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The Free Statesman

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*the free statesman*





MUSICAL VIETNAM

photo by john holahan

A polyphonic symphony of napalm bombs  
sounds a melody of busted babies

Harmonizing bombers in azure skies  
paint paddies below blood red

The rhythm of clattering M-14's  
reacts with local citizens

This swinging symphony of sound and sight  
is the greatest ye performed by the

But who can really dig that jazz  
9,000 miles away?  
Don't sweat it man let me clue you in  
There is a combo in Watts  
and a quartet in Harlem  
rehearsing groovy sounds  
for a spectacular jazz blast

gutted mothers  
decapitated men

bone white  
dead blue

adding further color  
to the local scene

Great Society

right in your  
back yard.

A RESPONSE TO THE DRAFT  
TONIGHT!


BROWN HALL 7 p.m.

Speaking will be Gary Hart,  
a member of the Resistance  
and graduate (M.A.) from Har-  
vard. Join this important  
dialogue this evening.

Fri. come to Sat.  
the: **WV**  
K9B  
(you'll like it a lot.)  
FREE FUN!

**Sam's  
Pizza  
Palace**  
16<sup>th</sup> Ave. SO. 25450  
Free Delivery  
(with 3 or more  
5PM-2AM  
Daily  
Watch for Sam's  
"Pizza My Mind"  
Weekly on these  
pages...

**Outlet**  
Sporting goods  
Outer Wear

  
**SCOTTY'S  
TYPEWRITER  
CHALET**  
CROSSROADS CENTER  
TYPE WRITER RENTALS  
AND REPAIRS,  
RIBBONS,  
SCHOOL AND ART SUPPLIES  
10% STUDENT  
DISCOUNT

# STUDENT POWER in Educational Reform:

by david kiel

There is a redefining process going on in institutions of higher learning today. This process of redefinition is not taking place because boards of trustees are meeting together to review purposes of their institutions, make value judgments, and act accordingly. Rather, education is being redefined by the increased demands of government and industry upon colleges and universities, by burgeoning enrollments, by more people coming to the university with different ideas of what they want to do, by a knowledge explosion, by advances in technology, by angry state legislators, and what have you.

Thus there is already in process a massive, if amorphous and often unconscious struggle for power in the University. It is a struggle between educators who want "to keep things running smoothly like they used to" and State legislators who want to send more students to college, between heads of departments who need professors to teach Course 154 this semester and government and industry who want to hire those profs to consult on program X. This struggle is now heightened by the educational requirements of an economy that is becoming increasingly automated and service-oriented, by the recognition of the special needs of disadvantaged groups in the society, and by the drain of money from education to war. It is a new struggle that is being superimposed on, and is exacerbating the traditional power struggles within institutions of higher learning: struggles over which departments' courses will be required and thus which department will get money to hire more faculty and graduate students and whether English will get more money for teachers or chemistry for laboratories.

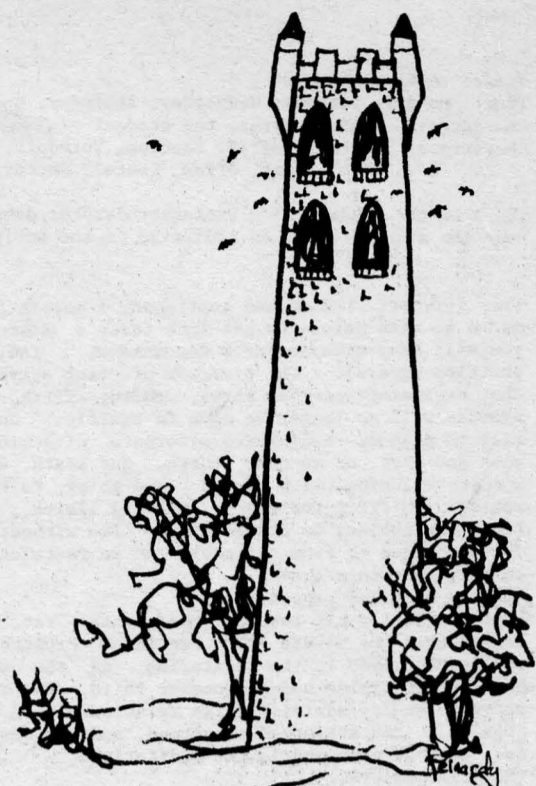
We the students, are generally not parties to struggle, even though its various outcomes will greatly effect our educational experience: how many other kids will be in our classes, whether we would be able to hear communists on campus, whether our professors will be interested in teaching or research (i.e., people or things), whether we'll have any electives or not, how long we can stay to complete our education, and on and on.

The point is that everybody and his brother is trying to use the University or, more generally, institutions of higher education to accomplish his own tasks--be it recruiting middle-level management men, doing war research, building up the history department, writing that book, etc. Everybody, that is, but the student. We're supposed to sit passively and accept as an education what is the accumulated outcomes of all of these power struggles. This would be reasonable only if there was an 'invisible hand' guiding the multi-directional academic tug-of-war to create for us "the best of all possible academic environments." Hogwash! In the academic marketplace battlefield, it's root, hog, or be content with the outcomes of the power conflicts swirling about the University.

Let's disabuse ourselves: (if there ever was) there is no longer a concept of The University, there are no longer any stone tablets on which is engraved what is proper or improper to study or learn at an institu-

## ★QUIZ★

What  
does  
St. Cloud  
State  
Need  
More than  
anything  
else?



HELL'S BELLS!

tion of higher education, no catalogue that can't be rewritten. If we have some ideas about what our education should be like, there's nobody that has the authority to say that our desires are illegitimate, though, realistically speaking, there are plenty that have the power to say "you can't have or do that."

To advocate student power in educational reform is to suggest that students jump into the politics of who gets what in education. We won't be picking any fights that haven't already been started, but we will be adding another vector to the force field diagram that indicated where the institution of higher learning is going.

There are a few prerequisites, however, that need to be considered by individual students or groups of students who are anxious to jump into the fray. One is that we need to think out carefully what we want---for ourselves and for our fellow students. What is a good way we can use this chunk of time at a place that has all the things an institution of higher learning has? Some preliminary answers are: The College or University is a good place to ask ourselves who we are and who we want to be, and also to find out how to change from one to the other if there is a discrepancy between the two. It could also be a good place to prepare for what we really want, if we've already made some clear decisions about the future.

Some questions that follow this area: Can I do what I want, what I really want? If not, why not? Who will say no to me? Can I get around him? Are there a whole class of people who want to do what I want to do but can't? Can we get around him? or them? And very, very importantly; who is them?--specifically, names, positions.

Once these and other pertinent questions have been asked, the action for student power in educational reform may be divided, for analytical purposes, into three types: (1) freeing the educational environment---actions which eliminate restrictions on what can be learned at an institution of higher education and how learning can take place; (2) innovation--those actions which organize new forms of learning in the freer environment created; and (3) proselytizing--those actions

which foster attitudes among those who hold power in, or over, the University (students, faculty, administrators, trustees, foundations, government) that are supportive of creating a freer educational context and supportive of student efforts to organize new forms of learning.

Examples of freeing actions are: a student strike for eliminating distribution requirements or a proposal to the faculty for pass-fail grading; of innovative actions: organizing an experimental college, getting credit for community action work, introducing the T-groups into the curriculum; of proselytizing actions: face to face discussions with faculty and administration about education, educational conferences or workshops, and door-to-door organizing around reform of education.

Of course, all of these types of action are inter-related. Once you open up a hole in the academic structure, you have to organize and inform people how to slip through it, and once you organize people to learn something different, it may be advantageous to open up a hole in the academic structure so they can do that as a part of their regular academic program. Finally, all of these steps require information dissemination, convincing, and talking.

Scene: A Classroom

Time: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday

Characters: Prof. Ivrytor, the student (visible)  
Characters: Listly, Ingrat, Sanctum, Turndoff, Egoman, Nudni, Fish, Ospit, Offus, Louter, Sarcas (not visible)

(Note to the reader: Professor Ivrytor doesn't see or hear the student until so indicated in the script.)

Prof Ivrytor: Ladies and gentlemen, I have a few announcements to make before we get into today's discussion. So if you will bear with me for a few moments. (Adjusts glasses, shuffles papers). The director of plant services announces that beginning December first, third, fifth, and seventh avenues will no longer be open to traffic. One-way signs will be placed, indicating alternate directions of travel, east and west, on second, fourth, and sixth avenues, and the streets beginning with second and going to fifth will be posted with fifty-two minute parking limits. These regulations are subject to change at any time without prior notice. You are urged to from car pools and to restrict your driving to only necessary travel.  
(Pause, shuffles papers.)

Makes one feel a bit like an experimental rat, doesn't it? Wonder what the reward is? President Prometh will address the student body in the auditorium of the administration building at twelve noon, December third. The subject will be student-faculty-administrative relationships. Sounds almost obscene. You are urged to attend, and are reminded that no food will be consumed in the auditorium.  
(Shuffles papers.)

The student-body president would like to meet with any and all students interested in an experimental college during an informal coffee hour to be announced. Sounds a bit ambiguous but he's a nice boy.  
(Pause, shuffles papers.)

And finally, finals--the official schedule will be published in the school circular. Please check for conflicts. If you find you do have a conflict, and who doesn't these days, you are instructed to take the numbers of the courses in conflict, double them, and those courses adding up to one thousand or over will take precedence. Courses adding up to less than five hundred will be rescheduled the Saturday of final week. Those courses over five hundred but under one thousand will be tested on after six p.m. the day after the original scheduling. Don't forget an IBM pencil, as a regular pencil will not register your responses in the grading machines. Nor will they register your salivary excretions, or pains of anguish. Why don't they just wire the seats with a votage inversely proportional to the course number? One wrong answer could clear a lot of dead wood from the freshman class. Or maybe they should award a passing grade to anyone who shows up at the right place at the right time replete with magic pencil. Are there any questions?

(The Student raises his hand.)

Remember your term papers are due in two weeks and time is growing short. Don't put them off until the last moment--Remember too, that you (the student drops hand) have a choice of three topics, and the directions I handed out to you at the beginning of the quarter should alleviate any difficulties that may arise. Are there any questions?

(Pauses, looks around stage and house.)

Yes, Mr. Listly?

No, Mr. Listly. I prefer that you deal with one of the three topics assigned. I've made them wide enough to allow for your own individual interpretation and a wide latitude of approaches I think, with some ninety students it is a little difficult to evaluate all of them objectively and expeditiously now. Of course if some of you dropped out. . . . I'm sure that you are capable of designing your own project, and the three topics assigned are certainly not the only ones. However, I prefer you work within the framework suggested so that I'll be in a better position to help you.  
(The student raises his hand.)

Miss Ingrat?

(pause)

Of course you should rely on whatever personal experience you feel might be relevant to the subject Miss Ingrat. But please don't forget the requisite, seven bibliographical notations. Sort of the seven deadly sins. I prefer to think of them as the seven virtuous helpers myself.  
(Student drops hand, getting progressively agitated.)  
They're not just there to give you an anchor from which to swing about, you must learn proper notational techniques if you expect to become at all scholarly.

Mr. Sanctum?

(pause)

I can't hear you. Will you please repeat that?

(pause)

You don't think this approach to the paper is consistent with the topic of the paper? Would you care to explicate your reasoning?

(pause)

Come, come Mr. Sanctum. Aren't you confusing what you call free thinking with a lack of discipline in your approach? If you can't work within what you call restrictions, and what I prefer to call structure, how do you expect to produce anything approaching coherence and unity? You think that by asking you to cite seven authors dealing with the same subject as you are dealing with is a restriction? I should be a happy man if I could, every time I entered the argumentative lists, be able to call on as much assistance in repairing my armor and handing me a fresh lance.

Mr. Turndoff?

(pause)

Let me understand you. You argue that because you've been instructed in everything from parking to carrying an IBM pencil you now feel qualified to follow directions and therefore find this exercise redundant?

(Pause)

Mr. Turndoff, life is made up of directions, instructions, and orders. We must follow them. Some of them, you must admit, are quite necessary for survival while others, I shall admit are blatantly arbitrary. However, through the orderly democratic process, the majority prevails in the decisions on what rules shall be law--and of course, at the same time, the rights of the minority must be protected.

You will discover that when you leave here.

(Pause, the student raises hand.)

No, Mr. Turndoff. I'm sorry we can't put the decision of how to write this paper or not to write it to a vote. In this case, Mr. Turndoff, as in many other special circumstances, the rules are made by the necessity of the situation. Nice try though. I can't possibly receive, grade, and return your papers by the end of the quarter without some kind of orderly approach to this job.  
(The student drops his hand and speaks)

Student: Sir, may I ask why we should have to do them at all? Why should we have to be graded?

Prof. Ivrytor: (still looking into audience, not recognizing the student) I suppose the next question will be why do papers and why give grades? It happens every quarter. The walls echo the same lament. We are judged, not only in school, but in society at large. It is a fact of life. No matter where you go from here you will find standards that must be attained. This paper is the standard I've chosen for this course. If you elect to stay here you must meet this standard.

Student: Professor, can you give me a reason for electing to remain here? Do you live beyond the podium?

(Prof. continues as if uninterrupted.)

Prof. Ivrytor: But we're spending too much time discussing the paper now. We must move on to the topic for today. Mr. Egoman was asked to prepare a report based on both a recent trip he has made and the first two chapters of section three. Mr. Egoman, will you. . .

Is Mr. Egoman present? Mr. Nudni, you, I believe room with Mr. Egoman. Do you know if he is ill or. . . ?  
(pause)

Oh, I see--yes, a yearly dentist's appointment is something that should not be taken lightly. Hmmm. Well I really do not want to move on without Mr. Egoman's report for a basis to our discussion. But we can use the remaining time to review what has been covered up to this point.

Student: (doesn't raise hand.) Why don't you just dismiss us?

Prof. Ivrytor: Are there any other questions?

Mr. Fish?

(pause)

Oh, you didn't have your hand up.

Yes, Miss Ospit?

(pause)

Certainly you may be excused.

Miss Offus?

(pause)

Yes, I think I shall be using the same text next quarter, but I would suggest you hold onto it a bit longer. You never know you might like to review in it.  
(looks at audience.)

Excuse me, Mr. Louter, were you trying to say something when I was speaking?

(pause)

No, no, don't apologize. I'm sure it was important--are you through?

Good.

(still looking in audience.)

Ladies and gentlemen, this opportunity is a rare one indeed. Usually we are far too busy to reflect a great deal on what went before. Here is an opportunity to go back over the material and raise questions that might have not been answered the first time through. I'm wondering, if I gave a pop quiz right now, how many of you would pass it?

Student: Professor, I'm going.

(starts picking up books, gets up, starts to leave)

Prof. Ivrytor: Oh yes, it's Mr. Sarcas. Is that the right pronunciation? Would you repeat that for the class again, Mr. Sarcas? Yes, that's an interesting approach. There are a number of active theorists wrestling with the same problem, now. Since communication is one of the aspects of a technological society we've covered, I think it is within our venue to deal with this for a moment, even though it isn't covered in your text book. I don't like to spend too much time on untested concepts, but I suppose there's always room for a little speculation occasionally.

Student: We're here, professor. What is your message?

Prof. Ivrytor: Now you must remember this is only a theory and as such should be handled cautiously. If it's around say five or ten years from now it may gain some weight.

Student: I won't be here in five or ten years. What is your message now, Professor?

Professor Ivrytor: (looking around) Are there any other questions?

Student: Professor, what is your message?

Prof. Ivrytor: The classroom presents an interesting aspect of communication. Teaching as a profession probably begins with Socrates. From that great philosopher comes the technique of teaching called the Socratic method, which you will probably learn a great deal more about in your education courses. Briefly, in the short time, remaining I can tell you that Socrates felt that the stimulation of thought came not from handing down rules and directives, but from asking questions--questions that neither required nor encompassed a right or wrong answer, but rather stimulated the disciples of Socrates, as they were called, and from which we get the word discipline, meaning in this case a field of study--but often confused with the concept of punishment, to ask further questions and thereby arrive at some truth. Unfortunately, today we find little time for the luxury of spending our days wondering about some later day Athens, probing the fabric of society and the universe, we must get on with the business of life.

Student: Professor, I'm here to learn the business of life. Why don't you teach me?

Prof. Ivrytor: Incidentally, Socrates asked too many questions. He was considered too much of a radical in his day, and the citizens of Athens, the very city state from which democracy as we know it grew, ordered Socrates' execution. And so the first teacher drank a fatal drink of Hemlock. We can't have that sort of thing happening today, not with the teacher shortage as it is now. Are there any questions?

Student: (at base of podium). Why don't you begin now, professor? Ask me a question. Talk to me.

Prof. Ivrytor: Ah, but it would be difficult arranging for such a class--how would we grade the students in such a class? We must always justify the grade handed down.

Student: Why hand down grades, professor?

Prof Ivrytor: Even though this class is set up a bit differently than the ideal Socratic School might be, I would like to think that the spirit of the man is present during

our discussions. You must not think of me as a here in front of you. I certainly can't give you answers.

Student: Just answer one professor. Why aren't of my presence?

Prof. Ivrytor: No, I consider myself more like spirit, if you will allow me that bit of illusion to help you by directing your quest for knowledge subject area.

Student: Professor, do you live beyond your podium (turns to leave again.)

Prof. Ivrytor: Now since there doesn't seem to be next questions about what we discussed before will allow me to ask a few of you some questions further stimulate discussion--no grade, you u (looking into the audience)

Mr. Turndoff, do you remember, with specific detail please, the events that lead to the movement in began some five years ago? What was the climate at that time?

(pause)

Mr. Turndoff? All the information for a complete contained within those pages.

Student: Professor, do you love me?

Prof. Ivrytor: Can anyone give me some of the supplied in the textbook?

Student: Professor, do you know who I am?

Prof. Ivrytor: Hmmm, ladies and gentlemen, you don't not kept up on your reading. You don't well. I can tolerate ignorance when it is just identity when it is unavoidably present, but in are college people, you are not stupid, nor can ignorance when the assignments were available fit.

Student: (comes back in front of chair) Professor leave now, will it make any difference to you?

Prof. Ivrytor: Don't you people care about anything your own selfish little interests? You expect to educated after four years at this institution spoon-fed the facts, ideas, and concepts needed intelligent choices, and to be active citizens in and yet you haven't the initiative to strike on own. Why?

Student: Because you don't know we're here, professor understand that? I want to stay, but you're away.

Prof. Ivrytor: Don't you people understand that here to help you? Don't you see that?

Student: (close to deas--begins reaching out) touching professor. Can't you feel my presence?

Prof. Ivrytor: Browning said that a man's reach exceed his grasp--

Student: Or else what's a heaven for?

Prof Ivrytor: Or else what's a heaven for? In Chapel there is a painting of God and man, both stretched fingers, leaning towards each other, touch, but the gulf so small is infinite.

Student: I'm trying to touch you Professor.

Prof. Ivrytor: I can only stretch so far, you the distance, the gulf that separates us.

Student: But I can't come up there.

Prof Ivrytor: I cannot leave here.

Student: Why?

Prof. Ivrytor: (still looking into the audience) arated in time and space. I am not of your time, save you from yourselves. I know that you're out I cannot understand you. I try to give to you my enduring truths, my sense of beauty, but you can

# THE

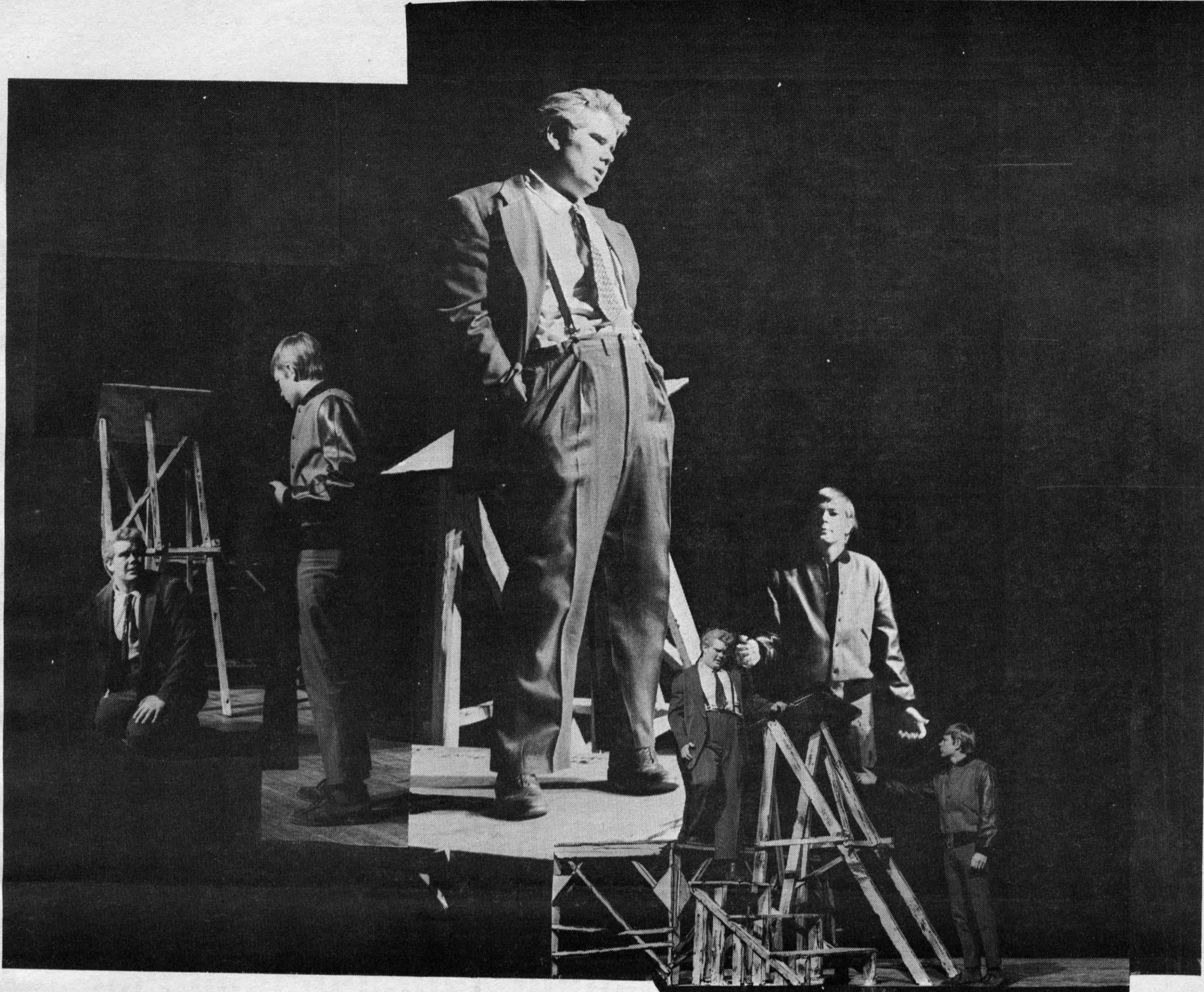
# BITTER

# DRINK

a one-act

by James

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that sense because beauty is gone from your lives before it can bloom.

Student: I believe you. I can't go away.

Prof. Ivrytor: Truth is beauty; beauty is truth.

Student: That is all ye know on earth and. . .

Prof. Ivrytor: That is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know. Can't you believe that? You talk of flower children and wear Nazi insignia. You reject all human contact in the very physical contact of free love. You consume psychedelic drugs in dirty cellars, and cannot experience the thrill of human compassion. You build an insulating barrier around your very souls.

Student: Something there is that doesn't love--a wall. . .

Prof. Ivrytor: Half the world is fenced off with concrete, barbed wire, and fierce dogs. "Somethings there is that doesn't love a wall," and I ask why?

Student: Why? Why?

Prof. Ivrytor: But all I can do is ask. You must answer that question.

Student: Tell me how.

Prof. Ivrytor: I am old and of this edifice. I cannot step down to do your work.

Student: Why?

Prof. Ivrytor: If you ask me how I can only say "to thine own self be true. . ."

Student: "Thou canst not then be false to any man." Come down, professor, come with me, help me change this ugliness.

Prof. Ivrytor: If you ask me why I can only say because the edifice gives me life.

Student: But you aren't alive. You are not of this world. You have no relevance. You can't communicate from that tower. You must come down.

Prof. Ivrytor: (grips podium) You don't realize, those of you that hear me, how much I am a part of this. I cannot breathe the air down there, neither can I walk your muddy fields, nor carry the burden you must carry.

Student: Do you love me?

Prof. Ivrytor: I love you, but I don't know how to make you understand that.

Student: I want to understand. Come down.

Prof. Ivrytor: If I come down to you, you will have lost the last stability in this society in this time. If I come down books will burn, and honesty will pay homage to anarchy. You are on the brink of a dark age. You are prepared for

the charisma of a Hitler and he is born and growing.

Student: If you do not come down, you will be dragged down. You must come down to lead us.

Prof. Ivrytor: But I see the foundation is already faulted and cannot withstand the onslaught you will launch. Yet I cannot let you come up here.

Student: Meet me half way, we can know each other if we come closer.

(Professor moves from behind the podium, begins to descend--still balancing against the deas with one hand--sees the student for the very first time.)

Prof. Ivrytor: Oh, God! Who are you?

Student: I am of you, Professor:

Prof. Ivrytor: No, you are not. You can never be of me. You are different somehow. There is something missing in you.

Student: It is you that is missing: become part of me. Come away professor.

Prof. Ivrytor: No, no, no! (graps head, falls back on step Reaches arms out to each side horizontally.) Stay back! Don't touch me.

(Student comes closer--Prof. starts to rise, stumbling, with arms still stretched out, backs up steps.)

Student: Don't go back up there.

(Grabs prof's robe, starts pulling it away. Robe comes off prof.)

Now I understand you. Now we can be as one.

Prof. Ivrytor: No, we can't. Never, It's not allowed.

It's cold, give me my robe. Let me go back.

(Reaches out letting go of deas finally)

(There are walls out there, things, people.)

(Goes toward student falteringly, gasping for breath, glancing back at podium. Student is backing away, clutching robe.)

Prof tries to grab robe lurching forward--falls to floor.

Student, holding robe, looks at prof on floor and at robe.)

Student: What have I done? Jesus Christ! This can't be

all there is, there must be more--up there. I've got to go

up there and find out before I leave.

(Begins to walk toward deas, takes one step up. Bell rings,

sound effects begin, student drops robe, turns steps over

prof, and walks out through the audience.)

# BUT HOW, SPECIFICALLY,

by ronald j. willis  
liberation news service

ARLINGTON, VA. (LNS)—The revolt against the establishment is conceived mainly in terms of politics and social mores. But there is equally an underground in the field of science. The open-minded, curious, rational, careful scientist is all too often a myth and Scientism has usurped the place of science. Grantmanship has taken over the Universities and the graduate schools are carefully wiping out any remnants of intellectual curiosity that remain after graduation. The professors write textbooks telling all the things that can't happen, and never get around to investigating the things that can.

But this revolt against scientific dogma and intellectual stultification began some time ago, 1919 to be exact, when the "Book of the Damned" of Charles Hoy Fort was published. Ben Hecht said, "Charles Fort has made a terrible onslaught upon the accumulated lunacy of fifty centuries. The onslaught will perish. The lunacy will survive, entrenching itself behind the derisive laughter of all good citizens." Well, the lunacy has survived and grown ever more immense, but Fort's onslaught continues through the effects of his books and those who read them.

Charles Fort turned loose on the world his collection of damned data which he had spent much of his life gathering from the Reading Room of the British Museum and the New York Public Library. His data came from the most reputable scientific journals such as Nature, Comptes Rendus, and Science Fort found examples of a phenomenon known as "spontaneous combustion" in humans, in which the body of a person suddenly burst into flames and was consumed by an intense fire. Scientists to this day consider this a prime example of medieval superstition, even though several cases of such a phenomena have been reported in the U.S. by reputable doctors in the last few years.

Fort also uncovered so many cases of instantaneous transportation of humans and objects that he coined the term "teleportation." He found many cases of terrible depredations on sheep and cattle by unknown animals which tore out the throats of the victims. He discovered that one night a huge number of sheep all over England burst from their folds and stampeded at precisely the same time. No scientist ever mentioned the fact, much less tried to explain it.

Other scientifically ignored data include the falls of bricks, ashes, coal, beef, blood, seeds, fish, strange animals, paper (and a few hundred other types of things) from the sky. Fort found stories of stones that fell and seemed to have unknown writing on them. The French scientist who studied them said, "Since it is of no known writing, it cannot be of any importance."

Fort was of course one of the first catalogers of unidentified flying objects (UFO's). He found all kinds: from strange starry ones that came and went over Cherbourg for days, to ones that looked like trumpets that floated over Mexico City.

Then there were the large, strange ships that sailed over most of the Mid-Western cities in the 19th century. Millions of people in Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities watched these things for days on end.

Another type of UFO that Fort found was that of large incandescent bodies entering the sea. This might be interpreted as a conventional meteorite save that meteorites of such a size are very rare, and it is interesting that he found accounts of such objects leaving the sea as well. And in the Persian Gulf English naval vessels often reported sighting great wheels of light beneath the waves.

Other strange meteorites are those made up of ice. Every year hundreds of these fall into populated parts of the world, sometimes doing damage. Some of these falls are reported in newspapers, yet the thousands of scientists about the world who make their livings studying meteorites call them humbug. On February 5, 1968 such a piece of ice struck a house in southwest Washington, D.C. I investigated and found that beyond any question such an ice meteorite had fallen. If this had been an iron or stone meteorite scientists from the surrounding universities would have been swarmed over the place, but not one showed up for a "taboo" ice meteorite. In January 1951 in Dusseldorf, a German carpenter was killed by a spear of ice six inches in diameter and six feet long which fell from the sky. It must be uncomfortable to be killed by something that can't exist.

There are many other examples of data which are rejected by Establishment Science merely because scientists cannot bring themselves to the terrible job of enlarging their minds a bit. For instance in the Hava Supai Canyon in Arizona, there are two miles of etchings on the rocks 20 feet above the present surface of the river gorge showing extinct types of animals. Especially interesting is the picture of a man and a mammoth. When discovered 30 years ago this should have been grounds of questioning the theory that man and mammoth never lived at the same time in the New World. In addition there is a drawing in Hava Supai of something that looks like a large, standing bird but which some like to call the picture of a dinosaur.

Conventional scientists do not always ignore such data; sometimes they try to explain it away. The falling ice is explained away by saying it fell from an airplane. But no ice can form on modern planes, and it is absurd to suggest that large chunks could form without bringing the plane down too. And how about all the reported falls during the 19th century when the only man-made vehicles in the air were a few feeble balloons?

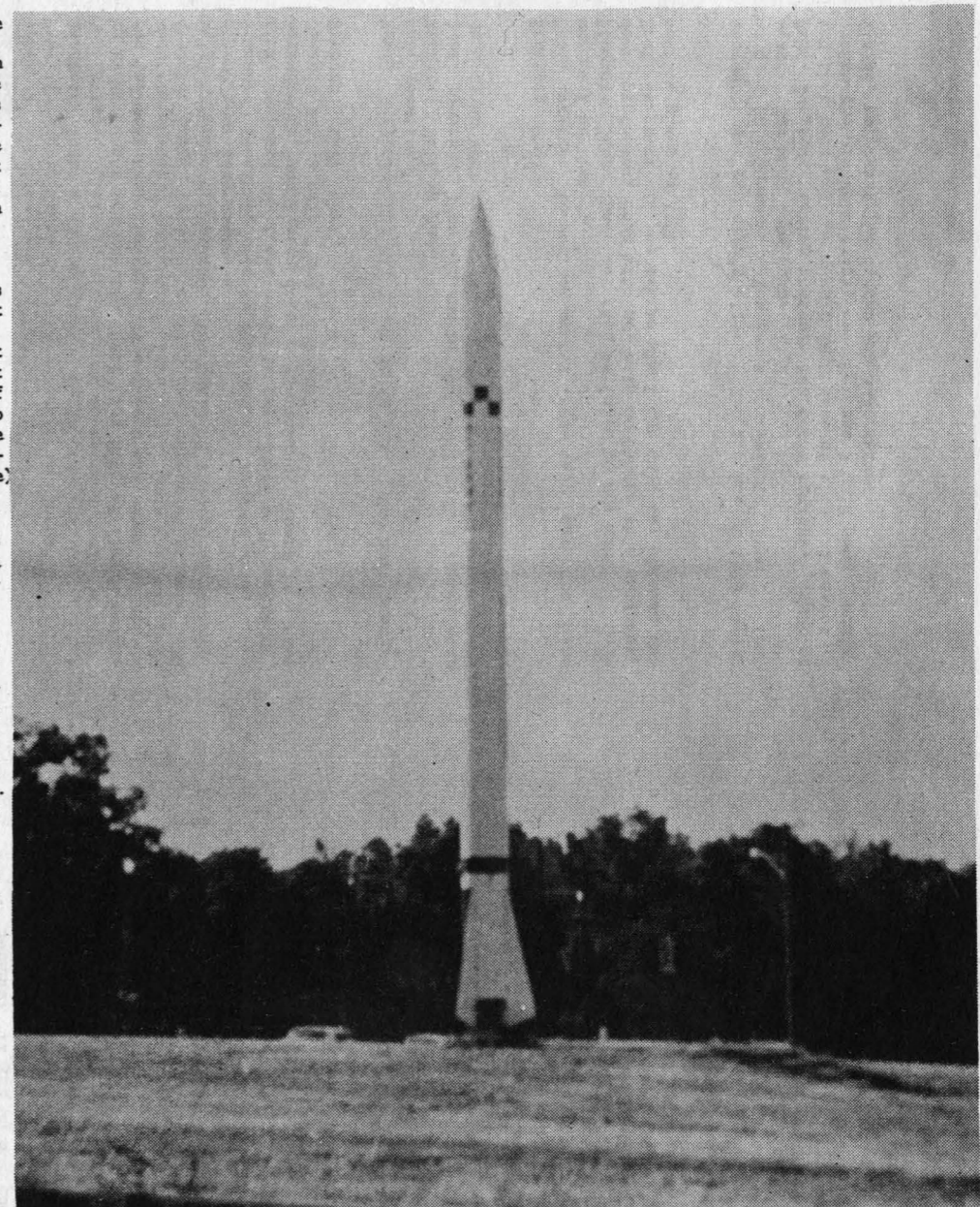
In Bath County, Kentucky in 1876, several tons of dried beef fell from the sky. How did this mass of meat get up into the sky—and how specifically dried beef? Fort discovered that there was a standard explanation for this type of phenomena—it was "up in one place and down in another" through the intervention of a tornado or

whirlwind. But Fort attempted to correlate falls of various things with reports of tornados, but could rarely find any such connection. Even if he had, how would one explain the curious segregation of objects and animals, for most of these falls consist of only one thing or animal. They are never mixed up. Furthermore, it turned out that a few of these falls were repetitive. Black stones might fall on a few blocks in an English town and then fall the same place a day later.

Other attempts to explain away things that scientists won't admit happen, in fact don't want to happen, border on the ludicrous. The story of the Persian Gulf light mentioned above led one English scientist to suggest that the officers and crew of all the ships seeing them were drunk. To explain how dozens of bushels of valuable seafood was found scattered about the English countryside (as if it had fallen there). Another "scholar" said it was the remains of a seafood handler's stock which had been thrown away. Interestingly enough, this occurred when seafood commanded a high price and was in short supply in neighboring towns.

One other method of getting rid of unwelcome phenomena such as "sea serpents" and strange animals is to inculcate everybody with the idea that seeing such a thing indicates that the observer is crazy. Though moderately successful in suppressing sightings of "sea serpents" there are still a few hardy individuals who report such monsters. Scientists were convinced that the coelacanth fish was extinct 100,000,000 years ago, but some troublesome fools have found batches of them swimming in the ocean off Africa. A diver in the South Pacific just a few years ago reported seeing a monster about two hundred feet wide that put out pseudopods to engulf large sharks. And a Floridan named Edward McCleary claims that in 1961, four friends with whom he was swimming off the coast of Florida were eaten by a sea monster. Can all such stories be frauds?

Indeed there are frauds, none can deny that. The problem in dealing with data on the borderline between science and fantasy is indeed difficult and most scientists avoid such problems. But not all of them cultivate their own little garden solely for their own benefit. There are scientists with both open minds and the clear critical insight which leads them into new fields of thought. As only one example, take Ivan T. Sanderson, noted zoologist-geologist, a Cambridge honors man. His book on the Abominable Snowman presents a great amount of data indicating that there may be several types of unknown anthropoids living in the trackless, bleak areas of the world, such as the Himalyas, the jungles of Malaysia, and northern California.



# DRIED BEEF



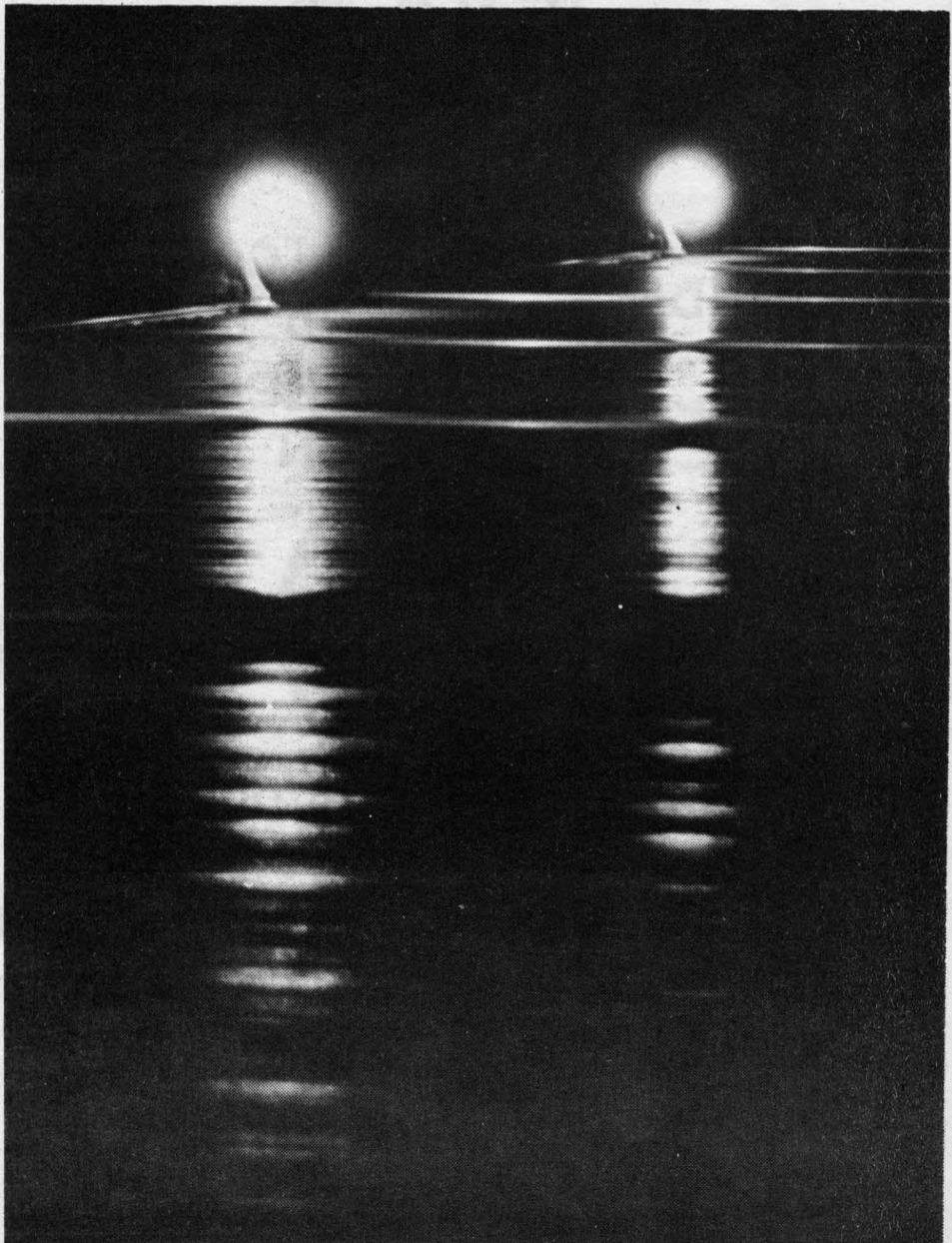
mellowed particles of rainbow dust,  
a soft warm powder,  
settles on my eyelids;  
hazy greens emanate from the pupils  
of my mind.

. . . it's a gentle, warm breeze  
floating thru my hair,  
and i am thirsty.  
been there and back,  
and then back there again;  
now here...all over...everywhere;  
moving in and out of my vision,  
made hazy-vivid by  
mellowed particles of rainbow dust.

kln-67

night games:  
good-  
bys lie  
&  
greetings are  
unreal,  
left is the  
moment  
&  
its  
subtle  
sunlight.

kln-68



Photos by

T. Anthony DeBiso



# ED RICHER DAY PLANNED



Plans for the Ed Richer Memorial Day, to be held on the SCSC campus on March 1, 1968 are progressing well according to chairman Frank Frush.

The Day is being planned by a non-partisan steering committee to commemorate the contract non-renewal of former English instructor Ed Richer. The events of the day will open with the reading of Richer's press statement by SCSC's own Kenneth Nyberg in the Civic-Penney Room. Following the reading there will be a celebration in honor of Richer's 38th birthday.

A memorial march on Whitney House will follow. Students will march three times around Whitney, and then face the walls. All

participants are encouraged to wear black arm bands.

Following the march on Whitney House will be a coronation ceremony. Crowning the queen will be Dr. Dale Patton, ex-Dean of Students. The queen candidates include: Mrs. Patricia Potter, ex-Director of Student Activities; Susan Emery, ex-President of Associated Women Students; Judy Forman, ex-Student Senator; and Syl Reynolds, ex-Chairman of Liberation Association of Women Students (LAWS). All except Mrs. Potter are students at SCSC.

It is not certain at this time whether the ballots will be counted by SMEA or the election judges from last spring's Student Senate elections.

## A SPECIAL REPORT FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF STOIC (STOP IMPORTATION OF CARILLONS)

STOIC held its second meeting last Tuesday night. We invited Warren Johnson to attend, but he was busy holding his own meeting. It probably worked out for the best though; we do not want "crafty" Johnson shaking our resolution with facts; our minds are made up.

We've accepted the fact that anything that is purchased for the Centennial will have to be suitable for attaching a plaque to and should probably be of non-academic value because as Mr. Johnson indicated you couldn't get anything from the people of St. Cloud otherwise.

One alternative that the Stoic's came up with was a town crier. You might put a sandwich board on his back saying that he was donated for the centennial year. He wouldn't have to go around shouting "all's well" all the time, but he could serve, in a pinch, as a campus cop, or jester, or time-keeper or Socrates-in-residence. (No foolish questions you understand.)

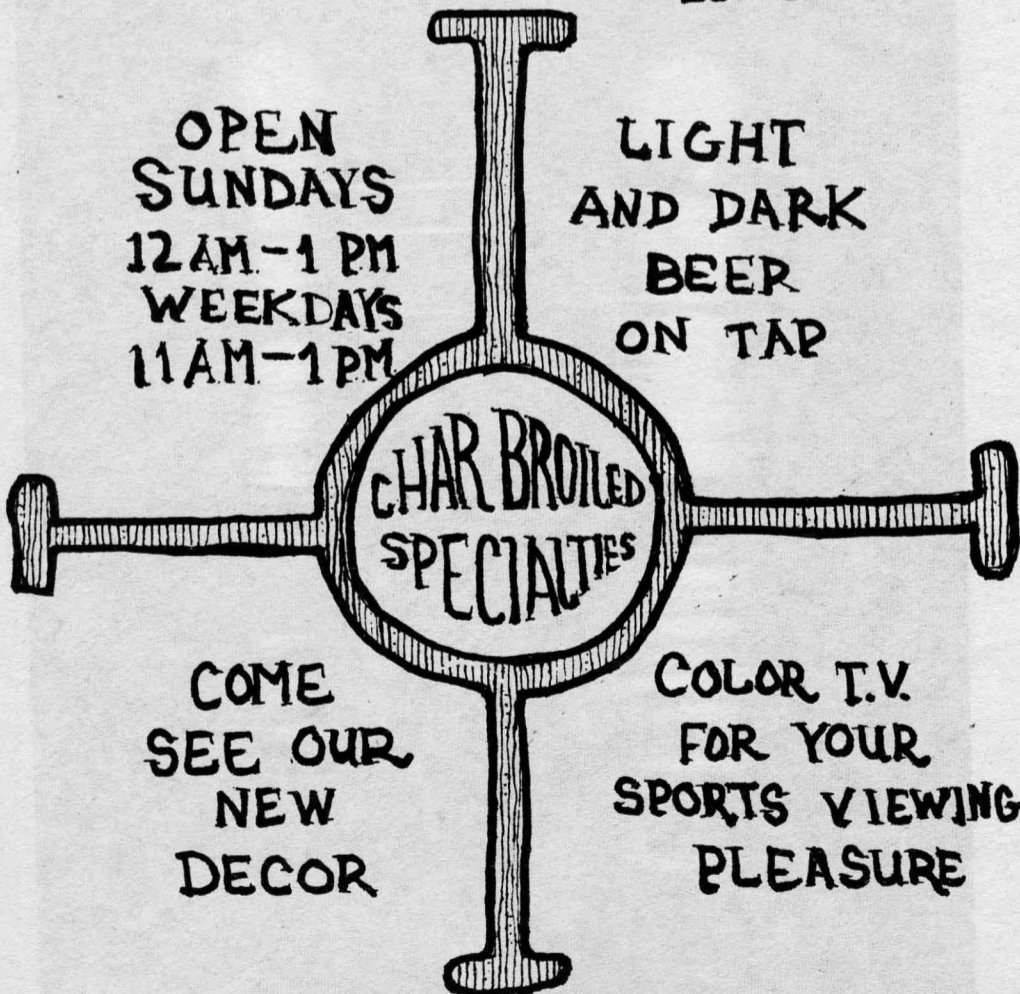
Fortunately Mark (landmark) Morrell did an outstanding job of filling us in on what is going to happen next year. Dr. (Colonel) Cates also had some info on just what has been going on here over the last ten decades. "Did you know that.. in 1872...the normal school...(almost)...became an insane asylum...?" "A Heritage of Excellence" no doubt.

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STUDIO HOURS  
Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 9:30-9:00p.m.  
Sat. 9:30 to 5:30. Closed Tuesday