

Plan 9

from Outer Space

Late March, 1993

"What you have there are a few of these rather bearded, unwashed characters, with sandals and long hair, who normally would be regarded sort of tolerantly as a lunatic fringe, which you put up with but you do not necessarily encourage, and in effect, the campus has been turned over to these characters."

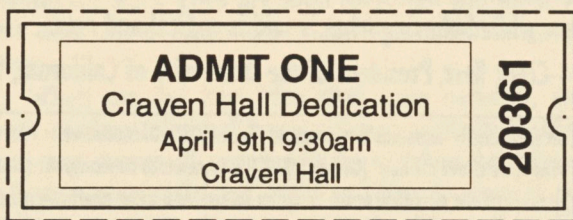
Vol. 1, No. 2

Craven Hall Dedication April 19th!

Craven Hall is scheduled to be dedicated at 9:30am on Monday, April 19th. We assume that the dedication will take place beneath the big "William A. Craven Hall" sign at the front of the building, but of course, nobody tells us anything. *Plan 9* strongly encourages you to drop whatever you're doing (whether working, teaching or taking classes) and go.

The *Plan 9* rumor mill says that Sen. Craven himself will be there! No one said that he wasn't a brave man. This is an event that shouldn't be missed. Some students (and faculty and staff) are planning a protest of some sort based on Craven's comments about undocumented immigrants (as reported in the last issue of *Plan 9*). Sen. Craven and the administration of this university need to know just how many people are offended by Craven's views, and the best way to do so is to show up for the dedication.

Not invited? No problem! Just cut out this pre-printed ticket and bring it to the dedication. Turn it in at the registration stand for two free tomatoes or a head of lettuce. One ticket per customer, please.



Cut out and bring to the dedication.

Our Motto:

"If you can't trust the administration, who can you trust?"

Disclaimer: Plan 9 is not officially sanctioned by the established government of CSU San Marcos and is affiliated with no officially recognized on-campus organizations. Therefore, the views expressed herein reflect no one's views but our own. Any resemblance of characters portrayed in these pages to persons living or dead is purely intentional.

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Intellect, Authority and Intelligence

The following are excerpts from *Education & the Significance of Life* by Jiddi Krishnamurti. Published in 1953, it's as meaningful for us as if it had been written this morning.

The right kind of education means the awakening of intelligence, the fostering of an integrated life, and only such education can create a new culture and a peaceful world; but to bring about this new kind of education, we must make a fresh start on an

entirely different basis.

With the world falling in ruin about us, we discuss theories and vain political questions, and play with superficial reforms. Does this not indicate utter thoughtlessness on our part? Some may agree that it does, but then will go on doing exactly as they have always done—and that is the sadness of existence. When we hear a truth and do not act upon it, it becomes a poison within ourselves, and that poison spreads, bringing psychological disturbances, unbalance and ill-health. Only when creative intelligence is awakened in the individual is there a possibility of a peaceful and happy life.

The wise wield no authority, and those in authority are not wise.

Modern education is making us into thoughtless entities; it does very little towards helping us to find our individual vocation. We pass certain examinations and then, with luck, we get a job—which often means endless routine for the rest of our life. We may dislike our job, but we are forced to continue with it because we have no other means of livelihood. We may want to do something entirely different, but commitments and responsibilities hold us down, and we are hedged in by our own anxieties and fears.

One of the results of fear is the acceptance of authority in human affairs. Authority is created by our

Continued on next page

It's Radical

When we look at modern man we have to face the fact that modern man suffers from a kind of poverty of the spirit, which stands in glaring contrast to his scientific and technological abundance. We've learned to fly the air like birds, we've learned to swim the seas like fish, but we haven't learned to walk the earth as brothers and sisters.

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

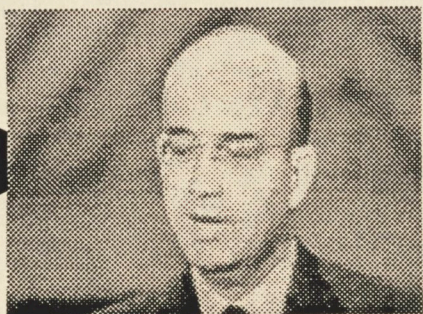
Intellect, Authority and Intelligence, *cont.*

desire to be right, to be secure, to be comfortable, to have no conscious conflicts or disturbances; but nothing which results from fear can help us to understand our problems, even though fear may take the form of respect and submission to the so-called wise. The wise wield no authority, and those in authority are not wise. Fear in whatever form prevents the understanding of ourselves and of our relationship to all things.

The following of authority is the denial of intelligence. To accept authority is to submit to domination, to subjugate oneself to an individual, to a group, or to an ideology, whether religious or political; and this subjugation of oneself to authority is the denial, not only of intelligence, but also of individual freedom.

The university is the place where people begin seriously to question the conditions of their existence and raise the issue of whether they can be committed to the society they have been born into. After a long period of apathy, students have begun not only to question but, having arrived at answers, to act on those answers. This is part of a growing understanding among many people in America that history has not ended and that a better society is possible.

—Mario Savio, *An End to History*, December, 1964



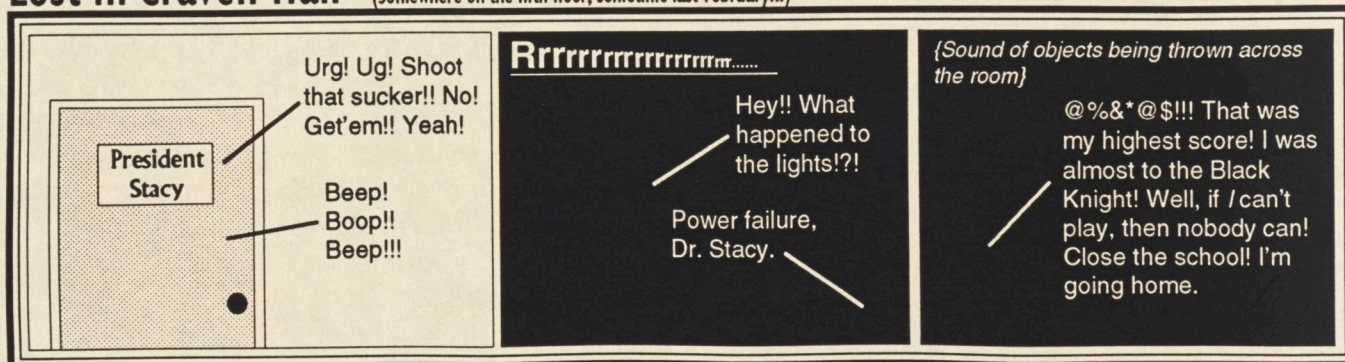
One of the most distressing tasks of a university president is to pretend that the protest and outrage of each new generation of undergraduates is really fresh and meaningful. In fact, it is one of the most predictable controversies that we know. The participants go through a ritual of hackneyed complaints almost as ancient as academe while believing what is said is radical and new.

—Clark Kerr, President of the University of California, 1964

In the finest tradition of underground campus rags, *Plan 9* is proud to present "Lost in Craven Hall", an occasionally humorous cartoon about life at CSUSM. Of course, we at *Plan 9* can't draw worth a damn, so we need your help. If you want submit a cartoon, or if you want to draw for *Plan 9*, we'd love the help. (Chill out, Bill! This is meant to be funny, not an attempt to smear your character. Personally, when the campus was closed, we at *Plan 9* took the opportunity to spend the afternoon at the Longshot Saloon. And a fine afternoon it was too.)

Lost In Craven Hall

(Somewhere on the fifth floor, sometime last February...)



Pow Wow "Tribute"

In typical white American patronizing fashion, *Plan 9* wishes show that it too thinks Indians are just swell people (as long as they only show themselves at stereotypical events where they are outnumbered by the gringo tourists buying phony "Indian" trinkets). So, half of this page and a couple of movie reviews will be devoted to the people that *my* grandfathers virtually exterminated. Now that we wasichus have nearly ruined the earth, when will we begin to see that aboriginal peoples around the world have *always* been more sane than we? For this, we exterminated them? I pray for our souls.

Chief Seattle surrendered his land, on which the city of Seattle is now located, in 1855 (in the Port Elliott Treaty) and thereby doomed his people to reservation confinement. Seattle was an Indian of Salishan stock, and was chief of the Dwamish tribe of the Pacific Northwest, occupants of the Puget Sound Region. At the signing of the treaty, he addressed Governor Isaac Stevens.

My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain.... There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory....

To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written on tables of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors—the dreams of our old men, given them in the solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander away beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being....

When the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the white man, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone.... At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The White Man will never be alone.

Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead—I say? There is no death. Only a change of worlds.

Body and Earth

The following is an excerpt from *The Unsettling of America*, by Wendell Berry.

I have been groping for connections—that I think are indissoluble, though obscured by modern ambitions—between the spirit and the body, the body and other bodies, the body and the earth. If these connections do necessarily exist, as I believe they do, then it is impossible for material order to exist side by side with spiritual disorder, or vice versa, and impossible for one to thrive long at the expense of the other; it is impossible, ultimately, to preserve ourselves apart from our willingness to preserve other creatures, or to respect and care for ourselves except as we respect and care for other creatures; and, most to the point of this book, it is impossible to care for each other more or differently than we care for the earth.

The last statement becomes obvious enough when it is considered that the earth is what we all have in common, that it is what we are made of and what we live from, and that we therefore cannot damage it without damaging those with whom we share it. But I believe it goes farther and deeper than that. There is an uncanny *resemblance* between our behavior toward each other and our behavior toward the earth. Between our relation to our own sexuality and our relation to the reproductivity of the earth, for instance, the resemblance is plain and strong and apparently inescapable. By some connection that we do not recognize, the willingness to exploit one becomes the willingness to exploit the other. The conditions and the means of exploitation are likewise similar.

The modern failure of marriage that has so estranged the sexes from each other seems analogous to the "social mobility" that has estranged us from our land, and the two are historically parallel. It may even be argued that these two estrangements are very close to being one, both of them having been caused by the disintegration of the household, which was the formal bond between marriage and the earth, between human sexuality and its sources in the sexuality of Creation. The importance of this practical bond had not been often or very openly recognized in our tradition; in most modern times it has almost disappeared under the burden of adverse fashion and economics.

Our land is more valuable than your money. It will last forever. It will not even perish by the flames of fire. As long as the sun shines and the waters flow, this land will be here to give life to men and animals. We cannot sell the lives of men and animals; therefore we cannot sell this land. It was put here for us by the Great Spirit and we cannot sell it because it does not belong to us. You can count your money and burn it within the nod of a buffalo's head, but only the Great Spirit can count the grains of sand and the blades of grass of these plains. As a present to you, we will give you anything we have that you can take with you; but the land, never.

—Unidentified Blackfoot

Plan 9 Must See Videos (available at Tower Video unless noted)

Beginning to hate white American consumerist, polluting, exploiting society? Me too. But before you chuck it all, check out these videos.

Spirit of Crazy Horse ★★★★★

This PBS tape is an excellent overview into the events at Pine Ridge Reservation in the late 60's and early 70's that led to Wounded Knee, the persecution of Leonard Peltier and the re-birth of Lakota traditionalism. What is this, Alabama?

Incident at Oglala ★★★★★

The in-depth story of what happened at Pine Ridge Res in 1975 and the framing of Leonard Peltier. Thought that the white man had made peace with the Indians? Watch this, "the second coming of the same old calvary."

Thunderheart ★★★★★

Excellent fiction about the events at Pine Ridge in the 1970's. Graham Greene shines as the Res cop. Too bad there really wasn't someone in the FBI who wasn't interested in turning the Lakota into "good Indians."

Last of His Tribe ★★★★★

I expected to be sorely disappointed by this film about Ishi, the last of the Yahi Indians. But this movie has a good spirit and is worth seeing, if just for the emotional effect. Graham Greene shines once again as Ishi.

You Can't Get There From Here ★★★★★

A stunning collection of government and industry films from the 1950's. See how we *really* were during the Golden Age of America. The scary social conformity and blatant consumerism will starch your socks. "That's the kind of emancipation *any* woman can understand." WARNING: Don't watch this film without having the antidote on hand.

Magical Mystery Tour ★★★★★+

This is the antidote to *You Can't Get There From Here*. An absolute classic. This film is 180° from the stifling conformity of the 1950's. Meant to be seen while under the influence, so to speak.

★ ★ Wanted! ★ ★

Articles, quotes, poetry, satire, commentary, artwork, cartoons, essays, letters to the editor and anything else that's unfit to print, for publication in *Plan 9*!

Get involved! See your name in print! Outrage the President! Get expelled from the university! Become a martyr! Become a homeless person...uhhh, well, you get the idea.

Really, folks, *Plan 9* can do only so much without your help. We'd love to see what you have to say. And with the Pioneer financially on the ropes, *Plan 9* may soon be the only game in town.

"Duh, so how do I submit sumthin fer to be put in da paper?", you attempt to ask while spittle dribbles down your chin. Easy! Just take whatever it is you want published to the Associated Student office in the Commons Building and leave it in our mailbox. We'll come in later, have a good laugh over it and toss it into the trash.

Files in Microsoft Word or WordPerfect format (Mac or PC) are gladly accepted.

First there was SimCity... Then Came SimEarth... Finally There's SimUniversity

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the labs without it!

Buccaneer Software
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It's Plan 9

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