

THE PAPER

Vol. I No. 3

East Lansing, Michigan, January 20, 1966

10 cents

The Children's Crusade: "The Paper" Looks At The Rose Bowl

The author of this article, an MSU student, wishes to remain anonymous in order to protect the innocent. --The Editor

God only knows what the archeologists of the future will make of Los Angeles, of the palm-surrounded Venetian palazzos, Swiss chalets, Spanish haciendas, and gimcrack houses-of-the-future that climb the dull green line of hills on which the word HOLLYWOOD is written in white letters visible for miles.

I feel sure, at least, that there will be museums, airy buildings where future tourists can view in hermetically sealed cases the artifacts that survive us, the patined Oscars, the faded copies of "Modern Screen," the Rosicrusian pamphlets telling how you, yes YOU, can Unlock Your Secret Powers.

I can even imagine someone taking the trouble to restore a Forum-sized area like Pershing Square, where the romantically-inclined can sit in the sunlight and read the atrocious historical novels that will someday be written about our age. "A Friend of Johnson's." "The Last Days of Santa Monica." The mind reels.

But it seems certain that our society--fighting one costly foreign war after another, maintaining thousands on the dole, wrestling with a grain problem, undertaking vast programs of public works, going to the moon, etc., etc.--will fascinate the future much as Rome does us. Perhaps the common noun "californian" will even pass into future languages, the way "philistine" and "sybarite," not to mention "sodomite," have passed into ours.

These thoughts belong to a California-bound plane flight taken with 105 other students, many of them sexual contenders with clean-knit limbs, brushed hair, and perfect teeth. (Spiro's campus guerrillas had gone to Tijuana or stayed home.)

Before we were off the ground they had made the opening moves of the Great Game that was not to end, in my hotel at least, until six nights later, with a topless GoGo contest held by seven very drunk coeds in a room down the hall. (No, I just heard about it.)

Tired of watching unidentifiable hills and valleys slide by below us, I stared idly across the aisle at a student whose acne had connected to form hills and valleys of its own and wondered lugubriously if it would be possible to write anything at all about these golden kids, let alone what "The Paper" so modestly describes as

"accurate, intelligent journalism." I did not see myself as the Ernie Pyle of the Beach Party set.

Nor was the first view of Los Angeles cheering. Seen through rain and tatters of cloud, the city's pinks and sickly yellows seemed all to have run together, like a watercolor gone wrong. We had to sit for an hour in a squalid airport building and watch the rain slowly soak into our luggage and drip from the bedraggled palm trees around the field. But the parties began three hours after we arrived.

THE FIRST PARTY

Coming out of my hotel room around midnight, I found a blond girl lying at full length in front of the elevators. "S a swell party in two twelve," she told me thickly. I thanked her.

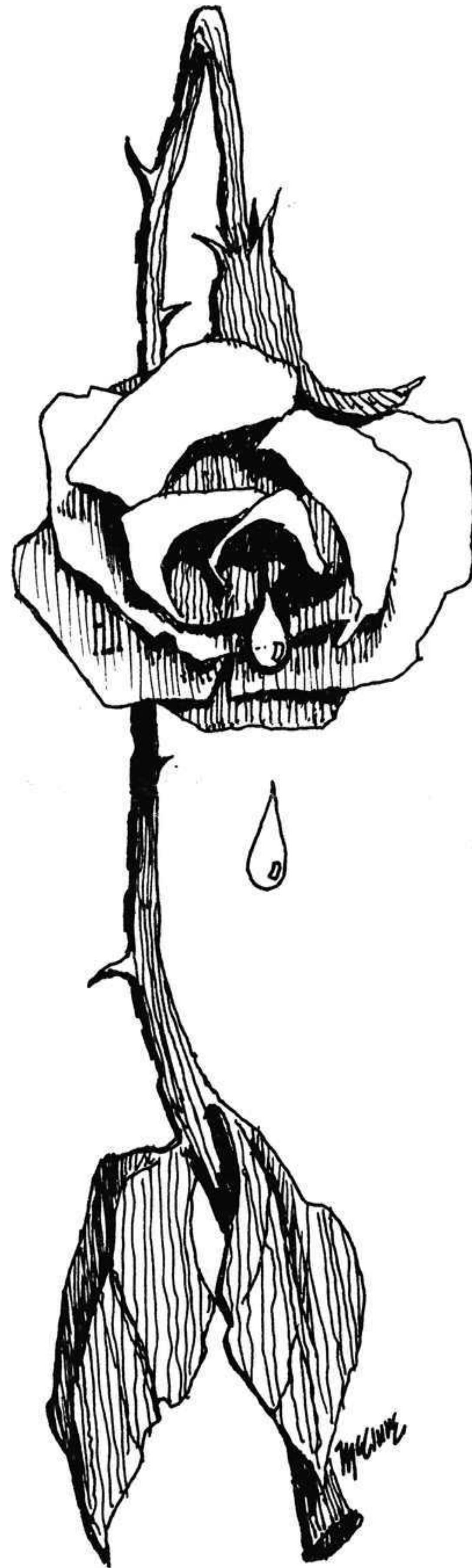
The hostess, an absolute stranger, met me at the door. "Haven't seen you in ages!" she said, squeezing my hand. "It must be the way our classes have worked out," I suggested. A glass was put in my hand. Someone had bought a record player and the Beatles were heard. A timeless interval later the hotel manager called for the third time and pronounced the kabbalistic word "police," which effectively broke up the party. (The room was by this time swimming in a golden haze.)

The girl at the elevators, who had crawled about 20 feet since we first met, directed me to another party in a third floor room with a balcony looking out on the lights of Los Angeles and the kingdoms of the earth. I leaned against a pillar and watched lusty young men heave glass bottles into the pool below and beer cans at passing motorcyclists.

(A fraternity man who wandered into a motorcycle gang's hangout later in the week got his mouth bloodied by a gang leader who butted him one time, scientifically, on the point of his chin. Back in our ranks, our man spat out a great deal of blood and then asked, perfectly distinctly, for some more beer. But I digress.)

I stayed until black wings began to flap at the limits of my vision, and then picked my way back to my room through halls littered with more bodies than "A Spanish Tragedy."

That night set the pattern. During the day, 8,000 MSU students were the straightest of tourists, photographing each other against the California landscape ("More JEWISH families prefer Groman's Mortuary," say signs along the road. A wax museum invites the world at large to "see ALL of Brigitte Bardot," gawking at stars' homes, making dusty pilgrimages to Disneyland and Gra-



man's Chinese Theater. (My hands and feet, I discovered, are exactly the same size as Frank Sinatra's.)

But by night they left by the hundreds for the Strip (as we learned knowingly to call it) and the other fleshpots of Los Angeles, and came back to their hotels to break glass, liquor laws, and furniture, to burn holes in and vomit on carpets, to give parties that ended with caroling in the corridors and the setting off of fire alarms, and to slip off into unconsciousness on stairways, landings, balconies, and beds not their own.

I was of course on a "wildcat" tour (although from what I have heard hinted darkly about Pullman cars, we had nothing on the kids on the official trip) and not all students did such things, but I saw and heard enough to make me appreciate the tremendous restraint of the January 7 State News article on MSU's conduct in California.

GOOD CONDUCT

"Behavior was what we anticipated," said one official with what seems to me hilarious ambiguity. "Those students behaved like any other person would New Year's Eve," said another. (You can draw your own inferences from that.) "The kids acted," said still another, "just like they do in the residence halls," a remark that should give us all pause. Particularly since the same article described in detail the \$255 damage done to property in the Kent Hotel.

This is not meant as criticism of the gentlemen quoted or of the State News, which is overcriticized already. The quotes and story could hardly have been otherwise; state university officials and state university newspapers, after all, cannot be expected to issue the manifestoes of the Sexual Revolution.

That can safely be left to people like the three California girls I met the second day of the tour, young apostles of the New Morality who picked up, literally picked up on the street, some friends of mine and me, and gave us a memorable midnight freeway ride out to Malibu, where we smashed vodka bottles and ran crazy caucus-races on the beach. The girl I was with smiled prettily and passed out as soon as we got back to the car. The second girl drove, professionally, while the third traded joy, amateurishly (in the best sense of the word), with the boy sitting next to me.

Back at the hotel, the two who were still on their feet insisted on coming up to our rooms and giving us backrubs. "You're first," said the little blond, pointing at me. "Take off your shirt." I modestly unbuttoned it and bared my back. "All the way off," she said. I took it off and tossed it across the room. "Now unbutton your pants and get down on your stomach." A train of superfast thought raced through my head, but I did as I was told and strove to think neutral thoughts while she kneaded my back like the good nursing student she was. As her hands disappeared, albeit not very far, under the elastic of my shorts, I tried to conjugate in my head the German verb "sein." I could not get past the present tense. (Ah, California, California)

I came back to my room after some lame goodbye handshakes carrying shoes that leaked Malibu sand. My old friend, who now had a friend of her own, was still at the elevators. "S a party in seven twenty-

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EDITORIALS

Schiff Is Back, But Not Forgotten

Paul Schiff is back in school, and we are glad. If this were a world of simple feelings, we could leave it at that, and everyone, even the university, would be satisfied. (If the administration can now tolerate Schiff, there's no reason why we shouldn't.)

But, there is more to the Schiff case, even now, than being happy or unhappy that he is studying here again. We needn't go into detail on the reasons many people are still thinking about the case. All those who think right seem to agree essentially on a few points:

That the university's decision to readmit Schiff was anything but "routine"; that it was, moreover, a conscious evasion of what would otherwise have been the outcome of Schiff's suit for readmission, i.e., a decision and statement against the university; that Schiff may yet be given a formal decision by the federal district judges who still have jurisdiction over the case, but that even if he is, the decision will have less impact now; that the university has embarrassed itself with its own inconsistency and failure to observe due process, and has at the same time demonstrated the ineffectiveness of the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs, which only recently allowed itself to concur in the denial of Schiff's application.

More needs to be said, however, about the effect the Schiff case has had on the university. You will pardon our saying, we hope, that the Schiff case has affected this university in somewhat the same way the Berkeley revolt affected the University of California.

Following the revolt in fall, 1964, graduate students and teaching assistants organized a union, to replace the student government which had been taken out of their hands some years earlier; the Academic Senate (which supported the Free Speech Movement) organized an Emergency Executive Committee which made it more independent of the administration; pro-administration faculty organized a Faculty Forum to represent their views; student political activity increased all over the campus.

Hal Draper writes (in "Berkeley: The New Student Revolt"):

This burgeoning of self-organization among the students and the faculty (who together, after all, ARE the university) reflected the new moods of self-confidence and initiative that came in the wake of the victory. Both the new organizations growing and the new spirits blowing through the campus added up to one big difference: the whole university structure could no longer be as easily manipulated from above, that is, from the office of the president. (President Clark) Kerr's maneuvering space was sensibly curtailed by this big fact alone, to which must be added the consequences of his sharply diminished prestige . . .

On a smaller scale (the Schiff case, after all, was not a sit-in by 800 students), something very similar has been happening on this campus, and more than marginally as a result of Paul Schiff's willingness to drag the university into court.

A Graduate Student Council is being organized, hopefully preparing to gain the prestige of a graduate government. MSU's Academic Senate was unfortunately still under the heel of the administration when it last met in December, but the Faculty Committee

This Is A Year That Was

As Lucy (of "Peanuts") has already discovered, this isn't a new year at all . . . this is a used year. 1966 has done very little to endear itself to us thus far, or to supply any reason at all why we should have to put up with it almost indefinitely.

It began, of course, with the unfortunate incident in Pasadena, which, as we are continually reminded, gave us the humility and strength of character we were all so anxious to get.

The same day brought New York a catastrophic transit strike; LBJ was in the middle of his rather overblown peace offensive, about which the less said the better.

Other disasters were not long in following. Among them:

The once-a-term fiasco of handing out Lecture-Concert tickets was played out again, to the accompaniment of some typically illuminating remarks from Wilson Paul, series manager. To wit:

"It's impossible to sell tickets without lines, mainly because of the student's indecision when he gets to the ticket window." This was followed two paragraphs later in the State News article with what might be euphemistically termed a clarification:

"The problem arises when a large number of students converge on the ticket windows at the same time, as they did Friday. When this happens a long line is inevitable."

(This rather reminds us of our high-school English teacher, who told

the class perfectly seriously, "Christianity began with Christ. That's how it got its name.")

Batman arrived, suggesting that, in the cold dreary light of dawn, it's about time to break Camp. Still, there was an undeniable atavistic satisfaction in hearing someone exclaim, "Great Scott!" in the proper tones of amazement and distress.

Paul Schiff was readmitted to the university, and the State News rose to the occasion: "But to us, there appears to be a strange inconsistency in the University's position on the case." Touche.

Film notes: 1) We understand that another James Bond movie is playing locally. We will print some comment on it as soon as we can find someone who has seen it.

2) "The Paper's" special Rorschach Creative-Viewing Award goes to Brad Smith, State News reviewer, for this excerpt from his plot summary of "Repulsion": "When she goes to bed, a stranger comes and makes anal love to her."

Time selected General William Westmoreland as its Man of the Year. Report has it that the race was close, with Westmoreland barely nudging out Bobby Baker, E.J. Korvette and Hayley Mills.

Like Lucy, we might be tempted to write someone and complain about this year. But we, too, are left with the great, unanswered, metaphysical question: "Who's in charge of years?"

on Student Affairs has been charged with a massive reevaluation of student conduct regulations, largely as a result of pressures growing out of the Schiff case. Its report is due next month.

A new Council on Academic Freedom, comprising both students and faculty, is in the formative stages, and plans to work as a lobby for liberal revision of procedures affecting students AND faculty. Also, the local American Civil Liberties Union chapter (whose support helped Schiff initiate his suit) and the MSU American Association of University Professors (whose strong pro-Schiff stand seems to have been instrumental in pressuring the administration into "routine" submission) are both clearly taking a more positive stand in defense of constitutional and academic freedoms here.

Only the mass of students still not politically conscious (in terms of the social politics which include every kind of communication in the university) are left out of the rough parallel between post-FSM Berkeley and post-Schiff MSU. It should be said for the students, however, that they have engaged in more dialogue on the Schiff case than on any other similar topic since the Committee for Student Rights, Schiff's ideological homeground, was formed last winter. (This excludes the Rose Bowl, of course.)

Another item from Berkeley is also helpful. This is from the FSM Newsletter, following the Academic Senate's seven-to-one vote in favor of FSM principles:

The net result of these two sets of countervailing pressures (student demonstrations vs. administration harassment) was to create a situation in which the Academic Senate was able to make its decisions freely for the first time. The tremendous power wielded by the administration and the Regents had been canceled out by the mass action of the students.

MSU is not yet at the point where the faculty has been freed from the subtle internal pressures and restrictions which the administration has the power to manipulate. The students have not come near this point.

But it does appear true that the atmosphere is much more conducive to the types of responsible activity and organization mentioned above. This is the first major step toward rearranging power in the university so that the people educating and being educated have something to say about how the show is run. Lacking a better explanation, it appears we have Paul Schiff and his courage in facing the university in court to thank for this infusion of dignity.

M.K.

Breathing And Pulse Slightly Irregular. . .

We would like to make clear that "The Paper" is still alive and publishing, and that we regret the long delay in getting this issue, the first of winter term, to our readers. There are a number of factors which contributed to the lateness, all of them related to the malaise characteristic of new organizations.

Our somewhat different appearance this issue is the result of a search for a new printer. We lost time, but saved money, and that was important, too.

In addition, we have spent some time attempting to increase the size and organization of our staff. This is important, since it is beneficial to broaden the range of contributors and ideas in "The Paper," and because we have lacked special skills in publishing our two previous issues. (We still need business and advertising people, and writers are welcome, too.)

In short, "The Paper" is new and suffering from its newness. We sincerely hope we have passed the point where this need affect the prompt appearance of "The Paper" each week.

M.K.

THE PAPER

"The Paper" is published by students of Michigan State University as an independent alternative to the "established" news media of the university community. It is intended to serve as a forum for the ideas of all members of the university community on any topic pertinent to the interests of this community. Neither Michigan State University nor any branch of its student government, faculty or administration is to be considered responsible for the form or content of "The Paper."

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The Pressure Of Nonconformity

By RICHARD A. OGAR

Although I am generally predisposed, by temperament and experience, to expect the worst of people, I am nonetheless amazed at the frequency with which they manage to exceed my greatest expectations--and perhaps even more amazed at my masochistic inability to avoid seeking them out on their own turf.

Take football games, for example: I go out every Saturday and take whatever I can find of my seat, despite my conviction that the other 76,000 have come not to see the game, but to display the latest fashions in lunacy. The game itself seems merely an excuse which affords them the opportunity to prove conclusively to the rest of the world that they haven't let intelligence go to their heads.

So great is my devotion to the game that last quarter I stood in line for three hours before the tickets were even printed in order to see the Michigan - Michigan State game on closed-circuit television. Possessed of an incredible naivety, I had thought I would at last be able to enjoy a game in relative peace; unfortunately, the world does not long coddle its innocents, for what transpired during that game--so much the worse for being out of context--demonstrated beyond doubt that it is the bleacher antics, and not the game, which lures students out of the dorms and into the stadium for an afternoon of psychodrama.

All of the traditional banalities--booing the opposition, its coaches and fans, cheering for good old MSU (sans cheerleaders, proving--if proof were needed--that they are wholly superfluous), laughing at injuries on THEIR side, hurling garlands of toilet paper from the balcony after each State score, and counting off the points--were faithfully observed, despite the fact that none of these could have any possible effect upon the events on the field.

Dr. Pavlov, had he been able to attend, would certainly have had himself an afternoon; no doubt he would have chuckled (in his sly Russian way)

whenever these fine representatives of the student body (the future leaders of America, I am told--and I see no reason to doubt it) rose row by row in a slow crescendo to get a better view of an exciting play, despite the fact that, by standing, they wholly obliterated the image on the screen.

Now it's basketball season. Basketball crowds are generally a better lot than football crowds, since basketball has neither the traditions (if I may be allowed a euphemism) nor the social lustre of football, so that most of those who go, go to see the game. But this comparative docility is deceptive, for it takes surprisingly little to arouse them to full-blown cretinism.

I've found that one very effective stimulus is simply to remain seated during the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. Now, aside from the fact that I've heard it several times before, and feel that its hardly a tune to set me whistling, I don't believe in communal displays of nationalism, neither flags nor anthems strike me as symbolic of anything beyond themselves--a fact which no doubt accounts for their great popularity among the general public, since it precludes the possibility of their ever lapsing into thought.

The first time I took the risk of acting upon my principles by remaining seated, I was aware of a number of hostile glances from self-appointed leaders of the herd, but felt, with inexplicable optimism, that this would be the end of it.

But it soon became evident that I had been spared thus far only because it would have been irreverent to cause a scene in front of the flag; once everyone was seated, however, one plucky, if adenoidal, student rallied to his country's defense by posing a rhetorical question to a friend: "Did you see those two shit-heads over there?" (The other shit-head was my wife who, out of deference to me, had also remained seated.) The friend replied without so much as a second-thought: "Yeah.

They make me sick to my stomach."

It took no more than a glance in his direction to decide that something had made him sick to his stomach, and was beginning to work on my own, before my attention was diverted by yet another voice: "I certainly would sit down when people are dying." I assumed he meant in Viet Nam, although there was no reason why it couldn't have been Central Park as well, but I was hard put to find a connection between my sitting down and Mr. Johnson's casualty list, which I had always presumed was in the direct provenance of the Pentagon.

But I had little time to puzzle out such conundrums, for yet a fourth fellow turned around, looked me squarely in the eye (in our forthright American way) and spit out the most damaging epithet in his vocabulary--"Nonconformist!"

The judgment having thus been passed, the sentence was executed by a robust fellow seated directly behind me who spared neither opportunity nor exertion in tapping out a spritely rhythm on my back, using, mind you, nothing but his knees.

The following week, my wife and I attended the game with friends, and, out of consideration for them, I stood for the national anthem. But, either because they're drawn to me, or because they're ubiquitous, I managed to sit in front of an impassioned moron.

By some perversity of nature, it seems that the most dedicated patriots are always the worst singers, and this fellow evidently made it a rule never to be exceptional. His fervor, which shone through every flatted tone, aroused my curiosity, and I turned back to look into an incredibly riddled complexion, redeemed only by the eyes, in which glistened a frenzy rarely seen outside the bedroom.

But, rapture or not, I could stand no more of his bellowing, and sat down for the last six words of the anthem; once the song had ended, however, I felt him tap my shoulder: "I beg your pardon, sir," he began in an affected intellectual tone, "but may I ask, would you have sat down if the band had been playing the anthem of the Viet Cong?"

The vehemence with which he uttered these last two words sent a shudder through me, but I recovered in time to reply that, personally, I didn't give a damn what they were playing. Not an inspired rejoinder,

certainly, but it at least curtailed any further discussion.

But he was far from finished; like his soul-brother of the previous week, he began kicking me in the back, until his companion for the day--evidently aware of his friend's scrawny physique and unaware that I am a pacifist--tried to dissuade him from antagonizing me further (I suspect he felt that liberalism was the best defense against being called upon for physical assistance).

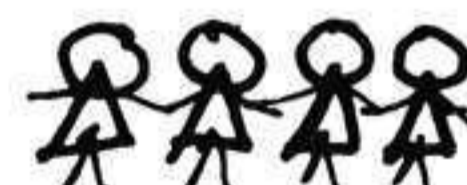
Despite the noise of the crowd, I managed to catch the following snatch of conversation: "He has a right to sit down if he wants to," said the friend, to which my antagonist replied--"Certainly he has the right, but he also has the right to bear the consequences of his action."

These last few words had an incredible impact on me, and I felt my mind suffuse with the soft light of satori; for here, in this least likely of places, I had found the key to the dichotomy between the espoused American belief in freedom on the one hand, and the systematic denial of it on the other.

Everyone, it was clear, is perfectly free to do as he pleases, but also free to have the hell kicked out of him by anyone who disagrees. And so it is that--in my eagerness to learn--I have decided to go to church next Sunday and stand when everyone else is kneeling. Who knows? I may discover the real truth of religion.



"THE PAPER'S" special Kiss-And-Make-Up Award goes this week to President John A. Hannah and Paul Schiff. President Hannah's half of the award is dedicated to Associate Dean of Students Eldon R. Nonnamaker, who was the first to apply to the Schiff decision the definitive word: "Routine."



THIS WEEK, a special John-Wayne-Mom's -Apple-Pie-God-Country-And-General Motors Award goes to public servant Charles C. Wells, for fearlessly reprinting in the State News "I Am The Nation," a heart-warming self-portrait of America:

"I am a ballot dropped in a box, the roar of a crowd in a stadium and the voice of a choir in a cathedral. I am an editorial in a newspaper and a letter to a congressman... I am Tom Edison, Albert Einstein and Billy Graham."

Teacher "T"

I've heard of a teacher called "T"--
He shall not be you and must not
be me--
Who knew where he stood,
Though not in a trice;
Who refused to be bought,
Except at a price;
Who thought what he thought,
Even up in the air;
Whose positions, while firm,
Were never unfair--
Progressive conservative,
Rightside of radical,
Fond of alternative
Ways on sabbatical.

McCarthy explaining
(The writer, that is),
He found her a whiz;
The other disdaining
(McCarthy, that is),
He did not deride--
He knew it was raining,
And preaching spells pride.
As to black segregation,
It was not "black and white";
Unwise "agitation"

Is no path to right.
When it came to the bomb,
He favored the ban
But said, "Where I'm from
A man's still a man."
Thus spending his days on life's
fifty-yard line,
He looked in both ways and found
the game fine.
When at last it was called at
age sixty-eight,
He looked once again and said
it was fate.

Epitaph:
Here a faithful teacher lies,
Sung to death by lullabies.
He lived a life of much begun
And died with just as much undone.

BEN STRANDNESS

The author is chairman of the Department of American Thought and Language. The above poem is reprinted with his permission from the November, 1965, issue of University College Quarterly.--The Editors.

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Repulsion: Not Quite Old Hat

By RICHARD A. OGAR

Apparently the easiest way to cajole the American public into forsaking the television set for the movie theatre is to assure them that the film being shown is just like one they've already seen. After all, nothing is quite so irksome as being called upon to make an original response.

Thus, it is not surprising to find advertisements for "Repulsion" proudly displaying Time magazine's opinion that the film is "A classic chiller of the 'Psycho' school," for the promoters themselves could scarcely have come up with a better catch-phrase with which to lure the unwary into the theatre--nor one more superficially true.

While both "Psycho" and "Repulsion" deal with psychotic killers who dispatch their victims with something less than finesse, the resemblance comes to an abrupt halt at this point, for "Psycho," despite its craftsmanship, nonetheless belongs to the minor genre of the horror film, and omits none of the requisite trappings--an old house on a hill, thunderstorms, a grotesque mummy, and a score of doorways, from any one of which might spring Tony Perkins in all his transvestial glory. And despite the psychological hoopla, all carefully explained by a psychiatrist at the end of the film, the viewer's attention is held to two time-worn questions: who's the killer, and who's he going

to kill next?

But "Repulsion", while it makes use of horrifying incidents, reaches beyond these toward a higher end. Polanski is ultimately concerned with neither murder, nor with the clinical details of his heroine's disturbance (despite such clinical details as Carol's compulsive washing), but with plunging the audience into the midst of a deranged view of the world. The precise nature of Carol's aberration is never revealed, nor are its causes; Carol is presented "in situ," in what we might call a pre-psycho-analytic state.

Her over-riding symptom, as the title would indicate, is an extreme repulsion for sexual contact; she is compelled to brush her teeth after being kissed by a young rake (who has selected her for his next conquest), and the smell of a man's tee-shirt is enough to make her vomit. But this is only half (and perhaps the least important half) of the problem, for Carol is also fascinated by sex.

She cannot simply withdraw from sexuality, as do the nuns in the convent next door, who evidently derive great satisfaction from tossing a ball around among themselves. She can no more resist the impulse to listen to her sister's rather vigorous love-making in the next room, than she can keep herself from smelling the tee-shirt.

Any object vaguely suggestive of sexuality--a crotch-like crack in the pavement, or a hole in the wall which she cannot, despite her desire, bring herself to penetrate with her finger--

hypnotizes her, like a bird before a snake, and sends her into psychic withdrawal.

When her sister leaves for Italy with a lover, Carol is left alone with her fantasies, which build in horror and intensity as she vacillates between her desire for sex and her fear that these desires will be fulfilled. She sees imaginary assailants everywhere, and imagines herself raped each night by a swarthy stranger. Hands grab at her from out of the walls. Her world, which had already begun to crack, is rent more and more violently, until it seems that it will fall in upon her.

Her fears reach their crisis when her playboy-suitor (who somewhat implausibly appears to have fallen in love with her) breaks down the door to the apartment and discovers her, alone, but not entirely defenseless; she hysterically bludgeons him to death with a candlestick, murdering him as much to kill her own desires as to protect herself from possible attack.

The murder, however, solves nothing, and Carol is driven to kill again, this time slashing her landlord (himself a remarkable example of imperception) to ribbons, after arousing him to the point of attack by hiking up her nightgown to expose her thighs.

But what is remarkable about the film is not its story (which is, in a sense, only bizarre), but the manner of its telling. Polanski stations his camera somewhere between subjectivity and objectivity, so that the viewer is neither wholly within nor wholly outside of Carol's mind.

The world of the film (with one lapse, in which the suitor and his comrades discuss recent conquests and future stratagems) is that of Carol's deranged sensibilities, yet it has been removed from the private realm of her consciousness and superimposed upon the public realm, so that the two coexist and interpenetrate. The actual crack in the pavement which transfixes Carol and the purely hallucinatory cracks in the wall are

presented with the same visual solidity.

Yet the viewer is always able to distinguish between these two worlds; and it is remarkable that Polanski was able to achieve this separation without resorting to the usual cinematic cliches--whirling vortices which drag the viewer into the chaos of a character's mind, scenes which move in and out of focus, or images which undulate like the surface of the sea.

Instead, he relied upon the quick cut from one scene to another--as from Carol's imaginary rape to a shot of her lying unconscious on the floor--which separates fact and fantasy by the very suddenness of the shift, as though the viewer had himself just been awakened from a nightmare. Reality is further distinguished from fantasy by use of corroborative evidence from the outside world; the playboy is seen among friends, Yvonne (Carol's sister) is heard talking to the landlord, so that these characters, in effect, vouch for each other's existence.

But the stranger who appears in Carol's bed each night is seen nowhere else. And Carol never hallucinates outside of the apartment building--her psychological microcosm,--and rarely in anyone's presence (when a wall cracks in the kitchen, Yvonne is conspicuously off-camera).

If I have not mentioned the acting, it is because, although competent, it is not really important. "Repulsion" is a director's film, and its virtues are more cinematic than dramatic.

But it is unfortunate that most of Polanski's work was wasted on the MSU student body (which, we must remember was able to sustain "Goldfinger" in a ten week run). Those incapable of understanding anything novel or significant generally react either by sneering condescension (as evidenced by State News reviewer Brad Smith) or by laughter, thus unequivocally demonstrating that they can't be taken in by anything so foolish as art. It is to edify such people that Mr. Magoo cartoons are made.

The Absence Of A Point

By LAURENCE TATE

Someone ought to do a full-scale sociological analysis of "The Absence of a Cello," with particular attention to audience reaction and box-office performance.

I am not, alas, a sociologist, and there isn't much to say about the play in artistic terms. It was an assembly-line situation comedy with a plot line slightly more idiotic than most.

In a functional, nondescript (and, one may guess, inexpensive) living-room set are introduced a number of functional, nondescript sitcom characters, in this case a family of purported intellectuals.

Dad (Hans Conried) is a warm, human, wonderful famous scientist in debt. Mom is a warm, human, even more wonderful classical scholar. Daughter is a golly-whiz-super-fudge wholesome college girl, of the sort that is usually described as pert and winsome. Dad's sister is an outspoken, sophisticated, eminently nubile widow.

The other characters are equally predictable.

The play's premise is that, in order for the scientist to get a profitable executive job, this group of lovable free spirits must pretend to conform, disguising their pseudo-iconoclasm in pseudo-respectability.

A Madison-Avenue type shows up; in Act One, he is made to seem incredibly stupid and repulsive, reciting rhyming company slogans at every opportunity.

In Act Two, he discovers the family's true intellectual nature, and seems to cross the scientist off the company's list.

In Act Three, he turns out to be a

good guy after all, a secret nonconformist who is just the sort of guy you'd want to marry your sister, which he does.

The scientist gets a lucrative job, one reserved especially for geniuses; and he is reconciled with his wife, whom he had alienated in his efforts to get the job.

At the second intermission I was speculating as to how the author was going to engineer his happily-ever-after ending, but I must admit his ingenuity surpassed my wildest expectations.

Obviously the play makes no comment upon anything in the real world; it is an excuse for a lot of wisecracks, put into the mouths of whatever characters happen to be onstage at the moment. There were some decent lines, but, in lonely opposition to what seemed like everybody else in the auditorium, I found most of the evening extraordinarily flat.

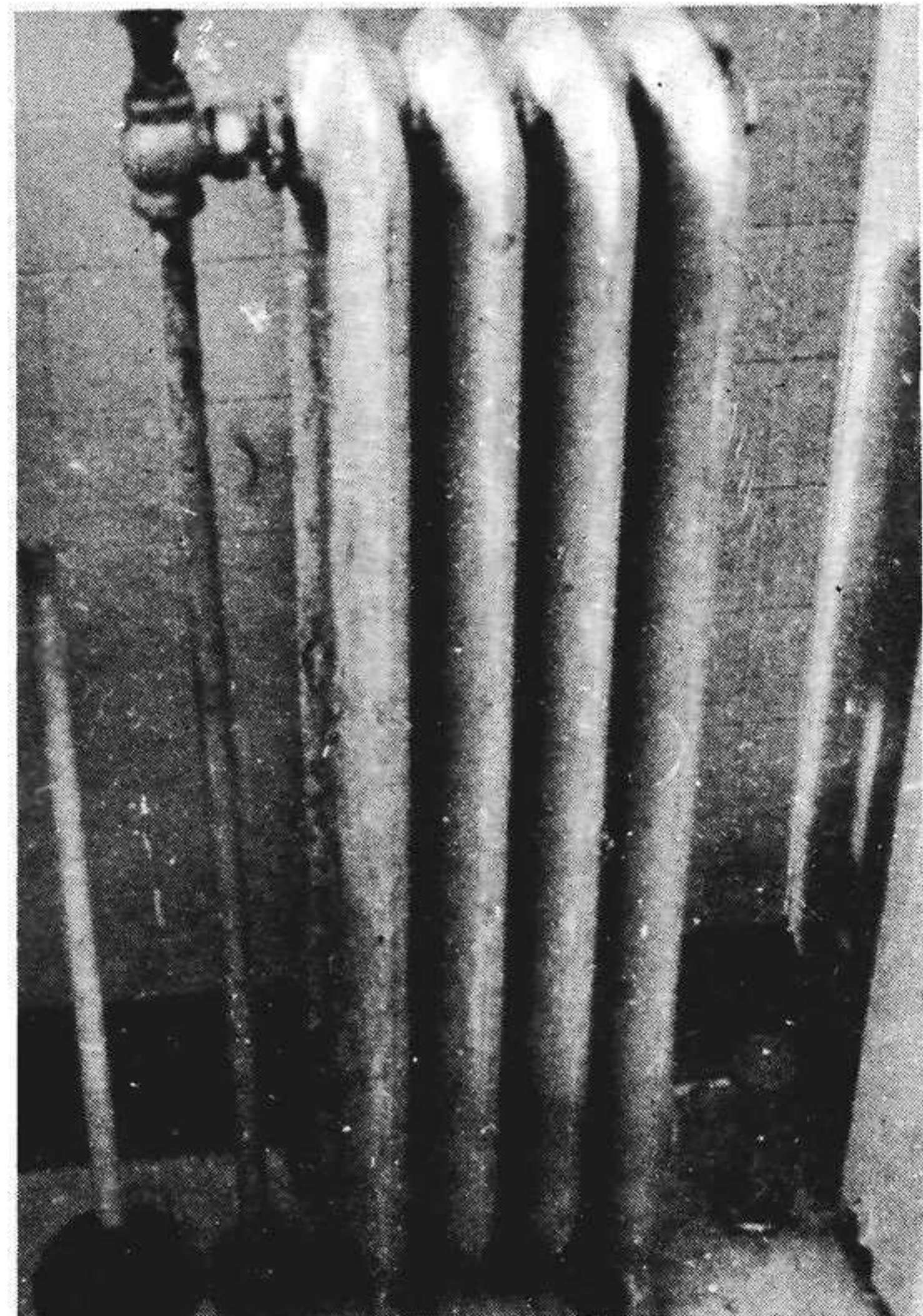
Hans Conried is a good character actor, and he did enough with the little he had to make me wish he'd had an awful lot more. Ruth McDevitt, playing a lovable squeaky-voiced neighbor, also did a great deal more for the play than it did for her.

In a minor role, a young actor named Eldon Quick had one scene in which he was rejected by the daughter, and played it so skillfully for pathos that it was hard to accept his reversion to stereotype in the rest of the play.

The other actors were positively born for these roles.

As for the really important aspect of the play, I would say, yes, it looked like a VERY sound financial proposition.

To Zeitgeist, With Humility. . .



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The Sound Of Protest Has Begun To Pay

By MARTIN GROSSMAN

"The Sound of Protest Has Begun to Pay" is the title of a new song written by Fred Hellerman, well-known to folk-music enthusiasts as an original member of the Weavers. As recorded by the Mitchell Trio on Mercury Records, it features what is known in the trade as folk-rock or Byrds-style guitar and high, piercing harmony similar to that popularized in recent years by those California "castrati," the Beach Boys.

The title, and these lines taken from the song,

Some rebels are commercial some are not,
Some rebels make a million some get shot,

serve to comment on the recent, startling trend of the pop song toward social and political commentary.

Popular songs, in this country at least, have traditionally avoided commenting on issues that are in the least bit controversial. The topical song was for long anathema to producers who are now madly scrambling to record "message songs" that range in political comment from P.F. Sloan's poorly written anti-war song "Eve of Destruction":

Can't ya hear what I'm tryin' to say,
If the button is pushed there's no runnin' away,

to the even more poorly written and morbidly conceived pro-war song offered by Jan Berry (of Jan and Dean), "The Universal Coward":

He's young, he's old, he's in between
And he's so very much confused,
He'll scrounge around and protest
all night long.

He joins the pickets at Berkeley
And he burns up his draft card
And he's twisted into thinkin' fightin'
is all wrong.

So, simultaneously with the writhing, jerking bodies and pulsating beat of today's high-powered, fruggy, camp scene you have greedy record company moguls pushing political messages in pursuit of green dollars. Some are sincere, no doubt, but a brief examination of the industry's history shows that more than most are monetarily rather than idealistically oriented.

Bob Dylan is primarily responsible for popularizing the current trend toward topical song on the contemporary music scene, even though he himself has forsaken what he calls "finger-pointing" songs for a kind of quasi-poetical, abstract jumble of obscure images and rhythm that disc jockeys and trade magazines have taken to labeling "folk-rock."

Dylan seems to have come around full-circle to his beginnings with what he calls his high school "banannaband." A Chicago magazine once noted that Dylan (ne Zimmerman) "used to be a rock performer in Hibbing, Minnesota, until his social conscience began to bother him."

It must be noted, however, in any criticism of Dylan that his songs remain far more interesting lyrically than anything else begin written for popular consumption today.

His place has been taken at folk festivals and in the affections of Joan Baez by an 18-year-old native of Glasgow, Scotland, who calls himself Donovan and sings with the direct, early, pre-rock Dylan intonations, who affects early Dylan clothing and composes songs largely in an early Dylan vein.

The topical song, which gained great influence first in the folk field, has always been around (broadside ballads, etc.) and was brought to the fore in recent times largely through the efforts of singer-composers such as Pete Seeger and the Weavers, Ewan McColl, Hudie Ledbetter and,

of course, Woody Guthrie.

Young performers such as Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs and Buffy Sainte-Marie have continued to explore this more traditional mode of expression and have (unlike Dylan) so far refrained from electrifying and adding drums to make their sound more palatable to the fickle teen-age audience.

Another important influence in the current trend is a movement that we might refer to as the Beatles Backlash. The history of the topical song of the past few years has been inextricably intertwined with campus activist activity. A new interest in rhythm and blues, primarily an American Negro form, came along with the new interest in civil rights.

The Beatles Backlash, then, was a movement into rock and roll by many American pop-folk musicians, who until overwhelmed by the musician-ship, irreverent wit and personality of the Beatles, so different from previous rock personalities, would never have thought of trading in their Martin D-18's for Fender electrics.

Among teenagers, such pop-folk groups as Peter, Paul and Mary, the Chad Mitchell Trio and the Kingston Trio, always big with the college crowd, had pre-conditioned youthful taste to the point where they were ready to hear something other than the moon-June-croon pablum that had

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Photo by Elliott Borin

The Eve Of Disruption

By DAVID FREEDMAN

Radio music used to be comforting. Until less than a year ago, it was possible to turn the dial and hear about lost lovers, broken trysts, hand-holding and Florida surfing. There were also occasional songs by Peter, Paul and Mary and the Kingston Trio that presented standard, comforting patterns of life, death, love and retribution--practically the only other style to be heard was country music on stations like WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Then Bob Zimmerman--Bob Dylan to his public--changed his style and rock became revolutionized into folk-rock (folk message with a rock beat in the background). Many folk purists were aghast; rock fans were awestruck.

Suddenly The Words had arrived via the Byrds, and The Message was revealed in all its glory to the unbelievers. Not long afterward, there was a field--nay, a veritable forest--of competitors; Barry McGuire, Sonny and Cher, the latest Stones sound, and even the latest Beatles sound.

The Word is usually anti-war, anti-hate, anti-adult, and (ostensibly) anti-commercial. Yet folk-rock sells, in spite of the fact that some stations (e.g., in Phoenix, Ariz.) have refused to broadcast "The Eve of Destruction," among other vignettes in the new tradition.

For all its demonstrative protestation of American apathy, folk-rock seems to have brought little influence to bear upon the problems it purports to examine. Most of the moral values commented upon by

folk-rock songs provide little or no positive suggestions for the alleviation of the problems posed: slaughter--on the highways, on the battlefields and in the rural areas of the South--is merely denounced.

The only contemporary song (this in the folk tradition) I ever heard that posed a solution to the threat of communism is the conservative "Compromise," which, by historical analogy to Nazi appeasement in the early stages of World War II, implied that the free world should launch a nuclear attack on Red China. Unlike the message in most folk-rock music, the verses in this song project a positive (though, in my mildest opinion, unreal) approach toward the solution of a problem.

EXPONENTIALLY SPEAKING

Bob Dylan's latest album, "Highway 61 Revisited," contains his most recent innovations in music and poetry. All but two of the nine selections on this record are backed by organ, electric guitars, and/or piano. All nine are backed by drums.

(A recent article--Dec. 17--in the magazine section of the New York Sunday Times discussed claims that Bob Dylan is the most outstanding poet now producing work, so the term "poetry" is not mine alone.)

The back of the album itself reads as almost passable William S. Burroughs:

"the Cream Judge is writing a book on the true meaning of a pear"; "...

'Nietzsche never wore an umpire's suit' & Paul says 'You wanna buy some clothes, kid?' & then Rome and John come out of the bar & they're going up to Harlem . . ."--presumably riding the Nova Express.

One can't disagree that some songs definitely swing, however--especially "Like a Rolling Stone" and "From a Buick 6." Dylan's only admission that at present his poetry is not terribly sanitary--nor, incidentally, exceptionally good (excepting "Mr. Tambourine Man," probably his best creation)--is a remark on the album: "... the songs on this record are not so much songs but rather exercises in tonal breath control"; Dylan is to be commended for his ability to change styles rapidly.

MERDE IN THE RUE MORGUE

A fair amount of Dylan's material is ostensibly phony, and this had induced side effects in imitators at-

Continued on Page 6

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War Protesters Convicted Of Trespassing

Their Opinions Were Unpopular

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

Justice of the Peace George J. Hutter is a small man, hunch-backed and withdrawn, with a small mustache and a little black and gray hair left. He presides over a storefront court on Michigan Avenue, in the never-never-land between Lansing and East Lansing where the Township of Lansing is the authority.

Hutter's courtroom is a small store, converted just enough to let his bench block the plate-glass window at the front, but not enough to remove the Auto-Owners Insurance clock from the smudged yellow and brown walls. It is the kind of courtroom--reception desk in the adjoining former store, Hutter's office to the rear--where couples are married in a rush, where traffic violations are tried, where disorderly conduct cases are resolved.

It has surely seen few days and few trials like that of Dec. 17; it is a rare day when nationally known personages act out a small-scale human drama in Judge Hutter's court as they did that day. They were there to decide whether it was a misdemeanor for students to dictate their own uses of university buildings, over the objections of the administration.

The visitors began filling up the courtroom before the appointed time of 9:30 a.m. They had a long wait for the judge and the two lawyers who would represent The People vs. Howard Harrison, et al. They flowed over the chairs and out into the ante-rooms and offices at the back of the court.

They looked like a strangely mixed group--some women in slacks, some in dresses and new coats; some men in jeans, some in suits, others in clerical collars. They looked mixed, unless one recognized the faces as a sampling of the student and faculty left at MSU and a few other interested parties.

JUST ROUTINE?

Judge Hutter took his place at the bench around 10. His first question, addressed to the defense counsel: "Mr. Lynn, what is your first name and your address?"

Conrad J. Lynn, 401 Broadway, New York City."

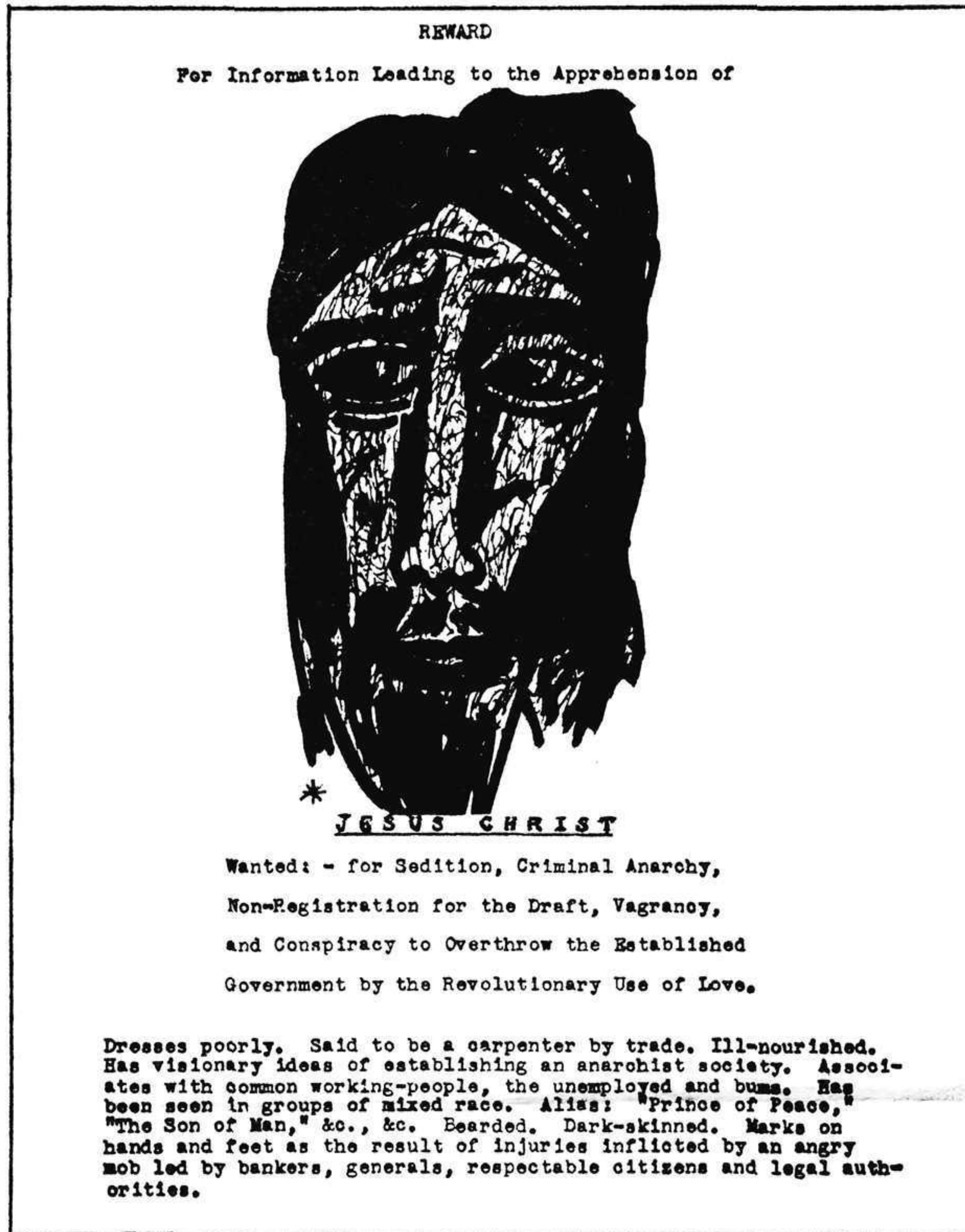
Conrad Lynn, a pacifist and supporter of black nationalism, has defended many whose cases for extended civil liberties have made national headlines. He was there for more than a routine misdemeanor trial.

Ingham County Prosecutor Donald Reising started out with a different assumption: the only thing that was not routine was that the defense was all excited over essentially a minor case.

Lynn had flown out from New York for two days, at the request of the Evangelical Catholic Communion, the pacifist rebel sect whose clergy included two of the defendants.

The four defendants were arrested Oct. 12 in the Union, for distributing anti-war literature without permission at the university's Career Carnival. Lynn said their constitutional rights had been violated; Reising said it was the university's right to "prohibit at certain times and places activities which might not be prohibited at other times and places."

The university had prohibited trespassing on university property, obstructing free access to university buildings and displaying signs and posters on state property. The four defendants, along with a fifth who



+ Michael Francisco
1960

A flier of the Evangelical Catholic Communion, Brotherhood and Love of Christ: "Christ, the Rebel"

had pleaded guilty ("I want to join the Peace Corps") were arrested by campus police after causing a furor at the carnival and being asked to leave by carnival and Union officials.

They were arraigned on the three counts Oct. 13 before Judge Hutter, bound in chains by the police who had brought them to Lansing from Ingham County Jail in Mason.

"THE WHOLE DESTINY"

"The defense," Lynn said to the judge, "knows this is not a routine prosecution for a technical violation." He sought dismissal of the third charge, concerning violation of the university's "selling and advertising" ordinance.

"If in the university we cannot have unpopular opinions freely expressed, then there is no future for our society. This case involves the whole destiny of our society."

But the testimony of the prosecution reflected the opinion that this case was simple. The manager of the Union Building, the director of the Placement Bureau, the secretary of the university--looking annoyed--and the men who ran the Marine and Michigan National Bank booths, near which the arrests took place, all testified that anti-war literature was out of the ordinary at a Career Carnival. A campus police sergeant was the only one who could identify all four defendants.

The defense put on a better show. MSU President John Hannah and Vice President for Student Affairs John

Fuzak were among the witnesses subpoenaed. Hannah showed up, left, and returned in the mid-afternoon when it was his turn to testify. He looked bothered.

Fuzak must have been bothered, too; he went to his scheduled Big Ten meeting in San Francisco anyway. The defense, impressed by the power of its subpoena, decided against citing him for contempt of court.

Hannah, even in the territory of the student-rebel enemy, was impressive. "I've been president of Michigan State University more than 24 years," Yes, he had discussed student political activity in administrative meetings in recent months. No, he did not remember saying the Union Building was the place for unimpeded political debate.

"UNIQUE ROLE"

Lynn asked, were the arrests of James Dukarm, Fr. Bert Halprin, Howard Harrison and Fr. Fred Janvrin "based in any way on the unique contribution MSU had made to the war in Vietnam?" In fact, did MSU have a team of 24 professors in Vietnam helping Diem? "The answer would have to be no," Hannah said.

Was university policy affected by the role the university has played in Vietnam? "No," Hannah said, and destroyed the most potent argument in the defense arsenal.

Hannah left, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in testimony which failed to convince Reising, or Hutter. Even statements by student

supporters of the war that the distribution was all right were ineffective.

By 7 p.m., Hutter HAD dropped count 3, but had granted the rest of the case to "The People."

"Someplace there is a very fine line between untrammelled liberties and anarchy," he said, declaring the defendants guilty of trespassing and obstructing free access.

Free on a ten-day stay of sentence, with a \$35 fine and \$32.50 court fees each to pay, the four declared they would appeal. And Lynn said he would be back, to fight this "classic case" of political liberties.

The Ten Best
Films Since '8 1/2'

"8 1/2" is a good dividing point for the recent history of film, since it both ended and summarized a brief but brilliant age of cinema, one which began auspiciously in 1960 with Resnais' "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," continued with "Ashes and Diamonds," "L'Avventura," "Viridiana," "Breathless," "La Notte," "Vivre sa Vie," "Jules et Jim," and "Last Year at Marienbad," trailing off finally in 1963.

The films that followed these seem unable to recapture this high style, and eclecticism set in, as evidenced by my list:

1. Dr. Strangelove (Kubrick)
2. A Hard Day's Night (Lester)
3. To Die in Madrid (credits various)
4. Juliet of the Spirits (Fellini)
5. The Pawnbroker (Lumet)
6. Before the Revolution (Bertolucci)
7. Repulsion (Polanski)
8. Knife in the Water (Polanski)
9. Red Desert (Antonioni)
10. Nothing But a Man (Roemer)

DOUGLAS LACKEY

Disruption

Continued from Page 5

tempting to duplicate his image-crowded songs. Perhaps the most caustic side effect is the attempt to provide an intellectual framework for The Word.

"The Sounds of Silence" by Simon and Garfunkel, presently number one in many parts of the country, is a perfect example of the phony intellectual style created when the anti-war-etc. message is distilled to a few jumbled images. Dylan is sometimes able to write coherent words for his songs, but his imitators generally lack the talent required for this task.

"The Sounds of Silence" has its pseudo-intellectual background taken from some Zen-Buddhist ideas--the sound of one hand clapping, static but ever-changing time, etc. After several listenings, this song seems as barren (aside from its intriguing sound) as the conclusion of exhaustion it reaches.

Dylan's disruption of innocent or naive-naughty rock and roll was refreshing, but his imitators have brought forth little but soft and bitter fruit.

The Children's Crusade

Continued from Page 1

two," she called to me. "Not tonight," I told her.

On New Year's Eve, we all behaved like (sic) any other person (sic) would, and I wish I knew whether or not to believe some of the war stories one heard about that night. Like scores of others, I spent the first morning of 1966 trying to get two blotto friends to bed. (The management had prudently given us a party in an almost furnitureless room on the ground floor.)

"I'll never forget this," is what one of them, weak from vomiting, must have wanted to tell me. But all he could earnestly repeat as I picked apart his Windsor knot was: "I'll never forgive you, man. Really. I'll never forgive you." I kept a key to their room and went down and got them up Rose Bowl morning. I'm not sure I should have bothered.

THE GREAT DAY

Did those of us who saw the game live, if that is the word, have any real advantage? Well, we did get to see that miraculous bowl of hills, every detail perfect in the afternoon light, that made the stadium look even smaller than it was. And the skywriter who repeatedly spelled out over our heads the word "BATMAN." We did get to hear the cheering, UCLA's opening "Boo Moo U!" and our own "Kill, Bubba, Kill!" followed by this exchange:

MSU (immodestly): WE'RE NUMBER ONE! WE'RE NUMBER ONE!

UCLA (wittily): NUMBER ONE WHAT? NUMBER ONE WHAT?

MSU (ominously): YOU'LL FIND OUT! YOU'LL FIND OUT!

We did get to hear the occasional sickening crack of colliding bodies and once (perhaps we imagined it) the hollow "poomph!" of Mr. Richard Kenney's muddy foot connecting with the ball.

But all this was proverbial ashes in our mouths. For those of us at the game had to preside as Greek chorus at our own tragedy.

"State!" shouted one cheerleader winningly, flashing teeth as white as Chiclets up at us. But no one was having any. State's final ball-carrier had just gone down in a windmill of limbs, and the only sound in the stadium was our own aeolic breathing.

"BATMAN," said the sky.

"TEN!" shouted thousands of UCLA students, watching the clock.

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"Oh, Jesus," said someone behind me.

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"Oh, Jesus."

"TWO!"

UCLA roared then with throats of brass, roared until it seemed the sky must split, while the UCLA card section hurled into the air cards of ten, count them, ten different colors and the MSU band, drawn up on the field, played on, tinnily, futilely, the

spent sunlight flashing on their slide trombones as a crowd right out of European newsreels spilled down out of the stands and rolled and broke over the goal posts, smashing them to splinters with their own body weight. (Someone later gave me one splinter, which I carefully put in an envelope and brought back with me.)

On the way back to the ranks of buses, a young State couple, hands lightly linked, began to sing "We Shall Overcome." People smiled wanly. "Someday - ay - ay - ay," the two sang, the late afternoon sunlight full in their faces.

THE EVENING AFTER

Parties that night were subdued. We were in a yellow mood, not winners, and yet too well off to have the satisfaction, however morbid, of tast-

ing the bitter dregs. Conversation scrupulously avoided morals too obvious to draw.

A girl named Kim (at MSU parties, as in the Communist Party, everyone is on a first-name basis) told us about a man who had fallen against her at the game. She had turned around to see his tongue lolling out of his head and later heard on the radio that he had died of a heart attack. Did she know at the time he was dying, someone asked. "Well . . ." Kim rattled the ice in her glass. "He didn't look too cool."

And so it went, the city flickering outside like an enormous model of the brain. We exhausted all permissible topics around two o'clock, and there were several minutes of dead air. Then, deliberately, a kind of delicate horror shining in every face, we began to talk about classes.



Photo by Elliot Borin

Johnson.. The Hollow Crown

By DOUGLAS LACKEY

On several occasions the Johnson administration has stated that the United Nations represents the world's foremost hope for peace. Yet, at the same time, the actions of the Johnson administration in Vietnam have completely emasculated that organization; flouted its charter, neglected its authority, defied its principles.

Since the U.S. Senate has ratified the U.N. Charter as an effectively binding treaty (thus making it part of "the Supreme Law of the Land") Johnson's acts are more than hypocritical; they are illegal. Not only do they threaten world peace abroad, but they challenge the principle that public officials, including the President, are subservient to the law.

In this case, as in others, Johnson apparently has acted with little respect for the procedural legal safeguards that form the first line of defense of democratic freedoms. Such lack of respect is both a cause and a symptom of authoritarian government.

The guiding principle of the U.N. Charter is the substitution of international law--the Charter itself--for the Clausewitzian dictum that war is an extension of politics. In times of distress, this principle entails the replacement of unilateral military actions with multilateral actions under the aegis of the U.N.

Ch. I, Article 2 (4) of the Charter reads:

All members shall refrain in their international relations from threat or use of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state . . .

There are only two exceptions cited to the above rules, Articles 51 and 53 of Chapter VII. Since the U.S. has clearly defied Art. II, the legality of U.S. actions hinges on whether or not these actions count legally as exceptions.

Article 51 of the Charter reads:

Nothing in the present charter shall impair the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense if an armed attack occurs against a member of the United Nations, until the Security Council has taken measures to maintain international peace and security.

It is important to note the severe restrictions this article places upon what legally constitutes self-defense. Any justifications--like "if we don't fight here, we'll be fighting somewhere else," or "fighting in Vietnam

is self-defense since it forestalls eventual Communist aggression against us"--are specifically ruled out.

Those who wrote the Charter were well aware that all aggressors purport to fight for peace and in self-defense. What IS sanctioned is military defense against an armed ATTACK, until such time as the Security Council takes control of the situation.

Now, since the U.S. itself has obviously not been attacked, U.S. justification for war in Vietnam must be as follows: 1) South Vietnam is a nation under direct attack; 2) The U.S. engages in collective self-defense in defending it. (Both need to be proved to assure justification.)

This justification is false on both counts. First, South Vietnam is not a "nation"; the Geneva accords of 1954 only recognized all of Vietnam as a single state. Even if South Vietnam has in fact become independent since 1954, attacks, even from North Vietnam, still constitute "civil strife"--and Article 51 cannot be invoked. (Whether North Vietnam has made such attacks is itself debatable, but this argument shows that even if it has, the U.S. still is not justified in its response.)

Second, the U.S. cannot be collectively defending in South Vietnam, since it is not a member of any regional security system in that area that could possibly qualify for collective defense.

Study of the U.N. Charter clearly reveals that collective defense must take place within logically coherent geographical regions--the sprawl of SEATO is not within the intent of the provision. Even so, no vote on the question has been taken by SEATO; thus, even this weak pretense of collective defense is lost.

Finally, Article 51 is clearly intended to be a stop-gap before the Security Council acts. Unless the Security Council is demonstrably powerless, no years-long, escalating conflict such as that in Vietnam can be countenanced under this article. The Security Council has not been shown powerless--indeed, the question has not even been brought up, although the U.S., as a concerned party and a permanent member of the Council, is obliged by the principles of the Charter to do so.

Article 53 is even less applicable than Article 51:

The Security Council shall, where appropriate, utilize such regional arrangements or agencies for enforcement action under its authority.

Since the Security Council has not given any regional agency whatsoever permission to intervene, the U.S. cannot justify its acts under this article.

The arguments given here to support U.S. conduct vis-a-vis the U.N. have failed--and these are more detailed and careful than those the President usually offers to the U.S. public.

Johnson's commonest rationale--that the U.S. is responding to a "solemn pledge" made by Eisenhower, Kennedy and himself to the Saigon government, shows much less understanding of international law.

First, Eisenhower himself pledged no military support to South Vietnam. Second, since South Vietnam is not a legal state, the pledge has no legal status. Third, since the Saigon government is conspicuously a U.S. puppet, the "pledge" is in fact a "promise to oneself" and is therefore vacuous. Fourth, and most significantly, no such pledge can legally supersede the U.N. Charter.

Article 103, the so-called supremacy clause, reads:

In the event of a conflict between the obligations between members of the United Nations under the present charter and their obligations under any other international agreement, their obligations under the present charter shall prevail.

Ironically, this clause was inserted in the charter at the particular insistence of the United States; now Johnson violates it to fulfill his pseudo-pledge to Saigon.

President Johnson has often spoken as if American honor were staked on defending this so-called pledge. No mention is made, as defense proceeds, of the lost honor of the United States, as it violates its pledge to the U.N., signed by the President and endorsed by the U.S. Senate. But more than honor is being lost by U.S. intervention.

How can the U.S. request that any nation bend to the peace-keeping procedures of the U.N., when it itself ignores them when it suits its interest? Further, how can the American people safeguard their liberties through law, when the President himself abrogates "the Supreme Law of the Land?"

The very fact that such questions can be raised demonstrates the hypocrisy of present policy, and the truth that the surface glitter of military "victories" abroad cannot compensate for this deep-seated loss of ideals at home.

A Student's Prayer

Uncle John, who art in Cowles House, hallowed be thy land-grant. Thy budget come, thy will be done in Nigeria if not in East Lansing. Give us this day our daily Jell-O, and forgive us our crib sheets as we forgive those who raise the curve. Lead us safely through registration, and deliver us from the Gables and the Red Cedar. For thine is the university and the football team and the first keg of spring term forever and ever. Class dismissed.

--BLISS



The Free Market And The Grill

Dormitory grills recently raised their prices, purportedly in order to keep up with commercial restaurants in East Lansing. This fact, and the rationale for it, has been widely reported. Here is another side of the story. -- The Editors

By LEO ZAINEA

It was late evening and, as oft happens, I was growing exceedingly hungry.

So, out of necessity rather than choice, I found myself drawn to a grill of ill-repute.

The waiting line was longer than usual, but increasingly severe hunger pangs arrested any thought I had of walking out.

"Yeh, whaddya want, Sir?" a surly voice bellowed.

"I'd like a hamburger and large orange drink, and please don't burn the meat," I implored. But I knew deep down he would.

"Don't sweat it, chief," he replied confidently.

I watched with dismay as he slapped the meat on the grill and three-foot flames rose up.

He worked feverishly to salvage the meat from the consuming flames, while four employes scurried around him in typical Keystone fashion. While waiting I surveyed the novel prices hanging on the wall.

BLT 35 cents--with bacon 40, with lettuce 45, with tomato 50. Ham sandwich 45 cents, with cheese slice 55. Tomato soup 25 cents, chicken noodle 30 cents, alphabet soup 25--plus 2 cents per letter. Hamburg--raw 30 cents, broiled 25.

"I think I've got it," he said, slyly slipping the pattie in the cold, hard bun. I hesitated a minute, then curiously lifted the bun up to see--nothing.

"Where's the meat?" I asked frantically.

"Let's see." His hairy hand explored the burger. "Oh, here it is under the sliced pickly."

"Sorry about that, chief," he quipped, with dime-store wit. "It shrinks a bit when fried."

"Will there be anything else?" My lower lip began quivering. "Yes, a large orange drink, with plenty of ice."

"There's an extra charge for ice. Do you still want it?"

A peaceful man, not given to fits of anger, I began counting to ten. I reached three.

"How about a cup? You'll need a cup for your drink. They're only three cents."

"Yes, yes, I'll take it." Another hunger pang shot through my system.

"What's the damages," I said, intending a pun.

"Well, lemme see. The hamburg is

25, plus 5 cents cover charge and . . ."

"Cover charge--for what?" I shouted.

Everyone in the crowded grill began staring at us.

"When the juke box is playing we automatically add 5 cents," he retorted with military precision. "Just like the posh off-campus restaurants charge for their atmosphere." He continued:

". . . 15 cents for the orange drink, 5 cents for ice, and 3 cents for the cup. That comes to ah-h-h-h, 55 cents."

"You mean 53," I corrected him. "Fifty-three, plus two cents service charge; 55."

A bystander abruptly caught my attempted swipe, as a third hunger pang struck. "Fifty-five cents for a hamburger and drink? That seems terribly expensive for a grill operating on a state university."

"Well, chief," he agreed philosophically. "It's just the economic facts of life you'll have to face." He extended an open hand.

I paid him hurriedly and turned toward an empty table with my now-cold hamburger.

"Sir? Would you like a toothpick with your meal? They're only . . ."

"Forget it!"

Red Cedar Report

By JIM DE FOREST

The laws of geometry state that no two solids can occupy the same space. The law-makers never rode an MSU bus.

* * *

Another law of geometry is that the shortest distance between two points has a chain-link fence running perpendicular to it.

* * *

In the time of Elizabeth I England blossomed forth and produced Shakespeare. In the time of Elizabeth II England blossomed forth and produced the Beatles. That's the blossom business!

* * *

We speculate that it will take market analysts a decade to discover why the consumption of toilet paper increased sharply in Pasadena in late December.

* * *

I've always admired advertising majors. I could never lie with a straight face.

* * *

One Spartan reads every issue of Playboy magazine. He likes to keep abreast of the situation.

* * *

We search constantly for Truth--which is rather difficult via machine-scored multiple choice.

* * *

Winter term; that time when you wake up, look out the window, and decide to sleep through your one o'clock.

* * *

We know of one chap who would like to become a university administrator, but he doesn't know a thing about chickens.

The Sound Of Protest. . .

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been spoon-fed to them from Tin Pan Alley from time immemorial.

This trend has had a refreshing effect on the banality of contemporary pop lyrics. For instance, in the Kinks' hit, "Well-Respected Man":

And his mother goes to meetings
While his father paws the maid,
And she stirs the tea with counsellors
While discussing foreign trade
And she passes looks as well as bills
To every suave young man.

And he's oh so good
And he's oh so fine
And he's oh so healthy
In his body and his mind.
He's a well-respected man about town.
Doing the best things so conservatively.

And he likes his own back-yard
And he likes his fags the best
And he's better than the rest
And his own sweat smells the best
And he hopes to grab his father's loot
When pater passes on.

But he's oh so good, . . .

A song like this, immaturely conceived as it may be, would have been impossible to sell in past years and its strong language would have invited censorship on any U.S. radio station. Today, however, this song is in the top ten all over the country. In spite of its many shortcomings,

the popular-topical song is coming into its own in the music business. Along with new sophistication among pop musicians who are now incorporating jazz, folk and classical forms into their performance and projecting them against the background of a rock beat, a new form of pop music is evolving.

The topical song is and will continue to be part of this. Like the peddlers who hawked broadside ballads on the streets of our cities in colonial times, the airwaves will offer songs of commentary and satire to an audience ever increasing in awareness and interest.

When As We Were And Ageless

When as we were and ageless, grasses came full green from the ground; we opened each as does the morning, together sound by sound.

Seeing was something our eyes had imagined, knowing not but year from year; we wished for nothing other than wishing and dreamed that everywhere was near.

Hoping to live every kind of living, we stepped from stone to stone as carefully as fire from wind to wood; we gave ourselves unto ourselves as only our giving could.

Yet all that we were was not enough, all that we would seemed undone; more suddenly than it happened, we closed each one by one.

ELAINE CAHILL