

Unhappy Men At 'The Happy University'  
An Impolite Answer to Charles Wells  
Volume II Number 1

No one has much good to say about the modern American university.



YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT. 10 cents

\$UCCE\$\$ \$TORY

"The Paper" is the best thing to hit MSU since the MSU Film Society.  
douglas lackey, director, msu film society

East Lansing, Michigan

September 29, 1966

# THE PAPER

## 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.

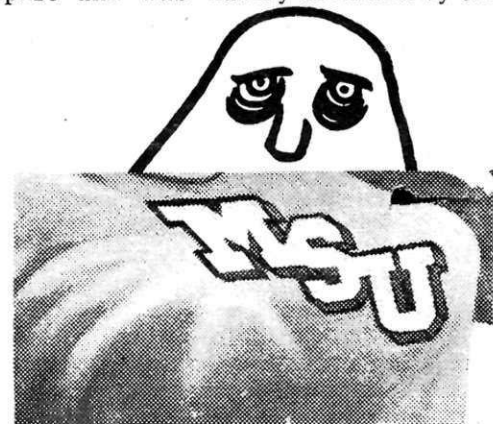
Once upon a time, there was no PAPER at Michigan State University. The times were sad, and many folks walked around saying such things as, "Wouldn't it be nice if someone would publish a good PAPER here?" But none did, and there was a constant sorrow in the hearts of all those who would have Michigan 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.



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

continued on page 2

SPECIAL  
SEX-AND-SADISM  
BENEFIT SHOW

Is there a place in America today for the small businessman?



The Ad The State News  
Refused To Print

The Closed Society  
Welcome To MSU p. 3  
(for freshmen only)

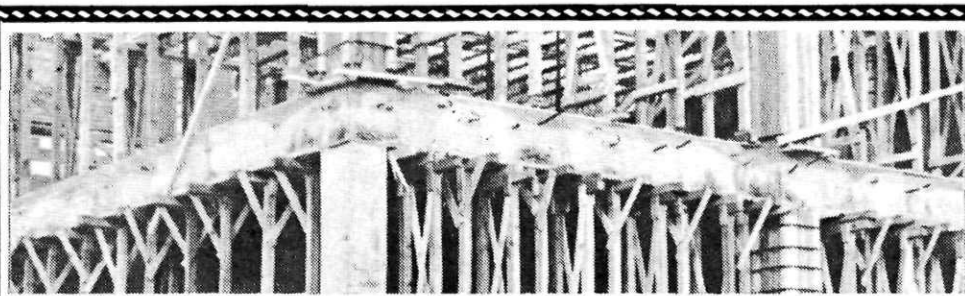
Culture at MSU p. 7  
(a nearly blank page)

humphrey picketed  
(an old story) p. 9

huac saves p. 4

A WAY OF

Stop The War--  
We Want To Get Off



The Virtues Of Multiversity

HANNAH REVEALED  
TO BE PALINDROME



HOW WE  
LEARNED  
TO STOP  
WORRYING  
AND  
KEEP  
OUR  
COOL

NOBODY LOVES AN EDITOR

There Are NO Paid Ads  
In This Issue Of 'The P'

LAND GRANT MAN  
again

controversial



## EDITORIAL

continued from page 1

more intelligent, and, of course, more a part of the community it seeks to serve. It is in these ways that we think THE PAPER will be more and better of all it was when people reacted with such wonderment last year. Hoo boy, will they react with wonderment this year, when they see our artier layouts and our punchier 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 brand-new office and all of that rot. And when they see that all of this is for them and none other, then their hearts, too, will leap with joy 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--a spell so evil that their minds will cease to work except in patterns pre-determined by the Powers That Be, and there will be no joy in their hearts, and they will forget (or, worse, never learn) to use their brights and their creativity. And, if they fall victim to this evil spell, they will no longer wish to write down their thoughts to present them to other men 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-and-better PAPER will be even more popular than was last year's, and we know that the rightness of our deeds will overcome the wrongness of the Powers That Be, and we know that if THE PAPER will not help us 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

**Sunday  
Oct. 1  
33  
Union**

**7 p.m. Friends Of  
THE PAPER  
Organization Meeting**

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 (salesmen included)

**THE PAPER  
9 p.m. Staff Meeting**

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.



(more to come . . .)

## The Water Closet

There is one advantage in writing one's preseason football comments in THE PAPER--two games have already been played. So, armed with such material as the Playboy forecast (Iowa at 9-1 and Jerry Burns as Coach of the Year in '65, remember?) and my own prejudices, I will begin a commentary on Spartan Sports 1966-67 and whatever else should flit across my mind.

Two games into the '66 season it appears as if the MSU gridders have the

## More Wins In Sight

By W. C. BLANTON



## 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 a 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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Bashful Secretary and Staff Writer . . . . . Char Jolles  
Unbashful Staff Writer . . . . . Stephen Badrich  
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And The Lounge as Himself

potential to equal or surpass the achievements of last year's juggernaut.

The opening game against North Carolina State, won by Michigan State 28-10, revealed a devastating ground attack. The running of Jimmy Raye, Clinton Jones, Bob Apisa and Dwight Lee probably has not been equalled since the legendary Four Horsemen (of Notre Dame, not the Apocalypse). Raye's scrambling, sidestepping and hip fakes brought back memories of Sherman Lewis while the only Samoan-built tank in existence, Bob Apisa, showed no noticeable effects from his operation except a little more power and a strong claim to All-America honors.

After watching Floyd Little lead Syracuse to a resounding loss to Baylor and then seeing Clint Jones in action against N.C. State, there is no doubt in my mind as to what collegiate halfback is the prime contender for the Heisman Trophy. Jones with a football in his hand is a fantastic blend of moves, powers and speed ranging from fast to very fast. Even Duffy admits he is the best around and no member of the Carolina Wolfpack who thought he had a sure tackle only to see it broken will disagree.

In the Penn State game, won by MSU 42-8, the defensive unit led by All-Americans Bubba Smith and Mickey Webster, and generally unsung hero Charles "Dog" (not "Mad Dog" or "Big Dog"--just "Dog") Thornhill showed no sign of being inferior to last year's gang-tackling hardnoses. Gene Washington, enjoying the surprise luxury of not having to come back and fight for 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 inexperienced interior of the offensive line, the outstanding downfield blocking of such Spartans as Tony Conti, and the all-around excellence of sophomore tight end, split end and punt returner Al Brenner.

As for the rest of the season, there are a number of hazardous roadblocks in the path to another 10-0 regular season. Illinois was highly touted in pre-season analyses and despite losing to SMU 26-7 and Missouri 21-14, the Illini are always dangerous at Champaign-Urbana, where State has never won. Then there's the Ann Arbor school. Purdue has Bob Griese with even better receivers than last year. Woody Hayes has been waiting to get at Duffy's charges with his best-ever crop of sophomores at Columbus ever since last year's 32-7 thrashing of his Ohio State Buckeyes. An improved Indiana, troublesome in '65, plays MSU at home. Then there's Notre Dame, seeking revenge with the new Golden Boy, Nick Eddy, Larry Conjer, two outstanding quarterbacks, and a huge, tough, experienced defense.

Michigan State could easily lose three or four games--but I don't think it will. The boys look like they want to play.



# LITTLE AMERICA

By CHAR JOLLES

## A Word To Freshmen



So this is the university.

You--all 7,000 of you freshmen--are here doubtless under the assumption that the next four years are the best years of your lives. Of all the misconceptions you, as beginners, must have about college, the one that distinguishes Michigan State University from the real world and, hence, from the rest of your lives, will be the first to go.

Michigan State is by its very origin intimately related to the outside world. Its beginning can be traced to the Morrill Act of 1862--an act that granted states federal land to sell for funds to establish and sustain colleges. The purpose of the act was to democratize education -- to make higher learning available to the working class (then including all but a wealthy elite), to provide a growing industrial nation with the scientific and professional personnel it urgently needed. MSU was a land-grant university--in fact, the first one.

From its very beginning, then, MSU was intended to be an agent of society, an "effective instrument of national policy," as President Hannah called it in a speech before the National War College and the Industrial College of the Armed Forces in June, 1959.

Underlying the land-grant institution is the "land-grant philosophy"--a philosophy which espouses both an ideal of education and a realistic program for meeting society's needs. One of the foremost proponents of the land-grant philosophy is, of course, John A. Hannah, who in many a speech has declared that higher education, that MSU, is "dedicated to the preservation of our school system through the preparation of young people for effective, practicing citizenship."

In an address on MSU Founders' Day, February 12, 1955, he suggested that "an educated man in today's world is one who is trained and conditioned to be an effective citizen."

This credo implies, basically, that the multiversity aims:

- 1) to prepare us for jobs--to prepare us technically;
- 2) to teach us to understand and appreciate our heritage, and so to understand and appreciate the political aims of the nation; and
- 3) to prepare us psychologically for life in America.

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 lessons 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 35,000 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.

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't 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 1963 by Irvin Lehmann and Paul Dressel, both of MSU's Office of Institutional Research, reveals that changes in Weltanschauungen 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. 168)

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.

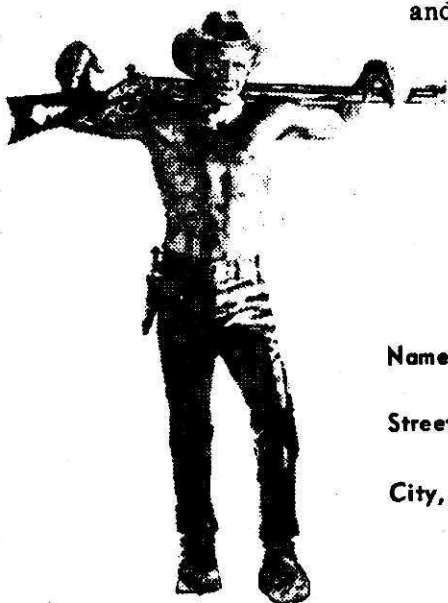
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portant the dance is to me. He finally made a scene, just like David used to do, and I had to call John, poor boy. John is SUCH an animal that Charles left instantly, of course, but then JOHN started looking at me with those cow eyes of his, and I got upset all over again. He reminds me of Steve somehow. Stayed up until 3 again, drinking coffee, playing raga records, and reading ATL." While they last, \$1. Call 353-8280.

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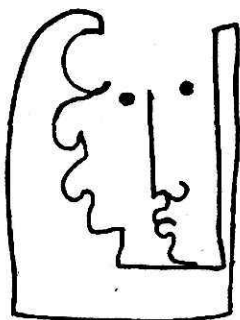
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THE PAPER Box 367 East Lansing, Mich. 48823



All the lonely people,  
where do they all belong?  
THE PAPER.



# 'A FRESH BREEZE FROM BERKELEY':

Room 362 of the Cannon Office Building is officially designated as a "caucus room." Two cut-glass chandeliers each five feet across hang from its distant ceiling. The long walls are pale yellow and broken by pilasters that burst into acanthus leaves at the ceiling and by bas-reliefs showing Athena's helmet lying on piles of quivers and swords. On the floor is an old green carpet striped with tape to indicate where folding chairs should be placed on days when a committee is meeting. The room is kept cool, almost cold.

An enormous mahogany table mounted on a dais runs like a horizon line completely across one end of the room; behind it, among folios and microphones, glass pitchers and inverted stacks of Dixie cups, members of the House Un-American Activities Committee recently wound up their hearings on Vietnam dissent. On one unusually quiet day, Thursday, August 18, it went like this.

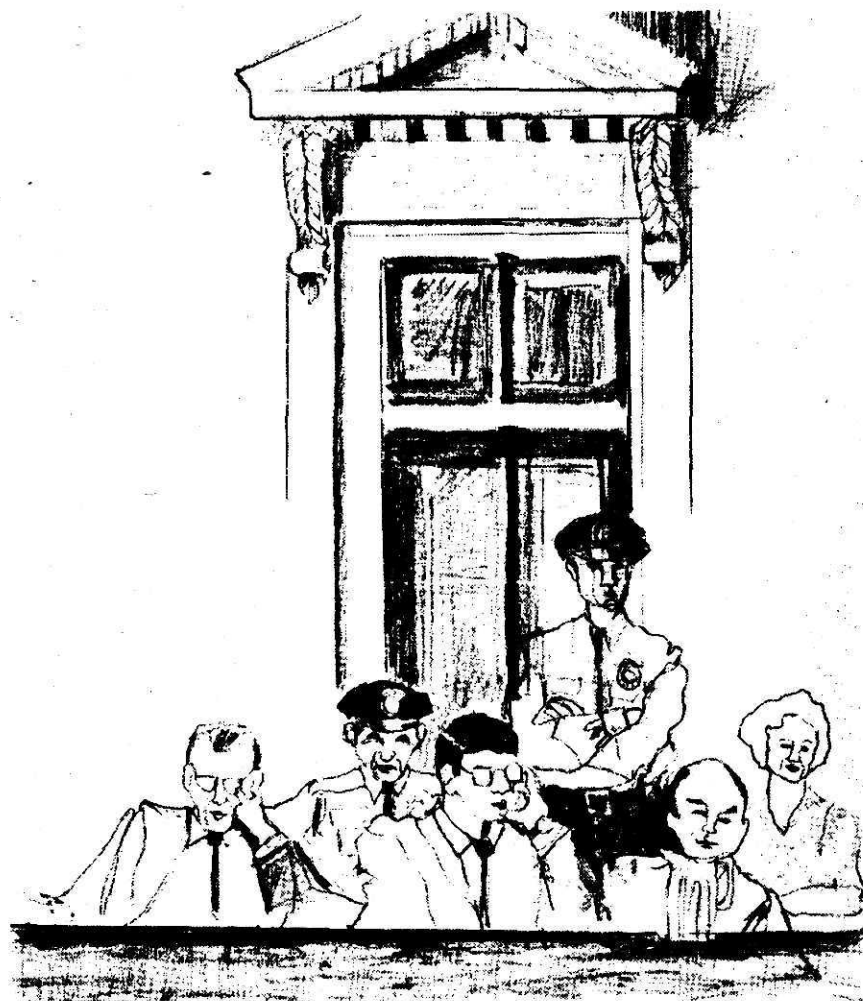
At about 10 a.m., police began to admit spectators to the Caucus Room, leading groups of them upstairs from the first floor corridor where some of them had waited for hours. Almost all were young; a few were tourists, more came from the Washington area, and still more, probably, had come down from New York on buses chartered by the Progressive Labor Party, the Fifth Avenue Parade Committee, and other organizations. Many of the New Yorkers were repeaters, and had been in the Caucus Room the day before to see Arthur Kinoy, five-foot-two Rutgers University professor and distinguished civil liberties lawyer, violently removed from the room by police. Kinoy's removal had caused a boycott

of the Committee by the attorneys of hostile witnesses, who refused to work in "an atmosphere of terror and intimidation." And so spectators filing in could see the Vietnam Day Committee's Jerry Rubin in his faded Continental Army uniform, but not Beverly Axelrod, Rubin's lawyer. Neither she nor any other lawyer appeared on behalf of the opponents of the war.

About fifty Washington policemen lined the walls of the room while four or five others on the floor seated spectators, whistling at anyone who wandered away and snapping their fingers as they pointed to seats. Three elegant young people sat down together on one side of the central aisle. A cop motioned one of them to fill an empty seat on the other side. "But we're together, sir." "Sit theah, or else you go out."

About a dozen plainclothesmen stood in the aisle talking among themselves. One of them laughed quietly; the metal of the pair of handcuffs he wore at his waist shone through 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; some smiled or saluted, a few ducked behind newspapers. Two young repeaters from New York identified the men to a reporter as "FBI and Committee people." "They do this every day," the reporter was told. "It's just a harassment thing."

One of the New Yorkers, who said he was present as "a representative of my conscience," also pointed to an abstracted-looking young man opening a briefcase. He was seated at the front of the room, near where



ROOM 362

Jerry Rubin had disappeared behind a wall of plainclothesmen. The New Yorker gave the reporter the man's name and identified him as a "professional witness," who had "joined the Communist Party at fifteen-and-a-half, quit at seventeen," and had "been making his living by testifying ever since."

The reporter asked them if they didn't surely, surely believe that the last professional witness had left Washington for Limbo about the time of the Army-McCarthy hearings. The New Yorkers shrugged. In the Smithsonian Institution, across the Mall from the hearings, there is a glass case containing a lungfish once believed by scientists to have been extinct for millions of years.

At 10:15, Rep. Richard Ichord, Democrat of Missouri, banged his gavel and shouted, "The Committee will come to order." Ichord said that the acting Committee chairman, Rep. Joe Pool (D.-Tex.), had been unavoidably detained, and that he, Ichord, would conduct the hearing until Pool arrived. (It was erroneously whispered in the audience that Pool was at Kinoy's trial, which actually began late that afternoon. In the first day's testimony, U.S. deputy marshals admitted under cross-examination that they had started for Kinoy before being so ordered by Pool.) In fact, Ichord dominated the meeting even after Pool returned.

Ichord began with an "admonition" to members of the audience. He appealed to their collective "sense of

propriety and sense of decency" and reminded them that the Committee is an arm of the Congress and that Congressional business is the people's business. But he added that he "must insist on order" and that "the chair will take steps to maintain order."

At the right wall, a Negro policeman who looked seven feet tall shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

Ichord then called the first witness, Mr. Edwin Meese III, assistant district attorney of California's Alameda County, which includes Berkeley. Meese had been sworn in the day before, and at the Committee's urging he picked up his testimony at the point where he had left off: the duplicity of Berkeley's Vietnam Day Committee.

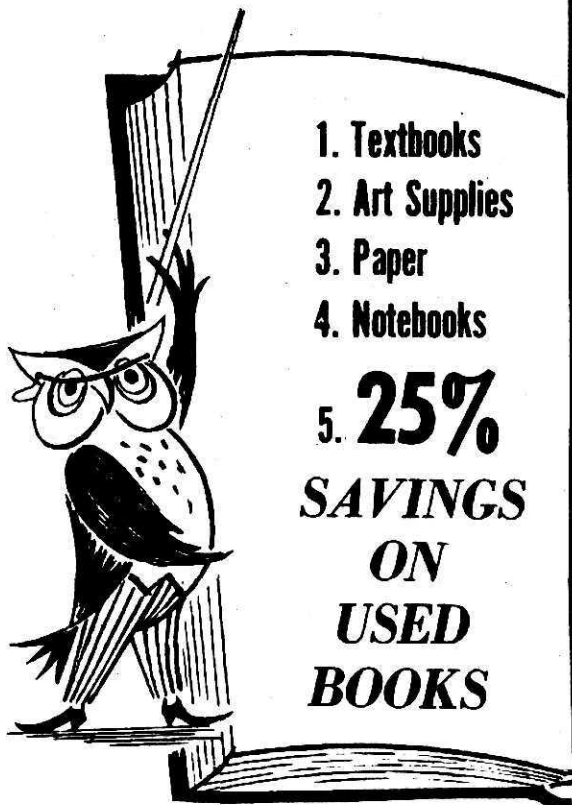
Meese, who appeared to the audience as the back of a crew-cut head, explained how VDC's high command had publicly rescinded calls for civil disobedience, all the while privately expecting "individual members" to get "carried away." Meese later said of VDC meetings: "It was not unusual for a young-looking police officer to attend." Committee members, almost all of them in funeral blue or black, listened gravely, even though Meese's testimony contained very little not already reported in the press and nothing not already in the Committee's files.

Meese then described how his office had infiltrated a meeting of the VDC's Strategic Research Committee, charged with drawing up a "sol-

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## 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



# HUAC Meets the VDC, Et Al.

By STEPHEN BADRICH

Sketches by Char Owens

dier leaflet" for distribution to troops. Rep. Ed Willis of Louisiana interrupted Meese to say that while this part of Meese's testimony was not really germane to the legislative purposes of the Committee, he felt that people who attempt to undermine troop morale not only "fall short of loyalty to this government" but are also "yellow-bellied cowards, in my opinion." His voice rose for the crucial phrase. Stirrings in the audience. Rep. Ichord thanked Willis for his contribution.

Meese next talked about the "extensive logistics arrangements" behind VDC attempts to disrupt operation at Oakland Army Base. Asked if he thought such attempts "went beyond overt acts against the government" and constituted "aid and comfort to the enemy," Meese admitted that this was a possible interpretation.

He said that police had feared trouble at the base and then added that their fears had been realized, but this turned out to be what mystery writers would call a Misleading Clue. Trouble had started only when "members of a motorcycle gang broke through police lines and started attacking the demonstrators."

Ichord interrupted Meese to ask if he had personal knowledge of an incident at the Concord Naval Weapons Base in which an ABC cameraman had had his camera broken and his microphone cord cut. (This was



JERRY RUBIN

soon revealed to be another Misleading Clue. The newsman was attacked by Marines.) "Yes, Mr. Chairman," said Meese, he did have such knowledge, and he proceeded to give it. Meese read his testimony from a prepared typescript, and there was every indication that it incorporated answers to Committee members' prepared questions. In more than an hour of testimony, Meese never once stammered or hesitated to remember a fact, choose a word, or qualify a statement.

Meese then told about a VDC campaign to inconvenience the Army by forcing them to stop training Army war dogs in Tilden Park. He read propaganda signs VDC members had posted on trees. More serious, he said, is the continuing VDC campaign against the draft. He cited instances and then read selections from a VDC anti-draft pamphlet ("Be an epileptic," etc.) that caused Committee members and a few people in the audience to laugh. Meese offered the pamphlet for the record, even though the Committee already has copious evidence of the VDC's opposition to the draft, and Rep. Ash-

brook (R.-Ohio), smiling, had reached out for it when someone rose at the front of the room to object.

This galvanized Ichord into action. He banged his gavel, producing a cannon fire noise in his microphone, and shouted: "Definitely out of order! No, you will be given a chance to testify." The objector sat down.

This temporarily charged the atmosphere of the room, and a few members of the audience started visibly when a passing cop hit a small chandelier on the wall, making its glass prisms rattle.

Meese went doggedly on, producing more Misleading Clues. Copies of the pamphlet had reached Vietnam . . . but apparently the VDC was not responsible. Alameda County had been "bombed" with anti-war leaflets dropped from a light plane . . . but this action was "not traceable specifically to the VDC." In an aside, Meese regretted that the County had had to settle for convicting the fliers of "littering streets." Muted sounds of amusement in the audience. Ichord again brought down his gavel.

In answer to a question, Meese admitted that "an increasing amount of our time, manpower, and resources" have been tied up in surveillance of VDC-type activity. This prompted Ichord to wonder aloud "how the finances were raised for such things." Committee Counsel Arthur Nittle spoke up from his seat at a table in front of the dais to say that "in excess of \$30,000 has passed through Vietnam Day Committee accounts." He promised to produce more testimony at a later date.

Jerry Rubin raised his hand tentatively a few times during this exchange, but no one on the Committee noticed. Meese devoted the last few minutes of his testimony to reading off lists of sponsors and signers of things, establishing connections between the VDC and some of the people the Committee had subpoenaed. Rubin smiled and flashed the victory symbol whenever his name was mentioned. Rep. Ashbrook, normally genial-looking, gave Rubin a fishy stare and quietly pointed him out to the Committee member on his left.

Meese's parting gun was the revelation of "the close correlation between students involved in the Sproul Hall sit-in in October and the Vietnam Day Committee." Like other witnesses, Meese pronounced the last syllable of Vietnam to rhyme with "Guam." Committee members pronounce it to rhyme with "Sam."

Meese was excused. Rep. Ashbrook noted that in all his years in Congress he had never met a witness who "knew his subject better" and said he wanted to "go on record as saying: We thank you." It had been "most enlightening." Rep. Willis of the yellow-bellied coward remark called Meese's testimony "a fresh breeze from Berkeley." Or it may have been Rep. Buchanan of Alabama. Everyone on the Committee had a microphone, and there was a tendency for more than one member to talk at once, producing a kind of Cave of the Winds effect. Snorts of disgust in the audience. Rep. Pool saluted Meese as "a great Ameri-

'I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear.' -- Walt Whitman



REP. POOL (CENTER) AND COMMITTEE MEMBERS

can" and adjourned the Committee for lunch.

Reporters crowded around Rubin, the cynosure of the witness table in his blue and white uniform and buckle shoes. "The Pool bill will allow the President and the State Department to make foreign policy," Rubin told them, by making it illegal to oppose "Presidential wars," even when such wars are not supported by Congress. Asked about his background, Rubin said he was 28, from Cincinnati ("That's the worst part of my background."), and a socialist. He had been "heavily influenced" by Marx, but also, he insisted, by Jefferson and Paine.

Asked about his uniform, Rubin said that "in a sentence" he was wearing it because he felt the American Revolution had been betrayed by "the doctrine that internal revo-

lution means external aggression." He handed the questioner a copy of his testimony, which compared the American and "Vietnamese" revolutions and ended with a Catilinarian message for Committee members: "As for you, gentlemen, History will condemn you."

This touched off a minor incident. "You said that was yoaah testimony," a cop said accusingly, pointing to the paper Rubin had given the reporter. "It is, it is," said Rubin. "Waal, you do not give out ANYTHANG in heah!" Rubin argued, saying it was only "words." Police moved up. "Let's continue this outside," Rubin said, "where there's more freedom." "Yaal git outa heah!" the officer told what remained of the audience. They did.

The New York repeaters played the  
continued on page 8

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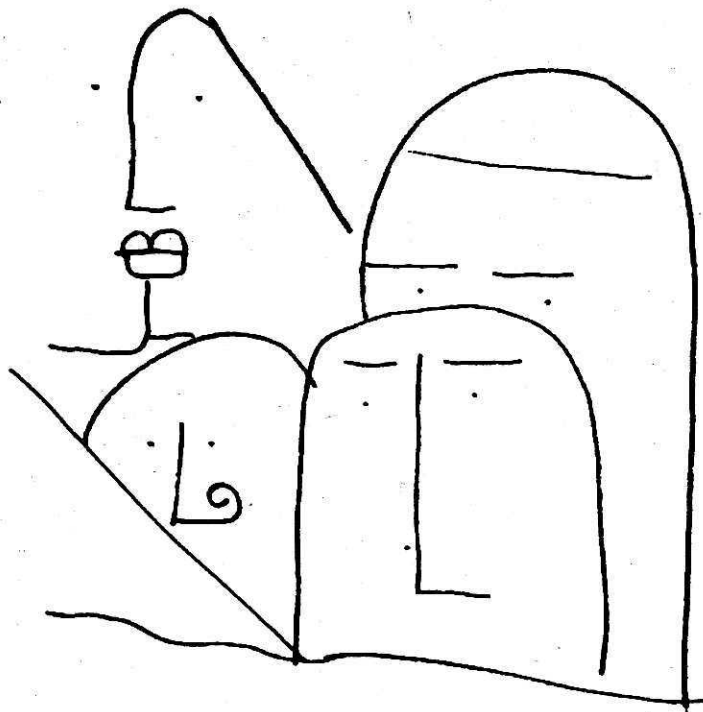
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## Dateline: XANADU

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree. . . . COLERIDGE

Recently shepherds of the Kizyl Dihquan kolkhoz gathered in a pasture not far from Kushka. The Council of Ministers and the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Turkmenistan Had awarded them the Red Banner for their unprecedented success in animal husbandry, And Comrade Jumayev Nruli, chairman of administration, had asked district center for a propaganda brigade. Its leader was Comrade Propagandist Sadkhanov, second secretary of the Komsomol raikom. He spoke at some length about the 1,500 irrigation projects the Soviet regime has constructed, Particularly the Tashkeprin reservoir, with its capacity of 150 million cubic meters of water, The Kolkhoz bent reservoir (50 million cubic meters) and the new Kaushutbent Hydrological Station. Comrade Sadkhanov 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 bards Mamedorazov Batyr 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 shepherds' bells clanked, and it grew somewhat cold. Gradually the light died away in the pasture, until Comrade Sadkhanov and the propaganda brigade became very hard to see.

STEP. BADRICH

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

## Tom Sawyer Underground



"Tom Sawyer Underground" is THE PAPER'S new miscellany column. It will have no regular columnist; contributions of a less serious nature are solicited. The opening column is by S.P.B. and concerns Freshman Orientation.

--The Editors

Please listen carefully. I am your friend, and I am writing this in the hope of making your Freshman Orientation more--you might say--meaningful. Below is a master list of all the things on campus that matter, and many that don't. It is conveniently divided, and should prove to be a valuable short cut to success, 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. Beaumont Tower, Parking Ramp
2. Big Boy's
3. A major in hotel management
4. The Wolverine, Zeitgeist editorials
5. Young Democrats' Club
6. Douglas Lackey, the myth
7. Les Gourmets, Spartan Pistol Club, Scabbard and Blade
8. Sigma Chi
9. Baptist Student Union
10. Premarital sex without a meaningful relationship
11. ATL 111
12. Larry Tate's movie reviews
13. East Grand River
14. Campus Book Store
15. J.R.R. Tolkein, J.D. Salinger
16. The Pop Entertainment Series
17. Mit - 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. Spinster Spin
29. Campus Theater
30. 355-9511

### MIDDLE CAMP

1. Eppley Center
2. Spiro's
3. A major in urban planning
4. Red Cedar Review, Zeitgeist (except for its list of contributors)
5. Young Americans for Freedom, SDS
6. Douglas Lackey, the man
7. Orchesis, Humanist Society
8. Sigma Alpha Mu
9. Student Religious Liberals
10. Premarital sex with a meaningful relationship
11. HUM 243
12. Laurence Tate's drama reviews
13. West Circle Drive
14. Spartan Book Store
15. Joseph Heller, Thomas Pynchon
16. The Lecture - Concert Series
17. Jen - Johnson, R.
18. Homecoming, international Festival
19. "Yeah, and I also saw it on the stage."
20. An End to Innocence
21. Walking to class
22. The sculpture outside Kresge Art Center
23. A or X
24. MSU Jazz Band
25. Ulcers
26. Sex without guilt
27. Spartan Brass
28. Shaw mixer
29. International Film Series
30. 355-2327

### HIGH CAMP

1. Artificial Insemination Laboratory, Wells Hall
2. Wonders Grill
3. A major in Chinese
4. Zeitgeist's list of contributors, The Spartan Engineer
5. Sino - American Friendship Society, Young Republicans Club
6. Not knowing who Douglas Lackey is
7. Angel Flight, Iranian Student Club, Jazz Society of West Circle Drive
8. Farm House
9. Campus Crusade for Christ
10. Continence
11. HPR 105
12. Laurence Tate
13. Middlevale Road
14. Gibson's Book Store
15. Tobias Smollett, William Gaddis
16. The Isenberg Memorial Lectures
17. Wink--Woodk
18. Union Board Week, May Morning Sing
19. "Virginia who?"
20. Innocence Regained
21. Seldom going to class
22. Sparty
23. A, B, D, V, X, I or DF
24. Spartan Bellingers, Wendell Westcott on the carrillon
25. Gout
26. Guilt without sex
27. The James K. Polk Memorial Rock Band
28. ROTC Military Ball
29. Exploring Cinema Society
30. 355-2314

A bonus! Ten things are on campus that are BEYOND CAMP!!!: 1. Welcome Week. 2. A Master of Landscape Architecture Degree (M.L.A.). 3. Food Science 405: "Cheese." 4. Associated Students of Michigan State University. 5. Food Science 403: "Ice Cream and Frozen Desserts." 6. Jim Sink. 7. This list. 8. The Swine Research Center. 9. The Questing Beast. 10. Faye Unger's religion column in the State News.

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# Culture At MSU

By LAURENCE TATE

Guess what.

By our usual undemocratic procedures, I've been delegated to tell you about Culture at MSU. Luckily, for everyone, it won't take long.

As your guide through MSU's Cultural--how can I say it?--Wonderland, I should warn you I have certain blind spots. Art, music, and the dance, for example. (This is known in the trade as Disarming Candor.) In these areas I have consulted reliable sources, i.e., somebody else's prejudices instead of my own.

Since I don't like anything on television except "The Monkees," I'll start with the second massiest of the cultural media, movies. East Lansing has two commercial theatres, the Campus and the State. The Campus once devoted a full term to a ten-week run of "Goldfinger"; the State, on the other hand, blew a term on a Walt Disney True-Life-Adventure Festival. That should give you some idea.

The university-sponsored International Film Series (formerly the Foreign Film series, until somebody noticed that most of the films were American, and it sounded pretty silly to say you'd just been to the Foreign Film Series to see "West Side Story") has been inconsistent. I don't know whether you can still go to see an obscure Czechoslovakian masterpiece and find it preceded by a couple of Bill Stern Sports Spectaculars and a travelogue about motoring through Iceland. Last year you sure could.

The slogan of the MSU Film Society is something like, "The best films under the worst conditions." The films are consistently interesting; the projector is consistently inconsistent.

There are drive-ins scattered around the area (which generally alternate between "Poor White Trash" and "Brides of Dracula") and two big theatres in Lansing, where you can go to see "Cleopatra" and "How the West Was Won" and (this week) "The Greatest Story Ever Told."

It isn't exactly a Rich Harvest. Now, obviously, a state university in central Michigan is NOT the place to come if you're crazy about theatre, but we do better than you might expect. In Fairchild Theatre, the Performing Arts Company mounts five sort-of-expensive productions per year; in the past the Arena has done about the same number, although they seem this year to be cutting down.

The acoustics in Fairchild are such that (as one English professor repeatedly puts it) "unless you're in the last row, you either hear nothing or hear everything twice." The Arena productions are done in the round, which sounds keen but means in practice that at the play's climax the main character is always looking the other way.

The productions themselves range from a "Hamlet" called by one teacher "the worst production I've ever seen of any play, any time, anywhere" to a brilliant job on "Long

Day's Journey Into Night." The department has two consistently good directors, Sidney Berger and Mariam Duckwall, and one inconsistently bad one, Frank Rutledge. This year's schedule of plays really doesn't turn me on, but I'll probably see them all (courtesy of my own money, since my press pass was withdrawn on the ground that I wrote only "abuse and inaccurate reporting").

Three times a year bus-and-truck touring companies do Broadway shows in the Auditorium. As a rule, either the play is ghastly (e.g., "The Absence of a Cello") or the production is (e.g., "A Man for All Seasons"). This year's three--"Royal Hunt of the Sun," "Half a Sixpence," and "Generation"--look typical.

Way off in Okemos (out past Fee, even) 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.

My Reliable Sources in art disagree with each other. I asked them, essentially, whether, if a student felt like going out and looking at the paintings and sculpture on view locally (mostly in Kresge), it would be worth the effort. The first one said, essentially, not a chance. He recommended the Detroit Institute of Art. The other one said Kresge was like Elizabeth Taylor in "Virginia Woolf": all right, if you consider the problems involved. She says there are some good exhibitions, that the art faculty does some good stuff--that kind of thing. I looked her straight in the eye and said, "Are you sure you're a Reliable Source?" She glared at me and said, "Of course." Take your pick.

In the three years I've been here, the Lecture-Concert Series has brought Mantovani twice and Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians once. (The story goes that there was a choice between booking "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and a second night of Fred Waring; MSU did not see "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?")

But by and large, Reliable Sources agree, the series brings pretty good orchestras, singers, and musicians. Of course, they bring them TO the Auditorium (which used to be used for cattle shows, in case you've wondered) where the acoustics are--haha--not so good. Rumor has it that there are about thirteen good seats in the Auditorium, although Rumor doesn't have any more idea than I do where they are.

Consulting a Reliable Source on our indigenous music, I got the following summary: "The orchestra is good; the band is quite good; the choir is mediocre; and the music department (is coprophagous)."

As for the dance, well, we printed a review of an Orchesis show last year. I seem to recall that it was mildly affirmative. (Sorry. My Reliable Sources copped out.) The Lecture-Concert brings some terrific ballet companies, even if they all do "Swan Lake."

Now, as we all know, the REAL cultural barometer of a community is the publications it supports, or (in our case) fails to support. Without wishing to be snapping at the opposition, I must nevertheless say SOMETHING to make this tour through the descending circles of MSU culture complete. To avoid offending anybody, I won't name any names.

When I got here, in the dear dead days of long ago, MSU had two student publications: the St\*te N\*ws, which came out five days a week, and R\*d C\*d\*r R\*v\*ew, which came out once a year. There were a perceptive few of us who, even then,



dennis trover

## THE SPARTAN BELL-RINGERS

sensed a certain lack.

The St\*te N\*ws (as one of its award citations once phrased it) "covers the campus like a thick blanket." Further comment from me would be superfluous.

(Oh, yes. This year the St\*te N\*ws plans to initiate a once-a-week culture spread, or planned to the last I heard. This effort should be encouraged; you cannot imagine what a radical departure it is.)

R\*d C\*d\*r R\*v\*ew (subsidized by the university) usually turns up in the late spring, sells 750 copies to friends, relations, and faculty members, and disappears for another year. In the past, the only advice I've been able to give those seeking a copy was wait till May and for God's sake don't blink. This year the editor (last I heard, again) planned to publish once a term. The level of writing it publishes is generally not-bad-to-awful (I can talk; they printed a story of mine once), but the thing is illustrated and packaged (if not proof-read) so beautifully that you can't bear to throw it away. Heretofore, anyway, it has been less a publica-

tion than a keepsake.

Z\*\*tg\*\*st is not subsidized by the university. That much should be said for it. Independent literary magazines should be encouraged. Z\*\*tg\*\*st regularly runs ads in The New York Review of Books and Saturday Review (that I've seen, anyway) calling itself "the best in college writing." Words fail me.

Finally there is TH\*P\*P\*R, which you are reading and which a silly journalistic convention prevents me from praising.

If you want to look at it that way, you can see such things as the Popular Entertainment Series and Water Carnival as part of MSU's Culture. Hell, for all I care, you can get your cultural kicks by watching the ducks screw around in the Red Cedar and humming the MSU Fight Song. Don't expect any encouragement from me, that's all.

And if all else fails, you can always go to the library and get a good book. As one of my professors once advised, "Try the second volume of a trilogy; we specialize."

## beginning next week,



probably: "A Hard Day's Journey Into Night," a parajournalistic prose happening in two or more parts by Stephen Badrich, THE PAPER'S man in Washington, D.C. An account, sort of, of a Beatles press conference and concert, it stars Paul McCartney, international playboy and folk hero; George Harrison, sitar

player and member of the slum proletariat; Dick Starkey, a little drummer boy; and John Lennon, noted observer of the religious scene, the man who has been called the Bishop Pike of popular culture. SPECIAL FEATURE: a guest appearance by George Lincoln Rockwell, the nation's number one Nazi!



THE PAPER: takes the  
worry out of being close.



# HUAC

continued from page 5

sandwich machines on the first floor. No one unwary enough to go farther got back in; lines for the afternoon session began forming almost immediately in the marble corridor downstairs. 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 on 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 doors was ablaze with the light from ugly iron chandeliers and camera 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, six news cameras with magazines like Mickey Mouse ears were zeroed in on a bundle of dull microphones strapped to a stand.

At 2, police led two groups of twenty-four upstairs and through the press into the Caucus Room. The rest of the line was left under its police guard on the first floor; no one else was admitted, even though the empty seats inside never quite disappeared.

At 2:10, the Committee reentered through doors behind the dais. Rep. Pool rapped for order and then announced that there would be a fifteen-minute recess while Committee members went to the House floor for a vote. The Committee retired.

The fifteen minutes stretched to twenty. NBC's Richard Harkness with his neat brush moustache went outside and called his superiors from a temporary news station overlooking the rotunda. He guessed that, no, there wouldn't be any afternoon testimony.

Twenty minutes stretched to thirty. Jerry Rubin came out and talked briefly; yes, there would be testimony; hes, he planned to testify. A photographer slumped against a column amused himself by drawing beads on passing policemen with a movie camera that ended in a pistol-grip.

Thirty minutes stretched to forty. A policeman on the third floor balcony asked a solitary University of Chicago student at the edge of the crowd if he were aware of "Public Law 570," which prohibits display

by "any political organization" on Federal property. The student was wearing a Student Peace Union button. No, the student had never heard of such a law. He had worn his button on Army bases. The policeman patiently reexplained, saying it was his duty to inform everyone of the law, "not just you." The student shrugged and took off his button, leaving a white "End the war in Vietnam" button that named no organization. Rep. Mathias of Maryland went by on his way to his office wearing what appeared to be a sunflower campaign button in his lapel.

At 2:50 the Committee returned, and the afternoon session began. It was briefer and more dramatic than the morning one, but harder to follow. The rehearsed quality of the morning was gone. The crowd was larger and louder. The Cave of the Winds reverberated more than ever. From most places in the room it was hard to see, hard to hear, hard to separate voices, and, sporadically, hard to believe.

Pool led off by asking Committee Counsel Nittle to call Allen Krebs and Walter Teague III of New York. Nittle's amplified voice bounced off the walls. No answer. He called twice more. Silence. Seemingly unsurprised, Pool asked the record to show that the witnesses had "failed to respond to subpoena."

Nittle next called Stanley Nadel, a somewhat Beat-looking University of Michigan student (now studying at MSU) with an open white shirt, long dark hair combed straight back from his forehead, and a precise way of talking. Nadel gave his name but refused to give his address. His house had been bombed once, he said; he wanted "no repetition." Nadel emphatically refused to testify; his lawyer had withdrawn and he was unable to find counsel he could trust. This led to inaudible discussion among Committee members. Ichord finally moved that Nadel be excused. Pool agreed, and Nadel started back to his seat and his wife. Halfway across the floor Nadel turned and became the Hamlet of HUAC by asking if he could change his mind. He said he now wanted to testify without counsel. This led to another confused exchange between Committee members. Ichord was willing to let Nadel come back. Rep. Ashbrook thought it would reflect badly on the Committee to allow Nadel to testify without counsel after he had first refused to do so. Ashbrook finally won, and Nadel was allowed to go after being asked a few questions about when his next school term began. His subpoena was left in force until November 15.

Next witness was Anatole ben Anton from Berkeley, a chubby, ingratiating young man who carried onto the stand with him photographs of what he described as "American gas attacks" in Vietnam. His testimony, if that is the word, began like this:

Nittle: "Would you please state your name?"

Anton: "Since I'm not under oath, I could say James Bond."

Whoop of laughter, to which members of the Committee contributed. Ichord banged the table with Pool's

gavel. Ten more police entered the room.

Anton, addressing Nittle: "What's your name, Mr. Lackey?"

Nittle ignored this and asked Anton if he had been subpoenaed. Anton answered, "The fact is, Mr. Lackey, I have to face you people." Asked if he had counsel, Anton said that "no self-respecting lawyer would come into this courtroom now."

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

Ichord, shouting: "We don't have time to listen to a bunch of clowns!"

Anton, smiling: "Richie, Richie..."

Pool shouted him down. Anton agreeably turned to him. "Listen, Joe, I'd like to testify. I'm a busy man myself." Pool replied sarcastically, "You look like you're pretty busy," and told Anton he was excused. Still smiling, Anton walked away. His subpoena was also left in force.

The last witness (Rubin did not testify) was Stuart McRae of Stanford, a tall, serious-looking young man with horn-rimmed glasses and long blond hair. He wore a pale green sports coat with two buttons on the lapel. Asked if he had counsel, McRae answered gravely, "I feel I have no need of legal help." He agreed to testify, and Pool told him to "raise your right hand up like this." McRae hesitated a second, then lifted his arm in a Nazi salute. There was a roar of approval from the crowd. McRae kept his arm rigid while Pool swore him in. It was his only gesture of disrespect.

McRae began by reading a statement. His name was Stuart McRae, he had been born on January 29, 1944, and he was a student at Stanford. He was not a Communist, nor a "Marxist," but he considered himself an opponent of the Committee because he believed the Committee was "unconstitutional" and that its whole history had been one of "bigotry and racism." Pool interrupted to say that the statement was not relevant to the hearing. McRae replied that, nevertheless, he would like to read it. Pool acquiesced. McRae continued that he considered it his duty to oppose "Johnson's undeclared war" in Vietnam. He said that he was not ashamed of this. He further said that he was "on trial" only because he had sent money to the International Red Cross to "alleviate the suffering of the innocent victims of brutal American bombings." He added that Sen. Robert F. Kennedy had asserted that such aid to the suffering is "in the oldest American tradition." He characterized the Com-

mittee hearings as a "naked attempt" to intimidate and smear opponents of an "unjust war."

Nittle then began questioning McRae, asking him who had persuaded him to join the peace movement. McRae replied that he had begun to oppose the war after seeing photographs of "American atrocities" in Vietnam.

McRae refused to answer questions about Anton and another student, saying that such questions violate the First Amendment. "This disgusts me," he told Nittle. "I will not stoop to the level of an animal." He advised Nittle to call Anton back to the stand if he wanted to find out about his activities.

Warned that he could be held in contempt, McRae answered, "I have been in contempt of court five times. Do you want to make it six?" Pressed about Anton, McRae finally said, without raising his voice: "I won't answer that on the grounds that it nauseates me and I am liable to vomit all over this table." Nittle didn't even blink. It was that kind of hearing.

McRae repeated his contention that the only reason he was in the room was that he had collected a total of about \$300 for the International Red Cross to aid persons injured by "indiscriminate" American bombing. He repeated that he was not ashamed of this.

Nittle asked McRae if he were a member of the Young Socialist Alliance. McRae said no. Nittle 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 positions, but that he was not a member. He turned to Pool. "May I ask how you got such records?" "We don't answer questions like that," said Pool. There was sarcastic laughter. McRae was excused. He nodded his thanks to the Committee members and said, "It's been an educational experience." Pool banged for adjournment and police hurriedly moved to clear the room; the Caucus Room was to be used that evening for some unrelated Congressional function.

The doors were opened, and the spectators filed out through the locus of light outside the doors, down the marble steps with their brass railings, through the rotunda, and out onto the hot streets, where they separated and went home, or wherever else they were going. The white Police Patrol wagon gunned its engine, swung out around a line of parked cars, turned left and disappeared into the traffic on Independence Avenue without a single prisoner inside.



Rationalization Of The Month: "I figured that if somebody had to kill cock robin, it might as well be me." --Everett McKinley Dirksen, United States Senator, quoted in the Washington Post.

Due to many things, among them legal battling, carelessness and at least two changes of location, we've misplaced over the past eight or nine months a number of letters which should have been answered or published, a number of editorial contributions which should have been used or returned, a number of other correspondences which should have been handled but instead were passed over. This will not happen again, our Bashful Secretary and Staff Writer Char Jolles assures us, since she will be doing nearly part-time the job of handling cor-

respondence. She plans to answer things.

Which brings up another matter. A lot of mail sent to us during the summer was returned to senders, because either we or the post office failed to understand something or other. If those who received their letters back would like to try again, things will go better this time, as we are getting our mail regularly these days. Sincere apologies to those who may have been inconvenienced but, as everyone knows, THE PAPER staff is just a bunch of irresponsible kids anyway.

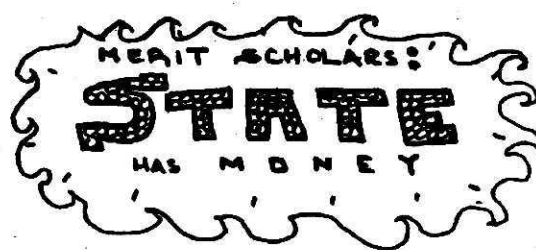
The Editors

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# Confessions Of An Erstwhile Demonstrator

By DOUGLAS LACKEY

Some demonstrations are held to protest, publish and rectify a specific injustice. But the demonstration sponsored by Michigan State Students for a Democratic Society against Hubert Humphrey's presence at MSU graduation ceremonies last June was directed against the whole of the Vietnam war: its brutal history, its present escalation, its public cant and private profits.

The form of this protest was flexible, and at least two opportunities presented themselves to its planners. There could be an educational demonstration, designed to provide the public with materials about the war, or, secondly, a demonstration designed to irritate, to gain maximum public visibility, to exhibit the largest possible crack in the public consensus about the war. All previous demonstrations had been of the first type; the more-than-usually radical committee appointed to plan the demonstration, convinced that public positions on the war were irreversibly hardened by this time, decided over the objections of the president for a protest of the second type. It was agreed that the demonstration was to be as obnoxious as possible.

The organizers decided immediately to include a "bread and puppet" theater in the protest--in this case, four twelve-foot grotesque puppets, all dressed in caps and gowns, representing Johnson, Humphrey, Hannah and Death; two sign bearers; one drum beater; one cymbal clasher; two recorder players; and one small girl dressed in black representing the widow of Vietnam. Cloth, wood, papier mache, and cardboard were purchased, the frames made, the heads successfully shaped, heads and frames joined, the band assembled, and Center Street subjected to a practice day of solemn drum beating and puppet carrying.

Since Mr. Humphrey was to receive an honorary degree at commencement, the committee decided to present him with one of its own, a facsimile degree reading "Hubert Humphrey, Master of War." An MSU graduate donated his degree as a model, the facsimile was made, and several thousand copies of the facsimile were run off via electrostatic stencil.

Cardboard and lettering stencils were bought, and a hundred signs made reading "Hubert Humphrey, Master of War." A walkout of graduates was planned, but was scrapped when it became clear that only two protesters besides myself were slated for degrees at this date. Since a good part of the left wing planned to leave East Lansing immediately after finals, the organizers contacted anti-war committees in Detroit and Ann Arbor; these pledged about 50 supporting pickets. No civil disobedience was scheduled.

All major news media were informed of the plans. The only black-out encountered was, predictably, the MSU State News--the three articles, written three different ways, that I delivered to the managing editor all mysteriously disappeared. The odd result was that the Manchester Guardian in England printed MSU campus news that the MSU campus newspaper neglected to notice. (This re-

lates, perhaps, to why the august Guardian located the demonstration in Ann Arbor.)

Saturday night, June 11, Mike Price, SDS' strategy expert, checked the layout of the stadium and designed the demonstration. The puppeteers were to march from across the bridge and circle the stadium; the pickets were to spread across all four entrances with leafleters in front of them. When Humphrey arrived all demonstrators were to assemble at the tunnel gate where his car would pass. Later that night, two-way radios were provided by the Detroit Committee to End the War in Vietnam, and a code worked out to prevent police interception.

On Sunday at one o'clock the Secret Service, the FBI, the local and campus police, the organizers, the leaflets, the signs, and the puppets all arrived at the stadium. It was hot and windy; the area was deserted.

The protesters sprawled lackadaisically about under the shade of a few nearby trees. The Secret Service wandered about at a loss--some of them checked the concrete stanchions of the stadium, squinting up the pillars. No one expected trouble (a mass arrest before thousands of spectators would have been sheer police folly), but everyone was nervous--with a school that can arrest four students in daytime for trespassing in their own student union, anything is possible.

In the next hour, Michigan and Michigan State students traded protest stories. A few gowned graduates drifted in, searched for shade. A parent attempted a snapshot of his daughter, but the wind kept blowing the cap away.

At two o'clock the newsmen asked us to "put something on" for them. The puppeteers got out the puppets, assembled at the end of the empty bridge, and marched across towards the vacant stadium. The drums beat, the cymbals clashed, the cameras whirled. The leaders instructed, "Roll those puppets"; the carriers tilted them from side to side.

By two-thirty, parents and graduates were arriving in numbers. The pickets, 75 at most, spread out thinly across the entrances. The boxes of fake diplomas were distributed.

The line of graduates assembled, and parents and relatives came on thick and fast. I joined a line of picketers in front of one entrance, carrying a large poster with a picture of a child hideously scarred by

napalm burns and the legend, "Why are we killing, burning, torturing the Vietnamese people?" The puppet theater circled the stadium like a fragment from "The Seventh Seal"--and the drums and cymbal and tunelessly wailing recorders clearly unsettled the crowds--no one laughed off the terribly grave and tattered little band.

Half the crowd refused to touch the handout; a quarter took it and tore it up immediately--the ground was soon littered with fake diplomas. A TV-radio prof who quit as advisor to the MSU Film Society when the society voted an SDS benefit, passed by, looked at my sign, and said, "Still the comedian, aren't you, Doug?" Down the line a large farmer type was waving his fist and screaming, "Communists! Communists!"--behind him went his wife, screaming (in tandem), "Shut up, George! Shut up, George!" A young hood type grabbed the Death puppet, pulled it to the ground, and tore it apart. The carrier jumped on the hood and began to tear HIM apart--but was restrained by another demonstrator. The police looked on. Price walked up to the police captain and shouted that if anyone else touched our puppets, we'd kick the shit out of him. The police became more attentive.

Word came over the radio that Humphrey was arriving. Leafleting ceased, everyone ran to the tunnel. The car arrived, the demonstrators, packed on both sides, chanted "End the War in Vietnam." I held my sign within two feet of the vice-president's face. Humphrey flashed a Colgate grin, waved, the car passed on. Seconds later, in gown, Humphrey and Hannah came out to pose. The heat was stifling, the chanting deafening. Humphrey waved.

As the MSU band played fanfares

worthy of Charlton Heston in a four-horse chariot, the line of graduates began to move. There was much confusion, parts of the long line moved at a trot. A marketing PhD candidate detached himself from the group of spectators and spat on one of the girl demonstrators. While the girl wiped the saliva from her shift, he proceeded into the stadium to view the ceremony.

After a heated discussion, the demonstrators decided to enter the stadium themselves. We were led to Section 8, and emerged with the main crowd opposite and the black mass of graduates to our left. "I'm here today representing management," Humphrey began. There are a million refugees in Vietnam, I thought, and a thousand scars on the child on my sign. This is the generation, Humphrey intoned, that has pushed back the frontier of inter-galactic space. He also said that the American soldier is a humanitarian soldier. The crowd cheered mightily. What, I thought weakly, about my child on the sign.

Humphrey received his honorary degree. I was too depressed to hear the citation, but I expect it was for services to humanity. Not a single faculty member, not a single student budged in protest. The demonstrators left chanting. A plainclothesman tripped me on the way out, and I slid down the gangway on my face. The same man grabbed a demonstrator behind me and hurled him against a stanchion. I picked myself up and left.

Several of the faculty, I hear, boycotted the ceremonies. Their heroic absence was little noted. As for the graduates, if they opposed the war and stayed, they were cowards; if they supported the war and stayed, they were fools. All stayed. It was a day of honor.

## Michigan State University

Upon the Nomination of Humanity has conferred upon

Hubert Humphrey

the Degree of

Master of War

Given under the Seal of the University at East Lansing in the  
State of Michigan on this twelfth day of June  
in the year Nineteen Hundred Sixty-six.

*John A. ...*  
Secretary, Board of Trustees



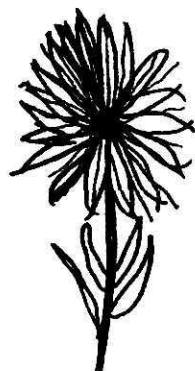
*John A. ...*



bill wright

Dress British. Read

THE PAPER.



Stone-Throwing Award (Glass Houses Division): "I can't make sense out of them. I don't think there's anything creative or original about it. It's just loud. I think their music won't last."--Richard Rodgers, re the Beatles.

(Douglas Lackey, who graduated from MSU last June, is now a graduate student in philosophy at Yale University.)



# EMERGING: a Fifth Estate

by Walter H. Bowart

**M**illions 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, newsprint production and consumption annually exceeds that of each preceeding year. The pulp that went to the folded dailies now goes out to suburban shopping 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 burst 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 stranglehold 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 method. All the underground papers are offset and most of their type is set in

the small editorial offices by ordinary typists.

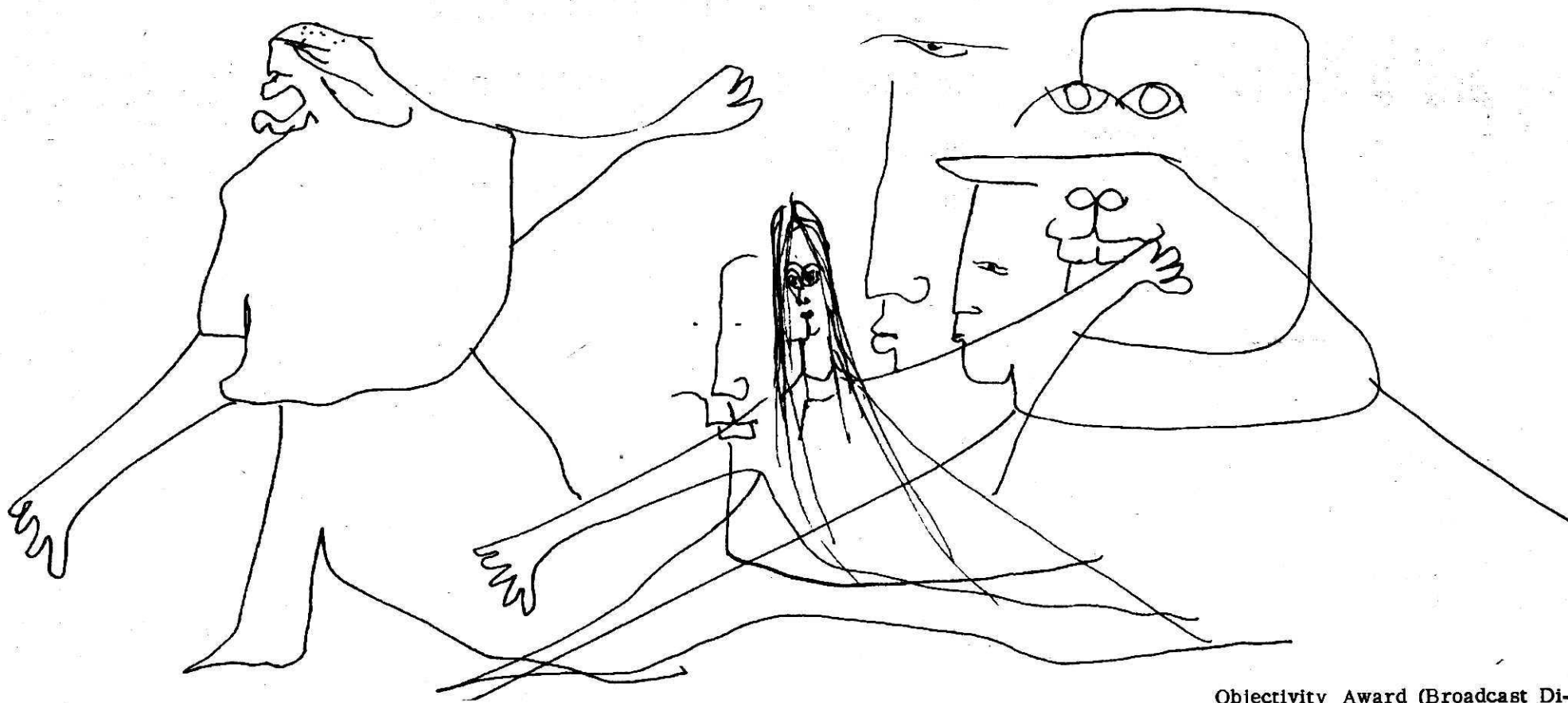
The question has been posed as to whether daily papers are fulfilling any function except as media for advertising, and in the light of the new underground press success, the question becomes rhetorical. The concepts of what is news and what is print have changed through T.V.'s impact. What the fifth 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 gobble 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.



From The East Village Other (courtesy the Underground Press Syndicate)



## UPS

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE exists to facilitate the transmission of news, features and advertising between anti-establishment, avant-garde, new-left, youth oriented periodicals which share common aims and interests. Its members are free to pick up each other's features without remuneration. (The UPS service can be subscribed to by outside organizations at fees commensurate with exposure and/or circulation). Total circulation of UPS papers at present is 55,000, a figure reached by adding together the most recent issue sale for all the following papers (some of which appear monthly or fortnightly):

The East Village Other, 147 Avenue A, New York 10009. Appears 1st and 15th of each month, 15,000 circulation; \$3 annually.  
The Los Angeles Free Press, 5903 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90038. Appears weekly, 11,000; \$5 annually.  
The Berkeley Barb, 2421 Oregon Street, Berkeley, Calif., 94705. Weekly, 8,000; \$5 annually.  
The Fifth Estate, 1101 W. Warren Street, Detroit, Mich. 48201. Fortnightly, 3,000; \$2.50 annually.  
Sanity, 3837 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal 18, P.Q. Canada. Monthly, 5,000; \$2.50 annually.  
Peace News, 5 Caledonian Road, Kings Cross, London N.1. England. Weekly, 6,400; \$6.50 annually.

Objectivity Award (Broadcast Division): "Meanwhile, over in the House, peaceniks posed, and dutifully yapped dissent, and found delicious martyrdom as marshals dragged them away."--Harry K. Smith, ABC News account of House Un-American Activities Committee hearings on Vietnam dissent.

Bliss-It-Was-In-That-Dawn-To-Be Alive Department: "What a thrill to live at this momentous hour in London when the people on every continent are crying out for help!"--Billy Graham at Earl's Court, June 1, 1966.



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

By GORDON MUSTAIN

Since I returned to the United States from Vietnam 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 there?" Young soldiers 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?" Young "acid heads" digging the pills which expand their awareness, heighten their consciousness, learning something about themselves and trying to just go on living in this world...

"What's REALLY going on there?" A nineteen year old corpsman with only 12 weeks of medical training working for forty-eight hours under mortar fire trying to save the life of a baby burned by napalm...

"What's REALLY going on here?" 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 there?" A sergeant sitting in the hospital 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...

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

"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?" Villages are burned, people are left homeless, because the Viet Cong have been using the

From the Los Angeles Free Press

(courtesy the Underground Press Syndicate)

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.....

village to strike at American and South Vietnamese camps. The people are relocated. Servicemen, working voluntarily, build them new homes.

"What's REALLY going on here?" People are dispossessed, their homes torn down, because new freeways and baseball stadiums have to be built. No new homes. No relocation. A little money is all.

"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?

(Editor's 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.)

Atheists, 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

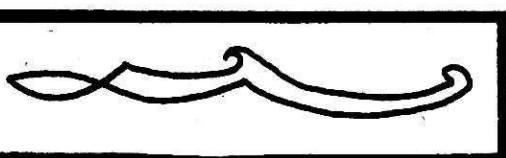
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Watusi Si, Flamenco No

Quantity

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# at the ends of the earth

By BRADFORD A. LANG

with a shoe salesman and a history major

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

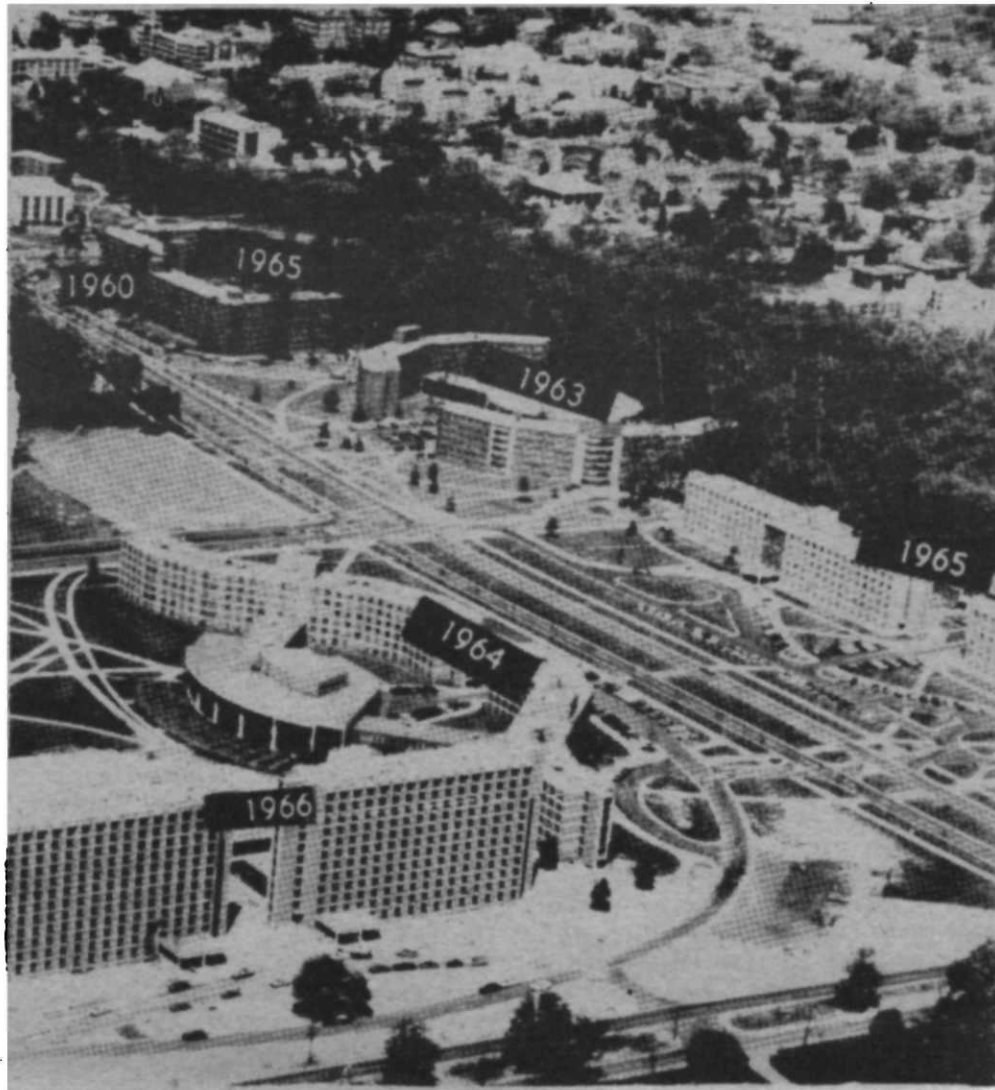
The USO show with which I was traveling provided them with just such a rare opportunity, an opportunity they took advantage of in large numbers. The girls were exhausted; I just sat and got quite drunk, taking advantage of my own rare opportunity to get a Vodka Collins for forty cents and a beer for a quarter. The slot machines were there, too, taking in thousands of dollars a week, and the pool halls, bowling alleys, and dart boards were kept busy. There is nothing, however, like a dame, and Greenland is not exactly the South Pacific.

Though the weather is agreeable enough for a few months during the summer, winter can bring conditions in which it is literally impossible to leave the shelter of buildings. And, as everyone knows (but can't possibly comprehend until they've seen it), the sun shines for twenty-four hours a day in the summer, while darkness falls the rest of the time. It is an indescribable gas to come staggering out of a bar at two o'clock in the morning, pupils anything but dilated, and get hit in the face with Old Mother Sun. "A man," I was told, again and again, "can easily become an alcoholic up here." I believe it. I almost did, and we were only on tour for a month.

I must admit that I proceeded on the tour with the common pacifist's assumption that I would be walking straight into a den of fascists and warmongers. I put away my anti-war buttons and carefully rehearsed noncommittal answers to questions like, "What do you think of the war?" ("It's good for business.") and, "Are you going to enlist when you finish college?" ("I don't plan to finish college."). However, the first thing I heard when I walked into the cafeteria at Sondrestrom was "The Universal Soldier" playing on the jukebox. I later got into a slightly incoherent conversation with a group of drunken enlisted men who wanted a college man's advice on how to start an End the War in Vietnam club on the base. When I asked them why they joined if they really didn't care for the whole business, I got answers which had nothing whatsoever to do with patriotism.

"When I got out of high school, it was either join up or get married, and you know damn well which one I took," said a 20-year-old Negro airman from New York City whose name, I believe, was Joe. Joe, by the way, was instrumental in helping me see something which had never occurred to me before the trip.

We sat in the bar talking about jazz



THE BASE

and civil rights and war and girls, then he invited me up to his apartment (that's what I said) to listen to some Tjader and Coltrane (an invitation which was the sweetest sound I'll ever hear, after weeks of listening to nothing but hillbilly music; the armed forces, and I don't care what the statistics say, are made up almost entirely of Southerners). We sat talking about his life in the Air Force, and I slowly started building up what I believe is an accurate picture of the average GI on his tour of duty in an out-of-the-way place like Greenland.

It goes something like this: He gets up in the morning, dons his "uniform," and goes out to do his bit for eight hours. His tasks are simple, boring, and leave him with a feeling that he isn't accomplishing a damn thing. He skips as much work as he is able.

At noon (or at any time, for that matter) he might eat his meals at the regular mess hall (which looks just like any dormitory cafeteria and serves better food), but for some strange reason he often forgoes the meal and spends some money for a hamburger at the base cafeteria. His work is over in the late afternoon, and he goes home to his small room--which he shares with one or two other guys--and changes into something more comfortable. He might be taking correspondence courses, so perhaps he studies in the early evening.

His room is decorated with pic-

tures from Playboy, modern art, signs saying simply "Hate" or perhaps some variation on "Fuck the Air Force," and various other predictable 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 closet is full of civilian clothes, especially levis, sweaters, and sport coats.

At night he goes out drinking, chases whatever girls there might be on the base, perhaps stays out all night--hating 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 mood is 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 contempt for the authorities is generally complete (though ineffective), and he lives pretty much on routine. He does not march, however, 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 ominously familiar does not go to Michigan State University. Inject a few girls into the picture, and remove some of the element of force, and Joe Airman might as well be a sophomore history ma-

jor living in Fee Dormitory. Or he could just as easily be a 20-year-old shoe salesman living in a downtown Lansing apartment. John Hannah as Robert McNamara. Hysterical, really.

Ah, but this is all the grossest rationalization, I am told, and perhaps it is, but there is just enough validity in the comparison to make me feel a sort of kinship with my brothers in the armed forces. With that in mind, I will therefore propose a plan to further mutual understanding between campus and khaki.

Although I personally have no affection for organized killing or those who engage in it, I agreed to go entertain the troops on the assumption that it was the least I could do for those poor bastards stranded on foreign soil thousands of miles from home. We were all quite unprepared for the effect our visit had on the guys in Greenland and Iceland and Canada.

They treated us like royalty--especially the girls. They have very little to remind them of home, very little to keep them from getting horny, and our visit meant more to them than it is possible for me to describe in this limited space.

The shows we put on were a great morale builder, but our simple presence there was far more valuable. 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, shoot pool with them, eat meals with them, and generally take their minds off their duties.

We were told many times that the ~~soldiers would willingly trade all the~~ rock bands from Georgia and the girlie shows 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 pro group asking a big salary. And even if it did cost a little more, wouldn't the United Fund contributors be willing to pay for it if it meant so much to the taxpayers' sons?

If the USO won't do it--and here's where the aforementioned plan comes in--why couldn't MSU start a similar project? Hell, all it would take would be a grant from one of our huge, patriotic contributors like Dow or GM or the Rockefeller Foundation or AID, and perhaps twenty years to get it out of the planning stage.

After a while, perhaps, we could make it a REAL exchange program, with groups from the bases coming to entertain us. Our poor, underdeveloped theater department could use a shot in the head... er, pocketbook. It could provide a lot of great vacations for a lot of great students at very little expense to them in the long run. The whole month took only \$125 out of my own pocketbook, and I'd gladly pay twice that much for a similar vacation someplace else (say, Europe or the South Pacific).

What do you say, John? Think about it, man. Kick it around. Run it up the flagpole and... yeah.

