An Editorial

in which the editor states his preference for fun and good newspapers rather than fighting and hassling, and explains how fun and good newspapers have been pursued since he last published an issue; also including a statement of his plans for the coming year.

Once upon a time, there was no PAPER at Michigan State University. The times were sad, and many folks walked around saying such things as, "Wouldn't it be nice if someone would publish a good PAPER here?" But none did, and there was a constant sorrow in the hearts of all those who would have Michigan State University be a better place for their minds to grow, and the Committee for Student Rights fell apart and was hardly mourned by the populace.

But then, less than one year ago, several of us sat around in Kewpee's, or perhaps somewhere else (it's so hard to tell sometimes), pondering this problem, and someone said, "What the hell?"—and THE PAPER was born. And the contributions trickled in for forty days and forty nights, and we published our first issue. And the Powers That Be frowned, and we frowned back, and published our second issue.

And so it went through six or seven more months, until the Powers That Be tired of frowning and tired of siccing various dragons and witches and things on us and decided to change the Laws of the Land and let us sell on the campus. But by that time it was the end of spring term, and so we published one episode of Land-Grant Man, and broke for the summer.

The Powers That Be, we may assume, heaved a healthy sigh of relief, and so did we, for most of us were so sick of East Lansing that we ran to numerous far ends of the earth, there to pursue our own mental stabilization, and some have not returned.

But, while we were gone and while the Powers That Be were getting over Land-Grant Man (little did they know then that Land-Grant Man was destined to return as a regular feature of THE PAPER), many things were happening in the Big World that were of interest to us and, again we may assume, to the Powers That Be. And we may also assume, to the Powers That Be, how they feel about this.

For instance, THE PAPER—Our Paper!!—was mentioned in Time Magazine, as one of several around the country in a new "Underground Press Syndicate." Time, for once, was right—we were allying ourselves with some of the new community and special interest newspapers that have been growing up throughout the realm, and were planning to exchange advertising and articles with them and in general be their friends. And our hearts grow warm when we think of the prospect of THE PAPER becoming one of a national union of such light-hearted, truth-pursuing, wit-oriented publications. We know not yet how the Powers That Be will react to that, and we know not what new dragons have been designed for the fall encounters, but what care we when we know right is on our side? And the left.

And so it is (or, so they are), of course. How can we believe otherwise when we see the great things which befall us? When many thank us merely for being in East Lansing to write and publish for them, and when many outside of East Lansing exclaim in wonderment that East Lansing is hardly the place they would have expected THE PAPER to be published. When we see all around us the fine and heartening effects we have had on the minds and spirits of men, causing them to grow and learn and question, how can we but rejoice at our great good fortune and laugh mockingly at those who would attempt to prevent us from continuing our joyous task.

And so, we arrive here at the beginning of another year, full of plans for making THE PAPER brighter, and more attractive, and cleverer, and...
more intelligent, and, of course, more a part of the community it seeks to serve—is in these ways that we think THE PAPER will be better, and better of all it was when people reacted with such wondrous enthusiasm last year. Hoo boy, will they react with wonderment this year, when they see our art layout and our puns and jests and articles and our more and bigger ads and our regular cartoon feature and our more cosmopolitan tone and our bigger circulation and our more efficient subscription system and our broader aims and all, and a new font, too. And when they see that all of this is for them and none other, then their hearts, too, will beat with a Comment. And they will silently thank their lucky stars that there is now a PAPER in East Lansing.

For if they do not, then they will fall victim to the evil spell that the Powers That Be would cast upon them—so evil that their minds will create new worlds and a pattern of pre-determined by the Powers That Be, and there will be no impact in their hearts, and they will forget (or, worse, never learn) to use their brights and to think. And, if they fall victim to this evil spell, they will no longer wish to write down their thoughts, to pursue new avenues for discussion and learning, and they will lose sight of their obligation to think independently, and they will forget that the first function of a University is to help them learn to be creative individuals—so evil is the spell that the Powers That Be would cast upon them.

But we have faith in the goodness of our mission, and we are confident that our more-endless-ness will set us apart from the rest. And if we try, we will be more popular than was last year, so let us know that the rightness of our choice. The wrongness of the Powers That Be, and we know that if THE PAPER will help all in East Lansing live happily ever after, that at least we will have a good time trying. And so we begin Volume Two.

MICHAEL KINDMAN

EDITORIAL continued from page 1

The Water Closet

There is one advantage in writing one’s preseason football comments in the Summer, prior to the season of such Spartans as Tony Conti, and the all-around excellence of sophomore Clinton Jones, Bob Apisa and Dwight Lee, whose running, underthrown passes, gathered in four tosses for 143 yards and two touchdowns, as Jimmy Raye showed that he can pass when he concentrates on it. Other highlights of the opening games were the sparkling play of the in-zone defense, as John Wooden showed that he can pass when he concentrates on it.

Sunday Oct. 1

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a new campus organization designed to support THE PAPER and similar or related independent cultural/political activities—if you want to help THE PAPER but don’t know how, this is for you (salesemen included)

9 p.m. Staff Meeting

THE PAPER

for old and new staff members—many jobs are open, and we’re always interested in meeting new people anyway—feel especially welcome if you are an artist (especially commercial/graphic art-type), advertising or business person, photographer or potential reporter—free-lancers welcome, too, despite their anarchistic tendencies.

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More Wins In Sight

By W.C. BLANTON

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So this is the university. You'll love it. You'll laso love it. All the lonely people, where do they all belong? THE PAPER.

This latter aim of the university is the most subtle; its implications are most intriguing.

The university is well-suited for the task of conditioning — however subtly — its inhabitants psychologically for the outside world, for MSU, like American society as a whole, can be characterized by, among other things, the condition of anonymity, the pressure of conformity, and the spirit of competition. Let us briefly look at each of these realities.

Anonymity in the classroom significantly affects the educational process. For example, hundreds of students enroll every term in Philosophy 323, Existentialism. Alienation before an indifferent universe is never felt more acutely. Who dares to stop the lecture with a question or comment? What possible difference could anyone's personal responses make? In classes of such size, the individual naturally feels powerless to make contact with the professor or with other students. In addition to sheer, numbers, the grading curve contributes to this feeling of personal insignificance. Anonymity, it seems, fosters the most undesirable effect education could have: the feeling of intellectual impotence.

This feeling of individual impotence indeed anticipates the adult world, a world where Americans characteristically claim no responsibility for political, economic or social affairs. This rejection of responsibility is justified by the oft-heard statement, "But I can't do anything." One either remains inert in the face of the government, the market and so-called "public opinion," or one lapses into cynicism and reasons thus: "So what if the world is made of turds. You can't do anything about it. Laugh and enjoy yourself." Parents tend to pass these moral norms on to their children, in an effort to make their path to maturity an easier one.

In addition to anonymity, American education is characterized by the competitive spirit. At Michigan State, where there are over 50,000 students, competition is vicious, and hence prepares the student for his economic life in the adult world. Education is treated here as an obstacle course; the goal is survival.

For the winners are those who overcome the hurdles — who can think and write the most sharply for a 50-minute exam, who can remain emotionally stable and intellectually lucid during six tension-ridden days of finals, who can get the books out of the library first, who can adjust to the spirit-breaking routine of ten weeks of concentrated learning, and so on. Many enter college thinking higher education is difficult because of its substance, this is an illusion. The difficult part is the formal structure in which education theoretically flourishes.

The educational process at Michigan State is, finally, conducive to mass conformity. The process is so subtle that it can conceivably be deliberate; neither can one pinpoint exactly how students are conditioned to be the "effective citizens" a smoothly running society demands. A study published in 1965 by Irvin Lewis and Paul Diuert, both of MSU's Office of Institutional Research, reveals that changes in Western societies after two or more years of college education "were generally in the direction of acceptance of more conventional positions (pertaining to dress, morals, and behavior), reflecting perhaps a tendency toward conformity to prevailing cultural values and attitudes.

"These changes could be a reflection of the cultural attitudes in both the college and societal settings." (p. 166)

The land-grant philosophy and its educational consequences, it seems, are the products of certain "cultural values and attitudes"—of values and attitudes which prevail in the outside world, and which remain virtually unchallenged at Michigan State University.

SPECIAL OFFER
Speciai Pre-written diaries for girls who are too young or too insecure to keep their own. Real MSU ambience (embellished, of course). Sample entry: "Wednesday, saw Charles again today, Akers grill. He still doesn't believe it's no good and INSISTS that "I'll show him."

He makes me of Steve McQueen. John is SUCH a man that Charles left instantly, of course, but then JOHN started looking at me with one of those eyes that say, I'm thinking, again, that I simply don't WANT to be just another chic young Park Avenue hostess. He can't seem to understand how important the dance is to me. He finally made a scene, just like David used to do, and I had to call John, poor boy. John is SUCH an animal that Charles left instantly, of course, but then JOHN started looking at me with those cow eyes of his, and I got upset all over again. He reminded me of Steve McQueen. Stayed up until 3 a.m., drinking coffee, playing rags records and reading A L. While they last, $1. Call 353-8280.
Room 362 of the Cannon Office Building is officially designated as a "caucus room." Two rows of Washingtonian and New England liberals and centrists are seated on one side of the central aisle in the half-full room. The committee chairman, Rep. Joe Pool (D-Texas), had been sworn in and had presented his testimony at the Committee's last meeting. The room is kept cool, almost cold.

"A FRESH BREEZE FROM BERKELEY":

Jerry Rubin had disappeared behind a wall of plainclothesmen, and in the aisle the American Army was talking among themselves. One of them laughed quietly; the meal of the pair of handwriting on the weave of his summer suit. A man with a light bar and another with a softly burring camera moved down the rows of seats photographing the audience. A cop gestured to indicate where folding chairs should be placed on days when the war.

The room is kept cool, almost cold.

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128 W. Grand River - One block West of the Union

ZEITGEIST PRESENTS:
PROFILE OF A POET - VI

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI
(READING FROM HIS WORKS)

4:15 P.M. Reading - Arena Theater, Auditorium ($1.00)
7:30 P.M. Autograph Party, Paramount News, East Lansing
9:30 P.M. !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3
I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear. -- Walt Whitman

**Other Things at The Questing Beast**

**The Questing Beast**

Tues.-Sat.: 11 to 5:30

211 Abbott Road (next to State Theatre)
Gradually the light died away in the pasture, until Comrade Sad­

But presently a breeze blew from the direction of the steppes,

The bakhshi who had come along, the bards Mamedorazov Batyr

Last lines ran:

and Bakhshiev Mukhy,

Kinozubent Hydrological Station.

relation

To Party of Turkmens, no matter what your life-style. Don't try to memorize it. Just clip it out and carry it around in your wallet for the first term or so. When in doubt about anything, display a polite skepticism. And good luck. Remember, people have made it even without this list.

LOW CAMP

1. Beuemon Tower, Parking Ramp
2. Big Boy's
3. A major in hotel management
4. The Wolverine, Zeigelfer editorials
5. Young Democrats' Club
6. Douglas Lackey, the man
7. Les Gourmetes, Spartan Pistol Club, Scabard and Blade
8. Sigma Chi
9. Baptist Student Union
10. Premarital sex without a meaningful relationship
11. ATL, LB
12. Larry Tate's movie reviews
13. East Grand River
14. Campus Book Store
15. J.R.R. Tolkien, J.D.
16. The Pop Entertainment Series
17. Mitt - Moore, L.
18. Freshman Orientation, Lantern Night
19. "No, but I saw the movie."
20. Innocence
21. Bicycling to class
22. Winter term snow sculpture
23. A or B
24. Spartan Brass
25. Mononucleosis
26. Sex with guilt
27. Sounds, Inc.
28. Spinnaker Spin
29. Campus Theater
30. 555-9511

Dacherline: XANADU

In Xanadu did Kubie Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree. . . .

Recently shepherds of the Kzyl Dibganz kolkhoz gathered in a pasture not far from Kushta.

The Council of Ministers and the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Turkmenistan

And Comrade Jamaye Neul, chairman of administration, had asked district center for a propaganda brigade.

its leader was Comrade Propagandist Sadhanov, second secretary of the Komzsmol raikom.

He spoke at some length about the 1,500 irrigation projects the Soviet regime has constructed,

Particularly the Tashkepein reservoir, with its capacity of 150 million cubic meters of water,

The Kolkozbent reservoir (50 million cubic meters) and the new Kazhent Hydro Geological Station.

Comrade Sadhanov concluded that a century-old dream of the Turkmen people was being realized.

When he fell silent, many happy exclamations of approval were heard from the shepherds.

The bakhshi who had come along, the bard Mez[String]?mez and Bakhshiev Mukhy,

Sang a song of the Turkmen people about the great Stalin; its last lines ran:

"There is nothing more precious in the world to us/Than thy radiant name."

But presently a breeze blew from the direction of the steppes, the shepherd's bells clanked, and it grew somewhat cold. Gradually the light died away in the pasture, until Comrade Sadhan and the propaganda brigade became very hard to see.

STEP. BADRICH

(Based on a Pravda article quoted at length by Dwight Macdonald.)
Culture At MSU

By LAURENCE TATE

Guesg what. By our usual undemocratic procedures, our guide decided to tell you about Culture at MSU. Luckily, for everyone, it won't take long.

The university-sponsored internationaL Foreign Film series, until somebody notices that all of the films were American, and it sounded pretty silly to say you'd just been to the Foreign Film series, it's been decided to tell you about Culture at MSU. And, of course, the films are all American, as is the Guide and the University itself. The culture is probably consistent.

The slogan of the MSU Film Department is, "The best films under the worst conditions." The only time I heard it in the last year was in the Peabody Auditorium, although Rumor doesn't agree. The projector is consistently inoperative; it's not exactly a Rich Harvest. The acoustics in Fairchild are acceptable; the auditorium "the best in college writing." Words fail me.

The productions themselves range from "Hamlet" to a brilliant job on "Long Way off in Okemos (out past Fee, a group called the Community Circle Players does some good things now and then. The theatre itself (a barn near a busy railroad track) is not exactly Lincoln Center, but the reviews it is probably better.

The productions (especially Those for theu art are disagree with each other, I asked them, essentially, whether, if a student has been turned out and the main character is always looking the other way. The projections are consistent inconstituting.

There are drive-ins scattered around the area (which generally alternate between "Poor White Trash" and "The Worst of Sergeant Pepper") and two big theatre movies in Lansing, where you can see "O Captain!" and "How the West Was Won" (this week) "The Greatest Story Ever Told." The productions themselves range from a "Hamlet" called by the students, "the worst production I've ever seen of any play, any time, anywhere," to a brilliant job on "Long Way off in Okemos (out past Fee, a group called the Community Circle Players does some good things now and then. The theatre itself (a barn near a busy railroad track) is not exactly Lincoln Center, but the culture is probably better.

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sandwich machines on the first floor. No one unwary enough to go farther got back in line for the afternoon session began forming almost immediately in the marble corridor outside the Caucus Room. By 1:30, half an hour before the Committee reconvened, the line was 300 yards long with policemen spaced every ten feet along its length.

The men with the light and camera reappeared and photographed the first fifty people in line. Outside the New Jersey Avenue ten or twelve police leaned on trees and cars around a white panel truck lettered in green, "Police Patrol."

"There were more police on the stairs, and still more on the third floor balcony that ran past the entrance to the Caucus Room. The area around the courtroom was the scene of a routine hot drug sweep. From inside, police officers wearing their Houston badges on passing policemen with a colleagues like Mickey Mouse ears were zeroed in on a bundle of dull microphone wires. The rest of the line was left under its police guard on the first floor.

At 2, police led two groups of twenty-four upstairs through the press area and into the Caucus Room. The police, six news cameras with magenta lights and jammed with police, chic Congressional staff members, and newsmen with Leicas around their necks. Beads of sweat had appeared on many upper lips. Just outside the doors, behind a protecting wall of police officers, was a half-a-dozen magazines like Mickey Mouse ears were zeroed in on a bundle of dull microphone wires.

At 2:10, the Committee reentered through doors behind the dais. Rep. Reynolds passed over the empty seats inside never quite filled. The last witness (Rubin did not testify) was Stuart McRae of Stanford. He testified briefly; yes, there would be testimony. "I ask how you got such records?" Pool asked him. McRae repeated his contention that there wouldn't be any afternoon testimony. McRae began by reading a statement he had written before the Committee. He had worn his button; he planned to testify. He had worn his button, leaving a stain on his coat with two buttons on the lapel.

Due to many things, among them the legal barriers, the Committee meetings were the closest to the public that the average of the crowd if he were aware of "Public Law 570," which prohibits display by "any political organization" on Federal property. The student was called to the stand, and then asked to identify and describe any photograph he had in his possession. The police officer patiently explained, saying it was his duty to negotiate this point of the law: "not just you." The student shrugged and took off his button, leaving a stain on his coat with two buttons on the lapel.

Axelrod, smiling: "Richie, Richie..."

The next minute or so was hard to follow. There were lightning exchanges between McRae and Committee members. The final passage went like this.

"We don't have time to listen to a bunch of clowns!" Pool shouted out. Rep. Nittle agreed to call Allen Krebs to testify, and Pool told him to "raise his voice."

The whole history had been one of "big shots" in Vietnam. His testimony, if he were aware of "Public Law 570," which prohibits display by "any political organization" on Federal property, the student was called to the stand, and then asked to identify and describe any photograph he had in his possession. The police officer patiently explained, saying it was his duty to negotiate this point of the law: "not just you." The student shrugged and took off his button, leaving a stain on his coat with two buttons on the lapel. The Cave of the Winds reverberated more than ever. Winds reverberated more than ever. Larger and louder. The Cave of the Winds reverberated more than ever. Silence. Seemingly unsurprised, Pool asked the record to show that McRae had been heard. Pool corresponded. Silence. McRae testified.

Nittle asked McRae if he were a member of the Young Socialist Alliance, which produced a YSA position paper on which McRae's name appeared. McRae replied that he had once signed a list "in pencil" in support of one of the YSA's goals. He had signed it at a meeting on Army bases. The policeman passed over the empty seats inside never quite filled. The last witness (Rubin did not testify) was Stuart McRae of Stanford.

The fifteen minutes stretched to thirty-three. The Committee reconvened, the line was 300 yards long with policemen spaced every ten feet along its length. No one unwary enough to go farther got back in line for the afternoon session began forming almost immediately in the marble corridor outside the Caucus Room. By 1:30, half an hour before the Committee reconvened, the line was 300 yards long with policemen spaced every ten feet along its length.

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Some demonstrations are held to protest, publish and rectify a specific issue, such as the demonstration sponsored by Michigan State Students for a Democratic Society against Hubert Humphrey's presence at MSU. The protest was held in 1966 and was one of the many protests against the Vietnam War. The protesters assembled at the end of the empty stadium, chanting and carrying banners. They were met with police officers who attempted to disperse the crowd. The protesters succeeded in entering the stadium and viewing the graduation ceremony. The protest was peaceful, and no violence was reported. The event was covered by the media and is remembered as one of the many protests against the Vietnam War.
EMERGING: a Fifth Estate

by Walter H. Bowart

Millions of large majestic trees are cut from the national forests, each to be ground into pulp and pressed into a cheap grade of paper which disintegrates when exposed to air over a period of time.

While American newspapers have been disintegrating faster than the paper that they're printed on, new print production and consumption annually exceeds that of each preceeding year. The pulp that went to the folded dailies now goes out to suburban and center tabloids, which are springing up from Montauk to Miami like ragweed because "people just like to read about themselves."

The role of the newspaper has changed, and everyone but the management and labourers know it. International and national news is covered by television which with its instantaneous communication has made newspapers into telephone books or at best court records that serve to prove how what Huntley said to Brinkley at six o'clock last night actually occurred. Who needs even the pictures of the Daily News when real live drama, such as the assassination of President Kennedy and Oswald, comes to us in the right time, transcending space?

Only local coverage is neglected by the mass instantaneous media, and thus the proliferation of little homey papers are often given away free in the suburban supermarkets. Meanwhile the big town dailies are being bought up by the local television interests and sometimes by much larger firms with national axes to grind, producing monopolies on the news in many cities.

In reaction to this monopolistic tendency, a "fifth estate" has emerged over the past two years. In Los Angeles, San Francisco, Berkeley, Washington, Detroit, London, and New York, shoe-string publications resembling newspapers have bailed into circulation, carrying the torch of the "free press" as it used to be. They are published by youthful artists or "bohemians" who have felt a need to struggle for a voice in the face of media conformity. The papers of the fifth estate or underground concern themselves with civil libertarian issues: the war in VIetnam, freedom of pleasure, freedom of religious choice, freedom of privacy, and freedom to dissent in a time where cynicism—the traditional frame of mind for the journalist—is lacking in the monied press. The fifth estate is fighting for cynicism's reinstatement.

What is killing the big city dailies is obsolete production and a union strang­hold from men who operate the obsolete technology by which these dinosaurs are produced: Linotype-letterpress. The young fifth estate is utilizing to full advantage modern offset-cold type techniques which are fast, light-weight, and half as expensive to operate as the old hot type set techniques. All the underground papers are offset and most of their type is set in the small editorial offices by ordinary typists.

The question has been posed as to whether daily papers are fulfilling any function except as media for advertising, and in the light of the new underground press success, the question becomes rhetorical. The concepts of what is news and what is print have changed through T.V.'s impact. What the fifth estate papers have realized and what the big dinosaurs have failed to notice is that newspapers from necessity have to become magazines.

There is no longer any need to rush out and get the morning paper when one can tune in the morning news or the "Today" show on the gobbble box and get filled in on what's been doing in China while you were asleep. In order to survive, the newspaper must become a magazine providing abstract reflection on the hard news and also in-depth, reflective reportage.

It is in this sphere where the Underground Press Syndicate marks a pending era of considerable hope. If this natural tendency of the newspaper toward the magazine continues, the golden age of public thinking will be upon us. Then the newspaper you've always bought for 7, 10 or 15 cents, that disintegrating piece of printed pulp which is used to wrap fish or amuse subway riders or serve as toilet paper, will have become an intellectual journal.
**Over Here...Over There...What?**

By GORDON MUSTAIN

Since I returned to the United States in June of this year, I have been asked by at least 500 well-meaning and at least half-way sincere people, "What's REALLY going on over there?"

Only an enforced civility has kept me from answering, "What's REALLY going on here?"

"What's REALLY going on here?" Young soldiers seeing nothing because they don't want to get involved...

"What's REALL} going on there?" Young officers seeing combat for the first time and digging the hyperawareness and expanded consciousness it brings, learning something about themselves and trying to just go on living in this world...

"What's REALLY going on here?" A nineteen year old medical training working for an Enlisted Corpsman with only 12 weeks of medical training working for the Corpsman... "What's REALLY going on there?" A Vietnamese baby, alive, hung by its heels in the door of a hut, two-inch strips of skin peeled off its body by the Viet Cong because the village chief dared let a Navy Doctor set up a first aid dispensary for his people...

"What's REALLY going on here?" Three civil rights workers murdered in Mississippi because they dared try to help the Negro population register to vote...

"What's REALLY going on there?" B-52s are bombing north Vietnam industrial, military and transportation targets because as long as supplies keep coming in over the border the Viet Cong, Americans keep getting killed. Sometimes civilians are killed by the raids...

"What's REALL} going on here?" Chemical and industrial companies poison the air and the rivers with chemical waste because as long as they can dispose of it cheaply, the profits keep coming in. Sometimes fish, animals, and people are killed by the waste...

"What's REALLY going on there?" Village men, working voluntarily, build new homes. No relocation. A little money is all.

"What's REALLY going on here?" Chemical and industrial companies poison the air and the rivers with chemical waste because as long as they can dispose of it cheaply, the profits keep coming in. Sometimes fish, animals, and people are killed by the waste.

"What's REALLY going on there?" A woman raped and murdered in front of 30 witnesses, in New York who stand by and do nothing because they don't want to get involved...

"What's REALLY going on here?" A sergeant sitting in the hospital ward with his leg amputated, crying over a letter from his wife, crying in frustration because he is ten thousand miles away and can't do anything about the threatening phone calls she keeps getting in the middle of the night from a "peace" group...

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"What's REALLY going on there?" Young men are trying to understand, trying to go on in spite of their private anguish and grief at having known, having seen, having experienced the final tragedy of life; that there is absolutely nothing that has any more intrinsic value or purpose, nothing that makes any more sense, than anything else; trying to go on to choose what must -- for each of them individually -- then become the important things, the right things, the wrong things. Will someone please explain to me what morality means?

(Editors' Note: Gordon Mustain returned to the United States in April of this year after spending seven months as a Marine Corps correspondent working with various Marine combat units in Vietnam.)

By GORUON SUSTAIN

Over Here...Over There...What?

HEADLINES: U.S. war planes bomb village, 12 Vietnamese civilians killed, and Honor student turns sniper, kills 16 from University Tower — Buddhist monk burns self alive as dramatic political protest and human torch on white house steps seen as protest against VN war — Vietnam casualty tolls reach record high and traffic deaths set new record over Memorial Day weekend — Ky forces subdue Buddhists in new Da Nang rebellion and national guard called out to quell Los Angeles riots......

Arabists, agnostics, humanists, confused believers: if you're interested in an affirmation of life and man and an examination of issues facing us, then stop by Old College Hall in the Union. Building Sunday at 11 a.m.

Student Religious Liberals

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GINSBERG IS A NEO-CLASSICIST

**CHASTE MAKES WASTE**

USE EROGENOUS ZONE NUMBERS

**SPIT ON THE BUMPERSTICKERS**

HUGH HEPFNER IS A VIRGIN (Secretly Speaking)

**STAMP OUT BUMPERSTICKERS**

COME CLOSER AND I'LL KISS YOU

**HAPPINESS ISN'T EVERYTHING it IS A VIRGIN**

If at first you don't succeed, CHEAT...
by BRADFORD A. LANG

The Non-Commissioned Officers Club at Sondrestrom Air Base in Greenland looks like a great high night club; in fact, it is a giant big night-club except that there aren't any girls there. That, of course, makes a mockery of the concept of a night-club. At least, MOST night-clubs... 

But let us put that idea out of our dirty little minds, for there is nothing the men at Sondy would like more than to be close to a female now and then. 

Once a month, even...

The USO show with which I was traveling provided them with just such a rare opportunity, and everyone they took advantage of in large numbers. The girls were exhausted; I just about got quit drunk, taking advantage of my own rare opportunity; I had my very first beer at the Trappist monastery in Denmark; later, I got into a slightly incoherent conversation with a group of college kids, who were pretty damn bored, and generally ran himself into the ground.

It is a indescribable gas to come to the ends of the earth, the sun shines for twenty-four hours a day in the summer, while winter can bring conditions of celebration and a ritual or two. 

He skips as much work as he is able and generally runs himself into the ground, the sun shines for twenty-four hours a day in the summer, while winter can bring conditions of celebration and a ritual or two.

The shows we put on were a great morale builder, but our simple presence there was very welcome. Of course, there are always professional entertainment groups from the States on the bases, but they are apt to be unwilling to sit down and talk to the guys, we are cool with them, we eat meals with them, and generally take their minds off their duties. We were under fire, but the non-military personnel would willingly trade all the rock bands from Georgia and the picturesque coeds from Philadelphia for a few more college groups like ours. This not only made us feel very warm and gushy inside, but it also got me thinking that it is much cheaper for the USO to transport a bunch of college kids who will work for seven dollars a day living expenses than to transport a bunch of kids who will work for a big salary. And even if it did cost a little more, wouldn't the United Nations have to pay for it if it meant so much to the poor bastards stranded on foreign soil thousands of miles from home.

We sat in the bar talking about jazz and civil rights and war and girls, then he invited me up to his apartment and I was welcome. His flagpole and ... yeah. He is making plans for "graduation," and perhaps some variation on "Fuck the war," and various other unpredictable pieces of literature. On many walls there are calendars marked off with the number of days until the tour is over. He has a stereo set and a large collection of jazz and rock and roll albums. His close friend is a fellow who is very little to remind them of home, very little to keep them from going home, but our simple presence there was very welcome.

At night he goes out drinking, chases whatever girls there might be on the base, perhaps stays out all night—tasting to return to his drab room—and generally runs himself into the ground, both physically and mentally. There are very rarely any curfews in effect.

His heart is in one of despair and boredom. He couldn't care less about what he is doing, he follows the pro teams at home religiously, he smokes heavily, and he likes to get into fights. His parents are somewhat ashamed of the authorities is generally complete (though ineffective), and he lives pretty much on routine. He does not march, how-ever, nor does he salute very often.

He is making plans for "graduation," for which there is generally some kind of celebration and a ritual or two. Now, anybody who does not find the preceding description ominous familiar does not go to Michigan State University. He invites a few girls into the picture, and removes some of the elements of force, and Joe Airman might as well be a sophomore history major living in Fee Dormitory. Or he could just as easily be a 20-year-old shoe salesman living in a downtown Lansing apartment

THE BASE