, "I desire a class in . . ." or "I desire to teach a class in . . .") and try to get meeting places and occasional supplies. Setting up of curricula, contacting members of a class, setting meeting dates and times -- these are all the responsibility of the class.

The MSU Free University has found that the greatest problem has been class attendance. The time demanded by regular studies makes attendance at Free University classes erratic, but most students agree, nonetheless meaningful.

What is taught?

Courses have ranged in aim from "counter-courses" -- set up to counter the effect of the regular university -- supplementary courses which aim to explore areas not normally considered in the regular university curricula.

Courses in the former category tend toward non-verbal communication experiments, sensitivity training and student power movements.

PATTERN

Why do we cling to this foolishness which is at the best preposterous, at the worst a cruel joke?

which no earthling can laugh at

because he'd have to tear down a mound of paper that he calls law-and-order

and with it would fly away all those things we've been building for years and years

since the beginning of time.

And that just wouldn't do because if it all flies away we're

left just standing there naked embarrassed

And we're not old enough to pay the price.

There are no Methuselahs left only people like us--people who love and care trying to fill up time.

That's why we do it and that's the only reason why we do it.

It would be so damn embarrassing if we stopped

(Besides our nervous systems couldn't stand the jolt.)

--By John Knapp II

The coffeehouse and me

By DAVID GILBERT
Collage Staff

EDITOR'S NOTE: Former Collage Director David Gilbert is wont to reminisce, and the following are his ramblings on the theme of an all-day, all-night coffee-meeting place. Somewhere in the ramble he gives a brief history of coffeehouses at MSU.

In those far-away days of my freshman year, I remember taking long cold walks at 3 a.m., and waking up dozens of my patient friends at all hours of the night. I assume that since the dormitory set-ups have changed minimally since my stay there, the average needs of the average sensitive individuals with intellectual leanings of any kind have remained the same, and that there is reasonable percentage of us now-not in SDS-who would like a place to ramble to. We need a place, not so much for shelter, as for an excuse to talk to people. The saddest thing about contemporary life is that we need excuses to share ourselves with others.

I mentioned this to a friend. He began reminiscing about the Fat Black Pussycat, a wild and wonderful coffeehouse before my time. It was a coffeehouse with real coffee (and cokes for the coke-heads) and man! atmosphere. Imagine! Jesse Colin Young, John Hammond and Spider John Koerner less than a stone's throw away from where the KoKo Bar is now. People met there to talk as much as to listen.

Naturally, that reminded me of the ZEIT-GEIST poetry readings at Spiro's, nee Kew-



pie's and now a parking lot. We would crowd into the Greek's as-yet-unrenovated hole and listen to Donald Hall and John Hollander share with us some of their poems. I don't recall the poems, really, just the friends who used the occasion as an excuse to meet with one another. If they had a buck.

The dormitories tried to pick it up, with checkered tablecloths and candles on the tables. Fee Hall was the first to present poetry-cum-music and chatter, but Akers Cultural Committee, under the legendary David Blombach, sponsored an entire cultural weekend, replete with art show, poetry readings, and musical coffeehouse. The Mad Yak, in the bowels of Holmes Hall, was the most imaginatively decorated, and was probably the best of the dormitory efforts. You could talk quietly to friends, and those who wanted to listen to the performers would crowd up

close to the front. A warm wonderful, smoky atmosphere. About every other dorm on campus picked up the cue sooner or later, with coffeehouse evenings at McDonel and Rather and Wonders, and of course Norm Sperling's valiant efforts at Wilson.

Snyder Hall tried for a blockbuster last term. They wanted to pay for a literary magazine, and featured John Campbell, Ted and Mark and Bob McLean. Crayons and paper were provided with the coffee and or cider, but the program was *too* good. We were seated at the back, by the door, and people still snarled at us whenever we laughed.

The best of the best was a year ago. Short-lived (middle of February to end of March, I believe), the Pit ran a few evenings of poetry and folk music. Now the place is Domino's pizzas, and you'd never know that William Pitt Root or MSU poet-in-residence A.J.M. Smith had ever read there. John Campbell and Virginia sang, Larry Iupa read Rod McKuen sincerely and Dave Gilbert swore he's never read in public again.

The atmosphere was tangibly coffeehouse. People tuned into the musicians and poets when they wanted to, or when the performers felt they had something so important to say that they had to impinge on their audience. I sat with friends and drank bad coffee, which tasted good with shared cigarettes.

Waiting to read, nervous, a little awed, wanting to read, tasting it between the grains of coffee I tongued back onto the white plastic rim. At last I sit before you, and for an instant, I am back at my seat, watching myself, like a child set on separated rocks, with white-washed feet, waiting for the tide and the sky to drench his shirt-mine-with its terrible mouth.

Naturally, the place went out of business.

There are now only three places to meet, outside of the various grills (which do not encourage growing closer): the Joint, the Love Inn and the poetry room on the second floor of Morrill Hall.

The Joint is the prodigious creation of some foresighted people in the MSU Folklore Society. They have top-notch musicians (Ted Lucas, John Campbell, Ed Henry, Cedric Smith), the perennial coffee, and a bit of atmosphere. The only thing is that the artwork is much diminished from last year, and if you want to talk, you have to whisper very quietly. It is still primarily a place to go to listen to music.

The Love Inn is also a place to go to listen to music, according to Rob Lawton, who runs the place. Blacklighting, artwork on the walls and spiced tea give the place atmosphere, but nobody just meets there.

And there's the poetry room on the second floor of Morrill Hall. The best of these three, it is open only during the day, nine-to-five, Monday-through-Friday. But people meet there. I have heard folksinging there, poetry readings, heated discussions (I saw a couple kiss quietly once) and even studying.

Which brings me back to the beginning. There are no places for the night-wanderers. We don't require much. Just a room, a coffee-maker, light source and heat in winter. To be honest, we are not very brave, and we need a room that will serve as an excuse for our tumbling attempts to know each other and ourselves.

Anybody else interested?

I buzz around the social cobweb,
quack with flies,
and wonder why I don't stick.

-Stephanie Vaughan



Records

By VALERIE RESTIVO
State News Reviewer

WARNER BROTHERS. The Sallyangie: "Children of the Sun"

From London, Sally Oldfield, 21 and her brother Michael Oldfield, 16. Theirs is a sweet, delicate weaving of sounds and images. The lyrics are their own-childlike fantasies with adult overtones. They are good guitarists.

Sally and Michael exploit the finer qualities of their rather small voices. The music carefully stays within the capabilities of the performers.

COLUMBIA. "Moby Grape '69"

The record jacket blurb says that "This album represents all that was once so honest and easy and simple." The Moby Grape has a new beginning. "It's a Beautiful Day Today-- might be the album's theme song.

The blurb says "no more gimmicks, no more hypes, no egos, nothing ever again but the music and . . . mutual respect . . ."

No egos???

It's a good sound--the blandness of instrumental arrangement is compensated by good musicianship. It's not a spectacular album. But the Moby Grape has had it with the spectacular.

A and M. Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart: "It's All Happening on the Inside"

The sound is gospel-like. Instrumentals are not distinguished, but adequate for the material. The arrangements tend toward dullness.

SIDEWALK RECORDS. "Three in the Attic"

Soundtrack album from the film. Chad and Jeremy's songs, particularly "Paxton Quigley's Had the Course" are delightful. Side two features background music, also by Chad and Jeremy. Pleasant, non-stimulating, music-for-an-afternoon.

COLUMBIA. "Faces"

Disappointing soundtrack: an album for those who want to recall the visual experience of the film. Vocals on Side one are the best. Much of the album is padded with music not in the film. Inoffensive but generally boring.

CAPITOL. "Canterbury Tales"

Original Broadway cast album. The best and timely material is Chaucer's own, as Martyn Green's reading of the Prologue and Epilogue attests. The music is dull, although Richard Hill's and John Hawkins' blending of modern pop and medieval rhythms and harmonies often almost succeeds. Not recommended for listening to if you haven't seen the Broadway production.

CAPITOL. Willie Tee: "I'm Only a Man"

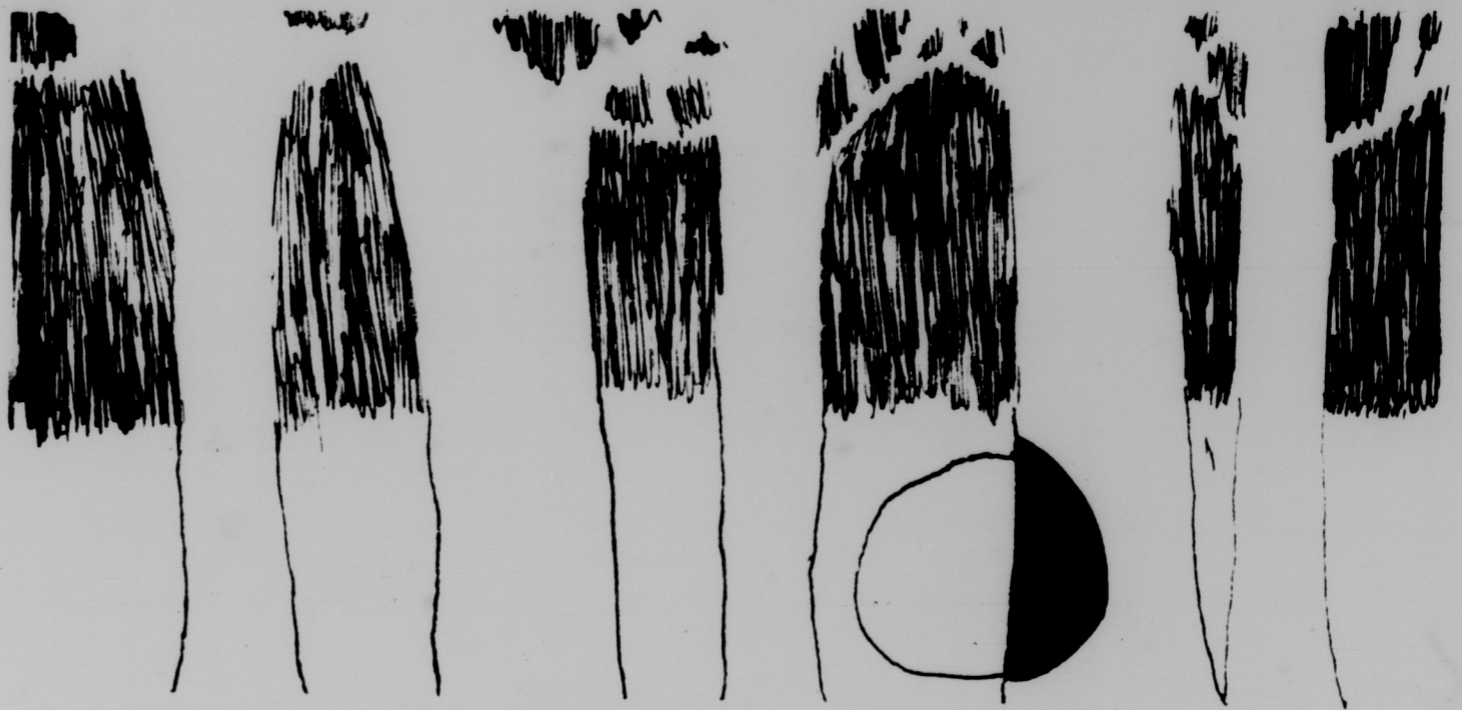
Most of the album's instrumentals are fine. There is a sameness in the several Wilson Turbinton numbers, both in subject matter and in sound. It's a sound that suits Willie Tee's voice, but his talent deserves more substantial material.

Too many violins slick over the good rhythms of "Walk Tall (Baby, That's What I Need)." In "No Answer Came" Willie Tee sounds like a male Nine Simone.

THE WINTER-LEFT WAKE

May' winter be. And I living.
Beautiful
 Beautifully horrible
Sweetened cake of rotten.
Opened
 Rawing in the sun.
In the city I ate
Squirrel baked and orange cat.
There was no August fruit. Or
The bohemian liqueur odor
Of autumn brewing apple.
Snows
 Throw the night streets
Into sterling and spume.
I
Could wound the tissueless
I contract an ecstasy
As a horse heaving an ebony body
Is bloody in death
Intriguing in dying

--by J. Tassi



WE HYPOCRITES KILLED A BOY

*My village is talking of love
Plaques and trophies wish to be given
Frequent smiles in reserve credit
Are sold to wandering people
Look there at that steeple
Dressed in white and carrying a cross
It's my soul's contract.
Examine my words of efficiency and fact
Unbeatable knives of tongue
Request anyone to warm your heart
Sweating to stop, we start.*

*High on the land a mighty forest is
Towering over our two-faced town people.
A spark!
Flaming in the wind a friend delivers his help
The smiles are not to be found
Nobody knows he stands alone
Mothers of this boy cry half the night
Remembering tomorrow was the day they must begin his last march
His body lies up the hill in its ground
This life seemed so short and harmless.*

*Warring games should be played in the snow
By little children.*

--Harold Renn

The world runs on its circular track dropping Chicago
and other places in and out of time,
Chiseling its meaning into something or other.
Some ones of us go carefully to the guard rail
cleaning the little window to watch the goings on.
Other ones of us build our little tools with which
we break windows, guard rails. Build windows, guard rails.

--by Wm. Bruzy

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Monkey Around

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GOING, RIGHT. . .



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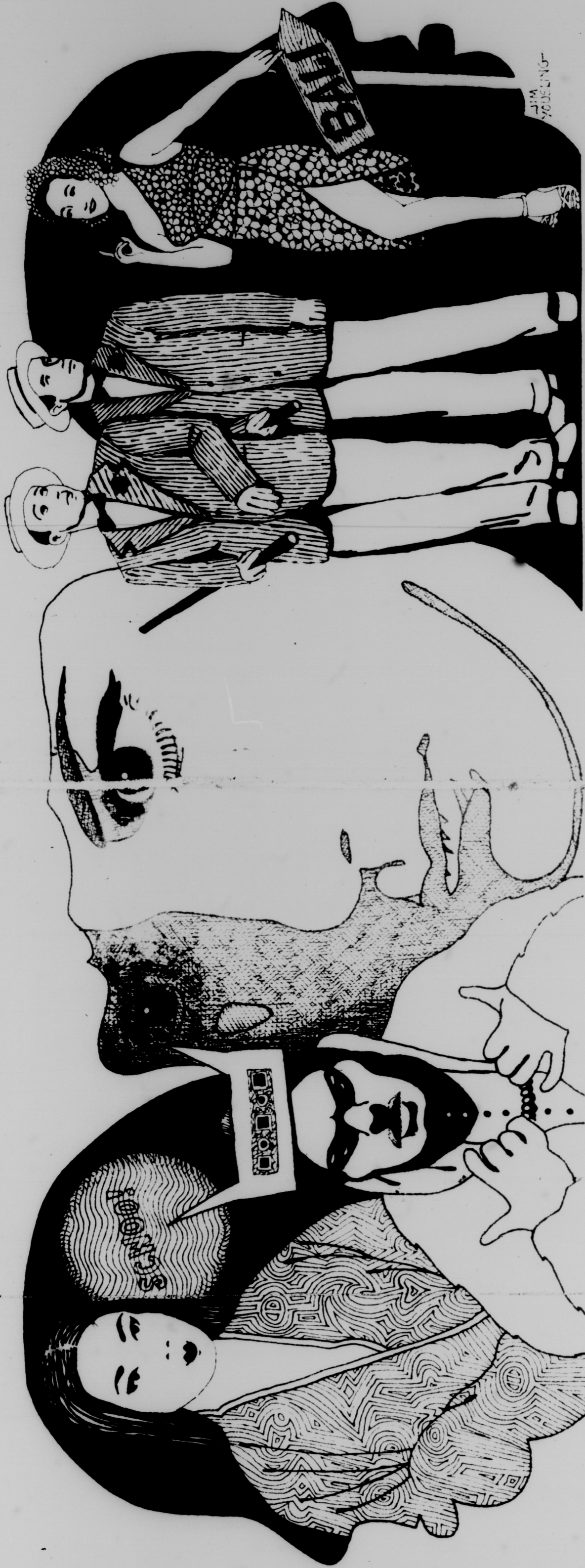
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Calendar of Events: May 6-19



TUESDAY, MAY 6

Student Art Exhibit (Kresge Gallery, through May 25)
 Provost's Lecture, the Rev. Andrew Young (4:00, Fairchild)
 Provost's Lecture, Herbert Woodward Martin (8:00, 104 Wells)
 Tennis, MSU vs. Michigan (3:00, Varsity Courts)
 Graduate Recital, James Sharp, organ (8:15, Peoples Church)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7

Campus-wide fast for Biafran-Nigerian relief
 Provost's Lecture, Charles Hamilton (4:00, Fairchild)
 Les Rout Jazz Ensemble (8:00, Erickson Kiva)
 "Macbeth" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)

THURSDAY, MAY 8

Kinetic Art Program, Part III (7:30, Auditorium)
 "Wait Until Dark" (7 & 9, Brody)
 "Fail-Safe" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 Provost's Lecture, Dr. William H. Grier (4:00, Fairchild)

FRIDAY, MAY 9

Ted and Marcia Johnson (8:30, The Joint)
 Provost's Lecture, Chuck Demery (8:00, 102 Wells)
 Kinetic Art Program, Part III (7:30 & 9:15, Fairchild)
 "The Deadly Affair" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)
 "The Raven" (11:00, 100 Vet Clinic)
 "Fail-Safe" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 "Wait Until Dark" (7 & 9, Wilson)
 Senior Recital, Carole Bryant, mezzo-soprano (8:15, Music Aud.)
 Junior Recital, Larry LeMaster, cello (8:15, 103 Music Practice)
 Baseball, MSU vs. Northwestern, doubleheader (2:00, Kobs Field)
 Tennis, MSU vs. Ohio (3:00, Varsity Courts)
 Golf, Spartan Invitational (8 a.m., Akers Golf Course)

SATURDAY, MAY 10

"Wait Until Dark" (7 & 9, Conrad)
 "The Deadly Affair" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "The Raven" (11:00, 109 Anthony)
 "Gate of Hell" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)

SUNDAY, MAY 11

Graduate Recital, Kenneth Medema, tenor (8:15, Music Aud.)
 "Crucio de Bergeret" (7:30, E. Lansing Public Library)
 Baseball, MSU vs. Central Michigan, doubleheader (2:00, Kobs Field)
 Richards Woodwind Quintet (8:15, Music Aud.)
 Recital, David Townsend, clarinet (3:00, Music Aud.)

TUESDAY, MAY 13

Baseball, MSU vs. Michigan, doubleheader (1:00, Kobs Field)
 Student Woodwind Quintet (8:15, Music Aud.)
 Concert, MSU Symphony Orchestra (4:00, Auditorium)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14

"Notorious" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 Student String Ensembles (8:15, 103 Music Practice)
 "The Great Race" (7 & 9:30, Brody)
 "The Road to Bali" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 Tennis, Big Ten Meet (9:30 a.m., Varsity Courts)

FRIDAY, MAY 16

Water Carnival
 The Castle (8:30, Wonders Kiva)
 Women's Glee Club (8:15, Music Aud.)
 "Mondo Cane" (7 & 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
 "The Music Man" (7 & 9:30, 108 Wells)
 "The Road to Bali" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 "The Great Race" (7 & 9:30, Wilson)
 Tennis, Big Ten Meet (9:30 a.m., Varsity Courts)
 Golf, Big Ten Meet (8:00 a.m., Akers Golf Course)
 Great Issues Series, Sen. Edmund Muskie (3:00, Auditorium)
 Ed Henry (8:30 p.m., The Joint)

THURSDAY, MAY 15

"The Great Race" (7 & 9:30, Brody)
 "The Road to Bali" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 Tennis, Big Ten Meet (9:30 a.m., Varsity Courts)

SATURDAY, MAY 17

"The Music Man" (7 & 9:30, 108 Wells)
 Ray Tate & Co. Blue Grass Band (8:00 p.m., Erickson Kiva)
 "Mondo Cane" (7 & 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
 "The Road to Bali" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 "The Great Race" (7 & 9:30, Conrad)
 Water Carnival
 Tennis, Big Ten Meet (9:30 a.m., Varsity Courts)
 Golf, Big Ten Meet (8 a.m., Akers Golf Course)

SUNDAY, MAY 18

Concert, MSU Chamber Orchestra (8:15, Music Aud.)
 Concert, Concert Band and MSU Wind Ensemble (4:00, Auditorium)
 Senior Recital, David Searfoss, trumpet (2:00, Music Aud.)
 Thieves Market Art Show (Union Bldg.)

MONDAY, MAY 19

Relax

Fiction

By MICHAEL LEE NEISWONGER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Michael Neiswonger is an East Lansing senior majoring in English. He is currently working on a novel.

All morning I've been sitting in my room listening to that rain and knowing damn well that this was going to be a Sunday that might as well be slept through, but I can't sleep. I pace around and smoke and look out the window at my old Harley sitting under that plastic dry-cleaning bag and I keep getting tenser and tenser so when that rain finally stops I go outside and sit on the porch. I light up a smoke and look around the neighborhood and nothing much is happening except across the street where those three kids is torturing that little black dog. The older kid should know better and I feel like going over there and telling him to quit, by God, pulling that dog's tail, but the dog finally gets up enough sense to go smell bushes someplace else.

I look up and the sky's starting to clear up and I'm thinking that maybe, just maybe, it might clear up all together and the sun will come out.

Across the street the kids are fighting with each other now, or at least the little one's fighting with the idiot. The big one likes to handle these matters, likes to make sure they don't kill each other, anyway. Likes to be the idiot's keeper, kinda. I feel sorry for that idiot kid. He's one of those flat faced and fat kinda idiots, the ones that don't ever say anything but look at you like they're just waiting on a thought to come along any minute now and don't go away because it's comin if they can just think of what it was. But I feel sorry for him because I'd heard somewhere that they don't live too long and he wasn't really a bad kid. He came over once to watch me cleaning my bike. Just stood behind me for about an hour and watched every move and finally when I start it up he begins making this noise, like he's humming with his mouth open and I look at him and he's moaning like all get out so I shut it off and he stops. I had to wait until his mama called him home before I could start it again and go for a ride. It just made me feel bad to make the kid cry like that.

So, they're fighting over there and I decide, well, if it's gonna quit raining maybe I can ride ~~some~~ ~~and~~ ~~afternoon~~, after all, so I go back up to my room and strip down to take a shower. I look out the window and the older kid has broke it up now and he's leading the little one over to the garage. Every time I see them, the little one's being led. I think his name is Bobby. He's following along behind the big kid, rolling his shirt up to his neck and rolling it back down. They stop in front of the garage and the big one says something to Bobby. Bobby's shaking his head, "no." Looks like they're gonna argue about it but the idiot's lost interest in the whole thing and he's pulling up grass and eating it, dirt and all, and I think somebody should watch that kid, he don't know any better, but what the hell, I'm gonna shower up.

I go into the bathroom and turn on the water in the shower. Then I remember that the soap is in my room where I was using it to grease the closet door, so I go back to my room and pick up the soap and on the way back to the bathroom I look out the window again. What's the big kid doing now? Locking Bobby in the garage? Looks like it. Well, I guess that'll keep them from fighting, but I can just hear that little kid yelling to get out of there. I can see the idiot's had his fill of grass because he's going over to the garage. I hear the water in the shower and walk away from the window.

When I open the bathroom door the whole room is steamed and it feels good. I like to take hot showers because when I do the steam gets down in my lungs and clears up the phlem and snot in the back of my nose and throat and I can breathe real well. One of these days I'm going to get one of those steam baths that you can put in your basement. That'll be fine.

I finish the shower and just as the water stops I can hear the phone. I think, no, I'll let it ring so I can dry in here where it's warm but while I'm thinking that I'm on my way to the bathroom, holding the towel in front of me. I get to my room and pick up the phone. It's Ed.

"Gonna ride some today?" he says.

"I don't know," I say. "Maybe."

"Come on over if you do, OK?"

"Yeah, OK, let me call you back, huh, I'm wet."

FIRE

"You're what?"

"I was in the shower."

"Oh, OK, see you."

"Click." I turn around to go back to the bathroom and just happen to look out the window as I go by it. What's the big kid doing now? Hey! What's he doing? Hey, kid, don't do that. He's gonna burn down the garage. He can't do that, his brother's in there. I can't believe this. I'm looking out and that big kid has got the idiot bringing piles of paper over to the side of the garage where the kid is throwing them on a fire right next to the side of the building. You can't do that. Your brother's in there. Hey!

I grab my pants and pull them on and run downstairs and outside, still wet and cold. By now, that fire's really growing, gonna take up the side of the garage any minute. I get over there and pick up a newspaper and roll it up and start smacking the fire and the little bastards just stand there. I kick the papers away from the building, but the garage is beyond help. I gotta get that kid out. I pull the garage door but it's stuck. The big kid must have locked it. Boy, he's playing for keeps. There's a side door to the garage but it's locked too, and I look through the door window and the garage is full of smoke. There's Bobby, banging on the garage door and coughing and crying and screaming. I push my fist through the door window and reach down and turn the lock from the inside, trying to keep from cutting off my damn arm. I find the lock and give it a turn and then bring my hand back out and open the door. The smoke jumps out and I can see that the roof is burning away on the other side of the garage. I think the little kid's been overcome, because he's laying down now, and I pick him up and run out and run into their house.

"Hey, anybody in here?" I'm yelling this over and over, holding Bobby in my arms and trying to decide where to run next when I hear an answer.

"Who is it?" She's kinda singing it.

"It's your neighbor. Call the fire department. Your garage is on fire and your kid's been overcome with smoke."

What? The old lady comes ~~to~~ ~~to~~ the kitchen, where I'm standing holding her kid and she screams and faints dead away. Now what do I do? I notice the phone hanging on the wall and I lay Bobby down and dial the operator, telling her where it's at and that they'd

better send an ambulance too, and then I hang up and try to decide what I can do with the little kid. I wonder if I should give him artificial respiration? I lean over him, trying to remember how to do this, let's see, tilt the head back, when he starts sputtering and opens his eyes. I'm glad, real glad, and I notice that the old lady's OK now, too. I look to see if I've cut my arm and, by damn, it's OK, not a mark, but my chest is singed and it smarts a little. Now, where's that big kid. Wait till I get my hands on him.

I go outside and there they are, the big kid and the idiot, watching the garage burn down. The idiot's never seen anything like this before, and his mouth is hanging down and from the look on his face I can tell that there's a million thoughts in his head trying to get out. He's never, just look at it burn, seen anything like this. The big kid sees me coming and starts to make a run for it just as the Volunteer Fire Department drives up in front of the house and starts unloading their gear. I run up and grab the kid and shake him.

"What?" I get mad just looking at him, "did you start that fire for?"

"I was gonna get him out in a minute," he says.

"Why'd you start it?" I ask him again, but he doesn't answer and I start yelling at him. "Why? Your brother was in there."

And then he starts crying and looks up at me. I calm myself down and ask him again. "Why?"

He stops crying long enough to suck in his nose. "So I could save him," he says.

NOT UNTIL THEN

I used to walk around and round
with my eyes fixed on the ground
until I ran into a tree
bumped my head and skinned my knee.
Gee, it was a
~~beautiful~~ tree
first one I'd ever seen.

--Clifford Randall



Voices from BTS

(continued from page 3)

then the other boys said, well your dad tried to get your mother to get on your guys back just because he was mad at her.

Well anyways we followed them for a long ways and we were getting tired of walking to, so the other boys said to try and get us a bicycle so we wouldn't get tired. Then we saw this bike sitting in front of another store and we stoled it, and not to much longer we got picked up by the cops and they took us

We plan on getting Married soon aftur I get out.

Well this story does not tell much of anythings.

But to all of yous --who you are or what you are it don't make thing any different here is what i am trying to say--two wrongs don't make a right.

this is a funny way to end a story but from what I was through it is the truth.

Age 17



down to the cop station and locked us up in a little room until our parents picked us up and yelled at us both all the way home and then we got the whipping of our life, for it was the first time we ever got whipped. We were mad at our parents for whipping us and ran away from home and got sent to the Macomb County Youth Home and spent 8 months there.

And after we got out we stayed out of trouble for almost three years and our parents were proud of us until we saw those other two boys again and then we started hanging around with them, day after day, week after week, and month after month and on Friday they said they didn't feel like going to school, so we skippted and got into some more trouble and got sent to the Youth Home again and stayed for almost a year and a half. It was almost 1963, they first sent me to a half way for almost a year because I kept causing trouble in the Youth Home, we stayed for almost a year, I ran, and my brother served his time and got out for good.

They caught me three months later staying at my parents house, they took me to court and sent me here at Lansing Boys Training School in 1964 and I kept running with other boys to be free, but now I'm 17 and I just figured out that Crime--Does Not Pay! And now since I've learned that I'll be getting released sometime around April for good.

Age 17

I got a black cat's bone and a majoo too I'm John the conqueror and I'm going to mess with you

I'm going to make you pretty girl lead me by the hand
Then the world will know I'm the Zem Zam Man.

Age 16

Something about the time I did in B.T.S. the first time I came up here, I was here 7 1/2 months and then they let me go home.

I was doing good at first but then the guys I used to run with, I got back with them and we got high and got in to it with the cops, that is when things was going bad for me.

then they send me back up to B.T.S. and like the first time I was up here for about seven months. I did good when I was up here, and I did good when I got home, and I met a girl and I was going out with her Most of the time, then like before the same guys I got in trouble with before.

I was running with them one's more, and they put me back up here, and I am still here, I am going home in March for good, I am 17 teen now and will be 18 soon, this time when I go home I have a girl and son that I love very much. Now I have some one to take care of.

I'm not a child of my mother nor God

But a child of my own
I live not of the soil or sod
a child of Independence
No one holds my hand
a child not of this earth
Nor of this land.

I'm not a child of the father or his will
Neither a child of song or
the night's cold dark chill
I am not a child of Joy or of tears
Nor of happiness nor of years
I am myself alone
what I am I grown alone.

Age 14

companion

You want me to be a companion.
But your engineer world of
capacitors (resistors?)
is unknown.


I can't find the tools you ask for,
their names are strange,
Tell me by color or shape,
But you only move my hand away, useless.

As I leave I can't command your eyes,
you think of wires or part on part,
and your face is turned to scraps of
metal and plastic.

But, when this, the more important thing,
is done.

I return and take your tired hands to touch,
and make your eyes reach out for human parts.
Engineer a bridge, my love,
(would you call it a transistor?)
to find the power I have to give.
This you must do, I can only wait,
willing, like the sun, to let you take
what you have earned.

--by Christina Hansche



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