

J'ACCUSE: The ATL Department Is 'Going Through a Phase'

By CHAR JOLLES

It's sheer paranoia to believe that the Department of American Thought and Language has been conducting a witch hunt for the last two weeks.

From a more rational perspective, the department's recommendation that the contracts of three non-tenured instructors be terminated reflects, instead a rather unfortunate conflict of generations.

According to the conspiracy theory, however, which seems to dominate, understandably, the thinking of the three instructors, the department is purging itself of dissenters. Indeed, all three men have reputations as boat-rockers: W. Gary Groat and J. Kenneth Lawless are closely associated with the controversial literary magazine, *Zeitgeist*, and have consistently agitated for fundamental changes in the ATL course; Robert S. Fogarty "SUSPECTS that his dissent from departmental policies was the major reason for his proposed dismissal." (State News, 10-28, emphasis mine.)

Others "suspect" the same thing: petitions charging conspiracy and/or asking that the three men be re-instated have been circulated by members of the department, *Zeitgeist* people, and members of the Students for a Democratic Society; a representative from the MSU chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) is talking this week with the three instructors and other principals to determine whether the issue is worth a thorough investigation. It is conceivable that the AAUP will view it as the same old problem of the vulnerability of non-tenured faculty members and dismiss it as such.

The case could easily be dismissed because nobody's rights were technically violated; an advisory committee of six tenured faculty members ELECTED by the department made a recommendation in accordance with due process to Edward A. Carlin, dean of University College. Also, the committee isn't required to give reasons for dismissing those who don't have tenure. The committee's decision, then, is legally sound.

Furthermore, the case does not seem to be strictly one of academic and/or artistic freedom. There is every indication that the decision to dismiss the three men was made completely on the colleague level, without pressure from the administration and with every effort to keep *Zeitgeist* qua dirty literary magazine out of the picture. Charges that *Zeitgeist* had a major impact on the committee's decision provoked department chairman T. Ben Strandness to circulate his own petition attesting to the "integrity" of the committee members.

The committee's decision, then, isn't TECHNICALLY a violation of anyone's rights or freedoms; it is, however, unfortunate, unwise, and unjustifiable when seen as the outcome of a conflict of personalities and philosophies.

We are witnessing an important generational split. The older generation upholds certain premises regarding the theory and practice of University College. A new generation--

represented by Groat, Lawless and Fogarty--is challenging those very premises which Strandness, Carlin and members of the advisory committee still consider viable.

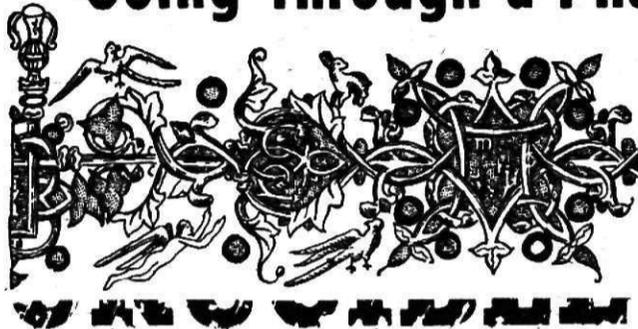
Let us look for a moment at the theory and practice of University College. Theoretically, University College courses provide "a common core of educational experience," according to Dean Carlin, to combat the noncommunicative, splintering effects of specialism--to make possible "a dialogue across the disciplines." While this is, of course, theoretically desirable, it is impossible to put into practice. When at least 7,000 students (a conservative estimate indeed) are taking the same courses, the inevitable result is a rigidly structured, stifling course outline that cannot possibly reflect the diverse needs and interests of all those young people--nor the individual needs and interests of all those professors who are obligated to follow a syllabus, and--here's the rub--to prepare those kids for the common final exam.

"University College is based on a gentleman's agreement," Carlin said, "that such faculty member will have covered, by the end of the term, the same readings, concepts and skills."

Carlin maintains that "there is room for most faculty members to realize their own needs by emphasizing certain materials in different ways."

Theoretically, perhaps. In practice, however, most faculty members are under pressure to prepare students for the final, and they often find themselves spouting form-

continued on page 11



"Though our hearts break, we cannot flinch; these are new times, sir. There is a misty plot afoot so subtle we should be criminal to cling to old respects and ancient friendships. I have seen too many frightful proofs in court--the Devil is alive in Salem, and we dare not quail to follow wherever the accusing finger points."

Arthur Miller
THE CRUCIBLE

The Devil and Ben Strandness

By STEVE HATHAWAY
Associate Editor of ZEITGEIST

Indeed, the Devil is alive in East Lansing; there's no doubt of that. The hunt is on and three instructors in the Department of American Thought and Language have been found guilty of a heresy which one hesitates to mention. Gary Groat, Ken Lawless, and Robert Fogarty have been judged guilty of the heresy of academic freedom.

The proof is there for anyone who cares to examine it. Anybody who has read ZEITGEIST must surely know that this in itself is sufficient evidence to indicate transgression. The idea that students and faculty members should have the opportunity to publish creative writing and artwork in an independent literary magazine is contrary to everything that is proper and good in East Lansing.

There is no way to discern how many innocent minds were corrupted by John Woods, John Hollander, Frederick Eckman, W. D. Snodgrass (a Pulitzer Prize winner), Nelson Al-

gren (winner of the National Book Award for "The Man With the Golden Arm"), and Lawrence Ferlinghetti (who among other things is read by freshmen in ATL). It is quite clear that Michigan State University is no place for such types. The University is correct in thinking that if Groat and Lawless are silenced the ZEITGEIST Profiles Series will cease. So will ZEITGEIST cease to exist in East Lansing because ZEITGEIST is a corporation and Gary Groat is the president of that corporation. And if ZEITGEIST can be stopped, well, there's always THE PAPER, but even THE PAPER could probably be stopped if the University really wanted it stopped.

There is also the question of dissent within the ATL Department. All three are accused of "rocking the boat" because they wanted to change the text to more primary sources like novels and complete documents instead of the bits and pieces one finds in anthologies like *The American Mind*. They also wanted to place less emphasis on University College final examinations. And they wanted to add

an essay to the final. A study at Princeton proved this was not only feasible but preferable. The rigid structure of the ATL Department couldn't stand this.

In a larger sense the whole question of dissent within a society becomes the major issue. A year ago, Michigan State tried unsuccessfully to rid itself of Paul Schiff. That was when the first ZEITGEIST was making its appearance around here. That was also about the time that THE PAPER was beginning to make itself felt. That was a year ago. Since then ZEITGEIST has published four times; that's three times more than any other independent literary magazine has ever published at Michigan State. The record of THE PAPER is unprecedented. Together they are the major voices of dissent at Michigan State. They are vehicles for free expression among members of the university community. That's what a university is for. That's what Gary Groat, Robert Fogarty and Ken Lawless are for. Football teams and dormitories don't make a university; free expression and inquiry do.

HOGUN THE GRIM FAN CLUB-5932 POTTER, HASLETT ☆ ☆ THE RANGERS RIDE !! ☆ BEAUMONT TOWER IS A PHALLICY!! ☆

LAND GRANT MAN
By Louise Mann

FOR EVERY DAY BEFORE, THERE IS A MORNING AFTER... AND LGMT'S IS PARTICULARLY DE-GRADING.....

WRITTEN BY STU JONES.
DRAWN BY JIM FRIEL.
LETTERED BY FRODO.
APATHY BY W.C. BLANTON

LAST WEEK...
EONNGG!

NEXT MORNING, THE COLOSSUM KLEEN-UP CREW (BETTER KNOWN AS A.A.S.) SWEEPS UP DILIGENTLY!!

TWINKISH T.P. THROWERS!

OH MY! WHASSIS? NOT ONLY TOILET PAPER, BUT TOILETS TOO! HEY, WING COMMANDER!!

WHAT DO I WIN? COMFYDER LUMP OF (FOR DUTY!

HUP, HUP, HUP! DO WITH THIS REPORTING (FOR DUTY!

CRUD! THOSE THINGS THREW YESTER-DAY?

GLUP! LEMME UP!!

BACK, RABBLE!!!
COCKABOO! IT'S LGMT!

HUP, HUP HUP HUP HUP

I MUST GO TO HOMECOMING DANCE! LETS SEE, ITS IN THE AUDITORIUM! WHERE'S THAT? AHH, MY CAMPUS MAP!

HERE THERE BE DRAGONS

SEWAGE PLANT
GREAT WALL
UNION GARAGE-DOR
MORAL CARN
FLUMEN
LIGNITE
COLOSSUM
COMPUTER TEMPLE
SOUTH COOPUS ENGINEER FACTORY
EAST COOPUS TOP SECRET!

TERRA INCOGNITA

SO...
LESSEE, THE AUDITORIUM SHOULD BE THIS WAY-AHH, THERE IT IS! ECCH! WHAT A BARN!

PUTT
LAND HOE
IN DELIGHTED RESPONSE TO THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS, A CUT-AWAY OF THE LAND...

RED-TAPE DISPENSER
CHICKEN FEATHER SPRAYER
SNOOPER-SCOPE
30-MINUTE TAPES OF THE BEST OF PRES. FRIDWINDOME
COPY OF "TRY PARTS" (THE WORSE ONE)
11 DIFFERENT INTERPRETATIONS OF EVERY MMY RULE
PARTRIDGE (IN A BERRY TREE)
CRS JETS FOR FLIGHT

SIGN A PETITION-ANY PETITION-TODAY!!
AS LGMT SWISHES THRU THE AUD. WINDOW...

JOHN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT??-YOU DIDN'T SIGN OUT!!

GET BACK FLUKK!!

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BLACKSTONE RANGERS!!!

BUREAUCRACY

DR. P MEETS THE SENIOR MEMORARY.
SO YOU'RE THE MEMBERS OF EXCUBURRY!
YESSIR, YESSIR, WE ARE!!

JOHN, SOMETHING TRIVIAL HAS COME UP-WE FEEL YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HANDLE IT COMPETENTLY!!

DEAN CHARLIE WANTS THE MATTER??
SO?? IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME!

SOME STUDENTS ARE QUESTIONING THE GOD-GIVEN AUTHORITY AND INFINITE WISDOM OF OUR PROFESSORS!!

EXPLAIN!!? TO STUDENTS??!
NEVER! WHOSE MULTIVERSITY IS THIS? BY PHALLIE'S MORALITY ILL!!! #6***

IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT MAKES ME SEE RED ITS UPPT Y! STUDENTS!!

WHO THE HELL IS THIS TINKER??!

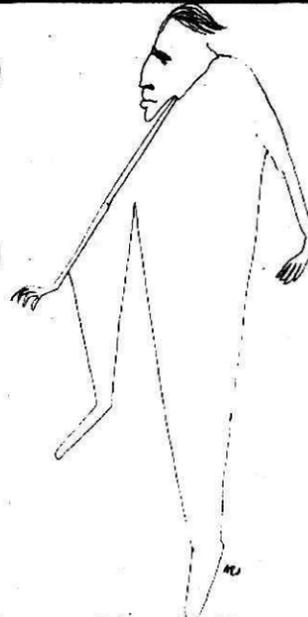
☆☆☆ JOIN U.S.F. ☆☆☆

☆☆☆ JOHNSON FOR (EX) PRESIDENT ☆☆☆

The Water Closet

Say Wha', Man?

By W. C. BLANTON



Last Sunday during my usual futile search through the Free Press for any reports on college football games played outside the Great Midwest, I encountered an almost instant replay of an unbelievable sports blurb. In the past three years I have become accustomed to a nearly complete lack of national sports coverage and the ultimate in provincialism in what such publications as Detroit, Chicago and Lansing newspapers see fit to prepare for popular consumption. However, someone was really hurting for a story when he came up with the knock-Bubba story which appeared in the Chicago Daily News Friday. It sounds as if it were written by Jim Murray for the National Enquirer.

According to this semblance of a sportswriter, MSU's number 95, Charles Smith, hereafter referred to as Bubba, is a myth. His physical existence is not questioned, but his reputation as a defensive player of the Alex Karras, Gino Marchetti type is violently attacked. Bubba is ineffectual, so the story says. Uh-huh.

The following quotes from unnamed sources, requoted from The Free Press, support the article's contention that Bubba is 285 pounds of uselessness.

From Illinois--"Not much lateral movement..." You know any other ends who consistently are at the bottom of pileups five to fifteen yards from their position.

From Michigan--"...we ran inside him all day." For an average gain of possibly eleven inches. Incidentally, ask Jim Detwiler what he got from Bubba on a clean tackle last year.

From Ohio State--"Ray Pryor, only 6-feet, 230 pounds, outplayed him all day." Sure. Uh-huh.

From Purdue -- "Fullback Dave Harrick took him one on one and not once let him by." Ask the Purdue center how he felt after snapping the ball with Bubba as a middle guard.

For the greater part of his first two seasons, Bubba did leave himself open for criticism of his play, as he seemed at times to be merely spending the afternoon in Spartan Stadium

before returning to either the Union Grill or the Wonders Grill. Sure, he was good; and at times--the entire Notre Dame game for instance--he was spectacular. But he just didn't consistently play as well as he should have--or at least was expected to. Still, he definitely belonged on the All-America teams.

This year, without Rose Bowl incentive and the AFL-NFL merger

pimping him out of about \$400,000, Bubba could hardly be expected to suddenly turn into a gung-ho, rah-rah, give-em-hell, Pat Gallinaghtype football player. And if you only look at the pre-game warmups, he still doesn't look like one. But when the game starts, he plays with the proverbial sophomore spirit, overwhelming the three or more men assigned to stop him.

If the quaint theory that a football offense loses no effectiveness utilizing only one side of the playing area for a running game is valid, then Bubba isn't very useful. He merely eliminates the right side of the line as an area of possible advance and makes passers feel extremely insecure--and sore.

Bubba really shouldn't be upset by the demented babblings of someone, whose head is located somewhere in his gastro-intestinal tract, for he has the full-fledged support of those who generally know little and criticize much -- the State student body. The roar of "Kill, Bubba, Kill" is perhaps not a very pretty sound, but it indicates how well Bubba is appreciated. He's earned it.

THE PAPER



THE PAPER is published weekly during regular school terms by students of Michigan State University and a few of their off-campus friends. It is intended as a channel for expression and communication of those ideas, events and creative impulses which make of the university community fertile ground for the growth of human learning. THE PAPER hopes to help the university strive toward fulfillment of the highest ideals of learning and free inquiry, by reporting and commenting on the university experience and encouraging others to do so.

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THE PAPER is a member of the Underground Press Syndicate.

THE GREAT INSURANCE COMPANY FRAME-UP

or,
The
Case of the Cruising Congressman

By BRADFORD A. LANG

Part Two

{ The Dirty Old Man Meets Donald the Boy Wonder }

O'Brien took the stand Tuesday, and wouldn't you know it, the kid overslept and missed the morning session. It was just as well, I suppose, because O'Brien was questioned by his attorney for three and a half hours that day; three and a half hours of O'Brien and O'Connell would have been too much for even the most case-hardened reporter to take without getting nauseous. The public didn't seem to mind, though; the courtroom was packed with a crowd of curious college kids (yeah, Peter Piper slept upon a slitted sheet with rubber baby buggy bumpers....)

There was an extra added attraction, by the way: Wilkie and five of the girls were there, seated under the map of MSU on the west wall of the courtroom. During lulls in his testimony, O'Brien would sit staring at them with a look I can only describe as analytically pugnacious. The kids all looked pretty expressionless, and remained so throughout their visit. I never could figure out what they were doing there, since they weren't recalled by the prosecution until late Thursday. I guess Reisig just had them there to bug the defendant.

High points in O'Brien's testimony:

An insurance lobbyist named Gibson told O'Brien he would "spend a million dollars in order to kill those bills." Other insurance lobbyists who came to his office "went out on the end of my foot."

He was at a drug store in Detroit at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the dated receipt for his pills to prove it.

Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life."

Do you smoke? "No, sir."

O'Brien had spent an hour with a constituent named Reaves in the state capitol on May 27 right smack at the same time Marion Lukens claimed he was spending time with her. O'Brien later dug up this constituent to testify in his behalf. Why he didn't locate him before the trial opened is a mystery to me. There it was, a seemingly airtight alibi, and the man seemed fairly nonchalant about it.

O'Brien told his attorney that he always drove over the speed limit on his trips to and from the capitol. Is that legal?

Finally O'Connell pointed to the assembled sweet young things and

asked his client if he had ever met or talked to them before the trial. There was an electric three-second confrontation, after which O'Brien said no, only Marion Lukens, whom had had met the day he went to interview her for the secretarial position. The girls didn't seem upset by this at all. They just sat staring at Reisig and Hankins. "Your witness," said O'Connell.

Reisig had been sharpening his claws all week, and now he tore into O'Brien like a rabid wolverine.

"Do you own a red 1965 Chevrolet Impala?"

"Sure, I do," said O'Brien. Bang. O'Connell asked if it would be all right for the girls and the jury to view the car. No objection.

O'Brien testified that he had been driving the same car with the same plates since April or May of 1965. He had often left it in the Senate lot with the keys in it so that it could be moved by the car jockies. It could have been stolen, though he had never come back and found it gone.

What about the secretarial situation on June 27? What were the hiring procedures? Well, said O'Brien, the girl would apply to take a test and all that. Isn't it unusual for someone to apply through you, Mr. O'Brien? "Yes." Did you tell Angelo the usual procedure? "Yes." Since you were so busy, didn't you think it necessary to refer her to someone else? "No." You didn't ask where she was from? "No." Why were you so willing to meet her? I wasn't willing, answered the Senator. But you did, anyway? "Yes."

It was obvious what Reisig was trying to get at here, but he couldn't seem to confuse the witness. He just kept answering yes and no, and never seemed confused, even when his answers contradicted one another. Reisig then changed the subject very quickly, a technique he used often. They got off on a long investigation of the geography of the Harrison-Michigan area. It was apparent that O'Brien didn't know the area too well, even though he had agreed to meet Lukens there on June 2. He was told to identify her by her blond hair. Although he had been told her full name, only the first name stuck. The whole story was quite fishy, but Reisig didn't have time to continue that day; it was five o'clock. Court adjourned.

At the end of the sixth day of trial, everybody went out to take a look at

"Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice."

Henry David Thoreau
"Civil Disobedience"

O'Brien's famous red Chevy, license number SS0005 ("I picked it out"). The six girls filed out, walked around the car quickly, and marched off down the street like an all-girl drill team. Then the jury outside to the parking lot behind the bar next door and examined the car as though they were considering a purchase. Judge Hutter even got into the act, standing in front of the car all bent over as though he were examining the tires. SS0005. Very sharp.

The Dirty Old Man Returns

I finally managed to get out of bed early enough Wednesday morning to get a seat. Although it was beginning to grow cold outside, the courtroom was warm and friendly. We were all getting to know each other pretty well; the semi-carnival atmosphere of a business office in the early morning prevailed throughout the courtroom. I noticed that Reisig and O'Brien had identical briefcases.

O'Connell began by reading into the record an opposition memorandum to Mr. Reisig's memorandum in reply to O'Connell's argument concerning the alleged inadmissibility of the other five female witnesses. I stopped listening.

The judge finally decided he would decide later whether or not to decide to let the testimony stand. I still wasn't listening.

Then court was back in session. Reisig spent five futile minutes searching for a lost defense exhibit, the character of which nobody could agree upon. "I'm sure, your honor, it will show up in the course of the day."

Reisig spent all morning and half of the afternoon continuing his cross-examination of the defendant. Although I took copious notes, I will not even attempt to replay it all here. There was just too much garbage. Reisig's technique throughout was one of confusion. He pretended to be confused in order to confuse O'Brien. At least, I think he was pretending. He asked questions two or three times apiece, doubled back, skipped ahead, changed the subject quickly, and asked innocuous but intricate questions about O'Brien's private life.

Again--high points:

O'Brien first (and last) saw Angelo(w) before noon on June 2nd. Describe him, asked Reisig. Fifteen or ten - and -a-half, dark hair, brown eyes, well-dressed, 190 lbs., well-built, "a little hefty," etc. Was



william bishop

THE BOY WONDER

he of foreign extraction? "Yes, sir." Italian? Yes, but not from the old country, no accent. "Italian-American?" Yes.

O'Brien had received threats, he said. He was always concerned about the insurance lobby. Then what about Angelo? "You weren't concerned?" asked Reisig. No, I didn't recognize any connection. But isn't this your contention, that Angelo was out to get you? Yes, no, maybe. "Is it or is it not your contention that Mr. Angelo was part of a conspiracy to frame you?" Yes, said O'Brien.

Which young ladies are in on the conspiracy? Lukens, Outcalt, and Wilkie. What about Judi Crawford and Beth Shapiro? "I wonder if they're just being used as pawns." After all, didn't Sgt. Hankins coach Judi? O'Brien had no reason to doubt his wife and Mr. Tarrant...

How about Chris LeGasse? Possibly. Mrs. Slater? She could have made a "terrible mistake," said O'Brien. The Senator stated that he didn't like to make allegations, especially concerning "men of your caliber" (Hankins and Reisig), but, "I can't help it....the way things have been going."

Donald was beginning to get upset. He began to shout at irregular intervals. Still, as Reisig continued his examination, it was obvious that O'Brien was getting caught in some logical inconsistencies. I began to feel unaccountably nervous for him.

O'Brien then told of his meeting with Marion Lukens on June 2. He drove by once, then doubled back and saw a blond girl standing on the corner. He stopped the car, got out, and called "Marion, Marion." He told her he was Senator O'Brien. She said she wasn't feeling well. Ulcers. She wanted a glass of milk. He asked her if they were peptic. What? Peptic.

Did she act like a vamp? A what? "A femme fatale," said Reisig. "A seductress." No, said O'Brien. She

continued on page 8

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Full Of (Blank): The Grad Record Exams



By LAURENCE TATE

Before I went to Anthony Hall last Saturday to take the Graduate Record Examinations, I hadn't taken a test like that since the College Boards, about four years ago.

So soon we forget.

This examination in particular, and these examinations in general, are a national scandal.

Why? Well, I'm not supposed to talk about them because--well, when you come down to it, because the people who make the test don't like ANYBODY blabbing. But, what the hell. If we get it, we get it.

We were all supposed to show up at Anthony no later than 8:30 a.m. You probably know the setup. For three hours in the morning they test you on mathematical and verbal ability, which is not supposed to be dependent on things you've had to learn, but on "native intelligence" or something like that.

Which doesn't, however, stop you from having to know how to solve sets of equations with two unknowns or the opposite of the word "perfunctory" or a lot of other things that have been keeping you up nights lately.

In the afternoon you take a three-hour test in just your field of specialization, in my case (stretching a point) English literature.

Anyway, Anthony Hall. 8:30. The ADS-math-dorm bunch was out in force. As I put it then, "It looks as if the entire out crowd is here." Typically, I had got to bed well after three (also a.m.) and had blinked awake a little after seven and stayed that way; so I blearily sympathized with a friend who theorized that these things were held at 8:30 Saturday morning as a sort of Calvinistic reprisal for what everybody (everybody except the out crowd, who had all gone to bed at ten and looked blazingly alert) had surely been doing Friday night. And, he might have added, would most certainly be doing Saturday night.

At the door everybody else showed personalized admission cards. I showed a personalized telegram (from Educational Testing Service, Princeton, New Jersey, \$1.54. Collect) I had received in response to a frantic special delivery letter asking where the hell my admission card was.

I sat down, people filed in and filed in and the tension mounted. Comparatively, I was not, I think, especially nervous; I have a swerving faith in my ability to talk my way out of disaster, and besides, I could always just not apply to any schools that required the GRE's. But it seemed likely, if not downright certain, that there were a lot of people in the room to whom this

test mattered. If you screw up your Grad Records, you have for a lot of departments in a lot of schools just counted yourself out. Some schools give tentative acceptances, pending the results of the test.

And I got nervous. My stomach got tight, and I felt vaguely nauseated. I could open that innocent-looking little test booklet and not know a damn thing. Berkeley wouldn't even look at my application. And the consequences wouldn't stop there.

Finally everybody got seated, instructions were read, and we filled vital information in on our answer sheets. You blacken little boxes (cf., Pete Seeger) for the letters of your name, and for your birthdate and sex and registration number. (I found this somewhat sinister. In the old days computers could swallow only numbers; now letters have succumbed. What next, I wonder?) We would have twenty-five minutes for the first part. The man in charged clicked his stopwatch. Begin.

OK, begin. Begin what? There were several hundred seniors in the auditorium, of varying backgrounds, interests, aspirations, life-styles, and possibly even races, though I didn't notice. A regular melting pot. And what were they being melted into?

The first part of the test consisted of (as I recall) three kinds of questions. Analogies: PERSIFLAGE: DERISION=?: Five choices. Choose the best. Fill-in-the-blank with appropriate word or words: "In a time of crisis we look for (blank); therefore Athenians blamed Socrates for the corruption of their children." The desired answer was "(d) scapegoats," although I confess an overwhelming fondness for "(a) palindromes." (This is the truth.) Choose the - opposite: UNTRAMMELED. Which involves knowing what "trammed" means. I didn't.

I hit a lot of words I knew or could

figure out by process of elimination, and finished a little early. Sigh of relief. Berkeley was still alive.

Part Two. Reading comprehension. A series of short essays (on, among other things, Assyrian art, Raman spectra, varieties of immunity to disease, and the inevitability of war) followed by questions designed to determine whether you Paid Attention. Example: the essay mentioned that Raman spectra could be determined only for clear liquids, whereupon we got a question about what materials would be most suitable for undergoing the process described and (c) turned out to be alcohol and water. You often had also to judge the tone (persuasive, demonstrative, etc.) or larger intent of the essay. I finished this section very early, as did everyone around me. Home free, again.

A short break, then the last part--math. Mostly simple algebra, reading of graphs, finding areas and necessarily equal angles. I got lost in a graph concerning the Gross National Product and started to panic, but straightened out well before time was called. I remembered one problem which seemed obstinately to have no right answer among the five choices. Later I asked around, reworked the problem in my own good time (along with others) and decided I'd been right. As somebody said, "Well, it gives them a lot of leeway." Uh-huh.

And that, kids, was it. The morning grad records (the only ones a lot of schools require) were over, and everybody filed out to eat lunch.

Stop and think. Just stop and think. A total of well under 200 questions. Something under three hours. And some percentage of people in that room (small, I hope, though I don't have any idea) had just killed their

(Next week: the afternoon test, and ITS implications.)

Nothing Serious -- Just a Case of Deja-Vu



By RICHARD A. OGAR

explain myself.

It all started last summer when the Berkeley Viet Nam Day Committee was thrown off campus. It was rather a bad beginning, but, hell, HUAC WAS bugging the peace creeps, and, after all, it IS election year. I might have committed myself to a supreme act of faith had it not been for the fact that the administration's reasoning, like Proust's teacake, brought back a flood of repressed memories. You see, they claimed that the VDC had (1) violated University regulations (which it had on a technicality which would undoubtedly have been overlooked in any other organization), and (2) that the VDC was financially in arrears (on a bill presented AFTER the suspension, and

substantially padded with a sum actually owed by SNCC). MSU...Kindman...Fuzak...."THE PAPER"--once the flow began I was powerless to halt it. I little knew whether I woke or dreamt. Past and present fogged over, my complacency wavered in the mist.

I had just managed to regain a modicum of self-control when, without warning, it struck again: passing a newsstand, I noticed the September issue of "The Atlantic" --a livid orange cover with an ominously red hand unmistakably casting its thumb down, and the words "The New Tyrants of Berkeley." Fumbling for change, futilely wiping at the cold sweat on my forehead, I bought a copy and read how the New Left was suppressing freedom of speech at Berkeley. A more favorable charge than collusion with the CIA, I admit, but still I couldn't help but feel a little queasy.

The crusher came shortly afterwards--the third blow of the 1-2-3 punch that reduced me to my present state: just before the fall quarter opened, Mario Savio was refused re-admission to graduate school. No, I cried out--it's all in my mind. I raged. I fought, but the spectre of Paul Schiff rose before me like an indefatigable Banquo.

Throughout it all, I was possessed with a bitter sense of irony: all the while I was at MSU, people worried about its becoming another Berkeley. And now I'm here, where it's supposed to be at, faced with the gnawing fear that Berkeley will become another MSU. It keeps me up nights.

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movies By LARRY TATE

SNOW JOB

I haven't read "Dr. Zhivago." So there. Call me a lowbrow, and let's get on with it.

There is, first of all, much to admire in David Lean's big, expensive film; there is no doubt in much of anybody's mind that the film is a failure, but it is by no means a total failure.

So far so good. To accentuate the positive: it is said that when good directors die they become photographers, and Lean is a very very good photographer. You can't dismiss the flow of elegant pictorial compositions as calendar-art; as one

and Lara to deepen in character and increase in stature; we expect this flurry of events to be given some personal significance.

It is no accident that it is in the



ZHIVAGO

critic said, "Dr. Zhivago" does for snow what "Lawrence of Arabia" did for sand." The critic (John Simon, if you care) was being snide, but the remark holds up as a compliment. Lean uses snowscapes to evoke desolation, exuberance, awe, pathos -- you name it, the snow can do it. Conversely, when snow fades into spring, Lean goes wild with fields of flowers, and managers to catch something of the delicacy of spring in Super Panorama 70 and glowing Metrocolor, which is a little like chasing butterflies in a B-52. In almost every frame (calendar-art DOES sneak in here and there) is manifest a sureness, a stylishness rare in American films.

Which brings up the sticky question of what, aside from the snow and flowers and so forth, is being photographed. "Dr. Zhivago" is a story of the Russian Revolution; events leading up to it, some of the thing itself, and its consequences for, particularly, a wildly heterogeneous group of aristocrats, bureaucrats, proletarians, and general misfits and, broadly, for Russia and its people. Its eponymous hero comes to represent the survival of the free, creative human spirit in a time of systematic suppression of individuality. The girl he loves, who inspires his poetry, comes to symbolize the love and beauty being lost to an age of tractors, quotas, and party lines.

OK. If you're going to fail, fail big -- nobody can say it wasn't worth trying. The first half of the film -- while not much better than a good costume picture -- is fairly successful. In swift, craftsmanlike strokes we get the prologue (Zhivago's daughter being questioned years later by his half-brother, creating a mystery around Zhivago and Lara), the Czar's injustices, Lara's seduction, the war (easily the best scenes in the movie), the immediate aftermath of war and revolution, etc.

Lean seems to be in control, but to this point the film has basically been occupied by a headlong rush of complicated events, in which Zhivago and Lara, like everyone else, have been passively buffeted by circumstances far beyond their control. In the second part, we expect Zhivago

second half that snowscapes and flowers are at their most beautiful, since the second part seems to consist of almost nothing else. What happens is simple and shocking: the screenplay runs out. Robert Bolt ("A Man for All Seasons," the "Lawrence" screenplay) appears to have flat-out given up and told Lean to cover the vacuum with scenery.

In Omar Sharif and Julie Christie Lean has two beautiful banal specimens, neither of whom look or sound capable of an intelligent thought, yet he has to make them tender and heroic. So, as the music swells and we gather that progressive climaxes are being reached, the lovers go for endless sleighrides through scenic valleys, take refuge in a snowfilled country estate looking like a Disneyland crystal palace, and smile sunnily amid flowers. You sit and wait for the story to start, and you suddenly, scarily realize that this IS the story. In desperation, Lean builds up things like Zhivago's poetry-writing to crescendos of kitsch as bad as anything in "The Agony and the Ecstasy." Warren Harding's speeches were once described as "an army of pompous phrases moving over the landscape in search of an idea." Translate that

into film terms, and you should get the connection.

In the middle of all this, some excellent actors do work up to their usual standard. Tom Courtenay is one of the finest young actors alive, and he handles the part of Lara's revolutionist husband (confusingly written and unaccountably dropped toward the end) with fierce grainy conviction. In the early scenes, Julie Christie is intense and convincing. People like Rita Tushingham, Rod Steiger, Alec Guinness, Siobhan McKenna, and Ralph Richardson make themselves useful on the fringes of the film. But as Zhivago, Sharif is so blank he all but fades into the woodwork.

What went wrong? Lots of things, obviously. Ingmar Bergman is reported to have once told Lean he usually worked with seventeen friends. Lean replied that HE usually had to work with two hundred enemies. The surprise is not that "Dr. Zhivago" fails but that "The Bridge on the River Kwai" and "Lawrence of Arabia" succeeded so brilliantly. How can you reasonably expect art to result from the collaboration of two hundred enemies working together for profit and the greater glory of MGM? I don't know, but I'm not supposed to. David Lean is.

Happenings in Music

A Big Week

By 'CORNO DI CACCIA'

Following is the first in what it is hoped will be a weekly column of advance notices, reviews and commentary by students and faculty of the Music Department. It is intended to present to the university community a picture of some of the events going on in a creative department which has been

largely ignored up to now. THE PAPER welcomes this chance to straighten things out, and hereby extends an invitation to students and faculty of the Art Department or any other creative department of the university which feels it has been neglected to prepare a similar column -- The Editors.

Monday evening in the Music Auditorium Jose Rambaldi, a graduate of the MSU Music Department, played an imposing recital which featured the world premiere of a very interesting piano work, "Supermusic '66," by the young Cleveland-born composer Donald Erb. Although elements of traditional form were consciously absent, the novel use of the piano, complete with strumming of the strings, etc., produced some very beautiful sonorities.

Mr. Rambaldi, who is making his way eastward for his New York debut, included the Mozart A minor sonata, Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasy, a Chopin group and the Sonata #4 by Scriabine. Of these works, the Scriabine fared best, the Chopin worst. I was struck with the complete ease of execution in the Scriabine, and have been informed that Modern Music is Rambaldi's forte. In any case, he is a pianist of far above average competence.

Tuesday night the world famous Melos Ensemble presented the first in the five-concert Arts and Letters Recital Series. I had heard this ensemble in a rebroadcast of the Schoenberg Serenade and Septet, which were presented in the BBC studios in London, and found it difficult to believe that such demanding works could be performed with such assurance and ease.

The concert Tuesday was divided between modern masterpieces and perhaps the best known of nineteenth century music for large chamber ensemble, the Schubert Octet in F major. Before the intermission we heard the

Francaix "Divertimento for Bassoon, String Quartet and Bass," Stravinsky's "Septet" and the delightful "Contrasts," for clarinet, violin and piano. I doubt that Benny Goodman, who commissioned this work, realized what he was getting into. Reports have it that he played it well, but certainly not with the authority of the Melos Ensemble's performance.

The excellence of this evening of beautiful and seldom-heard music promises well for the remainder of the series. Although it had been planned that only season tickets would be sold, there will be single admission tickets on sale at the Music Aud. on the evening of each concert. The series is a must for lovers of chamber music.

Which brings me to the faculty recital by Ethel Armeling, contralto, and David Renner, pianist, Friday at 8:15 in the Music Aud. After a pair of arias by Vivaldi, Miss Armeling will present a group of five chansons by Faure, including the famous "Clair de Lune." Next, she will sing a group of six Lied by Schubert, beginning with "Im Fruhling" and including what is perhaps Schubert's most famous song, "An die Musik." I remember Miss Armeling's impressive performance of the almost impossible aria from Bach's Christmas Oratorio and am convinced that Friday night will be memorable in every respect. Admission is free.

The weekend, praise the powers

that be, is free of "publik musik." Personally, I would much rather have had this week's activity spread more thinly over two or three weeks, but I understand that problems of schedule are responsible for the somewhat frantic activity. I guess that an aesthetic oasis is all the more welcome after a stretch of cultural desert.

Next week begins musically at 10 a.m. Monday in the Choral Room of the Music Building with a recital of baroque music for violin and harpsichord by the Lucktenberg Duo, in the round. Admission is free.

Tuesday night at 8:15 in St. Paul's Church, Lansing, faculty organist Corliss Arnold returns from his most recent concert tour in the east, where he performed his arrangement of Honneger's "King David." He will present an interesting concert, with some excellent examples of modern French organ music. It sounds as if it will be worth a trip down town.



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Who's Making It Off the War?,



or The Plight of the Little Man, continued

By DAVID BRODEUR

War is good business—for some people. For American industry, continued escalation of the war in Vietnam at its present rate could mean an increase in profits amounting to \$14 billion over the next two years. But for the consumer, the war means higher prices, tighter money and shortages of many goods.

It is difficult to isolate precisely what effect the war in Vietnam has on our economy, but it is certainly an important factor. During the present fiscal year, the war will cost us \$12.7 billion, perhaps more. Industry has come to regard continuation of the war as one of the basic facts of our economy, and economists speak of our "war economy." We can assume, then, that the Vietnam war is one of the major influences in our economy.

To begin with, let's look at food prices, which have risen faster than prices on most other items. While overall consumer prices were up 2.7 per cent at the end of the last fiscal year, food prices were about 5 per cent higher than those of a year earlier. But the 5 per cent figure is somewhat misleading; many basic food items showed increases greater than 5 per cent. Meat prices, for example, increased by 20 percent or more in some areas.

In several cities recently, housewives have become alarmed enough at high food prices to organize buying strikes against their local supermarkets, demanding that prices be cut. But the chain stores are not responsible for the price increases; they average a profit of 1.3 cents on every food dollar. Some supermarkets did give in to the demands of the picketing housewives by cutting prices 10 per cent, but the 10 per cent apparently came from the elimination of trading stamps, promotional gimmicks and extra services.

Primarily, the higher food prices are due to higher farm prices (up 14 per cent in two years) and higher labor costs (up 6 per cent in two years). But these increases are themselves results of other economic factors.

Farm prices have risen because costs have risen and the supply of farm products has decreased. Rising farm costs can be attributed largely to rising labor costs and tighter money. Since farmers must depend heavily on credit, they are severely affected by the money squeeze. The farm debt, as most recently reported by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, stands at \$41 billion—the highest ever. Many small farmers have gone out of business as a result, contributing to the short supply of farm products.

Labor costs, which contribute to the increase in food prices at all levels, are influenced by the higher cost of living and a shortage of manpower. Our present low unemployment rate, which, though socially beneficial, has become a problem to many industries, is the result of a business boom which is contributed to by the war. The war is also a direct cause of the labor shortage through the Selective Service System.

In areas other than food, the war has a definite effect on the market. Industries give priority to war materials, causing shortages of consumer goods of many types.

Television sets, and electronic and electrical goods in general, cost more and are in short supply because of the need for copper for the war. Ten



Dennis Trover

The War Economy

per cent of the copper being produced in the United States at present is set aside for military use. As a result, companies producing goods for civilian consumption often have to wait an extra two months before orders can be filled, and the price of scrap copper has gone from 33 cents to 55 cents per pound in a year.

Steel is another commodity that is needed in large amounts for the war. Steel prices have gone up, and the automobile companies, to avoid production delays due to steel shortage, are maintaining the stockpiles of steel they built up last year when there was threat of a steel strike. The additional costs thus incurred are passed on to automobile buyers.

The steel industry itself could suffer from the demands of the war effort. According to John P. Roche of the American Iron and Steel Institute, planned expansion this year, amounting to \$2.2 billion, will be delayed by the lack of machine tools and other equipment.

If you have to pay more for clothes this year, blame it on the war. The armed forces take 15 to 20 per cent of the total production of woolen and worsted fabric, three to four times their normal demand. The textile industry is operating at full capacity. Chemical prices are also going up

due to the increasing needs of the war. Polystyrene, for example, millions of tons of which are being used each month for napalm, has increased in price by 11 per cent. The price of crude oil has gone up 5 to 15 cents per barrel, causing an increase in gasoline prices. Rubber for automobile and truck tires has also gone up in price. Aluminum rods, ball bearings, Manila rope, oil seals, solvents and adhesives are some other products which are in short supply because of increasing demand by the military.

Not only are many consumer goods scarcer and more expensive, but so is the money needed to buy them. Tight money is a major economic problem at present. Increases in government spending (largely for the Vietnam war), the business boom, and inflation are the major reasons for the fact that there isn't quite enough money to go around. Loans are therefore more expensive and harder to get. Recent increases in bank rates have raised the cost of loans by one fourth of a percentage point, and the banks have become more stringent in the requirements which prospective borrowers must meet. Capacity, but is having difficulty keeping up with both military and civilian demand.

One result of this is that people are buying fewer automobiles and houses. Housing starts, an important economic indicator, are at their lowest point in six years, and could drop by another quarter of a million units (17 per cent) this year. Student tuition loans are becoming more expensive and harder to get; carrying charges on installment-bought items are higher.

Are these current economic trends cause for alarm? Many consumers seem to think so. If you buy a new car this year, it will cost more in both the cost of the car itself and the cost of financing it. Gasoline and tires will cost more, also. And part of the reason for this added expense will be the war in Vietnam.

But at present, though the average consumer may have the usual trouble in making ends meet, consumer problems are not drastic. Wage increases still manage to keep ahead of increases in the cost of living; inflation is a problem, but is not yet completely out of control. But the Vietnam war will be a continuing cause of economic problems.

Consider the national budget. This year, it amounts to \$112.5 billion, including \$12.7 billion for the war, an activity whose primary satisfaction must now be ideological, rather than economic. Income, at the present rate, will be only about \$104 billion, giving us a deficit of \$8.5 billion, \$5.1 billion greater than last year. In order to avoid such a large deficit, the government may raise taxes, a step which many economists expect to be announced shortly after the coming elections. First, there seems to be little hope that the excise tax cuts President Johnson promised will be realized. In addition, personal income taxes will probably be increased, through either a surtax of 10 per cent of the tax normally paid, or a 2 per cent increase in the tax rates for all income levels. Business taxes will probably be increased also.

These increases may check inflation, but to the housewives who are concerned about higher meat prices, this is not much of a consolation. It appears that the time is ripe (or perhaps overripe) to seriously question American involvement in Vietnam on economic, as well as ideological grounds.

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS - November 3-9

WKAR FM 90.5 mc

Thursday November 3

- 6:30 a.m. -- "The Morning Program," classical music, news and weather, hosted by Mike Wise. (Monday through Friday)
- 8 a.m. -- News, with Lowell Newton (Monday through Friday)
- 8:15 a.m. -- "Scrapbook," music and features with Steve Meuche. (Monday through Friday)
- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Half Past Wednesday."
- 5 p.m. -- News 60, a full hour news report by the WKAR news department.
- 7:30 p.m. -- Strauss operetta, "Wiener Blut," performed by the Berlir Civic Opera.
- 9 p.m. -- "Jazz Horizons," til midnight, with Bud Spangler.

Friday November 4

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "The King and I" (movie soundtrack).
- 8 p.m. -- Bartok opera, "Bluebeard's Castle" (one act).
- 9 p.m. -- Bartok ballets: "The Miraculous Mandarin" and "The Wood-

en Prince."

Saturday November 5

- 11:45 a.m. -- "Recent Acquisitions" Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachler listen to and discuss new recordings. One of today's albums is "Babar the Elephant," by Poulenc, with narration by Peter Ustinov.
- 1:15 -- Football, MSU and Iowa. Immediately following the football game: "Album Jazz."
- 7 p.m. -- "Listener's Choice," classics by request til 1 a.m., hosted by Ken Beachler. Phone 355-6540 during program.

Sunday November 6

- 2 p.m. -- The Cleveland Orchestra in Concert, George Szell conducting with pianist Tamas Vasary. Program includes: Geminiani's Concerto Grosso in G; Schumann's Piano Concerto; Blackwood's Symphonic Fantasy; and Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 2.
- 8 p.m. -- "The Toscanini Era," hosted by Gary Barton. Program includes works by Wolf Ferrari, Wagner, Vivaldi, Strauss, Mendelssohn, Beach, Barber and Brahms.

11 p.m. -- "Offbeat," humor by Art Buchwald, hosted by Steve Meuche.

Monday November 7

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Gentleman Prefer Blonds."

Tuesday November 8

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Fiorello."
- 8:30 p.m. -- The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert. Tonight's concert is conducted by Sixten Ehrling and it features violin soloist Henryk Szeryng. The program includes: Brahms's Academic Festival Overture; Brahms's Symphony No. 4 and Martinon's Violin Concerto No. 2.

Wednesday November 9

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Down in the Valley."
- 8 p.m. -- "FM Theater," tonight's presentation is "Point of Order," a program about Senator Joseph McCarthy, narrated by Eric Sevareid.
- 11 p.m. -- "New Jazz in Review," Ron English and Bug Spangler listen to, and discuss Jackie McLean's latest album.

Draft Cards

My Last Words on Creeping Something-or-Other

Apparently, the university has changed its policy in relation to a traditional right of the student which it once took rather seriously. It was understood that the university would not be giving out information concerning the student's activities at the university without the permission of the student. Arrangements to have the local Selective Service board informed of his presence were made in a rather mechanical way at registration. Everything else required a spe-

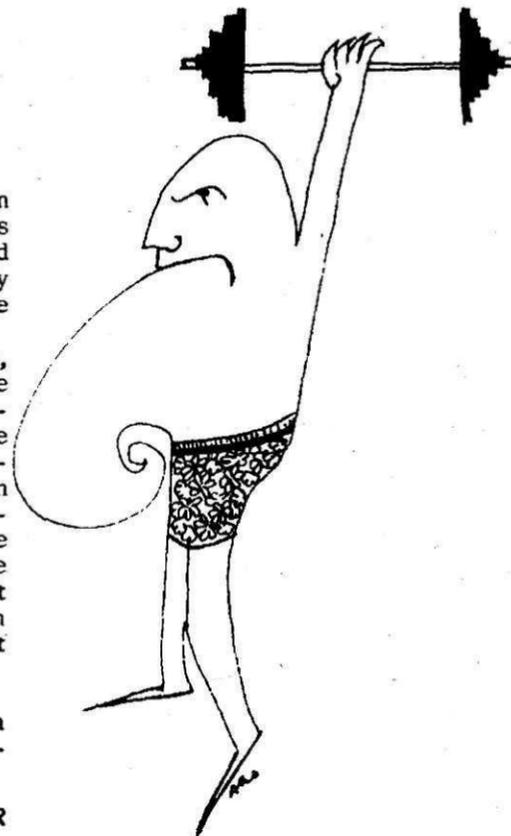
cial permission from the student. For example, if his class standing was requested, the registrar's office would have obtained a written permission before sending this out. Since then new national guidelines have been established--rather arbitrarily, since student opinion does not seem to have been in any way represented--by a gathering of representatives from schools, professional associations, and Selective Service. These, of course, are not

coercive; they are guidelines. When Horace King, the registrar, speaks of these guidelines as though they had the force of law, he seems from my point of view to be throwing up a smoke screen.

In accordance with these guidelines, class standing is now sent unless the student does not sign a card at registration. To not sign--leaving Selective Service in the dark without any information--would be a suicidal action in relation to one's hopes for the completion of his degree, rather like Russian roulette with most of the chambers loaded. King does not want to talk about it any more. And I am not radical enough to tell you what to do about it.

Is this the police state?
That is laughable, but it was a rather neat maneuver, and the student lost.

ERIC OTTINGER



The University and Selective Service

By ERIC PETERSON

A few weeks ago while discussing the university and the Selective Service, Eric Ottinger stated: "Conceivably, then, it could be arranged to have only one piece of information (from a student's records) turned over to Selective Service."

He was right. I know because I did it. But he was also right in implying that it would take quite a bit of "arranging." This is what happened to me:

When I came back to MSU this fall, I had decided that I wanted the university to notify my draft board that I was a full-time student--and of nothing more. Specifically (for what I think are good reasons, but irrelevant here), I did not want the standard End of the Year report

Second, it is the INDIVIDUAL'S responsibility, by law, to notify his draft board of all facts pertinent to his classification. (This is plainly stated on the back of every draft card.) It is NOT the university's responsibility, though it seemed to be assuming it here, practically if not technically. How many freshmen, for example, were likely to refuse to sign the appropriate card when they registered? It would take a rare freshman to challenge such an integral, accepted part of a new and strange (and often frightening) system--at least, I know I would not have.

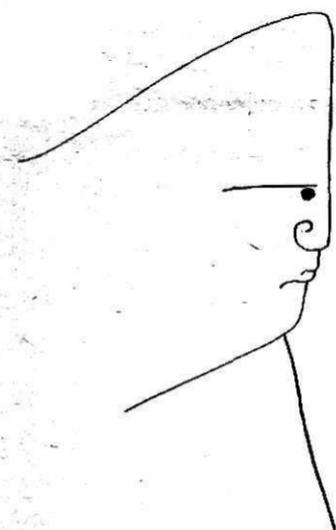
More generally, how many male students realize, at registration, the implications of signing the card? I think it is probable that only someone who has had previous experience with the Selective Service and student deferments would even THINK of not signing. Even then, many students believe what I had just been told; that not signing was virtually throwing away deferment.

To make sure of what the situation really was, I decided to talk to Horace King, the registrar himself. He told me, to my relief, that the first clerk I had talked to had been correct, and I COULD have only the first report sent. After I re-wrote my first letter, my personal problem was solved; the first general problem I mentioned did not exist after all, at least (to repeat) technically. Michigan State had not made any more-or-less secret agreements with the Selective Service.

But the second problem does exist. There ARE real pressures on the MSU male student to sign away his rights and responsibilities (to use a popular phrase).

The present system is, I agree, an efficient one from the viewpoints of the Selective Service, of the University, and even of most students. It probably also helps the Selective Service catch potential draft-dodgers very quickly. The fact that the credit guidelines of both the boards and the university are arbitrary, are in many cases irrelevant to the question of who is a "full-time student," and in some cases cause unnecessary difficulties, is inescapable, it seems to me. All in all, it may be the best system.

But I still do not like to see MSU acting once more in loco parentis--or more accurately, even worse, assuming rights even parents do not have. I do not like to see a system that in effect tries to reduce all male students to the level of children who might mismanage their own affairs, and who therefore should not be given a chance to manage them correctly. For unless the student's alternatives are made clear to him (and the trouble I had to go through shows that they have not been), he can make no intelligent choice, and can "beat the system" only through luck.

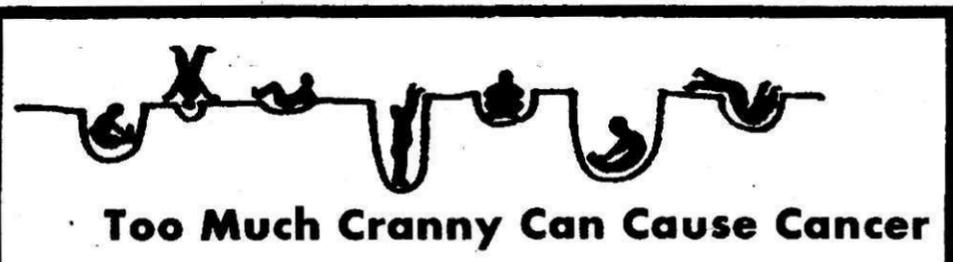


sent. So when I went through registration, I thought it might be better not to sign the computer card from the registrar's office.

A few days later, I went to the Administration Building to request the registrar to send the information I had decided on to my draft board. A clerk there told me to write a letter explaining my wishes, and her office would then write the board, telling them what I wished, and that I had requested that nothing more be sent.

This sounded reasonable enough, but when I brought a letter in, her superior (an assistant registrar, or the equivalent, I presumed) denied that a student could make such a request. MSU and the Selective Service, he said, had an agreement which required that to have ANY information sent to his board in the fall, a student had to sign the computer card, and so authorize the registrar to inform his board of any changes in his status as a student.

This assertion disturbed me, for two reasons. First, the registrar has repeatedly said that the student's records are his own, and that only he can release them. An all-or-nothing system like this appeared to contradict the expressed policy.



Too Much Cranny Can Cause Cancer

"Niche is God."
--Dead

The following is a condensation of what might be called "Everyman's Guide to the Hole World." Read the definitions carefully, and watch where you step:

NICHE -- The niche IS the person. Three most common examples:

1. Marriage and family as one's goal in life -- the bitch-niche.
2. Capitalism as one's life philosophy -- the rich-niche.
3. Science as God -- the Sput-niche.

THE NICHE PITCH -- a high, inside fastball, separating you from your personality, aimed at making you strike out (after fame and fortune). This is sometimes accompanied by a fast, inside highball, separating you from your senses.

THE NICHE NUDGE -- "Your father and I are not trying to run your life for you. You are free to do as you choose. We wish only to be proud of you."

THE NICHE PINCH -- your niche suddenly becomes very crowded (with wife and kids) just about the time you decide that you would like to leave. You're stuck. This is sometimes referred to as the "Seven-Year Itch-Nitch."

NOOK -- a niche you can't quite fit into, but you keep trying anyway... Also: a person trying to be what he isn't.

You try and you try
But you can't get in--
Not by the hair on your
Nichey-niche-niche...

- Three common examples:
1. Your hair grows, but you don't --the beatnook.
 2. You have an impressive library which you have never read -- the book-nook.
 3. You try to substitute appearance for personality -- the look-nook.

THE NOOK-KNACK -- the skill of a contortionist: you stick your nose in somebody else's business, your foot in your mouth, and you head.

DALE WALKER

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young Negro coed from MSU. Oh, my God, I thought, he DIDN'T!

No, he didn't, fans. Miss Jenkins, a sophomore police administration major from South Hubbard who had once gone with Jimmy Raye, was going to tell a different story. Although the whole thing was terribly confusing and must have lasted an hour, I was able to dredge up the following story:

Yvonne had been approached by Peter Bill (she pronounced it Beal). O'Brien's private eye (a tough-looking character who must have weighed three hundred pounds and who told my photographer that if he took any pictures of him, he'd break the camera over his head), and had been asked a few questions about Beth Shapiro, one of the prosecution witnesses. It wasn't quite clear whether or not Bill had misrepresented himself to Miss Jenkins, but she said at one point that "I was under the impression that he was working for the state.. on the side of justice and all that." Again, it wasn't quite clear what they were trying to find out about Miss Shapiro, but when Reising asked Miss Jenkins if Bill had asked her if any of the girls had dated MSU football players, she answered: "I think that's what he wanted to find out."

All O'Connell was able to do was to point out that the police had held Miss Jenkins all that morning (voluntarily, to be sure) and had kept her from seeing the defense. He whined and complained, but nothing much happened. That's where the whole matter rested for a while. My sixth sense was tingling like crazy; i.e., something fishy was going on, but I couldn't quite figure out what it was.

The prosecution called Mr. Reaves back to the stand. Buzzing in the courtroom. Reising asked the witness if he had checked those parking meters. No, said the witness. Well, would it interest you to know that the meters cost a dime for an hour? No, said the witness. There was a sign that said one hour parking, and I put in a nickel, and when I came out the meter had expired. You didn't get a ticket? Nope. Reising seemed professionally insulted by this.

That was the end of Reaves' visit. The question of the parking meters intrigued me; it was really the only weak point in the man's testimony. I suppose Detroit has meters which will let you park one hour for a nickel, but still....

Then the girls began parading to the stand. The first was Beth Shapiro.

O'Connell's cross-examination was a masterpiece. First he asked her about the crack in the windshield. She hadn't noticed it. O'Connell asked that the jury be given an opportunity to sit in the car. Granted by Hutter.

Have you ever double-dated with any of the other witnesses? No, she replied. Have you ever dated any football players? "Yes."

"Who?"

"George Webster."

Flurry in the courtroom. "No more questions," said O'Connell.

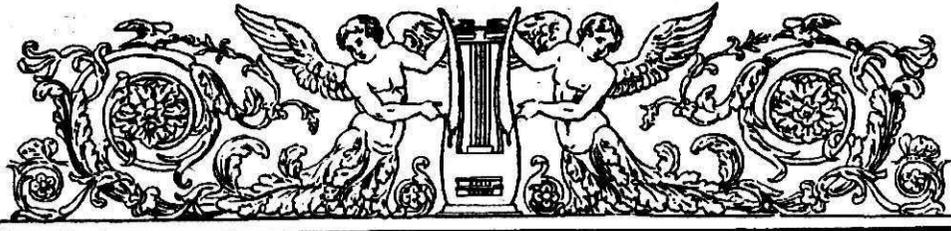
Then, wait a minute, he had some more. "How did you meet George Webster?" They had lived in the same dorm. Wonders.

Long pause. "How many times have you dated George Webster?" Once.

Pause. "When?" Last fall, October.

"No further questions."

My sympathy for O'Connell had



don feinberg

been waning steadily for the last couple of days. However, now it hit rock bottom. Little did I know that the worst was yet to come.

Marion Lukens took the stand. I had never heard her voice before; it was very high, almost like a little girl, which she isn't. At times it wavered slightly. The prosecution established that she still thought O'Brien was the man and that nobody had coerced her into testifying the way she did.

The defense established that she had never seen the crack in the windshield. She said she had been looking at O'Brien, not at the windshield. Big Deal.

Linda Outcalt was next, a pretty but rather plain girl, with a deeper voice than might be expected, and no smile at all. She looked scared but sounded almost blase. She, too, was still sure of herself, and she had not been coerced, either. She noticed some more little things about O'Brien that she hadn't mentioned before; the "movements he made with his hands," his "small mouth," his "funny nose," etc. (all said in a fashion that could be described as calmly vindictive).

Said O'Connell: "If you were paid money, you'd speak right up and tell us, wouldn't you." I don't think she dignified the question with an answer, but I can't be sure. He then asked her if she'd ever had any dates with football players. No, she said. O'Connell looked slightly puzzled. Basketball players? No. (Wait a minute, I thought all these girls were lousy nigger-lovers.)

And on that pleasant note, the day ended. Court was adjourned, and the jury, as promised, went out and climbed into O'Brien's car, ladies first. I walked over and took a look at the windshield myself. WHAT crack? I don't see any...Oh, there it is. Big Deal.

The Longest Day

Mrs. Dianne Slater, the happiest of the six girls, began the day's testimony. When Reising asked her if she had been in cahoots with the insurance lobby, she answered, "I HAVE NOT!" Her position had not changed.

O'Connell, thank God, did not ask

her about her dating habits, but he did ask her if she had taken any money for her testimony. "I'm basically an honest person," she said.

Christine LeGasey testified that her story, too, had not changed. O'Connell pointed out that she had testified that her "molester" had a dark complexion. Did she still believe that? Yes, it was pretty dark. Describe O'Brien's complexion, he said. Dark, she said. O'Connell was upset. "Look the jury in the eye and describe that man as dark complected!" he shouted. Objection. Sustained.

Finally it was Judi Crawford's turn. Miss Crawford, a wholesome, churchgoing Catholic, had written a story about her encounter with O'Brien. The prosecution asked her to read it to the court. She began, "The day was turning cooler and.. (click, went my receiving set).... and before going to afternoon Mass.. This time I really tried to stop listening, but I was too fascinated. Although the story was pretty bad, it was beautiful for the jury. The protagonist, brokenhearted because Larry Angelo never contacted her again, ends up crying in her dormitory room. She had described the man in the story as driving a burgundy Pontiac, wearing highly shined ebony dress shoes, and being a little overweight, all of which didn't apply to O'Brien at all. She spent the next fifteen minutes trying to defend the description, never once thinking of invoking poetic license. It got so bad that O'Connell was moved to comment, "You're going to teach our children!" Apparently so, if this didn't ruin her reputation.

She also testified that Hankins had never said to her, "He's the man in the blue suit." Everybody breathed a sigh of relief for the good campus cops, and the People rested.

The defense came back briefly to ask Mrs. O'Brien about the crack in the windshield (it had been there since last Christmas), and then the defense, too, finally rested its case.

Judge Hutter got around to ruling on the motion to strike the girls' testimony. As it turned out, O'Connell had screwed himself, because the only one the good justice kicked out

was Judi Crawford, the girl who had been "coached by the prosecution" and had turned in a lousy description. "I find this to be too remote in point of time," said Hutter. The others, however, were allowed to stay. "I can see nothing," he said, "...to change my original decision."

Poor O'Connell then moved for a mistrial on the grounds that the jury had already heard the girl's testimony. "The mistrial is denied," said Hutter. Thank the Lord for small favors, I thought. Now maybe I can make my deadline.

Reising's summation was a minor masterpiece. Unfortunately, I do not know anything about shorthand, so all I can offer you is a series of quotations and paraphrases. He began speaking softly, slowly, in a low-key theatrical tone of voice usually reserved for friendly sermons:

The issue is "whether or not the young ladies who testified are part of a conspiracy." It has never been an issue "whether or not they were merely mistaken." You must find that they "deliberately...gave false testimony...to undo Bernard O'Brien."

You must find that Mr. Wilkie, "the PhD. student in education," Mrs. Slater, with children at home, the MSU Department of Public Safety, "AND MYSELF" are all part of the conspiracy." You must find that "a fine net was woven around him to undo him (sic, I think)."

"I submit to you that when you have this number of witnesses.... it either happened...or didn't happen at all."

Ladies and gentlemen, go to the extent of "thinking how you would frame someone." If you were ready to spend a million dollars, would you do it in this fashion? Would you pick as your witness a girl who is legally blind, an albino, with an "unfortunate incident" in her past? Would you choose a minor charge, a misdemeanor, to be tried in a justice court?

"WHY NOT CRY RAPE!"

Consider the recurrent themes. All the girls mentioned the same details, the "recurrent theme of filthy talk, of smutty talk, of DIRT!"

The girls didn't hide anything. They were willing to testify even though they knew they would suffer "humiliation and embarrassment." Think about what they have been through. "Their lives have changed. Their existences have changed...As young college students," they felt an obligation to their society and had the "intestinal fortitude" to come forward.

Don't let this man's past record blind you. "Sexual deviation--sexual perversion is no respecter of class, position or even politics."

Look at the discrepancies in our testimony. These only "add credence" to the charges.

You, as jury members have a great responsibility. You are "the conscience of our community...the final bastion...the final symbol of our judicial system." (The chicken soup was navel-deep.) "The Anglo-American jury system is the finest ever provided to mankind."

"It defies credulity, it defies belief" that these girls could all lie in an honest manner. You may ask me, "Were they lying, Mr. Reising? I hope nobody would ever come into a court of law...and tell a falsehood." But what about the defense witnesses? Were they lying? "If you don't wish... to characterize their testimony as perjury," you can say that perhaps they were "stretching the truth a little bit here and there." (Yeah, that's called perjury.)

Of course Bernard has friends "who wanted to believe him...That's what friends are for."

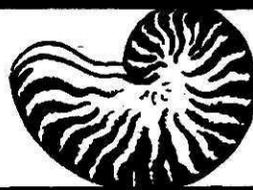
In closing: "In your efforts to be

continued on page 10

NEXT WEEK !! -- Watch for a special PSYCHEDELIC AD advertising

THE PAPER's term-end freak-out mind-blowing turned-on acid-rock

First Anniversary Birthday Party and Dance !! (December 9 ??)





FRAM E-UP

continued from page 9

fair to the defendant...do not so overreach that you rebuff these young people...They are our future. They are our hopes."

I could go on, but I will leave it to "you and your own intelligence" to cut through all the confusion in this case. "If, during the conduct of this trial," I have done anything to show insult to this court, I humbly apologize. "I have the utmost respect for the judicial system."

With a final exhortation to "do justice," and with a final "thank you," Reisig sat down. Nobody cheered. The jury went to lunch at the Albert Pick. I went to the Union Grill.

The courtroom was packed for the final afternoon session. Three reporters were arguing over the general merits of their papers. The Free Press man seemed to be getting the worst of it--Hankins even got into the act. The Judge entered from somewhere under the crowd, clutching his cigarette like Groucho Marx. The jury entered, and O'Connell began to speak:

I rise "with a deep and affectionate respect for my client." You will note that his children "have not been here one minute during this trial." This case is "infinitely important to Bernard O'Brien."

"All we ask is the mercy of an honest judgment...Call the shot as you see it."

"A number of (these girls) have told a story...."

Didn't you train your daughters not to get into strange cars? If you were out to pick up girls, "how many would you beckon before you found one that would go...Would any PROPER girl walk over and set in your car?" Would she sit and talk for forty-five minutes about "having relations with a Negro?"

(At this point let me interject a comment about that phrase. One of the witnesses had said that among the movie stars she was supposed to go to bed with was Sidney Poiter. O'Connell coupled this with the thing about George Webster, then proceeded to go absolutely hog wild, as you will notice.)

If my client is guilty, how do you account for the fact that Mike O'Brien, a Senator with "20 or 25 years in the legislature," would testify that Angelo came and talked to him. Would Mike O'Brien lie? Here you have a "lobbyist who would stop at nothing." But his careful plans got upset by Mike O'Brien's testimony. This young man (Bernard) "should get down on his knees and thank Almighty God" for that.

Osterhout's testimony proves that "that girl is the scrapings from the bottom of the barrel." (Was she in the room? I don't know. I was too scared to look.)

"A criminal lawsuit is not a popularity contest." (Huh?)

"A courtroom of justice is a holy place....You are the sentinals...." (I stopped listening.)

This "brash young freshman senator" had the courage to fight the insurance companies. "Do you think they would stop at anything" to get him? How do they get a witness to lie? "They play cards with him..." They cause him to lose a lot of money. Then they have him "where they want him."

I have nothing against Mr. Reisig. I have sons his age. But perhaps he is a little "zealous." He would like to go back to his office and say, "I showed that smart aleck from Detroit."

"Every young man in the country can't get his parish priest to testify for him." We heard men like Senator Fitzpatrick, Councilman Brickley, three secretaries, one who "saw him at noon frequently going to Mass." His reputation is flawless. How can you reconcile that the "depravity" that would cause him to get girls to agree to "having relations with Negroes?"

What about the business with Mr. Reaves and the parking meter? Does the meter show he wasn't telling the truth? "Sometimes we fly speck on unimportant things." (Pot, scrub thyself.)

If you are confused, you should find the defendant innocent. If you find yourself in a situation "where you don't know what to believe," then that is a reasonable doubt.

"How in the name of Heaven" can you believe these girls? How many girls would talk about a "depraved moral offense" like "having relations with a Negro?"

Nobody said a word about "that crack in the glass."

Look at what my client was supposed to have done. Would anybody who was intent upon committing a sex crime do it in broad daylight? Would he use his own car with easily identifiable plates? Would he drive up and "holler out her name--some-one he was asking to have relations with Negroes?" Would anybody choose Marion Lukens for something like that? "She's not exactly photogenic."

Can you believe the testimony of Mr. Osterhout? Of course. "He flies a fighter plane."

"We know that somebody is lying." (After an hour and twenty minutes, he said he was "nearly finished." Thank the Great Wombat.)

"His fate is in your hands...When I leave this courtroom, I'll forget the case." But Bernard O'Brien won't. It will stay with him for the rest of his life. "Nothing is so sad as the wreck of a human being."

"We respectfully ask you to find the defendant not guilty."

Reisig then came back for a brief rebuttal summation. He described reasonable doubt as doubt that will "abide with you." He said that O'Brien's friends had "let their friendship cloud their better judgment." He described Marion Lukens as "the only one that the defense was in any way able to discredit." He pointed out that the stories of the defense witnesses were a little "too good." He asked why the lobbyists would pick on one Senator: "Was Senator Bernard O'Brien so important to them when he had one of 147 votes?" Speaking about the courtroom he said that it "doesn't take a palatial palace to have justice dispensed in." He said, "There's a principle here--of humanity...of human kindness far more important than the parties here involved." Then: "Come out and do justice."

The jury went out at 4:15. We reporters began the long wait. While we were sitting there, two young, typically arrogant-but-scared young Negro boys were brought in and arraigned quietly at the bench. I caught snatches of the charge: "...feloniously robbed, stole, and ...armed with a dangerous weapon..." The audience became suddenly very silent. They were being charged with the robbery of a gas station. I had read about it in the newspapers only the day before.

Their examination was set for November 25, a month later. Bond was set at \$3,000 apiece. Would they be able to pay it? Would they languish

in jail for a month? Nobody seemed to know. Then they were led out, all eyes following them to the door. The audience was entirely white.

Justice Is Done

To make a long story short, the jury came back the next day at 12:18 p.m. and pronounced Bernard O'Brien guilty of being a disorderly dirty old man. O'Brien will appeal, of course. And now, in closing, a few comments and personal observations, some facetious and some very serious.

The charges: It could be argued that there's no harm in asking--at least no harm worth a hundred clams and three months in jail. I say, it COULD be argued. It won't be, however, partly because this story is running so long now that it will probably take up the entire newspaper, more partly because I do not



wish to lay claim to Dick Ogar's title as THE PAPER's expert on sexual freedom. So there. (But, after all, it IS the twentieth century, and... oh, hell; I said I wouldn't discuss it, and I won't, that's all.)

The lawyers: Those two guys were pretty bad. I'll bet that if my old high school debate partner and I had been defending O'Brien, he would have ended up with an acquittal, the Congressional Medal of Honor, and an award from the Mothers Against Degeneracy. And if we had been prosecuting...hoo-hah!

By far the worst of the two was O'Connell. Although at first, as I said earlier, he was running ahead of Reisig in the sympathy race, he later turned out to be just a fumbling, bumbling, reactionary, whining old racist. Oh, he's had a lot of experience, but he still made Reisig look like Clarence Darrow. And when you consider that Reisig makes Clarence Darrow look like a combination of Socrates, Demosthenes, and Perry Mason, you can see that's not saying much for either of them. It almost makes one wonder how they got their jobs in the first place. (Which is a stupid question: I KNOW how they got them. Reisig was elected

during the national JFK youthfulness madness. O'Connell got the job because he was Irish; hell, so am I, and if I were ever hauled into court, I wouldn't hire him to feed my dog while I was away, let alone take him on as my attorney. I'd sooner plead guilty.)

The frame-up: If the insurance companies had really wanted to frame Bernard O'Brien without being found out, they couldn't have chosen a better way to do it. Reisig's argument for conviction demonstrates that. The charge was just enough to make him lose his seat; the witnesses were unsure of themselves to the point where they were believable; the charge was small enough to make it look like something too minor for billion dollar insurance companies to fool around with; the defense attorney was just dumb enough to sound sincere; and so on. Whether the insurance lobbyists tried to get O'Brien or not, he was got anyway, and I'm sure things are jumping on the old Rock of Gibraltar.

The verdict: Finally we come to the question of O'Brien's guilt or innocence. Even if we assume, for just a moment, that a person can be punished for the offense described, O'Brien should not have been convicted. Oh, he was guilty, all right; I'm sure of that. But I can afford the luxury of an easy verdict. Nobody's fate rests in my hands. That jury, however, had the responsibility to find the Senator guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, or else to find him innocent. And, baby, there was one hell of a reasonable doubt.

What about the testimony of Reaves, Mike O'Brien, the three sergeants-at-arms, Tarrant, Slezak, and all the character witnesses? What about Marion Lukens' false rape charges? What about Dan Hankins? What about the insurance lobby? And, if you want to get picky, what ABOUT that crack in the windshield? A lot of questions were left unanswered; a lot of witnesses were left uncalled. No matter how believable may have been the stories of the seven most important prosecution witnesses, there still remains a purely logical question of how a man could be in two places at once--and if he couldn't then where was he?

Again, I believe Bernard O'Brien is guilty. I was happy to hear a guilty verdict if only because I wanted to see O'Connell's racist appeal fall flat on its face. But that is not enough reason to ruin a man's career. As John O'Connell said, "There is nothing so sad as the wreck of a human being."

Bernard F. O'Brien, Jr., could have been a damned good senator.

Just As We Thought Department, or What Evil Lurks in the Minds of the Computers, THE PAPER Knows:

Following the news break of the shakeup in the ATL Department, one of our reporters played a hunch, did not pass Bessey, but instead went directly to Olds Hall and started turning over waste baskets in the Data Processing room. The following was found there, missed, by chance, by the automatic shredder. There seems to be no other explanation of its origin than--a computer:

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SEQUENCE 0273
JOB 100278
SCOPE 8,1017

PB0112 CG0001. 07075
PB0121 CG0002. 07117
PB0130 CG0003. 07121
PB0143 CG0004. 07146
PB0278 I 07042 07041 07065 07101
PB0273 IN0001. 07014 07044 07043 07206 07216
PB0274 IN0002. 07115 07222 07235
PB0045 .100
PB0146 .11
PB0175 .100 07175

FIRE LAWLESS, KENNETH INSTRUCT AMER THGT & LING
07076 CA 07170
07222 CH001. 07056 07064 07184 07116 07125
07013 CH001. 07075 07121
07011 CH001. 07013 07035 07054

FIRE Groat, WILLIAM INSTRUCT AMER THGT LANG
PB0204 CD0001. 07030 07032
PB0203 CD0002. 07034
PB0202 CD0003. 07031
PB0201 CD0004. 07031

FIRE FOGARTY, ROBERT INSTRUCT AMER THGT LANG

FOLD REPUTATION WHERE NECESSARY
SEND TRUTH WHERE NECESSARY
MULTILATE CHARACTER WHERE NECESSARY

END JOB SEQUENCE 0263 DATE 09/26/66 TIME 0234 - 07 ELAPSED TIME 00 HRS 00 MIN 13 SEC
    
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One Building, One Vote

--unless you're off-campus

Wake up, you poor bastards.

Unless you're a Greek or in a co-op, you're getting screwed. Now, getting screwed is nothing new to students at this university--especially when, as in this case, it's our beloved and glorious "student government" that's doing the screwing; but this particular case is new and somewhat different.

It's about the ASMSU General Assembly. The Assembly was formed (so we're told) to fill the constitutional requirement of an open forum twice a term. It was also formed to get the Student Board in touch with student opinion--what there is of it. The Board is, at present, totally out of touch with what the students want, as is obvious from Board action and student reaction on issues such as compensation and the 18-year-old vote (with or without money). The Assembly is supposed to remedy this situation by bringing a representative sample of the students together, to debate issues and advise the Board. In Jim Carbine's words, it's supposed to be a "good cross-section." Nonsense.

As presently constituted, the Assembly is less representative than even the Board--and, I believe, less in touch with what the student body wants. Under its code of operations, the General Assembly consists of one representative from each living unit. That is, one from each dormitory, fraternity house, sorority house, and co-op. Off-campus, since it has no organized living units, gets five--a number settled for only because they almost got cut out entirely.

A rough breakdown of the Assembly's possible membership goes something like this:

- 16 representatives from men's halls (9000 men--about 550 to 1).
- 18 representatives from women's halls (9000 women--about 500 to 1).
- 33 representatives from fraternities (2000 men--about 70 to 1).
- 22 representatives from sororities (1500 women, about 70 to 1).
- 11 representatives from co-ops (about 500 people--about 50 to 1).
- 5 representatives from off-campus (about 8000 people--about 1660 to 1).

Control of the Assembly clearly rests with the Greeks and the co-ops--something like twelve per cent of the university's undergraduate population. Greeks alone constitute a majority. I do not pretend to believe in a Greek conspiracy to take over student government (they have effective control anyway)--and yet, even assuming everyone on the Assembly to be honest, the results of debate can hardly represent a good sampling of student opinion. Greeks have more in common with one another than with dorm-dwellers, and vice-versa. They will tend to vote as a bloc whether they mean to or not--a 55-member block representing 3500 students.

Regardless, however, of the voting proclivities of various groups of the Assembly's membership, the point is this--should less than one eighth of the students (even if it weren't the most reactionary and anti-intellectual part) control a body which is ostensibly formed to serve as a forum for all student opinion and as an advisory body to the Student Board? If your answer is "yes," forget it--otherwise, read on.

A motion was introduced at the first meeting of the Assembly to ask the Student Board for reapportionment. It failed. Residence halls voted

By JAMES FRIEL
General Assembly
Off-Campus Representative

about two-to-one for it (without West Circle, about 3-1 for). Off-campus voted 4-1 for it. Greeks and co-ops voted 23-1 against. Figure it out--the representatives of about 26,000 students voting more than 2-1 for, and the representatives of 4,000 voting at 23-1 against. That doesn't equal "no" in a representative system.

But the Assembly isn't supposed to be representative. It isn't a legislature. Therefore, so the argument runs, it doesn't have to be well-balanced. The democratic form died at MSU two years ago with the fall of the admittedly corrupt and inefficient AUSG. People don't matter in our government now. Only living units and living-unit groups. On the Assembly, the word is "one building, one vote." On the Board, it's not much better.



Larry Fritzelon

You don't count--you're just a person. That's what your student government's structure says to you. I repeat--Nonsense. Find out who your Assembly representative is. Find out how he voted. If he voted "no," try to get him fired. Call, write or go see Jim Carbine, Jim Sink, Art Tung, Lou Benson, Mary Parish and John Cauley--the Board members--

at-large. Some of them will laugh in your face--some will listen and perhaps be convinced. If you do this, if you get involved, you CAN have an effect on student government. And if you don't, you have your ASMSU Popular Entertainment Series, and ASMSU has you tied up in a little bad--and you damned well deserve one another.

atl continued from page 1

ulas instead of lecturing, and worrying about covering all the material in ten weeks; hence, in practice, there is little desire for free and open discussion where the formulas--the pat answers to objective test questions--might be challenged, and where too much time might be lost.

The new generation, eye-witness to the practice of University College, is challenging the theory behind it. Lawless's letter to the editor in the State News (10-27) reveals very much the new attitudes and values of his generation:

"It is true that I was outspoken in my opposition to the ATL final, to the continued use of The American Mind (an anthology of American literature--ed.), to violations of student rights, but it is not true that my stance was 'negative' . . .

"On the positive side I argued for essays on the ATL finals. . . I argued for a whole books approach. A new anthology was chosen and when I examined it I found it weak in the period since 1940, and so I argued in favor of the use of 'Henderson the Rain King' (by Saul Bellow) as an outside reading. I signed petitions and attended meetings all last year on student rights issues, in the (Paul) Schiff case and The Paper case among others."

This younger generation wants to humanize the rigid, impersonal standards of an objective test by including essay writing; it wants to make the classroom experience relevant, important, and to stimulate the student, by example, to participate in his community. This is only a part of the radical challenge of the younger generation--a generation of people acting with the fervor and intensity necessary to destroy a monolith--a monolith, if you will, like University College, which becomes more resistant to basic changes as its structure grows bigger and more elaborate, and as vested interests increase.

Naturally, the older generation is going to put its foot down. But it is the mark of a very insecure community which is offended when its conventions are rejected by a few and which cannot tolerate defiance. (Recall a statement by Strandness early last week: "At the multiversity there is a tendency for the insti-

tution to fly apart. What do you do to keep things from flying apart?") To cast the rebels out will not resolve the conflict--it will intensify it. The constructive, creative way to handle the challenging younger generation is to take it seriously, to consider it, tolerate it, and work with it in any way possible.

The damage has been done in the ATL department, however. It has been suggested to me that there is growing disillusionment within the ranks. However scrupulous and sincere the committee was in its deliberations, it made an unwise decision. It has offered a generation--a generation deeply involved in a romantic rebellion that has seethed too long and inspired too many to be disdained.



Lou Hallup Poll

--Number 2

QUESTION: "What do you think about the problem of student apathy in the academic community?"

STATISTICAL BREAKDOWN OF RESPONSES:

Problem, what problem?.....	28.4%
Apathy, what apathy?.....	25.1%
Think?.....	21.8%
Academic community?.....	24.7%
	100.0%

ANALYSIS: Analysis is what a student goes through following a statistical breakdown.

DALE WALKER

Alienation Revisited

'T-t-talkin' 'B-b-bout My Generation'

By ARNOLD E. STRASSER

Late in 1964, Mario Savio spoke what seemed to be the message of a new student generation: "After a long period of apathy during the '50's students have begun not only to question, but having arrived at answers, to act on these answers." The call was for the better society, one which was possible and "worth dying for." In a depressing and impersonal age, the students seemed to have found a cause. In the multiversity, in discrimination, in the policy of their government, they saw the reflections of a sick society. They seemed determined to change it.

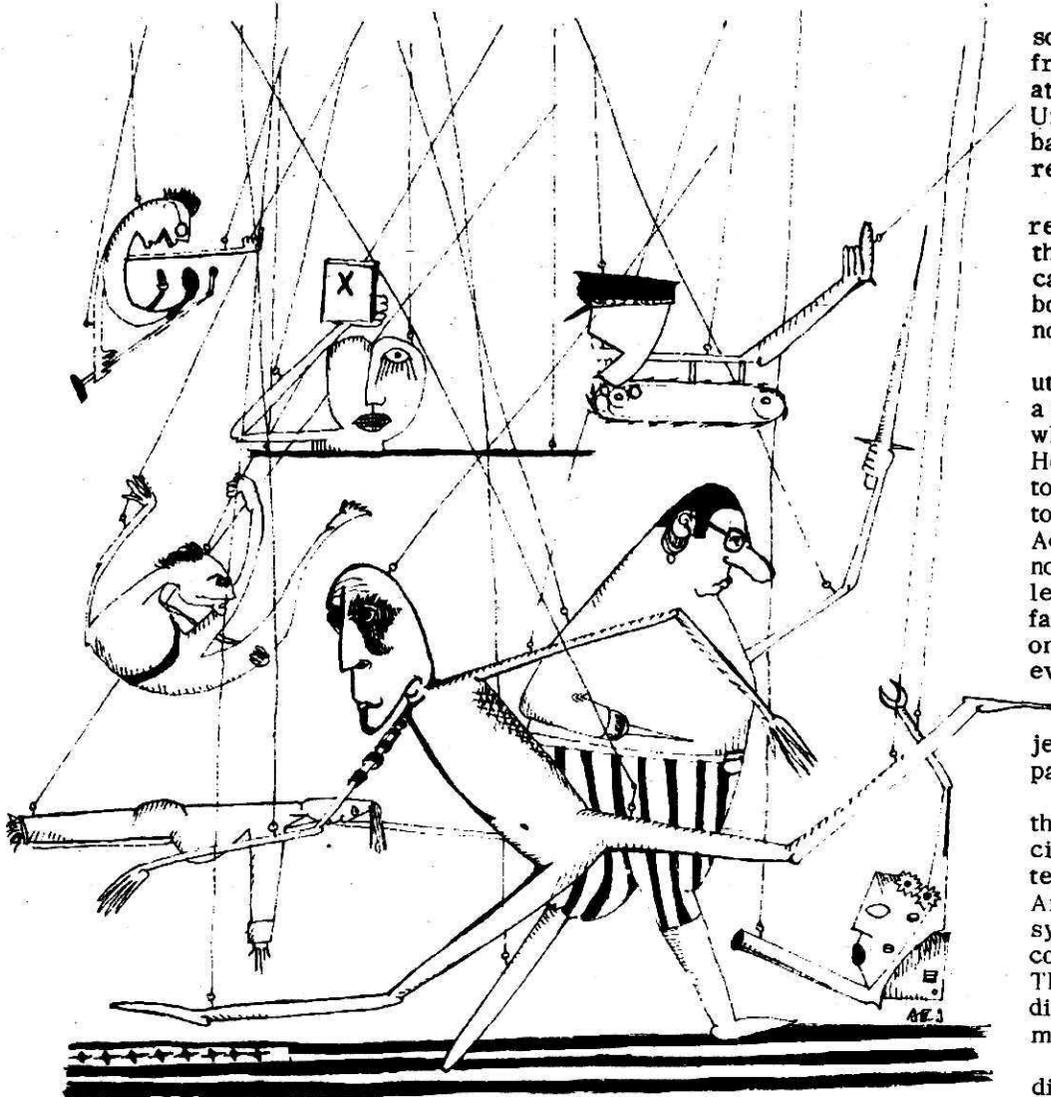
In a society of feverish activity, in a society of rushing technology, growth and progress, a vocal minority of students searched for an alternative and attempted change. They plunged into activism clutching, as they had to, their ties to their white color and their middle-class backgrounds. They were idealistic enough to hope for some change in the course of the war, in the course of Negro injustice, in the course of the technological monster. They were enough products of their age to dig only so far in their criticism, and having dug to turn back again, faced as they were with the blunt power and size of their immediate opposition and the deep imponderables of life in the twentieth century.

The involved students of the short-lived new generation were never as numerous as many supposed nor were they equipped with the "answers" assumed in Savio's rhetoric. They were faced as much with the paradoxes of their own position as by the Berkeley police or the racists or the juggernaut government. By the fall of 1966 involvement on any large scale seems a dead issue.

In civil rights, student activists were never able to delineate in their own minds between new, radical solutions and liberal paternalism. Black Power advocates have relieved the student of the dilemma, but the resolution remains an uneasy one. Striding energetically down what seemed the "right" road, they were halted by what was happening both ahead of them and behind them. Ahead was the indignant Negro bitterly opposed to the society which had nurtured and educated the white college student. Behind was the once moralistic North, now erupting in violence and hatred. The students could only smile apologetically and whimper back home.

The energetic anti-war demonstrations of the winter and spring of 1965 became, by 1965, hollow meetings attended more out of tradition than hopes for change. The evolution reflected the frustration of repeated failure. Government policy pounded by the protestors' petitions, marches and sit-ins hardly answered and became instead more militant. Unable to overcome their distaste for violence, wearied by the endless talk of organizational meetings, and frustrated by the results, the students turned away in disgust, muttering anti-Johnson chants.

The activist students of the mid-'60's were unable to sustain their commitment to what they viewed as the crucial issues of their time, at least not on the organized level. Their involvement in American society itself limited them; their lack of an ideology limited them; their distrust of organization, leadership and politics limited them. Before developing a political movement, the new generation was bound by the paradoxes of its position: fighting a white, middle-class-dominated society of which



the generation was a part and to which it owed its erudition; advocating drastic change in society while fighting with methods which disallowed drastic measures or the taking of power; working in organizations while holding to an anarchistic distrust of organization.

The activist students of the mid-'60's found themselves faced with all the frightening dilemmas of their age. After the first excitement of involvement, students were faced with the enormity of the problems of mass society and the attempt to bring about change in such a society. The war, civil rights, poverty seemed only surface features of an American society which for all its activity was falling apart, a society which roared into limitless space when the individual

could hardly understand his immediate community much less his "self," a society which seemed to be failing in the most basic way: it was becoming unbearable.

The Great Society engages in constant activity, in endless programs both domestically and internationally, and is bitterly distrustful of those who question it. The activist students of the mid-'60's did question it and attempted to organize for change.

By the fall of 1966, organizing has failed and yet another new generation seems in the making.

Today, students still question their society, in a very basic and bitter way. But activism has lost its meaning, and is being replaced by a stress on individual experience, individual sensation. Students now search for

some meaning outside of a society from which they feel deeply alienated. In drugs, or the Beatles or the Underground Press they turn their back on the system; and hope by thus rejecting it to change it.

The position of today's student is a reflection of the dilemma of man in the twentieth century. The student is caught in the mass society and the bottomless intellectual pit of reality, non-reality.

He is distrustful of ideology, of utopia and of the future. He finds around him immediate problems which he feels powerless to solve. He searches beyond these problems to find meaning in his individual self, to find man's place in mass society. Activism did not bring about change nor did it satisfy these deeper problems. Where then does one turn when faced with these problems. Isn't the only way to try to find oneself through every means available and to re-

ject the system through non-participation?

The problem of this approach is that the system goes on. In rejecting society the temptation is to reject attempts to change these problems. America is becoming a totalitarian system, centralized, with impossibly complicated lines of responsibility. The hopes for change become more difficult as the system assumes a momentum of its own.

The student is thus caught in the dilemma of the twentieth century--and the enemy doesn't know the meaning of the word.

Memorandum

From: Albert Camus

To: Those few of you who think

Re: J. Kenneth Lawless
W. Gary Groat
Robert S. Fogarty
Howard Harrison, et al.

Memo: I should like to be able to love my country and still love justice.



East Lansing Notes

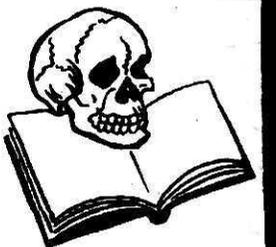
Dear PAPER Reader--

In writing the following article I am taking the risk of being relatively unimaginative in a publication which aspires to a creative new approach to M.M. But....

East Lansing merchants are generally very reluctant to openly admit their dependence on the MSU community for their existence. On the contrary, the Chamber of Commerce, alias City Council, obviously agrees in the secrecy of its chambers that if students can afford college, a priori, they are rich. Of course, price fixing per se is difficult to prove, especially because the "council" has a remarkable record of allegiance. According to one source, Lansing has never had a gasoline price war. Interestingly, last month all major brand gas stations "just happened" to raise gas prices in unison. Coincidence.

One argument suggests that gas

Bluebeard and You



costs more to transport "all the way up here." That particular argument is ludicrous. Look: gas (Standard Oil, high test, with stamps) costs 33.9 cents in Detroit and 39.9 cents here. That means that it costs about \$2,000 to drive just one truckful a mere 90 miles. You can see that these profiteers are skimming rather large profits at our expense, which is precisely why I don't feed my car in East Lansing.

Let me cite an example of typical unfriendliness. Two weeks ago I took two cases of empty Coke bottles to Fedwa's Mobil on South Harrison. The cretin who waited on me said, "I'm not going to take those bottles back. You know, there have been a lot of bottles stolen lately." Then he put the cases back in my car and walked away.

THE PAPER feels that it can be of positive help to students and faculty by providing this column, where it is

hoped that you, the reader, will offer the experiences both good and bad that you have had with Lansing and East Lansing merchants, so that we may all support the businesses that serve us best. THE PAPER hopes that there is enough response so that an effort can be made to work cooperatively with those businesses whose interest is in serving people fairly.

If you have had an experience which you feel you would like to share with others, please call 351-7373, or write to Diehl, Box 68, East Lansing 48823.

(You may be interested to know that there is a very interesting article on social misconceptions about marijuana by Allen Ginsberg in this month's Atlantic magazine.)

DIEHL