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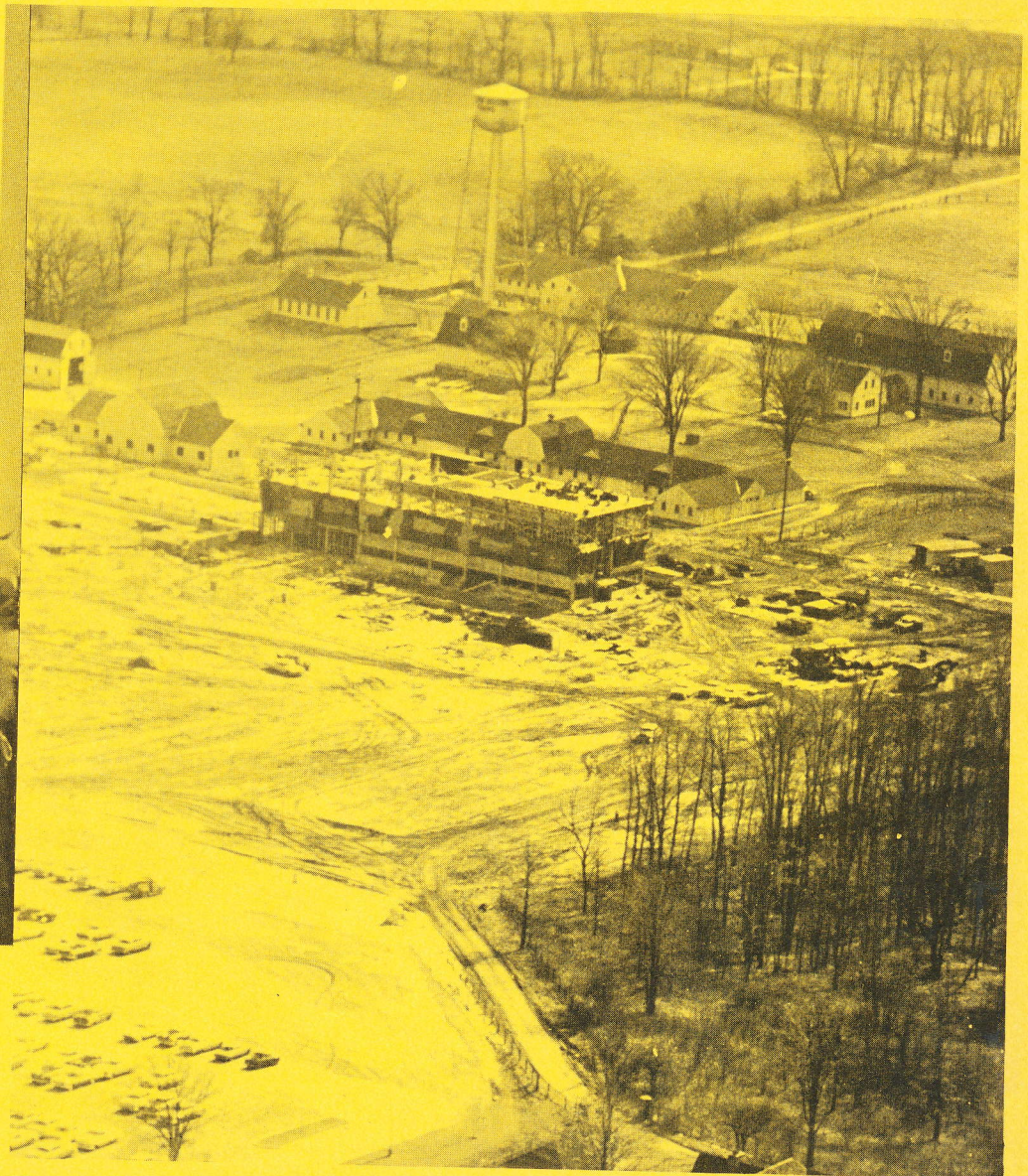
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Vol. I, No. 5

Oakland University In Print

Take Home



**Memories  
of O U**

**Pages 14 & 15**

***MRS. WILSON'S DREAM?***



# double EXPOSURE

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Double Exposure, Volume I, No. 5.

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# in your ear

End of the Semester. (we're going home! we're going home!) And the last Double Exposure until fall. We hope you like the kinds of things we are doing. This semester has taught us that the magazine does belong at Oakland.

This issue includes a large proportion of work by two very fine writers, Greg Erickson and Bill Loeb. Both of these Contributing Editors are graduating this semester, and you should see some of their work before they go.

I am continually impressed by Bill Loeb's gift for writing outrageously funny satire one minute and searching commentary the next. His humorous Dings, Chucks, and Pots: A Gourmet's View competes with a probing personal account of The German Problem. Going on to surpass himself, Loeb illustrates his article on The Heroics of Fantasy by writing three separate short-short stories — each in the style of a different author.

Where Loeb is alternately abrasive and serious, Greg Erickson's writing has a light, even tone. He has a way of presenting serious research and proposals readably, a virtue many publications could well use. (Two already do: Erickson writes the Rare Eggs column for Focus, as well as the Choice Yolks column for us.)

His Greg Erickson Interviews A Commuter, A Resident, And You, although humorous, is based on actual studies of value differences in these campus groups. Erickson demonstrates both in and out of print that one can invent, create, and provoke without being offensive; and at the same time, without being wishy-washy.

Does anyone get the feeling we're not in a school at all, but rather a vast psychiatric day hospital? You may be right. This issue DE has the honor of first publishing Professors Carl Vann and Philip Singer's work on The University as a Therapeutic Community. Their article is abstracted from a larger work, as yet unpublished. (By the way, it was the occasion of this particular piece that prompted us to copyright all further issues of DE. Oakland University authors may now submit unpublished material without risking infringement.)

If the university can be viewed as a hospital, other institutions can be seen as a university. Eric Lorentzen, a former Oakland student who was sentenced to 20 years in prison for selling marijuana here, has just been released on appeal bond. His penetrating first-hand insights on penitentiaries and their inhabitants reveal the "correctional institution" to be a veritable University of Crime.

Moving from the milieu of inmate back to the world of student (where we all no doubt feel more comfortable), DE takes a journey through a student enterprise — specifically, the Student Enterprise Theater (SET), a complex operation indeed. For this piece, Associate Editor Doug Cleary and Contributing Editor Wendy Lull audited rehearsals, performances and technical sessions, and interviewed many people involved in student theater here. They discovered that putting together a show requires enormous effort and coordination.

While SET is a fascinating group in its own right, that organization typifies more than 75 student groups on campus, each a center of activity; each enriching the daily experience of its members and this community.

The list of articles could go on; the material is endless at this vast university. We have all grown.

Fall semester will see Double Exposure alive and kicking. We are making careful plans to remain in this format, to appear perhaps bi-weekly, and — most important — to maintain our quality and our integrity. What else, indeed, should one expect at Oakland University?

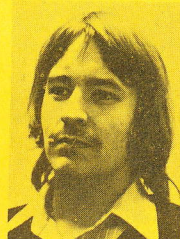
And after all, what else will truly satisfy?

Goodbye.  
Go in Good Cheer.

Stuart J. Goldberg  
Editor and Publisher



John Porter



Greg Erickson



Wendy Lull



Stu Goldberg



Douglas Cleary



Bill Loeb



Just as Alice wandered aimlessly down the rabbit hole, many students wander willy-nilly through the maze of Oakland University. So we (Wendy and Doug) want to direct your passage through a unique activity into which many students have put their heart and soul — to direct you on a

# JOURNEY THROUGH SET

The day was loud with wind. Up the weathered wood ramp to the heavy yellow door — to a mighty pull it opens with a promising creak: you step out of the freezing wind into the cold and drafty Barn.

The wind rattles the walls. And you walk very carefully around the sawdust of renovation. They're putting in new wooden walls, and working on railings for the balconies . . . over the smell of dust is the scent of new wood.

Instinctively you go up on stage and do a two-step. The sawdust kicked up by your deftly dancing feet is caught by a spotlight. You look up, wondering what the hell is going on, and a Cheshire grin beckons you to the balcony and into the abode of Bill Horton, master electrician and ace light designer.

You drop down on your hands and knees and crawl cat-like into the square cave light booth. The three walls are a maze of harlequin wires and motley panels — and Bill Horton.

## AESTHETIC BEAUTY

Bill is scurrying around in his cubicle, getting prepared for the arrival of his (at least) three man crew. When they come, the ladders start moving and the lights are hung and focused. Preparation for the play and the setting up of the lights takes the teamwork of the whole crew. Bill's on the stage so there is something to focus on (other than deftly dancing feet), one's up the ladder hanging light 2P3, and the others are patching 2P3 into the circuit of the dimmer board.

"We have five kinds of lights to create our aesthetic beauty. There's the Fresnel, which creates a diffused light, with soft edges for general lighting. Then there's the Follow-spot with adjustable spot size and shape. Also we have the Scoop with a flat light; it looks like a natural light — like that of the sun. The Leko gives a hard edged light with a controllable shutter so you can cut the lights into different shapes and control the edges — making them either soft or hard. I have about fifty lights on INDIANS so far. To get all the lights patched and ready will take us about 36 hours. Also I design the lights . . . which means that I plot

where the lights will go for each scene. Then I have to test them out on the stage here. A really expert light designer can design from his desk, but you have to be really good to do that. Then we put the lights in set numbers for each scene or change of lighting. For example, we have a certain way to focus lights for the Bill Cody scene in INDIANS, so we have to take a copy of the script, write in the places where the lighting cues are for each change. Then I sit in the house and call out a scene or cue line and the crews in the booth fix the lights.

To actually DO all this is not that difficult — but there is a lot of feel involved in the whole set-up. It takes time to get to know all the lighting effects that you can use and what and which lights should go where, and *then* you get into the colored gels that you want for each light, cross fading . . . On top of all this, I'm acting in INDIANS — I have a few small parts; I do the opening lines in the play — and some other characters as well."

## TOM ASTON IS UPSTAIRS

The wind is still screaming as you walk through the door into the foyer of the Creamery — the little greying-white house next to the Barn. The front hall is plastered with aging posters of past successes. Out of the right comes the ringing of a phone. Peering inside the tiny office you spy a dark-haired beauty. She smiles. She is Anne Bendix.

Anne is the producer for SET, one of the four students on the theatre's payroll. As the producer, she is in charge of: "Making sure the crews coordinate, and getting the show on its feet — buying things, getting the payroll out, promoting, press distribution, photos from the play, posters and tickets." When you walked into the office she was taking ticket reservations on the phone. She continued to answer the phone at two-minute intervals. Anne is an amazingly busy person. You want to speak with her some more, but time is of the essence. She tells you Tom Aston is upstairs.

And he is. In the midst of yards of semigaudy material, he is busy on the floor making costumes for Overture to Opera.

He designed costumes for Meadow Brook in its opening season in 1964, and started with SET in 1966. He is the director and moving force in the actors' lives. It was he who conceived and created ALICE last summer, and it was he who contacted Marc Abel to write the music this fall. After surmounting a thousand technical difficulties, ALICE has grown to be one of the "six original U.S. university plays to be taken to Washington, D.C. for copyright by the John F. Kennedy Foundation for the Performing Arts."

"That's really something" you say — and watch him cutting into metallic material. Dazed by the costumes for "Opera," you ask him about auditions.

"We're going to be changing those. We used to have regular readings. I hope to get into more of a group improvisational thing. That way you can get to know people better. If it's a musical, we'll work out some singing in there . . ."

"That's really something," you say again and he smiles up at you from the floor, and suggests you come to a rehearsal for INDIANS.

Down the steep narrow steps and out into that wind again — visions of meretricious material mesmerizes you — in grandiose dreams you become a star.

## THE PEOPLE

Through the wooden rail whips a terrorizing gale. Inside the Barn the lights and heat are on. In an ancient leather seat sits a smiling boy: John Barnstead — better known as the March Hare in ALICE (and the "Oldtime president" in INDIANS). A girl is sweeping sawdust as you talk to John. People file in smiling and wind-blown. They are very friendly and this is what they say of SET:

John Barnstead      major: Math and Russian  
SET is the only place on campus where creative work is done. Tom is very good — What can you say?

Tracey Phillips      Eng. and Music (student director)

SET is an organization of kids interested in theatre — it's a lot of work. We have a hard

*continued next page*



# GREG ERICKSON TALKS TO A Commuter, A Resident and You

## A COMMUTER SPEAKS

HELLO. I'M A REPORTER FOR *DOUBLE EXPOSURE*, AND YOU'RE A COMMUTER. I'VE HEARD A GREAT DEAL ABOUT THE PROBLEMS YOU FOLKS HAVE IN RELATING WITH THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY. WHAT DIFFICULTIES HAVE YOU, AS AN INDIVIDUAL, HAD SO FAR?

Well, for a while there I was really messed up. When I first started coming to Oakland, I couldn't find a place to park anywhere. Finally, I realized that I could get a spot if I came about two hours early, but even then I had to park so far away from the buildings that . . .

I GUESS PARKING IS A PROBLEM. WHERE DO YOU HANG OUT FOR THOSE TWO HOURS BEFORE YOUR CLASSES START?

I usually do a little reading in my car. AND WHEN YOU EAT LUNCH: DO YOU MOST OFTEN EAT IN THE GRILLE OR IN THE CAFETERIA?

Where's the Grille?

IN THE O. C.

What's the O.C.?

WHERE DO YOU EAT LUNCH?

Most of the time, I don't, lately.

WHY NOT?

It's too cold.

WHERE?

In my car.

DO YOU HANG OUT IN YOUR CAR AFTER YOUR LAST CLASS, TOO?

No, that would be stupid. I just drive home.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT SLIGHTLY, WHAT DO YOU DO FOR FUN, SAY ON WEEKENDS?

I'm usually with my girl. I drive over to her house. Sometimes we go to a drive-in movie, and sometimes we just go get something to eat.

I BET I KNOW WHERE YOU EAT!

We eat at drive-ins. What's wrong with eating at drive-ins?

OH, NOTHING, NOTHING. WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE BY YOURSELF?

I work on my car.

Those weren't real interviews. The point I was trying so obviously to make is that commuters and residents are different. Each group is a fairly homogenized conglomeration of races, creeds, colors, national origins, and family incomes. Just the same,

(see my ridiculous questionnaire, facing page)

## A RESIDENT SPEAKS

YOU'RE A RESIDENT ON THE OAKLAND UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, RIGHT?

Right on!

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE CAMPUS LIFE?

Well, we all get up in the morning, and then we all go to the bathroom and wash up, and then we eat breakfast together. After that, we go to our classes in the morning, and then we come back to our rooms, goof around for a while, and then we all eat lunch . . .

EXCUSE ME, BUT I CAN'T HELP NOTICING THAT YOU ALWAYS SAY "WE" INSTEAD OF "MYSELF," OR "I" OR "ME." WHAT DO YOU DO AS AN INDIVIDUAL?

I don't quite grasp exactly what you mean.

DON'T YOU EVER DO THINGS ALONE?

What means this "alone?"

OH, COME ON NOW. YOU KNOW, BY YOURSELF, APART FROM ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON CAMPUS.

By myself? You mean without other kids? You mean actually leave the nest and set out on my own, as a separate entity?!? My God, no!

DO YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS WHO ARE COMMUTERS?

What's a commuter?

A COMMUTER IS A PERSON WHO DOES NOT LIVE IN A DORMITORY. HE OR SHE MIGHT LIVE IN AN APARTMENT, WITH A COUPLE FRIENDS, OR AT HOME WITH HIS OR HER FAMILY. COMMUTERS GET UP IN THE MORNING, GO TO THE BATHROOM, EAT BREAKFAST. AND, IN SHORT, DO ALL THE THINGS YOU DO. THE ONLY BIG DIFFERENCE IS THAT THEY HAVE TO GET IN THEIR CARS AND DRIVE TO CAMPUS TO GET TO CLASS.

What's a car? The word is familiar, but I think I've forgotten. Is it anything like a bus? I know what a bus is. But anyway, why aren't these commuters allowed to live like normal people?

OH, THEY DO, THEY DO. YOU REALLY SHOULD GET TO KNOW ONE OR TWO COMMUTERS. THEY'RE BASICALLY PRETTY NICE PEOPLE.

Do you think you could point one out to me? I'd like to see what they look like.

"I never know  
until it gets

COMPILED BY RICHARD HUBBS

Sometimes it helps to open your mouth and put in your two cents worth about some asinine problem or irritating hassle so aggravating you want to kick somebody.

Well, start kicking *Double Exposure* — at least, through our continuing "Two Cents" feature, which gives the O.U. community a chance to fight back. Last issue, "Two Cents" leveled its attack on communications at Oakland. We received some interesting blasts and bouquets for the status quo in campus communications, and found out some intriguing differences between residents and commuters.

The answers we received follow:

QUESTION: "As a student of Oakland, do you reside in our luxurious on-campus accommodations, or do you drive down the highway of life as a commuter?"

RESULTS: Of the total that replied, 59% were commuters and 41% were residents — odd for the fact that Oakland is almost two-thirds commuter. This may indicate that commuters don't have the time to fill out questionnaires or the desire to do so.

QUESTION: "Commuters: Are most of your friendly associates residents?"

RESULTS: Commuters answered 'No' 62%, 'Yes' 38%. Nobody said anything about UNfriendly associates.

QUESTION: "Do you think commuters differ from dormies in their goals here?"

RESULTS: Seventy-one percent said 'Yes,' while 29% said 'No.' Got some interesting comments here, including the general consensus that residents were here for the social life, while commuters were after jobs. One individual said: "To me, commuting seems like an extension of high school — study, good grades. Never have I seen a dorm student study more than two hours." While another thought: "Most commuters simply go to school here, they don't want a part in the school or seem to want to." One person commented: "... The dormies are here to smoke pot, have a good time and on the side, get an education; while all commuters have one thing in mind: a sheepskin at the end of 124 hours of class."

QUESTION: "Is O.U. basically a commuter school?"

RESULTS: Overwhelmingly, yes. Residents (100%) were in agreement, while 78% of the commuters thought so. Comment: "Come, come, surely this is a stupid question; 4500 commuters and 1900 residents, I mean, is there any doubt? Besides, who in their more sane moments would consider living in these dorms?"

QUESTION: "Are you happy with O.U."



what's going on  
cancelled . . . ."

AND PAUL AXINN

being the type of school you answered above?"

RESULTS: Nobody likes it. Eighty-three percent of the dorm residents and 90% of the commuters agreed on 'No' — one of the few things they did agree on.

QUESTION: "How often do you see your friendly family faculty?"

RESULTS: Frequently — 0%

Often — 23%

Once in a while — 54%

Only when it can't be avoided  
23%

And one fellow replied "Phew!"

QUESTION: "Is your local corner faculty member: (a) willing to listen? (b) open to diverse points of view? (c) available when needed?"

RESULTS: All (100%) students said that their faculty advisor was ready to listen to them, while 93% thought their advisors were open to other viewpoints and only 64% felt their advisors were available when needed. One student believed his advisor was always available "except when he's out."

QUESTION: "Are you aware of our president's final decision regarding Christmas decorations?"

RESULTS: Almost all (95%) said Yes, they did know the final outcome. Unfortunately, President O'Dowd didn't fill out a questionnaire — perhaps he didn't know.

QUESTION: "Do you know what O.U.'s administration is doing? Do you have any questions about it?"

RESULTS: Interesting. Only 16% were positive about the first part, and 11% had questions about it. Quite clearly, 5% of the student body knows what the Oakland hierarchy is up to and yet doesn't worry about it. Now, if we can find these people and make them explain it to the rest of us . . .

QUESTION: "Do you think Oakland University has adequate publications?"

RESULTS: Less than half (45%) thought Oakland's publications were adequate. Comments include:

"No regular art-humor-literary magazine."

"No real form for student literary effort. No dissertation of all campus news."

"Previous to this, I would say no, but it looks as if the situation is being remedied."

"Student publications meet the needs (somewhat) of the student, however, I wish a faculty viewpoint would be presented more often."

"Double Exposure and Focus: Oakland are good newspapers; I'm pleased with the new OU."

"My mailbox has recently been stuffed with a plethora of junk."

*continued on page twenty-five*

# MY OWN RIDICULOUS QUESTIONNAIRE.

residents and commuters are not just the same. The differences are not always easy to spot. You may never notice the contrasts unless you really get to know some good representatives of each group.

I not only think that I know something about the college behavior of these two types, but I also feel that I know about the things they did in high school that made them what they are (commuters or residents) today. How do I know? Bill Peters tells me so. (He's the director of Commuter Services.) How does Bill Peters know? Dr. David Beardslee tells him so. (He's the head of Oakland's Department of Institutional Research.)

Prospective Oakland students were given questionnaires while they were in high school. According to the information gathered, a student's past life-style helps determine whether he will drive to or live on a college campus. From those results, I devised my own ridiculous questionnaire. This one will not be handed in to anybody. Instead, it is designed to allow you students to realize how many commuter or resident traits you possess. The "real you" is revealed at the end. Take out a pencil and circle the letters which correspond to the answers which most apply to you. You may begin.

1. If you can, remember back to your high school days. What did you then think would be your major in college?

C. Engineering, chemistry, physics, economics, and that sort of thing

R. English, humanities, psych., soc., anthro., etc.

D. Arson, breaking and entering, girl ogling, man hunting, glue sniffing

2. When you were in high school, did you debate with your teachers a lot in class, have a part in a play, formally participate in sports, hold any elected office, or enter any other types of competition?

E. Most or all of the above

O. Hardly any, or none of the above

I. Who wants to know?

3. When you were in high school, did you discuss religion, non-high school political candidates, the war in Vietnam, politics in general, racism, or the school administration?

M. Sometimes, but not very often

S. A whole bunch more than sometimes

N. Well, I'll be a blue-nosed gopher

If you circled either M or S, what side of the political fence were you on at the time?

M. More right than left or more right than middle (a little to a lot on the conservative side.)

I. More left than right, or more left than middle (liberal)

G. What fence? I don't see no fence.

4. Did you think that students should have more power in designing curriculum, censoring their own publications, determining the pay of faculty members and stuff like that?

U. Not always, not exactly, not sure, not ever

D. Mostly right, right now, alright, right on

B. 23 skidoo

5. When you were a high school student, did you ever think that you might join the Peace Corps or VISTA or some other social service organization?

*continued next page*



# A BIG CROCK OF VILE-SMELLING SEMI-SOLID WASTE MATERIAL ?

- T. I sincerely doubted it  
E. Yup, I considered it  
A. What, me worry?
6. Did you ever have hopes of becoming some kind of community leader?
- N. Yeah, I guess so  
E. No, not really very often  
T. Now let me make myself perfectly clear . . .
7. Did you hope that college would assist you in developing a philosophy of life? Did you consider this one of the most important contributions to your education?
- T. Yes, I always thought that college would teach me some of that philosophical meaning-of-life jazz, and that that would be neat  
R. No, I guess I'm a little more down to earth. I never was as much concerned about this aspect of college as I was about others  
!. Fat, fat, the water rat!

8. How many times a day, week, month do you . . . oh, never mind.

There we are. Now, go back over this and list your answers consecutively. See, this thing was made so that perfect commuters' answers spell out "commuter," and perfect residents' answers spell "resident." If you spelled "remident," you are seven-eighths resident and one eighth commuter. By figuring out the percentages of the letters for each word you have on your list, you can calculate what percentage of commuter or resident blood courses through your veins.

Although this whole business may seem to you like nothing more than a big crock of vile-smelling semi-solid waste material, it was actually based to a great degree on fact. The findings of Beardslee and Peters seem to show that commuters are more conservative, less political, less competitive, and more interested in certain studies than residents. These factors, believe it or not, influenced your decision to live on or off campus, far more than your family's income.

If you don't like the results you obtained by answering the questions the way you did, go back and change your answers. That's what I always do with questionnaires like this. If you think that the generalizations made about either group are unfair, you can go argue with the people who administered the questionnaire, whence came my data. Or, here's another solution: You can get to know some people from the group of which you are not as yet a member. They might be able to teach you how you can turn over a new leaf.

One last comment. If you happened to answer the questions with the last choice available in each case, you have spelled the word "dingbat!" which is most likely what you are. If this is so, I would appreciate your giving me a call sometime. I am very fond of dingbats. We have to stick together, you know.



By Bill Loeb



YOU KNOW  
WHAT BOGS  
ME? IT'S  
THESE RACIAL  
QUOTAS THEY'VE  
ESTABLISHED AT  
THIS UNIVERSITY



IT'S RIDICULOUS.

THERE ARE SO MANY  
MORE USEFUL  
CRITERIA FOR  
JUDGING A PERSON'S  
INTELLECTUAL WORTH,  
HIS RIGHT TO PARTICI-  
PATE IN THE PROCESS OF  
HIGHER EDUCATION...



LIKE MONEY

The Byronist



# DINGS, CHUCKS, AND POTS: a 'gourmet' view

"It is a beautiful spring day," murmured my small editor reflectively. "Beautiful days are made for work." His mouth puckered into a shy, impish smile, the sort you usually notice on old portraits of Robespierre. Chop. "Why don't you go riding and review the holes in the road?" Chop. Chop.

So there I was tooling down the concrete ribbon, the broad peasant face of my driver-ess alight with fiendish glee. "Ho," quoth she. "How'd you want to hit'em, fella? Fast or slow?"

"Slow. Very slow," I whimpered bravely. And off we went.

Now, before proceeding further, it is necessary that we define our terms. While a hole is a hole is a hole (or as a fellow void-fancier once described it, "a place where the road isn't"), to the true connoisseur interruptions in the pavement can be separated into three classes: Ding-holes, Chuck-holes, and Pot holes (not to be confused with the hole you scoop out to bury your stash).

Ding-holes, or "dings," are indentations of no more than two inches in depth and two feet in diameter, or 1.16 on the Oops scale (a number from 1 to 10 expressing the ratio of the number of inches of stomach sinkage to the force [in foot pounds] with which the diaphragm strikes the left kidney). Dings are not common on the highways of Oakland U., tending instead to gather in sections of sidewalk.

Chuck-holes, not surprisingly, are between the size of the ding-hole and the pot-hole, or about 2.3-5.6 on the Oopsmeter. (As a matter of local interest, the Chuck-hole was named for Eustace T. Von Chuck, the man who submitted the architectural design for this university. Von Chuck was notable for his strongly-held belief that it does not snow in winter and for his equally powerful belief that water runs uphill. We can thank these theories for what many consider the most unique system of drainage in the state. The entire free world was saddened by the untimely death of Von Chuck, who passed away three months ago while attempting to go to the john. Death was by drowning). Chuck-holes, oddly enough, are rare at Oakland, possibly because they turn into Pot-holes so quickly that no one has a chance to notice them.

Unlike the ding or chuck, the Pot-hole, or "wheel-bane" as commuters affectionately refer to it, is very common around campus. This breed usually travels in herds and scarcely a day goes by that one cannot hear the glad cry of some happy motorist announcing the fact that he has discovered a new species. This profusion gives students of emptiness an un-

usual opportunity for study (tow truck service being what it is, often longer than they want). For those specialists who desire individual specimens for examination, I will list below several prominent examples on campus.

There is, for example, the Pot at the corner of Public Safety Drive and Foundation Drive. This must be at least vintage '63, and each succeeding year has only added to its charm and . . . depth. The Pot on the North Meadow Brook approach to the PA is distinguished by the good condition of the surrounding concrete, thus making for a charmingly sudden drop. The same description holds true for the Pot just at the mouth of the O.C. Drive. The P-hole which stretches across the drive between Staff Lot J and Commuter Lot C is noteworthy because, unlike most holes, it cannot be avoided. Many students of Greek tragedy have gotten their first taste of true inevitability at this historic spot. The P-h at the mouth of this drive, just opposite the O.C., has gained prominence as a tourist attraction, second only to the dinners at Vandenberg Hall. Fans of "Ole Tread-Ripper" will be glad to hear that O.U.'s mascot hole has just been semi-repaired again. (The semi-repair process, consisting as it does of shoveling warm tar-gravel into the hole, has given rise to the well-known "O.U. sound." How many of us, in years to come, when we hear the rattle of gravel inside our tire drums, will think back nostalgically to the old Alma Mater?) No doubt, "Tready" will have been driven clear once more by the time you read this.

There is a particular and unique thrill to be gotten by the jolts received from the series of three P-holes fronting Hannah Hall. This brings up the subject of compound or plural holes. The best place to observe the herding instinct in Pot-holes is the dirt road, the natural habitat of holes. Two fine examples of this phenomenon exist on campus, one positioned just behind Vandenberg, and the other leading to the Barn Theatre. A spin on either of these thoroughfares will suffice to make the traveler wish profoundly that he were dead (and if he's not careful, make his wish come true). Also behind the Barn Theatre is the Barn Theatre parking lot, currently in competition with the Public Safety parking lot as the worst on campus. (My own vote goes to Public Safety. Get those ballots in early.) In attempting to escape from Public Safety, you will no doubt run into the hole at Foundation, thus bringing us back where we started.

The only two points of interest not yet covered are the complexes of holes situated at Foundation Drive across from the I.M. Building, covering the entire length of Staff Lot Q;

and those at the intersection of Foundation and Meadow Brook North. The former gives the car a rolling motion usually associated with a bad case of rickets, while the driver savors a sensation approaching a two-week siege of malaria. It is from this that the stretch of road gets its nick-name, "Pedestrian-Maker."

And as for the latter! What mere words of mine can describe the bountiful profusion of dings, chucks, and pots, all clustered about this one spot? Here you find double-chucks, triple-pot-dings and even the rare three-tiered Pot, with ding inside of chuck inside of Pot, repeated not once, but four times. Truly, for the fancier of holes, the corner of Meadow Brook and Foundation Drive is synonymous with Paradise.

"Hey, Chief," I called out boyishly upon returning. "I got five pages of story, a map of the campus, pictures of all the holes, an interview with a gravel shovel and . . ."

"Five pages!" he snarled, glaring ferociously into my navel. "What d'you think I'm running here, your own private printing house? Take out half."

"Yessir," I said, removing an *h* from page one, an *a* and an *l* from page two and an *f* from page four. Clever little son of a gun, aren't I?

"Say! Where are you two going?" the Chief called as I drifted out of the office with my driver-ess in tow.

"Well, she taught me how to drive," I explained. "I thought I'd teach her how to park."

"Oh," he said.

BILL LOEBS

## And Now A Word . . .

We would like to thank the following firms/individuals for their generous financial support of this issue. Their sponsorship enables *Double Exposure* to continue producing a high-quality magazine without cost to our individual readers.

Their contributions therefore represent in a direct way support and good will toward the Oakland University community.

THE ROCHESTER CLARION, 313 Main St., Rochester, who also, by the way, printed this issue.

MR. JEROME B. GREENBAUM, attorney-at-law and member of Greenbaum, Kratze and Littman, 1041 Penobscot Bldg., Detroit. MR. ARTHUR W. KOLLIN, attorney-at-law, 901 Pontiac State Bank Bldg., Pontiac.



# THE UNIVERSITY AS A THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY

BY PROFESSORS CARL R. VANN AND PHILIP SINGER

*"In such a setting the aim is to offer the new patient a peer group where authority is minimized and the opportunities to form relationships maximized. The more the patient can come to identify himself with the treatment unit the more will he be prepared to examine his own behavior and compare his own norms of behavior with those of the group. Moreover, many of these patients have never felt that they "belonged" anywhere and everything should be done to achieve this feeling. By elevating the status of patients and giving them the greatest possible number of role-playing opportunities, including active participation with the staff in group treatment and other responsible activities, we can do something to overcome the feeling that the staff are privileged, distant people who speak another language and are identified with authority rather than with the patients. Above all, we have got to find ways and means to overcome the individual's inability to form relationships. All staff and patient roles are important in this respect and we feel that any relationship can help provided the danger of defenses such as pairing off or other special and often neurotically determined relationships can be avoided. We believe that treatment can be aided by a generally accepted feed back system, so that communicated material comes back to the group with trained staff present. We go even further and feel that the therapeutic culture is enhanced if the majority of staff and patients come to feel that no communications should be automatically regarded as privileged and any relevant material made available to the group if it is thought to be in the patient's own interest . . ."*

*The therapeutic community is distinctive among other comparable treatment centers in the way the institution's total resources, both staff and patients, are self-consciously pooled in furthering treatment."*

Maxwell Jones, "The Treatment of Character Disorders," in Turner, Francis J., ed., *Differential Diagnosis and Treatment in Social Work*. New York: Free Press, 1968, p. 249.

Over the years there have been many descriptions of University life and experience. No attempt will be made here to reconstruct the various approaches to the University or the academic experience of mankind. Rather, it is our purpose to suggest that in its contemporary setting the American University tends to resemble one of the more recent concepts of psychiatric therapy. The University is becoming a therapeutic community and its manifestations increasingly resemble a psychiatric day hospital.

In fact, the concept of the day hospital is not broad enough for the therapeutic fact of the academic University today. It is a day hospital for the commuter students who lead at least two lives, one life at home and one life on campus. But it is both a day and night hospital for the resident students who live within the University community as a total environment.

The University community is a total community and the residence campus student acts out his daily existence in the same manner that patients confined to psychiatric hospitals carry out their daily regimen.

## AN ERA OF FEELING

The principal manifestation of the therapeutic community is the end of an era of cognition. We have substituted for cognition a new era of feeling. Participants in the academic therapeutic community now spend much of their time in the classrooms and elsewhere talking about their feelings. When they talk about their feelings, the discussion ranges very widely to include not only their feelings about themselves or their feelings about each other, or their feelings about the world, or their feelings about the University, but even their feelings about their feelings. It should be clear that the concept of the University as a therapeutic community is not linked to students alone. Faculty and other persons associated with the University have become major participants in the therapeutic activity of University life along with the student body.

## THE NEW FACULTY

A brief look at faculty typology within the University community is in order. We recognize that many factors are present, and that many different types of motivation and personalities

are to be found within the professional groups who are participants in the contemporary therapy milieu. It is our impression, however, that many of the academic types who are most involved with the era of feelings are themselves part of a dysfunctional new class. Many are first generation college graduates themselves. In general they are the children of the G.I. Bill or of a new parental affluence making it possible for their attendance at universities. In many cases they have become academicians rather than small businessmen, floorwalkers, merchandise buyers or civil servants. They exhibit guilt because they are enjoying the leisure of the theory class. They possess the traditional problems of anxiety, insecurity and identity. They express these problems through an attack on rational cognition, scholarly activity, tenure, the governance of the University and a concept of culture reflected in the traditional curriculum of the arts and sciences.

This breed of professor often has worked in diametrically opposite ways to both politicize the University and at the same time to justify his "scholarly" capacity through the publication of methodological trivia. Indeed we are witnessing a new generation of Ph.D.s who are themselves the product of under-training and over-production in an age of methodology rather than substance within the academic disciplines. The retreat to the study of methodology in the graduate schools has been a retreat in order to gain status for the various disciplines. In gaining status through incomprehensibility, the training of the academic has become in large measure the training of the methodological neophyte.

## ABDICATION OF RESPONSIBILITY

This "triumph" of technique over purpose has brought to full circle a new generation of professor who has arrived with his bona fide terminal degree but little else.

This professorial type has manifested itself within the University community today by abdicating the responsibility of leadership both in teaching and in curriculum integrity. The intense desire of those persons to espouse emotional equality has led to a blurred distinction between emotional equality and intellectual peerdom and leadership. In fact, the anxiety felt in security and identity problems referred to has become profoundly manifested in the issues of student participation in the



selection of faculty and administrators.

It is conceivable that this seemingly honest effort, on the surface, to foster student participation in University government is but a reflection of a deep-seated therapeutic concept. This concept can be seen as a notion that the student need for participation is a reflection of a pathology in the community around us in which the student can be "cured" by permitting him every opportunity to act out in the University setting all of his feelings.

#### Ph.D. MENTAL HEALTH AIDE

In his desire to become more identified with the student, the professor has increasingly divested himself of his status, his rank, his role and his cognitive frames of reference to become, instead of "Professor, Ph.D.," the paraprofessional Mental Health Aide. He is no longer the professor whose primary role is to recommend plural sources of wisdom in terms of the literature and in terms of the research being conducted in the field. Instead, in these trying times of Viet Nam, Laos, the draft, etc., he has become the pal, the counsellor, the emotional sustainer. In his attempt to influence emotional behavior he has behaviorally turned away even from the methodologies he is trained in, to turn instead to the largely non-provable therapeutic methodologies and techniques of advice and counsel, group therapy, T-groups, sensitivity sessions, encounter groups, etc. He has given up certain aspects of his super-ego, his dress, his language, his manner, and the like in order to encourage overt consciousness of kind on the part of his students. Presumably in this way he bridges the gap between student and professor and encourages the confidence of the student in the new life-style of the University as a therapeutic community. These changes in cultural life-style also presumably encourage solutions to the "identity problem" which is considered today to be so essential a problem in the therapeutic community.

#### OF PATIENT AND THERAPIST

We are not suggesting that academics have never engaged in advising or other related functions in the traditional university. But we are living in a period in which the acting out of the delayed adolescence period, which is frequently observed in the behavior of students on American campuses today, has become dominant even within faculty thinking. We are suggesting that many faculty have subordinated themselves and their role to this adolescent behavior. It is noteworthy that the manner and mode of change both in curriculum and grading practices within the therapeutic university are within the psychiatric mental health model. Traditional concepts of academic achievement are being dropped in favor of the criteria dominant in the mental health movement. For example, to fail objectively (in anything) is traumatic, and anxiety provoking. Therefore, it is necessary to do away with failing grades and instead wipe the record clean so that no evidence exists of past performance. Most of the discussion of "reform" is based upon the assumption that not only are students going nowhere, but they have nowhere to go, and that the function of the University is somehow to help students "find" themselves, "get it all together," either psychologically or through activist community involvement participation.

We do not suggest that activism and community change are inappropriate. Rather, they are alien to the function of the University as a teaching institution and to the study of the academic disciplines. We should also briefly note that administrators are not immune from the therapeutic trend. It is, in fact, conceivable that covertly administrators have adopted a therapeutic model as a basis for their own survival. They have

become the new friends to the students. Indeed the entire field of student personnel operates within the University milieu in much the same way as a paraprofessional mental health agency. When students are "disturbed," the administration finds it easier to view with alarm with the students through the group discussion method the various issues which trouble them. In fact, the very concepts of organized complaining and group discussion and administrative response (a kind of therapeutic teach-in), is interpreted and justified as a new form of learning experience.

By responding to the students as if they were "catchment" therapeutic pockets of despair, apathy and defeat, instead of as individuals who have voluntarily decided to enter upon an academic career, the University is acting in the same way that therapists act toward so-called sick people. Just as the "new breed" therapist working in the neighborhood service centers and day hospitals in the community talks about the "alienation" of the "sick" people he is working with and the fact that they must achieve some sense of identity, so does the new University therapeutic structure appeal to the students.

#### ADMINISTRATORS AS THERAPISTS

To a large extent, it must be recognized that the problem for administrators in dealing with therapeutic needs goes considerably beyond the student body itself. To be sure, administrators have always had to make the public satisfied with the state of affairs on the University campus. In large measure the raising of outside funds from alumni, corporations, and philanthropists, along with building the image of the University has been a significant part of the historical role of administrative personnel. In that sense, it could probably be said that administrators have been giving therapy, or providing therapy to the outside "clientele" of the University for a long time. Today, however, the University administrator must also be therapeutically concerned with the position and behavior of the faculty itself. Indeed, what was once a myth or model of faculty control within the University has become much more of a reality. With the reality of faculty policy-making, there has been not only loss of control by administrators, but also a demonstration of the types of inadequacies that faculty governance provides. In many ways, the principal inadequacies of faculty government within a university are the very mirror of the organization of the industrial state in that they demonstrate control and power without responsibility.

Thus, administrators must pick up the pieces after faculty decision-making on basic policies concerning the academic affairs of an institution. Therefore, the particular values and patterns of behavior of faculty members in response to current demands or to their own internal state of mind put administrators squarely in the middle of a game which is very difficult to win. Instead of resistance, the easier response is to permit each initiator to act out in his own way.

We suggest that the superintending of the acting out patterns, whether by faculty, students, alumni, gift-givers or legislators, is a therapeutic model in which the adept administrator-therapist permits the therapeutic relationship to carry on in much the same way that the professional therapist deals with his patients.

#### THERAPEUTIC "GUIDELINES"

Of course, what this suggests is that academia is moving away from its traditional guidelines as to what constitutes academic excellence and achievement, towards the fuzzy guidelines so

*continued next page*



# Therapeutic cont.

typical of psychotherapeutic treatment. Academia is now similar to psychotherapy to the extent that there is now great, lively debate ("interaction") among faculty, administrators, trustees and students as to what constitutes adequate teaching. This is because academia has now embarked upon its therapeutic course where adequacy and relevancy and success are all things that mean different things to different people. Of course, when one deals with typical therapeutic problems, such as the depth of depression, or the degree of schizophrenia, or withdrawal from reality, for which there are no adequate guidelines, then the treatment process becomes one which is determined by the particular therapist and the particular patient. However, academia has always prided itself on having objective goals which all rational men could agree on when it came to achievement and excellence. The therapeutic goal, which is usually defined by the psychotherapist as some kind of "beneficial" change in the thought and behavior of the patient, is not a sufficient guideline for the professor in the University. Nevertheless, academia increasingly is tending to look upon student growth not in terms of its objective academic guidelines, but along these more therapeutic guidelines.

As with the therapeutic community, the University has now become a place where there can be various "kinds of encounters," which take place. In the therapeutic community these encounters occur between the patient and the various paraprofessional aides; the patient and the hospital employees; the patient and the psychiatrist; the patient and any of the other personnel that are in the institution. In the University, the student has encounters with professors, administrative personnel, counsellors and the like. Indeed, in this setting, no one encounter is presumed to be any more important than any other encounter and all encounters are supposed to be of equal "learning" value. This is the therapeutic model, but surely not a substitute for the academic model.

## THERAPY BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .

As in many other situations, the therapeutic aspect of the University community is often masked in the traditional garb. One such facade revolves around the concept of autonomy. In the traditional academic community, individual autonomy and growth are highly prized as goals. The present use of the concept of autonomy, however, tends to be a subterfuge for what is really a dependent state, or a hidden desire for answers, for external manipulation by outside authority figures. This kind of autonomy is not the self, seeking independence, but rather the facade of the self pretending independence while living in an extremely dependent manner. In many ways, even the commune living situation or dormitory reform are mirrors of this.

In the long run, the cooptation or adaptation of the pathological model of behavior remains one of the great enemies of education and teaching in the University. Thus whenever any problem arises on campus, the response is to "uncover" the hidden pathological wellsprings of the situation and the problem is dealt with by using a psychodynamic response. As in the mental health field, there is a tendency in this response to diminish individual responsibility, to further obfuscate the boundaries of autonomous living patterns.

## THERAPY AS EDUCATION


When some psychoanalysts renounced the concept of "men-

tal illness" as pathology, a short ten or so years ago, they found a substitute basis for the survival of psychotherapy as a concept of education. The concept of psychotherapy as education was dependent upon the individual coming into self-knowledge and self-awareness. Thus psychotherapy was not medical, nor did it deal with terms such as schizophrenia or paranoia. Rather, it was "insight" into life, into the self, and into the world. Many practitioners in the fields of psychiatry and psychoanalysis have adopted this mode of thinking. To them psychotherapy is education. Yet, while this trend has gone on in the psychotherapeutic fields, the reverse has taken place in the field of formal education, and the educational process has adopted the psychotherapeutic mold in its attempt to survive in the present age.

Discussions on the part of faculty, administrators and other University personnel about events in the University are now often conducted in this therapeutic frame of reference which then turns around emotionally charged situations within which students, like patients, are said to be subject to disturbances in behavior. As with discussions about psychiatric patients, there is a tendency to discuss these problems in behavior as if they were problems in impulse control. Whereas the psychotherapeutic community talks about "adverse behavior," "suicidal attempts," "assaults," "medication," etc., the academic discussions talk about "loss of impulse control," "isolated acts of violence," "riots," "drug problems," "male-female relationships," "identity," etc.

## "AS IF" OR "REAL"

The major question, of course, is whether the University will deal with these problems as if they are pathology, and therefore need to be treated as if within a therapeutic community, or whether the University will deal with these problems as if they are problems in daily living which confront every citizen as long as he is not in a hospital.

Nothing in this paper is meant to suggest that the issues in the minds of any segment of the University community are not real. Rather, we see that the covert adoption of a quasi-pathological, therapeutic model has the long-run implication of substituting the response behavior for the problem or reality it was meant to resolve. The contemporary manifestation of response behavior is catharsis through feeling outlets. This substitution of emotion and personal feeling for objective knowledge may be important in the process of therapy, but it does not provide a base for the solution of real problems in a real world. 

## SQUIBS

One gets the impression that these days so polarized are the various groups and factions in the country, that the main political tactic is to cut your throat and drown your enemies in the blood.

Weird is when the same people who used to joke about Jane Fonda's skinny figure when she was apolitical, now say, "What does a sex bomb like her know about the war?"

It turns out that O.C. grill cokes are actually the least expensive in the state . . . and worth every cent.

For the U.S. government to be bailing out the Penn Central Railroad is a little like an anemic donor giving blood in a leukemia ward: you admire the gesture, but not the waste.



are written in breathtaking prose, lyrical and almost poetic. His style has always evoked for me a sort of nostalgia for the hot summer days of childhood. But he has no plot. No more than the Yellow Pages have. He shamelessly telegraphs the endings of his stories and they are, with very few exceptions, drained of all humor. All of which is surprising, for in his modern stories, he is ironic, devastatingly realistic, and sophisticated. (His horror-mystery story, "Two Bottles of Relish," sticks in the mind for years, even when one earnestly tries to forget it.) It seems almost a shame that Dunsany couldn't have lived later to have blended these elements into the developed, more flexible fantasy of the thirties. He would have been the greatest fantasy writer of all time.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Weird Tales*, under the editorship of Farnsworth Wright, had the same sort of influence in molding the style and direction of Thirties fantasy that John W. Cambell's *Analog* had in the Forties and Fifties. That this was so rested mainly on the talents of three men: H.P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, and Robert E. Howard. Known as the Lovecraft

circle, they exchanged information, concepts and creative theories, and punned outrageously with each other's names in their fiction. It is some measure of the group's closeness (though they never met) that after Howard and Lovecraft died a year apart, Smith never wrote another word, though he was to live for thirty more years.

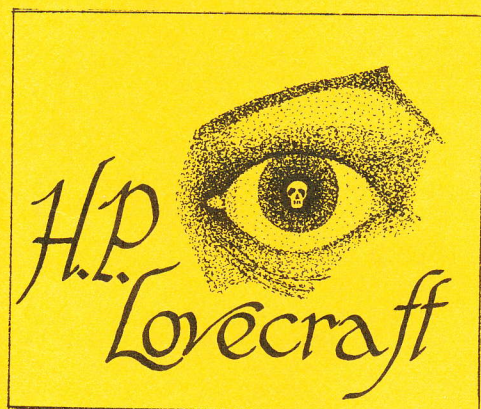
Howard Phillips Lovecraft (1890-1937) was, depending on your bias, either Poe's closest competitor as master of horror, or in fact the greatest author of the macabre America has ever produced. Though in youth a rabid imitator of Dunsany (he added much-needed plot and punch to the master's style), he soon swerved to horror. His style is marked by the completeness and dedication with which he strives to produce a single sensation: fear. Nothing deters him, including taste or his readers' stomachs. This and the fact that his prose, quite apart from what he describes, is in and of itself frightening, makes him truly devastating. Lovecraft could paraphrase the dictionary and raise goose pimples.

There are few men whose gifts of genius are so obvious as to be undisputed. Clark Ashton Smith (1893-1961) was such a man. Deliberately refusing a high school or college education, he educated himself to the point of translating Baudelaire into English, and gave himself the greatest vocabulary of any English writer. I defy anyone to recognize more than half the nouns in a Smith story. The variety

and strangeness of his created worlds must be experienced. Hyperborea, Xiccarph, Zothique . . . the very sound of them thrills. That Smith spent the last three decades of his life in futile morbidity is more than a tragedy for literature. It is an event of cosmic sadness. And there is weeping on other planets than ours.

The purple and gold struggle of the Hybor-ean Age: swaggering fighting men, rat-choked alleys, scampering priests, lusty serving wenches, clothes and hangings of Elizabethan richness, gleaming swords, metaphysics and twisted horror. This is the legacy of Robert Erin Howard (1906-1936). By incorporating elements of myth, language, history and weaponry, Dunsany, Morris, Lovecraft, Smith, and even [I suspect] Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*, he was able to spin into whole cloth that genre of Heroic Fantasy we call *Sword and Sorcery*. In doing so he forever altered the face of American popular fiction and set a standard for adventure stories unmatched up to the present day. He was quite simply the greatest writer in the history of the English language. So I'm prejudiced; so sue me.

Since none of these three giants wrote anything even approaching the brevity needed for this issue I have taken it upon myself to write three short-shorts to illustrate their divergent styles. If you like them, well and good. If not, don't let me ruin them for you. Read the originals.



The dummy was the start of it all, I suppose. That and my excessive imagination. You can ask anyone in town. Ask them if that Cargill boy doesn't have a great imagination. They'll tell you. Grey-walled, crumbling Parkham isn't that big a town. We know each other's secrets. I've known about my neighbors, their tawdry hates, their passion for inbreeding, since I was old enough to walk. Now at thirty-five I know them all. And they know me. Oh, they'll tell all right. I wish to God that was all they could tell.

It was just after my thirty-second birthday that I began to notice the dummy again. A ventriloquist's mannequin, it had been slouched on the battered dresser overhanging my bed for a considerable time, ever since in late teenage I had tired of giving neighborhood shows. It — he — had painted, expres-

sive eyes, a chipped nose, a painted grin that was not really a smile, and jaws that went clickety-clackety when you pulled the raveled string.

I named him Charlo, after Charles Bexter Niorder, the hanging judge of the Parkham witch trials in the 1600's. I made him a cotton wig and a long black robe. I used to make him chortle with glee at the fate of his victims. The legends say that many of those victims are buried beneath this house in unhallowed ground, some entombed alive. Happy thought.

Naturally, living in such a house, in such circumstances, I had nightmares; had and have them. Many's the night I've awoken, limbs thick with sweat, calling out for mother. It was always comforting to hear the quick tattoo of my mother's slippers as she rushed to comfort me. It still is. Now, I know what they say about me. They whisper that these night-fears are but another excuse, like my polio-twisted limbs, to keep from leaving the protection of my widowed mother's solicitude. They say since I can walk I should go out on my own. Well, it's not true. She doesn't listen to their jealous ravings; why should I? I protect her. And as soon as I sell some of my paintings, we'll both live in style. Anyway, the point is that lately the nightmares have

been increasing.

Charlo is the first thing I see in the morning and the last thing I see just before I go to sleep. It's only natural that I, surrounded by unfinished paintings, incomplete collections, half-done manuscripts, should look to him as a symbol, the first of many projects left undone.

I gaze at that odd, painted mouth, eternally smiling with cracked cheeks, and wonder what it would be like to be trapped inside a smile when your real mouth is a straight block that goes clickety-clackety. I wonder what rage, despair and hatred his real expression would reveal, could I but see it. I wonder what he thinks of me? — his beneficent, unknowing captor, who even speaks for him. I shouldn't think of such things. One night I fancied he was watching me; and the fancy has gone on night after night.

This was not the first irrational fear I've ever had, of course. There is my problem about mirrors. I can't help feeling that after I turn away my reflection remains, leering at me. If I should whirl about I could see it, face distorted in unholy glee, laughing at my terror. True terror it would be, for seeing that would prove me insane.

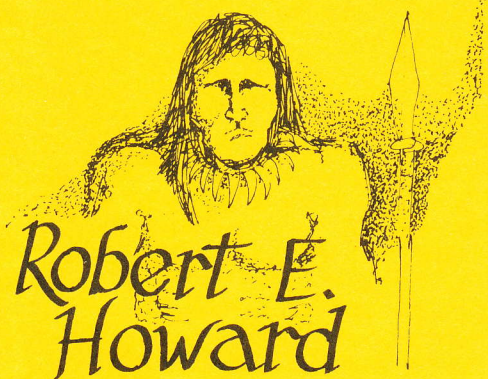
I imagine Charlo — mad, inarticulate  
*continued next page*



## H.P. Lovecraft

Charlo — jerking across the floor, senseless limbs flipping, trying to reach me. His eyes have a greenish flow; his face, though expressionless, reflects madness. My madness.

It had been a trying day, full of petty annoyances and snooping neighbors. I had gotten out of bed twice. So when I slept, I slept deeply. And yet, as slumber closed over



One moment the figure lay prone on the cavern floor; the next he was on his feet, reaching by wild instinct for his sword hilt. The black eyes were blazingly clear and unmuddled by his long unconsciousness.

"Atei and Ishtar's ribs," he swore softly. "My head feels like a regiment of Turkish cavalry is parading on it. I must have swilled a gallon of mulled brandy last night, no doubt some of it drugged with lotus leaves. 'Tis the last time I'll do my carousing with merchants. Give me an honest flock of thieves anytime." He was a man swart of skin and dark of garb. Though only of medium height, he was stocky-shouldered and lean-flanked. He moved like a caged beast in the darkness, supple and wary. "I'll skin that innkeeper alive. Some hospitable city where a man can't sleep off a drunk without being shanghaied to this God-forsaken hell-hole. And the dreams I've had. That girl..."

"Twas I who summoned you, outlander." He spun about with a scathing curse and beheld the girl chained to a slimy column. She was naked, and though marred by torture, her body was yet smooth and comely. Her eyes held him. They were bruise-dark and solemn, moiling with power. "Long have I been held in this vile restraint by he who lusts after my necromancy and my soul. I need a man strong and without civilized fears. I sent forth my life shadow. I called you, and you came."

"But in Nergel's name, why, girl? What purpose is served in keeping you

me I felt a discomfort of the soul, a thread of unease vibrating through me like a whisper of long delayed death.

The twisting chambers of my dreams drew me deeply into the folds of imagery. I fancied a decayed skull, a powdered wig and endless, frustrated hate. I saw pitiless eyes and felt the folds of hemp at my neck. I awoke to feel Charlo's tiny hands at my throat.

Still sleep-dazed, I jerked away the clutching fingers, crying out, inarticulate with fear. All my dreams were at once real. The worst of my fantasies surrounded me. I tossed Charlo aside. He struck the far corner with a crunch.

The noise dissipated some of my panic. From the hall came the quick patter of my mother's slippers. She must have heard the

cry, I thought. Soon I'll be able to tell her about the start my over-stretched nerves had given me. And then I heard the rustling, the faintest of rustlings, from the corner. The gleam of green eyes. The whisper of movement.

Lurching, I was on my feet, all but unaware of my caving ankles. I was in the hall, running toward the sound of slippers. I passed the open bathroom door, ignoring who (what?) was reflected there. Mother's steps were closer.

Turning the corner, I saw her old figure, tiny and wrapped in a black dressing gown. "Mother!" I cried. And she answered me. Clickety-clackety went her jaws. Her eyes were bright and green. I think I screamed. I think I am still screaming.

locked down here? 'Tis not the usual action of a ravisher."

"He is not a ravisher. Would that he were only that. He is a sorcerer potent, who made unholy pacts with things unnameable for his powers. Now he seeks to wrest from my brother and me our greatest secret charm, that of immortality. For he fears to die."

"Your brother? Where is he bound?"

"Opposite me on this pillar. Look upon his face and tell me if he be well. He has not spoken to me in so long." He looked, and shuddered; for there was nothing to be seen but a moldering pile of bones. "And yet Raiol and I shall beat him yet. The sorcerer cannot comprehend our love. Our magic is the stronger."

"Stronger once, perhaps, but no more, my obdurate bitch. You will tell me the secret now or rot in hell beside me." The lean, hooded form of the sorcerer seemed to loom above them. His eyes blazed redly and in his claw was a long sharp wand. "This sliver of bone has been accursed. 'Twill drag out your proud spirit to corruption. Tell the formula for life everlasting, or I'll see thee writhe in Acheron's fire."

"Another stride, wizard, and your eyes will be seeing in a severed head. And keep your horse-boy back," he added, as the sorcerer's servant, a grim, mailed centaur, started toward him. "Or I'll splash you with his guts." The warlock gave a sharp bark of laughter.

"Certainly. And who might you be, savage?"

"I am Henri, Brak Tourgo's son. A gypsy."

"Then die, gypsy!" The rod lashed out, catching Henri across the chest. He crashed, reeling, to earth. The centaur trotted over to the prostrate figure,

double-bitted axe upraised.

"Wait a bit," murmured the magician. "Twill make a stronger magic if he dies after the girl." Lithely he approached the slender, hanging form. His mocking gaze caught hers. Her dark eyes were filled with hatred and resolve. One step he took . . . another . . . another. He wavered; struggled; halted. Eyes locked, they contested with their wills for the small space separating them. Sweat beaded the girl's limbs. The man's shoulders hunched and knotted. He gasped, and his foot was forced backward. The other foot followed it. With a terrible urgency he fished with the wand behind the pillar. His trophy was a moldy skull. "Behold your brother, girl!" he croaked.

"Raiol!" she cried and her eyes flicked away. Exultant, the wizard slid the stake into her heart.

"Now where be your proud boasts, pagan wench?" he gloated. But even as he withdrew the smoking stick, he stiffened at the sound of a fierce war-curse. Henri, Brak Tourgo's son, was swinging his silver blade. He met the centaur's axe with jarring impact and the slender sword broke. The two grappled, muscles standing out on their backs like greased rope. A twist, a grunt, a muffled crunch, and the man-horse flopped aside, his thick neck broken. Henri leapt to meet the wizard, his only weapon a broken sword.

"Show me the rest of the herd, wizard," he laughed terribly, "and I'll slay them too!" The bone wand was thrust out, but shattered on his brawny chest. "You've used that trick once too often, old man-witch. Now try my spell for size!" With unholy joy he crashed the sword hilt between the wizard's eyes.

*continued page Twenty*



# NOTES OF DISSENT:

## RUMBLINGS from the XVIII<sup>th</sup> CENTURY

### JESSE'S INSTANT MOVIE REVIEWS

Movies like "M\*A\*S\*H\*" and "Catch-22" lie as much about war and the military as do the traditional John Wayne movies. The intent here is to degrade the armed forces, degrade authority, applaud desertion, degrade Christian religion and its clergy. Hollywood used to whore to the Catholics when Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien played the virile priests with Irish brogues and angels' wings. Now they whore to the counter-culture, but obviously they enjoy it more this time around.

The best book about modern war is still *All Quiet On The Western Front*, and the best movie is probably "The Bridge On The River Kwai." Recent U.S. war movies indulge in the pornography of violence and gore. This pornography has to purposeful violence the same relationship that exhibitionism has to sex: the same impotence in the midst of passion, and the passion here is hate, rather than any love for peace.

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"Gimme Shelter" is one of the most disgusting "rip-offs" ever perpetrated on the adolescents of the youth culture.

The so-called free concert "given" by the Rolling Stones had for its aim the making of a new Woodstock movie with the crowd furnishing the acting for free. Instead of sex (there are a few naked bodies, fat and rather repulsive, but that was needed for the adult rating that would give it the "come on" value), "Gimme Shelter" provides the pornography of violence: a murder committed by one of the Hell's Angels who had been invited to act as security force for the Festival. Right from the beginning of the movie we are warned: "don't go away, folks, we are going to show you a real live murder . . . outasight!" The music is mediocre, the photography is mediocre: musicians with acne ego-tripping as if they were Mussolini on his balcony. Save your three dollars. "Gimme Shelter" is moral pollution next to which River Rouge looks like a mountain stream.

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### AND NOW, THE HEAVY STUFF

The Freshman Exploratories should be abolished. Some are good, but the bulk (according to students) are a drag; an education in the art of B.S.-ing your way out of a mental paper bag. Hardly what we should give young people as their introduction to academe. Instead of teaching half-baked "exploratories" about racism, youth culture, revolution, etc . . . , chemists, mathematicians, English professors, sociology professors, all departments should concentrate on trying to repair the damage done to students by their past schooling — whether because the schools were not very effective, or because the student became aware too late of his educational self-interest.

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### \$ \$ \$, ETC.

One of the things that bothers me most about education is the undemocratic way in which it is financed. The high schools are financed by the property tax, which weighs more heavily upon the poor; hence the poor and the parents of the drop-outs subsidize the education of those students who make the most out of the school; and these are most often the middle-class children. When you have a sizeable Catholic working-class group, the deal is even better because they pay the taxes and send their children to the parochial schools. The college situation is worse. The taxes

that pay for higher education come out of sales taxes, which bear most upon the poor, and from an income tax that also spares the rich. Here we have the situation that the Ford worker, whose son is not going to college (after all, at least 50% of the high school graduates don't go to college, or if they go they don't last long) pays for the education of his plant manager's son who goes to Michigan.

What is the remedy? Shall we make the taxes bear more heavily upon the middle-class and the rich? That would be a solution, not terribly popular even with the Democrats, whose leaders are middle-class and often upper-class. Set tuition more in line with the real costs of education? After all, why should I subsidize the education of a physician who, within a few years after graduation, is going to make twice as much as I am? Why not develop a program of loans which would cover the higher costs of education, and be repayable after graduation? A third solution which is politically easier (hence more likely) is "open admissions." It is a solution that is much harder on faculties like that of Oakland University.

To the challenge of mass education, the response of Oakland University (and of the academic community generally) was to do "more of the same, but better and harder." That is the first reaction to change, not the one that produces progress. If every youth is entitled to an adolescent moratorium, to exposure to higher culture, then we must reach the youth where he is at. I can see the day when students will learn carpentry, plumbing, electricity in the college, along with courses in music or English lit. In my opinion a liberal education is not complete if a man or a woman does not secure in college a manual skill that he or she can use at home, in the work force, pretty much regardless of what happens to the economy. If we are truly egalitarian, we must do all we can to narrow the gap between the experience of white collar and blue collar. Until recently we were the only country in the world where manual labor had an intrinsic dignity, and where middle-class boys did not shy away from it. What Mao is trying to do in China has the whole weight of the Mandarinate tradition against it. For us it should be easier, since it is part of our pioneering tradition. Conclusion: let us merge with OCC. A university 20,000 strong could fulfill the grass roots demands and provide the opportunity for graduate work which is the strong suit of most faculty at Oakland University. Otherwise we are

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# The Student Organization Wants YOU!!!



If you are rich, you don't need a job with us. Even if you aren't, our measley \$160/hour won't get you there ~ But it's a help (almost). So... rush right over to 480C, and pick up your application for the Fall, while they last! Exciting jobs such as Assistants for: Advising, Development, Clerk-typist, Bulletin Board Making, Poster & Banner Making, and Receptionist. Great huh! Warning ~ Only toads may apply for a reasonable facsimile thereof. (we have the world's only known human toad on our staff now.) P.S. Everyone here is a little strange anyhow. P.S.S. The job offer is for real.

## Notes Of Dissent Continued

going to be forced into duplicating OCC. The demand for OU-type Liberal Arts is not likely to grow for a while, unless we try to press it unto people who cannot use it. And I fear what stagnation can do for the morale of a group which, to paraphrase Kenneth Burke, becomes "fit to an unfit fitness."

Every system of rule-enforcement contains a risk of injustice. It is a price which the governing elite is willing to pay when it believes that the benefits society derives from its order more than compensate the errors of its justice. Comes a day when it believes less in its order and when it cannot bear the guilt of possible injustice. Its humaneness, its scruples, its concerns for the accused do not increase the respect for its laws, nor the confidence of the people in its capacity to rule. More likely it increases contempt for the courts.

How will it end? Through the replacement of a humane and doubt-ridden elite by a triumphant, self-righteous one, ready to crush any deviation from its faith. I long for the days when faith not yet decayed combines tolerance, a concern for the rights of the accused, with a clear conscience of its rights to maintain order. I sometimes fear that, for our country, these days are past.

And yet, need the cycle repeat itself? Need history remain: "a graveyard of aristocracies?" Within a generation one American out of two will be involved in the process of education either as a teacher, a student or (preferably) both. What an opportunity for academe to take the leadership in teaching the society that certainties are illusions, and that the only permanent truth is *the search* for an ever elusive truth.

If we resist the temptation of power (what opportunities open themselves with the 18 year old vote . . .) and stick to our job, our influence may grow once more. It may permit us to show the

**Robert E. Howard**

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Even as the gory skull caved in, darkness cloaked the world.

Henri awoke stretched out upon a grassy knoll, his useless hilt still in his fingers. Disgustedly he tossed it away, muttering about sword merchants. Then, two swordlengths distant, he saw the girl. Her body was unmarked, except for a small scar where the stake had pierced. He felt a pulse at her throat.

"Well, I'm a Thracian!" he chuckled, not quite repressing a shudder at the magic of it all. "Her wizardry was the stronger." And settling back on his heels, he awaited her awakening. ☞

world that one can find "the face of God in the anatomy of the louse." Achieved status differences, so important and tension-creating in the meritocracy, will lose much of their significance in the cosmic perspective of learning.

It is our mission to show, by our teaching and our example, that the proper goal of mankind is to understand Nature and itself. The passion to know must replace the passion to conquer.

Peace.

JESSE PITTS ☞



*continued*

student, police, and parents, must respect individual right of expression — a right which is a very important part of our constitutional legal system. Respect for the law means dedication to fair, impartial enforcement of the law without regard to race, religion, or station in life. Respect for the law means there will be no privileged sanctuaries from the application of the law, whether they be the boardrooms of the crime syndicate or the campus at Oakland University. Unless society as a whole provides this kind of respect for our legal system, the police will be unable to perform adequately their essential function.

I believe the masses here at Oakland U. have reached the limit of their tolerance for property destruction and violence, and is determined not to allow our campus to be used as a staging area for guerilla warfare against society. Those who call for removing police from the campus and those at the opposite extreme, who call for unrestrained police reaction, badly miss the point. We must, by all means, follow a wiser, a more reasoned path.

As a police officer, I am called upon to respond to violence and disorder in emergency situations. The powers and resources at hand are considerable, but not unlimited. In the case of any disorder, I shall not hesitate to use those powers and resources which are made available to me.

But let me make one thing clear. I will not refuse to act, nor will I be pushed into overreaction because of public emotion. My judgment will be based on the best information available.

It is my deepest hope that we have reached the crest of violence that has swept our campus and that we are now returning to a state of order and mutual respect.

Officer Orie Hawkes  
O.U. Public Safety

P.S. This is the campus in which I seek. I firmly believe that this campus can achieve that goal and any other goal it desires.



In November, 1969, Eric Lorentzen — then a student of Oakland University — was arrested near campus for selling marijuana. He was subsequently convicted by jury and sentenced to twenty to twenty-one years in prison — the mandatory minimum sentence for that offense. On October 23, 1970, he was sent to the State Prison of Southern Michigan (Jackson Penitentiary). This February, after having served four months in the state pen, Lorentzen was released on bond pending appeal. I talked to him about his reflections and experiences at Jackson.

DE: Should I ask you questions or should you just give me your impressions? Give me your impressions. You went to jail, right?

Lorentzen: I can tell you about jail.

DE: Sure, as far as I can tell, nobody outside knows anything about jail.

Lorentzen: Well, it's hard to make generalizations about it. The people who go to jail are all different. And I can tell you, some of the people who go to jail have never had it so good. Which is a tragedy in itself. But some of the people who go to jail have never had it so bad. For me, I found jail debilitating, demoralizing, dehumanizing, depressing, intellectually dull and unstimulating, sexually frustrating, and . . . counter-productive. The whole penal system is counter-productive. Jail was a university of crime where people learn to be professional criminals.

DE: How does that happen? Where does class take place? Who are the professors?

L: The professors are professional criminals who have been in and out of jail all their lives. And that's what they'll keep doing, because they have been alienated from society. They know that when they go out, they are just going

want to get out. He wanted to spend the rest of his life in jail because he had been so alienated from the outside world. He told me he considered everybody outside of those walls completely nuts.

DE: So they are in this jail-university and everybody is always learning how to work it so they can stay in, how to work it so they can come back?

L: Not only that, but they learn an attitude in jail. These people condition themselves so that they really feel justified in ripping people off. At least that was my impression. When they get out it's like open season to them, because that's their attitude.

DE: And you think these people can give that attitude to other people who don't necessarily have it when they come in?

L: Really. Because the person is a stereotype himself; he is a criminal, a professional criminal, a person who does it for a living and this is it. He prides himself as being a stick-up man, or a safe-cracker, or a B & E, or whatever. No, when this person goes into jail, there's nothing there to rehabilitate him; there's nothing there to show him any other way, really. Oh, there is an academic school; but all that does, basically, is show them how to be smarter criminals. And the man who isn't a professional criminal when he goes in has a good chance of becoming one when he comes out, if he's in for a few years. I was only in a number of months, and I didn't really notice any drastic changes in my attitudes. But the guys who are in there for years — they just sort of adapt; they adjust to the world inside the jail.

DE: What is that world like? What is it like in jail? Did you work or what?

L: I was working for a couple of weeks just before I got out, but most of the time I spent in jail I didn't work. So they got me to work just before I left. My average day I would sleep in through breakfast; I had money, so I had an account and could always buy things at the store.

DE: So you could go to the store and buy food and razor blades and . . . no, wait — you couldn't buy razor blades, could you?

DE: You could? I thought they take away your shoelaces in jail . . .

L: No, they give you shoelaces. Free. Yes, they have razor blades, and regular knives that you eat with.

DE: We've been watching too many movies, I guess.

L: Jail is definitely a lot better than I thought it would be.

DE: Aha. You've been watching the same movies as me.

L: Really, I didn't find there was anything traumatic about the whole experience.

As far as I can see, as long as you don't give anybody any trouble, you don't get any trouble from anybody. The cons try to make the time roll by as easily as possible. The screws are a little different. As long as you're not overly blatant about breaking a rule, they don't care. If you give them trouble they'll give you trouble; they will send you over to solitary confinement . . . the Hole . . . to stay for some



random amount of time. But I never went there.

DE: Then that's their big punishment?

L: Yes. They lock you up, (laughs) So really most people laugh about it. They don't really care. Actually it doesn't even serve as a punishment because what's the difference if you get locked up by yourself here or there? The only difference is that over there you can't get out during the day time. They give you your meals right in the cell. Basically it's not much of a punishment, so it's kind of a joke.

DE: What do the people do with their time? Those who aren't in "the Hole," I mean.

L: My average day I would sleep in until whenever I woke up, nine or ten o'clock. Then my *Free Press* would come, and I'd get up and read my paper and fix myself something to eat out of my supply of food.

All right, so then after I finished I would maybe write a letter or listen to the radio or play a guitar until lunch time. If the lunch wasn't any good, I wouldn't eat it. I would go to the store and get some decent food. I had money. Everyone there who works gets money, but in different amounts. So it wasn't very hard. We could go out in the yard if we wanted to, but I was there in the wintertime, so if we went out in the yard all we did was freeze. From lunch until 3 p.m. we could stay out in the yard. Out there they have weight lifting, basketball, handball . . .

DE: They have no indoor recreation?

L: They had a gym, but it was closed because they were remodeling. On the weekends we could go to the auditorium and watch TV. They had a big TV with a ten foot screen. In the summer they have a swimming pool, miniature golf, baseball, football . . . I never went out in the yard because there wasn't anything to do out there except freeze. So I would just write letters, play guitar, listen to the radio and sit around and fantasize, daydream, meditate.

DE: How about something creative?

L: They had a hobby-crafts where you can get materials and make things. Paint, for instance. A lot of those guys were really good painters. And you can get leather goods, and so forth.

DE: Can you get involved in something lengthy? I mean, obviously people serving 20 year sentences should be able to

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# THE UNIVERSITY OF CRIME

STU GOLDBERG INTERVIEWS  
ERIC LORENTZEN

out for a vacation. They tell me that when they get out they have nothing going for them. They are completely alienated from any roots they ever had. And when they go out of that place, they know they're just going to rip people off; and then they'll get caught, and they'll get put back in jail. Because they can't see it any other way.

One man I talked to complained that the problem with that place is that you have to pull a knife on somebody to get back in. He was complaining that it was too hard to get back in. This guy didn't



get involved in a project. In other words you said it was debilitating, demoralizing, and counter-productive, and I'm wondering if there's any possibility of producing anything.

L: License plates.

DE: I couldn't get into that.

They get two movies every week. The movies are blood baths, real blood baths. In 90% of the movies at least 100 people get killed. That's what the cons *want* to see; they're probably afraid that if they showed another kind of movie all the convicts would tear the place apart. You know, if they don't get a "good movie" . . . And these guys are watching these movies saying "Damn. I can't wait until I get out on the streets and get my sawed-off shot gun." EEEYEAH. I kept telling them *it's not right*, can't you see?!

DE: Could they see?

L: They don't want to. They've been alienated, hopelessly alienated from this society. Most of those men are professional; all they do is look for a scheme; they find a scheme, and whether it is writing checks or breaking and entering, stick-ups or dealing or whatever it is, they just are not going to work when they get out. Another really rotten thing is these paroles. They sentence a man for, say five-to-ten; he'll go maybe three and a half calendar years; then he'll get his good time.

Now, in the old days when you went into the prison, they put the ball and chain on you; nowadays they put the ball and chain on you when you go *out* of the prison. You have done three-and-a-half years. Now during the next six-and-a-half years, if you mess up at all, you get "flogged" — picked up on parole violation. You get no trial, nothing . . . just go back to jail; you know — go directly to jail, do not pass go, do not collect \$200; that's it, no trial, no nothing. So you go before the parole board and they'll give anything from, well, 90 days to 18 months depending on how they feel that day, and I think it's pretty much random; they seem to want to keep the prison full. I met parole flogs who were doing a year for serious traffic violations. It's a rotten deal, you know, because when they leave there they've got this big thing hanging over them . . . "Big Brother" . . . and a guy does all that time, and then he gets out, and then . . . well, I don't think it's right; but of course, I don't know.

DE: Yeah, what do you know, you're just a con anyway . . .

L: Really.

DE: All right, you are now out on appeal bond. Let's say you had to go back. Now, you've got 10 or 20 years to do . . .

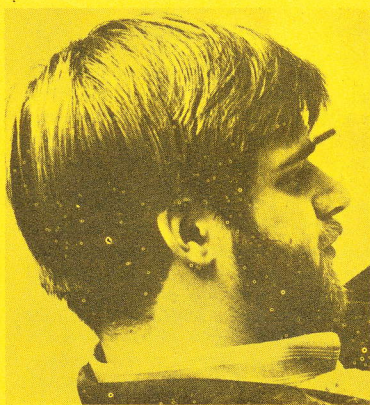
L: If I went back for 20 years they would be better off never letting me out again, because I would go on the wild. There is no doubt in my mind that if I were in the yard for 20 years, and then all of a sudden they let me out, I could picture myself just going on the wild. I would be so freaked-out by that time, still trying to figure out why I was in there in the first place. It would be different if I had committed a crime, it would be different if I had victimized somebody. But people getting put into jail for victimless crimes, for "morality

crimes" . . . it's something left over from the Middle Ages. I've got this whole thing outlined: *On Victimless Crimes* . . . And drug-use is a victimless crime; nobody's being victimized by drugs; a person has the right to decide what he wants to do with his own body. As for abortions, prostitution . . .

DE: Suicide . . .

L: Now, suicide laws are *really* absurd.

These laws reflect paranoia, false fears, old wives' tales, superstition . . . People getting put in jail over marijuana is ridiculous and definitely counter-productive. I met a lot of ex-G.I.s there, just back from Viet Nam, who had brought grass back and gotten busted and are now in jail. This kind of thing happening is absurd. Already they have been dehumanized in the Army and then they get back from Viet Nam and then they get put in jail. It's one tragedy after another. Everybody there is a tragedy.



I look at it from this point of view, that nobody is a born criminal. In my view, a person is a product of his environment. A person is not born with hate in him, or greed, or violent tendencies; these are things a person learns as he grows up, learns from other people around him and from his surroundings. That's why I think it is tragic that these people are growing up in an environment where they learn hate instead of love, where they learn greed instead of sharing, and where they learn violence instead of peace and harmony. That's what is really tragic about the whole thing: it's society that teaches these people hate and greed, and it's that same society that locks them up.

As Aldous Huxley said in *Ape and Essence*, "They're being punished for being punished." Here these people have been punished all their lives, learned hate, greed, nasty and mean, and what happens? They get locked up in jail for it after they have been oppressed all their lives. The whole penal system is not good. Medieval. I don't think they have done anything since the Middle Ages, just locking people up. I believe after having been there — after talking to these people, looking in their eyes — that behind their hard, rough exterior, all these people ever really wanted was love and understanding. Something society never gave them. And they are not going to get any of this love and understanding in jail. Unless there is some way of getting love and understanding out of concrete and cement and

other men.

I was never really there as a criminal. I was really there as a social scientist. I treated it as another semester. An independent study on "getting the inside story of Jackson Prison."

DE: What you should do is become an experienced criminologist. Go in and do a whole number. Blow everybody's mind completely. Somehow nobody's mind is blown about this, and yet it's a very mind-blowing horrendous situation. But nobody's mind seems sufficiently blown.

L: It's true. The present penal system is not only perpetuating crime but it is *perpetrating* it by locking all these people together like that. It just makes it worse. The more people they lock up, the more they are going to have to lock up; the more police they hire, the more they are going to have to hire. The whole thing is just going sky high. It's a snowball.

DE: What do you do with these people who hate?

L: If you teach them love and understanding in the beginning, then you don't have the problem. You get them high when they're little kids.

DE: In my own life, I want to teach Transcendental Meditation. Instead of jails, we might better have meditation asylums. When someone commits an unsociable act — a crime — we'd just take him to the meditation asylum. We would teach him to meditate, put him in touch with his own reservoir of love, happiness, creative intelligence.

L: Either that or if a person commits a crime you put him in the middle of a rock festival, where there are a lot of good vibes. "Look at that!" he'd say. "There's no police; everybody's getting high, having a good time; nobody's ripping anybody off!" Show them there's a better life.

DE: Well, they're sure not going to find *that* in jail. That's evident.

L: Another thing. There are 9,000,000 people in Michigan and there are 450 judges. In England there are 46,000,000 people and only 300 judges. They have one-third less judges and five times as many people. We are supposed to be the richest, wealthiest nation in the world; why do we have all this crime? If we are so wealthy, if we are so great, how can we have all this hate? How can we have all this greed? Maybe that's why we are so wealthy; we have all the greed. I don't know.

I have come to be sympathetic with them all; I've seen the tragedy, I've been there. The average guy says, "Lock them up. Lock these people up!" But he hasn't seen the tragedy of the whole thing. You go there and you see the tragedy, and you say "Gee whiz, you know, these people are human beings; they just had bad luck." Or, "Fate has really been unkind to these people and they got the wrong environment." But the average man on the street screams, "WE GOTTA HAVE THOSE PEOPLE OFF THE STREETS! I DON'T CARE IF THEY EVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN! . . . Better to be safe than sorry." But you go there and you see all the tragedy, and you say — let them all out. You reap what you sow; *you*



messed these people up, *you* taught them everything they know, and now you're going to have to live with it.

DE: What's the answer? Where do we start? What's going to happen? What is the answer to this goddam thing?

L: Love and understanding, harmony and intelligence . . . it seems like everyone is getting so uptight.

DE: Yes, we seem to be able to institutionalize racism, war, and poverty. Now how do we institutionalize love, harmony, and peace?

L: They could teach a class in Love at the university. What are they going to do?

DE: I'll probably end this interview by saying, "The interview just kept going with both of us shrugging our shoulders."

L: Really.

DE: Really.

L: One thing I have to comment on is the heroin problem. Close to 75% of the people going into Jackson had a heroin habit. Most of these people, all they want to do is get high. And they are going to get high whether heroin is illegal or not. Whether it is legal or illegal, they are going to risk their lives. And that's all they want to do is get high. When they get out, the first thing they are going to do is buy heroin, and that's that . . . that's their life. That's the way they want it; they can't see it any other way. These people are not going to change by being locked up in jail. Locking them up is a crime. These people are not in jail because of heroin, *per se*, but because they were ripping people off. The reason they had to rip off was to support their habit; and that in turn is because of the high cost of heroin. And the reason for the high cost of heroin is because it's illegal. Now, if they were to make heroin a prescription drug, I would say that there would be maybe half as many people in jail. There would be a lot of people using, but they would not be ripping people off. These addicts are so exploited by the penal system, by the lawyers, the judges, the prosecutors, the screws working in the prisons, the police . . . All those people are justifying the existence of this rotten penal system. Yet, if heroin were a prescription drug, the addicts wouldn't have to go and rob and stick up people for thousands of dollars. In England, addicts can get prescriptions for narcotics. I've heard they have less addicts now that they have instituted the prescriptions.

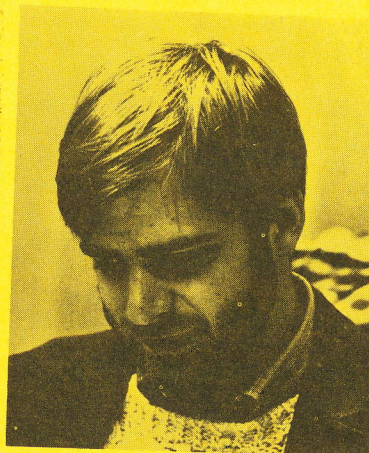
DE: That may be so, but physiologically speaking, the individual system does built up a tolerance to narcotics. So in the individual case, the problem remains. It gets worse, in fact; so the basic question is: why do people want to get high in the first place? If we can answer that need, then we'll be getting close.

L: Well, they probably want to get high because most of them are blacks, people who have been oppressed, kicked around all their lives. This is their way of saying, "the hell with you! I'm going to get high, the hell with you all, I'm not happy unless I'm high," and they are going to get high. They are tired of being exploited and kicked around in the streets, and this is their way of with-

drawing. They just can't get into the whole system; they are not going to integrate into this society because they don't see any reason. They don't see any sense in it. They're just dropping out.

I'll tell you a frightening story I heard in jail. First of all, you have to understand that the police know where every dope house in Detroit is. But they don't do anything about it because they know that if they walk in that door, they are just blown away. You see, all these people in these dope houses, they are loaded with guns. They've got all kinds of guns. So I was talking to this one guy in jail, an addict — he used to live in one of these places.

I asked him if he had ever killed anybody. Sure, he said, he'd killed people. I asked him how many, and he didn't know, he had no idea. I said, "Wow."



DE: Wow.

L: And so he started to tell me about all the people he'd killed. Here it was, down in Detroit; and he was telling me about these gang wars. I'd never heard such things before. Gang wars! Bombing houses, and shoot-outs with 50 people on a side. And the police, they don't even want to get messed up in it . . . Actually this was just one isolated gang war he was telling me about. Nevertheless, he was running around killing people.

So this particular fellow had a heroin habit; and periodically he would have to go out and stick somebody up. I asked him about his stick-ups. He said, "you just go into a place and tell the person not to turn around or you'll kill him . . . just give you the money without turning around."

DE: What happened if the person turned around?

L: He killed him. "Why did you kill him?" I asked. And he said, "because you can't leave any evidence. That person saw me." He killed him so he would not get busted for the holdup. All he wanted to do was stay out on the streets and get high. And that was it.

DE: So the cause of his victims' deaths . . .

L: . . . was the fact that this man didn't want to get busted for the armed robbery, which he was forced to commit because of the high price of heroin, which is a direct result of the law against heroin. Of course, it's not quite that simple.

Sticking-up is not only a means of acquiring heroin. These people also justify stick-ups as a way to get even for their oppression. I don't want it to sound as though only black people are in jail; I'd say it's about 50-50. And yet — blacks are only 10% of the total population, but 50% of the cons I saw at Jackson were black.

There is just no doubt that "equality under the law" is a myth. For example, I myself have some money, so I got out on appeal bond. There are a lot of men in there now, busted for the exact same things; they remain in prison because they couldn't afford appeal. I have already spent somewhere between five and ten thousand dollars, and I'm going to have to spend more.

And this same lack of money is responsible for another horrendous inequity: the use of court-appointed lawyers. These attorneys are so overworked that they have to make quick deals for their clients. Something like 90% of the people who go to jail just cop out — plead guilty to a lesser charge — to avoid a long trial. It's all wheeling and dealing. Now, in dope cases, 98% cop out. This is because the usual procedure is to bust the guy for sale, and then say, "well, look: twenty year minimum for sale. You're gonna get at least twenty years for sale. You're gonna get at least twenty years; so cop out." What a great deal! If the guy is dumb enough, sure it looks like a great deal; instead of a twenty year minimum, he's going to get a ten year max. At this point, he doesn't stop to realize that these laws are completely out of proportion.

DE: There was a story we've all seen and heard, in the comics and on TV. About the woman who comes in and says to her husband, "I need \$50 to buy a new dress." He says, "\$50 for a new dress?! I won't give you a cent over 20." And the dress really costs \$20, you know. It's an old American story.

L: They're doing the same thing; but the way they have it, this 20 year minimum is a way of coercing people into pleading guilty to the charge. All this wheeling and dealing going on behind the scenes . . . 90% of the cases!

Back to the "equal protection" thing!

The whole system of justice, "Innocent until proven guilty," with the jury trial and everything, is pretty much kaput. Especially now. The juries you get now, you're guilty until proven innocent. They put you away now because the juries have the attitude, "better safe than sorry." If there is a chance that the man on trial is a criminal, or if there's a chance he's a robber or thief, then we don't want to take the chance that this man is going to be out on the street. And if the police arrested him, well, that's enough chance, right there. The whole justice thing just doesn't resemble what it was set up to be.

DE: Movin' from the sentencing procedure back to the jail itself, what do they do to rehabilitate these inmates?

L: Rehabilitation? There is no rehabilitation. First of all, any program of rehabilitation must be based on a conception of what sort of person comes in

*continued on page twenty-seven*



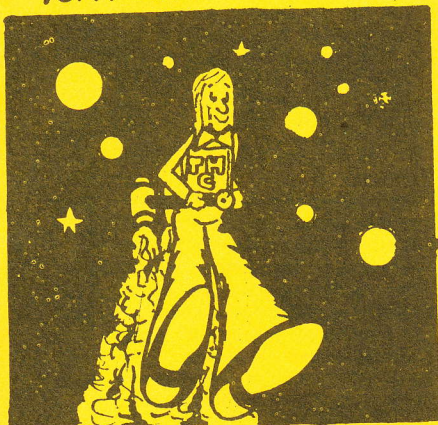
Grog Erickson's  
CHOICE  YOLKS

# THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF TOM KREDO

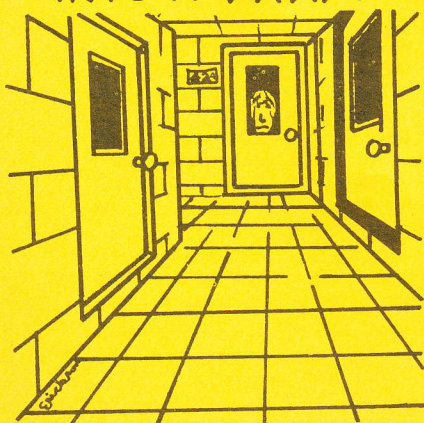
— AND HIS —

## SPACED CADETS "THE AMAZING ELECTRIC CONCERT GRINDING MACHINE"—PART 33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub>

TOM FLOATS DOWN --



INTO A TRAP!



Tom Kredo released the throttle of his rocket belt and drifted slowly down to the surface of the barren planet, O.U. '57. His newest mission had taken him to the world where music had been outlawed, and would soon be forgotten. His was the task of bringing the joy of music back to a melancholy people.

His space-boots had no sooner touched ground when he was surrounded by men of the anti-music forces who had established a silent catatonia on O.U. '57. His pistol was taken from him, and he was led at gun-point to the headquarters of the infamous interrogation squad known only as *Double X*. Down the cold, tiny hallways of the Center Building he was pushed and shoved until he came to a tiny cell. He was commanded to sit on the floor of the strangely decorated interrogation room, and its huge door was shut and locked.

Kredo was never given any indication of how long he would remain in the cell, or what would become of him, although he could well imagine what would happen if he did not find a way to escape. His mind began to wander back to this mission's origin months ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the investigative team of Spaced-Cadets discovered that the people of O.U. '57 were being deprived of their right to music, Tom Kredo organized a crew of Cadets to stop this cultural purge. His new group, calling themselves by the code-name Town Hall

Concerts, were presented with difficult problems from the outset.

Universe Allocations, the government organization which usually provided the financing and moral support of all missions, refused to grant Kredo any such backing. It was the opinion of the Universe leaders that any attempt similar to Kredo's would fail miserably, and was not worth the risk of embarrassment involved.

Determined nevertheless to bring melodies back to the melancholy, Kredo sought support elsewhere. He received the necessary vote of confidence from several individuals associated with the Universe Administration, and with this support, he equipped his men with the most sophisticated music-producing devices known, and set out for O.U. '57.

The scheme, though dangerous, was actually quite simple. Kredo and his task force had used all the supplies provided them by their trusting supporters to plant a time bomb on the solemn planet. The resulting explosion of music would draw all the culturally starved people out of their forced state of apathy. The music fighters, as strong as they were, would be rendered nearly powerless in the force-field of such an explosion.

The demonstration of strength was important for several reasons. The successful music explosion would convince the residents of O.U. '57 that apathy would never again be a necessary way of life in their society. After this hope had become fact, other groups interested in the propagation

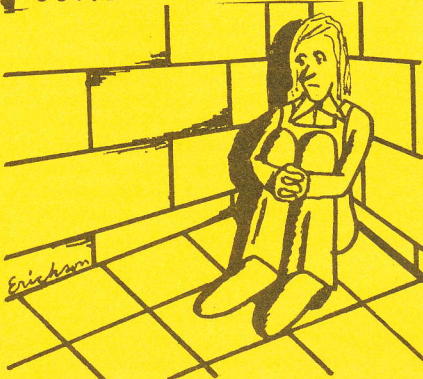
of music might be convinced to join Kredo's struggle. One of these groups, the underground "Palladium" faction, could be very helpful; but they would have to be assured success. A by-product of the mission's success would be the about-face of the Universe Allocations Board. Though he was prepared to accept their support if they chose to lend it, Kredo was just as prepared to remain independent of that all-too-timid group.

With whatever support he could obtain after the good affects of his first explosion were felt in full, the combined skills and wills would put to use the amazing invention Kredo had been dreaming about for so long: The Electric Concert Grinding Machine. Once financed, built, and in full operation, a mere flick of the switch would produce musical explosions of any desired size, in any place, and at any time they were needed. The musical events produced would continually renew in the hearts and minds of the people of O.U. '57 the desire for music. Kredo hoped that this revival would affect not only the residents of a single planet, but would truly rock the surrounding galaxy.

But would it all succeed? What if the time came for the first bomb to detonate, and nothing happened? One dud of this size would be a waste of material and the confidence of the people would be pushed further away than ever.

It had happened before. Other groups with plans similar to Kredo's had worked arduously, but they had failed. Kredo would not. HE

SOME FAST THINKING:





**STUDENT SALES NOW to MAY 1st**  
**\$3.50 - TWO TICKETS per O.U. I.D.**  
**\$5.00 - GENERAL ADMISSION**

**No reserved seats**  
**No refunds**

**ZAPPA**

**TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE**  
**STUDENT ACTIVITIES DESK O.C.**  
**a TOWN HALL production**

IN CONCERT

**FRANK ZAPPA**

and

THE MOTHERS  
OF INVENTION

with

**LIVINGSTON  
TAYLOR**

and

**BAMBU**

**Sat. May 29**  
**8:30 p.m.**

**Baldwin Pavilion**

I NEVER KNOW ...

(Cont. from seven)

"Focus, for example, is a day late, a dollar short, biased radically, and full of four letter shit. (Oops, it's contagious!)"

QUESTION: The last question was for any general comments or remarks concerning communications at Oakland.

RESULTS: "Oakland seems far removed from the 'real' world. Often dorm residents don't hear about important events (on or off campus) until several days later."

"Communications here don't exist. We need an on-campus radio station and a daily activity sheet, plus some activities to put on them."

"Communications are less apathetic than the community, but it seems like something in the communications area could stir this mess!"

"I never know what's going on until it gets cancelled."

"Through no fault of the publishers or writers, O.U. students are typical middle class Americans who haven't caught on to the importance of communications."

"I like the reasonably open policy of journalism and attempts to consolidate university communications offices, but a big communications gap with the apathetic silent majority still exists. It seems that only those who are willing to investigate matters of relevance really know what's going on. We need more such concerned people, be they administrators, faculty, staff or students."



WOULD NOT FAIL. The reason why he was so confident was that he had guarded the plans carefully. There had been no promises made, for he could not prove himself by making promises; he could only wait until the bomb exploded. Not until then would anyone but THC and himself know what his pains-taking plans were leading up to.

But now, he had come closer to discovery than was at all comfortable. He was to be questioned by the *Double X*. How could he resist their torturous questioning and somehow find the means to escape? Beads of sweat began to form on the back of his neck and trickle down to the collar of his gleaming white Spaced-Cadet jumpsuit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suddenly the door burst open, and the most notorious

interrogator of them all, ERIXON, stood before him.

"So, my friend," Erixon said from between teeth clenched in a horrendous sneer, "we have you at last. You will now tell all you know about the disruption you have planned, or you will die the most terrible death imaginable. Now, talk!"

Kredo stood up weakly. "I will talk," he whimpered. "I'll tell you everything, but please don't hurt me, please." The wickedest of all grins appeared on Erixon's face, and then Kredo made his move.

With lightening fast agility he lashed out at that hideous grin. A fist of iron sent his adversary reeling across the cell. At that instant the pistol which Erixon had been pointing at Kredo fell from his hand. Noticing that it was his own gun, Kredo scrambled

for it. As he reached for it, out of the corner of his eye he saw Erixon reach for the pistol which still hung from his belt. But Kredo was faster.

"Maybe this will give you a hint of what's in store for you and all your kind," he said as he scooped his gun from the floor. He aimed it directly at Erixon and pulled the trigger. With a loud crackling "ZAPPA" the gun's beam swept across the body of his opponent, and Erixon was instantaneously transformed into a contorted mass of solid rock.

Kredo wiped the sweat from his brow and heaved a huge sigh of relief. He did not know how far his struggle was from being over. For immediately in the doorway appeared six of Erixon's henchmen, all pointing their ray guns at Kredo's back.

... to be continued.



# What Does Honesty Have To

BY DAVID C. BRICKER, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION

Many people, young and old, but especially the young, are finding that living today is an agonizing experience. This is not to say that agony is their constant burden. Moments of joy, pleasure, fulfillment still occur, but not often, and the underlying feeling is one of being tormented, or at least dissatisfied, by the way things are going. It is typically American to express such dissatisfaction by organizing a group, or at least a committee, which is intended to deal with the causes of disturbance. Consider, for example, the various student activities which are tediously listed in the last issue of *Double Exposure*. Apparently, there are almost seventy-five of them. They are a rather jumbled lot, and not all of them are organized around problems. Presumably, the 'Oakland Flying Club' and the 'Oakland University Ski Club' are efforts to make the pleasures of flying and skiing available to everyone. But other activities are not so lighthearted. The 'Oakland People Against Racism' and 'Sinners in The Hand Of An Angry God' are another kind of activity, much more serious in their intent because they are directed at a problem which impedes fulfillment. In general, then, there are at least two kinds of student activities — the pleasure seeking and the problem solving.

Problem solving activities pose a special difficulty for those who are inclined to join them. The intent of such an activity as it is officially stated is serious, perhaps even momentous and heroic. But what is the intent of a person who is inclined to join? Is the officially stated intent his own? If not, to what extent does his intent deviate from the official one? Is the intent primarily to deal with a social problem and to help others, or is it to make oneself feel better by enjoying the acclaim that accompanies participation in an activity directed toward a social problem? One must be honest with himself to know his intent, and at this time, a time when there are so many activities directed toward social problems, being honest with oneself is especially precious. The Chronicle of Ekkehard of Aurach reveals that the first crusade swept along many self-seekers; probably our modern crusades are not much different.

Self-honesty is praised by almost everyone, and this is why it is easy to share the anger of Kate Haracz when in her diary of her classroom experience

at Michigan State University she harpoons one of her professors for being dishonest with himself, and therefore with her also. [See, "The Education of Kate Haracz," *Change in Higher Education*, (May-June, 1970), 12-13] Kate complains about the faculty whom she calls the 'New Profs.' They are those 'who come on casual and try to play it cool, knock the system and in other ways try to con us into thinking that they're one of us, the great unwashed disaffected student body.' Kate has a label for such professors, 'Hypocrite.' "They make me sick," she says, "I'd rather have an old-school prof who laid it on the line, even if I disagreed with him in principle, than one of these guys who don't have the courage — or, more important, the self-respect — to back up their smooth speeches with action." Kate's request seems fair enough. In her diary she struggles to figure out what she believes, and she is saying that in this struggle, she cannot be helped by professors who do not say what they believe, but say, instead, what will make them popular with their students. In this period of turmoil, when many people are in agony and time seems to be running short, it is especially important that people say what they mean.

Yes, Kate has placed her finger upon one of the sicknesses of our time, for many do not mean what they say. Nevertheless, Kate has an over-simplified view of the place for honesty in the classroom. While faculty and students should say to each other what they believe, in the classroom and relationship between beliefs and actions cannot always be as direct and intimate as she seems to want. There are at least three reasons for this. In the first place, in the classroom things are often said which simply cannot be directly expressed in action. Take, for example, a discussion of a poem, the purpose of which is to reveal more of the poem's features so that it can be enjoyed. Sometimes, such a discussion succeeds, and people do find themselves enjoying that which has left them unmoved before. But how can a person translate what he says about a poem into action? There is no direct way to do so. Of course, if he enjoys the poem it would be reasonable to expect him to return to it sometime, and if he enjoys poetry, he should spend at least some of his time reading poetry. In this sense, beliefs about works of art are expres-

sible through actions, but they are actions which are constrained in the sense that they center around the future appreciation of art and apparently have little direct, immediate impact upon our grave social problems. Perhaps, as it is often said, the appreciation of art does humanize people, so that those who do have a vivid sense of beauty exhibit this sense in their general conduct. Nevertheless, this view of art's power to affect people is not obviously true, and Kate's demand that professors translate their beliefs into action would, if enforced, prevent many professors from sharing their most cherished beliefs with their students.

While the meaning of art is usually indirect, and it is therefore difficult to infer exactly what ought to be done out of appreciation of it, there are other materials taught in classrooms which are quite explicit about the actions which should be performed by those who believe them. Very often professors teach about these materials without any pretense of doing that which the materials recommend, and this is entirely proper. A second reason for Kate's oversimplification of the relationship between thought and action in the classroom is that she fails to see that much teaching is intended to bring about a critical understanding of doctrines which purport to be justifications for different ways of behaving. Consider, for example, a survey course in the history of educational theory. In such a course, a professor would surely have to discuss the theory of Jean Jacques Rousseau, but the way that he teaches about Rousseau might well be very different from the way Rousseau would like to have teachers proceed. Instead of teaching Rousseau's educational doctrines, the professor is teaching about these doctrines, and this is quite different. Instead of teaching justifications of action, the professor typically teaches about various kinds of justifications of various ways of acting with the hope that his teaching will help his students become more critically minded about the justifications and, therefore, better able to conclude which way of acting, if any, they should adopt as their own. It is entirely proper to expect the professor to believe what he is saying about the doctrines he is teaching, but believing this does not require that he also believe the doctrines themselves. In fact, believing a doctrine usually undermines a professor's capacity



# Do With Education?

and DIRECTOR OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

to teach about it because it reduces his sense of detachment and perspective.

The third reason why Kate has oversimplified the relationship between thought and action in the classroom is that she has forgotten, perhaps only momentarily, that a classroom should be a place where both students and professors grow. In order to grow, a person must be able to entertain thoughts which have never entered his mind before. If he were to restrict himself to thinking thoughts consistent with only those actions which he has already performed or is likely to perform in the immediate future, his opportunity to grow would be severely limited. Entertaining ideas which run ahead and beyond his actions is a way a person thoughtfully changes. The hope is that his actions will gradually catch up with his thoughts, that over the long run, that he will strive for consistency between his beliefs about what is good and what he is actually doing. But in the classroom it is especially appropriate to be lenient about the amount of this consistency which is expected because it is this leniency which makes thoughtful growth possible.

Despite the fact that she has treated a complicated issue too casually, Kate's dislike of her 'New Prof' is probably justified because she no doubt has been listening to someone who is not saying what he means. In a time of strife such as this, when there is so much to be lost or won, the pressure is on to say what others apparently want to hear. Kate is correct; students and professors should resist such pressure in the classroom or all is lost. Perhaps honesty, the disposition to say what one believes, is the exception rather than the rule in the classroom. This may be why Herbert Kohl emerges as a magnificent teacher in his description of his experiences in a New York City elementary school. Kohl is honest with himself, and this makes it possible for him to be honest with his students as well. For example, he refrains from asking his students to do things which he cannot do himself. And his students clearly sense this; they sense that it is important to do that which their teacher invites them to do because he is taking his time to do it as well:

At one time or another all of the children tried some form

of writing. I didn't insist that *everyone always* work, realizing by then that I had no right as a teacher and as a person to demand of the children what I couldn't demand of myself. Before each writing lesson I vowed to do the assignment myself. Often I spent evenings devising complex means of avoiding or 'forgetting' my vow. At other times I wrote bad fables and bland poetry though I surprised myself with several parables that still please me. I drew a total blank when I tried to put a simple joke in writing. These experiences sobered me; the children's struggle with language was my own and therefore it was easy not to force them to write things that embarrassed them, or that might lead them to reject writing altogether because they couldn't use one particular form of written expression. Teachers ought to attempt to do the writing assignments they give before deciding upon criteria to judge children's efforts.

Herbert Kohl, 36 *Children* (Signet Books: New York: 1967), p. 136.

Kohl's honesty is exciting; he simply will not ask his children to do things which he does not know how to do himself. Occasions arise when it is inappropriate for him to ask his students to do any of the things he knows how to do. But he struggles to keep his teaching going by learning how to do things which he has never done before. And then he asks his students to try them, too. There is no hypocrisy here. Without intending to, Kohl has provided those who are contemplating a career in teaching with a superb yardstick by which they might measure themselves. It would not be inappropriate for candidates for the teaching profession to honestly consider whether they themselves are capable of meeting the very demands which they will be making of their students. Those who cannot should not try to teach. If they ignore their weakness and try teaching, hopefully they will be harpooned by a Kate Haracz and towed out of harm's way.

## U. of CRIME

(continued from page twenty-three)

there. During my classification, I was interviewed by a psychologist — I can't tell you which one. He looked at my I.Q. (it was pretty high), and I told him I had studied a lot of psych in school; so he started telling me about some theories I had never heard of. He finally came out with this (if I can remember his words exactly): "These guys come in here, they're animals when they were born, and still are, and they should be locked up. And they deserve everything they get."

DE: What about you?

L: No, he wasn't talking about me. He recommended that I be a teacher. I guess he didn't think I was an animal . . .

DE: At least, an intelligent animal.

L: In any case, I was talking to the counselor there, and I asked him "Where is the rehabilitation?" He laughed and said, "There's no rehabilitation. Only behavior modification. There's no rehabilitation in the whole place." Those were his exact words, and he had a Masters' Degree.

DE: What the hell is behavior modification?

L: I don't know. I suppose you take somebody who's robbing banks and lock him up, and it modifies his behavior . . . He's not robbing banks any more. No, there's no rehabilitation. It's a big front. They have academic schools and a junior college. They have teachers from Jackson Community College come in, but those classes, because of the setting, are not going to make any difference in the convicts' attitudes. I don't care how many classes they go to.

Even if 20% don't come back, never return to the university of crime, or the prison, it's not because of what they learned there, it's not because of anything that the state did for them while they were locked up. These are people who wouldn't come back anyway.

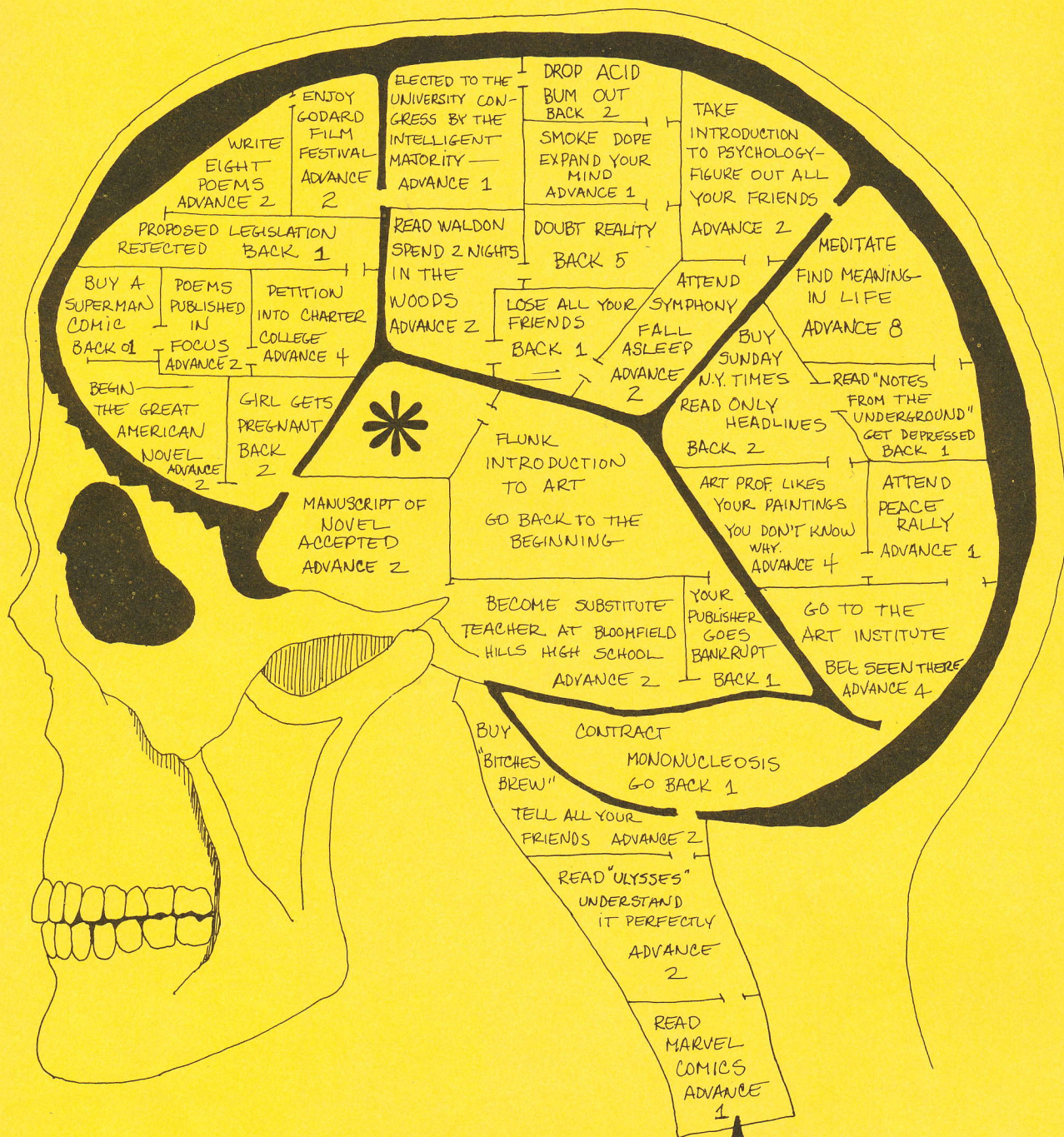
In any case, short of levelling all the prisons, the most constructive thing we could do right now is just try to make people understand. And make heroin a prescription drug. As for rehabilitation, I found that I could get through to these people. People like me could talk to them. We would talk about nice things. We would talk about getting high, things like that. We could communicate if I was their friend and they were my friends, and we treated each other like rational human beings.

You know what I mean?





GAMES PEOPLE <sup>here</sup> PLAY



# CEREBRUM

CONCEPTION: MARK BASKIN

A GAME TO BE PLAYED IN COMPLETE PRIVACY — DURING MOMENTS OF SELF ESTEEM.

TO BEGIN:  
SELECT APPROPRIATE TOKEN (THAT TOOL TO WHICH YOU MOST CLOSELY IDENTIFY AND/OR MOST OFTEN USE. BEGIN HERE